

THE DURHAM CHRONICLE

W. IRWIN, Editor and Proprietor.

DURHAM, MARCH 18, 1915.

THE CAUSE OF JUSTICE

Robert Knolls has been found guilty of manslaughter, and sentenced to fifteen months' hard labor at the Central Farm.

This was a case where a lot of Hallowe'en hoodlums assembled at the home of the defendant. To drive them away, he used a gun, which he discharged four times. One bullet struck a young man named Ferry, and he died from the effect. The judge in reviewing the case, it is said, charged strongly against the prisoner. He pointed out that "no man had any right to take the law in his own hands, and that Knowles should have gone about his business and in the event of molestation to have taken the proper course and laid an information against the culprits."

This looks very nice in theory, but how is a man to find out who the culprits are? and when he does find them out how is he going to prove anything against them? Had Knolls missed his aim and the hoodlum gang got off it is doubtful if to this day he would have found out who his annoyers were, and the same gang would have been back again next Hallowe'en and given further trouble. Knolls, we understand, was a nervous, simple-minded creature, and the most natural thing in the world for a man to do is to protect himself against such an organized band of rowdies. If we were on the jury we feel that, under such circumstances, we could hardly be a party to such a decision. We are pleased to learn, however, of the well-deserved reprimand the judge in the case meted out to the leader of the mob. He pointed out the unlawfulness of such gatherings, directed his attention most pointedly to the despicable part he had played in the tragedy that snuffed out the life of young Ferry. That a man of 32 years should gather a band of irresponsible boys to raid the premises or terrify the prisoner, who was of a highly nervous and irritable temperament, was almost inconceivable in this age.

After placing the responsibility indirectly on the conscience of the leader he intimated that proceedings against him would have been justified by the Crown. We are not going to question the justice of the decision, but we have no hesitancy in expressing disapproval of the rowdy conduct too often indulged in, and in the moiety of punishment often meted out in the name of justice. We believe that punishment should be administered only when deserved, and furthermore, we believe that when punishment is deserved, it should be generously administered.

THE CREDIT SYSTEM

The credit system has caused many a man to go to the wall. There are far too many who are willing to buy if pay-day is placed at some time in the future. But pay-day comes with wonderful rapidity, and finds the debtor too often unprepared. While credit causes ruin to many, it should not be wholly condemned. Often a man is unable to pay cash when in need of an article he can't well do without. Only when he can see his way clear to meet payment should he allow himself to go into debt, and notwithstanding the most careful forethought, there may be something come up to interfere with his good intentions. The best laid schemes are liable to miscarry, but chances must be taken sometimes. The man who exercises proper care and thought, in going into debt is not likely to go wrong often. The thoughtless buyer who involves himself without consideration is the one most likely to fail. While accepting credit has caused many to fail, there are others who would never be worth a dollar if they hadn't taken chances. A man of the right stamp who assumes a liability will find some way of working out from under the burden, and the fight necessary to overcome the difficulty will make him stronger for the next time.

CHIEF McAULEY DEAD

John McAuley, chief of police in Owen Sound for over a quarter of a century, was stricken with paralysis about a year ago, and knowing he would never regain his usual health and strength, resigned his position last summer.

Since then he lived quietly at his home, coming down town only occasionally to see his old-time friends and acquaintances. On Tuesday afternoon of last week he went to the court house to act as special constable. About the middle of the afternoon he was again stricken with paralysis and removed to the General and Marine hospital, where he died on Thursday morning without regaining consciousness.

He was born in the township of Holland 63 years ago. In his youth he was engaged as bushman, plasterer, farmer, or any kind of hard labor by which he could earn an honest dollar. On reaching manhood he engaged in farming, at which he proved a success; in the winter he went to the shanties and learned something of the art of self-defense, which served a useful purpose in his later years on the Owen Sound police force. After his appointment there 27 years ago, by his indomitable courage he forced a feeling of terror into many of the lawless characters of Owen Sound, and the town at once became better because of the efficient services of John McAuley, whose name was honored abroad and feared and respected within its borders. We know him by reputation, and we speak of him as we know him.

JOURNALISTIC SCANENGERS

Jack Canuck's vitriolic tongue still wags and this week he uses up nearly a column of his precious space in belaboring and belittling the editor of this paper over an article on "Licentious Literature" that we published a couple of weeks ago. We condemned the class of vile literature circulated here and elsewhere, and then, as now, pronounced it unfit to find a place in respectable homes. We mentioned no name of the vile publication, but Jack Canuck thinks the shoe fits him and takes up the cudgels against us.

We confess it an honor to be left outside the pale of Jack Canuck associations, and would any time prefer his condemnation rather than think an article of ours would meet with his honest approval.

We may not have as wide a circle of readers as Jack Canuck, but the twenty-five or thirty subscribers he credits us with need never fear to take The Chronicle into their homes and let it be read by every member of the family, without fear of demoralizing influences. On the other hand, Jack Canuck must be regarded by all right-thinking people as a seething cesspool of filth, a veritable scavenger of all things licentious. We can't extend the usual press courtesies in addressing one who thrives on the disseminating of such literature. A decent devil would blush to call him brother.

Next in order, and here we lay ourselves open for another rebuke, we disapprove of the man or woman, whoever it may be, who employs children to peddle such trash in a respectable community. The Press, as a rule, is clean, and we should try to keep it so.

IRELAND AND THE IRISH

A very interesting address was delivered last night in the town hall, by Rev. Mr. Morris. It was St. Patrick's night, and the meeting and entertainment were under the auspices of the Public Library. Mr. Morris is not long from Ireland, and still retains a suggestion of the brogue by which a close observer would be able to guess at his nationality. The address of an hour's duration was pleasing and profitable. It contained a lot of history and geography relating to the Emerald Isle. Belfast and Dublin came in for a fair share of graphic description. The rugged character of the country and the exquisite scenery comprising its mountains, lakes and rivers show that Nature has been no way sparing in its natural scenery and beauty. The people, too, in their diversified conditions of riches and poverty, came in for a few interesting and witty touches from the genial Irish clergyman. The address from first to last, was listened to with rapt attention.

Rev. Mr. Whaley, who is also of Irish extraction, if not Irish born, was a most efficient chairman, and kept the audience in the best of humor by his frequent and appropriate sallies of the brightest wit and humor.

The Durham Musical Society orchestra was in attendance, under the leadership of Mr. Yhrs, and at intervals during the evening enlivened the entertainment by their

lively Irish airs.

Miss Rita Irwin gave as her quota on the piano, a spirited Irish medley, and another selection based on one of Tom Moore's sentimental poems.

Misses Wilson and Black, and Messrs. Telford and Harding formed an excellent quartette and gave a highly effective rendering of Killarney, and other selections, closing the meeting with an appropriate "Good-night" song. Miss Hunter in these and other selections proved herself a most efficient accompanist.

A fine duet by Miss Wilson and Mr. Harding was listened to with delight by a very attentive audience, and Miss Florence Barclay, in her usual good style, contributed a real Irish solo.

No concert would be complete without assistance from Mr. E. D. McClocklin, and his splendid Irish interpretation of a war scene brought forth an encore, to which he was forced to respond.

The proceeds amounted to over \$32 and will be devoted to the Public Library Fund.

A LETTER FROM ENGLAND

Aldershot, Feb. 27, 1915.

Dear People at Home—Well, this is Sunday again, and as yet I have received no word from you, though I am hoping some is well on the way and I will receive it soon. As you see by the heading, I am still in Aldershot, and so far would hardly know England was at war, if it were not for the troops stationed here. Of course, I don't know what day or hour I may have to leave here and go to France, or possibly Egypt. Our bunch is gradually breaking up every week. Three have gone to France and two to Egypt, and two more are going to France to-morrow, but if I leave suddenly, mail that may be already on the way for me will be forwarded to me from here.

I went up to my lines this morning at nine o'clock, completed my work and came down town to the biggest Methodist church with one of the other boys. After dinner we went up to the lines and took out two horses and went for a ride in the country, and I am beginning to feel pretty stiff and sore now, but I must get my muscles hardened to it or it will mean being worse later on.

It seems hard to think of much to write when I am not receiving any letters, but I will try and do the best I can. I want you to send me some of the home papers, at least one or two of the numbers since I left home. Well, this is another beautiful day, too nice to be inside when you can have all the windows open and the room warm enough to sit in. I like this English weather, if it wasn't for the frequency of the rain. I saw some straw hats today, so it must be getting summery. I suppose the papers over in Canada are filled full of the great blockading of England, but over here very little is mentioned in the papers, only when a vessel is sunk by the German submarines, we hear a little about it.

I certainly see lots of different cases here in the hospitals, but they seem to have a habit here of waiting till the animal is about dead, or can hardly walk, before you are informed about it. We have a lot of lameness from hurried and imperfect shoeing, that are rather hard to treat, as most of them need rest and you can hardly allow them rest, as they need every horse so badly, notwithstanding the hundreds of horses and mules that come in every day, which are all green and have to be broken to the work.

I suppose things will be pretty busy at home now, and there will be lots of snow with it. This England is certainly a lovely place, with its old castles, and ivy-covered ruins. I only wish you people at home could see it. You can ride out in the country and stop at a little wayside inn and have one of the finest dinners, have your horse fed, and all it will be sixpence, or twelve cents. Now, I think I will close this up and go up to the hospital and see if one of my patients has died yet. I wish he would either die quick or take a change for the better.

With love to all,
Cecil E. Wolfe.

EDGE HILL

Mr. W. G. Firth has purchased a three-year-old colt from Mr. Will Jack of Traverston.

Mr. and Mrs. Alton of Markdale were visiting the latter's brother, Mr. Fred Staples, last week.

Mr. H. W. Hunt of Vickers was in this vicinity last week with his gasoline sawing outfit and cut up several large piles of poles.

Mr. E. J. Pratt of Louis moved his well-drilling outfit to Mr. C. H. Moffat's on Saturday.

Assessor John A. McDonald paid his annual visit to this locality on Friday, and as usual, gave general satisfaction in his valuation of property.

When They Mined the Nile.

In the Sudan campaign as the British troops approached Omdurman the Khalifa Abdullah conceived the idea of upsetting the British gunboat expedition by mining the Nile. A former officer of the Egyptian army whom he had long held prisoner was ordered by the khalifa to construct a couple of mines, which were produced forthwith. They were primitive in form, consisting, in fact, of two old iron boilers stuffed with gunpowder, in which was concealed a pistol with a string attached to the trigger whereby the charge could be exploded. The first mine was laid by the Ismailia, worked by a native crew, and demonstrated its efficiency by exploding on the instant, sinking the Ismailia and killing the crew, including the mine constructor.

The khalifa was delighted, not at the accident, but at the testimony to the power of the invention, and immediately ordered the emir in charge of his arsenal to lay the second mine. The emir, profiting by experience, insured his safety by putting the Nile into the boiler before he put the boiler into the Nile. He then carried out the immersion successfully, to the joy of Abdullah, who loaded him with "presents and praises."—Manchester Guardian.

The Faults of Others.

Charity does not require of us that we should not see the faults of others, but that we should avoid all needless and voluntary observing of them and that we should not be blind to their good qualities when we are so sharp sighted in their bad ones. What if others are weak, is that a reason for your no longer keeping any measure with them? You that complain of their troubling you, do you give nobody any trouble? You that are so shocked at the faults you see—if all to whom you have been troublesome should return the trouble they have had with you, you would be oppressed with the weight, and, besides, even supposing that men had nothing to reproach you with, yet consider, further, what obligations you are under from God to show forbearance toward others for which you know you have such abundant occasion at his hands.—Fenelon.

Tennessee's Marbles.

Although marble is the most important product of Knoxville, Tenn., there being thirty-five mills and quarries in the city district, producing values which have reached \$3,000,000 a year, the great variety and value of Tennessee's marble deposits were unknown until 1853. Between that year and 1857 the two large additions of the capitol at Washington, wherein the United States senate and the house of representatives sit, were built of this marble. The beautiful East Tennessee variegated marble is the material of which the desks of the president of the senate and the speaker of the house as well as the railing of the stairway leading from the first floor of the capitol to the galleries of the house, were built.—Argonaut.

German Soldiers Yell by Orders.

Here is a curious instance of the German way of doing things. The German military system does not take into account the natural impulse of a charging, excited trooper to yell anyway under the vociferous conditions of a battle. He is commanded to yell as part of the shock action to which each man must contribute to make overpowering. During the winter schooling he actually is drilled in individual charging to yell at a certain point in the charge and is severely criticised if he does not make noise enough. It is the same with singing. The Germans are naturally a musical people and sing spontaneously, but with regiments in the field songs are started and stopped by command.—World's Work.

Mending a Broken Nose.

Dr. O. A. Lathrop of Boston reports to the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal on a remarkable operation by which he straightened a baseball player's nose that had been smashed by a bat. He cut a strip of bone two inches long and a quarter of an inch wide from the inner edge of the man's shoulder blade and inserted this in his nose. Four weeks later the graft had entirely healed and the nose had assumed its normal shape and color.

Time in West Africa.

Because of the scarcity of clocks in West Africa events are timed by the regular daily occurrences. For example, a native wrote that she had received news of her sister's sickness "a little while before the guinea fowls talk"—that is, about 5 o'clock in the morning.

Great Endurance.

"An elephant is one of the strongest as well as one of the most patient animals on earth," said the student of natural history.

"He has to be," replied Mr. Growcher. "Think of all the cirques he is compelled to look at."—Washington Star.

Where Atlantic Is Narrowest.

Between Brazil and Guinea the Atlantic ocean is only about 1,800 miles wide. From Newfoundland to Ireland, the narrowest breadth north of the equator, is nearly twice as far. From New York to the nearest point of France is nearly three times as far.

Fashion.

"What makes the fashion?" a fashionable woman once asked the great designer Worth.

"What I make and you wear—that is the fashion, madam," he replied.

Evil grows and strengthens by endurance.—Cicero.

BLYTH'S CORNERS.

Thursday evening, March 25, is the date set for the lecture in Knox church by Rev. T. Wilson of Walkerton. As Mr. Wilson is a forceful fluent speaker, and has with him over 100 limelight views on the war, a rare treat is in store for all who are present. Quite possibly an insertion bearing on the above will be inserted in The Chronicle, as it always "gets results."

M. Archie Thompson has traded farms with a farmer near the Rocky above Durham, and both intend to move at once Archie will be much missed from our congregation as he is quite a family man, and he and family regular attendants.

The Grangers are very active at present getting up an order for a car load of fertilizer, which they intend getting through the Farmers' Co-operative Co. in Toronto at greatly reduced prices. As we know you, Mr. Editor, to be quite a successful vegetable grower, you might just as well chuck in your order along with the farmers and get some. For further particulars see Mr. Jas. Wilton of Varney.

We consigned a pure-bred Shorthorn bull to the county sale at Markdale. The getting off of animals over the present roads is a considerable undertaking, judging from the experience we had before we got him landed in Durham to-day.

MARKET REPORT

Table with 2 columns: Commodity and Price. Includes items 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, Lard.

BELGIAN RELIEF FUND

Table with 2 columns: Item and Amount. Includes Previously acknowledged, S. S. No. 12, Egremont, C. Ramage, March.

DURHAM MILLS

SEED OATS—We have a few hundred bushels of MAMMOTH CLUSTER that we are offering for seed, at 75c per bus. These Oats are perfectly free from any noxious weeds, or wild oats, and anyone contemplating a change of seed this spring, will do well to secure your needs early. SEED BARLEY AND BUCKWHEAT. Anyone having a Good Sample of either of these grains, clean, and fit for seed, kindly submit samples, we are prepared to pay a fancy price for the right class of goods. FLOUR AND FEED AT THE RIGHT PRICES. CUSTOM CHOPPING OAT CRUSHING. FRED J. WELSH. PHONE 58 DURHAM, ONT.

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