

THE DURHAM CHRONICLE

W. IRWIN, Editor and Proprietor

DURHAM, JUNE 3, 1915.

POST NO BILLS

This is a sign to be seen in all well regulated towns, not only by telephone companies, electric light companies, but by town councils who do not like to see town property defaced by all sorts of literature.

We took a walk up town a few days ago, and as we neared the fire-hall on the hillside, our attention was arrested by a big bill plastered on the large door opening to where the weigh scale used to be. It was one of the Pastor Russell bills, and has likely been disfiguring the place since their moving picture show here some time last year. Now, it isn't because it was a Pastor Russell bill we object, but because it was pasted there, and has a ragged and slovenly appearance that will gradually get worse till time or some other influence removes it entirely.

In the case of old and dilapidated houses the shabbiness is increased by the artistic paste brush of the advance agents, who care not a fig for the looks of the place after they draw a crowd and get away with the booty. If hotel men and other private owners wish to allow their blank walls as advertising sign posts, we are not aware of any person having a right to interfere so long as the literature contains nothing obscene or objectionable, but even in these instances it would be better not to allow a general effacement.

To obviate the difficulty, we think it might be well for the town to put up a few bill-boards and to authorize the town constable to attend to all the work of posting at fair remuneration. In some places there is a fixed bill-poster's tariff, and the work of posting is all done by him and paid for direct by the advertising company. However the matter is handled there should be something done to prevent the indiscriminate plastering of vacant walls and fences with all kinds of advertising. Our present constable is trying to improve the general appearance of the streets and town property and it's everybody's business to assist him in doing so.

FROM THE FIGHTING LINE

Belgium, May 2 1915.

Transports 1st Batt., 1st Bde 1st Canadian Contingent, British Expeditionary Force.

Dear Father, and Folks at Home:

Here I am again. I suppose the stirring times we're having around here will be making you all anxious about me, but I am fine and dandy yet. Nelson Campbell and all the other boys of the corps are fine and hearty, with the exception of a few casualties and wounds.

Put believe me, we've been going some the last couple of weeks, and I'm afraid, lost a lot of men. I think the greater part of our casualties are slight wounds and that a lot of the men will soon be able to rejoin their regiments again. You bet I was glad we did so well against the rascals.

The day before the big battle there was nothing unusual going on. We were having a regular sports day when, about six or so in the evening, the artillery started, and you bet they made some noise. Then a couple of German aeroplanes came over us and kept letting out signals. In a few minutes soldiers who chanced to be in the next village, came running out, telling us that the French had been compelled to give way and had let the enemy through their lines. The Germans had used their poisonous shells and gases and had scared the liver out of the Frenchmen. They beat it anywhere at all to get out of the way of the Allemans and their gas and poison. The road soon became full of refugees running for their lives.

I felt sorry for them. Some were too feeble to walk or crawl, still they struggled along. One poor old man came pudging along with his poor old wife on his back, too far gone to crawl any further.

About one o'clock the Battalion moved off and were soon in action. They had to advance over an open space and the 1st and 4th Battalions got it the heaviest and they lost a lot of men before they could take cover of any kind.

BACK TO THE OWNER



Laurier: "Those Borden people must be house-cleaning!"

Of course, we transports were not looking on or sitting still, by any means. By this time we lost a couple of horses, a mule or two, and had five wounded men; one of our ammunition limbers was struck by a shell and knocked to pieces. The team hooked onto it were not injured, but the driver was thrown from his horse into the air and got hurt in the spine. Another driver got wounded in the leg; another, named Smith, was badly wounded. The Atkinson boys would know him, as he at one time worked in the livery stable at Holstein. Another 30th man from Fergus was killed. So you see the transports had their share of casualties. I'm lucky, though, that the snells are scared of me. Capt. Campbell is in fine trim. He's just in his glory in the war game. Well, I must stop this or I'm afraid it will not get past the censor. I hope sister Florence is well again and that you are all well at home. Don't forget to write me lots. I haven't had a letter now for two weeks, and sometimes it is impossible for us to write here. Something is wrong with our mail service, so my letters are held up somewhere, no doubt.

Well, I started this epistle in Belgium, but failed to get it away. Now we're back in France recuperating and being reinforced for the next splash.

Just as I was finishing this letter we got orders for the first line of transports to go up with ammunition. The Battalion had gone up as reserve, so we had to "stand to" behind them all night: a peach of a job, one of the soldiers' delights. The next night we moved here. We left camp about 9.30, landing here about dawn. It was a light drizzly rain all the way, so we were all soaked through, and all tired out. I could scarce keep up in the saddle and had about sixteen sheep along the road, waking up every time the horse gave a big snort on a bad piece of road. We are in a fine large town now and we're enjoying ourselves again fine. For the last couple of weeks something went bust in the mail, but it's all right again. Last night I got three letters all at once from you, one dated April 8, another April 12 and another April 19; also got one from Pertha saying they are wondering how I am getting along.

Well, I guess I'll make another start to finish my letter. I suppose I'll get it away by Christmas if I keep at it. I've just been out with rations for the companies and we are all kept very busy, even when we are supposed to be resting.

I can imagine you all at work on the farm, picking stones, etc. Am afraid I'm spoiled for farm work, for we're all as lazy here as yellow dogs. We are having fine weather here now. The trees are all in leaf and this is a fine country around here.

If you send parcels, wrap them up very strong, or they will not reach us. Also put lots of gum in them. Water is scarce and gum goes good to thirsty guys like me.

Well, this is a very fair sample of a newspaper this time. I hope old man censor lets it go past. Tell my old friends around Durham to write me and to put in all kinds of fun and to not expect me to write, as we are only allowed to write one letter per week, and often don't get time to write one. We are often three or four days without our shoes off and are often in the saddle 14 to 16 hours out of the 24.

Well, I must close now, hoping you are all in the best of health. Be sure to remember me to all old friends. Tell them I'm all right yet: have had a few scratches, but have been able to keep out of the doctor's hands and he doesn't know me yet.

Au Revoir for this time, Yours as ever, -Wm. R. Falkingham.

The 29th annual meeting of the Woman's Auxiliary to the Missionary Society of the Church of England, was held last week at Belleville, with a large attendance of delegates.

The Mocking Bird Girl

By F. A. MITCHEL

One afternoon in April while on a visit to Washington I was sitting on a bench in one of the parks. The leaves were half blown, and among them birds were twittering. One little songster in a tree above my head was now and again giving two melodious notes, the first higher than the second. Then suddenly just behind me these notes were repeated by a human voice, followed by a girl's laugh. I cannot say which was the more musical, the imitation of the bird's piping or the laugh. I turned and saw three girls, all with their backs toward me, moving away.

Cupid had many arrows in his quiver, but there is one, called fancy, that he uses more than all the others. At any rate he had led drive at me with such an arrow and pierced my heart. I had been caught by the trifling incident that I have mentioned and was enamored of the girl who had mocked a bird and laughed. I fancied her the embodiment of feminine mischief; her smile between dimples was doubtless expressive of that melodious laugh, and her eyes laughed as well as her lips and her voice.

Had I been a trifle less fanciful and more practical I would have arisen and hurried after the girls to get a view of the one who had bewitched me. But by the time I became aroused to the situation it was too late. I went after them, but the park was full of people, and they were lost in the crowd.

A few evenings later I was attending a reception at the White House. I was standing near the opening to the conservatory with a married lady to whom I was indebted for invitations. Suddenly from within the conservatory I heard the musical laugh that had charmed me. But unfortunately high growing plants were between me and the person who laughed, and I could not see her.

I would have given all I possessed if I could have left my companion and hurried around what screened the girl I longed to see. But no. Conventionality held me. To leave a woman standing alone at a function would be unpardonable. And what excuse could I make for such an act? Could I say: "Madame, pardon me. There is a mocking bird girl behind those palms with whom I am enthralled. I must leave you to go to her?" Such a course would be to commit social suicide, for I have observed that of all the women in society the most sensitive to the attention shown them are those who have husbands. I remained at my

BLYTH'S CORNERS.

Rain and heat are badly needed, and while we are usually opposed to taking a pessimistic view of anything, really, the crop prospects, with the exception of fall wheat, are decidedly discouraging at present.

Mrs. John Marshall was unable to take her accustomed place in the Sunday school at Knox on Sunday, owing to a severe attack of sciatica.

The Grangers in Varney intend holding their annual picnic in Wm. Carson's bush on June 18. A live committee have in hand full preparations for a rollicking time. Admission free. Please bring eatables. Everybody heartily welcome.

We undertook this year to plant our corn: thought the idea of planting 3 1/2 feet apart a waste of ground, but before we got through came to the conclusion that it should be anywhere from 10 to 25 feet apart.

Rev. B. M. Smith's sermon on Sunday was decidedly interesting and inspiring to the large congregation present. Text, 1 Kings 13:26. "It is the map of God who was disobedient to the word of the Lord." Friday evening, June 4, will be

post, but heaven knows what it cost me to do so. Later I would have tried to find her, but how could I do so never having seen her face?

The next time I heard my mocking bird laugh I was at the capitol, up in a gallery under the dome. Directly below me walked a man, a woman and a girl. I could see the tops of their heads and shoulders, but nothing more. Then up came the laugh. It was the same I had heard twice before. I would know it among a thousand.

I was tempted to jump down fifty or a hundred feet and land before my charmer. Instead, I turned and ran down the stairs so fast that I fell and when I tried to rise found it impossible to do so. I had broken my leg.

I cursed my fate for many reasons, but the principal one was that I must give up hope of ever finding my charmer—that is, if she was a stranger in Washington. If not, I would remain there as long as I lived in order to find her.

I did not get the use of my leg again till July, and then it was too hot to remain in one of the hottest cities in America. I would have done so, but I didn't believe the girl I was looking for would be there. With a heavy heart I went northward.

In October I returned to prosecute my search. I accepted all the invitations I received, hoping to meet my mocking bird girl. I was doomed to disappointment. Everywhere I went I listened and never heard a girl laugh that I did not feel a pang because it was not the one I longed to hear. I was introduced to many girls, but none of them could fill the gap in my heart.

One evening I was assigned to take a certain young lady out to dinner. She was very pretty. Her eye was liquid, her smile flanked by dimples. I passed a delightful period chatting with her, for there was between us that wireless something which tells two persons that they like each other. I parted with her under the impression that she might make me forget my laugh girl.

I met this young lady again and asked permission to call. It was granted, and during the first evening I spent at her home I made a discovery. She began to play the piano, and this set a canary bird in another room to singing. "I once heard a girl," I remarked, "imitate a bird to perfection."

"I can do that," she said and straightway reproduced some of the canary's notes. Whether it was the expression on my face or what it was I know not, but she laughed.

I sprang toward her and took both her hands in mine. "I've been hunting you since last April!" I exclaimed. "I heard you imitate a bird in the park and laugh. That laugh made me your slave forever."

And I spoke the realistic truth. We have been married ten years, and I have never yet had my way in a single instance.

In a spectacular attempt to attract attention to "war stocks" again, which declined recently, brokers on the New York Stock Exchange carried giant shrapnel shells on the exchange floor.

Just after 75 cats and dogs were dumped into the executing tank of the New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, the tank exploded and it literally rained cats and dogs.

Montreal Italians paraded 3,000 strong last Thursday night, in celebration of Italy's union with the allies. They smashed the office Windows of Henri Bourassa's paper, which has spoken slightly of Italy's motive for entering the war.

PERSONAL

Mrs. Dr. Pickering, and daughter Marjorie, are in Stratford.

Mrs. Green, and daughter Dorothy, left Tuesday for a trip to her old home in the west.

Miss Marshall, of the post-office staff, is spending a few days in Toronto.

Rev. and Mrs. Wylie were in Mt. Forest yesterday attending a Baptist conference.

Rev. Mr. Rock, Baptist minister, of Walkerton, was in town yesterday.

Mrs. Will Glass and little daughter, Gertrude, are spending a couple of weeks in Georgetown.

Mrs. J. A. Glass returned Monday after visiting in town for a week.

Messrs. Fitzgerald, Petch, Ogram and Johnston, of Linwood, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Cox here.

Masters Earl and Pierre Cox of Palmerston are spending a few days with their uncle, Mr. W. R. Cox.

Mrs. A. Beggs, Mr. Guy Kearney and Miss Annie Kearney attended the funeral of the late Alex. Beggs, at Linwood, on Tuesday.

Miss Marion Search is recovering from her illness with typhoid fever, and Miss Gladys Search is also recovering from her operation for appendicitis.

Mr. Arthur Davis, who has been visiting here for the past few weeks, returned to Edmonton yesterday. Mrs. Davis and baby boy will remain here for a while longer.

FOURTH LINE, ARTEMESIA.

Corn and potato planting is the farmer's occupation at present. Growth is good and the crop looks excellent.

We are sorry to report Mr. Neil

MARKET REPORT

Table with 3 columns: Commodity, Price, and Unit. 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, and Lard.

ANY DYSPEPTIC CAN GET WELL

By Taking "Fruit-a-tives" Says Capt. Swan

Life is very miserable to those who suffer with Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Sour Stomach and Biliousness. This letter from Captain Swan (one of the best known skippers on the Great Lakes) tells how to get quick relief from Stomach Trouble.

PORT BURWELL, Ont., May 28, 1913. "A man has no chance of living and enjoying life when he cannot eat. That was what was wrong with me. Loss of appetite and indigestion was brought on by Constipation. I have had trouble with these diseases for years. I lost a great deal of flesh and suffered constantly. For the last couple of years, I have taken "Fruit-a-tives" and have been so pleased with the results that I have recommended them on many occasions to friends and acquaintances. I am sure that "Fruit-a-tives" have helped me greatly. By following the diet rules and taking "Fruit-a-tives" according to directions, any person with Dyspepsia will get benefit."

H. SWAN

"Fruit-a-tives" are sold by all dealers at 50c. a box 6 for \$2.50, or trial size 25c. or sent postpaid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

Cameron ill with sciatica Dr Lane is in attendance.

Miss Ida Jones was the guest of Miss Sadie McKeown at the Glen, a few days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hill attended the funeral of the latter's step-father at Berkeley on Sunday.

A few from this vicinity attended the patriotic concert given by Zion Women's Institute in the township hall, Glenelg, last Friday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Garnet Magee and babe, of Osprey, also Mr. J. J. Garbett of Mono Road, were visitors at Mr. Jas Lyness' the first of the week.

Word has been received that our soldier boys, Messrs. Whittaker and Fletcher, have arrived safely in England and are enjoying the wonderful sights of the old land.

Miss Ruby Stone arrived home from the city last week and will remain with her parents for the summer.

Mrs. Nattress and her son, of Bolton, were holiday visitors at R. Whittaker's.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Beaton of Bunesan, visited with Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Patterson on Thursday of last week.

Wedding Gifts

THE Season is approaching when you will be looking for a suitable gift and, it would afford us great pleasure to show you the many beautiful things we have placed in stock for this season,

Our stock of Silverware is of the finest quality and will last practically a life-time.

a most acceptable wedding gift.

Beautiful pieces of Silver from \$1. upwards that we can thoroughly recommend make

We are also showing a large and varied stock of Cut Glass Jewelry and Clocks.

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