

The Chatsworth Banner

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EDITORIAL

Perhaps all who read this do not see MacLean's Magazine regularly. In the last issue appears an article which deals particularly with farm-ers. It is entitled "The Canadian Farmer," with a sub-title, "What He Wants," and is accompanied by a gruesome picture of a man driving a plough and team of horses straight into a huge ghoul-like figure labelled "Law of Diminishing Returns." The writer of the article was Hon. E. C. Drury.

Leaving politics quite out of the question, Hon. E. C. Drury should know a good deal about farmers. He is a farmer himself, and he led a company of farmers through a particularly difficult experience, viz.: that of conducting, with little or no previous practice in the game, the government of a country made up of country and city, farmers and business-men, Labor and Capital. In the way, too, stood the two giants, Antagonism of the Urban Elements (the city on the whole even yet fails to see the exact causes of the high prices of city food—blames it all on the farmer), and the "Tendency to Ridicule the New and Untried. The farmer in Parliament, previously, if we remember rightly, was a somewhat negligible quantity. Mr. Drury's experiment at least broke the sod, and opened the way to a calmer, saner idea that the farm people should hold a place in the halls of Parliament, a little more important than that of being chiefly "little pitchers with big ears."

In the article referred to, Mr. Drury presents the farm folk as people of very definite opinions and ambitions; somewhat conservative, in that they are slow to want to see existing conditions driven to the wall before discerning something clearer, better to put in place of them. They know what they want, he says, and are at last fast learning to pull together to win their purpose.

In short, the farmer has a real craftsman's pride in his occupation, wants to improve his farm and raise his crops in the quietest, best, because most scientific way. In general he wants a better home, better standard of living, and better educational facilities. The youth on the farm, too, would like a little more time to play, and a better opportunity to take their place on the fields of sport.

The great bugbear in the way of all this, he sets forth, is that farmers get very inadequate returns on the whole for their long hours and hard labor. A splendid people—the finest stock that ever peopled a country—and loving their homes, they are finding it impossible to realize their aims because of lack of means. Without up-to-date, labor-saving machinery, working hours are too long to leave time for anything but work,—and such machinery costs a deal of money.

Perhaps Mr. Drury hits the nail on the head when he says, "The truth is, the farm problem can be solved only by making agriculture more profitable." "What is needed," he continues, "is a new Canadian national policy, which shall not be dominated by urban thought and urban needs, but that shall see in Canadian agriculture and the Canadian farm people, national assets which must be given a chance to develop the best that is in them. . . . Perhaps, too, it might be found that all that is required to carry out such a policy, is to set Canadian agriculture free from the burdens which it has so long carried for the benefit of other, more prosperous industries."

Where, then, is the Moses who will lead us out of this wilderness? Only hard thought, and ceaseless discussion (not "debates" which are formal and constructed) will find him, or, perhaps, evolve him.

If farm men everywhere were to set themselves to this task of steady, concentrated study on the subject,—such study as the scientist brings to bear on his especial problems—surely somewhere among them might

be found the great Leader, or even the great Suggestion that will open a way.—Village men, too,—for the village must ever be one with the surrounding country upon which it largely depends.—It is a matter for "laughter of the gods" to see it line up on the side of the city, as it sometimes does.

True, it is hard to concentrate, and hard to find time to "read up," when one is bone-weary after a hard day's work. But the results might be thrilling, though even to oneself. It is something to open new doors for the mind to look through. And psychologists tell us that often, after apparently ineffective thought (perhaps days or weeks after) the idea may come as a bolt from the blue. So have leaders and inventors been born.

But only all-sided thinking can count. One-sided thought, politically or otherwise, never achieved any great, lasting issue, or made any great man.

A. M. W.

Walters Falls

Inspector Morrison visited our school last Tuesday and was well pleased with the school, pupils and teacher. There was only an attendance of fifty-two that day.

Messrs. Rich and Emmerson Quinton and Miss Hilda motored to Woodstock for the week-end. They were accompanied home on Monday by Mrs. Quinton, who has been visiting Mrs. (Rev.) Vivian and Miss Olive, from Stratford Normal. Miss Hilda remained to visit her sister for a while in Woodstock.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Finlay and little son of New Liskeard are holidaying with relatives in our vicinity.

Born—On Friday, June 15th, to Mr. and Mrs. Herb. Meyer, the gift of a daughter.

Miss Blanche Rennie and Maurice Laycock returned home for the summer vacation from Meaford High School. They are to be congratulated on being two out of five who passed their finals with first class honors.

Mrs. Russ. Tempier of Burford is spending a fortnight at the parental home.

Mr. H. R. Seabrook went to Toronto last Tuesday with a truck load of eggs.

Mr. A. Menary recently took a load of pigs to Toronto.

The United Church Ladies Aid held a very enjoyable tea and quilting in the schoolroom last Tuesday afternoon. Three quilts were quilted and everyone enjoyed the five o'clock tea.

Mr. Jno. Reid bought the house and land in the village belonging to Mr. S. Marshall last week, and Mr. Marshall bought Mr. Reid's farm. Possession will be given some time in the future.

Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Long celebrated their silver wedding on Monday, having completed twenty-five years of married life. A large number of relatives and friends assembled and made merry for a few hours. A beautifully decorated bride's cake occupied the centre of the first table. The fathers of Mr. and Mrs. Long were present, and also the groomsmen of twenty-five years ago, Mr. Emmerson Long, Rev. Mr. Petch made a short after dinner speech, conveying the good wishes of the assembly to Mr. and Mrs. Long. After all had partaken of the well laden tables, the room was cleared for dancing which was enjoyed for a few hours. A large number of very handsome gifts showed the goodwill and esteem of the many friends to Mr. and Mrs. Long.

Dr. and Mrs. McCullough and Harry spent the week-end in Georgetown with the former's brother who is not in very good health.

Dr. Jas. McCullough of New Liskeard recently visited the parental home.

Keward

Mrs. Nigh of Strathavon spent last week with her daughter, Mrs. A. Gazmer.

Miss Louise Sholtz is home from Toronto.

Mr. Russel Mitchell left last week for his home in B. C.

Messrs. Peter McDonald and Chas. Finn were in Toronto last week, having shipped a carload of fine fat cattle.

Miss Janet Buchanan is home from Toronto Normal.

Mr. Rutherford Mitchell of Leith spent Sunday at the home of his father, Mr. James Mitchell also came up with him.

S. S. No. 1 held a very successful school picnic on Saturday last, at Harrison Park. The usual sports were greatly enjoyed by the children and everyone enjoyed the bountiful supper provided by the ladies.

Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Sprunt of Hespeler were week-end visitors to Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Sholtz.

Mr. and Mrs. James Mitchell and son, Allen, and Mr. Leslie Merriam motored to Hamilton on Saturday and spent the week-end with relatives there.

Grey County Council is meeting in Owen Sound this week.

The Armchair

The Old Parsonage

Dear Readers: "When the rain did not come to the rice-fields."—My very minor song these days is, "When the rain does not come to the flower-borders," and the vegetable beds. And then I think of the greater calamity—that it is not coming to the grain and hay fields; the hay, they say, will be short in this locality if there is not rain soon. Well, well, perhaps the whole place will have had a good soaking before this reaches you. We are having plenty of sunlight anyway, a thing that was a rather scarce quantity last summer.

I was thinking this morning, as I looked out of the window about six o'clock, at a clear sky and the early sunshine streaming over everything, of a friend of mine who came out to this country from England some years ago, and was rapidly forging ahead in art circles in Canada when her brilliant career was cut short by death. How she used to love our sunshine! I want to paint it, paint it! she would say; and so she did, although it was a sort of subdued sunshine that came from her brush-panels, perhaps from long practice in mixing paints for the quieter lights of England. She seldom got the hard, clear, bright effects so often achieved by our Canadian artists, although she might have come to that in time. Her landscapes always seemed to gleam with the misty light that one often sees when the sun comes out after rain.

In her house there was not a window blind anywhere—a fashion imported from her old home-land, where it is seldom hot enough to necessitate shutting out the sun. Everywhere she had heavy cream raw silk curtains, kept quite over the walls in day-time, drawn across the windows at night; and so the little house was always flooded with light. Such a beautiful spot it was too! Too often, I think, we make a mistake in darkening our rooms. There is nothing more cheerful than plenty of light, and there is no antiseptic better than direct sunshine. Scientists tell us that it will kill nearly all germs in about twenty minutes direct exposure.

Don't you think that we women, as a rule, do not make enough use of the sunshine in summer? Instead of putting on a big hat and keeping out of doors, we mow ourselves up in the house, and first thing we know the summer has gone and we have seen scarcely anything of it.

Physicians everywhere are now recommending that people who are not very strong, or convalescing after illness, should stay out in the sunshine. Men of science, after many experiments made with mice and other small animals, tell us that our good health is largely dependent on the ultra violet rays of the sun, unfiltered through glass; and in many sanitariums—Bottle Creek, for instance—patients are required to take a sunshine-bath course, exposing a few inches of the body every day until a real bath can be taken without discomfort. I remember seeing photographs taken at a famous sanitarium in the Alps, where the patients (tubercular) go about over the snow of the high altitude almost nude. One of the pictures showed three children on their way to school, books under their arms, with very little clothing, but wearing fur boots!

Another showed several grown-folk in almost the same attire (of lack of it), eating their dinner at an open-air table. It looked rather chilly to me, but the faces were quite happy, and I was told that patients there become so accustomed to going about half naked, that they scarcely feel the cold; they do not "take" cold because the high clear air is so pure that it simply does not harbor germs.

The point is that if sunshine is good for sick folk, it should be good for well folk also, making them far more sturdy and disease-resistant than they would otherwise be.

The garden is a fine place in which to get the full benefit of the sun, mornings and evenings, when it is not too strong to be comfortably borne. For the rest of the time, there is the shade of the porch or veranda, of a neighboring tree, even the shady side of the house, where one can be out of doors in the pure air, and to which one can take one's sewing, or book, or potatoes to be pared. It's a good habit to cultivate.

Now for a bit of village history. Last week I had a long talk with Mr. Joe Doble, whose quite phenomenal memory makes him a valuable asset to the local historian; and so what he told me will be mingled with the reminiscences of Mr. and Mrs. E. O. Merriam in the "story" of the place which follows.

Mr. Doble remembered very well the one particularly wild night when a crowd from Owen Sound came out to the old town hall to upset a meeting being held by the prohibitionists.

He himself did not happen to be in the village that night, but his father was there, came home quite late, and next morning gave a very graphic account of the affair. The district court was held that day, and the magistrates were still sitting when the mob arrived,—a half-drunk lot

from Owen Sound, reinforced by the sailors from two American schooners that happened to be in the harbor at the time, bent on mischief or fun, or anything else that might turn up. The idea at the back of the performance, however, was serious enough, being no other than to "get" an "informer" who had been scheduled to appear at the meeting that night—a man who was going about giving evidence against breakers of the Dunkin Act law. Had this man been caught, things might have gone hardly with him; but he managed to escape during the melee, as did also Mr. C. C. Pearce, license-inspector, who was present.

Needless to say, the court came to a speedy stop, and there was no temperance meeting that night. Before long the space in front of the old hall (between the houses now occupied by Mr. Bye and Mr. Arthur Curtis) was a surging mass of shouting, fighting men, and the pickets were nearly all torn off McGill's fence across the way to serve as weapons, probably by Chatsworthites who were caught unarmed. Fortunately no one was seriously hurt, although there were cuts and bruises aplenty; but after that a number of special constables were sworn in, to act whenever a meeting was to take place.

The land across the street from the old town hall was first owned by Michael Cassidy, who sold part of it to Mr. Andrew McGill, who built the brick house now owned by S. H. Brees. The New Connection Methodist Parsonage stood next, to the south—a roughcast house subsequently occupied by Mr. John Partridge and his large family, and now renovated into Mr. J. B. Bowes' attractive bungalow. Next came the New Connection church, which back-sailed dreadfully, since it became afterwards used as a blacksmith shop, black with grime. Then to the immediate south was the old stone foundry, which was at first a joint concern, owned by "Black and McGill." Before long, however, the partnership was dissolved, Mr. McGill remaining as sole proprietor.

Mr. Cassidy lived at first in a log house back in the field, somewhere, west of where the park now is. Subsequently he lived in a log house that stood on the crest of the park hill, almost directly opposite the house now owned by Mr. Bradley—the old Cromar homestead. Many of us remember this old house, very prettily situated, with cedar trees all about, and occupied for a time by the Winterbourne family.

Of Mr. Cassidy, Mr. Merriam tells a funny story (you can imagine how he laughs as he tells it). Wearing of the life in the wilderness village, he sought pastures new in the States, where he secured a good job with better wages than he had ever been able to earn in Canada. So good did all look to him that he determined to become an American citizen, and returned for his family. Now Mike had a great eye for the almighty dollar, and he saw a chance. The price of tea was much higher in the United States than in Canada. What then? Of course he needed big packing boxes—large and strong. So he ordered a fine one, very broad in the bottom, to be made by Mr. Justus Miller. The peculiar thing about it was that it was to have two bottoms, one above the other, several inches apart, the upper one to be made tight, and strong, and innocent looking. The space between he filled with tea—to be sold when safely over the line.

During all the years following Mr. Justus Merriam and his family kept the secret; but Mr. E. O. considers it can now be told as a good joke of the old time.

Next time I'll tell you another tea story.

Sincerely, A. M. W.

FOR THE "THINK" HOUR

Accept your limitations. Soize your opportunity. Enjoy the good of the hour. Improve the bad, and if you can't, let it drop.—John Stuart Blackie.

We often magnify troubles and difficulties, and look at them till they seem much greater than they really are. Some of our troubles, no doubt, are real enough, but yet are not evils. Foresight is very wise, but foresorrow is very foolish, and castles are at any rate better than dungeons, in the air.—Lord Aylbury.

"BETA" APPEARS

Dear A. M. W., We are enjoying your articles in The Banner very much, but had hoped to see at least one new corner to The Armchair. Possibly everyone is busy just now, or, like myself, timid about writing anything which will appear before the public. We the reminiscences of Mr. and Mrs. E. O. Merriam in the "story" of the place which follows.

There would be a revival of the old-fashioned "carpet bees", which might in itself be a good thing. People do not get together as in the days of our grandmothers, and I think we lose by it, don't you?

I have ventured here because I need help. Could any reader tell me what to do with Maple Syrup which has a mouldy taste? It has been kept in a cool dry place. I would be so glad if someone would write SOON, as I feel quite worried. With best wishes to the old Armchair.

Beta. Glad to meet you, Beta. Next? (What under the canopy is Greek for "C"? Better switch off on a new line, "Next", if you too don't know.)

THINGS TO EAT

Salad Dressing This recipe will make 1 quart, and will keep well in a cool place. Ingredients: 1 cup milk; 3 tablespoons flour; 2 tablespoons butter; 3 eggs; ½ cup vinegar; ½ cup water; 4 tablespoons sugar; 3 teaspoons mustard; 2 teaspoons salt; pinch of cayenne. Rub the flour and 3 tablespoons of the milk to a paste. Scald rest of milk and stir gradually into the flour paste. Return to double boiler and stir until thick and smooth. Cover and let cook while preparing other ingredients. Mix salt, sugar, mustard and pepper in a bowl; stir in the liquids. Beat eggs and add. Stir the butter into the sauce in the boiler, then add vinegar mixture gradually, stirring all the time. Cook until smooth and yellow. Add cream or milk before using.

A Nice Dressing for Lettuce A delicious dressing for shredded lettuce is made of whipped sour cream, the thicker the better, seasoned with salt and a suspicion of cayenne. Use just as little of the cream as possible, and leave for a few minutes before serving. If onions are liked, a little chopped onion may be mixed with the lettuce, or chopped green onions may be used without any lettuce at all.

Dressing for Potato Salad Mix together 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon mustard, Beat 4 eggs thick, add the salt and mustard, and 2 cups vinegar. Cook over water to a smooth custard. When cold add 1 cup whipped cream. To the diced potatoes add chopped hard-boiled egg, a little onion, or anything else in season in any mixture liked—chopped nuts, diced pickled beets, sweet cucumber pickles cut in bits. Decorate prettily. Nice with hard-boiled egg "daisies" on top, with chopped parsley between the daisies.

Williamsford

The Williamsford Women's Institute held their June meeting at the home of Mrs. Wm. Lueck. There were twenty-four ladies present. After the opening exercises and letters from the department read, it was decided to hold a garden party on the 29th of June. The following programme was then carried out: A paper, "Saving Strength," by Mrs. Weppier, was read by Miss Lottie Byers; a splendid report of the Girls' Conference in Guelph, given by Miss Stella Davidson; a number of useful plans were given in regard to house furnishing and decorating. A contest was then put on by Miss Ethel Byers for Mrs. Weppier, the best guesser to be the winner of a box of chocolates. Master Malcolm Lueck won the box. A spelling match was then held by Mrs. Albert Miller. The next meeting is to be held at the home of Mrs. Muschl. A dainty lunch was served by the hostess, assisted by Mrs. Davey, and Mrs. George Miller.

Mrs. McIntyre of Houghton, Mich., is visiting friends in the village and other places.

Mrs. Preston of Wharton visited her sister, Mrs. Wm. Shea, recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Kinney of Berkeley spent an afternoon with Mr. and Mrs. Elwood Moore.

Mr. and Mrs. Myers of Chesley visited over the week-end with the West families.

Mrs. Henry Nuhn and Mrs. Geo. Jackson received the sad news of the death of their brother-in-law, Mr. John Fox, in Oliphant on Sunday.

The funeral is to be held on Tuesday.

Mr. Wm. Poolosky visited his daughter in Whitby recently.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Leifso and Mr. John Harnack visited over the week-end in Kitchener.

A bee was held on Friday at the Presbyterian cemetery. Mr. Doyle of Owen Sound kindly came and set up and repaired several monuments which had fallen down. The women of the congregation also gathered in the afternoon and cleaned the church.

Born—On Sunday, to Mr. and

Mrs. A. Elliott, a daughter. The June meeting of the U. F. O. was held in the hall on the evening of Thursday, June 14th. Mr. Samuel Byers was chairman for the evening. A musical selection was given by Miss Yern Batterman and Mr. Wm. Aldehate. "Resolved that the inventor has done more for the happiness of humanity than the legislator," was given. The affirmative was upheld by Hardy Batterman, M. D. McGrath and Mrs. Collins, and the negative by Wallace McClure, R. L. Aitcheson and Mrs. McIntosh. The judges gave the decision that the affirmative had won by four points. The judges were Miss Lawrence, Mr. Phil. McKay and Mr. Wm. Davidson. Another selection with piano and violin was given by Miss Aitcheson and Mr. Batterman, and the meeting closed by singing God Save the King.

Women Approaching Middle Life Find "Fruit-a-tives" of Great Benefit



MRS. O. GODIN.

Paquetville, N.B.—"I am giving this testimonial, hoping it will benefit every woman suffering as I did at the change of life. I was obliged to go to bed, had terrible dizziness and felt extremely weak. 'Fruit-a-tives' were really a God-send to me. Now I am in perfect health."

—Mrs. Olesine Godin.

This stage of life takes heavy toll of woman's health unless stomach, kidneys and bowels are in first-class condition. "Fruit-a-tives" in a natural, gentle way, keeps the whole system toned up to withstand this trying experience. Made from the intensified juices of ripe, fresh fruit and health-building tonics. 25c and 50c a box at all druggists.

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