

THE DURHAM CHRONICLE

W. IRWIN Editor and Proprietor.

DURHAM, FEBRUARY 11, 1915.

CORNER CONCERNS

Last week's storm spoiled many plans, both in social and business life, but gave farmers a chance to get a part of their statute labor done.

Messrs. Jas. Eden and Thos. Tucker attended the adjourned County Orange Lodge meeting, held in Mt. Forest this Tuesday.

Mr. Joe Morrison bought a fine bunch of young cattle from R. T. Edwards of Traverston. Both are becoming noted stock men.

The death of Mr. Thos. Pollock of Proton Station last Thursday, when reported to this neighborhood, caused a feeling of sadness, as he was an old resident of this place, in fact, grew from childhood to manhood, and was always highly esteemed as a quiet honest, industrious man.

People at a distance often tell us we should be just as prompt in reporting the recovery of our citizens as we are to speak of their illness or accident. So, we record that Mr. Peter Black is again enjoying life after his recent accident and illness.

Mr. Leith has been on this line with his wood-cutting machine, and gives good satisfaction but we presume it will be but a short time when almost every farmer will have one of his own.

Just at present farmers are trying to enjoy social life a little before preparing for spring work, and gatherings of greater or less import are reported almost daily.

The young people of this part, and old ones, too, for that matter, send their best wishes with John Weir, who left to join the third contingent. He was highly esteemed by all who knew him.

Mrs. Ellen Allan has been laid up for the past two weeks with throat trouble, but we are pleased to report she is improving.

We are all sorry to hear that township clerk Allan is in poor health, and hope for his speedy recovery. He was teacher in our school in his early days, and weighmaster at Holstein for the past few years, and both positions he filled honestly.

McWILLIAMS.

Intended for last week. Messrs. Spence and Lorne Hopkins of Bentinck were out this way last week with their gasoline sawing outfit and cut a fine lot of wood for Messrs. W. Arnett, B. Whitmore and W. Moore.

Mr. John Arnett, accompanied by Miss Nina McFadden, spent Sunday at the home of Mr. W. R. Watson.

Mr. John Eckhardt, jr., is now in Toronto undergoing treatment for sore eyes.

Mr. John G. Johnstone, with his gasoline outfit, was chopping grain last week for a number of the farmers on the 22nd of Egremont.

Mr. Fred McArthur of Priceville was around this way a few weeks ago and pruned Mr. W.R. Watson's orchard, of which he made an excellent job.

Mr. and Mrs. Zufeldt of Hanover are spending a few weeks with the latter's father, Mr. James Brown. Mr. Zufeldt has been suffering for the past few months with sciatica. His many friends in this part hope that he may soon be restored to his usual health.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Watson spent an evening last week at the home of Mr. Will Jaques.

Last Monday night and Tuesday brought the worst storm of the season so far. Roads running north and south were completely blocked.

Mr. and Mrs. Farr Lawrence spent the week-end with friends at Elmira. Mr. Lawrence is combining business with pleasure, as he is looking after the purchase of some thoroughbred Aberdeen-Angus cattle. He has quite a fancy for this breed of cattle.

Mr. Lorne Aljoe, accompanied by Miss Ella McFadden, spent Sunday afternoon at the home of Mr. W. R. Watson.

Quite a lot of cattle were disposed of around here last week, some going to Holstein and some to Priceville.

School Section No. 12, Egremont purpose holding a concert in the school house on Friday night, February 19. A fine program is being prepared. A good time is expected.

William McCarty has been living in Owen Sound for 73 years.

Break a cold with Nyal's Laxacold. 25c. at Macfarlane's Drug Store.

Barrie merchants have asked the town council to raise the fee for transient traders by \$200.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S UNION

Continued from page 1. Each society, stood up wearing common straw hats. Behind them stood four boys, who were supplied with trimming material, and to produce the best millinery results was the task of each of the boys. James Wylie of the Baptist church proved himself the most artistic milliner, and was awarded the prize.

The last contest was to ascertain which of four girls could make the best job of sharpening a lead pencil, and the prize in this case fell to Miss Florence Barclay.

The contest judges were the four resident clergymen, and their decisions were received with general approval.

A sumptuous supper of coffee, cake, sandwiches, etc., was the next item on the program, and if this had been like the preceding numbers, the prize would have been captured easily by Rev. Mr. Morris, at least we would have been willing to let him carry off the trophy.

DEATH OF MR. WM WRIGHT.

Mr. William Wright passed peacefully away at his home here Friday, January 29, 1915. The late Mr. Wright was born in the city of Leicester, England, on May 27, 1836. He emigrated to Canada with his people when a boy. The family lived in Toronto, then called York, for a number of years. Mr. Wright and his brother John moved from Toronto to Rockwood where they conducted a bakery for seven or eight years. When they dissolved partnership, the late Mr. Wright bought a farm in the township of Eramosa, county of Wellington. He sold his farm and came to Hanover nearly 25 years ago. He engaged in the grocery business with which he was connected at the time of his death. He was honest and upright, kind and courteous in his dealings with the public. He was a member of St. James' church and served as treasurer for the church at Hanover for a number of years. He was married on January 25, 1862, to Miss Rebecca C. Royce of Eramosa. He leaves to mourn his decease his wife and five children, Charles of Hanover, Mary, Mrs. W. V. Sinclair of Big Valley, Alta. Naomi, Mrs. P. E. Shay, Chicago, Cassie and Alfred at home. Two children had died before him. Alice, in young womanhood and Samuel in infancy. He also leaves a sister, Mrs. Copeland in British Columbia, and two brothers, Samuel in Kincardine, and John, of Durham, and a host of friends. He will long be remembered as a kind and loving husband and father and a true friend. It can truly be said of him, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, for they rest from their labors and their works do follow them."—Post

HAMPDEN.

Our singing school so far has been a great success. We hope it continues.

It was published a few weeks ago that Messrs. Gilmour, Cooper and Whiteford were appointed elders, but studying circumstances by which was carried during the two weeks of voting, Mr. Whiteford declined his position. We really believe Mr. Whiteford would have performed his duty creditably, but know he does feel as though he was put there in the wrong spirit of the people. We cannot understand the evil spirit that must be working in some of our people who commit such unreasonable crimes.

A very unexpected and sad death occurred in our midst the 27th of January. Miss Agnes McGauchie, aged 26 years, 9 months, passed peacefully away. Although she had been ailing for the past year, still it was thought nothing serious. On Tuesday night she went to her bed, feeling rather better, and about 11 o'clock that evening she awoke her father, who was sleeping in a room just below hers, by making a peculiar sound. Mary called her father, and in a second he was by her bedside and raised her, but she was then stiff, and never spoke from that time until she died on Wednesday afternoon. The doctor thought that it was a paralytic stroke that caused her death. Agnes will be much missed in the home circle, and also in the church, for when she was in good health she was as splendid church helper, both in her willingness to do her share, and also in financial affairs. There is no position, however high, can take the place of a humble life led for God. Much sympathy is felt for her mother and father, and also the family, who are all at home.

There is a meeting of the young people on Tuesday night at the school house, to consider preparing a social of some description in aid of the Belgian Relief Fund.

Mr. and Mrs. Archie Park spent over Monday with their daughter Mrs. Mather, of Priceville.

Tea and coffee retains its properties better if kept in glass jars rather than in tin receptacles.

Canada's debt grew about 18 millions in January, the revenue falling off nearly ten millions as compared with January, 1914.

An order in Council made a special grant of land in the west to Trooper Mulloy, the blind veteran of the South African war.

A HUMANE TRAP.

Canadian Woodman Has Invented a Device to Prevent Suffering.

North of Sioux Look-Out about 200 miles, which is to say in the district of Patricia, formerly called Keewatin, Land of the North Wind, lives Mr. Allen McMullen, some time of the Peace, Athabasca, and Mackenzie River country, originally of British Columbia, and, during the gold excitement an active Klondyker.

Mr. McMullen has been trapping and prospecting in the far Northwest all his life, that is since at the age of fifteen he joined forces with his father in the Rocky Mountains of B.C. He came down into the James Bay country a few years ago, and finding that there were few white men in the region of Patricia, he settled down there for a while, with two or three pals of his. Allen McMullen has done what nobody else in all the years that trapping has been a feature of industry in this country has had the heart or the brains to do. He has invented a humane trap, a trap that catches the little furry animal and kills it instantly. It has been endorsed by the Humane Society.

For centuries men in the pursuit of fur have considered it quite legitimate to snare, or dead fall, or spring trap, irrespective of the fiendish cruelty involved. Animals are caught without compunction or protest in any convenient manner, so long as the method employed does not injure the fur. The common spring trap catches the animal by the leg and breaks it. Then the little animal must bear the pain for days until the trapper returns, or must die slowly of pain and cold.

Mr. McMullen has thought of these things in the course of his thirty years of trapping. He has seen animal suffering enough in that time, God knows. At any rate he has thought out a humane trap. The idea is a combination of the old-fashioned snare and a strong steel spring. A little box is used instead of the little Indian house of driven stakes. In the box is a hole about the size of a mink's body, and the bait is hung on a hook inside the box, at the back. The hook is a hair trigger, releasing the spring at the slightest touch. The spring draws up the noose of fine wire cable, which hangs around the edge of the circular doorway, and does so with such strength and force that the little animal's neck is broken instantaneously.

"My trap is rabbit-proof," said Mr. McMullen. "No rabbit is going into a place like that to eat fish and meat. A rabbit don't live on that kind of food. The trap is safe from the Whiskey Jack, too. No Whiskey Jack can get his head in far enough to set it off. Every trapper in the North knows what a cursed nuisance the Whiskey Jack is. He sets off about one trap out of every four. He goes pecking at the bait, and if he don't get caught himself, with his interfering with what don't concern him, he spoils the trap for any fur that might have got caught if he had let it alone. The fur is not injured by this trap. And an animal can't escape by eating his foot off, like they do sometimes in the steel traps."

Mr. McMullen is a big, fine-looking Scotch-Canadian bushman, with long, dark, wavy hair. He speaks English, Ojibway, Cree, and Siwash. He has lived so much with the Indians that he talks like them in short, jerky, low-voiced sentences, often without bothering to use the articles, auxiliary verbs, and other unessential parts of speech. This is not because he does not know how, for he has a wider knowledge and education than many a man who has spent all his life within reach of schools, libraries, and newspapers. It's because he thinks by short-cuts, and talks the same way. To the bush wise, much talk is foolishness, and a grunt expresses a whole lot to those with understanding.

Increase in Lesser Crimes.

An increase of petty crimes is noted in the annual report of Provincial Police Inspector Rogers, which appeared recently. In all 1,599 cases were handled, and this shows an increase of 343 on the previous record. Convictions were secured in 1,172 cases, the percentage being slightly greater than before. Fines came from 754 people, 244 went to prison, and 174 were released on suspended sentence. Total fines imposed amounted to \$64,571, as compared with \$17,109.50 of last year, but much of this is uncollected pending a Privy Council judgment on the Hudson Bay Co. in the matter of selling furs.

The Liquor License Department was assisted by the arrest of 232 persons. Two hundred were fined and 32 imprisoned. Large seizures of liquor were made.

Under game and fishery regulations, 147 persons were prosecuted and 120 convictions were made. Considerable trouble was experienced during the year with vagrants at the border line and many of them were deported.

Home Use of Pulp.

Sixty-four pulp mills in Canada report a total consumption, in 1913, of 1,109,034 cords of pulpwood. Nearly an equal amount was exported to the United States in an unmanufactured condition. Thus, for the first time in the history of the industry, more than half of the pulpwood produced in Canada was manufactured into pulp in Canadian pulp-mills.

Quebec leads in the consumption of pulpwood, followed, in the order named, by Ontario, British Columbia, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. As the pulp industry on the Pacific coast is still in its infancy, steady increase in British Columbia may be expected. Over two-thirds of the wood used for pulp was spruce, and one-fourth balsam fir. The percentage of fir used has increased steadily, as the prejudice against this wood has been overcome. Jack-pine is also beginning to be a factor, though still a small one, less than 20,000 cords being reported as manufactured in 1913.

TWO VIEWS OF A FACE

A Story For Halloween

By DWIGHT NORWOOD

It is singular how certain callings will be considered criminal in one age and respectable in another. There was a period—the early part of the nineteenth century—when the professional gambler in what is now the middle west was quite a prominent personage in the community. So in England there was a period when the highwayman, especially he who robbed the rich and gave to the poor, was regarded a very good medium for the equalizing of funds. Some of England's best blood has been represented on the highway.

One evening a couple of hundred ears ago a gentleman and his daughter were bumping along in a chaise on an unpared road that led from London to their home near Clough when they were stopped by a masked horseman who appeared at the window and demanded their valuables. Sir Evan Brierly, the father, produced his money and his watch without resistance, but Evelyn, his daughter, demurred.

"I will give you, sir," she said, "the only valuable article I have, which you cannot take from me by force, provided you will give me a glimpse of your features."

"Pray what may that be?"

"I shall not tell you."

The robber hesitated, then lifted his mask, and by the side light on the chaise Evelyn saw the face of a young man, singularly handsome and refined. She remained silent for a time, and the highwayman said:

"I have kept my part of the contract. Only remains for you to keep yours. What is this article that I may not take by force?"

"My heart."

At that moment there was a sound of horses' hoofs coming, and the highwayman rode away with the words:

"So be it. I shall some day call for it."

Evelyn Brierly was but seventeen when she made this bargain. When questioned as to her intent when she made it she replied that she could not explain what induced her to say that in exchange for a view of the man's features she would give the only valuable article she had, nor had she framed a reply as to what the article was. She only knew that when she saw the strikingly handsome features of a gentleman the answer came to her from she knew not where and her reply was involuntary.

That was a period when Cromwell's Ironsides had defeated the forces of King Charles I. and Cromwell had made himself lord protector of England. The king's adherents were deprived of their fortunes and scattered. Some of them sought service in the armies of foreign sovereigns, and some, in order to make a living, took to the road. Among these was Lord Walter Wheatleigh, whose father, the Earl of Portland, had been killed at Naseby fighting for the king. Walter, the last of his race, had served under Prince Rupert, and after the beheading of the king his estates had been confiscated, leaving him penniless. He was one of those who took to the road for a living, and it was he who had stopped the chaise of Sir Evan Brierly and made the singular bargain with Evelyn. He afterward joined the young king (Charles II.) on the continent and at the restoration returned with the king, who restored to him his ancestral estates.

Meanwhile Evelyn Brierly grew to be a handsome woman. The face of the highwayman and the mysterious influence that had induced her to pledge him her heart in exchange for a glimpse of it never left her. The years went by, and he did not return to claim his own. Sometimes she dreaded he would and sometimes feared he would not. After awhile she began to think that he had suffered for his crimes on the gallows.

One October evening—it was Halloween—Evelyn stole out of her home and went across the fields to the river bank. The moon was but a few days old and was dividing the day and the night. Evelyn stood on the river bank among scattered trees and, raising a mirror she held in her hand, said aloud:

"Good moon, show me my future husband."

There was a sound of breaking twigs behind her, and a face appeared reflected in the glass. It was the well remembered face of the highwayman.

"Mistress Brierly," he said, "one night some years ago I gave you a sight of my face for your heart. To give you good measure I give you another sight of the same unworthy object."

Evelyn dropped the mirror and turned.

"The highwayman!" she exclaimed.

"The repentant highwayman, formerly Walter Wheatleigh of Prince Rupert's army, then reduced to make a living on the road, now Earl of Pentland."

"I did not know what I was saying," said the girl, turning away. The young earl caught her, saying:

"Nevertheless you said it, and I have come for my own."

Evelyn Brierly became Countess of Pentland and for a short while a member of the court of King Charles. But the profligacy of the court soon drove her to her husband's home near Windsor, where she remained, living a somewhat secluded life with her husband and her children.

FOURTH LINE. ARTEMESIA.

Messrs. Geo. Cairns of the west back line, and Walter Hemphill of Regina, visited with the latter's cousin, Mrs. Jas. Lyness, on Friday last.

A number from this line attended Rev. Dean's interesting meetings in Flesherton last week.

Miss Laura Beaton of Saugeen Valley was the guest of her cousin, Miss Reta Patterson, last week.

Rev. R. C. Kerr of Flesherton was a caller in our burg recently. A pleasant time was spent by the young folk at the home of Mr. J. McLeod one evening recently.

Messrs. Bert Whittaker and Thos. McArthur took in the ball in your town Friday evening.

We are sorry to report Mrs. W. Fletcher unable to attend to her household duties, owing to rheumatism.

Miss Annie Harrow was a visitor at Mr. D. McPhail's during the week-end.

Rev. R. C. Kerr, accompanied by Rev. Dean, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. R. Whittaker on Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Purdy pleasantly entertained their many neighbors on Friday evening. All report an excellent time.

MARKET REPORT

Table with market prices for various goods like Fall Wheat, Spring Wheat, Milling Oats, etc. Columns include item names and prices.

DRESSED POULTRY MARKET

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

TORTURED BY CONSTIPATION

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

ST. BONIFACE DE SHAWINIGAN, QUEBEC, 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.

BLYTH'S CORNERS.

Everything is lovely again after the unusually big storm of last week, which made a bad-looking job of the roads. Around the Corners for two or three miles, however, the road is fair on the centre of the highway, and a credit to the neighbors.

Mr. and Mrs. Dave Marshall entertained a large number of their many friends and neighbors on Thursday evening, when an enjoyable and sociable few hours were whiled away.

Mr. Jas. Ferguson, one of the early settlers in the vicinity of Knox church corner, now in his 80th year, and who for the past couple of years has been in failing health, is at present very low with pneumonia, with little or no hope for his recovery.

There was a great dearth of news last week, owing to the blockade of the mail trains. We got well caught up with reading the ads.

DURHAM MILLS

We thank our many Friends and Customers for their liberal patronage the past two years, and bespeak your future liberality.

If you have not received one of our Calendars call and get one.

Do not forget we are headquarters for all kinds of Good Flour and Feed.

Wishing you one and all a Prosperous New Year.

FRED J. WELSH

PHONE 58 DURHAM, ONT.

ALL-METAL WEATHER STRIP

Does Not Limit

VENTILATION

Keeps Out the Cold in Winter and the Dust in Summer

SAVES 20 to 40 PER CENT. FUEL

Storm Sash limits ventilation and is a continual source of expense for Glass and Paint, caused by repeated handling and storage.

All-Metal Weather Strip is much cheaper and more effective, is Rustless and cannot warp or get out of shape

IS ALWAYS ON THE JOB AND LASTS A LIFETIME

Applicable to all wood Sash and Doors—New or Old

No Job Too Small :-: No Job Too Large

Everybody enthused—Ask your neighbour who has it

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO INSTALLATION

ESTIMATES CHEERFULLY GIVEN — WRITE, PHONE OR CALL

C. J. FURBER & CO. Manufacturers

PHONE 58 QUEEN STREET, DURHAM