

THE DURHAM CHRONICLE

W. IRWIN, Editor and Proprietor

DURHAM, JUNE 17, 1915.

PETTY POLITICS

The dissolution of Parliament is the prerogative of the Crown.

Under the Constitution, the Borden Government is manifestly unable to give a guarantee that no election will be held for the duration of the war, or for any other stated period.

No one is better aware of this than Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

In the Commons, toward the close of the last session, Hon. C. J. Doherty, Minister of Justice explained to the Opposition at considerable length that it was for the Crown alone to say when Parliament was to be dissolved, and that the Opposition's demand that the Government give a guarantee that there should be no election until after the war, was really a demand that the rights of the Crown should be usurped.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who listened attentively to Mr. Doherty's explanation of the provisions of the Constitution, arose at its close and stated that he in no way disagreed with what the Minister of Justice had said. In other words, Sir Wilfrid admitted that it was impossible for the Government to say that there would be no election while the war was in progress.

Why then does Sir Wilfrid go to Toronto and play to the grand stand with a challenge to Sir Robert Borden to guarantee that there will be no war election?

He knew when he offered that challenge that Sir Robert couldn't accept it. But for the sake of momentary applause and a bit of petty political capital he imposed upon the ignorance of his audience, and uttered what was no better than a plain untruth.

A man who will stoop to deceit and trickery like that offers the very best argument for his continued absence from a position of high national trust.

BOOST THE FALL FAIRS

The Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto, and the Western Fair, London, are advertising their respective fall shows, and they'll have as big crowds as on former occasions. These huge concerns believe in the power of printers' ink and their continued success year after year may well be attributed to this powerful leverage. No sooner have the exhibits left the grounds in one year than work is commenced for the next year. They never let up and the always-at-it-iveness of the management is bound to bring results.

What is true of the big fairs is true, in a smaller measure of the smaller fairs, and in some cases the failures may well be attributed to a lack of publicity. The work of getting up a successful local show cannot be crowded into the last three weeks preceding its existence.

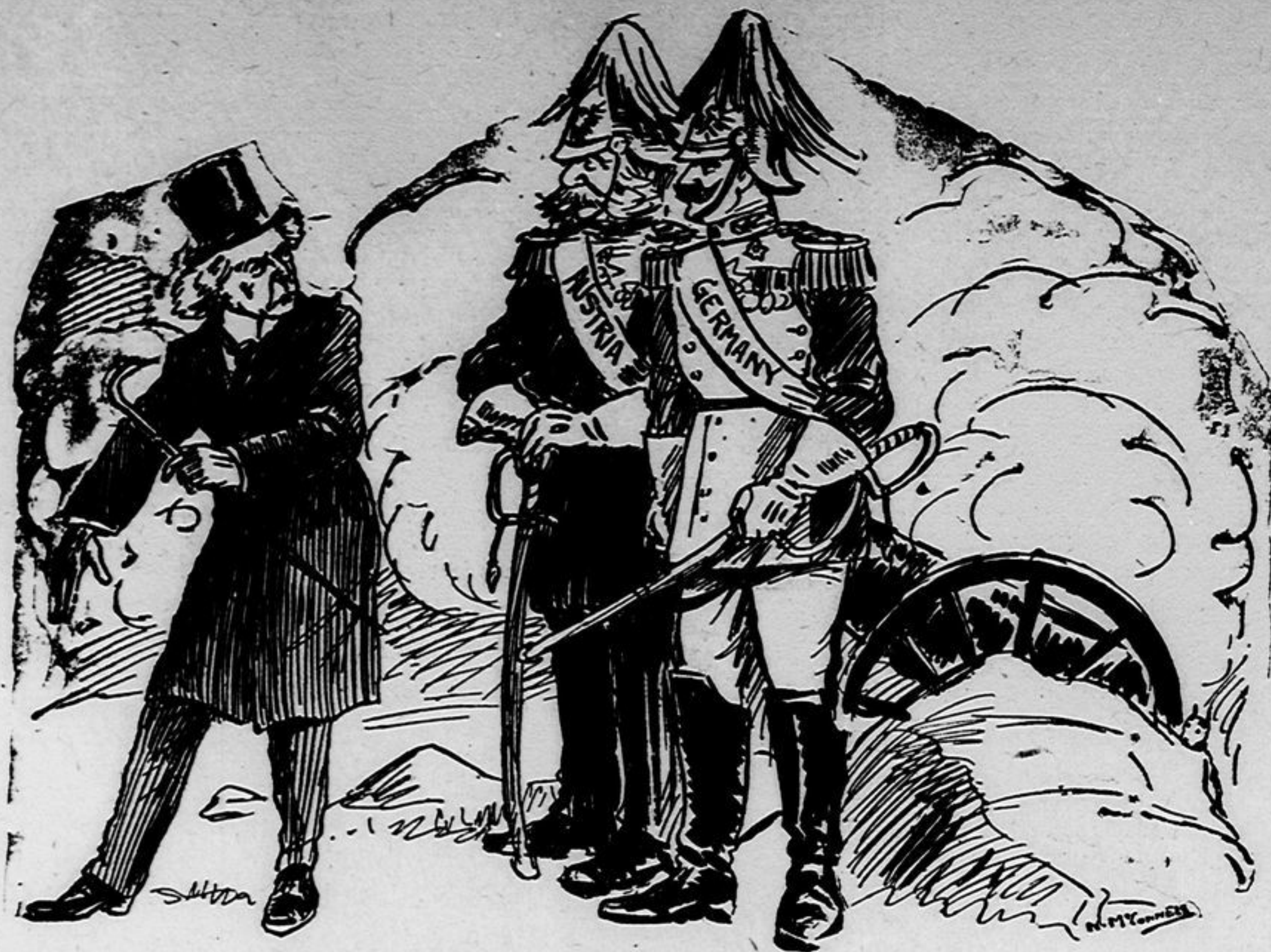
Work for our next fair should be well under way now, and no effort to make it a success should be lost sight of in the interval. To reproduce last year's prize list and the getting out of an announcement poster is not enough. The amusement part of the program should be known now, and everybody should be led to expect something better than anything that has been. Not only should the public expect something better, but the something better should be given. By promising, advertising promises and verifying every promise by giving everything promised, is the only way to secure and retain the public confidence and ultimately make for permanent success. To promise and not to fulfil a promise is worse than not making a promise at all. The public can't be gulled all the time. From now on, the management should have no rest if the fair is to be "the best ever."

SENT TO RED CROSS

The Ladies' Aid society of the Presbyterian church here, who this year have been sewing for the soldiers, have shipped the following to the Red Cross headquarters, Toronto:

39 shirts, 9 Florence Nightingales, 66 pairs socks 361 bandages, 33 sheets, 86 pillow cases, 8 feather pillows, 42 towels, 87 face cloths, 6 dozen handkerchiefs, 2 dozen packages tobacco.

JUST TO THEIR LIKING



The Allies: "If only that British Government had been as slow as you, Sir Wilfrid, to see an emergency, our plans would have succeeded."

RED CROSS COTS

Local contributions: W. Ritchie, Sr., \$5; J. May, \$5; T. McFadden, \$5.

KNOX CHURCH, NORMANEY. Contributing \$10: A. Smith. Contributing \$5: J. Watson. M. Barber, W. Allan Sr., J. J. Wilton, J. McIlvride, J. P. Plyth, J. Marshall Sr., W. Thompson, J. Marshall and family, D. Marshall, J. Peter, D. McIlvride, G. Peter, Mrs. Margaret Marshall, R. R. Watson, \$4.

Contributing \$3: H. Wilkinson, W. Grant, A. Stewart, A. Marshall. Contributing \$2: J. Petty, W. E. McAlister, T. Wallace, D. Leith, A. Marshall, E. Fee, J. Keller, J. Marshall Sr., J. Berr, J. McKechnie, L. Krellar, Mrs. J. Ferguson, J. Morice, \$1.50.

Contributing \$1: W. Ferguson, G. Sharp, A. McDonald, T. McAlister, A. Picken, R. Barber, W. Keller, W. Allan Jr., R. Gadd, Miss Jessie McVean, J. McVean, Mrs. Margaret Grant, W. Carson, J. Love, G. Lewis, A. McVean, J. Thompson, S. Koenig, J. Leith. Contributing 50c: D. Mountain, Miss M. E. Backus, J. Sharp, E. Churchward.

Church funds, \$9.50, to make up the three cots.

Our Auto Outing

We had a pleasant auto trip on Friday. There were five of us in the party, including Mr. George Smith, whose careful hand and watchful eye manipulated the steering gear and guided us safely over all bumps and landed us home without a single mishap.

We might have felt richer in a ten thousand dollar limousine, but the unpretentious little Ford was just our size and we enjoyed it better, we believe, than the millionaire would enjoy the same trip in a much more costly outfit.

We left here at 7:30 a.m. and reached Collingwood at 11. It wasn't fast going, but the roads were rain-soaked for most of the way and the cyclometer showed the distance travelled to be 46 miles. At 1:30 we left Collingwood and after visiting a half an hour or so four miles out of our way from Thornbury, we got to Meaford at 4:30 and Owen Sound at 6 o'clock. Leaving Owen Sound at 9 o'clock we jogged along nicely and got here at 11, the distance travelled being 12 1/2 miles.

The roads were heavy most of the way, but we never had a mishap of any kind. We have no interest in the automobile business but the success of our trip has convinced us fully that the Ford car has earned its popularity by its good, efficient service, and the low cost of its maintenance. It can be bought now for \$590 for the touring car such as we had. This is less than half the price paid formerly, and so far as we can see the reduction in cost is not the result of reduction in efficiency or workmanship. Any intending purchaser may have the car fully demonstrated by calling on the agents here.

The agreement between the Department of Agriculture and the Province of Saskatchewan for the expenditure of this year's share of the subsidy under the Agricultural Instruction Act, has been signed. It provides for a total grant of \$68,011.04.

A Popinjay

By MARGARET C. DEVEREAUX

Two men were standing on a street corner chatting. They were both crooks, though professionally they had no connection. A dapper young fellow who looked as if he had just come out of a bandbox passed them.

"Who is that guy?" asked one crook. "Hist!" said the other, and waited till the young man had got beyond hearing; then he added: "That's a Pinkerton. I run across him oncet. He's the slickest in the business. I'd know him through any makeup."

"What's he doin' here?" asked the other nervously. "I reckon he's workin' on the Tenth National bank business. I've been let into it that the best men in the Pinkerton service are on that case."

"Come off, Tom; you're coddin' me." "You needn't believe me, Bill, if you don't want to. I've only given you what I think anyway."

The crook who had received this information tried to look unconcerned, but the other noticed that he was very much concerned. Bill walked away, and Tom looked after him with evident amusement. "What a sucker!" he said to himself. "I believe he had something to do with that bank job or he wouldn't have bit so sudden. He's a green one. The idea o' that popinjay bein' a detective!" And he smothered a laugh.

That same afternoon Bill met the popinjay again on the street. Bill looked at him so hard that he attracted the other's attention. This was probably the reason why he looked hard at Bill. At any rate Bill shuddered and passed on.

"He's on to me, sure!" he muttered. "I wonder if I could get out o' town without his knowin' it. I'm goin' to try a makeup."

When the 7 o'clock train pulled out of the station an elderly countryman with a pair of old fashioned green goggles on his nose sat in a seat by himself looking as if he had just come from the hayfield. The door at the front end of the car opened, and who should come in but the popinjay. The only seat vacant was by the farmer, and the newcomer took it. The farmer's eyes being covered by the goggles and the lower part of his face by a long white beard, no one could see the contortions of his countenance. Presently he pulled himself together and said in a low tone to the man beside him:

"What is there in it for me if I give up the stuff?"

"What stuff?" asked the other, surprised.

Elliot Lost the Race.

Brother officers of Col. Elliot, of the Second Canadian Contingent, tell the following story: Major J. H. Elmsley, now second in command of the Royal Canadian Dragoons at the front, when general staff officer in this division was known to be a man who never lost his temper. When Col. Elliot joined the staff, he quickly gained the same reputation for evenness of disposition. The other officers began to wonder which would lose his temper first, and the affair developed into a game in which every man on the headquarters staff took a lively interest. When the staff went to Niagara camp two years ago, the work became strenuous enough to try the nerves of any man, yet Elmsley and Elliot were still tied in the race for the laurel for coolness in times of stress. The game continued and each day when the officers sat down together at dinner, Maj.-Gen. Lessard would ask: "How's the race? Has either lost his temper yet?" The answer continued in the negative for weeks. One day, however, something happened. Col. Elliot was forced to say "damnation" and the race was declared over, much to the amusement of the other officers.

"Oh, I'm on to you same as you're on to me. No need o' fencin'. If I put you on to where the money is hid will you let me out o' the game?"

The stranger turned, looked the speaker full in the face, surprise, curiosity, craft and a number of other expressions struggling for the mastery. Finally he said:

"Can you turn it over without the matter leaking out?"

"I can."

"Do you want to go anywhere?"

"Reckon I'd like to try South America for awhile."

"How much would you need?"

"How much can you let me have?"

"How much money have you to turn over?"

"All that was taken."

The popinjay was stilled. He didn't like to ask what he was supposed to know. He concluded to take a risk.

"Would five hundred do?"

"If you can't do any better."

"Very well. Where do we get off?"

"At Winchester."

There was no further conversation between the two till they reached Winchester, where they left the train together.

"Far?" asked the popinjay as they stood on the platform.

"About two miles."

"Cab!"

A station cabman drove up; the two got in and were driven beyond the outskirts of the town, stopping at a small house in bad repair. A woman came to the door, followed by several children whose faces peered from behind her. The crook had thrown off his disguise while in the cab and appeared as himself. The woman looked from one man to the other anxiously. Bill said to her: "I've got tired o' this business. I'm goin' to give up the stuff and take you and the children to a new country to make a new beginnin'."

"I'm mighty glad o' that," gasped the woman. "I'm dyin' with this load on me."

Going into the house, Bill went to the cellar and brought up a package, which he handed to the popinjay, who opened it and, finding a number of bank bills, counted out a thousand dollars and handed it back to Bill.

"I thought you made it \$500."

"I didn't know you were going to begin over with your wife and children. There's \$500 for you and \$500 for them. I'm no detective. You gave yourself away to me needlessly. Our meeting on the train was a coincidence. I'm a millionaire. I shall take this money to the bank and restore it, including what I've given you. If you need help at any time let me know."

He wrote his address on his card and was driven away, followed by many a "God bless you."

The next day a young man dressed in the height of fashion called at the Tenth National bank, asked for the president, told his story and left the amount of a recent loss by robbery.

BRYAN SENT FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS TO GERMAN RELIEF

A despatch from Welland, under date of June 15, says: That former Secretary of State W. J. Bryan is not unfriendly to the German people is shown, says The Telegraph, by an incident that has not before been related in the public prints. Some three months ago there was received at Welland a cheque for \$500 from Mr. Bryan "for the alleviation of distress among interned Germans in this county." It was a personal gift from the United States Secretary of State and it was intended that no one should know anything about it. It was found, however, that we had not a solitary German interned in this county, so negotiations were entered into with a view to having the money diverted for the use of Austrians and Hungarians. The Telegraph has not learned that such diversion was made, but thinks that the money was returned to Mr. Bryan.

WOMEN'S INSTITUTE HOLDS ANNUAL MEETING

The annual meeting of the South Grey Women's Institute was held in the town hall, Durham, on Saturday, June 12. Representatives were present from Ayton, Holstein, Dromore, Dornoch, Zion and Lamlash, and three other branches were not represented.

The president, Mrs. (Dr.) Easton of Ayton, occupied the chair, and reports were given from each of the branches, showing all to be in a flourishing condition. Each branch has done good work for the Red Cross and other patriotic funds, giving a total of over \$400, and a great many garments were gathered for the Belgian relief, and knitting and sewing and other work was done for the soldiers.

It was moved that the South Grey District donate \$100 to the Base Hospital Fund, and unanimously carried.

It was decided that the Grey County convention be held in Durham on August 26. The following officers were elected:

President, Mrs. (Dr.) Easton, Ayton; first vice-president, Mrs. W. H. Rogers, Holstein; second vice-president, Mrs. R. T. Edwards, Zion; secretary-treasurer, Mrs. T. McGirr, Durham.

"Perpetual Youth" was the subject of the paper given by Mrs. Rogers, of Holstein, and the many good thoughts that were

MARKET REPORT

DURHAM JUNE 17, 1915	
Fall Wheat	\$1 10 to \$1 10
Spring Wheat	1 13 to 1 19
Milling Oats	55 to 55
Feed Oats	55 to 55
Peas	1 50 to 1 65
Barley	65 to 70
Hay	16 00 to 18 00
Butter	20 to 20
Eggs	17 to 17
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 50 to 1 75
Live Hogs, per cwt.	9 00 to 9 00
Hides, per lb.	11 to 12
Sheepskins	60 to 90
Wool	5 to 5
Tallow	14 to 14

THE FAMILY PHYSICIAN

"Fruit-a-tives" is the Standby in This Ontario Home

SCOTLAND, Ont., Aug. 25th, 1913. "My wife was a martyr to Constipation. We tried everything on the calendar without satisfaction, and spent large sums of money, until we happened on 'Fruit-a-tives'. We have used it in the family for about two years, and we would not use anything else as long as we can get 'Fruit-a-tives'."

J. W. HAMMOND. "FRUIT-A-TIVES" is made from fruit juices and tonics—is mild in action—and pleasant in taste.

50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. At dealers or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

given were an inspiration to all. Miss May Wenger of Ayton gave a splendid paper on "Patriotism, and Good Citizenship."

A dainty lunch was then served by the ladies of the Durham branch, the gentlemen of the agricultural meeting sharing in this part of the program. Short appreciative addresses were given by Warden Calder and Mr. G. Einnie.

HONOR ROLL FOR MAY

- NO. 6, BENTINCK
- Sr. IV—E. Twamley
 - Jr. IV—W. Boyce, S. McCallum
 - Sr. III—W. Adlam, E. Cox
 - Jr. III—A. McCallum, E. Boyce, J. Twamley, R. Boyce
 - Sr. II—G. Torry, G. Brunt, J. Vickers, H. McCallum, G. Brown, D. Burns, E. Vickers
 - Jr.—L. McCallum, M. Adlam, I.—B. Boyce, M. Brown, G. Brunt
 - Pt. II—G. McCallum, S. Reay, P. Reay, E. Unruh
 - Sr. Pt. I—J. McDonald, A. Unruh, M. McCallum, C. Noble, E. Adlam, W. Vickers
 - Jr. Pt. I—F. McCallum, L. Reay, S. Adlam, J. Mighton, C. Brunt.
- Miss Wylie, Teacher

Concerning Your Eyes

Have You Clear Vision for Reading and Distance? Are You Troubled with Headaches or Eye Strain?

If so you should consult a good optician, as headaches in the majority of cases come from the eyes and by having Glasses Properly Fitted will cure it.

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