

At Home Come in & Chat Awhile

—Ruth Raeburn.

Out in the hills in the wild spring weather:
So early that only the bluebird knew
Thousands of little flowers grew together,
Purple and pink and white and blue.
Now the sun shines warm, and under
our feet;
They nod and smile, though boughs
are bare,
So daintily hued and faintly sweet—
What blossoms of summer are half so
fair?
And the sweet old sermon is preached
again
Of life from death, to the doubtless
need,
Of rest after struggle and grief and
pain.
The text, "The Lord is risen indeed."
—Author Unknown.

The sweet spring days,
With whitening hedges and uncrumpling
fern,
And blue-bells trembling by the forest
way;
And scent of new-mown hay.
—Matthew Arnold.

Jonquils
Your jonquils shine in the dark.
So golden they are;
Each eager trumpet sings
From the heart of a star;
Their leaves are spears of Spring
Keeping a green-sheathed way
About each dancing flower
On its mad proclaiming way;
"Golden the dawn of Spring,
But Love is utmost gold;
Spring passes. Love stays,
Love grows never old!"
Your jonquils shine in the dark —
A song of gold, a star—
They sing the perpetual joy
I know—where you are!
—Amy Campbell

The Man Who Loves a Garden
The man who loves a garden
Will never break his heart,
Will never have it harden,
Nor stand from life apart.
Oh, if you have a garden
You'll have a love more true
Than even friend or book can lend—
A garden's love for you!
The man who loves a garden
Despair can never know.
The man who loves a garden
And helps it thrive and grow
He'll never lack these treasures:
Peace and contentment true.
The man who loves a garden—
I hope that he is you!
—Mary Carolyn Davies.

May
There's a murmur of joy in the tender
leave,
That comes and goes in the frolicsome
breeze:
The flicker laughs from his home in
the tree,
No bird so mirthful and joyous as he.
The hillside's a smile with the dande-
lion's gold;
The bobolink's joy is told and retold
In his "Ho!" like the chime of a silver
bell,
Then a bubble of song no words can
tell.
The brook's all a-dimple, and murmurs
a song
To the smiling banks as it hurries
along;
From the rushy marsh come notes of
glee:
As the red-wing whistles his "O-ke-lee".
With a riot of joy in earth and air,
Why should our hearts be full of care?
So forget the past, put its gloom away,
And live each hour of the blithesome
May.
—Mary Cecilia Raby.

Violet
Violets are babies' smiles
With a fragrance all their own.
Every time a baby laughs, it
Means a violet seed's been sown.
Every time a baby gurgles,
In its speechless happy glee,
A whole host of violet blossoms
Comes to earth for all to see.
But the golden hearts of violets
Are the many, many things
Which a tiny baby dreams of
While its happy mother sings.
—Nora I. Millen

Mr. Milquetoast's Error
"Now," asked the lady lecturer, "If
there is a man in this audience who
would let his wife be slandered, and
say nothing, let him stand up."
A meek little man rose to his feet.
The lecturer glared at him. "Do you
mean to say you would let your wife
be slandered and say nothing," she
cried. "Oh, I'm sorry. I thought you
said slaughtered."



THE SWAIN: "Why don't you run along to the movies with the money I gave you?"
THE YOUNG BROTHER: "It's cheaper and funnier watching you and Mabel."
—The London Opinion

Daughter of British Premier Christens New Canadian Ship.



IN 1867—the year when the separate parts of Canada were united into one Dominion—the United States bought Alaska from Russia for a bit over seven million dollars. The purchase, considered by many an extravagant one, came to be known as "Seward's Folly," after the Secretary of State who was its chief advocate.

Now in 1930, 63 years later, the daughter of a British prime minister, at Birkenhead, England, christens a Canadian ship to carry tourists to the land once known as the barren home of the lonely fur trader but recognized to-day as one of the most picturesque and inspiring of holiday grounds.

The top picture shows Ishbel MacDonald, daughter of Britain's first labor prime minister, launching

the CNS "Prince Henry," constructed by the Canadian National Steamships to supplement its Pacific Coast service of the CNS Prince George and Prince Rupert from Vancouver and Prince Rupert, B.C., through the popular Inside Passage, to Alaskan ports. Additional steamships for this run have been made necessary by the steady growth in the number of American travellers each year.

Two other vessels, the Prince Robert and the Prince David, will be completed in the next few months and will be put on the run between Vancouver, Victoria and Seattle. All the ships will sail from England to their home port, Vancouver, through the Panama Canal. The Prince Henry will make its first sailing to the north on July 3, calling at Prince Rupert and Skagway.

Fashion Fancies

Gray Clouds Have Pastel Linings



A gray cloud comes through the rainbow mist of pastel colors. The fashion forecast is that it will remain on the style horizon throughout the Spring and Summer. Gray lends itself so exquisitely to artistic combination with the popular blues and pinks this Spring that it is logical it should be an integral part of the mode. Although it's even seen during the evening hours, it is especially prominent in the daytime mode. Gray woollens of fine weaves are outstanding features of the tailored costume and soft gray silks with touches of navy, or pastel blue or pink, lend charm to the afternoon mode.

Characteristic of this latter idea is the afternoon dress of grayish blue crepe Elizabeth sketched above. The draped neckline emphasizes its flattering effect by a lining of dusty pink georgette. A novel treatment of the waistline is seen in the way in which the side sections of the skirt taper into a sash, which crosses at the front and ties at the sides.

It will pay you to advertise in The Chronicle.

A FISH STORY

A wise old fish, when interviewed, said, as he flipped his tail:
"To try and live to great old age
Would be of no avail,
Unless one watched his diet from
The day that he was hatched,
And never ate a tempting bit
That had a string attached!"

"My father said when I was young;
"Beware of tempting bait;
'Tis better far to pass it by
And let your hunger wait.
Than to try to beat the unseen hand
With whom your wits are matched
If you'd live long ne'er take a gift
That has a string attached."

"His words held truth. Have I not seen
Unnumbered fish who've tried
To take the gift without the string,
And later on have cried
In someone's pan. Beware the man
Who leaves his door unlatched,
And never take a glitt'ring gift
That has a string attached."

Men might from this fish story take,
A moral that would save
Them many years of vain regret
That haunts them to their grave;
'Tis that it's best to earn one's way,
E'en though their clothes be patched
Than place their hands upon a gift
That has a string attached.

Taffeta a Fabric of Late Sophistication



Taffeta is adopting sophisticated mannerisms that are somewhat startling as compared to its traditional naivete. The influence of the Paris style is responsible for the change which is apparent in the recently arrived models. Both in afternoon and evening dresses taffeta falls into the slender, draped lines of the Spring silhouette. Many of the new taffetas are of fine soft texture, and lend themselves deftly to artistic manipulation.

Created of one of these new black taffetas is the gown sketched today. It follows the slender princess silhouette and evinces a desire to give the impression of detailed trimming placed nearer the waistline than heretofore. This, incidentally, is one of the latest developments of the evening silhouette. In this instance, the shirred hip yoke above the three rows of bias flounces conveys the idea. The neckline of the tightly draped bodice is finished by a bow with long streamers and the hemline of the long, full skirt is of even floor length.

THE DOGS OF ST. BERNARD

Horace Wyndham in "Our Dumb Animals" Tells of Historic Pack.

For most people who visit the Hospice of St. Bernard, perched high up amid the eternal snows in the mountains separating Italy from Switzerland, the chief interest is in the famous dogs connected with this establishment. Of all our dumb friends, there are none with a better record of devotion and service to humanity.

The kennels in which are bred the members of this historic pack are established just beyond the village of Bourg St. Pierre on the road to Orsiers, where Napoleon once halted for a night when leading his "ever victorious army" across the Alps. As soon, however, as they are old enough, the puppies are transferred to the Hospice itself, and instructed in their special work of assisting chance wayfarers.

The original pack of dogs connected with the Hospice of St. Bernard was formed about the year 1812, being bred, as is the present one, from short-haired Newfoundlanders crossed with Danish and Wurtemberg mastiffs. They had to be short-haired, as otherwise it would have been impossible for them to get through the heavy snow. During an early period in their history, a scarcity of food made it imperative to disband the pack; and some time elapsed before it could be reassembled. When the late King Edward, as Prince of Wales, was traveling in the district, he visited the Hospice, and was presented with a puppy as a souvenir. It did not, however, survive its journey to England. Perhaps it missed its companions. Two other specimens, however, purchased by a tourist during the early sixties, were more fortunate, and it was from them that the breed was first introduced into Great Britain.

The average strength of the pack maintained in the Hospice kennels is fifteen at a time. They are all remarkable good specimens, as big as young calves, and strong enough to carry a helpless man through the snow. Some of them measure nearly six feet from muzzle to tail, and weigh anything up to 150 lbs. Their usual coloring is a mixture of red and white, but some of them are tawny or brindled. Except when engaged in their rescue work, they are not always renowned for good temper or gentleness of disposition; and fierce quarrels among themselves (chiefly over the distribution of bones and choice morsels at meal times) are apt to occur. But the dogs have not been alone in little outbreaks of ill-temper; and it is recorded that "in the good old days" it was the custom to keep the pack in the refectory, to prevent fights among the guests.

The training of the St. Bernard dogs in their rescue-work is a systematic business, and begins when they are mere puppies. The first step in the process is to send out a young member of the pack leashed to a more experienced one. This prevents it getting lost among the passes. After a time, it is taken some miles from the Hospice, turned loose, and left to make its own way home. It soon discovers this, and can then be allowed out by itself and without fear of mishap. Before long, a young dog develops a very keen sense of direction, and will pick up the track in the heaviest snow and mist. He is then employed as a guide when the monks set off to bring food and fuel from Bourg St. Pierre and Orsiers.

During such periods as they are used to search for and assist storm-bound travelers attempting to reach the Hospice, the dogs are despatched in couples. The object of this is to permit one of them to remain at the spot where the wanderer is found, while his companion hurries back and brings the rescue party. There are many well-established accounts of the intelligence and courage and devotion they exhibit in this work.

By the way, there is a popular delusion about the St. Bernard dogs that should be dispelled, if only to prevent disappointment among American tourists visiting the Hospice. This is that they carry a small keg of brandy slung round their necks, with which to refresh such travelers as they may meet. In fact, there is a poem on the subject. It is unauthorized. The dogs do not carry brandy. They carry something much more useful, viz., blankets.

Like their masters, the St. Bernard dogs suffer severely from the rigorous climatic conditions to which they are exposed. They develop rheumatism and heart trouble, and seldom live more than six or seven years.

The most famous member of the Hospice kennels was one called "Barry". When he died after long service and with numerous gallant rescues to his credit, his body was stuffed and forwarded to the museum at Berne. In memory of his exploits, the biggest and strongest specimen in the pack is always given this name.

As was perhaps to be expected, the St. Bernard pack was hard hit during the war; and, confronted by a serious shortage of food, their number had to be reduced. Still, enough were left to carry on the work and traditions associated with them. In respect of these, they have often exhibited a sagacity and perseverance little short of human. Tireless and faithful, neither blinding snows nor thick enveloping mists have kept them back when called upon to succor the wayfarer. Yet it is said that they have outlived their original necessity, and that their continuance is threatened.

But this is not likely to happen, for, so long as travelers still toil across the Pass to seek the shelter of St. Bernard's Hospice, the dog will have work to do. Assuredly, they will not be found wanting.

AN Explained
The minister called at the Jones' home one Sunday afternoon and little Willie answered the bell.
"Pa ain't home," he announced, "He went over to the golf club."
The minister's brow darkened and Willie hastened to explain:
"Oh, he ain't gonna play any golf. Not on Sunday. He just went over for a few highballs and a little stud poker."

MOVIES

"WELCOME DANGER" IS LLOYD'S GREATEST PICTURE

After an absence of nearly a year and a half, Harold Lloyd is returning to the screen, making the occasion an auspicious one by presenting his first all-talking picture, "Welcome Danger" at the Star Theatre, Friday and Saturday of this week.

The comedian spent many months mastering the new screen technique, and in "Welcome Danger" is said to have developed what will prove the fastest production shown since the advent of talking pictures. He has not deviated from the old method of producing his comedies, maintaining all the speed and action of his past successes, but adding sound and dialogue as good measure entertainment.

Many of the scenes of "Welcome Danger" are laid in San Francisco: underground Chinatown, and combine action, romance, and mystery with a whirlwind series of laugh episodes.

Lloyd is one of the last of the premiere actors of the silent screen to yield to talking pictures, holding out against the new art until he was thoroughly convinced of its merit. Once sold on dialogue and sound, however, he plunged into the work of using it to the fullest degree, in the building up of his comedy, and the result is that "Welcome Danger" is hailed as one of the greatest triumphs of his long picture career.

A new leading lady is presented by Lloyd, Barbara Kent, who is a sure fire screen partner for the bespectacled comedian. She has an excellent voice and her performance in "Welcome Danger" is said to stamp her for picture progress.

"PICCADILLY CIRCUS" IS NOT LIKE BARNUM AND BAILEY

If "Piccadilly Circus", that famous center of London night life, has a Barnum & Bailey flavor in your mind,

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get rid of it. "Piccadilly Circus" is not a Circus at all. When "Piccadilly" starring Gilda Gray, comes to the Theatre next Monday and Tuesday night, don't go there with the expectation of seeing a three ring show.

"Piccadilly" is an interesting circus in the heart of the theatrical district of London. It is called "Piccadilly" after the Spanish picadillo (collars) that the Beau Brummels of bygone days wore on their strolls about London town. Hence the Piccadilly collar of our own time, although the wing collar is often known by other names.

"Piccadilly" today, as it was when it first took its name, is the gathering place for the sporting fraternity. It is the great centre of London's nocturnal life, and is a lively spot. It was here E. A. Dupont, the great director went, to make the photoplay of that name which has been called "the greatest picture that ever came from England."

Gilda Gray, as the star of "Piccadilly" introduces some new dances on the screen, and is the centre figure of a lively and colorful story of London's fashionable night club life, and the Limehouse District.

The story was written especially for a screen play by the celebrated Arnold Bennett, who turned out an exotic tale in which the little Chinese siren, Anna May Wong, has an important role.

Wife: "How did you get into this state?"

Hubby: "Bad company, m'dear."
Wife: "What do you mean by bad company?"

Hubby: "Well there were five of us to one bottle of whiskey and the other four were teetotalers."

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