

THE DURHAM CHRONICLE

W. IRWIN Editor and Proprietor.

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WILL THE WAR BE A MORAL BENEFIT?

A few weeks ago the Russian Government placed a prohibition on the sale of vodka but light wine and beer were still allowed to be sold. This was regarded as one of the strongest reforms regarding the sale of liquor issued by any government but a further restriction came into effect on Saturday last when wine and beer and every form of alcoholic drink were added to the list and are now absolutely prohibited. The object of the prohibition is based on the belief that the soldiers on the fighting line should be men of the greatest strength both physically and intellectually and such conditions can only be expected when complete sobriety prevails. Even barbarous Russia is awaking to the necessity at their being sober and in their right minds. To have a keen eye a steady hand and an unclouded brain it is necessary to husband every physical economy and to secure these the Russian Government has enforced a most drastic temperance measure to the amazement of the world. France too has adopted similar restrictions in the use of intoxicants and only a few days before his death Lord Roberts in addressing a company of British soldiers referred to them as the most temperate in the world. The Germans are the world's most noted beer drinkers but for economic reasons, the conservation of the food supply it was ordered that only 40 per cent. of the quantity of barley devoted to the making of beer should be used. Beer is often spoken of as a food yet the Germans find so much of an economic waste in its production that only two-fifths of the barley formerly consumed is now permitted for this food production and this lesson is learned by the Germans after a war of only three months' duration. Temperance has thus been forced upon the people of Germany through economic reasons and if it be a good thing or rather if it is a good thing the war in three months has done more in adding "dry" territory than all the temperance agitation of the past hundred years. It may be only temporary however, yet we are told that the transformation in Russia has been so great that public opinion there is almost irresistibly in favor of permanent prohibition of the manufacture and sale of vodka.

WITH THE CANADIAN CONTINGENT AT SALISBURY

From Wm. K. Falkingham. A Co., 1st Batt., 1st Brigade, Canadian Expeditionary Force Salisbury, England October 22, 1914. Dear Father and Home Folk.— Here I am again. I suppose you have been looking for a letter for the last month, but it was impossible to get one off earlier. I received your last letter just the night before we broke camp. We marched out next morning at four o'clock and boarded the Laurentic on the 25th of September. I sent you a couple of cards while on a round the dock, but suppose you did not get them. We left Quebec on the 25th, but waited in the Gulf off Father Point, till all the other transports were ready. The trip across was uneventful save for drill and concerts. Our ship, the Laurentic, proved too fast for the rest of the fleet, so after the second day out was used as a scout, and every morning at daylight we would leave the lines and cruise out about five miles away, returning at nightfall. It was at these times that we witnessed some of the old Laurentic's speed, when we would pass the other ships on reach our place; every day, the coming in, we would pass the Newfoundland ship, the Florizelle, and such cheers. We each tried to and did not miss a meal. We were met outside the Gulf by the Dreadnaught, H.M.S. Lion, the flagship of the fleet, and reached Plymouth on the 14th of October, but did not land till Saturday, the 17th, when we of the transports had to march two miles to the Montezuma which had our horses on board. The boat had not docked when we got there, so we had to wait until about 11 p.m. before we could start to unload the horses. There was an English Regiment there to help us with them. They had been waiting all day, so we were getting about tired of it. When we got off our nags we had to march two or three miles to our picket lines, and got there about 12 p.m., when I was put on picket duty for the rest of the night. You can believe me it was some job. Two of us had to keep in bounds over a thousand horses, just tied to a long rope pegged to the ground. Such a kicking, biting and squealing those horses raised. They would get their hind feet caught in the rope a hundred times, till they felt bound tight, then your Uncle Hiram would pull and tug till he got the poor brute on his pins once more. Well, Sunday the roads around our lines were crowded with people watching those "gallant Canadians." You can imagine your Wearly Willie on the streets. The people fairly went crazy over us. We could scarcely get down the street without them pestering. Most life out of us for souvenirs. Most of our fellows got on the "toot," so I had to do more picket duty and was kept pretty busy. The next day we left for Salisbury Plains and arrived at Amesbury about ten at night. From there we had about ten miles to go to camp, and had to lead a

team of horses. Well, we landed in camp about three in the morning, feeling pretty sleepy, and found there were no preparations to picket our horses. It was five a.m. when we got them tied up. We were a pretty tough-looking bunch that morning. We are getting things straightened out now, though, and are beginning to feel more at home. Friday, Captain Campbell took us to town for supplies. We each took a team, and could beg, borrow or steal. I am getting to be the awfulest thief out of jail since I joined the army. At the depot there was an awful jumble of stuff—wagons, guns, saddles, harness and everything that belongs to a contingent. All we had to do was to "dig in" and help ourselves, as nobody else would. On the road to town (Salisbury), there is a row of mounds that were built by the Druids as a burial place, and there is an old ruined temple. All that is standing is the walls, and they are propped up. The first time I get a chance I am going over to have a look around. The villages are just like you see in pictures. I am getting a few days' leave to visit relatives so will go up into Yorkshire to visit grandfather and mother. Some of the boys have got off already, but I expect it will be some time before I get away. Talk about English hospitality! There was a gentleman came to us last Sunday in Devonport, and took Jim Lawson and me to dinner. What do you think of that for a stranger? Then we had some blow-out, and apple pie plastered with Devonshire cream. Have had fine weather up to three days ago, but since then it has kept up a steady drizzle. The horses are mud to the ears. Well, I will soon have to call a halt. Am keeping in bully health and getting fat—as a match. I am not a bit sorry I came, and you could not pull me home with a logging chain. Hope, though, to be back after the war is over safe and sound. I hope Fairy, etc., and all the Royal Family are well. Remember me to all the friends and you meet, and I will re- friends as B4, Yours, Will F.

Mexico's Spiked Mountain. One of the most remarkable geological freaks in Mexico is a mountain situated on the outskirts of Pachuca which presents the appearance of a distance of being covered with spikes. The sides of the mountain are closely studded with stone columns or pinnacles. These columns are five to twelve feet long and as large around as an average man's body. It is a remarkable uplift of nature which has the appearance, however, of being the handiwork of human beings. One side of the mountain is almost perpendicular, and the stone columns protrude from the surface at right angles, forming an impressive picture. Pachuca is one of the most noted mining districts in Mexico, and it is said by geologists that this remarkable spiked mountain is out of keeping with the remainder of the formation of the mineralized region. The stone is as hard as flint and has withstood the elements for ages. The spikes form a natural battlement that makes the mountain appear from a distance like some ancient fort.

Basement of Methodist Church November 19, 1914.

Dear Friends— Poor Belgium in trouble, to you makes appeal. So come to our Social with all the friends you can bring; It may mean a new wrap or perhaps a full meal. To some of the needy—who your praises will sing. Yours sincerely Junior Bible Class. P. S.—Silver collection at the door. Belgian drum-sticks for sale.

LAKELET BREEZES.

There was a lull in Lakelet Breezes of late, but plowing new land will knock the blow out of most of us. Mr. Arthur Lee has purchased a farm from Mr. John Henry. We wish him every success. Miss Lizzie Weir of Glenelg, spent a few days around the Lake last week. Miss Nina McFadden, also of Glenelg, spent last week renewing old acquaintances in these parts. Mr. Matthew Hooper returned on Thursday of last week from a hunting trip in Parry Sound District. He returned home sooner than he expected on account of the illness of his wife, who is at present in a fair way towards recovery. Mr. Lorne Aljoe, accompanied by Miss Ella McFadden, spent an evening of last week at the home of your scribe. Miss Mary Hooper is home from Dr. Brad Jamieson's for a short time. Mr. Ed. Pratt spent Sunday at the home of Mr. Matt. Hooper. An evening of jollification of young folks was spent at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Baxter last week. They certainly had an interesting time. Mr. John Moore, who has recently disposed of his farm to Mr. Jos. Lawrence, has purchased a fine residence in the suburbs of Holstein. Mr. Will Hunter lost a yearling heifer from pneumonia. Horse trading is quite common in this locality. Mr. Martin Wilson traded his fine driver to Mr. Will Atchison for a fine, large heavy horse.

Won by a New Hat.

Rube Waddell was not only the greatest left hand pitcher in his time, but the most eccentric. Back in the late nineties Tom Loftus, who was the only man who could handle Rube in the minors, took charge of the Chicago Nationals at that time and wanted the club owners to pay the eccentric pitcher \$3,500 a year, while two other clubs already had offered Rube more. Loftus went out to meet the Rube one afternoon and said to the south-paw, "Come on, Eddie, sign this," and presented the contract. "But, Tom," said Rube, "I can get a lot more." "That's all right," returned Tom soothingly. "Just sign this and when we get to New York I'll buy you the best Panama hat there is in town." "That's a go, Tom," replied Eddie, and he signed the Chicago contract.—New York World.

Homemade Liniment.

A cheap stimulating liniment, which will be almost odorless and yet effective for outside application, can be made as follows: In one quart of turpentine mix one quart of coal oil. Pack half an ounce of alkanet root and two ounces of pulverized capsicum in a large ordinary funnel. Over this mixture pour the turpentine and oil, allowing it all to percolate through the capsicum and alkanet root. In this way it will extract the substance of the capsicum, and take on a beautiful red from the alkanet. After this has been done add one ounce of the oil of peppermint and four ounces of gum camphor. To make it more fragrant add a little oil of peppergrass. This liniment thus completed is a strong, efficacious one to rub on the skin and so clean and fragrant that even the most fastidious would not hesitate to use it.—New York Telegram.

Whittier's Visitor.

Pilgrims used to visit Whittier continually. A typical one came from Missouri. Though told that Whittier had a heachache, he forced his way into the poet's study, where he declared that he adored all Whittier's works, which he knew almost by heart. He asked Whittier to write his name several hundred times on a large sheet of foolscap, so that he could cut out and distribute the autographs among his Missouri friends. In fact, it was all the poet could do to keep the enthusiastic Missourian from clipping all the buttons from his coat as souvenirs. "And all the time"—so Whittier would end the anecdote pathetically—"all the time he called me White-taker."—Exchange.

Cruel Kindness.

"What's the matter, old man?" "Oh, I've had a bit of hard luck." "Haven't been hit in the stock market, I hope?" "No, a fellow who pretends to be a friend of mine has a box at the opera and he has invited my wife and myself to go as his guests next Tuesday evening."

"I shouldn't call that hard luck." "You would if it made it necessary for you to buy your wife a new hat, new gloves, new silk stockings, new twelve dollar shoes, a new gown, a new opera cloak and rent a taxicab for the night."—Chicago Record.

Piano Playing.

Once Rubinstein said: "Do you know why piano playing is so difficult? Because it is prone to be either affected or else afflicted with mannerisms, and when these two pitfalls are luckily avoided then it is liable to be—dry. The truth lies between those three mischiefs."

Defined.

"What is the difference between firmness and obstinacy?" asked a young lady of her fiance. "Firmness," was his gallant reply, "is a noble characteristic of women; obstinacy is a lamentable defect in men."

The Other Side of It.

"The early bird catches the worm," observed the sage. "Yes," replied the fool, "but look how much longer he has to wait for dinner time."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Both Sold.

Deserted Wife (telling grocer her troubles)—And I trusted him, so! Grocer—Confound it! So did I.—Boston Transcript.

Safety First.

When you turn over a new leaf paste it down.—Puck.

MARKET REPORT

Table with market prices for various goods like Flour, Oats, etc. Columns include item name and price ranges.

DRESSED POULTRY MARKET

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

BORN.

HARBOTTLE.—In Durham, on November 4, to Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Harbottle, a son, Thorold George.

NEWS OF OLD ONTARIO

Mr. Wm. Cornith of Sarawak lost his home by fire. Hydro-Electric current is now being used in Elora. Gerhard Dreyer, former chief constable of Orillia, is dead. J. Edwards, Byron, London twp. was seriously injured when a vicious boar attacked him on his farm. Ebenezer Koffie, of Tilbury East, met almost instant death in an attempt to dislodge a stone from a digging machine. Frank Hammond, a farm laborer of Cainsville, near Brantford, was found dead in a field with two whiskey bottles beside him. Capt. Abel of the American hotel, Midland, was fined \$100 and \$10 costs, by Magistrate Jackel, for selling liquor without license. Jas. Bailey, aged 14, of Cooper's Mills, near Orillia, was accidentally shot by a younger boy named Donne. Wm. McArthur of Collingwood was sentenced to 30 days in jail for breaking into Orr's jewellery store and stealing a quantity of the stock. J. C. Richardson, formerly of Beeton, was arrested in Detroit on a charge of stealing \$900 from the Dominion Express Co. at Wallaceburg. The body of John Tindall, aged 70, was found at the bottom of a ravine at Elora. He evidently stumbled over the brink when he lost his way. Jos. J. Wyant, of Collingwood, sentenced to Kingston for seven years on three charges of incest was taken to the penitentiary last week. Three small daughters and one young son of J.H. Hall, Uxbridge, were struck by shot from a gun which exploded in the hands of a playmate. None of them was seriously injured. Robt. Harding and Wm. Brown of Windsor were found dead in a box car which had been burned. Beside their charred remains was an empty whiskey bottle. Both men were from Scotland, having been out three years. Mrs. J. J. Goldie of Alliston has booked passage from England to Canada three times, and each time has been unable to return owing to the Government's commandeering the vessel upon which she was about to sail.



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TORTURED BY CONSTIPATION

"Fruit-a-tives" Cured Paralyzed Bowels and Digestion

ST. BONIFACE DE SHAWINIGAN, QUE. Feb. 3rd, 1914. "It is a pleasure to me to inform you that after suffering from Chronic Constipation for 2 1/2 years, I have been cured by 'Fruit-a-tives'. While I was a student at Berthier College, I became so ill I was forced to leave the college. Severe pains across the intestines continually tortured me and it came to a point when I could not stoop down at all, and my Digestion became paralyzed. Some one advised me to take 'Fruit-a-tives' and at once I felt a great improvement. After I had taken four or five boxes, I realized that I was completely cured and what made me glad, also, was that they were acting gently, causing no pain whatever to the bowels. All those who suffer with Chronic Constipation should follow my example and take 'Fruit-a-tives' for they are the medicine that cures." MAGLOIRE PAQUIN "Fruit-a-tives" are sold by all dealers at 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. or sent postpaid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

PERSONAL

Mrs. Ayers of Toronto, is the guest of her son, Mr. W. H. Bean. Miss Lizzie Byers has returned home from Buffalo. Mr. and Mrs. E. T. McClocklin have gone to Toronto for the winter. Mrs. Adam Brown, Jr., has returned to town, after spending the summer at Parry Sound. Mr. Frank Lenahan was in Toronto the beginning of the week. Mr. Thos. Livingston of Toronto is in town on business, and shaking hands with his many friends. Mr. D. C. Town left for his home at Orillia this Wednesday morning in response to a telegram announcing the serious illness of his sister there. Mr. John C. Kerr of Hampden left for Toronto on Tuesday morning where he purposes taking a six months' course at the Shaw Business College.

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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