

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, June 5, 1930

THE THREE-PARTY SYSTEM

There is no fun in being a newspaper editor around election time in South-East Grey any more. With a Grit government in office and no candidate in the field, a Tory candidate for a government that is not in power, and a representative of the riding who doesn't belong to any government, just what can be said? At the outset the editor of this paper is Tory, has been all along, and so long as that party carries the protection of our Canadian industries, our Canadian farmers, and our Canadian citizens, in its party plank, it is likely we shall continue being Tory.

In this election a journal like the *Chronicle*, and situated in a riding which is, one might say, not represented, can not take down the big pruning hook and go after the individual Grits. They are not responsible for what has been going on at Ottawa, for they have had no voice in it. Rather, we feel somewhat sorry for them that their party has not seen fit to provide them with a candidate that they might express their convictions. We cannot very well go out and find fault with Miss Macphail. She was elected as a free lance, or independent, told her constituents at the nomination that if elected she was going to do as she pleased and has done it. And so it goes. We are certainly not going to find serious fault with Dr. Campbell, because he is one of us, but so far has never had the opportunity of showing his stuff down at Ottawa.

But even with all these drawbacks, we are still Tory. It is our privilege in this great dominion and we intend to insist on it. In fact, we have no fight with anybody over his personal politics. That every man has the privilege of thinking as he likes politically is something no one can deny.

As we said in the commencement, there is no fun in this riding any more for the newspaper that likes politics, tries to fight the game fairly and squarely, and derives a real pleasure out of the knocks and boosts it may give and take. We don't know how the rest of the fraternity may feel about it, but the editor of the *Chronicle* misses the old-time election campaigns when everything came off but the shirt when the fight was on, and good fellowship reigned when the ballots were counted. Them was the happy days.

As the sitting representative of South-East Grey, and again a candidate, Miss Macphail must of necessity remain very nearly the centre of the picture. But she holds no position of responsibility, so to speak. She is neither Grit nor Tory, but rather flits around with both parties seeking whom she may devour. If the Grit Government gives us a lot of poor legislation, she is not responsible for it, because she is not of them. If the Tories do likewise she remains the same, for the same reason. You cannot criticise anyone who is not in a position of responsibility. And this is the position in which any of these "third party" representatives will find themselves under the present British North America Act.

We have no fault to find with anyone in seeking to hold on to a position that pays four thousand a year and free railroad transportation. We would hate to lose such a position ourselves if we could ever annex it. But at that, we think South-East Grey would be infinitely better off if it lined up with either of the two old parties, one of which will always be in power at Ottawa.

The majority of our brother editors seem to eschew politics, but whether this is from fear or choice they do not say. Some there are who wait until they can see which way the cat jumps, but these, in our opinion gain little. Pussfooting around during an election campaign is something which the *Chronicle* never did, but in the present instance it might be a great deal easier than digging up political editorials.

South-East Grey is certainly an Amos 'n' Andy riding, and like this pair, is in a "mess". The more one reviews the "situation" the more "regusted" he becomes. In the meantime, we shall have to emulate Mr. Micawber and wait for something to turn up.

At that, it is up to the electors of the riding. If they are satisfied to send a representative to Ottawa who is responsible for none of the legislation that is passed by either party, it is their own business, but until the constitution of our country is changed we can see no benefit in having this constituency represented by anyone who is not connected with a recognized party and upon whose shoulders can be placed the responsibility of legislating for the general welfare of the country at large.

LIQUOR AT DANCES

The Markdale *Standard* editorially scores the practice some young men have of taking liquor to dances and intimates that there are numerous other ways of being foolish without resorting to liquor guzzling in the presence of those who have assembled

for a night's innocent amusement. The *Standard* is right. There should be no liquor consumed at public gatherings of this kind, and there must be something wrong with the young man who cannot enjoy himself on occasions like this without a bottle.

This admission will doubtless be used as an argument against Government Control, but as a matter of fact Government Control seldom has anything to do with it. For the one person who carries liquor to a dance there are a hundred who do not, and amongst those who may take a drink in their homes, or who may keep it on their premises at all times, there are few instances where they will tote a bottle to a public dance. Bottle toting is a child of the Ontario Temperance Act, and previous to 1916 it was seldom that this thing was practised. In the old days of the bar the man who carried a flask was regarded as pretty far down the ladder by those who would indulge, and as for taking it to dancing parties it was something very rarely heard of. It is a habit that became popular with a certain element during the war time and has not yet been discarded. But the practice is growing less.

But are the boys wholly to blame? We have always been of the opinion that some of the onus must be placed on the shoulders of the lady dancers themselves. They have submitted to the practice, possibly not with good grace, but with no very vociferous objections. Let the women put their foot down on it and those who simply must have their toddy during a dance will soon disappear.

Boys are like grown-ups were when they were younger. They like to appear just a little different than the other fellow, and sometimes start out to see just how much they can get away with. So far, they may have been having their "jolt" occasionally between dances, but have met with no opposition. Let the girls refuse point blank to dance with those of the opposite sex who come around smelling like young distilleries and the drinking will soon stop. It may take a certain amount of nerve for a girl to "turn down" a boy friend with whom she is well acquainted and perhaps likes, but it will stop him drinking—at the dance, anyway. Young ladies, and girls, you have it in your own hands. Don't blame Reginald because he gets "lit up" at your party. Tell him to do his guzzling at some time when you are not around and see how successfully it will work out.

ONTARIO'S HIGHWAYS

There are still a number who see politics in everything and some who do not hesitate to state that the principal reason why there is no paving to be done between Mount Forest and Chatsworth this summer is because both Greys, north and south, failed to return a Conservative member to the Legislature. The ridings with the Tory members are picking the plums. Nothing could be farther from the truth, and as this paper pointed out some weeks ago, the actions of the Ontario Highways Department tell the whole story if one but cares to stop and examine the situation.

The dirt roadway from Chatsworth south is a good one. It is true that this spring it became rather rough, but this has been remedied, and with the graveling and oiling in progress it will be a question whether it is not as satisfactory to drive on as the concrete.

Mention has been made that the roadway between Owen Sound and Collingwood, to link up with Barrie and Toronto, or points north, is now under construction. This is to be a paved road and will be completed to Meaford this year. From Meaford to Thornbury grading is going on and stone being used for surfacing while the road from Thornbury to Collingwood is graded, stoned and oiled. From Collingwood to Wasaga Beach tenders are being asked for grading, and from Wasaga to Stayner and on to Barrie the road has been gravelled and oiled and is in first-class condition. Once past Collingwood the county of Grey is left behind and we merely refer to these roads to show that Grey County is being treated with every consideration by the Ontario Highways Department.

Another feature of the roads now being built in the county is that all grades are being cut down to six per cent. Under the system in force when the road was put the road through Durham the grading was reduced to seven per cent.

It might be interesting to note that paving today costs approximately \$24,000 per mile to complete. There is a stretch of approximately forty miles from Owen Sound to Collingwood. Take your pencil and figure it out for yourself to find the grand total that is to be spent in roads in this section in the next two years. The Highways Department cannot pave all the roads in the province in one year, and it is a mistake for anyone to think that just because there is little activity between Owen Sound and Mount Forest that the Highways Department is falling down on the job or has ceased operations.

So far as provincial road work is concerned, Grey County has not shared so badly, as a trip through other similarly populated sections will prove. And we shall get more as conditions and traffic warrant. It is not of them. If the Tories do likewise she can

A news dispatch states that Mount Vesuvius is "on her annual rampage" and that "lava pours down mountain side". Perhaps it is only the old lady doing her Spring housecleaning. It sounds suspiciously similar to our editorial balliwick these past few days.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

Among those who attended the Baptist Association at Meaford, June 3rd to 5th were Mrs. A. Knisley, Miss Eva Redford, Mrs. Wm. Moffet, Mr. and Mrs. Robert McGillivray, Mr. and Mrs. T. McNiece and Rev. and Mrs. J. T. Priest.

Mr. and Mrs. James Medor of Detroit and Mr. and Mrs. Inch of London, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Reay over Sunday.

Editor Elliott of the Alliston Herald and Mr. J. Mitchell, also of Alliston, were welcome callers at this office on Monday. They came to Durham to inspect the local hospital and left after dinner for Hanover and Walkerton on a similar mission.

Mr. Jack C. Smith and Miss Gladys Eaker, Niagara Falls, N.Y., spent the week-end with his sisters at Aberdeen.

Messrs. Bill Pessefall and Harold Baker, Detroit, Mich., were visitors the last of the week with the Misses Smith, Aberdeen.

Mrs. A. A. Catton of Toronto returned to Toronto Monday after a short visit with her son, Mr. Ralph Catton in town. Mrs. Ralph Catton accompanied her and spent several days in Toronto.

Miss Ethel Morrison, R.N., of Durham Hospital Staff, Miss Kathleen Firth and Mrs. Hugh Firth, motored to Hamilton Tuesday to attend the Graduation exercises of the Hamilton General Hospital, of Miss Zillah Forbes. Miss Forbes had the first part of her training in Durham hospital.

Mrs. W. H. Smith and Miss Bessie are in Toronto attending the Graduating exercises of the Toronto University. Miss Smith graduates this year.

Mr. John S. McGowan of Southampton spent the week-end at his home here.

Mr. John McGowan is attending a seed convention in Hamilton this week.

Miss Isobel McQuarrie of Toronto is spending three months' holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. McQuarrie.

Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Young of Owen Sound spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. D. McQuarrie.

Miss Myrtle Koch spent last week-end with friends in Kitchener.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Hutton and little daughter Anne of Detroit, Michigan, spent the past week visiting at their parental homes in Ailsa Craig and in Durham. Their holiday in town was shortened by the news of the serious illness of Mrs. Hutton's younger sister, Miss Katharine Wylie, who was operated on for appendicitis in the London hospital on Thursday, May 22. Mr. and Mrs. Hutton left immediately for London. Miss Wylie resided for some years in Durham and friends here will be pleased to hear of her recovery.

Mr. and Mrs. P. Bradley and the former's father of Toronto visited over the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Will MacTavish. Mrs. MacTavish returned to Toronto to visit with them for a week.

Miss Margaret Stodard, R.N., who was visiting her brother John in Priceville, called on Mrs. J. M. Burgess recently. Miss Stodard left on Tuesday for her home in California.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Konold of Omaha, Nebraska, were in the vicinity last week visiting old friends after having attended the funeral of Mrs. Konold's brother, the late Thomas Sproule, at Listowel. We were pleased to have a short call from Mr. Konold last Wednesday. He is a son of the late Professor Konold of Glenelg and is a retired railroad engineer, having completed 44 years of service with the Union Pacific Railway Company. His home is at Laramie, Wyoming, but for some time past he has been living at Omaha.

Mr. Alex. Martin of the Dominion Rubber Co., his three sons, and Mr. Butter, bank manager, all of Kitchener, were guests of Hon. Dr. Jamieson and Mrs. Jamieson for a day or two last week.

Miss Bessie Smith is receiving the congratulations of her friends on having passed her fourth year Toronto University examinations with honors. She is to receive her B.A. degree tomorrow afternoon at Convocation hall. The ceremony will be attended by her parents, Rev. and Mrs. Smith here.

Mrs. Wm. Scarf of Toronto visited in town the beginning of the week.

Mr. Russell Lavelle, accompanied by Mr. Richard Lindsay and Mr. James Bach of Chicago are visiting this week at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James Lavelle.

Mr. Jos. Patterson of Chesley visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. Patterson, on Wednesday.

PURCHASED DENTAL PRACTICE

J. N. Evans, D.D.S., son of Mr. J. W. D. Evans of town, has purchased the dental practice of Dr. W. J. White at Orangeville an takes possession next Monday morning. Dr. Evans is a recent graduate of the Ontario Dental College, Toronto, and is well known in Durham, where he has visited his parents here on numerous occasions.

SECURED PATENT ON ICELESS REFRIGERATOR

A recent copy of the *Portage La Prairie, Manitoba, Graphic*, tells of the securing of a patent for an iceless refrigerator is a revelation in its field and is one of the best and most economical of its kind.

Mr. Burns, who is a native of Stayner, is the husband of the former Miss Victoria Whitmore of this vicinity.

OSTRICH FEATHERS AGAIN IN FASHION

When the present up-and-going generation things of an ostrich, it is as of something with its head buried in the sand, but there was a day about twenty years ago when the ostrich was as proud as a peacock. In fact more ostrich feathers went to plume milady's hats and ruff than those of any other bird. Now the Department of Trade and Commerce of Canada learns, Paris fashion arbiters have bought several tons of ostrich feathers and are determined to weave them again into the warp and woof of fashion, including trimmings for gowns.

"DADDY WILL YOU HELP ME?"

I'd settled down in comfort for an evening in my den,
And barely glimpsed the headlines of the daily paper when
A very solemn little soul came up behind my chair,
A trace of tears upon the cheek, a mass of tousled hair,
Who begged in accents troubled that touched me to the quick,
"Daddy, will you help me with my rithmutick?"

"The problems teacher gave us are awful hard to do,
There are so many I'm afraid I never will get through.
I've tried my best but I can't see what some are all about,
And though I've worked them over twice the answers won't come out.
I guess I'm awful stupid or else I'm awful thick;
Daddy won't you help me with my rithmutick?"

I put aside my paper and the little curly head
Worked with me at those problems till 'twas time to go to bed;
Then, with a "thank you, daddy" she went tripping up the stair,
While o'er me swept a surge of joy that took the form of prayer:
"Oh Father, may she always come whene'er life's problems stick,
To Daddy, who will help her in her rithmutick."

MOTHER

Mother is a little girl who trod my path before me,
Just a bigger, wiser little girl who ran ahead—
Bigger, wiser, stronger girl who always watches o'er me,
One who knows the pitfalls in the rugged road I tread.

Mother is a playmate who will always treat me kindly—
Playmate who will yield me what true happiness demands,
She will never let my feet stray into brambles blindly—
Mother's just a bigger little girl who understands.

Mother is an older little playmate who befriends me—
Yesteryear she traveled in the path that's mine today;

OUT-OF-TOWN CALLS—QUICKER AND CHEAPER THAN EVER



She almost trembled at the thought

Mrs. Kane was a timid soul—no doubt about it! Modern efficiency rather terrified her.

She wanted so much to talk to her sister in a town 80 miles away because a friend had told her how she enjoyed weekly long distance chats with her home. But she didn't know how to go about it.

"There's nothing to it," her friend told her. "Just ask the operator for 'Long Distance' and when she answers tell her the number you want. If you don't know your sister's number, ask 'Information'—it's so very simple."

Mrs. Kane felt encouraged. She tried it out one evening; found the operator helpful; and in two minutes was talking to her sister and enjoying herself thoroughly.

And the call cost her only 40 cents—the evening station-to-station rate (after 7 p.m.).

The Friday night 3-minute talk to her sister is now an institution. It has made such a difference to know she is so near! And Mrs. Kane calls after 8.30 p.m. now, at a cost of only 25 cents—the night rate.



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