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FORMER DURHAM RESIDENT IS FIRST WOMAN DELEGATE

The January issue of The Western Municipal News contains an article under the heading "A Woman Delegate that will be of interest to many residents of Durham and vicinity. The Western Municipal News is the official organ of the union of the municipalities of Saskatchewan, Alberta, and Manitoba and is of the same importance to the Western municipalities that The Municipal World is to Ontario. The Mrs. McIlvride referred to is the eldest daughter of the late Mrs. George Hopkins of Durham. The Municipal News says:

"For the first time in the history of the Union of Manitoba Municipalities there was present at the recent convention in Winnipeg a duly accredited woman delegate. (Since then we have noticed the presence of a woman delegate at the convention of the Union of Alberta Municipalities, the Deputy Mayor of one of the towns, who was elected to the vice-presidency of the Union. And, by the same token, a woman has been elected President of the Ontario Union.) The Manitoba woman delegate was Mrs. May McIlvride, Councillor from the town of Rapid City. Mrs. McIlvride has been Councillor since last August. There was a hotel in Rapid City which was owned by a number of the townsmen who proposed that the town should take it over and run it. A by-law was submitted to the electors and Mrs. McIlvride, working assiduously against it, was given credit for its defeat and elected to the vacated place on the Council Board.

"Before her marriage Mrs. McIlvride taught school in Ontario. Her married life has been spent on a farm within the town of Rapid City where she brought up four children, finding time, during the six years her husband served on the School Board and Town Council to study with him the Municipal Act and the School Act. She is a worker in the Women's Institute and the Queen Mary Needlework Guild.

"She is out for more business-like methods in Councils and to curtail expenditures and is very forthright in her speech. She is a little caustic about the man who voted for her because she was herself but hoped that her election would not become a precedent for woman councillors as some without ability might run. She pointed out to the gentlemen that these strictures did not apply to the brethren, naming one member of a Council who could not read the motions put.

"Mrs. McIlvride was given a warm reception by the members of the convention and good wishes follow her in her work."

A PARTRIDGE RISKS HER LIFE

(M.J. Phillips in Our Dumb Animals)
I jumped, because right from under my feet a little brown partridge that had been sitting on her nest hidden close under the side of a big log, in a pile of dead leaves, dashed away from fright, making a loud noise most unexpectedly. She had heard me coming when I was several hundred feet away and had watched me, keeping very quiet, doubtless hoping that I would go by on the other side of the log.

There were twelve little partridges cuddled up snugly under her wings, and she was anxious that no harm should come to them, just as any other mother would be. She even might have considered remaining very still if I had gone by on her side of the log in case I was six or so feet away, because Nature had given her brown feathers very much the same shade of color as that of the dead leaves and old log in order that she might more easily escape discovery when either on or near her nest. Knowing this fact she perhaps did not intend to race away unless it became absolutely necessary.

But my big army shoes were tramping heavily as I came on right towards her. Her heart must have been beating loud, because she could easily have escaped since she saw me when I was still a long distance away, but what was she to do with her babies? She couldn't pick them up and run, and she was too loyal to run and leave them in danger. She waited until I was about to stop on her before she moved. In

the meantime, in some manner she explained the danger to her little brood and instructed them what to do in case she had to leave them. Then, just as I was about to step on her, with a loud flapping of wings she pretended to fly away, but so slowly that I raced after her, which was just what she wanted me to do. In that way she was leading me away from her babies and giving them time to hunt hiding-places. I raced on, thinking I might catch her, but in a moment she knew that her little partridges were in all probability safely hidden, and flew away from me easily.

She, however, had risked her own life in order to save them, because she did not know whether I was the kind of man that always carried a gun when in the woods and shot at every little wild thing I might see, which I could easily have done in her case, since she flew so slowly at first.

When she was getting away from me rapidly I thought of the little partridges which I was certain were in the nest, since it was the time of the year when partridge babies were to be found if one had sharp eyes, and raced back, but the nest was empty. There were broken pieces of egg shells close by, which were tell-tales. I decided that there were little partridges hidden under leaves and pieces of bark, even in grasses partly covered with dead leaves close by. I knew they were very young because the broken shells looked as if they might have been pushed out of the nest that very day.

After a few moments of very careful looking I found one little fellow partly hidden under a big dead oak leaf with his bill pushed down into the soft forest soil. He was still as could be. He didn't make a move for fear he would attract my attention. I picked him up tenderly, looked at him just a moment, then put him down gently because I could feel his heart beating, and knew that he was badly frightened, and slipped away, being very careful where I stepped for fear I might put my heavy shoe down on one.

I knew his mother was not very far away; that she was at that very moment watching and listening from somewhere, and that she would come back as soon as I had gone and call softly. I wanted to hide somewhere and watch her, but she would have seen me and would not have come back.

However, after she had called a time or two, first one came out of hiding, then another and another, until all had come. She clucked soothingly and they understood that she would spread her wings and keep them warm until they were over their scare, but one of them had something strange about it. She put her head down and smelled around it; then pecked at it, a most unusual thing for this little loving partridge mother to do, as much as to say, "I don't want you; go away," and she actually pushed it away with her bill, as if punishing it for something. It sat off to the side alone until the wind had blown away a peculiar smell about it that she could not understand, but feared very much.

When the human hand had stroked it, the odor of perspiration clung to it, and she, like other wild things had learned to fear very greatly the odor of human perspiration that by sad experience was associated with the frightful noises of guns and sufferings from wounds and death when shot at. She had never suffered in this manner directly, but somehow understood from other partridges, including her mother, that it is always wise to fly hard whenever this smell is perceived on the wind or about trees and stumps, and to her amazement, the odor was about her baby, but the wind was blowing briskly that afternoon and soon blew away the dreadful odor. Later, when the little lonely fellow crept to his mother, the smell had gone and she almost pushed him under her wings, so happy was she. She couldn't understand; neither did he.

"Mamma, are there women in heaven?" "Surely, why not?" "Well, here in the eighth chapter of Revelations it says: 'And when he had opened up the seventh seal, there was silence in heaven about the space of half an hour.'"

NOT A GOOD POLICY

(Buffalo Express.)
Representative Rogers of Massachusetts has introduced a bill in the house to prohibit the export of hard coal to Canada. He alleges that Canadians are not only getting more coal than we are, but that in some instances they are getting it more cheaply. The Toronto Globe mildly remarks that it has been unable to learn of coal being sold cheaply in any part of Ontario. And certainly news reports in various Canadian newspapers reveal a fuel shortage quite as distressing as on this side of the border. Most folk who ought to know say the Canadians are getting as little coal from the Pennsylvania fields as we are and that they are paying more for it.

It would be impolite to cut off Canada's share of the meagre supply of hard coal. We may want to sell coal in quantities next year and in all other years when there is a normal supply. We might find it difficult to re-create a market which we had deliberately destroyed. According to a London dispatch to the Montreal Gazette, Welsh colliery interests are planning to open two depots in Canada for the crushing, grading and storing of coal from the British Isles. "Now that ocean freight rates are down, we can compete with American coal as regards price," a Cardiff representative of the industry is quoted as saying. These plans should not be overlooked by individuals in this country who are mindful of the importance of maintaining an export trade. And it should not be forgotten that one of the problems of the American coal industry is its overdevelopment. That problem would be enhanced if the Canadian export trade were arbitrarily curtailed.

Moreover it should not be forgotten that Canada has products which we need. A good many factories in Buffalo are operated by power obtained from the Canadian side of Niagara Falls; a good many factories and towns east of Niagara Falls get their power from the Canadian side. If we cut off Canada's supply of coal, Canada would have to use this power to replace the coal which she could not get. And if straight retaliation were resorted to, we might find life more uncomfortable in other ways.

THE MOTOR CAR OF THE NORTH

The several great tribes of natives who roam over a vast section of Arctic Siberia and Northeastern Asia many thousands of miles from civilization, give their whole time to the raising and breeding of reindeer, the motor power of the frozen North. In fact, these animals, besides being their sole source of food, clothing and transportation, play also an important part in their burial rites and in all of their ceremonies. These nomads can neither read nor write; they have no money, and no government. All trade is carried on exclusively by barter. They live out their nomadic lives in their own way, wandering around with their reindeer herds and living in skin tents.

The Siberian natives raise reindeer in immense numbers. They are the most successful breeders of them in the world. Their herds often number from two to five thousand head, and all the time and energy of the herdsmen and their families are devoted to keeping these herds together. For at least nine months in the year the camp is changed every few days, for the herds are continually kept on the move in search of fresh pasture. Large herds, especially, have to move forward after a few hours, and actually keep moving the whole winter. The herdsmen drive

the flocks before them and wander with them for the entire time without shelter, carrying their spare clothing on their backs and living practically the same lives as their animals. Reindeer cannot remain too long at one place, since the constant scraping of their hoofs hardens the snow and thus makes difficult reaching the moss under it. They scrape the snow with the hoofs of their forefeet, the sharp rims and pointed ends of which penetrate even a very hard crust. Reindeer moss grows throughout the year, but if too much trampled upon, it will wither and dry up.

If well pastured and not overworked, a trained, harnessed reindeer is swift, and a pair can make one hundred miles a day, provided the snow is thin and hard on the tundra. When tired, the deer must be given immediate rest. If compelled to make further efforts to travel they will become exhausted and often drop dead on the spot. Among the reindeer people all trade is carried on exclusively by barter.

WALKERTON PAPER SLAMS NEW PUBLIC SCHOOL GEOGRAPHY

The Walkerton Telescope says:
The new Public School Geography which was awaited so long and patiently has now been in general use for a few months—long enough for teachers and others to size it up. The new book is handsomely gotten up, beautifully illustrated and makes a very attractive volume. But when one begins to look into the subject matter, it's a different story. Teachers are finding it full of mistakes, not trifling inaccuracies, either. The railroad map of Canada shows only two transcontinental lines. Many of us were under the impression there were three. The papers have been full of the controversy as to whether the eastern headquarters of the Canadian National Railways shall remain at Toronto or be removed to Montreal, but the new geography settles the question by stating that Moncton, N.B., holds this coveted plunet. A pedagogical friend of ours has found over a hundred mis-statements of fact in a few chapters of the book. These things naturally make one curious to learn the authorship of such a volume. By inquiries we have learned that the Department commissioned two gentlemen to get their heads together, and out of the abundance of their knowledge compile a new geography. The result is this somewhat unique text. One of the authors acquired his familiarity with the teaching of Public school geography by serving as Greek Master in a High school. So far as we can learn he has never seen the inside of a Public school since his early youth. His collaborator prepared himself for the authorship of the geography book by teaching English in a Winnipeg High school thirty-five years ago. That these gentlemen made a few hundred mistakes in their book is surely not to be wondered at. They have produced the kind of book you would expect them to produce. These gentlemen are no doubt nice fellows and close friends of the officials who had the handing out of the contract. And they were no doubt paid a snug sum for their work. And now their book is the geographical authority for the children of the Province. Heaven help the children!

Ah, me, the prison house of pain.
What lessons there are bought!
Lessons of a sublimer strain
Than any elsewhere taught.
Amid its loneliness and gloom
Grave meanings are more clear,
For to no earthly dwelling-place
Seems God so strangely near!
—Florence Earle Coates.

Priceville and South

(Our own correspondent.)

The Traverston cor. claims to be one of the earliest correspondents to The Chronicle, with Corner Concerns. We beg leave to differ with him. We were an occasional cor. to The Chronicle when White & Johnston were editors, also in the time of Mr. Jenkins, but not very regular, and now we claim that we are a correspondent since the present editor became proprietor. But we don't always claim to differ with R. T., for he's a jolly, good fellow. We sat with him auditing the Township books twice and we may say he did the most of the work. We also sat with George Binnie, Dan. McInnes, George Lamb and R. T. Edwards and the economical Council allowed us the magnificent sum of \$6 for our service. Had old Mr. Edge charged us for three meals, a night's lodging and horses stabled all night, we might call it \$4, but none more liberal could be found in the olden times than Mr. and Mrs. Edge.

We extend congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Edwards on their removal to their new dwelling and wish them long life and happiness in their fine mansion. Were we twenty years younger we might for the fourteenth time arrange to put up a night in the new cosy dwelling, but we were entertained in the old log house on the north side and also in the late residence. So time has made a change in a double manner. We are going down fast on the decline, and the prosperity of our friend the reverse.

Quite a number are complaining with the gripe or colds. Some families are all laid up and those of the neighbors are attending to their stock. We hope all will be well soon. The weather was severe for the past week and it felt more comfortable to sit close to the fireplace than to be driving on the highway. But when June and July comes the severity of February will be forgotten when the mercury is up 90 in the shade.

Many farmers are scarce of water and in some instances have to carry it for family use and for stock. A thaw would be highly welcomed by those in need of water.

Died at his residence, Priceville, on the 6th of February, 1923, Mr. James McDougall, after a prolonged illness of some years, at the age of sixty-five. Mr. McDougall was born on the South Line, Glenelg, in 1858 on the old homestead at Lot 57, Concession 3. Of a family of five brothers and four sisters, only two are left, viz., Donald and Mary. The departed husband and father left lonely a sorrowing widow and a large family to mourn the loss of a dutiful husband and father. The funeral on Thursday, the 8th, was fairly well attended considering the inclemency of the weather and bad roads. The Rev. Mr. Jones preached a comforting sermon at the funeral, basing his remarks on the uncertainty of life and to be prepared at the coming of the grim messenger. Death is no respecter of persons. It reaches the chambers of those in high and honorable positions in life as well as the one who often experienced adversity more than prosperity, and as the cold and frozen clay was shovelled in the cold bed of a dear, departed father and husband on this afternoon, who honorably passed his comparatively short life in this vicinity, so it is often on some of the rulers of our country only with greater display of honor than our departed friends in humble position. The remains were laid to rest in McNeal's cemetery at the town line. The pall-bearers were six of the nearest neighbors and friends. Two daughters and their husbands from Toronto attended the funeral.

MOTHER OF LARGE FAMILY

Recommends Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to Other Mothers

Hemford, N. S.—"I am the mother of four children and I was so weak after my last baby came that I could not do my work and suffered for months until a friend induced me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Since taking the Vegetable Compound my weakness has left me and the pain in my back has gone. I tell all my friends who are troubled with female weakness to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, for I think it is the best medicine ever sold. You may advertise my letter."—Mrs. GEORGE L. CROUSE, Hemford, N. S.

My First Child

Glen Allen, Alabama.—"I have been greatly benefited by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for bearing-down feelings and pains. I was troubled in this way for nearly four years following the birth of my first child, and at times could hardly stand on my feet. A neighbor recommended the Vegetable Compound to me after I had taken doctor's medicines without much benefit. It has relieved my pains and gives me strength. I recommend it and give you permission to use my testimonial letter."—Mrs. IDA RYE, Glen Allen, Alabama.

Women who suffer should write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Cobourg, Ontario, for a free copy of Lydia E. Pinkham's Private Text-Book upon "Ailments Peculiar to Women." c

ONTARIO TEMPERANCE ACT MUST NOT BE TAMPERED WITH

The rural press of Ontario, with few exceptions will not abet any party or leader that attempts to monkey with the Ontario Temperance Act in the direction of greater laxity of language or enforcement. For instance, the Orillia Packet, a staunch Conservative paper, says: If the Conservative party should enter into a flirtation with the Moderation League, or any other liquor organization, we should have to be asked to be excused. Prohibition of the liquor traffic is the greatest material and moral gain achieved by the present generation. The fight to obtain it was too strenuous to expect those who engaged in the struggle to jeopardize the fruits of victory for the sake of any apparent temporary political advantage.

A Mother Superior PRAISES Zam-Buk

Many of our religious and charitable institutions have adopted Zam-Buk as their standard skin-remedy. This fact speaks for itself.

The Sisters of Charity carrying on the noble work of humanity, are often called upon to minister to the bodily as well as the spiritual needs of the ailing and afflicted. As the following letters show, these Sisters, with the skill and knowledge of trained Nurses, have complete faith in the healing and disease-dispelling power of this great herbal balm.

The Mother Superior of Elie Convent, Man. writes:—"Gentlemen, in our institution, we use your Zam-Buk and have found it most efficacious. It is a splendid remedy for sores and skin troubles. You may gladly use this information as a recommendation of your excellent preparation."

The Gray Nuns of St. Patrick's, Ottawa, write:—"Gentlemen, in the orphanage department of the Asylum, we have found Zam-Buk very good for healing cuts, cold-sores, and skin injuries, and shall continue to use it for such." Everybody needs Zam-Buk.

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Sovereign Flour.....	\$3.60
Eclipse Flour.....	3.30
White Lily Pastry Flour.....	3.20
Bran.....	1.40
Shorts.....	1.50
Feed Flour (middlings).....	2.00
Mixed Chop.....	1.75
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Crimped Oats.....	1.50
Blatchford's Calf Meal.....	1.10
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JOHN MCGOWAN
The People's Mill Durham, Ont.



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"Then you'll grow a big girl."

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