

At Home Come in & Chat Awhile

—Ruth Raeburn.

JANUARY
Jolly, Blowy January
Winds a-howling, shrieking merry!
Changing days of ice and snow—
Chilblained heels and fingers raw.
—Blanche Kerr Usher

The years are flowers and bloom within
Eternity's wide garden;
The rose for joy, the thorn for sin,
The gardener, God, to pardon
All wilding growths, to prune, reclaim,
And make them rose-like in His name.
—Richard Burton.

"He Hath Led Them Forth By the Right Way."
Psalm 107: 7
Another year has slipped away,
With all its failure and success
Its faith and fears, its joys and cares
Its restlessness;

Not always have we felt assured
That all was well and all was best;
And disappointment, doubt, distrust,
Would oft molest.

Yet as with retrospective eye
We contemplate its winding ways,
We see that God has led us right,
Through all the days.

His promises have never failed;
Strength for the need has been supplied
And though we grieved Him with our fears,
He still was Guide.

Then with new confidence and trust
We dare to greet the new born year;
Believing that the living God
Is ever near.

However winding be the road,
However difficult the task,
That He will lead us as of yore,
Is all we ask.

So strong in faith, with courage firm,
We step into the great unknown,
Not fearing, anxious, questioning,
And not alone!

—Needham Phillips.

The Gift of Gratitude
Count your blessing every day
Gratitude will smooth the way.
Sunshine which the morning sends,
Love of family and friends,
Food and raiment for your need,
Hands to do a kindly deed;
Work to fill the day with joy,
Good that has no base alloy,
Patience when the hours are long,
Words to comfort and make strong;
Time to exercise and play,
Wisdom that knows what to say,
Smiles that discontent unmask;
Hope to vanquish needless fear,
Power to summon courage here,
Means you may with others share,
Spirit to endure and dare;

Knowledge of God's righteous laws,
Zeal to serve a worthy cause,
Prayer to guide and safely keep,
Rest from night's refreshing sleep.
Count your blessings every day,
Gratitude will smooth the way.
—Grenville Kleiser.

Service
Four sought to mould the future of the earth
Each in his time and way, and task
and place.
They sought alone the happiness and worth,
The peace and welfare of the human race.

One reared a throne and sought the better day;
One fought with every power each wrong uncouth,
One made a fortune vast to give away;
And one set out to mould the heart of youth.

The empire crumbled, as all empires must
All that the hero wrought has long been o'er.
All that the fortune bought has gone to dust
The teacher's work goes on forevermore.
—Clarence E. Flynn.

The Whistling Postman
The man who brings the mail to us
and others on our street,
Is nearly always whistling, and a whistling man's a treat;
His visit in the morning and again in afternoon
Is heralded by music, by his bright, gay, whistling tune.

Old hymns seem to be favorites, but in his repertoire,
He has a good variety, and keeps on adding more,
His "Let Me Call You Sweetheart" is a masterpiece for style,
As well as "Annie Laurie" and "Black Joe" once in a while.

It isn't just in summer when the balmy breezes blow,
But equally in winter with its storms of sleet and snow;
The Whistling Postie's note rings out a message of good cheer
For weather cannot dampen it at any time of year.

Then Hail! Good friend the Postman, our whistling troubadour,
You carry more than letters as you go from door to door.
Your mail pack is a music case and as you walk along
The world is made the brighter by your whistled bit of song.
—Rev. William Howey.

The weather is usually our first topic of conversation when we meet a friend, and so, we meet this first time in the New Year with Blanche Kerr Usher's little word picture of our usual January weather.

This is the season of the year we think more readily of the passing of time and Richard Burton has compared the years to flowers that "bloom within

Eternity's wide garden". We each have a part in making that garden beautiful and what a joy to have the Gardener with us alway.
Needham Phillips has gone back over the year, and the review of its adventures ends with a strong reassuring note "We step into the great unknown, not fearful, anxious, questioning, and not alone."

Grenville Kleiser gives us an excellent motto "Count your blessing every day, gratitude will smooth the way" and makes a summary for us of some of the blessings that are ours.
Clarence E. Flynn in his picture on "Service" shows by contrast the bigness of the task "The moulding of the heart of youth" and this is a grand task when the moulding is in the path of right.
William Howey's is a story of cheerfulness. "The Whistling Postman" touched many lives which he never saw. In the year that is ahead of us we will have opportunities of service, many chances to make the garden of life a bit more beautiful, and we can, if we will, count our blessings and live cheerfully each day and we can always count on help from the Gardener.

CANADIAN HARDWOODS
Characteristics of Canadian Beech
Beech is a hard, heavy, dense, strong and stiff wood. In color it varies from reddish-brown to white. Streaky color effects are not common to beech, and the wood is prized because of its uniformity. In texture beech is rather coarse, but is usually straight-grained and free from those defects which in some woods are described as blemishes.
Due to its heavy medullary rays beech possesses a very distinctive appearance, especially when quarter-sawn and well polished.
The structure of beech is such as to give it a peculiar waxy consistency, and this property is much valued in woodworking plants because it means a low cost of upkeep on the knives. A good wood to work and polish, and one which holds its shape well if properly seasoned, beech is nevertheless a difficult wood to kiln-dry because of its tendency to warp and check. In the drying of this wood certain corrective measures are therefore required, and it is essential that these be carried out if the utmost in utility value is to be realized.

Good Name
An Irishman working in a mill, met a fellow employee of his as he hurried to work one morning, who accosted him thus:
"Say, Pat, would you believe it? When I got home last night there they were—twins. I was simply paralyzed. We've named one of them Anna, Eliza, but we've up a tree for a name for the other."
"Ye'd better call her Paralyzer," suggested Paddy.

VERBAL WARFARE AS TO SOURCE MACKINAW COAT

St. Joe Islanders Claim Edge on the Residents of Mackinac Island in Historic Basis Dating Back More Than a Century.—Cite Troops at Fort St. Joe in 1812.

Verbal warfare which had smoldered for more than one hundred years has burst into flame between residents of St. Joe Island and those of Mackinac Island. And this time the St. Joe folk intend to carry the battle on to the bitter end, with a view to obtaining permanent recognition as the first and only creators of the now famous "mackinaw" coats.
Mackinac Islanders have always claimed credit for the coats. St. Joe Islanders object.
This, according to St. Joe people is the true story of the "mackinaw" coat, which they claim, should be called the "St. Joe coat."

Away back in 1812 they say, a detachment of Canadian troops were stationed at Fort St. Joe, occupying a commanding position at the lower end of the St. Mary's River. It was late Fall and very cold. The army overcoats were badly worn. The troops, in despair, consulted with their officer. The officer, an ingenious soul, suggested that blankets should be manufactured into overcoats. This was done. Some of the runners attached to the post found that the long blanket coats interfered with their means of locomotion, and cut them shorter.

The new coats were a tremendous success. But the following year the troops moved to Mackinac Island, and here the coats were even more popular and here, eventually, evolved the name "mackinaw coat."

"Why shouldn't they be St. Joe coats?" the St. Joe old-timers ask. "We had 'em first."

And so it is proposed to ask the Historic Sites and Monuments Board to settle the controversy by placing a tablet to the coats on the ruins of old St. Joe fort.

WHY WORRY

Why do people worry? There are only two things to worry about. You are either successful or unsuccessful. If you are successful there is nothing to worry about. If you are unsuccessful there are only two things to worry about. You are either healthy or unhealthy. If you are healthy there is nothing to worry about. If you are unhealthy there are only two things to worry about. You are either going to get well or die. If you get well, there is nothing to worry about. If you die there are two things to worry about. You are either going to Heaven or Hell. If you go to Heaven there is nothing to worry about. If you go to the other place you are going to be so busy shaking hands with old friends that you won't have time to worry, so why worry?

Why Most of Us Find Mispronunciation Easy

We venture to make a few pregnant remarks on pronunciation only on the understanding that we are not pontificating. What we have to say promises to be rather a confession than an admonition, for we are sure that few have more grievous sins of mispronunciation upon their souls than we. A blushing memory of a day some 30 years ago or so when we were an editor of some kind on the Mail and Empire comes to us as it often does. We rushed into the office of one of the editors and exclaimed, "The Hotel Viger in Montreal has been burned." In our innocence we pronounced the word as if it were English and rhymed with tiger. "Veezhay, Mac, Veezhay" said that sound French scholar, and we retreated abashed. Most of us, perhaps, have been in the position of the melancholic hero of Floyd Dell's "Moon Calf" who was a writer of merit and a lover of literature, but who rashly attempted to pronounce "desuetude" never having heard it before but frequently having met it in print, and perhaps written it.

A Fatal Pitfall

Now the one familiar and misleading sequence of letters in that word "suet" and to pronounce the word without giving it its full, rich value was impossible for him as it would have been to us. But it turns out that the sound of "suet" is absent from this word to which public attention was first brought by Grover Cleveland. It is pronounced, we believe, as three syllables, with the accent on the first: de-sue-tude, or dee-sueh-tude. In any event it is without suet. It is quite possible for a person to be an experienced writer and even to have considerable knowledge of literature, to use words in their proper sense, to have an extensive vocabulary and a sensitive ear and yet be quite ignorant of how to pronounce hundreds of words which he has written hundreds of times. We do not think we have written "desuetude" before except as a quotation from Cleveland, having found it a good practice not to employ words as to whose meaning we were not clear, and whose meaning would not be clear to everybody else who might see them in print. But the truth is that we do not learn correct pronunciation either by reading or writing. It is only by being in the company of people who speak correctly. In this respect the stage is a great educator. We should never have known how to pronounce "irrevocable" if Mrs. Flske had not taught us.

We Learn by Ear

If we have ever used the word "heinous" in conversation we have mispronounced it, for it was only a few days ago that we learned it is pronounced as if it were spelt "Haynous". As we have said before, it is by associating with cultivated people that one learns the niceties of pronunciation and we are obliged to admit that some of our colleagues and companions are not as high toned as we could wish. However it gives us little satisfaction to reflect that although we cannot learn from them they can learn from us. Since they show a strong disinclination thus to improve themselves. There being no rules for pronunciation which are not vitiated by numerous exceptions, we are all likely to be misled by false analogy. Take the two words "deficient" and "deficit". They have the same number of syllables. They are from the same Latin root. They are pronounced differently. But observe that ten people would pronounce the former correctly for one who might pronounce the latter correctly. Why is this? We surmise that "deficiency" is the first of the two that the average person learns. It is a common enough word among the youths, but "deficit" belongs to a later period in life, and we read it rather than hear it spoken.

False Analogies

The same thing applies to words like "ferocious" and "ferocity". Most of us learn to pronounce the former much earlier in life than we have much dealing with the latter. The result is that "ferocious" is not often mispronounced but "ferocity" leads many to err. We take "academy" and "academician". The accent falls upon different syllables, but there is no rule which insists that in a word of three syllables the accent shall be on the second syllable, and in a word of five syllables it shall fall upon the fourth. The general practice in English is to get the accent toward the front of the word when possible. Thus we have noted in reading three pages of a book as a test we did not find a single two-syllable word in which the stress was not laid on the first syllable. But what a beating "allies" took in the war! But for the war nine people out of ten would never have known how to pronounce it.

"Automobile" is a coined word and we presume its pronunciation must have been agreed upon by analogy; but what was agreed upon has proved vain, nine people out of ten accenting the last syllable instead of the penultimate. Now and then the man who knows a little about history gets a bit of his own back. This knowledge will guide his pronunciation when all other signs are absent. We suggest "consols". It is universally mispronounced with the accent on the first syllable. But if somebody happens to know that the word is an abbreviation of "consolidated debt" he will save his soul alive when he finds it necessary to say the word. We have barely space to note a difference between mispronunciations through pardonable or at least understandable ignorance and mispronunciation through slovenliness. Nothing but the death penalty is suitable for those who call "iron" arn, and say junnowat-mean for "Do you know what I mean?" —J. V. McAree in Mail in Empire.

Playing Safe

Citizen: "Officer, you'd better lock me up. My wife hit my wife over the head with a club."
Officer: "Did you kill her?"
Citizen: "Don't think so. Thash why I want to be locked up."

PREPARING TO RETAIN CANADA GRAIN RECORD

Busy Winter of Plain and Fancy Seed Selecting.—1933 Will See Great World Grain Exhibition.

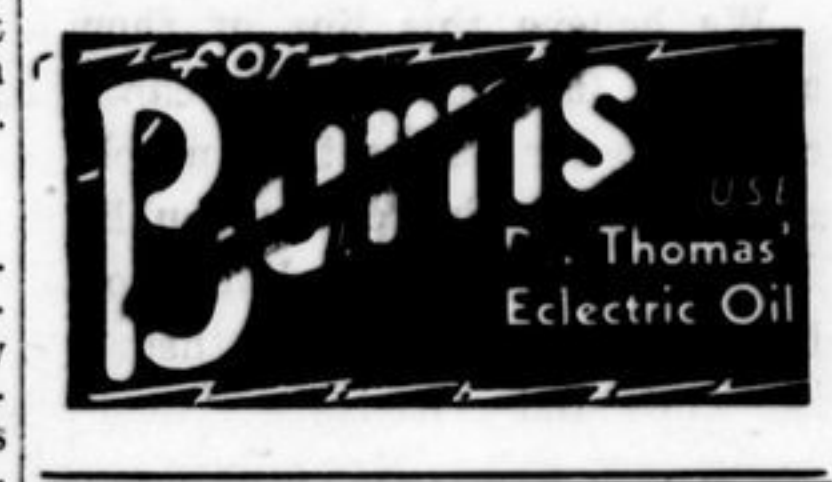
Kings and crown princes of Canada's wheatlands are preparing for a busy winter of plain and fancy seed-selecting such as the rosiest days of prairie agrarian history never saw. Big-shot growers whose prize winning fame has spread afar, and just plain farmers with more than a little ambition, alike are getting ready to stand in defence of the Dominion's supremacy in quality-wheat. It will be the summer of 1933 before the carefully-chosen exhibits of wheat grown in Canada are placed in competition with prize samples from more than a score of countries at the World's grain exhibition and conference at Regina, but the Trelles, the Larcombes, and the Gilberts of the west's wheat belt already are looking over their choicest certified seed to be used in the all-important crop of 1932.

In July and August 1933, Canada will pit her fine hard wheat against the best wheat from many European countries, Argentine, Australia and New Zealand, as well as the United States. The wheat king whose crowning features what is to be the greatest grain show ever held will wield a sceptre no man has waved before.

Triumphs year after year at the Chicago International Livestock Exposition's grain show have led Canadians to believe the prize wheat grown on the prairie is the world's best. If it is, a Canadian will win the Regina award less than two years hence.

Herman Trelle, the Wembley, Alta., grower who won the Chicago title last year with a hard red spring sample and this year with Durum, stands as Canada's greatest exponent of prize wheat culture, but he has been vulnerable to the attacks on his crown by Joseph H. B. Smith, Wolf Creek, Alta. Sam Larcombe, veteran Birtle, Man., producer and C. H. Gilbert, progressive young Big River, Sask., farmer who captured first in spring wheat at Chicago with a hard red exhibit.

Only the best of highest-grade certified wheat seed will be placed in the ground next spring by farmers who plan to enter its fruit in the world show. Grown in small quantities, it will be carefully watched until maturity and then the best of it prepared for exhibition.



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