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**WHY THE DISTINCTION?**

Premier Taschereau's efforts to legalize lotteries in the Province of Quebec will be awaited with interest throughout Canada. Admittedly any kind of gambling is questionable, but the stock exchanges thrive, and race-course owners and jockey clubs never seem to feel the pinch of poverty; in fact, quite the reverse, as most of the people connected with those organizations are somewhat remarkable for their displays of wealth. Playing the markets and the races is not a game which the man with a few dollars can enter, but he could, without disturbing his financial obligations, buy an odd ticket in a lottery. If he lost, as he mostly would, the temptation would soon be cured. The object of the lottery, often a worthy cause, and its operation, would be under control of the authorities, and no person would be seriously hurt.

Futures in wheat are bought and sold every day, but again the man with the thin purse is shut out.

As stated above, gambling is questionable, but there does not seem to be any valid reason why gambling in stocks and horse racing should be legalized and lotteries barred.

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**A USEFUL SERVICE**

One organization which has been of great benefit to Smiths Falls as a whole is the Retail Merchants' Association. Organized only about a year ago, this flourishing league of business men has made astonishing progress and the enthusiasm and close co-operation of the members has placed the seal of success on every project sponsored by the Association. During 1933 hundreds of district residents were induced to visit Smiths Falls and see its advantages as a shopping centre through the special Dollar Day and Poultry Fair Day arrangements and these events proved most popular and even more successful than had been anticipated. The Retail Merchants now plan to hold a Community Weekend in the near future and it is safe to predict that this event will also prove a splendid success. In sponsoring these special occasions the Association has built for itself a splendid reputation and from all indications 1934 will see the Retail Merchants continue their forward movement. The members showed undoubted business ability at the annual meeting when they re-elected all officers for 1934.—Smiths Falls Record.

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**DO YOU THINK FOR YOURSELF?**

J. B. S. Haldane, teacher of bio-chemistry at Cambridge University in England, says: "It is the whole business of a university teacher to induce people to think."

In a book on subjects of science, Mr. Haldane, who had his share of the big war out in front where he could see what went on, is bitter about war in general, and makes this prediction: "In the late war, the most rabid nationalists (patriots) were to be found well back of the front line. In the next war, no one will be behind the front line. It will be brought home to all whom it may concern that war is a very dirty business."

Air planes, with their gas and explosive bombs, will attend to that.

It may take a long time yet before the world finally straightens itself out and manages to get along "on a planetary basis, the earth all one nation, without hostile nations indulging in wholesale murder," he states.

Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, in a recent address, described war as "futile and deadly stupid," adding the enlightening suggestion that all who think know that war is stupid but, unfortunately, "most people do not think."

All human beings feel, but think rarely, and not often intelligently. When war is suggested emotion, the ancient frenzy of the pack and the mob, sends them toward it, unthinking.

And so war continues to bleed and impoverish nations. It is just a few years since the world passed through the worst, most destructive war in history, and already a dozen nations are preparing for the next war. And for what?

One great conqueror of the East killed thousands, simply that he might pile up higher his pyramids of skulls, raised to glorify his name. Thousands of conquerors, including those that each generation is taught to honor as men of genius, have deliberately, to gratify a passing anger, ordered and carried out the slaughter of entire populations.

The ordinary citizens are the real victims of wars and to avoid being trapped into them they must do more thinking for themselves.

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**GOVERNMENT "ABSURDLY COSTLY" SAYS BANK HEAD**

President C. A. Bogert of the Dominion Bank in his address at the annual meeting referred to the high cost of government in this country: He said: "The Dominion government debt, including guarantees, has increased by at least \$250,000,000; obligations of the provinces about \$70,000,000; and were it not for the fact that many municipalities have entirely lost their credit standing (some of them indeed are in default and are being administered by boards of supervisors) the total debts would doubtless be much higher."

The overwhelming annual cost of necessary relief throughout the country accounts for the main addition to the debts but Mr. Bogert found that quite apart from public relief, budgets, with few commendable exceptions, are not being balanced and increasingly large totals of taxes remain unpaid, showing that the limit has been reached, if not exceeded.

"This being so," he continued, "the only remaining way to balance budgets is to cut expenses, all resistance notwithstanding. Private employers have done so—why not public bodies? Everybody knows that government in this country is absurdly costly. Starting at Ottawa, and right through the nine provinces, the large cities, the municipalities, counties, townships and school districts, the elaborate machinery of administration could, and should be, cut like that of any other business.

**THE QUEEREST ACCIDENTS OF 1933**

The list of queer accidents presented by the year 1933, provides the case of a golfer who made a hole in one by aid of a large bee sting; another incident when both the fireman and engineer of a speeding passenger train caught fire and fell off, while the train was stopped by the conductor; still a third in which an aviator "bailed out" with his parachute only to have the disabled airplane fall above him on a mountain slope and start an avalanche which killed him; and a workman who had his choice between grasping a live electric wire and falling into a tank of molten metal and who lived to tell about it.

People were shot during the year by a fish, a cat, and a chicken, as well as through hundreds of odd accidents involving human handlers of firearms. Sherlock Holmes was lost in New York City, in the person of a small colored boy of that name whom detectives failed to find, but who ultimately located himself by his own detective abilities. Deaths were caused by a toy automobile, a jigsaw puzzle, a somersault, a girl's elbow, a small burn from a hot pipe, a cat, a sneeze, a mouse and a stolen roll picked up in a restaurant where a previous owner had discarded it.

Last year one of the odd accidents was the case of a New Jersey thief who stole a clock and tried, later on, to sell it to its rightful owner. This year provides a parallel incident, in which the thief of a short-wave radio set was demonstrating it to a prospective customer when the set itself repeated a police broadcast about its own theft. The thief ran but was arrested, and the prospective customer restored the set to its owner.

Several years ago the list of odd accidents included the case of a preacher who dislocated his shoulder while preaching and another year provided the incident of a boy who cracked several of his best girl's ribs by a hug. Nineteen hundred and thirty-three records the odder case of a New York City young lady who dislocated her shoulder by taking a deep breath.

Last year one victim of the not uncommon accident of a dislocated jaw was so frightened by the preparation of hospital doctors for the relatively simple operation of closing his mouth once more that he jumped out of the operating room window and was killed. This year the Fates evened the score for the hospital surgeons for another victim of a similar accident was riding in the ambulance to the operating room when the vehicle struck a bump, the shock of which jarred the opened jaws back into place and cured the patient.

In 1931 the oddest fire undoubtedly was the exploit of the British young man who literally set the Thames River on fire, by spilling gasoline on it and accidentally igniting it. 1932 matched this by an accident in which a street in Morocco caught fire in the sun and damaged nearby houses. And now 1933 has the still odder report of a grave in a Chicago cemetery, which caught fire and burnt up one hot day in June. The caretaker's explanation was that the grave had been filled in with a kind of peaty, combustible soil instead of ordinary earth.

Investigation of a 52-cent theft put three New York City policemen in the hospital, while a single day in Mount Clemens, Mich., brought to the hospital three people who had been injured, one by the explosion of a pop bottle, the second by a sandwich and the third by a tombstone. But probably the medal for the greatest oddity of the year should go either to the incident of the English street car which ran away because the heat had melted the asphalt on the street or to the unbelievably unlucky individual reported by the National Safety Council, who happened to knock on the outside of a wooden door at the precise instant when a carpenter inside the door drove a nail through into the knocker's knuckles.

The runaway street car was climbing a steep hill in the town of Bath when it suddenly slipped backward down the hill in spite of all that the motorman and conductor could do to stop it. At the foot there was a collision with another car. One woman was killed and fifteen other passengers were injured. Investigation showed that the oily surface of the street paving had melted in the heat and exuded a thin film of oil, some of which had run onto the rails and greased them, so that the brakes failed to hold on the wheels and the wheels to grip the rails.

Other runaway cases of transport play an unusual role in the accidents of 1933. The incident of the train in which both engineer and fireman caught fire happened near the town of Chartenton, in France, and never was explained, since both of the unfortunate victims of the flames were killed. Apparently the firemen first caught fire in some way. The engineer went to his aid and himself burst into flames. Crazy by his predicament, the fireman jumped from the cab and was killed by a passing train on the other track. The blazing engineer then tried to climb the tender, apparently to jump into the water tank, but was struck by the roof of a tunnel into which the train just then ran. He also was killed.

As the train then failed to slow up as it should do for an approaching station, the conductor climbed over the tender, found the cab untenanted and stopped the train. What originally set the fireman on fire seems never to have been discovered.

Another railway train at Wellingborough, England, suddenly started up mysteriously for no reason that ever was discovered and ran for several miles without anyone at all on board until finally sidetracked and stopped by signalmen along the line. In the United States Mr. Walter C. Fredericks, engineer of a fast train on the Erie Railroad, was blown from his cab by a mysterious explosion inside the firebox. The fireman stopped the train. The California town of San Gabriel was attacked by a pilotless airplane which roared over the roofs of houses and terrorized citizens before it finally crashed, without injuring anyone. An Englishwoman, Mrs. Winifred Smith, was run away by her husband's motorcycle, which got started in some inexplicable manner while she was alone on the second saddle of the machine.

Two bus drivers, one of New York State and the other in England, died suddenly while at the wheels of their vehicles on the road. In both cases bystanders on the street saw what had happened, sprang into the runaway buses and stopped them. And last of the list of odd runaways is one of a motorboat, the actions of which a previous and more superstitious generation would have attributed to pranks of invisible imps and devils.

Standing quietly at its dock at Portsmouth, England, this seemingly bewitched craft suddenly sprang to life and dashed madly across the small harbor, where it ran into the wall. A dock attendant jumped into the craft and found nobody aboard. Without waiting to solve the mystery he headed the boat back to the spot from which it had come, upon which the craft promptly blew up altogether, pitched its would-be rescuer into the harbor and immediately sank. Nobody ever discovered why it had done these things.

An equally disconcerting but more soluble mystery was the experience of Mrs. Jessie Dear of Texas, who looked out of her window to see her fence posts smoking, balls of fire rolling along the fence wires and nearby grass and bushes apparently blazing merrily with a peculiar crackling kind of flame. Rushing out to throw some buckets of water on the supposed fire Mrs. Dear was knocked flat at though she had been kicked by a mule. The explanation, experts discovered, was that the fence was not on fire but was electrified. A high voltage electric power line some distance away had fallen on the wires, and the water carried the electricity to Mrs. Dear.

The golfer who got his hole in one by aid of a bee was Mr. Dick Franklin, of Houston, Texas. The bee stung him on the ankle and then hovered over the ball on the tee. Mr. Franklin swung at the bee with his club but missed. Accidentally he hit the ball, which sailed off directly into the cup, 193 yards away establishing Mr. Franklin as one of the year's darlings of capricious fortune.

Tragically contrary was the experience of an aviator who was overwhelmed by an avalanche, Lieutenant W. Maier, of the Swiss army. Being compelled to drop out of a disabled airplane over the Alps, Lieutenant Maier took to his parachute and descended safely, apparently out of danger. The airplane, however, continued on its flight and struck the snow slope some thousands of feet away and directly above the spot where the Lieutenant's parachute had deposited him. The impact of the airplane started a snowslide, which grew presently to the dimensions of an avalanche. Before the luckless aviator could make his way across the snow out of the line of the advancing snowslide, it reached and buried him.

Incidentally, one of the most curious aviation experiences of the year fell to the lot of a luckier aviator, Pilot E. L. Remlin, of Los Angeles. Flying north of San Francisco in October, Mr. Remlin was startled to see sailing ahead of him, curious flat objects later identified as roofs from barns. A whirlwind or "twister" had lifted them into the air. Fortunately Mr. Remlin was able to avoid any collision between his own craft and these impromptu airplanes.

No quick decision required of aviators ever exceeded that which circumstances required of Mr. Peter Burnand, of Sheffield, England, who slipped while cleaning a window in a

factory in that city. Below him was a furnace full of molten metal. The only object which he could grab was an electric wire charged with 1200 volts. He chose the wire, from which he presently was rescued by fellow workmen who themselves were severely shocked before they got him loose. Although unconscious when rescued, Mr. Burnand was revived and recovered; which he certainly would not have done had he dropped into the metal instead of seizing the live wire.

The oddest shooting accident of 1933 probably was the experience of the unlucky fisherman, Mr. Clarence Geno, of Ontario, Canada, who was shot and killed by a fish he already had caught. This fish, still flopping, was thrown by Mr. Geno into the bottom of the canoe in which he was fishing. In the bottom of the canoe was a loaded rifle. The flops of the fish twisted the fishing line around the trigger, discharged the rifle and shot Mr. Geno through the heart. In the house of Mrs. Virginia Watson in Philadelphia, a cat knocked over a shotgun, which was discharged and shot Mrs. Watson's infant daughter in the neck, fortunately not with fatal results. Mr. A. M. Dunnavan, of Rochester, Illinois, rigged up a gun trap to shoot chicken thieves. A fluttering hen flew against the string and shot Mr. Dunnavan himself.

That it is dangerous even to tell a person to put down a gun because that article is dangerous was proved by the experience of Mr. Samuel Wolfson, of New York City, who saw a boy playing with a gun and shouted to him to drop it. The boy was so startled that the gun went off, shot Mr. Wolfson and killed him. In a similar incident in the same city, Mr. Andrew Colletti was practising target-shooting in the basement of his house. A passerby, hearing the shots, summoned a policeman, who rushed into the basement with drawn revolver expecting to find a gang battle in progress. Mr. Colletti was so startled that he dropped his target rifle, which went off and shot him in the stomach.

Three Manhattan boys found a pistol hidden in the hallway of their apartment house. Accidentally it went off and shot all three boys, two in the hand and the other one in the arm. In panic, all three youngsters ran upstairs to the mother of two of them. Concluding, not unnaturally, that a gun battle was in progress downstairs she locked and barricaded the apartment door, keeping the three wounded boys inside. Neighbors sent for the police, who were compelled to break down the door before they could persuade the frightened mother that it was all a mistake and carry off the damaged boys for repairs at a hospital.

Mrs. Watson's cat fortunately did not shoot the baby fatally, but Mr. David Imes of Norristown, Pennsylvania was not so lucky. He tripped over the family cat, fell downstairs and died. A pussy in Berlin, Germany, felt so high spirited one day that she jumped through a fourth-story window, lit on a woman passing by on the street below and seriously injured her. A New York City policeman spent a week hunting the cat which had bitten him, so that the cat could be tested for rabies and the policeman would not have to take several weeks off for treatment. The most curious thing is that he found the cat.

Mr. John Jones, of Herefordshire, England, died from the bite of a lamb, the wound becoming infected with dangerous germs. A diner in a Chicago restaurant, desiring to make sure that the lobsters were fresh, asked that a tray of them be sent in from the kitchen for him to look them over. They were sent in, they proved to be still alive and one of them nipped the inquisitive diner on the end of his nose, resulting in a damage suit against the restaurant.

The fire department of Berlin, Germany, was called out to remove from the beard of an old gentleman in a public park a swarm of bees which had settled there during the old gentleman's afternoon nap. In a Chicago suburb a citizen rushed into the police station shouting that there was a wolf at his door. Rejecting the police-sergeant's assurance that this was nothing unusual in these depression days the visitor insisted that the wolf was real; which it was. The police turned it over to the zoo.

Neither 1932 nor 1933 produced any record of the traditional news event, a man biting a dog, but 1933 provided something just as good. In Brooklyn, a puppy bit a man and promptly fell dead, apparently from too great exertion in biting. Another dog wrecked an automobile and killed the driver by jumping at a critical moment. Other automobiles were wrecked by a mouse, a sneeze on the part of the driver, a bee sting and a wasp, causing the driver to lose control of the car. In London, one day last January, traffic first was tied up by a mouse and then by an elephant, both of which frightened women so that they collided, and stopped everything until

they had been stood upright and shepherded to a place of public safety.

A boy in New Rochell, New York, stood on a toy automobile to adjust a rope on the rafter of his playroom. The auto slipped out, the rope tightened around the boy's neck and he was hanged. A man in Halifax, Nova Scotia, lost a card game and agreed to turn a somersault as a forfeit. Something snapped. It was discovered that his neck was broken. During a dance at Brockville, Ontario, a boy was struck in the temple by his sister's elbow. He died. The distinguished British automobilist and racing driver, Sir Henry Birkin, burned his arm slightly on the hot exhaust pipe of his racing car during a race in Africa. Germ infection set in and killed him. Working at a jigsaw puzzle, Mr. Charles Leidhold, of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, finally found the missing piece that fitted. He was so much pleased that he dropped dead from heart failure.

Mount Clemens' day of three odd accidents began with an exploding pop bottle, which sent in the first injury. Next a sandwich thrown at a speeding automobile, so that it broke the windshield and sent the driver to a hospital to be treated for cuts. Finally a tombstone toppled over and injured a man caught underneath it.

One of the three New York City policemen hurt in arresting the 52-cent thief shot himself in the excitement in the store where the robber was found and captured. The other two wrecked their police auto on the way to jail with the culprit. The thief himself was uninjured. Another New York burglar was being hunted by police at night, after mysterious noises had been heard in a closed grocery store. Suddenly a cry of "I'm shot" was heard in the darkness and the culprit staggered out. The policemen were puzzled, as no shot had been fired by them. Presently the mystery of the "blood" streaming down the burglars face was explained. An egg had fallen off a shelf overhead, hit him on the head and flowed down over his countenance.

Perhaps the year's oddest crime was one still unexplained. Making his way home one dark night, Mr. Wm. Clark, of Detroit, Michigan, was stopped by two hold-up men who presented pistols, forced open Mr. Clark's mouth and proceeded to extract both his sets of false teeth, uppers and lowers. Neither Mr. Clark nor anyone else ever has been able to imagine why. To make this up to the false-teeth industry, however, the dog of Mrs. W. P. T. Baugham, of Pleasant Ridge, Michigan, brought home a set of false teeth which it had found elsewhere. Mrs. Baugham advertised the find and interviewed a long succession of false-teeth losers, but never found the right one.

Mr. Wm. J. Harris, of Boston, claims to be the world's only accidental pick-pocket. Just after the turn of the year he came home with some other man's watch and chain hanging, unknown to him, on one of the buttons of his heavy overcoat; it was decided that it had caught there in the rush-hour crowd and had been pulled out of the owner's pocket. Return of beer brought back to the news an accident long unfamiliar. No less than four kegs of beer in different parts of the country blew up in 1933 at parties or picnics, with considerable damage to clothes and persons of bystanders, who, perhaps, had expected plenty of beer, but not exactly in that way.

Most tragic of all the year's occurrences, however, was probably the fate of an elderly woman who picked up a discarded roll in a Broadway restaurant and ate it, hoping to save herself the cost of that part of a meal purchased especially for her. In a few moments she collapsed and died. The roll had been poisoned. Still more to the mystification of the detectives, at almost exactly the same hour a strange man dropped dead in the washroom of the same restaurant, although his body was not found until later. At first the authorities suspected a double murder or perhaps a suicide pact. The real truth, however, was older and more tragic.

The male victim, it was decided, had poisoned two rolls, intending to eat them as a means of suicide. One he did eat, and it proved enough to kill him. A little later the woman came along, saw the other roll, picked it up, and added the find to her meagre trayful of breakfast. Unsuspectingly, she ate that half of the deadly dose, the other half of which already had been the end of the male suicide.—American Weekly.

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