

THE LIBERAL

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APPEARANCES COUNT

An old line in the copy books read "Appearances are Deceiving." However much truth there may be in the saying it is equally true that "Appearance Counts."

We have plate-glass windows in stores and cunningly concealed lighting devices to throw just the right intensity of illumination on the fabrics displayed. We have automobiles in all the shades of the color card; typewriters and alarm clocks in tints to match room furnishings; period styles in radio cabinets; cafeterias with marble-topped counters, and lithographed wrappers on packages of soda crackers. Manufacturers, distributors, retailers of today, who do not pay attention to appearances are left behind in the procession.

But communities seem slow about taking the lesson to heart. We still have eye-sore buildings, crude billboards, unpainted fences, uneven lawns, stores with old-fashioned fronts and houses allowed to remain in disrepair. We have unattractive surroundings, lots filled with discarded automobiles, shacks on business streets, unkept alleys, residential districts where flowers and shrubbery are unknown, vacant lots covered with weeds in summer—a hundred and one different detractors of appearances scattered throughout our towns, and then we wonder why more folks are not attracted to come and live here.

The community of today which is growing faster is the one which has caught the modern spirit of paying attention to appearances and pays that attention. Paint, cement, ornamental finishings, landscaping, even ordinary cleanliness and whitewash, are assets to a community which wants to grow.

The uneven sidewalk, the jog in the street, the low ground where water lies for even an hour after rain—these are as much out of date and as great a barrier to selling a community to prospective residents as cotton umbrellas that bulge when rolled up, automobiles modelled on the lines of 1914, or bathing suits covered with flounces would be an advertisement of failure in the stocks of dealers who might be rash enough to offer them.

Styles today call for smartness, the suggestion of efficiency, the touch of sophistication—how many communities can, in their appearance, meet these requirements? Can Richmond Hill meet these requirements?

SAFE ROADS FOR ONTARIO

Large sums of money will this year as in other years be expended in making good roads into better roads and poor roads into good roads. But good roads are too often speed roads and many of them become through accidents sad "Roads of Remembrance."

Few roads but are marked by tragic fatalities in most cases unnecessary and every road brings sad thoughts and tears to many a household in Ontario as they remember those sacrificed on the altar of speed, carelessness and neglect. Motoring is taking such a toll of human life as never before known except in war or plague and must inspire every thoughtful citizen to consider conditions as they exist.

New laws must be passed or old ones more strictly enforced to secure reasonable safety for the motorist and pedestrians on our highways. The speed laws especially as regards reckless driving, cutting in, etc. should be rigidly enforced even if it would mean law additions to the present highway police. The law regarding defective brakes, the regulations regarding the proper focusing of headlights must be enforced if the highways are to be safe.

"Good Roads for Ontario" as a slogan inspired the progress of the Good Roads movement and the new slogan should be "Safe Roads for Ontario."

YOUTH AND LIBERALISM

Reminiscent of Sir James Barrie's famous rectoral address to the students of St. Andrew's University are the sentiments expressed by the premier of Canada regarding the participation of young people in public affairs. Barrie told his hearers that courage was needed in the great fight that seems to be coming between Youth and their Betters Exhorting them to take an active interest in matters of national and world import, he said: "I want you to take up this position that Youth have for too long left exclusively in our hands the decisions in national matters that are more vital to them than to us. That the time has arrived for Youth to demand a partnership."

The premier of Canada in offering his congratulations to the Twentieth Century Women's Liberal Club of Ottawa upon the successful manner in which this new organization had been launched on its career, expressed his conviction that nothing could give greater inspiration to the cause of Liberalism throughout the Dominion than this evidence of the strong appeal of Liberal principles to the young women of our country.

"The formation of this new association is an event of more than local importance in its relation to the future of our party, Mr. King continued. "It illustrates at the same time the strong appeal of Liberalism to the youth of our country and the response of the younger generation of Canadians to the responsibilities of citizenship. It has always been the strength of Liberalism that its sanctions lie not in tradition but in the progressive thought of each succeeding generation. There could be no more happy augury of the future of the Liberal party in Canada than the active co-operation of young Liberal Women in the work of political education and organization throughout the Dominion."

Ontario now has three young women's Liberal organizations the Toronto Young Women's Liberal Association, with Mrs. A. J. P. Cameron as president; the Mackenzie King Young Women's club, of Peterboro, with Miss Alberta Hunter as president; and the Twentieth Century Liberal Women's Club of Ottawa, with Miss Odette Lapointe, daughter of the minister of justice of Canada, as president. —Ottawa Citizen.

WAY BACK IN LIBERAL FILES

DO YOU REMEMBER

This Week of 1895
 When at Maple, Ont., Miss Lucy Lines was united in marriage to Mr. Joseph Cousins. The bride was attended by her cousin, Miss Emily Lines while Mr. T. McCormack acted as groomsmen. The ceremony was performed by Rev. A. Bedford.
 When Messrs F. W. Coles and H. C. McMullen were the guests of the Misses Ellston over Sunday.

DO YOU REMEMBER?

This Week of 1901
 When the Public School report for Carrville was:—Sr. IV—A. Rumble; Jr. IV—V. Charles, C. Johnston; Sr. III—H. Rumble, A. Savage; Jr. III—I. Keith, F. Rumble, L. McNair; Sr. II M. Fagan, J. Keith; Jr. II—R. Rumble J. Rumble, N. Rumble, M. Charles; B.—Reda Major, Russel Major; A.—N. Rumble, S. Rumble, C. Major; C.—M. Vanderburgh.

When the report of Headford Public School for the month of April was:—Sr. IV—Mary Henricks, Annie Barker Jr. IV—Alba Henricks, Nellie Barker; Ruby Richards, Maud Helmkey, Hannah Hislop, Joe Elliott; Sr. III—Louis Elliott; Jr. III—Maggie Hislop, Gertie Bond; Sr. II—Freeman Barker; Sr. Pt I—Ida Barker; Jr. Pt. I—David Hislop Myrtle Comisky.

L. Foster, teacher
 When Miss Clara Clubine and Miss Annie Appleton, of Thornhill, visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Appleton on Sunday.

When ladies black taffeta and black silk gloves, white, creme and tan taffeta gloves sold at 20c, 25, 35 and 50c. at Atkinson and Switzer's store.

When Naughton Bros. of Elgin Mills, sold boots and shoes and had all the up-to-date styles.

When ladies blouses were 40, 65, 95c \$1.00 \$1.20 and \$1.50; ladies wrappers \$1.00 \$1.20 and \$1.25.

HEALTH SERVICE

OF THE

CANADIAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

TUBERCULOSIS

It is an accepted fact that bovine tuberculosis is transmitted to human beings during the years of childhood. This transmission usually occurs through the use of milk coming from tubercular cattle. To what extent this is a practical danger depends upon the amount of tuberculosis that exists amongst cattle, because upon that figure would depend the chances of exposure of children to infection.

In a recent number of the Canadian Public Health Journal, there appeared an article on The Prevalence and Extent of Bovine Tuberculosis in Canada. This article presented a summary of the data collected through certain measures which revealed the presence or absence of tuberculosis in some six million cattle, during a number of years, from various sources throughout the Dominion. The conclusion reads:—"It would, appear to be justifiable to estimate that bovine tuberculosis infection in Canada, at the present time, does not exceed five per cent." The actual percentage, based on the six million cattle, was approximately four per cent.

It is evident that if approximately nearly four out of every hundred catt-

le have tuberculosis, there is a very real danger in the transmission of bovine tuberculosis to children in this country. It is not a theoretical danger, but a practical one that continues day by day.

There is no doubt that children require milk, but no one would suggest taking the risk of using milk that might contain the germs of tuberculosis. Fortunately we have a simple and practical method of meeting the difficulty. Pasteurization of milk destroys all disease-producing germs, including the tuberculosis germ. We may use pasteurized milk and feed it to children, with full confidence that the danger of bovine tuberculosis has been overcome.

Through pasteurization, we have it in our power to prevent immediately the occurrence of even one more case of bovine tuberculosis which attacks little children, destroying some and crippling others. There is no excuse for failure to use such a powerful means for protection from disease.

Questions concerning health, addressed to the Canadian Medical Association, 184 College Street, Toronto, will be answered by letter. Questions as to diagnosis and treatment will not be answered.

**"I Don't Want To Be A Viscount"
 Is Youngster's Plaintive Song
 Longing To Be Back On Prairies**

ENGLAND'S LOVELY OLD AVON CASTLE SHELTERS LONELY BOY FROM ALBERTA — MAKES FRIENDS WITH "NIGGER"

"I don't want to be a Viscount. I don't want people to call me Viscount" This is the plaintive refrain of the Hon. Frederick Perceval, 14-year old son of the tenth Earl of Egmont, the "Rancher Earl," who came from Alberta to succeed to the title, and incidentally to find that being a nobleman has its troubles.

Avon Castle, the new home of the Earl and his son, is approached by a private driveway one mile long which follows the course of the River Avon. The drive is lined on either side with rhododendron bushes already in bud, with, behind them, a profusion of evergreen trees. There are hemlocks, pine and a variety of cedars. It might be Stanley Park, Vancouver, or a typical bit of northern Ontario.

As the drive winds on one catches tantalizing glimpses of the castle in the distance. Surely the Earl, as he drove up for the first time, must have thought it allegorical. For years he had been catching glimpses of this, his castle of dreams—mental pictures which had suddenly materialized, just as the road takes an unexpected turn at the end and the castle stands revealed before you.

It is a beautiful spot. Back of the castle—a forest of evergreens, and to one side lies the river, where on a small dock the Earl and the Viscount stand fishing.

But they had not yet taken possession when the writer talked to them both early one morning at the White Hart Hotel in sleepy Ringwood. Rain was drizzling from the window panes. There was nobody about.

"This is the most miserable place I ever saw," drawled the boy.

"Are you the young Canadian?" I asked. He sidled away with half a nod.

"Shake on it—so am I." For two minutes he looked suspiciously at me. Was this another ruse to corner him and make him say what he did not mean?

Then his hand shot out in a firm

Calgary grip and he grinned an open, frank Canadian smile.

He reminded me of a small cowboy sheriff standing there, hands in pockets, with a soft gray hat pulled low over his keen blue eyes. I wondered about the hat until I heard his history.

The earl had bought it for him the day before, discarding the old farm cap. Ten minutes afterwards he was bargaining with the boots in the hotel corridor.

"How much will you give me for this hat? I don't like it." But the earl was in the offing and the transaction had to be abandoned.

The young viscount is surely the most miserable mortal in England. Everybody stares at him. All day long people are pestering him for interviews. The small boys of the town cluster round and try to get him to speak, while school children greet each other with, "Have you seen him yet?" He has the look of a hunted deer in his eyes.

It may be a case of "dreams come true" as the father has said, but a young and healthy westerner does not want to be quartered in dreamland. He sighs for wide open realities where "men are men" and his animals his dearest friends.

He has made one pal in Ringwood—the small hotel kitten which wears a bell around its neck and is called Nigger. Nigger doesn't love him just because he has joined the ranks of the aristocracy, and he can trust Nigger not to jump up suddenly and exclaim, "I say, what do you think of our country?"

And so the two wander round the hotel together, speaking to no one and looking for an unmolested spot. Before anyone was around that morning father and son departed in a taxi-cab, destination and probable return unknown.

It would not be surprising if they went off to spend the day in the loneliest and most deserted corner of the countryside, where they might enjoy a large piece of bread and a "hunk of cheese"—their first good meal in England.

For they do not yet relish castle fare, where "they keep throwing bouquets on the table and nothing to eat."



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