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EDITORIAL

THE ART OF BEING CAREFUL. As the days go on the investigation into the foundering of the Vestris goes slowly on.

It might be well if we all took pains to make a habit of being careful, even about the minutest details. It is a habit that should be taught from childhood up.

THE FARMERS' OWN EVENT. Even as the Canadian National Exhibition at Toronto is the greatest of its kind in the world, so is the Royal Winter Fair the greatest annual event of its kind in the world.

All Canada, and farmers in particular, have reason to be proud of the big fair that opens every year in November in the Coliseum of the Toronto Fair grounds.

Every issue of the Family Herald and Weekly Star of Montreal is worth the year's subscription price to the farmers of Canada.

The Armchair

Dear Friends: Winter seems to be here at last. Looking from the east windows of the Old Parsonage one sees the elms and maples in the gully quite leafless.

Everyone now has things tucked away for the winter, the vegetables in the cellar, the animals and hens in their quarters.

Speaking of hens (they were mentioned above)—not so long ago I mentioned the purpose to write about them.

There doesn't seem to be much individuality among hens. Pretty much all alike they are equipped with the same simplicités. Our "little" sister calls them "positively subnormal," and often enough they seem so.

Perhaps there is a lesson here for humans. It is not always the greatest kindness to stand too much between a child and the world.

otions, so sensitive that every criticism and every rebuff cuts like a whip. How easy it would be for such petted darlings to do "like the little pullet—get outside of a fence and poke along, solitary and undisturbed."

To return to our subject: Not long ago I was reading a book by a quite famous English writer of essays, and, rather to my surprise, came upon a few paragraphs devoted to the rather homely topic of farm poultry.

Here is the passage from his "The Thread of Gold," which I had in mind to tell you when I began this ramble:

"The farmyard cock is an incredibly grotesque creature. His turpious eye, his blood-red crest, his long look as if he were seeking whom he might devour. But he is the most craven of creatures. In spite of his air of just anger, he has no dignity whatever."

So a great man condescended to write, for a little, about hens. But then all of A. C. Benson's books are written about simple, homely subjects.

THE WEEKLY POEM

By William E. Hooley, the English poet who is a crippled invalid and spent most of his days in bed.

Under the bludgeoning of chance My head is bloody, but unbowed. Beyond this place of wrath and tears Looms but the Horror of the shade

More Ancient History of Williamsford. After reading my story, "The History of Williamsford," which appeared in the last two issues of The Banner, some of the old-timers have come to my assistance with some more items that should be in it.

TO THINK ABOUT

The question, then, is this: Is a simple, useful, dignified, happy life possible to most of us without the stimulus of affairs, of power, of fame? I answer—unhesitatingly that such a life is possible.—Arthur Christopher Benson.

THINGS TO EAT

Wash and pick fine 1 cup salt cod or other salt fish. Pare and dice 2 cups potatoes. Put fish and potatoes with boiling water to just cover, and boil until soft.

HELPFUL HINTS Floor Cracks. Floor cracks let in a lot of cold during winter. Fill large cracks with bits of wood pounded in, then fill all crevices and smaller cracks with a filler.

Keeping Warm. People who suffer by becoming cold in bed can render the bed quite comfortable by putting a woollen blanket under the bottom sheet as well as over the top one.

THE WOOLLEN MILL

The Woollen Mill was first run by Mr. Craven, followed by Mr. Edwin Bative, who afterwards went to Manulife Island where they keep a large number of sheep. He was followed by CHB and Shaw, and Mr. Kennedy.

Bon Derrick, a colored man, who lived to be well over a hundred years old, was a good plasterer, and will be remembered by some of the bolder residents.

Mr. John Clark had the first blacksmith shop on the lot now owned by Mr. Boldt, south of the community hall. He made the first wagon in Williamsford, which was bought by Mr. David McMillan.

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