

UNIONVILLE

The fourth annual banquet of the Markham Branch of the York County Veterans was held Wednesday evening in the United Church Hall at Markham.

Markham township farmers are busy at spring work. Fall wheat looks exceptionally good and seeds look promising.

The new grader purchased by Markham township is expected to arrive for work any time now, and ratepayers are looking for big things in road improvement when the new equipment gets working.

Richmond Hill Presbyterian W.M.S. will be guests of Markham Society Friday afternoon at their annual Easter meeting.

The last game of a series of euehres given by York County Veterans Markham Township Branch, was held in the Township Hall, Unionville, on Thursday, April 7th.

The prize winners were: Men—1st, Mr. R. Kerswell; 2nd, Mr. C. Hooper; 3rd, Mr. R. Boyington; 4th, Mr. J. Clark.

The winners of the grand prizes, presented to those having the highest total score in the four euehres were: Men—Mr. M. Finley, Mr. D. Grant.

The members of the Veterans Association wish to thank everyone for their support at these euehres, and hope that when they start next season the same generous support will follow them again.

The regular monthly meeting of the W.I. was held Thursday, April 7th, at the home of Mrs. J. W. Perkins.

The business for the afternoon was made as brief as possible as a full program was provided.

The District President was present and gave a brief address. Mrs. Graham also added a few words of encouragement and praised the members of the Unionville branch for their capabilities.

A committee was chosen to make inquiries about renting the Town Hall for our meetings in the coming season.

The meeting closed by singing God Save the King, after which a delightful tea was served by the following ladies—Mrs. T. Barker, Mrs. C. E. Stiver and Mrs. E. Appleton.

THE LIBERAL SHORT STORY

"CHINA DOLL"

By Florence MacMillan

I thought I'd plan a perfect house party just once. I was tired of the excess men who all flocked around one woman or sat up till all hours over their highballs, getting morbid over the state of the nation.

So I planned it out like a crossword puzzle. Evelyn and Howard Grant, a handsome young married couple who had rushed around too madly in New York to get acquainted with each other; my incomparable little cousin, Henrietta, and a nice young man to amuse her—and me and Ray as hosts, and the small but flawless gathering was complete.

Some one must have slipped vitamin D in my coffee that morning.

It would be hard to say what started the trouble. If it hadn't rained, the car wouldn't have run into all the disasters and delays known to a stormy night on country roads.

If Evelyn's husband could have been in the back seat with her instead of that imp Bob MacArthur, the nice young man I'd picked for Henrietta, getting hilariously better acquainted while Ray and I took turns driving and fuming in front—Lots of ifs.

We arrived at our farm three hours late, to be greeted by Evelyn's husband, totally demoralized by worry. He had a waiting-for-the-remains expression.

"Evelyn, you're late!" he said flatly, looking very mid-ocean.

"Oh, but it was such fun!" said Evelyn, and introduced Bob.

Well, we got into the house somehow and there was poor little Cousin Henrietta. She'd been pretending to read a formidable-looking book and she was simply starved because she hadn't dared to eat on account of Howard pacing up and down and waiting for the remains.

And that devil, Bob MacArthur, looked politely right through my pretty cousin and slid away to talk to Evelyn.

That's the way it started and that's the way it went on.

There wasn't much left of the evening by the time we'd had a pickup supper. I remember having the impression that Evelyn had Bob on a leash—he trailed her with that alert, pleased expression so distinctly canine.

I began to look at Henrietta with a more critical eye, perhaps she wasn't so attractive after all.

Saturday it had settled down to a good steady rain. How we managed to drag through that day I don't know. Desperately we traipsed over the place and showed our treasures. Horses? Blah! Tennis courts? Ugh! They did look pretty sad, with little pools gathering on them.

I wondered what possible attraction I could ever have supposed our place had for any one, even for us.

Indoors we had no better luck. Evelyn didn't care to play contract. Neither, quite suddenly, did Bob. They loved to walk in the rain. Howard was left to make a fourth, playing with a fury that scared two hundred dollars' worth of lessons out of me.

The Grants were certainly not hitting it off. Most of the friction must have taken place in my innocent blue-and-silver bedroom, but on one unfortunate occasion I heard Howard growling something about "that puppy" and Evelyn answering that he was at least agreeable.

By that time there was no question in my mind but that they were referring to that nice young man, Bob MacArthur. My crossword week-end certainly had its cross words.

Sunday, at last the sun shone.

Every one came to breakfast at the same time; that was something new. There was a convalescent attempt at good fellowship, a sort of "well, well, it was only a little shower" attitude.

There was also the happy thought that it was to be our last day together. Of course Bob didn't seem to know there was anything wrong. It was his bright thought that it would be a swell idea to start the day with a bit of target practice.

"Henrietta, I bet no one can out-shoot you," Ray offered, thankful that there was something the poor kid could shine at. "Get out the pistols and we'll set up the target."

The setting up was no light job. Ray and Howard got the dirty old target standard out of the barn and struggled with it across the field. The ground was still pretty muddy.

"Where's Bob? He might give us a hand," Ray complained.

And where was he, indeed? I'd been trailing along in an executive

capacity and Henrietta had her guns and ammunition laid out in an orderly fashion on a table near the house.

"Hi Bob!" shouted Ray. "There he is," Henrietta called back, pointing backwards.

And there those irresponsible idiots were—they'd stayed behind at the barn. Bob was riding bareback and looking friskier than my saddle horse, who'd been shut up in the barn for three days. Evelyn was admiring.

Howard made a sudden irritated attempt to get out from under the end of the standard and sat down in the mud. Henrietta went to fetch the culprits, but we had to finish our target setting without them.

When they sauntered up to the loading table, Evelyn laughed.

"Howard, you look simply ridiculous! You must have been wallowing in the mud!"

And then it happened.

"Ridiculous? He raised the gun in his hand, slowly until it was aimed exactly at her pretty face. "I have seemed ridiculous to you for a long time now—and I'm getting tired of it!"

There was a nasty chill in his voice. We stood inanely helpless before that gun. Henrietta, already sighting at the target looked up—

Then came the shot. I closed my eyes and felt very sick.

But it was Henrietta who spoke.

"Easy, my lad! Did I graze your finger. Nothing much. But you simply can't aim guns at people! The damn thing might have gone off."

I opened my eyes and saw Howard clutching his empty hand; she had shot the gun right out of it. Evelyn still standing there, looked rather foolish.

"I thought perhaps you might really be jealous of Bob," Henrietta was saying. "But you see, he's engaged to me. Now I'll clean up that finger."

That blessed little minx. She'd never set eyes on Bob MacArthur—that week-end.

The Grants left as soon as they could throw their things together. Henrietta must have shot the ornerness out of them. Evelyn acted as though she walked from a dream and Howard was all solicitude.

The rest of us drove back to town in the late afternoon and Bob and Henrietta kept the back seat almost as gay as on that stormy night with Evelyn. Bob simply had a happy nature.

For several weeks we've had no one at the farm but Ray's stray cronies. Ask me anything you like about the state of the nation. I never have any bright ideas about week-ends.

They were embarrassed—Bob and Henrietta — when I found them lunching at Sardi's yesterday. Henrietta said:

"He has to pretend to be engaged to me for a while or poor Howard might be jealous all over again."

"Pretend nothing!" said Bob. "Do you think I'd dare turn down such a good shot?"

WILLIAM CARR

The death occurred in a Toronto hospital on March 1st of William Carr, King Township farmer. He was in his 54th year and died after a short illness from pneumonia.

Mr. Carr was born on the 8th Line of King, a son of the late Mr. and Mrs. William Carr, and lived all his life in the district. His wife predeceased him nineteen years ago. Surviving are three sons, Stephen, Verner and Arthur, all at home; also a brother, Herb. Carr, of Schomberg, and two sisters, Mrs. Sydney Douglas, of Nobleton, and Mrs. Sarah Prest, of Tottenham.

The funeral service was conducted by Rev. F. V. Abbott and interment followed at King City cemetery.

Everyone has certain good qualities, even though in some they are harder to detect than in others.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ford were married 50 years on April 11th.

A store in Stayner was broken into on the night of April 8th. This was the 13th time that this store had been entered during the past seven months.

Caledon farmers are puzzled over a circular which they received recently through the mail. It read: "Wanted to buy, good, healthy dead horses".

Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Rutherford have taken up residence in Albion township, on the farm where Mr. Rutherford spent his younger days.

SLATS' DIARY

(By Oliver N. Warren)

Sunday: In the class at S. S. this a. m. the S. S. teacher ast who can tell what is a sin of omishen and Jake up and replide It are the sin you otto of committed and diddent. Jake offen thinks he knows sum thing when he dossent. He issent none to brite.



Monday: And Blisters aint so much briter than Jake are. A man from the big city address are school today and when he were left the teacher sed he is Pres. of a school for stammerers in the big city. Blisters sed what do enney body want to lern that for.

Tuesday: A pleecemen shooted a bandet sevral times & places & Pa put it in the paper that 3 of the woodns was fatle but the other 1 wooddent kill him. Now the editur is about 1/2 sore at Pa & I wander how come.

Wednesday: Thot up a good 1 & got same off on Unkel Hen. I ast him how could a man be both tall and sh'ort & he sed it cant be done. How about a tall man who wants to borry 5 \$ \$ sed I. Unkel seen the joak and laft hartily. Witch he seldom does at my wise crax.

Thursday: Dont know if I ever told you but Pa use to be a cowboy in Okla. and Tex. So when we all et supper at the resteter last nite and the waitress brot Pa a stake that wassent hardly cooked none & sed they cooked there by electtrissity and is it too rare. Pa sed to her Well I have saw a 1000 cows hurt 'worsern this get up & walk off. Kindy give this meet another shock. He knows how he wants his stake and gets it. I say he does.

Friday: A old gentelmen was watching us kids practis B. B. this p. m. & was behind the ketcher & Blisters was in the pitchers box & wildern a south paw. 1 of his curvs hit the viseter on the hed. Down he went & when he got up agen he sed What was its lisense No. I supose he thot Blisters hit him with a otto-mobeel.

Saturday: A lot of us kids went to the woods and I took Jane. When we got there she spent all the time with other kids and I sed to her I was a fool when I brot her. She sed she rode it at the time but had to come with some boddie. I bleve she ment it as a dirty crack but I dont xactly get its meaning. He figger it out tho.

The first rural mail route in Canada was established on October 10, 1908 between Hamilton and Ancaster, a distance of seven miles and serving 37 boxes.

Mrs. Mary Adams, a resident on the King-Vaughan Townline, celebrated her 83rd birthday on March 26th. She lives on a section of the farm on which she was born.

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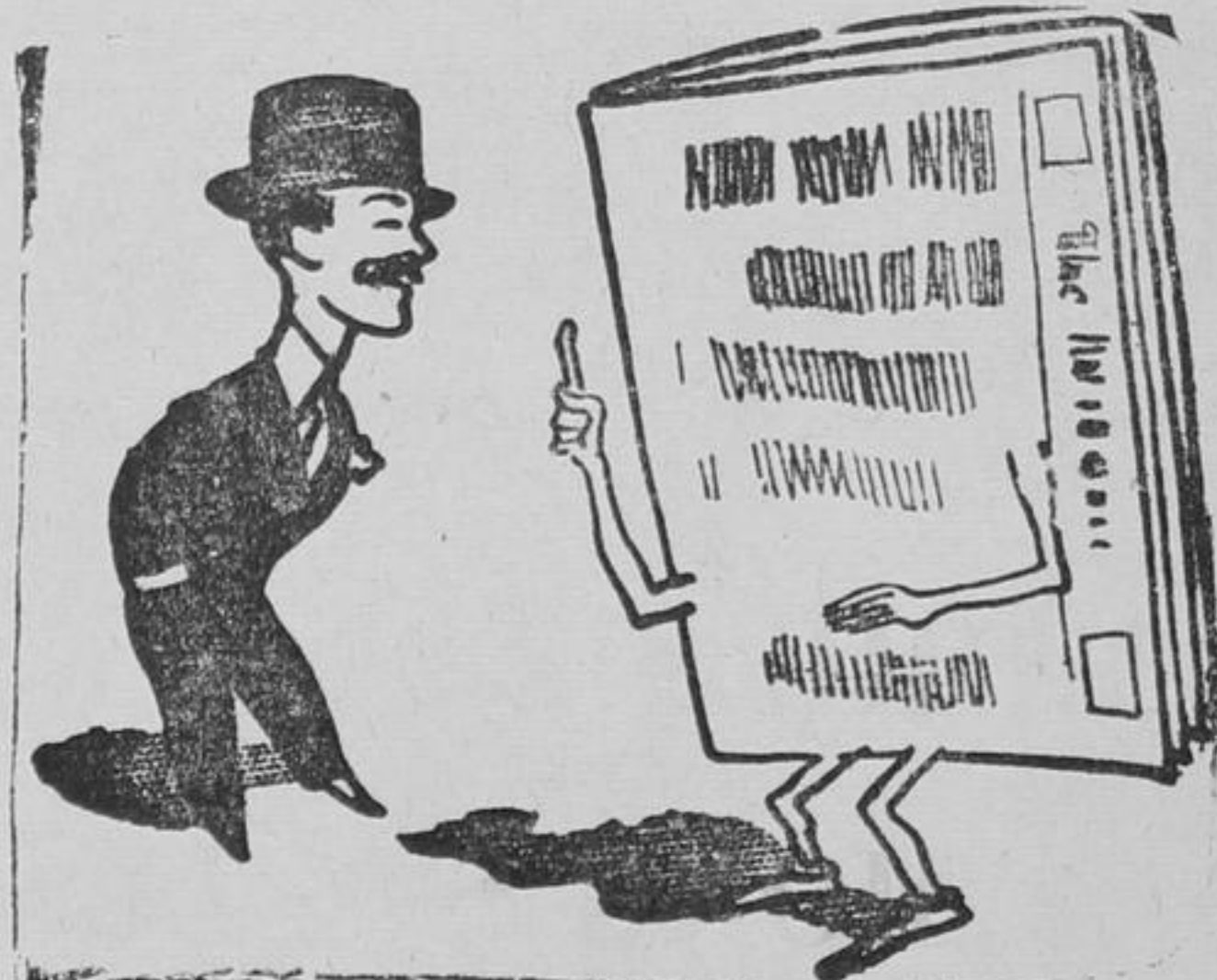
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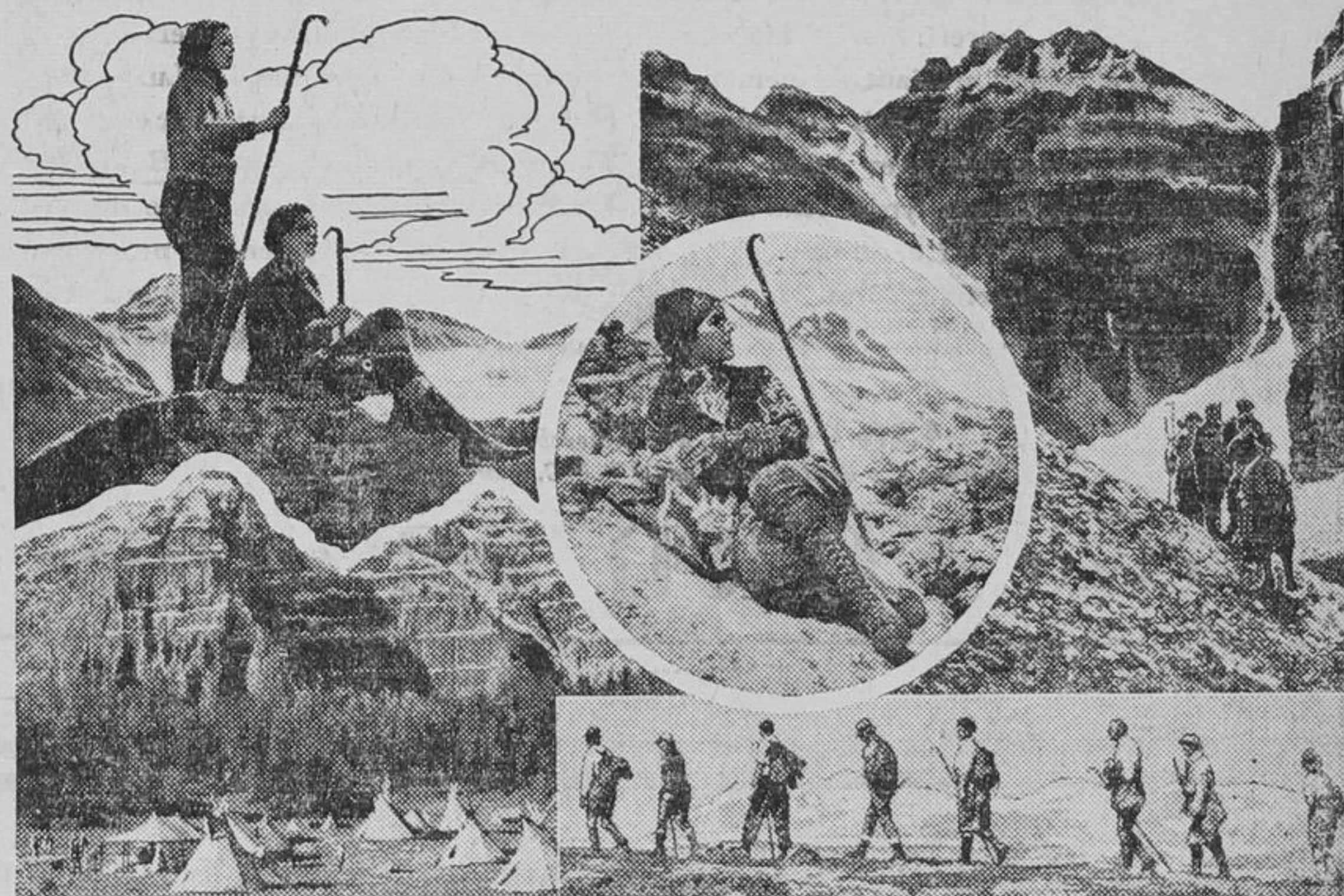
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THE LIBERAL

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Richmond Hill

Hikers Prepare for Rockies' Sky-Line Trails



Invading the domain of the mountain goats, adventure-loving Canadians and Americans will tramp the Sky-Line Trail in the Yoho Valley district of the Canadian Rockies this summer from August 5 to 8. The Sky-Line Trail Hikers of the Canadian Rockies have a unique organization. It is open to the world at large. The only qualifications are a love of beauty, a sturdy pair of boots, and the will to leave the main roads for the undiscovered charms of the back country. Indications are that a gay band of adventurers will invade the beautiful Yoho Valley this summer from Banff Springs Hotel, Chateau Lake Louise and the several attractive Canadian Pacific chalet-bungalow camps in the Canadian Rockies. From one central camp spectacularly situated half way between Yoho Lodge and Emerald Lake north of the Canadian Pacific Railway, the hikers will explore along the high line, visit the fossil beds on the slopes of Mount Burgess, inspect the snowy moraine of the Yoho Glacier and pick flowers in the bird-haunted alpine meadows of Little Yoho Valley. The district has much to offer. The hikers will have opportunities to

fish for fighting mountain trout, to hunt big game with camera, to get away from the ordinary humdrum for four glorious days of mountain life. This type of holiday, so unusual and yet so inexpensive because of the organization formed by hiking enthusiasts, is attracting more people every year. The secretary-treasurer, J. Murray Gibbon, Windsor Station, Montreal, reports that the number of inquiries already received indicates that there will be a record turn-out of old and new members this year. The picture layout shows highlights of a typical hike.

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