

THE DURHAM CHRONICLE

W IRWIN, Editor and Proprietor

DURHAM, AUGUST 19, 1915.

CORNER CONCERNS.

Mrs. John Poole of Buffalo, and two children, are with us this week learning something of country life.

Little Miss Rita Earbour stepped on a sharp nail on Saturday morning. It penetrated the hollow of her foot into the bone a little bit, and soon became so swollen and painful as to cause much alarm and the doctor was phoned for. She is now doing nicely under the care of Dr. D. B. Jamieson.

Our garden party on Friday night was the usual success—good crowd, good program, and a much appreciated and good line of refreshments eagerly bought up. Rev. A. A. Bice was chairman and everyone was much pleased to have him visit us. There was also a good turnout on Sunday to hear him preach.

Rev. Mr. Hartley will be with us for the next two weeks and will be a very welcome visitor. We always like to see old friends.

Your Blyth's Corners man, after telling of the great bunch of young turkeys he has raised says all eyes will now be on the Gander to see what he will do. If all eyes are on us, what can we do? But if he would only look the other way about holiday time, he would see what we would do, as we don't know of a good bunch in this neighborhood, nor yet a farmer who would care to have the rambling things running all over the neighborhood.

The death of Mr. James McMeekwell earned holiday, and we all hope he may have a good time.

The death of Mr. James McMeekwell on Wednesday removed possibly the last pioneer on this line. He came from Ayrshire, Scotland, and The Chronicle last week gave a very good obituary. He was a good, obliging neighbor, who attended well to business and made it pay well, so that he left a very comfortable property. He was always much interested in public events and new inventions but took little interest in small gossip, and as he was strictly honest, had the esteem of the neighborhood.

Mr. David McMeeken of the Canadian Soo, Mr. Wm. McMeeken of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell of Mt. Forest, and others from a distance, were in attendance at the funeral. Rev. Mr. Morris conducted the burial ceremony.

McWILLIAMS.

Harvesting is now the order of the day. The crops are heavy in most places and badly broken down by the wind and rain, making cutting a slow job.

Mr. Will McFadden's new silo is about completed. This will make three new silos around the lake this year.

Mr. Thos. Moore's new kitchen is nearing completion, which will be one more comfort to his already comradious home.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Watson spent Saturday with Priceville friends.

Masters Wes and Edgar Andrews spent last Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. John Andrews.

Mr. and Mrs. Crawford Harrison spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Duncan McNab, Saugeen Valley.

Miss Annie Whitmore, who has been visiting her mother for a couple of weeks, returned to Walkerton last week to resume her duties as nurse in the hospital there.

Mrs. Thompson of Otterville, and Mrs. Wallace of Walkerton, spent a day last week at the home of their cousin, Mr. W. R. Watson.

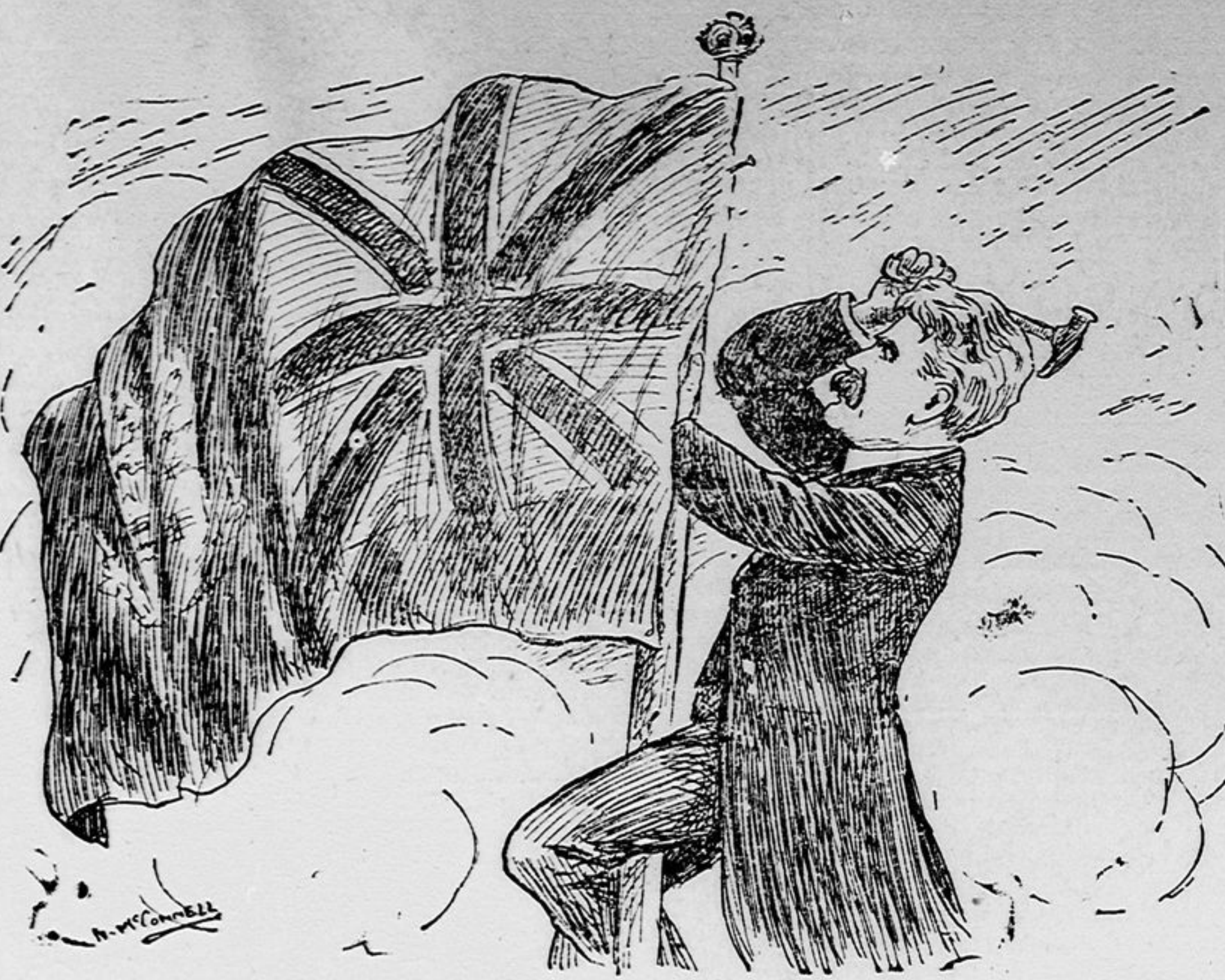
Soldiers Acknowledge Tobacco Gifts

At least three Durhamites have received acknowledgement of the receipt of tobacco, cigarettes or chocolates sent by them to the Canadian soldiers in the trenches. These are Messrs. N. Fagan, H. Simpson and R. McMeeken.

On Monday Mr. A. H. Jackson, who has taken the initiative in collecting for Durham and vicinity sent away his seventh remittance making Durham's total contribution to The News' Tobacco Fund over \$155. This last remittance, which amounted to \$15, was contributed by the following:

J. P. Telford, D. Hamilton, N. W. Campbell, J. Hopkins, Miss M. McKenzie, Mrs. Blackburn, J. Eden, A. McLachlan, R. Lindsay, Mrs. E. K. Jackson, M. Kress, Miss Effie Cat-

HIS VISIT TO BRITAIN



Sir Robert Borden nails Canada's colors to the mast.

ton, G. Bovington, Miss B. McKenzie, A. H. Jackson.

The post office department is now receiving donations for tobacco for the soldiers in the trenches, and lists supplied to all postmasters, who are authorized to receive and forward the subscriptions. As the need for tobacco is urgent, it is hoped a generous response will be made.

TELL THEIR GREAT DEEDS.

(By James L. Hughes.)

Stories of dauntless heroes
Dying for liberty.
Winning for truth and honor
Triumphant victory:
Tell these great stories ever:
We should forget them never.

Heroes of Balaclava,
Heroes of Waterloo,
Heroes who saved St Julien,
Fearless were they, and true,
Tell their great deeds forever;
We should forget them never.

What shall the coming ages
In story tell of you?
Honor, and faith and freedom,
Impel you right to do
You must record your story,
Either of shame or glory

Never was freedom threatened
As now by despot power,
Never was duty clearer,
Now is your testing hour
You must record your story,
Shall it be shame or glory?

Duty to home and Empire,
Duty to liberty,
Calls you to valiant action;
What will your answer be?
You must record your story,
Shall it be shame or glory?

Civilization weeping
For Belgium's heart that bleeds,
Calls in the name of mercy:
"Wake and do noble deeds!"
Wide are the gates of glory,
Enter! Record your story

PERSONAL

Miss Rita Irwin is taking a trip through the Thousand Islands.

Rev. Mr. Jennings of Blenheim was in town over Sunday as guest of Mr. and Mrs. R. Burnett.

Miss Anna Mitchell of Toronto is visiting her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. C. Firth.

Miss Anabel Saunders returned to Toronto Saturday after a visit at her home here.

Rev. Mr. Hartley is in town, and will likely remain for a week or two.

Miss Hilda Everett of Walkerton is the guest of Miss Frankie Burnett.

Arthur Wright of Chesley young son of Mr. Sam. Wright was in town yesterday for a few hours with his aunt, Mrs. J. Bryon.

Miss Elsie Wright returned to Chesley Tuesday, after spending a couple of weeks with her aunt, Mrs. Bryon, and other friends.

Miss Edna Matthews returned to Markdale, after visiting her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. John Wright, for a couple of weeks.

Rev. Mr. Hartley is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Kress. He will take charge of the services at Trinity and St Paul's on Sunday.

Miss Leo O'Neil arrived home from the west on Saturday after a visit with her brother, Michael O'Neil, at Delisle, Sask.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Snyder of

Greensboro, North Carolina, are visiting the latter's brother, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Jackson.

Mr. Bowes, hardware man, of Markdale, was in town Tuesday and called for a short time at this office.

Rev. and Mrs. Farr and family of Blyth motored to town last week and saw a number of their many friends, acquaintances and relatives.

Mrs. J. C. Capper and children left Friday for their home in Mason City, Iowa, after visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Saunders.

We learn that Messrs. Percy Bryon and John Weir, who left here with the third contingent, are now in Belgium, and will be seeing something of interest.

Rev. and Mrs. Bice of London were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Kress for a few days. During their stay they visited a number of former acquaintances and

parishioners.

Mr. Jas. Lenahan and two children, and Mrs. J. Carter and two children, all from Owen Sound, returned home Tuesday, after visiting at the O'Neil homestead in Glenelg.

Mr. David McMeeken of Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., W. J. McMeeken of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Mitchell of Mt. Forest, and Mrs. J. Henry of Shallow Lake, were present at the funeral of the late Jas. McMeeken on Friday.

Rev. Mr. Morris left yesterday for Delaware, where he will preach Sunday in Mr. Hartley's church. He will be absent two weeks and, we understand, intends to visit Leamington friends for a few days before his return.

The campaign at Brantford for \$20,000 for the purchase of machine guns for the Canadian troops, has been successful. Four hundred over the amount sought has been turned in, with several lists yet to be received.

A Triangular Race

By F. A. MITCHEL

It was a bright spring morning, when one feels like breathing in the fresh air and stretching one's legs. I determined on a long walk before luncheon and started with that end in view. On passing the Stanleys' place I saw Helen coming out dressed in morning costume, with a short skirt and boots. Waiting till she reached the gate, I joined her. Comparing notes, we learned that we were both out for the same purpose. We joined forces.

We had gone but a short distance when Tom Bartlett struck us square in the flank from a side street. "We're going for a tramp into the country," said Helen to Tom. "Come along."

"Thanks awfully," said Tom, looking at me doubtfully. "They say that two's company, three's a crowd."

"Not a bit of it—the more the merrier," said Helen.

Now, there is a lot more in this than appears on the surface. Bartlett and I were rivals for Miss Stanley's affections. We believed that she was hesitating between the two of us. I had been trying to get her to come to a decision, and I presume Tom had been trying to do the same thing. Tom joined us, but was too much of a gentleman to intrude himself for the walk without some hint from me that I would not object. Reaching a corner, he lifted his hat with a view to leaving us, when I said:

"You have your orders from the lady, Tom; it is your duty to obey them."

I saw mischief, design, devilry, in Helen's eyes, but nothing that I could define. When we reached the open country she drew long breaths of ozone into her lungs and said with exhilaration:

"I feel as though I must run."
"So do I," said Tom. "Come on."
We ran abreast for several hundred yards, then dropped into a walk again.

"I wonder," said Bartlett, "why more decisions are not arrived at by race than by lot."

"They have a custom in Lapland," said Helen, "wherein if a man wishes to marry a girl he chases her. If she accepts him she permits him to catch her; if she refuses she runs for all she is worth."

What put it into my head to make my next remark I know not.

"If two fellows in Lapland want the same girl," I said, "do they race for her?"

"I never heard anything about that," said Helen.

Looking sidewise into her eye, I saw

a spark in it that told much more than her words. It started a flame within me that burned recklessly. But I held back for some time before showing it. After awhile Helen said she was pining for another run.

"Suppose," I said deliberately. I stopped.

"Suppose what?" asked Helen.

"Suppose that you take 500 yards start for a race. And suppose that Tom and I separate so that each of the three of us stands on the angle of a triangle. Then suppose you run for it and Tom and I try which can touch you first."

Helen said never a word, but I saw by that spark in her eye that she caught my meaning.

"Is it a go, Tom?" I asked.

"I'm agreed if the lady is."

"I don't mind," said Helen under her breath.

"Very well; Tom, you stay here. I go to that stump over there. Suppose you," I said to Helen, "advance to that lone tree in the center of the field."

Helen and I started, leaving Tom where he was. To equalize advantage between Tom and me she must run on a straight line perpendicular to the base line of the angles on which Tom and I stood. I doubted if she would do this. It would be human nature for her to veer toward the man she wished to win. I don't mean that the race would be an acceptance of the winner, but it would show a preference for him over the other.

When our positions were taken Helen turned and looked at us. It was evident she was laying out the course she should pursue. Then she called, "Are you ready?" and on our response that we were she turned and dashed away.

There was plenty of room for the race, for the field stretched a long way, with but one fence in sight, and that was open at many places. I was by far a better runner than Bartlett, who was a studious chap and seldom took exercise. I had no desire to win the race unless Helen gave me an opportunity; therefore I ran on a dog trot. Bartlett ran on much the same gait. For a time Helen kept on the perpendicular line; then, coming to a bit of boggy ground, she was obliged to decide whether she would go to the right or to the left of it. She went as far as she could before deciding; then zigzagged with apparent indecision, finally turning to the left, which shortened my line.

The moment she made her decision I closed up on her and touched her on the shoulder. Turning to look at Tom I saw that he had dropped into a walk. Poor fellow! He had put the same interpretation on the race as I.

The result closed all rivalry between Tom and me, but did not decide my fate. I was held in suspense for some time longer before I received my answer, but when it came it was satisfactory.

FLESHERTON HAS AN OIL MYSTERY

A little over a week ago The Flesherton Advance reported a peculiar discovery of oil in a 22-foot well on the premises of Mr. F. G. Karstedt in that village. The well had been practically unused for some time and when Karstedt undertook to pump out the well, found after pumping a few pails that coal oil was coming out instead of water. He pumped several barrels full from the well and still the oil came out. Next morning it was the same, a muddy looking mixture of oil and water. Just what it all means is yet a conundrum. This well is 40 or 50 feet from where any coal oil is kept, and Mr. Karstedt says that there has never been any leakage. Neither has the well been disturbed. No person would be likely to waste so much oil for the sake of a hoax as has been dumped out. Mr. Karstedt strained some of the mixture and from about a quart got half a lampful of yellowish oil which burned quite freely in a lamp. An explanation of the strange phenomenon is still to be discovered.

In last week's issue The Advance says: The Karstedt oil well still continues to produce oil in considerable quantity, and many of the villagers have samples bottled up for inspection. The oil is there, but how it got there and where it came from is still a mystery. Last week Mr. Karstedt took some of the oil to Toronto and submitted it to the Bureau of Mines. The officials there said it was a good sample of high specific gravity, but would not believe that it came out of an ordinary well. They said it was impossible to believe that it was filtered from any place of storage as it would be pure coal oil if it were, and this oil has a considerable quantity of gasoline in it, also other solid substances such as is found in ordinary petroleum before refining. They also admitted that if the oil had been poured into the well it would come out as ordinary refined oil, which this is unlike, being of a cloudy, amber color. They have no theory as to its origin, but admit the possibility that it may have found vent through a rock crevice. Some years ago a well was drilled on the McKaveny farm, about six miles east of this village, in a search for coal oil. The government report announced a small quantity of petroleum from this well, but not in commercial quantities. A well was also drilled at Kimberley, ten miles north, but no report was made. An engineer connected with the drilling of this well told people here that petroleum could be found here by drilling inside the corporation, but no one paid any attention to his statement. Now they talk about it. In the meantime, Mr

MARKET REPORT

DURHAM, AUGUST 19, 1915

Fall Wheat.....	\$1 10 to \$1 10
Spring Wheat.....	1 10 to 1 10
Milling Oats.....	55 to 55
Feed Oats.....	55 to 55
Peas.....	1 50 to 1 55
Barley.....	65 to 70
Hay.....	12 00 to 12 00
Butter.....	21 to 21
Eggs.....	18 to 18
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 60 to 8 60
Hides, per lb.....	13 to 14
Sheepskins.....	35 to 40
Wool.....	5 to 5
Tallow.....	5 to 5
Lard.....	14 to 14

WILL WE EVER WALK ON AIR?

Train Of Thought Inspired By A Letter About "Fruit-a-tives"



MR. D. McLEAN

Orillia, Ont., Nov. 28th, 1914

"For over two years, I was troubled with Constipation, Drowsiness, Lack of Appetite and Headaches. I tried several medicines, but got no results and my Headaches became more severe. One day I saw your sign which read 'Fruit-a-tives' make you feel like walking on air. This appealed to me, so I decided to try a box. In a very short time, I began to feel better, and now I feel fine. Now I have a good appetite, relish everything I eat, and the Headaches are gone entirely. I cannot say too much for 'Fruit-a-tives', and recommend this pleasant fruit medicine to all my friends'.

DAN McLEAN.

"FRUIT-A-TIVES" is daily proving its priceless value in relieving cases of Stomach, Liver and Kidney Trouble—General Weakness, and Skin Diseases. 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

Karstedt keeps on pumping out oil every day, and feels quite sanguine that the find means a good thing.

Speaking of this oil find last week the Shelburne Free Press says: It will be remembered by many of our readers that some years ago there was considerable excitement at Redickville over the discovery of coal oil in the well in front of Mrs. Wallwork's hotel at that place. It was a fair sample and would burn in a lamp equal to oil purchased in any hardware store. A number of Shelburne capitalists formed a company and engaged an expert driller from Petrolia, who undertook to drill for oil. After paying the driller about \$1,200 for work done he jumped the job, pulled out his casings and left without saying anything to his employer in Shelburne. It was reported then that he had been bribed to quit the job by the Standard Oil Co.

HOW TO MAKE A FORD.

There was an old man who had a wooden leg;
He had no money, and he just couldn't beg;
But he had a piece of pipe and a 12-inch board,
And he said, "By golly, I'll build me a Ford."
So he took a quart of gas and a sprinkle of oil,
And a piece of rusty wire to make him a coil;
Four big spools and an old tin can,
He hammered them together and the blamed thing ran.

Frank Cassis and Jenny Hussen, Syrians, were married in St. Thomas jail Monday. Cassis was under arrest charged with levanting from Toledo, Ohio, with jewellery belonging to Jenny, after promising to marry her.

Western Fair London Canada

September 10th-18th 1915

\$30,000.00 in Prizes and Attractions

Prizes increased this year by \$3,000.00. Two Speed Events Daily. Fireworks Every Night. Excellent Program of Attractions Twice Daily. New Steel Grandstand. Midway Better Than Ever.

Music by the Best Available Bands

SINGLE FARE OVER ALL RAILWAYS West of Toronto, and Fare and One-Third from outside points

Prize Lists, Entry Forms and all information from the Secretary

W. J. REID, President A. M. HUNT, Secretary