

# Carriage Paints..

By the use of Pearey's Carriage Paints, mixed ready for use, any one can repaint a carriage, buggy or wagon, so as to secure with a single coat a high gloss finish, of such beauty and permanence as hitherto has been found only on new work and secured at great expense.

**These Paints** are prepared so that any one without experience can apply them successfully. Full directions are given on each package. Pearey's Carriage Paints are composed only of pure materials, carefully combined by special machinery; recommend them as the most convenient, economical, durable and beautiful Paints made.

....For Sale By....

**MacFARLANE & CO.**  
DRUGGISTS AND BOOKSELLERS.

**DURHAM CHRONICLE**

W. IRWIN, Editor and Proprietor.

Durham, May 14th, 1903.

## SANCTUM SIFTINGS.

Two or three weeks ago an article appeared in our columns recommending the town to take steps towards securing a park in or near the town, the present Saugeen park being so far away as to be of little use. The Man on the Street has lately heard some serious discussion on the subject, and the strip of land lying between Queen St. and the river, and between George and Lambton would, it is thought, answer the purpose quite well. A number of citizens who are interested in a park, and not particularly interested in the conglomerate mass of rubbish in the rear of a number of business places are willing to contribute towards the purchase of the property mentioned, and to render some assistance in planting trees therein and getting it under way so that in a few years the citizens may have some cool and easily accessible spot to resort to in the warm summer evenings. In the event of this idea materializing a number of rapid growing trees might at once be planted, and with them a sufficient number of maples to yield a shady grove in the course of a few years. Later on all trees not needed could be removed and in ten or a dozen years from now a handsome little maple grove would replace the barren common now seen. If trees were planted there now it seems to the writer that the fire brigade in their regular practices could do a great deal towards watering the whole "plantation," and thus give the trees a good start. The property now belongs to Messrs. N. G. and J. McKechnie, a wealthy firm whom the town might conceive to be generous enough to present the property as a gift for the purpose named. Should these gentlemen be unwilling to give the land as an out-and-out gift they will certainly not be unreasonable as to the price, and all interested parties should take steps at once to secure the site. Not only will many in this generation live to enjoy a park on the spot mentioned but all future generations will have reason to appreciate the move we hope to soon see inaugurated.

## SOUND THE ALARM.

EDITOR DURHAM CHRONICLE.  
SIR:—In your last issue, May 7th, an article appears over the signature of Taxpayer re Road at Lots 49 and 50, Con. 3, E. G. R. He voices the opinion of every person that travels that road and touches the key-note of what is wanted by the people that have to pay their full share of the revenue of this township. He draws up a plan that the Council would do well to consider. I have good faith in the intelligence of our council believing they will act in the best interest of our township, but we want them to get to work and act immediately. Now, Sir, Taxpayer should have gone a little further back into the history of the trouble we now have to face. Perhaps you are not aware, Mr. Taxpayer, that the portion of road you are grumbling about was the best piece of road we had for public travel. What occurred that has

left it in the state we now find it? I can refer you to Mr. John Williams and David Allan; they can tell you all about the cause of our road sinking. These two men forced the commissioner of Ward No. 1, who at that time was a stranger to the Ward, to dig a ditch on the north side of the road. Common courtesy may call it a ditch, but its right name is a reservoir; there is no outlet for the water to run in any direction, and the reservoir holds a large quantity of water for the whole year, which keeps the road bed always soaked with water. Then, Sir, is it any wonder that the road has almost sank out of sight. There is one point I wish to draw the attention of the council to, and especially the commissioner for Ward 1 i. e. Have the owners of lots 49, 50 and 51 been asked to contribute their share towards opening a drain across their lots? Any person that knows these farms knows to a certainty that that drain would enhance the value of these farms hundreds of dollars, and, sir, while we discuss this question I would like to give my modest opinion with regard to the matter on hand. Let the council appoint a committee to negotiate with Allan, Williams and Weir. If they would put up, say \$30 or \$40 each towards the work, the council could put up the rest of the money. If they refuse to help bring an engineer and he will locate the drain and tax the farms to the full amount according to the Ditches and Water Course Act, R. S. O. I might here add that every person between Allan's swamp and the Town line of Artemesia is interested in the thorough repair of that piece of road, and we intend to keep a sharp eye on the actions of our council in this matter. We don't intend to put up another year with the inconvenience of the past or we will know the reason why when we go to the poll to mark our ballots next January. Commissioner for No. 1 please take notice. One Who Knows All About It. Scotchtown, May 12, 1903.

## THE MAN ON THE STREET.

"A chief's among ye takin' notes, An' faith he'll bring it."—BURNS.

### SLANG.

Of late, the use of slang by many of our young people—ladies and gentlemen—has become painfully prevalent. This is bad enough in itself, but many are shocked to hear, once in a while, drop from the lips of young ladies and some older ones, too, expressions which so invade the domain of vulgarity as to make modest persons blush. Not once, but many times lately have I been asked what was the cause of this outburst of loose speech, which seemed to indicate ruder manners and coarser morals. While not for a moment posing as a censor of the morals of the community, I must take cognizance of what I see and hear passing on the street and point out the danger of these looser habits of speech and action which the staid common sense of our forefathers and foremothers utterly abhorred and unhesitatingly condemned. Besides all this, I am exceedingly jealous for the reputation of my fair sisters, every one, and simply direct their attention to the fact that no young lady can afford to use vulgar language or countenance vulgarity in speech or action on the street or elsewhere without sacrificing that "dear commodity" which secures for her the respect and admiration of all except hoodlums and buffoons. Much more could be said but I rather draw the veil over a disagreeable subject in the hope that a word to the wise is sufficient. In this connection it may be well to ponder seriously the beautiful lines of the immortal bard:—

The purest treasure mortal times afford,  
Is spotless reputation; that away,  
Men are but gilded loam or painted clay.

### PROFANITY.

Among men of nearly all classes there seems to be a growing tendency to the use of profanity. The simple, modest, elegant words and phrases of our beautiful Anglo Saxon speech seem to be totally inadequate to express the explosive, emphatic speech outbursts of our high-pressure life. Of old time, it used to be that a man was thought "dreadful" when he gave vent (in language more emphatic than refined) to his pent-up feelings in cases of severe provocation, but now it has become so common to bear vile—sometimes blasphemous—language uttered without provocation, in sober conversation, that the fine edge is in danger of being taken off our sensibilities. By some even the sacred name of God is carelessly bandied about as if it were no concern, the blasphemous little thinking perhaps that he is wounding the feelings of his friends. The sacred instincts of any man should be respected by every other man so far, at least, as those instincts are not contrary to the laws of God and humanity. It is because of this right that there are laws making it a punishable offence to use vile, insulting or blasphemous language on all public streets and places. These laws should be enforced and the penalty pitilessly exacted. Men who do not respect the sentiments of their fellow-citizens so far as to restrain themselves from the use of filthy language on the streets and often in the presence of ladies, should be compelled to pay for their amusement or be locked up where they cannot give offence. This is what

citizenship means, and the executive officers should do their duty.

### AN EASY JOB.

How often young men, just on the threshold of life, ask their seniors to suggest "an easy job" for their life's work! Almost every week professional men who have an interest in the welfare of our young people have to answer the enquiry. Fortunately, the answer is not so difficult as at first appears. An easy job never made a man of anybody and never will. The young man who asks for an easy job has already the seeds of dry rot within him somewhere, and the answer of a faithful friend must probe to the root of the evil, and, if possible, expose the rankling sore. "Faithful are the wounds of a friend," and the young man is fortunate who has a wise friend to give proper counsel at such a critical time. Such a friend was Henry Ward Beecher to a young man who wrote him a solicitous letter asking for "an easy job." His answer was as follows:—"You cannot be an editor; do not try the law; do not think of the ministry; let alone all ships, shops and merchandise; abhor politics; don't practice medicine; be not a farmer nor a mechanic; neither be a soldier nor a sailor; don't work; don't study; don't think. None of these are easy. Oh, my son, you have come into a hard world! I know of only one easy place in it and that is the grave."

### THE SQUIRMS NOW.

The editor tells me I have a woman on my track. It is not the first time such a thing has happened and if I get out of this scrape as out of the others I may yet survive to end my days in peace and harmony. The Woman on the Farm is evidently no tyro. Her letter indicates long training in polemics of some sort. Her composition is so vigorous so trenchant, so evidently sincere that I have set her down as a tough old Grit, who has gone through many a political campaign, if not as an actual voter, then, "like the man behind the gun," the policy maker of one honest husband. The Hon. G. W. Ross should send her a timber limit or a New Ontario gold mine for her masterful defence of his government in its hour of greatest need. But I heartily clap her on the back and can say, "Lay on, McDuff," for it is the other fellow that is catching it this time.

### Egremont Pathmasters.

List of Pathmasters Tp. Egremont for 1903. They are required to lay out work for grader in rotation as it is now in operation on Con. 5.

Con. 1, W. Mountain, J. Kerr, W. Dunn, S. Neal, A. Schram, A. McEwen, J. Troy, J. Moyers, John Hastings, D. Robinson, W. Cowan.

Con. 2 and 3, P. Black, E. Johnston, B. Woods, G. Pollock, A. Aitkin, D. Allan, Jr., J. R. Smith, N. McDougall, John Hunt, John Walker, James Irvin.

Con. 4, R. McDonald, John Goodyear, J. E. Rowland, D. Stewart, J. Bilton, E. Hall.

Con. 5 and 6, Jas. S. Woods, Chas. Scriber, S. Peckover, John McPhee, A. McDougall, W. Wilkie.

Con. 7 and 8, D. Hewitt, J. T. McBride, W. H. Wallace, A. Ray, P. Keith, S. Shire, J. Webster.

Con. 9 and 10, W. McDougall, A. Peckover, D. Hunter, Joseph Robb, John Isle, Alex. McMillen.

Con. 11 and 12, W. Rice, G. Spence, John Murdoch, J. Robb, Jno. Spicer, W. Fairbairn.

Con. 13 and 14, P. Mutch, A. Ross, James McInnis, A. McEachern, A. Fettes, John Wilson.

Con. 15 and 16, A. Alles, V. Albes, P. Mohan, R. H. Isaac, C. A. McRobb, John Plester.

Con. 17 and 18, R. Aitken, Wal-Ferguson, W. J. Adams, George Lothian, H. Haw, George Witter.

Con. 19 and 20, Jas. McLaughlin, A. Henry, D. P. Coleridge, John Scott, J. Wilkinson, John Campbell.

Con. 21 and 22, D. Hamilton, W. J. Davis, W. Ramage, W. J. Stephenson, D. Muir, J. Campbell.

Extra Beats, R. McEeken, H. Dunnett, Joe Lawrence, P. Muir, Jones Harrison. Total 88.

D. ALLAN, Clerk.

### Some Results of Impure Blood.

A blotched, pimply, disfigured face, feeling of exhaustion, wracked nerves, headache and a dull brain. The proper cure is one Ferrozone Tablet after each meal. Ferrozone clears and beautifies the complexion by making rich, pure blood. It restores the enfeebled brain and unstrung nerves to a healthy vigorous condition. It invigorates all the physical and mental powers, and brings strength and ambition to the depressed. Refuse a substitute for Ferrozone—it's the best tonic, re-builder and invigorator known. Price 50c., at Druggists or Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

### DIED.

ROMBOUGH—In Toronto, Monday, May 11th, 1903, Annie Barker, beloved wife of Marshall Romboough, aged 25 years, 5 months and 11 days.

MILLIGAN—In Bentinck, Tuesday, May 12, 1903, James Milligan, aged 89 years.

BURGESS—In Stratford, Sunday, May 10th, 1903, Emily Jane Robinson, beloved wife of John Burgess, aged 36 years.

## HITS AND MISSES.

A gonteel carver always sits when he carves, says a work on etiquette. Perhaps he does: but it is pretty certain that there are times when he yearnfully yearns to put one foot on the table and the other on the bird while struggling with the fowl.

An editor in Montana told his subscribers to help him edit the paper. Said he: "If you get married, send in the particulars; if a baby arrives at your home, send it in." Three days after the paper came out, two babies were left in his sanctum.

The minister called at a certain Canadian home just after he had come to his new pastorate. The small boy was present long before his mother came downstairs to greet the dominie. Trying to be cordial the minister said, "How old are you, my little man?" "I'm five at home, six in school, and three on the cars," was the delightful reply.

The editor of the Chatsworth Banner received one dollar in a letter from some one who did not sign his name but who stated that he had been reading his neighbor's Banner. The Warton Canadian man received a dollar from a man named John E. Smith who had been genuinely converted and who stated he had stolen something on editor Whitlock when he was in Tara 12 years ago. When conscience money is getting into the pockets of local editor frequently these days we hope a pang of remorse will strike Dave Clark of Bottineau, N. Dak., good and hard so that he will have no peace of mind until he sends three dollars that he swindled us out of on subscription a few years ago. If he doesn't the grim ferryman will find Dave Clark so shrivelled up with meanness and downright dishonesty that he will be able to stow his miserable carcass under a seat as he rows him across the river Styx. One poet says: "Thus conscience doth make cowards of us all." We sincerely hope that Dave Clark and every mother's son that ever beat an editor out of his money will have intermittent conscience fever until they restore fourfold their long-standing obligations.—Chesley Enterprise.

The man who knows nothing never feels that there is anything for him to learn.

When a man hits another fellow he ought to be thick enough in the hide to be hit back without squealing about it.

"Stop my paper," said the irate subscriber who didn't have the taffy plastered on him as thick as he wanted it. He felt mad again the next week when a new issue appeared and he found out that the paper was still running.

Man born of woman is little per-simmons and generally green. His life might be divided into four parts. As he starts his stomach is full of pains, blackberry balsam, and paregoric, and he winds up the first period by stealing green apples and fishing on Sunday. The second term, commencing at 15, rapidly passes into the smart Aleck fever and he learns to wear standing collars, smoke cigarettes, call his father old man and go with the girls. At 21 he has bankrupted his father, and blown in every cent of his own, he finds a woman who is fool enough to marry him, and she takes in washing until she is called away. The last period he lives around with his children, tells the big things he did when he was a boy, and finally goes under, making a momentary bubble on the sea of humanity, then is forgotten.—Toronto Star.

An exchange says: Those who think the life of an editor is an iridescent dream hollowed with fond memories of complimentary show tickets and choice bits of wedding cake, should go against the expense end of the business for a while in order to appreciate the inwardness of the outwardness. An editor can keep alive on compliments and best wishes as long as any man on earth, but the printers won't work without pay, and the men who manufacture paper, ink, presses, type and other necessary adjuncts have a way of getting their pay that would make a delinquent subscriber's eyes protrude so you could hang an uster on one of them.

A little girl in whose family the parents talked a good deal on both religious and political questions found it difficult to sleep on being put to bed the other night and asked her mother to tell a story that would lull her into dreamland. "What kind of a story would you like, my dear?" said the loving mother, and the young hopeful replied, "Oh, a story that has neither God or Gamey in it!" The appearance of an innocent little youngster on the street yesterday, scantily dressed called up Kipling's couplet: "The uniform he wore, was nothing much before, and rather less than half of that behind." Wonder if anyone will put this down for sacrifice!

**FITS**  
Epilepsy, Fits, St. Vitus' Dance, or have children or relatives that do so, or know a friend that is afflicted, then send for a free trial bottle and try it. It will be sent by mail prepaid, if assured where every fitting also has failed. In writing mention this paper, and give full address to THE LIEBIG CO., 179 King street west, Toronto.

**To Cure a Cold in One Day**  
Cures Grip in Two Days.  
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. on every box. 25c.  
Seven Million boxes sold in past 12 months. This signature, E. W. Linn

## DIRECT IMPORTER

From one of the largest Seed Houses in Britain per S. S. London City.

**Field Seeds:** Beet: Sugar Giant, Green Top and Half Sugar Mangle; Carrot: Giant White, Orange Giant. Mangle: Mammoth, Long Red and Norfolk Giant. Rape: Dwarf Essex. Sowing Turnip: Swede, Carter's Elephant, Sutton's Champion, Bangholm, London Purple Top, King of Swedes, Carter's Imperial Hardy, Aberdeen Purple and Green Top, Improved Grey Stone.

**Garden Seeds:** Beet, Cabbage, Carrot, Lettuce and Turnips.

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**H. PARKER,** DRUGGIST AND SEEDSMAN DURHAM.

**Beauty AND Wear?**



WHAT A SHOE COMBINATION; couldn't be beaten in the world. Our hand-made Men's and Women's Patent Kid Footwear supplies all that buyer could demand. Last season we were unable to supply the demand which must be attributed to their excellence. Here are the descriptions of our own make in Men's and Women's Patent Kid Shoes.

Highest Quality American Patent Kid, hand-sewed soles, made on latest American lasts, any shape desired. This quality is only obtainable from a few American high-class shoemakers at \$7.00 and \$8.00 per pair. Our prices \$4.00 to \$5.50 for Women's and \$5.00 to \$6.00 for Men. We are also making specially nice lines in this quality for Children, and the people are buying them almost faster than we can make them.

WE WOULD BE HIGHLY PLEASED to have you call and see them. You would then see at once what ideal Shoemaking really is. Orders for this sort of work very carefully and promptly attended to.

STRICTLY CASH SYSTEM. SPECIALTIES: Order & Repairing.

**PEEL, THE SHOE MAN.**

## Market Report.

DURHAM, MAY 13, 1903.

|                           |                |
|---------------------------|----------------|
| Fall Wheat.....           | \$ 66 to \$ 66 |
| Spring Wheat.....         | 65 to 66       |
| Oats.....                 | 28 to 28       |
| Peas.....                 | 66 to 66       |
| Barley.....               | 40 to 45       |
| Hay.....                  | 6 00 to 7 00   |
| Butter.....               | 14 to 16       |
| Eggs.....                 | 10 to 11       |
| Apples.....               | 75 to 1 00     |
| Potatoes per bag.....     | 90 to 1 00     |
| Flour per cwt.....        | 1 90 to 2 20   |
| Oatmeal per sack.....     | 2 40 to 2 40   |
| Chop per cwt.....         | 1 10 to 1 10   |
| Live Hogs.....            | 6 10 to 6 20   |
| Dressed Hogs per cwt..... | 7 75 to 7 75   |
| Hides per lb.....         | 5 to 5         |
| Sheepskins.....           | 40 to 50       |
| Wool.....                 | 14 to 14       |
| Lamb.....                 | 7 to 8         |
| Tallow.....               | 5 to 5         |
| Lard.....                 | 10 to 12       |
| Clover Seed.....          | 8 00 to 8 65   |
| Timothy Seed.....         | 2 00 to 2 65   |

## GLYDESDALE STALLION.

Lord Walter [2652.]



For Route for 1903 see large posters.

JOHN STAPLES, Prop.

**.. IMPLEMENTS ..**  
FROST & WOOD.

Buggies—A large assortment of best makes.  
Wagons—The famous Woodstock Wagon.  
Sewing Machines—The "White" and "Standard" are the two leaders.  
Pianos—The Morris Piano.  
Stoves—See the Huron Range.  
Washing Machines—The "Volimar" is a perfect washer. Sold on trial.  
Hay Forks—Rod or Wood track.  
Threshers—The "White" Threshers.

**D. Campbell, the Agent**  
DURHAM, — — ONTARIO.