

THE DURHAM CHRONICLE

W. IRWIN Editor and Proprietor.

DURHAM, JANUARY 7 1914.

THE LOCAL OPTION VOTE

The result of the vote on Local Option here will be regarded as a victory by the anti-optionalists. Inasmuch as they had a majority on the even vote, but failed to overcome the three-fifths requirement. This, to them, will now seem a hardship, but the hardship now is no greater than it was a few years ago when the temperance people had to overcome the same handicap, and win only by a sixty per cent. vote.

Of the nine places where repeal contests were entered every one of them was successful in retaining Local Option. Durham being the only place where an adverse vote was recorded. In Lakefield Teeswater, Thornbury, Tara, Newmarket, Midland and Perce, straight majorities, ranging from 14 to 395 were given in favor of Local Option.

In Newmarket, the votes stood 578 for and 325 against. This was a straight majority of 253, or a majority of 37 over the three-fifths requirement, in favor of local option. This shows that the people of Newmarket are well satisfied with its workings.

In Midland, and we have heard a great deal about Midland, the voting was 717 for and 322 against. A straight majority of 395, or a majority of 93 over the sixty per cent the temperance people would have to overcome if they were voting the other way. This gives an idea of how much confidence can be placed in reports of dissatisfaction in the town of Midland.

In West Lorne, local option was carried a couple of years ago but the by-law was quashed on some technicality, but licenses were not allowed to be granted. The anti-temperance party forced an election this year to make the temperance people secure a majority over the three-fifths. The vote showed 130 for, and 60 against, a straight majority of 70 or a majority of 54 over the three-fifths required by law. In four other places the by-law carried, in four places it was defeated on a straight majority, and in six places it was defeated by the three-fifths requirement.

Locally, had it not been for the three-fifths clause, the town by Monday's vote, would have to go back to license, yet the anti-option faction has a heavy task ahead of them yet, and apparently no possible chance to reverse the verdict of seven years ago.

Let us look at the situation for a moment. There were 208 votes polled by the local option supporters. To get the 60 per cent. requirement the anti would have to poll 312 votes, or 98 votes more than they actually recorded. The total vote then polled would be 520. The total number of eligible voters on the list is only 490. Suppose then, that the temperance supporters stand solid at 208 and their opponents took all the rest, they would still be 30 short of reaching the three-fifths requirement, and as the temperance vote and the voters' list now stand it is absolutely impossible to defeat local option.

Suppose the total vote of 422 recorded Monday to remain it would be necessary for the opponents of the measure to take 254 votes and the local optionists 168 in order to defeat the temperance measure. To get these figures it would be necessary to have 40 of the temperance voters switch over to the other side. This is highly improbable, and need not be taken as a factor in the situation.

From the first, we had no fear of the defeat of local option, and said so when the movement for repeal was first mooted. We have often said, and repeat it again, that we don't expect to live long enough to see the license system return to Durham. Local option has to be voted out as it was voted in, and the three-fifths clause is a strong bulwark of protection to the temperance party.

The opposition in the contest just closed did all they could and a comparison of returns with those of three years ago shows a turnover of not more than 15 votes.

FROM THE FAR OFF WEST

Mr. David McCrie of Saskatchewan Landing, Sask., will accept thanks for renewal subscription. He wishes to be remembered to his old friends and acquaintances in this locality, and writes at considerable length to describe conditions in the west. He says, "1915 was not a favorable year for this part of the west, so far as crops were concerned, and they were almost a complete failure.

"The beginning of the year," he goes on to say, "was as dry as an ash bed for several feet down and we had very little snow during the winter months, so the spring started with very little moisture. The springs here are not like those in Ontario where they are usually too wet. Last spring was not only very dry, but there were very bleak, drying winds, and more than half the grain never germinated till we got the June rains, and then we did not get sufficient rain to wet the ground to any depth. Extreme heat followed, and everything seemed to wilt except on well-prepared summer fallows. The grain in our neighborhood yielded from eight to eighteen bushels per acre, but in some places one might pass farm after farm where the crop was not cut at all. The consequence is, many will have to buy their seed.

"The failure has taught a lesson to many, and the result will be better cultivation than in previous years. Some are very much discouraged, and would sell out if they could, but most of the discouraged ones have not been accustomed to farming.

"There would have been much hardship and suffering amongst those who have to depend entirely on their crops, had the Governments, both Provincial and Federal, not come to their aid. The Provincial Government is giving work in road constructing to those in need. Bachelors can earn \$75 and married men \$115 The Federal Government is giving upon application to those in need feed and seed grain, also provisions, and coal, but only those on land can obtain Government aid. This is put against the land, without interest, for the first year but five per cent after that. Had it not been for this aid, I do not know what some of the farmers and homesteaders would have done.

"We are all looking forward hopefully for a good crop next year. The ground was in better condition when winter set in than in any fall since I came here, and with a fair amount of snow. Good crops next year, with the high price wheat is likely to bring will cause us to forget our present failure. I may say, before closing that a great many of the young men around here have gone to the front.

PERSONAL

Miss Mockler, Toronto, was in town New Year's.

Mrs. Crowther of Chatsworth is visiting her father, Mr. Aljoe.

Mr. Dan. McKinnon has returned to his home at Wilkie, Sask.

Miss Siegrist of Warton is visiting her sister, Mrs. Robertson.

Mr. Bert McDonald is home from Hamilton.

Miss Inno Davidson is visiting relatives and friends in town.

Mr. Alex. Hildebrandt was home from Stratford over the holiday.

Mrs. J. A. Glass is spending a couple of weeks with relatives in town.

Captain Savage, of London was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Limin over the week end.

Miss Lizzie McDonald of Toronto spent New Year's with her parents here.

Mrs. J. A. Bradley of Winnipeg is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wolfe.

Mrs. Archie McLellan visited relatives at Caledon East over New Year's.

Mr. and Mrs. R. P. MacDonald of West Toronto spent the holiday with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. Cameron.

Mr. Harding of Orangeville visited his brother, Mr. J. H. Harding here, and sang a well rendered solo in the Presbyterian church on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Douglas and daughter, Dorothy, of Owen Sound, visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Limin, over New Year's.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, ss Lucas County.

Frank J. Cheney, makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

FRANK J. CHENEY, Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A.D. 1886. (Seal)

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An Acquittal and a Conviction

By WILLIAM CHANDLER

When my uncle Charles Dingley was found dead one morning in his bed I as his nearest male relative was at once summoned. I went to his room, which had been left untouched in every particular, and by the bed on which the body lay I found a bottle about two inches high and one inch square, around the four sides of which was pasted a label with the usual "Poison" warning printed on it.

There was nothing in my uncle's affairs to indicate that he had had any intention of committing suicide. He had not been very well for a few days, but there was nothing serious the matter with him. He might have been murdered and the bottle placed at his side to give the impression that he had taken poison. There were no marks on the body to indicate that he had been murdered.

The establishment of the facts in the case did not appeal to me. My uncle was dead, and whether he had been murdered or murdered himself made little difference to me. To put detectives on the case would cost money, but who would be the gainer? The authorities came to the house, made a perfunctory examination of the body and its surroundings and reported that the deceased had come to his death by means of poison administered by himself.

I went through the house myself looking for a clue. I had found a tumbler on the table with the poison and in the kitchen pantry found a dozen others of the same shape and make.

That fact indicated that the tumbler had come from the pantry. Dishes containing different kinds of food—mostly left over—were in the closet, one of them being a saucer of preserved peaches. It had apparently been knocked over, and a little of the juice had been spilled on the floor. It occurred to me that whoever had taken down the tumbler from the shelf had done so in the dark and had put his hand against the dish of peach preserves.

If he had done this some of the juice, if it had got on his fingers, might have adhered to them. I found faint, cloudy smears on the tumbler and, putting the tip of my tongue on them, thought I could detect saccharine matter. Examining the label on the poison bottle carefully, I found stains that I inferred might be the same as the cloud on the glass.

I locked up the tumbler and the bottle of poison, but had no desire to go any further with my examinations. I saw nothing to be gained by unearthing the mystery.

Fate decided, however, that it should be unraveled, or, rather, it should come out that there was no mystery at all. I was engaged to a girl who had discarded a former lover. Herman Goodsell hated me and brought about a suspicion that I had murdered my uncle. But this did not occur until my uncle had been buried. The will when opened disclosed the fact that my uncle had left a lot of money and every cent of it to me. Then our enemy began to get in his fine work, whispering here and there, till the police felt obliged to take cognizance of the reports and arrested me for murder.

The first thing I did was to engage an attorney and through him obtain the exhumation of the body for the purpose of having the finger prints taken. This was done. Then I had the tumbler that had stood by my uncle's bed examined with a microscope. A faint yellow substance was found on it, which contained a finger print. By treating the label of the poison bottle chemically a very clear finger print was obtained.

I had no idea how the accusation against me had started until my fiancée told me that she had probed the matter and traced a beginning to her former lover. This put me on my mettle to thwart him, and I named him as one of my witnesses to be subpoenaed for my trial. I gave my lawyer a list of questions to ask him, most of which had been furnished me by my sweetheart. When the case was called he was one of the first witnesses to take the stand, and my attorney soon showed malevolence on his part in this: That he had gone about spreading the reports that I had murdered my uncle. This had nothing to do with the case, but was intended for revenge.

When my real defense came up my attorney made short work of the matter. He had the tumbler and the label of the poison bottle in court, copies of the finger prints on them and a finger print of my uncle's thumb and two forefinger tips. They tallied exactly.

Goodsell was in court when I received my vindication. Under my instruction he received a tongue lashing that he was not likely to forget. My advocate showed how little evidence there had been against me, how it had been worked up by Goodsell and his reasons for having started the suspicions against me which had led to a needless and expensive trial. Goodsell cringed under it. Indeed, my acquittal was his conviction. When my counsel had ceased speaking my accuser left the courtroom and has never shown his face in the place since.

My uncle's bequest was a surprise to me, for I supposed he had little or nothing of value to leave and what he had would go to another branch of the family.

A LETTER FROM MILTON MILLS

The following letter from Milton Mills, now with the Canadian contingent in England, to his uncle, Mr. H. W. Hunt, of Vickers will be of interest to all:

Salisbury Plain

Dear Herb.—Received your letter to-night and was pleased to get it. I suppose everything is going fine out home now. Lots of snow. Snow is something you very seldom see here. It snowed to-day for the first time since we came and it only lasted for about half an hour. There is mud up to our ankles here.

We left St. Catharines on August 23 and we were at Valcartier till the 26th of September, and left Valcartier at 9.30 p.m. and arrived in Quebec city about 5.30 next morning. It was a rotten ride, and I fell asleep in the saddle a couple of times and nearly fell off my horse. We went to the Exhibition grounds, got breakfast there, and then went to the wharf. We had the guns and horses loaded on board and pulled out into midstream about noon. We embarked on board the R. M. S. Grampian, an Allan Line steamer. We had excellent second-class accommodation, which was much better than we expected. I went on signalling duty of the bridge that night. There were four signalmen on duty all the time, so as to keep up communication with the other transports and warships.

We were on four hours and off eight. In daylight we used flags or heliograph, and at night we used signal lamps. We pulled down the river at 11.45 a.m. on September 30, and anchored at Gaspe, where we met the transports and four warships. They were the Talbot, Eclipse and Charlybis. They were second-class war vessels. I think, On Friday, October 2, all transports were ready, and next day we pulled out of the harbor at 5 p.m. Another cruiser joined us on Monday, the 5th, making five cruisers in all. She was the Glory. On Tuesday, the 6th, the transport from Newfoundland joined us and we all were vaccinated. It was certainly a fine sight to see. There were 31 troop ships and five war ships. We had to put towels over all the port-holes, as no lights were allowed to be seen. We were supposed to land at Southampton, but had to change our course, as there were a couple of German destroyers and submarines waiting for us outside Southampton. We arrived at Plymouth at 4.30 p.m. on Wednesday, October 14 and anchored in mid-stream. I got a pass on Saturday, the 17th, and went ashore. I was all over the towns of Plymouth and Devonport, which are twin towns. On Monday, the 19th, we disembarked, and the horses were in fairly good condition, considering that they had been penned up in a small stall for 21 days. We had four die, out of 180 on board the ship. On Monday night, October 19, we entrained at North Plymouth at the Great Western Railway station and arrived at Arnsbury at 10.30 the following morning. We had a 14-mile march from there to our camping ground at Salisbury Plain. We started right in training as soon as we got settled in camp. Lord Roberts reviewed us about two weeks before he died. He reviewed us in the rain, and did not wear an overcoat, I noticed. We are now a six-gun battery of about 240 men and officers. We were originally a four-gun battery, but they turned them all into six guns, so we have a Peterboro section with us now. Our guns are 18-pound field guns, and have a range of about three and a half miles. They are certainly a very powerful and destructive weapon. There are three teams of horses for each gun and ammunition wagon. The gunners ride the gun limbers and the ammunition wagons. They have no springs, and the gunners sometimes get a rather rough ride. Officers, signalmen, range takers, scouts and patrols are mounted. I have a pretty good horse. We have not fired any live shell yet but expect to start soon. We have just been having field movements.

Every man is allowed a pass about once every three weeks. I was up in London for 12 days and I certainly had a good time. London is a wonderful old city but at present it is full of soldiers. The streets are all darkened at night, as there is a danger of German Zeppelins dropping bombs. I saw all the places of interest, such as St. Paul's, the Zoo, London Tower, Buckingham Palace, and I went to service at Westminster Abbey one Sunday morning. It is certainly a wonderful old building. The day after I was in London Tower, the German spy, Lody, was shot there. I also saw the Lord Mayor's show and the opening of Parliament and they are both very imposing functions. I went to Charing Cross Hospital to see the Belgian wounded. London is full of French British and Belgian wounded. I did not like to come back to camp again, after sleeping in a bed. We are not so badly off here as we might be. We are still in tents, but they have floors in them, and we have straw mattresses and enough blankets. We will be moving into huts as soon as they are completed. They are now under

construction. The horses have no shelter, and a lot of them have bad colds. We all had to grow a moustache, and there are some funny-looking ones—five hairs on one side and four on the other—a baseball nine. The other night I ran into Jim Farquharson, the Y.M.C.A. Building. He is with the Royal Highlanders from Montreal and he certainly is a big fellow now. The King and Queen inspected the Canadians about a month ago, and I think they have a good opinion of us. The English people think a lot of us, and use us all like princes. They are all after us for Canadian badges.

I am afraid you will find this letter rather disjointed, but I copied a lot of it from my diary. Also please excuse the writing, as I am sitting on a pile of blankets and using a square oil can for a writing desk. Give my love to all, and my best to the people I know in Durham and Vickers. In case you have lost it, my address is "Sgt. W. M. Mills, care of 7th Field Battery, 3rd Brigade C. F. A., Canadian Contingent, Salisbury Plain, England." In case I don't get another letter to you before Christmas I wish you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. Write soon and tell me all the news. Love to all.
Your loving nephew,
MILTON.

MARKET REPORT

DURHAM JAN. 7, 1915
Table with market prices for various commodities 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, and Lard. Also includes a section for DRESSED POULTRY MARKET with prices for Turkeys, Geese, Ducks, Chickens, Roosters, and Hens.

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BELGIAN RELIEF FUND

Table listing donations to the Belgian Relief Fund, including names and amounts such as Pres. ch., Ladies' Aid, J. P. Telford, Mrs. Arch. McNab, Priceville, Miss M. Mortley, Concert. upr. Ritchie's sch., The Chronicle, and The Review.

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