

CORNER CONCERNS.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Brown of Durham spent the holiday with the latter's parents at this place.

Mr. and Mrs. Smallman of Normanby spent Sunday with Mr. T. Johnson, and attended service at St. Paul's.

The little folk feel very sorry to hear that Ernest McGirr has enlisted for the struggle in Europe. He taught our school last year with great satisfaction, and the pupils were hoping against hope that he might be with them again the coming year; but now the war will have greater interest for them than ever, and no doubt they will send chocolates to Ernest when they hear of him at the front.

Mr. Sam. Patterson is right in line with the up-to-date farmers, having just completed a new cement silo.

The Ladies Aid held a very successful sale of home-made baking and other produce on Saturday, and are grateful for the very liberal patronage they received, and especially for the helping hand given by the Durham ladies. The proceeds amounted to about \$27, and will be devoted to Red Cross work.

In some way or other we failed last week to report the birth of a son to Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Wilson, on Sunday, July 18, and death the following Tuesday. It was by no means a forget, but just happened we don't know how. Rev. Mr. Morris conducted the burial service and the remains were laid at rest in Durham cemetery. The parents have the sympathy of the neighborhood.

Miss Winnie Caldwell of Dauphin, Man., accompanied by her aunt, Mrs. Pinder, of Orchard, spent a day or two in this neighborhood visiting friends and relatives last week.

We are very sorry to hear of the severe illness of Mrs. Jas. Kerr, from a nerve affliction. She is under the care of Dr. Gun. We hope to hear of a speedy recovery.

Tuesday's wind and rain has given grain a bad lean, that will make harvesting a little more difficult.

As trouble never comes singly, so it is with the McMeeken family, as Mrs. McMeeken is now laid up and under the care of Dr. Hutton, as well as her husband.

Mrs. Wm. Caldwell of your town visited her niece, Mrs. Thos. Wilson, last Thursday.

St. Paul's church will hold their annual garden party on the school grounds on Friday evening, August 13. The usual good time is expected; good program, good eats and drinks and other good attractions.

RAZORS WANTED FOR THE SOLDIERS

Have you any old or spare razors? Razors not in order, or razors you don't need? If you have, you will be doing a good turn to the boys at the front, and at the same time doing no harm to yourself by giving them away and having them put in order for the soldiers. A letter from Cutler's Hall, Sheffield, states the inability of the cutlers to meet the demand, and it has been suggested and urged that discarded razors be sent to the makers, where they can be put in order and sent forward to the troops.

Seventy thousand have already been received, but more are needed. Now is your chance to add a little to the soldiers' comforts.

If you have any to spare, leave them at The Chronicle office, or at any hardware store in town to be forwarded to Thomas B. Lee, 30 Front street, East, Toronto. If you prefer to send them to Mr. Lee direct, do so, and he will forward them to the cutlers in England, where they will be put in order. No razor is too badly used up to send, as all repairs will be made before sending them to the troops. Act to-day.

The annual garden party of Zion Epworth League will be held near the church on Thursday evening, August 5th. An excellent program will be given, of songs, music, recitations and addresses. Invitations have been sent to R. J. Ball, M.F., H. H. Miller, Rev. S. M. Whaley, Mr. Angus McIntosh, Miss Margaret Hunter and others. Rev. Mr. Moyer will preside. Tea served from 6 to 8. Admission 25c. and 10c.

BORN.

WILSON.—In Egremont, on Sunday, July 18, to Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Wilson, a son.

DIED.

WILSON.—In Egremont, on Tuesday, July 20, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Wilson, aged two days.

The Story of Captain Graham

By M. QUAD

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We had called at Mauritius on our way from Liverpool to Bombay in the ship Farewell and were five days out from the island when the adventure occurred by which we lost the captain and laid the foundation for this story. He was swept overboard in the course of a heavy storm.

Almost before he realized his position the ship was a mile away, and he felt sure that no boat would be lowered to make a search for him. Having found a spar and lashed himself to it, he drifted away to the west and evening came on. Night passed and another day came, and toward the close of that day Captain Graham lost consciousness. He may have drifted a day after that—perhaps two days. When he came to his senses again he was lying on a sandy beach with his feet in the water. He had been cast ashore on an island.

Along the beach were oysters and shellfish a-plenty. What struck him curiously was the entire absence of life on the island. He had been on the island a week or so and had twice walked clear around it, when one day, as he was gathering fruit in an open spot, he was suddenly and fiercely attacked by a naked man. The surprise was great, and the captain had not yet recovered his strength; but, shaking the man off, he seized a club and laid about him so vigorously that his assailant ran away.

In breaking away from the captain he ran for the beach. The latter followed at his heels, shouting for him to stop, but the unknown ran to the water, plunged in and swam straight out to sea, looking back now and then and seeming to be in a terrible fright. He held his course until he could no longer be seen, and there was no doubt he went to his death, as he did not return.

In a dense thicket the captain found a rude shelter which the man had used, and among the dried grass forming his bed were a few fragments of cloth, which had once been a pea packet. There were also a sailor's pipe and an empty tobacco box.

The center of the island was considerably higher than elsewhere, and exactly in the middle was a single tree, surrounded by a thicket, which the captain had never yet penetrated. In carrying out his explorations he entered this copse, finding a hard beaten path, evidently made by the crazy man. Piled up at the roots of the tree the captain found a great stock of small iron bound boxes, and it needed but one glance to satisfy him that they were treasure boxes. There was the cavity where they had once been buried, and the boxes were weather beaten, as if long exposed. Two or three large shells lay about, which had doubtless been used to dig out the dirt, and one of the boxes had been opened.

The captain shouldered this box and carried it down to the spot he called "home" and there inspected its contents. It contained about \$6,000 in gold. In the pile at the foot of the tree were fifteen other boxes of the same size.

Well, there was a big fortune there, and it belonged to the finder, but it might have been so much sand for all the good it could do him. Days and weeks and months passed away, and one day the castaway counted up the pebbles he had laid in rows along the beach to mark the time and found he had been eleven months on the island. On that day there came a furious gale from the east and a very high tide, and from some wreck at sea the waves brought in a vast quantity of stuff. There was nothing to eat or wear among the wreckage, but there were planks and spars and a carpenter's tool chest, and as soon as the storm had abated the castaway went to work to build him a raft. He had determined to leave the island at any hazard, and after four or five days' work he had his raft completed. It was a rude but stout affair. Wild fruits were taken for provisions, and fresh water was carried in a white keg which had come ashore with the wreckage. From one of the boxes the captain took \$500 in gold pieces, and one morning when the wind was from the west he launched his raft and drifted off before it. By his reckoning, which was probably correct, it was seven days before he was picked up by the John J. Speed, an American merchant vessel, homeward bound.

Captain Graham at once set about finding a ship to bring the treasure off. A brig was finally chartered and sailed with him aboard, but after a cruise of months she failed to find the island. In the space of two years he made three different voyages in search of the island, and when the story leaked out three or four other expeditions were fitted out, but in all the sailing to and fro no human eye could find the looked for spot. If it had been raised from the sea by a volcanic disturbance, had a second disturbance caused the sea to swallow it up? There are many reasons to believe that this was the fate which overtook it. About ten years after the captain's last voyage a volcanic island, which was simply a barren rock about a mile in circumference, was pushed above water where his island was supposed to be, and it is there today with a fringe of trees all around the outer edge. It has been searched inch by inch for treasure, but not a single gold piece has it yielded up.

**Patching Battleships.**  
After a battle Jack tars have several methods of stopping the incoming water when a battleship has been hit below the water line. For instance, if a small hole has been made in the vessel's side an apparatus like an umbrella is used. This is thrust through the hole point first and then drawn back so that it will open like an umbrella, leaving the canvas outside.

Of course the pressure of the water effectually forces the canvas against the ship's side, thus stopping the leak. But to make it more secure the handle of the umbrella, which is formed like a screw, is fastened by a nut inside.

In the case of a bigger leak—when the ship has been stove in below the water line—a large mat made of canvas and oakum is used. This has to be fixed into position by means of ropes. But the fixing is not a very easy matter, as one rope has to be got right under the keel to the other side of the ship in order to drag the mat down to the hole. Two or three other ropes are also required at different angles to guide the mat to its right position.—Pearsons.

The Submarine.

There is little glorious about the service of the submarine. She is the sneak of war's bloodthirstiness, creeping upon her victim like a murderer in the dark. For her there is no defiant battleflag, no glint of sun on wave, no thrilling roar of battle. She worms her slimy way through the murk to kill or be killed in the horribly practical business of slaughter. Her seamen toil amid mere machines. For the scent of burning powder she supplies the reek of gasoline. Her crashing broadside is but the hacking cough of compressed air. And her end comes not with masted ensign, but upside down, with her people tangled in the gear. And this is the service which takes the strongest, the bravest, the dauntless. There can be no trepidation in the spirit which guides the submarine twisting through the depths, where, if she cannot be seen, she cannot see and where death lurks everywhere.—Hartford Times.

The First Doctor.

The oldest physician whose existence was known practiced at the court of a Pharaoh of the fifth dynasty about 6,000 years ago. His popularity with his master had apparently been great, for the Pharaoh had given an order that he should be supplied with slabs of stone for his tomb similar to those he was having prepared for himself. His private life had evidently been less happy, for in every case the name of his wife had been erased. Splints found in the Nubian deserts were similar in principle to those of the present day, and the knots used to keep them in place were reef knots, the same as those now taught to students. The bandaging, as today, was done so that the folds crossed at right angles, with a view to their being kept in place. Palm fiber was used to serve the function of cotton wool and a fine linen to take the place of gauze.

His One Luxury.

A wealthy London dandy was noted for always wearing a costly flower in his buttonhole. Then he lost all his money and in time became shabby, but still every day he wore a fresh and expensive bouquet. Curiosity prompted one of his old time friends to ferret out the reason, and he discovered that in the man's prosperous days he found it "a bit of a fag" to pay for his flower every day, and so, in a very lavish mood, he struck a bargain with the florist that for a lump sum down—and it was not a small one—he was to be supplied with a fresh bouquet of his own choice every day for five years. The result was that, although sometimes he had not enough ready cash for a crust of bread, he was always able to claim his flower and to sport "a poppy or a lily" as he walked down the Strand.—London Answers.

Simple Nail File.

One of the nicest nail files you can get is a bit of whetstone, say one and one-half inches long. Try different stones and select the one whose texture best suits the texture of your nails. By using it frequently you can eliminate the cutting of the nails. It leaves a beautiful smooth edge on the nail, is quicker and easier to use than a steel file and never produces any of those unpleasant sensations that so often attend the use of a steel nail file.—Farm Life.

Horse of Another Color.

"That's marvelous quick promotion o' that ne'er-dae-weel son o' Donaldson's. They tell me he's been proposed for a field marshal."  
"Aye! His father was awfu' proud till a wire cam' sayin' it wis a mistake. It wis a court martial."—London Bystander.

Advice.

"Because they once saved that city to this day geese are honored in Rome."  
"In that case if I, were you I think I'd go and live there, my dear."—Kansas City Journal.

Getting It Straight.

Husband—You spend altogether too much money. Wife—Not at all. The trouble is you don't make enough.—New Orleans Times-Picayune.

Some Shy.

Patience—Was she shy on her birthday? Patrice—Oh, yes; she was shy about ten candles in her birthday cake.—Yonkers Statesman.

Chivalry means far more than reverence of men for women. It means the reverence of strength for weakness wherever found.

SUGAR DAYS.

**Quebec Leads the Dominion in Production.**  
When the chap who spent the past few days visiting his old home up country brought his newspaper parcel down to the office, did you get your chunk of forest confectionery? "Sap's runnin', sap's runnin'" has been the welcome call throughout the province. Ontario produces a trifle over 5,000,000 pounds against nearly 14,500,000 pounds to the credit of Quebec. The lower provinces lag behind with another half-million pounds, and exhausts the tale of this industry for the Dominion. There are about 55,000 Canadian maple sugar producers, and their picturesque if strenuous labors represent an annual valuation of almost two million dollars, says a writer in a recent issue of the Toronto Star Weekly.

The best maple "milker" is the wide-rooted, tall, leafy-crowned tree—bulged out like an umbrella—such as the naturally growing forest maple. That accounts for Quebec's record, her bush lots have not all been cut into for cordwood. The season generally begins around the middle of March, scarcely ever lasting halfway through April. Fuel for boiling the sap is a big item, the average requirements being 10 cords of mixed hard and soft wood for 1,000 trees.

Once the great pine forests of all Old Ontario was plentifully diversified with maple bush. Generations of original settlers and farmers have thinned both out woefully. Happy the Ontario farmer who to-day can boast his bush lot of even 300 or 400 sugar maples. It's the same as money. Places in Ontario around which there still remain important sugar-making activities are Troy, Gowansdown, Carlgill, Moira, Lafontaine, Waterloo, Rednersville, Wroxtown, etc., but there's scarcely any county where some tapping has not been going on this spring. In the small bushes they are still employing "old grand-dad's way" of years back. Warm days and cold nights are best for a good run. Into the half-inch auger-hole, about three feet from the ground, goes the "spile" on which the pail is hung to catch the sweet flow. This metal spile was a hollowed out sumach branch in old times, and deprives the modern farmer of much whitening and pith-poking for winter evenings. The greatest improvements are noted at the bush "kitchen." The "evaporator" replaces the old-fashioned boiling pot that turned the sap to sugar, and the latest improved evaporators are quite elaborate and thorough in their get-up. Sometimes two of these flat, broad, sheet-iron affairs are used, the sap entering the first or "warmer," and passing after filtration to the second or "evaporator," steadily flowing in a shallow, down-grade stream past alternating copper partitions, from side to side; when the sap reaches the far end the heat of the fire below will have turned it into a thin syrup. This is removed and filtered and set in shapes to "grain" or solidify into sugar; while the drippings therefrom are collected below and bottled or canned and labelled "maple syrup—warranted pure!"

The man with a small bush does not need to make "business" of it—generally the small fry attend to the whole thing from tapping to sugaring down, with his female folks putting on the final touches that help at the nearest market. The fire-tender needs patience. Sometimes he works under a rude roof of boards, oftener not, he's generally content with a sheltered, "warm," hollow in the bush.

Gentlemen Didn't Answer.

"Will the gentlemen please move up forward a little?" called out the polite conductor of the trolley car.  
"I won't," growled Mr. Grouch, who hung to a strap near the door.  
"Oh, I didn't ask you," said the conductor.—Buffalo News.

Talking.

Talking is like playing on the harp. There is as much in laying the hands on the strings to stop their vibrations as in twanging them to bring out their music.—Holmes.

As the Twig Is Bent.

Knicker—What became of the boy who was kept in at school? Bocker—Grew up to be the man who was detained at the office.—New York Sun.

Man is only miserable so far as he thinks himself so.—Sanazaro.

A Museum of Crime.

Professor Hans Gross of the University of Graz, Austria, has the credit of establishing the first museum of criminology and a criminalistic laboratory, where the weapons, tools and other paraphernalia and materials used by criminals are assembled to assist in the analysis of the workings of criminal minds and a study of methods and systems for dealing with this large and dangerous class of every community. This museum was established in 1895, and since then other establishments of the same character have been organized.

One of the most important of these is the Society of Criminology and Social Defense in Paris, which has a membership of more than 200, including many prominent representatives of the law, the police and medical profession, and it was organized to concentrate and centralize the scattered efforts of individuals who were studying this disquieting social problem and to make the results of their work available for mutual information.

Fasting and Health.

"The practice of fasting," states a medical man, "is, when wisely followed, most beneficial. I am convinced that many people never feel the sensation of natural hunger. All they have is a morbid craving for food which comes of habit rather than from any actual need felt by the stomach. Natural hunger stimulates the palate and is felt in the mouth as well as in the internal organs. It makes the plainest food seem delicious. Some unfortunate people suffer, it is true, from insufficient food, but not so many as those whose ills arise from overnutrition, their digestions being continually over strained. A habit of judicious fasting would do wonders for them. The system would recover its lost tone, and—in the case of mental workers—the brain would work with an ease and lightness that would surprise them, for the brain is one of the chief sufferers from the practice of overeating."

Origin of the Lone Star.

If a place name is often crystallized history, how much more a nickname! Witness the flowery synonym for Texas, which orators mouth as the Lone Star State. To most minds this symbolizes concretely the fact that the state was first an independent nation. Behind the fact is this story, vouched for by tradition more or less authentic. At the outset, after achieving independence, Texas lacked pretty well everything but men. The leaders knew state papers required a great seal to validate them, and in default of anything better they improvised one from a coat button which happened to bear a single star. A document so sealed fell under the eye of an imaginative journalist. He straightway exploited "The Lone Star Republic" in print so fervid as to persuade Texas here was the device most apposite for her seal and her flag.—New York Press.

Mother Brook.

After nearly three centuries of usefulness Mother brook, the first canal dug in this country, still finds itself utilized to some extent, though the requirements which brought it about have long since passed. Its construction was undertaken and completed by the hardy citizens of Dedham, Mass., in 1639, to provide water for mill purposes. The artificial waterway was constructed to connect the Charles river with East brook, covering a distance of about a mile. It was a great undertaking for those days, when every foot had to be excavated laboriously by hand, but the work was carried out with the usual determination marking the settlers of the day. The canal winds round the highlands of the town, and on both sides, extending almost to its border, may be seen well kept gardens.—Exchange.

Poetry of Words.

When I feel inclined to read poetry I take down my dictionary. The poetry of words is quite as beautiful as that of sentences. The author may arrange the gems effectively, but their shape and luster have been given by the attrition of ages. Bring me the finest simile from the whole range of imaginative writing and I will show you a single word which conveys a more profound, a more accurate and a more eloquent analogy.—Holmes.

McWILLIAMS.

Haying is now the order of the day. Some are nearly through, and some have a lot to do yet. It is a fair crop this year.

We are glad to report Master Freeman McFadden able to be out after his recent severe sickness.

Ebenezer church held their annual garden party on the church grounds last Thursday evening. Quite a large crowd was present and a very pleasant evening was spent.

Mr. and Mrs. Clark of Toronto spent a few days visiting Mrs. Clark's father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. John Lawrence, Sr., and other friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Lyons of Toronto spent the last two weeks at the home of Mr. James Brown and other friends.

Mr. and Mrs. W. McDonald of Durham spent civic holiday with Mr. Will Lawrence.

We extend our sincere sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. W. Ramage in the recent sad death of their eldest daughter, Mary, who died on Wednesday morning, after meeting with an accident the day previous by falling on the back of a chair. Mary will be much missed in the home, and also in the community.

DARKIES' CORNERS.

Mrs. Flora McLean and daughter spent last week in Swinton Park.

Misses Margaret and Agnes McGirr are visiting friends at Shelburne.

Miss Sadie McDonald visited last week with friends at Ceylon.

Quite a number from this burg took in the sights at Priceville on Monday.

Miss Agnes McGirr has accepted school No. 6 for next term.

Mrs. McPherson of Toronto is visiting her sister, Mrs. Neil McCannel.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Jacques spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Tom Harrison.

Mrs. Geo. Wilson and Miss Ida spent a day last week with Mr. and Mrs. Thos. McGirr.

Mrs. John McGirr's tea last Thursday was quite a success, when all the sewing on hand was finished for the Red Cross.

Mr. and Mrs. Jim Lyons of Toronto were visitors last week with Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hargrave.

Mr. Samuel Patterson has his fine big silo completed.

Miss Gracie Lindsay is visiting in Allan Park.

Messrs. A. M. Bell and E. McGirr, who enlisted for the war, are training at Niagara. We wish the boys success, and a safe return.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse McClure and children came up from Toronto on Saturday to visit Mr. and Mrs. J. Atkinson. Mr. McClure returned Tuesday, while Mrs. McClure and children will remain for a couple of weeks.

ACTION OF SINGLE SPOONFUL SURPRISES MANY

Durham people who bought the simple mixture of buckthorn bark, glycerine, etc., known as Adier-ika are surprised at the INSTANT effect of a SINGLE SPOONFUL. This remedy is so complete a bowel cleanser that it is used successfully in appendicitis. Adier-ika acts on BOTH upper and lower bowel and ONE SPOONFUL relieves almost ANY CASE of constipation sour or gassy stomach. ONE MINUTE after you take it the gasses rumble and pass out. Macfarlane & Co. i24 a5 i16

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