

REPOSE
When a man finds not repose in himself, it is in vain for him to seek it elsewhere.—From the French.

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THE LIBERAL SHORT STORY
A STUDY IN MURDER

By Maxwell Hawkins

Halfway down the dark, deserted street, Kent brought the car to a halt at the curb. Castleman got out first; Kent followed him.
"Just a minute," Kent said. "I've a letter I want to mail."
He walked to the box on the corner. When he returned, the two men entered the building. Kent led the way up the dim stairs. He moved slowly, pausing once or twice for breath.
On the third floor their echoing footsteps stopped in front of a door with an opaque glass panel. Kent opened it with a passkey and switched on the light. As soon as Castleman had entered the reception room, Kent closed the door carefully behind them.
"Sit down," he said. "Have a cigar?"
"Thank you," he said. "I suppose this seems unusual to you?"
"Of course," Castleman replied. "I've talked business in offices at midnight before," Castleman replied.
"Did you expect to see me here?" Castleman asked.
"Of course," Castleman replied. "I've talked business in offices at midnight before," Castleman replied.

"I say you're going to the chair for murdering my brother, if it's my last act on earth!"
Castleman's face twitched convulsively. For a second the hand that held the gun seemed frozen; then it made a faint movement and the roar of the weapon filled the room.
Whipping a handkerchief from his pocket, Castleman wiped the pistol off carefully. Still holding it with the handkerchief he pressed it against Kent's lifeless fingers until it was well marked with prints. A few feet from the sprawled body he laid it on the floor.
On his way out, Castleman wiped the knobs of the doors he closed behind him.
As Detective Capt. Moss entered his office, the District Attorney looked up eagerly.
"Did you find it?"
Moss nodded. "It was right where Kent said in his letter to you it would be. Pretty clever the way he had that candid camera concealed in the bookcase. He had it rigged so he could trip the shutter by a button under the rug."
"Was he alone?"
"Only the man who killed him," Moss said. "He denied everything until we showed him those candid camera pictures of himself with the gun in his hand. Then he broke down completely."
Moss shook his head. "Funny thing. He confessed to killing a man named Everett Kendall, too. Three years ago."
"Kent certainly knew he was going to be killed," the District Attorney murmured.
"Looked like he asked for it," Moss said. "But Castleman was a fool to have done it. He could have saved himself a trip to the chair."
"Was that?"
"Of course," Moss shrugged, "the medical examiner said Kent could not have lived a week. He was a very sick man."

I Live in a Town and I Like It

(By R. J. Deachman in the Financial Post)

For years I lived in cities—large, medium and small. Now I live in a town and like it. There are reasons why I should. Truth to tell I was never enamoured of the big city with all its mechanical forces of action, its massed fust, its feeble accomplishments. We should mold to our needs the place we live—but this can't be done in the city—the city fashions our lives to its own varying whims.
In the town living costs less—one gets more for what one gives. In the cities we pay much for little. In the town we get a run for our money. A lot, 100 feet wide and 200 feet deep, seems like a farm in a city. It would cost almost as much. In the town it costs relatively little and gives more joy and satisfaction. It is open to the air and the sun. Grass, fruit and flowers grow better. If you doubt my statement come up and see me some time, when strawberries and raspberries are ripe, or when the new corn is ready for the pot.
Housing Costs Less
Then building and maintenance cost less in the town than in the city. Taxes may be nominally high. Especially of late years, but valuations are lower and that all important item of existence is not so great a burden in a town as it is in a city. Transportation costs less. Street cars and taxis are scant items of the expense account. You are closer to the sources of supply of the necessities of life, and there are ways of cutting costs which cannot be done in the larger centres.
In the city you are called upon to keep up with the Jones family. Personally I don't like them. They think more of their clothes than they do of their thoughts—quite frequently I wonder if they really think. The larger the city the higher the standard of living for those who can afford it, but to the man content with a reasonable life, the higher the standard of living, the lower the standard of comfort. In the city you pay for things you do not get.
The greatest things in life are difficult to purchase with money. The list would include: breakfast alone with a morning paper, time to think, a quiet place to sleep, and friends capable of understanding. These dearest things are always accessible in the town—not always in the city.
Then I like the way things are organized in the smaller places. They meet the needs of the people who use them. Golf fees are less because management costs little. The club house is not so elaborate. No white coated waiter serves you ardently with long hopes for generous tips. The course is not so smooth, but your chance is as good as the other fellow's and the "greens" are all that could be desired.
Almost every town has a bowling green. The fees are low so that everyone may play.
Now these things succeed in the town because there are men of executive capacity who direct and encourage them and do it not for what they get but for the joy of doing something worth while—something which adds to the joy and happiness of life in town. All this serves to encourage a community spirit, a competitive enthusiasm which survives without bitterness or rancor. The human race may live without democracy—perhaps without government of any kind, but it is lost if it fails to hold its capacity to play. Victory is not everything—neither is money—the game is the major part of life.
There is more gossip in the smaller places, but it is rarely malicious. Everybody knows if you have been to church or out of town, or under the weather. It all rises from a closer intimacy which brings a keener interest. The man in the town knows that business is better because John Smith's crop yield will be higher. In the city he measures things by curves and graphs. In the town the question is—what of the growing crops.
The farmer is close to the soil and the town is close to the farmer. Mass impulses sway the city, but individual initiative begins further back. There is in our cities an intensive localism which sees nothing save that which they deem to be their own immediate interests—it's a choking influence on our national life. The city knows little of the country and cares less. It cannot be interpreted to the country nor the country to the city—one is too far from the other, but the town knows the country and the country knows the town because their interests are the same—they dwell in unity together—at least, in unity of thought.
Yes, I am glad I live in a town. But a tale without a moral is not a tale at all. Economic circumstances modify conditions. All over the United States the movement of manufacturing industries is from the large cities to the towns. Trucks and

electric power have altered conditions. The towns are coming into their own. The next census will reveal a similar trend in Canada—a healthy happy movement toward a better life.

WEDDING

FRENCH-GOODFELLOW

A pretty wedding was solemnized at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Goodfellow, Bolton, when their daughter, Beatrice Olive Goodfellow, became the bride of Thomas French, son of Mrs. French and the late Robert French. The bride's sister, Mrs. Gordon Lindsay, of Perth, was matron of honor. The groom was assisted by his brother, Mr. Samuel French. Miss Marie Kaiser, Toronto, played the wedding march. After the reception and buffet luncheon, the bridal couple left for eastern Ontario. On their return they will reside at Bolton.

HILL-BOAKE

The home of Mr. and Mrs. John Boake, of Schomberg, was the scene of a pretty wedding when their youngest daughter, Annie May, became the bride of Arthur Neil Hill, second son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hill, of Nobleton. Rev. Edgar Burch, of the Presbyterian Church, King, performed the ceremony. The bride, given in marriage by her father, wore a becoming costume of navy triple sheer, matching accessories and corsage of sweet peas. The attendants were Mr. and Mrs. Percy Hill of Nobleton, the latter wearing brown, matching accessories and corsage of sweet peas.
Following a reception, the bride and groom left on a motor trip for points north, and on returning will live at Nobleton.

BRANBRIDGE-CAIRNS

A quiet but very pretty wedding took place on Wednesday evening, Sept. 15, at 8 o'clock, at the manse, Timmins, when Mabel Velma Irene Cairns, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herman Cairns, Lloydtown, became the bride of Mr. Lawrence Brandridge, of Timmins. Rev. Mr. Mustard, of the United Church, Timmins, officiated. Mrs. Harold Westbrook, of Nobleton, was bridesmaid. Mr. Ellsworth Hamilton, of Timmins, cousin of the bride, was best man. An informal reception and supper was held at the home of the bride's aunt for the immediate relatives, the supper table being decorated with roses and lily of the valley. The large four-storey wedding cake adorned the centre of the table.
Among those present were the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Cairns, Lloydtown; Mrs. Carmen McLean, Jordan, and Mrs. Harold Westbrook, Nobleton, sisters of the bride; Mr. and Mrs. Norman Cairns, Lloydtown, uncle and aunt of the bride; Mrs. Mabel Maloney, Mr. and Mrs. Ellsworth Hamilton, Mr. Vernon Hamilton, Mr. Joseph Hamilton, Mrs. R. Exelby, and Mr. Lee Hogan. Mr. and Mrs. Brandridge will live in Timmins.

ENTHUSIASM

Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm.—Emerson.

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Treasurer's Sale of Land for Taxes, Township of Markham, County of York.

TO WIT:

By virtue of a Warrant issued by the Reeve of the Township of Markham, dated the 20th day of July, A.D. 1937, commanding me to levy upon the lands mentioned in the following list for arrears of taxes thereon and costs as herein set forth, all such patented lands, I THEREFORE GIVE NOTICE that unless the said arrears of taxes and costs be sooner paid, I shall proceed to sell, by Public Auction, the said lands to discharge the said arrears, together with the Charges thereon, on MONDAY, the EIGHTH day of NOVEMBER, A.D. 1937, at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon, and upon the following day or days until the Sale is completed, at the Township Hall, Unionville, Ontario. TAKE NOTICE also that the Township of Markham intends to buy at such Sale some or all of the lands.

Treasurer's Office,
Unionville, Ontario, July 20th, 1937.

CHARLES HOOVER, Treasurer.

Table with columns: Parcel No., Assessed to, Description, Quantity, Years in arrears, Taxes & Int., Costs, Total. Lists various land parcels and their associated tax information.