

Letters From The People

Thinks Wednesday Afternoon Closing is Good Thing For Mail Order Houses—Why Let Town Go To Sleep Half Day Every Week? — Richmond Hill Old Boy Is Coming Back To Hold Street Meetings.

Mr. Gillies Replies to the Reeve.

Thornhill, Ont.,
November 29th, 1926.

Dear Editor:—

I am sorry to trouble you for space again as I stated last letter. I did not intend to write again. But in watching the Dr. Jesstho and Mr. Hyde practice of the Reeve of Richmond Hill I notice in his last letter of camouflage he accuses me of making mis-statements. I will now remind the Reeve that I am able to prove every statement I made in my letter. Regarding the boys rotten-egging and the horse and rig. I will go with the Reeve to the very people he made that statement to. He said at the same time that he had stopped the meetings at Arnold and Yonge Streets. He also stated that the constable would have taken me to court had he not prevented it. Beside above boastful statements remember his statements to the Star. "Had I been home there would have been a By-law passed to prevent them and we can't have them interfering with our merchants trade." He stated to me in the clerk's office that, "We do not pass by-laws for the good of our health." He stated that I did not tell the whole story of our interview and then referred to his own weak excuse re the Salvation Army. I explained to the Reeve at the time that I had an understanding with the captain weeks before and there was no case of preference between us and the Army. Let me remind the Reeve that I proved to him by our two meetings following the meeting in which he and the constable made their rowdy and wretched attempt to stop and even going to the extent of passing an invalid by-law. He dare not summons me to court and if he had it would have been my first summons or law-suit and heartily if I am ever drawn to court I hope that it will be for preaching the same Gospel that I preached at Arnold and Yonge. I know that no person living within several blocks of Arnold and Yonge will accuse me of hiding or whispering any part of my statements and my letters speak for themselves. The Reeve should not cast such reflection on the intelligence of the members of the council as to say that the action was the result of investigation. He also mentioned danger. Personally I cannot see where the danger lay as my company were only armed with bibles and hymn books. He charges me with doing this, that and the other thing. This charge reminds me of the writing on the chinaman's laundry parcels. In the meek ending of his letter he accuses me of departing from the spirit of my Master by not co-operating with him. Let me refer him to Eph. 5-11, "And have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness but rather reprove them." Let the Reeve side step as he will, he has already gone on record in the chronicles of Richmond Hill 1926 as following in the way of Jeroboam. Thanking the Editor for space in this valuable paper.

Cheerfully as ever,
Yours—
J. B. GILLIES.

Editor,
Richmond Hill Liberal.

Sir:—
I see by your issue of November 25 that the Richmond Hill store-keepers may keep their stores open on Wednesday afternoon throughout December. This is a step in the right direction but for goodness sake why do they close early on Wednesday anyway? We can understand them doing so during the hot summer months when there are picnics and outdoor sports to be attended to but it is a very foolish By-law which insists upon the whole town going to sleep for half a working day every week during the winter as well.

If the stores aim to please the customers they go a very poor way about it by locking them out this way. Probably seventy-five per cent of the customers are from the rich farming district surrounding Richmond Hill and strange as it may seem farmers look upon Wednesday as an ordinary working day. If there is a load of grain ready to go to town that day it has to go regardless of the stores being closed. It makes good business for the mail order houses in Toronto as the farmer will say to his wife "well I can't get in the stores to-day so you'd better just send a mail order and you'll get the stuff before I have to go to town again." Or if his wife forgetting about this queer Wednesday habit of our stores happens to go to town with him in order to buy a hat or dress what does she do when she finds the stores closed? Simply steps on the radial car and goes down

town to do her purchasing! And a customer lost this way is sometimes hard to regain.

If the Ratepayers' Association will look into this they will find that one way to boost Richmond Hill is to keep the stores running full blast every week day. Or at least, to let those store keepers who are anxious to oblige the buying public keep their places open. Let those who don't mind losing customers close every afternoon if they want to.

Your sincerely
A FARMER'S WIFE.

Thinking of the Old Folks At Home

Vancouver, B. C.,
November 22, 1926.

Dear Editor:—

I have for quite a number of years looked each week with longing and delight for my old home town paper—The Liberal—dear old Richmond Hill how I would love to see it again, with the same streets, buildings and old friends as were there over 35 years ago.

It has been with delight, also regret, I read, Letters From The People. Was much hurt to learn how those in authority made such a bold effort to stop preaching the Gospel in the streets of my home village. Am wondering which of those streets I can remember so well, is Arnold St.

I can remember as if 'twas yesterday, the Salvation Army first coming to Richmond Hill, few in number. Marching down the street, (Yonge Street) and singing salvation songs beating time on drum and tambourine stopping on corner or in front of the hotels holding a short open-air song, prayer, and fellowship service, it was a common thing for some good old Methodist Saint—"with which the village was dotted at that time"—step out on the street, mingle with the Army and testify to the saving power of Jesus Christ. Are those saints all gone? Have none others taken their place?

There were few nights in the year the Salvation Army did not hold their open air service, Hallowe'en the same as other nights, and I well know, because I was one of the boys—that they were never rotten-egged. And eggs were very cheap at the time. I can't for the life of me understand why Richmond Hill is letting the eggs get to such a stage as rotten and eggs so scarce and high in price, it must be bad management, I have been told bad management will produce bad eggs, who is looking after the eggs, anyway?

It is to me a very pleasant pastime to picture some of those old time open air street meetings. A little band of Army Lads and Lassies telling the good old story of Jesus and his love, and many of the village folk standing there listening to the message, freely given, and in the audience gathered there you could often by the light of the smoking torches see the pleasant face of the Reeve Mr. Pugsley enjoying the service along with the rest—It would not have been well for the boy or man either who would be so low and mean as to drop a high cast or otherwise egg into that sacred circle, and the able Reeve to see it or hear of it.

I notice that the Council and ratepayers are organizing to boost the old town that is fine as Richmond Hill to my notion is certainly one of the finest situated places one could think of, high and dry, in the country, yet with every advantage of the city. Must be fine there now, Street cars, Railroad, good paved roads to and from the town, how fine it must be. But with all her advantages, and all the publicity and boosting, you might give, I very much fear for the future of Richmond Hill, if you in any way hinder the preaching or teaching of God's Word.

I have been laying plans to visit the old town once more, since reading some of those letters I have decided to pay my visit soon, when I get there I am going to shake hands with the Reeve, make his acquaintance, go out on some corner and preach the old-fashioned Gospel. You may put me in that old lock-up, over night, maybe longer—but my mind is made up and I would kind-a-sort-a enjoy the experience for if I remember right, in the days gone by, all who got into that two by four, always had meals, carried in good taste to them, that would suit me—though I want it thoroughly understood, I do not take eggs in any form when I visit Richmond Hill.

Now please turn out some night about 7 o'clock when you hear the town bell ring—and hear a one-time Hill Boy who must preach the Gospel to every Creature.

S. O. ANXIOUS.



LEON J. LADNER, M.P.
Though returned at the last election to the Federal seat for Vancouver South, he is said to have thrown his hat into the ring of provincial politics to oppose Hon. W. J. Bowser for the leadership of the Conservative party in British Columbia.

THE "COMPLETE GARAGE"

There is an infinite amount of satisfaction in turning your car into a garage where it will be looked after by expert mechanics and not inexperienced youths. Such a garage is that of Wilson & Hargraves, 3419 Yonge Street, at Teddington Park, "just at the top of the hill." Whether it is a general overhaul or just a tuning up after a hard summer, you may rest assured it will be properly looked after and at a reasonable cost. Wilson and Hargraves are also well equipped in the matter of tires and other accessories. They are prepared also to undertake welding of all kinds, battery repairs, in fact their establishment may be called the "Complete Garage." Leave your car in this well located garage and have it repaired while you do your shopping—Phone Hudson 6960.

WHITCHURCH COUNCIL.

Regular meeting of Whitchurch Township Council was held at the Township Hall, Vandorf, Saturday, November 27th.

Members all present, the Reeve in the chair. Minutes of the last meeting were read and confirmed. Communications were received from: Mrs. H. Spence regarding removal of water from ditch in front of her property at Wilcox Lake.

H. Wilder, soliciting financial relief for George Ellis now suffering from a malignant disease. Mrs. Alice Case, regarding dog tax.

A number of bills and road accounts were presented. Resolutions were passed instructing the Treasurer to pay the following bills etc. as presented, viz.—H. Pegg, for valuing sheep, \$2.00; Wm. Botham, Dragging roads, Div. 3, \$3.10; J. Walker, cutting weeds, Div. 4, \$4.80; E. Madill, repairing culvert, Div. 9, \$4.30; G. W. Baker, repairing culvert and hauling gravel, T. L. S. in Con. 3, \$10.00; G. L. Bingham, Grading & repairing bridge, Div. 33, \$10.20; E. N. Penrose Cutting weeds, Div. 5, \$4.92; Wm. Coppin, Dragging roads, Div. 30, \$17.19; A. Heise, Dragging roads, Div. 6, \$6.39; D. L. Stouffer, Hauling and placing culvert, Div. 34, \$6.40; W. H. Chapman, placing culvert and dragging roads, Div. 19, \$22.50; Henry Widdifield, 22 days, road supt., \$132.00.

Authorized the Reeve to have George Ellis of Vivian placed in Hospital for treatment.

Instructing the Treasurer to accept the sum of Six dollars from H. Widdifield, road supt. being the amount of excess error in account, C. Connor.

Council adjourned to meet again according to Statute on Dec. 15th next, at 10 o'clock a.m. for general business.

COUNTRY PLEASURES

In the autumn evenings
When home-work is done,
Round the big, old fireplace
The children have such fun.
Grandad tells them stories—
"When I was a boy,"
Till their simple, modern
Pleasures seem to cloy,
Shootin' bears and wildcats,
Gee, bet that was fun!
Nowadays won't even let
A feller have a gun!
Then we make some pop-corn,
Roast some apples too,
Dad gets out his fiddle
And plays songs old and new.
In this day of madness
Simple things are best,
Simple country pleasures,
Quiet country rest.

E. M. C.

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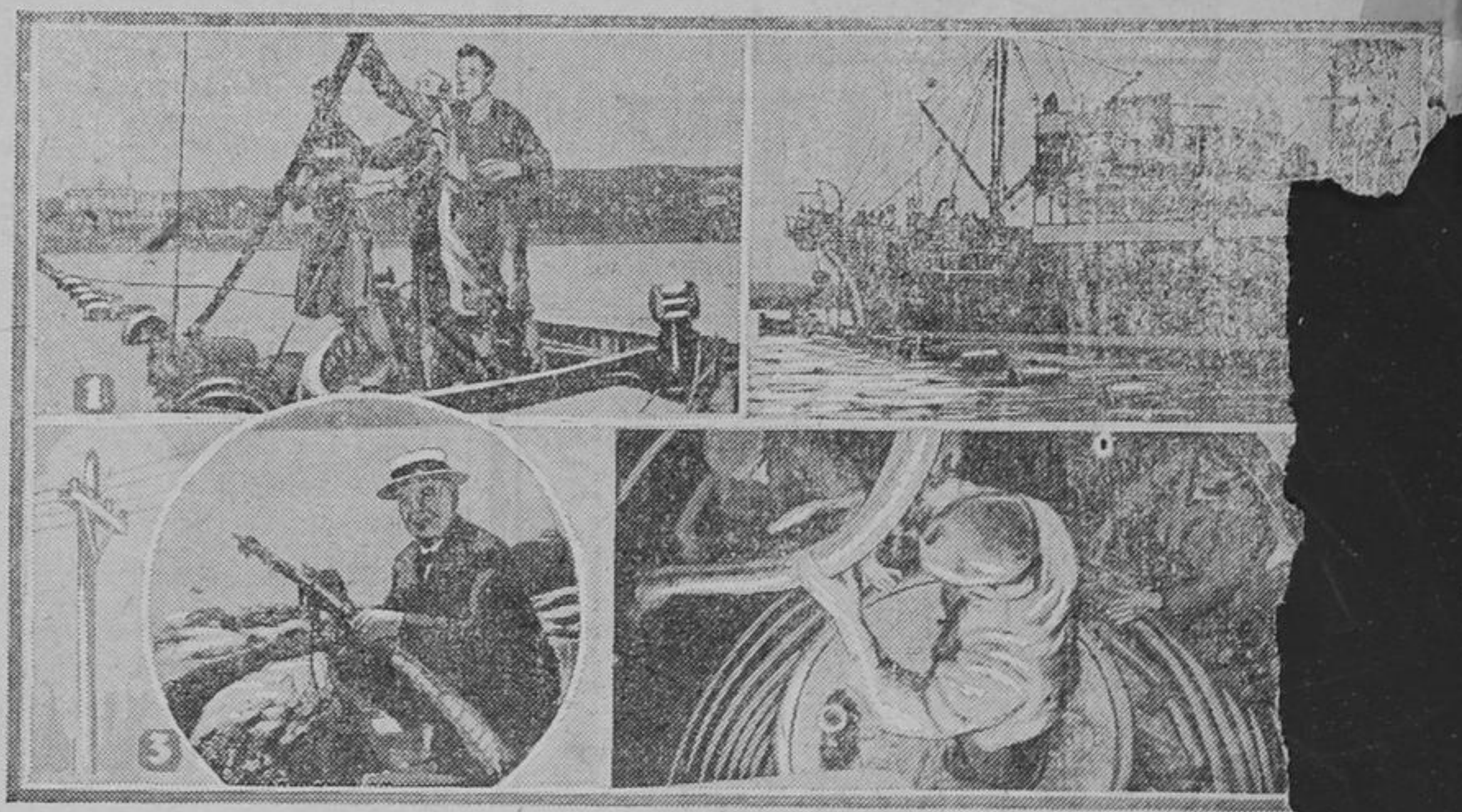
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The World's Speediest Cable



Above left—Hauling the shore end of the cable off the ship *Cyrus Field* and attaching it to the barrels on which it was floated ashore. Right—The *Cyrus Field*, which took the shore end from the big cable ship *Colonia*. Below left—Mr. S. H. Transfield, cable superintendent at Heart's Content, Newfoundland, for over thirty-six years, is holding the original Atlantic cable laid by the *Great Eastern* just sixty years ago. Right—The shore end of the cable coming out of the tank on the *Cyrus Field* which handled landing operations at Bay Roberts.

The new submarine cable just laid from Penzance, England, to Bay Roberts, Newfoundland, is the 19th Atlantic cable. The cost of laying it was estimated at \$1,000 per nautical mile. The speed of transmission is eight times faster than the ordinary cable—is made possible by a sheath of the new metal "permalloy", which envelops the copper conductor. Permalloy, an alloy of nickel and iron, was developed in the Bell Telephone Laboratories, and possesses what the engineers call a "magnetic permeability" many times that of any other known substance. The speed of the new cable is 2,500 letters a minute, and extension of its 3,400 mile length will bring about close linking up of New York & London.