

DURHAM CHRONICLE

W IRWIN, Editor and Proprietor

Thursday, February 22, 1923.

TO REDUCE INDEMNITIES

Miss Macphail has given notice of motion to reduce the sessional indemnities. It is quite a safe stand and may easily be regarded by her constituents as an effort towards economy, while there is no possible likelihood of the measure being brought into effect. Miss Macphail may be sincere in her belief that a \$4,000 indemnity is too much for the services rendered and could be reduced by a thousand dollars and still have some of them overpaid. In her pre-election speeches she told her constituents that, if elected, she would not accept more than \$2,500, and carried out her promise at the end of the session by returning the \$1,500, less the tax for which she was liable on her assessable income. At the time she admitted having changed her mind and was then of the opinion that \$2,500 was not enough for a married man to carry on the duties of office.

We thought at the time, and think so still, that Miss Macphail made a mistake in her pre-election talk about the \$2,500 indemnity, and in the face of her promises the only honorable thing she could do was to return the money. She is just as much entitled to the full indemnity as others who are getting it, and she'll get no credit for returning it to the Government. Mr. Leeson, too, has made a mistake in dividing his extra indemnities among the different municipalities. No individual will feel the richer by his action and when election time comes round it will not be much of a help. Whether the indemnities were too high or not they should have kept what was coming to them.

MISS MACPHAIL INQUISITIVE

A press dispatch says that a number of questions dealing with foreign trade matters have been placed on the order paper of the Commons by Miss Agnes Macphail, member for South-East Grey. Miss Macphail asks the Government to state how many consuls and commercial agents the United States has resident in Canada, how many Canada has resident in the United States and whether Canada intends to appoint sufficient agents in the United States to properly take care of her trade needs. Miss Macphail is also asking what steps the Government is taking to foster trade with the United Kingdom and how many officials with technical trade knowledge are attached to the Canadian High Commissioner's office in London.

THAT BOY OF YOURS

"Give a boy everything he wants and some day he'll want a pardon from the Department of Justice." To see an over-indulgent fool of a father allowing a cub of a boy to lead him round by the nose is a most distressing sight to any person with enough imagination in his make-up to enable him to look into the distant future. The boy who is allowed everything he wants and expects everything he asks for is laying up a load of trouble for the kind and indulgent old man whose later sorrows are only in the making. We have a strong belief in the kindly feelings that should be felt by a parent to his child, but we are equally strong in the belief that parents are entitled to the respect of their children. While severity on the part of parents is to be deplored, over-indulgence is not to be commended.

REV. C. W. GORDON IN FAVOR OF CHURCH UNION

The following letter is self-explanatory and needs no comment from us. It is from Rev. C. W. Gordon (Ralph Connor) of Winnipeg. He says:

St. Stephen's Church, Winnipeg.
February 12, 1923.

To the Editor:

Sir,—It has been intimated to me that a report is being circulated that I recently stated that I believed the Church was not ripe for Union. I desire to categorically deny the correctness of any such report.

Ever since the meeting of the Assembly of 1921 I have held firmly to the opinion that not only is the Church ripe for Union, but that any delay for delay's sake, or any delay in the hope of bringing together the negotiating Churches in any other scheme than that of organic union, would seriously endanger the well-being of the Church and the interests of true religion in the country.

There was a time during this long period of negotiations, when I confess I was impatient with the anti-unionists and regarded them as pursuing a course not only unjustified but wholly mischievous. I want to franky say that I have changed my mind on this point. I do not think that the long delay has been wholly injurious. The Church, in thus

proceeding with extreme deliberation, has shown its desire to consider the feelings, and indeed, the prejudices, if I may use the word without offense, of the brethren opposed to union.

But now, while I am unwilling to wound or grieve brethren in our Church who do not see eye to eye with me regarding the necessity for Church union, and while I would do everything possible to win them to my way of thinking, I have come to the solemn conviction that the limit of delay has been reached and that there is nothing now for the Church to do but to march steadily forward, along lines of constitutional procedure, to consummate what I believe will be an event which will be fruitful in spiritual life and vigor, and which will greatly advance the Kingdom of God in our country and the lands overseas.

I am going to resolutely cherish the hope that, however deep may be their affection for the old Church, in whose history and in whose service we glory, the vast majority of those whom we now call anti-unionists will come to feel that on the whole they will gain infinitely more than they give up by moving into Union.

Yours truly,
C. W. GORDON.

SOUTH GEORGIA SEA ELEPHANTS

The sea elephants of the island of South Georgia, huge seal-like creatures twenty feet long and twelve feet round the chest, spend most of the summer sleeping. Ashore, says Mr. Robert Cushman Murphy in the National Geographic Magazine, they lie belly up and often refrain from breathing for considerable periods by keeping the nostrils tightly closed just as if they were far beneath the surface of the water.

Still more often they make use of one nostril only, spreading and closing it with each breath; the other remains shut all the time. The inspirations are irregular gasps; the expirations are tremendous wheezes. The body shakes violently from time to time, and the fore flippers are ever in motion, scratching the sides or the head or flinging up sand and mud with a backward swooping motion. Yet all the while the brutes are in such total oblivion that it is difficult to awaken them. I have tossed a handful of sand into the wide open nostrils of a restless, sleeping bull, thus sending it into a fit of coughing; yet it did not even open its eyes.

The awakened sea elephant travels like an inchworm but at a gait faster than a man can walk. When the queer creatures really are in a hurry they jerk the pectoral flippers forward with such rapidity that the resulting gait might almost be called a gallop. It is laughable to see a fat adult bouncing along at full speed, with head jerking up and down and ponderous blubbery sides shaking.

Once sea elephants visited a herd of sea elephants that had surmounted a promontory, and in the resulting stampede one of the big cows fell more than a hundred feet to the beach and then scurried right into the sea and swam away vigorously.

In the water the sea elephants remain submerged most of the time and swim by means of wide, sculling sweeps of the hind flippers that carry them with amazing ease through the dense thickets of giant kelp.

A SHORTAGE OF 80,000,000 POUNDS

The tea business, like nearly everything else, has been having its hard times since the war. Unfavorable tea growing weather, labor troubles on the plantations, and the unsettled political atmosphere generally, have so seriously reduced this year's crop that the world is now faced with a shortage of over 80,000,000 lbs., or more than two years' supply for the whole Dominion of Canada. The inevitable result has been steadily increasing prices, until to-day, tea is bringing higher prices than ever before in the history of the industry. In Canada the Salada Tea Company, our largest tea concern, has been forced by this condition to recently increase the price of all their blends in order to maintain their standard of quality.

HARD TO FIT

A city man driving his automobile along a little-used country road, heard something rattle beneath his car, stopped, looked back and saw a bright metal object lying in the road a short distance behind. It was a plow-point, evidently lost by some farmer.

It was fully half an hour before the next car came along and its occupant, seeing the first man lying flat on his back under his vehicle by the roadside, stopped and asked what the trouble was.

The city man emerged and held up the plow-point.

"This blooming thing dropped off my car," he said, "and I've been hunting for half an hour to find out where it belongs."

Get your Auction Sale Bills printed at The Chronicle Office.

BRINGING UP FATHER

So much advice has been given to fathers about how to treat their children that perhaps a little advice would be in order to children about how to manage father.

Let us indulge in no prelude and get to business.

First of all, study your father. Look him over and think him over. Do not assume that you know all about him and do not make it a business to keep away from him.

Be patient with him. He is probably doing the best he can according to his lights. He may not understand you, but then again on the other hand, perhaps you do not understand him. It takes two to do a job of understanding.

Remember that not long ago you were a baby, and it is a little difficult for father to realize that you are not one yet. He had to tell you everything to do and when one gets into that habit it's very hard to quit.

Sympathize with him. He is growing old, and some day, as you will find out, growing old is no joke. You are full of illusions and hopes. He is full of disillusion and his stock of hope is not so large as it was. Also remember that he has to get out every day and find something wherewith to purchase bread and butter, which is some different from merely coming to the table when the bell rings.

Respect your father. He is entitled to that in any case. Never seem to disregard his opinion. When he speaks, listen. You may not always be able to obey, but at least you can listen.

You object to his being impatient and intolerant with you and therefore you should not be impatient or intolerant with him.

Be polite with him. There is no place where courtesy counts for more than toward your father.

Flatter him. Say things that you think will please him. He may not let on that he cares about this, but he does care. Between you and me there is no one whose good opinion a father values so much as his son's.

Be affectionate with him. If he makes it difficult for you to do this then be as affectionate as you can.

Do not argue with him. He may think that you ought to accept anything he says without question. Let his think it. It pleases him and it doesn't hurt you. We all have our little vanities and father should be allowed to have his. He may not know as much as you do, but some day you will be forty yourself and then you will not know as much as you do now.

Do not contradict him. Well-bred people do not contradict each other flatly.

Help him. You know him perhaps as well as anyone knows him and know of many little ways in which you could make things easier for him. Remember that while you are the colt and frisking in the pasture father is the pack-horse and the load sometimes becomes burdensome.

Most of all, and most important of all, never show that he hurts your feelings. He probably will hurt them, but do not let him see it. Get a grin on yourself.

Finally, remember that you are playing for high stakes—to win a father. You will never have but one father and when you lose him you cannot find another.

KEEP A-GOIN'

If you strike a thorn or rose,
Keep a-go-in'!

If it hails, or if it snows,
Keep a-go-in'!

'Taint no use to sit and whine,
When the fish ain't on your line,
Bait your hook and keep on try'n,
Keep a-go-in'!

When the weather kills your crop,
Keep a-go-in'!

When you tumble from the top,
Keep a-go-in'!

Spose you're out of every dime,
Gittin' broke ain't no crime,
Tell the world you're feelin' fine—
Keep a-go-in'!

When it looks like all is up,
Keep a-go-in'!

Drain the sweetness from your cup,
Keep a-go-in'!

See the wild birds on the wing,
Hear the bells that sweetly ring,
When you feel like singin', sing—
Keep a-go-in'!

If Germany had won there would not be so much monkey business over reparations deliveries. — Kincardine Review.

Timber Wanted

Basswood Heading Bolts, Track Ties and Fence Posts.

For information write or call on
J. N. MURDOCK

12-31-22

WHY DO THEY DO IT?

The man who beats his horse "to make him go" is, at the same time, doing something to himself of which he is entirely unaware, says Helen Beszermy in Our Dumb Animals. The man who so mistreats his horse has lowered himself beneath that of the animal he has misused.

The boy who kicks a dog "to hear him howl" is making a big mistake. At an early age he is allowing himself to be worse than any of the dumb, helpless creatures that he takes such pleasure in harming. This is the sort of boy—if not properly instructed in earlier years—who grows to be the man who beats his horse; aye, worse, he is the boy who grows to be the man who beats his wife and children.

"Why do they do it?" So easy to ask! Shall we not say, "How can we stop it?" There is a way, and it is not as difficult as one might think: When boys are very small the mothers and fathers should try to instill in them a genuine love for animals, because no one wishes to harm a thing he really loves.

When a small boy who has not been taught—one can usually tell by his treatment of animals—is seen abusing an animal, we should tell him then, while he is hurting it, how to treat a dog, a cat, a horse; tell him then, while he remembers his deed, that a dog will not love him if he kicks it, pulls its ears, or mistreats it in any way. Then point out someone, if possible, who loves that same dog—if it be a dog—he has just been hurting, and mark the love of that animal to its benefactor.

The average boy, deep down in his heart, likes animals. He will see the difference in treatment, and the difference in the dog's response to kindness and cruelty; if the boy has any good, common sense, he will doubtless begin to think, and the result will be a change in his treatment of animals.

Let us help every boy's natural liking of animals grow into love, and a great deal of cruelty will be killed at its birth.

UNDER EGG FIRE

An amusing incident once occurred on Bird Island, in the Gulf of Mexico, while Mr. Alvin R. Cahn was taking photographs of one of the brown pelicans that are so common there.

As he tells us in Natural History, he had chosen a nest that he could easily approach. The first exposure, he says, I made at twenty feet, changed the film and then moved up. The old bird stood like a statue on the rim of her nest; the babies were lying exhausted after a big meal. At fifteen feet I snapped again, and again at twelve feet, and at ten feet. Each time I moved forward I was careful to make no sudden movement that might startle the bird into flight.

But when I tried to get nearer than ten feet I had to go slow. Every time I stole a few inches forward the bird would spread her wings and crouch for a spring. I would stop and the bird would settle back to rest. When eight feet away I took another picture. Slower and slower my progress became; every movement of mine caused the bird to move uneasily. The noise of the shutter sounded to me like a clap of thunder. Surely, I thought, she will rise at the next exposure.

Seven feet and another portrait, just the head and neck now. Six feet! My back and arms were aching with the strain of carrying the camera for the last half hour, and the perspiration was running in little rivers down my spine. Forward again; I was within five feet of the bird!

Suddenly the air trembled with a terrific explosion! I jumped. So did the bird. Then there was a horrible odor! What on earth could have happened? I looked around and saw at my feet the remains of an ancient pelican egg, the tough shell of which had at last yielded to internal pressure!

HOCKEY

Terriers Beat the Bearcats.

True to their name, the Bearcats went down fighting, but they were no match for the Terriers in a fast game of Town League hockey at the rink Tuesday evening. The final score was 4 to 1, but up to the third period it was 1-1 and only for a runaway for a few minutes on the part of the Terriers, both teams were evenly matched. The score at the end of the first period was 1-1, and the second twenty minutes saw good fast hockey played with no scoring by either team. The third period ended 4-1.

The crowd was the smallest of the season, with only a handful present, but those who did turn out saw a full hour of bang-up hockey that kept everybody on their feet.

The next game will be played next Tuesday night when the Arena Rats and the Terriers will try conclusions.

Hanover H. S. Here Next Thursday

Final arrangements were completed yesterday by which the Hanover High School team meets the Durham High School sextette in a game of exhibition hockey on the rink here next Thursday evening, March 1. As Hanover and Durham teams are old rivals in any kind of sport, the interest in this game is running high and a good turnout should be on hand.

FOR MOTHER

He was only a mite of a boy, dirty and ragged; and he had stopped for a little while in one of the city's free playgrounds to watch a game of ball between boys of his own and a rival neighborhood. Tatters and grime were painfully in evidence on every side; but the little fellow attracted the attention of a group of visitors and one of them reaching over the child's shoulder as he sat on the ground gave him a luscious pear. The boy's eyes sparkled, but the eyes were the only thanks as he looked back to see from whence the gift had come and then turned his face away, too shy, or too much astonished to speak.

But from that time his attention was divided between the game and his new treasure. He patted the pear; he looked at it; and, at last, as if to assure himself that it was as delicious as it appeared, he lifted it to his lips and cautiously bit out a tiny piece near the stem. Then, with a long sigh of satisfaction and assurance he tucked the prize safely inside his blouse.

"Why don't you eat it, Tony?" demanded a watchful acquaintance.

"Eat it? All meself? Ain't I savin' it for mother?"

The tone with its mingling of resentment and loyalty made further speech unnecessary. Whatever Tony lacked—and it seemed to be nearly everything—he had learned humanity's loftiest lesson. He had another dearer than self and knew the joy of sacrifice.

BORN

Bogle.—At Varney, on Saturday, February 17, to Mr. and Mrs. William Bogle, a son.

Roseborough.—In Durham, Tuesday, February 13, to Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Roseborough, a son. (Douglas Ross).

Mervyn.—In Bentinck, on February 3, to Mr. and Mrs. Mark Mervyn, a daughter (Markie Marie).

Vickers.—In Durham, on February 16, to Mr. and Mrs. William Vickers, a daughter (Pearl Amy Doris).

Young.—In Durham, on February 14, to Mr. and Mrs. George Young, a daughter.

DIED

Bogle.—At Varney on Wednesday, February 21, Allan Gray, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. William Bogle, aged four days.

LIFE BURDENED BY DYSPEPSIA

Health and Happiness Come With "Fruit-a-tives"

Made From Fruit Juices and Tonics
"Fruit-a-tives", the wonderful medicine made from the juices of apples, oranges, figs and prunes, is one of the greatest means of doing good that this country of ours has ever known.

"Fruit-a-tives" is bringing health to hundreds and hundreds of people who suffer with chronic Constipation, Biliousness and Dyspepsia.

Mr. Frank Hall of Wyevalle, Ont., says, "I purchased a box of 'Fruit-a-tives' and began the treatment. My condition improved immediately. The dyspepsia ceased to be the burden of my life as it had been, and I was freed of Constipation."

50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. At dealers or sent by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa, Ont.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

Mr. Wallace Hughes of Didsbury, Alberta, a cousin of the Hughes family, and nephew of Mrs. Andrew Derby, is visiting friends in town. He has been West about eighteen years and this is his first trip back.

Misses Truax and Miss Brown are attending the spring millinery openings in Toronto.

Clifford Marshall, son of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Marshall, is in the Durham Red Cross Hospital undergoing treatment for a diseased bone in his foot.

Mrs. Thomas Lauder and baby Betty, of Owen Sound, are visiting in town.

Mr. Anson Lloyd spent the first of the week-end in Toronto.

Mr. Johnston of Barrie and sister, Mrs. Garnerson of Moorefield, visited their father, Mr. Johnston, Sr., at the home of Mrs. William Moffet. Mr. Johnston, Sr., has been very ill but is improving in health.

Mrs. T. Burns of Portage La Prairie, Man., who has been visiting her aunt, Mrs. McCracken, left this week to spend a few days with her sister, Mrs. Gillies at Holstein.

Mr. E. A. Jolly, druggist, of Regina, after visiting his father and other friends in Brantford and vicinity, is spending a short time with his sister, Mrs. (Rev.) W. H. Smith, before returning West.

DURHAM MARKET

Corrected February 22, 1923.

Live hogs.....	\$ 9.75
Wheat.....	1.08 @ 1.10
Oats.....	.45 @ .48
Barley.....	.65 @ .68
Buckwheat.....	.68 @ .70
Peas.....	1.35 @ 1.40
Hay.....	10.00
Butter.....	.30
Eggs.....	.35
Potatoes, per bag.....	.50
Hides.....	.07
Sheepskins.....	.50

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Mustardine, in tubes 35c

Takes the place of mustard plasters. Does not blister.

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A Remedy for the treatment of Coughs and Colds, price 25c. & 50c. per bottle.

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For that pain in the back or chest try a Rex Porous Plaster, 25c contains Belladonna & Capsicum

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TWO SHOWS: 8 and 9 P.M.

THIS WEEK

Leah Baird

"When the Devil Drives"

ALSO
Hall-room Boys' Comedy
PERCY and FERDIE

The Tailor-made Chauffeur