

THE DURHAM CHRONICLE

W IRWIN, Editor and Proprietor

DURHAM, SEPTEMBER 9, 1915.

PRICEVILLE.

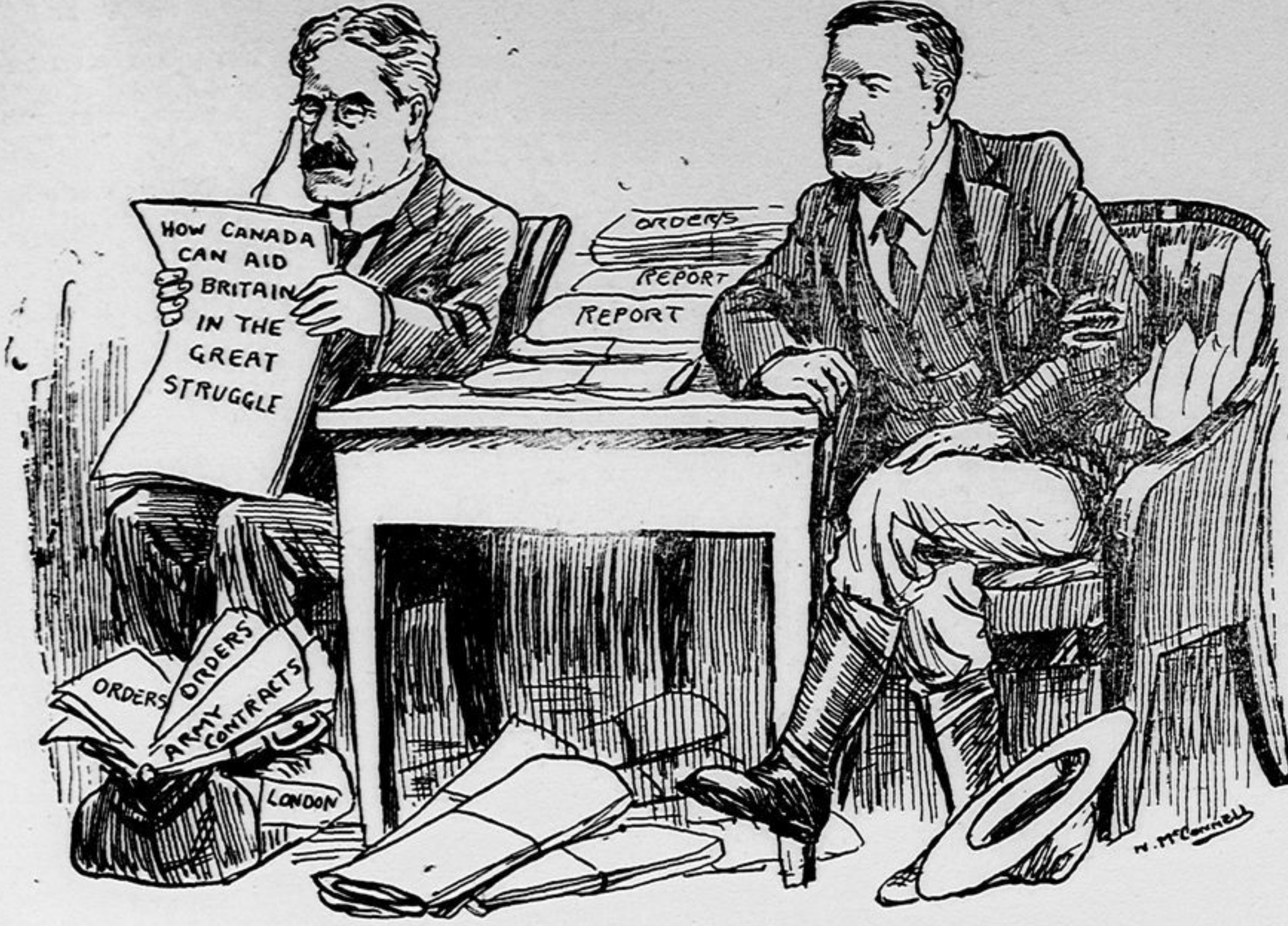
We are again having another spell of rain. The ground is soaking wet and harvesting is again suspended. There is lots of grain to cut yet. Some are done, but these are few and far between. We were digging some potatoes for dinner this Tuesday, the 7th of September, and found a number of rotten ones. It's a pity, and them so large. There is always something to complain about, but we must take things as they come. Some went to the Exhibition, but not many. Those who were camping for the good of their health left for their homes the latter part of last week. Two families from Toronto were nearby, and another was in Priceville. The Women's Institute held a very successful meeting at Mrs. Shortreed's, Top Cliff, one fine afternoon last week. There were two dozen of them assembled for the purpose of discussing the various duties in connection with their noble work of aiding those in need at the front. As all the farmers were more than busy, and horses engaged doing their part, Rev. Mr. Matheson, with his auto, ran back and forth, till he gave all the good ladies a swift drive. Mr. Matheson enjoyed having the privilege of doing his share in assisting in the work assigned to the ladies, for the ladies are always good in attending to their business. We welcome Mr. and Mrs. Miller, principal of the town school, back, and congratulate them on entering the matrimonial life, in which all wish them much joy and happiness. Hector and Donald McKinnon were home for a day or two from the camp, where they are in training for war. Robert Conkey and Goldwin Patterson were also home. They left again last week, but before leaving were presented with an acknowledgement of the esteem in which they are held by the citizens and others. They were presented with a suitable present as a reminder of their old home. All wish the boys success and a safe return. Mr. and Mrs. Angus Kennedy of Toronto are back again, and are taking up their residence at the town line on their own property. Mrs. Litter visited her daughter, Miss Litter, for a day last week. Don, McKinnon Thos. McDougall and Duncan Sinclair all from this neighborhood, left for the harvest fields of the west a couple of weeks ago.

BLUNDERS IN BATTLE.

Gases Where Troops Have Fired Upon Their Own People.

It was at Beacon hill during the Boer war that there happened one of the saddest incidents in the history of the British army. The East Surrey were in a hollow between two hills creeping up the valley. The West Surrey regiment, half a mile away, caught sight of the crouching figures and took them for Boers. In a moment a heavy volley rang out, and it was not until an officer, realizing the mistake, rushed out in front of the West Surreys that the firing ceased. A nurse, writing afterward from the Estcourt hospital, said it was pitiful to see the West Surreys coming in one after another, bringing cigarettes, dainties, any present they could find, for the wounded men, then, hearing their groans, turn away, saying: "God forgive us! This is our work!" One of the strangest cases of troops firing upon their own people occurred in Roumania in the year 1885. At that time Roumania was in a very disturbed condition, and bands of robbers—regular banditti—prowled over the country, raiding the villages and farms. The largest of these bands made its headquarters in the forest of Rhodope and gradually increased until it became 300 strong. It spread terror through the whole countryside, and at last the government sent a body of troops to hunt it down. The robber band was located on top of a mountain, and the colonel in command of the troops split his forces and sent half up each side so as to attack from two points simultaneously. A thick fog fell, and the robbers took advantage of it to sneak away quietly by a path known only to themselves. The troops, unaware of this maneuver, continued their ascent, and the two bodies, each crawling along under cover of rocks and brushwood, met at the top. They at once opened fire and fought desperately for a whole hour before the mistake was discovered. Eighty were killed and 300 wounded.—Philadelphia Ledger.

ANXIOUS TO HEAR IT, SIR ROBERT



The Message from the Mother Country to Canada

NORTH HOLLAND IN WINTER.

Skating Is Business There, and the Skaters Wear No Shoes.

In the north of Holland, writes Temple Manning in the Indianapolis Star, I saw the serious side of skating, the side that is not an idle art, but a practical business. The very first thing the tiny Frisian learns after he acquires the ability to toddle around is how to skate. If he wasn't an expert he would be seriously handicapped all the rest of his life, for the country is a network of waterways, and when they freeze over all business is done on their slippery bosoms. To the Frisian it is second nature to skate. To him it is a delight as well as a necessity, and he is more at home on skates than he is on a good earth road. If you ask a Frisian which season he likes best, summer or winter, he will answer "winter." In summer he finds it harder to pole or pull his boat through the waters of the canals than in winter to push a sledge along while he follows on his skates. To him the canal is his road. The first oddity that struck me when I came into this land of skating delights was that the skaters did not wear shoes. They strapped their skates to their feet over very heavy socks that kept out the cold. They laughed at me when I went skating with my skates clamped to leather boots. They could not understand how on earth I could skate freely and gracefully. As a matter of fact I am far from being a graceful skater, but the Frisians were too polite to laugh at my clumsiness, attributing it entirely to my shoes. Of course I went to Friesland with preconceived notions of what the country would look like, but the charm of the reality was far beyond my imagination. It seemed to be a land of ice and snow that was not unhappily cold—rather the frigid element seemed to be a completing touch of perfection. I have never seen Friesland in summer, but I cannot imagine it separated from its frozen waterways and its picturesque skaters. Were I to epitomize Friesland in a single description I would picture it as a sheet of ice flowing between two banks that glitter with snow, and in the center I would place a milkman pushing a sledge filled with cans before him, as he skated whistling merrily behind. And behind him I would draw a bevy of boys and girls skylarking on skates.

HUMAN CREDULITY.

Millions Are Taken Every Year From the Gullible by Sharpers.

Human credulity passes all limitations. Before me lies a newspaper story from Chicago: A man was on the way to a savings bank to deposit \$145. Two smiling strangers met him, fooled him with the story that they had a "magic handkerchief" which would double the stranger's money if he would fold his bank bills within it. After the operation the strangers told him to watch the handkerchief and see his money grow. They disappeared. They had his money and the handkerchief contained waste paper. Does this sound impossible? Here is another story, even more improbable, but true. In New York a company appropriating the name of a well known corporation advertised to sell its shares at a bargain, and fixed a price that was just twice the stock market price. A circular was sent to the Italian quarter intimating that a great opportunity was presented for workingmen to secure an interest in a wonderfully prosperous railway, that only a few shares could be had and that they must be bought at once. A rush was made for the stock, although every daily paper printed the quotation of the same security at half the price at which the swindlers were offering it. The police put an end to the game. If people are so credulous it is surprising that the postoffice authorities report that \$150,000,000 a year is taken from the gullible by dealers in fake securities? If Wall street did this kind of wretched business it would deserve reprobation.—Leslie's Weekly.

A CONVERSION

By DONALD CHAMBERLIN

Having occasion to visit a town in Arizona, where there were no hotel accommodations worthy of the name, I asked a man I met on the street if he could tell me where I could find a lodging in a private house. "Reckon I kin, stranger," he said. "Come right along with me."

He took me to his own house and introduced me to his wife, a woman with as honest a countenance as ever I saw in man or woman. Several pretty children were playing about who evidently had the care of a good mother. I was given a fine supper, and when the wife took the children upstairs to bed the husband and I sat smoking and chatting together. "I believe," I remarked, "that you people out here have settled down and become more like those in the east than you used to be."

"Reckon we have. When I drifted into these parts we was all bad except a sprinklin', and they was mostly wimmen and children."

"Surely you were not one of the bad ones," I objected. He took his pipe out of his mouth and looked at me, apparently wondering if he had better trust me with a confession. I knew his thoughts and by my expression invited confidence. "Stranger," he said, "I was one of the goldurnedest, meanest, snavelin', low down critters in the territory. I was mean enough to rob a graveyard of old bones. But I wasn't afraid of nothin', and when it came to a fight I was thar. Fact is, I was regarded so desprit that nobody dast interfere with me. Two sheriffs tried it and failed, and after that I was let alone till I got so bad that the people couldn't stand me, and the committee got after me. That ended my career as a desperado."

"Evidently," I put in, "they didn't hang you or you wouldn't be here telling the story now."

"My story hasn't begun. One day when I was about as bad as I could git I went into a house for a meal, which I intended to pay for by takin' anything valuable I could lay my hands on. I run across a young woman and asked her if she could give me a meal of vittles. 'You just come right in here,' she said, 'and make yerself at home.'"

"Waal, that gal cooked me as fine a meal as I ever eat in my life. Anyway, it tasted as good, for I was hungry, and there was somepin about the gal as cooked it that I liked, and when I was eatin' it she was sittin' right op-

posite me and askin' me an sorts o' questions as innocent-like as if she was talkin' to a respectable party. When I got through with the meal what do you suppose I did? I just told her that I was Bill Hathaway, the noted desperado, and I wanted her to hand out any valuables there might be in the house without troublin' me to find 'em.

"Somehow she didn't look frightened, as most wimmen would look under the circumstances. She got up without sayin' a word, went upstairs and come down with a woolen sock with some coins in the toe and put it on the table before me. Then she looked at me, not with that hateful look I had been used to from wimmen I'd robbed, but with a sorryful look, as much as to say, 'Poor feller, what an awful life you're leadin' and how uncomfortable you'll be some day danglin' from the end of a rope!'"

"Somehow I couldn't stummick that sort o' thing. I jist opened the stockin', and instead of takin' anything out I put my hand in my pocket, tuk out a fist full o' loose change and some bills, rammed 'em into the stockin' and shoved it toward her, tellin' her that she'd given me a bangup good meal and deserved to be well paid for it.

"She turned the stockin' over, dumped all the money in it on the table, counted out what she'd had in it before I put in anything and shoved my amount back to me.

"We don't take pay from strangers here," she said, "and if we did we wouldn't take money that had been gained by robbery."

"I'd had all sorts o' things said to me, but somehow I'd never had anything like that. They was all either afraid of me and cringed or hated me and spitfired at me. I got up from my chair and went out o' that house like a whipped cur."

"When the men folks come home and found that Bill Hathaway had been there they organized a committee to run me down. It was a long chase, but they finally cornered me. I was full o' tricks, and since none o' those that tuk me knowed me by sight I tole 'em they'd got the wrong man. So they talked together and agreed to take me to the gal I've been tellin' you about for identification.

"They brought me before the house with my arms tied behind my back and a rope around my neck. The gal came out, and they asked her if I was the man that had been to the house before. When she saw the rope she paled a bit and, pretendin' that she wanted to git the dust outer her eyes to see better, drew her apron across 'em. But I knowed it was to get rid of moisture. She looked at me pitiful, and at last she said: "No, that ain't the one. The other was a villain. This one is a good man. If he's ever done anything I'm sure he has repented."

"Hist!" he said, putting a finger to his lips. "She's comin' downstairs."

GOOD NATURED ELEPHANTS.

Peculiarities of Some of the Herds of West Africa.

In 1905 I found myself near the Inza river, an important affluent of the Kwilu, flowing through a fertile region which is infested by herds of elephants, a source of constant anxiety and frequent losses to the inhabitants.

In a country like this, where he is not hunted by man in the ordinary way and the only means for his destruction are cruel but easily avoided pitfalls, the elephant is decidedly good natured. We were told by the mission boys at Pana that in the rainless season, when their usual haunts are dried up, the elephants frequently wander near the river and attack the plantations. The natives try to drive them away with sticks!

"But it is no good hitting them or throwing stones at them," I was told. "They generally refuse to take any notice. Sometimes a mother with a calf will turn on us and chase us for a hundred yards or so, but no real harm is meant and the animal is not really angry, for all the signs of fury—spread ears and raised trunk—are absent. All the same, we do run away, although we know there is no danger. One day a boy fell when thus pursued, but the elephant only threw sand on him."

As I have myself seen a man just pushed out of the way by one of these good natured monsters, when the animal had more than enough provocation to kill him, I was inclined to accept this account as true.—Wide World Magazine.

Poaching an Egg. The food value of an egg is enormous, but an invalid tires of eggs served in the ordinary way. Here is a method involving some trouble, but worth it for the sick person's sake. Break an egg into a flat dish of cold water and let it remain covered with muslin for twelve hours. Then pour the water off very gently indeed, so as to prevent the egg going with it. Now poach the latter in boiling water, adding just a tiny pinch of salt. This, nicely served, can be eaten by any one, for it melts in the mouth literally. Two might be cooked, for done in this way one egg is not much.—Buffalo News.

The Chronicle to January 1, 1917. \$1 to new subscribers.

PERSONAL

Master Sherwood Rowe was visiting in Toronto last week. Mr. Alex. Kearney of Belleville is visiting at his home here. Mr. W. B. Vollet is spending a few days in Toronto. Mr. John Smith attended the exhibition last week. Mr. Geo. Kress was at the exhibition for a few days this week. Mrs. W. D. Connor has been quite ill, but is recovering. Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Allen are attending the exhibition this week. Mr. Ben. Benton left on Monday for Belleville, where he will enter Albert College as a student. Ptes. A. M. Bell, E. J. McGirr and G. Lloyd, now in training at Niagara, were home over Sunday. Mr. Wilbert Knisley of Little Britain, spent over Sunday with his parents here. Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Arrowsmith are visiting in Toronto and Hamilton. Mrs. M. K. Heddle and little daughter of Hamilton, are visiting their cousin, Miss A. L. MacKenzie. Miss Devena Warmington has accepted a position as assistant milliner at Oshawa. Mr. Peter Ramage, and sister, Miss Alice, were in Toronto over Sunday and attended the Exhibition and Press convention. Miss Marion E. Gun, L.T.C.M., returned to Toronto Tuesday to resume teaching at the Toronto Conservatory of Music.

Miss Florence Mountain and little niece, of Hamilton, visited for a week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Mountain. Mr. Morrison Smith, son of Dr. Smith of Dornoch, passed his A and B parts entrance to Faculty, at the summer school, Toronto University. Mrs. Neil McKechnie has returned from a two months' trip visiting friends and relatives in Saskatchewan and other parts in the west. Miss Jean Gilchrist, who has been visiting her friend, Miss Flo. Limin for the past two weeks, returned Monday to her home at Toronto. Mrs. E. W. Limin, who has spent the past three weeks visiting her sister, Mrs. J. A. Thomas, at her summer home, Echoville, near North Bay, returned on Saturday night. Mr. and Mrs. Anderson of St. Catharines were here on their honeymoon trip last week, as guests of the latter's cousin, Miss Eleanor Kress. Mrs. Anderson is known to many here as Miss Carrie Hallett.

Mr. Morrison Smith, son of Dr. Smith of Dornoch, passed his A and B parts entrance to Faculty, at the summer school, Toronto University. Mrs. Neil McKechnie has returned from a two months' trip visiting friends and relatives in Saskatchewan and other parts in the west. Miss Jean Gilchrist, who has been visiting her friend, Miss Flo. Limin for the past two weeks, returned Monday to her home at Toronto. Mrs. E. W. Limin, who has spent the past three weeks visiting her sister, Mrs. J. A. Thomas, at her summer home, Echoville, near North Bay, returned on Saturday night. Mr. and Mrs. Anderson of St. Catharines were here on their honeymoon trip last week, as guests of the latter's cousin, Miss Eleanor Kress. Mrs. Anderson is known to many here as Miss Carrie Hallett.

Mr. Morrison Smith, son of Dr. Smith of Dornoch, passed his A and B parts entrance to Faculty, at the summer school, Toronto University. Mrs. Neil McKechnie has returned from a two months' trip visiting friends and relatives in Saskatchewan and other parts in the west. Miss Jean Gilchrist, who has been visiting her friend, Miss Flo. Limin for the past two weeks, returned Monday to her home at Toronto. Mrs. E. W. Limin, who has spent the past three weeks visiting her sister, Mrs. J. A. Thomas, at her summer home, Echoville, near North Bay, returned on Saturday night. Mr. and Mrs. Anderson of St. Catharines were here on their honeymoon trip last week, as guests of the latter's cousin, Miss Eleanor Kress. Mrs. Anderson is known to many here as Miss Carrie Hallett.

Mr. Morrison Smith, son of Dr. Smith of Dornoch, passed his A and B parts entrance to Faculty, at the summer school, Toronto University. Mrs. Neil McKechnie has returned from a two months' trip visiting friends and relatives in Saskatchewan and other parts in the west. Miss Jean Gilchrist, who has been visiting her friend, Miss Flo. Limin for the past two weeks, returned Monday to her home at Toronto. Mrs. E. W. Limin, who has spent the past three weeks visiting her sister, Mrs. J. A. Thomas, at her summer home, Echoville, near North Bay, returned on Saturday night. Mr. and Mrs. Anderson of St. Catharines were here on their honeymoon trip last week, as guests of the latter's cousin, Miss Eleanor Kress. Mrs. Anderson is known to many here as Miss Carrie Hallett.

MARKET REPORT

Table listing market prices for various commodities in Durham, September 9, 1915. Items include Fall Wheat, Spring Wheat, Milling Oats, Feed Oats, Peas, Barley, Hay, Butter, Eggs, Potatoes, Dried Apples, Flour, Oatmeal, Live Hogs, Hides, Sheepskins, Wool, and Tallow.

A Warning to Farmers

Thousands of farmers have lost thousands of dollars this year through Smut in wheat, oats and barley.

This loss can be prevented in ONE WAY ONLY, and that is by treating the seed. Be sure therefore that your fall wheat is properly treated before being put into the ground this fall.

There are two methods of treating the seed, as follows:

- 1. Mix one-half pint of formalin in 21 gallons of water. Place the seed to be treated in a coarse sack; a bran sack is excellent for the purpose. Fill the sack about three parts full and immerse in the formalin solution for 20 minutes. During the treatment raise the sack up and down several times in the solution to insure wetting every grain that it contains. After treating, spread the grain out thinly on a clean floor or canvas where it can be stirred and allowed to dry sufficiently to be sown. The sooner it is sown after treatment the better. Twenty gallons of the solution will treat about 20 bushels of grain. Several treatments may be made with the same solution. Each lot will require to be immersed for 20 minutes.

- 2. Mix one pint of formalin with 40 gallons of water. Place the grain to be treated in a heap on a clean canvas or floor. Sprinkle the formalin solution over the grain, then shovel the grain over into another pile so as to mix it thoroughly, then sprinkle and shovel again. Repeat this until every grain is moistened by the solution; then cover the pile with sacking and leave for three or four hours. At the end of this time spread the grain out thinly to dry; shovelling it over three or four times will hasten the drying. Forty gallons of the formalin solution is sufficient to sprinkle between 30 and 40 bushels of grain, smaller amounts in proportion. For further information apply to HON. JAMES S. DUFF, Minister of Agriculture, Toronto, Ontario.

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. 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.