

THE DURHAM CHRONICLE

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Whosoever 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, December 11, 1930

WHERE IS LIBERALISM?

"Where is Liberalism in South Grey?" asks last week's *Durham Review*. Well, the *Review* should have a good idea. As the only acknowledged Liberal newspaper organ in the southern part of the county, it must be in touch with conditions as they affect the Liberal party locally. The *Chronicle* does not know where Liberalism is in South Grey, and it does not intend to guess. We only hope it has not gone where one good Liberal said it went following the election of 1921. That would, indeed, be disastrous!

There is nothing like asking questions to find out things, and the *Review* should have no trouble finding the whereabouts of Liberalism if it pursues its enquiry far enough. No doubt the eclipse of Liberalism in this riding was caused by the defection of too many of its followers to the ranks of the United Farmer party. With them went a good many Conservatives as well.

Liberalism in South Grey may have been further eclipsed by desertions of those whose loyalty was unquestioned, but who bolted when they saw the new party spring up and noted its success at the polls. One contributing factor in the downfall of Liberalism in South Grey, possibly, was the fact that the party for the past ten years has had no newspaper organ with which to present its views to the electors. Politically, the *Review's* editorial column has been at best only lukewarm in the Liberal cause. It has been more concerned with "beating the Conservative party" than in promoting the Liberal policies. In the good old days when there were two parties to worry about the *Review* was "Liberal." With the advent of the U.F.O. and its subsequent success, the policy of the paper politically was changed to "Independent," and later with the pendulum swinging back somewhat to normal, we find the *Review* changing back to an editorial policy of "Independent-Liberal." This information we glean from McKim's Newspaper Directory. Had there been a persistent, whole-hearted fight for existence; had the *Review* remained loyal to the Liberal cause, there would, in our opinion, be no reason for asking "Where is Liberalism in South Grey?"

Liberalism in South Grey, so far as we can tell, is lined up with the United Farmer movement. That it is beginning to see the futility of such an alliance was evidenced in the last Dominion election when the United Farmer candidate's majority was reduced from 1,728 to 243. Liberalism, locally, can hope for no forward movement under a third party banner. It must either strike out for itself or become submerged. A similar defection at the next election may be just too bad for the United Farmer representative, but it will mean the awakening of Liberalism in this riding. Old-time Liberals, more and more, are becoming restless. They want a candidate of their own to vote for. A large number of them are not merely satisfied with keeping the local Tory candidate at home—they want to put their own, a Liberal candidate, into office. Under the programme of the past nine years they will never again do this.

While we do not know where Liberalism has gone in this riding, we make the statement that the interference with local Liberal party politics by the Dominion and Provincial headquarters officials, whereby a candidate has been kept out of the field since 1921, has not been very conducive to the success of Liberalism. We do not suggest that a Liberal candidate, after years of disorganization in the party, could hope to win, but there is one sure thing, if the party ever intends to again be a contender for political honors in this riding, it must start sometime. The longer it is put off the harder it will be to get going.

As the only official newspaper representative of the Liberal party in this riding, there is a great and glorious work ahead for the *Review*. The asking of the question shows a desire to have Liberalism in South Grey once more come into its own. We know of no better way to accomplish this than for the *Review* to stop its pussy-footing, quit hating the Tories, and devote itself editorially to advocating Liberalism. It can render invaluable assistance to the party if it will just "stay put" politically, and in time instead of asking where Liberalism is in South Grey can, with authority, inform us where it is.

WANTS ELECTION FOR COUNCIL

"Onlooker" in another column thinks that not enough interest is being shown in the forthcoming municipal election, and suggests that the *Chronicle* do something about it. We would if we knew how. Like "Onlooker" the *Chronicle* is of the opinion there should be a contest for every office on the municipal boards every year. It does not follow there would be any drastic changes in the personnel of the boards, but it would at least create interest. There is something wrong when positions on the various municipal boards go begging. But Durham is no different than most of the other Ontario municipalities, in many

of which it requires more than one nomination to fill the seats. People simply refuse to take a very active interest in municipal politics, no matter what is done. We cannot see that we can better the situation any. The remedy lies with the ratepayers.

POLITICS AND BUSINESS

L. R. McNamee, organizer for the newly-formed Farmers' Union of Canada, in an address delivered at Melville, Sask., Monday night, predicted 25 cent wheat in Canada next fall unless the farmers made some efforts to help themselves. He urged that they take political action. We cannot agree with Mr. McNamee. Instead of political action in times of stress, the farming industry, like any other, needs business organization. With a good business organization, any business group can approach a government, offer constructive suggestions, and usually receive assistance. We have yet to learn of a government that turned a deaf ear to any business organization which knew what it wanted, and had some reasonable plan for its attainment. The big trouble with deputations of any kind is that they have not studied their needs sufficiently to know what they want, and have no worked out any scheme whereby their desires might be attained. Deputations all too often merely register "kicks", and we all know a horse cannot pull when it is kicking. Business in the printing line just now, speaking in a general sense, is not good. Would it make it any better if the printers entered politics? We fancy not. And so it is with other industries.

WHY "KNOCK" ANYBODY?

Last week's issue of the *Flesherton Advance* says editorially:

"The *Durham Chronicle* has been under fire lately by various newspapers with Liberal editors for receiving "inside information" as to the as to the conduct of the Old Age Pension Act as being interpreted in Grey County. The *Chronicle* states that it has no inside track, but only secured information which any newspaper can secure if it wishes. The *Advance* had the same information last spring, but did not think it wise or necessary to subject the Board to public censure in order to get a knock at one individual. There were other and better ways of getting over the difficulty."

We have no comment to make upon the above, but frankly do not like those last two sentences if they are intended as an insinuation that this newspaper was looking for any scalps. The *Chronicle* did not even know the personnel of the Board, and certainly did not intend to "knock" anybody. Neither can we see that there were "other and better ways" of getting over the difficulty. If there were, why did not the *Advance* unloose them? The *Chronicle* also knew of the conditions five or six months before anything was done but withheld comment in the hope that conditions would improve.

KINCARDINE FOG HORN EMITS BLAST

The *Chronicle* came under fire last week when the editor of the *Kincardine Review-Reporter* took us to task for defending ourselves against a recent insinuation in some of the local weeklies that we had received "inside information" from one of the government departments at Toronto. Compared with the wail of the Kincardine Fog Horn, that of Balaam's ass was a dud. The *Review-Reporter* delivers himself in his usual style of bombast and invective adopted when he gets the short end of an argument, but as no one in the Kincardine vicinity pays very much attention to him when he gets hot under the collar, we see no reason for our doing so.

He says our comment on his article was "not worth it". On reading his editorial a second time, we agree with him—it was not—and had we paid him the customary "penny for his thoughts" we should have had some change coming.

The *Review-Reporter's* outburst was occasioned by our reference to those newspapers which, under the guise of being "independent" politically, take pot shots at the Ferguson government at every opportunity. The *Review-Reporter* is one of these, and, like the snipers in an army, is not too particular what ammunition it uses. Its motto is "All's fair in (love and war and —) politics". We feel really flattered at the attention we have been given by the Kincardine thunder gun. It convinces us more than ever that so long as we are on the opposite end of the argument we are more than likely right.

The old way to express enmity was to refer to people being "as friendly as two strange bull-dogs." The modern method in this section is to say they are "as friendly as the *Fergus News-Record* and the *Palmerston Spectator*."

"The *Durham Chronicle* counsels the Canadian farmers to cheer up because Premier Bennett is such a wise leader. This explains the loud cheers you hear from the direction of Grey County. We fear the price of wheat is so low it will take more than the wisdom of one man to cure it.—"Whig" in *Fergus News-Record*.

Well, we had thought of "Whig" as an "Assistant to the Premier" but decided he was too busy with the Wellington County Council.

It takes all kinds of people to make a world. Some will speak well of a fellow townsman who isn't even sick!

OTHER PAPERS' OPINIONS

Shallower Ditches

On several occasions the Examiner has called attention to the menace of the deep ditches on the provincial highways and pointed out that they were unnecessary as well as dangerous. Apparently the department of highways has now come to the conclusion that shallow ditches will fill the bill. In describing a new stretch of pavement between Elora and Marden, the *Fergus News-Record* says: "Instead of a sudden drop into a deep ditch, such as has resulted fatally in dozens of cases in Ontario, the shoulder is rounded off at a gentle slope and the ditch is not so deep. As a result, anybody running off the concrete has a splendid chance of getting back again without upsetting his car and breaking his neck." Mr. Muir of the highways department stated that this kind of ditch is likely to be used on future highways.—Barrie Examiner.

The Greatest Inventor

When a famous German scientist was on this continent, he was asked his opinion as to the greatest inventor of all time—the man who had made the greatest contribution toward the progress of mankind. His answer was extraordinary and thought provoking. It was as follows: "I would say the man who discovered that an animal could be trained to work. That was the beginning of power; the initial step. Then followed the discovery that air, water, fire could be put to work; that the invisible force, electricity, was a slumbering giant waiting to be mastered. The inventors did the rest."

Maybe he's right, but we fear no monument will ever be erected to that great man. We would say that the man who did the most to benefit our present civilization was the inventor of the printing press. A derisive cry may go up from some readers—but just consider a moment! It was printing that made education possible. Before that time, books were costly and scarce. Printing made them cheap and numerous. The learning of all the ages has been preserved in books and the student or the inventor can go from the point where others left off. Every branch of learning has profited as a result.—*Fergus News-Record*.

How Britain Does It

After all, there is something to admire about the manner in which Great Britain does things. A conference has been going on for several days in London regarding the future of India. There are almost four-score delegates there from India.

Many of the speakers have flatly denounced the course pursued by the British in India; they have told of a people being exploited, of native trade being smothered, or promises of reform not carried into effect. They have charged that the state of India's millions of "untouchables" is the same today as when Britain loomed in the East 150 years ago as the deliverer of the low caste people.

All this has been going on in a meeting that is surrounded and weighted with all the authority which the British Crown and Parliament can bestow. His Majesty personally opened the sessions, and the Prime Minister presides over the deliberations as chairman.

Yet there has been no suggestion of curtailing this flow of criticism; there has been no censorship placed upon the press. The recital of all these facts has been made readily available for the newspapers of the world to publish as they please.

One cannot help wondering how many governments would deliberately

plan to have such a chapter of accusation written so plainly and spoken so far as the world can hear.

Perhaps, after all, Britain knows a great deal more than the rest of the world when it comes to dealing with people who are in the throes of birth pains that lead to a larger measure of self-government.—Tara Leader.



MAKES DARING RESCUE
Miss Winifred Spooner, one of England's well-known lady aviators, who swam two miles during the night to get aid for her companion when the plane in which they were flying to Africa was forced down in the Mediterranean Sea.

A scientist is reported to have found a substance like rubber, but more durable. He was probably eating a Welsh rarebit.—*Rochester Democrat*.

Letters to The Editor

Editor of *Durham Chronicle*.

Dear Sir:
The time is only a few weeks off when we will again be asked to choose who shall administer the affairs of the Town for another year. What steps have the business men of the town taken towards securing the services of good representatives in the various offices to be filled. With the streets paved, the Town Hall made respectable and a municipal waterworks system being installed, is it not time the best brains of the town should take the helm and guide the corporation's affairs?

This is not to reflect on those now in office, but merely to advise that some interest should be shown by the leading business men of the town now, and not wait until the last moment. If there is to be an election, men of the proper caliber should be approached and induced to agree to qualify as candidates.

A little attention on your part, Mr. Editor, to this, and less to your Old Age Pension critics, would be appreciated.

What Durham needs now as well as high class officials, is cheaper living. Why is it that bread, meat and milk are still selling above what such articles can be bought for in neighboring towns?

The price of cattle, hogs and sheep is entirely out of line with that charged for the finished product, while cheap feed for cattle should result in cheaper milk. As for bread it is a crime for the bakers to ask their patrons to pay present prices with wheat selling at less than production cost or at least at very low prices. A consumer's strike against bakers and butchers would seem to be the proper thing. Let our press get busy.

—ONLOOKER.

At Home Come in & Chat

—Ruth

From "THE ANGEL AND THE Babe"

"Already the day was through the break in the silver light could be seen upon the sea of judgment upon the northern Judean flush from the rising sun, and plain the new glow of day. But, all unheeding, hastened homeward, ecstatic joy and wonderings still sounded in the Messianic! Israel's Messiah! After so many agonies of passionate prayer, God had visited And oh, wonder of wonder! A babe! He thought of a babe with new tenderness, and of the mother him birth. And in a pang for the Messiah! What palace? Ah, what palace? Herod luxuriated in his families. After all, a stable He needed no trappings of earth could give. He glory with Him. A babe manger! Again he hastened towards his own door. As a sound from within and with the chill of his sword the contrast, yonder—joy, peace, agony, death. He paused, looked back upon the where the vision had faded, he saw the open heavens, hear the ravishing song will to men. He was startled. Earth, its sorrows joys, seemed small, he been gazing into Heaven, listening to Heaven's music, coming Heaven's King."

He passed into his coming the wailing only note. With outstretched arms came to him, dreading his for his faith, praying mission. With a single word he mourners. "Peace. He is come!" gazed upon him. Fearful drew near. Had madness? "Fear not, but rejoice, is come!" he said, his face a wondering exultation and bath no longer power over Heaven the Prince of Light. And with Jehovah's evermore."

And standing there, he looked upon the babe and unbending, the from the house, learning their dead alone. Timidly she touched, stood wrapped in silence, lord, can it be true? How? "True, dear one? Yes, how I know not. What and saw that I have had yonder lies the babe."

The babe! Alive in his Her arms were empty. Her husband gathered her to his "Dear one, I cannot weep cause of the great joy that And even though death has babe, death's victory is gone they live whom God had babe's hand hath opened gates of life. Listen, dear, once more he told the story of his visit, of the glory and while she wondered till less, though tears still fell little sleeping face. "And if we found the babe and in and in sore need." A wail "Ah," her woman's "May we go to her?" she said. "Come," he said. "Wait for me," she said. From a closet in the wall, the little garments, she had tender hopes, but a few her tears falling fast, wrapping them up with robing, she went to the "Guard the babe, and to the sleeping and "but will not for the day. And as, through the streets they went. "At the babe one day. "May she come, the babe."

Quickly she kindled light and joy, she stood, stant but cleaved again. "Jehovah give thee peace." "Weep no more, for He has An hour passed while he waited reverent as at the Most Holy Place. Then his wife and put her hand. "Is it well?" she asked. "It is well," she replied, needed no more, for Jehovah like a light upon her face. And so they passed their home with the Angels and through their hearts, "On in the Highest, and on a good-will toward men." For where the Christ hath no more dominion for

WHY EAT BEEF?

In a new cook book published by the Food Grading, the Federal Department of the question: "Why eat practical answer: "man's needs for meat is based upon scientific foundation, as he contains the elements necessary proper growth and development human body, but it supplies great extent the value of nutrients found in grains, vegetables. Beef is a very valuable protein, the tissue building food; heat and energy are the fat; and substantial of mineral salts and vitamins plied by the fat; and substantial of mineral salts and vitamins are supplied in a form which assimilable.

PLAY SAFE-- Insure

THERE are many risks when motoring on our Provincial Highways today. You are wholly responsible for any damage your car may do, whether driven by yourself or not. Why not let us, through a good Insurance Company, carry your risk?

We carry nothing but the best insurance. We do not sell any of the "how cheap" kind. But we do guarantee that our insurance policy relieves you of any financial risk without quibbling or side-stepping.

There may be insurance as good as ours, but there is nothing sold that is any better.

FRANK IRWIN, Durham
FIRE and CASUALTY INSURANCE

THE NICEST PRESENT HE COULD GIVE HER

Evening rates on "Anyone" (station-to-station) calls now begin at 7 p.m. Night rates begin at 8.30 p.m. Just give "Long Distance" the number you want—it speeds up the service. If you don't know the distant number, "Information" will look it up for you.

It was wonderful to be engaged but it was miserable too because Dick was out on the road all week and letters were difficult when he moved around so much.

Then one night, when he was specially lonely, he telephoned her from his room in the hotel. It was the nicest present he could have given her and it cost less than the price of a movie.

It was so easy and it made them both so much happier that they arranged regular visits by telephone every Tuesday and Thursday evening—moments of affection to remember and look forward to. The weeks seemed only half as long.

Telephoning is the next best thing to being together. Out-of-town calls are simple, dependable, inexpensive—and quicker now than ever before.