

"THE LIBERAL"

Established 1878
AN INDEPENDENT WEEKLY
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY AT RICHMOND HILL
J. Eachern Smith, Manager
Advertising Rates on Application. TELEPHONE 9
THE LIBERAL PRINTING CO., LTD.
Member Canadian Weekly Newspaper Association
Subscription \$1.50 per year — To the United States \$2.00
Covering Canada's Best Suburban District

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 27th, 1938.

OCTOBER, THE GOOD MONTH

The poets have ever sung the praises of stormy March, "With ugly looks and threats;" and fickle April, "when ever tear is answered by a blossom;" and merry May, "when those who love must wed;" and chill December, "bleak and dread;" but do not all ordinary humans agree that colorful October were a better object for their art and eulogies.

"What is so rare as a day in June" unless it be an afternoon in October when the departing sun lends a tint and a mystic charm to all the purple and gold, yellow and brown and green of the trees, the hills and the fields? There is a freshness and a life-giving vigor about the air of October unknown to her sister months. October is a month of out-of-doors when nature exerts her utmost magnetism and all humanity strains at the leash of confining civilization:

The melancholism that has been attributed to October is but reflection and pensiveness. October days invite sober thought and speculation on the beautiful nature and the sheer joy of living. October is the rugged manhood of the year in all its glorious strength; it is symbolic of tasks begun and completed; it is a synonym for achievement.

ADVICE TO CYCLISTS

Inspector Edward Dunn of Toronto's traffic squad has issued a notice to bicyclists that the road code applies to them as well as to motorists and warns them to look out for trouble if they break the rules: Among the rules cyclists are warned to observe are "to keep to the right of the road and ride close to the curb; to obey all traffic rules and use hand signals when to moving and turning; never to ride double, or hold on to a stopping vehicle. Wheelers must also carry a light and either a light or reflector in the rear, and must always keep both hands on the handle-bars."

Failure to obey these rules is inviting trouble and cyclists will do well to observe them.

Pedestrians also should exercise care when using the highways, always walk facing the on-coming traffic and carry a light or a reflector at night. Without one of these to indicate their presence on the road in the dark, pedestrians place themselves in a hazardous position, for motorists find it hard to see them at any distance, especially if facing the glare of an approaching car.

LIGHTS ON VEHICLES

Far too many drivers of horse-drawn vehicles risk the chance of a serious accident by failing to observe the law respecting the showing of lights after nightfall. In this regard it is interesting to note that some individuals apparently take a delight in disobeying this section of the traffic act. They have no regard for public safety and it is regrettable that more of them are not summoned into the presence of the magistrate and fined for their carelessness.

Traffic has reached the point where travelling at night with a horse-drawn vehicle is risky business at any time. The speed of motor vehicles and confusion caused by approaching headlights often result in close shaves. Those who fail to equip their vehicles with proper lights are courting disaster not only for themselves but for others as well. The law regarding lights should and must be strictly enforced if the toll of accidents is to be reduced.—Winchester Press.

LORD TWEEDSMUIR'S CHOICE

A throng of 60,000 people at the International Plowing Match in Simcoe County heard Lord Tweedsmuir say that what he liked best was a day in the country among country people. One can imagine that if His Excellency could free himself from the multitudinous responsibilities which have crowded his active life he would be found on the land—in plowing time holding a plow. He tried his hand at it at Minesing. With a pair of robust, well-grounded Clydesdales in front of him, turning the fertile earth for the sowing and harvest to come, even here can be found romance, philosophy and service.

To many it is just a hard, plodding life, with meagre returns. To Lord Tweedsmuir, the King's deputy, scholar, historian, novelist, barrister, soldier, parliamentarian, there are wonderful compensations. The glory of nature, the quiet and freedom of the country, and no doubt joy in observing the operation of nature's laws.

A little more than two weeks ago His Excellency was in England, noting the fortitude with which the people faced threats of war. There was anxiety everywhere, but it was tempered with calm resolution. "I never expected then," he remarked, "to be attending a plowing match in Ontario in such a short space of time," witnessing the colorful garb of a beautiful countryside with men, women and youths participating in a rural contest. Here were peace and quiet and mankind's basic occupation.

The people of Canada are deeply indebted to His Excellency for his sincere interest in everything affecting their lives. "I like to think," he remarked, "that coming from England and threats of war, to Canada and peace and a plowing match is a good omen. I think we are going to be free and allowed to get along with our own proper business." "To Canada and peace and a plowing match" puts a great deal in a few words. When tens of thousands of people assemble under such auspices it is a fortunate nation. It is in the country among country people where Lord Tweedsmuir, writer, barrister, soldier, parliamentarian, finds life most attractive, and he is competent to judge.—Globe & Mail.

"War never is inevitable," declared Lord Baldwin recently in his maiden speech in the House of Lords. "If there were a 95 per cent chance of war at some future date I would hang on to the five per cent until I died." If that attitude be as characteristic of British statesmen in the future as it was of Mr. Chamberlain during the recent crisis we may reasonably look forward to a long era of peace, unless the dictators mistakenly make up their minds to take advantage of the reluctance of the Anglo-Saxon peoples to plunge into the horrors of war.

THE LIBERAL SHORT STORY

FABLE OF THE CHORUS GIRL

By Charles McGuirk

Sally Balsam sat on her cot in the apartment she shared with two other chorus girls on East 48th St., and drew a pair of stockings onto as pretty a pair of legs as had been seen on Broadway in many, many moons.

Her toes didn't twinkle now, but they did when she was working. Her figure was little and trim. Her face was round, her eyes blue, her mouth a rosebud, even without makeup. She was twenty-three and she had been five years in the chorus of eighteen shows that had brightened the Street of Lights for periods of from three weeks to a year in that time.

The hour was 11 o'clock in the morning. She had been up three hours and had finished her stretching and limbering-up exercises in the tiny living room. And now, after her shower, she was dressing to answer a chorus call for noon at the Grinnel Theatre on West 44th Street.

Slipping on the garter and rolling the left stocking neatly so that it made a little ridge above it, she stood up to reveal her five feet four inches of curving loveliness. She walked over to the mirror and sat down in front of it and gave herself a long once-over.

You or I would have been more than satisfied with what she saw. But she wasn't. She was looking for the signs of five years' wear and tear and she was finding them—or thought she was, which was just as bad. Her eyes, she decided, were beginning to fade. Her legs were not as good as they were when they brought her with springy step from Erie, Pa. Her mouth was beginning to sag a little, not so much from age as from the bitterness which comes from many disappointments. Her hair needed a rinse. All in all she wasn't as fresh as she had been. She was losing her youth and the charm which went with it.

The telephone rang and it was Ned Rovert, the dancing teacher with whom she had been studying four years. Rovert had plenty of theatrical connections and he liked her work, which was good, and he liked her because she was sympathetic with him when he met with disappointment. His liking for her had no personal dangers in it because Ned was—shall we say?—anemic.

"Oh, Sally," he rattled on over the wire, "I've spoken to George Weymouth about you. He is directing the dance for 'Moon Over New York.' That's the working name of the show for which that 12 o'clock rehearsal has been called. I told him about your soft-shoe specialty and also about your acrobatic work. He promised faithfully that he would look them both over. Of course, you'll have no difficulty in landing in the chorus. I just thought I'd call you to encourage you. You're such an ambitious darling and you've never gotten the breaks."

Sally felt a lot better when she hung up.

Sometimes, like now, she realized that she hadn't played her cards right. She had not obeyed one of a chorus girl's rules to "Get a specialty and get a man."

You had to have both to climb out of the chorus line and up in the world. She had obeyed the first part of it. She had gotten herself a specialty, two in fact. She was a marvellous soft-shoe dancer and she wasn't bad in acrobatics.

But she hadn't bothered about getting a man. Thinking back, she realized that the only man she knew very well in New York was Ned Rovert, and no one, not even herself, regarded Ned as too masculine. She had to admit she had never to fight men off her. She had had the chance encounters and insults that every pretty girl met with along Broadway, casual invitations to apartments to look at etchings, flirtations, pursuit by men, mostly middle-aged, who followed her along the street. But she had not given much thought to men.

Perhaps, she thought, she didn't have "it," that sex appeal the girls were always talking about. She went over to the mirror to see if she could discover any signs of it. It was really a very nice figure, she admitted, and a pretty face. But she couldn't find any sex appeal in it, possibly because she didn't know what it was. She really didn't.

This study revealed, however, that her legs were as good as they were when they brought her in from Erie, Pa. And her mouth did not sag and her hair really didn't need a rinse. And all that made her feel a good deal better.

A glance at the clock told her that she would have to hurry if she was to stop at the drug store and pick up a new lipstick in time to get to the rehearsal hall. So she slipped on a dress and a perky little

hat, checked the things in her hand bag and hurried out the door.

She went straight to the cosmetic counter and bought her lipstick. She was so intent upon getting the right shade and keeping within her budget that she paid no attention to the sales person who was serving her. But when he wrapped the lipstick and powder and handed her her check, she had a look at him. He was the first man she had really seen since she had left home.

He wasn't much to look at. He was a little above medium height. His hair was black, his eyes brown and his skin kind of pale. He was slight of build. But there was nothing girlish about him. There was an intense look in his eyes and a firmness to his mouth. She liked the way he smiled at her so much that she sought for an excuse to linger another minute.

"How much is the Ultra-Pure Soap?" she asked.

"Eighty-five cents a cake," he informed her.

"Oh, it's too much!" she protested.

"You don't need any special soap," he smiled. "Most of the women who buy it would give everything they had to own what you own."

"What is that?" she demanded.

"I don't know," he confessed. "Youth, class, maybe looks."

She flashed a dazzling smile at him for that and though she didn't know it, it was loaded down with sex appeal.

"I'll believe that because I want to," she said.

So that's the way it happened! She had never believed it when she read about love at first sight in books. She had always believed that a girl was a fool to fall in love with a man she did not know and had never seen before. But here she had gone and done it. She knew she had because, though she had never been in love before, she knew it when she felt it. Feeling as love could make a girl feel as glad as she felt at that moment.

There were about 200 girls standing in the back of the stage, the piano player sat at his piano. The dance director had them march around the stage in squads of twelve while the piano player plunked his piano. The director would walk down the lines and tell the girls who would not do to step out. He gave the ninety who survived the weeding out process some simple steps to do and these caused more casualties. It was an old routine to Sally.

She nodded absently when the director told her to report next day for practice. She had difficulty remembering that he was George Weymouth, the man who might give her the chance for which she had waited five years.

She went directly back to the drug store from the theatre and her heart jumped when she saw the boy who had waited on her still at the counter. She went up to it and pretended to be absorbed in the counter display. But he knew she wasn't. He asked her if she would go out with him that night. He told her his name was Jim Bixley and that there was a good bill at Leow's, across the street. She told him she would.

That night they went to Leow's and then they had a bite to eat up on 50th Street. He walked her home at her request and in the vestibule of her apartment building, he took her in his arms and kissed her as casually as if he were helping her across the street. She left him and came in to the apartment blind and dizzy and flooded with a feeling so wonderful that if you had told her she had gone to heaven without dying, she would have believed you.

The next day, Weymouth called her out of the line of girls in rompers and bathing suits and trunks and blouses and told her Ned Rovert had spoken to him about her. When she nodded absently, he asked her to do her soft-shoe and then her acrobatic dance for him. She did both and she did them well because she was a good craftsman. But that was the only reason because she didn't care a thing about them any more. When she had finished Weymouth regarded her thoughtfully. But he only nodded.

As the rehearsals went on, the knowledge grew that here was a hit show. Three weeks after rehearsals began, Weymouth called her out of the line again and had her do her dances. But that was all. And she didn't care. These days she wasn't concerned with show business. Jim had asked her to marry him and she had consented and they were waiting out their three days before they could be married.

They were married at City Hall and spent their wedding night in a

Hour Limit for Parking

Weston Passes By-law Directed at Store Owners Who Park Trucks

Weston Town Council passed a one hour Main street parking by-law directed at store owners who park their laden trucks in front of their shops "from morning till night."

Deputy Reeve Walter Murray told council that fruit store owners were guilty of displaying their goods on their rigs and trucks and leaving them parked in front of their stores all day. Because of a town by-law fruit store owners are not permitted to display goods more than 18 inches on the sidewalk.

The one-hour limit will be in effect on the north side of Main street, between Pawcett's garage and Dufferin street and on the south side, between Little avenue and Bellevue Crescent.

Reeve Gordon Harris suggested the town provide a parking lot for shoppers and farmers coming in from distant points.

hotel just east of Broadway in the Forties. The next day Sally appeared at rehearsals and Weymouth said:

"Miss Balsam, I've decided to use your soft-shoe dance. Your salary will be \$75 a week."

"Thank you, Mr. Weymouth," Sally said, "but I'm afraid you'll have to get somebody else. I'm leaving today."

Ned Rovert was fit to be tied. He called her up that night.

"Of all the ungrateful wretches!" he screamed. "What do you suppose George Weymouth will think of me now, sending him a girl who refuses a chance that most girls on Broadway would give one ear for?"

"I'm sorry, Ned," Sally told him, "but I don't care what he thinks. I spent five years working and slaving for this chance and then, when it comes along, I have something better. Ned, I'm Mrs. Jim Bixley now, and my husband is only a cosmetic clerk. He probably will never be anything else, but I'd rather have him than any ermine coat and a \$2,000-a-week spot on Broadway. So, the devil with George Weymouth, and you, and Broadway, too."

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MONTHLY REPORT AUGUST 1938 ACTIVITIES

Total number of miles travelled	10,021
Number of prisoners passing through cells (Toronto)	126
Trips to Jails or Institutions	82
Summonses served	170
Finger Print Sets Sent to Ottawa	17
Prosecution (cases completed)	
Adelaide Street Court	47
Newmarket Court	24
Number of Courts Policed	
Adelaide Street Court	45
Newmarket Court	10
Domestic Court	9
Amount of Fines, etc., paid during August re County cases	
Adelaide Street Court	\$104.55
Newmarket Court	290.00
Number of persons arrested	16
Search Warrants Executed	
Gaming House	6
Liquor	17
Stolen Property	4
Property Recovered (Total Value \$2381.00)	
2 stolen automobiles, valued at	\$1400.00
1 stolen automobile, valued at	700.00
Cigarettes, cigars, tobacco, etc., valued at	15.00
One set of drums and traps, valued at	175.00
One Auto radio, valued at	25.00
Skis, poles, harness, valued at	12.00
Four chickens, valued at	4.00
One rowboat, valued at	40.00
One bicycle, valued at	10.00
Quantity of wheat, valued at	
Property Seized	
Slot machines	6
Wine (part bottles)	1
Gin (quarts)	1
Whisky (quarts)	3
Whisky (part bottles)	1
Beer (pints)	34
Beer (quarts)	54
Property Located for Owner	
Cash (obtained by false pretences)	\$15.00
Prisoners Transported, Don Jail to Newmarket Court	12
Prisoners Transported, Newmarket Court to Don Jail	15

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