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FINDING FARM JOBS

Last year the Ontario Government conducted a campaign to place unemployed men on the farms. That effort is reported to have found places for over eight thousand men, and the Government this year is making a similar effort in which it is hoped that last year's figures will be exceeded.

The Departments of Agriculture and Labour-Welfare are co-operating and Hon. David Croll in announcing the campaign recently said the Government's viewpoint was that there are jobs and that there are men wanting them; the only difficulty was to get them together.

The Ontario Government is showing keen interest in the welfare of the province by its active campaign to bring together the farmer who needs help and the man who needs work.

Relief offices have been advised that assistance should be denied to any man who refuses a farm job at fair wages. Few will quarrel with this dictum as men on relief should be willing to work if work is available.

Hon. Mr. Croll directed a special appeal to farmers that they, wherever possible, permit the men to bring their families along for the summer months. The most successful placements last year were cases where arrangements were made to house not only the man himself but his wife and children, so that the family were not broken up. Often this arrangement is not possible, but it is hoped that where accommodation is available, the farmer will grant it.

The campaign is an important one. If a farmer needs help to successfully operate his farm and a man wishes to retain a measure of his self-respect by keeping off relief during the summer months and if a successful co-operation can be arranged between these two factors, the Ontario Government will have made a commendable contribution to provincial welfare.

MOTOR FUEL FROM POTATOES

The production of motor fuel as a by-product of the potato industry, is put forward by Guy G. Porter, of Perth, N.B., a prominent authority on potatoes. According to the Advocate of Pictou, N.S., Mr. Porter will shortly make a proposition to the New Brunswick Government to establish a plant for the manufacture of alcohol from potatoes. Mr. Porter has spent several months in Europe investigating the matter.

In support of his proposal, he says: "What we need and must have if we hope to survive, is a much larger consumptive demand at a price remunerative to the potato grower. This consumptive demand we have within our own borders, for motor fuel. We are importing many millions of gallons of motor fuel. At least part of this motor fuel should be manufactured from agricultural products grown on New Brunswick farms. One-third of New Brunswick's large potato crop, that portion of the crop—the culls and lower grades and surpluses if any—which never has any worth-while commercial value, should be manufactured into alcohol, mixed with gasoline and sold as a blended motor fuel under government regulation. This would take care of approximately 4,000,000 bushels annually. A price of 50 cents per barrel could be paid to the growers for these cull and low grade potatoes. Between \$700,000 and \$800,000 could in this way be salvaged from that portion of the crop which has never been considered of much value."

A similar project has already advanced a further step at Atchison, Kansas, where the first "farm fuel refinery" in United States, a plant to manufacture 10,000 gallons daily of "power alcohol" from farm crops was completed two weeks ago. By the Kansas process grain alcohol can be made from corn, oats, rye, barley or potatoes. This alcohol mixed with ordinary gasoline, it is claimed, will give quicker starting, improved acceleration and more mileage.

A subject of this kind is of much interest to York County with its big production of potatoes. If growers could convert their cull potatoes into fuel that would drive their cars, trucks and tractors they would indeed be in a happy condition. Consequently they will be interested to see the outcome of the effort the New Brunswick is trying to put over for the disposal of the low-grade spuds.

CONSIDER THE TRAFFIC OFFICER

With the opening of another motoring season, it is time to say a word or two for that much-abused individual, the motorcycle traffic officer, who is charged with the enforcement of the traffic laws of the province but who manages to render a great many other services to the people while he is on duty. For every prosecution that is launched by a traffic officer, it is probable that a score or more warnings are given. Thoughtless people sometimes consider him a pest, but consider what traffic would be like if he was not on the road. Without any regulation such as he attempts to give, without the fear that he may appear around the next curve, traffic would run wild and there would undoubtedly be a much larger number of accidents, fatal and other.—Brockville Recorder.

Speaking of the continuous free publicity and community support given by local newspapers, Governor Francis of Missouri, pays the following tribute: "Each year the local paper gives from \$500 to \$1,000 in free lines to the community in which it is located. No other agent or will do this. The editor, in proportion to his means, does more for his own town than any other ten men, and in all fairness he ought to be supported, not because you like him or admire his writings, but because the local paper is the best investment a community can make. Today the editors of the local papers do the most for the least money of any people on earth."

GOLF WIDOW

Sue Adams watched her husband stride jauntily down the path between the two neat rows of miniature box that had once so filled her heart with pride.

Nothing filled her heart with pride to-day, she reflected, with an unhappy glance at the jonquils and narcissus nodding in the spring sunshine. Not even the two yews, on either side of the gate, that had been the latest addition to the garden. What fun Bob and she had had last fall, putting them in!

Sudden tears dimmed Sue's eyes, but she brushed them aside and made a brave effort to answer Bob's parting wave and cheerful, "Expect me when you see me."

He swung his golf clubs into the rumble seat, sprang to the wheel and started the car without a backward glance.

Sue patted the ears of the wire-haired terrier who rubbed against her, then turned back to the front door.

"What'll we do now, Skips?" she asked forlornly. "Take a walk?"

Disregarding Skip's enthusiastic welcome of this suggestion, Sue bolted into the house and threw herself headlong on the divan.

A cold nose thrust into her hand put a stop to the sob that shook her. "Never saw me do that before, did you, Skips? You're right; I'm not the crying sort. This situation needs brains, not tears!"

Sue forced herself to face the reality she had been evading. There was no use going on any longer hoping Bob would get over this sudden passion for golf. It held him in the obsession of a witch's spell!

Years ago Bob played, but he'd given it up when they were married. Too expensive, for one thing, and no time, for another, what with working in the garden and all the other sports they enjoyed together. One or two attempts at teaching Sue golf had convinced them that she was hopeless.

Then, last winter, one of Bob's friends had persuaded him to take up indoor golf. That had been the beginning of the end.

With a brooding look in her deep blue eyes, Sue rose at last and crossed to her desk. Opening the top drawer, she pulled out a bank book, and gazed with hypnotic intensity at the neatly figured balance.

Four hundred and seventy-six dollars! She'd almost reached the five hundred mark she had set herself as a goal before telling Bob.

Over two years of careful saving from the household money had gone into the accumulation of that sum. How many times Sue had dreamed of the moment when she would show it to Bob! "Let's take a cruise," she'd say. Then, when Bob had said they couldn't afford it, she'd produce that. Right there in her hand, she was holding a joyous second honeymoon!

"Only, it isn't," she slowly answered her thought aloud. "It isn't a second honeymoon!"

She glanced at her reflection in the mirror.

"Bob's worth all of four hundred and seventy-six dollars!" She nodded defiantly at that second Sue. "You're not going to be fool enough to lose your husband to a game, are you?"

Monday morning found Sue inquiring for the golf professional at the Country Club of a nearby town.

"I have four hundred and seventy-six dollars, and plenty of time," she explained to the stocky little Scotchman, who looked with quizzically appraising eyes at the slender, resolute figure before him. "Can I learn to play a decent game of golf with that, before next September?"

"Hoo about your patience?" he inquired. "You'll be needin' plenty of that, as weel!"

"I'll have it," she promised. "I'll do anything you say!"

Many was the time in the next five months that Sue had to remind herself of that promise!

Day after day, week after week, Sue practised the swing to the drone of his, "Easy, noo! Easy! Golf is a lazy man's game!"

At last, it began to come automatically. With a minimum of effort, the ball took amazing flights that surprised Sue as much as they thrilled her. But not one word of her daily pilgrimage did she let leak out to Bob or any of their friends.

It was two weeks before the Labour Day tournament when Sue remarked casually at dinner. "I have a surprise for you, Bob! I've been taking some golf lessons!"

"Golf lessons!" Bob exclaimed. "Good gosh, honey, you can't play 'em."

"I thought I might learn," Sue said meekly. "It would be fun to play together sometimes."

"Er—er—sure it would," Bob's agreement was woefully lacking in conviction. "But—but golf's a game you have to have a knack for. Take tennis, now. You're good at that; why not stick to it?"

"Because you never want to play tennis any more," Sue said. "I thought I'd take a few lessons, and then we could go in the mixed foursome together."

"Mixed foursome!" Bob stared at Sue, as though she had lost her senses. "Mixed foursome!"

"Why not? It's not so terrible, and—"

"You probably don't realize, dear, that I stand a very good chance of winning the mixed foursome. Helen Taylor and I have been practising for it for a couple of months."

"Oh," Sue achieved a masterpiece in that "Oh," and the following, "No, I hadn't realized. But—"

"Of course, I'll be glad to play a few holes with you sometime. After the tournament, that is. The next Saturday, say. No! I forgot. I'm dated up for a match then. But we'll do it one of these days," he ended lamely.

"That'll be fine."

"You're a grand little sport, honey!" Bob pulled her to him and gave her a kiss. "You understand how a man needs exercise and don't nag him to death!"

The morning of the tournament was crisp and sparkling with September brilliance.

Bob looked approvingly at Sue's new sports outfit. "Atta girl! That is the way the gallery ought to look!"

"I'm not a part of the gallery this time." She slipped into the front seat beside him. "I'm playing. Tom Jessup and I."

The motor roared and the car shot forward. "Of all the crazy—did Tom ask you?" he demanded.

"No, I asked him," Sue said serenely. "He didn't know that I played. He was ever so nice about it."

An ominous silence carried them almost to the Country Club, before Bob said, with an obvious effort to control his temper, "I'm sorry you did that, Sue. Just because a man was once in love with you is no excuse for putting him in a position like that."

"He didn't seem to mind!" Sue gave a sudden chuckle. "The funny part is, we've drawn you and Helen to play against!"

"We have the honor," Tom nodded to Sue. "You lead off."

As Sue took her stance, she felt that she had never faced a more dramatic moment. Would her nerve hold? She could feel Tom's and Helen's eyes on her with amused tolerance. Bob was gazing into the distance.

Concentrating with all her might Sue tried to imagine that no one was there but the little Scotchman. Relax—back slowly—grip firm—eyes on the ball—arms leading—snap of the wrist—follow through—

Never in all her life would Sue forget that match? The applause of the crowd; Tom's gratified amazement; Bob's baffled bewilderment as he glowered from behind bunkers and stared as though he had never seen her before.

At the thirteenth hole it was all over, Sue and Tom winning, 6 up and 5 to go.

After the formalities of handshaking and congratulations were over, Sue ran to Bob and slipped her arm through his as he strode back to the clubhouse. Her eyes, shining with happy excitement, mischief and pleading, forced him to meet them.

One of the men of a passing foursome shouted to Bob, "See you next Saturday!"

Bob grinned, his arm tightening on Sue's.

"Sorry," he called back, "you'll have to count me out. I'm playing with my wife."

THE MASON'S GOAT

(Galt Reformer, May 5th, 1869.)

"In every Masonic Lodge a live goat is an indispensable institution. The men of the square and compass say that is all nonsense, but the general public can't be hoodwinked that way. It is not known to the public exactly what they do with it but rumors float around the village that the Elora Masonic Lodge keeps a real live goat. If a member of the Lodge is asked about it he answers that the accused goat belongs to Mr. Dalby, proprietor of the Dalby House, which, of course, as the public knows, is just a harmless way of side-stepping the issue. Two weeks ago the Mason's Billy wandered out on to the street, saw the door of George Fraser's store open, stepped in, and spying some tempting corn, proceeded to help himself. Mr. Fraser who was out for the moment, returned to find his green corn disappearing and forthwith kicked Billy out of the

store and slammed the door behind him. But instead of going away Billy hung around and presently got his eye on some vegetables in the window of the same store and took a short cut to them by butting in the large square of glass. In righteous indignation, Mr. Fraser smote him fore and after with shoe leather and Billy retreated down street. Fraser is not a Mason, but recognizing the animal as the one reputed to be the Mason's property, he sent in the local lodge for the damage done, to the bill. The bill read:—
Irvine Lodge,
In account with George Fraser,
General Store;
To one pane of glass broken by Mason's goat on April 8—75c.
Report has it that the account gave rise to a heated argument at the next meeting of Irvine Lodge but that a motion to pay the account was eventually carried."

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GLENN'S DRUG STORE

W. F. R. Stubbs, V.S., is a recently elected president of the Caledon Lacrosse Club.

Read and Remember

Why do sick people generally seek the services of a chiropractor only as a last resort and even then some hesitate? As there are many people who would be greatly benefited by chiropractic and drugless methods of treating disease let us examine some of the possible reasons which we believe are mainly due to people not knowing all the facts in the case. First of all some think the treatments are very painful but the truth is that under a competent chiropractor there will be little if any discomfort, patients of both sexes ranging in age from babies to elderly people finding them very pleasant.

Again some believe that chiropractic is so limited in scope that it only applies to a sore back and similar conditions whereas nearly every disease can be benefited: constipation, nervousness, stomach and kidney disorders, women's troubles, etc. Nearly everyone has experienced his foot go to sleep when keeping the legs crossed for some time and found when the feet of the knees was changed life came back again to the foot, similarly chiropractic treatments bring back the life to the stomach, bowels, kidneys, etc., by removing pressure on the nerves leading to these organs at the point where they emerge from the spine. These nerves lie in little grooves between the bones of the spine and even a very slight displacement of any of these bones will cause enough pressure to seriously affect the internal organs to which the nerves are connected. Others again think the treatments are expensive but there are few who would exchange the benefit derived from the treatments for many times their cost.

You can go to your chiropractor in perfect confidence. If a patient should come to us for examination and we do not accept the case there will be no charge. If we know we can help you we will tell you so and if required will furnish you with the names of people who have been helped who can tell you their personal experience. The logical time to go to a chiropractor is first not last as his simple and natural treatments without the use of drugs or surgery are perfectly safe; (hundreds of thousands of patients passing through the hands of chiropractors during the last twenty years) then if the chiropractor should fail to help you it would be time enough to try something else. Remember that since chiropractic has to overcome the general prejudice against new methods the chiropractor must be getting results as he can only stay in business through the recommendation of others who have been helped.

PHONE FOR APPOINTMENT

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