

THE DURHAM CHRONICLE

W IRWIN, Editor and Proprietor

DURHAM, SEPTEMBER 16, 1915.

ARE WE ALL ASSES ?

Last week we published an article from the pen of Peter McArthur, Appin P. O., in the county of Middlesex and, to be more explicit, we might add in the township of Ekfrid. Mr. McArthur has written a great deal for The Toronto Globe, The Farmers' Advocate and other papers, and we have frequently read them with pleasure, and if we were engaged in farming we are quite sure we would have read them with profit as well as pleasure.

The article we published was on fruit preserving and the adoption of economic methods for such work in war times when the cost of sugar is abnormally high in comparison with former years. In publishing his recipes we thought we were rendering a public service to our readers and our feelings were not disturbed till one of our exchanges denounced it as a skin game; that Mr. McArthur was well paid for the articles and the concerns who made the plate were paid for their work and were not acting as philanthropists in so far as the publicity end of the fruit boosting campaign is concerned. The paragraph in the exchange referred to ends up with this sentence: "Any country publisher who falls to such a palpable skin game as that hinted at above deserves to be written down as an ass."

This was a stickler, and we felt our ears to see if they were longer than usual, but we saw no change. We examined a number of other papers and found that they, too, had fallen to the "skin game" and published the same article. We read the article again, but our obtuseness evidently remained, as we were unable to see where there was any wrong. Even yet, we feel no guilt, and would do the same thing, or a similar thing, again.

"Am I an ass?" was a big thought in the mind of the writer. Were all the other fellows who published the same thing asses also. If so, there are a lot of us in the family and the publisher who discovered our asininity must be fearfully lonesome, and regrets now that he didn't join company and let us all be asses together. We fancy he wrote without thinking.

BRITAIN'S PART

(From The Chicago Daily News.) Here are some of the things Britain is doing:

- 1. Holding the seas for the ships of her allies as well as for her own.
2. Protecting the coasts of her allies as well as her own.
3. Struggling in co-operation with the French, to smash the Turks and win the Balkans for the allied cause.
4. Rendering great aid to French and Belgian troops in resisting the terrible onslaughts of the Germans on the allied left wing in the west.
5. Making loans and supplying munitions to nearly all her partners in the war.
6. Pursuing a financial policy in south-eastern Europe likely to promote the cause of the nationalities.
7. Putting into the field more than ten times as many men as she ever promised.
8. Guarding her own soil and people against an invasion which, if it came—and it is believed to be far from impossible—doubtless would be the most savage, the most unsparring ever known. With how many men? Well, with enough. To hear some people talk, one would suppose that upon Britain were laid the duty of defending every land but her own. Britain's wealth and sea power and military power are the one sure safeguard against the triumph of Germany's unparalleled war machine. Without Britain's help France and Russia certainly must have been crushed. Without Britain's whole-hearted participation in the war, who will say that Italy would have ventured to challenge the mighty and merciless Germanic coalition? With Britain out of the struggle, would there have been any hope of the Balkan States daring to move? And Britain—never forget it—was not compelled to go to the aid of France. Come what might, the most that Britain ever promis-



For bigger golden eggs and more of them.

Her Account Of Herself

By ESTHER VANDEVEER

My Dear—I have received your letter, and it has recalled many incidents concerning our childish friendship. Ten years have passed since we were fast together—ten years that have made a great change in both of us. You, being a year older than I, must now be twenty-one. You ask me to give an account of myself during our separation, and I will proceed to do so.

Papa died three years ago, and since mamma left us some years before his demise I was left an orphan at seven years. Papa had made a will when I was twelve, appointing an old chum of his, Charles Edwards, my guardian and directing that I be taken care of by Mr. Edwards till I should come of age. When papa died his attorneys sent a copy of the will to my guardian, who directed that I be sent to him.

What do you suppose I found on my arrival? The housekeeper received me, and when she saw me I thought she would have a fit. It seems that, my father's directions having been laid down in his will when I was ten years old, it was supposed that I was a child. Papa and Mr. Edwards had lived apart and had not seen each other for ten years. The housekeeper told me that I must wait till she made different arrangements regarding my room, but I was very tired after my journey and insisted on going to it at once.

I was never more amused in my life when I entered the chamber that had been prepared for me. A crib had been procured for me, and the room was strewn with playthings, including dolls. All these things had been bought new, for Mr. Edwards, being a bachelor, had never had any family. I consented to go into another room temporarily, where I rested till dinner time.

I went downstairs at 6 o'clock and found Mr. Edwards had returned from business. He had been told by Mrs. Harding, the housekeeper, that I was much older than he supposed, but even with this he seemed much surprised, though really the surprise was with me. I always looked upon papa as an elderly if not an old man and supposed his friend to be the same. Papa was forty-six when he died, and Mr. Edwards was seven years younger. He doesn't look much over thirty and is as young in his actions as in appearance. We dined together, and he was very good and sympathetic and said so many nice things about papa, regretting that, living in different places, they had been separated. In the evening I overheard him talking with the

housekeeper about me and asking her opinion as to whether it would be proper for him to keep me with him. She said that so long as she was in the house it would not be amiss, and he said that since his guardianship would last only a year—till I was eighteen—perhaps I had better remain where I was.

This settled it, and I was sent to school. Mrs. Harding, a woman of sixty, being given full charge of me. I found her an excellent woman and owe a great deal to her care and training.

When I came of age my guardian called me into his study and gave me a talk, telling me that I was now free to act for myself and go where I liked. I asked him where I should go, at the same time wiping the moisture from my eyes. With this he lost his stiffness and told me that I might remain where I was so long as I liked, but that I was now a young lady and must see something of society.

Mr. Edwards had a great many friends and interested several of them to get me invitations, but I had no one to escort me to functions. I wanted him to do so, but he wouldn't. He didn't tell me why, but I knew. He feared people would accuse him of appropriating me to himself. He knew some young fellows at his club and invited them to the house. This I construed to mean that I was to have an opportunity to select a husband from them.

But I didn't. All the young men he introduced to me were very nice—if they hadn't been he wouldn't have introduced them—but I didn't care for their attentions except to dance with them and all that, you know, and after a year had gone by and I didn't make a match with one of them Mr. Edwards said to me one day:

"Laura, you must remember that you have a permanent home to look out for, and you can't very well make a home without a husband or wife."

"You seem to have done so."

"But I am not you. I'm past middle age; you are young and at the marrying age."

"How can I mate," I asked, "when the man I wish to marry doesn't wish to marry me?"

At this he started and asked if I had really given away my heart. I told him that I didn't like to answer such a question and that I was perfectly satisfied to remain where I was and would not be driven out. He looked at me strangely at this and ended the interview by turning to his newspaper.

I think Mrs. Harding must have said something to him, for one day he said to me, "Laura, if you propose to make this house your home for life you'll have to marry the old fellow who owns it."

We were married the following June. I am very happy. Now that I have given you an account of myself I shall expect you to do the same by me.

crop this year, 600 of it being wheat. They finished cutting on September 4. It required two pounds of twine per acre. There is a regular Glenelg settlement in that vicinity, among them being Messrs. Jas. and Wm. Bartley, A. Ector, J. Edge, Edgar Ritchie, Wm. Kearney, A. Elison and T. Jack and sons.

About a score of maids and matrons met at the cosy home of Mrs. John McNally of the 6th concession on Thursday of last week, at the regular monthly meeting of the Women's Institute. Mrs. A. G. Blair had an excellent paper on Salad-Making. Miss Jennie Cook a good sketch of the Canadian heroine, Laura Secord. A solo by Mrs. J. J. Peart and a duet by Misses Emma Ritchie and Ena McNally, were well rendered. The members agreed to supply as many pint gem jars of jam or jelly as they possibly could for Red Cross purposes, and a scheme is on foot to raise funds to assist in helping to pay for the county motor ambulance. Mrs. McNally and Miss Ena treated the company to a dainty repast at the close of the meeting.

Messrs. McLean and Stohart of Priceville were down this way last week and purchased quite a number of cattle.

BEFORE AND AFTER TAKING.

When I wooed Matilda I used to admire The cute little ways that she had, Why, even to see her eat soup would inspire A bard to pen rhymes just as bad As this. But it is not my purpose to write A poem that will live when I'm gone, I merely remark, though I know that it's trite, Matilda had "ways of her own." But now that we're married there's been a slight change, Though I love her the same as of yore, I cannot enthuse, though you may think it strange, O'er the ways that bewitched me before. She still eats her soup in the self-same old style, And I'm passive. But here let me say Though her cute mannerisms no longer beguile, Matilda now has her own way.

HOUSEHOLD HELPS.

Oranges and bananas make an excellent salad with lettuce hearts chopped nuts and French dressing.

To clean cut glass satisfactorily use a stiff bristle nail brush and hot water, to which a few drops of ammonia have been added.

Rice may be substituted for macaroni as a dinner dish. Prepare it with grated cheese and bake it in the oven.

Keep cheese in a dry cool place and after it is cut wrap it in a linen cloth and keep it in a tight tin box.

Polish for steel is made of sweet oil, one tablespoonful: turpentine, two tablespoonfuls: emery powder one tablespoonful.

To mend a tablecloth lay it flat and baste a piece of plain Brussels net over the hole. Turn and darn down fine flax.

Throw coarse salt over rugs and carpets before sweeping them to prevent the dust from rising. This will brighten the color, also.

To remove the smell of onions or fish from the frying pan put a little vinegar in it directly after using and put over the fire a few minutes. Then wash again in soapy water.

To whiten hands, put a few drops of lemon juice into the white of an egg. If lemon is not at hand, a little alum water will answer. Rub mixture on hands at night, letting it dry. Equally good for face and neck.

MARKET REPORT

DURHAM, SEPTEMBER 16, 1915

Table with market prices for various commodities like Fall Wheat, Spring Wheat, Milling Oats, Feed Oats, Peas, Barley, Hay, Butter, Eggs, Potatoes, Dried Apples, Flour, Oatmeal, Chop, Live Hogs, Hides, Sheepskins, Tallow, Lard.

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ALLAN PARK BOYS ENLIST.

Stanley Willis, son of Mark Willis, and Dennis Confrey, both of Allan Park, left on Monday for Owen Sound to join the colors. They were presented with \$10 each by Reeve Brown on behalf of the township. The presentation was made informally, but had there been time the entire council would have been glad to participate.—Hanover Post.

Uncle Sam

Uncle Sam wuz a pedlar—Connecticut born. From his flamin' red wagon he fust blowed his horn; An' he traded in noshuns, an' watches, an' sich; An' in New England rum, till he's darnation rich; So he sold his red wagon tu Ikeski the Jew, An' is now a big broker an' deals quite a few In the furrin' affairs of the fellers aroun'. An' he buys up their gold, an' sells bricks for cash daoun.

As a Maker-of-Peace he's the gol darndest man On the face of the airth—'cept the Juke o' Japan; An' he likes to be umpire when tother chaps fight; Till the most on 'ems killed, then he arbitrates right; He's so nootral, b'gosh, that he kicks if his DAD Locks the gates of the ocean 'ginst Billy the Mad; Fer he wants a free market fer cotton an' hogs, 'Cause he sells to the Allize the barks fer thar dogs.

When th' 'leckshun time kums, he kin rear an' kin shaout, An' th' Star Spangled Banner he'll wave, an' then spaout Uv the Tories an' Hessians an' ole Punker Hill; An' he damns George the Third, an' fergits Kaiser Bill; 'Jest Remember the Maine—the unfriendliest act? Yells the orytur Sam, 'an' Monroe is a fact, 'An, by gum, I jest reckon, 'twill scoop in the votes, 'So if Yurrap should holler I'll send 'em some notes."

When he hears of a liner blowed up on the sea, He gits mad as a hornet, he does, yes, sir-ree! An' he cables acrost—"Wuz there Yankees aboard? 'By Jehover! if so, give me Bunker Hill's sword! 'But in course, if thar warn't, it's nawthin' tu me, 'I'm a jestic of peace, an' fer nootralitee; 'I'm tew proud fer tu fight fer ole papers an' scraps, 'Tho I mebbe hev signed 'em—gol darn 'em—perhaps!" —W.H. Taylor in The Toronto World.

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