

THE DURHAM CHRONICLE

H. IRWIN Editor and Proprietor.

DURHAM, JULY 30, 1914.

THE BATTLE OF LUNDY'S LAKE

Historic Lundy's Lake, the famous battlefield of the opposing forces of Great Britain-Canada and the United States, 100 years ago last Sunday, was alive Saturday afternoon with swarming humanity from both countries. A conservative estimate places the number present at 10,000, and unlike their forefathers, who were in deadly conflict for supremacy, on Saturday they met in friendly amity and spoke and sang in fraternal sentiment under the flags of both nations draped in happy unison to the heroic deeds of each nation's brave heroes of a hundred years ago.

The same trees that stood a hundred years ago in Lundy's Lake in the midst of the roar of the cannon, now spreading their immense branches in a canopy of green across the roadway, were literally covered with the national emblems of both countries.

The celebration was under the auspices of the Lundy's Lake Historical Society, and the Niagara Frontier Historical Society of New York, participated. Six young ladies of Niagara Falls, N.Y., and the same number of young ladies from Niagara Falls, Ont., decorated the graves of the fallen heroes of both countries with flowers while the assembled bands played "Abide With Me."

Detachments from the Toronto regiments, the R.C.R., the Seventh Field Battery, Nineteenth Regiment, with bands of the Forty-fourth Regiment, the Forty-Eighth Highlanders and the Thirty-Seventh Regiment were joined by a company of United States troops from Fort Niagara, with collegiate cadets and boy scouts and representatives of the Six Nation Indians. All formed in line and marched up Lundy's Lake into the cemetery, playing the martial airs of both countries and followed by the guests in carriages from both countries. The speaker's stand was neatly and internationally decorated with bunting and flags of both countries and banners bearing the names of the different regiments of both countries that took part in the battle.

Over the top of the platform hung the following streamer:

"Upon this hill we pause and listen to memories far, When from this sacred height boomed forth the roar of war."

Banners bearing the inscription: "Twenty-fifth United States Infantry," "Royal Artillery," "Second York Militia," "Eighty-Ninth Regiment," United States Dragoons," hung in loving embrace. Beneath the platform sat 100 school children attired in white, who sang the national anthems of both countries while waving miniature flags of both countries.

The chairman of the celebration, Mr. W.H. Arison, in a few well-chosen remarks, introduced the speakers. First, Rev. Mr. Robb offered prayer for continued peace. Mayor O. E. Dore welcomed the visitors of both countries to the celebration. The chairman then introduced Sir John Gibson, lieutenant-governor of Ontario, who gave an address on Canada and her relations with the United States and the mother country, praising the friendly relations of the two great English-speaking nations of the world who have lived together for 100 years in amity.

Dr. Alexander Fraser, provincial archivist of Ontario, gave an instructive address of what led up to the strife of 100 years ago, and what had happened since to make the lasting friendship of the two peoples. Following him was the Hon. Peter A. Porter, of Tonawanda, N.Y., who delivered an eloquent address on the friendship of the people of both countries in the immediate vicinity of the Niagara River.

Several others addressed the large gathering, and the day's celebration will go down in the history of both nations as a red letter day for continued peace.

An immense oil painting, 79 feet long and 20 feet high, depicting Canada's water powers and industrial possibilities, is being prepared as part of Canada's advertising material for the Panama-Pacific Exposition.

The Conservation Commission has instructed its chief engineer to make a power survey and profile of the St. Regis River, from its headquarters to its mouth at the St. Lawrence River, including such lakes, ponds and streams as are tributary to the St. Regis

HIS HEALTH IN A TERRIBLE STATE

"Fruit-a-lives" Healed His Kidneys and Cured Him

HAGERSVILLE, ONT., AUG. 26th 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-lives' 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 enjoying the best health I have ever had."

B. A. KELLY

"Fruit-a-lives" is the greatest Kidney Remedy in the world. It acts on the bowels and skin as well as on the kidneys, and thereby soothes and cures any Kidney soreness.

"Fruit-a-lives" is sold by all dealers at 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. or will be sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

CARE OF THE GLOVES.

"A stitch in time saves nine" may be well applied to the treatment of the summer glove. The small breaks should be repaired, especially before washing the gloves, as washing only makes them worse. The set of various cotton threads and darning is an excellent glove equipment.

Save the tops of the long cotton, silk or kid gloves. Cut them off at the wrist, and when a pair of long gloves are needed they may be easily made by sewing these tops to a pair of short gloves. This is quite an economy.

To wash cotton gloves that are quite soiled, put on the hands, or a glove frame, and gently scrub with a small brush—a toothbrush is good for the purpose. Rinse well and shake powder in the fingers when dry.

The silk glove should be washed most carefully. Put on the hands and wash in tepid water and white soap with a wringing motion of the hands. Rinse well. Always mend before washing them.

Putting a small piece of absorbent cotton in the finger tips of the frailer kind of silk gloves help their wearing qualities. When travelling, try putting a looser pair of colored gloves over the white gloves. These may be removed at the end of the trip and the white gloves will be immaculate.

Wm. Fraser of Owen Sound was in all probability drowned while canoeing.

NORMAL ENTRANCE EXAMS.

At the Normal Entrance examination, 13 wrote from Durham school. Of these, 11 were recommended, and 8 passed. The following were successful:

Wilfrid Barber, Alix Edge, Murray Findlay, Fred Laidlaw, John Ledingham, Mary McAlister, Madeline Murray, Kathleen Russell.

BAND PROGRAMME

Thursday Evening, July 30th, at 8 p.m.

The Band will play the following program this evening, commencing at eight o'clock:

1. March Vallonid Nicholson
 2. Overture Manoa Weisenborn
 3. Valse Thelma Jarrett
 4. Serenade Fond Hearts Rathbun
 5. Valse Peggy Waltzes Evans
 6. Two-step From Fort to Fort Harris
 7. Hymn Lead Kindly Light
- National Anthems:
Rule Britannia The Kin

MARKET REPORT

DURHAM JULY 22, 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	16 to 16
Eggs	18 to 18
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 75
Live Hogs, per cwt.	7 85 to 7 85
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

The Ghost Of Alvin

Its Identity Disclosed

By CLARISSA MACKIE

The two members comprising the law firm of Harley & Rogers glanced quickly at each other when their strange client repeated his question. "Do you believe in ghosts?" he asked insistently.

Bob Harley twisted his dark mustache and frowned. "To tell you the truth, sir," he admitted, "all the ghosts I ever met turned out not to be spirits at all."

"And you, sir?" said the old man, turning to Jack Rogers.

"I, too, am skeptical," he confessed pleasantly.

The old man was thoughtful, his thin white hand stroking his cleanly shaven cheek. Suddenly he lifted his snowy head and said with decision, "Perhaps it is best that you do not believe my story—that you do not believe in ghosts—for my experience appears absurd in the face of common sense."

"My carriage is below, and if you can accompany me to my house in Washington square I can better tell my story on the very scene where the ghost has walked. Can you spare the time now, gentlemen?"

A glance at their engagement books assured the young lawyers, who mingled a little detective work with their law practice, that they might spare a couple of hours on this bright May morning; so, leaving the office in charge of their one clerk, they donned their hats and followed old Donald Boyce to the elevator.

A handsome closed carriage stood before the door of the building, and a



"I RECOGNIZED HIM AT ONCE."

coachman and footman in plum colored livery came to attention as the three men crossed the pavement.

"Home, Jacob!" ordered Mr. Boyce as the footman slammed the door.

Ten minutes later they were standing in the elegantly furnished drawing room of an old-fashioned mansion.

"If you will come into my library," suggested their host as he led the way into an adjoining room, where the walls were lined with books to the very ceiling and where the furniture was of the same massive style as that in the drawing room. "Here," he said quietly, "is where the ghost of Alvin walks."

"The ghost of Alvin?" repeated Rogers amazedly.

"Who was Alvin, sir?" asked Harley practically.

"Alvin Boyce was my only brother, who lived with me here for fifteen happy years after our parents died. Then we quarreled because we both loved the same girl, and Alvin went away and left me alone." His head drooped despondently as he spoke.

"But may I ask if you married, Mr. Boyce?" inquired Harley gently.

"No. Our quarrel was in vain. The girl did not care for either of us and married another man. The bitter words that Alvin and I hurled at each other still ring in my ears. I said things to him that I am sure he never forgave, for he did not have time to cool down before the ship on which he sailed to Japan was lost with all hands. That was twenty-five years ago."

"I have lived here alone with my servants ever since then. My only pleasures have been in travel and in my books. I am rich, and I am lonely, and I have sometimes feared that Alvin's ghost is merely a figment of my own fancy, conjured up by my constant thoughts about him."

The young lawyers exchanged a quick glance of sympathy. Then Harley, the more practical member of the firm, asked their client for a detailed account of the mysterious appearance which he called "the ghost of Alvin."

"I first noticed it three months ago," began Mr. Boyce sadly. "I was sitting in this chair facing the portrait of my brother, and I was thinking about him,

regretting the estrangement that resulted in his death, telling myself how happy and contented we could be now, even old men, if we were together.

"I was thinking thus and gazing into the glowing masses of the coal fire which illumined the room in a dull red glow. I had extinguished the lamps, for I am fond of the firelight. As I sat there I heard the great clock in the hall slowly chime the hour of midnight."

"I closed my eyes wearily and opened them again to see the form of my brother Alvin standing in the corner yonder, there in the angle by the fireplace. I recognized him at once, although his hair was as white as my own. He was gazing at me with such remorse in his eyes that involuntarily I stretched out my hands to him, and he instantly vanished."

"What was your object in seeking our advice if you are convinced that it really is the ghost of your brother?" asked Harley gently.

The old man looked up eagerly. Yet, when he spoke, it was timidly, as if fearful of ridicule: "I wanted to be sure—sure—positive that it was Alvin and not a hallucination. I have heard of you and your cleverness in unraveling mysteries, and so I have appealed to you. Will one or both of you join me next Sunday evening and wait for the coming of my brother Alvin?"

"With pleasure," agreed Harley. As they rose to take their departure Jack Rogers surveyed the large room with speculative eyes that roved from the rich bindings in the bookcases that lined all the walls save the south wall where the fireplace was.

"May I ask what is on the other side of that wall?" inquired Jack suddenly, pointing to the fireplace.

"The house next door," returned Mr. Boyce promptly. "It is empty now and has been for a year or so. It belongs to me—in fact, I fell heir to it when my brother died. It is much out of repair, and I haven't had the heart to put it in order again. Let it fall to pieces, even, as I am doing!"

"Thank you," said Jack Rogers quietly as they bade good afternoon to Mr. Boyce.

Promptly at 9 o'clock on Sunday evening Robert Harley and John Rogers were ushered into Mr. Boyce's library. He came forward to meet them, looking very animated and smiling.

"I suppose you boys think I'm half cracked," he remarked as they drew around the fire, "but wait and see."

"No, no, sir," assured Jack Rogers heartily; "I'm sure that we shall find there is excellent foundation for your belief that your brother has appeared to you."

"I'm sure I hope your predictions will come true," said Donald Boyce.

The hours passed swiftly. Mr. Boyce had a fund of anecdote to draw upon, and after a servant had served a delicious cold supper on a table drawn close to the fire they lighted cigars and sat back waiting for the striking of the midnight hour. The servants retired, and the house grew still. Now and then from the street outside came the muffled rumble of wheels. Now and then a coal snapped in the grate. The three men fell into silence. Each one was watching that dim corner by the fireplace for the coming of Alvin Boyce.

Just as the clock in the hall struck the first note of midnight Mr. Boyce stretched out his hand and extinguished the electric lamps, so that they sat in a half circle of red firelight. As the last chime died Donald Boyce leaned forward and clutched Bob Harley's arm.

There was no need to point toward that corner, for all three of them were staring hard at the tall, bent figure that appeared for an instant in the deep shadow of the angle of the fireplace. As if aware that alien eyes were watching it, there came a flash of white, and the vision vanished.

"Ah, he has gone! Did you see him?" demanded Mr. Boyce all in one breath.

The two men nodded, Harley rather helplessly, for he was not accustomed to dealing with spirits. But Jack Rogers surprised his companions by reaching the corner in three quick strides. "Please turn on the lights, Mr. Boyce," he requested, "and then come here."

They found him with his hand on the glass knob of a narrow door that opened into a chimney cupboard. The outside of the door was stained to match the dark mahogany woodwork of the room. As Jack opened the closet door he tapped the white painted panels of the inside of the door.

"The cupboard is empty," said Mr. Boyce patiently, for he did not approve of this search for the gentle ghost of his loved brother.

"I know it is now, but a moment ago it had an occupant," said Jack rapidly. "Please follow me, Mr. Boyce, and do not be surprised if you meet your brother—in the flesh—for it may be that he never died."

Without further explanation he pushed back on the tier of empty shelves, and his companions were surprised to see them swing back into space, leaving an opening through which they followed Rogers into what appeared to be a closet that matched the one they had just left. A long rod of light appeared through a partly opened door. Rogers pushed it wider and beckoned to his companions to look into the library of the house next door.

There before a table in a scantily furnished room sat a tall old man. His head was bowed on his folded arms.

"It is your brother Alvin," whispered Jack Rogers as he pushed Donald Boyce into the room. "I have investigated. He was not lost at sea, and after many years he has returned to be near you. He feared your anger. There! He is stirring. Go to him, and be happy the rest of your days."

Does This Concern You Mr. Reader?

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