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EDITORIAL

THESE CHANGING DAYS

There was an ancient saying, "For we know not what a day may bring forth." Probably the observation of the ancient sage was intensely local and personal; but the words are particularly true, in a broader scope, in this present day of whizzing events and lightning changes. Indeed it sometimes seems hard to realize that during the lifetime of most of us even such great events as the fall of many empires and kingdoms have come to pass. Truly said Kipling, "The Captains and the Kings depart." Number the Republics that have been set up in our time—Brazil, Portugal, Russia, Germany, China, Czechoslovakia, Hungary.

Revolutions in transportation in medicine and public health, in machinery of all kinds, in the outlook of people, even in their clothes. Truly we have arrived at a time when anything may be expected—when we know not what a day may bring forth.

In a little place like Chatsworth, and in our small, individual rural communities, we sometimes feel like shy animals in a cage, looking out on a world where vast things are being done. Yet perhaps there is not a world-change anywhere that may not indirectly, and perhaps very greatly, affect us, sooner or later, especially the sweeping events that affect the general economic status of the world. For economic changes usually reach a long finger that touches every hamlet, no matter how insignificant it may think itself to be. That is why every living soul who possesses a vote should try to make a study of the things that governments do.

Of course, in a country place, the movements that directly affect the farming population seem the most pertinent; and so we look with expectant interest at the things that are being done in behalf of farmers in other countries, and more especially in the great country across the border to the south of us. It is a matter of history that whatever is progressive in economics on one side of "the Line," in time filters over to the other. And so just now we are especially interested in the movement at present afoot for what is called "farm relief" over the border. The McNary-Haugen question will probably be threshed out on the platforms preceding the coming Presidential election in November.—If, indeed, it has not been completely ousted in popular interest before that time, by the new idea for farm relief put forth last week by the United States Secretary of Agriculture, Wm. S. Jardine.—we know how quickly the Kellogg proposals for world peace have revolutionized the methods being taken to that previously. Mr. Jardine's proposal for agriculture seems as simple and as far reaching in its own scope, as Mr. Kellogg's in the vaster subject which he took in hand. It is, in short, that the Agricultural Co-operative Clubs, now scattered and unco-ordinated shall form a huge merger, similar to the mergers continually being formed in other industries for more economical production and better distribution. At one time it was considered hopeless to expect that farmers would ever really co-operate. "They won't hold together," people would say. Yet local co-operative societies are here to stay. It would be a rash prophet who would confidently affirm that the further step will never be taken.

One of the hopeful signs of our time is the increasing readiness with which people so-day come together to talk things out. At one time conversations were looked upon rather generally as gatherings where a few people spouted off a good deal of "hot air," and nothing was accomplished. That this has perished is proof enough of their value—more or less, according to the quality of the people in charge. In last week's newspaper

was an account of a five-day conference recently held in Cambridge, England, by the International Industrial Relations Association, at which Great Britain, the United States, Italy, Germany, and sixteen other countries were represented—the delegates being employers, representative of labor, welfare and research workers and factory managers. The idea of the meeting was to establish better understanding between employers and employees, and to trace down economic conditions in all countries that are at the root of common problems, the need for wider markets and problem of securing raw materials.

There is no knowing the outcome of such international conferences, which are likely to extend to agriculture as well as industry. Why not? Probably they will be made an absolute necessity when the great Russian scheme for a Volga-Don river-canal system is well under way, letting loose a flood of Russian wheat upon the world. Russia has a perfect right to seek wider markets for her wheat and timber, just as good a right as we have. But America will need to look to her methods; the competition will be keen.

The world moves on, sometimes seemingly at small's pace—"The mills of God grind slowly"; yet sometimes with the speed that follows a dieline flash of insight, perhaps in the mind of one man, set forth with a clarity that "all who run may read." Less and less does mob impulse count for anything in the world's events. More and more is an educated commonality ready to respond to sound common sense, and consider without prejudice.

A Letter from the Far North

The following letter was kindly passed on to The Banner by the Secretary of the United Church W.M.S. Mrs. Rog. Merriam. It was addressed to the President of the Society, Mrs. W. J. Carson:

My Dear Fellow Worker:—
I have just received your letter. Thank you for it. I have reason to be grateful to the Chatsworth W.M.S. for help in past years. Well, I was born and raised near Markdale and I worked for eight years in the post office there. I supposed I was converted in the Methodist Church there and I was a great Church and Sunday School worker. As a child I was attracted to Indiana. Coming West I was really converted and then God called me to work among the Indians. Following this I up offered myself as a worker among the Red-men. Unfortunate circumstances drove me to Fisher River as a school teacher. I was here one year and again unfortunate circumstances drove me away. Then my health was thought to be so bad that I could not go North, so I was sent here again as a teacher for another year. During these two years I got a good hold on the language.

Then in 1896 I went to Oxford House in the Far North. Here I had a mission about 500 miles square and in it God's Lake, Island Lake, etc., etc. Here I stayed over four years. Then circumstances without my control took me for five years in the white work and then in 1907 I came to Fisher River and am thus just at the end of 21 years of steady work. In all I have spent 23 years here. The last nine years I have been alone as my wife and family are all away.

From 1913 to 1929 I made long missionary trips by canoe or dog train visiting isolated bands of Indians. I have of course a complete command of the Indian language and I know their modes of life and mind thoroughly well.

Our mission plant is pretty well shown on my letter head. The church and house are comfortable and well kept as are also the grounds, etc. We have on Sundays morning service in Cree Indian. Evening services in English and both are well attended. Our Sunday School is very encouraging.

Our day school has two fine classrooms and five-roomed teachers residence combined. It has a complete basement, furnace, etc. There is an average of 75 in attendance and the whole is as good as could be had.

A very great deal of my work is that of doctoring the people. I have a nice dispensary and a good stock of drugs and years of experience so I can do a pretty good job of helping in sickness. I came into this special work because I thought that God called me. So far as I have gone I have felt that I was doing His will and I propose to keep on till He says "enough."

With kind greetings to your W.M.S. and the very best of wishes to you all, I remain,
Yours truly,
F. G. Stevens
Kooostak, Manitoba.

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

The Armchair

The Old Parsonage

Dear Readers:—
I always did love that old school-book poem about the farmer who came home after a trip to town: "His good clothes off, and his old clothes on, 'Now I'm myself,' said Farmer John."

Of course it was a great joy to meet old friends on my recent trip to London. Also a pleasure to get a look at the fine country all the way up, by way of New Hamburg and Kitchener, Fergus and Guelph. But I was glad to feel quite satisfied with our own lovely north country when I got here. More palatial houses are the rule "down south" than the more extensive barns; yet our homes look comfortable, and what more do they need?—And our hills and woods make up a country that artists rave over. There are, of course, hills in parts of southern Ontario, plenty of bits of woodland too; but ours seem to have a character of their own; and our streams run so delightfully over beds of pebbles and stones, that look amber under the clear water, instead of meandering slowly over mud bottoms among level fields. There are broader and longer rivers in southern Ontario—the Grand and the Thames drain an enormous tract of country—but one misses the little creeks that net our own country everywhere, with their borders of sedge, and willow, and meadow-rue and wild irises and roses. And one misses the brawls of the Rocky Saugon.

I slept in a very beautiful house, as nearly perfect as I should wish a house to be in coloring and furnishing; but street cars ran right past, a few rods from my windows, and their racket was reinforced by all the roar attendant on the busy motor traffic of a street that farther on becomes the main business thoroughfare of the city. Add to that the perpetual clatter of feet, from early morning until after midnight. (You've been there.) "Maybe you've slept," say—at the Walker House, Toronto.) Bill, (Breese) fared better, for he had a back bedroom with casement windows opening on to a pretty little flower-bordered back lawn, which the noise of traffic reaches rather as the roar of a near-by sea. When I got back to my quiet place in "The Old Parsonage" I felt the stillness to be a luxury.

So there are always compensations, aren't there?—If only one could unite the real advantages of a city (for there are some) with the real advantages of the country places then life would be rather ideal, wouldn't it?

Sometimes I imagine that if I tried very hard and all pulled together, we could bring some of those city advantages right to us.—I am not dreaming of waterworks, and moving-picture theatres, and such things. Those are not the things that really matter. Don't you think that—but what do you think?

Ancient Chatsworth—Continued.

We saw by the traffic census a week or so ago, that by far the heaviest traffic through Chatsworth goes along the Garafraxa road—the Guelph road—as it is more frequently called to-day. Long ago it was just the same. Most of the waggon, drawn by oxen, came along that same way; and, moreover, it had the dignity of being the highway for the stage, which, in Mr. Cardwell's time, used to come from Guelph every day. An old resident tells us that a great event, occasional summers, was the coming of a circus, which hove in sight along the road in front of the (present) Carson and Shute farms, with streamers flying and a band playing, and maybe an elephant or two clumping along in the rear. An unflattering accompaniment of the circus was an elaborate wagon filled with "gallthumpans" (perhaps that word is not spelled correctly), who graced and cavorted through the village to the screaming delight of the children. Then on the procession went over Cromer's hill, followed by a long train of boys and girls, running to keep up; and graduating in size from the tall older ones ahead, to the short-legged little six-year-olds behind.

"Will you tell me something about the early inhabitants of 'Johnstown'?" I asked Mr. Dobbs.

He scarcely knew where to begin, so rich are his memories. Among those whom he mentioned was, of course, Rev. Jas. Cameron, who was pastor of the Presbyterian Church for 26 years. The church in which he preached was an L-shaped, cross-boarded frame building, painted a greyish brown, which stood where the United Church now is. The manse was literally on the side of the hill to the north of it, for it was built with the front on top of the hill, the kitchen and dining-room below it, with a stairway connecting the two parts. It was a broad low-light-red brick building, with a frame lichen, and had a welcoming front door with glass all round. Rev. John MacAlpine and his family lived there later. I distinctly remember one room in the old manse that looks up rather awesomely among the memory-pictures that hang on the wall of childhood. It was partly under

neath the house, and one reached it by going down the hill a little at the south-east end of the house, knocking at a door that opened towards the grave-yard. It was furnished very severely, with nothing but a long bench and a chair. On the chair the Minister sat, and on the long bench we Sunday School children were ranged to answer questions in catechism and recite long passages from the Psalms and Gospels. I remember on one occasion being quizzed over eight chapters of the Gospel of St. Mark. Someone else had memorized all of the chapters; and we received a New Testament and a Bible respectively for our work. How fearfully we went into the plain little cell-like room! And how nervous we were as the examination began!

Our mother remembers that a Mr. Jakes occupied the back part of the Old Parsonage, in the early days of "Johnstown"—he and his wife and six children, in a house that consisted of three rooms, not very large at that, with a loft overhead; but perches of simple furnishings, with a haps there was room enough in those "bunk" in "the room" to do duty as extra bed on occasion. Among the many ministers of the Methodist Church—or churches (New Connection and Wesleyan)—Mr. Dobbs remembers a Highland Scotchman, Rev. Mr. McDiarmid, and Rev. Mr. Danard, a brother of the Dr. Danard of New York, who occasionally visits friends in Chatsworth. The New Connection Church, by the way, was close to the foundry; the Westway about where Mr. Macfarlane's butcher-shop now is.

So far as I can learn, Father Grantotter was the "Priest who officiated at St. Stanislaus Church during the early days of the village. I remember going with a Roman Catholic friend in Owen Sound to see him, many years ago. He was then an old man, and on account of some weakness of the throat was permitted to wear a beard, contrary to the usual custom of the clergy of his church. From early days three priests served in this part of the country, living in Owen Sound at the priest's palace, which, many years ago, partook of the primitive simplicity of the time. The late Mr. Forhan of Owen Sound told us of having dined there on one occasion when there were only three spoons, one of them with the end broken off. But the priests were jolly, and who cared about a broken spoon?

During the early years, Dr. MacGregor was the one physician who cared for the physical welfare of "Johnstown" and a large territory of surrounding country. People who remember him say that he was a very fine-looking man. He had married Jessie Grant Moyer, a Montreal girl who had been in the society circle of that city—had, indeed, been at a ball given for the Prince of Wales (at towards King Edward) in 1860, a half-century ago.

In the store and hotel ("California House") next door, on the hill, the late S. H. Breese was something of a village potentate. In later years, when both store and hotel had been given up, he continued to live on the spot, in the big brick house which he had built. For many years his sister, the late Miss Elizabeth Breese, kept house for him. Then he married Mrs. Stedman, who had been living in the village, suffering greatly from gout, he seldom went out during his later years; but many people who live here, still remember seeing him pacing slowly up and down the verandah of his house. At Christmas it was his custom to give a bag of candy with a penny for each year of the child's age, to every child who would come for it; and sleigh-loads of children used to come in, at times, from all directions. Occasionally the grown-up young folk came too, to wish a Merry Christmas to the old man, and got their bags of candies too.

Down at the "Caribou House"—later the Campbell House—the first owner was Mr. Coyer. Later Devine kept the hotel there for several years; a Mr. Geo. Follis succeeded him, and later came Mr. Alexander Campbell. The third of the early hotels, where Dr. Giffen's office now is, was kept by Mr. Hopkins; and later Allan Morrow built the big square one towards the station, on the north-west corner of Campbell St., and the Toronto Line. This hotel, like the California House, was burned and never rebuilt.

Mention has been made in earlier issues of this "history" of Mr. Andrew McGill, owner of the foundry, and long a magistrate in the village, a fine man, respected by all who knew him. One of the things we remember about him was his fondness for children and animals. Few children ever passed him without receiving a word and a pat on the head; his dog "Nippie" was at his heels continually. Partridges had a goose that used to follow him about; and

there was a tradition in the family that a certain pig had ambition to do the same thing and used to grunt after him up the street until driven back.

Among other inhabitants whom Mr. Dobbs remembers were: The first blacksmith, Mr. Ed. Bell, followed by Messrs. Mark Richardson and Tom Duffy, whose shop was where Mr. Minorgan's shop now is. Two wagon-makers, Mr. Geo. Curtis, and Mr. Gore Leggett, who died about a year ago, near Kincardine, at the advanced age of 90 years. Mr. Steve Kingsbury, who had a tannery next to the foundry, back of where Mr. McNabb's house now is. Mr. Tom Gibson, who had a tinsmith's shop; Mr. Campbell, whose harness-shop was in the building now occupied by Mr. and Mrs. John Webster and Mr. and Mrs. Percy Tebbutt; Mr. Whiteley, shoemaker, in a roughcast house just south of the foundry, and Mr. VanPelsen, who kept a drug store in the house next to Howard Walker's gas station (on the north).

The name of Mr. Van Felsen brings up a funny story. Mention has already been made of a "cannon" or mortar, made to celebrate the consummation of Confederation of the Provinces, on the first "First of July," 1867. The pattern of the mortar was made by Manchester Merriman, and the cannon cast by John Wilson.—Both of these were mere jads at the time. After his first work, when it broke all the windows about, the "cannon" lay in peace, waiting for the next occasion to display its valor. The occasion came with the wedding of Miss Alice Boney in the log house then on "Booby's hill." As that event approached it occurred to Joe Dobbs and young Van Felsen, son of the druggist, that it would be worth while to take the cannon up and fire it off while the wedding was in progress. Accordingly it was stuffed with gunpowder to which a fuse was attached, and lifted on to a small wagon to which the Van Felsen dog was harnessed. The boys drove the wagon to the foot of the hill; Van Felsen sr., following, doubtlessly expostulating, the fuse was set alight, and the boys ran; but they had forgotten to loosen the dog from the wagon! Seeing Mr. Van Felsen it fledly made for him, wagon, cannon, burning fuse and all. Mr. Van Felsen vainly tried to "make it go the other way"—it knew a friend when it saw him; so he, too, took to his heels. Presently there was a terrific blast. Mr. Van Felsen fell flat, and the now terrified youths ran to him, only to find that he was all right. Even the dog had escaped injury. "Ait's well that ends well." The boys, sensing a compliment, came out and invited the whole party in, gave them cake and "something to drink."

All this happened at the upper end of Booby Avenue. "When all the world was young, handsome, and all the grass was green," over half a century ago.

A. M. W.

TO THINK ABOUT
"It is a great gift to be born with a hatred and contempt of all injustice and meanness."
—George Eliot.
"The secret of success is constancy to purpose."
—Disraeli.

THINGS TO EAT
Easy Canning of Vegetables
Green peas, green beans and corn may be canned by the following method. Perhaps the vegetables are a little nicer done by the 3-hour sterilization process, but when done this way they are quite good, and both labor and extra fuel are saved. Wash sealers well with ammonia or other cleanser, and place in a pan of hot water on stove to sterilize. To 9 cups of the vegetable allow 1/2 cup sugar, scant 1/2 cup salt, and 2 cups water. Put in kettle and let come to a boil, and boil exactly 10 minutes. Fill sealing and screw down. Keep in a cool dark place in cellar. It is best to use new rubber rings, and be sure to dip them in boiling water, also to sterilize the metal rims. Before using drain the vegetable well with clear water; then cover with fresh water, let come to boil and finish cooking. No more salt will be needed for sealing, but add butter and pepper.

Sour Cream Cake
Break 2 eggs in a cup and fill with thick sour cream. Add 1/2 cup sugar, pinch of salt, 1 teaspoon lemon or vanilla extract. Beat 5 minutes. Stir in 2 cups flour and 1/2 teaspoon soda dissolved in 1 teaspoon of water. Bake in loaf or layers.

HELPFUL HINTS
Cleaning Windows
One of the easiest ways to get a few drops of coal oil on the window. Be sure not to get any coal oil. Go over the glass with a squeegee out of the corner, with plenty of clean dry cloth.

Meat in Hot Water
If you have no refrigerator, or you can keep a piece of meat in a crock of sour milk, changing the milk if necessary. Keep in a cool place.

Fruit Stains
Pour clear cold water through at once and spread on the glass to bleach, wetting the spot frequently.

THE POET'S CORNER

Out in the Fields
The little cares that fretted me,
I lost them yesterday
Among the fields above the sea
Among the winds at play;
Among the lowing of the herds,
The rustling of the trees,
Among the singing of the birds,
The humming of the bees.

The foolish fears of what might happen—
I cast them all away
Among the clover-scented grass,
Among the new-mown hay;
Among the husking of the corn
Where drowsy poppies nod,
Where ill thoughts die and good are born—
Out in the fields with God.
—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

HOLLAND COUNCIL

Holland, July 3rd, 1928
The Council met on the above date for the transaction of Township business. The members were all present with the reeve, Alex. Acheson, presiding.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and confirmed.
Communications were read from Wesley Sparrow and Ellis & Howard re account for wiring hall.
Report from John C Baird, sheep valuer, sheep belonging to Joseph Skinner killed by dogs, \$22.00.
Comber - Howey—That Joseph Skinner be paid the sum of \$22.00 for sheep killed by dogs.
Heighes - Price—That the following persons be paid bonus on wire fence:—Harvey Givens, 70 rods; W. Pears, 43 rods; John Acheson, 44 rods; Stewart Howey 44 rods.
Mr. Findlay McKay tendered his resignation as Weed Inspector.

Comber - Howey—That the resignation of Findlay McKay as Weed Inspector be accepted and that John T. McInnis be appointed in his place.
Heighes - Howey—That the cost of all culverts, bridge covering and wire fence bonus be paid out of the general fund.—Carried.
Heighes - Price—That the account for inspection of steel and cement for bridge be paid.—Carried.

Comber - Price—That the road commissioner be given authority to use steel tile where they are really needed.—Carried.
Comber - Howey—That By-Law No. 55, authorizing the Treasurer to borrow funds for the Township expenditures, be now read a first time.—Carried.

By-Law No. 55 was accordingly read.
Comber - Howey—That By-Law

No. 55 be now read a second and third time.—Carried.
By-Law No. 55 was then read and passed accordingly.
Council then adjourned until Tuesday, August 7th, at one o'clock p.m.
James P. Hare, Clerk

Here and There

(88)
Actual sales of Canadian Pacific Railway farm lands for the first three months of the year have been double those of the corresponding period of 1927. Enquiries for farm lands generally have increased in the same proportion.

Quebec, Quebec.—The mineral production of the Province of Quebec for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1928, will be well in excess of \$30,000,000 if the activity continues, according to a statement from the Provincial Department of Mines, just issued.

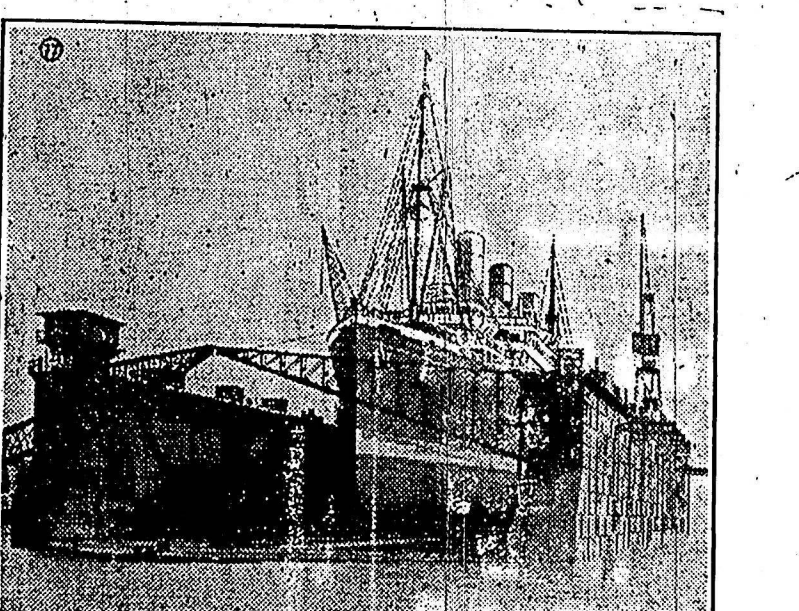
Saint John.—The Maritime Provinces can find a good market in South and West Africa for their manufactured and natural products, according to D. J. S. Tyrer, who recently returned from there. A vast trade, he claimed, could be worked up in that field.

Vernon.—For the first time in the history of bee-keeping in British Columbia one bee-keeper in the Okanagan Valley has exported a full carload of honey from his own hives. His 250 colonies gave him an average of 375 pounds of honey per colony.

Ottawa.—A survey will be made this year for a Canadian air mail route between Montreal and Winnipeg. This will consist of determining the best routes and locating landing fields. Recent announcement of four air mail contracts between points in Eastern Canada forecast more extensive operations along this line at an early date.

Midland, Ont.—For the first time in the history of this progressive town, a through Canadian Pacific train left here early in May for Toronto, and the first C. P. R. through train arrived from Toronto later in the day. A bottle of champagne was broken across the tender of the C. P. R. locomotive as it pulled out of Midland.

Skating in July and August will be a prominent feature of the combined winter and summer camp to be operated in the Canadian Rockies under the shadow of Mount Assiniboine by Marquis N. de la Riviere. The winter sport is made possible by the fact of a huge glacier that runs down the slopes of the mountain. Summer sports of variety will also be possible at the camp, which is one of the beauty spots of that part of the Rockies traversed by the Canadian Pacific.



TWO GIANTS OF SHIPPING CIRCLES

The Canadian Pacific liner "Empress of Australia" is seen in the huge floating drydock at Southampton, England, where she was placed for inspection after her South America-Africa cruise. This dock bears the reputation of being the largest of its kind in the world with a length over all of 900 feet, width at the point of entrance being 124 feet and the depth of water over the keel blocks is 38 feet.

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Chas. E. BROWN, Principal,
Green Sound, Ontario.

Minister, Rev. W. A. MacWilliam
St. Andrew's Church
11 a.m., Bible Class and Sabbath School
7 p.m., Public Worship,
Choir rehearsal Thursday night
Ladies' Auxiliary 2nd Thursday each month.
W.M.S. 4th Thursday of month.

United Church Notes
Minister, Rev. S. Martin, M.A.
10 a.m., Sabbath School and Class as usual. The congregation urged to attend the meetings of Bible Class.
The regular services at 11 and 7 p.m., are withdrawn.
Thursday at 8 p.m., Choir rehearsal will be held as usual.

On Sunday evening a very interesting "Father and Son" service was held. Rev. Mr. Martin presided from the text, "For how shall I see up to father and the lad he not with me" (Gen. 44, v. 31). The choir made up of men S. H. Breese, S. W. Breese, Geo. Cook, John H. Stock, W. G. Wilson, A. G. Ferguson, B. Landy, C. Jordan, R. H. H. L. Kiff, J. Breese, Mr. L. Kiff as solo. "Hear Our Prayers" and a solo by Mrs. L. Landy, A. Ferguson, L. Kiff, C. Jordan, W. Wilson and Geo. Cook.

Mr. Staples and Mr. Nicol of the Sound, are now engaged on the decoration of the church.

On Friday, August 3rd, the monthly meeting of the Missionary Society of the United Church was held in basement, the president, Mrs. J. Fraser, in the chair. In the absence of the secretary, Mrs. J. Fraser acted in that capacity. Arrangements were made for shipping missionary hats, which had in previously packed.

Following the business, the singing was handed over to Mrs. McGilvray, who had prepared a good old program. The Scripture text was given by Mrs. McNabb. This followed a vocal trio by the Misses Agnes and Margaret McEllen and Ena Breese. Miss Frances Baird gave a helpful talk on "Child Training" while the missionary notes. "Hats" was taken very ably by Mrs. McEllen and Mrs. McGilvray. A duet by Mrs. Breese and Mrs. G. Fraser Freeman was much enjoyed, also a solo by Miss Marie Wilson.

Mrs. Norris Merriam
Many people in Chatsworth know member Mrs. Norris Merriam. At one time, lived in the village, and had many friends here. Mrs. Merriam passed away on August 1st, 1928, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Chas. McMillan (Mary). Other children who mourn the loss of a kind mother are Mr. Frank Smith (Lester), Mrs. J. C. Findlay (Annie), both of South Bay, Marlo, and a son, Mr. Norris Merriam of Craik, Sask. The late Mrs. Norris Merriam was buried in Chatsworth and was buried in the cemetery here. He was a brother of the late Mr. Norman Merriam, whose widow, and many of whose children still live in the vicinity.

The New Bank Manager
The public, as a rule, is naturally rather curious about new-comers. Last week The Banner welcomed Mr. Fraser, the new Manager of the Bank of Montreal branch in Chatsworth, and his wife and family to our community. Since then the following information has come to hand and is given space with pleasure.

Mr. H. I. G. Fraser, who has taken over his new duties in Chatsworth is a native of Laculite, Quebec, and has had wide experience in banking in various towns and cities in Quebec and Ontario. He has held the position of Accountant at the Brockville, Aylmer and Chatham branches respectively, and it is from Chatham that he comes to Chatsworth. Mr. Fraser takes an interest in all kinds of sport. While in Aylmer and Chatham he served on the local board of managers of the United Church of Canada.