

THE DURHAM CHRONICLE

IRWIN Editor and Proprietor.

DURHAM, MAY 14, 1914.

THE C. N. R. AND ITS DEALS

The only concessions that any Government has obtained from the Canadian Northern are those contained in the terms made by the Borden administration.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier gave lands and cash to Mackenzie & Mann and never so much as stipulated that the money should be spent in the building of the railroad. And there is a strong suspicion that the money was not spent on the railroad.

For 12 years these railroads went hat in hand to the Laurier Government and never were they turned empty away.

Millions of acres of public land and millions of dollars in coin of the realm were passed over to the C. N. R.

To-day the railway is in a financial position where either it must have more money from the public trough or "go broke."

If the Canadian Northern were permitted to go into bankruptcy the effect would be felt seriously from Victoria to Glace Bay.

Industry and commerce would experience a staggering blow. The national reputation would suffer a reverse greater than is the prestige gained in the last decade.

Therefore, it was incumbent upon the Government that they refuse to let the Canadian Northern sink.

Mackenzie & Mann have spent weeks and months in an endeavor to force the hand of the Government, and have failed. Notwithstanding that it was patent to all that in the end the railway magnates held the whip hand, and could force assistance, the Government has succeeded in wringing from them terms that give a finality to all assistance from the public purse.

If the railway fails from this time forward to "make good" it passes into the control of the people.

Forty millions of dollars of common stock in the railway becomes the immediate property of the country. Fifteen per cent, more if the terms are not adhered to.

The right to name a director upon the Canadian Northern Railway Board, who will have direct knowledge of the operating of the system, is gained.

In return for which the Government gives, not cash, not lands, but its credit only.

These railway manipulators built up a huge railway system upon their nerve and Sir Wilfrid's guilelessness and the country received nothing in return.

Odd, is it not, to hear that Sir Wilfrid is to-day criticizing the Government upon its terms.—From The London Free Press.

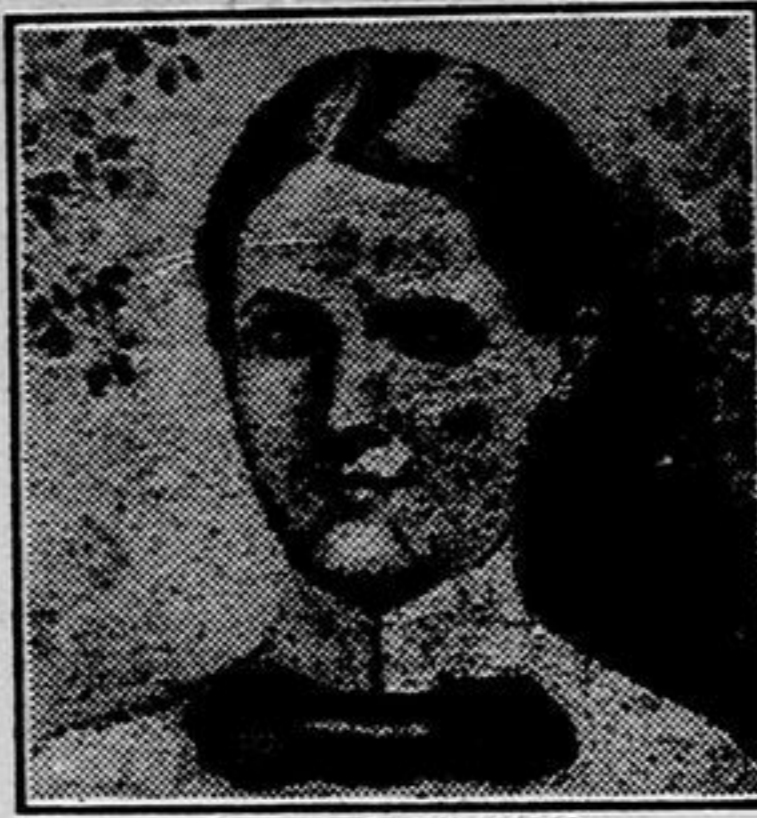
THE OLD, OLD STORY

J. G. Armstrong's two-storey brick drug store at Lucknow was destroyed by fire on Sunday night of last week and the loss is estimated at \$12,000. His wife and three children had barely time to escape from the building in their night clothes. Mr. Armstrong had gone down stairs to start the furnace, and when he struck a match it broke, and the burning end flew into some excelsior, which in turn ignited some barrels of turpentine and oil. While the local fire brigade kept the flames from spreading, the drug store was completely consumed.

In this fire is a lesson which should, but more probably will not, be learned by business men and others who use their cellars as unpacking or storage rooms. Excelsior, old boxes, and the like, are dangerous things to have around a furnace, or, in fact, in any part of the cellar—but what's the use? Everybody knows this, and all will agree with us, but, we'll venture to say, nine out of every ten business premises in the province would not stand even a half rigid fire inspection, and the newspapers will still have to close a great number of their accounts of conflagrations with the same old hoax, "cause unknown." This may be a truthful statement, so far as a positive assertion can be made, but when a fire starts in the basement of a store or business block, and especially in the vicinity of the furnace, there's generally a reason. A well-kept cellar, as a general rule, will breed no fires. It's the ones that are filled up with boxes, refuse and other inflammable material that do the damage in the majority of cases.

I OWE MY LIFE TO "FRUIT-A-TIVES"

They Did Me More Good Than All Other Treatments Combined



Mrs. H. S. WILLIAMS

PALMERSTON, ONT., June 20th, 1913
"I really believe that I owe my life to 'Fruit-a-tives'. Ever since childhood, I have been under the care of physicians and have been paying doctors' bills. I was so sick and worn out that people on the street often asked me if I thought I could get along without help. The same old stomach trouble and distressing headaches nearly drove me wild. Some time ago I got a box of 'Fruit-a-tives' and the first box did me good. My husband was delighted and advised a continuation of their use. 'Fruit-a-tives' completely cured me. Today, I am feeling fine, and a physician meeting me on the street, noticed my improved appearance and asked me the reason. I replied, 'I am taking 'Fruit-a-tives'. He said, 'Well, if 'Fruit-a-tives' are making you look so well, go ahead and take them. They are doing more for you than I can'." Mrs. H. S. WILLIAMS.
"Fruit-a-tives" are sold by all dealers at 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

HOUSEHOLD HELPS.

Very frequently when separating the whites from the yolks of eggs the yolk becomes broken and falls into the white. Dip a cloth in warm water, wring it dry and touch the yolk with a corner of it. The yolk will adhere to the cloth and may easily be removed.

Weight the hems of the table covers used on tables on the porch. Then the wind will not play havoc with them. The same plan of weights should be followed out with outdoor vases; put sand or pebbles in the bottom and they will withstand many a breeze.

A mattress should be turned every day, but unless the turning is done carefully it will gradually work the stuffing out of place. To prevent this sew handles of ticking or webbing to the sides, and you will be able to turn the mattress without straining the ticking.

Lemons may be kept a long time, even months, under glass. If you are not going to use them immediately, lay them on a flat surface and invert a goblet over each one. After six months' imprisonment in this way, they will be found to be as fresh as ever.

A little flour well rubbed into the bristles of hair brushes is an excellent cleansing medium. The brush afterwards being well rubbed and shaken over a piece of clean white paper placed over the edge of a table or rail.

To remove a stain caused by the fading of red crepe paper, wet the spot in cold water and rub between the fingers, but if this does not affect it, try alcohol; then, if this, too, fails, try a weak solution of hydrochloric acid.

Austria will send a small cruiser to American waters.

The Russian Government will send three vessels to search for Lieut. Sedoff, who, two years ago, set off to find the North Pole.

The director of Florence Observatory states that the Sicily earthquake was on the surface, the result of a volcanic movement in Mount Etna.

MARKET REPORT

DURHAM, MAY 13, 1914

Fall Wheat	\$ 98 to \$100
Spring Wheat	98 to 100
Milling Oats	40 to 40
Feed Oats	38 to 40
Peas	85 to 100
Barley	55 to 58
Butter	14 00 to 15 00
Eggs	19 to 19
Potatoes, per bag	1 15 to 1 15
Dried Apples	5 to 5
Flour, per cwt.	2 50 to 3 00
Oatmeal, per sack	2 50 to 2 50
Chop, per cwt	1 15 to 1 75
Live Hogs, per cwt.	8 00 to 8 00
Hides, per lb.	9 to 10
Sheepskins	60 to 90
Wool
Tallow	5 to 5
Lard	15 to 17

LIVE POULTRY MARKET

Turkeys	13 to 13
Geese	9 to 9
Ducks	8 to 8
Chickens	8 to 8
Roosters	4 to 4
Hens	5 to 5

DRESSED FOWL

Turkeys	16 to 16
Geese	12 to 12
Ducks	12 to 12
Chickens	10 to 10
Roosters	7 to 7
Hens	8 to 8

A Clever Device

A Story Showing How a Fortune Hung in the Balance

By ESTHER VANDEVEER

"John," said Mary MacKnight to her husband when he came home from business, "what do you suppose?"

"What do I suppose? Why, I suppose I'm to have a good dinner. I'm certainly hungry."

"Aunt Cynthia is coming to live with us. You know she was at our house till father died. Then she went to live with Ellen Stone."

"What's the matter with Ellen Stone?"

"Aunt Cynthia thinks she doesn't care for her except for what she can get out of her. Miss Stone is very extravagant—runs up bills and has them sent to Aunt Cynthia. You know Aunt Cynthia is very well off."

"I didn't tell you told me. How do you know which is at fault, your aunt or her niece?"

"I don't. I have never seen Ellen Stone."

"What are you going to do about taking your aunt in?"

"That depends upon you."

"No, it doesn't; decide it for your self."

Mrs. MacKnight was one of those women with whom any one could get on. She was kind hearted and would like very much to give her aunt a home. Mrs. Cynthia Withers, a widow, would pay a good round sum for her board, and that would be a benefit to Mrs. MacKnight, who, on her husband's salary, found it difficult to make ends meet. John MacKnight would rather have had Old Nick come to reside in his house, but he knew that peculiarly it would relieve the strain on his wife, and he consented for her sake.

Mrs. Withers came and seemed much relieved to get out of Miss Stone's clutches. The old lady was a good deal broken down, and Mary MacKnight devoted herself to building her up. In this she succeeded, so far as any one could succeed, having a soothing effect upon her and taking great pains to minister to her comfort. The aunt had been much attached to Mary while the latter was a child, and it seemed now that she could not get on with any one else.

Mrs. Withers had a son who was of a roving disposition. He was not fitted to take care of his mother nor would she have been able to live with him, owing to her nervous condition. A year after she came to the MacKnights, she received news that her son had died abroad. After his death she said to Mary:

"I'm going to make a new will. While I was living with Ellen Stone I think she must have hypnotized me, for one day when I was ill she asked me to sign a paper, and I did as she bid me. She had provided two witnesses, and this makes me think that the paper I signed was a will. If so I have no doubt that it cut off my own son, to whom I had left all my property except a legacy to you. When I got better I asked Ellen to let me see the paper I had signed, and she said that, since my recovery, it was of no consequence; fearing that I was going to die, she had simply had me sign instructions with regard to my funeral and giving her authority to draw the necessary funds. When I insisted on seeing what I had signed she said she had burned it."

The new will executed by Mrs. Withers left Mary MacKnight all her property. The aunt showed the document to her heir and told her that in case of her death she would find it in an antique writing desk in her room in which she kept all her papers.

Not long after the execution of this will Mrs. Withers was advised by her physician to go to a sanitarium, where she would escape the noises of a city and have such trained attendance as she required. She did not wish to go, nor did her niece wish her to go. Though she was a great care, Mary had become accustomed to minister to her wants, and since she was Mary's only living near blood relative Mary had grown every year more attached to her. Mary went with her to the sanitarium and regretfully left her there.

It was hoped that the invalid would after a rest be so restored as to warrant her return, but she gradually became more dependent on doctors and nurses and remained in the sanitarium as long as she lived.

One day in February John MacKnight put his wife on a steamer and sent her to the Bermuda islands. The winter had been long, and Mary had not stood up under it very well. While she was away John slept at home, taking his meals outside.

It happened that the day Mary returned, her husband was unable to meet her at the dock, being detained at his place of business by a matter of importance. Mary arrived at home about 5 o'clock in the afternoon, and, having a duplicate key with her, let herself into the house. Going at once upstairs she was about to enter her room when she heard something that sounded like the rustle of skirts in another chamber formerly occupied by her aunt and which had been kept just as the old lady had left it in expectation that she would return to it. Mary entered the room and there, endeavoring to conceal herself behind the window curtains, was a woman. Seeing that she was discovered the intruder came forth and stood the picture of misery.

"What are you doing in my house?" asked Mrs. MacKnight, with severity.

"Let me go; please let me go! I have stolen nothing!"

The woman was about thirty years old, comely and handsomely dressed.

"What are you doing here, I say?" repeated Mary. "You are not a thief; you are a lady."

There were quick flashings in the eyes of the stranger indicating that she was looking for some method of extricating herself. Finally rising from her cowering attitude she said defiantly:

"I will not attempt to deceive you. I am no thief. I did not come here to steal. I came to meet the man I love, who is mine by right, yours by law."

"My husband! You come here to—Oh, heavens!"

"I know not who you are, but I do know that I am the only woman he loves."

Striding past Mrs. MacKnight defiantly, she left the room and hurried down the staircase. Mary, on the verge of collapse, fell on the bed. She heard the front door open, then the voice of her husband.

"I beg your pardon, madam; but I should like to know what you have been doing in my house."

"Let me go," came the voice of the woman who had just gone down stairs.

"Not until I have received a satisfactory explanation as to the cause of your presence here."

Mary sprang from the bed. The woman must be a thief after all and had made her believe that she had come to meet John in order to get away with the valuables she had taken and escape arrest. The thought was mingled by a delightful feeling of relief that her husband was innocent. Rushing to the landing, she cried:

"Don't let her go, John; she's a thief!"

John closed the front door, shutting the intruder in. Mary ran down and confronted the woman with her husband. Both were too intent on the matter of preventing the thief from getting away with whatever she had stolen to think of saluting each other after their long separation.

"Turn over the plunder," said John.

"You may as well give it up to me as to the police."

"I have no plunder," said the woman drawing quick breaths in her excitement.

"Very well, you have been caught in my house, and that is trespass. Mary, go to the phone and call for the police."

"Hold!" said the woman.

"Well?"

She darted her eyes about her. One thing alone might have saved her—a fire, but there was no fire in the house except in the furnace in the basement. In her desperation the woman took from under her outer coat a paper and tried to tear it, but it was folded, and she was not successful. John snatched it from her and, looking at an indorsement on the outside, read, "Last Will and Testament of Cynthia Withers."

"Who are you and what do you want with this?" asked John.

The woman made no reply for a few minutes; then she said:

"Since I have not succeeded there is no harm done and you can well afford to let me go away quietly. I am Ellen Stone."

"Ellen Stone!" gasped Mary.

"Go on," said John.

"Mrs. Withers died this morning in the sanitarium. If I could have got out with that paper I would have inherited all her property, for I have a will dated long before that one, drawn in my favor."

"But how did you know where this will was kept?" asked Mary.

"When Mrs. Withers lived with me she kept all her papers in her antique desk. I knew she must have made a second will, and there was a chance that it was in the desk. Learning that there was no one in the house during the day, I came here and, bringing a tool to raise a sash, got in. I found the desk and the will, as I hoped, and had you, Mrs. MacKnight, been a minute later I would have made good my escape. I made pretense of having come here to meet your husband, hoping that it would prevent your detaining me for a thief. Had you, Mr. MacKnight, been a minute later I would have succeeded in passing the second danger."

She paused a few moments, then continued:

"You have nothing to gain by prosecuting me for this attempt to get possession of Mrs. Withers' will, and I see no reason why you should not suffer me to depart."

"I can forgive you," said Mary, "for endeavoring to deprive me of a fortune even by a criminal ruse, but it is not so easy to forgive you for pretending that you had won him from me. Suppose, as you have said, he had not arrived till you had gone. You would not only have stolen the fortune my aunt intended for me, but it is quite possible that you might have made an irreparable breach between him and me. No; I cannot permit you to go free."

The woman cowered at this. She had committed an offense that if pressed would send her to prison for many years. John MacKnight interposed:

"Mary," he said, "you must remember that where one is cornered and must decide quickly the consequences of an act are not carefully considered. I recommend mercy."

The wife, who had so nearly been separated from her husband as well as losing a fortune, considered a moment, then said:

"Do as you like, John."

MacKnight opened the door and said to the woman one word—

"Go!"

IMPORTANT NOTICE

The season for Seeding is near. Every Farmer has to buy seed more or less. It will pay you to buy the best. We have it.

Rennie's No. 1 Clover Seeds

Rennie's No. 1 Timothy Seeds

Five Roses Flour

Pine Tree Flour

Milverton Jewel

McGowan's Eclipse

Chesley Good Luck

Ontario Bran

Western Bran

Shorts, Feed Flour

Corn Chop

Bring us your Butter and Eggs. We want them.

Mrs. A. Beggs & Son

DURHAM MILLS

DIAMOND

IS THE FLOUR that made London famous and we have added this noted Braud to our stock.

TRY A BAG--IT WILL PLEASE YOU

We are HEAD QUARTERS for all kinds of heavy feed. We have in stock

CORN, WHEAT, BARLEY AND RYE

at close prices. We are in the market for all kinds of grain at highest market prices, and we want Oats particularly, and will pay

40c. FOR GOOD FEEDING OATS

Baled Hay and Straw kept in stock. Custom chopping and oat crushing.

PHONE 58

FRED J. WELSH

SCREENS

Made to Order

Guaranteed Fly Proof

Black, Galvanized or Guaranteed Rustless Bronze Wire

DRY HARDWOOD FIRE WOOD

Cash Price 12 inch lengths \$2.00 per load

Cash Price 16 inch lengths \$2.50 per load

Agents for

MILTON PRESSED BRICK

C. J. FURBER & CO.

PHONE 58

QUEEN STREET - DURHAM

If you are going to have a Sale, let The Chronicle print your bills. This office is fully equipped for executing this work.