

THE DURHAM CHRONICLE

H. IRWIN Editor and Proprietor.

DURHAM, MAY 28, 1914

THE FIRE CRACKER NUISANCE

We have heard a number of complaints from outsiders about the use, or rather abuse, of fire-crackers, and other noisy explosives on Saturday night last. We are not going to use what we heard as any excuse for what we have to say, and if nobody had said a word, our opinion would be unchanged.

We don't want to deny the boys what pleasure they can take from the fireworks, but we think it a bad policy for the town council to permit of any conduct that will injure in any way the trade the business people need and are begging for. There were a couple of small runaways, and under the circumstances we are very fortunate, inasmuch, as we have no accidents to record. If serious accident or death had resulted from the conduct that was permitted, aided and abetted by the council, we have no doubt the burden of cost under such circumstances would have fallen on the town.

Three members of the present council were engaged in the sale of explosives, and to us, this alone is sufficient evidence that the council gave countenance to the racket.

As we said at the start, we don't want to deny the boys their amusement, but we think it only fair and right that no conduct should be permitted that would give our regular customers an excuse to stay away, and may ultimately cause them to do so. Monday was a holiday, and we haven't a word to say against any outbursts of loyalty and enthusiasm during the day and evening.

We are told there is already a town by-law prohibiting the use of fire-crackers or explosives on certain streets, but that by-law, like many other town by-laws, may be on the by-law books only and ignored by all who wish to do so.

In any event, the use of fireworks should be carefully regulated, to avoid possible destruction of property. Wallaceburg had its celebration, and because a sky-rocket happened to light in a flax stack, there was a loss of \$10,000. Any town might happen to meet with an accident, and that Durham has escaped so far is more by good luck than good management. It isn't through any strenuous effort on the part of the council or the town officers. But why waste time? Things will go on just the same till somebody suffers loss.

FLESHERTON.

The Baptist congregation are having their church reshingled and the interior decorated. Mr. Geo. Mitchell is improving his residence with a handsome new verandah, and Jos. Clinton has also had a new verandah erected.

Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Irwin have moved to Mrs. VanDusen's residence, and Mr. Irwin has opened an ice cream parlor and confectionery store in W. L. Wright's old stand.

Mr. W. Wilcock has leased his residence, recently purchased from Mr. Alex. Stewart, to Mr. W. Henry, who is moving his family from near Lucknow.

Mrs. W. Matheson of Belleville, favored the Presbyterian and Methodist congregations with well rendered solos on Sunday.

Mrs. T. W. Wilson has been suffering for a week with blood-poisoning in her hand, penetrated by a rusty nail.

The Presbyterian Guild had a very interesting meeting last week. Rev. Mr. Phalen of Markdale, who was secured for the evening, gave a deeply interesting lecture entitled "Gritty and Tory," and Miss Hulse of town, assisted on the program with a beautifully rendered violin solo.

Mr. Thos. Wardrobe of Toronto spent the past week with old friends here.

Mr. E. E. Bellamy of Saskatoon, Sask., paid a short visit at his old home last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Jaques, with other friends, motored from their home at Berlin and spent a short time in town on Saturday. Mr. Jaques, who is a son of the late Rev. Geo. Jaques, spent his boyhood days here.

Mrs. Harry Down of Hatherton is spending a few days with Mrs. Karstedt and other old friends.

Mr. H. S. White went to Port Hope on Friday, to spend the holiday with his parents.

Mrs. Mark Stewart and Mrs. Archie Stewart, visited their sister at Harriston over the weekend.

Mrs. Fred Hickling has been in the city for a few days visiting her mother, who is ill.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Munshaw and Miss Long, motored to Honeywood

LIFE THREATENED BY KIDNEY DISEASE

His Health In A Terrible State Until He Took "Fruit-a-tives"



B. A. KELLY, Esq.

HAGERSVILLE, ONT., Aug. 25th, 1913.

"About two years ago, I found my health in a very bad state. My kidneys were not doing their work, and I was all run down in condition. I felt the need of some good remedy, and having seen 'Fruit-a-tives' advertised, I decided to try them. Their effect I found more than satisfactory. Their action was mild and the result all that could be expected. My kidneys resumed their normal action after I had taken upwards of a dozen boxes and I regained my old-time vitality. Today, I am as well as ever, the best health I have ever had."

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and paid a short visit at the latter's home on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Boyd of Markdale were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell on Monday.

Rev. Mr. Dudgeon and Mr. W. H. Bunt will attend district meeting in Dundalk this week.

Mrs. R. H. Moore and Mrs. W. A. Armstrong are in Toronto this week, delegates to the Women's Missionary convention.

Among visitors here over Victoria Day were: Mrs. (Dr.) Webster and two children of Toronto at Mr. M. K. Richardson's; Mr. and Mrs. J. Edwards of Toronto, at Mrs. T. W. Wilson's; Mr. Joab Turner of Paisley visited his sister, Mrs. J. M. Duncan; Mr. Wm. Buskin of Guelph, visited his brothers; Miss Annie Howard of Toronto, visited her mother and brother; Miss Ethel Fisher was home from Mt. Forest; Mr. Wilfrid Henry was home from Orangeville; and Mr. Harold Karstedt from Shelburne; Mr. Harmon Hales and Gordon McKinnon were home from Toronto; Miss Addie Wright was home from her school at Beaverdale, and Miss Elva Lever from Duncan school; Mr. Alfred Whitten visited his uncle, Mr. A. Harrison; Miss Gertrude Bellamy was home from Markdale; Mr. and Mrs. Ben. Brooks of Toronto, visited the latter's aunt Mrs. Robt. Best.

REMARKABLE PERFORMANCE

BY ONE TIME CRIPPLE.

James Bailey of Iford, Essex, was almost crippled with Rheumatism for three years but the other day he succeeded in running a mile in just under six minutes. He attributes his present good health to Kephaldol. This prescription was discovered by Dr. Stohr, of Vienna and used by him with great success for ailments affecting the nerves. One great advantage about Kephaldol is the fact that it is absolutely harmless, having no bad effects even though the heart be weak. For the relief and cure of rheumatic pains it has no equal. If you find difficulty in obtaining this prescription, write direct to the manufacturers enclosing 50c. for a large tube. Kephaldol Limited, 31 Latour St., Montreal.

MARKET REPORT

DURHAM, MAY 27, 1914

Fall Wheat	98 to \$1 00
Spring Wheat	98 to 1 00
Milling Oats	40 to 40
Feed Oats	38 to 40
Peas	85 to 1 00
Barley	55 to 58
Hay	14 00 to 15 00
Butter	18 to 18
Eggs	19 to 19
Potatoes, per bag	1 25 to 1 25
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 15
Live Hogs, per cwt.	7 90 to 7 90
Hides, per lb.	9 to 10
Sheepskins	60 to 90
Wool	9 to 10
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

The Baby Did It

A Story of President Lincoln

By F. A. MITCHEL

"What's that?"

President Lincoln was sitting in his room at the White House dispatching the enormous business involved in the great struggle that he was directing, while his anteroom was crowded with those waiting their turn for—all they could expect—a few words with him. The door between him and these persons stood ajar, through which came the cry of a baby. The president ceased from his labors and listened. The cry was repeated. The work of administering a government with 1,000,000 soldiers in the field, struggling for its existence, was brought to a standstill by the cry of an infant.

Mr. Lincoln called an attendant, charged with the introduction of visitors, and asked him what it meant.

"A woman is waiting without who has been here two or three different days. She comes from a long distance and has to bring her child be-



"YOU SHALL HAVE YOUR HUSBAND," HE SAID

cause she knows no one in Washington and has no place where she can leave it."

"Bring her in," the president directed.

A young woman poorly dressed carrying a child in her arms was ushered into the presence of the head of the nation—not the "august presence" by which we are accustomed to describe those who wield governmental power, but the presence of a long, thin man of large bone and a melancholy eye. Mr. Lincoln directed the messenger to hand the mother a seat beside him and asked: "What can I do for you, my good woman?" The visitor told her story, not in the words it is given here, for she would not have been able to give it as elaborately, and the government clock could not have been stopped long enough for her thus to tell it, but her words, spoken in a tremulous voice, interrupted occasionally by the fretting of her child, were doubtless far more effective than the following version:

In the spring of 1861, when the war drum was calling from the Atlantic to the Pacific for volunteers to fight for the Union cause, a regiment was drawn up in the state of Pennsylvania in column formation ready to march to the railway station to entrain for Washington. Just before the order "Forward!" was given a girl of twenty, carrying a small bundle, came running up to one of the companies looking eagerly for some one. Private Jack Williams waved his hand to her, and approaching him, she handed him the bundle containing the last bit of food she could hope to prepare for him in many a month to come. There was but time for an embrace when the word "March!" rang out, the band struck up an inspiring air, and the regiment moved away.

"Is that your sweetheart?" asked Williams' file closer of him as they marched to the tune of "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

"Sweetheart and wife," was the laconic reply.

Jack Williams, though he had been married but a few months, heard the call of President Lincoln for the 75,000 volunteers that constituted the first detachment of the great army for the Union and enlisted at the nearest recruiting station. One night in Virginia he was on picket duty, standing peering into the darkness for an enemy. Suddenly he felt his arms grasped from behind and a hand clapped over his mouth. His musket fell over in the long grass without sound. He was pushed forward until the picket line of which he had formed a part was left behind. Then a gruff voice said:

"Move on, Yank, if you don't want any lead in your noddle."

A very neat job of picket capture had been achieved by a single Confederate soldier.

The next morning, when the pickets were relieved, the officer of the retiring picket post where the capture had been made asked:

"Where's Williams?"

There was no reply to the question. "Where's Williams?" the officer repeated, and still receiving no answer, asked where he had been posted.

"Third man to the east of the pike," replied the sergeant, "between Rice and Kimball."

"Did either of you men hear anything of Williams during the night?" asked the officer of the men mentioned.

Both men replied that they had not. "How far apart were the men posted?" asked the officer of the sergeant.

"On the west side of the pike I put them a hundred feet apart; on the east side I fell short of men and made it about two hundred. The ground was bad for a picket line; scrubby trees and bushes scattered irregularly."

"Gone over to the enemy," said the officer.

The name of Private John Williams was entered on the regimental rolls of his regiment as a deserter.

Meanwhile Williams was huddled in with other prisoners of war in the rear of the Confederate lines, awaiting transportation to Libby prison at Richmond. He spent some months there, when, the prison becoming crowded, a detachment of prisoners was sent to a stockade prison situated in South Carolina. Williams, with others in the same car with him—a freight car—laid a plan to escape. One of them had concealed a case-knife on his person and during the long hours of prison life had occupied his mind inventing ways to make a saw of it by nicking the edge. He had made poor headway until a fellow prisoner lent him a file. After that the matter was easy.

Williams and his friends in the freight car by means of the improvised tool managed to saw through a board in the floor of the car. When the train stopped during the night they removed the board and let themselves down through the aperture. Of three men who made the attempt two succeeded in getting away; the third was shot by the guard. Williams was one of the men who got away, but he and the other ran in different directions and did not come together again.

An account of the wanderings of Private Williams would be much the same as other escaped prisoners of war from '61 to '65. He traveled at night and was hidden by the negroes during the day. His compass was the north star. He suffered terribly from exposure and lived on berries, green corn and such other vegetable food as he could find except when some kind negro gave him a little corn pone.

Williams in order to escape detection took often to swamp lands. There he contracted fever, and when finally he dragged himself into the Union lines he was placed in a hospital.

It was about this time that the United States government was beginning to pay bounties to those who would enlist. This afforded an opportunity for criminals to secure the bounty and desert. Enough of this was done to attract the attention of the generals, and they sought to put a stop to it by trying the bounty jumpers for desertion and shooting them in presence of their comrades.

It was reported to the colonel of John Williams' regiment that a soldier was in hospital who had given that name on being received there. He became delirious, but was now better. The colonel directed the surgeon in charge of the hospital to send Williams to him under guard as soon as he was discharged.

What has been told here having been briefly stated to the president, the woman handed him a soiled letter to read. It had been dictated by her husband, who was lying ill at the time, to one of those self sacrificing women—both of the north and the south—who gave so much comfort to the sick and wounded of the war. It recounted his capture, his escape, his wandering and privations, ending with a pitiful request for her to come to him.

"I was helped to go to him by friends," she added, "and when I found him he told me that as soon as he was well enough he would be shot for desertion."

The poor woman had been told what was true. Her husband could at that time get no proof of the story he had to tell. His witnesses were all cut off from him by a bristling line of bayonets. And even if he could have been free to go to them he would not have been able to find the only witness who could clear him, the man who had captured him. His wife had appealed to his colonel for mercy, but he had set his teeth, resolved to stop desertion if he had to shoot every man in the army.

Such was the situation that was brought before Mr. Lincoln by the cry of a babe. And it would have been even more pathetic had the kind hearted president known when he heard it that the cry was an unconscious pleading for its father's life. Mr. Lincoln had no proof that the woman's story was true; he required no proof. He saw a woman pleading for her husband's life with his child in her arms, and he had no desire, no time, to investigate.

"You shall have your husband," he said, "and he shall have his pay, with leave of absence and transportation to his home."

The end of the scene was told in these words by the messenger who had introduced the woman to the president and was present during this interview of life and death:

"As he turned to his desk to write the order the poor woman absolutely lost consciousness of her surroundings in her joy and gratitude. She stood by the president's side, holding the baby on one arm, while with her disengaged one she gently stroked the president's ruffled hair, saying, 'God bless you; God bless you.'"

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