

THE DURHAM CHRONICLE

W IRWIN, Editor and Proprietor

DURHAM, SEPTEMBER 2, 1915.

THE PRICE OF BREAD

Last week a letter appeared in our columns asking for information regarding the bread prices here, in comparison with prices in Mt. Forest, Holstein, Toronto and other places.

We said when the letter was given to us that the situation was unfair to Durham if the statement contained in it were true and the loaves all the same weight. Since then the bakers tell us that in Mt. Forest and several other places they are making only a two-and-a-half pound loaf, while here they are making bread of the legal standard weight of three pounds. Here the bakers charge 14 cents but "Bread-Eater" says it is sold at 12 cents in Mt. Forest and Toronto, and at 10 cents in Holstein. The difference in the weight, provided 2½ lb loaves are used, would account for the difference between the 12 and 14-cent prices charged elsewhere.

The ten-cent price in Holstein has been explained in this way: The bakers allow the dealers a couple of cents a loaf for handling their bread, and in order to get trade the Holstein dealers are selling their 2½ lb. loaves at actual cost.

These explanations seemed reasonable at first sight, and we felt inclined to accept them as an explanation to "Bread-Eater's" enquiries—but we couldn't understand why bakers in other towns were allowed to make their bread under the legal weight, and we don't understand it yet. We think all should be compelled to give standard weight, and then there would be no difficulty in making comparisons.

Just as we were settling down to a feeling of satisfaction, and ready, in part, to accept the explanation, we ran against a snag, and our faith vanished into thin air. There, right before our eyes in Monday's News and Monday's Star was a large advertisement, five columns wide and about 18 inches deep, saying, in big type, "George Lawrence has reduced price of Bread to 5 Cents."

We read the remainder of the advertisement and found he was selling 3 lb. loaves at 10 cents, and 1½ lb. loaves at 5 cents.

Now it may be argued that Mr. Lawrence has lots of money and can buy his flour in large quantities. He may have the very best facilities and all the rest of it, but no bread-eater can come to a reasonable conclusion that he should pay four cents a loaf more in Durham than he has to pay in Toronto. This may be an exceptional case in Toronto, and 12 cents may be charged by the other bakers, but we may all rest assured that Mr. Lawrence is not a wholesale philanthropist, and isn't urging and pleading with all the bread-eaters in the big city of Toronto to come out and share his wealth.

To come down to something practical, the only solution of the difficulty lies in the bakers reducing prices to at least 12 cents for a 3 lb. loaf, and an agitation for enforcement of the law in regard to standard weights in other places. What's the use of the government making a law and having it generally ignored?

We don't pretend to interfere in any way with the prices fixed by the individual bakers, but we stand for a legal standard loaf, and that loaf made by every baker throughout the province. Then there can be no unfair comparisons, and every baker will stand on an equal footing of fair play.

CORNER CONCERNS.

We have only a couple of unpleasant happenings to report this week. Mr. Jas. Eden had a lamb badly worried a few nights ago and, although it may not die, is left stripped of its fleece for the cold weather, and is also badly bitten all over its body, especially about the neck. The other was a charivari. Both seem much like the work of mischievous, idle, young pups.

Miss McKechnie of Aberdeen has been spending the past fortnight with her friend, Miss Wilson.

Mr. Lorne Allan went to Saskatoon, Sask., last week, to help with the harvest and renew old acquaintances, as well as visit relatives.

Mrs. Henry Dennett will leave for the western country in a few days, to see her daughter living

A DEMAND EQUAL TO THE SUPPLY



Britannia: I'll take all you have to sell, Mr. Canuck.

in Saskatchewan who, a few days ago received some injuries while tying up a young calf that had got loose. We trust the injuries may not be serious.

Mrs. John Henry of Shallow Lake returns home this Tuesday, after spending the past couple of months administering to her parents' comforts.

Mrs. Peter Black returned home a week ago from St. Marys. She reports very bad harvesting, as much of the grain is sitting in several inches of water.

Mrs. Glenholm, after spending a month with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Black, returned to her home in Toronto on Monday.

School reopens this Wednesday, with Mr. Percy Ross of Holstein as teacher. We hope he will take charge successfully.

Our item concerning Rev. Mr. Morris being on a well-earned holiday in our last budget, got into a bad mix-up when it got to town. We trust it would be no sign that he would get into any bad mix-up when he went to Delaware, but that he would have a fine time and return home this week much benefited by the outing.

The last meeting of the Ladies' Aid was productive of good work sewing for the Red Cross Society. The next meeting is to be held at the home of Mrs. Barbour, and possibly even a greater attendance, as the harvest will be finished. It is to be the third Wednesday in September.

Harvesting has been a slow job this year, from unfavorable weather and tangled grain. The cutting is about done, and with good weather we should soon be through.

A number of the neighbors of Mrs. John Wells turned out last week with binders and cut her harvest. The scene, we presume, was like what is often seen on western farms.

Mrs. Wm. Allan, Jr., is in a rather precarious condition, having given birth on Friday to a still-born child.

Mrs. Thos. Tucker and her little twin boy is doing nicely, but a name for children in this time of war, is hard to choose. It seems a big job to pick out which is going to be the most famous general.

Mr. Robt. Mead's home has been lively all summer with visitors, but it is back to the old way of going again, as Miss Mabel and Mrs. McDougall, the last of the bunch, left last week to their different duties.

A book agent recently told us that he liked a fellow to soon make up his mind whether or not he intended to buy, and not try to learn his book off by heart on the pretence of going to buy, and finally say, "No, I guess I'll not order to-day." The agent who came along a week ago and had us called back when we had got half way to the field after considerable delay from horses sick with distemper, and binder got balky, grain breaking down and shelling, etc., to tell us he was a book agent, and asking us to look over the merits of his book, won't honestly accuse us of occupying too much of his time.

We congratulate Mr. Wm. Gordon and Miss May Hann, who joined heart and hand last Wednesday and welcome them to our neighborhood. They will have a nice cosy home, and only need The Chronicle's weekly visit now to help make it happy.

How He Shot Himself

By EVERETT P. CLARKE

A lawyer, having been sent for to call at the city jail at 10 o'clock in the morning to see a prisoner, found a young man in evening dress very much cast down.

"Here's a pretty how-de-do," exclaimed the prisoner—"locked up on a charge of burglary, insanity or both. For heaven's sake, get me out of this before my fiancée hears of it. I would not have it get into the papers for a million!"

"What's the trouble?" asked the lawyer.

"Well, you see, I'm to be married tomorrow, and last night I gave my bachelor friends a supper. We broke up at 2 o'clock this morning, and I went home. Nobody got full, and I was sober as a judge. I live in a row of ten store front houses, all alike as peas in a pod. My house is the sixth from one end of the row and the fifth from the other end.

"The light was turned low in the hall. I heard something moving in the parlor. Remembering that the front door hadn't been locked, it occurred to me that a burglar might have come in. What I heard sounded exactly like some one trying to tread softly. My fiancée lives on one side of the city, and I live on the other side. Being used to walking home nights after visiting her, I have become used to carrying a revolver in my hip pocket as a protection against footpads. On hearing the sounds in the parlor I drew the weapon and cocked it. Then I went into the room.

"I couldn't see anything, but I distinctly heard somebody in the adjoining room in the rear. I listened and heard him go into the kitchen. Stepping out into the hall, I went back to the kitchen myself and listened at the door. All was still for awhile; then I heard the fellow scurry across the floor.

"Next I heard him in the dining room again. He evidently stumbled against something, for I heard it drop on the floor. By this time I had made up my mind that either I must get the burglar or he would get me.

"I didn't know exactly what to do. My mother is in poor health, and I feared to give an alarm on her account. Besides, the telephone booth was upstairs, and if I went to it the burglar would probably get away with the plunder. While I was deliberating I heard a tin pan tumble down in the kitchen. It made a big racket, and I dreaded lest my mother should be awakened, for if she learned that there was a burglar in the house she would

go into hysterics.

"I opened the kitchen door softly and looked in, but it was so dark that I couldn't see anything. I heard a scratching, however, that made me suspect the noises might have been made by some animal. But as we didn't have any dog or cat I didn't take much stock in this theory.

"Not hearing any further noise, I went cautiously into the kitchen. After standing in the middle of the floor awhile listening for a new sound I made up my mind to light a gas jet and take the consequences, whatever they might be.

"Every house in the block is built alike, and there is a square opening in all between the kitchen and the dining room through which to pass dishes. I approached this opening with dread, because if the burglar was in the dining room he could see me through it and make short work of me.

"Gathering courage, I stood at the aperture and looked into the dining room. There he was, sure enough. Both of us raised our weapons. It was a matter of life and death which fired first. I pulled the trigger, and there was a loud report.

"I supposed I had killed the burglar, for the range was very short, and I aimed straight at him. There was nothing for me to do but await the inevitable rousing of the household. I heard footsteps above and voices; then down came a man in his nightshirt.

"Great Scott! I had never seen him before!

"I had got into the wrong house. The man, seeing me standing with a smoking revolver in my hand, ran back upstairs, and I heard him call for the police.

"What should I do? I wanted to get out, but knew that would be worse for me in the end than standing my ground. I heard nothing from the burglar—not even a moan. While waiting for the police I determined to go into the dining room, light the gas and learn the worst.

"What I learned was that there was no living thing in the room except a cat crouching in a corner. Directly opposite the opening between the dining room and kitchen stood a sideboard topped by a mirror. The mirror was shattered. I had put a bullet through it trying to kill my own image.

"When the police came the man upstairs called down to them to run in any one they might find there. I tried to explain to the police what had happened, showing them the opening through which I had fired at the mirror. Some of them thought me a house breaker, who had been caught red-handed; others took me for a lunatic. Anyway they arrested me, and here I am."

Happily the attorney secured bail and succeeded in hushing the matter up. The next evening his client was married without his bride knowing of the episode following his bachelor dinner.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

A Reply to "Bread-Eater"

To "Bread-Eater."

Dear Sir,—

Re your letter to The Chronicle of August 26, as to the price of bread. I see you have looked it up—perhaps right. I am not prepared to dispute the price, as I know of one town a little larger than Durham that has all three prices that you mention. But I would advise you to go a little farther and find out the weight and then see who is paying the most for their bread. So far as I know, Durham is getting cheaper bread than any place charging less than 14 cents per loaf, and not dearer than in any town I know of.

Yours truly,
H. N. BURNETT,
Baker.

DURHAM HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY

The above Society will hold an exhibition of Flowers in the Town Hall, Durham, on Thursday, September 9. Doors open from 3 to 10 o'clock, p.m. A musical program will be provided.

MRS. J.S. MCILRAITH, President.
CHRIS FIRTH, Secretary. 1mo

BORN.

JAMIESON.—In Durham, on August 27, to Dr. and Mrs. D. B. Jamieson, a daughter.

PICKEN.—In Bentinck, on August 27, to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Picken, a daughter.

ALLAN.—In Egremont, on August 27, to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Allan, a son (stillborn).

MARRIED

FORSYTH-McCOMBE.—In Durham on September 1, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr and Mrs. S. F. McCombe, by Rev. Mr. Wylie, Mr. Fred. Forsyth B.S.A., to Miss Rita L. McCombe.

HAMPDEN.

Intended for last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Cooper and family are at present visiting the former's mother, Mrs. Cooper.

Miss Rebecca Park of Cincinnati has returned to her duties, after a two weeks' vacation.

Mrs. Carruthers of Welland is spending a few days with relatives around here, and took in the Hampden garden party.

We understand that this section has engaged Miss Mitchell of Tara as teacher.

We must congratulate two of our industrious farmers, in the persons of Alex. Grierson and Archie Park on their success in the field crop competition in oats. Mr. Grierson received 1st, and Mr. Park 2nd. Mr. Grierson has only exhibited twice, and reached the top of the ladder each time. Mr. Park has exhibited three times and has received 1st, 2nd and 3rd. F. B. Switzer was judge.

Well, now, we must not forget our garden party, which was one of the most successful gatherings held in Hanover for a long time. Although the farmers were busy at their grain, still a great many felt it their duty to be present and make it a success. We understand the ball game between South Bentinck and Hampden was a tie. The program was not great for length, but was of good quality. Rev. Mr. McLean was chairman. Mr. Wilson of Hanover, who has a brother on the firing line, gave a very interesting speech, which was much appreciated. Mr. Derby of Hanover also gave a short speech. Mr. Cooper, Misses Purvis, the Whiteford and Cunningham children, Mr. Milligan and Mr. Park also rendered solos, which were much appreciated by one and all, and Messrs Purvis and Hamlet favored the audience with a mouth organ selection, while Mr. Hamlet rattled the bones. This was enjoyed by all. Mr. Hamlet has since enlisted, and is now in training for a soldier. Miss McAuley, one of Dur-

MARKET REPORT

DURHAM, SEPTEMBER 2, 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 65
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 60
Wool.....	5 to 5
Tallow.....	14 to 14
Lard.....	5 to 5

ANOTHER CLASS ENTERS TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 7



Many ambitious young people entered our classes on Monday last. Several are taking our Civil Service course, positions for graduates who pass Examination in this course being guaranteed by Dominion Government, at not less than \$500 per annum.

This College is connected with and give same course as Elliott Business College, Toronto and Stratford Business College. Graduates all in positions. Enter next Tuesday and qualify for good situation. Catalogue free on request.

D. A. McLACHLAN,
President.

G. M. HENRY,
Principal.

Western Fair London Canada

September 10th - 18th 1915

\$30,000.00 in Prizes and Attractions

Prizes increased this year by \$3,000.00. Excellent Program of Attractions Twice Daily.

Two Speed Events Daily. Fireworks Every Night. New Steel Grandstand. Midway Better Than Ever.

Music by the Best Available Bands

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W. J. REID, President

A. M. HUNT, Secretary