

HOLSTEIN

Dr. Wilson of Toronto, and Master Jim, were visitors in Holstein during the past few days.

Master Allan Robertson came up from Toronto Friday. Mr. and Mrs. Robertson motored up Saturday. Mr. Robertson returned Sunday afternoon, but the others remained over for a few days.

Mrs. G. Moses and Master Alvin are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Durrant.

Mr. Jas. Murdock, ex-scale inspector, of Owen Sound, was in the village for a few days lately. He visited Fairbairn church on Sunday, and although 18 years has elapsed, he recognized quite a number of the residents although many had grown out of his recognition.

J. M. Matthews tried the John Gilpin stunt on our streets Monday, resulting in a badly strained ankle.

The Hydro-Electric power question will be brought before the electors in this vicinity when Mr. James, chief engineer, of Toronto, will address a public meeting in the hall on Monday evening next at eight o'clock.

This will be the opportunity for all interested to come and hear what is to be said about the scheme.

Mr. Wm. Tribe of Lakeview, Mich., attended the funeral of the late Mrs. Tribe.

Mrs. Markle went to Riverview on Tuesday to visit her sister, Mrs. Doney.

Anna Cars, Pearl Drumm and Mary Myers are writing on the Entrance examination this week.

The funeral of the late Mrs. R. M. Tribe took place on Friday afternoon. Seldom was seen such a large gathering of mourning friends.

Rev. T. H. Ibbott, assisted by Dr. Marsh, conducted the service. The pall-bearers were: J. A. Main, J. D. Roberts, H. Cowan, D. Allan, L. B. Nicholson and J. I. Orchard.

Another of the pioneers of the vicinity passed away on the 19th inst., in the person of Mrs. Ann Courtts, at the ripe age of 89 years and 6 months.

She and her husband and family settled on Gore A, concession 13, Egremont in the early '60s, where she has since resided. Her last illness was of a lingering character, but she was a patient sufferer.

The funeral took place on Monday, Rev. Dr. Marsh officiating, interment taking place in Reid's cemetery.

MONEY IN ICE FISHING

A PICTURESQUE OCCUPATION WIDELY FOLLOWED.

Season Which Has Just Closed Has Been a Good Old-Fashioned One For Fishermen — Hut and Open Fishing Both Popular — Little Houses Mystify Visitors to Canada For the First Time.

The fish huts down on the ice at Burlington Bay, Hamilton, all along the north shores of Lakes Erie and Ontario, near the various small towns, and most conspicuous of all on Kempenfeldt Bay, facing Barrie and Allandale, are always a mystery to visitors in Canada, although to the native Canadian they are for the most part commonplace.

Astonishingly few know what they are when they see them first. Then the obliging well-informed part in the adjoining seat of the train supplies the ellipsis. The next time they taste that fine mess of fresh fish on the home table, or at their hotel, they appreciate its delicacy of not-cold-storage flavor, more highly still.

It is doubtful whether mid-winter fishing will ever become as popular as dangling the oiled-silk over the gunwale of a soft-cushioned skiff, at quiet, calculated anchor among August's wavering green sedges. But it has its devotees. They are strictly in it for the money. The winter just past has been a good, old-fashioned, good season for them, starting about the middle of December last, when the thermometer "went down with a bump."

At that "bump" every ice-hole fisherman on our Ontario bays and lakes waxed joyful and hid him away to his favorite part of the shore with many strange fixings roped to his harness-sleigh. First he picked up his bearing, figured out the currents, and shifted his position from that of the previous winter if experience dictated so. Next, he erected his house upon the ice — a very simple affair—light enough to carry holus-bolus on his sled. Some times he has to build it. He is his own architect, and there are no building by-laws, so that a few sections of battered corrugated iron, half a dozen boards or so, with a torn old sail cloth, suffice when thrown crudely together—but strongly, for the structure has to weather many of the fierce winter's gale and snowstorm.

The man or boy who follows the ice-fishing must be no weakling. Sometimes you get one so warm-blooded and husky that, by choice, he dispenses with a cosy shack altogether — both it and the small sheet-iron stove that often adds to its comfort—and is satisfied instead with a wind-break of canvas nailed to two stout supports, that he props into the ice between his battery of ice-holes and the chilly breezes.

Of course the first job confronting the winter angler after providing protection against the elements is to cut his holes. It is as much as one man can do to look properly after six of these; many are content with but three. If the fates are propitious, the latter allowance will keep him busy, because each of the lines that he sinks down a hole is barbed with two—sometimes more—hooks.

The holes are about half-a-foot square, cut clear through the ice no matter how thick, with an ice-chisel; although thin ice can be managed handsily with an ordinary axe, along with considerable patience—especially if the wind is blowing in-shore, and every stroke near the close of the operation forces a spurt of frigid water that generally finds lodgment in the region of one's face and neck.

After being dropped through, the ends of the several lines are fastened to a stick or spike driven to one side and, having attended to each hole similarly, the expectant winter-fisherman stands or sits by and awaits results from those wiggling minnows with which he has garnished each and every hook.

Sometimes he watches a line taut—only to discover that a fair-sized "sardine" has put aim to the wet and cold disappointment of hauling in; sometimes it will be only one of the despised but voracious "black lizards" (name in the trade: "lisses"); nevertheless, off it must come, and live new bait replace it, or there will be no marketable herring, or yellow pike, or perch caught in that hole that day.

The work would be a poor one for a cripple. With five or six holes there is something requiring attention every minutes; sometimes several things, and at different holes. If it is not a sinker, or a hook, or a tangled line (in a location with swift currents), or a bite, or fresh bait—currents), the fish harvester must go from hole to hole removing the thin ice which forms, by means of a cup or dipper. On a cold day the latter operation is well nigh one person's job.

What fish are mostly taken in this way for Toronto consumption? Those named above principally, unless in the more favored localities like Georgian Bay, where such grand catches as a thumping sturgeon are to be occasionally looked for, as well. What is a fair day's taking? In the neighborhood of fifty or sixty pounds, though sometimes, indeed, a hundred pounds falls to a single man's lot, and just by way of an unusual run of luck (and fish), sometimes another fifty on top of that.

One sees some grotesque figures out among the ice huts. Sometimes a man who has had his feet frozen will be seen wearing padded shoes of canvas to prevent their being nipped again, and the picture he makes with feet twice the usual size will at least hold one's attention for a moment.

On the bigger lakes, where he often fishes miles from shore, he will rig some sort of a rude sail out of an old coat or canvas; frequently when returning home the trip is made in a few minutes, where it took an hour or more to come out in the morning.

FLESHERTON.

The Red Cross Society at Portlaw had a very successful garden party at Reeve McKenzie's on Wednesday evening, the 16th. at which we learn the receipts were about \$80. A large crowd from here and the following assisted on the lengthy program rendered— Rev. Mr. Kerr, Chairman. Revs. McVicar and Jones, addressers; Dr. Murray, Miss Irene Wilson, and the Misses Henderson, vocal numbers. The 4th line string band were as taking as usual.

Born.—At Flesherton, on Monday, June 14, to Mr. and Mrs. Ed Best, a son.

The canvass here on Friday for the Canadian Patriotic Fund resulted in over \$700 being raised, and the canvass is not yet completed.

A travelling amusement company held forth in the town hall each evening last week and got a liberal patronage. Baby Irwin, Mr. and Mrs. Bob Irwin's little daughter won the prize given to the most popular baby.

A good representation from here attended the Conservative convention at Durham on Friday. Mr. Frank Cairns' recently painted residence has been in the hands of the painter and paper hanger for some days and now presents a very much improved appearance in both interior and outside.

Mr. G. B. Welton teamed cement to Eugenia last winter for the Hyland Company and had to resort to the division court for settlement. The case was heard at Dundalk last week and judgment given in his favor for \$42.

Miss Ida Fisher, who some days ago underwent an operation in a London hospital, is reported improving satisfactorily.

Miss Oldham and Miss Holmes of the high school staff leave this week on their holidays, the former to her home at Toronto and the latter to her home at Winchester.

Mr. Thos Sled and family spent the past week with relatives at Nottawa. Mr. W. Buskin conveyed them to and fro with his Ford.

Mr. and Mrs. P. Quigg and Mrs. Mark Stewart motored to Harriston with Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Wright and spent Sunday with Mr. Quigg's daughter, Mrs. Brooks.

Mr. Stanley Thurston of The Weekly Sun, came from the city on his motorcycle and spent a couple of days at his home here last week.

Miss McQueen, milliner, left last week to spend the holidays at her home at Stayner.

Mrs. Richard Smith of Markdale visited over the week end with her sister, Mrs. W. J. Stewart who has been ill, but is now improving.

Sergt. A. E. Bellamy was home from Niagara camp over the week end.

Mr. Will Southgate of Seaforth was the guest of his uncle, Mr. Geo. Mitchell, over Sunday.

Miss Elsie Plewes of Collingwood visited the past week with Miss Lillian Armstrong.

Miss Andrews of Horning's Mills spent Sunday with friends here.

Mrs. W. A. Armstrong visited the past week with friends at Toronto and Belleville. Her daughter, Miss Laura, who accompanied her, remained in Belleville for an extended visit.

Mr. Geo. Mitchell motored to Owen Sound on Monday, accompanied by W. Southgate and R. Bellamy.

Mrs. Jamieson received a card last week from one of the soldiers at the front, thanking her for a pair of her hand knitted socks, which had reached him through the Red Cross Society.

Mrs. C. F. Ottewell and babe, and Miss Powell, returned to their homes in the city on Monday, after a month's visit with friends here.

Reeves McTavish and McKenzie are attending county council at Owen Sound this week.

Mr. Churcott, who had a grocery store at Portlaw, is moving his family to this village, and we understand he purposes going on a prospecting trip to the west.

Born.—At Lang, Sask., on June 10 to Mr. and Mrs. D. Clayton, a son.

Born.—At Roseway, Sask. June 12, to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lowick a son, grandson to Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Henderson of this place.

Miss Mamie Sullivan is home from Montreal on a holiday and visit with her mother.

Miss Maude Stewart and Miss Addie Gaudin visited over the week end with friends at Markdale.

babe are visiting in Toronto.

Miss McClure, returned missionary from Honan, China will speak in the Presbyterian church this Monday evening, and Rev. A. E. Thompson, missionary in Jerusalem the past ten years, will address a union meeting in the Methodist church on Wednesday evening.

Mrs. Patton and mother, Mrs. D. McMullen, visited old friends at Swinton Park over the week end.

Dr. Macdonald, editor of The Globe, to speak, and Donald C. MacGregor, to sing at a patriotic concert at Priceville next Tuesday, will doubtless draw a big crowd to our sister village.

DARKIES' CORNERS.

Mrs. Alex. Beggs, Mrs. James Hepburn and Mrs. Sam. Ritchie spent Tuesday afternoon with Mrs. C. Ritchie.

Mr. Sam. Patterson is among the prosperous farmers to build a silo this summer.

Mrs. Robt. Bell raised a lean-to to her barn on Wednesday. Under the good management of Mr. Jas. Eden, everything went together nicely.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilbert Blyth, and Mrs. Wm. Ritchie, of Varney, spent Wednesday evening with Mrs. C. Ritchie.

Miss Annie Aljoe of town spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Thos. McGirr.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Jaques and baby Louisa, spent Friday with Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Paylor, Hayward's Falls.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Lawrence visited last week with Mrs. C. Ritchie.

Many will be shocked to learn of the death of Mrs. Arch. Campbell, nee Maggie Lindsay, of Invermay, Sask., who died June 10. We extend our sympathy to the bereaved husband and friends.

Misses Annie Knox and Ruth Stewart of Durham High school, were the guests of Miss Chrissie McGirr over the week end.

Mrs. Dan. McInnis leaves this Wednesday for Toronto hospital, to undergo an operation of a serious nature.

Gee!

But My Feet Feel Good

If you want your feet to feel good—easy and comfortable use

Rexall Foot Powder 25c

Fully Guaranteed

The Kodak on the Farm

Farmers are fast becoming alive to the Profit and Pleasure of making their own pictures.

Come in and let us show you how easy it is done.

From \$1.00 Up

Macfarlane's Drug Store

C.P.R. Town Office

The Rexall Store

Get Tickets Here

Here Is Your Opportunity

To Buy Pitchers or Cups and Saucers

We have just received a Crate of same direct from England.

The Pitchers

Are all shapes and sizes, they are extra value and nobody should miss getting one.

Prices 15c, 20c & 25c

The Cups and Saucers

Are the best value we have ever offered. Good shapes and quality.

2 for 25c

If you need either of these lines do not fail to come Early before your pick is gone.

The VARIETY STORE

The Set-Price Store NOTHING OVER 25c

A Lesson from the Clock

A CLOCK that strikes is better than a non-striking clock: It tells us the time through our ears as well as through our eyes. It saves our steps. It signals, spurs us on, rouses us, speaks to us in the dark and from far away. It is useful far beyond the usefulness of the silent clock.

So with a business that advertises.

A shop or store that sends out its message to us in the form of advertisements in our newspaper serves us far beyond the shop or store that is silent—that must be visited before its service or merchandise can be known.

The shop or store that advertises

saves our time and money, etc. Speaks to us at the right time, rouses us to attention, and stirs us to action. We buy more as the result of advertising, and we buy from the shop or store that advertises.

To the Merchants of Durham

Put a striker—an attention-getter, an arouser, a stimulator—on your business. In other words—advertise. Strike often and regularly by weekly advertisements in THE DURHAM CHRONICLE.