

The Chatsworth Banner

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EDITORIAL

A MODERN GREAT MAN

Possibly some of you read with interest a week or so ago, in the big daily newspapers, or even in "World News in Brief" in our own "Banner," an account of the visit of the four great Chinese Nationalist chiefs to the Temple of the Western Hills, near Peking, to do homage at the tomb of Dr. Sun Yat Sen, the founder of the Nationalist movement in China.

To many in this country "Sun Yat Sen" is but a name. Who was he? Why did those four great Princes go to seek inspiration, perhaps guidance, at his tomb in the hour of their meeting to solve problems such as few statesmen have been called upon to face?

The writer of this was intensely interested some years ago, in the events that tore China from the grip of an autocratic monarchy as ever held a people in slavery, and almost overnight, converted that vast empire into a Republic. The more interesting did this seem because it was told that the one man who had been responsible for the change, had modestly resigned from being President of the Government which he had created.

At that time the writer of this chanced on a book and bought it—"Sun Yat Sen and the Awakening of China," by James Cantile, M.A., M.B., F.R.C.S., Dean of the College of Medicine, Hong Kong. The book lies on the desk here at this moment, and at this time, when events in China seem moving swiftly towards some end fraught with perhaps tremendous importance to the whole world, it may be interesting to the public that reads The Banner to read some condensation of that book with such quotations from it as can be afforded in the pages of a local newspaper.

"It was in the autumn of 1896," says Dr. Cantile, "that the world first heard of Dr. Sun Yat Sen." At that time a Chinese refugee was kidnapped in London, imprisoned in the Chinese Embassy, his very life in danger. It was plain enough that the man was hated, or feared, for some reason, by Chinese royalty. For some days there was wild excitement in London over the affair. Then Great Britain stepped in. Sun Yat Sen was liberated. The affair died out as a nine days' wonder.

For the next fifteen years England and the world elsewhere, heard nothing of the man. Then on December 29th, 1911, the news came almost like a bolt from the blue, that he had been proclaimed First President of the Chinese Republic—an honor that, as has been already noted, he presently declined.

How to tell the amazing story of his history, in the meantime, in anything short of a volume, is a problem. However, it may be stated that for some years before his imprisonment in the Chinese Embassy in London, and in all the years that had succeeded, Sun Yat Sen had been possessed of one great central idea about which his whole life revolved—to overthrow the oppressive rule of the Manchus in China, and establish such a government as would be the great Empire, provide for education, establish representation of the whole people in a Parliament of their own, and free them from the shackles and extortions beneath which they had been crushed and hampered from the development of their genius required.

To that end, says Dr. Cantile, "he has risked death and torture on innumerable occasions. He has travelled on foot throughout a large part of the four million square miles of China, and, under various disguises, he has penetrated to almost every nook of his native country and left representatives in almost every town. In short, everywhere he scattered a yeast that has been working through the years, and has culminated in the recent capture of the Capital city, Peking, by the Nationalist troops, with the complete rout of the great Manchurian chief, the late Chang Tso-lin, who met his death through injuries received when a bomb struck the train in which he was fleeing to Manchuria. That the yeast might not fall, Dr. Sun carried his message personally, not only throughout his own country, but also to Chinese scattered throughout Japan, Europe, the Pacific Islands, America, studied the civilization of the countries he visited, and made friends at many of the Embassies. Perhaps no one but a Chinaman, and certainly no one save a man whose soul was fired by a great and unselfish mission, could have had the patience for so vast a task, covering so many years of apparently unfruitful labor—an appalling task, beset with obstacles such as few men, in the whole history of the earth, have had to overcome.

In the first place he had to consider the vastness of the Empire he had set out to free—larger than the United States with Alaska and Great Britain thrown in—a country filled with dialects, so that the people in one Province could not understand what those in another said; a country, when he began his work, without railways, or newspapers, and so without ready means to carry on any united movement. A country, moreover, inhabited by a proud, self-satisfied people, chained to an obsolete education, hopelessly ignorant of modern science and of the rest of the world. Books on politics not allowed; daily newspapers prohibited; penalty of death over anyone who invented anything new or made a new discovery. The vast mass of the lower classes battered upon, and arrowed, and exploited by the aristocracy, yet seemingly helpless to resist.

Many years before, the Chinese had been a people alive; with the highest civilization on the earth. The astronomers of China had made accurate astronomical observations "two hundred years before Abraham left Ur." Her inhabitants had built cities, with great buildings, and were clothed in cloth of cotton and silk when our ancestors were living in caves, their naked bodies stained with wood, or were clad with skins of beasts. Chinese were printing with movable type five hundred years before printing was invented by Gutenberg in Europe. They had invented gunpowder, constructed a canal 600 miles long, built the Great Wall, were using the mariner's compass, and, in architecture, the arch, so difficult to create in the first place, yet so great a discovery in the art of building.

Then China stood still, resting on past achievement. With an inextinguishable pride, her peoples were willing to refuse to have any intercourse with other nations—"barbarians." And when the Manchus overthrew the last of the great Chinese kings, and ascended the royal throne at Peking, the doom of the great people, for the next age, was sealed. The Manchus, to increase their own power, evolved a system of education that would count for nothing—preventing the Chinese from thinking for themselves, prohibiting the study of Confucius and other sages, and allowing in the schools only such books as taught complete obedience to authority. And so in time the Chinese did not know that they were ignorant, standing still while the Western world was going ahead by leaps and bounds. They bowed meekly under a tyranny such as the world had seldom known. Under which the people of China had no say in the management of even their own municipal affairs. Under which there was no appeal from the sentences of the magistrates, or mandarins, no matter how unjust. Under which extortion by officials was a recognized institution, and appointments secured only by bribery. Under which the Manchus nobles, and their favorites amassed fabulous riches and the poor remained unbelievably poor. Penalties of torture and death, corruption and bribery were everywhere.

Western nations—"the barbarians"—came. Britain, France, Germany, Japan, on various pretexts made war on the Chinese and took slices of territory from them. China was shocked into awakening. Some of her young men went abroad to study. And by and by foreign nations established colleges in China itself. A "Young China" party (few in number) grew up, that began to see a different civilization. The masses of the people shuddered under a new fear, were confused.—And the old conditions of extortion and cruelty went on.

Such conditions Sun Yat Sen faced, and in the end faced almost single-handed. To tell something of his life: Dr. Sun Yat Sen was a southerner, born in 1867 in a small village near Canton, the son of a convert to Christianity who was employed as a missionary agent by the London Missionary Society. Through the good offices of an English lady connected with the mission, who became interested in him, the youth was given a good grounding in English. When twenty years old he entered the College of Medicine in Hong Kong; and in five years obtained his degree of M. D., and began practising in Macao, to which Dr. Cantile frequently journeyed to help him with major operations.

"Why," Dr. Cantile says, "did I go this journey to Macao to help this man? For the reason that others have fought for him and died for him, because I loved and respected him: His is a nature that draws men towards him, and makes them ready to serve him at the operating table or on the battlefield; an unexplainable influence, a magnetism which prevails and finds its expression in attracting men to his side."

Such magnetism all the great leaders of men have had—most of all the divine Carpenter of Nazareth. Indeed, elsewhere Dr. Cantile says "Sun Yat Sen is the most Christlike man I ever met."—high praise, for a man still living when the words were written. In Macao Sun first heard of "The Young China Party," made up of young enthusiasts who had come into touch with western civilization, and on his removal to Canton in 1894 he joined a society of 18 prominent members pledged to mend or reform the Manchu power. Of the eighteen members, seventeen were very soon beheaded; Sun was the only one who escaped. Gaining a friend's house, he was let down over the city wall, finally embarking on a ship for Honolulu. He realized that he must fight alone. In Honolulu he discarded his queue and adopted European dress, a change that made him look so much like a Japanese that he was often enabled to escape when, otherwise, the long arm of Peking might have snatched him from uttermost parts of the earth. A price was on his head, however, and presently Honolulu was no longer safe. "Thence I went to San Francisco," he wrote, "and enjoyed a sort of triumphal journey through America, varied by reports that the Chinese Minister to Washington was doing his best to have me kidnapped and carried back to China, where I well knew the fate that would befall me—first having my ankles crushed in a vice and broken with a hammer, my eyelids cut off, and finally, be chopped to small fragments so that none could claim my mortal remains. For the old Chinese code does not err on the side of mercy to political agitators."

At this point in his narrative, Dr. Cantile breaks again into praise: "I have never known anyone like Sun Yat Sen; if I were asked to name the most perfect character I ever knew, I would unhesitatingly say Sun Yat Sen. In our house he was the most welcome of visitors. His sweetness of disposition, his courtesy, his consideration for others, his interesting conversation, and his gracious demeanor attract one towards him in an indescribable fashion, and have led me to think of him as being a part, consecrated for the work he had in hand." (Words written while Dr. Sun was still alive.)

Such was the man who laid the foundations of the Southern Nationalist movement, of the "Kuomintang," who made it possible for the southerners to take possession of Peking, as they did recently,—at whose tomb Chiang Kai-shek shed bitter tears a fortnight ago,—whose influence and inspiration are likely to still guide the destinies of China. Sun Yat Sen is not dead while great leaders shed tears at his tomb. But we must hurry on. Suddenly the crisis came. Suddenly, and with very little bloodshed, the Manchus were cast out forever; China became a Republic, and Sun Yat Sen was declared its first President, January 1912. Millions of followers were now acclaiming him. He was at Dr. Cantile's house in London when the telegram came, announcing the great honor that had come to him, but Dr. Sun was not excited. "Neither honors, place, po-

sition, nor reward were dreamt of, far less considered," says Dr. Cantile. The presidency might come and go, he cared not; his country's regeneration was before all.—It may be said that the Capital of the Republic was placed at Nanking, in the South. How, after two months, he resigned the Presidency because he believed that Yuan Shi Kai had better administrative ability, all the world knows. He stepped from the Presidency, only to attack a mountain of work otherwise. "I am going to Canton, shortly," he wrote Dr. Cantile, "to try to convert the old city into a new and modern one. I am glad to tell you that we are going to have religious toleration in China." But Sun Yat Sen's troubles, and those of China, were not over. So huge a task as he had before him, is not mastered in a day. First one faction and then another gave trouble, most of all the great Northern chieftain, Chang Tso-lin of Manchuria, who died from injuries received from a bomb thrown at his train some weeks ago. Sun Yat Sen's life was again in danger, and at one time he was obliged to live on a vessel far out from the Southern Coast. Some writers in the west have somewhat discredited him because, towards the last of his life the idealism in him became interested in the idealism set forth by Lenin—which seems to have so misdirected in Russia. But history, sooner or later, will give him his true place.

In 1926, after all his hairbreadth escapes, he died in his bed, too soon to see the first great step of his desires when the troops of reform took possession of Peking a short time ago. Dr. Cantile may—or may not—be a true prophet of the future of China. He believes that China, with her avidity for modern science and her reorganized army, is bound to become one of the world's great nations, honored and deferred to by the great western nations that have hitherto browbeaten and despised her. There can be no doubt, he thinks, that the Revolution in China will be the precursor of one of the greatest industrial booms the world has ever seen; when the vast resources of China—mineral, agricultural, her fisheries and silk and cotton industries—find their opportunity and are put in full swing by modern industrial methods; when the enormous population of Chinese, already clamoring for Western comforts and higher standards of living, have the yoke raised from them so that they have money to spare for foreign imports; when railways run to the uttermost ends of the great Republic, and newspapers, with their advertisements, are in every household.

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Walters Falls

Rev. Dr. McDougall of Temple Hill and Rev. J. Petch exchanged pupils last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Caswell entertained a large number of friends last Tuesday evening to a dancing party.

Mrs. Sarah Adams and daughter, Elsie, of Toronto are visiting relatives in this vicinity and are guests of Mrs. Jos. Long.

Miss Lenore Laycock and brother Robert of Woodford spent the last week-end with their uncle, Mr. Jno. Laycock. They were accompanied by Maurice Laycock.

Mrs. Alex. Caudle and babe of Colpoys Bay, who have been visiting the parental home for the past fortnight, returned home on Sunday. Her sister, Miss Irene Saunders, accompanied her home for a visit.

Miss Rose Saunders was home for the last week-end. Rev. and Mrs. Petch and Miss Emma motored last week to the Soo. Mrs. Petch will remain some time visiting her mother.

Dr. and Mrs. Stan. Shepherson of Tiro, N.S., visited on Sunday at the former's parental home.

Nurse Montgomery of Meaford is nursing Mrs. Frank Reid.

Quite a number from here were in Owen Sound for the glorious twelfth.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Clark of Orillia recently spent a week with the former's sister, Mrs. (Dr.) McCullough.

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There can be no doubt, he thinks, that the Revolution in China will be the precursor of one of the greatest industrial booms the world has ever seen; when the vast resources of China—mineral, agricultural, her fisheries and silk and cotton industries—find their opportunity and are put in full swing by modern industrial methods;

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The Armchair

The Old Parsonage

Dear Readers: "To hob or not to hob?"—that is the question, no longer troubles the feminine population as it did three or four years ago. Long since, tresses long and luxuriant, tresses thin and scraggly, tresses frizzled as a lamb's wool, and tresses straight and lanky as a cow's tail, fell before the conquering shears of fashion. "To grow, or not to grow?" and is being speedily solved by those to whom the hob never was becoming, and by those who have "itching ears" for change and who can't hang on to any fashion for any length of time, no matter how comfortable or convenient, or even really artistic it may be. Everywhere we see nets, and bands, and straggling ends of escaping hair, protruding that the owners thereof have "crossed the Rubicon," decided the once more momentous question of hair, and have hoisted the banner "To Grow." Fashion, most flexible of all fickle dames, has set her sign of approval on long locks, and for the immediate future, at least, we shall again see "heads of hair"; and the hair-bobbers shall grow lean and the hair-dressers wax fat and prosperous—perhaps.

—Now don't count the number of metaphors in the above paragraph. Who cares? Did you see the answers, given by the Members of the House of Lords recently (they were published in some of the newspapers) to the question "Do you like bobbed hair?"—Such a question to address to an august body! I don't know who sent it,—probably some "paper" out for sensation, on a quest for the eternal "new." Neither are we told how many of the lords paid no attention to the silly inquiry.—It would be interesting to know how the members of the more busy House of Commons would have treated it.

However, a number of the titled gentlemen did condescend to send a reply, although one sent a rather snappy statement that he was "too old to care how women wear their hair." The majority declared in favor of long hair. One said that so many women of his acquaintance looked better with short hair that he "reluctantly" he had to admit that he "rather liked it." One other said that bobbed hair was so sanitary, trim, and convenient, that he thought it was just right; while a third had sense enough to reply that what was inside of a woman's head interested him much more than what she did with her hair outside of it.

An artist friend of my own declared, when bobbed hair came in, that it was "here to stay," more or less, because it was the most rational mode for this busy era. When all has been said, the solution will likely simmer down to this: That those to whom bobbed hair is unbecoming will wear long hair; while those to whom it is decidedly becoming (there are some) will wear it short. Those who are eternally whirling around on the windmill of what "they say" is the fashion, will have it short one year, long the next, and so forth ad infinitum.

Most certainly bobbed hair, for those who can wear it nicely, is, if that is claimed for it,—sanitary, tidy, convenient, a blessed savior of time.

CHATSWORTH HISTORY Mr. Joe Doble gave me most of the information about the putting through of the railway—a great event to the early village of Chatsworth. "The boys" began chopping down the trees, and clearing the way for it in 1871, he said,—"the boys" meaning the young men of Chatsworth and vicinity. "They were making great money for those days," he remarked, "A dollar and a quarter for a ten-hour day." The next year the graders came, navvies, who completed that part of the work. Then the ties and rails were laid, the latter 3 feet 6 inches apart, making a "narrow gauge" road. The first train came in August, 1873, taking about eight hours to come from Toronto. It had an odd-looking little engine that burned wood, and came puffing along, belching out great clouds of smoke among the trees. "That night," said Mr. Doble, "the boys all came out to celebrate," adding, with a reminiscently humorous twinkle, "There was but one way of celebrating in those days. There were five taverns in Chatsworth."

The first station agent at Chatsworth was a Mr. John Davidson; and during the winter of '74 and '75 at least, he had a very peaceful and uneventful time. All along the line the road became blocked with snow, and remained so for two or three months. An engine was stalled between Chatsworth and Owen Sound, and remained so until the first big thaw, its smokestack sticking up through the drifts.

There is a spot near the end of Rectory street," I said, "where it looks as though a house had once stood,—near the log barn now owned by Mr. McConvey. Flowers and bushes still grow there, that look as if from a garden, and there are stones that seem to have been a foundation."

I had often wondered about the spot, and had come to the right source for information. "Why?" said Mr. Doble instantly. "Mildon's boarding house was there. They kept navvies who were working on the railroad."

The boys and girls of to-day pass the place on their way down to bathe in the "deep hole." One wonders if the deep hole was there in the time of the Mildons, or if the river was all as deep then; and if there was a trek to it all summer as there is today.

A. M. W. TO THINK ABOUT "Do not flatter yourself that life owes you any more than it owes anybody else. It owes you, in common with others, just as much as climbing, you can bring down."—Henry Ward Beecher.

"If I were you, I would not worry. Just make up your mind to do better when you have another chance, and be content with that."—Beatrice Harraden.

HELPFUL HINTS Dustless Dusters Use black cheesecloth if possible, and soak it in a solution of coal oil and kerosene. One pint of coal oil mixed with a third of an ounce of paraffin will last a long time. (Keep in a bottle.) Beating Egg Whites If egg-whites refuse to beat stiff in hot weather, add 2 drops pure glycerine for each white. They will froth thickly, light and stiff.

THINGS TO EAT Orange Pie Make good pastry and line pie pan. Fill 1½ cups hot milk, half cup sugar, half cup sugar, grape juice, rind of half orange, juice of one lemon, one egg slightly beaten, small teaspoon salt. Mix milk and cream, let stand a few minutes, then squeeze through a flour-of-march sieve. Add other ingredients. Fill the pie and bake in a very moderate oven, same as for custard pie.

Curd Tarts Let curd patty with rich paste. Make filling as follows: Take one cup milk, one cup sugar, milk, salt, yolks of three eggs, half teaspoon vanilla, half cup sugar. Put milk to boil in a double boiler, and add curd and a lump of butter, the yolks, salt and vanilla. Fill the tart shells with curd mixture in 15 minutes. Cover with meringue made of the stiffly beaten whites, slightly sweetened, and brown in the oven for a few minutes to brown slightly.

Department of Agriculture NEW POULTRY POLICY Because of the necessity of developing intensive research work in the Poultry Branch, O. A. C. Guelph, the Poultry Department has been altered. Hereafter all cockerets used in the Poultry Breeding Stations from which eggs were secured for the School Fairs were supplied by the D. C. A. Funds provided and devoted to the Poultry Department have been so limited that only research problems can be undertaken.

The supplying of eggs to the children will henceforth therefore not be carried on. In order that the farmers may have a source of supply of the high class breeding stock the Department are going to carry out the following policy or system of flock improvement.

Any standard breed will be specially selected and inspected by qualified inspectors four times per year. Records must be kept and all poultry houses must show cleanliness.

Good health and quality of stock are essential. Applications must be made before September 1st. All birds must pass inspection, must be properly banded, etc.

Proper records must be kept at all times. Stewart Cooper, Grey County Branch, Department of Agriculture, is especially anxious that applications be received at once. The information, instruction and poultry advice which will be imparted will be of invaluable to any farmer or farmer's wife.

All farmers writing to the Department of Agriculture, Markdale, will receive a copy of the regulations. An expert from the Poultry Branch will be in Grey County the first week of August. It is proposed that at that time to look over the applicant's flock, whose applications have been received.

SHELburne MONUMENTAL WORKS Social, American & Foreign Grantee Cemetery Lotting Given Special Attention. Shop equipped with latest pneumatic tools. Write or call and get prices. J. W. FLECK.

Send in your news items. We would like to get them all and your friends will enjoy hearing of your activities.

THE

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Presbyterian Church



Minister, Rev. W. A. MacWalter. St. Andrew's Church 11 A.M., Bible Class and School. 7 P.M., Public Worship. Choir rehearsed Thursday. Ladies' Auxiliary 2nd Thursday each month. W.M.S. 4th Thursday of month.

Williamsford (Special to The Banner) Mr. and Mrs. Mack and family have been visiting with us in Williamsford, Ont. Mr. Mack is a member of the Presbyterian Church of Williamsford.

Miss Anna W. McPherson past week-end with her family in Williamsford, Ont. Mr. and Mrs. McPherson and family and Mr. and Mrs. W. G. McPherson and family are in Williamsford, Ont. Mr. and Mrs. W. G. McPherson and family are in Williamsford, Ont.

A truck load of hay from the County conveyed to Williamsford, Ont. by the P. & O. Railway.

Mr. Frank J. Rogers of the Executive Office of the P. & O. Railway, has been in Williamsford, Ont. Mr. and Mrs. Rogers and family are in Williamsford, Ont.

Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Rogers and family are in Williamsford, Ont. Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Rogers and family are in Williamsford, Ont.

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Dr. Chase's Nerve