

# The Durham Chronicle

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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, August 15, 1929.

## A TEN MILLION DOLLAR BUSINESS

More than five thousand families in Ontario are beneficiaries under the Mothers' Allowances Board, and we would estimate that approximately another forty thousand will become beneficiaries under the Old Age Pensions Board after September 1. A conservative estimate of the expenditures under these two Boards would be from eight to ten million dollars annually. Quite some business, what?

It is a tribute to Hon. Dr. Jamieson and an honor to Durham that of the many financial wizards in the Province, he has been selected as the man best suited to administer this great sum of money for the Ontario Government. Politics, you say? Well, perhaps, at the start, but now that the Mothers' Allowances Board has been in operation long enough to try him out, we would say that his continuance in the office is proof positive that he is efficient. As a Tory stalwart he may have received the appointment, but even with the Tories, it takes efficiency to hold a job, and especially one that has the spending of ten millions of dollars in its hand.

Dr. Jamieson's administrative ability as Chairman of the Mothers' Allowances Commission has been uncanny. It is one of the most efficiently run departments at Queen's Park. And it was this same administrative ability that prompted Premier Ferguson, when the Old Age Pensions scheme was adopted, to send for Dr. Jamieson and request him to take over the chairmanship of this latest Commission.

As the Chairman of two commissions that will spend annually from eight to ten millions of dollars, the Hon. Dr. Jamieson of Durham may well be regarded as one of Canada's leading business men. Ten million dollars! To say the least, that's a whale of a lot of money, and a man must be "hitting on all six" to enable him to look after it. But, financially, we have long been of the opinion that Dr. Jamieson is a "straight eight."

Is it not rather ironical that a man of his ability was not considered good enough to represent South Grey in the Provincial Legislature at the last election?

## A SENSIBLE MOVE

It was with a great deal of satisfaction that we read the other day in a dispatch from Port Arthur, that the police of that city had not held a citizen of that neighborhood who shot and killed a man found in his chicken coop at an early hour. The man died in Port Arthur hospital on Friday of last week, says the dispatch, "from gunshot wounds allegedly inflicted by a gun in the hands of Theodore Elchuk, prominent farmer of Oliver Township, when he encountered Otto in his poultry house early Sunday morning last." After the shooting the injured man was ministered to by Elchuk and his wife in their home and "the police and physicians called from the city. The amazing part of the whole affair was the last sentence which said that Elchuk was not held by the police."

It is nearly time that a little common sense was entering our courts along some lines. We know nothing of the man who was shot to death, but according to the dispatch Elchuk was "a prominent farmer of Oliver township," and as such is entitled to the benefit of the doubt. There may be those who will argue that Elchuk should be tried, but we think differently. In our opinion Elchuk was perfectly within his rights in shooting any man who invaded his poultry house at an early morning hour. Reputedly respectable or not, no man has any business wandering around another man's premises after dark, and especially inside his buildings. The recent poultry thefts in the province have placed the farmers on their guard. It is expecting too much when some of us may think that a man is overstepping his rights when he plugs a midnight marauder without warning.

We should not care to see the wild and woolly West days back here again, when the best shot was the leading citizen, but it is possible that in becoming civilized we have allowed the pendulum to swing a little far over to the other side. It may not be polite to shoot a man, but it is a whole lot better than being pacifistic and allowing him to run off with a summer's earnings. That old British law that it is better that nine guilty persons should escape than that one innocent one should suffer is about worn out. It is high time that the respectable farmer or other citizen who spends his days at work and his evenings at home gets an even break with a lot of gentry who spend their days in bed and their nights prowling the country. The law need worry little about the fellows who are bumped off at three o'clock in the morning coming out of strange poultry houses, stores or other public or private places. There may be an odd innocent one amongst them, but at that they should not be there.

We feel that we must hand it to those Port Arthur police force. They may have fallen down if judged from certain angles of the law, but they most certainly used their heads. It is about time that the wandering public and the country generally recognized the fact that a man should be the master of his own premises—at least after midnight.

## OLD BOYS' AND GIRLS' REUNIONS

Ye Editor was at Flesherton for periods during the first three days of last week attending the Old Boys' and Girls' Reunion and we have returned to Durham more than ever impressed with the idea that these things are all that has been said of them and more. There is a "kick" to meeting old friends, and so far as we know there is nothing that can take its place. For that reason we hope that Durham will some time in the near future invite all her old boys and girls to visit the old home town and for three, four, or five days, associate together in good fellowship. No matter how old one may become in years, he is but a youngster grown up. This is proved time and again at the various reunions that have taken place in the towns of Ontario in the past.

We are not altogether in favor of the class of reunions held in some other towns we know of. A reunion in our opinion should be nothing more nor less than the word implies—a reunion of the boys and girls of years ago, who gather together, have a good time, live for a week in the past, and return to their homes years younger in spirit. Those of a town's citizens who have left the place of their birth and settled in the larger centres, can daily see more in the way of celebrations than they should expect the small town to provide for them on the occasion of their periodical visits. On the other hand it does not seem the proper thing for a town to invite its residents of other days to come home, some of them travelling long distances and at considerable sacrifice, and then attempt to relieve them of their money by various entertainments. This is not the primary objective of an old home week. Small towns cannot put on world's fairs. They have neither the money nor the facilities for this thing and to attempt it is a mistake.

To our mind the Flesherton reunion was an ideal affair. It was a real reunion. There were present former residents of the old town who had not seen each other for years. The writer met school chums he had not seen for from thirty to forty years, and we can vouch for it when we say that it is a real pleasure to once again associate with those who have for years been living outside your circle and to compare notes on what has happened in the intervening years. The Flesherton celebration brought you face to face with many who had completely passed out of your memory, but a few minutes' conversation took one back to the late nineties when, barefooted, you had played together on the old school grounds and fought on the way home from school after four.

While there was quite an elaborate programme during the five days in which the reunion was held, there was nothing for one who was not interested in the real reunion itself. This, in our mind, is as it should be.

We spent as much time as possible last Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday in the village on the banks of the Boyne, and while we returned home on Wednesday night (or was it Thursday morning?) dead tired and all in, we had a most pleasant time. Glad when it was over, money could not buy the pleasures experienced the first of last week with our old friends of thirty-odd years ago.

We are more fully convinced than ever that there is nothing can take the place of an Old Boys' and Girls' Reunion. And you have no idea how young you are, or how foolish, until you attend one of these affairs which you can claim as your very own. It matters not if the outside crowd comes or stays away. If you haven't known them, they interest you very little. If they don't come, you don't even miss them.

The success of an Old Boys' and Girls' Reunion cannot be estimated in the amount of money the committee has made; rather its success must be gauged by the enjoyment of the visitors, and the pleasure you yourself have received from it. While a certain amount of celebration is necessary, the real reunion spirit must prevail. We are sure that the event in Flesherton was an unqualified success. Everybody we talked to said it was, anyway, and it speaks well of the welcome extended by the citizens of the village when the visitors themselves have said that there must be another such affair in the course of the next five years or so. Old-time residents, most of whom were mere boys or girls when the left, were there from points as far apart as New Jersey in the East to Idaho in the West. It is said that a good definition of love is "a tickling of the heart that can't be scratched." Well, that's what a reunion is, only in another way. There's nothing like it, nothing can take its place, and it comes only once in a long time.

We do not know what the plans of Durham citizens are along this line. We do know that we have had innumerable letters from former residents, and all of them want to come home—at the time that all the others are here—and live once again amid the scenes of their childhood. As much interest locally as is evidenced by those living in distant parts, and Durham's reunion would be second to none in the province.

## OTHER PAPERS' OPINIONS

**Weeds**  
So far, the campaign against weeds, as conducted under the Weed Control Act, has been one of persuasion in this part of Ontario. The advertisements published by the Ontario Department of Agriculture in recent issues of this and other newspapers are a sample. When the Act was passed, there was a good deal of opposition voiced in the townships around Fergus, but we hear little or nothing of it now. The need for such an Act is generally recognized. It may be that weeds have become more numerous lately or it may only seem that way since attention has been drawn to them.

A dispatch from Sarnia tells of the action of a weed inspector in Lambton county who entered a man's field and cut down his oats after the owner had refused to take action. The reason was which is a comparatively new weed in that county. If every field around Fergus with sow thistle was cut, the weed inspectors would need a large army of assistants, but if the weed had been kept out in the first place, the sown to the people of Wellington would have been large.

Farmers tell us that many farms are not properly worked now on account of lack of labor. Sometimes, it is lack of a proper system of fighting the weeds. Sow thistle, twitch grass and some of the other perennials constitute a problem that taxes the ingenuity. While some farms appear to be getting dirtier all the time, others are kept free from weeds and a person driving past cannot fail to notice it. The Mennonite farms west of Elora are noted for their freedom from weeds. So are some farms much nearer Fergus. Last week we paid a short visit to the home of Mrs. Alex. Moir in Nichol and no weeds were to be seen, although he says they are always present and must be combated. He tells that sweet clover, followed by rape, with a hoed crop in the next year, is very effective and the hint may be valuable to others.—Fergus News-Record.

**The Indifferent Passer-By**  
It is a truism that everything changes as time flies. In the old days when the rudimentary automobile sputtered and choked, and the driver went through the ritual of getting out and getting under, it was a foregone conclusion that nearly all he passers-by would stop and volunteer help. Lady motorists, embarrassed by tire trouble, were not left alone to struggle with it and pumpkins and other pedestrians were sure of "a lift" along his journey. There was a sort of freemasonry of the highway when Good Samaritans were as plentiful as bumps in the road. Not so nowadays. The following news records an extreme but typical case:

When they had driven about half a mile past the spot where they had seen the overturned car, both decided to go back and investigate. On approaching the swamp they found a young woman plinned underneath the coupe. Although she fainted several times while medical aid was being secured, her injuries were, fortunately, only minor ones. She informed her rescuers that her car had skidded and overturned, and that she had been plinned under it more than two hours. During that time many automobiles had passed, but no one had thought it worth while to investigate. Had the injuries been of a more serious nature, the delay might have caused a fatality.

The attitude depicted above is not unusual. On the same day as the publication of the North Bay incident, the Toronto-Hamilton Highway yielded its own example of the new motor psychology. A passing motorist shouts at a young lady driver: "Your car's on fire," and whirrs on, blissfully indifferent as to the outcome—perhaps even glowing with satisfaction that he has done his good turn for the day. No one will deny that the change has been, to some extent, right, and inevitable. The plodding pedestrian, waving for a ride, or frequently turned out to be a highwayman of the new school; young ladies in distress were not always what they seemed. And yet it takes only a near-tragedy like that near North Bay to remind every one that break-neck speed is not so absolutely essential, and that Good Samaritans can travel modern Canadian highways as well as the roads of ancient Israel.—Toronto Globe.

**Driving Without Permits**  
The Department of Public Highways is issuing a warning to all those who drive motor cars that they must not only take out an official permit to drive a car, but that they must carry it with them while driving. There are altogether too many irresponsible persons behind the wheels of motor cars these days, and in view of the fact that accidents, sometimes fatal, are frequent the warning of the Department is very timely.

If this law is to be enforced as it should be then there are many who are driving cars now who will not enjoy that privilege much longer. It is not uncommon to see youngsters fourteen and fifteen years of age at the wheel of a big automobile while the father or mother, the one who actually holds the license, sit in the back seat of the car. This is all wrong and should not be tolerated for a moment. If the youthful driver gets into a jam suddenly on a street or highway, the father in the back seat is going to be but little help to him. These accidents happen in a hurry and the damage is done before anyone has a chance to advise the youth what to do.

The passing of this law providing for driving permits was welcomed by the people generally, and it has been frequently urged that it should be rigidly enforced, but everybody knows, except possibly the police, that it is being honored in the breach more than in its observance. Some have the idea that one permit in a family is sufficient and that this gives all the members of the family the right to drive, but a prosecution or two will soon make the people realize that this cannot be done.

An experienced motorist is the one best able to realize the menace of incompetent drivers and would welcome being asked by the police at any time to produce his or her permit. A general campaign on the part of the police for the production of driver's permits would bring good results, and the incompetent driver would be relegated to the back seat, where they belong.—Owen Sound Sun-Times.

**Golf Defined**  
Farmer (to friend): "I hear, Bert, that while ye were in the city ye took up this here golf. How'd ye like it?"  
Bert: "Well, it ain't bad. It's a bit harder than hoe'n turnips an' a bit easier than diggin' potatoes."

## BRIDE-TO-BE HONORED

A very pleasant evening was spent last Thursday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Bailey when Miss Rita Bailey was honored with a miscellaneous shower by the Women's Institute and a cut glass water set by the Ebenezer Community Club. The following address was read by Mr. George McCulloch:

Dear Rita:  
We, your friends, neighbors and fellow club members have gathered here to spend a few social hours with you tonight. We are indeed sorry to hear of your departure from our midst and realize in your leaving the loss of a faithful friend and loyal helper. You have ever been willing and eager to play your part in any enterprise that our club has attempted and gave your own spare time in order that you might help others. We wish here to express our deepest gratitude to you for your untiring efforts to make our club a success. Together we have had many fine social times and packs of fun with a joker in every deck, but we hope that we will not lose you entirely and that you will find time and opportunity to sometimes again enjoy social evenings with your fellow club members. You are always welcome to our midst. As a token of our gratitude toward you and as a remembrance of past experiences we ask you to accept this

**NOMINATING Convention**  
Liberal-Conservative Assn. of South Grey  
A CONVENTION WILL BE HELD IN Durham Town Hall Thurs., Aug. 22 commencing at 3 o'clock p.m.

for the purpose of selecting a candidate to contest the Riding of South Grey at the next Provincial Election. All electors will be heartily welcomed. The Annual Meeting of the Association will be held at 2 o'clock on the same day and in the same place. Executive will meet at 1.30 o'clock. D. McTAVISH, A. E. COLGAN, President, Secretary. GOD SAVE THE KING

# There's only one way to get BIG SIX quality without paying big six price-



THERE'S no longer any reason why you shouldn't be in the big six class... because there's no longer any reason why you should pay the usual big six price. For Pontiac has brought the power of a Big Six engine... the sturdy endurance of a big chassis... the regal charm of Fisher Bodies... into the low-priced field. Pontiac has everything that you would ordinarily pay Big Car prices for. Luxurious appointments... deep-seated comfort... Internal-expanding Four-wheel Brakes, Low-Joy Hydraulic Shock Absorbers, Tilt-Adjustable Headlights (font-controlled), GMR High-Compression Cylinder Head and a long list of big car features... The moment you ride in Pontiac Big Six... the moment you drive it, you'll know of a certainty there's only one way to get Big Six quality without paying Big Six price.

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**Durham Pontiac Sales**  
DURHAM, ONTARIO

IT'S BETTER BECAUSE IT'S CANADIAN

little gift, not for its value, but to express our unspoken feelings. We wish you the greatest success, happiness and prosperity in your married life. Many of us have known Harry for many years and have found him to be cheerful, energetic and above all a true friend and willing worker. We recognize our loss but know what is our loss is someone else's gain.

Just a fellow member leaving. To take up her duties in a home. To make a pleasant evening. For a man she might call her own. We, your friends, will miss you. But we all know its true friend and willing worker. That whatever flag you're flying it will always be true blue.

Signed by and on behalf of Ebenezer Community Club.

Dr. Morris Fishbein says a man's teeth and hair are his best friends. But even the best of friends will fall out.—Woodstock Sentinel-Review.

## Friday and Saturday Are Bargain Days

A complete clearance of Ladies' and Children's summer dresses. We cannot quote prices, but if you need a dress you are assured of a bargain.

### Ladies' Silk Underwear SOME AT ONE-HALF PRICE

\$2.00 Silk Bloomers for \$1.00  
\$3.00 Silk Gowns for \$1.50  
\$2.75 Goldette Bloomers for \$2.25

The famous Locknit Underwear. Buy a pair of Bloomers at the regular price \$2.75 and we will give you a vest to match, FREE.

Ladies' \$1.00 Silk Hose for .69c.  
Ladies' Hand Bags, real leather. Special \$1.00  
Glass Fruit Nappies, each 5c.  
Glass Fruit Bowls to match 15c.  
Plain Glass Tumblers, each 5c.  
China Tea Sets, beautiful patterns, 23 pieces for \$2.98

### Saturday Bargain

With every \$1.00 purchase we will sell a 10-quart Galvanized pail for 19c.

## The Variety Store

R. L. Saunders, Prop.  
PHONE 4 DUREAM

## SOCIAL AND P

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. sons of Elmira spent end with their sister, Mr. and Mrs. Thom J. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Ted Mills and ronto are visiting with William Erwin, Jr.

Mr. R. Snell of Elm the week-end at his ho Mr. and Mrs. Thom J. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Bourne and daughter Mary, motored to River and spent the day with James Banks.

Mr. and Mrs. Soper of Chesley called on Mr. Burnett on Civic hold Mr. Fred Mitchell a Burnett of Listowel end with Mr. and Mrs. Mr. and Mrs. Sam Hamilton called on George Burnett on the to Welbeck.

Mrs. Carson and dau Mr. Ollie Carson and Klink of Kitchener and Mrs. George Burne day.

Mr. and Mrs. Barre Mrs. Chester Gowing, were Civic Holiday gu Mrs. E. W. Limin.

Mrs. Wilfred Saunde ter, Toronto, visited S Mr. John D. McFay last week.

Mr. William B. Tod N.Y., visited with M Mrs. Charles Kennedy week.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex sons Uxbridge, visited end with the former's W. Ewen, here.

Miss Gertrude Stoni visited over the week- end with Mr. and Mrs. Mr. William Barnhe ter, Miss Ella Barnhe Alberta, were guests o Allen over the week- end.

Misses Catherine an Toronto, visited last w

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