

At Home
Come in & Chat Awhile
—Ruth Raeburn.

Dear Little Maybelle:
I am sorry to learn by your letter that you have been ill, and I note your request for a story about some one that did something great.

I wonder how you would like to hear about the little girl that was the means of starting that wonderful society that now prints one million copies of the Bible in a year in six hundred different languages and are trying to accomplish more each year in the printing of the Scriptures. This is the British and Foreign Bible Society.

In 1792 there lived in a small village in Wales a little eight-year-old maiden named Mary Jones. Her father was a weaver and their home was indeed humble compared with the homes of today. The furniture consisted of a bench or two, three stools, a rude cupboard, a kitchen table, and a loom. There was no stove, just a fireplace, and at night they burned a rushlight which threw its uncertain brightness upon the loom where the weaver was at work.

Mary's parents were Christians, but they had no Bible because Bibles were very scarce and the weavers' trade, though honest, was one by which riches were not made, so they could not afford to purchase a Bible. They had taught Mary all the Bible verses they could remember, also all the Bible stories, and they took her to every religious meeting they could attend to hear the Word read. Every time Mary heard the Bible read she longed to hear more and longed for the time when she could read it herself. There was no public school for children as there is today and Mary had no chance to learn how to read. She was kept busy with numerous little tasks around home. So imagine Mary's joy when her father returned one day from the village where he had gone to dispose of the woollen cloth they had made at home, and told her that a school would be opened in three weeks' time and she was to attend. Her first thought was, "Now I shall learn to read the Bible." Not long after the opening of the day school, a Sunday school was started of which Mary became a member.

A neighbor who owned a Bible told Mary when she could read she would be welcome to come to her home and read and study the Bible. Mary quickly learned to read and went every Saturday afternoon to her neighbor's to study the Sunday School lesson from their Bible. This made her resolve that some day she would have a Bible of her own if it took ten years to earn sufficient money to buy one. Six years went by in this way and sometimes Mary could commit to memory a whole chapter of the Bible on a Saturday afternoon, and repeat it to her parents when seated around the fireplace in the evening. Every penny that she earned was dropped into a little box until the day came when there was sufficient to buy a Bible.

No Bibles could be purchased in their little village, so Mary walked twenty-five miles to Bala where lived the Rev. Thos. Charles who might possibly have one in his possession for sale. When Mary told him her story Mr. Charles' bright face overshadowed, and he said he was indeed grieved that the consignment of Welsh Bibles received the year before from London were all sold out except a few copies for friends he must not disappoint and

the society which hitherto supplied Wales with the Scriptures declined to print any more. When Mary began to understand the full import of his words, the room suddenly darkened, and dropping into the nearest seat she buried her face in her hands and sobbed as if her heart would break. Suddenly Mr. Charles arose and placed a hand on the drooping head of the girl before him and said, "My dear child, I see you must have a Bible, difficult as it is for me to spare you one, but it is simply impossible to refuse you." So Mary got her Bible and went home a very happy girl.

This incident made a deep impression on the heart and mind of Mr. Charles and made him yearn to some way supply Wales with Bibles. While revolving the matter in his mind the idea occurred to him to form a society having for its sole object the publication and distribution of God's holy word. In the winter of 1802 he visited London, addressed a meeting of the Religious Tract Society, told the story of Mary Jones and made his appeal on behalf of his countrymen. Rev. Joseph Hughes arose in reply and said that surely a society might be formed for that purpose and if for Wales, why not for the whole world? A committee was formed to take up the matter and two years later, in March, 1804, the British and Foreign Bible Society was established.

I hope, Maybelle, that you have enjoyed this little story.
—RUTH RAEBURN

APPLE TIME

When every pool in Eden was a mirror
That unto Eve her dainty charms
proclaimed
She went unwrapt without a stitch
upon her
Nor thought that she had need to be
ashamed.
'Twas only when she'd eaten of the
apple
That she became inclined to be a
prude
And found that evermore she'd have
to grapple
With that much debated problem of
the nude.

Thereafter she devoted her attention,
Her time and all her money to her
clothes,
And that was the beginning of con-
vention
And modesty as well, so I suppose.
Reaction comes about in fashion
modern;
Now the girls conceal so little from
the men
It would seem that in the name of all
that's "decent"
Some one ought to pass the apples
round again.

**FOR A WINTER HOLIDAY—
TRY FLORIDA**

This is the Florida social season. Trains from almost every part of the Continent are bringing their quota to this famous winter resort country. Who wouldn't spend a few weeks or months in Florida? Days of sunshine, nights of music, lights and laughter, wonderful links for the golfer. Courts for the tennis enthusiast and lawn bowling greens. Polo, riding, motor-boating, surf bathing, deep sea fishing and other sports and pastimes in abundance. Then the exotic scenery of Florida! The marvelous cuisine! The tropical atmosphere! You'll never forget nor regret a Florida holiday. Any Canadian National Railways Agent will help you plan an itinerary... give you full information... and make reservations for you. 1. 24. 2

Read The Chronicle ads on page 7.

**IF OTHERS DID
AS PRINTERS DO**

A Play in One Act

SCENE—A DOCTOR'S OFFICE
Dr. Wrangell and his assistant (Lady).
Telephone rings—assistant answers. Assistant—"Oh, Dr. Wrangell, there is a lady on the phone. She wants to know how much you would charge to cure her husband of measles."
(Doctor consults his doctor's price book, turning to measles section).
Dr. Wrangell—"Ask her what size her husband is."
Assistant—"She says he is six foot three in his stocking feet, doctor."
Dr. Wrangell (sotto voce)—"Ah, heavy composition. Ask her if she wants a first class job of curing."
Assistant—"She says a medium job. Nothing too expensive."
Dr. Wrangell—"Twenty-seven fifty. That doesn't include medicine."
Assistant—"She says you are high, doctor. Her own measles only cost twenty-five dollars."
Dr. Wrangell—"Well, maybe I can cut out one call. Tell her we'll take the job for twenty-five dollars."
Assistant—"She says her small son never had the measles. If he had them now would there be any reduction?"
Dr. Wrangell—"Well, if he is only small, I will take both jobs for \$35.00."
Assistant—"She says if either of them had the measles again would the price be the same. Could you keep their formula standing?"
Dr. Wrangell—"Tell her the number of calls would probably be the same. If they have them within three years, I will take off five per cent."
Assistant—"She says could you send some samples over, of people you have cured?"
Dr. Wrangell (consulting card index)—"Let me see—Mrs. Stratton—Cured. Mr. Forbes—Cured. John Williams—Cured. Jack Hennessy—No, I couldn't send him over."
"Yes, tell her I have two or three good samples."
Assistant—"She says she will let you know, doctor."

THE OLD LINE FENCE

Perhaps it is the inevitable that it should come up again in a court case, but that it should appear so early in the year is somewhat of a surprise and a bit of a disappointment.
We refer to the old line fence dispute. Read about it in an exchange yesterday. Two farmers had lived side by side for about 22 years; never had any trouble of any kind; best of friends and all that.
Came a time for renewing a fence between the properties, and two of the boys of one family undertook to dig the holes and put in the posts, while the other farmer was to put on the wire. That looked like a fair enough division of the labor and costs.
All went well until one farmer found that the boys had put the fence about two feet over the other man's property. Of course it was described in more technical terms than that when it came to court. It was all set out in such a way as to indicate that a surveyor and a lawyer had been secured to apply the technical and legal surroundings for the right.
Evidence showed that there had been many disputes over the affair. The children used to take it up on the way home from school, and the fathers of the families had argued about it until there were a couple of blows struck.
Of course we take it that all the old friendships of 22 years had been fairly well broken by this time. The short-cut across the field from one house to the other has probably grown in by now.
There was no decision given by the court on the case; the bench advised the parties that they were both in the wrong, adding that the good-feeling of one family toward another was a greater thing than the possession of a foot or so of ground.
The old line fence—its errors in showing a few inches or a foot of ground from one farm to the other—what a trail of havoc it has cut through friendships that looked good enough to be perpetual. No more visiting with the other family; no more lending and borrowing; no more help at each other's threshing. Not a line fence between them, but a stone wall.

Possessions
When I take stock of all I own,
I find no monarch on his throne
Has more of wealth;
For I have zeal to toil all day,
With love and laughter on my way,
And hope and health.
Good friends are mine whose faith
always
Lends joy and courage to the days
That might, without
Their tender thoughtfulness to bless
The path with care and kindness.
Dawn dark with doubt,
And so no envy stirs my heart
For those who play a prouder part.
Since all this is good,
This cheer and promise ring me round,
And for it all my life is crowned
With gratitude.

Bachelor: A man who gets only half as much mileage out of a pair of socks as a married man.—Detroit News.

Ste. Petronille



Jack Strathdee, the very able winter sports director at the Chateau Frontenac, his friends will be pleased to learn, is losing weight. Jack runs a summer fishing season and he took his present job for the reason that he wanted to rest and draw a salary at the same time. When he has time to reflect, and this is seldom, he longs for the easy job of operating a camp and handling a crowd of Indian guides. He finds no rest, for during every daylight hour there is something doing on the ski-hill, on the rink, on the slides, and a hundred people to provide with sports equipment and direction. But he keeps fit as they all do. The air is bracing and invigorating and there is lots of fun.

In the group above one sees the director assisting Their Excellencies Lord and Lady Willingdon who have just come down the slide for the third time. The other group perhaps explains why he finds so much pleasure in his work and why he has taken up skiing again. There is also a picture of his rink which shows how the slide in the background drops down steeply from the citadel.
But take the other picture. This will show you Jack Strathdee's most recent discovery. Beyond the dogs and the terrace is a field of free ice. Beyond that the Isle of Orleans is a shadowy form. Now to the left of the Island, just above the lamp standard, great slabs and chunks of crystal and opaque ice hurled themselves in a mass,

cast reefs of glistening pinnacles to the sky in one glorious chaos and screechingly, groaningly settled down. Then the mayor of Ste. Petronille set out, each armed with a small spruce cutting. They met somewhere in the center of the river, solemnly shook hands, and the ice bridge was declared open. It was after that, that the sports director drove over and discovered Ste. Petronille with its ski slopes and toboggan and snowshoe prospects, and also the "Catalogue". The "Catalogue" has a rubble-stone fire place of catalogue about the floor and as window drapes, the oddest old furniture and quaint bed-rooms and, above all a splendid cuisine. It is less than one hour from Quebec and is hailed as a great discovery.

**NAILS AND OTHER THINGS
STILL MADE BY HAND**

One of the few crafts that have survived the age of machinery is that of making hand-wrought nails, which is still carried on at Lye, in the Midlands of England. Although machinery can produce nails at a far greater speed than they can be made by hand, it cannot equal them for toughness, and hand-wrought nails are especially used for shoeing horses, to obviate the danger of a broken nail in the hoof. There are still a score of nailers working at Lye, one of whom is a woman; they can each make, on an average, 20 pounds of nails a day—a small quantity compared with the 24,000 nails which a modern machine turns out in an hour.

In Wales and Durham "Quilt Wives" still practice the traditional craft of quilting, the art of which has been handed down from mother to daughter. The wool for wadding is bought locally and is first washed and carded; it is then placed in the frame between the two outer coverings of the quilt, and the whole is ready to be stitched. Bowl-turning, at one time a flourishing craft in England, has now nearly died out; it is said that a bowl-turner who lives in Berkshire is the last one left in England. The bowls which are made of elm-wood, are survivals from the days when everyone used wooden plates, cups and bowls, "treen" as they are called. Bowl-turning has declined since the time when pewter, and later china and glass, came into use.

THE ORIGIN OF HOCKEY

According to J. S. Sutherland, the Past President of the Canadian Amateur Hockey Association, historians differ considerably over the birth-place of Canada's winter sport, hockey. Many places claim the honor for being the authentic locality. The first actual game that we have any accurate record of, was staged in Kingston in 1888. It was played in Captain Dix's rink between Queen's University and the Royal Military College. The players wore long, white-duck trousers. The sticks were borrowed from an eastern firm and after the game were expressed back to their owners. The rink had a bandstand in the centre, as it was intended for skating purposes only. When a player dashed up the ice he was aided greatly in his attack by his agility to dodge around the bandstand on his way. A solid rubber ball, which had been cut into a square, was used for a puck.

He was blown up, and they couldn't find any trace of him. When his wife called, the foreman said quietly: "He's gone, Mum." "Gone?" she said, "Got good?" "Well, in that direction," said the foreman.—Judge.

DO YOU KNOW?

That good manners are more important than clothes?
That friends are more important than money?
That kindness is more important than the giving of gifts?
That gentleness is more important than cleverness?
That smiling faces are more important than regular features?
That a helping hand is more important than advice?
That stability and reliability are more important than ability?
That willingness is more important than skill?
And, last of all—
That sharing is not only more important—but more fun—than owning something all alone?

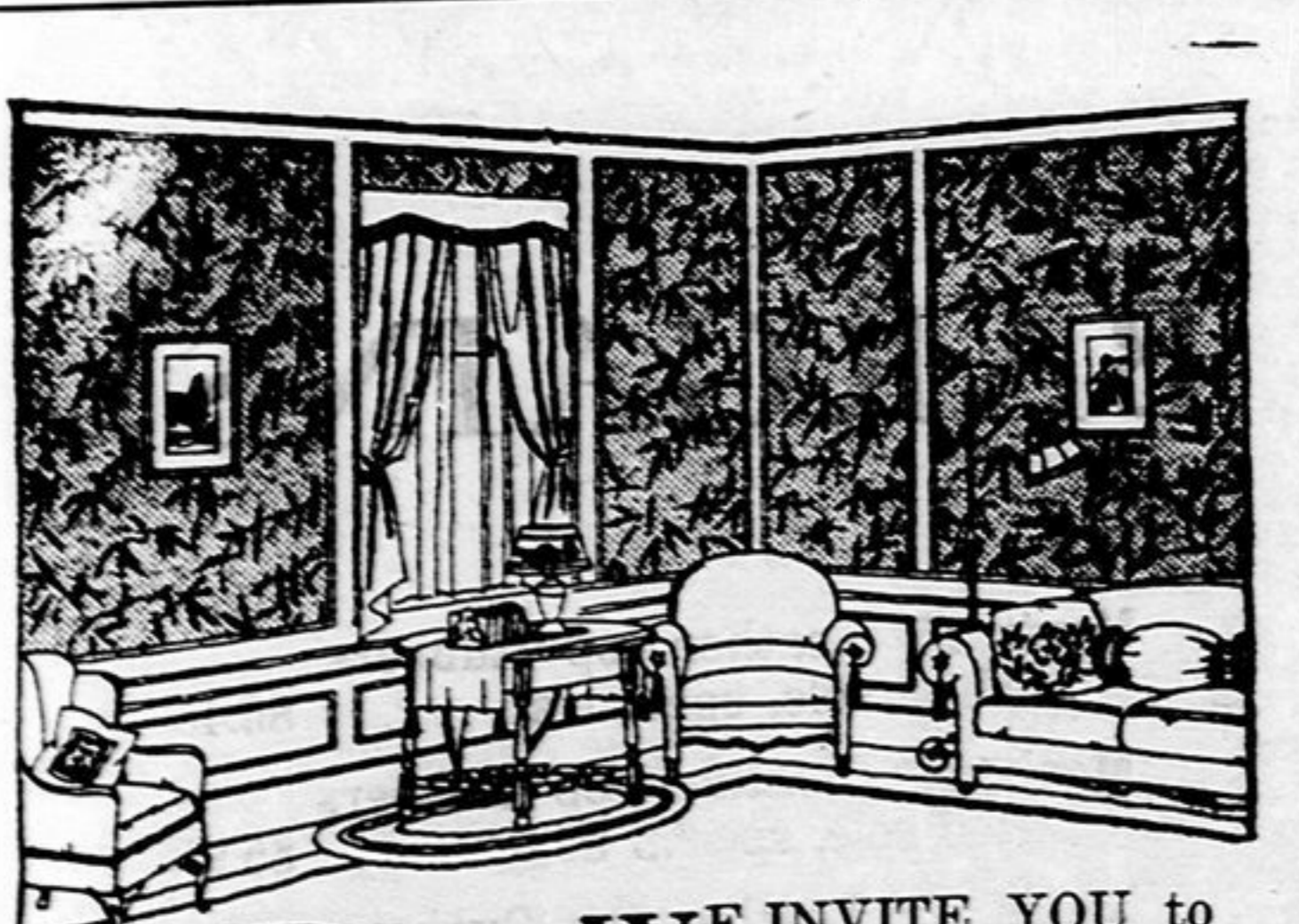
A man would probably be about as successful in choosing his wife's hats as she is in choosing neckties for him.—Kitchener Record.

The Morning After

A man who was city-bound on a street car was accosted by the conductor as follows:
"Well, sir, I hope you arrived home safe last night."
"Why, of course I got home safe; why shouldn't I?"
"Well, it's like this. While you were in this car last night a lady got in and you offered her your seat."
"What of that? Whilst I recognize the equality of the sexes, I nevertheless also recognize that the age of civility is still alive."
"Of course, sir, just as you say, but I thought it a little peculiar as only you and the lady were in the car at the time."

GAS!
Last year gas killed four thousand, nine hundred and fifty-two persons. Thirty inhaled it, nine hundred and twenty-two lit matches over it, and four thousand stepped on it.—Denison Flamingo.

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