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TIDE REALLY HAS TURNED

Exports of Canadian products in October came within less than \$70,000 of reaching the even 111 million dollars—a larger volume than had been recorded in any previous month since 1928.

For the six months ending with October exports of Canadian products totalled over 596½ million dollars, or a little better than the even 118 millions above the same period a year ago.

For those who believe that in international trade the balance should always be in our favor the further fact may be recorded that while imports into Canada for the six months were 48 millions greater than for the same period a year since they still fell 215½ millions short of equalling our exports in the same period.

The tide has certainly turned at last. Trade IS on the upgrade and for the change that is under way the wise trade agreements and tariff policies of the King government are largely responsible.

HOW TO KILL YOUR TOWN

Always cultivate the idea that you can do better in some other town.

Denounce your merchants because they are trying to make a living here.

Glory in the downfall of any man who has done much to improve your own town.

Get all you can out of the town and the merchants, but spend your money somewhere else.

Tell your merchants that you can buy elsewhere cheaper, you probably can't but charge them with being extortionists anyway.

Always believe everything that peddlars and specialty agents tell you and buy from them. You could do better at your own stores, but don't ever, ever do that.

If a stranger stops in town, tell him he'd do better to go on to the next place.

Always have your mind firmly made up before you go in any of your own home stores, that you just simply can't get anything to suit you there.

And now, after having religiously done all of the above, you ought to have the satisfaction of very shortly seeing your town reduced to a small burg, with possibly a general store, a service station or two, and a post office. All this may not have enhanced the value of your property or improved your own living conditions—but you don't care.

AVOID TONGUE-TWISTERS

There is room for improvement in diction of the modern business letter, thinks Mr. Adrian Macdonald, of the Peterborough Normal School Staff. One of his chief complaints is against use of such terms as "inst." and "ult." in referring to the date of a letter on the grounds they are more or less meaningless.

We fancy a big percentage of business men couldn't tell you why they use the terms other than they are carried in a lot of letters. They do sound rather ridiculous and unnecessary when one can simply state the date and be done with it.

Neither does Mr. Macdonald like the use of words running into six syllables when there are so many convenient two-syllable words which would convey the meaning more correctly. Almost any stenographer can tell you how her chief will deliberately search his mind for some "high faluting" term when she could suggest half a dozen nice little words which would serve equally as well, if not better. A lot of people labor under the mistaken belief that a long word sounds more impressive. Occasionally it does, but more often it sounds very much out of place, particularly if it does not happen to be the correct word. A man who really takes a pride in his letter can't go wrong by sticking to the simple words. Even if he has a lot to say, there are enough of them to make himself perfectly understood.

WAR AND RACE VITALITY

A British medical authority is quoted by the London correspondent of The Toronto Daily Star as saying only one-third of the men of military age in Great Britain are fit for military service.

Three causes can be assigned for this condition: wholesale destruction of the physically fit during the world war; a preponderance of births among progeny of physically unfit since the war, and deficiency in nourishment of a large proportion of the population as a result of economic disorganization brought about by the war.

In all this history has merely repeated itself. The generation of Frenchmen following the Napoleonic wars showed an average loss in height, as compared with previous generations, of some two inches.

"FORTY YEARS ON"

Thousands of children leave school this year. Their entrance into working life will be accompanied by the dismal chorus of moaners who say that a child's chances of success grow fewer and fewer every year. Parents should accept this nonsense for what it is: obstinate pessimism with no basis on fact. The children who are leaving school should be told of the new industries which never existed when their parents were young. Aeroplanes, motorcars, radio, modern transport, these are part of the exciting new world which accepts them. The manufacture, control, and sale of these things from the enviable heritage of youth today.—Manchester Sunday Chronicle.

WILL LABORATORY FARMING PREVAIL

The news that a flock of sheep have been successfully reared from birth to maturity on artificial feeds leads to interesting speculation on the future of food production. Perhaps some day our government will erect huge factories and farmers will become industrial agriculturists.

In the last decade thousands of chickens have been grown in "batteries" electrically heated and lighted, supplied with running water. Mature hens live in wire cages. Fine dairy cows live in heated, sanitary barns and are led to a "milking parlor" for artificial extraction of the lacteal fluid.

One of the greatest fields of exploration is in foods. Man knows little about the elements and their producing combinations.

Perhaps in the future man's food will be grown in laboratories. Natural science may grow new grains, vegetables and fruits. The "home on the ranch" may become great livestock apartment houses. Laboratory farming may solve our agricultural problems.

THE LIBERAL SHORT STORY

DEAR GEORGE

By Alma Ekens

Polly hummed lightly as she slipped a few invisible pins into her hair. Yes, she admitted as her mirror yielded a reflection of the finished product, the effect was pleasing. She said "pleasing" knowing happily in her heart that it was a gross understatement. It was perfect.

Well, perhaps not quite. A little more eye-shadow. She applied the blue cream carefully, tapered, nervous fingers thinning out the stuff with quick, sure strokes. George wouldn't like—he said repeatedly that her eyes were dangerous enough without exaggeration of their deep violet.

Dear, funny old George! Polly smiled at herself with the high delight that comes of knowing one's self to be utterly beautiful and desirable. George was like that. Loving her because she was lovely, yet fearing, always, lest she be too lovely.

Not that he ever said so. George was too sensitive, too proud. Besides, he trusted her completely. Wasn't that what had made their marriage a byword for marital perfection over a period of ten years? "You are my life," he had told her, when first the unbelievable miracle had wrapped them in crimson and gold. "I love you, I rest my faith of God and man in you." He told her with his heart in his eyes, and his eyes in hers.

And, loving her like that, of course George never could doubt her. Not even when, laughingly she snared other eyes with hearts in them. They were her due, those hearts, the price paid by unreckoning males for the privilege of watching her move in a rhythm of subtle curves, of listening to her lazy contralto voice with its trick of breaking unexpectedly into a thousand little phisms; of contemplating the vitality rampant in the richness of her skin and lips and hair.

Nor, for that matter, had she ever questioned him. Not that there had ever been any cause for doubt. For all his quiet charm and blatant success, both of which made him desired quarry, he remained entirely unconcerned over the stir he caused in feminine hearts.

Polly liked to tease him about it. "I shall have to dye my hair pink and take tap-dancing lessons to meet this terrific competition," she would say, happily. And George would look at her, his heart in his eyes.

Sometimes, though, Polly wondered a little. There was an expression which she had surprised on his face occasionally, and more frequently of late. It started with his forehead and worked down to his chin leaving it curiously awry, if as caricatured by a paralysis.

But always when she asked "Is there anything wrong, dear?" he would smile crookedly and answer, "Nothing sweet." Once, not so long ago he had risen and crushed her to him.

"Do you know how much you mean to me?" he demanded with a strange intensity. Curiously moved, Polly had replied tenderly, lightly, "I suspect, darling—you know how clever I am at guessing." And then he had released her suddenly, and walked blindly from the room.

Dear George, he was an angel, and she a very, very lucky girl. Polly's humming took on new body breaking now and again into wordless singing. The world was a marvellous thing, marvellous.

Six-thirty. Harvey should be here any moment. She stood up and pivoted slowly before the panel glass for a final appraisal. Yes, perfect. There wouldn't be a woman at the Ferguson dinner who could touch her. George would look at her across the long table, waiting for her glance to cross his and tell her with his eyes, "You are beautiful, I love you."

Harvey would tell her that, too, and not only with his eyes. Poor Harvey, she really must make him see the light, however painful the process. Of all the men who basked in her radiance, he only, was not apparently content to worship at a distance. And because he, too, had that in his eyes which compelled and promised, Polly couldn't quite dismiss him with a smile as she did others.

At first it had been wholly pleasant when Harvey dropped in, unexpectedly for a cocktail. And slightly exciting when, casually, he dropped in for tea.

"I happened to be in the neighborhood," he said easily, and I thought you wouldn't mind my being a trifle premature." Snaring brown eyes smiled down into snaring violet eyes.

"Of course," she replied. "It was sweet of you to come."

After that there were many teas, with no explanations, luncheons and an occasional drive. Hours passed quickly for there was much to be learned about the other.

There were tastes in common and jokes to be shared. And there was, above all, the unemotional, but ever-existent sparring of brown eyes and violet. It was fun, Polly thought, when she permitted herself to think about it, and perfectly innocent. Harvey, though a man of the world, realized that she was a good and devoted wife. He had excellent ideas on home decoration, and was exceedingly helpful in all her minor domestic problems. Besides, their friendship was entirely platonic. Entirely, Polly underlined the word in her mind.

And so, they saw each other almost daily, if not for tea or cocktails, then at some dinner or gathering to which it was certain Harvey would be invited if George and Polly Graham were expected.

What more natural, then, if George were to be detained on business as he frequently was, of late, that Harvey should act as her escort till George arrived. As to-night, for instance.

And George? Why George seemed to understand perfectly. Of course he trusted her implicitly. She trembled to think what might have happened had George stumbled upon the little scene in the garden at the club last night when Harvey had got entirely out of hand.

"It's crazy to go on like this—I tell you I can't stand it any longer. Oh, Polly, Polly my darling!" No fooling, no banter this, with his lips hard on hers.

Polly had wanted, feebly, to tell him that this was not part of the game; that she was George's wife, loved and, yes, loving. But she had felt so weak and breathless; so horrified and yet, by some paradox, so willing.

A noise in the shrubbery had parted them quickly. The tremor charging through Polly, chilled icy cold. Heavens! If some one—any one—were to see her, Polly Graham, in such a comprising situation. She shivered violently.

Harvey took her elbow and turned her toward the clubhouse. The moment was gone.

"I'm sorry." He spoke in a low unhappy voice. "I'm terribly sorry." Shaken, they walked back to lights and people in silence. Harvey left immediately.

Well, this evening she would tell him, even if the telling should lose her his companionship, his charm, his adoration. She would speak to him—gently, of course, and make him realize that while she liked him—oh, tremendously—it was only as a cherished friend. No more such scenes for her. If George should ever find out! Dear George.

The maid knocked at her door. "Mr. Rollins is here and says can you come down immediately."

Polly gathered up her wrap and walked downstairs, slowly, her body, with force of habit, taking on a slight undulation; her eyes, despite her resolve, deliberately provocative. But Harvey, waiting at the foot of the staircase, watched the descent, strangely unresponsive.

"I'm ready," she announced lightly.

Harvey stared at her. The eagerness, intensity that had provided the thrill to their meeting was gone. His eyes were listless, troubled; seemed to be fighting against something he had to do.

"Harvey—" There was a catch in Polly's throat—"are you ill?" Somehow, she knew it wasn't that, knew that was not the answer. It was something more serious.

"What's the matter, Harvey?" she asked sharply. She knew her voice sounded panicky.

Harvey's eyes were those of a sleep-walker, set in a strange, stern voice. His voice was hard as he answered.

"George has gone." "Gone," she echoed, bewilderment making her lovely mouth slack and foolish.

"Run off with his secretary—the sweet and simple George here—" and he handed her a letter.

It was several seconds before she could comprehend the words, written in George's large, dashing hand. "By the time you receive this, Clarice and I shall have sailed for Europe. I suggest that you help Polly expedite divorce proceedings, Harvey."

Scene 1: He steps out with a prospective son-in-law. Scene 2: He howls because his son-in-law is stepping out.

ORANGEVILLE

Death came suddenly to Miss Jean Curry while driving a car on the Main Street of Orangeville on Saturday afternoon, Nov. 15. Her father who was a passenger in the car brought it to a stop. Miss Curry has been a teacher on the Toronto Normal Model School Staff for the past three years.

CALEDON EAST

Residents of Caledon East for over 60 years, Mr. and Mrs. George Berney celebrated their 54th wedding anniversary on Sunday, Nov. 15th. Mr. Berney has conducted a hardware business there for many years and has been postmaster for 25 years and has been long connected with the Orange and Masonic Orders.

Dr. Fred Conboy, a candidate for the Toronto Board of Control, is a strong advocate of an Air Port and Air Harbour for Toronto. It is really surprising that Toronto has let herself remain so far behind the times in these facilities. Last year it is stated American Air Lines carried 887 thousand passengers and it is expected that this year the figure will exceed one million.

Purchases of new cars in Northern Ireland have increased more than 20 per cent in the past year.

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"I give them all Subscriptions to our Home-Town Newspaper."

(From Liberty Magazine)

To a dowager lady of my acquaintance I went for advice on the subject of inexpensive wedding gifts. She lives in a city of medium size, knows practically every one, has dozens of young relatives, is bombarded every June with invitations to weddings. She said:

"I give them all subscriptions to our home-town newspaper. If they set up housekeeping here they'll need the paper in their new home, just as they'll need milk every day, and gas and electricity. If they go away to live somewhere else, as so many young people do, then I believe they may need their home-town paper even more."

Here is a genuinely thoughtful wedding-gift suggestion. Every newlywed household is a new family unit in its community, and should be well informed, always, concerning local affairs. And if the young pair must move away, why break old ties completely? Their home-town newspaper can be a strong chain linking them to loved ones and fond friends.

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For Your Xmas or Wedding Gift Send

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