

THE DURHAM CHRONICLE

W. IRWIN Editor and Proprietor.

DURHAM, SEPTEMBER 10, 1914.

CIVILITY IS CHEAP

"Civility costs nothing" was one of the old headlines in the copy books of 40 years ago. The adage is just as true to-day as it was then. Though cheap, it's astonishing how many go through life with a very limited supply of that essential virtue. Essential, we say because it is needed everywhere, and needed by all who wish to mingle with any whose associations are worth having. Lack of manners is everywhere apparent, and many of our younger people are boorish and uncivil to such a degree as to reflect discredit on their parents and teachers. A civil and respectful answer to a civil and respectful question is the exception rather than the rule. The boorish and uncivil conduct of boys and girls is an obstruction to their own well-being. The loud, vulgar and profane boy, who runs nearly all to mouth, can never be held in respectable esteem by a respectable portion of the community. Evidences of incivility are not lacking here, more than other places, and the base and reprehensible conduct to be seen and heard at almost any hour of the day or night is no credit to the rising generation. We often wonder what the next generation will be like if the evil should increase with age. When a boy speaks of his father as "the old man," or in some equally disrespectful manner, you may rest assured there's something wrong with the boy. This is one of the first evidences of want of civility, and how often the first evidence is apparent. Civility costs nothing; be civil.

BLYTH'S CORNERS.

After considerable griddling and downright plodding we succeeded in getting through harvesting on Saturday last. All told, the harvest is fully up to, and in some cases, ahead of last year.

Miss Maud Thompson, who has spent a month's vacation at her parental home in this neighborhood, leaves on Tuesday morning for New York, where she intends to still add to her knowledge as professional nurse, from experience in some of the large hospitals in that city. We wish Miss Maud unlimited success.

Pre-communion services will be held in Knox church on Friday afternoon next, September 11, at 3 o'clock. On the following Sabbath the sacrament of the Lord's Supper will be dispensed.

Rev. B.M. Smith gave a helping hand on Sunday last to the afflicted pastor of Cedarville and Esplan congregations, who has been in failing health since last January, and who, we are sorry to say, departed this life on Saturday, August 29. Mr. Wm. Allan filled the vacancy quite creditably in Knox in our popular pastor's absence.

We were wrongly informed regarding the nature of the fatal accident which befel our little nephew, Douglas Lane, in Brandon, on Saturday afternoon, July 29. The little lad, in company with two other brothers, and his sister, had started for the station on one of his father's dray wagons, with all the necessaries for a four-night's camping out, when a tug became unhitched and the team ran away. Another older brother, who was severely hurt, but not seriously.

Mr. John Sharp treated his better half to a brow new organ, purchased from W. J. McFadden, of Durham.

Friday evening next, September 11 will be the regular monthly meeting of the Varney Grange.

Miss Gracie Noble, who has spent a month's holidays with her cousins, the young McIlvrides, left on Monday for her home in the vicinity of Guelph.

A 450-MILE SUBWAY.

The new subway from Boston to Washington is finished and will soon be opened for business. This tunnel is not designed for passengers or freight, but to carry the telephone trunk lines between those two cities and intermediate points. The new construction is remarkable in that it gives good commercial service over 450 miles. This is accomplished by re-enforcing the vibrations at brief intervals by what are known as Pupun coils.

Anger, fear, and other forms of mental excitement, it has been learned, may stop digestion entirely and cause serious kidney diseases.

While aviator "Jack" McGee making a flight over Lake Kenosha, near Danbury, Conn., in his hydroaeroplane, an unknown person fired from the woods on shore the bullet crashing into the woodwork of the aeroplane, embedding itself only a few feet from the airman's head.

Parts of what is believed to have been a human skull, eaten away by strong acid, were found in San Antonio, Texas, on the premises formerly occupied by a couple named Innis, who are now under arrest in connection with the disappearance of Beatrice Helms and Mrs. Elois Dennis, sisters, who disappeared some months ago.

PERSONAL

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Robertson are spending a few days in the city.

Mr. H. H. Miller of Hanover was on town yesterday.

Mr. Wm. Clark of Cochrane is visiting friends and relatives here.

Mrs. G. A. Thompson visited in Toronto over Sunday and Monday.

Mrs. (Dr.) Park of Cochrane Alberta, is visiting her mother, Mrs. T. Meredith.

Mr. J. S. McIlraith attended the funeral of an uncle in Seaforth, on Wednesday.

Mrs. W. J. Rabb and her mother, Mrs. McLean, are visiting in Toronto.

Mrs. Herb. Kearney and three children have returned from visiting friends at Paisley.

Inspector Campbell and daughter, Miss Islay, are in Toronto this week.

Miss Emma Barton is visiting her mother for a few days this week and next, at her residence in Howick.

Mrs. T. H. McClocklin will receive on Wednesday, September 16, and afterward the first Thursday of each month.

Rev. and Mrs. W. A. Matthews of Colpoys Bay are visiting relatives and friends in town and vicinity and gave us a brief call Tuesday.

Mr and Mrs. Bert Craigie of Paris spent the holiday with her parents, Mr and Mrs. George MacKay.

Mrs. J. W. Ewen and daughter returned home, after spending a week with friends at Uxbridge and Toronto.

Mrs. Goudreau and son, Montelade, have returned to their home in Detroit, after a month's visit with her brother, Mr. and Mrs. Dan. McDonald.

Mr. Robt. Everett of Port Arthur, Mrs. Huber and Mrs. Byrne of New York, and Mrs. Watts of Newark, N.J., returned to their respective homes, after spending the past five or six weeks as guests of Mr. and Mrs. George Everett.

Mrs. A. W. Davis, who has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. Allen, here, for the past two or three months, left yesterday morning for her home in Rainy River and from there will move to Edmonton where Mr. Davis has been transferred by the C. P. R. with which company he is engaged in bridge building. Mrs. Davis will be accompanied by her father as far as Toronto.

Short Bits of Live News

Mayor Deacon of Winnipeg has enlisted with the 100th Regiment. The town of Harriston has been alarmed by a rabies outbreak.

Immigration has fallen off nearly 80 per cent during the first quarter of the year.

Bernice Bailey was run down by a motor car in St. Thomas and seriously injured.

Twelve subscriptions aggregating \$17,000 have been added to the Winnipeg Patriotic Fund.

Ingersoll has formed a patriotic association and the work is being taken up with a will.

Orillia's objective point for the patriotic fund is \$8,000. The Council has led off with \$500.

Winnipeg school teachers will contribute five per cent. of their pay to the patriotic fund and the firemen one day's pay each month.

The Y.M.C.A. is doing good work at Valcartier, distributing 10,000 letter heads and 5,000 envelopes a day, in addition to ice cream cones.

Joseph Tremblay of Montreal has secured a writ upon Col Williams to produce his son, Eugene, who is under age, and at Valcartier camp.

When a motor car upset near Sarnia, Mrs. Jacob Stamm, of Sarnia and her mother, Mrs. Johnson of Ignace, Ont., received injuries that may be serious.

BORN. MATTHEWS.—In Egremont, on Wednesday, August 26, to Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Matthews, a daughter.

MARKET REPORT

Table with market prices for various goods like Fall Wheat, Spring Wheat, Milling Oats, Feed Oats, Peas, Barley, Hay, Butter, Eggs, Potatoes, Dried Apples, Flour, Oatmeal, Chop, Live Hogs, Hides, Sheepskins, Wool, Tallow, Lard.

LIVE POULTRY MARKET

Table with live poultry prices for Turkeys, Geese, Ducks, Chickens, Roosters, Hens.

Between The Acts

A Dramatic Episode in a Theater

By GEORGE L. GIBSON Copyright by the Frank A. Munsey Co.

Stanhope, who believed the world was made for his particular benefit and all the people who composed his part of it were ministering spirits put here for his convenience, was at the bottom of the whole trouble and, if he had but known, lost most by it.

But Stanhope never realized this last fact and only chuckled fatheadedly when he heard of the mess his exhibition of monumental cheek (he called it a perfectly legitimate request as long as Trevis was going over to his rooms, anyway), had got his friend into.

Trevis was good natured—always has been and always will be—but good nature may be carried to extremes, and Trevis was an extremist.

Besides, how is a girl to know that a man really cares the world and all for her if he seems so willing to step aside and allow a comparative stranger to take his place by her side just because she seems to fancy him for the moment?

That's the way Marlon Harper looked at it, and I know, for she told my sister—and what those two girls don't tell each other isn't worth telling.

When Trevis came back from college (the one decent thing his close friend uncle ever did for him was to stake him to a part of his tuition fees during the four years) he brought Stanhope with him.

They had chummed it during their scholastic course, and now they got modest rooms together, and each started to carve the figure of fortune out of his own particular bit of timber.

Trevis' task was a hard one. His timber was full of knots and weather cracked, as you might say. Stanhope walked into the counting room of a friend of his father's and obtained a good position at once.

Then Trevis introduced him to Marlon.

Now, Stanhope was a big, handsome fellow, an athlete of note in his college—just the sort of a man to attract a girl like Marlon. Trevis was so quiet and modest that, although plenty of people liked him, they'd never have raved over him in a thousand years.

They just took him as a matter of course, unless for some sudden reason they happened to stop and think over his stable qualities. Then they told themselves he was really one of the very finest fellows they knew.

Of course Marlon and he had never really been engaged, for Trevis wasn't the sort of a fellow to ask a woman to tie herself to him until he was established in some business and had obtained a decent footing. But it had been understood between them for years, and everybody said that it would be one of those foreordained marriages that you read about, but so seldom manage to see in real life.

But it came pretty near not coming off at all, and there's a good deal of doubt in some quarters yet.

Stanhope was introduced to Marlon at a little evening gathering at Venables' studio. Two nights after he met her again at a box party at the Gotham. The next afternoon they were automobiling through the park.

After that it was flowers and calls and little dinners with Mrs. Harper as a chaperon. She'd never been called on to chaperon Marlon and Trevis. They seemed too much like brother and sister.

Oh, Stanhope was the sort of fellow to carry a girl by storm. He made a regular San Juan Hill campaign of it. I reckon Trevis was the most staggered of all. But he was loyal to Marlon and loyal to his chum.

Trevis stood by him as firmly as ever. He didn't try to go back to the girl again, and Marlon seemed to have broken out of the chrysalis into a veritable butterfly of society.

She was on the go every night and began to attract attention from quarters that were not altogether safe. It was whispered that Latell had joined her train of admirers, and she certainly came to the Broughton that night with him and her mother.

It was a shock to some of us. She looked royal as she went down the aisle. We had just come over from Venables' and bought admission tickets and were standing behind the rail on the orchestra floor as the curtain went up on the first act.

And there Marlon was sailing past us and down the center aisle, with her mother trailing on behind, looking a little bewildered, and Latell in the rear, with his mustache cocked at a most disagreeable angle.

I reckon there are times in a girl's life when even her mother doesn't understand her, especially if the mother has always been a quiet, "homey" sort of a woman like good Mrs. Harper.

She never had two strings to her bow in her life, and as for three—

Well! The theater was crowded—it was when "Aurora" was having its big run—and the standees were packed in pretty tight behind the railing. It was one of those nights when, if you went outdoors without an overcoat, you wished at once that you hadn't, and if you did wear it you felt that it was in your way. It was warm in the house.

Stanhope took off his coat and threw it over the railing. Of course an officious usher had to worm his way through the crowd and request him to remove it.

As far as I could see, Stanhope was quite taken up with the show, but from the moment Marlon Harper had come in Trevis looked disturbed.

"I guess I won't stay," he said in a low voice to me when the curtain came down on the first act. "I've seen it before, you know, and I've got some work to do tonight too."

Stanhope heard him. "I say, Trev, if you're going over to the diggings take my coat along, will you?"

He had put it back on the plush railing again, and there were several others with it. The usher couldn't watch all the time.

Stanhope turned his back at once and pushed through the crowd to speak to somebody he knew in a nearby seat.

"Cheeky lad, Stanhope," murmured Venables, but Trev picked up the coat and walked out without a word.

"Poor old Trev is hard hit," said L. "My, but Miss Harper is sailing pretty close to the wind!"

"To appear with that Latell, you mean?" suggested Venables.

"Umph."

"She's got queer taste to pick him out after a fellow like Stanhope."

"Or Trevis."

Oh, no! Men never gossip. I noticed that Marlon Harper had risen and was making her way up the aisle, with Latell, looking rather crestfallen, following. There was a long intermission between the two acts.

I looked around for Trevis, but he had got out into the foyer.

He wore his own coat and carried Stanhope's over his arm. As he passed through the gate and refused the return check he told me afterward that the ticket man looked at him a little oddly, but he thought nothing of it until a commotion arose behind him.

The audience was pouring out into the promenade, and a man was struggling through the crowd shouting "Stop thief!" at the top of his voice.

Well, you can imagine the sort of a stampe that cry creates in a theater lobby.

Trevis was so near the door that he thought he'd get out of the crush and let 'em fight it out. But suddenly his shoulder was seized by a uniformed employee of the house.

"Hold him! That's the man!" yelled the excited individual in the rear. "He's got it on his arm."

"Got what?" gasped Trev.

"That's my coat, you rascal!" shouted the man and snatched away the garment Trev had been carrying.

The ticket taker came up then.

"I suspected him when he went past me!" he declared, with the air of a Sherlock Holmes. "Bring Officer Brady," he added to the usher. "There's too many of these fellows coming here to the Broughton."

"But I assure you this is a mistake," began Trev.

Then he saw a face in the crowd that turned his own scarlet, and sealed his lips as though he had been suddenly smitten with dumbness.

It was Marlon. Her mother and Latell were behind her, and Latell was grinning. He appreciated the humor of the thing.

The comments of the bystanders would have scorched the self respect of a veritable thief. One woman declared he was "certainly a very villainous looking person," and an old gentleman suggested that "hanging was too good for these sneak thieves."

Trevis, who couldn't get his eyes off Marlon's face, saw Latell with a sneer whisper something to her. Instantly the red mounted in a sudden wave from neck to brow.

She favored her escort with a glance of scorn, and instantly pushed through the curious crowd.

"Marlon! I implore you!" murmured her mother, but the girl did not, or would not, hear. She went straight up to the ticket taker:

"There is a mistake here," she said. "I know this gentleman very well. He is Mr. Trevis—Mr. Paul Trevis. It would be utterly impossible for him to have taken this—this person's coat," and she froze the excited man with a look, "except by mistake."

Trevis recovered himself.

"Don't put yourself to any trouble, Marlon," he said in a low voice. "It will be explained in a moment. Ah, here comes Stanhope now!"

The ticket taker had dropped the prisoner's arm. Stanhope saw his chum, but did not realize what was taking place.

"Hold on, Trev!" he exclaimed, pushing through. "Didn't you hear me ask you to take my coat over home with you? You forgot it," and he held the garment up.

The crowd began to laugh, and the cocksure individual who had caused the disturbance slipped away.

Then Stanhope saw Marlon.

"Good evening, Miss Harper," he said with some stiffness.

But Marlon and Trev had been looking into each other's eyes.

"I am afraid you will have to carry your own coat, Mr. Stanhope," she said lightly, the smile coming back to her face, "for Mr. Trevis has just agreed to see mamma and me home. I really don't feel equal to sitting out the play tonight."

She had turned her back on Latell and did not even look at him again as she went out with Trev. But I reckon she had reason for so treating him.

Stanhope heard what Latell sneered half under his breath, however, and only the appearance of the tardy of floor stopped another bit of excitement in the lobby.

Afterward Stanhope grumbled some over having to carry his coat himself. He didn't see any deeper into it than that.

THE WOMEN'S INSTITUTE

After the rain on Thursday, September 3, 23 women gathered at the Women's Institute meeting at the home of Mrs. J. W. Blyth. It was decided that 20 pairs of pillows and slips be made by the Institute and sent to the Red Cross Society. Mrs. Beggs' paper on Baths was read by Mrs. Ramage, and was both interesting and instructive. The report of the Grey County Women's Institute convention, which was held in Chatsworth, August 20, was given by Miss M. J. McGirr and Mrs. Prudham. Four ladies from Durham drove to the convention, where a large number of delegates from all over the county had gathered. Dr. Jennie Millie of Toronto gave an address at both the afternoon and evening meetings on "Emergencies" and "The Joy of Living." Both addresses were overflowing with good, practical suggestions also considerable wit and humor. Other speakers were, Mrs. Bumstead of Owen Sound on "Duty," Mrs. Haskett of Markdale on "The Twentieth Century Woman." Mrs. Prudham told us, in her interesting way, of our less privileged sisters, the Japanese. Round Table conference was held, and many valuable suggestions were given. Music, singing and recitations were given at the meetings and tea was served in the basement of the Methodist church by the Chatsworth ladies. The convention will be held next year in Durham.

CORNER CONCERNS.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Poole of Toronto visited their daughter at our home a week ago as also did Mrs. J. Poole and children of Buffalo.

The Children's Fair for the various schools competing will be held at Yeovil on the 23rd. We hope for a better day than last year, which was the only hindrance for its being a great success.

Harvest Thanksgiving services will be conducted in St. Paul's on Sunday September 30.

The marriage of Miss Mary Hamilton to Mr. Farrar Lawrence on Wednesday evening is one of the important social events of the week and everybody in this part wish the estimable young couple much success and happiness.

Mr. Wm. Allan's new house is nearing completion. The Ritchie brothers are putting on the finishing coat of plaster this week. They are also doing the finishing work on the repairs Joe Lennox is making to his house.

The busy harvest and threshing have kept us quiet for several weeks but it is now almost a thing of the past for another year. Grain turned out very well. The corn and root crops also look well.

Miss Mabel Mead returned to her duties in Toronto last Tuesday after a two months' stay with her parents.

Next Sunday the rite of baptism will be administered in St. Paul's church for the benefit of all who desire it.

Mr. Ernest McGirr has been engaged as teacher in our school for the incoming year.

Messrs. Palmer Patterson and Wm. A. Lawrence have engaged in the threshing business with the Smith Bros.' outfit which they have leased for the season. The former has purchased the Lee farm and will commence work on it at the close of the season.

DURHAM FLOUR MILLS. We wish to remind you that our stock of Flours and Feeds were never any better or larger than at present, and our prices consistent with the quality of our goods. Custom Chopping. Oat Crushing. BINDER TWINE. PHONE 58. FRED J. WELSH

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