

THE DURHAM CHRONICLE

RWIN, Editor and Proprietor.

DURHAM, MAY 6, 1915.

BRITAIN'S FINANCIAL TASK

Mr. Lloyd George, Chancellor of the Exchequer, in presenting his war budget, estimated that if the war lasted during the whole of the fiscal year, Great Britain's expenditure in that time would be \$5,682,170,000, or if it should end in six months instead of a year, the estimated expenditure was \$3,952,290,000. It is absolutely impossible to form a true conception of these vast sums. Let us try to get some idea. Suppose we count a year's expenditure at the rate of \$10 a second, \$600 a minute, \$36,000 an hour, and work ten hours a day continuously, including Sundays, it would take over 43 years. Isn't the thought most appalling? Yet today Britain is grappling with solemn realities that stagger the human mind to conceive of, even in imagination. And this is only the part that Britain plays in the greatest wasteful drama of all ages. The cost to Germany will be as much, or more, than the cost to Britain, but to this we must add the enormous expenditure and waste to Russia, France, and other belligerents. But the waste doesn't end here; the whole civilized and uncivilized world is disturbed by the awful calamity, ungrasped and ungraspable by the greatest human mind.

THE BOSPORUS

The Bosphorus, no less than the Dardanelles, is rich in classic myth and ancient deeds of valor. The name that the Greeks gave to the strait means a passage or crossing for cattle—Oxford is the exact English equivalent for Bosphorus. Did they so name it because agricultural knowledge there crossed from Asia into Europe, or because the Phrygians crossed there when the oracle told them to follow a route that one of their oxen would take if driven to the water? Or because Io, when Zeus had transformed her into a white heifer, swam the strait to escape the tormenting gadfly? You may take your choice for ancient writers give all these explanations. They also tell us that other straits bore the same name, notably the passage that connects the Sea of Azov with the Black Sea.

The strait that now has the exclusive use of the name Bosphorus was known earlier as the Thracian Bosphorus. A modern writer has well called it "the bleeding vein of Europe." There the crimson tides of conquest have ebbed and flowed for unnumbered centuries. More than 500 years before the birth of Christ, the great Darius led his Persian hosts across the Bosphorus on a bridge of boats, for the invasion of Scythia. As a generation later, his son, Xerxes, led his armies across the Hellespont. To the Bosphorus, when almost a thousand years had passed, came Constantine from Rome to found the Empire of the East and to build the capital that has faced the fury of besieging armies no fewer than 32 times.

There, like a succession of wonderful pageants, the hosts of the crusaders crossed from Europe into Asia, aflame with zeal to rescue the holy sepulchre from the infidels. There, for centuries passed the priceless cargoes that in the Middle Ages gave power to Venice and Genoa.

To the shore of the Bosphorus in 1453, came Mohammed II, with the strength and strategy that finally wrested Constantinople from "the Christian dogs" that had long defied Islam. When the defenders checked the invading fleet by iron chains stretched across the narrow strait, Mohammed laid a chute of greased planks from the Bosphorus round behind the city, along which his men and horses dragged 70 of his galleys to the Golden Horn, where they could better bombard the Christian fleet and forts.

In May, 462 years ago, over the welter and sack of the fallen city, Mohammed II spurred his horse through the doors of St. Sophia. Since then the waters of the Bosphorus have reflected a crescent

POLITICAL PIRATES.



The Senate: "Yes, I torpedoed it but you gave the order."

above the dome of the ancient church; it may be that the reflection is now about to give way to that of the cross that the waters knew for more than a thousand years.

A HOUSE OF PRIVILEGE

The Weekly Sun has even gone to the defense of the Canadian Senate. It says: "The Senate has not much power, and what it has it has seldom abused. It performs in practice, better perhaps than any, the useful function of enabling the popular representatives in the Commons to avoid in many cases the impact of unwise agitations or of unreasoned public opinion. In that view, it is the Senate's fate, as well as its duty, to be assailed."

Since the day, nearly half a century ago, when Confederation was established, there has been only one appointment to the Senate for other than party reasons. It has been a mere registering machine for Governments with which a majority of its members were in sympathy. It has embarrassed and resisted Governments to which its majority was opposed. In foolish and uncompromising partisanship it has been consistent throughout its whole feeble and ineffective history.

But The Sun, which never is more happy than when flogging the British Senate, apologizes for the more partisan and infinitely more useless Senate of Canada. Moreover, in the Senate, "the interests" are peculiarly entrenched. But because Conservative leaders will not agree that there is any conflict between Protection and Democracy the Sun abandons Democracy and goes out in defence of this useless House of Privilege.—Toronto News.

THE PEACE MOVEMENT

The following from last week's Youth's Companion, published at Boston, will be of interest to the majority of our readers. While the view taken does not coincide in full with the whole of the American republic to the south of us, still it is expressive of the opinions of a great many residing in that land. The Companion says:

You frequently hear the hope expressed that the war will end in a "draw"; that neither side will win a victory so complete that it can dictate crushing terms to its defeated enemy.

"You frequently hear the hope expressed in such a way that both sides would not at once begin to prepare for another and greater conquest a few years hence, it would be well; but when a struggle of any sort ends in a "draw" the contestants look forward each to the time when he can renew the fight in circumstances more favorable to himself. That is human nature.

"Is a draw a possible end for this conflict? Some men predict that it will not be long before Germany and Great Britain, to say nothing of their allies, will be so exhausted and impoverished that they will be ready for peace. Suppose that happens, what then? The nations now at war would agree to an armistice and appoint plenipotentiaries to represent them in discussing terms of peace, but the reasons for fighting, which were many at the beginning, have increased in number and complexity as the war has

gone on, and all of them are regarded differently at the different capitals. How, then, could the peace delegates come to an agreement upon any one of them?

"Take, for example, the case of Serbia. What possible decision could anyone suggest to which both Russia and Austria would agree, no matter how exhausted they were? And to pass over the subject altogether would be a virtual victory for Russia, which Austria would not tolerate. Belgium is a still harder problem. Germany would refuse to evacuate the country and make compensation for the ruin that the fighting has wrought there; but nothing less than that would satisfy Great Britain, which, having made itself the champion of Belgium, is bound in honor to stand by it to the end and to get for it a just indemnity for its undeserved sufferings.

"On questions like these there is no room for compromise. The statesmen of Europe know it, and therefore there will be no conference until some nation is so much more exhausted than the others that it will be willing to accept such terms as the victor is willing to grant; and that state of things is not a draw.

"Arbitration is equally out of the question. There is no Government that both Germany and Great Britain would accept as an umpire, or any that would be willing to expose itself to the hostility it would incur from both sides by attempting to judge between them, or even by giving advice as to terms of peace.

"Therefore, the war will probably go on until one, at least, of the parties to it is unable to continue. It may be unfortunate for the world at large to have one group of belligerents obtain an unquestionable ascendancy in Europe, and the other group hampered in their national aspirations; but we must find our consolation in the belief that such an outcome will lessen the chances of another such war."

WAR TAX ON BANK CHEQUES.

Enquiries having been received in regard to postage stamps being used for the prepayment of war duties on bank cheques, bills of exchange, promissory notes, express money orders, proprietary or patent medicines, perfumery, wines or champagne, as well as upon letters and postcards, postal notes and post office money orders, proprietary or patent medicines, perfumery, wines or champagne, as well as upon letters and post cards, postal notes and post office money orders, notice is hereby given that this use of postage stamps is in strict accordance with the provisions of the special War Revenue Act, 1915, which provides that postage stamps may be used in lieu of Inland Revenue War Stamps in fulfillment and discharge of any requirement under the Act that adhesive stamps be affixed.

The public is at liberty at all times to use postage stamps for any purpose for which Inland Revenue War Stamps may be used but it is especially provided in the Act that Inland Revenue War Stamps are not to be used on letters, post cards, postal notes or post office money orders, the only stamps allowed on these being ordinary postage stamps upon which the words "War Tax" have been printed.

Mr. Samples' Sister

By M. QUAD

Copyright, 1914, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

I was serving my first and only term of sheriff in an Indiana county when a smart looking aged man who gave the name of Samples arrived at the county seat and gave out that he was looking around for a site for a large factory. He was provided with letters of recommendation and the air of a man of business and soon had the two bankers in the town and other business men interested in his project. His factory was to make a new kind of cloth out of what he called Persian hemp. He had samples of the cloth to show, and it could be made and sold at 400 per cent profit. Samples himself would put \$500,000 into the enterprise, but he wanted the town to subscribe \$200,000 additional so as to make it a home affair.

On the second night of Samples' arrival in our town a fine horse was stolen from a citizen. During the first week's stay more horses were run off. In three weeks' time twelve of the best horses in our township were taken. As sheriff I was not idle for an hour after the first horse was taken. Even if I was a little green myself as an officer I had two or three constables and deputies who were old hands at the business. Some of the horses we traced a few miles, always headed for the Ohio river, but the thieves were slick fellows and covered their tracks so well that not a horse was recovered.

One day while I was shivering in my boots and expecting to hear that the thirteenth horse had been stolen a flash of light came to me. Every horse taken had gone south by a certain road. At a certain point all traces had been lost. Ten miles to the south of us was a big huckleberry swamp of 2,000 acres. It was a wilderness and had only been explored by hunters. It was a big tangle, full of snakes and wildcats, and even berry pickers took good care not to penetrate too far. It flashed over me that the stolen horses instead of being run out of the state had been corralled in this swamp to wait until the hue and cry were over. Within two hours I had started for the swamp, accompanied by a constable. By pure good luck after a tramp of half a day we came upon a trail showing the hoof prints of horses, and, following it to the very center of the swamp, we came upon the whole twelve stolen animals. Feed had been brought in to them by another trail.

It was a fine "plant" we uncovered. There were two men to take care of the horses. One of them was a blacksmith and he had a forge and dozens of horseshoes. As the animals were run out the plan was to shoe each one with the shoes reversed and thus deceive us in case we struck a trail. We made a cautious approach, but in spite of us the two men got away. We scarcely regretted it, however, in view of the capture of the third one, who had just arrived. It was Mr. Samples, the flax cloth man, the factory man, the man with letters of introduction. Yes, sir, he had arrived to give his subordinates directions, and as he fed with the others he tripped and fell, and we were enabled to overhaul him. He didn't even bluff. We had got him so pat that he could not say anything. In his pockets were letters sufficient to convict him twice over, and his game was up.

You know what human nature is in a small town. I had been maligned and abused without stint for failing to capture the horse thieves. Now that I had got all the stolen horses in a bunch and the horse thief in addition nothing was too good for me. I was called a hero and all that and got a serenade from the band and had bonfires galore in my honor. The arrest of Samples was a thunderclap, but the public soon got over its astonishment and demanded that he receive the

maximum punishment of the law. He was examined, committed for trial, and I took care to give him the strongest cell in the county jail. The man gave me no trouble. After recovering his cheek a little he claimed that he would be able to prove his entire innocence before a jury, and he was so cheery and good natured that I came to like him. He had three months to wait for the circuit court, and he made no move in regard to lawyers or witnesses until half the time had expired. By that time the public had lost most of its interest in the case.

One day Samples announced to me that his sister would soon arrive to see about getting him a lawyer and so forth, and a day or two later she called at the jail. She was a rather quiet looking woman of about twenty-five, spoke in a choked voice and wore a veil, and without questioning her much I led her to Samples' cell and left them alone. It so happened that I had to go into court directly after, and I left it to a turnkey to let her out. He did so, and it was three hours later when I made the discovery that the two had exchanged clothes, and the woman had been left behind. The turnkey hadn't noticed anything out of the way as the "woman" passed out.

I didn't faint away or have a fit or commit suicide. I simply tendered my resignation and went off on a vacation. I knew my public, and I knew that although I had recovered the horses that "sister" business had taken me out of politics forever. She got sixty days in jail as punishment, I believe, but Samples got clear off and, no doubt, worked his little game to advantage in other localities.

MARKET REPORT

DURHAM APRIL 29, 1915

Fall Wheat.....	\$1 50 to \$1 50
Spring Wheat.....	1 45 to 1 45
Milling Oats.....	80 to 80
Feed Oats.....	55 to 60
Peas.....	1 50 to 1 65
Barley.....	65 to 70
Hay.....	16 00 to 18 00
Butter.....	26 to 26
Eggs.....	18 to 18
Potatoes, per bag.....	45 to 45
Dried Apples.....	3 to 3
Flour, per cwt.....	3 50 to 4 50
Oatmeal, per sack.....	3 50 to 4 00
Chop, per cwt.....	1 40 to 1 75
Live Hogs, per cwt.....	8 60 to 8 60
Hides, per lb.....	11 to 12
Sheepskins.....	60 to 90
Wool.....	5 to 5
Tallow.....	14 to 14

TORTURED BY CONSTIPATION

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

ST. BONIFACE DR. 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.

GOD GIVE US MEN.

God give us men! is the urgent cry—
Men who are honest, who will not lie;
Men who are strong, and noble, and true;
Men who have courage to dare and to do.
God give us men who stand for the right,
Men who are ready all evil to fight;
Men that are clean, whose word is their bond;
Men who, when called, are sure to respond.
God give us men that money can't buy,
Men who have faith and are willing to try;
Men who have honor, virtue and power—
God give us men! is the cry of the hour.

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.

Shingles and Firewood For Sale

Window Screens and Screen Doors

MADE TO ORDER

14 Mesh Black or Rustless Wire

AGENTS for BEAVER BRAND

End Matched Hardwood Flooring

Estimates cheerfully furnished on all kinds of Carpentering, Joining, Store Fitting, etc.

Experts in All-Metal Weather Strip Installation

Now is the time to have this work done

C. J. FURBER & CO. Manufacturers

PHONE 58 QUEEN STREET, DURHAM