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FROM

MacFarlane & Co.

Druggists and Booksellers

### MARRIED

DUNSMOORE—VAUGHAN—At the Manse on Tuesday evening by Rev. W. Farquharson, Mr. Campbell Dunsmoore to Miss Elizabeth Vaughan.

## THE DURHAM CHRONICLE

W. IRWIN, Editor and Proprietor.

DURHAM, DECEMBER 26, 1907

### SANCTUM SIFTINGS

"Be Merciful to the Horse" is the title of a little poetical production we publish elsewhere. Mr. Kharaghghan, who signs himself "The Khan," is the author, and contributes many excellent articles on Farm Life in the Toronto Star. Being a farmer himself he knows the ins and outs of farm life as well as any living man, and in poetry and effective prose he has no superior in putting ideas into print. Nearly every issue of the Star contains one of his versatile pen pictures and we seldom fail to hunt up "The Chronicles of the Khan" when the Star comes to our desk. Mr. Kharaghghan has retired from active farm life, and a short time ago he contributed an article to the Star on "The Retired Farmer." It was readable, racy and right to the point, as are all articles from his pen. We took the liberty to reproduce it in our issue of a couple of weeks ago, and got hauled over the coals for our impudence. The thought of the aggrieved gentleman never entered our mind, but as he accuses us of being troubled with softening of the brain it will be no use for us to try to make him believe otherwise. With regard to the little piece of poetry on being Merciful to the Horse it is quite probable there will be some one who abuses horses who will take it to himself and blame us for its appearance.

Government ownership of the telephones is taking on shape in Manitoba, and it is quite probable that the Bell Company will sell out their system for which it is reported they have asked four million dollars. The Manitoba government is very anxious to get possession as it will save the enormous expense of duplicating the lines. In the event of the deal it is likely Saskatchewan and Alberta will follow suit. Since the foregoing was in type negotiations have been broken off for a time but the determination of Manitoba to control her own public utilities will likely bring it on again shortly.

### OPINION NOT VALUABLE.

(Owen Sound Times.)

Mayor Kennedy's zeal in the interests of the open bar will scarcely be appreciated even by the side which he has beyond a doubt espoused. On Friday last there appeared a letter in the Toronto News over his signature, claiming flat failure for local option in Owen Sound. Where Mayor Kennedy is best known this expression of his views is not surprising. But the document to which he subscribed was intended to be of service in other communities farther away from home, where the people do not know the eyes-mental and physical through which he takes his view. While expressing his opinion he forgot to tell the public that while, through a combination of circumstances, he was permitted to occupy the chief magistrate's chair in Owen Sound, no man in the community who has aspired to public honors has received so many emphatic throw-downs as the same Matthew Kennedy—both in the municipal and political arenas. It was because of the little value the local field put on his opinions and his ability that he was given his bumps when a candidate for the Commons in a by-election, under the most favorable conditions. The same may be said of the municipal election previous to the last, when he was one of the also-rans. There is probably only one other instance in which an individual in Owen Sound has aspired to serve the public and was informed at the polls that he was not wanted as often as has the present mayor. Mayor Kennedy's opinion on any question should be regarded from the same view point. That much the records prove and to doubt the supporters of local option in every municipality have by this time learned. So long as majorities rule the law of the land should receive the loyal support of every law abiding citizen. The law against the sale of intoxicants is in force in Owen Sound. The violations only emphasize that fact, and whether there are sixty-one or six hundred and one places where violation takes place, the law is still in force and the penalties attached. Mayor Kennedy knows this and he knows further that it would be the aim of every capable occupant of the position which he holds to see that infractions of the law are brought to book and the penalties exacted. This might cause personal inconvenience, but a man who took the oath of office as mayor and chief magistrate should not regard personal inconvenience when it comes to enforcing the statute whether applied to local option or any other infraction of a public ordinance. But as Mayor Kennedy has put a big stick in the hands of the local option men, it need not be surprising if they use it with all the power they have at their command in smashing what is every where regarded as a public nuisance—the open bar. Mayor Kennedy has knocked the town that pays him a salary and "to whom it may concern" will not be slow to recognize that fact.

### Be Merciful to the Horse.

Do the beast of burden that strive and groan  
And writhe and crouch 'neath the pitiless rod—  
Are they never allowed to make their moan,  
And lay their wrongs at the feet of God?  
All day I've watched from my window high  
The infamous street where the horse-whips hiss,  
And I asked myself: Will the day e'er come  
When men will answer for all of this?  
For I saw a horse with starting eyes,  
With straining nerves and throbbing flank;  
I saw him strive till his strength gave out  
And he on the murderous pavement sank.  
I heard a curse from a lower beast,  
I heard his whip-lash crack like shot,  
I watched and heard till my heart was sore  
And all the blood in my veins was hot.  
Thou wretch with the whip, remember this,  
Remember, thou knight of the curse and rod;  
The voiceless cry of a stricken beast  
Is heard by the pitying ears of God.  
—The Khan.

### Traverston.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Hastie, of Montana, left on Thursday last, but intend visiting friends in Toronto and St. Paul before reaching home. They were accompanied to Toronto by Mr. Hastie's sister. Their many friends in this locality enjoyed their honeymoon trip very much.  
Mr. James A. Davis, of Perdonville, B. C., is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Davis, after spending eight or nine years in the West. He looks well, and we have every reason to believe that the climate out there agrees with him.  
A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all readers and writers and everybody.

### LOCAL OPTION AND THE BUSINESS MEN.

(By Rev. Wm. Farquharson.)

This is the age of business men, Priests, ministers, lawyers and kings, once renowned leaders, have all been dethroned and the ancient sceptre has descended to the rulers of the market and the Kings of the stock exchange. Such fear and awe does the new dynasty awaken that the whisper of its being opposed to Local Option was listened to with bated breath. Foes of the scheme were exultant and some of its friends feared that if these ministers of finance but blew upon it, it would forthwith wither and die. At last the fated hour has come. The decree signed by all the lords of Mount Forest has gone forth and all that is left for us is to ask: "After the deluge what?"

In the face of all the mysterious authority of these sixty and six knights of the round table it may seem presumptuous or even disloyal for a lone citizen of a neighboring town, of a rank held in small esteem by Creation's modern Lords, to say anything, much less to criticise the oracle, but somehow there is fire in my bones and come what will it must have vent.

The first thing that strikes me in reading this manifesto is the change that the sudden elevation to power has wrought on these lordly financiers. In old times their speech was plain, their sentences short and their messages confined to facts. Now as if aping the elaborate speech of some orator in the pulpit or on the rostrum, they start out with a sentence with no less than 161 words. This ponderous style sits ill on plain men of business, and what is worse, it betrays them into the fatal course of leaving the ancient basis of fact on which they founded their throne and of turning it into a region where they depend on vague reports from unnamed places, on ancient experiences with the Scott Act and on other opinions and prejudices. Thus in forsaking simple speech and plain fact, they find themselves shorn of their locks and weak as other men.

Encouraged by finding that even business men are less than infallible I venture to approach the shrine of finance which all this modern world worships. A hand touches me and in an instant I find myself with the lord of the new regime in the parlor of one of Mount Forest's well furnished hotels. It is delightful and it costs us nothing. We drink of the pure city water, eat our own lunch and save our money as all the lords of finance in town and country know so well how to do. From this place, built and maintained for our comfort, we take a look at the outside world.

"What a comfortable place you have here and how cheap," I said to the lordly man beside me. "Don't mention it," he says. "You do not know what we have to bear. Our taxes here are awful. The rate is 26 mills now and we have a bridge to build and interest to pay and we are losing the Model School grant and they are to stop the selling of drink here and we shall have to pay for this room and pay a rate of 32 mills besides."

I expressed my sorrow but ventured to ask how it was that they did not raise the money for the bridge by borrowing it and paying it in yearly installments. I assured him that we were doing that in our town with a bridge that will cost nearly twice as much as theirs and that it would all be paid for by a rate of little more than half a mill.

The financier looked wise and said, "Oh! you do not understand." Seeing he did not want to say more about the bridge I asked him how they managed to keep up the Model School and yet have all the \$300 grant untouched, since in our town it took most of it to pay the extra teacher for the Model term.

Again there was the same answer, "You do not understand."

I said, "I know I am slow for I am not a financier but if I understand you rightly, you have been putting all this grant in your pocket and giving nothing for it, just as you recommend your customers the farmers to do with the hotels."

A look told me not to pursue this subject further, so I asked what all this had to do with Local Option anyway. "Oh!" he said, "we are to lose a lot by Local Option."

"Well," I said "I want to learn a lesson on finance. Could you tell me how much you will lose by Local Option?"

With a sigh as if he mourned an only son he said, "It will be all of two mills anyway."

"How do you make that out," I asked? "In our town the license fee could all be raised by a rate of just six tenths of a mill."

"Oh," he said, "but you forget that hotels will be assessed for less when they have no monopoly of the drink trade and we shall have to make it all up in taxes. In Toronto they count every license worth \$24,000, and it sells for a lot here even if some of us sit in this room and give nothing for it."

So you think two mills will meet it all," I said. Now tell me how much it costs you to keep this place up." "Costs?" he asked. "Why it does not cost me anything. These men in there will have the drink even though they starve wife and children to pay for it and all we have to do is to sit here in comfort and let them settle the bill."

Feeling for these poor burden bearers I asked him how much the men that drank in their town paid for their liquor. He thought for a moment and said "Anywhere from \$40,000 to \$60,000 for all the hotels in town." I asked him what effect it would have on business if all this money went to the butcher, the baker, the draper and so forth. What if a considerable part of it went to building comfortable houses and increasing the happiness of the people as well as raising the town's assessment? He looked for a moment as if half dazed, then flashing on me a glance of pity, he said: "I tell you it can't be done. You may stuff the people with dreams and fancies as you will, but mind you our motto is, 'A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.'"

At this as in a vision the lordly man vanished and I was not in the hotel parlor at all but in my own study from which I urge you all in my own town of Durham to look at the subject in its length and breadth and then ask yourself if there are not some things at this Christmastide that you prize more than a paltry two mills.

### Death of Archibald McLean

We are again called upon to chronicle the death of an old and respected pioneer of the township of Bentinck in the person of Mr. Archibald McLean who died on Monday morning last at the age of 77 years 6 months and 22 days. Born in Ross Mull, Argyleshire Scotland, in 1830 he came to Canada with his parents in 1852. After living for a few months in the township of King, the family moved to Bentinck and settled on Lot 31, Concession 8.

About the year 1860 the deceased was married to Catharine McKinnon who died in the course of four or five years leaving two sons Duncan and Donald who still reside in the vicinity of Aberdeen. He subsequently married Flora McLean who survives. The children by the second marriage are Hugh who died in Winnipeg a couple of years ago and Archie who is on the homestead just west of Rocky Saugeen where the deceased gentleman has been living for the past forty years or thereabouts.

Mr. McLean like most of the early settlers had to plod his way along. He hewed out for himself a home in the wilderness and by industry and thrift became comfortable in the possession of a fair share of this world's goods. In religion he was a devoted member of the Baptist church, and a Liberal in politics. He was highly esteemed by those who knew him, but his retiring disposition kept him from seeking any public positions. Internment takes place to-day, Thursday to the Rocky Saugeen Cemetery. We extend our sympathy to the sorrowing relatives.

### PUBLIC LIBRARY CONCERT.

The first of a series of concerts in connection with the Public Library was held in the hall on Friday night last. As intimated previously, the program was to be all home talent, which was predicted would be quite equal to some outside productions that are seen and heard from time to time. No boastful promises were made, and from the general appearance of things it would be safe to infer that the audience was pleased.

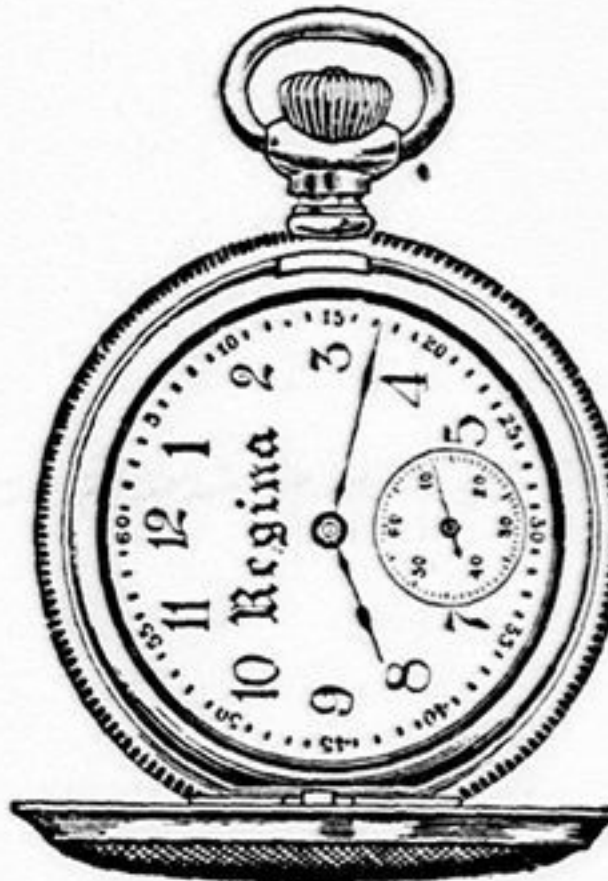
The program consisted of an instrumental on the organ by Mrs. (Rev.) Newton, who always does her part well. Then there was a song by Miss Jean Brown, which showed improvement in her abilities as a vocalist, though her singing has long been much appreciated by Durham audiences. Little Gertie McComb in her splendid rendering of "I'm O'er Young to Marry Yet" was a surprise to the audience. She possesses a strong clear voice, and will make her mark some day as a vocalist. Barrister Telford sang a spirited song, which brought forth a forced encore to which he responded with that patriotic production "The Veteran Song." Mrs. Stonehouse in costume gave an excellent rendering of "An Indian Wife's Lament," and in doing so gave evidence of more than ordinary ability as an elocutionist. The "Boys" Rolph, Armstrong, McIntyre, with two Mandolins and a Banjo gave a pleasing musical selection, and were fairly forced back by an appreciative audience to do it some more. A well rendered song by Miss Mamie Munro was given with good taste and was also much enjoyed. Short but extremely appropriate addresses were given by Rev. W. Farquharson and Inspector N. W. Campbell. Both gentlemen attached much importance to the proper equipment of the Library and appealed to the public for generous support, as did also Mayor Calder, who occupied the position of chairman.

WE desire to extend to our Patrons, Hearty "Season's Greetings" And Best Wishes for their prosperity during the coming Year.

James R. Gun & Co.,  
Druggists.

## DON'T FORGET THAT XMAS PRESENT

Remember, both HE and SHE expect something pretty nice this Xmas and Webster's High-Class Display will certainly meet with their approval. Our display of Watches, Chains, Lockets, Bracelets and Rings could not possibly be better. The latter, we challenge any Jeweller this side of Toronto to compete with.



### Silverware!

Webster's has been known all over the country for High-Class Silverware and we are proud to say our Xmas stock is better than ever before. We consider it a favor rather than a trouble to show these goods, so bring along your friends anytime.

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### We Wish you one and all Compliments of the Season

Our store has been making extensive preparations and the Goods which have been carefully selected early in this season so as to get the best choice, are now in stock and ready for your inspection.

### Ladies' Ready-to-wear Silk waists

Those who have bought waists from us during the past season and those who saw our exhibit at the fall fair in September have some idea of the character of the waists we sell. Our stock of these goods for Xmas Eclipses All Previous Showings. Taffeta Silk, in Black, White, Cream and colors handsomely trimmed and perfectly made. Priced at \$4.00 and up.

### New Leather Goods

Belts, Chatelaine, Bags, Squaw Bags, Vanity Bags of the Finest selected Leathers, Walrus, Seal, Morocco and Calf made by the celebrated Toronto firm of Julian Sale Co. This is a new department for us and the prices are extensively low. Belts 25c and up. Bags 50c and up.

### Large Importation of Fancy Handkerchiefs

More Handkerchiefs than ever this year. Linen, Lawn, Lace Trimmed and Embroidered, mourning Handkerchiefs, Children's in fancy boxes, besides many beautiful novelties in boxes for Ladies and Gentlemen.

500 Fine Fancy Lace Trimmed and Embroidered Handkerchiefs for 5c each. Fancy Boxes containing Three Children's Handkerchiefs only 15c per box.

### Wait till you see our Ladies' Fancy Collars

We never attempted to show so large an assortment—all New designs and materials, so rich and beautiful and such a variety that it would take a page to describe them. They're in, however, and you may see them for the asking. Prices 25c to \$2.00.

You want to see

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