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142 MAIN ST., NEWMARKET

THURSDAY, MAY 14TH, 1942

HELP OF THE HELPLESS

(Contributed)

The greatest tribute ever paid to a mortal being and the highest attribute heaven affords is that one should be acclaimed a helper of the helpless. At the early age of five Florence Nightingale was found completely absorbed in the joy of playing nurse to injured toy animals and bandaging broken dolls. Her first living patient was "man's best friend," a dog; so from tending and mending inanimate toys, then dumb animals, this earthly angel learned to serve humans in their distress—a helper of the helpless. Almost singlehanded she introduced to and organized for a wounded world a hospital service that the angels might well desire to look into and have indeed smiled upon. No woman in all the world has ever equalled her work for the alleviation of suffering and distress. There is no record of so great a service to humanity as that which Florence Nightingale started and for so many years sustained by sheer courage and sincere sympathy. She sounded the trumpet-call to duty for human beings in distress. Wherever sickness or suffering could be found, at home, or abroad her individual sympathy and support always reached.

During ancient wars and even more modern wars up to and including the time when Florence Nightingale originated real hospital service, the wounded, sick or dying soldier received little or no attention or treatment, and frequently was left on the battlefield to die alone. In the battle of Balaklava the hospital death rate was 42 percent, but when Florence Nightingale and her devoted staff of co-operators got this service well organized the death rate was reduced to less than five percent.

The wonderful women who are now helping the helpless in every war hospital, at the dressing-stations on every battlefront of the world, at every outpost of civilization where humans suffer, are sisters of mercy who have bound themselves in personal dedication in their chosen career by the Florence Nightingale pledge, "I solemnly pledge myself before God and in the presence of this assembly to pass my life in purity and to practise my profession faithfully. I will abstain from whatever is deleterious and mischievous, and will not take or knowingly administer any harmful drug. I will do all in my power to maintain and elevate the standard of my profession, and will hold in confidence all personal matters committed to my keeping and all family affairs coming to my knowledge in the practice of my calling. With loyalty will I endeavor to aid the physician in his work, and devote myself to the welfare of those committed to my care."

The little disk bearing a red cross worn on the breast of every Red Cross nurse, painted on every Red Cross ambulance and stamped on the flag over every Red Cross hospital under the sun, is a memorial to the two famous women who founded the Red Cross Society—Florence Nightingale and Lady Hamilton, whose sole aim in life was to help the helpless.

Since the outbreak of war the Canadian Red Cross Society has spent more than $16,000,000 on its work of alleviation. Maclean's Magazine furnishes the following figures. Overseas, it has built, furnished, fully equipped and turned over to Canada's department of defence a 600-bed hospital in England. Sent nearly 9,000,000 articles, supplies and comforts to the forces, military hospitals and civilians; and 5,000,000 surgical dressings. Sent 232 ambulances, 14 vans, 36 mobile kitchen units for feeding fire fighters in bombed areas. Contributed $215,000 to British war relief plus large quantities of materials and supplies; made grants to welfare organizations caring for British merchant seamen; provided 300,000 articles of clothing for men of the navy and merchant ships.

In Canada the Red Cross has opened volunteer blood donor clinics—1,600 donations a week processed into serum to be used for transfusion purposes by the forces and civilians in Britain. Organized the Canadian Red Cross Corps—2,500 uniformed, volunteer, trained women to work in 45 cities. Added to these are many other services freely given to the helpless.

Nine million dollars is the sum required to finance this humanitarian enterprise for this year. Owing to its international status the Red Cross is required to finance its work by voluntary subscriptions. The Red Cross Society is international. Its position rests upon the Conventions of Geneva, ratified by acts of parliament. These require the society to be supported by voluntary subscriptions, and it is only by maintaining such support that the Canadian Red Cross Society can command the rights, privileges and immunities guaranteed under international law. No belligerent government may finance the Canadian Red Cross Society; to do so would be to destroy the international status of the society and even wipe out its immunity under fire.

It is only through the Canadian Red Cross Society that any Canadian can do anything for a Canadian, British, Australian or New Zealand prisoner of war. A steady stream of food parcels to British prisoners-of-war in the far east calls for $3,550,000 of the $9,000,000 to be raised.

In no country, in no clime, in no national or international history can there be found an organization more responsible for the alleviation of suffering, the saving and prolonging of more lives and the helping of the helpless than the Red Cross, pioneered by one of the world's greatest women, who gave to humanity her very best. The unconscious mind is often more conscious than would appear, for some of the deepest emotions carry men beyond the realm of expressed appreciation and surprisingly come to their support in the crisis.

Before and after the action of the great battles in the World War the troops convoked to hear a message or take part in a "sing-song." When invited to name a song they would like to sing there were about five favorite songs called for—"Lead, Kindly Light," "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," "Nearer My God to Thee," "O God Our Help," and "Abide With Me." (Ragtime and jazz didn't have a look-in.) In that zone where nothing is done save under the mantle of death, men want something more than a broken reed to lean upon. These great compositions of the masters surprisingly came to their support in the crisis and none more often than the words of Henry Francis Lyte—

"I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me."

THE GATHERING STORM

Newspapers are saying that parliament and the government must obey the will of the majority as expressed at the polls and enact overseas conscription. Those who voted "Yes" did not necessarily vote for conscription, although the Gallup poll indicates that a high percentage of the Yes voters and even some of the No voters do favor conscription. The government's position was that overseas conscription might or might not, in its opinion, become necessary, and that it asked not a vote for or against conscription but a vote to give parliament and the government the freedom to make the decision. Mr. King himself said that conscription might not be necessary for a year or might not be necessary at all. Mr. King said, and many newspapers said, that it was not a question to be answered by the public. It is illogical for any of the same newspapers to say now either that the people expressed themselves in favor of conscription or that the government should proceed to carry out the wishes of the people.

SERVING THE SOLDIERS

Every town is looking for a way or ways in which it can show its appreciation of what the men and women in uniform are doing and are preparing themselves to do. Newmarket's Soldier-Citizen club is an outstanding example. The town council and a number of women's groups are co-operating to provide a downtown rest room for the boys at the military camp. The women are voluntarily serving in the club rooms seven days a week, and are meeting with an appreciative response from the soldiers. The revenue from sandwiches and refreshments is not sufficient to meet operating expenses. The town council is paying the rent and many citizens have contributed to the furnishing and maintenance of the club.

The sister town of Aurora was a pioneer in providing blood donors for the Red Cross. Long before there was any general realization of the need for blood to be sent to the fighting fronts, the Aurora Red Cross was calling for and securing blood donor volunteers to go to Toronto periodically and give their blood, to be sent after processing at the Connaught Laboratories to various parts of the world.

The town of Bowmanville, too, has seen an opportunity to serve and seized it. Bowmanville's fine contribution is a rest room where itinerant soldiers may stop and have a free lunch and a few hours recreation. On Sundays there have been 100 men on hand for a sing-song. The Bowmanville service clubs, women's organizations and veterans' organizations have combined to finance this project. The rest room is open every afternoon and evening and, as in Newmarket, women are on hand to look after the needs of the boys. The boys can also stay overnight and cook their own breakfasts in the morning.

Word of the Bowmanville rest room has spread among the armed forces, and the callers are increasing in numbers all the time. Aurora, too, is on a provincial highway, although only half as far from Toronto as Bowmanville, and could have a popular rest room. The number of soldiers travelling on Yonge St., to Borden and Newmarket camps, and to Toronto military establishments, is so great, however, that an Aurora rest room could not provide free lunches. It would have to operate on a small profit basis, as does the Newmarket club, and seek municipal and citizen financial support to make ends meet.

SOME BLACK CANNIBALS DO THEIR WORST

BY RUTH DINGMAN HEBB

"It sounds grand to hear your nice, loud warble again and see your orange and black feathers flashing in the sun," Mrs. Hattie Nuthatch said to a lovely Oriole gentleman one sunny May morning.

"I can't help singing on this grand morning and I notice that I'm not the only one who feels that way," said Mr. Oriole happily. "Jenny Wren and her mate are chattering every minute and some Yellow Warblers down in those trees over there are singing pretty steadily too."

"Yes, and I have been hearing a Chewink giving his loud, clear 'chewee' whistle a good many times this morning," said Hattie. "In fact, I see him right now scratching around in the leaves at our feet. He's a grand-looking bird, too, although, of course, not as striking as you are, Mr. Oriole. But with his black head, tail, throat and breast, white underparts and orangy-colored sides, he's certainly one of our most attractive birds."

"Yes, yes, indeed," agreed the Oriole hurriedly. "He's not bad looking at all, as Chewinks go. I wonder what those Robins over there are so excited about?" Several Robins were hopping about on the grass and another Robin in a small tree was chirping loudly.

"I'll just fly over and find out," decided Hattie and suited action to words.

"Has something gone wrong?" she asked one of the Robins on the grass.

"We are all very indignant," a male Robin answered her. "And just listen to that poor mother Robin up there in the tree!"

"Yes, I heard her," said Hattie. "But what happened?"

"I can hardly tell you without my feelings running away with me again," stated the Robin gentleman in an agitated voice, "even though I'm not one of the parents of the victim."

"What victim?" Hattie asked impatiently. "I wish you'd tell me in plain words what happened."

"Well, as you know, we have a lot of Grackles around here and lately they have been getting more impudent and audacious than ever," said the Robin. "We have had skirmishes with them before, you may be sure, but when it comes to dive-bombing, you might say, a mother Robin, sitting on her nest, that is the last straw."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Hattie in horrow-stricken tones. "What do you mean?"

"Well, that Robin up there that is making such a lamentation had a nest of partly grown young Robins in the pear tree here, and yesterday the Grackles started to bother her and try to chase her away from the nest," the story went on. "At first she resisted bravely all their threats, but finally they started to fly right down at her on the nest and peck at her. When two of them did this at the same time she was forced to fly off the nest and leave her young family at the mercy of the cannibals."

"And then what did they do?" asked Hattie breathlessly.

"We didn't know just what had happened until this morning," continued the Robin. "One of the babies was missing when she came back later. Then just now one of us found a few remains of the half-grown young Robin, its head and one or two more bits of it. That was all that was left of it, when the Grackles got through. They not only kill young birds, but destroy eggs if they feel like it, too, of course, like the House Wrens do. We just shouldn't allow them to live near us at all."

"Why, how perfectly dreadful," gasped Hattie when she had heard the Robin's horrible story. "That is a sad and gruesome tale. I'm utterly shocked by it. No wonder the poor mother Robin is feeling badly. I'll certainly never speak to a Grackle again as long as I live. Why, they're worse than Starlings or English Sparrows or Cowbirds. I'm absolutely ashamed of their belonging to the bird family at all."

"I quite agree with you," said the Robin. "It's a disgrace. Some of the birds are so shy and gentle, like the Bluebirds, for example, and others are so unpleasant and have such horrid habits. Even the bird world can be a cruel one sometimes."

"Dear, dear," sighed Hattie to herself as she flew back to tell the Oriole what she had heard. "What are we birds coming to, I wonder. Those Grackles live on insects and vegetable matter such as grain and seeds, and just rob nests out of sheer maliciousness."

SIR WILLIAM VISITS GERMAN PRISONERS' CAMP TO SATISFY HIMSELF THEY ARE WELL TREATED

Sir William Mulock's sense of justice did not leave him with his retirement from the position of chief justice of Ontario.

Visiting The Era a short time ago, Sir William mentioned a recent visit which he made to the German prisoners' camp at Bowmanville. Sir William is chairman of a Canadian committee of the International Y.M.C.A. which supervises the treatment of enemy prisoners in Canada.

After hearing a report about the good treatment of German prisoners from a Y.M.C.A. officer, Sir William asked: "Is that first-hand information from the German prisoners?" On being told that it had been collected from Canadian prison camp officials, Sir William said: "I wouldn't accept hearsay in a court of law. We must be certain that the German prisoners are well treated. Otherwise, unfavorable reports reaching Germany might result in our Canadian prisoners in Germany being badly treated. I would like to visit one of these camps myself."

So Sir William and other members of the committee went to Bowmanville, where the training school has been turned into an officers' camp, and talked with some of the prisoners. He questioned several of the prisoners on every detail of their treatment and found not a single complaint. One of the prisoners showed him pictures of his wife and children and home. He noticed that the prisoner had a pack of cards so soiled that it was difficult to tell the black cards from the red ones. He found that the prisoner played bridge, and when he returned home sent the prisoner two packs through the proper Ottawa channels.

Sir William received a letter of thanks, the prisoner saying that he had given one pack to another group of bridge players. But Sir William wanted his new acquaintance to have two packs for bridge and so he sent two more packs of cards, and washable packs.

Sir William's arrival at his summer home at Armitage may be delayed this year due to a foot ailment of his sister, Mrs. G. W. Monk. Mrs. Monk is beginning to get better now. Sir William said that Mrs. Monk had come to Armitage with him for the past 20 summers and that he would remain in the city this summer if Mrs. Monk should be unable to come.

Bluebird For Happiness

By GOLDEN GLOW

How often we hear that sentence "the Bluebird for happiness"—but here's a new Bluebird story, and I'm happy to tell it.

Round our neighborhood we were greatly excited this spring by the appearance of an unusual blue bird. It took a notion to a birdhouse in our neighbor's garden, which became from then on the place of the "gathering of the clans." We gathered there to see it and decide what it is! There were two pairs and they didn't seem to mind us at all. They disputed with the sparrows the possession of this particular birdhouse.

They had tried out the wren house, but gave up in disgust as the opening was much too small for them. Then they espied this larger house, one also with a wider opening, and in and out they went, singing most joyfully. The male bird is by far the handsomer of the two, being a beautiful blue on top, with a white breast. The mate is duller in hue, more gray than blue. The forked tail seemed to indicate the swallow and so on looking in the bird book we discovered the Tree Swallow, which seemed an answer to our investigations. The picture shows it more green than blue, but "our bird" is a most beautiful blue, especially when flying.

The two pairs kept flitting about one Sunday afternoon, taking little or no notice of us grouped on the lawn near the birdhouse they had selected as their new home. It was great to watch them. The mother bird took possession and sat on the verandah of her new home, defying all comers. Her mate would sit on the top of a radio pole quite near, and how he would sing—you could see his little throat fairly throb with the melody he poured out.

Presently Mrs. Swallow would dash out and it really looked as if she brushed him off his high perch—and she in turn occupied it and started to sing while he, after a long graceful swooping flight took possession of the deserted verandah on the new home. But that wouldn't do and back flew Mrs. Swallow to oust him. Presently the second Mrs. Swallow arrived and the two sat and chattered just as prettily as possible—but they moved into the tree beside the birdhouse—and then the two male birds with their beautiful blue coloring flew back in long graceful curves to see what the two were saying about them. We might as well have been fence posts so far as they bothered about us. And now we are hoping they will stay in our neighborhood and raise a family. If they do I'll tell you more about them.

Ravenshoe

Weather permitting, seeding will be in full swing this week.

Everyone is glad to have Mr. and Mrs. Pickrell back in the vicinity.

Mr. John Cowleson and Miss Delaney of Toronto spent yesterday with Mr. Cowleson's grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. John Gordon.

There was a large crowd out at Maple Hill church on Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Gordon and little girl and Mr. and Mrs. Bennie of Hamilton spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Gordon.

Mrs. Cowleson also helped to make the day a joyous one for her parents.

Rev. Mr. Fieldie of Toronto was also among the guests.

Mr. Stanley Armstrong made a trip to Parry Sound on Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith, who have been ill, are fairly well again.

Harold Bray had an unfortunate accident when he fell off a wagon and broke his shoulder.

Farmers have been complaining of help being scarce, but they seem to be going along just the same.

The meadows and the blooming trees are all looking beautiful. At Cameron's Beach on Sunday boat riding was delightful and the water was calm.

Virginia

Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Westlake of Vroomanton visited Mrs. Westlake's mother, Mrs. G. Arnold, on Mother's Day.

Quite a number attended the baptismal service at the United church last Sunday, when three babies were christened, namely, Walter Kay, son of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Rae, Helen Ethelyne, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Elymer Rae, and Helen Jane Jacqueline, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Arnold.

Mr. Les. Hadden of Peterboro visited his brother, Mr. Wm. Hadden, on Sunday.

Some of the young ladies attended the course put on by the W.I. last Friday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Woodrow at Jackson's Point.

Willard Arnold is in Toronto serving on jury this week.

Mrs. Jack Arnold, Joan, John and Jane, of Sutton, visited Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Lyons on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. George Statton of Port Bolster visited their daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. George Foster, and family, on Sunday.

Era classifieds will help you find that used article you need.

The Common Round

TO SPEAK OR NOT TO SPEAK

By Isabel Inglis Colville

There may be stranger things than the attitude people—men and women alike—take toward voting, but I think they are few and far between. I've been trying to figure out why voting stands apart from all other questions on which we have to make decisions, and must confess that instead of solving the problems, I'm rather more confused than when I started my investigations. Do we lose a little of our ordinary mentality when we try to make up our minds about the respective merits of different leaders' platforms, or in a plebiscite do we lose sight of the objective because we barricade ourselves behind our emotions? Or do we vote in the way we choose a hat?

We usually choose a hat for one of two reasons—either we choose it because it's the fashion and everybody's wearing one, or because it's becoming and really suits us. It seems to me that a lot of people vote, not on the issue, but because back in their remotest ancestry someone embraced a certain party, and down the years, through elections lost and elections gained, their children and their children's children have failed to look over the party wall and see what was doing in the world outside.

Of course, I did hear one person say that she always voted for the last speaker she listened to; let's hope that's an exception. But I've also known people who said they hadn't time to spend trying to figure out which man or cause was most worthy, and so just stayed comfortably at home, saying, "What difference does my vote make anyway—who cares?" Well, maybe no one but that person's self, but I do think that we can learn a heap even about the complicated mess we call politics, if we read and listen—very carefully.

I know in these days of papers, magazines and radios we hear so much that the issue seems doomed to an untimely burial under a landslide of opinions, but something worthwhile can always be saved from the wreck, and by using the brains God gave us we can use it for a little platform of our own on which we can stand firm and from which we can make decisions.

I remember my first idea of politics and how they affect people, was when I heard Mother say to my father, "Robert, for pity's sake don't bring that man into the living room till you're talked out on politics, for neither of you ever give in and you've been at it for years."

But I truly thought that when women got the vote, they would scorn party, scorn influence, scorn everything but the chance to say what they liked on vital questions. We women have a habit of saying what we'd do if we were in power, and, yet, we have the power in our hands if we'd only wield it.

No one has a right to interfere with our vote, or to try to influence our decisions; we all have consciences, minds, hearts and mentalities, but we're either, as a sex, too lazy or too little interested to use it as we might.

Maybe it will take sterner times to make us Canadian women realize just how wonderful are our liberties and our rights. Sometimes it seems we do not value things sufficiently till we lose them.

Women in enslaved lands who are working, suffering, fighting, equally with the men, will, when this war is over, have won an equal right to say what the new life will be. THEY will have won that right the hard way—we have had it handed to us, so surely, having it, we can use it, not for party, but for the things that are worthwhile—and give support to the man or woman or party which shows that putting aside the selfish desire for power, they are truly looking to the good of all. Then elections would not mean evil speaking, lying and slandering, and men and women would not be deterred from entering the political arena, because of the lions of calumny awaiting them there.

Perhaps that would be Utopia, but anyway, let's vote for the best, and no doubt the best will come back to us.

Maybe you think your small change cannot help . . . that "total war" means "somebody else."

Maybe you're one of the thousands of housewives who haven't yet started to put even 50¢ a week into War Savings Stamps—just a neutral . . .

There aren't any neutrals in this war! You're a help or a hindrance to victory. You can't get out of it. If you spend thoughtlessly you'll deny our fighting forces the arms they need and imperil your own future. If you—and 2,000,000 other housewives in Canada—put only 50¢ a week into War Savings Stamps, it means $1,000,000 a week to help win the war. Which side are *you* on?

Buy War Savings Stamps from banks, post offices, druggists, grocers and other retail stores.

Saving is Serving

National War Finance Committee.

25 YEARS AGO

From Era file, May 11, 1917

The Newmarket Farmers' Club will meet at Wesley Hall on Saturday evening at 8 o'clock. District Representative J. C. Steckley will address the meeting.

F. R. Hook, who runs a bakery on Lot St., has decided to open a grocery in the store on north Main St. opposite Lucsby's Marble Shop, formerly occupied by Mr. Smith.

Vegetation, which has been very backward, has revived the last couple of days.

Dr. Wilkinson has erected a neat fence around his residence on Park Ave.

Geo. Thompson is building an addition to his residence on Queen St. E.

W. E. Lyons has had a garage built near his residence.

Shortly after one o'clock on Wednesday citizens were attracted by the buzz of an aeroplane passing over the town in a southerly direction, followed by another shortly after three o'clock. Again between 6 and 7 o'clock two planes were seen going north, presumably the same machines, which travelled at tremendous speed and had the appearance of some large bird. The sight was quite a novelty.

Prices on the market last Saturday were almost staggering to the average householder. From 40 to 43 cents was paid for butter, from 35 to 37 cents for eggs and $5 a bag for potatoes.

MARRIED—At Stouffville, on May 2, 1917, by Rev. John Mutch, at the manse, Margaret C. Hood and George Albert Bates of Ballantrae.

BORN—In town, on Saturday, May 5, 1917, to Mr. and Mrs. David Thoms, a daughter.

50 YEARS AGO

From Era file, May 18, 1892

Alderman Somerville is putting up another building, in connection with his extensive livery business.

Friday was so cool that Arbor Day cleaning up at the primary school was postponed till Monday, the finest spring day this season.

The Capital baseball club of Toronto would like to arrange a match with the Newmarket boys for the 24th of May, average age to be 18 years.

The 12th York Rangers' Band entertained quite a crowd down town last Saturday evening, though the weather was rather too cool to stand around in comfort.

N. Fierheller has purchased the Coryell property next to his father's blacksmith shop.

The Huron St. bridge is not safe and a notice to that effect should be conspicuously posted thereon.

On Monday evening Miss Ida Robinson fell off the verandah projection at the residence of her father, to the sidewalk, a distance of some eight or ten feet, injuring her head and back, which confined her to the house for a couple of days.

Mrs. E. J. Davis was visiting at Reeve Cane's on Tuesday.

Mr. Hy. Elvidge of Acton was in town yesterday calling on the boys.

Messrs. T. H. Brunton and I. Atkinson made an official visit to Uxbridge Masonic lodge on Monday evening and were cordially received.

Lyman Bogart, county constable, went to the city on Tuesday morning to attend the general sessions.

MARRIED—At Stouffville, on April 18, Mrs. C. Eales of Holt, formerly of Newmarket, to Jos. Walder, by Rev. C. H. Hainer.

Era classifieds will help you sell things you don't need but which would be a real help to someone else.

NEWS AND VIEWS

Navy Minister Macdonald has reported the sinking of a freighter in the St. Lawrence by an enemy submarine on Monday. A second freighter was subsequently reported sunk at about the same time and in the same area. About 80 survivors of the two ships have reached shore.

Oil control officials have stated that drastic scaling down of preferred gasoline categories is under way.

Germany has launched several heavy offensives in the Crimea and Donets areas of the Russian front. Results are as yet uncertain, with apparently heavy losses on both sides.

The German air force sank three new British destroyers in the Mediterranean on Monday.

The strongest pro-Nazi radio in occupied France, Paris Radio, was dynamited and silenced this week by anti-Nazi saboteurs.

Japan's Burma army, which has been attempting to invade China's Yunnan province, is reported to be retreating, with 4,500 of its men killed.

Hon. P. J. A. Cardin, minister of public works and transport, has resigned from the federal cabinet and stated that he could not agree with the "new policy" of manpower which he said the government had adopted.

Prime Minister King has introduced a bill in the House of Commons to repeal the provision limiting Canada's compulsory service law to home service.