

THE DURHAM CHRONICLE

Circulation for 12 months, 1,400
Subscription Price—Five cents per single copy; by mail in Canada \$2.00 per year; to United States \$2.50. Office Hours—9 to 12 M., 1 to 5:30 P.M. except Thursdays, when Office closes at 12 o'clock Noon.

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, November 3, 1932

LET THE RELIEF COMMITTEE FUNCTION

We would caution residents of the town against being too forward in extending charity to transients. Too many nowadays are taking advantage of conditions and many are living by their wits who are not deserving of the charity they seek.

Last week's Mount Forest Confederate tells of a couple of these transients calling on a householder in that town asking aid. They were directed to the Relief Committee, but said they had been refused.

A couple of these itinerants came into the Chronicle office the other day, soliciting the wherewithal for a meal. It was early in the afternoon. We directed them to Chief Scott, or to Councillor Willis, who is chairman of the local Relief Committee, who would, we assured them, get them a meal.

With a regularly appointed relief committee to look after these transients, the town citizens should leave it in their hands, and direct these men to Councillor Willis, the chairman, Miss Weir, who represents the Women's Institute, Mrs. G. A. Thompson, the Red Cross, Miss M. Hunter, the I.O.D.E., W. A. Glass, Dr. Grant, Reeve Bell, or H. C. Rose, who will see that they are given the necessary food and lodging.

The treatment of deserving cases is being jeopardized by the canvassing carried on by professional beggars who are taking full advantage of conditions. The public should be charitable, but there is no reason why they should be victimized.

EQUAL TO THE BEST

British goods are the equal of any. We are not so enthusiastic as to say they are the best. That sounds a little thick, but we have yet failed to see where British manufactured or grown products are not at least the equal of anything produced elsewhere in the world.

This week we have enjoyed some oranges from British Honduras, in Central America, a crown colony of Great Britain, situated east of Guatemala and bordering on the Mexican Republic, and almost directly south of Durham in 16 degrees, north latitude. Known also as Belize, the capital of which bears this name, it has been a British possession since 1783, and has a population of about 50,000.

This, however, is not a lesson in geography, but an endeavor to tell how excellent were the oranges imported from that country. In our opinion they are far superior to the California orange, taste better, and are much more juicy, and in every way surpass the California product, with which Canadians have so long been familiar. More than that, they cost no more, and, with a steady trade, will cost less, because they can be loaded on shipboard and taken directly to Montreal. The California product, with which we in this country have become so familiar, are usually shipped overland, and land freight rates are much higher than by water.

deep. Get down into the inside of the British Honduras orange, and we believe our readers will find as we did, that there is more quality than in the California product. At least that is the opinion of one man in Durham, who, last week when these oranges arrived, expressed his preference for the California variety. This week when we spoke to him, he admitted that our own British grown fruit was at least the equal of that which we have been buying for so many years.

We are not going to ask our readers to buy this British product. That is their privilege. We do, though, ask them to try them. After that they'll buy. At least that is our experience, and, now that the United States has locked the door on Canadian products, ours is a home which has taken a vow to never again have a California orange in our home when this delectable British-grown product is available.

HAUL IN THE SLACK

These are the days of thought, wondering whether the bank overdraft will be bigger next month than it was last, or if the time will ever arrive when we shall have it all cleared up again, the "Cr." taking the place of the "Dr." in the space reserved in the bank book for that purpose, and the bank managers greeting us with a pleasant "good morning" as of yore. A few years ago it was "Good morning, Frank, and how is the old boy this morning?" Nowadays we have our conversation by telephone, with the request that we "drop in and fix it up", coupled with the additional assurance that "this thing can't go on forever, and, by gravy, ??xzbkgk!!lg-r-r-rumph." "Click." This last is the voice of the telephone receiver being hung up.

Damn the banks, the Government (all of them), the paved highways, improved roads, county councils, town councils, taxes and undertakers. Dead or alive they are after you, and expect you to pay. To this charitable utterance we expect to hear loud hurrahs, for are they not the cause of the depression? That's what everybody seems to think, according to the way a lot of them talk. Surely the fault cannot lie with the common people, those of us, we mean, who belong to the hewers of wood and drawers of water! But perhaps they will put up an argument about it!

They may tell us that instead of hewing the wood and drawing the water, we have been hewing the water and letting the wood look after itself. They may point out that when times were good we became extravagant. "Jack is as good as his brother." If the brother bought a car, then Jack had to have one, too. They may tell us that when times were good we traded in cars that had many more miles in them for half what they were worth (to us), and oozed out with the latest thing in motor transportation. A fellow has to keep up with the times! They may tell us that we spent our money on gasoline, hotel bills, and burning up rubber when we should have been at home doing some work, and that a good many of us, even yet, instead of paying something over six dollars for railway fare, journey to Toronto by motor at a cost of something like sixteen dollars. A car is so handy in the city. You can get around so quickly. Perhaps they may tell us that if we deduct the time spent in looking for parking space in the business area, and applied that on the actual time spent in doing business, it might have been quicker, cheaper, and resulted in more business, if we had taken the street car, or walked.

The fellows who are accused of having brought on the depression might have the nerve to insinuate that when we had the money we gallivanted around the country to this, that and the other thing, and that it all costs money and misuse of energy, and the late hours we have been keeping takes away from the energy needed to successfully run a business.

When money was flush we all bought radios, big, expensive, six-, eight-, twelve-, or what-have-you affairs. These of course, were equipped with all the latest dinguses for stopping the static, had the tone that mother used to love, and guaranteed not to rip, ravel, or run down at the heel. After that, when we really wanted to hear a good programme, we listened in on Willie's peanut tube set that got more stations and got them better than our own Prince of Monaco outfit.

They may tell us a lot of these things, but who believes them anyway? That's merely the propaganda of the "big interests", which are forever trying to keep the common people in their places.

Well, the writer is not in a very argumentative frame of mind as this is being written, and for the sake of peace in the family we'll admit the corn. Perhaps we have been partly to blame for present circumstances, but so long as we can keep two jumps ahead of the sheriff will try and worry as little as possible. We'll say nothing of the improvements in things generally except to mention the numerous hardwood floors that have gone into the homes in

the country and the better living conditions of the majority as compared with fifteen or twenty years ago. We might even admit that our provincial highway system was demanded by the people, the same people who are now condemning them, but whose condemnation did not manifest itself until the notes were due.

Even at that, we are slow to believe that for the sake of economy many of us would throw away our cars, do away with the radio, travel over the old-time unimproved roads, or tear up our hardwood floors and barefoot it out to the kitchen to light the morning fire over pine boards full of splinters. We are not kicking about these things. We are kicking because we have to pay for them.

It's a great life and one can always make a hit by visiting the iniquities of ourselves on the bankers, the manufacturers, the governments,—and the tariff.

CLOSING SMALL HOSPITALS

Speaking at the ninth annual convention of the Ontario Hospital Association meeting at Kingston last week, Hugh Nickle, trustee of the Kingston General Hospital, said:

"The hospitalization problem of Ontario could be remedied with the closing of 22 small hospitals without inconveniencing the patients. Hospitals in Ontario are not being used near capacity despite large overheads and increases in the number of nonpaying patients. A survey of the field revealed 22 hospitals admitting two patients or less per day could be closed and in no case would their patients have to travel more than 31 miles before receiving hospital care."

Mr. Nickle's remarks may have been received with approval by the Hospital Association, but we are convinced they will not go down with those in favor of having hospitals in the smaller centres of the province. His remarks about the large overheads of the larger hospitals are well timed, and a further warning of what the public may expect when the hospitals in the larger centres have the field to themselves. There is too much overhead in nearly all of them, and their high charges are the original reason for the starting of the smaller hospitals.

Despite Mr. Nickle's position as trustee of a city hospital, we cannot see where he can claim to know anything about the smaller units, which have been furnishing a service to their community at small cost, and, perhaps, saving a good many lives which would otherwise have been sacrificed. Ordinary people simply cannot pay the high fees charged by these over-equipped hospitals, which for the past several months seem more anxious to get rid of the smaller units than in rendering service to their patients at the smallest possible cost.

In their campaign they have been ably assisted by the Nurses' Federation, until at last there has been legislation passed that have placed the smaller hospitals in an impossible position, and many, if not all of them, will be forced to close their doors.

Not only giving better care to their patients, these smaller hospitals have turned out a more efficient class of nurses, nurses who can go into a home where there is sickness and do something. Heretofore, sickness in the home meant pandemonium, as a graduate nurse from the larger hospitals invariably cannot get herself a bucket of water, but must depend upon someone to bring it to her. She cannot look after her patient without being waited on hand and foot, and when she leaves, the woman of the house can work herself dizzy cleaning up the mess she leaves. So far as we country people can see, the Nurses' Federation has started a campaign to raise nursing into the category of a "profession", with the nurse performing only "professional" duties, and requiring an additional maid to perform the more menial tasks.

Mr. Nickle, the Ontario Hospital Association, the Nurses' Federation, and the rest of them may holler their heads off, but their campaign so far seems one of gain rather than service.

The writer has had some experience in hospitals, large and small, and for real, human sympathetic service must recommend the smaller institutions where a human is known by his name and not by a number. Evidently those who would drive everything cityward have yet to learn that it is service, not overhead, that makes for the success of a hospital, and in this the smaller institutions have it over the big fellows like a tent. If they haven't why is it so many city people come to the smaller hospitals for treatment?

The cities seem to have won out so far, but we predict that the time is coming when the country will have a say, and the smaller hospitals will come back stronger than ever. For that reason we hope there may be no wholesale dismantling of these country institutions, as we cannot see why people in the country should be deprived of everyday necessities of this kind just to suit a few high-brow nurses and city hospital executives.

OTHER PAPERS' OPINIONS

Interesting Cattle Case

Back in the month of August, eight head of stray cattle came to the farm of Albert Karn of 6th Con. Sullivan. As no one claimed the cattle Albert advertised the stray animals in the Chesley Enterprise for three consecutive weeks. Harry Minke and Jas. Graham Sullivan farmers, learned through the advertisement that their cattle were on the Karn farm. Mr. Karn made what he considered a reasonable charge for the pasture, one dollar a month per head, and one dollar for cost of advertising. The owners of the cattle claimed this charge was exorbitant and sought legal advice. They were informed by a solicitor that Karn had not taken the legal course in keeping the cattle on his premises, that they should have been impounded. The owners of the cattle took them from Karn's farm without paying any charges and Karn has sued them for the animals pasture and the cost of advertising. The case will be tried at the next sittings of the Division Court in Chesley. If the plaintiff loses out the owners of stray animals will have to seek farther for them in future for instead of impounding the animals that come on their property the most busy farmers will turn the stray animal out on the highway to pasture and it is surprising how far an animal will travel in one day when grazing on the roadside. There is also the additional danger of these cattle being maimed or killed by motor cars and then the owner is liable for a suit of damages for allowing the cattle to run at large if there is damage to the car, its driver, or any of the occupants. In the 41 years the present proprietor of this paper has been in business, with an average of about five notices of stray animals each year, this is the first instance in which the owners have had to be sued to try to recover the cost of pasture and the charge for letting the owners know where their stray animals are located. —Chesley Enterprise.

ans. Jr. II—Edith Keller, Wilma Bogle, Islay Barber, Marion Kerr, Stanley Picken, Olive Bryan, Jr. I—Cavell Bryans, Sr. Primer—John Eden, Jr. Primer—Lorne Blyth, Robena Grant, Laura Kerr, Eddie Bryan, Irene Finnigan. Best in spelling—Ross Keller, Edith Keller. Best in Arithmetic—Stanley Picken. MARY S. BELL, Teacher.

S.S. No. 6 Bentinck

Jr. IV—Elsie Bleman, Kenneth McCuaig, Ruth Vickers, Gordon Vickers, George Porter, Carman Hopkins, Frank Sharpe (absent for exams). Sr. III—Margaret Attwood, Jr. III—May Hopkins, Edna Porter, Maurice Brown, Sr. II—Bobby Mighton, Alfred Sharpe (absent for exams.) Jr. II—Duncan McDougall, John Attwood, Matilda Attwood, Janet Patterson, James Porter. Sr. I—Lawrence McCuaig, Arthur Mighton, Jr. I—Marie Hopkins, Meryl Noble and Beverley Boyce equal, Isobel Hopkins, Lloyd McCuaig, Jr. Pr.—(a) Robt. Galloway, Inez Noble. (b) Charlie Sharpe. MARY MACQUARRIE, Teacher

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