

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, November 10, 1932

GOOD HEALTH NOT ACCIDENT

We doubt if there are many people today who believe, generally, that good health is a gift of the gods, or that some of us stumble along in the enjoyment of our lives by accident. There are exceptions, of course, but generally a person's good health in his later years is what he has built for in his youth.

John Drinkwater, distinguished English author, who is to deliver an address in the city of Toronto this week, according to the Mail and Empire of that city, is "fit and fine at fifty" because he is now getting the best of two worlds—youth and age.

On Monday we listened to a radio broadcast from Detroit in which the speaker was De Wolf Hopper, that grand old man of the American stage who, in his 54 years before the public, has missed only two performances through illness.

We can readily agree that a healthy man, by his state of mind can soon think himself into a lot of sickness. "As a man thinketh so is he" refers to his general health as well as to other things.

There is however, a difference between being despondent-minded and serious minded. There is a time for all things, and we don't know which is the worst, he who always thinking of his troubles, or he whose light-mindedness runs almost to foolishness.

A loving daughter, according to a patent medicine advertisement, says her father "runs upstairs at 92." Perhaps he has to. That may have been the intention of the manufacturers.

The countries of the world apparently wish to live within themselves. This being the case, the British Empire, with its varieties of climate and products, should have a distinct advantage.

The city of Guelph seems to have solved the Remembrance Day idea. All business places are to close at 10.45, observe the two minutes of silence and other service at the monument, and then go back to work.

One of our exchanges says an optimist is a fellow who believes that whatever happens is for the best. Where does the fellow in some of these roadside service stations who still stocks ice cream and hot dawgs come in?

Hon. W. H. Price, speaking at Priceville last Saturday, said he was not above criticism. Mr. Price must read the Globe and the Star. We would remind him that this is not criticism, but plain, everyday fault-finding.

Hugh Templin, who writes "That Inside Page" in the Fergus News-Record, says he is not feeling any too well and may drop the page for a time. Here's where we were wrong again! We thought editorial pages were intended to make the readers sick, not the writers.

Referring to an editorial in this paper two weeks ago in which we expressed the opinion that a "society" woman, killed because she refused to pay a debt, was equally guilty with the man who shot her, the Fergus News-Record says: "Well, maybe she is. But if the man is hanged the woman will be equally dead." Sure thing. And now, if the debt is paid, who will pay it, or to whom will it be paid?

The Collingwood Enterprise-Bulletin and the Orillia Packet-Times are agreed on the point that "if the public will not make use of the trains they cannot expect them to continue to run just for the sake of the odd passenger who doesn't own a motor car." Another argument that might be used, however, is if the railways wish to get back the business they

REMEMBRANCE DAY, 1932

Tomorrow (Friday) is Remembrance Day. With its approach we are again reminded of the period of silence which has marked the occasion during the past fourteen years. In observing Remembrance Day, we are not only paying tribute to the memory of those who fell in the Great War, but as well honoring ourselves. That all our citizens may participate in Remembrance Day services, we this week dedicate this column to the memory of Our Soldier Dead. Clip it out and take part in ALL the service.

ORDER OF SERVICE

CHAIRMAN: Rev. Walter Corrie Almack

Hymn—"O God Our Help in Ages Past."

O God, our help in ages past, Our hope for years to come, Our shelter from the stormy blast, And our eternal home.

Beneath the shadow of Thy throne Thy saints have dwelt secure; Sufficient is Thine arm alone, And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood, Or earth received her frame, From everlasting Thou art God, To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in Thy sight Are like an evening gone; Short as the watch that ends the night Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream, Bears all its sons away; They fly, forgotten as a dream, Dies at the opening day.

O God, our help in ages past, Our hope for years to come, Be Thou our guide while troubles last, And our eternal home. Amen.

Psalm 90.—RESPONSIVE READING.

1. Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations.

2. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever Thou hadst formed the earth or the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, Thou art God.

3. Thou turnest man to destruction; and sayest, return, ye children of men.

4. For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night.

5. Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are as a sleep; in the morning they are like grass which groweth up.

6. In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down and withereth.

7. For we are consumed by thine anger, and by thy wrath are we troubled.

8. Thou hast set our iniquities before thee, our secret sins in the light of thy countenance.

9. For all our days are passed away in thy wrath, we spend our years as a tale that is told.

10. The days of our years are three-score years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be four-score years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away.

11. Who knoweth the power of thine anger? even according to thy fear, so is thy wrath.

12. So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

13. Return, O Lord, how long? and let it repent thee concerning thy servants.

14. O satisfy us early with thy mercy; that we may rejoice and be glad all our days.

15. Make us glad according to the days wherein we have seen evil.

16. Let thy work appear unto thy servants, and thy glory unto their children.

17. And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us; and establish thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hand establish thou it.

have lost to the motor car, how are they to do it by cutting off trains?

The editor of the Alliston Herald does not like the report of a box lacrosse game in the Owen Sound Sun-Times, and the Owen Sound reporter admitted that he had seen only two games of box lacrosse. Isn't this the sort of fellow, though, who has the most criticism, just like a lot of our political experts who are busy these days telling what a rotten deal we got at the Empire Conference, and the most of whom, should they lose their \$4,000 a year salary, are not capable of conducting a business at all?

The Tara Leader appeared last week in its new form, a four-page all-home print. We do not know that it is not as acceptable as the eight-page paper, where the four "inside" pages are printed in Toronto the week previous

NEW TESTAMENT LESSON—Rev. 7, Verses 9-17

Rev. W. H. Smith

After this I beheld, and lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and peoples, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands; And cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb.

And all the angels stood round about the throne, and about the elders and the four beasts, and fell before the throne on their faces, and worshipped God.

Saying, Amen, blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honor, and power, and might, be unto our God for ever and ever. Amen.

And one of the elders answered, saying unto me, What are those which are arrayed in white robes; and whence came they?

And I said unto him, Sir, thou knowest. And he said to me, These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple; and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them.

They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat.

For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

PRAYER—Rev. J. T. Priest

HYMN 219—"For All the Saints"

For all the saints who from their labors rest, Who Thee by faith before the world confessed Thy Name, O Jesu, be forever blest, Alleluia!

Thou wast their rock, their fortress, and their might;

Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;

Thou in the darkness drear their one true light. Alleluia!

O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old, And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold. Alleluia!

O blest communion! fellowship divine We feebly struggle, they in glory shine; Yet all are one in Thee for all are Thine. Alleluia!

And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long, Steals on the ear the distant triumph song, And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong; Alleluia!

The golden evening brightens in the west Soon, soon to faithful warriors comes their rest; Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest. Alleluia!

But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day; The saints triumph rise in bright array; The King of Glory passes on His way. Alleluia!

From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,

Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,

Singing to the Father, Son and Holy Ghost Alleluia! Amen.

ADDRESS—Rev. Billingsley

Roll Call

Depositing of Wreaths

Two Minutes' Silence Last Post Reveille

GOD SAVE THE KING

BENEDICTION—Rev. B. D. Armstrong.

Local newspapers are taken for local and district news, and not for the world events they contain, and in giving its readers a four-page all-home print, the Leader, while curtailing the amount of reading matter, is still giving as much local news, which is what the readers of the weekly newspapers take them for.

There may be those who disagree with the Chronicle because it does not favor Remembrance Day as a statutory holiday, but the evidence that we were right came sooner than we expected. Last week's Listowel Banner carried an advertisement: "Shooting Match and Horseshoe Pitching, on Armistice Day, November 11, at 1 o'clock." A fine way in which to spend a day set aside for the purpose of honoring Canadian soldiers who fell in the Great War! In a few more years we can sit back and say "We told you so!" "Just another holiday" is right!

Our Outlook On Life

A Paper Prepared and Read by Mrs. J. E. Wilson at a Meeting of Dremore Women's Institute.

In reading the poem in the second Reader "The Blind Men and the Elephant", we find these men were clever but blind. There are more ways than one of being blind, "There are none so blind as those who will not see."

Henry Ward Beecher called the world God's workshop in which for making God's workshop for making men in, certainly it is a workshop in which men have been put to help themselves.

It matters not how straight the gate, How charged with punishment the scroll,

I am the master of my fate, I am the captain of my soul.

We must choose an honest occupation. God plainly put that problem up to man when he put him into the Garden of Eden. Work is a great steadder. A love for, and a just pride in our work will go far with an outlook on life.

Quoting from Mr. Baldwin's speech made before the Canadian Club to the Canadian people.

"As a statesman, I often feel beyond and beneath that overflowing stream of letters, interviews, deputations, committees, speeches and despatched boxes, a still small voice that challenges all my efforts, searches out my motives, questions the meaning of everything that I do and forces me to stand as it were in the full glare of the white light of Eternity."

With that thought in mind we would not be afraid to look ourselves and everyone else in the face.

Solomon the wisest man, said, "give me neither poverty nor riches. We know how love for money and greed warp the soul. Poverty would have no terrors with Mrs. Wiggs of the cabbage patch philosophy. "In the mud and scum of things, something always, always sings."

Train the eye to love and appreciate the beauties of all things around. Train the mind to think beautiful thoughts. A good thought in the mind is like good seed in the ground. A thought is father to the deed.

An old saying is we can do without our religion but not our friends. So cherish our friends, we want them all. The dear friend, the jolly friend, the serious friend, the practical friend. They need us and we need them.

Books are sometimes called our friends. They are a different kind of friend and a great help to our outlook on life, but we must be a reader not a devourer of books to get the right kind of help.

Have a hobby; anything to put your thought and energy into outside of your regular work. After all, love is the ruling of power. Love will help us in every walk of life but it must be directed in the right direction. Love of money, power, fame and self, I mean of course in an exaggerated sense would all be wrongly directed. I think General Booth's message to his people, the one word "Others" is comprehensive enough.

If we stand close to a brick wall we only see the brick and miss altogether what the builder had in mind when building. Life is of many kinds, as men and women are of many kinds. Our homes are our little worlds. Henry Van Dyke tells us, "It is not required of every man and woman to be or to do something great." Most of us must be content with taking part in the chorus as far as possible without discord.

All of us have our own particular struggles, our joys and our sorrows, which often cannot be shared by another. Such little things effect us, what we had for breakfast or perhaps it

was what we had eaten the night before. Someone has said: "We only live the first thirty years of life, and after that it's liver."

Many of our clever people have struggled all their lives against some physical disorder and made good.

A good sense of humor and never to know when we are beaten will change our outlook in a good many ways.

We have all read about the cheerful grin always winning while the kicker is down and out. Laugh and the world laughs with you, weep and the world laughs at you. So smile a bit, and laugh a bit, and have a bit of fun for smiling folks are happy folk when all is said and done.

Two colored privates were discussing the relative merits of their bugles.

"Why, man, dat bugler of mah regiment am so good dat when he plays 'Pay Day' it sounds exactly lak de symphony orchestra playing 'De Rosary'."

"Hush yo' mouf nigger. When Snowball Jones wraps his lips round his bugle an' plays de mess call, ah looks down at mah beans an' say: 'Strawberries, behave yo'self, you're kicken de whipped cream out ob de dish.'"

Read The Chronicle ads on page 7.

TO KEEP FRESH REMEMBRANCE DAY

Reduced Fares Nov 10-14

Special low fares between all points in Canada offered this year over Armistice week-end . . . that you may renew old acquaintanceships or visit the shrines of memory.

SINGLE FARE AND ONE-QUARTER FOR THE ROUND TRIP

Going dates from Noon Thursday, Nov. 10 until Noon, Sunday, Nov. 13

Return Limit Midnight, Monday, Nov. 14, 1932

Information and fares from your local Agent.

Canadian Pacific Railway

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15c pkg. Envelopes . . . . . 2 for 15c 25c large size Tablets . . . . . 2 for 25c 15c Tablets . . . . . 2 for 15c

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Fresh Salted Peanuts . . . . . 15c lb.

Boys' Leather Mitts . . . . . 25c pr.

Boys' Heavy Ribbed Wool Stockings . . . . . 49c pr.

Men's Heavy Wool Socks . . . . . 15c pr.

Shoe Laces . . . . . 6 pr. for 15c

Ladies' all-wool Cashmere Hose . . . . . 49c pr.

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