

"THE LIBERAL"

Established 1878
AN INDEPENDENT WEEKLY
J. Eachern Smith, Manager

Advertising Rates on Application. TELEPHONE 9
THE LIBERAL PRINTING CO., LTD.
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY AT RICHMOND HILL
Member Canadian Weekly Newspaper Association
Subscription \$1.50 per year — To the United States \$2.00
Covering Canada's Best Suburban District

THURSDAY, JULY 21st, 1938.

UNDESIRABLE PUBLICITY

During recent weeks Richmond Hill has figured in stories in the Toronto dailies and on radio broadcasts and thus gained a considerable amount of questionable publicity over a controversy which arose following the rental of a local public school class-room for a Roman Catholic summer school two weeks' course. Apart altogether from the point in question it has once more drawn attention to the fact that this very delightful and wholesome village seems to have the unhappy faculty of breaking into headlines over the slightest provocation and the impression to the world at large must be that we are a troublesome and turbulent lot. We have not yet lived down the wise-cracks of the Hallowe'en episode of a short time ago when newspapers from California to Vancouver commented on our methods of law enforcement in locking up children of tender years. We are great believers in publicity but we cannot see that our community standing has been enhanced by continued controversies such as has been carried on in recent weeks. If we have differences it would be much better if we could settle them at home without carrying them out in the cold glare of the publicity of the metropolitan press where often they are exaggerated and made to look somewhat ridiculous.

TORONTO TELEGRAM COMMENTS ON RICHMOND HILL CONTROVERSY

The Evening Telegram, which is a paper with strong Orange leanings commenting on the protest of the Orange Lodge and a local minister against the action of the Public School Board in renting a class-room to the Catholic Church for a two weeks' summer course, had the following to say editorially last Friday:

"Two benefits arise from the controversy which has followed the rental of a public school class room in Richmond Hill for use as a Roman Catholic vacation school. The Toronto permits comment on the relations between Roman Catholics and Protestants, and it has revealed William Guy Carr, a Roman Catholic and the father of seven children, as the writer of an excellent letter and apparently a citizen of whom Richmond Hill should be, and doubtless is, proud.

The Telegram speaks as a public school supporter to the extent that we would gladly see all Separate schools abolished and all Ontario children taught in schools of one public system. Holding these views we find it impossible to understand how any Protestant principle is involved in renting public school class rooms for use as a Roman Catholic vacation school.

To begin with, there is no Separate school in Richmond Hill. Roman Catholics of that village are public school supporters. Holding fast to the principle of equal rights for all and special privileges for none, The Telegram must deny that there is any justification for refusing Roman Catholic Public school supporters any privilege that would be freely granted to Public school supporters of the United Church, Anglican, Presbyterian or Baptist faiths. Protestant supporters of Public schools do the Public school cause a disservice when they refuse to their Roman Catholic fellow citizens full equality as Public school supporters.

Even if there had been a Separate school in Richmond Hill, there would have been no invasion of Protestant principles in the renting of the bricks and mortar of a public school class room, unused during the summer holidays, for this purpose. It would not involve the taxing of Protestant ratepayers for the teaching of Roman Catholic doctrine. It should be possible for good Catholics and good Protestants to live in harmony together, where neither oversteps the rights of the other. It is regrettable that a controversy of this kind, where no principle is involved, should weaken the prestige of a cause which at times must be strong to defend high principles."

ONTARIO GOVERNMENT ASSUMES CARE OF TUBERCULAR PATIENTS

Announcement that the Ontario Government has assumed the cost of sanatoria care of indigent tubercular patients will be received with gratification by municipalities throughout the province. Heretofore, the local municipalities have had to pay \$1.50 per day for the treatment of such patients and in the province as a whole the municipalities contributed \$1,350,000 last year. Thus it is apparent that a real financial burden is being lifted from the various municipalities in Ontario. Moreover this step should result in improved treatment of tubercular patients, inasmuch as many municipalities were negligent in providing them with sanatoria care, in fact it is stated that one-half the patients dying from tuberculosis in the province had not had the benefit of this care. The municipalities, however, still have the responsibility of providing after-care and the government will strictly enforce this provision.

A WONDERFUL BOOK

An anniversary of outstanding importance is the celebration this year of the quarter-centenary of the English Bible. The occasion has been fittingly observed as it deserved to be, for the Bible has had a very large part in the moulding of the character and history of the English speaking people.

For four hundred years it has been read in the churches and homes of the people and has left its indelible impress not only upon their minds and hearts but has enriched literature, music, education and politics.

Truly it is a wonderful book, and those who know it best value most highly the message that it brings and the wisdom which it imparts.

WOMAN'S INTUITION (Brantford Expositor)

Along comes a sage with the comment, "What passes for woman's intuition is often nothing more than man's transparency." So the mere male is the cause of the faculty after all.

PRUSSIANIZING VIENNA (Montreal Gazette)

Old easy-going Vienna is reported to be rapidly assuming a Prussian-like atmosphere. The change will be sadder still if goosestep marches replace the dreamy waltzes that made the pleasant city famous.

THE LIBERAL SHORT STORY

THE FLEA AND MR. RUMSEY

By Harriet Cahn

The most precious thing in Elena's life was of course Peter. One girl in a hundred million wins a perfect man like Peter for her husband. Elena pinched herself three or four times a day to be sure that Peter had really fallen to her lot.

After Peter in Elena's affections came the Flea. She and Peter had been against buying second-hand cars, but a fellow in Peter's office knew a fellow whose brother was in the business. Of course, Peter could have bought a brand-new car if he would go and make up with his father. But Peter would be boiled in oil before he would do such a thing.

Of course the Flea was too big for them, but Peter had one fault. He was stubborn. He was so perfect in every other way that it would have been perfectly ridiculous if he hadn't had one fault.

"Two hundred and fifty dollars," said the brother of the friend of Peter's friend.

Peter and Elena looked at each other in rapture.

"We'll take her," said Peter. To see them on a late autumn day with perhaps a friend or two in the back seat you would have thought they were millionaires. Elena learned to drive.

And then Elena almost lost Peter. She spent the greater part of those black days while Peter was in the hospital after an emergency appendicitis operation, shutting the Flea back and forth.

During those awful hours before Peter had been brought to the hospital she had telephoned Peter's father. In a lull between his spasms of pain Peter had yelled at her.

"Don't call him. A lot he cares whether I live or die."

Whatever Peter said was law. But it wasn't right.

When Peter was well enough to sit up Elena brought up the subject again.

"No matter what he's said about me, Peter, he's a lonely old man."

"Lonely old mule. He won't step inside our home until he offers an apology for saying you were..."

"A mercenary doll-faced millstone around your neck. I know he said that, Peter, but..."

"And he sticks to it in spite of hell and high water. Once he gets an idea he'll never admit he was wrong in a million years."

"But I don't care what he thinks of me, Peter. It's so awful...you're having cut yourself off from your own father because of me..."

"What did you think it did to me to have you insulted? What does he think he is? Wrapped up in his money and his dignity."

"Peter, he loves you! That's why he hated to see you marry somebody who could help you socially...some one with good connections like Marion Edwards."

"Mrs. Rumsey, you're exciting the patient!" the nurse from the doorway warned. "You'd better go."

Elena's chamois passed over the Flea's spacious windshield with a satisfying squeak but when Elena realized that this might be the last bath she would give the Flea, her heart swelled with rebellion. But much as she loved it, the Flea had to go. The ten dollars a week that was needed to keep it garaged, insured, license-plated, oiled and gassed could not be squeezed from Peter's and her combined wages because Peter's operation had to be paid for. So she had put an ad in the paper the day before.

For Sale, Eight-cylinder Llewlen sedan, 1933 model, maroon, chromium trim. Sacrifice.

That night after she had come home from the hospital the doorbell rang.

"I saw your ad about selling your car," he said.

Elena flushed uncomfortably. Peter's father. He always made her feel stiff and awkward like a puppet, doing and saying stupid things.

"Would it be too much to ask why you are selling the car?"

"We don't...don't need a big car in the city."

"Poppycock!" said Mr. Rumsey. "I suppose that my son, like all men who marry too young is trying to shoulder too many expensive responsibilities. And now he finds that he has to rid himself of one of them." His gray eyes lighted on Elena as if he wished that it were she instead of the Flea who was being disposed of by Peter.

"Is Peter home?"

"No," said Elena. She put her hands behind her as her father-in-law took a cheque from his wallet. "Peter won't take it, Mr. Rumsey."

"I'm not here to offer that stubborn young mule charity. I'm making a purchase...buying his car. Where is it? Might as well see if I can sell it for something besides

junk."

"H'm," said Mr. Rumsey, "just what that fool boy would pick. It must eat gas."

"Very well, Mr. Rumsey. There won't be any need of our discussing..."

"Didn't say I wouldn't buy it, did I, young woman?"

Elena's voice trembled with indignation. "I won't sell it to anybody who doesn't appreciate what a wonderful car it is."

"Don't be so touchy. Just want to find out if she's worth driving home or whether she'll rattle herself to pieces. Drive me up some hills. Haven't got all night."

Elena sat beside her father-in-law, steering the car through the crowded streets out toward the suburbs and a few hills. She had never hated anybody before in her life, but she did hate Peter's father.

She'd show him that the Flea was the world's best car. And just when she was showing off on a broken-down old road at the crest of a hill, one of the Flea's back tires blew. "It's miles to a garage," Elena said through gritted teeth. "I'll fix it."

She turned back the front seat and found the tool compartment underneath. It was full of tools and rags and luckily, a flashlight. Mr. Rumsey watched while she put on the spare tire. She had helped her father do this often when she was a kid.

"Lots of dirty rags in here. Might as well throw them away," Peter's father suggested. She heard him go off to some bushes and heave the rags behind them.

"I'll drive you home," she said briefly.

"Just drive back to your place. I'll drive the car back to my place from there."

As Elena got out of the Flea for the last time, Peter's father's cheque in her hand, a woman came out of the apartment house. She stood, undecided, a second, and then came over to Elena.

"Is this the car you advertised for sale?" she demanded in a high tense voice.

"Why yes," said Elena, noticing how expensively the woman was dressed, how youthful she seemed until you got up close. "But it's been sold."

"Oh, maybe you can help me. I lost something valuable in a car just like this a couple of months ago. How long have you had it?"

"A month and 12 days," said Elena sadly.

"Then the man who owned it before you...you see, I've been looking high and low to try to find this car again and I saw your ad and it looked as if it might be the same car. You see, I lost a ring...a valuable ring. Oh, I may as well tell you the whole thing. My husband gave me the ring for a wedding gift and he keeps asking me why I don't wear it and I can't tell him...You see I met a man and I was fool enough to think, well, to go out with him while my husband was away, but all this man wanted was my jewels. He held me up and took them one night when we were out driving. But I slipped my ring behind the seat to save it.

"And then he disappeared with the car. I couldn't go to the police because my husband would find out about this man and what a fool I'd been. Will you let me look under the front seat?"

Five minutes later with Mr. Rumsey standing disapprovingly by, the contents of the tool compartment had been taken out.

"It doesn't seem to be here."

"No," said the woman, sighing. "Maybe this isn't the car, after all. But I'll leave my phone number. If it ever does turn up..."

The woman's taxi had disappeared around the corner when the idea struck Elena.

"That tire I changed. Those rags you threw away. I have a feeling that the ring was in them. Come on, Mr. Rumsey — we're going to find those rags—tonight!"

"This is none of our business. It's after ten!"

"This may mean that woman's happiness. You must come. You remember just where you threw those rags."

It was 11 o'clock before they found the place on the road where the tire had blown out. It was 12 before they found the right bushes. Elena, crept about looking, while Mr. Rumsey, mutteringly, held the flashlight.

And then she found it—wrapped in a dirty rag.

It was one in the morning when they drew up again before the apartment house.

"The er—car—picks up very well," said Peter's father.

Elena looked at his profile. With his hat lost somewhere, with his

gray hair ruffled and his face dirty, he looked startlingly like Peter. And then she was laughing and after a second he joined her. After that it seemed, not treason to Peter, but justice to his father that she should tell him about Peter being in the hospital.

The next morning when she went to Peter's hospital room she saw that Peter's father was already there. He must have just come. She stood in the hall, listening.

"Well...Peter..."

"Well...father...this is a surprise..."

Those two wouldn't show each other their true emotions if it killed them.

"Just got acquainted with your wife," said Mr. Rumsey. "Exceptionally nice young woman."

With a glow around her heart Elena stole downstairs to the phone booth.

"I found your emerald ring," she told the woman at the other end gayly. "Don't thank me. No trouble at all."

SAFETY GROUP WARNS AGAINST SUNSTROKE

Symptoms And Treatment Given In Bulletin

Sunstroke is very different from heat prostration, the Industrial Accident Prevention Associations point out in a concise bulletin issued this week, which states the symptoms and recommends first aid treatments.

Symptoms may be recognized by:

1. Hot dry skin and red face.
2. High fever, dizziness, shooting pains and headache.
3. Hard, loud breathing and convulsions.
4. Pulse quick and pounding.
5. Patient may become insensible.

Recommended treatment is:

1. Remove to shady place and remove outer clothing to the waist.
2. Lay on back with head and shoulders raised.
3. Apply ice or cold water to head, cool body with water or wet cloth, but avoid shock.
4. When conscious and able to drink, give cool — not iced — water. Give no stimulants.

Blacksnakes can crawl straight up the trunk of a tree.

MORTGAGE SALE

UNDER AND BY VIRTUE of the Power of Sale contained in a certain mortgage which will be produced at the time of sale, there will be offered for sale by

A. M. McEWEN, Auctioneer,

at

PUBLIC AUCTION

on THURSDAY the TWENTY-EIGHTH day of July A.D. 1938, at the hour of 1:30 O'Clock in the afternoon, Standard Time, at the farm of JOHN HENRY YOUNG, near THORNLEA, Ontario, the following property, namely:

ALL AND SINGULAR that certain parcel or tract of land and premises, situate, lying and being in the Township of Markham, in the County of York and being composed of Part of Lot Number Two in the Second Concession of the said Township of Markham more particularly described in Mortgage from John Henry Young to the Agricultural Development Board registered as No. 19022 for the Township of Markham.

On the said lands there is said to be erected a dwelling house with suitable farm buildings;

The lands will be sold subject to a Reserve Bid;

TERMS OF SALE OF LAND: Twenty-five per cent of the purchase moneys to be paid down at the time of sale, the balance to be secured by a mortgage with interest at four per cent per annum.

For further particulars and conditions of sale, apply to

W. ERIC STEWART, K.C.
East Block, Parliament Bldgs.
Toronto, Ontario.
Solicitor to the Mortgagee.

DATED at Toronto this 5th day of July A.D. 1938.

The town clerk of Milton issued twelve marriage licenses in the month of June.

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Are you a "Gone with the Wind" advertiser?

Does your advertising get as far as the front porch only to be caught by a gust of wind and gone to clutter up your yard or your neighbor's.

This "Gone with the Wind" advertising fails in its purpose to get into the home, to be interesting enough to be read, to be convincing enough to sell the merchandise you offer.

"Gone with the Wind" advertising fails to serve you properly, and costs you too much.

In modern merchandising, time is money, and rapid turnover is good business. "Into the Home" Newspaper Advertising fulfils its purpose, works quickly, costs less because it sells more.

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