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DOES WARFARE INCREASE WITH CIVILIZATION

Edwin C. Hill, well-known Amreican writer, in an article says: "Sometimes one questions whether mankind has learned much of true value in the past ten thousand years. We used to conclude from reading our history books that war was the great evil of the extreme past, of undeveloped humanity, before civilization began to make any impress. Our heads were full of the wars of Alexander and the great Asiatic despots, of the conquests of Rome and of the bloody conflicts of the Dark Ages and the Reformation.

"But the scientific examination does not bear out that conclusion at all, and it does lead to the conclusion that the more civilization we have, the more wars we have. At least that is the assertion made by sociologists of Harvard University. Their figures show that war was really an insignificant part of man's activities up to the seventeenth century, and that ever since then it has steadily increased and grown more horrible.

"In the first part of the present century the tide of war rose to the high water mark of the ages. The Harvard scientists, looking at the history of war with a cold dispassionate idea, express the grim opinion that war does not tend to disappear with the progress of civilization. They go even further and say that all the commendable hopes that war will disappear in the near future are based on nothing more substantial than hope and a belief in miracles. In fact, they assume, from the record of the past few thousand years, that future wars, fiercer than have ever been fought before, can be avoided only by a miracle.

Far from declining, wars increase in number and intensity as nations expand and grow rich, and the worst explosion since the dawn of history took place in our own time. As Mr. Arthur Mee recently wrote in the British publication, My Magazine, time has brought us marching into a world almost beyond the dreams of yesterday. We have come into an astounding age, into a world in which a man can find no peace, no leisure, no thinking time.

"There was a time when politics was the noble business of lifting up mankind. But politics has become commercialized, sunk in a mire of selfishness. Throughout the world, there is discontent, the greatest danger confronting mankind. Everywhere, ago-old institutions are breaking up. Dictator after dictator arrives on the scene and crushed liberalism.

"In the heart of millions there is terror that there may fall upon humanity a thing unspeakable.

"The millions of young people, eager, delightful, unheeding, may see death raining on them from the skies. There are men in the world who are looking forward to it, and preparing for it. There is a spirit in the world that is biding its time.

"One thing alone can stop wars and preserve the future from this blight, and that is liberalism—the spread of goodwill among men and their neighbors, regardless of the language they speak. We must hate nobody, have charity, and think no evil, and be ready to share the world with all.

"It is a simple gospel two thousand years old, but as true to-day as the day it was spoken from the Mount. There is only one question in life that demands an answer: Are men to toil forever, building up destruction, to be destroyed in the end by the things thy have made?"

THE CASE AGAINST WAR

The following from the pen of Editor Thomas of the Bracebridge Gazette will hit the spot with a lot of folks who occasionally do a little thinking for themselves. There is unfortunately only too much truth in what he says so forcibly:

"The Old World is in a mess. Russia and Japan are feverishly preparing for war. Neither may want it but apparently both expect it. Riots are occurring in Spain. France is almost in a state of civil war. Austria has a revolution on its hands. Germany is openly defying the world to prevent her arming for any emergency. England and France have a kind of commercial war between themselves. The business wars are always dangerous. It was commercial greed that was at the foundation of the Great War. Will Canada keep out? Probably not. There are too many big people anxious to make more millions. These big fellows can coin some phrases like 'A War to End War,' or 'Make the world safe for democracy,' and sap-headed Canadians will let their head sap ferment. They did it before. Men who have guns to sell or horses to sell or airplanes to sell or poison to sell could come to Muskoka and get a few to rant about 'Saving the Empire' and most of you would go crazy. For fifty years I have watched you. Often admired you. Sometimes pitied you; sometimes despised you. You are soft hearted but you are also soft headed. You don't reason things out. A man can say 'Sic im, Tiger' and his dog will rush to battle with dog, steer or human. Who wants to be a dog? Canada has no quarrel with any people. All the money we spent, all the lives we lost, all the distress that followed did no good whatever. There has been less real democracy since than there was before. Foreign wars never did any good. eGneral McRea, a very prom inent Conservative Senator, recently asserted Canada must not send soldiers to fight outside their country. "No Canadian life should be sacrificed on the future battlefields of Europe," says the Quarter-Master General of Canada in the last war. This is the time to say it. This is the time all influential people should say it. Let the world understand, let ALL the world understand, that Canada is not a partner in their quarrels. Many little tin pot nations declared war against Germany about 1918 to give them an excuse to steal German ships in their ports and property in their confines but Canada didn't steal anything. She just lost, lost, lost. Now is the time to teach the folly and futility of war."

Advertsie in "The Liberal."

Markham Township Boy, Now Missionary In South America Has Narrow Escape Death When Beaten and Stoned by Natives of Ecuador.

ary in Cuenca, Ecuador South America, gives a glimpse of the trails and hardships of those who carry the gospel message to the far flung corners of the earth. The writer of the Markham and a son of Mr. and Mrs. G. Prentice, Milliken, an dis well known to many throughout this district. Telling of an exciting experience in which he nearly met death, Mr. Prentice writes as follows:

You refer to something George told you about my getting a stoning. Yes, it is true. I nearly became one of the martyrs. Though I want to say here that it was something I was not looking for and I would not for one minute want myself to be considered alongside some of those grand men and women who gave up their lives for Jesus in the Inquisition or in early Christian times.

This place, Cuenca, is the most fanatical centre of all Ecuador, and possibly to-day of any other part of South America. I have never yet seen anything like it for the way in which we are most cordially hated to the degree that such haters of would gladly end our days if they could and think they are doing God and humanity a great service. Nevertheless, in the city itself we are quite safe. The danger commences once we are in the small country villages where there is no adequate police force. I had gone out walking several nice sunny afternoons outside the stones while another similar looking city limits distributing tracts and so had come to the conclusion that the fierce rabid fanaticism had been worn down a little by the two years residence here of my immediate predecessors.

beautiful sunny day. I had often often one can cow these fellows by leper asylum which is a few minutes them to be careful as to what they out early in the afternoon for the they did us any violence. And above point where the old buildings were, everything I never showed a sign of might have opportunity. We gave out tracts all along the street that had seen back on the hill, and he was took us to the outskirts of the city boiling mad. He saluted me with the us to near the village. Then, accord- "Christians" had used. He answered ing to my custom that experience has taught me, we gave out no more that I cannot repeat them here. literature. We wait until we are leavso that by the time a mob has gath- seem to you all these people consider mass of humanity like angry wasps in this way) were. So I said as far the little village which was nothing your intentions are to kill us. So, more than a cluster of about a dozen proceed with your work. But as a mud hovels on each side of the high- friend I would remind you that I way inhabited mostly by half-breeds carry apapers from the governor of and Indians. On coming to the last this province as well as the chief of house, however, I saw a couple of police for the province demanding of A group of folk, mostly women, had ed them to take me immediately to men who looked as though they were all local authorities to give me police in possession of their brains and not protection when necessary. I also stantly that if I did what I proposed gation. I protested, but it was of no the priest. One of them was on have in my house my passport which to do I would only incite the angry horseback. I noticed that this latter has been vised by the officers of the human wasps to raging acts of blind had a hard mouth and looked like a republic so that I am entitled to full vengeance. So I feinted to catch the criminal but withal a man who seem- police protection. And no doubt the Indian, made him pass me, and then ed to be able to reason for himself. Consul of Great Britain will insist on ran him. Seeing the stone in my The other man was standing. He was an investigation being made. So, hand he thought of course that I the local saloon keeper, I judged, as my friend, it may be that in the long would throw it at him. So he sprinthe was standing in front of the open run you will suffer more than I." ed up the path ahead of me like a doorway through which I saw the These words had the effect of making deer, and I like one in hot pursuit. kegs of alcohol and bottles on the him stop. So with a most demoniacal | By this time, however, we were well shelves. He was a fine looking fellow expression he said: "Well, we will let hedged in. Our pursuers from behind about six feet tall. I selected the this one go, but this other one (my began to catch up Those from the best tract I had and gave one to each, Ecuadorian companion) is going to village were drawing on. Stones now who received them nicely. Then we get it good and hard." I had to think came thick and fast. I saw the road continued on our way.

we crossed.

the building when I heard someone | who lived up in the house there haul out of my pockets all the papers Phone 150

Mrs. John Grant, Unionville, from her which we had just left. Turning I with the sling as in old biblical times. some coal-oil and matches and burn brother Emanuel Prentice a mission- saw a man dressed in a blue suit A few years ago a detachment of everything." I thought: "Well, I see his arms. Thinking that he was calling to me for tracts because of and called back to him. As I received letter is a brother of Ken Prentice of no answer I called back to him again. Shortly, however, I heard the word "thief" which was soon followed by a stone coming our way from up over the bank on the other side of the road. At once I saw that we were in a nest of raging reasonless fanatics, and rapidly decided that the best thing to do was to run as fast as we could straight ahead to a point where we could select another road on which to return to Cuenca.

So along the side of the old building we ran, turned a corner, and went down to another gulley on the other side of the building, though much shallower than the other one. The road thus far, too, was ten feet below the precipitous bank on the other side of the road from the old asylum build ing. After going up the other gulley a short distance we turned up a road to our right which ascended a hill I can assure you that in this altitude my breathing was like a steam engine going up a hill. We had gone up this road about five hundred yards when we arrived in front of a house with a balcony upstairs facing the road. We noticed a cholo woman standing there. Suddenly a rough looking individual dropped down to the roadway with his poncho full of chap did so from the other side. They

were madder than wet hens. They commenced to call me, in Spanish, of course, such nice names as "heretic, thief, rascal, damned, etc." I have learned that the heart The last Sunday in June was a of fanaticism is really fear, and that wanted to take a walk out to the old sternly reproving them. So I warned outside Cuenca. So when a young did as I was well known to the authman came along whom I knew some orities in the city, and therefore, it years ago in Guayaquil we started would surely go hard with them if taking a number of good Gospel fear. I was able to check them. But tracts with us for distribution as we now the ringleader came on the scene. He was the young fellow I and along the country road that took same nice words that the other me then with other words so filthy saw what the murderous intentions of ing town and then give out our papers this "Christian" (strange as it may ered we are outside the village. themselves Christians and doing the Otherwise we might find a raging Christian duty on dealing with me waiting for us. So we went through as I can remember: "Well, I see that him. My purpose was to grab him of a fight I had been in. When I rapidly. It would never do for me widening out to the right for the From this house onward the road- to stand still and see my companion gulley now drew away back from the way was cut down so that the banks so badly treated. If he was to suffer road. I thought that I would strike on each side were about ten feet high- then it would be with me accompany- through there for an opening in the er than the road. A road in this ing him. So I cleared the space be- maguey hedge and run for liberty. country is not like our roads at home, tween me and my companion in double It seemed as though my move only excepting in certain limited parts. It quick order putting myself at his moved the mob to redoubled efforts.

much narrower for horses and mules. Wemade pretty good time alright. semi-conscious, I fell to the ground Suddenly this road led us out on the But the whole countryside was arous- expecting that now I was down, a brow of a gulley. There, about two ed. Dogs were barking, men were big stone would be thrown on my hundred feet below us and about 600 shouting, and women were screaming. head and that would be the end of yards to our right we saw the old As I ran along the side of the old my existence in this present world. asylum. It was a picturesque place, asylum I decided to keep to the right I might assure you that as I lay The building being down between the of the road as tight to the precipit- there I became almost impatient that hills was protected from the winds. ous bank as possible. I had looked the final stroke did not come soon. It was made of mud brick nicely plas- up and saw running in the field be- But as none came I began to wonder tered and whitewashed. The roof was hind the hedge of maguey (cactus) what was going to happen. As soon of red tiles. We could see all the plants a rather oldish man with a as it dawned on me that there was a inside patios from where we stood. gun, one of the small muzzle loading chance to escape I continued to lay After admiring it and the situation shot guns which are quite common very still as I did not want the stoners of the building with its willows along among the poorer class of people. to think there was very much life the side of the little brook which ran Soon it was fired with a tremendous left in me.

shouting and making motions with soldiers armed with rifles was nearly my end is to go up in smoke." But annihilated because these fellows were suddenly all voices were silenced. his having seen the others, I stopped hilltops from which they flung their more happened. I began to think of sending a superior number of troops home. armed with cannon who also set fire | Finally after ten minutes more my to their houses and shot the whole companion came to me saying: "They bunch, men and women and children. have all gone." I was quite amazed. However, you must remember that But I sat up. Then I saw that I was these Indians are not the same as our badly wounded. I found that I could Indians in North America excepting not bend my left arm. I could hardly in their colour. These fellows are bear my weight on my left foot. agriculturists, are semi-civilized, Warm blood was running down my weave their own coarse woollen gar- face and neck. My companion was in ments, and are under the thumb of just as bad a plight as I. Then he ignorant priests as much slaves as told me his story. any who were bought and sold in the He told me that when I fell the slave markets of the Southern States. others concentrated on him. From Well, when I reached this stage in up the bank about seven feet somethe road a stone hit me on the right one threw a stone which lighted on side of my head. I remember saying the top of his head. Someone came to myself: "Well, that hardly hurt running up with a revolver then who me at all. It won't be so bad after pressed it against his chest. But just all to die stoned to death." At this as he was about to fire it off another point the road dipped down into the man, the fellow dressed in blue, struck gulley. I did not see how we could his arm upwards so that the shotever reach the other side alive for went off over his shoulder. About our pursuers had the entire advantage this time the man on horse back to over us. It would be like casting whom we had given a tract passed by stones on rats caught in the bottom of and my friend hollered out: "Help! a well. I remembered, however, how Help!" But the other replied coldthe Lord cared so miraculously for bloodedly. "No, it would be better Israel when leaving Egypt. So I that they kill you" and went on his plunged down calling on Him to be way. Then some of the roughnecks pleased to show His ancient power. took him up bodily and threw him And He did. It was marvellous. down on the hard roadway. He was Stones, big and small, peppered the left there. side of the gulley up which I was I soon decided that the best thing climbing, under me, on either side of for us to do would be to continue

> member one hitting me. side of the gulley I began to breathe alarm other people who might see us. a little easier. I thought that we If we waited until dark we might be were outdistancing our assailants and set upon and murdered. So trusting would soon be out of danger. How- the Lord, we turned homewards limpever, I noticed that some stones from | ing as we went with the blood trickbehind were coming just a little too ling down our faces until we must near me. One gave me a nasty hit have looked like butchered hogs. I on the left arm. I turned around and was greatly surprised as we went saw an Indian with his poncho held through the village to see every up like a woman's apron in which he house shut up with the exception of carried a number of nasty rocks the last one where a couple of women which he was throwing at me. I saw in the doorway looked aghast at us. he was gaining on me. I was pretty | When I came to the city limits the well out of wind but as he was used people in the street looked incredulto running like this he was as fresh ously at us and soon commenced to as a gazelle. So I determined on a gather in groups. I hoped to not meet bold move for I saw that a stone with any policemen but get home by thrown by him might easily break my some side streets. However, I ran back. I turned and ran to him. I right into a group of three policemen remember having caught in my hands with whom was the son of the Chief one of the stones which he threw at of Police. At first the policemen not me. Rather absentmindedly I kept knowing who I was, spoke rather it in my right hand as I ran toward roughly to me asking me what kind by the poncho and toss him over into told them to go back and enquire of the quebrada (gulley) whose precipit- the fanatics the facts of the matter ous side ran right up to the roadway. my speech betrayed me and they As I reached out to grab him I heard gasped with surprise. The son of the a most murderous yelling behind me. Police Chief came up then and ordercome out of the village. I saw in- Police headquarters for the investi-

is merely a narrow strip about four side. Then we commenced to run or five feet wide and in some places doubling back on our tracks for town. I received some more nice wallops on the head, arm, back and legs. Finally Steamship OFFICE

through the gulley we started down echo among the hills We doubled the After laying there about ten minthe path toward the building which corner of the building and raced to- utes I heard someone say: -"What ward the valley. Near the gulley the are you afraid of? Go up to him and We had crossed the gulley and bank on the right completely disap- examine all his pockets.' Soon somewere walking in the road alongside pears so that I was exposed to those one came to me and commenced to

that I had left. I remember that I had a little change in one pocket and a five Sucre bill. The fellow showed this to the one who was ordering what should be done but he told him to put it back and only take the papers that I had. Among the things that were taken was a good Catholic Testament, the best Catholic version in Spanish that exists, and which is not given out any more by the priests. The loffowing letter received by shouting from the hill behind us | Many of these Indians are experts | Soon I heard a fellow say: "Bring on such good shots from the surrounding | Minute succeeded minute and nothing stones under cover of maguey plants how to get home. I considered stayand other low brush. The govern- ing where I was until dark and then ment was only able to quell them by under cover of darkness make my way

me, and above me, sending the dust back to Cuenca on the road which and pebbles flying. But I do not re- came even right through the little village. I saw that if we sought out As I gained the road on the other another road our condition would

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