

EDITORIAL COMMENT

Why Trading Stamps?

In his Queen's Park column this week, Halton MP George Kerr asks for opinions on a proposed ban on trading stamps at retail stores.

Our opinion is a resounding "no." We are at a loss to know how the controversy ever reached the provincial assembly. A few women who kicked up a storm got greatly over-rated publicity in the daily press and television, and we would have thought our government men too smart to be drawn into such a foolish discussion.

The retail business has always had gimmicks of one sort or another to draw trade, and why trading stamps should be picked as a guinea pig is beyond comprehension.

Cigarette firms use lucky draw cards and bonus coupons to help sell their wares. Petroleum firms have contests by the score. Druggists have 1c sales, newspapers give magazine bargains, deals are offered by appliance dealers and furniture stores. It's business.

We live in a competitive, democratic world where gimmicks and fancy packaging are part of the selling game.

Would we trade this for the drab old days of bulk merchandise and homespun garments.

Let Queen's Park get back to more important matters than this tempest in a teapot about trading stamps.

Need Police Sub-Station

A double robbery of a Delrex Market Centre store last week indicates forcefully the need for a police sub-station in the east end of town.

The idea has been discussed more than once by town council without any concrete plan being devised. With more building taking place in the east end, the need is becoming more and more apparent and it should be prominent on council's agenda this year.

One cannot argue, necessarily, that the robberies would not have occurred had there been a police station in the vicinity.

But there would certainly be a deterring effect.

Merchants in the market centre are concerned and rightly so and are pressing for action. They pay substantial business tax and feel they are entitled to similar policing benefits as their downtown competitors.

Residents in the east end should also have the benefit of a quicker access to police protection with establishment of a headquarters to serve their needs, if not in the plaza, at least at some central point in that vicinity.

Danger In Dropping Exams

A gradual trend towards elimination of exams in both public and high schools has many dangers.

Exams, imperfect as they may be, in assessing a student's progress, are at least an absolute measuring stick. And too many options, welcome as they may be to the student, tend to avoid the self-discipline which is one of the qualities that education should have.

Education has really only one function — to prepare a young person for his adult life. It must be specific in some respects, providing a background of knowledge necessary to continue on to the professions. It must be specific, also, in training a young mind to assess problems and tackle jobs which are not always to his liking.

It is here that self-discipline comes to the fore. To pass a Latin exam when one has no interest in the subject is a triumph, just as it later will be to do a dull job in the office when one would rather be at something else. To master a mathematics problem does not mean that one may ever use this specific knowledge, but that one is equipped to deal with a problem at his chosen job in later life.

If the guidepost of exams should be dropped, then we are not equipping our youth to meet the challenges of business when they are out on their own. And, like it or not, we are still in a tough, competitive world in which every job has its 'exams'.

GREAT CANUCKS

Timothy Eaton Fathered Modern Merchandising

(One of a series of Centennial Biographies by High School students)

by Brenda Elliott

Timothy Eaton revolutionized the commercial world of his time. Born a farmer's son in County Antrim, Ireland, he came to Canada in 1854, and with his two older brothers, ran

a general store at St. Mary's, Upper Canada. In 1868 he moved to Toronto and entered the dry-goods business. The following year he founded the family company that bears his name, selling for cash at a fixed price — two practices which were then unknown. Thus did he build one of the largest family owned businesses in the

world, and later became one of the great world merchants of his era. He revolutionized the methods and ethics of retail selling to those which still prevail in our modern-day system.

The inner personality of the founder of Eaton's of Canada is very mysterious as few of his thoughts were written down, and he made no public speeches. An impression of a vanity and a mixture of politeness and arrogance is given. There are hints however, that he was often dour and frequently arbitrary. He appears to have been a very serious man with no sense of humour. His manner was also very abrupt. He held strict religious views, opposed liquor and smoking, and would not allow card playing or dancing in his house. If you have ever noticed liquor, tobacco, or cigarettes are not sold in the Eaton stores. The display windows are always covered on Sundays.

According to the context of his time, he was a progressive liberal, setting up new standards of honest dealing with the public.

Experienced merchants predicted deadly disaster. They scoffed even more when the crazy Irishman made his now-famous pledge: "Goods Satisfactory or Money Refunded." But good will based on fair dealing grew, and so did Eaton's.

Though a grandson, John David Eaton, now heads the mammoth nation-wide chain of Eaton stores, the founder's original policies are followed consistently today.

Through most of his career, no employee ever worked harder than he. His personal life was touched by tragedy. His father died before Timothy's birth. Though his marriage was lasting and happy, three of their children died in infancy, one by drowning.

Timothy Eaton was a great Canadian and his name is likely to endure when poets and politicians are long forgotten.

Canadian strong man Louis Cyr lifted 4,133 lbs. (over two tons) in 1868.



MIRROR, MIRROR, ON THE WALL—

IN THE MAIL BAG

Notes Changing Scene In Rural Communities

RR 1, Limehouse, Ontario
February 22, 1967.

Dear Sir:

As this is Canada's year for this St. Patrick's day, I shall reminisce about my adopted land and the many changes I have seen take place in the few short years we have been here. One can only say the changes have been fantastic.

There was no electricity in this area, which meant very few accommodations, pumping water by hand, lighting the oil lamps, ironing by the crude coal stove irons, were the order of the day. Strange how one was used to it, but the love of country life overcame many obstacles.

Horses were used on most of the farms and it was a pleasant sight watching them work, whether in a plough or in a wagon.

The winter seemed to be more severe in those days. I remember being snowed in for two or three days at a time. Horses came in very handy, then, in an emergency, to start an old car, or hitch up to get out and obtain supplies or necessities.

The little red schoolhouse was part of the rural scene. Our children went to the "Stone School." These small schools had their merits in their day, in that the children were very happy and did well at their

SUGAR AND SPICE

by Bill Smiley

Canvassers Gripe Me

I don't know whether it's the weather, but certain species proliferate in this country with the rapidity of rabbits. One is the chairman of committees. There's one for every snowbank in the nation. Another is the guest speaker. There's one at

the bottom of every barrel. And another is the canvasser. In some smaller communities, there are more canvassers than non-canvassers.

A canvasser is a weak-willed person who can be talked into asking other people for money for a "Good Cause" or even, more popularly, a "Worthy Cause." The number of Worthy Causes in this country is only exceeded by the number of backboneless birds of both sexes who allow themselves to be put on the list of canvassers.

And I know whereof I speak. In my day I have canvassed for the blind, the retarded, the Salvation Army and eleven other Worthy Causes. About the only thing I haven't done is sell cookies for the Girl Guides.

And I've hated every minute of it. The trouble is that the average Canadian citizen heartily detests the handing over of cash for an intangible. At heart he's a generous soul. He knows the Red Cross does good work, that something should be done

for the blind and that we need a school for retarded children. But he can't eat them, smoke them, drink them, or even attach them to his car. Therefore, the fellow who will fling down a ten in the liquor store as though he grew the lettuce, will dourly, head shaking, peel off a couple of thin one spots for the Sally Ann. The housewife, who buys her weeds by the carton, will spend 20 minutes looking for two quarters for the Cancer Society.

And I know just how they feel. I'm the same.

Some day, somebody is going to rap at my door for a Bad Cause: a free crock a day for alcoholics; a clinic for potential pool players; a home for unwed fathers. And I'm going to hand over \$20 cash without quivering an eyelid.

This preamble, as you have probably gathered, is because I got suckered once again into canvassing for a Good Cause.

Next summer, I'll probably be canvassing for a summer ski hill, with artificial snow. For the kids.

Maybe it was the sheer audacity of this campaign that grabbed me. This is no picking up \$500 for the blind, or \$500 for the crippled children. They want over a quarter of a million. The resultant campaign is a combination of the Night of the Long Knives and the St. Bartholomew's Day Massacre.

What it amounts to is \$30 for every man, woman and child in town. Non-realistic, you say? Nonsense. All it takes is enough canvassers, and they will cough the citizenry into coughing up

Happy Centennial year,
Catherine Graham

NEWS ECHOES

From the Heralds of 10 and 20 Years Ago

1957

● A change in name was approved by Lions Club members at their meeting last Tuesday in the McGibbon House when the 26 year old club became incorporated at the Lions Club of Georgetown.

● A local garage business has changed business with the purchase of the former Ray Bowers Motor Sales by two Brampton men, Scotty Markes and Bill Raycroft.

● Howard Coles assumed his duties as manager of the Georgetown branch of Halton Co-Operative Supplies on Monday, succeeding Charles Harris.

● Harold Baird, Chipper Court, was elected for a second term as president of Georgetown Chamber of Commerce, Thursday.

● A large barn on the farm of J. E. Brown, south of Norval, was destroyed by fire yesterday while the owner and his wife were away.

1947

● Duffy's Lunch counter will soon be opening in the store formerly occupied by Malina's Jewellery.

● Dr. William C. Stiles has recently moved to Georgetown where he has purchased Dr. Stuart Magwood's veterinary practice.

My first night was a typical. Six calls to make. First place, nobody home. Second place, no such address. Third place, a response. A chap on shift wobbled down, in his pyjamas and snarled the party I was seeking lived next door. Called on him. "Wouldn't give you a plugged nickel," he said, "but my wife said she'd give two bucks."

At the fifth place I rang and rang. No answer. I looked in the window. The householder was lying on the chesterfield. There was an empty glass beside him. I threw snow at the window. No response. I kicked the door four times. I left.

But I struck it rich at the last place. Caught both husband and wife at home. A very modest home. Gave my sales pitch with fervor, enthusiasm and sincerity. They admitted they had five kids, agreed they would use the pool, and looking a bit troubled, but game, pledged \$50 a year, for three years.

Returned, triumphant, to make my report. "Oh, yes, good old Jimmy," chortled an old-timer on canvassing. "He pledges for everything, from church to paying his taxes. Has been on welfare for two years. Can't hold a job more than a week."

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