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**EDITORIAL****"BOILING"**

Do you ever simply boil with indignation over something that seems to you absolutely unjust, yet over which you have no more immediate authority than a babe in a wod? Well, the writer of this "boiled" recently, when reading the account of the indictments handed in to Judge Adler in Buffalo, on Dec. 4th. Picture the scene: Judge Adler sits in his office. Deputies enter. A representative of the Federal Grand Jury of the United States hands in a report indicting thirty Canadian firms and individuals with being parties to a big smuggling syndicate that has smuggled liquor worth \$25,000,000 into the United States during the last year. The indictment is handed in "without comment." Judge Adler receives it "in silence." There are times when indignation, or shame for another, or an embarrassing situation ties the tongue. Then a representative of the Division of Foreign Control of the U.S. Prohibition Department announced that the investigation's just beginning.

When the names of those indicted are made public, it is found that they include those of managers of more than one great distillery firm in our country. Of course one is not surprised at that, but one feels rather cynical, as one remembers the fine homes, luxurious lives, and social position of the heads of these very firms. For in every city it seems to be true that while the cigar manufacturers are allowed a very obscure social recognition, the brewers and their families are received with open arms. Why—in the name of all that is inexplicable!

Reading on, one gathers that Canadians on this side of the line have been operating in secret with agents on the other side. That certain operators on this side, even as close to the border as Niagara, never venture across the line for fear of arrest. That under present treaties Canadians living on the other side cannot be extradited for violation of custom laws, but that the State Department is trying to arrange a conference with the Canadian Customs Service for an agreement making such violations extraditable. A little further down the column it is told that one man in Canada whose name was on the list protested loudly, when questioned by the inevitable "reporter", that he had done nothing illegal, that if Americans wanted liquor his firm sold it, but in a legal way.

And then one remembers the whole rotten business along the Detroit River: Canadian firms sending liquor "legally", as well as illegally, across the water to Detroit. Some of it short-circuited back into Canada (and court decisions speedily made against that). Rum-jumping boats thick as bees after pigtail, a few steps towards control taken by our authorities, who closed a number of export docks, but left our chosen firm free to export equitably authorized by our Federal Government.

One remembers, too, Carl Anderson, of Lewiston, aged 34, lying with the top of his head shot off, in the bottom of a rum-running launch, after an encounter near the Niagara River with a Coast Guard boat authorized to seize "The Bug" at sight. And the dead body of Jack Kennedy, 32, down with the mouth in the ooze of a swamp near Toledo—Jack Kennedy, Canadian, quiet and studious, but who chanced to get mixed up with the liquor business by being book-keeper for the Carling company. Murdered, it is suspected, because he was to be a witness in a coming suit and had said he would not lie. One remembers, too, the story of Charles Williams, liquor exporter, of Windsor, forced by threats to hand over \$40,000 to Detroit thugs, and declining to make charge for fear of his life. And that Sam Low, another wealthy liquor exporter (and brother of

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

**The Armchair****The Old Personage**

Dear Friends:

Christmas, 1928, before the next issue of The Banner reaches you!

How quickly the years fly!

No doubt we are again saying "A Me-

nis" in 1929. As I was writing

this morning, I glanced up

now and saw the hills

again, and saw the hills

along the fence; and I

walked there,

towards the village a few

minutes ago I noticed the reflected lights in the water lying

in the flat.

It does not look like Christmas at all.

But perhaps before

it really comes, the big flick

will have fallen again,

covered the ground, and hung tu-

on the trees, and put the

heads on the fence-posts.

I wonder why we always

want really ("hol-

ly" of assoc-

iations of childhood,

and jolly family parties at

them. And the old Chris-

to this day I remember es-

that were sent about w-

a "little," and always they

were frosty at favor-

against us,

call it "temperance" (tool word in this connection) over there. Per-

haps we common folk do not understand Governments, but to many of us it seems incomprehensible that our own Federal Government can do the things it is doing—legalize the sale of intoxicating drink to a neighbor who is making a brave attempt to keep "its" people sober. Notwithstanding the complaint at Ottawa that if the American officers did their duty better there would be less rum-running on the St. Clair and Detroit rivers, it does seem unfair that the United States should be compelled to bear the expense of patrolling forces all along the border because liquor flows so freely from Canada. Once upon a time there was a country that tried to rid itself of opium. Remember it? Does not this seem like the opium affair over again? Sometimes, considering the whole liquor question, one wonders that our whole nation does not rise against it and be done with it—from horns to cloven hoof. For in its trall comes all evil and no good—usually the loss of the finest qualities in those who drink but never go into the depths—poverty, lies, theft, quarrelling, murder, among those who do. And the worst of "Government Control" is that it has put a sort of false stamp of responsibility on the traffic. We were told not long ago by a young man who knows what he is talking about, that the parents of Ontario would be aghast if they knew how their sons have been drinking since the sale of liquor was sponsored by our Government. A liquor revenue for Ontario of nearly eight and a half millions last year! Can any real good come of money so won? As an editorial recently well said: "While countless men have drunk themselves to destruction, no man or nation or region has ever drunk itself into prosperity." Can Ontario ever under the Government Control?

"'Tis farce, the land, to hastening ill a prey.

Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

Whether the wealth goes into the public treasury makes no difference to the truth of that.

It is a matter of gratification to every independent mind whether Conservative, Liberal, or U.F.O., that the U.F.O. Convention recently held in Toronto stood out boldly for prohibition. A credit to the farm folk, who chiefly make up this great association.

There is one outstanding step towards obtaining prohibition—the step the United States has taken. Of course there is always the trouble of enforcement, but President Hoover is yet to be heard from. And he is in with that step should go the work of education—all-covering, persistent, unremitting, beginning with the young. How much better use for eight and a half millions of dollars than spending them in liquor! Uses to build up instead of destroy.

This is not a Christmas article, but the New Year is coming—and good resolutions. May we think for Canada and her honor as well as for ourselves.

A. M. W.

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many of them?"

That granted, is not the next thought sure to come that since He has made so many of them, He surely expects each to rise to the very highest that it is possible for him or her to attain? How else is one's heriting on this earth justifiable? How else can one justify one's own existence?—The highest—mentally, physically, and, above all, in character.

It is said that something of the same spirit as was in the Mothers of Israel (if but a tiny gleam of it) exists among the mothers in every Re-public to-day. In a land in which any boy born within its borders has a chance to win his way to the Presidency, there may always exist in a mother's heart the hope that her lad with the brave eyes may rise to that position of honor and service; and it must follow that hope may inspire many a mother to extra efforts in the training and education of her sons. One wonders why one never hears something of the same kind mentioned in Canada, for although the seat of Governor-General is debarred from the Canadian, the position of Premier—one that gives greater opportunity of service to Canada—is always open, and occasionally it goes to the one best qualified for it.

Even though that goal be never attained, it is true that "He who aims at a star strikes higher far than he who aims at a tree." Effort in training, in education, is never wasted, especially if the supreme goal is character. There is not a single walk in life in which a man or a woman cannot walk better if qualified with character by high quality. Sometimes we make the mistake of putting "success"—so-called, educationally, or in a money-making way—first. Transcendently above these is fine character, which stands by itself, although education may help to work up to it. The dandelion is perfect in its way—better than the parasite orchid, that, with all its beauty, sucks its life from another plant. The workman equipped with "character," who stands on his own feet, lives a life of uprightness, and service, is better far than the millionaire who has come to his "success" through less sturdy and less creditable means. After all, what is success?

It seems as if the teaching of the idea of service, as the one means of justifying our existence in the world, teaching it to the children in the years when they can be impressed, should do much towards making this world a different place from that which it is. Were that idea grounded in the mind of every boy and girl, what would become of self-seeking at the expense of other people—one of the great roots of the world's evils. For it is quite generally conceded to-day that were selfishness—callous self-seeking—banished entirely, heaven-on-earth would at once begin.

Christmas has been so long and so often called the "children's day," that we sometimes forget that it is also the mother's day. Perhaps the Roman Catholic church has remembered that better than we Protestants.

And now back to our subject: "Only a little village of reputation small."

Do you ever dream of things that might be started or carried through in our own obscure little village? Various methods are given to keep onions from making the tears come, such as peeling them in front of an open fire or under water. As good

dissolved in the milk, pinch salt, ½

teaspoon ginger. Steam 2 hours in

buttered mould, never letting water stop boiling hard. Serve with hard

or liquid sauce.

Eggless Plum Pudding.

To 1 cup sweet milk add 1 cup

molasses; 1 cup chopped suet, 3

eggs or steel wool, or a mixture of

soda, cloves, allspice and cinnamon; 1 pound seeded raisins, chopped. May add currants and peel if you like. Boil in greased

half cup milk. Pour the hot milk

into other ingredients stirring rap-

idly until it foams, then add 1 tea-

spoon vanilla. Serve pudding and

sauce very hot.

HELPFUL HINTS.

To cook cabbage, turnips, etc.,

without filling the house with odor,

just at simmering point.

When ironing handkerchiefs, ta-

ble napkins, etc., hold the best ones

in the ordinary way and the old ones

three-cornerwise. This will save

time when selecting the articles.

A useful sick room hint is to fill

a number of heavy paper bags with

coal and keep them near stove or

furnace, "they may be slipped in

very quickly if the patient is asleep,

or likely to be worried by noise.

To keep flour dry, elevate the

barrel at least 2 inches from the

floor by placing it on supports. Keep

it in a dry cool place.

HELPFUL HINTS.

Peeling Onions.

Various methods are given to keep

onions from making the tears come,

such as peeling them in front of an

open fire or under water. As good

as any is to have a very sharp

knife and clip off both top and bot-

tom of the onion. The onions can

then be peeled very quickly without

much bruising.

Keeping Mice, Away.

Plug up all holes you can find with

tears, or steel wool, or a mixture of

soda and pepper for small holes. This

will give the cat a better chance

and there is no mouse exterminator

as effective as a good cat. If mice

get into the house there, too, it may

be necessary to have the tail

over the bottom if the mice are

very persistent.

To Clean Rusty Pins.

With a wooden rag dipped first in

oil of camphor, then in ashes. Wash with

hot soap suds. Rinse well, and dry

carefully, fearing if I stay

killed him as I would

and quantity the Fam-

ily Weekly Star, M.

month.

United Church

Minister, Rev. A. M. W.

Sunday School

11 a.m.

Choir

7 p.m.

Ladies Aid

Auxiliary

W.M.F.

month.

Sabbath School

10 a.m.

Choir

11 a.m.

Worship

12 p.m.

and

1 p.m.