

DARKIES' CORNERS.

Mrs. Geo. Ritchie and son George, of Acton, were visitors at Mrs. C. Ritchie's last week. Mr. A. M. Bell, Holstein, spent over the week-end at his home at Pine Hill. Mrs. J. Vessie of town visited last week with Mrs. C. Ritchie. Sorry to report the painful accident which befel Mrs. Jos. Atkinson, while preparing to go to church on Sunday evening. She slipped and fell, breaking her left wrist, also dislocating it. The adult Bible class will meet this Friday evening at the home of Mr. Samuel Patterson. Mr. Edmund and George Noble of Bentinck spent an evening last week with Mrs. C. Ritchie. Mr. and Mrs. Bert. Ritchie entertained a number of friends to a party on Friday evening last.

Wm. Davenport, owner, and Lawrence Gallon, in charge of the iceboat which killed a girl on Hamilton Bay, are held on a manslaughter charge.

OVER 65 YEARS EXPERIENCE PATENTS TRADE MARKS COPIRIGHTS & C. Agents sending a sketch and description... Scientific American... HINN & Co 361 Broadway, New York

News from the Front

A Shipment of Clocks has just arrived at the "RED FRONT" Hardware and in order to clear them out quick we are going to

Reduce Prices

Who would lose a couple of hours sleep waiting for getting up time to come when you can get a clock so cheap, to let you know the right minute.

- Ordinary size Clock, reg. \$1.50 now \$1.00
Large size Clock, regular \$2.00 now \$1.50
Rolled Gold Plate, Fancy Stands, Reg. \$3.50 to 5.00 now \$2.50
Drop in and let us show you

Don't forget while at the Poultry Show and Horse Fair this week, that we are Headquarters for all kinds of Stock and Poultry Supplies. We sell the International and Royal Purple preparations, the best on the market. They bring results.

We have a good assortment of SNOW SHOES and now the season is here would be pleased to show them to you. Sizes from 1 to 8. Price \$2.00 to \$4.00.

We are also headquarters for those good Stoves and Ranges you heard so much about

The "Happy Thought"

W. Black The "Red Front" Hardware

Dan McLean LICENSED AUCTIONEER for the County of Grey

I wish to notify the Public that I have taken out an Auctioneer's License for the County of Grey, and am prepared to accept calls for Sales at any place in the County. A past experience of over 20 years' successful service in the Auctioneer's business should be recommendation sufficient, and I only await the opportunity to prove my efficiency. A Trial Solicited Satisfaction Guaranteed Terms Reasonable Dates of Sales may be made at The Chronicle Office, or with myself. Dan McLean DURHAM ONT.

PENSIONS VERY SMALL

CANADA WILL LIKELY REVISE ALLOWANCES AFTER WAR.

A Little Over Two Dollars a Week Is the Amount Now Payable to the Widow of a Soldier, and if She Has Children She Gets a Few Cents More—Totally Incapacitated Soldier Gets \$1.50 a Week.

As the law of Canada now stands, the Government allowances to the widow of a Canadian soldier who gives up his life for the country amounts to a trifle over \$2 a week on which to maintain herself for the balance of her days, says the Toronto Star Weekly.

If she has two or more children—the soldier's have eight and ten—she must make ends meet on \$2.50 a week. That allows her just about enough money to rent one of the poorest houses in town or city, and leaves nothing for maintenance.

The widow of a lieutenant who sacrifices his life for patriotic causes is faced with a schedule of pension rates, slightly higher, but still leaving her no alternative to working for a living or subsisting on the good graces of relatives. She may expect, with no children, \$209 a year; or with one child \$292; and with two or more children \$365. The lieutenant's widow, therefore, has a minimum guarantee of \$4 a week.

That is how the pension allowances at present in force propose to take care of the courageous and unselfish men who have shouldered arms for their country. Thus far, there has been no indication that the Dominion Government has considered a revision of the rates, which are, of course, hopelessly out of date, and based on a standard of living which would mean poverty in nearly every community the world over. Vital as the subject is, very little attention has been directed toward it. From what was said in a number of interviews with members of Parliament, clergymen, labor leaders, and others, the next session of the House will see the subject under debate and a remedial measure probably introduced.

The pension rate for privates who return to Canada sick or incapacitated by their wounds will certainly not appeal to Canadians as the proper reward for national heroes. A private who is only "slightly incapacitated," which may mean any number of painful and distressing conditions, is allowed \$75 a year, which means approximately \$1.50 a week, an amount that would not give him a room in a good boarding house, not to mention a supply of food or clothing. If "materially incapacitated," a term which carries its own meaning, he gets \$110, a trifle over \$2 a week. If wholly incapacitated, he gets \$150, nearly \$3 a week. The latter sum represents, perhaps better than any other item, the serious insufficiency of the whole Canadian pension arrangement. A soldier who gives to his fellow-countrymen his last jot of bodily usefulness is "taken care of" by a weekly allowance which will keep no man in the necessities of board and lodging, let alone any provision for his wife and children. That, however, is the letter of the Canadian law, and precisely that reward will be foisted upon the widows and the wounded unless the change comes about at the next session of Parliament.

As Mr. N. W. Rowell, leader of the Ontario Opposition, pointed out in a recent address, the rates allowed by the Ontario Workmen's Compensation Act to widows of men killed in our factories were more than double what Canada was willing to pay to widows of soldiers under the present pension law. The widow of a workman will receive, under the Act, \$240 a year if she has no children; if one child, \$300; if two or more children, \$360 and up. There is an additional allowance for children up to the number of eight. If a workman is incapacitated, slightly or seriously, so that he cannot follow his usual calling, the weekly payment is based on 55 per cent. of the man's wages. In place of the soldier's pittance when wholly incapacitated of about \$3 a week, the workman under the same circumstances will draw on an average of from \$6 to \$12 weekly.

It is essential to remember that when the war is finished and the great task of looking after the dependents commences, there will be no patriotic or other public funds from which to supplement the Government's pension. The \$1.50 and \$3.00 per week handed out to the heroes will represent in most cases the total resources upon which those men can rely for the rest of their lives. Pension funds in all countries appear to be based on the assumption that the widow of a soldier should devote the balance of her life to day labor, and indeed the same assumption would seem to be directed at a lieutenant's or captain's widow. A wealthy Canadian citizen, when asked for his opinion on a pension increase, made the remark that wives of soldiers should not be "supported in idleness" for the rest of their lives. This will probably appeal to most Canadians as a bitter and most unjust comment. It amounts to a declaration that the service of a soldier to his country may involve not only his own death, but a lifetime of penury and drudgery for his wife and family. Canadian public sentiment would give hearty approval to any proposal that would guarantee the wife of every enlisted man a decent income for the rest of her life, should misfortune befall the breadwinner. "I am ready to give hearty support to a new pension schedule," remarked Mr. Edmund Bristol, M.P. "Indeed, I have not the least doubt that any Government measure designed to put the pensions on an equitable basis would receive hearty endorsement on both sides of the House. It is not a controversial matter, surely, and what injustices there are in the present law should be removed without delay."

Finesse.

Finesse is one of those wonderful French words which seem to mean so much and yet, when one hunts them right down to their fundamental essence, turn out to mean really nothing so very much at all.

The word finesse as originally introduced into this country meant the maneuver in whist by which you take a trick from your opponents with a card lower than your highest—a card inferior also to one possessed by your opponents.

Speaking generally, without chasing the word too near its lair, finesse means the art of doing things niftily—I find it necessary to refer constantly to American slang in order to get the best definition for subtle French expressions.

Now there is, sisters and brethren, an old saying which saith that it isn't so much what you do as how you do it. The thing has a tang of the south about it, and I suspect that it really isn't much older than the Louisiana purchase; but, be that as it may, to lift an expression from the newspaper editorial writers finesse has to do with how you do things—George Vaux Bacon in Green Book Magazine.

Louis the Magnificent.

As soon as he rose he was dressed by his valet in a coat of blue cloth. Two little epaulettes of gold cord were sewed to the cloth. Under the coat was a white waistcoat, which was almost entirely hidden by the ribbons and wide sashes of his orders. His satin breeches ended in a pair of high boots or gaiters of red velvet, which came above the knees and were more supple than leather, for the thickness of leather on legs that were often painful from gout would have created too much friction. He made a great point of these boots. He thought that they made him look like a general, ready at any moment to spring upon a horse, though this was a physical impossibility for him since he was much too fat and too infirm. He used powder with a view to hiding the white locks of age, and this gave his complexion an appearance of youth.—From "The Return of Louis XVIII."

Among the Lions in the Dark.

Lecturing at the Royal Photographic society, reports the Dundee Advertiser. A Radclyffe Dugmore said that on one night in British East Africa he saw twelve lions and succeeded in photographing ten of them. He set up three cameras near a carcass, connecting them with a flashlight apparatus. He watched through the night in a hiding place, and when a lion appeared he pressed a button, which opened the shutters of all three cameras and ignited the flash powder. Immediately after the flash the lions ran off, growling, and it was then necessary for the photographer to go out with a hand lamp and then reset the instruments. Until a man had done that he never knew what darkness was. Lions at night, said Mr. Dugmore, went by in troops of any number from three or four up to thirty or forty.

His Stock In Trade.

The nervous little man next to the car window sized up the fat man who shared the seat with him and ventured the inquiry: "How's business?" "Can't complain," said the other laconically. "What do you deal in?" "Mothers-in-law, billygoats, tramps, the weather, stranded actors, candidates, politics and the like." "Whattye tryin' to do?" snarled the nervous little man. "Tryin' to kid me?" "Nope," the fat man grinned. "The things I have named in a large measure comprise my stock in trade. You see, my dear sir, I am a professional writer of jokes and anecdotes."—Youngstown Telegram.

Couldn't Wear Them All.

A small boy was one day asked by a clergyman if he knew what was meant by energy and enterprise. "No, sir; I don't think I do." The clergyman said: "Well, I will tell you, my boy. One of the richest men in the world came here without a shirt on his back, and now he has millions." "Millions?" replied the boy. "How many does he put on at a time?"—Los Angeles Examiner.

Ohio River.

The Ohio river was named from an troquois word, Oheo, meaning "beautiful." It appears on various early maps as the Albacha, Cubach, O-o, Ochio, Sabogungo, Caussiseppe, Kitonoce, Obuippeekhanna, Ohio, Opeek, Alhwege-sepe, Obeezuh, Hohlo and Youghlogheny.

Nonsupport.

"You say that your husband don't buy you any clothes?" "No, judge. If my tongue were coated it would have to be at my own expense."—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

Not Out.

Jobson (pocketing his pay envelope)—Now for good baseball luck. Jones—What do you mean? Jobson—To reach home without being touched.—Washington Star.

Looking Backward.

Knicker—Does your wife understand the use of leftovers? Bocker—Yes; she's constantly pointing out to me how she might have married them.—Judge.

Practical Genius.

Our idea of a genius is a man who can make a mountain out of a mole hill and then sell it for gravel.—Galveston News.

Desertion Discouraged.

Clarence King, the well known geologist, was a man of nerve as well as genius. One summer he was with a government expedition in the far west, and the men he was compelled to employ were, for the most part, ruffians and desperadoes. One night one of them deserted, and Mr. King knew that it meant a stampede if the deserter were allowed to go unpunished. He chose a companion, on whose silence he could rely, overtook the deserter and landed him in a convenient fort. The runaway had subsisted for three days on game, and his white horse was streaked with blood from the game hung on the saddle. Mr. King and his companion rode back, leading the crimson stained horse with all the deserter's belongings and said nothing. The men sent a committee to ask what had become of the deserter. "He is gone," said Mr. King impressively, "where anybody else who tries to desert will go too." The committee retired with a scared look, and there were no more desertions that trip.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

The Perfect Theater.

What some may be disposed to regard as the perfect theater exists in Moscow. A correspondent gives this picture of it: "A perfectly clean theater, with waxed floors and no dirt even in the gallery; a simple theater without plush or gilding, with hard but elegant seats even in the stalls; a theater where, before you enter, you must hang up your hat and overcoat on a peg and take off your over shoes; a theater of no clapping or laughter and to which you cannot be admitted if you are unpunctual, and arrive after the action has commenced; a theater where, between the acts, you all leave your seats to walk and talk in the corridors and picture galleries of the theater; to sit and take coffee in the restaurant; a theater where the raising of the curtain afresh is not heralded by bells or knocks on the floor, but by turning the electric light off, first a quarter, then a half, then three-quarters."

Naval War at Spithead, 1545.

Actual naval warfare has been witnessed by a King of England at Spithead. In July, 1545, Henry VIII, watched from Southsea castle the attack by the French fleet upon the English fleet which was to have gone against the French shores. The two days of skirmishing had no decisive result, but the English fleet suffered one great loss. The Mary Rose, the pride of the navy, a four castled sixty gun ship of 600 tons, overweighted by the ordnance, suddenly heeled over at Spithead in consequence, says Raleigh, of "a little sway in casting the ship about, her ports being within sixteen inches of the water." Some 600 men went down with her—about 100 fewer than those lost with the Royal George 237 years later.—London Graphic.

Bunyon and His Book.

The imperishable allegory on which Bunyan's claim to immortality chiefly rests, the "Pilgrim's Progress," was at least planned in jail, and probably the first part was written there. His "Grace Abounding," "Holy City," "Resurrection of the Dead," with other treatises and tracts, were also composed in the den where he languished twelve years. He obtained his full release through the intervention of the Quakers, and his name is included in the general pardon passed by the king in council in behalf of the prisoners of that persuasion bearing date of Sept. 13, 1672. Bunyan will perhaps always hold rank as one of the first among religious writers in the English language.—Case and Comment.

A Fighting Snake.

There is only one snake in the far east—that is, India, Burma, Siam and the Malay peninsula—that will always and at all times attack a man on sight. That is the hamadryad, justly more feared than any other animal that crawls. Fortunately for mankind, they are not common except in limited districts. They are so feared by all that the native shikarris or hunters will go miles out of their way to avoid the locality in which they are known to exist. The hamadryad will stalk a man as a tiger stalks his prey.—Medical Journal.

Quite Sufficient.

It was on a long railway journey, and for six hours he had sat opposite a solitary traveling companion, and not a word had been spoken. "Excuse me," was his opening, "but are you an Englishman?" "Yes," rapped out the stranger. "Oh, then I beg your pardon." And after that the long journey was completed in silence.—London Answers.

Irreverent Youth.

Her Father—Young man, young man, would you take my daughter from me? You don't know a father's feelings at such a time! I must suppress them. Her Lover—Oh, that's all right. If you want to give three cheers, go ahead.—Topeka Journal.

Compensation.

Dentist (telling story)—I tell you, when I got to that point of danger I lost my nerve. Patient—Well, you've got mine, haven't you?—Baltimore American.

An Exception.

Friendly Adviser—My boy, lazy men's names are not written on the sands of time. Languid Youth—Oh, I don't know. Look at Rip Van Winkle.—Puck.

A man never feels the want of what it never occurs to him to ask for.—Schoenbauer.

CORNER CONCERNS.

There was a large shipment of hogs at Holstein yesterday, although the price was just \$7.15. They fear a greater decline.

Mr. David Hamilton delivered at Holstein a week ago, four head of cattle—three steers and a cow for which he got \$290. He tries to keep the best of all kinds of farm stock, as he finds it is the good kind that pays.

We wish to extend our sympathy to the family of your Traverson correspondent in the bereavement that occurred in his home. The kindly old lady will long be remembered by all who chanced to know her.

Mr. Forbes Amos, grandson of Mr. and Mrs. James McMeeken, paid a flying visit to his relatives here before leaving for the war. We hope he may have a safe return and the best of success while absent.

Mr. A. McCabe, our efficient mail courier, has added a nice pair of bronchos to his outfit. He has now got the most likely-looking team he has had since he started two years ago.

Mr. Jas. Reid of Michigan is visiting with his daughter, Mrs. Bob McMeeken. It is upwards of a score of years since he was a resident of Varney, and he enjoys meeting his many old friends and acquaintances.

Mrs. Wm. Freeman of Mt. Forest spent last week visiting her sisters, Mesdames Barbour and Lennox, and other old friends of this place.

Mrs. Jas. Tucker is spending this week with her daughter, Mrs. Jas. Barge, who is indisposed from the grippe, which is a prevalent ailment at present.

Mrs. D. McCormick of Swinton Park, spent the week-end with her mother, Mrs. Henry Lawrence, who is suffering considerably from heart trouble, from which we hope she may soon be better.

Mrs. Maud Hamilton, who accompanied the Hon. Dr. and Mrs. Jamieson to Toronto last week, is enjoying life very much at the Parliament Buildings. She reports everything o.k. there.

Some of the horsemen are away to the Mt. Forest horse fair today with the horses they wish to dispose of. They like to have the two chances. If they don't sell there they have the chance of a better fair in Durham tomorrow.

PENTINCK COUNCIL.

Pentinck Council met at LaLash on January 11. The members after taking the declaration of office took their seats at the Council Board. The minutes of last meeting were read and confirmed.

By-law No. 1, appointing the following officers, was given its first, second and third readings and finally passed; J. H. Chittick, Clerk; W. G. Hastie, Treasurer; J. W. Vickers and I. H. Clarke, Auditors; Dr. J. L. Smith, M. O. H.; A. Wilson, member of the Board of Health.

The Municipal World account of \$16.18 for election stationery, assessment rolls and forms was ordered paid. The collectors' roll was accepted, and D. McDonald paid salary and postage of \$3.09. John Hudson was paid \$12.50 for filling approach to bridge.

A grant of \$5 was made to the Sick Children's Hospital, Toronto. Herman Schreiner was paid \$1.50 for moving scrapers and grader to shed, and Wm. Styles paid \$2.00 for work on Durham Road bridge.

The Reeve was paid \$2 for preparing financial statement. The Reeve and Auditor Clarke were appointed a committee re treasurer's surties.

The following accounts were paid: J. H. Chittick, part salary, \$100; W. G. Hastie, part salary, \$50; D. McDonald, collector, \$10; G. Brown, W. Lunney, J. Turnbull, F. Schmidt, F. Stowell, for 1 meeting were each paid \$2.50.

The Council adjourned, to meet on February 5, to appoint an assessor, collector, bookkeepers, fenceviewers and pathmasters.

"WAR" Our New Serial Story THE MOST FAMOUS WAR NOVEL OF MODERN TIMES, SHOWING GERMANY'S RUTHLESS HAND IN FRANCE, AUSTRIA AND DENMARK. Under the title "Disarm" this novel won for its author, Baroness Bertha Von Suttner, the Nobel Peace Prize. The story contains some passages strangely prophetic of the present world struggle, although the final scene of the story is the Franco-Prussian War of 44 years ago. The hypocrisy of a nation adopting conscription and a policy of huge armaments and pretending to hope for peace is proven to the hilt. IT IS A WOMAN'S PROTEST AGAINST WAR. START WITH THE FIRST INSTALMENT. Read The First Instalment In This Issue