

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, October 31, 1929

THE ELECTIONS ARE OVER

This Wednesday morning as this is written, the whole of Ontario is in the throes of a provincial election. The last word has been said by both sides and it is up to the voters to decide as to which party is best suited to guide the destinies of the province for the next three or four years. In South Grey the election has been a very quiet one. There hasn't been enough interest created to cause even a fight and as we write this the outcome of the voting here is unknown. If there is one thing more than anything else that an election discloses it is that old saying that hope springs eternal in the human breast, or something like that. It depends upon the political complexion of those to whom you are talking as to whether Oliver or Perdue will next represent this riding in the new Legislature.

We have heard it predicted that Oliver is going to be elected by at least 2,000 majority; we have also heard it said that Perdue was the man who was going to turn the trick and that he would be returned with a majority of anywhere from 500 to 1,500. Today the voting is going on. Tonight the result will be announced. In the meantime the only thing to do is wait and hope.

Since the above was written and put in type *The Chronicle* has spent a rather busy evening in collecting the returns, the final of which, according to the figures supplied us, gives Mr. Oliver a majority of 563 over his Conservative opponent, Mr. J. N. Perdue. Though defeated, Mr. Perdue made a remarkable run and the drophesies of his opponents that he had a fighting chance were verified. Some of Mr. Oliver's supporters were more disappointed with the result than those close to Mr. Perdue. Some there were who could see nothing less than a 2,000 majority for Mr. Oliver, will realize that the riding of South Grey, although slow, is gradually returning to the Conservative fold.

NEIGHBORLINESS

If you want to find friends, just get into some trouble. Durham proved this out last Friday morning when the big fire was at its height when the town officials appealed to outside towns for help. The help arrived as fast as motor cars and railroad trains could bring them. It was here from Owen Sound, Hanover, Mount Forest and Harriston, the latter fire brigade and engine arriving on special C. N. R. train supplied by the railway company, and from the moment they arrived the danger that all along had threatened the main business section was over. All five fire brigades found plenty to do, and did it so well that an hour after they all got working the blaze was under control. On behalf of the town, the council and the citizens we bespeak our thanks for their timely assistance. We trust that we may never be called upon to reciprocate, but if we are, can promise that all that is needed is notice.

MAN'S INHUMANITY

Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn, but the trouble is that it is usually the wrong ones who have to do the mourning. We have just read of an immigrant boy, now twenty-two years of age, who has recovered over eleven hundred dollars from a farmer near Ottawa for seven years' labor. The farmer wanted to pay him off with three suits of clothes and \$8.85 in cash for the seven years. The boy came from England and entered the employ of this particular farmer, toiling early and late on a farm of one hundred and fifty acres, with no other hired help. The only defense his employer had was his statement that there had been no contract to pay wages.

In giving judgment for the plaintiff Judge Kelly severely castigated the farmer, saying "It is shocking to think there are men so dishonest as the defendant", and granted immediate execution against the defendant's goods for the payment of the claim.

Personally, we think there is something the matter with our law that will let such human leeches get away with nothing more than a lecture. Any man who would take advantage of any immigrant boy in this manner deserves something more, and from the tone of Judge Kelly in addressing the defendant, he would most assuredly have been given his deserts if the law would permit. We don't have to go into darkest Africa any more to find savages.

SO MOTE IT BE

There are a good many of us who will agree with the *Calgary Herald* in its advocacy of the setting back of Thanksgiving Day to October when the weather is more likely to be more conducive to thankfulness than that which is liable to pertain along toward the middle of November. As *The Herald* remarks, "With the grain safely housed, people gave thanks in weather that made everybody thankful that he was alive."

It is further pointed out that thankfulness for

the end of the war has mellowed into memories of the heroic dead—memories that do not fit in with the joyousness that characterizes the regulation Canadian Thanksgiving of feasting and sport. "Armistice is a day apart," says *The Herald*. "It lends itself to solemnity, mingled with sorrow. Let it have early November all to itself."

We never could see the idea of combining the two days. Thanksgiving Day proper, ever since the writer can remember, has been a day of sport, and shall we say gluttony? The big turkey dinner (not many of us get this, but it is the Thanksgiving spirit), the day's hunting, and other sports which our readers know as well as we, have taken the place of the first Thanksgiving and the idea that it was a day to return thanks for full granaries is pretty well lost to the present generation. To combine it with Armistice Day spoils both days. The present Thanksgiving days are days of merriment; Armistice Day should never be thought of in this manner. There is no doubt it will in time come to the level of a common holiday, just as Thanksgiving has done, but for those of us who still remember the war and its horrors, and those who mourn for someone who will never return, Armistice Day is a holy day, or should be.

Combining it with Thanksgiving Day takes from it all that which it means and is the cause, we have often thought, for the poor attendance in the church and at the Armistice Day celebrations. In Durham we hold the service in front of the Soldiers' Monument at night. We have never heard why, but is it possible this is done in the hope that the Thanksgiving celebrants would be finished with their merriment, and the hunters all returned? Is our service held at night because of the fear that a daytime celebration would mean a small crowd? Personally, we would say, let us have the old October Thanksgiving, and then we can the more properly observe Armistice Day in the manner in which it should be done.

LOCKING THE STABLE DOOR

Durham's disastrous fire last Friday morning is one more evidence that it sometimes does not pay to be economical. In the saving of the money that should have gone into a water-works system, the town has paid for the system in the loss of the McIntyre Block—and lost the building. Had we put the money into a proper fire-fighting system we would in all likelihood have had the building. Now we have neither.

It is not our desire to break into the "I told you so" column, but at the time, and since, and now, we believe that the town made a big mistake when it defeated the waterworks bylaw some years ago. As a town we must take the blame jointly. There was an overwhelming majority against the proposition, but in our opinion this was one occasion in which the majority was wrong. Those of us who supported the bylaw may find some consolation when we recall that it was not defeated by our vote, but this sort of deduction gets us nowhere. We must stand the loss exactly the same as had we voted against it. It is by results, and results only, that we can pass judgment.

We have heard quite a number make the statement since last Friday's conflagration that we should have had the waterworks system instead of the pavement. This has been our argument all along, but the overwhelming majority against the waterworks led us to believe this bylaw would never carry and we did not see any reason for doing without the pavement and the waterworks system, too. We have advocated for some years that we should have both waterworks and pavement. The waterworks system after the first few years would be paying its own way without costing the individual patron any more money annually than the care of a well and pump; the pavement has become a necessity through the increased automobile traffic and the impossibility of economically keeping dirt roads, especially in the towns, in a decently navigable condition.

We are not going to lecture. We do not believe in these post mortems. It is an unfortunate circumstance that Durham did not carry the waterworks bylaw. But we do not wish to be misunderstood. We are not prepared to say or admit that a waterworks system would have saved the McIntyre building last week. We do not know. Minus fire walls, these buildings are hard ones to handle once a fire breaks out, and there is no one who can say what might have been. With a waterworks system we would have the satisfaction of knowing that we had done our best and had given our fire fighters modern tools to work with. We believe our fire brigade did their work well under the existing conditions.

We have one of the best pavements in Ontario. We have no waterworks system for fire purposes. *The Chronicle* has no intention of starting an agitation. But we are prepared to support such a bylaw and vote for it if it ever comes before the people.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

An advertiser suggests that you would not use a croquet mallet to play golf. Certainly not. A sledge hammer with a long handle is handier and digs more turf in less time.

Laugh and grow fat is good advice. But don't let it run you into obesity.

CAMPER'S COLUMN

THE RECENT FIRE

'Twas near the witching hour of night,
When slumber puts dull care to flight;
A few night owls the streets were roaming;
They too were contemplating homing.
When one discerned a curl of smoke
From Vollet's store, that fire bespoke;
Soon blew the whistle's weird alarm,
That from brief slumber drove all charm.
And out into the chill night air
From comfort warm did people fare.
Fire fighting lads were soon on hand,
And they their apparatus stand
At point of vantage where they might
Attack of fire the better fight;
No great advance the fire had made,
Brick walls its progress must have stayed;

A stream of water from the hose
Would surely its existence close.
But, alas, no stream was flowing;
The engine they could not get going.
'Twas not the fault of the brigade
That fortune had their efforts stayed.
Meanwhile the fire had gained good head;
With food to feed on it had sped
From floor to ceiling and broke through
The wall that was expected;
Keep it confined within one room;
That break sounded the whole block's doom.

Futile seemed our fighters' labors.
Then appeals were made to neighbors.
Wild panic reigned throughout the town.

And dire destruction seemed to frown
Upon all efforts made to stay
The mad fire fiend's ruthless sway.
So swift was its fierce rush and roar
No salvaging from home or store
Could be essayed. No outside aid
Had come to hand. Men were afraid
That all of lower town would fall
A prey to the fire dragon's call.
Those who resided in the block
Were subject to the fiercest shock.
As they were forced to instant flight,
Nor stay to save the smallest bit;
One side the block had been traversed.
Its path the demon then reversed
And darted north to make a sweep
To where the river guard did keep.
A moderate breeze was blowing, still
The sparks blew half way up the hill
And to the east each home was watched
To see no flame from spark was hatched.

Meanwhile the firemen from Owen
Sound
(Who for good work are much re-
nowned)
Were breaking all the laws of speed.
To give their aid to Durham's need.
And what a cheer when they came in;
With roar of fire 'twas Bedlam's din;
Their chief soon found the danger spot,
And capably the flames he fought;
On very verge of dire disaster,
The Owen Sound boys proved they were master;

No praise too great, no cheers taboo.
For this fire fighting northern crew.
The dawn was breaking ere the fight
Had put all danger grim to flight;
Haggard and tired, begrimed with smoke
Men viewed the ruin—few that spoke.
Filled with emotion and amazement
They silent watched the dying blaze.
A few short hours had brought distress
To many people; who can guess
How deeply hurt? For with grave face
They view their loss with sanguine grace.

'Twas surely a destructive fire
Destroyed the block of McIntyre.
Let's hope that from the ash may rise
A Phoenix that the town may prize.

A Near Tragedy
While all the structures made of brick
Fell victims to the fire so quick,
The Chink's frame laundry stood erect
As if it were the one elect;
And this was well, for had it burned
It would from next night's dancing
turned
Many a youth whose other shirt
Was being freed from grime and dirt.

A Tragedy
No hope the Chinaman could see
To escape the fire, so he did flee
And took his purse with all his cash;
Hid it with care, then back did dash
To see what else he could get out;
But soon the smoke put him to rout;
He then went back his purse to find;
A thief had kindly left behind
The purse, but took the poor Chink's cash;
May he at some time feel the lash.

THE U. F. O. MEET
Aggie and Farquhar staged a great rally
And out from the woods their cohorts
did rally;
Mayor Murdoch was chairman or "valet
de Chamber";
Pete Ramage was usher, a role he is
famed for;
With fiddlers four in from the back
fifty,
And two pianists, the music was nifty;
The hall was well filled with no over-
flow,
The weather was raw, it felt much like
snow;
The Mayor was uneasy as, hands in his
pockets,
He rose to announce the course of the
docket;
"It gives me great trouble", his honor
began,
Then quickly, "great pleasure" his
opening ran;
"To introduce Miss Macphall to this
audience grand
And for all she will say I'm sure you
will stand."
So Aggie began, and of Geneva she
spoke,
Of "Lord" this and "Sir" that, and
other great folk;
How Canada stood for America North,
While the South hemisphere great ef-
fort put forth;
"But of seventeen countries below the
equator,
Canada is equal in fact she is greater."
But where was Geneva or what it all
meant,
The audience evidently did not give a
cent;
They wanted to hear of liquor control,
And bottles that down the highways

did roll;
Cooperative farming was all very well,
And on it extensively Aggie did dwell;
And proved conclusively, at least it
seemed so,
That to the farm party the credit
should go;
But how they should vote to get
cheaper liquor;
That question the crowd considered
the sticker;
So Aggie just told them the money ex-
pended
They could not afford though the act
were amended,
To bring back the prices when bars
were in fashion,
And six for a quarter then brought lots
of cash in.
From her remarks it seems that she
No sober chauffeur e'er did see
That every car's a juggernaut,
And drivers all a drunken lot.
She spoke of the Ferguson govern-
ment's cost,
And thought that the country surety
were lost,
If progressive economy were not given
a chance,
At government sensible to "couch a
lance".
But Agnes in arguing failed quite to
tell,
How progress and parsimony together
can dwell.
His honor now was quite over his panic
His next introduction was quite alder-
manic;
"Mr. Oliver", though whether provin-
cial or local
Jack was not quite sure, so both he
made voice!
Now Farquhar's plea is strong and loud
And much it pleased the rural crowd,
To hear him tear to bits and shatter
The arguments and campaign matter
That his Conservative opponent had
In pamphlet form sent to each lad
And lass within the riding,
Hoping they with him were siding.
How happy is the candidate with oppo-
sition
No need for him to state his own posi-
tion—
Just rant and rave and call the other
liar.
And say how your constituents can hire
Your services which years' experience
brings.
Not have a novice ignorant of such
things.
That was the sum and substance of the
speech
That Farquhar made, and it indeed did
reach
The crowd's intelligence, for they did
yell
When he concluded. What I can't tell
Is whether in appreciation they cheered
Or just plain relief—as some one jeered.
The audience rose and sang the "Dox-
ology".
Or "God Save The King"—I'm mixed
on theology.

PILGRIMAGE MOVIES
POPULAR IN ENGLAND
Great Demand For Films Taken by
Provincial Photographers

A great demand has arisen in England for the films taken by the provincial government movie photographers during the visit of the United States pilgrimage to Ontario last summer.

G. E. Patton, director of the provincial government motion picture bureau, said recently that he had received a large number of letters from the Old Land with requests that the films be sent over. Copies of the films have been despatched and will circulate.

Patton believes, in a large percentage of the dissenting churches in England, the films present a photographic record of the entire Ontario tour of 1,000 and came from the churches all over Great Britain. Practically every point of interest in the province was visited by the party so that those who see the film in England will get a good general impression of the province.

"It will be wonderful publicity for the province in England," Mr. Patton commented.

AUTO PRODUCTION
IS AIM OF BRITAIN
Plan Under Way to Capture Markets
and Relieve Unemployment.

A sweeping plan to push forward Britain's motor car industry in connection with the government's schemes for relief of unemployment and to capture the automobile markets of the world, is said to be under way in London, England.

According to the stories featured on the front pages of the *Daily News* and the *Express* recently, the plan is largely aimed at American competition. "The scheme carries the motor car war between Britain and the United States an important step forward," says the *Express*.

OTHER PAPERS' OPINIONS

The Flag Question
In *MacLean's Magazine* for September 15, Mr. Hugh Savage, of the Cowichan Leader, Vancouver Island, and President of the Canadian Weekly Press Association, has an article in which he vigorously and ably reviews the question as to whether Canada should have a distinctive flag.

Mr. Savage argues that there is no intention of doing away with the Union Jack, but that a flag on which there is a distinctive Canadian device might be authorized and used as supplementary to the Union Jack. He shows that there are at least seven other flags in use within the British Empire, and that the Red Ensign is in common use in certain instances.

The editor of *MacLean's* in some comments on the article:
"Let us be frank enough to state that before we read Mr. Savage's article it was our opinion that the Union Jack covered all Canada's requirements. We told Mr. Savage so on several occasions. But, having read his brief, it now appears that he is right. As he so clearly demonstrates, we have been and are using with official blessing a flag that is distinctive but incorrectly flown. The principle of a Canadian flag, in fact, has been established by this Government without any disturbance being caused at all. The flaw is that it isn't a strictly proper flag. And it hardly seems unreasonable to suggest that a proper flag be evolved for uniform and regular use."

We trust that a few other Canadian editors will give the article a careful and candid reading, and we hope that they, too, will proclaim themselves converts to the idea of having a distinctive flag.

Mr. Savage is a Britisher and an Englishman at that, from the good old source of Shakespeare's English underfiled, Stratford-on-Avon, and can hardly be accused of narrow Canadian nationalism, or disloyalty to the Empire—Mount Forest Confederate.

"If he asks me I'll say 'Yes'. It does not make much difference. He's clever and good looking. His hands are gentle. I like to feel them in my hair. I think he would treat me all right. If he does not ask me, never mind—but if he does I'll say 'Yes'."
"Shampoo, madam?"
"Yes."

Scientists have invented a machine that can match colors perfectly. We don't know what the machine is, but it isn't a husband.

Special Sale of China Tea Sets

One Only
23-piece China Tea Set
Reg. \$3.50 for \$1.98

One Only
Gold Band Tea Set
\$2.98

One Only
Yellow and Black Tea Set
Reg. \$10.50 for \$7.75

One Only
Lustre China Tea Set
Reg. \$6.50 for \$3.98

One Only
39-piece China Tea Set
Reg. \$12.50 for \$8.50

The Variety Store
R. L. Saunders, Prop.
PHONE 4 DURHAM

ALJOE'S Fire Sale

commences

Friday, Nov. 1

at 9 a.m. in the

Durham Egg-Grading Station in the Middaugh House Block

Unheard of values in new stock only slightly damaged by smoke and which will be sacrificed.

A. A. ALJOE