

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, July 17, 1930

CONSERVATIVE-LIBERAL-PROGRESSIVE

As pointed out in this paper some weeks ago, the political situation in South-East Grey is, to say the least, peculiar. Although there has been a Liberal party in power at Ottawa since 1921, there has never in all these years been a Liberal candidate in the field at any federal election. The riding has been represented by a member of an independent group, and at every election the contest has been between the independent and a Conservative candidate. This campaign there is every indication there will be a change in our representative at Ottawa, the apparent unwillingness of the Liberal headquarters to allow a candidate to contest South-East Grey having caused a serious upheaval in the ranks of local Liberals who are getting somewhat tired of being the buffeting plate for the powers that seem to be running the political affairs of the riding. The house-cleaning at the recent Liberal convention here is still fresh news and from what can be gathered from different parts of the riding there is every prospect the old-time Liberals who are still true to their Liberal traditions have taken matters in their own hands and will vote Conservative rather than continue their support of the United Farmers party candidate. And why should they not do this?

Since 1921 the electors of this riding have heard little politically except the shortcomings of the "two old parties". Whether the party was Liberal or Conservative, it had done little that was of benefit to the "common people" and either of them was not to be trusted when it came to legislating for the country as a whole. They were both tied up to the "big interests" and, like the octopus, destroyed all with whom they came in contact. Politically, a representative of either of these two old parties was tied hand and foot to "party", was not allowed, and could not if he would, think for himself, spent his time at Ottawa jumping sideways at the crack of the party whip and always voted for the measure which his party approved.

This kind of talk went over quite successfully for a time, but this year seems to be the one where patience ceased to be a virtue. During the past nine years the Conservative party has been the only one in South-East Grey to put up a fight, the local Liberals for some reason seeming content to take it lying down, though they, no more than the Conservatives, relished the continued rehearsal of their party's failings. The Liberal convention of 1930, held about a month ago, revolted against the headquarters domination that left them without a candidate, and while unsuccessful this year in putting a man in the field, the seed sown at the 1930 convention will be productive of results at the next election.

Local Liberals are not any too well satisfied with the reasons, learned subsequent to the convention, advanced by headquarters for not favoring a candidate. Briefly, the stumbling block seemed to be Hon. James Malcolm, Minister of Trade and Commerce, who is contesting North Bruce. It was admitted at the convention here that Mr. Malcolm was having a hard time of it up in his riding with only a Conservative candidate in the field. With a Liberal candidate in this riding, the United Farmers or Progressives would have entered one of their own in North Bruce, and this, it is felt, would have meant the sure defeat of Mr. Malcolm. This is the real reason for the lack of interest in South-East Grey at Liberal headquarters, and the local Liberals do not feel that they have been treated as they should.

As a result, there is something of a revolt in South-East Grey, and old-time Liberals in a good many instances are coming out openly in support of Dr. Campbell, the Conservative candidate.

And why should they not do so? Have not the Liberal and Conservative parties both in power and in opposition, been responsible more than any other parties, for the advancement of Canada? Have they not, since Confederation, both by legislation and constructive criticism, been responsible for the laws, the development, and the financial standing of this country? If not, who has?

The late sitting member of South-East Grey has never lost an opportunity of belittling either or both of these two old parties, and with no Liberal candidate in the field it is the most natural thing in the world that they should combine to defeat the common enemy. South-East Grey's late member does not agree with either of these parties, and frankly says so. The Dunning budget even does not meet with her approval. Not so the Conservative party, and especially its candidate in South-East Grey, Dr. Campbell does support the Dunning budget, his only objection being that it does not go far enough. He would have the agriculturists included in this, and so would Mr. Dunning, were it not for the objections raised by the Progressive group in the House, with whom the representative of this riding voted.

jecting to protection for the farmers.

So far as South-East Grey is concerned, it becomes more apparent every day that Liberals, if they favor their party and the Dunning budget have no other choice than to vote Conservative and from anything that can be learned throughout the riding this is what the big majority of them are going to do.

With both the Liberal and Conservative parties pledged to protection and with no Liberal candidate in the field, it seems rather unlikely that staunch Liberals will turn in their support to a candidate who is unalterably opposed to their party platform.

SOMETHING WRONG HERE

We are hearing every day why the electors of South-East Grey should send an independent candidate to Ottawa to represent them in the House of Commons in preference to a member of one or other of the two old parties. If the arguments used in this instance are correct, then there is something wrong in the arguments heretofore put forward for the organization of United Farmer groups throughout the province.

The farmers are told that they should organize, for "in unity there is strength". They are told that without some such organization they cannot hope to better their financial condition in the business world. With this argument the *Chronicle* is in full accord. The farmers should have a business organization. Not only that, but they must have if they expect to further their business connections. With the competition of modern times, there is none of us who can "go it alone". But there is a vast difference between an organization of industry, be it farmers or anything else, along business lines, and along political lines. The farmers should be organized as business men, not as Conservatives, Liberals, United Farmers, or any other political association. A business organization might just as well organize along religious lines as political. It will fail in its objective as quickly in the one as in the other.

But the farmers of South-East Grey just now, while told they should organize for business as a unit, are in the next breath told they should send to Ottawa as their representative one who is to fight their battles single-handed. With only two strictly farmer representatives in the last parliament east of the Great Lakes, and only twenty west, and none of them belonging to any politically organized party, the two arguments, business and political, do not fit in very well, and if one is to believe the first, in which "unity is strength" is the key-note, then one can be pardoned for wondering how the second is to function, and how the one lone representative from South-East Grey is to secure more for the farmers of this riding than a representative chosen from either of the two old parties, which have a platform in advance to lay before the electors, and a sufficient number of members to form a government or a strong opposition.

There may be some of our readers who will not agree with us, but we think this is something worth considering before any ballots are cast.

WE MISSED A TREAT

Ye Editor and wife received an invitation last week to join with the ladies and congregation of the Presbyterian church in a veranda tea last Friday afternoon. Unfortunately for ourselves, we were both out of town that day and could not be present. There is no doubt we missed a lot by not being in attendance, but it is also possible our absence (Ye Editor's, we mean) saved us from considerable humiliation and the ladies of the church from consternation. If there is anything at which the "head" of this editorial family does not feel entirely comfortable, it is at these at homes and afternoon functions. We enjoy the society and all that, but when the time comes for "teaing-up" we get nervous. We have kicked around quite a lot on this mundane sphere in our short but interesting life, but if there is anything we do worse than any one other thing it is to look dignified on an occasion of this kind. We have practised at home times without number trying to balance a saucer, a cup full of tea, a handful of cake, ice cream, and what not on the editorial knee, but just about the time we think we are "it" something slips. The last few practises were held out in the barn after the front room at home was denied us. We expect to get time to clean out the place some day this fall when the summer work is over. For juggling a full-course dinner on the knee, being on the alert to grab any new creation in the eating line that is passed, and carry on an animated conversation, we simply have to back up and resign ourselves to the weaker sex, whose agility along this line is appalling to us and must be marvellous even to themselves. We like tea, we like cake, and we like ice cream, but we'll be hanged if we think we can learn to balance all the afternoon tea accessories on one small knee, hold something else in both hands, and appear dignified and society-like as we endeavor to pour the cream, help ourselves to the sugar and insert the eatables in that hole in our face that carries our teeth and mastication paraphernalia.

Miss Macphail made a rather serious charge against the postmasters of South-East Grey at the nomination here Monday when she said that several copies of her political paper, the *New Trail*, had not been delivered, for reasons which she left her audience to surmise. Copies of this paper may have gone astray, but we can scarcely think our postal department lent themselves to any scheme with this in view.

The World Takes Leave Of A Gallant Figure

J. V. McAree in The Mail and Empire Reviews Work of Late Sir Arthur Conan Doyle Editor of The Famous Sherlock Holmes Novels.

We do not know any literary critic who would have placed the late Sir Arthur Conan Doyle first in the list of great contemporary novelists, and certainly he was not himself. Yet viewing him purely from a literary standpoint, he had some accomplishments that none of his contemporaries could equal. He created, for example, the best known character in fiction since the days of Dickens. That is Sherlock Holmes, a character which has entered into our common speech and is likely to remain there with all the persistence of such names as boycott, macadam and macintosh. Any novelist will confess that the greatest difficulty he has is to give his characters a kind of third dimension which will make them stand out of the printed page and become recognizable human beings. We recall the frigid criticism of Wells to the effect that Sherlock Holmes was not really a character since nobody could ever imagine him in love or falling down stairs. We find it quite as easy to imagine these things as to imagine Mr. Wells playing a violin or tracking down a criminal through the science of deduction. We note as a kind of literary curiosity or coincidence that the next best known character in modern fiction to Sherlock Holmes is Raffles, the master criminal, who was the invention of E. W. Hornung, who happened to be Conan Doyle's brother-in-law. Perhaps here is something which a philosopher might find interesting as throwing a light on the character of the generation which chose a detective and a thief as its most popular literary heroes.

Great Play and Short Story
 Next, in "The Brigadier Chases the Fox," Conan Doyle wrote one of the most humorous short stories of the past 40 years. In "Waterloo" he produced one of the most effective one-act plays seen in the modern theatre. He had that rare gift of making the characters live and no contemporary author ever gave us such a portrait gallery as Sir Nigel, Sam Ayward, Michah Clark, Brigadier Gerard, Hordle John and a dozen others which might be mentioned—no women among them, by the way. This, perhaps, gives a clue to a certain artistic defect in Doyle, his literary sexlessness. There is hardly a breath of passion to be found in his pages, crammed though they are with male cutthroats and malefactors. Maybe if he had given us a guilty love now and then he would have been more a realist, and would have escaped the reproach of having addressed his stories mainly to the taste and intellectual capacities of wholesome, sixteen-year-old boys instead of to unwholesome sixteen-year-old girls who provide the market for some of his more lauded rivals.

Genius or What?
 For many years the world has been familiar with the story of how Doyle, the country physician, turned his idle hand to the fashioning of a story, and turned out, "A Study in Scarlet", which introduced Holmes to the world, in the pages of the old Strand magazine, if we are not mistaken. But he had written other stories before that and they had been rejected time and again. "Micah Clarke", a stirring yarn if ever there was one, was refused a dozen times. But in his detective stories Doyle performed the same miracle that has been performed again and again. He took over a neglected, nettled grown field and made it, if not a garden, then something like a brilliantly lighted theatre stage. He made the detective story a medium of art. In this instance do we overstep the bound of rational judgment when we say that he showed genius? If so, then we can only say that there are men of acknowledged genius who have something less to show for it. As is said to the person who in St. Paul Cathedral wonders where is the monument to the genius of Sir Christopher Wren, "Look around you," so we might say that the monument to the genius of Conan Doyle is to be seen all about us in the detective magazines, the detective stories, the crook plays, the vogue of Van Dine, Christie, Fletcher and the swarms of their baser imitators. If it had not been for Doyle they would not have been. They are his creations almost as much as is Sherlock Holmes.

Doyle the Spiritist
 In his last phase, Conan Doyle turned from what he called fiction to what he called truth, though millions would reverse the nomenclature. He became a spiritist, and perhaps the most enthusiastic and effective propagandist for this curious belief that our age has seen. It is one that his friends might choose to pass over, but for the fact that it revealed the courage and cheerfulness of Doyle more perhaps than any of his other preoccupations. He quietly arose in his place to give his testimony and let the world roar with laughter. He did not grow angry with the ribaldry and misrepresentation that were hurled at him, but with an innate dignity and patience proceeded to demonstrate the undemonstrable and prove the impossible. Fairy tales that would shock the credulity of a child he accepted with the utmost solemnity, and actually sought to show by means of faked photographic plates which had been imposed on him that fairies actually live nowadays and may be seen by those whose senses are attuned to them. Literally he gave his life to his devotion to spiritism. He worked harder to make converts, and, as he thought and believed, to bring comfort into a world harrowed by the thought that never again shall we see loved ones who have died than ever he had worked for his own advantage. His health broke down, and a few months ago, when his familiar face and voice were recorded by the talking-picture, and shown in Toronto, it was plain that he was a weary old man and that his once rugged physique had come near to the end of all things earthly.

The Missing Fragment
 We can think, too, of Conan Doyle the courageous, sharp-eyed poet.

was the voice of Conan Doyle which was lifted a year or so before the war broke out to warn his countrymen that Germany was already crouching for her spring. He had gone to Germany on a fraternal visit, but he cut it short and returned home to sound the alarm which fell, alas, on unheeding ears. He was classified with Lord Roberts as a funny old man, and the brighter and younger member of the press had a most enjoyable time in wittily proving that he was crazy. Nobody ever said that Conan Doyle was the greatest novelist of his time, and nobody, so far as we are aware but the W. B. Maxwell the writer, ever said the W. B. Maxwell was the finest story teller of his day. Nobody will say that he was not one of the finest fellows of his time and one of the finest fellows of his time a little that he did not make the world a happier and cleaner than he had found it. Only a great race produces men like Conan Doyle.

BRIDGING THE CENTURIES BY EXCAVATION WORK

Last November the Egyptian Government sent a mission to the Nubian Desert to carry out archaeological work in anticipation of the raising of the Assuan Dam, which would flood an area of about ninety square miles, thus precluding excavation work.

The mission now reports having found in the Valley of the Lions, near Assuan, sixteen cemeteries containing 250 tombs in which all the materials associated with burial have been found intact. One cemetery dates back to the eighteenth dynasty and another to the Greco-Roman. The majority of them contain many important objects in gold and precious stones. The eighteenth Egyptian dynasty dated from about the middle of the fourteenth century B.C. It reigned through the greatest period of the so-called "New Empire", and its kings included the great conqueror Thothmes II, the religious reformer Akhnaton, and Tut-an-kh-Amen. The Greco-Roman period in Egypt runs from the conquest by Alexander the Great in 331 B.C. to that by Chosroes, King of Persia, in A.D. 616. During this time Egypt was ruled from Alexandria, first by the Ptolemies (ending with Cleopatra) and then by Roman governors.

THIRD ANNUAL
TATTOO
 Mount Forest
THURS., JULY 24
 from 7.45 o'clock p.m.
 6 BANDS ACROBATS
 CLOWNS FIREWORKS
 BIG DANCE AT CLOSE
 Admission: 50c. Children 25c.
 Cars 25c.
 A BIG NIGHT'S FUN

POLITICAL MEETINGS

Meetings in the interest of
L. G. Campbell
 Liberal-Conservative Candidate
 in South-East Grey
 will be held as follows:
FLESHERTON, Friday, July 18
NEUSTADT, Tuesday, July 22
DURHAM, Wednesday, July 23
 All meetings commence at 8.30 p.m.
 Questions of vital interest to the welfare and prosperity of the people of Canada will be discussed by the Candidate and others.
GOD SAVE THE KING

Oh, Harry, what a beautiful spot?
 Yes, I think you're right.
THE BEATER TRACK
 Among those who left for the country last week-end were Mr. and Mrs. Lister and family.
 —The Daily Express, London.

1 Minute Ends Itch of ECZEMA

KITCHEN VISITORS

When people come to see us we very often find
 If asked into the kitchen, they never seem inclined
 To seek more formal comfort, but seize upon a chair
 And sniff the kitchen-cooking and watch the workers there.
 They see the saucepans bubble, the kettle hiss and sing,
 The homely walls and ceiling all warm and welcoming,
 And settle down more firmly as if they'd never tire,
 With looks that say distinctly: "What more can heart desire!"
 —Elizabeth Fleming.

One of the little ironies of life is found in the fact that a ten dollar telephone pole can so completely demolish a \$3,000 car.

There isn't much left in the stunt line except a horseshoe marathon.

FREE GOODS SATURDAY

You'll get many articles Absolutely Free

LOOK OVER THIS LIST OF FREE ARTICLES:

- With a 25c Tooth Brush—a 15c holder FREE
- With a 25c Writing Tablet—a pkg. of Envelopes FREE
- With a 35c Tube of Shaving Cream, a new \$1.00 Gillette Safety Razor, with Blade FREE
- With a dozen Fine Tumblers at 6c.—a glass Lemon Reader FREE

OTHER SPECIALS
 Ladies' and Girls' Berets, all colors in silk and silk and wool, each 59c.

LADIES' DRESSES
 all reduced in price.

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

SOCIAL

Mr. John Florida, is with George Sparling, A. Glass,
 Mr. and Mrs. and Mrs. Hammer
 Mrs. Lloyd,
 Mrs. Betty and a motor trip
 Mr. and Mrs. Manitoba, visit
 chie, and other
 week.
 Misses Haan, Ritchie, and friends at P
 week.
 Mr. and Mrs. Shelburne, of afternoon.
 Mr. and family of friends and friends of Public school ly Miss Stella, iting with M and with Mr. other friends, and elsewhere
 Miss Blain training at t onto, is visit
 Miss Norm est is visit
 Mrs. Ham her daughter Lawrence an
 Miss Elva ines is the g Sharpe for
 Mrs. Percy returned at Toronto, W friends.
 Miss Dor friends in O
 Mr. Blaine v visiting with of weeks.
 Mrs. W. E of Milverton ther, Mr. an
 Mrs. T. burne were Mrs. Aldred
 Mrs. A. Mc lling a week McLellan an and vicinity
 Mr. and M of Toronto a mer home in
 Messrs. Elv Vernon Elvi families, at
 Mrs. C. Elvi Miss Hilda and Miss B was operated ctit.
 Mr. Joseph ment at Dur the barn an
 Miss Irene her tonsils
 Mrs. W. A Port Hope, band, who Hways D an engineer the past fet tent official a good mat Durham, H idency at P

DA
 A quiet urday, Jul ghter of M C. Sproule bride of Feversham
 The wed home on Bolwell, up the cerem
 Miss Ma tored to a ternity a ding whic residence
 Custom Clerk's name is J

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