

At Home

Come in & Chat Awhile

—Ruth Raeburn.

Gene Stratton Porter has given us many amusing incidents from her experiences with the birds. One of her books, "Homing with the Birds," is a book all folk who take interest in the inhabitants of the woods will enjoy. Another of her interesting books is "Tales You Won't Believe."

The Chewinks Humour

One day when Gene Stratton Porter was at field work in the Limberlost, she was hidden under a cravenette raincoat among the leaves and bushes beside a stump and had a camera focussed on the chewinks nest. The male chewink was on the floor scratching as a setting hen scratches, sometimes using his feet alternately. Then he did a trick that Mrs. Porter never saw a hen do. He gripped both feet into the leaves, and with a quick spring upwards and backwards threw away last year's dead, dried leaves to give him free access to the earth which he scattered with his feet until he found a tiny bug or worm which he carried to the nest and fed to his young. By and by he uncovered a spot as big as a saucer with one of his deft springs that lifted the leaves. Then he saw a worm he had uncovered beginning to dig its way into the light soil of the forest floor. He made a jump for the worm and caught it in his beak, but with it he caught at the same time a fine, thread like root that had been on top of the worm. He could not get the root from his mouth without laying down the worm, so he began walking backward, his beak closed on both root and worm in an effort to break the root. Just when he had straightened to his fullest height, braced his sides with his wings, stretched his neck to the utmost and leaned as far back as he could pulling with all his strength, that root broke and the momentum that the release gave him, rolled him over backward in a double somersault. When he regained his feet the worm was lost. Mr. Chewink was completely surprised but he thoroughly understood what happened. He peered forward for an instant where the root had broken, and then his beak parted, and his head lifted and he laughed and laughed like

a dunce. His laughing note was not a note that Mrs. Porter had ever heard in any previous experience with the Chewink family. He simply laughed a plain straight "Ha! Ha! Ha!" exactly as any human being would have laughed in the same circumstances.

Madam Bluebird

One morning as Gene Stratton Porter sat at her desk beside the east window in her library, she heard the excited chirping of an English sparrow and looked out to see the sparrow from the nest in the ash tree doing her best to annoy Madam Bluebird, whose house was on the top of a stump of a wild cherry eight or ten feet in height. Madam Bluebird stood in her door and every time the sparrow came too close tried to pick her. Finally, the sparrow went back to her nest and Madam Bluebird settled down on her nest of eggs. By and by she decided she needed a drink and exercise so flew away to the river. She was hardly out of sight when the sparrow from the ash tree flew down and entered the bluebird's house and turning round filled the opening with her head and shoulders. And there she sat, a malicious little rascal intent on stirring up a rumpus.

When Madam Bluebird returned she lit on the telephone wire and looked toward her home and saw the sparrow in possession. She uttered a sharp little yelp of surprise and flew toward the verandah of her home but she couldn't get the sparrow out nor force her own way in, though they bickered for some little time. Then Madam Bluebird flew back to the telephone wire and looked as if she were doing some serious thinking. She decided it would be a good thing to carry war into enemy territory. Short, sharp and staccato was the call she uttered for her mate. His answer came from perhaps a quarter of a mile away. Without waiting until he came in sight Madam Bluebird flew straight to the ash, perched on the sparrow's nest, struck her bill into it and ripped out the biggest mouthful of material she could manage at a jerk and flung it on the morning wind. Then she plunged in for another beakful. By the third attack the air was filled with straw and grass and feathers, and pell mell Mother Sparrow came from the bluebird house and went tearing to the protection of her own nest and of her young. As she sailed in and perched on the structure Madam Bluebird gave it one final yank, threw her beakful of feath-

ers on the air and went back to her front verandah and there she said all the mean things a bird of her disposition could think of. When Father Bluebird arrived and perched on the roof of their house, she told him what had occurred and my! how he did praise her! and, oh my! how she loved the praise.

Never again was a sparrow seen near the bluebird home.

NOW, YOU TELL ONE

The bedtime story for this evening, children is: "Once upon a time there was a young man, the son of a wealthy farmer. His father wanted him to go to the city and leave the father to run the farm alone, but the young man said he would not do so. He did not want to live in the city and work short hours; he desired to stay with his father and work on the farm. The young man took pride in the stock around the place; he attended to marketing the pigs, the poultry and the eggs and prices were so high that each time he visited the market he went to the bank and put in the money, fearing to carry it around with him. In the course of time the young farmer fell in love with a girl from the city. She worked as a stenographer and earned \$36 per week, while her father worked in a factory and earned much more than that. Things were so busy that he could never get a day off and he sometimes worked at nights too; there were no men to be had. The young lady did not wish to have her young man quit the farm. She said she would rather go out and live with him, as there was more money and more happiness on the farm. So the young man's father built him a new house costing \$10,000, paying for it with the profits from one year's operation on the farm. And all the girls in the city envied the young lady who moved away to live with the wealthy young farmer in the country. That is all for this evening, children, and if you do not like this story perhaps you can tell a better one. Now off to bed and good-night."—Stratford Beacon-Herald.

Stranger—"I've come out here to make an honest living."

Native—"Well, there's not much competition."—Washington Dirge.

Never criticize anything at a charity bazaar. You can never tell who made it.

News in Brief

Interesting Happenings Briefly Outlined for the Busy Readers

Joseph M. MacKenzie, aged 45, son of the late Sir William and Lady MacKenzie, was fatally injured early Saturday night, when his car failed to make a turn on the Victoria-Ontario Counties boundary road, near Bolsover, and crashed into a ditch.

William Warren Cherry, director of the Rowntree Company, Limited, and of the H. N. Cowan Company, Limited, died at his summer home at Bala on Sunday after a short illness.

Missing from her home since Wednesday, Nellie Beaudry was found late Saturday lying under a tree on an abandoned farm near Mattawa. She was completely exhausted and doctors regard her condition as very serious.

One driver was injured in a collision involving three cars near Bronte Sunday night. Vincent A. Dunn, Toronto, suffered head cuts. The other cars were driven by James R. Wilkinson, Masson Road, Swansea, and Sydney Starks, Bloor street west, Toronto.

Poisoned by deadly hydrocyanic gas from their own fumigating bowls as they were about to leave an upstairs apartment at 302 Eglinton avenue, Toronto, two fumigators Sunday evening were found dead at the foot of the narrow entrance stairs, just inside the door leading to the street and the safety of fresh air.

A too efficient rat trap caused a fire in the home of Ben Waxman, Cannon street west, Sunday afternoon, and several hundred dollars damage resulted. When the rat decided to sample the cheese bait, the spring was released and the trap was sprung with such force that it dropped into a pile of matches, and fire followed. The flames spread to the living quarters, and were burning fiercely when the firemen arrived.

Further Protestant demonstrations disturbed Liverpool Sunday, as the new Anglican Cathedral was being dedicated. Members of the Protestant Reform League demonstrated around

the edifice, four of whose stained glass windows were smashed last week, in protest against "high" Anglican tendencies of the church.

An unique honor has been conferred on Robert J. Donnell, youthful Guelph carillonneur, who left last Saturday for Ottawa to spend a month as guest carillonneur on the carillon in the Peace Tower at the Parliament Buildings. Mr. Donnell will be in charge of the Government carillon during the Imperial economic conference.

Joseph Albert, burly truck driver, is trying to persuade a police magistrate in Montreal to impose a major penalty on Dave Trotter, rugged left-winger of the Montreal Maroons National Hockey League team, for undue roughness. Albert said he and Trotter got into a dispute on the highway near St. Andre d'Argenteuil over who had the right-of-way. Albert was getting down from his truck to argue the point, according to his claim, when Trotter grabbed his leg and broke in two places.

Fire engines were still pouring water on the embers of Coney Island's biggest fire last Thursday, twenty-four hours after the flames had ruined four blocks of boardwalk, apartment houses and concession booths.

A 300-acre farm just to produce files is being developed at Bean, Ga.

Operators and miners are still deadlocked over wage reductions in the Drumheller Valley coal fields, Alberta.

Dry leaders constituting the "National Board of Prohibition Strategy," clashed recently over whether they should openly endorse President Hoover in their conference at Washington over campaign strategy.

Striking employees from the F. J. Welwood box factory last Thursday in Winnipeg, lost a second battle to the police. Four of the rioters face charges of rioting, while a fifth man is being held without charge.

Fire recently destroyed a dwelling, grocery store, millinery shop and two barns at Jasper, near Brockville, and damaged three other houses before firemen, assisted by a detachment from Smith's Falls, could extinguish it.

The liner, Transylvania, a shining new soda fountain set up in the verandah cafe and the smoking room bar transformed into a soft drink station, sailed recently with 600 members of the American Bible Conference Association on a seven day cruise to Bermuda and Halifax, from New York.

Police are conducting a search for chicken thieves operating in Prince Edward county. Mrs. George Ward of Bloomfield had eight chickens stolen, and Daniel Pope lost 200 which were almost ready for marketing.

Florenz Zeigfeld, the New York "Folies" producer, was reported in a serious condition on Monday at Cedar of Lebanon Hospital, Los Angeles, where he was taken from a New Mexico sanitarium suffering from pleurisy.

Military and commercial aviators, who flew for hours over the snow-laden Andes Mountains in Chile, searching for the missing plane, San Jose, returned without success.

On Monday night 300 delegates had arrived in the city of Kingston to attend the sessions of the 77th annual communication of the Grand Lodge of Canada, A. F. and A. M. in the Province of Ontario, which meets in that city yesterday and today.

After years of delay and months of intensive negotiations, the St. Lawrence waterway treaty, embodying the final diplomatic step toward the completion of a deep ship channel from the head of the Great Lakes to the sea, was signed on Monday by the Canadian and United States governments.

Every steamer whistle in the harbor at Quebec screamed a welcome on Monday night at the docking of the Empress of Britain, bearing delegates to the Imperial Economic Conference.

The \$128,000,000 new Welland ship canal will be formally opened on Saturday, August 6, by the Governor-General, Prime Minister R. B. Bennett, Hon. Robert J. Manion, Minister of Railways and Canals, whose department is in charge of the project, and leading delegates to the Imperial Conference will be at the opening.

Little Margie on her first visit to a farm was told to wander about the barn and search for eggs. Some time later the child returned almost in tears. "Couldn't you find any eggs, deary?" asked her mother. "No," replied Margie, wearily, "I think it's mean, too, 'cause lots of hens were standing around doing nothing."

A Walk Through Durham

(By RAMBLER)

It's a great old world! Here we've been trying to offer some good suggestions and somebody asked, "Isn't there anything good in Durham at all?" Evidently these articles aren't being taken the way they are given.

Well, the fact is there is plenty good in Durham. But what we are trying to put across is that the local citizens have lost sight of it. We stated some time ago that there are few towns that have the natural beauty of Durham. The surrounding country is exceptionally fine. Some time (when you aren't busy) walk up the hill, or if you are up there, look around you. Many people have travelled miles to see country like this with its hills and valleys, beautiful trees and the varied colors of the fields of ripening crops. Then look down into Durham. Yes it's a beautiful town—generally speaking. It is only the close inspection that reveals the ugly spots. The wild, unkempt properties that we have been "raving" about for weeks, are a detriment to the town. Instead of hay fields we need little parks and tourist camps. The town needs grooming, and more grooming.

But Durham has some lovely gardens. There are several fine ones up on the hill. There is one in particular where there is a myriad of colors. We noticed Hollyhocks, Larkspur, Sweet William, Lillies, Roses. It is a beautiful spot and the owner can well be proud of it. And there are many more places where the flowers are not quite so profuse; but they nevertheless reflect the interest of the owners. And down below there is that quaint little spot at McGillivray's. It is without a doubt one of the show places of the town; with its log cabin, rustic bridge and miniature water wheel. It certainly makes a pleasant place to look at.

An Unsanitary Practice

We have heard much criticism of late about the practice of merchants setting out fruit and vegetables, etc., on the sidewalks in front of their stores. This is a very old custom and one that is very prevalent. But when people purchase edibles they want them, above all, clean; and they cannot be so when exposed to all the dust and grime of the street. In some towns there is a by-law prohibiting this practice.

1,283 MOTOR ACCIDENTS OCCURRED IN EARLY MORNING

If you drive a motor vehicle of any kind, the next time you are tempted to relax vigilance because the hour is early and traffic light—don't.

1,283 accidents occurred in the province of Ontario last year between midnight and breakfast time. Most of these accidents took place because drivers, concluding there wasn't much competition for right-of-way, stepped on the accelerator just a little harder than usual and took it for granted that the approaching intersection or blind curve would be clear.

This attitude resulted in 82 known death and known injuries to 768 persons in 1931. An analysis of the accident statistics furnished by Motor Vehicle Branch of the Ontario Department of Highways, indicates clearly that there is no hour during night or day, in any season or under any conditions, when either motorist or pedestrian can afford to take a chance.

"Woman really is capable of standing strain better and longer than man."—Amelia Earhart.

Lenora Beauty Shoppe

(Above McLachlan's Store)

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Shampoo and Finger Wave	75c
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