

At Home Come in & Chat Awhile

—Ruth Raeburn.

September
Through my open casement window,
On a sultry August morning,
From across the city's roof-trees
Came the sound of crows' harsh cawing
Strident notes, with subtle echoes—
Heard above the city's roar—
They brought pictures, sweet, refresh-
ing,
Of the cool September morns.
Through frost-whitened pasture lands,
Gold and purple asters leaning
O'er their mirrored autumn charms—
With golden carpet, golden ceiling
Autumn leaves woodlands enfold:
With grey-green vines grape and
shade,
Autumn-jewelled, their walls are hung.
Sun-crisp upland meadows, lightly
Greened with first September rains
Where the crow clan meet in confer-
ence,
Cawing out their autumn plans.
Mary C. Raby.

In September
Still are the meadow lands, and still
Ripens the upland corn.
And over the brown gradual hill
The moon has dipped a horn.
The voices of the dear unknown
With silent hearts now call,
My rose of youth is over blown
And trembles to the fall.
My song forsakes me, like the birds
That leaves the rain and gray,
I hear the music of the words
My lute can never say.
Frances Ledwidge

September
Now is the golden time of all the year—
Summer's late afternoon. Ere frost
draws near
A dreaming stillness claims the coun-
try-side,
Even the birds are hushed; but far
and wide
The grasshoppers shrill, creaking
plaints resound
Breaking a silence that has grown pro-
found.
And fallow fields lie sleeping in the
sun
Content to take their rest, the har-
vest won.

September
Saw ye aught o' sweet September,
Going down the tangled brae?
If you saw her, you'd remember,
And you'd turn to look her way.
Royal purple is she wearing,
And with gold her feet are shod—
Surely you have seen her faring
Through the clust'ring golden-rod.
She's a regal maid, and splendid,
And her bounty's full and free;
Generous and open-handed,
Lavish with her gifts is she.
Surely you have seen September,
With her shining hair wind blown?
Tell me, do you not remember
Which of these ways went she down?
Ah, she's gone! But hark, a-ringing
O'er the upland, faint and clear,
Comes the echo of her singing
"I'll return another year!"
Farewell, then, O winsome maiden,
Golden rod will bloom again,
Asters nod, and hawthornes redden—
Seeking, I shall find thee there!
Jessie Findlay Brown.

"Just As the Fruit"
Just as the fruit of a high, sunny
garden,
Grown mellow with autumn sun and
rain,
Shrivelled with ripeness, splits to the
rich heart
And looses a gold kernel to the mould
So the old world, hanging long in the
sun
And deep enriched with effort and with
love,
Shall, in motions of maturity
Wither and part, and the kernel of it
all
Escape, a lovely wraith of spirit, to
latitudes
Where the appearance, throated like a
bird,
Winged with fire, and bodied all with
passion
Shall flame with presage, not of tears
but joy.
Duncan Campbell Scott.

A Little Song of Life
Glad that I live am I
That the sky is blue,
Glad for the country lanes,
And the fall of dew.
After the sun, the rain,
After the rain, the sun;
This is the way of life,
Till the work be done.
All that we need to do,
Be we low or high,
Is to see that we grow
Nearer the sky.

DEER COURTS DEATH TO GET CHOCOLATE BARS

Station Agent at Joe Lake in Algon-
quin Park Kept Busy Shooting Billy
Off Track When Whistle Blows.

Billy, the deer, has provided a new
worry for Station Agent J. F. Corbett,
at Joe Lake, Ontario, since this year
he seems to answer every locomotive
whistle by rushing onto the track in
front of Joe Lake station in Algon-
quin Park to beg for chocolate bars
and other dainties from the children
who are spending their holidays there.

Billy wandered into the station
grounds for the first time a couple of
years ago, and since that time he has
apparently adopted Station Agent Cor-
bett. This year he returned from the
forests at the beginning of summer
with two companions, whom the tour-
ists soon named Maude and Teddy.
The newcomers are content to browse
along the side of the railway right-of
way and on approach of a train they
seek shelter at the edge of the nearest
bush. Not so Billy, however, who has
sensed that train attract children and
children can be coaxed to share pean-
uts, chocolate bars and other dainties.
Consequently whenever a train is due
Station Agent Corbett has to shoo Billy
off the track before the oncoming lo-
comotive does the job for him with
great finality.

Billy the deer is now eight years old
and shows every sign of continuing to
be a feature of Joe Lake station for
passengers on the Canadian National
trains, as well as for the summer res-
idents who have their cottages around
the lake. Maude and Teddy, younger
members of the deer tribe, can be coax-
ed to accept tidbits from the hands
of children, but Billy needs no coaxing.
And if children with candies are not
available, Billy loves to get among the
men and beg for a chew of tobacco
or a discarded cigar butt. Chocolate
bars, however, are a "piece de resis-
tance" for him, and they disappear,
wrappings and all, in short order.

However, Station Agent Corbett wish-
es Billy could read, for he has a lot
of safety first literature, concerning the
dangers of wandering on railway tracks
which he would like Billy to assimilate
by some other means than eating it—
which Billy is quite prepared to do at
any time.

Read The Classified Ads. on Page 7.

KNOWLEDGE OF REGULATIONS MAY SAVE UNPLEASANTNESS

Ignorance of the law does not excuse
one for breaking it. Knowledge of the
regulations below may save unpleasant-
ness and perhaps more severe penalties.
It is unlawful in Ontario:

- 1 To employ a guide unless he is licensed.
- 2 To molest or destroy a den or usual place of habitation of any fur-bearing animal other than wolf.
- 3 To carry a loaded gun in a motor car or vehicle.
- 4 To use snares for any purpose in the counties of Victoria, Peterborough, Hastings, Lennox, Addington, Frontenac, Leeds and Grenville.
- 5 To shoot between sunset and sunrise (standard time) or between sunset on Saturday and sunrise on the following Monday (standard time).
- 6 To shoot or spear muskrat, or to set a trap closer than five feet to muskrat house, burrow, feed house or push-up, or within 20 feet of a beaver house.
- 7 To permit the flesh of any animal or bird taken, suitable for food, to be destroyed or spoiled, or the pelts of fur bearing animals to be destroyed or spoiled.
- 8 To carry a firearm for the purpose of hunting in Essex, Kent, Lambton, Elgin, Middlesex, Oxford, Norfolk, Brant, Haldimand, Welland, Lincoln, Wentworth, York, Peel, Haldimand, Waterloo, Perth, South Wellington and South Huron, without a license.
- 9 To angle or hunt without a licence if you are a non-resident.
- 10 To take any small- or large-mouth black bass, maskinonge, speckled trout, brown trout, rainbow trout, or other Pacific trout except by angling.
- 11 To buy, sell or export black bass, maskinonge, speckled trout, brown trout, rainbow trout, or other Pacific trout, no matter how procured, or to sell yellow pickerel (pike perch or dore), pike or lake trout taken by angling or in any other manner except under license. Non-residents may, on leaving the province, take the lawful catch of two days' fishing if shipping coupon supplied with angling licence is attached to package containing such list.
- 12 To fish from a boat or other float-
ing device or through the ice in the counties of Victoria, Peterborough, Durham and Northumberland, and the waters of the river Trent and Lake Scugog in any county during the close season for the taking of bass and maskinonge.

Montreal Prophet Sees Into Future

Says Depression to Last Until 1934 and
Predicts War in Europe in 1937, and
Overwhelming Victory For Democrats
Next November.

"The little old man," he is famil-
iarly termed by the habitués of a cer-
tain Montreal restaurant.

Night after night for years he has
come in for a snack. Always he takes
the same seat and lingers over a sparse
meal while he watches the rest of the
patrons or reads a book which he
takes from his pocket.

He always wears a black suit and
the coat is always long enough to be
a Prince Albert. He has not left the
city for a long time. Few know what
he does. But occasionally when some-
one sits beside him he waxes garru-
lous.

It seems that the little old man is
a bit of a prophet.

"And you newspaper men would call
me a character," he admitted with a
slow smile, when a reporter sat be-
side him.

"But I can tell you one thing," he
added more seriously.

"I foretold the beginning of the war
of 1914. I thought it would last three
years. There I was a little out. When
the Armistice came I said to my friends
'Here comes a boom. I give it two
years.' And in November 1928, I told
them 'Within a year we'll have a def-
lation that will last for four.'"

Reason and Hunch

The little old man stirred a cup of
strong coffee and looked solemn. He
seemed to be waiting for something.

Then said the reporter, "And what
about the next few years and how do
you reach your conclusions?"

"Two-thirds reason and one-third
hunch," was the quick reply to the
last half of the double-barrelled ques-
tion.

"Yes," he continued, "I have some
of the main trends of the next few
years charted out."

The depression, said he, will last
until the middle of 1934. "Too many
problems still to be ironed out," he
explained. "Look at Europe. Look at
the east. Look at the vast stocks of
commodities which still have to be
thinned by a slow tortuous adjust-
ment of the law of supply and de-
mand."

"You can tell the people," the self-
admitted character said, "that the
Democrats will win overwhelmingly at
the next election in the United States.
The Hitler party, but not Hitler, will
be in power in Germany within six
months. Our financial markets will
practically stand still until mid-sum-
mer of 1933. Then there will be a bit
of a spurt for three or four months.
Then a lull again and a second hard
winter in the future. I set the be-
ginning of the permanent recovery for
April 1934.

Another War, 1937

"Despite all the talk about no war
being local in future, there will be a
war between two European nations in
1937. Russia will continue to veer to-
ward the right and a republican form
of government will succeed the Sov-
iets. We will never again have the
boom from which we have just come
but we will have good steady progress
and more all-round prosperity.

"Take it down," he added. Then:
"That's all for tonight—no, I forgot.
I want to add this: 'We won't have
any form of real socialism on this
continent for the next forty years. It
won't be necessary, for many adjust-
ments will come gradually, naturally
and practically painlessly.'"

IN THE SAME BOAT

"Do you know what the hanging
committee have done?" said the first
artist. "They've ruined my picture by
putting it next to the worst daub in
the exhibition."

"I've got the same complaint," said
the second artist. "I looked in yester-
day, and I found they've hung my pic-
ture beside an absolutely frightful
thing. Don't know what the place is
coming to."

"How do you do, fellows?" said ar-
tist number three, joining them. "I
see they've hung your pictures side by
side this year."

BAD BREAK

The late Raymond Hitchcock was
asked in Los Angeles one day if it was
true that when he was presented to
Queen Alexandra he said:

"Well, Queen, I am sure glad to have
you know me."

The comedian denied the story.

"That would have been a frux pas
or bad break," he said. "It would have
been worse than Cornelius Huck's hos-
pitable invitation to his city guests at
supper. 'Have some more, folks. Ye
jest got to have some more,' he said.
'We're goin' to give it to the hawks
anyway.'"

ONCE GLORIOUS BABYLON PATHETIC IN ITS FALL

Always the hostile nations of the
Near East have largely prevented
archeologists from digging into the re-
mains of the ancient cities there; but
since the World War overturned au-
thority there, the excavations are be-
ginning to look like the Kimberley dia-
mond mines. Museums in all civilized
countries are piling up the remnants
of the early peoples.

But we learn little about them. Pot-
tery, though it be collected by tons,
and necklaces, earrings and indestruc-
tible personal adornments tell us little
of the inhabitants of Ur, of Assyria
and Babylon. The lack of a literature
makes everything lack. We can un-
derstand what the Greeks thought,
what they said and their daily be-
haviour; but the older races are dumb.

As Bill Nye said, "Babylon is a good
illustration of a town that does not
keep up with the procession. Compare
her today with Kansas City." We were
reading about this Babylon, just the
other day. Every twenty-four hours the
train to Bagdad snorts by Babylon that
way. It whistles, but does not stop, and
if he traveller is rapid of eye he may
read on a railroad sign: "Babylon—
Train Halt Here to Pick Up Passen-
gers." Could any of the shattering de-
nunciations of this great and terrible
city to be read in the Bible be more
bitter?—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

GLAD SHE WAS FOOLED

After overhearing a remark by his
father that the age of a tree may be
estimated by the number of rings
about its trunk, a small boy threw a
scare at his mother's party. The boy
looked confidently into the face of one
of the guests, who was on the further
side of forty, and was fondling her
necklace, and remarked, "Lady, I can
tell how old you are." Amid frantic
attempts at hushing he managed to
get out:

"You are twenty-two. I counted the
number of rings on your necklace."
The lady hugged the boy and the
mother sighed her deep relief.

Advice Needed

Voice over phone—"Hello, is this the
Bridge Commission?"

Office called—"Yes, what do you
want?"

Voice over phone—"How many points
do you get for a little slam?"

SHOE SPECIALS!

We have a few pairs of
those
\$2 Work Boots
left in sizes 7, 9, 10.

A better line in plain
toe and toecap come
at \$3.00 and \$3.25

Ladies' Elk Sport Shoes
to clear at\$2.00

White Tennis, strap and
lace, going at 50c & 75c

Repairing as usual.

The Cash Shoe Store
J. S. McIlraith

HENDERSON'S Quality Bread

NOW

7c

Get a loaf of our new
HEALTH BREAD SUPREME

**Henderson's
Bakery**

We Sell Flour

Does Your Business Need "PEPPING UP"?

IS THERE that "Something" at the
end of the day that tells you your
receipts are not quite what they might
have been, but fails to suggest a remedy?

Why Not Advertise?

These are days of competition and "every little bit
helps". Sales may not be very brisk, but this is
the very reason you should get your share. Tell
the people what you have to sell and if your price
is right they'll buy.

Advertise in **THE CHRONICLE**

The Paper with the Durham and District circulation

BUYERS NOWADAYS BUY ADVERTISED GOODS