

THE DURHAM CHRONICLE

W IRWIN, Editor and Proprietor

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LOOKING BACKWARD

Over forty years ago, the writer spent his first two years as teacher in U.S.S. No. 1, St. Vincent and Collingwood, and on only one occasion, a year later, did we visit the school until a week ago last Friday, when we dropped in for a few minutes to see the old walls, the old cupboard, and the old desks, but not the old faces. New black-boards have been added and woodwork may have been repainted in the nearest match to the original color, but otherwise everything is "just the same, dear Tom, as forty years ago." The present teacher is a niece of the writer and the children to whom she dispenses the essence of knowledge, clarified and purified, no doubt, by the advanced "kultur" of the four intervening decades, are in some cases the grand-children of those who drank deep from the great fountain of knowledge and gazed with wonder at the thought how "one small head could carry all he knew." Well do we remember the first professional visit of the late Inspector Gordon, what a huge lump we felt in our throat and how we gulped to keep it down. Up to that time the school inspector seemed to us the highest embodiment of wisdom; but he made a little mistake that morning. We knew he made it, and he knew that we knew it. It wasn't through ignorance, it was only a slight error, but slight as it was, we lost forever our faith in the absolute infallibility of public school inspectors, or of anybody else. We realized fully for the first time that no man is perfect. We have always been nervous, but never since that day did we experience such difficulty in swallowing the lump that was caused through personal fear. That was over forty years ago, but the indelible picture of that awful moment is still vivid in the pages of our memory.

DURHAM'S WATER SUPPLY PRONOUNCED "GOOD"

Recently Dr. Button, medical health officer, sent three samples of water to the provincial analyst in Toronto to ascertain, if possible whether the general supply of the town had any connection with recent cases of typhoid. The samples were taken from the artesian well at the cement works, the artesian well supplying part of the town, and the supply coming from the springs south of Trinity church, and piped to residents on the east side of the town. The analysis showed the cement supply to be absolutely pure and showing no trace of typhoid bacillus, and from the other sources of supply only a very slight indication, which was considered a negligible quantity. The flowing well being the purer water of the two samples. From the report given there need be no fear of typhoid from the water furnished from the three sources mentioned and causes of the disease must be sought in other directions. As wells may be contaminated or causes may be found in the food supply, a further investigation is desirable in order to get at the real source of the trouble. For the safety of the public it would be well to institute a general investigation in which there would be some trouble and labor in connection, but so far as we are aware the expenses otherwise would be comparatively light. The increased and increasing number of cess-pools and other contaminating influences may be the cause of the evil. In any event, the public should know, and a thorough investigation is in order.

DEATH OF W. K. REID

It falls to our lot this week to chronicle the death of one of the best known men in Durham and vicinity in the person of Mr. W. K. Reid, whom death claimed at an early hour on Tuesday morning. The deceased gentleman was born in Sanquhar, Scotland, on the 11th day of April, 1839, and was therefore in his 77th year. His boyhood days were spent in the land of the heather, and in 1850 he had as teacher a grandson and namesake of Robbie Burns, the great national poet of Scotland. In 1854 he came to Canada with his parents and members of the

SPIRITS OF HIS PAST



Try as he may he can't get away from them

family and for a year and a half they settled near Paris before moving to the township of Bentinck in the winter of 1856, where he spent the greater part of his remaining life. He remained on the farm till his health failed in 1862. Then he attended the country school and by his ability and persistent energy was enabled next year to secure a third class certificate at the examination in Owen Sound, and later took his second and first class certificates.

He commenced teaching in January, 1864, and taught that year, but remained at home during 1865 and again entered the work in January, 1866, and remained at it continuously for 35 years, until 1900, when he retired from the profession and took up the work of insurance and continued at this till forced to give up in September of last year, by weakness from anaemia. He was then forced to take to his bed where he was confined till the spirit took its everlasting flight on Tuesday morning.

During the whole 36 years of his teaching experience he rendered service in many of the rural schools, but always in one or other of the four townships adjacent to Durham. He was considered a good, thorough, conscientious and painstaking teacher, as many who were under his instructions now fully realize. In religion he was a Christian character and a most devoted member of the Methodist church, in which he spent many years in official capacities on the church board, and acted as secretary for eight or nine years previous to his last illness. In politics, he was an independent Conservative, but was never a party, bigot, and always reserved the right to support the man, rather than the party, if his conscience so prompted him. He was married twice, first to Margaret Wiggins, in 1872, and some time after her death in 1880 to Emily Vayson, who died during the '90s. His first marriage resulted in an issue of three daughters and one son, the latter having died in infancy. The daughters are Anna (Mrs. Garrow), of South Dakota, Lizzie (Mrs. Renwick), of North Dakota, and Winnie (Mrs. Dunsmoor), of Calgary. The second family consisted of three sons and three daughters, Bertha (Mrs. Stover), of Toronto, William, of Portland, Oregon, Robert, of Prince Albert, Sask., Sadie (Mrs. A. Fagan), of Durham, Joseph, of Loreburn, Sask., and Edna, at home. He also leaves one brother, Thomas M., in town, and one sister, Mrs. George Everett, Murillo. Interment will take place tomorrow afternoon to Hutton Hill cemetery.

BLYTH'S CORNERS.

The Grange picnic held on Friday was quite a success in every respect. The day being fine, a large crowd was present and all looked happy and pleasant. Hewitt's Band of little chaps were present in good time, and played several pieces well, considering their age. Piper Wm. Troy of Orchard was also present and delighted the crowd with many charming selections, both on the pipes and violin, both of which he can handle to perfection. Editor C. Ramage, and Mrs. Ramage who

A Venetian Episode

By WILLIAM CHANDLER

Many years ago, when the principal method of getting rid of an enemy or a rival was either by the stiletto in the dark or by poison, there lived in Venice one Andrea Casini, a gentleman of wealth, whose only daughter, Lita, was just coming to a marriageable age. The Palazzo Casini stood on the bank of the Grand canal, between the Rialto and St. Mark's.

Marriages among the Venetians were at that time usually contracted for by the parents of the bridegroom, but in this case, Signorina Casini having fallen in love with a young man of equal rank with herself, no objection was made to their union. Signor Ricardo Centimiri was a young man of wealth and family, respected by every one, and the match was regarded as an excellent one.

One afternoon, when the Grand canal was a promenade for the wealthy denizens of Venice, Signorina Casini and her fiance were riding in the latter's gondola, bowing to their friends and acquaintances as they passed. A stranger from Rome was also riding in a gondola with a view to seeing the beauty and fashion of Venice and on meeting Signorina Casini was struck with her beauty.

This man was one of the De' Medici family, who in its time played an important part in the history of Italy and whose members committed so many crimes, though his relationship came through his mother. His name was Lorenzo Crispi. On seeing Signorina Casini he inquired who she was and on being informed took measures to secure an introduction.

When an Italian noble of those days, especially a De' Medici, saw a woman he wished to possess, he stopped at nothing. Crispi visited the Palazzo Casini and, being a member of the most powerful family in Italy, was received with marked favor. Though he knew that Signorina Lita was betrothed to Ricardo Centimiri, he proposed for her hand.

The proposal interrupted the pleasant conditions with reference to the engagement of Lita and Ricardo, for Signor Casini insisted upon his daughter breaking with him and accepting Crispi. This at once threw the lovers into a sea of trouble. Lorenzo Crispi, having made his proposition, pretended to leave the matter to be settled by the Casini family, but really had determined that Lita should be his bride.

Signor Casini found it more difficult to force his daughter to give up her lover and marry Crispi than he had supposed. After much persuasion and

are always looked for, and well come at gatherings of such kinds around Knox, were among the prominent visitors, and Mr. Ramage gave a neat, spicy address. The speaker of the day Mr. J. J. Morrison, was present, and gave a most excellent and instructive address and was listened to with rapt attention, and much appreciated by the many farmers present, and ladies also. Co-operation was his subject, in which he showed in plain language the folly of producer and consumer maintaining so many suckers, gobbling up the profits of both. He thought the day near at hand when the people would be face to face with direct taxation, which he would hail with delight as being the best means of equalizing all around. He showed conclusively the folly of over-production, so much drummed into the ears of our farmers by the many advisors, as not being conducive to the best interests of the farmers, so long as production to the farmer always has and

many threats he told Crispi that he feared he must forego the honor done him by a member of the distinguished De' Medici family, for his daughter was so wrapped up in Ricardo Centimiri that it would be impossible to force her to break with him. Had Signor Crispi made his proposal earlier Signor Casini had no doubt that all would have gone well. Crispi simply bowed to indicate his sorrowful obedience to the young lady's wishes.

Soon after this Crispi saw Ricardo, debark from his gondola at the steps of the Palazzo Casini. Crispi ordered his own gondolier to draw up at the steps and followed Centimiri to the house, calling for Signor Casini. Learning that Casini was not at home, but was expected shortly, Crispi went into the library to wait for him.

Meanwhile Ricardo and Lita were in another room conferring as to how they could parry the efforts that were being made to force Lita to marry the stranger from Rome. Crispi saw a lackey pass through the hall with wine and glasses on a salver. Stopping the servant, he drank a glass of the wine and asked the man to whom he was taking it. The latter told him that it was for Signorina Casini and her guest.

"Present my compliments to the signorina and ask if I may be permitted to join her," said Crispi.

Permission could not well be refused, and Crispi was shown to the room where the lovers were.

"I desire," he said, with a profound bow, "to congratulate you both on your engagement. I wish you, signorina, as great happiness as I feel disappointment for myself."

Responding to these self sacrificing words, the lovers proceeded to reciprocate, the three pledging one another in a glass of wine. Centimiri was deceived, but Lita was not. She believed that Crispi had some sinister intention and resolved to be on her guard with a view to thwarting it. Presently she asked to be excused for a few moments and left the rivals together. Taking position in a room where she could see and could not be seen, she saw Crispi, when Centimiri was not observing him, drop something in his rival's glass.

She re-entered the room, and Crispi said to her:

"I was just about to ask Signor Centimiri to pledge me in token of his good will. May I ask the same of you?"

Lita consented. Taking up one of the three glasses on the table she handed it to Ricardo, the one Crispi had tampered with she handed to him and took the third herself.

"Let us drink," she said, "to a long friendship between us."

Over Crispi's face came a look that showed his realization of his defeat. Touching the glass to his lips, he set it down and, turning, left them without a word. The same day he left Venice.

always will rule the price. As farmers, we all know full well the force of the statement, by the price being paid to-day for potatoes, as compared with a year ago.

He spoke also on what is being accomplished through the United Farmers Co-operative Company. They contracted for and disposed of 165 tons of twine, which did not meet more than half of what the farmers' various clubs ordered through the company. So thoroughly did the speaker convince all present with the need of farmers uniting that a number of prominent farmers from Hutton Hill made application to have a farmers' club of some kind organized in that neighborhood, which will likely soon be complied with. Mr. Morrison is a farmer, all his family living on the farm, is a very honest, unpretentious speaker and carries the conviction of his hearers by his sound, good reasoning. A hearty vote of thanks, by way of three cheers, was given him at the close.

WEEDS ON VACANT LOTS

What undoubtedly constitutes a menace to those farmers who are making an honest effort to keep their farms clean is the crop of weeds found growing on vacant lots and roadsides in and around our towns and cities. These vacant lots are often nothing more nor less than nurseries and breeding places for all kinds of weeds. This is especially true of towns where large areas adjoining have been subject to wildcat subdivision and have had roadways ploughed, forming lodging places for weeds, which are allowed to grow unmolested. These produce countless numbers of seeds, to be blown and scattered by the winds over the farms. So far, bulletins, articles and advice pertaining to weed control have been directed at the farmer. A glance at the conditions found in most of our cities and towns will prove convincing that the farmer is not entirely to blame in the matter of weed seed production and distribution.

In the west the weed inspectors are being trained and instructed along lines that will enable them to assist the farmers in weed control while at the same time provision by law is made to prevent any farmer from allowing his farm to become a breeding place for weeds and a menace to his

MARKET REPORT

DURHAM JUNE 24, 1915

Fall Wheat.....	\$1 19 to \$1 10
Spring Wheat.....	1 19 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.....	8 85 to 8 85
Hides, per lb.....	11 to 12
Sheepskins.....	60 to 90
Wool.....	5 to 5
Tallow.....	14 to 14

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neighbors. In most towns there are by-laws covering the weed problem but too often they are not enforced. Those living in towns and cities should co-operate and do their bit in the war against weeds. This is an important matter, and should receive strict attention by every town council. Action should be taken at once and not deferred until the weeds ripen and scatter their seeds.

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.

We use the most modern Test known to-day namely "The Shadow Test" and guarantee satisfaction.

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