

At Home

Come in & Chat Awhile

—Ruth Raeburn.

MARCH

Merry, mad and gusty March,
Dally grows the sun's long arch;
Robins' note that tells of spring—
Look! a flash of bluebird's wing.

—Blanche Kerr Usher.

Ah, Cavalier, you come so very gayly,
So fair, and free, and strong?
I hear you singing at my gateway daily,
And how the merry winds sweep on
your song.
And whistling madly down through
whitened valleys
Where waning winter's futile play
is seen
Far-flinging fairest snows, like white-
winged galleys,
That when she walks her path may
be all green;

She cometh late,
My fair and lovely Lady,
But ah! She waketh
In my heart a song.

Ah, March, you sing of April sweet and
lovely,
Fair Cavalier, you are her true love
gay;
For in your blue, blue eyes so far above
me,
And in your laughing, madcap, wil-
ful way.
As ever in your sunshine, warm and
springing,
Yes, even in long shadows on the
snow,
I see it and I hear it, ever singing
In little winds that tell it as they go.

My Lady peereth
From her distant lattice,
Mayhap her heart
Awaketh to my song.

Nell Ruth Roffe.

THE RAVINE IN MARCH

Many mad, merry streams
Are racing down the hills today,
Glistening and gliding in the sun,
We follow one.
Past a glacier, around a tree,
Beyond shallows, depths and curves
To the foaming falls,
Roaring in mimic majesty.
It is colder here below.
We can smell the melting snow
And watch the waters flow
Into the quiet of the pond
Beside us, an osier gleams red
And a crow caws overhead.

—Charlotte Blair.

MARCH

A pause in the wind-swept hurrying
day—
Out from its sway,
Spring, with her banners of gold and
of blue,
Peeping through.
Then a scurry of clouds, a torrent of
rain
Beating the pane.
Snow on the hilltops, trees in the gale,
Wanly pale.
Is the sun in his nook, yet lifting her
head
When all is shed.

Patient, old Mother Earth, waiting;
Not dead.

—Rena Chandler.

THE END OF MARCH

I knew at dawn 'twas the end of
March,
With a heart as light as a buoy on
the billow.
A bird sang clear from the top of a
larch:
"Stir up, stir up, from your sleeping
pillow,
For Spring must follow the end of
March."

O dull, mild day of the end of March,
With the muddy roads and the bud-
ding willow:
I knew it was spring—That the rain-
bow's arch
And the kilder's call and the flooded
hollow
Were sure to follow the end of March.

—Gordon Stace Smith.

IN MARCH

Today we found a little wood—
The trees stood tall and bare;
The pungent smell of burning grass
Was sweet upon the air.

Last autumn's leaves lay 'neath our
feet,
A stillness reigned around
But, listening with our hearts, we heard
A melody of sound.

Beneath the clear, cold wind of March
A singing gladness ran,
The tree-tops tossed it back and forth
As only tree tops can.

The grey old trunks that look so wise,
So dignified and strong,
Seemed with a solemn joy to stand
Full of imprisoned song.

The high sweet air seemed all alive,
The whole world seemed to sing
In secret expectation of
Exultant bourgeoning.

And when we gained the open field
Where last year's stubble lay,
Leaving the magic of the wood,
The music died away.

—Jessie Findlay Brown.

NOT A MAJOR CRIME

A soldier walked rapidly from a rail-
road train in London, gazing nervous-
ly down at a suitcase he carried. A
railway detective looked at him for a
moment and then leaped in pursuit.
Blood was dropping from the bag. A
few days later the soldier was found
guilty by court-martial. The charge
was stealing six pounds of fresh meat
from the company kitchen.

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PERSIAN BALM

A HISTORY OF OUR COMMUNITY

Being a History of Dromore and Vicin-
ity, in the Township of Egremont,
Prepared and Read by Miss Bessie
Drummond at the Women's Institute
Meeting at the Home of Mrs. W. J.
Philp.—In Two Instalments.

(Continued from last week)

Darby Ross came to visit at Mrs.
Philp's when the late John Philp was a
baby. He picked the child up and
kissed him and assured Mrs. Philp that
the baby would have no trouble getting
his teeth. He didn't either. Perhaps
the darlies' charm worked.

We cannot consider Dromore and its
associations without thinking of Mr.
Sandy Taylor. He was the first man
to begin a business there and in going
back into old times he seems to have
had a hand in helping many another
to get a start also. Mr. Taylor came
from Aberdeen, Scotland, about 1855.

He had a store in Toronto for a few
years. When his father came out they
took up land on the second concession
one lot north of the corner at the
eighteenth. In 1860 they moved back
into the township and started a store
on the Jaffray farm which is the east
fifty acres of the present farm. The
first store was back from the conces-
sion about thirty rods. Mostly it was
called "Taylor's store" but sometimes it
was referred to as the "Egremont
store". The night he arrived Mr. Snell
and James Isaac walked up to see his
wares. The store goods were only a
small load. In fact some have said
he could have carried it on his back.

These men each bought an axe and
paid for them and Mr. Taylor said
"We all did well". This was the first
sale. In a few years they took up land
on the west of the Jaffray farm where
new buildings were put up close to the
concession line. The store was the
front part of the dwelling and added
to at three different times as business
increased. Mr. Taylor bought all kinds
of farm produce. They sent the oats
to Stayner, Orillia or Collingwood. The
wheat and barley went to Guelph,
the nearest railway. There was no post-
office at this time. The teams would
leave on Monday morning for Guelph
and arrive home on Saturday bringing
the mail with them from Orchardville.

They applied to the government for a
post office. It was granted and re-
quested them to send in a name which
they did but there was already an
office by that name so they had to
choose again. Dromore was the sug-
gestion of a customer and Dromore it
still is.

East of Dromore the people were
Highland Scotch. Many of them were
Gaelic. One woman who had only a
few words of English brought in her
trade and said to Mr. Taylor: "Here's
the butter an' the (h)eggs and Donal's
coming wi' the (h)English". Many
not accustomed to Canadian money
would lay a handful of coins on the
counter and say "Take what you want".
Soon people wanted a shoemaker, a
weaver, a carpenter and a blacksmith
so Mr. Taylor put up shops and got
these tradesmen to come and work. A
man by name of McAlpine was the first
shoemaker. Mr. Carruthers was the

first weaver, John McLarty was the
earliest carpenter. Mr. Yeo had a
wagon-making establishment and Jas.
Renwick was the first blacksmith. The
first sawmill was on lot fourteen, con-
cession seventeen, now owned by Thos.
D. Brown. It was built by Robert
Kemp who ran it for a few years then
sold it to Davis Bros. Finally it was
burned. A company was formed and a
new mill was built on the present prop-
erty. It was operated by Robert and
Thomas Renwick and the late John
Adams. Mr. Adams and Tom Renwick
later took up land. The mill has been
running about fifty-five years. Robert
Renwick has been the only owner until
purchased by Thos. Johnston a few
years ago. John Renton came to Dro-
more fifty years ago last month from
Boothville. He piled his trade for many
years in a little shop on the south
side of the road later moving over to
a shop he built at the front of their
own farm. John McMurdo does the
blacksmithing now for the public and
by the trend of the times our black-
smith shops are turned into service
stations.

At one period the village had a
photograph gallery. The first was a
travelling caravan on wheels who
stayed until they had taken a likeness
of everyone in the community then
moved on to the next village. The
second one was stationary but did not
flourish long.

The first resident doctor was Dr. Mc-
Kenzie. Dr. John Leith practised here
for a short time also. Dr. Bird was
the next medical man and he was fol-
lowed by Dr. Sneath who built up a
large and successful practice in his
thirty-four years of service. The Dro-
more school across on the other conces-
sion was first a log school near the
back of the lot where the present stone
school stands. Dromore school holds
first place in our township for the
number of students it has turned out
who have done better than ordinary
and not a little of the credit is due to
the teachers who gave them primary
education. Mrs. Laughton was the first
teacher at a huge salary of one hun-
dred and fifty dollars with about seventy
pupils—earned wouldn't it be? Some of
the later teachers were Mr. Ferguson,
a half brother of Mr. Ramage; Mr. Robert
Bell, who then lived on the Lothian
farm. The late Mr. James Sharpe of
Holstein and Mr. John Kerr of Varney
both have taught in No. 13, Mr. Cowan,
Mr. McNiven and Mr. Ewers, also
Joseph Snell and George Cushnie, and
for many years James Coleridge.

A few of those who have made their
mark in educational and professional
lines are Dr. Joseph Snell, LL.D. prin-
cipal of Normal School in Saskatche-
wan, four teachers and a lawyer from
the Coleridge family, and an editor and
choir leader from the Ramage home, a
minister from the Legat family, a
Doctor from Leith's, a minister in Aus-
tralia and our township treasurer from
Hastie's and Miss Minnie Halpenney a
deaconess in the west. Now put on
your thinking cap and take account of
all those other teachers and business
people who wherever they are reflect
credit on Number Thirteen.

From No. 13 let us turn our atten-
tion to No. 12, often spoken of as
Hunter's or Henry's school. Years ago
it may have been called Wilder's school.
There were nine families by the name
of "Wilder". That is how the lake
now owned by Dr. Jamieson got its
name as Wilder's Lake. School was
held until 1857 in a house on the corner
of Edgar Henry's farm. One of the
first teachers was Ferguson Wright. On
one of the spelling exams he gave the
second class this sentence. "Ferguson
Wright told me to write with my right
hand the rites of the church". The
first school, a log building which was
later burned, was built on land bought
of George Wilson, grandfather of the
present owner of lot six, concession
twenty, for three pounds, fifteen pence
in 1857. Some of their early teachers
were a Mr. Brown, Robert Leggat, Mr.
S. Atcheson, Miss Sterrit, Thos. Allan,
Chas. Ramage, Mary Coleridge, the late
James Allen, Mr. E. Young and F. Col-
eridge. Some of the early settlers
were Mr. and Mrs. John Patterson.
Mr. Patterson was preceptor in Or-
chardville church for many years. Mr.
and Mrs. Brown came in about the
same time, 1853. Money was very
scarce and Mrs. Brown, being a splen-
did needle woman worked fine crochet
taking it to Durham to sell. Once
after walking to Durham and back on
a very cold winter's day it was found
that her feet were badly frozen.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Henry were
pioneers, too. They settled on the
farm now owned by Arthur Lee. They
were the first to come to Amos look-
ing for services.

Mr. William Hunter came out from
Scotland in 1854. A few years later he
took up land now owned by his son,
W. H. Hunter. Mr. and Mrs. Brown
were members of the church of Eng-
land. Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Coleridge
attended the services held in S. S. No.
12 every Sunday. Mrs. Coleridge was
a splendid singer and led the singing.
The Rev. Mr. McGuire who came from
Durham was the minister. After some
years these two families attended the

services at Amos, also the Henrys,
Pattersons, Hunters and Allens.

One funny incident happened many
years ago in this locality. A Mr. John
Torry who lived on the farm now oc-
cupied by Thos. Daly, thought the
world was coming to an end. One sea-
son he did not put in any crop. He sat
up all one night with some of his
friends waiting for the end to come—
but it didn't. They had to go to
work again like the rest of the neigh-
bors only they had less to do with. It
must be disappointing to have your
faith fail you like that.

Our church was named for that kind
and faithful woman, Mrs. George Amos,
Margaret Amos as she was known to
all. She came from Scotland about
1856 and settled what is now Robert
Keith's farm. From that time forward
her house was the minister's home.
From 1860 to 1866 this was a mission
charge. For a few years services were
held in Amos' barn. Then a log church
was built just east of the new church
in 1864. In 1867 a call was given to Mr.
Crozier who was their first minister.
The first elders were John Baird and
James Baxter. Rev. D. P. Niven was
the second minister. In 1884 the brick
was erected. James Calvert, Alex.
Taylor and Robert Renwick directed
and financed the building at a time
when money was scarce. James Hastie,
John Allen, James Leask, John Drim-
mie and James Calvert were the mem-
bers of the session at this time. The
service of praise was led by a prece-
ptor. Mr. Hastie, James Renton and W.
W. Ramage doing their share to pro-
vide good music. One incident showed
the opposition to the installing of the
first organ. After a vote was taken as
to whether or no, one member said to
another: "Well, John, did ye vote for
the glory of God or ye're own pleas-
ure?" No doubting which side of the
fence he was on.

The following poem was written by
J. J. Hastie and read at the opening
soiree of our church December 22, 1884.

Mr. Chairman, Sir: It pleasant is
To see so many here
From every "airt the wind can blow"
Both old and young appear.
And every one seems so well pleased
As they indeed should be,
For seldom such a crowd as this
We may expect to see.

I'll ask you who the time can mind
Backward to take a look
And read the history of this church
As if it were a book.
Back in the past some twenty years
Perhaps five or six more
Just here and there a log hut stood
And Taylor's little store.

Slowly the settlers made their way
And wandered through the wood
Seeking a home to call their own
In the wild solitude.
Year after year passed slowly by
Neighbor did neighbor aid
Till each around his shanty low
A little clearing made.

In those days there were noble men
And noble women, too,
Of course they were not hard to please
For that would never do.
Each built a home to shield his care
And cheerfully did work
Then Margaret Amos thought 'twas
time
That we should "have a kirk".

A bee was made and axemen cut
Logs, maple, elm and birch,
And reared the building to the Lord
We've long called "Amos church".
But of these axemen who remain?
What havoc time has made!
Some here tonight—some far removed,
Some in the churchyard laid.
Those present here will call to mind
Whether they wish or no

The time the old log church was raised
Some nineteen years ago.

But it and houses of its time
Have yielded to decay
And better buildings we have in
The neighborhood today.
And here assembled are we all
In a new church tonight
Hot air to heat us, as we wish
And chandeliers for light.
No church absentee can excuse
Himself, be he young or old
By saying he would catch his death
Of either heat or cold.

The ministers at our soirees
Their gentle hints may stop
'Tis hoped their speeches will improve
But that I best let drop.
Meanwhile 'tis hoped that one and all
This point will not forget.
That Amos church has long been fam'd
For keeping out of debt.
Our debt is small let's wipe it off
Let's strive as we have striven
'Twill be an honour to us all
And also D. P. Niven.

These few history notes about our
church would be incomplete if special
mentions were not made of Mr. John
Findlay, Mr. Robert Renwick and the
late George Lothian, all members of
the session and all three took a very
active interest in the Sunday school.
For some twenty-odd years Mr. Findlay
looked after the business and financial
interests of the church. Mr. Lothian
was a faithful member of the choir
under the leadership of Mr. Ramage
and Mr. Renwick has been long a
faithful teacher, elder and a leader in
all church work at Amos. Some of the
early names in connection with this
community that I have not already
mentioned were the Leslie, Garsons,
Myers, Nelsons, Fergusons, Henders-
ons, Camps, Shearers, Smalls, Clarks
and McDonald's. Another interesting
character who lived in this district
was Alexander Glendenning. He lived
on the farm opposite Stanley Williams'.
The late Alex. Milne lived on this farm
after Mr. Glendenning's death. Mr.
Glendenning was a carpenter by trade
but a poet by inclination. Some of
his verses are still to be found in
pioneer homes.

In a letter from a former pioneer
resident he speaks of the great changes
which have taken place in the last sev-
enty years. Log buildings have be-
come comfortable homes. Virgin forests
have become fine, farm land and these
farm homes are equipped with tele-
phone, radio and electric light. Instead
of walking we travel by motor car.
Aeroplanes are not a novelty any more.
Self binders and mowers do the work
of the cradle and the scythe and our
cream separators have done away with
the milk pans cooled at the spring.
These things our pioneers scarcely
imagined.

We wonder if our present generation
with all its conveniences and labor
saving devices is any happier or
more contented with their lot than were
our forefathers who lacked all these.
Their happiness, their joy, came from
the accomplishment of a great task—
the making of a home in a new land.
How well they succeeded! Our work
is the keeping of those homes in the
faith and honor in which they were
founded. May we be able to say as we
review our task that we have done our
best and that we have found pleasure
in our work.

Florida paper took a chance and ran
"Robinson Crusoe" as a serial. It made
a hit.—Sault Daily Star.

Prosperity will come when business
gets out of the doldrums back into the
trade winds.—Kitchener Record.

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