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VAGARIES OF WINTER

With a multiplicity of signs and portents handed down from times immemorial, to say nothing of meteorological science at the command of the government, humanity never knows in advance what is in the mind of Old Man Winter.

The vagaries of other seasons are taken as a matter of course; the sudden shifts of winter weather are constantly surprising. Why they are is another matter for surprise, since nothing is more certain than that all will be taken unawares.

A long and balmy season of typical fall weather encourages the hope that winter will trail along, mild and open. Then, without warning, the entire country will find itself shivering in zero or near-zero temperatures, bucking biting winds, and after plowing through deep and drifted snow.

It doesn't pay to depend on the weather. "Indian Summer" isn't a fixed season. An early winter may descend upon the unsuspecting land just when "Indian Summer" is due. Nor does the premature arrival of cold weather invariably presage a "hard winter."

No two winters are alike. Winter strikes when the mood is on it. Whether the first attack is early or late, it is neither a threat nor a promise for the future. Of only one thing can we be sure; in due course it will go. There is nothing to be done about it, in season or out.

MOTORISTS MUST BE CAUTIOUS

This season of the year is a dangerous time for motor car drivers. There are several reasons but the most important one is because it marks the return of children to school and among the army of these young folk are scores who are going to school for the first time, many of whom are not old enough to understand what traffic regulations stand for, or who cannot be expected to sense the hazards of the street in this motor age. That they will dart out from the curb in the abandon of their childish play is certain. To prevent their doing so is impossible unless the sidewalks were barred with guard rails. Thus, points out the Whitty Gazette, it is a duty and responsibility of motorists to drive their cars, particularly in school zones, in such a manner as to reduce to a minimum the dangers which arise from the thoughtlessness of children in play. Childhood is the happiest time of life, and to expect children never to think of anything else but the hazards of traffic is to deny them something of the birthright. Motorists have rights, we know, but no motorist has the right to endanger human life; and too often have motorists taken refuge in the alibi: "He darted right out in front of me," when a maimed and still form lies on the pavement. The motorist who is reasonably cautious has his car always under control.

READING AN EDUCATION

With the longer evening, the thoughts of winter approach, comes very forcibly to the fore, and with winter comes the commencement once again of reading as a primary recreation. Richmond Hill has a splendid library in which reading, one of the finest forms of education, from detective stories to the classics, is available.

Who has not met the man whose horizon hardly reaches beyond his petty round of business and personal affairs? Intellectually he is insular, yet for breakfast he drinks coffee grown in Brazil and eats toast made of wheat, the price of which is controlled by exports and imports, and then rides to work on rubber produced in Malaya.

"Oh, yes," he will say, "Sometime when my ship comes in I'm going to see the world." But in the meantime, denied the full loaf he ignores the half which, in this case, is that very excellent substitute for travel-reading.

Everybody can make some time for reading. The late Theodore Roosevelt preached and lived the strenuous life, yet arbitrarily took ten or fifteen minutes each day to read poetry.

Books, be they prose or poetry, open the gates of all nations. We are not all privileged to make trips around the world. Few of us will ever journey in many other countries than our own, yet practically every country in the world is thrown open to us through reading, without bothersome customs or passport red tape.

In this district, all this is at the door of the people, without charge—all for the taking. Why not share in the good things?

WOMEN AND FOWL SUPPERS

This season of the year brings on the fowl suppers in abundance and almost every week there are one or two in this locality. Sure, they are enjoyed, and many travel several miles to partake of their goodness. But there are few, perhaps, who think of the cost and work that is necessary for the men and women, particularly the women, who provide these bountiful repasts. Recently we were interested in an article written by a man on this subject to the Women's Page of the Toronto Globe. It reads in part as follows:

"I see that some one is again raising the question of church suppers. If folks would give the value, in money, of the stuff they contribute to such suppers, the church would certainly be far ahead, financially. Last year it took nine of our ducks to get us to the church supper, and my wife worked her head off for about two days before, as she had a table. We took two ducks, dressed and roasted; a bowl of gravy, a quart of cream, a quart of pickles, and a cake. We paid, my wife and I, thirty-five cents each for admission, and twenty-five cents each for our two girls. The ducks were worth thirty-five cents on the hoof — if ducks have hoofs—so you can figure out how many ducks it took, and we couldn't raise ducks at thirty-five cents each.—Listowell Banner.

THE CONFIDENT-COURAGEOUS LIFE

Every day the news dispatches convey the stories of men and women who have lost their grip. These suicides have not been confident of their ability to eventually overcome their handicaps or difficulties.

One of our readers recently wrote and asked how he could attain the confident-courageous attitude toward life.

He also wished to know how he could gain more personal power.

The recipe is simple although a thousand pages would not exhaust a detailed elaboration. The difficulty comes in following it.

Having confidence in one's source is often an aid to gaining confidence in one's powers. The finest flowering of many religious systems of thought is the idea that the soul of man is of the same essence as the Infinite Creator. Those who need to gain confidence in their inherent powers would do well to think of this several times a day. They should read all they can supporting this idea.

When they have firmly fixed in the mind who and what they are they will very often find that the cringing, fearful attitude has been crowded out in much the same manner as light pushes back darkness. Having gained an inner confidence a man may still lack the force to express it outwardly, courageously.

In similar mental mood a man may be confident in his own mind that he can lift two hundred pounds of sand. However, when he has actually done it he isn't afraid to tackle any two hundred pound sack of sand, no matter who is looking. Then he has confirmed courageous-confidence. But, how can he get to do it? Easy! By practicing at every opportunity on twenty-five pounds of sand and then fifty and then a hundred and then a hundred and fifty and finally on the two hundred. If he never masters the two hundred he will come much nearer doing so than as though he had not followed this method.

The same method will do much in the matter of developing untried confidence into confirmed courageous-confidence. One should begin the developing process by doing and saying things of which he is only a little bit timid. When he has accustomed himself to that he should tackle with a greater appreciation of his own ability something of which he has always been quite afraid and so on up the climb to mastery when he will easily address himself and abilities to things and conditions of which he was once positively fearful.

The confident-courageous attitude, like muscle power, develops through use.

VACATION

By A. Lead

A feller called up my place some time ago and wanted to know was I dead and if so, where was I buried? He said he would like to plant a few posies and maybe sprinkle a little grasshopper poison 'round so as to relieve me from some of the tortures he knew I must be enduring.

"Anyhow," says he, "I know he must be gettin' a-plenty 'cause he was always such a deservin' guy."

What kindness bleeds from the hearts of friends!

Funny, ain't it, how fast news can travel? and me moseyin' 'round never knowin' it. I always was slow.

Goin' to town a couple of days after I stepped 'round the corner and came face to face with a couple of guys. On seein' me they both grew white as ghosts. The thin one rushed into his shop, but the fat one—bein' a awful hot day—stood his ground but was speechless.

"Golly," thinks I, "maybe after all the news of my demise is authentic. Better go into the bank, old feller, and see if you are as dead physically as you are financially."

But when I stepped into this here museum of rare coins, everybody wears a expectant smile, so of course I know right away this here late Leap business is all wet.

No, sir-ee, I just been off on a little vacation—a queer kind of vacation—one that wasted neither time, money nor energy.

Some folks take the cushions to California, some ride the rubbers to B.C., and some think nothin' quite so restful as a batch of beach blisters, but I couldn't stand the financial fatigue of a physical trip, so I just meandered off on a mental spree that took me over more territory than the C.P.R. could negotiate in a year.

Did I travel? Did I see things and places and people? Boy-o-boy! I followed old trails—highways that led me to great places and prominent people; by-ways that took their winding course to out-of-the-way places where I found queer people and heard quaint philosophies. I heard again the speeches of orators whose eloquence swayed the minds of millions. I heard the silvery voices of famous prima donnas and noted tenors. I heard the crash of great bands and the symphonies of famous orchestras. I heard the thunder of war—the frenzied cheers of fools gone mad with that barbaric patriotism only war can breed.

Again I was intoxicated with the lazy leisure of the southland where it is always summer.

I pitched my tent in the virgin forests of the north and heard the whispered secrets of the silence.

And then I sat in that house of houses, and in this house I lived again with the finest old gentleman and the dearest little old lady God ever made. He would play the violin, then she would read to me, and when I grew sleepy and climbed into bed this fine old gentleman would always stand by and smile down at me while this dear, little old lady tucked me in.

Of such was my vacation. If you are weary and lonely and heartsore, if the fangs of adversity have struck deep into your heart of hope, if old friends, grown calloused with indifference, have forgotten you and the intimacy of the years, just back-track

on the trail that leads to your happiest yesterdays; back to the hills of pleasant sights, the dales of pleasing sounds; back to old friends, to the old folks who always understood. Perhaps you, too, may come back refreshed as from a voyage on tranquil seas, enriched with a long and intimate review of old memories which should help to make you more contented with your lot and enable you to look upon this misery-ridden world with less bitterness.

SAVE YOUR BUCKINGHAM WRAPPERS

Citizens are asked to co-operate with the Richmond Hill A.A.A. by saving Buckingham cigarette and tobacco packages. In return for the packages the Association receives toys which are distributed to the kiddies at Christmas time. Containers will be placed in local business places. SAVE YOUR BUCKINGHAM PACKAGES.

STORAGE

Reservations on car storage for the coming winter have been in early this year, only a limited space left. Why not treat your car right by storing it in this fire-proof heated garage.

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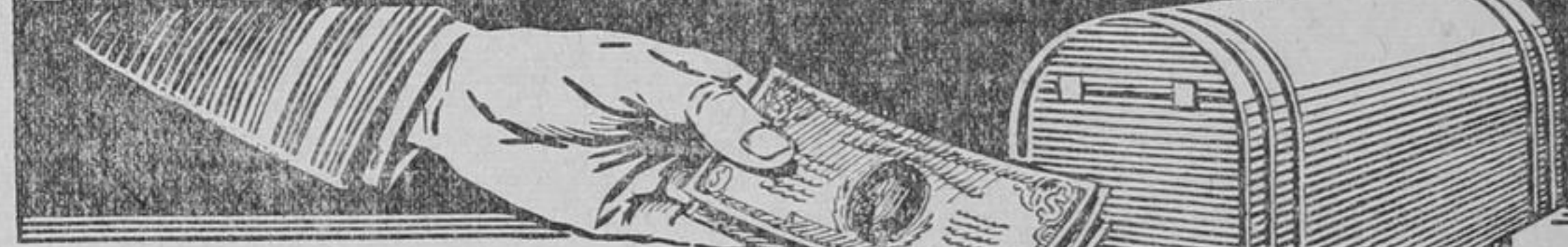
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