

The Chatsworth Banner

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EDITORIAL

THE STUNT AGE

Since writing the editorial entitled "The Big Swim" in last week's issue, two things have occurred that show that the ideas there expressed...

ally, the Coliseum—used to be jammed with people (ladies too) who used to go to see captives fight with wild beasts. Even until these last days, similar crowds packed the galleries of the arenas in Spain...

It has been said that the more dangerous a stunt is, the surer the thrill, the surer the attraction to crowds—and the surer the big gate receipts. This may be true of side-shows such as the high-dive, and so on—else why are they made dangerous?

The Armchair

The Old Parsonage Dear Readers: Have you ever noticed how often it happens that if you have been thinking about, or interested in any particular thing, information about it, or references to it, seem to crop up in all directions...

From the famous run accomplished by Phidippiades arose the fashion of calling all long runs marathons. But have we not degraded the name? Phidippiades ran from a great patriotic motive—to save his family, and friends, and fellow-citizens from death, and disaster, and slavery.

Massie

(Myrtle McKessock, Reporter) Mr. Jim McKessock has returned to Sudbury after spending the holidays with Mr. Will Cook. Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Howey of Owen Sound, and the latter's daughter, Mrs. Russell Joyce of British Columbia, and her daughter, Kathleen, spent a day with Mr. and Mrs. Harry Taylor.

Miss Evelyn Hamill left on Monday to attend Toronto Normal. Mr. and Mrs. W. Winter of Owen Sound are visiting Mr. and Mrs. W. Foster. Mrs. Elliott and Mr. and Mrs. Payne and little daughter, Jean, of Detroit, were visitors this week with the former's brother, Mr. Jas. Martin.

Desboro

(Mrs. A. Magee, Reporter) Don't fail to attend the Fair here on Friday of this week. Mr. and Mrs. T. Magee and Mr. J. Penner sr., attended the Sinclair-Have wedding in Owen Sound a week ago. Miss Laura McNabb, who spent a few days with her mother here, returned to Toronto on Thursday. Mrs. Gottlieb Klages sr., is ill at present at the home of her daughter, Mrs. J. Kuhl. On Friday evening last a large number met at the hall here and presented Mr. and Mrs. Walter Rutenburg with a miscellaneous shower. The evening was spent in dancing. Mr. Joseph Coulter of Detroit visited recently with his sister, Mrs. Jas. Magee, and his nephew, Mr. Jas. Riddell, at Massie. The September meeting of the W. I. was held at the home of Mrs. J. W. Gobert Jr., where a very pleasant and profitable afternoon was enjoyed. In the Anglican Church on Sunday afternoon, Rev. Mr. Hurford of Shelburne delivered an inspiring sermon to a large congregation, some of his old friends from Tara being present. Services on Sunday, Sept. 23rd, at 11 a.m. and 7.30 p.m., will be conducted by Rural Dean Painting of Meaford. The Guild of the Anglican Church intend putting on a Chicken Pie supper and concert on Monday evening, October 1st. Particulars later.

"Father," said little Rollo, "what is appendicitis?" "Appendicitis, my son," answered the deep-thinking father, "is something that enables a doctor to open up a man's anatomy and remove his entire bank account."

CHATSWORDH ANCIENT HISTORY

ward in raspberry-picking time to one or another of the "patches" reached by crossing the woods at the foot of the Big Hill. They go yet; every summer—not so many of them now, since so many have motor-cars, and can seek farther afield, distant berry-patches having a lure of their own. One of the "patches" to the northeast, circles about a field, round as an apple, which now belongs to Ivor Carson. The field is bounded by no fence, but is quite walled in by the surrounding woods. Once in it, you can't see a house or a barn anywhere; you are as secluded as you would be in the wilds of Labrador. But the round field was not always so deserted. At the western side of it there is a slight eminence quite covered with berry-bushes, and accentuated by four tall elm trees, growing almost in a row. On closer approach, you find that the slope beyond the berry-bushes and towards the elm trees is quite covered with tansy—sure relic of an ancient human habitation—millions of stalks of it, yellow as gorse, in bloom time. And if you prow about long enough, especially in the spring of the year, before the berry-bushes leaves and tall grasses have covered everything up, you will come upon old logs thrown about which appear to be two excavations; also another, circular, excavation that seems to have been an old well or cistern, now partially filled up, and quite overgrown with grass all around. Our mother remembers quite well when there was indeed a home in the round field. The larger excavations mark the places where stood a log house and a log barn, and a pretty enough spot is must have been for any homestead. Peter Sichelair and his wife and two daughters lived there. Probably the Chatsworth school, at that time, was away up at Hemstock's corner. At all events, the Sinclair girls did not go there. Our mother remembers very well when Margaret Sinclair (who afterwards became the wife of Mr. Dan Telford, now of Holland Centre), used to walk, even in winter, all the way up S.S. No. 1, Holland, the school of the village, where Janet Buchanan is now teaching. There have been two school houses since then, of course—the first was a log cottage, the second a "rough-cast" structure, which was pulled down to make way for the present red brick building. But the distance remains the same! Those who know it, know how far it is from the old Sinclair home-site even to the side-road. Our mother says, however, that Margaret did not even come out to the side-line, but "right through Craven's fields" to the concession. Often the pioneers dearly bought their education. Nowadays school children who have a long way to go, usually ride bicycles in summer and go on skis or snow-shoes in winter—if they do not drive a horse. Our mother says she never heard of any of the pioneers going on snow-shoes, with the solitary exception of Mr. Thomas Young, of Young's Lake, father of Mr. Tom Young, who still lives there. Janet Buchanan to-day has a calm and peaceful time, with about a dozen children to teach. Were it possible for her to throw herself back upwards of seventy years, what a different scene she would see! Here it is: Inside of the log cottage a big room with a Black Giant stove right in the centre of it; on each side of the stove a long bench crowded with "the little ones." At the southern,

western and northern sides of the room, long desks facing two ways, like the roof of a house, with long benches at each side, so that the pupils faced each other.—What a way, far order! especially since there was a right royal squad of urchins to get into mischief. I can tell you the very number, for one year, at least. Some time ago Mrs. Gillian Currie, whose uncle (grand uncle, perhaps), Mr. John Hyndman, was the first teacher in the school, where he taught for nine years, lent our mother a leaf from the old register of 1862. It should have been returned to her long ago; but for once I am glad of a delinquency, as it has made it possible for the old leaf to be on my desk as I write. It shows the record for September and October of that year. There are 49 names. Running down the list, many are familiar to names of youngsters who figured in old stories told us long ago by our mother and our aunts:—Ann Clarke, Charlotte and Emma and John "ditto" beneath; Mary Ann Deavitt; Thomas Coulter; John and Eliza Craven; Susan, Margaret and Mary Lytle; George and Mary Ann Holland; Margaret Sinclair; Catherine and Mary Ann Dowd; Donald McDonald; Mary Ann Craven; a whole family of "Irelande"—trausients, evidently, since not one of the name is still about. These are just a few. How fashionable a name "Mary Ann" seems to have been in this old days!—as popular as Marjorie, Dorothy and Jean are nowadays.—The ages are not given in the old register, so one can't tell who were the "little ones" who sat on the long benches by the stove, or who the older pupils ranged along the wall. There were a blackboard and a few maps on the walls of the old cottage school-house. The teacher's desk stood before the door—possibly the old one that is there still; and in the ceiling there was a trap-door leading to a loft above. Mr. Hyndman used to tell the tiny children that his wife "Sophie" lived up there, and would see them if they didn't behave. As a matter of fact, first he was boarded from house to house in the section; later was for a long time at Craven's, and finally stayed with Mrs. Chambers. Another of his jokes was to tell the "littlest ones" that he had an eye in the back of his head. Of course they firmly believed his stories. Our mother remembers being in dire fear of "Sophie" overhead, and of that mysterious rear "eye," covered up with hair, like the eyes of a poodle. The old leaf is yellowed with age, and the ink faded. It gives one a curious feeling to look at it,—so many of those whose names are there, jotted down one commonplace day so long ago, have gone away from this earth altogether, to experience past, our following as yet;—so many more are numbered among the "pioneers" who still live among us, men and women who have married, brought up families, contributed their bit (and what a great bit! it was!) to the making of this district what it is to-day. How much water has flowed beneath the bridge of the old creek below the hill since the faded words were written!—"The old 'creek' smaller now, but still gurgling and murmuring on its way. By the way, Mrs. Frank Pearce tells me that it was the Big Rectory lot that was donated to the Anglican Church by the late S. H. Breece. George Deavitt gave the land on

WHICH THE CHURCH STANDS. ANOTHER INTERESTING ITEM THAT SEATS IN THE PRESENT CHURCH THAT WERE IN THE OLD FIRST CHURCH, AT THE GRAVEYARD, ON THE OWEN SOUND ROAD. IT WAS "ELIZABETH BUSH BREESE"—NOT "LATH" BREESE, AS I HAD IT IN LAST WEEK'S ISSUE, WHO GAVE THE LAND FOR STANISLAUS R. C. CHURCH.

TO THINK ABOUT Our grand thoughts in life is not to see what lies far from us at a distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand.—Thomas Carlyle

THINGS TO EAT Clean Sauce 1 basket tomatoes, peel and cut up; let stand overnight with 1/2 cup salt mixed. 2 large onions, also if you can get 2 green peppers and 2 red peppers, all run through chopper; 2 cups brown sugar; 3 cups vinegar; 1/2 cup onion each black pepper; ground nutmeg, white pepper, salt, and whole peppercorns. Boil all except vinegar, sugar and salt until thick, add the rest and continue boiling until of right consistency. Another 3 quart ripe tomatoes, 10 small red peppers, 2 cups onions, 3 cups vinegar, 3 plums vinegar, 3 teaspoons each ground cloves, and cinnamon, 4 tablespoons each ground ginger and nutmeg, Chop tomatoes, peppers and onions very fine. Simmer all together 3 hours. Seal white hot.

OUR WEEKLY POEM Let me but do my work from day to day, In field or forest, at the desk or loom, In roaring mill or quiet place, or tranquil room, Let me but do it in my heart to say, "This is my work, my blessing not my doom." Of all who live, I am the one by whom This work can best be done, in the right way. Then shall I, not too great nor small, Be able to do what I am to do, To suit my powers and to prove my powers. Then shall I cheerfully greet the laboring hours, And cheerful turn, when the long shadows fall, At eventide, to play, and love, and rest. Because I know for me my work is best. By Henry VanDyke.

Mabel: "I had a lovely nut sundae." Alice: "Yes, dearie, I have one coming to me to-morrow night!"

THE

ER 26, 1928

Presbyterian Church Notes

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

United Church Notes

Minister, Rev. S. Martin, M.A. 10 a.m., Sabbath School and First Class. 11 a.m., Special Service. Daily Day Programme by the children of Sabbath School. All parents and others interested in Sunday School work are urged to attend. 7 p.m., Service with singing, prayer or of American Harvest Festival. Sunday, October 21, Harvest Festival. Monday, October 22, First Sunday.

Anglican Church Notes

Minister, Rev. J. Graham, B.A., L.Th. Sunday, September 30, 1928. 10 a.m., Sunday School 8, 10, 11, 12. 11 a.m., Harvest Service. 3 p.m., Harvest Service. 7 p.m., Harvest Service. Prayers for the day by Rev. Canon Thomas. All members of the church are invited to share in the preparation of the Church on September 30, 1928, at 2 p.m. Let each and all of us have a share in the preparation of the House for the Harvest Thanksgiving Services.

OBITUARY

Mrs. Robert Rankin

After an illness of about three weeks, Mrs. Robert Rankin passed away peacefully on Wednesday, September 5, 1928, at her home in the city of Toronto. She was born in the city of Toronto, Ontario, Canada, on August 15, 1862. She was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Rankin. She was married to Mr. Robert Rankin on August 15, 1882. She was a member of the Presbyterian Church and was a devoted wife and mother. She is survived by her husband, Mr. Robert Rankin, and her children, Mr. and Mrs. James Rankin, Mr. and Mrs. John Rankin, and Mr. and Mrs. William Rankin. Her funeral services will be held on Friday, September 7, 1928, at 2 p.m., in the Presbyterian Church of Toronto. Burial will be in the Woodlawn Cemetery.

Arnott Women's Institute

(Mrs. E. McInnis, Reporter) The September meeting of the Arnott Women's Institute was held at the home of Mrs. John Fraser. After the usual opening exercises the September report from Matthew was read. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and adopted. About 30 members, visitors and children were present. The roll call was read. An "Old Superstition" concerning a business was discussed. Mrs. M. plans made to have a health picnic on the afternoon of October 1st. The Fair Day in the Agricultural Hall, Mrs. Jas. Cozser gave a sponsored solo. The "Grandmother's Program" was under the capable hand of Mrs. A. G. Chisholm. A most interesting paper, "The Joy of Harvest," was read by Mrs. H. Stewart. An "Observation Contest" by the grandmothers was won by Mrs. H. Merriman, who received a prize. The hostess treated the grandmothers to a lovely box of chocolates. The meeting closed with singing. Miss O. Murray and Mrs. G. E. McInnis were the assistants. Mr. and Mrs. Robt. McInnis visited here over the week-end. Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Miller and family of Boggor were recent visitors also.

SAFETY versus HIGH INTEREST Many a man has lost his hard-earned savings because of the fatal lure of high interest. A safe general rule to remember is—the higher the interest, the greater the risk. PUT YOUR SAVINGS INTO A SAVINGS ACCOUNT in the BANK OF MONTREAL Established 1817 There they will earn a reasonable interest and be safe