The Chatsworth Banner
is published on Wednesday by
A. E. COLGAN & SON
Markdale, Ontario

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Subscription Rate $1.00 per year in Canada.

EDITORIAL

THE BOYS' PARLIAMENT

On December 27th was opened, in the Parliament Buildings, Toronto, the Eighth Tuxis Boys' Parliament of Ontario. The procedure was exactly the same as that for the real Parliament. The session was opened by Acting Lieutenant-Governor Alan Van Every; not a detail was lacking. There was but one deviation; the members were welcomed on behalf of the Premier and Legislative Assembly, by the Attorney-General of Ontario, Hon. Col. W. H. Price, K.C., who also addressed the body, speaking on "Self-Control", and, in passing, advising the boys to be "open-minded, not prejudiced".

This institution for the youth of Ontario, that has been carried on for the past eight years, is surely worthy of all praise. Only outstandingly "all round" and capable boys can hope for election—the test is a sort of "Rhodes Scholarship" in legislative training. Statesmanship—not politics, in the sense of the word in which it has come to be used—is the aim. A thorough preliminary training in the art of government is afforded; if the boys come to sit in the halls of legislature later in life they shall have to waste no time or thought on the surface things, necessary, yet secondary,—they will know the A to Z of Parliamentary procedure.

Best of all they will have imbibed a thorough respect for real statesmanship; there will be little danger that they will aim at a seat in Parliament for the sake of any personal grab that may be afforded by it.—Not that this is common among existing M.Ps.; but there have been indications from time to time that it has not been unknown.

It is to be hoped that the boys of the Boys' Parliament will be filled, from the beginning, with the idea of Parliament as a great opportunity for real service to the country—the most patriotic of motives. Were Parliament universally looked upon in that light we should have at our head statesmen, not politicians; patriots, not self-servers; men jealous for the public good; not merely anxious to cut a niche for themselves by monuments showy in themselves, at the expense of a more general good in all the homes even to the lowliest.

It is a pity that the organization is not extended enough to take in all the older boys, everywhere in our Province. Everywhere among the boys there is energy "to burn", alertness, intelligence. They should have a chance to work some of these qualities out in an activity that might some day mean much to our country. The boys of to-day will be the men of to-morrow. In our own community may be the makings of a future Prime Minister. Who knows?

NEW PEOPLE FOR CANADA

For several weeks now the newspapers have been carrying articles dealing with immigration. It appears that the "Old Countries" are so overrun with unemployed, in need of proper food, clothing, and the necessaries of home life, that the matter has become one for serious consideration on the part of the Government, which is co-operating with our own Government in plans to settle immigrants on our unsettled lands. Indeed, so important is the subject looming, that it is likely to be made an issue in the coming elections.

Reduced rates, assisted passages, building of cottages by the Governments (working together), and training of immigrants in farming, are among the solutions under consideration.

On the other hand Dr. C. I. Christie, President of the O.A.C., Guelph, is declaring that graduates of the College, who have spent four years in studying agriculture at the institution, but have not the means left to start farming for themselves, should be financed and so enabled to make use of the knowledge and experience they have gained. If the British Government finds it worth while to advance $2500 to young emigrants without farm experience, he argues, how much better would it be to finance young Canadians who are trained, and who could in time pay back loans from the Government were such made.

No doubt the unemployment problem in Great Britain is a tremendous one, a pressing one. The sympathetic heart of a nation or an individual must go out to people in want of every necessity of life. At the same time it seems rather clear to those of us who know farming from A to Z that it is a profession that cannot be learned in a few months training, even under the best agricultural experts available. Experience is the best teacher, most of all in agriculture, whose thorough understanding requires ramifications into so many sciences. It is required, hand in hand with all the training and information that can be got from the agricultural schools and experimental stations, if effective results are to be secured. And it seems to many of us doubtful if people thrown out of cities into the isolation of our Canadian West and North, equipped with but a smattering of their job, are likely to make good. We were told by an agricultural representative sent to give assistance to the soldiers settled on soldiers' grants in the Northwest, after the War, that he found most of the men living in almost abject poverty, under the most distressing circumstances. They had lost ambition, and were just living along, discouraged and aimless, knowing not how to help themselves. It is a question whether miners from the old country settled on the land will do any better. Twenty-five hundred dollars soon evaporates unless money is being continually made.

And if these new comers do not make good, Canada will be saddled with a population of tens of thousands of "lianers", who cannot stand on their own feet.

But—What is to be done with these unfortunates to-day? Why are there so many of them?

Doubtless it is the old story of "Frankenstein".

ALWAYS SOMETHING

Sometimes people who read of the tremendous demolition of our forests, for pulpwood, and building purposes, and by forest fires, wonder what the world will do when the timber is all gone, as it is likely to be some day—in North America, at all events, unless the work of reforestation is speeded up. "It's enough to make an old man scratch his head and think", as the nursery rhyme has it.

But of late we read of experiments that promise to be successful. In the United States tests are being made with corn leaves, looking to the manufacture of paper. Also, we are told, a French engineer has perfected a machine that presses straw into firm slabs bound about with steel wire, forming "boards" useful for partitions and outdoor building. Also the pressed straw is said to be quite available as fuel. Of such interest is this announcement to our Canadian West, where millions of tons of straw go to waste every year, that it is reported that the Saskatchewan Government may ship some over to France to test what may be done with the Canadian product.

Another announcement reveals that already, in a Pennsylvania steel mill, all sorts of vitreous articles, such as bathroom articles, etc., very hard and often of brilliant color, are being made of a coal by-product; and it is predicted that the same material will be quite as useful for making furniture and interior house-fittings.

Obviously these are beginnings of vast industries. It is but a step from pressing straw to pressing marsh-grass, bamboo and other reed-like foliage. If paper can be made from corn, it is likely that it can be made from other annual growths.

Always there is "something".

L. O. L. 740, Holland Centre

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The Armchair

The Old Parsonage

Dear Friends:

Perhaps Christmas is in the air yet, even though New Year's Day has passed. At any rate I am thinking as I write of an old man who looked so like "Santa Claus" that every year about Christmas little children used to go up to him on the street and tell him what they wanted put in their stockings or on the Christmas tree. He died about two years ago, and you may have seen an account of his death, and a short sketch of his life, which appeared in all the papers at the time.

The first time I saw him was at a lecture given in St. Andrew's Hall, London, by Professor Conklin, of Princeton. I was sitting with a friend in the gallery, and as the blue-eyed old man with the long white beard came in I exclaimed "There is John Burroughs!" and truly the likeness was very remarkable. "Oh no," said my friend, "that is Dr. Barnett. He has just come to London. He is living up at the University residence."

Details followed. That he had given the Western University a marvellous collection of books, and that, accordingly, the University had been opened to him, residence and all. I don't know how long he stayed there with the boys, few of whom were over 22 years of age—possibly a year or so. Later he lived in boarding-houses here and there in the north end, always near the University.

After that he became a very familiar figure to us all. Always one saw him at the best operas, and at all the lectures given in the city, invariably sitting in a front seat so that he could hear better, sometimes holding his hand to his ear to assist. And one day I met himself, for a friend who knew him took me to see his library, which was then housed in the old Ryerson school on Cheapside street, because the University at that time could not spare room for it.

Can you imagine 40,000 books in one building? Can you imagine any one man collecting so many, even in the course of a long life? They were everywhere,—covering the walls to the ceiling, filling the floors in tall double-faced bookcases. And among them sat the dear old Doctor, near a big box stove, with a huge tome open on the big table before him. He had the clearest blue eyes,—perhaps they looked the bluer because of his snow-white hair and beard; and his voice was full and resonant. Indeed, notwithstanding his age, the impression one got was of vigorous life. His cheeks were pink as roses.

We must have been there for two hours that day. He took down rare volumes to show us; exhibited with pride his "Shakespeariana"—editions large and small, of Shakespeare, and all sorts of books about his works. "I think I can say," he said, "that I have the best Shakespearean collection in Canada."

And then he told us something of how he had collected such a vast library. He had begun early in life to buy books, and before long book-collecting became his pet amusement. At every chance he prowled about in bookshops, finding more interesting things in the second hand shops than in the others; and once he made a walking tour of 3000 miles to and fro through England, for the express purpose of exploring any nook and cranny where books might be found.

He had never married, and on the buying of books was lavished the money that other men spend on families and property. And yet book-collecting was only a hobby, filling in the margins of time outside of his proper work, which was that of construction engineer in connection with railways. That work he had begun when he came to Montreal, from England, as a lad of seventeen; and he had carried it on until his retirement, some time before coming to London. In the meantime he had risen by virtue of his own determination and industry, from working at the bench in the Grand Trunk Railway shops as a fitter's improver, to being head of the draughting room of the Railway by the time he was 21; then master mechanic; mechanical superintendent of the Midland Railway with headquarters at Port Hope; and finally head of the construction and operation of the Grand Trunk shops at Stratford, where he remained in active service until 1902, when he retired, spending the intervening years, until he came to London in 1918, in travel and study. Among laurels that had come to him during the 40 years that he worked for the Railway, was the degree of Civil Engineer. He remarked once that he had never asked for a promotion and he was proud of the fact that he had made the drawings for the first coal-burning locomotive ever made in Canada. Indeed Dr. Barnett's whole life was an inspiration to young men, as an example of what grit, aliveness and ceaseless industry can accomplish.

During those later years he had lived in a house in Stratford, which almost bulged with the books piled in every room, until one might have wondered where the old man found room to eat a[illegible] of presenting [illegible] minus some [illegible] University c[illegible] mately his re[illegible] His degree c[illegible] was an hono[illegible] conferred upon [illegible] recognition o[illegible]

Quite ofte[illegible] in the Univer[illegible] him going a[illegible] enough to b[illegible] Always he [illegible] favorite with [illegible] not seem in t[illegible] On one occa[illegible] before Christ[illegible] the auditoriu[illegible] on the old [illegible] plays. He to[illegible] drama, at fir[illegible] and given as [illegible] stories to th[illegible] of whom co[illegible] these religiou[illegible] halls or, the[illegible] and sometime[illegible] that went fr[illegible] and was real[illegible] stages—one a[illegible] en; a central, [illegible] and a lower c[illegible] fernal Regio[illegible] devils all app[illegible] rangement, an[illegible] very graphic. [illegible] Even God was [illegible] by very darin[illegible] tors.

[illegible]tt's lecture on this [illegible] interesting it was [illegible] the boys from the [illegible]e of the old plays.

The story chosen [illegible] is of the time when [illegible] ut to offer his son [illegible] preme test demand[illegible] Almighty. The old [illegible] ok the part of Ab[illegible] he was for that [illegible] when a short fat [illegible] read the part at[illegible] el, and a long dark [illegible] speeches supposed [illegible] od, one felt, to say [illegible] like smiling at the [illegible] vever by the time [illegible] h we had a good [illegible] ligious plays, long [illegible] such sincerity and [illegible]

[illegible] had become very [illegible] th Dr. Barnett, as [illegible] Reading Circle of [illegible] led by Dr. Tam[illegible] m. He looked like [illegible] he flock, but not a [illegible] cle was more ener[illegible] than he. At first [illegible] are only, and I re[illegible] two occasions one [illegible] entifully besprinkl[illegible] al plays, happened [illegible] art the old Doctor [illegible] h times he paused [illegible] en sang the song [illegible] ne that fitted; and [illegible] of a young man. [illegible] e acted the part of [illegible] pherds" in Norah [illegible] Nativity play, and [illegible] by the authoress [illegible] present, on his [illegible] rt. I can see him [illegible] by the Shepherd's [illegible] ce, trying to hear [illegible] e "angels" in the [illegible] t to his ear—an [illegible] gesture that adl[illegible] ffect of his acting! [illegible] ay for Dr. Barnett [illegible] hat fine new [illegible] ere to be erected, [illegible] d fitting home for [illegible] Miss Mary Healey [illegible] by the University [illegible] of him, to be hung [illegible]

It was finished [illegible] ago, and the Un[illegible] vent of the pres[illegible] to the Library [illegible] s held in the old [illegible] Dr. Barnett and [illegible] both called upon [illegible] and delightful [illegible] pon a delightful [illegible] and Miss Healey [illegible] away. The work [illegible] nds as a lasting [illegible] lendid new build[illegible] f them ever saw. [illegible] before the con[illegible] begun. Dr. Bar[illegible] her invalid broth[illegible] erwards, suffered [illegible] hich was repeat[illegible] g time he lay in [illegible] tal, visited fre[illegible] t friends, among [illegible] he boys", and [illegible] the invalid who [illegible] t friend, and who [illegible] ng of his illness. [illegible] nt to the Home [illegible] if I mistake not, [illegible] again. Towards [illegible] t failed utterly, [illegible] hat had read so [illegible] nore. But there [illegible] in plenty who [illegible] read to him for [illegible] he cared to be [illegible] he was brave, [illegible] parently acquies[illegible] come to a long, [illegible] life.

[illegible] is great delight [illegible] cidents in con[illegible] ad"—the great [illegible] which he had [illegible] oubt as he lay [illegible] ose last years, [illegible] ved over again, [illegible] nts that befell [illegible] for the 40,000 [illegible] p what is now [illegible] ohn Davis Bar[illegible] nett Library".

One of our Reading Circle "evenings" was held about the big table in the old Ryerson school; and when the reading was over we ate sandwiches and cake, and sipped tea from Mrs. Tamblyn's pretty china sent over for the occasion, and which looked oddly incongruous in the midst of the big dark rooms, black with shadows thrown by dozens of towering bookcases—for there was no light save that over the table, which glowed like an island of light in the midst of the confusion of darkness, and books, and slits of brightness streaming through and making the blackness seem all the blacker. I should like to see the big Library in its new home. It is a sight worth seeing—if any of you who love books ever visit London.

A. M. W.

THE COOKERY COLUMN

Cream Puffs

Melt half cup butter in one cup water boiling hard. When again boiling turn in one cup sifted bread flour quickly, and stir rapidly until a smooth paste is formed. Take off and let cool. Beat in three unbeaten eggs, one at a time, beating and rubbing each in well before the next is added. Place in lumps from a spoon on a greased baking sheet, and bake in a rather hot oven about 25 minutes. When cold split on one side and fill with whipped cream slightly sweetened and flavored.

Oatmeal Macaroons

Two eggs beaten light, half cup sugar, quarter cup corn syrup, one tablespoon melted shortening, half cup dates or raisins cut in bits, two and a half cups rolled oats, half teaspoon salt. Beat sugar, syrup and shortening into the eggs. Mix fruit with oatmeal and salt, and combine mixtures. Drop in little heaps in a greased baking sheet and bake in a moderate oven.

Drop Cookies With Sour Cream

Beat half cup butter to a cream. Gradually beat in one cup sugar, then one beaten egg, and half cup sour cream mixed with quarter teaspoon fine soda. Add two and a half cups flour sifted with three and a half level teaspoons baking powder. Mix very thoroughly. The mixture will be stiff. Drop from a spoon on greased tins, sprinkle with sugar and bake in a moderate oven. Fruit may be added if liked.

HELPFUL HINTS

A Mending Hint

Two or three layers of adhesive tape or plaster put on the soles of shoes which are wearing through will lengthen their lives considerably. If plaster is used it should be heated until a little soft, then applied.

Making Sheets

When making sheets cut them half a yard longer than the quilts, putting a wider hem at the top than at the bottom. The extra length is turned down over the quilts, keeping them from rubbing against your face, and preventing the breath from soiling the bed coverings.

Stringing Beads

Beads strung on dental floss, which may be bought at any drug store, will hold without breaking longer than if strung on ordinary cord.

THE WEEKLY POEM

If This Were Faith

(By Robert Louis Stevenson)

If to feel, in the ink of the slough
And the sink of the mire,
Veins of glory and fire
Run through and transpience and transpire,
And a secret purpose of glory in every part,
And the answering glory of battle [illegible] my heart;
[illegible] with the joy of girded men,
[illegible] for ever, and fall and go on [illegible]
[illegible] to the earth and arise,
[illegible] for the shade of a word
[illegible] a thing not seen with the eyes.
[illegible] half of a broken hope for a pillow at night,
[illegible] how the right is the right,
[illegible] smooth shall bloom from the rough—
[illegible] that were enough?

[illegible] only really National Farm [illegible] the Family Herald and [illegible] Star, Montreal. It has as [illegible] readers in Nova Scotia as in [illegible] wan, and is in its new form [illegible] of the Dominion.

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DR. N. C. G. BEBEE
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