

THE DURHAM CHRONICLE

W. IRWIN E. ITO, and Proprietor.

DURHAM, DECEMBER 17, 1914.

THE COMING ELECTION

The municipal pot has only been simmering until the last few days. Now, slight bubbles are rising to the surface and a contest will go on for the mayoralty between A. S. Hunter and W. Laidlaw. Both are men of large municipal experience and filled the position previously on several occasions. It's a fight to the fore and the man who gets the best support will come out on top.

Mr. Black's health is not very good at present, and for this, if for no other reason, he has decided to give up municipal life for a time. He has had a good term of office, and being allowed in on two or three occasions by acclamation, we thought he would have been willing to drop out in any case and allow someone else to enjoy the sweets of office for a season. We are not prepared to say what course he would pursue had his health been unimpaired but in any case a change will do no harm.

Mr. Calder is non-committal in regard to seeking re-election for the reeveship, but personally we are of the opinion he will be again in the field. We know of no person at present who is likely to oppose him, nor do we know of anyone who feels sure of defeating him in case of a contest. We feel safe in predicting that he will run anyway, opposition or no opposition.

No one can tell anything about the council, or whether any or all of the present members will again offer their services. Only after filtering their qualifications can we say with any degree of certainty who the candidates will be. Everyone should have sufficient interest in municipal matters to get the best possible material. Too often, however, a large portion of the electorate regard the election of municipal officers as a sort of a joke, and elect men who are wholly unfit for the position, and turn good men down. This is an open secret, and is the reason, we believe, why some of our best men refuse to accept a position on the council board. The same may be said of the election of school trustees. The very best are none too good to fill the positions, and should be chosen in every instance. Let the next choice be the result of careful judgment.

THE CHORAL CONCERT

A very pleasing entertainment was given Tuesday night by the Durham Choral Society, an organization that sprung into existence only about six weeks ago when Mr. J. Arthur Cook, of Mt. Forest, opened a class for vocal instruction. The primary object of the young people was personal improvement in vocal culture and the concert idea was to raise money to meet expenses, and if a surplus should result, to hand it over in aid of the Belgian Fund. The unfavorable condition of the weather caused a rather small patronage, and the proceeds amounted to only a little over thirty dollars, most of which will go for tuition and other necessary outlay. The Belgians' share will be small, but another may be given later on, when it is hoped the society will have better luck financially.

The program, which consisted of fourteen numbers, was all musical, and largely patriotic. The stage was nicely arranged, the background being a large Jack of our national flag, kindly loaned for the occasion by the A. Y. P. A. Players.

The entertainment opened with O Canada, which was given with good effect by the thirty or forty voices. Mr. Cook made his first appearance as a soloist, and treated the audience with an effective rendering of "The Old Black Mare." In his monologues, An Old Bachelor, The Fallen Star and his recital of Gunga Din, the audience listened with rapt attention to his excellent interpretation of the various selections.

Miss Zeta Black excelled herself in a solo entitled Sincerity. Miss Margaret Hunter won new laurels in her effective rendering of There's a Land and Mrs. A. W. H. Lauder gave a fine rendering of A Dream, and was later called on for a patriotic selection, to which prolonged applause forced her to respond to the encore.

The Soldier's Farewell, Sleep Gentle Lady, and a number of other glees and choruses, were all spirited numbers and rendered

with excellent effect. Miss Rita Irwin rendered an instrumental on the piano, and responded to an encore. Miss Vollett was the piano accompanist, and proved her ability by able and efficient service. The meeting was closed with the National Anthem.

THE COWARD

"The Coward," E. D. McClocklin's new military comedy drama, was presented to a capacity house in the town hall on Friday night of last week, by the A. Y. P. A. Players. This drama, which is somewhat of a different nature to any heretofore presented by this company, was put on as an extra engagement under the auspices of the local Red Cross workers, and, judging from the favorable comments heard on every side, has attained more popularity than any yet given.

The play, depicting life in a British regiment prior to and during the Boer war, and ending with the siege and relief of Ladysmith, was most interesting, the various parts being well sustained by a strong cast of characters.

The star part, Corporal Connors, who was always in love, and also hungry, was taken by the author, Mr. E. D. McClocklin; Colonel Chester, commanding the "Richmond Rifles," Captain Danvers and Surgeon Ward, officers in the same regiment, were well represented by Messrs. Eric Kelly, Wilfrid Knisley and John Stedman, respectively. Miss Sarah Vollett played the part of Mrs. Chester, the Colonel's wife; Miss Marie Oldfield, their daughter, Peggy; and Miss Alma Hughes, a friend to Peggy, whose stage name was Esther Blair. Margie Malone was the Colonel's Cook, and the part was well sustained by Miss Emily Barton, while the part portraying a Red Cross nurse, Blanche Danvers, was cleverly handled by Miss Kate Firth. The players, in fact, all did excellent work in their various roles, and the production was staged without a hitch. In the intervals between the acts, the Girl Guides sang patriotic numbers and executed drills and were much appreciated by the audience.

The play throughout was good; just enough pathos and sentiment to strike a patriotic chord, and enough humor to keep the audience in an almost continual ripple of laughter. The full house was well merited, and, better still, the crowd was well pleased, and went away thoroughly satisfied.

The proceeds, after all expenses are paid, will go to the local Red Cross workers here to be used for patriotic purposes.

DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed, you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever: nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness caused by Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

THE WORLD-WIDE WAR.

The world wide war now being waged between practically all the civilized nations and which is the biggest and most terrible in the history of the world, has created interest unparalleled. The demands of the public for early and prompt reports of the war happenings are such that we have arranged to club The Chronicle with The Toronto World, which will enable the residents of this county to keep in close touch with the happenings in the war zone.

The World is the only morning paper in Toronto taking the full leased wire copyrighted service of the Central News, which is the most conservative and at the same time the most reliable news service in the world. In addition they receive the war cables of The New York World, acknowledged to be among the best published in America, together with the full Canadian Press service and Canadian Associated Press cable. The Chronicle will publish a weekly review of the war news and with these two newspapers you will be supplied with every event of interest.

The clubbing offer of The Chronicle and the Toronto Morning World is advertised in another part of this paper, and is of vital interest to you from an economic standpoint, for in view of prevailing conditions this very advantageous offer may be withdrawn at any time.

Miss Mills And Dick

How the Change in the Firm Came to Pass.

By ANITA WENTWORTH.

The name of the firm was Brownlow & Son, but every one who knew Dick Brownlow knew that the "old man" had taken him in without too many hopes of making a business man of him. Dick was twenty-three years old. He had been squeezed through college and made many trips abroad. He was a member of three clubs, and it had cost his father \$50,000 to get him to his present point in life.

Dick had been using the office as a sort of "hangout" for two or three months and had at last advanced in the business world to the point where he could acknowledge an order by mail and almost bluff the old office manager and other employees.

Then the older Brownlow decided that the son ought to have a stenographer all to himself, and an advertisement was accordingly inserted. There were forty-nine answers, and it was for Dick to peruse them and make up his mind which applicant to take.

He had five of them call at the office and chose Miss Mills because she was the best looking of the lot. So Miss Mills appeared on a certain Monday morning and began her work.

Although he was the junior partner, Dick determined at once to prove to her that he was not acknowledged her right to live, but that he was rather glad she was alive.

That morning the Son of Brownlow & Son dictated two letters and spent the rest of the time in patronizing his stenographer. He asked many questions and related some of his adventures. When noon came he felt that he had made matters so pleasant that he decided to ask Miss Mills to lunch with him. She looked him sedately in the eyes and refused politely. There had been an expression in her face for a moment, however, as if she intended to give notice and resign her place on the spot. But evidently her glance at Dick's frank, honest face overcame this idea, if she had it.

The junior partner was astonished. To do him justice, he was not indignant, but he was piqued.

The setback made him assume more dignity in the afternoon, and if he was not glad of it Miss Mills was. It was two days before the invitation was renewed and as promptly refused.

That was another setback for Dick, and it naturally set him to studying the problem. He was not accustomed to being refused anything by anybody. It was a real relief to him when finally he decided that the girl stood in awe of him because he was the junior partner of the house. It seemed to him only kind that he should dissipate that awe.

At the end of another week he made it his business to overtake her on the street as she was going home. Bowing with the utmost respect, he said:

"Miss Mills, a friend of mine who was going to the theater tonight with his wife has been disappointed and has given me the tickets. Wouldn't you like to accompany me?"

"I—I have another engagement," she replied, blushing both because it was false and because he knew it was false.

"Oh—ah—I see. It's a great play."

"I thank you just the same."

That was another surprise for Mr. Dick Brownlow, but he didn't turn on his heel with the mental threat to discharge the "uppy" stenographer in the morning.

Miss Mills went to her duties next morning wondering if she would be told that her services were no longer required, but nothing of the sort awaited her. On the contrary, about midforenoon, when she had written several letters, the junior partner remarked:

"Miss Mills, I want to say that your work gives the greatest satisfaction, and from this time on your salary will be advanced from \$12 to \$16 a week."

"But I can't earn \$16 a week—not now," she replied. "I'm only a beginner, and I'm glad to earn \$12."

"You refuse a raise of salary?" he exclaimed, as he looked at her in astonishment.

"If you please—until I can earn every penny of it."

Dick came down with another thud. It was no use trying to puzzle it out. He hadn't the brain power to do it. Instead of puzzling he went to his father and said:

"Governor, I wanted to raise my stenographer's salary and she wouldn't have it. What do you think of that?"

"Dear me, Dick, but I hope you are not going to get into a scrape," replied the father as he rubbed his hands together and looked very anxious.

"If you think she is trying to get a hold on you you'd better discharge her."

"Oh, see here, dad," said Dick promptly, "I know that she isn't anything of that kind, but I can't make her out. She won't go out to lunch or to the theater with me or accept any other favors."

"You shouldn't have asked her, Dick," said Mr. Brownlow sternly.

Some junior partners might have given it up, but Dick wouldn't. He felt that he had been thrown down and humiliated, and he wanted to know why. So one evening he presented himself at Miss Mills' boarding house and

asked for her. He was received in the parlor, and Miss Mills came down. He hemmed and bawled for a time and then drew a long breath and began:

"Miss Mills, would it do any good to ask you to go to the theater with me some night toward the last of the week?"

"I'm afraid not," she answered.

"But I can't make you out. You refuse to go to lunch with me; you refuse a raise of salary; you refuse to go to the theater. Will you tell me why this is?"

"I will, Mr. Brownlow. I am from a small town in the interior of the state. My mother is a widow, and we are poor. I am here to make a living for both of us."

"I had two places before I came to you, but I had to give them up because of just such flattery as you have bestowed upon me. They were not satisfied to let me do as good work as I could for a fixed sum per week. I must give up my place with you for the same reason."

"But I don't see it," replied Dick.

Miss Mills looked at the young man and perceived that he really did not "see it." Very patiently and in a tone not at all angry she replied:

"You are the junior partner in the house. I am your stenographer. You want me to go to the theater with you. We should see many people there that know you. Who am I? Your stenographer. What would they think and say? Perhaps nothing to injure you socially, but how about me?"

"Miss Mills," said Dick, getting up and preparing to go, "I see now. Thank you for the lesson. You have made me realize something, and that something is that I must seem to you like a pompous fool."

Without waiting for a reply he bade her a ceremonious "Good night" and hurried away.

The girl watched him go with an expressionless face, but when the door closed behind him she hurried to her room and sobbed bitterly.

That she could not remain with the firm was a decision that she made without argument. Indeed, she hesitated next morning as to whether she should go to the office at all or merely write surrendering her post.

Her sense of duty conquered. When she appeared Dick Brownlow did not attempt to help her off with her veil and coat, as he had tried before. Instead he merely said "Good morning" politely and turned to his desk again.

Presently he stepped to her side and began to dictate. When he was done he hesitated and said:

"Will you pardon me if I recur once more and for the last time to a personal matter?"

Miss Mills, who had been trying to reach the point of presenting her resignation and finding it very hard, much to her own indignation at herself, said "Yes" almost inaudibly.

"Then," said Mr. Dick Brownlow bravely, "I will ask you not to resign, as I know you intended to do. I could see it in your face this morning. It will make you more comfortable, I will arrange to have you transferred to my father's office, but if you would forgive me and do me the honor of trusting me I think I can prove to you that you will not make a mistake by staying in my own office."

The girl looked at him with eyes moist with tears. "I will stay," said she.

Six months afterward the Son of Brownlow & Son entered the private office of the head of the firm and said:

"Father, that Miss Mills didn't exactly try to get a hold on me, but she has one for all that, and I really think we'll have to take her into the firm and make it Brownlow, Son & Daughter."

"I couldn't want a better partner," said the head of the firm.

Strides Used by Soldiers.

Soldiers are marching across Europe, but they do not keep step. They vary both in the length of the step and rapidity of their pace. The British infantry step thirty-one and one-half inches, the longest of all the steps. Germany keeps step with Switzerland—they each do thirty-one inches—while twenty-nine inches is the pace in the armies of Italy, France and Austria. The Russians take the shortest step, twenty-seven and one-half inches, and do only 112 in a minute. The German infantryman does 114, the Austrian 115, and the French and Italian each manage 120. Consequently to march a mile takes the Russian twenty minutes, the Austrian eighteen and two-thirds minutes, the French and Italian eighteen minutes, while the German could beat this by ten or eleven seconds.—London Chronicle.

PRACTICAL HEALTH HINT.

The Mouth and Disease. Do not lose sight of the fact that a clean mouth, clean gums and also teeth go a long way toward promoting good health. Guard them well, for when they are neglected they become breeding places for germs and disease. A cheap and effective dentifice is made thus: Dissolve two ounces of borax in three pints of warm water; before quite cold add thereto one teaspoonful of tincture of myrrh and one table-spoonful of spirits of camphor; bottle the mixture for use. One wineglassful of the solution is sufficient for each application. This preparation applied daily with a soft brush preserves and beautifies the teeth, extirpates all tartarous adhesion, produces a pearl-like whiteness, arrests decay and induces a healthy action of the gums.

EARLY AIDS FOR COLDS.

An ordinary cold can often be checked in the first stages by inducing a good perspiration, says Sister Jennings Goodley in "Common Sense Aids in Illinois." A glass of very hot milk drunk after you are in bed, or the juice of a lemon added to a tumbler of boiling water will often accomplish this. A hot bath to which a little ammonia has been added is another method.

A teaspoonful of ammoniated tincture of quinine taken three times a day helps to throw off a cold. A cough caused by a tickling throat can generally be stopped by drinking a teaspoonful of glycerine added to a wineglassful of water.

The fumes of burnt camphor inhaled will dry up a running cold, i.e., place a piece of camphor in a saucer, set fire to it; after a minute or two breathe the fumes.

PUBLISHERS IN ROME.

Some publishers in ancient Rome could turn out books rapidly and cheaply, says the Chicago News. A publisher of the Augustan era produced 1,000 copies of the second book of Martial in ten hours. These sold at 12 cents apiece, gave him a profit of 100 per cent. This was done by employing slaves carefully trained to write swiftly

MARKET REPORT

DURHAM DEC. 10, 1914	
Fall Wheat	\$1 10 to \$1 15
Spring Wheat	1 00 to 1 00
Milling Oats	48 to 50
Feed Oats	46 to 48
Peas	1 25 to 1 50
Barley	60 to 60
Hay	15 00 to 16 00
Butter	24 to 24
Eggs	32 to 32
Potatoes, per bag	45 to 45
Dried Apples	5 to 5
Flour, per cwt.	3 00 to 3 50
Oatmeal, per sack	3 00 to 3 50
Chop, per cwt.	1 40 to 1 75
Live Hogs, per cwt.	7 00 to 7 00
Hides, per lb.	11 to 12
Sheepskins	60 to 90
Wool	5 to 5
Tallow	5 to 5
Lard	15 to 17

DRESSED POULTRY MARKET	
Turkeys	10 to 10
Geese	8 to 9
Ducks	8 to 10
Chickens	5 to 8
Roosters	5 to 5
Hens	5 to 5

ANY DYSPEPTIC CAN GET WELL

By Taking "Fruit-a-tives" Says Capt. Swan

Life is very miserable to those who suffer with Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Sour Stomach and Biliousness. This letter from Captain Swan (one of the best known skippers on the Great Lakes) tells how to get quick relief from Stomach Trouble.

"A man has a poor chance of living and enjoying life when he cannot eat. That was what was wrong with me. Loss of appetite and indigestion was brought on by Constipation. I have had trouble with these diseases for years. I lost a great deal of flesh and suffered constantly. For the last couple of years, I have taken 'Fruit-a-tives' and have been so pleased with the results that I have recommended them on many occasions to friends and acquaintances. I am sure that 'Fruit-a-tives' have helped me greatly. By following the diet rules and taking 'Fruit-a-tives' according to directions, any person with Dyspepsia will get benefit."

H. SWAN
"Fruit-a-tives" are sold by all dealers at 50c. a box 6 for \$2.50, or trial size 25c. or sent postpaid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

and legibly. Working in batches of 100 with an overseer dictating the book in hand the task was completed in a very short time. As soon as the copies were written they were revised, corrected, rolled up and bound. Being slaves the men required only maintenance from their master, and thus he could afford to sell their productions at a very low rate.

HIGH SCHOOL CONCERT

The annual entertainment will be held on Friday evening, the 18th inst., in the Town Hall commencing at eight o'clock. A good literary program is being provided by the pupils, consisting of music, drills, and a "Play." In addition, there will be the presentation of medals, scholarships, diplomas and certificates. Brief educational addresses will be given by leading citizens. Part of the proceeds will be given for patriotic purposes. Admission, adults 25c., school-

DURHAM FLOUR MILLS

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