

SLATS' DIARY

(By Oliver N. Warren)

Sunday: I have found out that preachers is not intirely not so good. Our are a tasken of organising a church bass ball team for interesting the yung peepul in church & S. S. work. I am in favorabel of it. Monday: It wunt be long now until skool are out & I wunt haft to here Jane & Elsy & sum other gurls giggel all the time & the garden & lon moun is the onley clouds on my horryzen.

Tuesday: Blisters were a ussher at the skool play last nite & ast a man how fur down does he want to set & the man replide & sed all the way down. Blisters were so dum he cudent see the joak & tride to seet the man way up in front whair the seets was already all took.

Wednesday: Cum to think about it I aint so shure about that church BB team. The ? are wether or not it will inter fear with the team I were expecting to be Capt. of and etc. I preserive my desishen & take it underneeth adviserymint.

Thursday: Pa brot home some grass seed & I sode it & Ma ast are that seed garrantede. Pa sed itshure are & if it dont grow all we haft to do is return it & get our munney back. Ma laft out loud & Pa thot a while & then he laft to.

Friday: At lunch Ma sed to Pa sed she that she are a goen down town this p. m. & when Pa ast if it are a shopping trip she sed no, (She jest wants to get sum things she needs & didden have time to do no shopping. Pa lookt at me & winkt under his breth or sum thing like that.

Saturday: I & Jake campt out last nite & had a camp fire & today Jake told Blisters a lien or tagger or sumpen snook up & blode its breth on the back of his neck wile setting by the fire & what do you think I went & done & etc. Blisters thot a minnet or 2 & then sed sorta commickel like I sopuso you jest roled up yore coat koller. Now I am shure Blisters are about 1/2 sore becos he didden get to go out & camp all so.

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THE LIBERAL SHORT STORY

MEET THE FAMILY

By Roberta Yates

"Surely you would not lower the family name by such a marriage," said Amelia Gerard.

She was the gentler aunt. "Preposterous! Just get it out of your head, Simpson," said Janet Gerard. She was the dominant one.

Simpson Gerard, fourth or fifth, — he didn't care which — reflected on the evil fate that had once moved him to daub red paint on the white door of a Harvard professor. That skittish act had convinced his father that Simpson was unreliable; and the old gentleman, dying shortly thereafter, had left his maiden sisters in control of Simpson's inheritance until he reached the age of thirty — and presumably reliability.

For four more years Simpson, whom every one save the aunts called Simmy, was at the mercy of two elderly women who had sat for fifty years in an ugly red mansion in what once had been a fashionable section of Brooklyn, and had gazed at the world through the big end of a telescope labeled family and dignity and social position.

"Poor old stuffed shirtwaists," thought Simmy. "Too late now to turn round the telescope and show them how big the world is — and how small the Gerards."

Nevertheless he made another effort.

"You don't understand. Glory isn't a chorus girl or a burlesque cutie. She's a radio singer. All you two do is listen to the radio," he ended indignantly.

"Yes indeed," beamed Aunt Amelia who always tried to be amiable, even in the middle of a quarrel. We've probably heard her many times though I can't remember names not even of that man who makes me laugh so by telling absurd stories about his relatives in Arkansas. But I do remember Gracie Allen. How I smiled when she lost her brother. She isn't Gracie Allen, is she Simpson?"

"No!" groaned Simpson.

"Be quiet Amelia," said Aunt Janet. "Simpson, you must understand that a radio performer is only an entertainer. It is the only thing for a Gerard to attend a theatrical performance, to even enjoy it. But, it is quite another thing for a Gerard to marry an actress. No Gerard has ever done that, except —"

"I know," said Simmy. "Nobody except Great Uncle Eben who ran away with a bareback rider and was never heard from again. I hope he joined the circus and died."

Both aunts gasped. "We never mention him," groaned Aunt Amelia.

"As I get it the set-up is that if I marry Gloria I lose my income from the estate. I also lose my job with Gerard Ltd."

"That's our ultimatum," said Aunt Janet.

Simmy confided the ultimatum to Glory when she had finished her broadcast that night. She was rather bewildered. Her own name was Ryan and the Ryans of Flatbush were a pretty proud lot too but not to the point of butting into each other's marital plans. And as for money, the Ryans had always shared what little there was without a check rein.

"It sounds like an old-fashioned story," she commented. "The rich man gets the poor girl to love him, and then—Simmy, you aren't trying to let me down easy? Oh I know you're not. You don't have to kiss me on fifth avenue to prove it. I've an idea, Simmy. Marry me and let your job go. You'll get another one and until then—"

"Until then I'd live on my money," said Simmy. "And you're already making more than I am unless I count my income. No thanks."

"Then we'll wait four years. They will have to let you have your money then."

"Wait four years for you. Don't be silly. Some other chap would grab you up in the first four days. No, my pretty this is a matter for immediate action. I'm getting the flicker of an idea. The aunts gave me the clue today. A bit of blackmail. That's my dish. Glory, my pet, can you introduce me to somebody who runs an amateur hour?"

"Of course. But Simmy suppose you got the gong. I should weep. And much as I love you darling—what can you do on the radio?"

"Plenty," said Simmy.

A few weeks later the aunts received a message from their troublesome nephew, suggesting that they tune in on a certain station at a certain time.

"Probably he wants us to hear that girl," said Aunt Amelia.

"If she sings like a nightingale she will not influence my judgment," said Aunt Janet. "The honor of the family rests on me."

They listened through an amateur

quartet and a painfully hopefully violin solo. Then they heard.

"And now we have a real surprise for you, right out of the pages of the Blue Book. None other than Simpson Gerard, scion of one of the most famous families in New York City. Simmy what do you propose to give us tonight? — Ah, a monologue called 'Meet the Family.' Good. The microphone is yours. Take it away."

Then upon the frozen ears of the aunts fell the smooth Harvard accents of their nephew.

"Ladies and gentlemen. I want to offer you a few intimate glimpses of my relatives—not such information as you may have gathered from their long obituaries which made them seem almost overdignified — but a peep behind the scenes. Alas, even the Gerards have had their weaknesses. I give you first as an example, my great-uncle Eben. Great-uncle Eben did not fit into the glass of fashion or the mold of society. He once said of his wife, a reigning dowager, that he saw no reason to place a diamond collar about the throat of a great Dane.

"Small wonder then that the good woman shocked the eighties by divorcing him. But great-uncle Eben did not long remain lonely—"

Simmy pursued the career of Uncle Eben to its climax with the bareback riding bride. The aunts heard the studio audience laugh.

"Even in the presence of royalty—" continued the bland voice.

"Dear me," wailed Aunt Amelia. "He's going to tell that embarrassing story of the time great-grandmother lost her petticoat when she was being presented at court."

Sure enough he was. He then proceeded to his great aunt Elsa who in her later years, had become confused to the point of mistaking her second butler for her first husband. This became alarming when a group of tea guests, wondering at their hostess' absence discovered her kissing him in the butler's pantry.

These episodes and several more, Simmy related. Tough Aunt Amelia recalled little after the first shock. Aunt Janet remained grimly conscious to the end.

"There has been a black streak in the Gerards for two generations," she observed. "It was bred in with the Waley strain. Yes I am sure 'hat was it else why would the foolish woman have been so imprudent as to lose her petticoat? Her blood has tainted several members of the family. I remember well when father was obliged to pay second cousin Arthur ten thousand dollars to stop drinking at the Waldorf bar."

"Thank goodness Simson doesn't know that. Or does he?" wailed Aunt Amelia.

"He must be dealt with at once," said Aunt Janet.

As though in answer, the butler announced: "Telephone. Mr. Simpson Gerard calling."

"How'd you like the broadcast?" Simmy asked cheerfully.

"Naturally, I shall suspend your allowance at once," Aunt Janet began. "I shall take other steps to—"

"Then you didn't like it. Too bad. But it's okay about the allowance. 'Meet the Family' went over all right with a lot of people. Fact is I have a contract to talk on the Top Hat program every Tuesday, beginning next week."

"Simpson, you don't mean you propose to continue this outrage?"

"Why not? I'll make quite a bit more than I did at that fuddly job with Gerard Limited. And you'll discontinue my income anyway because I married Glory today. Wish you'd consent to meet her. You'll like her."

"I am interested in your connubia affairs," said Aunt Janet. "I ask you but one thing. How much? Don't pretend to misunderstand me. How much do you demand to discontinue this outrageous, scandalous incredible—Simpson do you realize that you are making a laughing stock of the Gerards?"

"I wasn't sure but I hoped so," said Simmy meekly. "Of course Aunt Janet if you feel that way and if you see your way clear to continue my allowance I might give up my radio career."

"Simpson, you win," said his aunt.

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NEWTONBROOK

A Coronation Service will be held in Newtonbrook United Church next Sunday at 11 p.m. conducted by the pastor.

The Weman's Association intend having a Coronation Supper this (Thursday) evening at 6.30 o'clock in the S. S. hall of the United Church which will be followed by a program. Everybody welcome.

The Lansing Young People's Union have invited the local Y.P.U. to join them in their Y.P.U. meeting next Monday evening.

Missionary Sunday was observed last Sunday in the United Church Sunday School. An interesting Missionary talk was given by Mrs. Jas. Murray which was much appreciated by all.

The Golden Rule Mission Band will meet next Saturday afternoon at 2.30 o'clock. Two short missionary plays will be presented by the Band members. Mrs. Alexander, secretary of Mission Bands in the Toronto Centre Presbyterian will be a guest.

The Canadian Girls in Training held an interesting meeting last Tuesday evening under the leadership of Miss Mary Douglas. The group now has a membership of thirty.

The Young People's Union met as usual last Monday evening with a fine attendance. Mr. Harold Duggan, convener of Christian Fellowship, presided. The devotional worship service was conducted by Rev. A. H. Halbert. After a helpful program the young people enjoyed a game of carpet ball.

Mr. and Mrs. Wells and Miss Scott of Toronto were guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Wells last Sunday.

Rev. A. H. Halbert attended the funeral of Mrs. George Hutchinson at Alliston last Saturday.

Great preparations are being made for a Coronation Service to be held on May 12 at the Earl Haig Collegiate Institute.

The United Church Sunday School will observe Mother's Day on Sunday, May 16th. Special music and message will feature the day.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph H. Smith celebrated their golden wedding recently and received a large number of relatives and friends. Ever since their marriage Mr. and Mrs. Smith have lived in the same house, Hawthorne Farm. They are members of St. John's Church, York Mills. There are three sons, John of Vancouver, Harold of Willowdale and Oscar at home. There is one daughter, Miss Ada, seven grandchildren and one great-grandchild.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. New moved into their new home on Holmes Ave. last week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Hick of Toronto moved into the house formerly occupied by Mr. New.

ACCEPTING NO BRIBES

An item of \$100 was included in the estimates of the Peterborough city council to be paid newspaper reporters. The Peterborough Examiner objected to such a grant being made and its reasons for asking the withdrawal of the item from the estimates will be endorsed by newspapers, generally. Our Peterborough namesake points out that covering business in connection with the council is part of a reporter's regular duties. "For a council," says The Examiner, "to provide in its estimates for such an expenditure implies, no matter how well-meant it may be, a quid pro quo. It inevitably suggests that, as the reporters are receiving remuneration from the council for reporting its meetings, some preferential treatment is expected—a sort of censorship of the proceedings by which they will be presented to the public in the light most favorable to the council. Let the smallest hint of anything of the kind get out and the newspaper's influence is lessened—for there are always those who are quick to put the worst construction on the most innocent matters."

Municipal councils and the taxpayers are much indebted to the newspapers for the attention they devote to municipal affairs, yet no newspaper whose opinion counts for anything would want to have its independence hampered by such a grant—well-meaning though it undoubtedly was—as that proposed by the Peterborough council. — Barrie Examiner.

MRS. ANNIE HILBORN

Mrs. Annie Briggs Hilborn, widow of the late Timothy Hilborn, died at the home of her son in Kettleby on April 24th in her 94th year. Funeral was held on Monday with interment in Kettleby cemetery.

Weston tax rate will this year be 48 mills, an increase of 1 mill over last year.

Dalton White of Barrie was held up in his service station on Wednesday evening, April 21st and his cash box was robbed of about twenty dollars.

HOME IMPROVEMENT NOTES

Most home-owners purchase furniture to suit the house but occasionally the home is acquired after the furniture. In such cases, rooms must frequently be made to conform with the type of surroundings which are available.

If your room does not suit your furniture, funds may be obtained from any Canadian bank under the generous terms of the Home Improvement Plan to redecorate or modernize.

This was the problem a homeowner was faced with recently. The furniture, most of which had been in the family for generations, was Georgian, while the room itself was rather nondescript. The housewife decided to change the room completely.

Two bookshelves were built in the wall on either side of the fire place. The tops were arched and the shelves went all of the way to the floor. The moulding of the shelves conformed to the columns of the mantel. No mirror was hung over the mantel because the housewife planned to reserve the space for a family portrait.

The fireplace was black tile, which did not conflict with the colours used in the room's decorations.

A wallpaper in silver and gray stripes covered the walls. Against this neutral background the fine woods of the furniture stood out in bold relief. The woodwork was done in antique white.

The upholstery of the chairs were held to sombre tones, gayety being introduced in the room through the use of flowers. Draperies, rugs and upholstery were in shades of gray, brown and white, with antique gold accessories.

Senator Pat Burns of Calgary who died on February 24th left an estate of about 4 million dollars. A large portion is left to Roman Catholic and other charitable and religious institutions and relatives. About one third of the estate goes to form a "Burns Memorial Trust." Executors of the estate include a nephew, Michael John Burns, and the Rt. Hon. R. B. Bennett.

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