

**THE DURHAM CHRONICLE**

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*Whoever 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, August 18, 1932

**DURHAM'S CEMETERIES**

On several occasions during recent years the *Chronicle* has had a good many references to the excellent condition in which this community's cemeteries are kept. We thought then and think now that there are few towns in Ontario which can boast two, as well-kept cemeteries as Durham Cemetery and Trinity Church Cemetery. The former, of course, is the better kept, but it is the larger of the two, is more used, has more money, and receives most of the public's interest. Trinity Church Cemetery, however, has come ahead wonderfully in the past few years and will, with a few more years of upkeep, hold its own with any of them. It was rather a surprise to us then, to receive late last week, a letter from Mr. A. A. Easton of Toronto, which said in part:

"Having had an opportunity recently to visit Durham, I was asked by my mother to look up the grave of a friend of hers who was buried in the old cemetery there. We were very much shocked to find the cemetery in a deplorable state of neglect. We had to choose our steps for fear of falling into open graves from which the bodies had been removed, the ground was covered with a growth of weeds and brush, and there were also many fallen tombstones.

"I have travelled many thousands of miles and even in the wilds of our North country I have never seen a cemetery which presented so disgraceful an appearance.

"My thought in writing you is that you might, through the medium of your paper, bring this matter to the attention of the residents of your community and perhaps a way can be found to have the condition remedied, at least out of respect to the pioneers of Durham."

On Monday we visited the cemetery referred to by Mr. Easton, and while we cannot at all say it is kept in the shape in which a cemetery should be kept, we think it is unfortunate that he has chosen a plot of ground which has been abandoned for upwards of half a century for burial purposes. It is true, as he contends, that there are the marks where bodies have been removed, for interment in the present new cemetery, but we can scarcely agree with him that he need have feared falling into the open graves.

There are few bodies left in what is known as the old Presbyterian cemetery. We make no attempt to state the number, but not having been used for upwards of half a century, and with many families formerly using it purchasing new plots in Durham cemetery and removing the bodies there, it is little wonder the old burying ground presents an unkempt appearance. We have no way of getting at the records of the new cemetery, but we have reason to know that plot owners of this and the older cemetery on the Durham road were communicated with as far as possible when the change was made, and any bodies remaining in the older burying ground are there from the choice of the descendants, or from neglect.

We can agree with Mr. Easton that it is too bad that the graves of our pioneers should be neglected, but if he will make another trip to Durham and call at the *Chronicle* office we shall be pleased to take him out to both Durham and Trinity cemeteries for their inspection. When he finds the scores of graves in both these cemeteries which have been long forgotten by the relatives, but which are being looked after by the Cemetery Board without remuneration, he will, with us, agree that Durham Cemetery Company and the Board of Trinity Church cemetery, are to be congratulated that every grave within the confines of their territory receives practically the same care and attention. In both cemeteries there are those who give most generously for the upkeep of the grounds; others, apparently financially able, fail to respond; and there are yet the others whose financial standing does not permit of them contributing very much. There are some plot holders in both cemeteries who have the satisfaction of knowing their generosity makes it possible for the Board to look after the graves of those who can not pay, and there are also plotters who should be ashamed of themselves. As is generally the case, those who have the wherewithal and fail to contribute out of pure cussedness, raise the most complaints.

Mr. Easton must remember running a cemetery in the country and in the city are two

different things. The cities usually charge sufficient for their plots that from their first date of purchase they are automatically on the permanent upkeep plan. The country cemeteries started upwards of 80 or 90 years ago, had no such plan, and depended on the contributions of the plotters each year to look after the upkeep. How successful this was, most of us know, and as a result a good many of the older cemeteries found themselves without funds when the time came to beautify them.

Previous to 15 or 20 years ago, the cry for the upkeep of rural cemeteries was never heard. The advent of the motor car and the coming of the tourist changed this. It is quite easy to criticize the condition into which many of the old burying grounds has fallen, but difficult to change things. With no permanent upkeep plan, no funds, and no water accommodations, it is easier to tell what should be done than to do it. Many country cemeteries are in poor condition, but what can be done about it? With plots in many cases selling at the actual cost to the cemetery, there is nothing left with which to beautify, and in the smaller communities where everybody knows everybody else, the cemetery Board is the last to call upon the law.

Taking everything into consideration, we cannot see where Durham has been particularly remiss. We do not know upon whom the upkeep of the old cemetery referred to should fall. We have made no effort to find out. The whole condition has arisen from insufficient planning in the first place, for which no person is to blame. It is a condition, and as such will have to be accepted. It is too bad that such conditions exist, but exist they do, and while there may have been perhaps too little looking to the future on the part of those who promoted the town's first cemetery we refuse to even mildly censure anyone.

We thank Mr. Easton for his letter, but do think that had he known some of the conditions existing he would have been charitable rather than critical. At that, it may stir up something, but we are of the opinion that there are so few graves remaining in the old cemetery that its renovation would seem out of the question. We would consider the removal of the remains of those still there (with the permission of living relatives, of course) to either Durham or Trinity cemeteries, but this is something about which we do not care to have too much to say.

A further investigation discloses that many of the monuments in the old cemetery signify nothing. They were left there when the bodies were removed to the new cemetery and never claimed. There are very, very few bodies left in this cemetery, but the exact number is not known. Records were not kept 80 years ago like now, and plans were not thought of. It is unfortunate but nothing can be done about it.

**HAVING THE FLU**

After a few days of it, we have decided that it is up to every man wherever possible, to try and have a "flu" at least once during the summer. It's great. It gives one a chance of feeling the way he has been looking for some time, and if he is one of those pessimistic mortals, a week with the flu will enable him to come forth in his true colors. A fairly stiff attack of the flu is educating. It is also broadening, to say nothing of lengthening, while as a builder of vocabulary it is immense. During the past week the female end of this flu episode claims she has heard words she never before knew existed. Spoken in the height of spasm and in that sixtieth part of a second respite one has between the ending of the last coughing session and the commencement of the next, there were a good many words that were not picked up plainly, but she has no doubt they were properly placed. All had to do with various blessings bestowed indiscriminately upon everything, but more especially upon whoever or whatever fellow invented the summer cold. There's one thing about this summer flu, it matters not how you guess. It doesn't do it that way. Sitting up, you feel that you can go to sleep, and as you have lost several of the previous nights anyway, you decide this is the best thing when the notion is strong. By the time you are ready for bed the flu has changed its mind, and you enter into a coughing spasm, the commencement being about the time you get the covers in place for that nice sleep you were about to take, and continuing until you climb out of bed and decide you might as well sit up and make a night of it. And so we say, everybody should have a little summer flirt with the flu. It's exciting, or anything else you may care to say about it.

Anyway, we have had it for the past week, and anything is in order. If the paper reads a little better than usual, it's the flu; if it doesn't, it's still the flu. The flu is a great thing! After a week of it we find we are just getting on to the thing, and can now cough much more gracefully and less explosively than when we were amateur. At the start, at the end of

every whoop we'd imagine our diaphragm was about to leave us, but with practice we keep everything under control now and can rip off a spasm of either single- or double-dimensions without seriously disturbing our liver, our lights or our crop. And so we think every man should "have a flu" each summer. It's enlightening (six to ten pounds), and above all sincere, for we don't think it possible for you to have it and not know it.

**ARE FARMERS "SUCKERS?"**

We read the address of Miss A. C. Macphail at Palmerston the other days when she made the assertion that the farmers were "suckers" and while we read, we wondered: Are they? We know what we would think, after pelting along for quite a few years as a printer, making mistakes, little money, and absorbing a lot of abuse, if one of our parliamentary representatives were to refer to us individually and collectively as "suckers." We rather think there would be some severe condemnations of those people who take it upon themselves to classify the other fellow. Since the commencement of Miss Macphail's popularity previous to 1921, the *Chronicle* is supposed to have been "against the farmers" for no better reason than we did not agree with everything Miss Macphail said. For some little time we have thought much and said little, and intend to remain that way. There's no use fighting with your neighbors. But now the *Owen Sound Sun-Times* is getting fed up, and raises a kick in its Monday issue. It is seldom, indeed, that this newspaper objects to anything that hands a lambast to a Tory or his Government, so we have only one conclusion—Miss Macphail must have been injudicious!

So far as the *Chronicle* is concerned, if any objection is to be taken to Miss Macphail calling her constituents "suckers," the farmers will have to be the ones to do it. It may be a funny way to show gratitude for a 1921-1932 \$4,000.00 a year job, but what of it? Personally the *Chronicle* paid little attention to the Palmerston remarks, as it has to others. They were merely words, rolling out without thought, or weight, and, coming to the surface just at the moment, were handy. Some of us talk that way! Too often talk that way! In fact, some of us talk on occasion as if sarcasm were a virtue rather than a millstone, and vitriol a healer rather than a caustic.

We get the plaudits of the crowd for a time, but gradually the better thinking ones draw away, others follow, until finally, the rest looking around and seeing they are alone, desert with one grand rush. Ballyhoo and slapstick is great stuff for a time, but it takes hard, common sense for permanency.

No, the farmers are not "suckers", that is, not any more than anyone else. Like the rest of us they may have been foolish, and probably made mistakes. But, like the rest of us, they tried to get along. They may not have been as successful as might be hoped for, but to class them as suckers, we just don't see it.

**THE TALES FROM RUSSIA**

Frederick Griffin is telling tales of Russia in the *Toronto Star*, but they are the same old tales that have been told for some years back, and when necessary brought up to 1932 conditions. Readers need not expect anything new or enlightening on the Russian situation. To begin with, Mr. Griffin's articles claim to tell too many facts—and facts come from only one source, headquarters. And headquarters is not letting anything out for publication that it does not care to have released. Mr. Griffin no doubt has the open sesame that lets him into Russia, and into parts of it that anyone else would be denied. He represents the *Toronto Star*, and the *Toronto Star* represents the Internationale. Why could not Mr. Griffin get into Russia? But don't think he'll publish anything that is not slated for publicity by headquarters.

The *Toronto Star* says that when the Imperial Conference is over, no matter what happens, The Mail and Empire will claim that it has been a marked success. We cannot say the same of our amiable evening contemporary. Nothing is more certain than that, whatever the issue of the Conference, the *Star* will call it a dismal failure. It has laboured in season and out to make it a failure. Day after day, week after week, it has employed its news and editorial columns to throw monkey-wrenches into the machinery. Using the old familiar device of the half-truth, it has striven to paint the Canadian Prime Minister as a conference-wrecker. One day it has accused him of blocking the way to its success by standing up for Canadian industry. The next day it has suggested that he is going to sacrifice those industries. Its correspondents at Ottawa and in London have filled its columns with despatches that don't have been amusing in their malevolence. It has not been an inch in aid of a meeting upon which the future of Canada and the Empire greatly depend. It has made almost every conceivable move to cripple the Conference. Never once has it admitted the primary role which the Canadian Prime Minister has played in assembling the Conference at Ottawa. While everybody else throughout the world-wide Empire has at least acknowledged Canada's leadership in a great effort affecting a quarter of the world's population, the *Toronto Star* has had nothing but contemptuous remarks to offer. If our contemporary knew how the majority of its readers regard its eccentricities, it would amend its ways.—*Toronto Mail and Empire.*

**OTHER PAPERS' OPINIONS**

**Most Unselfish People**

We have always had the idea that those who play in the small town band are the most unselfish people in the world, or a close kin to those that are.

To be a bandsman in any town or country band requires the spending of many hours every week in attending practices, or when the band is playing out or giving performances for this or that, for holidays and other public days, many hours are required to be given of every bandsman's time. Another thing. They seem to give their time most cheerfully. You never hear a member of a band complain when asked to attend with a band any function.

And rather than miss even a band practice night they will throw over many pleasures that they might otherwise enjoy, such as an evening's bowling, a refreshing car ride, a card party or other social event. If asked next day why they did not come out to this or that, they invariably say, "Why it was band practice night," or words to that effect.

Who could be more devoted to anything than a bandsman is to the band he plays in? We venture to say no one; they are the most unselfish people on earth. More power to them!—Southampton Beacon.

**FRIENDSHIP**

Of all felicities, the most charming is that of a firm and gentle friendship. It sweetens all our cares, dispels our sorrows, and counsels us in all extremities. Nay, if there were no other comfort in it than the bare exercise of so generous a virtue, even for that single reason a man would not be without it; it is a sovereign antidote against all calamities—even against the fear of death itself.—Seneca.

**FRUITS SUPPLY MINERALS**

The greatest value of a plentiful supply of fruits and vegetables in the home lies in the minerals they supply, without which it is impossible to build sound teeth and strong bone, and enjoy general good health. The most important of these minerals are calcium, phosphorus, iron, iodine, magnesium and sodium. These, as well as most of the vitamins, are liberally supplied by fresh fruits and such vegetables as the tomato, bean, pea and the raspberry.

**BUYING EMPIRE TOMATOES**

Huge increase in the supply of fresh tomatoes to Canada from the British West Indies were noted during the twelve months ended June, 1932. The largest increase was made by Jamaica from \$1,481 to \$63,118. Others were Barbadoes \$492 to \$6,085; Bermuda \$19,096 to \$20,629, and other British West Indies from \$123,100 to \$203,595. The total value of tomatoes imported from the British West Indies was \$313,427 compared with \$144,169 in the previous twelve months.

Sir Wm. Arbuthnot Lane, noted specialist in dietetics, is authority for the statement that "fresh fruit eaten daily does more to beautify the complexion than any cosmetic." It is in this way that science explains the attraction of Canadian girls, who are noted for their remarkably clear and fresh complexions. Few countries in the world boast a wider variety of luscious fruits, and few people serve fruit more liberally with their meals than do Canadians.

Bob—"The fact that I am a good musician was the means of saving my life during the flood in our town a few years ago."

Tom—"How was that?"  
 Bob—"When the water struck our house my wife got on the folding-bed and floated down the stream until she was rescued."

Tom—"And what did you do?"  
 Bob—"Well, I accompanied her on the piano."

**CHEAP RAIL FARES DURING MONTH OF AUGUST**

Cost of travel to eastern Quebec, the lower St. Lawrence and to resorts in the Maritime provinces has been deflated this summer in a fare revolution that has never been equalled in the history of the railroad of Canada. This reduction works out at about fare and one tenth for the round trip to any of a score of glorious summer centres on Canada's unsurpassed Atlantic seaboard, with proportionately reduced fares to many other destinations in eastern Quebec and the Maritime provinces, which are also in effect from stations in the province of Quebec, Montreal and west and also in Ontario. This great concession by the railways of Canada is on offer during the current month with a return limit of 21 days excluding the date of sale, from Sudbury, North Bay, Windsor, Sarnia, London, Hamilton, Toronto, Ottawa, and Montreal, and the fare and one-tenth rate is available to Annapolis Royal, Charlottetown, Chester, The Bras d'Or, Lakes District, Digby and the Land of Evangeline, Gaspé, Halifax, Moncton, Pictou, Rivière Du Loup, Saint John, St. Andrews, St. Stephen and Yarmouth.

Tickets are good for stop over at any point in either direction, within the limit of the trip, going and returning by the same route only. This brings the seashore of three of Canada's most delightful provinces and the beauty spots of the lower St. Lawrence, within the reach of the most modest purse. Canadians, too, will have the feeling that they are spending Canadian money in the confines of their Dominion, where it will be accepted at par, while hotel expenses everywhere are reasonable. Travelling from the far west of Ontario, from Windsor, to take an extreme example, is at a cost for the return trip to Nova Scotia, below \$45.00 and from Montreal is nearly half that amount.

It is an opportunity that has not been offered to Canadians within a lifetime.

A man went to see his physician for advice as to how to be cured of the habit of snoring.

"Does your snoring disturb your wife?" asked the doctor.

"Does it disturb my wife?" echoed the patient. "Why, doc, it disturbs the whole congregation."

**If you want to Save Money take advantage of these BARGAINS!**

- Ladies' Full Fashioned Silk Hose, all new shades, Reg. \$1.00 for ..... pair 79c
- Ankle Socks, all shades and sizes ..... pair 25c
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- A clearance of Ladies' Silk and Crepe Dresses, any dress \$1.98
- Girls' Silk Hoses ..... pair 29c
- Ladies' Knitted Suits ..... \$5.95
- White Suede Gloves, fine quality ..... pair 59c
- 1/4-inch Silk Elastic ..... 6 yds. 10c
- White Cups and Saucers ..... 9c
- Cups only ..... 6c
- Breakfast Plates ..... 12c
- Bowls ..... 15c
- Fine Quality Yarns, all colors, 1 oz. Balls ..... 10c
- Large Size Glass Water Jugs, about 2 quarts ..... 25c
- Special in Toilet Soap, Highly perfumed, good size cakes 4-10c
- White Table Oilcloth ..... yard 39c

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