

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, January 9, 1930.

NOTHING PECULIAR HERE

In a recent issue of the Walkerton Herald and Times reference is made to an accident near Dundalk in which a truck driver ran into a bunch of cattle and killed a couple of them. The truck was insured against public liability and surprise is expressed because the insurance company backed down on the owners and they had to pay the owner of the cattle for the damage done. The Herald and Times concludes its article by saying that the truck driver would have been better off financially to have bowled over a pedestrian or two.

Under his public liability policy, he certainly would have been ahead from a monetary standpoint, but this argument has nothing to do with the insurance company. Insurance companies carry out their contracts to the letter, that is, the good ones. But they are not philanthropists.

A public liability policy covers an automobile driver for what it says, no more and no less. Public liability means liability to the public, and by no stretch of the imagination can cattle be construed to mean "public". Had the driver carried a "property damage" clause in his policy he would have been protected, as cattle are "property" and not "public".

As agents for casualty companies carrying risks on automobiles, The Chronicle office has written a lot of insurance. We have insured a good number of people who have been unfortunate in getting into trouble. But in no instance have we found that the companies we represent ever attempt to evade their responsibility, or practised any unnecessary delay in making a settlement.

Like everything else, there are a good many "substitutes" sold as automobile insurance. Some motorists buy insurance because they want protection; others take the insurance that costs the least money. Drivers of cars would do well to remember that good automobile insurance is not cheap; neither is cheap automobile insurance good. Like other things, you get what you pay for, and as insurance of this kind is badly needed when you are in trouble it pays to get the best. You can't get the best in automobile insurance on the how-much-can-you-pay principle.

ASSISTING THE THIEVES

There is altogether too much thievery going on throughout the country, but we doubt very much if some of our travelling salesmen would appreciate any insinuation that they themselves, perhaps unconsciously, may be placing temptation in the way of those whose fingers itch for something that does not belong to them. We refer to the summertime practice of parking cars all night on the street outside hotels while the owners are taking their night's rest.

There are some people who are not criminally inclined but who cannot resist the temptation of picking up things that do not belong to them especially when these articles are left around unguarded for hours at a stretch. There was a time not very many years ago when a travelling salesman would not think of leaving his car out in the weather overnight but that time has gone. In motoring through the country at night and from our observation of what goes on in Durham, the present day commercial traveller who looks up a garage for his car at night is a curiosity. Every night during the motoring season they pull up to the hotel, register for the night, and go to bed in blissful ignorance that they may be placing temptation in the way of some one weak enough to take advantage of the opportunity and commit theft.

In some cases a traveller or other citizen may be justified in this, but nowadays when many travellers carry valuable samples of goods in their cars quite a considerable haul may be made at very little risk, especially in the smaller towns where there are no nightwatchmen.

In the interest of law and order, and to remove temptation from those who cannot resist it, we think it would be a move in the right direction if more care were practised, especially when the automobile is to be used as storage for the merchandise the man of the road carries with him to show his prospective customers.

TRUE BRAVERY

We read a few days ago of a bank teller who, confronted by a note shoved through his window, calling on him to cough up the cash on hand, calmly gazed into the barrel of a revolver, reached under the counter and sounded the burglar alarm. The bandit was captured. That bank teller was a brave man. As a result of it he will likely be lightly kissed on either cheek by the general manager and given a couple of merit marks. In banking circles we believe these latter are on a par with the cigar wrappers one smokes, or the little poker decks so neatly tucked

away in tobacco and cigarette packs. They don't mean much, but with a lot of smoking and considerable patience, one stands to win a twenty-five cent prize.

Bravery, to our notion, is one of two things, or perhaps a combination of both. Either a man is impervious to nerves and really cannot be scared or else he is so badly scared that he doesn't know enough to be scared. Personally the editor of The Chronicle isn't brave. He scares easily but doesn't let it go so far that he would not do what he was told if gazing into the business end of a shooting iron. Should one of these bold, bad highwaymen suddenly appear in our sanctum, pull a gun and demand the contents of the till, he could have it and welcome. No few paltry thousands of dollars will be the means of transferring our benign presence from our happy little home in Durham to that one on high of which we sing so lustily on Sunday, hoping to get there, and then send in a hurry call for the doctor when we feel a suspicious pain under the belt, and our chances of making the long trip seem probable. No, we are not at all brave. Let that highwayman appear and demand his toll, we'll gladly hand it over if he will only change his mind and not pull the trigger. We'll give him one, two or three thousand dollars, and if he insists we'll even hand him over the whole day's receipts.

We can make this confession without shame, for do we not know several men of prowess who still persist in taking off their shoes on the verandah and sneaking upstairs in their sock feet in order that the early morning slumbers of their Maggies and Delilahs be not disturbed? Heroes, like poets, are born not made, and even the bravest of us have reason to quail when confronted by a bandit with a revolver or a woman on the top step who has just been aroused from her beauty sleep.

And so we repeat: "More power to that bank teller." The chances are he is a single man and hasn't yet found out what real fear is.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

Did we read correctly? Canada, that land of "perpetual" snow complains of lack of ice for curling, skating and hockey, while Mexico, bordering on the tropics, reports a score of deaths from cold weather in a temperature 23 degrees above zero.

Toronto is "all het up" over a town planning scheme. And to think that all along we had thought it was a city.

"All quiet on the Western Front" has been banned by the Toronto Education Department. Evidently it made too much noise.

And now that women have received their full rights, and Miss Macphail is to be offered a seat in the Senate, they should surely be willing to shovel half the snow.

The Minnie May, a rum schooner, surrenders at North Sydney, N.S., when fired upon by two government cruisers. Wonder if she is any relation of that other old "Minnie M" so prominent in Ontario politics in the early years of this century?

One of the scripture lessons at church last Sunday contained that verse where it is predicted that the fearful, the unbelieving, the abominable, and murderers, and sorcerers, and idolaters, and ALL LIARS, shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone." Well, it is going to be, to use a popular phrase, "some lake" to accommodate that gang without crowding.

Those of our Little Canadians who listened in over the radio a few nights ago and heard the speech of Jan Christian Smuts at the Chateau Laurier, Ottawa, must have shrivelled even a little more than usual. Smuts, a former Boer general and enemy of Britain less than thirty years ago, now appealing for a Greater Britain in unity and inter-Empire relationships, puts to shame a lot of our native-born Britons who preach sedition, Communism and violence!

NOTES ON ELECTION

By Rusticus

Calder does not possess those long legs and that greyhound build for nothing. He is built for running.

Noble seems to have become the caudal appendage of the Council.

Whitmore certainly gave Stonehouse a close shave.

Moffat will have to go after an appointive office. He is not built for running.

McLean and Howell didn't seem to know there was an election.

Will Hunter was slightly hand-i-capped or he might have been in the position of Abou Ben Adhem.

The Mayor ran like a team until the home stretch was reached, when official age told on Murdoch.

You can haul voters to the polls but you can't make them vote your way.

The ladies sure took advantage of their privilege of the franchise.

Mel Calder made a great canvass and the result was shown. He even tried to invade the cemeteries we hear.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

To the Editor of The Chronicle: Dear Sir,—On reading the editorial in The Chronicle we understand that their idea is to make a habit of being on time and being there making a promise and keeping it. A good motto, no doubt. Now what we should do is make it out on a circular and broadcast it among government officials and those recruiting orators who had so much to say about winning the war and what great things they were going to give the soldiers when they returned with the victory and leave off their peace propoganda till they have made a clean sheet of the past war.

Why should the pension board be connected with politics? It is not true that Grits, Tories, Protestants, Catholics, English, Irish and Scotch all together put their shoulders to the big gun to fight the battles? Then again the fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, wives and daughters at home did everything possible to help finance the soldiers. The Women's Institute, Women's League, Knights of Brotherhood, Masons, Orangemen of the Empire put their organization together to win and even the army itself united in one massive army, the allied troops under one great commander, Foch. It was a victory and should have been a grand lesson to all of us.

But when the war was over, and the boys back home they forgot the lesson that was dearly bought and paid for by the blood of man and started in a scramble to know who won the war. When it took all the hands together to win the big victory, why not keep together and win success over our country's welfare?

Let these same orators still stand behind the wheel and see to it that the pension board does give justice to the soldiers. Keep the soldiers names in print, ahead of them all the time, don't try to forget or crowd the poor sufferer off the road. Keep up a united propaganda against war, have more hospitality among the citizens of our community welfare. Put our shoulders together and put it over. If it is a failure put it out again and not try so many pots in the one fire. As to pensions for the soldiers some say why do we need charity—big strong able men like myself asking for charity. Some tell me that a little work would drive away the blues and save the country the cost of paying me a thousand or so a year. Well I only wish to God I was half the man today I was before I went to France. I sure could make some of our working class look cheap when they talk about work and I know that work is a sight easier than idling around trying to keep your left foot out of the box when the right foot is in up to the hip. Then as to cost, if the government would give us our own money, because we have never received our share of the salvage funds nor our share of the canteen profits which the soldiers' got the country's money.

So let us ask how did canteen funds accumulate. They accumulated by means of their rations, then selling us food and coffee over the canteen. As to the salvage fund, when we were on the battlefield and a pal got killed instead of burying him, uniform and all, bayonet, rifle and ammunition, we scrapped the lot and wrapped him in a blanket, chalked a dollar off his pay for the price of the blanket and covered him up in the mud.

Now by this means the army accumulated a large sum called salvage funds which was to be redistributed back among the soldiers. This has never been done. Now what about charity? Give us what belongs to us, give us half what they promised us and you will find the soldier pretty well satisfied. If the government pays us the money they owe us, we have no need to be refused flour or provisions which our family want at home, because we have no money to pay for same. If the soldiers get the money it is most likely 100 per cent spent at home which is in my estimation, the proper place to spend it.

—A SOLDIER.

CRISP COMMENT
Cheer up. It is a matter of only six months until the next baseball game.—Port Arthur News-Chronicle.

Every share of stock now has an owner, just as it had when the market was at its peak.—Financial Times.

Italy's position, it begins to appear, is that it is willing to permit the other Powers to disarm.—Dayton Journal.

Ontario Liquor Board wants people to drink cider instead of hard liquor. But tell us first, were there any worms in the apples?—Stratford Beacon-Herald.

It is suggested that the Statue of Liberty should be removed from New York Harbor. But why? It now acts as an excellent memorial.—London Opinion.

Two young thugs were sent to jail the other day for taking \$7.00 out of a newspaper man's pocket. That's the sort of thing that put Houdini on the stage.—San Diego Union.

Washington has found out that there are enough automobiles in the United States for the whole population to take a ride at once—which, by the way, would seem to be about the only way to keep from getting run over.—Winnipeg Tribune.

Another thing that prohibition seems to have established is that an enforcement agent never shoots except in self-defense, even when the person shot was not looking at him at the time.—Ohio State Journal.

"Your uncle seems rather hard of hearing?"
"Hard of hearing! Why he once conducted family prayers kneeling on the cat!"

Mother: "Mary, aren't you getting too big to play with the boys?"
"No, mother, the bigger I get the better I like them."

Love-sick youth: "Speak, darling. Oh, speak those words that will mean heaven to me!"
She: "Oh, go jump in the lake!"

An Irishman was ill and sinking so rapidly that the priest was called, who said: "Mike, while you still have the chance, you should renounce the devil." Mike gasped: "Well, Father, if I'm that bad off it's no time to be makin' new enemies."

Now that even chain cigar stores are putting in lunch counters, you can get something to eat anywhere except at home.
Abe: "One of us is a cheat."
Ike: "What do you mean?"
Abe: "What I say. Five minutes ago I had a fifth ace in my boot top and now it is gone."

VOTE BY POLLS IN EGREMONT AND NORMANBY

EGREMONT TOWNSHIP							Total
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	
For Reeve:	91	102	84	73	71	51	472
Hunter, W. H.	3	2	122	72	58	56	313
McArthur, J.							
Majority for Hunter, 159.							
For Deputy Reeve:	4	7	102	62	49	25	249
Ferguson, J. A.	83	96	74	73	20	23	369
Philp, W. J.	4	0	22	11	53	58	148
Robb, E.							
Majority for Philp, 120.							
For Council:	27	53	116	109	39	41	385
McEachern, Hugh	24	29	93	52	91	64	353
McEachern, Nell	23	25	99	71	82	75	375
Watson, W. J.	21	13	99	56	54	62	305
Holliday, Fred	46	63	68	46	10	7	240
Long, David							
Reeve, W. H. Hunter; Deputy, W. J. Philp;							
McEachern, W. J. Watson.							

NORMANBY TOWNSHIP							Total
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	
For Reeve:	75	181	96	31	13	11	6 413
Holm, Chas.	8	4	2	14	19	11	105 163
Ovens, A.	15	149	9	36	28	32	1 260
Schenk, A.							
Majority for Holm, 153.							
For Council:	72	230	48	44	19	28	27 468
Baetz, C.	44	160	90	48	43	44	38 487
Aitken, J.	59	152	60	24	23	9	44 361
Hopf, J.	23	169	17	17	19	23	47 315
Filsinger, A.	7	36	6	47	36	7	27 166
Koenig, S.							
Reeve, C. Holm; Deputy, H. Seim, (accl.); Council, Baetz, Aitken, Hopf.							

PIONEERS OF THE SAUGEEN

Where we have gone, where we may go; No place we see, no place we have seen; But bears the marks of those we know, The pioneers of old Saugeen.

Far from its banks in western camp On city streets or prairie green, We meet the men who bear the stamp, The pioneers of old Saugeen.

The river runs, it sings its song Of those who came with vision keen: The mother brave, the father strong, The pioneers of old Saugeen.

Runs in your blood and so in mine, With thoughts of better than has been, The coming day, the fuller shines, The pioneers of old Saugeen.

'Tis twilight now on stream and lake, The moonbeams lie in silver sheen; Our lives the brighter for their sake, The pioneers of old Saugeen.

May you live life's closing day Proud worthy of the world's esteem As those for us who cleared the way, The pioneers of old Saugeen.

J. C. Eckford.

THE DAY AFTER CHRISTMAS

Wee Angus he looked pale last night when he was climbing into bed, and he was saying how an ache was sitting heavy on his head.

He had been well the day before and playing out like how he should, it was surprising that the lad be not just feeling none too good.

He got his dose of senna tea, but said he couldn't sleep at all, and he kept hollerin' after me each time I'd come within his call.

So I was asking of the lad just what he had been doing all day, I knew he

was out quite a spell, he wanted hours to run and play.

So he was saying how that Dan was making taffy Christmas day, and how his mother came along and had to put the rest away.

And then he went with Joe a spell and they ate nuts and candy cane, and I was startin' in to see the cause of all Wee Angus' pain.

Then he had dinner home, he says, and well I mind that such was so, for I was warnin' Angus there to take a rest and travel slow.

In afternoon, Wee Angus says, he went to see what Pete might get, and when he came into their house they wasn't through with dinner yet.

Pete's mother coaxed him, so he says, to have a wedge of hot mince pie—Wee Angus says the pie's so bad he thinks he'll crumple up and die.

Then Pete had raisins and some nuts, they cracked them out there in the shed—Wee Angus says the achin's bad and bumpin' hard inside his head.

There was no secret now at all about what ailed the lad last night, I guess if he stays still and starves he'll soon be feelin' quite all right.—Walkerton Herald Times.

Read The Chronicle ads on page 7.

If You Are Looking For BARGAINS You Will Find Them HERE

- Ladies' Silk Hose, full fashioned, service weight, Reg. \$2.00 for\$1.29
- Stamped Aprons, a good assortment of patterns, each 19c.
- Hemstitched Pillow Cases, each25c.
- Babies' Rubber Pants15c.
- Toilet Paper, 7 rolls 25c.
- China Cups and Saucers, Blue Willow Pattern 2 for 25c.
- Green Glass Salad Bowls25c.
- Fruit Nappies to match, each5c.

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



A GOOD VETERAN
Len Grosvenor, of the Ottawa Senators, has been playing Canada's popular game for a good many years, but he is still the same aggressive Len and packs a tricky shot.

GREETINGS

We gladly welcome the opportunity afforded by this Happy Season to wish our many customers and friends every enjoyment of this festive season and best wishes for a bright and prosperous New Year.

A. A. ALJOE

Phone 47. Durham.

SOCIAL AND P

Miss Leone McDonald and Mrs. A. B. McDonald, St. A. W. Owen South Pricoville, has been successful in her recent examination for Miss McDonald graduated from the General and Maritime College at the University of Toronto, and she is now writing her examination with the rest of the class.

Miss Mamie Crutchfield ago for Toronto, where she spent the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Turner to their home spending the Christmas season with her parents H. Dunn.

Dr. and Mrs. C. E. visited over Sunday home here.

Mrs. Stempel and daughter Marie Muter of guests of Mr. and Mrs. here over the New Year.

Mrs. A. Catton and Effie visited for a few days at the home of Mrs. and Mrs. Ralph Catta.

Miss Mary McQuarrie has returned from Toronto to spend the holiday season at her home.

Mr. William Keller, week attending the King's week held in the King's.

Mr. Nelson Ruhl of home Saturday at the home of Mrs. Oscar.

Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Toronto this week.

Miss Ellen Marshall, visiting at her home.

Mr. George Hahn to Monday when Shew's Business College accompanied him to Toronto.

Dorothy Ritchie returned from her home to Orangeville Business College.

We congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Brown on receiving her 31st at the Hamilton.

Mrs. James Livingston spending a few weeks at her home.

Mrs. Willet Snell, Misses Marjorie Smith and Myrtle McDonald Young, Mr. Harry Timianov and returned to Toronto to study.

Miss Margaret McCooklin and Clara Turner to Toronto to Mr. R. B. Burns, home Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. H. S. Fiddes has returned after a day week in Fergus.

Miss Mary Levi and her family spent their respective home ten days with Mr. Levi.

Owing to the illness of the Rev. Mr. Smith, the prayer service at St. Paul's church on Friday, conducted by the Rev. Mr. Priest, who will give the Extension on Sunday morning, and on Sunday morning, 12, will preach in the most cordial invitation.



"THE BEST-DRESSED" Lady Victor Warrington, the title of the "B" man in Europe, is one of the most beautiful of the British peeresses, the wife of the Earl of Lochead, Unionist Parliament.

Seas Green

To all who good old-fashioned Year's Day joy and 364 thereafter in

Hende Bak