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EDITORIAL

1929

Time was when it was quite fashionable to make New Year resolutions. Few people do that now—probably because it is so easy to break them, and the old Puritan hardiness (or hardness) that enabled people to whip themselves into line seems to have long passed.

As Emerson says, "If only we could be independent of our moods!" We will a thing ever so much when one line of thought has possession of us, or one set of circumstances has hedged us about. Then things change or we change. Of a sudden we seem to be different people altogether—and away goes all our will-ing on the wind and over the hill.

Nevertheless it might not be a bad practice to do a little stock-taking of ourselves, at the end of the old year. Where have we done our level best? Where have we fallen short? Does the account come out larger on the wrong side? Does the New Year, on the whole, find us A step in advance of what we were on the New Year a year ago? If not, what are we heading for?

Have we any definite aims? Or are we just drifting along? If we are just drifting—then what?

A number of very fine people (we read it in their biographies) made a practice of writing out a number of things about themselves on "watch-night"—perhaps with the idea of being more definite in regard to their own lives. For one simply has to be definite before one can write a thing down clearly. It was a rather praiseworthy habit.

And yet it does not do to be too introspective. Too much introspection has a tendency to make one self-centered; and that is one of the rocks to be avoided as we speed down the swirling river of Time. "The happy mean" is a phrase that has a great deal more to it than appears on the surface. After all, perhaps a life of busy usefulness, with an occasional hour given to contemplation, is one not far off the right track.

There is an ancient Hindu book called the Bagavat Gita. It is rather hard to grasp as one reads. Indeed one learned Hindu said that if he were to read it seven times a year for seven years he would be just beginning to know all that it means. It is written in the form of a dialogue between Krishna and Arjuna, the higher and the lower self; and on one point at least it is clear—that it stresses a life of action plus meditation. Perhaps the people of India have rather overdone the latter; perhaps we have rather overdone the former.

Nineteen hundred and twenty-nine is at our door. How many changes there have been in our community during 1928!—chiefly in the passing from among us of those whom we were accustomed to see on our streets, in our houses and churches. And changes will come during 1929. Some of them will be independent of us, out of our hands; some may be of our doing. But whatever our circumstances may be, we shall not be far astray, so far as the ultimate values are concerned, if we do "our level best" in everything that comes our way.

A Happy New Year to you for 1929!

A. M. W.

WHAT WORDS FOR "O CANADA"?

A recent newspaper stated that a committee composed of Professor Pelham Edgar, Mrs. Livesay (poet), and Mrs. J. W. Garvin (whose pen-name is "Katharine Hale") appointed by the Canadian Clubs to fix upon a set of words for our Canadian National Anthem, have chosen the following:—

O CANADA!

O Canada! Our home and native land,
True patriot love in all thy sons command.
With glowing hearts we see thee rise,
The True North, strong and free!
And stand on guard, O Canada,
We stand on guard for thee.

O Canada! O Canada!
O Canada, we stand on guard for thee.
O Canada, we stand on guard for thee.

O Canada! Where pines and maples grow,
Great prairies spread and lordly rivers flow.
How dear to us thy broad domain,
From East to Western sea,
Thou land of hope for all who toil,
Thou True North strong and free!

O Canada! Beneath the shining skies
May stalwart sons and gentle maidens rise,
To keep thee steadfast through the years
From East to Western sea,
Our Father and, our Motherland!
Our True North strong and free.

—R. Stanley Weir, D.C.L.

Personally, we do not like these stanzas nearly as well as those by Dr. A. D. Watson, to be found in The Book of Praise; but it will be a good thing if uniformity is somehow brought about. The draggle-tailed singing of "O Canada", because no two people knew the same words, has been a thing to make "gods and angels weep". To say the least it would have been pathetic if not so ridiculous.

Massie

(Myrtle McKessock, Reporter)

The regular meeting, also election of officers of the W.M.S. was held on Thursday, Dec. 13th, at Mrs. Harvey Taylor's, with a good attendance. The President, Mrs. Hamill, was in charge. A satisfactory report of the year's work was given by the Treasurer, Mrs. Will Sutherland. Mrs. Geo. Rice read the Scripture Lesson. A vocal solo by Mrs. Stanley Norton, and readings by Mrs. Duncan McLaughlin and Caroline Taylor made up an attractive program, after which came the election of officers resulting as follows:—

President, Mrs. Geo. Shouldice.
Vice-Pres., Mrs. Max Neelands.
Rec.-Sec., Mrs. Alex. McPherson.
Treas., Mrs. Stanley Norton.
Social Vice-Presidents, Mrs. Will Rice, Mrs. Geo. Rice, Mrs. Duncan McLaughlin. The new President took charge of the closing exercises, after which a social half hour made a pleasant conclusion of an interesting meeting.

The U.F.O. club meeting, on Wednesday, Dec. 12th, was of unusual interest owing to the very full and good report of the Convention in Toronto, given by the delegate, Mr. Tom Ramage.

Mabel Sutherland and Mary Taylor are home from Toronto University to spend holidays at their homes here.

Our Sunday School Christmas tree, which is really a community affair, took place in the Orange Hall on Thursday last, and was an unusually happy event. Mrs. Will Rice occupied the chair, and the program opened with a tableau, "Everybody's Happy", showing the whole family from grandparents to babies, also a little Indian and little colored girl, all admiring their Christmas gifts. Choruses were given by the Sunday School children, and a vocal duet by May and Charlie Kirk; also instrumental numbers were given by the Craddock family. Recitations were contributed by Caroline Taylor, Marie Phillips, Marjorie Howey, Clayton Howey, Lionel Foster and Victor Shouldice. A pretty doll's drill was given by twelve little children, and an attractive number of the program, a dialogue "Aunt Melissa's Money", was rendered by six of the young people, the characters being taken as follows: Jean Cook as Ellen Thompson; Mamie McPherson as Miss Melissa Middleton; Marion Martin as Adelina Harbrook; Norman McKessock as Azariah Higgins; Charlie Kirk as Adolphus Saranac; George McLaughlin as Mark Davidson. A pretty feature was entitled "The Hour Behind Christmas", which ended with the singing of a carol "It Came Upon the Midnight Clear", rendered behind the curtain by Mrs. Stanley Norton. At the close the Superintendent, Mr. Stanley Norton, took charge of the distribution of the gifts.

On Sunday Mr. W. S. W. Breese of Chatsworth took charge of the services in the church, speaking from Ruth 2 : 10-11. At the beginning of the service he told a very interesting story to the children. The anthem, "Come Ye Lofty, Come Ye Lowly", was rendered by the choir.

Three of our teachers are home for the holidays: Evelyn Shouldice, from Cavell School, near Owen Sound; Chrissie Sutherland, from St. Mark's; and Mary Rice, from Jackson.

Evelyn Hamill is home from Toronto Normal to spend the holidays with her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Hamill.

Vera, Elva and Lucas Perdue are all home from Toronto for holidays; also Miss Polly McKessock.

Wesley Neelands and Geo. Sutherland are home from the O.S.C.I.

Are you thinking about building? Let the Family Herald and Weekly Star, Montreal, help you. Write to the Farm Buildings Department.

The Armchair

The Old Parsonage

Dear Friends:

I have a habit of starting to write editorial and wanting to go on longer than any decent editorial writer should ever think of going; and once in a while the thing slops over into Armchair, as it is going to do right now.

When writing about the higher and the lower self (and which of us does not possess the two?) I remembered a series of pictures that I saw once in a lecture hall. I have forgotten the name of the lecturer, some Professor from somewhere—it does not matter; but I remember parts of his lecture very distinctly and the pictures.

The subject was "Pergamos" and if you look that up in the New Testament you will find it referred to. Ancient history tells us that it was called "Satan's Seat". Pergamos was a very fine city in Asia Minor, ninth of Smyrna, if I remember rightly, and in New Testament times it was inhabited by pagans, worshippers of idols—because that was their way of worshipping higher things, of which they had some conception. At all events the fact that the place was inhabited by idol-worshippers was enough to have given the name, among the early Christians, "Satan's Seat".

The pictures were confined to the various parts of a great altar, actually a temple, on top of one of the hills. If you can imagine three great halls wholly outlined by massive pillars, and set on three sides of a square, you will have some idea of this great place. All about the outside was a high foundation wall, and hundreds of steps led up the enclosed space between the two wings that led to the central building, which was the great altar, the point to which the steps made ascent easy. It is curious that I cannot remember the name of the deity—a goddess I think it was—to whom this wonderfully beautiful structure was dedicated; but the part that impressed me was the wall that made the foundation of the three halls. For it was literally covered with the most wonderful carvings—men and horses, and dragons and monsters underfoot, the horses spearing the monsters, the horses trampling upon them.

As the people trooped up the steps to worship at the great central altar they passed these. And what do you think the figures represented? It was this, the conflict between the gods and the beasts! And the lecturer said he had no doubt but that many of these people, accustomed to the imagery of the East, the symbolical significance of the frieze became apparent—the conflict between the powers for good and the powers of evil,—perhaps between the Higher Self and the Lower Self.

Pergamos, with all its teeming population, became almost a myth of the past. Like many other ancient cities it became covered by the sands of the desert. People did not know even where it had been. Then, one day, German archaeologists discovered the site—found the top of a pillar here and there. The work of excavation began, and after a time the sun shone again on the ancient streets. And the flower of all their beauty was the great altar on top of the hill.

Piece by piece it was carried away and rebuilt in Berlin, protected from the weather by glassed roofs, enclosed for safety all about. It was in Berlin that the photographs which we saw, enlarged by the lantern, had been taken. I wish I could show them to you here; it is so hard to describe things so that those who read can see. But it is rather pleasing to think, is it not, that even in the old pagan cities, the people had grasped the idea of the struggle between good and evil, with the good victorious, trampling the evil.

* * * *

And now, to make a very sudden change in the Armchair talk, it is to be hoped you have all recovered from "the flu". What a time! One down, another down, whole families in bed at once! The chief topic of conversation. "Have you had the flu?" Dr. Phillips dropped in at the Old Parsonage the other day, and a little later our nearest neighbor ran in to see who was ill. I mention him here because he said that if people would only stay in bed and keep warm they would be likely to come out all right,—that it was this getting up and seeing to things that did the damage. I remember so well that when the flu first struck London right after the War (and it was a very bad kind then), we heard of so many deaths of young extra strong-looking men; and in practically every case the story was told:—"He got up and went back to business". No doubt it is hard to stay in bed when one doesn't feel too badly, and business needs to be attended to—or stock in the stables (it is so desperately hard for a farmer not to be about), but—well that is what the Doctor said. If he had come in and said it sooner, I should have put it in last week's paper, as a warning.

We got such a dreadful lesson over the disease that winter in the city. A Latter Day Saints' Church across the street from my boarding place had been turned into a hospital, and one scarcely ever looked across without seeing an ambulance or a rough-box, or a hearse. It got so on one's nerves! The schools were all closed, and turned into dispensing stations from which food—soup, and custard, and so on—were sent out to homes where everyone was in bed.

I remember hearing Dr. H. W. Hill (head of the Institute of Public Health) say that in time of epidemic the one way of checking it is to isolate the patients and keep away from crowds, or from anyone who has the disease—unless it is absolutely necessary, to give help. That when one has to attend a patient one should strive not to "get the breath", and should be careful to sterilize all dishes used in eating, etc., with boiling water. I'd like to tell you about Dr. Hill some day; he so revolutionized ideas in our city. He certainly was after "the germ", hammer and tongs, would have prohibited hand-shaking if he could, and was death on people kissing each other's mouths. "Of course they will do it", he used to say, "but that's a fine way to keep disease on the go."

Well, by this time perhaps you are all better, and so, the best of good wishes for a Happy New Year.

A. M. W.

FOR 1929

We are planning some new features to be worked out in The Banner during the coming year if possible. One is the running of a serial story just as soon as the extra space is justified—possibly a story, to begin with, that can be got nowhere else but in the pages of this publication. Suggestions for other things, from our readers, will always be welcome, and will be acted upon if at all posible.

TO THINK ABOUT

"I have always been a quarter of an hour before my time, and it has made a man of me."—Lord Nelson.

HOT SUPPER DISHES

French Toast

Beat one cup sour milk and quarter teaspoon soda with egg-beater. Add one level tablespoon sugar, quarter teaspoon salt, and one unbeaten egg. Beat smooth with egg-beater, then beat in three-quarter cup flour. Put shortening in frying pan and let melt. Dip slices of bread in the mixture and fry until brown on both sides, turning when necessary. Serve very hot with jam, honey, or syrup.

Tomatoes and Corn

Mix canned tomatoes and corn, season, simmer slowly for 20 minutes and serve on buttered toast.

Creamed Potatoes

Make a thin white sauce as follows:—Mix together two tablespoons butter and two of flour. Add one cup hot milk slowly, stirring all the time, and cook until creamy. Add cooked potatoes cut in dice, and set in the oven until thoroughly hot. If you like you may add a little grated onion or cheese, also a little sweet cream.

Vegetable Chowder

Cook together in salty water, potatoes cut in thick slices, and carrot in thin slices; some bits of onion and celery; a few bits of turnip, and some shredded cabbage. Have just enough water so that the vegetables will make a thick stew. If you like you may add a little flour blended in a little water, to thicken; also a piece of butter. Season with pepper and serve very hot.

Stuffed Potatoes

Bake large uniform potatoes until soft. Cut in two lengthwise and scoop out the pulp. Mix it with sausage meat and refill the potato shells, heaping them well. Re heat in the oven. Or leave out the meat and simply beat the potato with a little cream and seasoning and refill, then bake until slightly browned (this is hastened by putting a little butter over the top). Another way is to put a thin strip of bacon over the top after refilling; bake until done.

HELPFUL HINTS

Nightcaps ?

A well-known Canadian physician says that people should wear night caps, and that if they did they would have many colds in the head, catarrh and sinus troubles. "You would not think of going three blocks down street on a cold winter day," he says, "yet you will open your window and lie in bed for eight or nine hours without any head-covering!"

Upholstered Furniture in Winter

To clean upholstered furniture in winter cover it with damp cloths, then beat, and the dust will not go into the room. A damp cloth over registers while the furnace is being taken, will keep all the dust from the rooms.

To Clean Vinegar Bottle

Fill with chopped raw potato skins, cork and let stand in a warm place three days, then turn the skins out and rinse with warm water and caustic or ammonia.

POEM FOR NEW YEAR'S

You Who Are Young

Who are young, it is you, it is you
Who must make the dreams of the world come true,
Who are young have a world to build,
The future shall be what you have willed.

Learn and practice, plan and do;
Hold to a vision and shape it true,
And you'll find at last that a dream or two,
Because of you, because of you,
Has out of the mist and the dark come true.

You who are young
Need what you build with hand and tongue,
You who are young, you who are young!

—Mary Caroline Davies.

Professional Cards

DENTISTRY

DR. M. C. G. BEBEE
Dentist, 836 - 2nd Ave. E., Owen Sound, over McQuaker's. Phone 373.

MEDICAL

DR. MACKINNON PHILLIPS
Graduate in Medicine of Toronto University, Member of the Ontario College of Physicians and Surgeons; also Canadian Medical Association. Day or night call, Phone 5, Chatsworth.

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

Ring Out, Wild Bells

(Tennyson's never-old clarion call for the New Year)

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the flying light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless, coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrow lust for gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

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