

At Home

Come in & Chat Awhile

—Ruth Raeburn.

Varied Reading

To improve our minds we must wage war first and last with the modern habit of multifarious reading. Do you remember what Robertson says of it? That it "weakens the mind more than anything else—more than doing nothing—for it becomes a necessity at last, like smoking, and is an excuse for the mind to lie dormant, whilst thought is poured in and runs through a clear stream over unproductive gravel, in which not even mosses grow." But to set oneself against it requires no inconsiderable effort. Tempting books come in from the library—periodicals multiply like mushrooms—pamphlets, reviews, newspapers, all demand time if not thought. "Have you seen so and so? Oh, you must read it! It is very short, you'll soon skim it through." This one hears perpetually and it is difficult to resist the pressure, and plod steadily through an old book which will yield nothing to skimming. Yet thus is formed a habit destructive to mental force and thoroughly paralysing to mental growth. "The art of judicious skipping" has undoubtedly its use, but it may be acquired too dearly. I only wish to impress on you the need of always having on hand some one book which requires absolute study—which is worth reading and re-reading, marking and inwardly digesting. If you will do this, keeping it steadily for half an hour or an hour daily, giving it your whole mind for the time and dwelling on it afterwards, you may safely be trusted to skim as much as you like beside, provided always that you do it for a purpose—not merely to get rid of time—you may skim to share the interest of a friend, or as a needed recreation after mental work.

—Hetty Bowman.

The above advice is good. It is just the same in the intellectual world as in the physical—we need some solid food if we are to keep our bodies in good condition and our intellects and souls need the same treatment.

As the holiday season is approaching we will review a few books.

Caps and Crowns of Europe

(by Tomas Guerin)

Published by Louis Carré & Co. The preface is written by Hon. Raoul Dandurand, L.L.D., K.C., P.C., president of the sixth assembly of the League of Nations. He says that the author of this essay is a Canadian who in his leisure preferred his library to the sporting field. He has travelled extensively for his enlightenment and his pleasure. He has been brought up among public men and his mind is not fettered with an undue reverence for office holders in the State. He has moved through the capitals of Europe and has come into direct contact with the leaders who direct the affairs of State. He has a keen sense of observation and his pen pictures of the surroundings of the men he describes and the atmosphere in which they live are quite captivating. His opinions of men and things may not be shared by all his readers, but in any case, they are debatable and arrest attention.

There are over thirty illustrations giving the public a glimpse of the faces of many humble men in big positions. Speaking of men in position in Great Britain he says: "Of all the Parties in the House of Commons the most sympathetic is D. P. O'Connor the dean of the Commons. He is a Party unto him-

self, the last of the "Irish Nationalists," who for forty years had sent some of the most brilliant minds that ever adorned Westminster. There is perhaps no parliamentarian better known than "T. P." Through his paper, "T. P.'s Weekly" and through his writings in the general press. Yet, there is probably no one so little known personally as this delightful old man who is now over eighty and who still possesses the mind and heart of a boy. His whole life has been spent in English politics, and he is known as the Father of the House, where he is probably the most popular member. He has worked all his life to up lift the two million Irishmen living in England, and to abolish the ridiculous mutual suspicion which exists between the two races. His career is consecrated to bringing about a better understanding between the Irish and the English people, with the result that the extremists of both races regard him with suspicion. He says, "The two countries are so dependent upon each other; England for food and Ireland for markets."

In speaking of Austria the author says, "There is one piece of handiwork in Europe for which the Allied Nations have every reason to feel utter shame—that is Austria. From a power of 60 millions is has been reduced to a little country of six millions. War may be war, but the deliberate destruction of a great centre of civilization is naught but vandalism. The fight there now is against the menacing forces of socialism and the dread ogre of economic death. Monsignor Seipel, the Austrian Chancellor is regarded everywhere as the hope of Austria. He is also the Minister of Foreign Affairs.

"Holland is a strange mixture of the picturesque and the efficient." The author continues to say, "I have rarely seen anything more beautiful than Holland in the spring, when Holland is in bloom. The life in this little country revolves around its Queen—Queen Wilhelmina." Mr. Guerin desired to meet Her Majesty and secured this privilege through Lord Granville, the British Ambassador at the Hague. This sketch of Holland and its people who occupy positions of power is very interesting.

"The ancient kingdom of Bohemia has been revived under a new guise. The Crown is now no more but the state survives in the new republic of Czecho-Slovakia. Its population is thirteen millions. It contains more political parties than any other state in Europe. Czecho-Slovakia is a well-managed and carefully organized place and the idea of national independence has appealed strongly to the imagination of the people."

"Notwithstanding all that Hungary has suffered at the hands of her neighbors she still retains a mental stability which is extraordinary. After the war Hungary had her Reign of Terror. It taught the Hungarian people the truth about Bolshevism and as a result it has created a natural bulwark in Central Europe against this form of natural perversion."

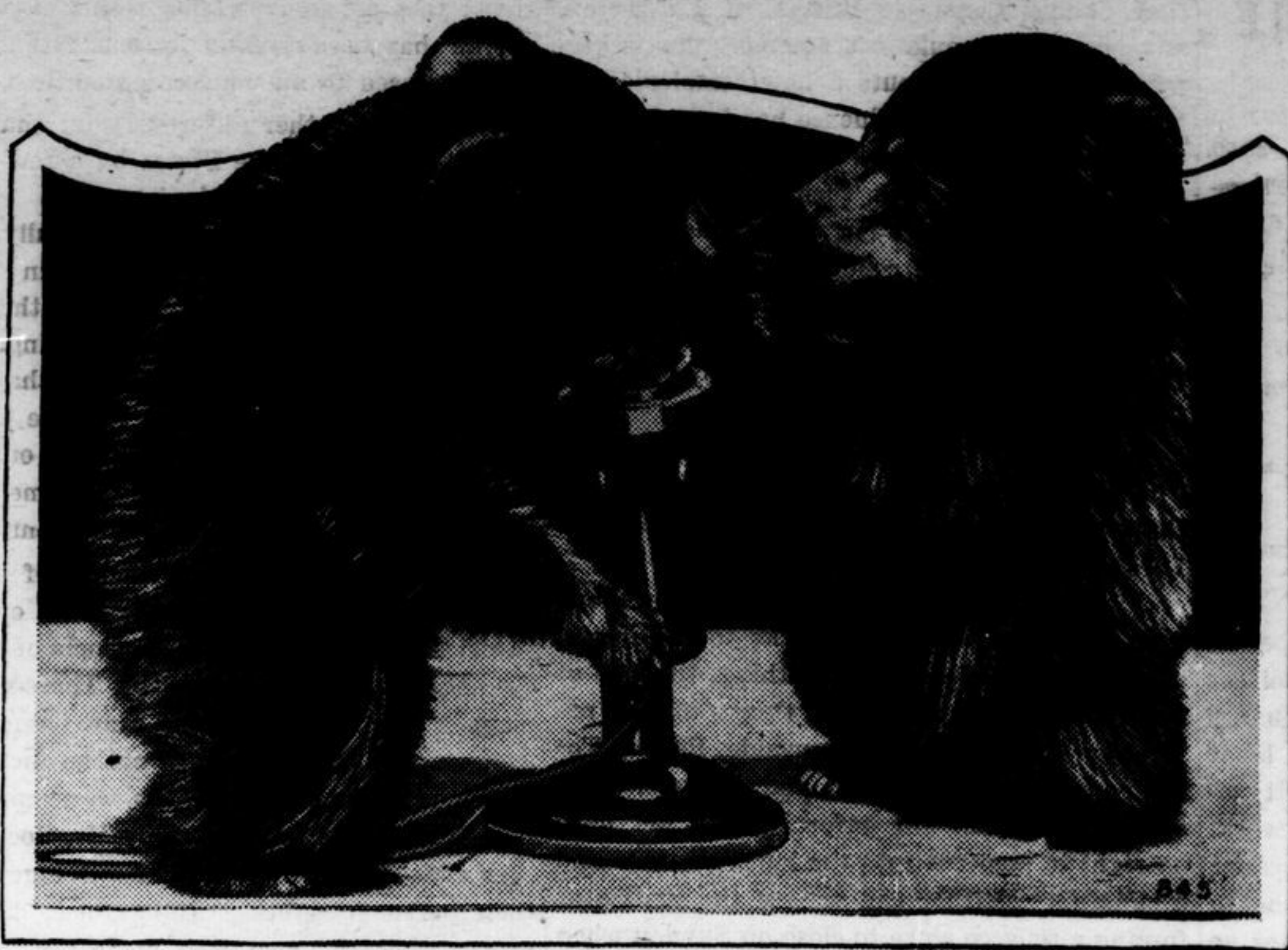
This book with the author's effort to give us a glimpse of the men and women who control the destinies of the Old Land is one worth reading.

"That looks like an old axe," said the visitor to the town's oldest inhabitant.

"It is, it is. That axe is seventy-five years old. I bought it when I was a boy."

"The axe seems just as good as when you bought it."

"Well," replied the inhabitant, after a thoughtful pause, "it's had three new blades and five new handles, but excepting for that she's just the same."



The two 8-week old Eastern Canadian black bear cubs seen above were born on the Wedgewood Hunting and Fishing Club grounds at Bissett, P.Q. They arrived in Montreal accompanied by Arthur Beauvais, well known guide. They've been called Michael and Mary. As shown by the photograph, and photographs cannot lie, these two babies took early advantage of their first introduction to civilization, to telephone Mother, though a little late for Mother's Day, to assure her they were being well looked after. Michael is listening in while Mary is doing the telephoning. They have been fed on tinned milk since their capture, but sugar is also a favorite article of diet. The cubs were brought to Montreal by Canadian Pacific Express and went on to New York from the Windsor Station.

A Walk Through Durham

(By RAMBLER)

As one walks through the streets of Durham—well there are some beautiful places, but there are so many places that could be beautiful with a little cleaning up and cutting down.

There are not many towns with the surrounding natural beauty with which Durham is favored. There is no river with prettier little nooks or more perfect spots for picnics or camping. Durham should be and could be a tourist town.

But what about the town? What is the matter with the boulevards? There are splendid ones along our streets, where a little filling in, seeding and mowing would add untold beauty to the streets. There is a lack of public interest; a feeling of "what was good enough for grandpa is good enough for me." The world is travelling on but a great many of these people are walking backwards so they can't see the future. It is a great injustice to the citizen who takes pride in his property for the man next door to let his place run wild with clump grass and weeds and brush. Where can a man's sense of duty be, when he will sit back and let his home surroundings be an eyesore?

And those beautiful wood-piles! They must be a thing of beauty to some people. At any rate they are piled from the back of the lot to the sidewalk as though meant for a fence. Where it is necessary one can not criticize but where it can be hidden is the proper place for a wood pile. They are unsightly no matter how neatly piled. If the owners would transfer a little of those painstaking efforts to the lawn and shrubs surely he would get some satisfaction out of seeing admiring glances on his property.

Wonder what the tourists and visitors think of that lot back of the town hall? It is rather a crime to see a public building standing in the midst of such "natural beauty." One cannot help wonder what the town fathers do when they pass that spot to their council meetings and what they think of when the subject of improvements or unemployment comes up. True, there are more necessary things than beautifying the town to be done, but they are expensive and what work it would take to fix up that corner and make a sort of park or tourist camp out of it would not relieve the town treasury of very much. Rather it would be the means of creating an interest in the town. It would not take a very keen imagination to see the possibilities of that corner. With a smooth lawn there, a few flower beds (the horticultural society surely would look after this) and a few park benches, and there would be a few eyes opened. If you doubt this look down the river from the bridge on Garafra and if you cannot see real beauty in it there is something radically wrong.

It seems that the majority of Durhamites do not appreciate the exceptional beauty of their town. But could not the rest of the "natives" put forth enough effort to make some improvements? A big tourist trade means a lot to a small town and by making the town attractive and lively is the surest way of grabbing off some of that trade.

"Could you give a poor fellow a bite?" asked the dust-stained tramp. "I don't bite, myself," answered the lady of the house, "but I'll call the dog."

SCHOOL HONOR ROLLS FOR PAST MONTH

S. S. NO. 9, GLENELG
 IV.—S. Dyer, M. Brown, A. Newell, J. Wilson, D. Dyer, A. McGirr, Cecil Brown, D. Lawrence, V. Collinson, C. Lindsay, V. Arnett.
 Sr. III.—O. Newell, Chas. Brown.
 Jr. III.—J. Jacques, C. Dyer, D. Pratt, J. Arnett, M. Greenwood.
 Sr. II.—A. Lawrence.
 Jr. II.—G. Greenwood.
 Sr. I.—G. McFadden, J. Weir.
 Sr. Primer—A. Aljoe, B. Chapman, C. Atkinson, I. Newell, M. McFadden.
 Jr. Primer—N. Pratt.
 G. H. BROWN, Teacher.

S. S. NO. 5, GLENELG
 Sr. IV.—Ada Banks*.
 Jr. IV.—Velma McNally*.
 Sr. III.—Stephen Hughes, Bruce Clark.
 Jr. III.—Essel Hastie*, Hughie Hughes, Gordon McNally.
 Sr. Pr.—Esther Peart*.
 Jr. Pr.—Edna McNally*.
 * Present every day.
 SARAH E. MACLEAN, Teacher.

S. S. NO. 10, BENTINCK
 Sr. IV.—Grace Davey*, Gordon MacLean*, Jessie Miller.
 Sr. III.—Artena MacArthur, Alfetta Noble, Bessie Miller, John MacLean.
 Jr. III.—Leonard Davey*, Kenneth MacDonald*, Roy Chapman.
 Sr. II.—Jack Chapman, Margaret Lynn*, Clarence Lynn*, Charles Ewen*.
 Jr. II.—Alwyn Goldsmith*.
 I.—Velma Goldsmith*, Hazel MacDonald*, William Davey*, Ruby Miller, Clifford Noble.
 Sr. Pr.—Howard Grierson, Oliver Goldsmith*.
 Jr. Pr.—Jessie MacDonald*.
 * Denotes present every day.
 M. CATHARINE MACLEAN, Teacher.

U.S.S. 2, BENTINCK AND GLENELG
 Sr. IV.—Georgina Vessie, Georgie Miller, Glenna Lawrence.
 Sr. III.—Marjorie Vessie.
 Jr. III.—Margaret Vessie, Ralph Miller, Mitchell MacLean.
 Sr. II.—Bernice Reay, Bryson Clark.
 Jr. II.—Alex. Miller, Jimmie Vessie, Gordon Vessie.
 Sr. I.—Maude Reay, Ethel Vessie.
 Sr. Pr.—Elsie Miller.
 Jr. Pr.—Freddie Noble.
 MARY E. BEATON, Teacher.

S. S. NO. 13, BENTINCK
 Sr. III.—Lorne Mountain 61 per cent., Ralph Mountain 77.
 Sr. I.—Isabel Mountain 93 per cent., Marjorie Mountain 86.
 Jr. I.—Elizabeth Bolton 90 per cent.
 Sr. Primer—Donald Campbell.
 Jr. Primer—Florence Bolton.
 FREDA K. EAGLES, Teacher.

U.S.S. 1, EGREMONT & NORMANBY
 IV.—Howard Watson, Arthur Rahn, Playford Schenk, Caldwell Kerr, Vernon Noble, Murray Morice*, Florence Bryans*.
 Jr. III.—Ross Keller, Cameron Kerr, Jimmy Wilton, Stanley Rahn*, Norman Eden*, Edith Bryans*.
 II.—Oroie Bryans, Joyce Keller*.
 Sr. I.—Edith Keller, Wilma Bogle, Marion Kerr, Islay Barber and Stanley Picker, equal; Olive Bryans.
 Jr. I.—Cavell Bryans.
 Sr. Pr.—John Eden.
 Jr. Pr.—Edward Bryans.
 * Absent for some examinations.
 MARY S. BELL, Teacher.

S. S. NO. 6, BENTINCK
 IV.—Levi Blemann, Jack Pickering.
 Sr. III.—Elsie Blemann, Kenneth McCuaig, Ruth Vickers, Carman Hopkins,

Gordon Vickers, George Porter, Frank Sharpe.

Jr. III.—Margaret Attwood.
 Sr. II.—May Hopkins, Maurice Brown, Edna Porter, Bobby Mighton, Alfred Sharpe.

Jr. II.—Duncan McDougall, Janet Patterson (equal); John Attwood, Matilda Attwood, James Porter.

Jr. I.—Arthur Mighton, Lawrence McCuaig.

Sr. Pr.—Marie Hopkins and Meryl Noble (equal); Beverly Boyce, Isobel Hopkins, Lloyd McCuaig.
 Jr. Pr.—Robert Galloway and Inez Noble (equal).

MARY C. MACQUARRIE, Teacher.

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B. C. SELLS BERRIES IN EAST

Strawberries raspberries and other berries from British Columbia will be sold in Eastern Canada this year for the first time. Already rhubarb grown on the Western Canadian coast is on sale and shipments from the coast to Central and Eastern Canada this season have reached over 150 cars. Last year imports of strawberries, raspberries, logan berries and other edible berries totalled over 4,950,000 lbs. valued at approximately \$625,300.

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