

AFRAID OF YOUR CAR?

Motorist Admits He Is Scared to Death and Wishes Other Drivers Had the Same Fear.

(By Philip Curtis in "Motor.")

I have, I believe, one genuine claim to fame which I am not the least slow in advancing. I am the only man living who will get right up in public meeting and admit that he is afraid of a motor car. And yet I love cars. The two things seem incompatible, but they are not.

There are several distinct kinds of motor fear and I have them all. First of course, there is pure physical terror—fear of an accident. Much more insidious, however, and much more wearing are the subtler forms of motor fear—constant fear of engine trouble, fear of punctures and blow-outs, fear of crowned roads and that partly imaginary, crab-like crawling which the rear end of the car seems to take on such highways.

Then there is always the fear of theft, fear of freezing, fear of exhausted batteries, fear of every new sound and smell which arises from an active engine, fear of mud and sand, fear of driving in traffic, and especially fear of strange, unknown regulations in new states and cities.

There may be other forms of this horrible disease and if I have not mentioned them it is merely because I have forgotten them. Oh, yes, there is one very common form of motor fear from which I am entirely free—fear of spoiling the paint on my car. Take one look at my car itself and you would understand why.

Now, mark you, it is not the fact that I have these fears that I take any pride. It is merely in the fact that I have the courage to admit them. I know perfectly well, both from observation and from knowledge of human nature, that there are hundreds of thousands of men who are just as much afraid of a motor car as I am—but they simply won't admit it. I use the word "men" advisedly, because I have never yet seen a woman at any age who had genuine motor fear in any form. Women as a class have complete faith in anything which is made of iron or steel and sells for more than two hundred dollars. At the same time there are many thousands, both men and women, and especially young boys, who would be a great deal better off if they did have a little healthy respect for that incredible modern engine of destruction known as the motor car.

Now reader, you may be inclined to laugh at me as a timid old fool, to say that you, at least, have no motor dread whatsoever. But just let me ask you one or two questions:

When you are riding in the front seat with some other driver, even a better driver than yourself, do you ever find the muscles in your thigh growing stiff from putting on imaginary brakes every time you are going down hill and a car is coming up, fast, in the other direction? Wholly natural, you may say, but do you do it in a railroad train, or a speed boat, or a roller coaster, or a buggy?

Can you sit at perfect ease in the front seat while your wife drives the car and (a) refuse to shift on a hill until the motor begins to halt and stumble, (b) speeds up as she approaches a curb and then jams on the emergency, (c) chokes the engine while it is hot and then fails to reduce the mixture to your own exact little point in the first three hundred yards, (d) grinds in the starter continuously for an endless time until a flooded carburetor makes up its mind to work, (e), turns around in her seat to reprove

the children, (f) takes both hands from the wheel to illustrate the point of a funny story, (g) wrenches the steering wheel and puckers the front tires while the car is standing perfectly still in the driveway, (h) in short, does all the things that you yourself do continuously and yet convinces you that by night the family will be in the hospital and the car a mechanical wreck?

Do you ever watch the skies for dering whether you really did turn out the lights on the car or merely the lights in the garage—and still remain in bed, too lazy to get up and see?

Do you ever watch these kies for an hour on Sunday afternoon debating fretfully as to whether or not you will raise or lower the top?

And then, having raised (or lowered) it, do you never spoil your whole trip by wishing that you had left it as it was in the first place?

Have you never had an old tire that you knew was going to blow out any minute and yet persisted in torturing yourself by using it for another six weeks?

Have you never? But this is sufficient. If none of these questions bring a shame-faced smile to your lips I will admit that you are exempt. I take off my hat to you and bow very humbly.

Pure physical fear of motoring is a very unfortunate thing, except, as I say, that it would be a very fortunate thing if more people had it. If ninety-nine persons out of a hundred had the same blind faith in their president, their doctors, their law courts, and their destiny that they have in a motor car, this would be a very happy world, indeed. Most people, apparently, do not believe that anything can possibly happen to a motor car, no matter who is driving or under what conditions.

This state of mind in which mature men and women will sit calmly back while a sixteen-year-old child drives them forty-five miles an hour on a twisting road at night has only one explanation—that they have so far been mercifully spared what they deserve.

KNICKERBOCKERS FOR MEN IS LATEST FROM PARIS

Knickerbockers like those American ambassadors have been wearing at official functions are being boomed for regular dress togs for gentlemen by a leading Paris, France tailor.

"Men are determined to break away from the horrible conventional black suit," the tailor said. "We are producing for the coming winter velvet knee pants, silver buckles, frilled shirt fronts with jabots instead of collars and full dress coats with collars and tail linings of richly colored brocades. Instead of horrible high hats we are showing plush mauve tam o'shanters with little tassels."

An American seen inquiring about the nery scenery blushed and replied when questioned:

"I am asking for this stuff only for a private theatrical where I am playing Little Lord Fauntleroy."

Corner Concerns

(Our own correspondent.)

Mr. and Mrs. James McNally and Miss McNally of Traverston, accompanied Mr. William Marshall on a visit to this place and took in the concert in the school on Friday night.

Mrs. Janet McMeeken held a birthday party on Thursday night. An enjoyable time was spent.

Born.—On Friday, November 16, to Mr. and Mrs. George Bovingdon, a bouncing baby girl, making a valued addition to his boy family.

Our Sunday school entertainment on Friday night was in every way a great success. The night, of course, was not an ideal one by any means, but if it had been, we could not have accommodated the crowd. A neat little program was given at the commencement by the children, interspersed by music and songs by older ones. Mr. Earl Mead gave a solo, and Mr. James Hargrave violin selections. The only outside performers were Ned Burnett and Cliff Readhead. Prize books were awarded the scholars before tea and eats were served. Then came the play, Mrs. Briggs of the Poultry Yard, which we looked forward to as something extra good, and we were not disappointed, and not only was everyone well pleased, but such remarks could be heard as, "We have often paid travelling troupes two or three times the price for not nearly so good a show," and we miss our guess if they are not engaged to put it on the boards in some larger building. It was well presented, the artists all doing well. The Sunday school treasury was enriched \$35.00 by it.

Aberdeen.

(Our own correspondent.)

Mr. and Mrs. D. Lamb spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Neil McLean, Glen Mac.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. S. Ludwig of Cleveland on the arrival of a daughter on November 11. Mrs. Ludwig was formerly Miss Mabel Smith.

Messrs. Alvin Caswell and J. S. Davey spent a day recently at Kincardine.

Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher McLean of Holstein spent the week-end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh McLean.

Mr. James Macdonald spent a few

days last week with friends in Proton.

Mr. Jack McDonald and his mother accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Clark, made a business trip to Owen Sound last Thursday.

Miss Mary McCracken has returned home after spending a week with friends in Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. William Honess of Crawford spent a day last week with their daughter, Mrs. Hugh Macdonald.

Mr. Mather had a gang of men and teams for a few days last week filling in the north end of the bridge.

Ebenezer.

(Our own correspondent.)

Such glorious autumn weather we are enjoying this past while. Hope it continues, as so few of our residents here at Ebenezer are yet ready for the cold, stormy, wintry weather.

Mr. and Mrs. John Wells and son Herbert, were visitors on Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. James Charlton, South Bentinck.

Mr. and Mrs. William Brigham of Durham spent a week ago Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Moses Donnelly, and attended service in the church at Allan Park.

Mr. Rex Lawrence and sister Miss Annie, spent one day the first of the week with their sister, Mrs. Newton Phillips of Park Head.

Mr. James Turnbull had the telephone installed in his new home here last week.

Miss Mary Metcalfe of Durham spent last week-end with her friend, Miss V. Mervyn.

Mr. Cecil Noble of Mulock is a frequent visitor with friends in our burg.

Mrs. George Henderson of Hampden is at present visiting her daughter, Mrs. Robert Johnston.

Mr. James Langrill returned from the West on Saturday last and is spending a time at the home of Mr. David Donnelly.

Mr. Brigham Livingston of Tillsonburg spent a few days recently with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Livingston.

Small Size.

(Buffalo Express.)

What must be the size of the souls of those business men in New York who have appealed to the attorney-general to dissolve the Salvation Army because it underbids them in buying and selling waste paper?

South Bentinck

(Our own correspondent.)

Mrs. William Derby, Sr., visited Thanksgiving day with friends at Galt.

Mr. and Mrs. Davidson of London visited recently with the latter's sister, Mrs. Alex. McLean.

Miss Margaret McDonald spent the holiday at her home here.

Mr. John Derby of Guelph and sister, Jean, of Toronto, spent a day with their brother, Mr. Will Derby.

The Rev. W. H. Smith of Durham held prayer-meeting on this line last Thursday.

Mr. James Charlton had the misfortune of getting some ribs fractured by a runaway team last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Grierson and family visited friends near Walkerton recently.

The threshing meeting was held at Mr. John Milligan's. They have everything settled up for another year.

A large crowd from this part took in the annual thank-offering at Hampden.

Rocky Saugeen

(Our own correspondent.)

The monthly meeting of the U.F.O. club will be held next Friday night in the school.

Mr. and Mrs. Crutchley and Mr. and Mrs. Lawson visited with Miss McPhail, M.P., last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. James Even of Aberdeen spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. W. Clarke.

Mrs. Neil Livingston and son Lorne spent a day the first of the week with her sister, Mrs. L. McLean.

Mr. and Mrs. Neil McLean and two sons visited a day recently with Mr. and Mrs. Alex. McDonald, in their new home at Edge Hill.

Mr. John Grasby is getting a fine pile of wood cut with Mr. Campbell Dunsmoor's outfit.

FOUND DEAD ON WAGON

William Arthur True, who lived in Wiarton for the past 21 years and was employed by John Joynt of Lucknow as collector of ashes for Wiarton and vicinity, was found dead on his wagon by Mr. Gordon Cook about 7.30 Tuesday morning of last week. The deceased, who was in his 43rd year, had been on his wagon all night at the back of the house owned by Mr. Ben. Farrow, John street, with whom he boarded. He appeared to have died during the early part of Monday evening. An inquest was held at Cross's undertaking parlors, when the coroner, Dr. H. Wigle, found that he had died of heart failure. He was a bachelor, and had no relatives. The remains were interred at Lucknow.



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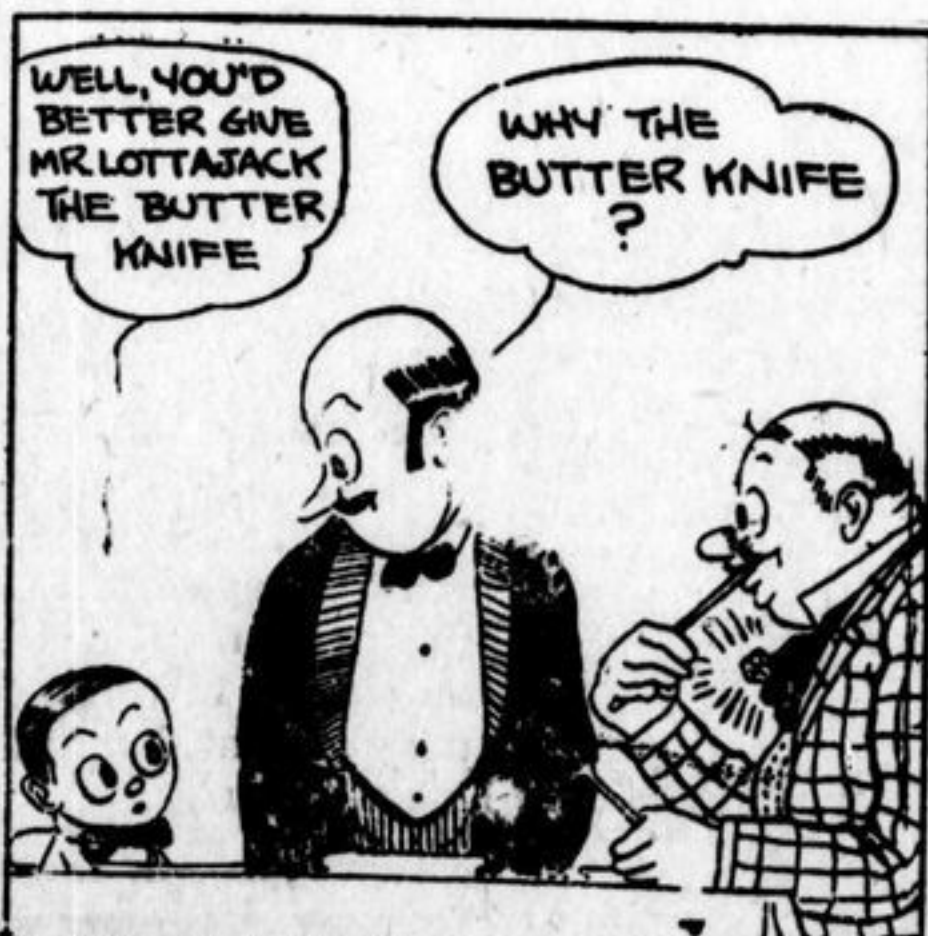
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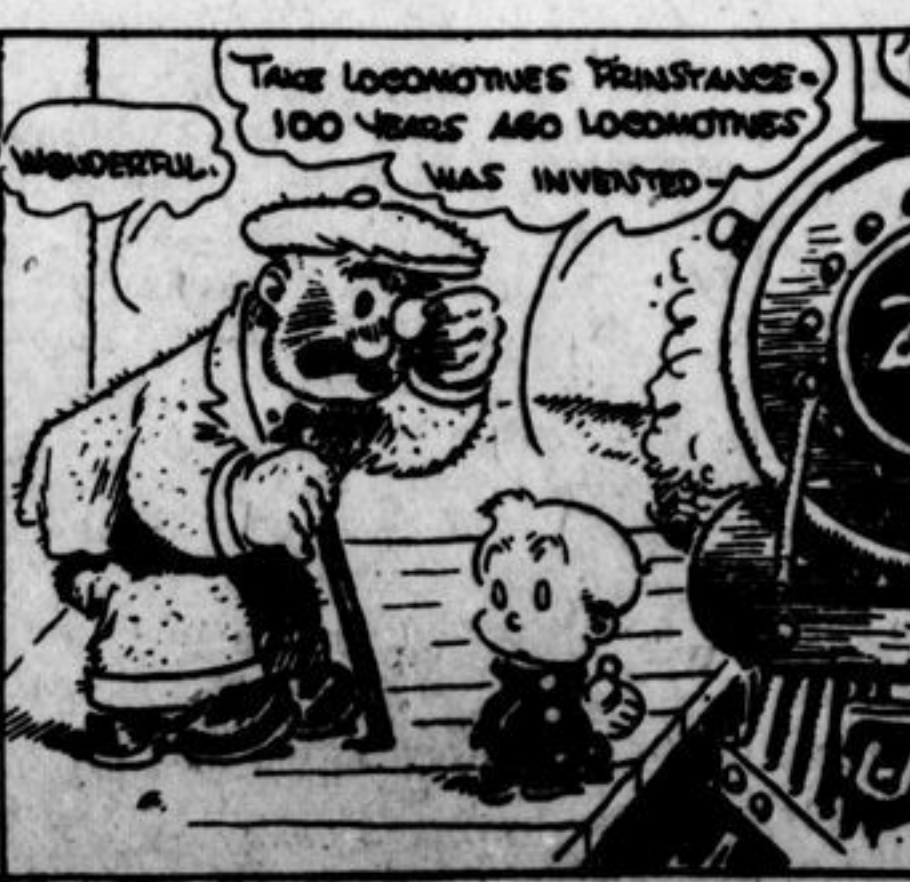
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