

SCHOMBERG

LOCAL MILK PRODUCERS BANQUET AT SCHOMBERG

Schomberg Town Hall was packed on Tuesday evening when members of the King and Vaughan Milk Producers association staged their annual banquet.

Dr. G. I. Christie, president of the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph was guest speaker. He urged the farmers to organize and by so doing receive their rightful profits of milk producing. Other speakers were W. Hare of the Dominion Department of Agriculture and E. H. Clarke, Toronto Milk Producers' secretary-treasurer. The latter speaker advocated the appointment of a farmers' representative on the milk control board.

Officers elected were: W. E. Barker, president; Russell Snider, vice-president; Victor Marchant, secretary-treasurer; executive committee, Col. J. Usher, Claud Benson, John Riddell, Neal Wilson, Ernest Carson, George Brownlee, J. Wardlaw, F. Chapman, F. Boys, W. Billings. Later in the evening dancing was enjoyed by those in attendance. Catering for the affair was carried out by members of the St. Mary Magdalene Women's Auxiliary.

PEEL COUNTY

Peel County councillors last week decided not to support a resolution forwarded by Wentworth county council proposing pegging of the wheat price in all parts of Canada. The resolution also asked revision of rates to put Ontario on the same wheat-shipping basis as the west.

"If you did that, every farmer in Ontario would be starting to grow wheat and the market would be flooded," said Deputy Reeve Verner of Albion.

"The railways are losing enough money now, why make them lose more?" asked Deputy Reeve Sherman of Chinguacousy.

"Pegging the price in the west alone is penalizing us and the rest of eastern Canada," said Reeve McBride of Caledon.

"I think we are getting into economics away over our head," remarked Deputy Reeve W. A. Bates of Brampton. "I move that we do not support the resolution."

The council opposed a suggestion in the agricultural committee's report whereby the government would be asked to suspend compulsory milk pasteurization.

"I think it is one of the best acts ever brought into force," said Warden G. F. Skinner. "Using raw milk sometimes is the best way of bringing on tuberculosis."

Members gave unanimous support to a motion of Reeve McBride of Caledon, asking the deputy minister of education to address the council at its January session and give advice on school problems.

Things even up. For every poor girl fooled by a city slicker, a rich old guy is fooled by a poor girl.

TAXES

The Third Instalment of Taxes is due on

TUESDAY, NOV. 15

Pay promptly and avoid the penalty of 4% which must be imposed after

MONDAY, DEC. 5th

Richmond Hill, A. J. HUME, Nov. 10, 1938 Treasurer.

Vaughan Council

The regular December meeting of the Vaughan Township Council will be held in the Township Hall, Vellore

MONDAY, DECEMBER 5th, 1938

11 A.M. for the transaction of General Business

Dated at Maple this 1st day of December, 1938.

Baker's Repair Shop

If you're looking for quality and workmanship at a reasonable price call and see our stock of hand made harness and collars. Collar fitting and repairing a specialty
Shop Closed Mon., Wed. and Fri. at 6 p.m.

ISAAC BAKER
Maple, Ont. R. R. No. 1
Telephone Maple 1063

THE LIBERAL SHORT STORY

LISELOTTE TRAPS WADDLE-DUCK

By Marie Brett-Perring

"Ree-nee! Ree-nee!" Mrs. Grenny-Jones' shrill voice calling her maid became unpleasantly audible even before the elevator stopped at our floor and she rolled out, a mountain of billowing flounces and furbelows.

Young Claude, my son, materialized from nowhere and followed her, giving an exact impersonation of her waddling walk.

"Waddle-duck—quack—quack!" he piped.

She turned on him furiously. "Dee-sist, you impudent brat—dee-sist!" she hissed, and then: "Ree-nee—Ree-nee!"

"I'm not a brat—I'm a nipper!" my son shrilled, as I made a grab at him. "She called me a brat, mommie—I won't be called a brat!"

It all happened in one minute: there was a pink ape trailing on the carpet behind the lady—young Claude jumped on it with both feet—Mrs. Grenny-Jones halted in her progress and tetered precariously backwards—there was a sharp rending sound and her "back view" opened tulip-wise, disclosing layers of mysterious garments—the door of her suite burst open and the much-abused French maid ran out to the rescue, dragging her mistress bodily into the privacy of her room.

Liselotte was somewhere in the background and, instead of coming to my help, stared intently after the retreating, disordered figure.

"You might have stopped Claude," I remarked irritably to Liselotte.

"Ach, but I've seen something . . ."

my handmaiden answered darkly.

There was nothing mysterious about Mrs. Grenny-Jones though there were some rather unsavory stories circulated about her, these having mainly to do with her predilection for the society of "cub" diplomats—all the twenty-fifth attaches at the various legations, and hints that the riotous parties she gave in the privacy of her suite were really gambling parties.

Mrs. Grenny-Jones was reputed to be very wealthy. Why she had elected to stay in Switzerland during the war, nobody knew or questioned. Ostensibly it was because of her health, but she had once confided to me that the real reason was that "she simply could not stand England while this war hysteria was going on."

That she was methodically shunned by her own compatriots was understandable; for one thing she was insufferably vulgar; for the other, she mixed too freely with "the enemy camp." But she was distinctly popular among the crowd of young attaches and secretaries of every state.

It was notorious, however, that Mrs. Grenny Jones was unlucky with her young men—sooner or later something always happened to her favorites, and the only comment would be "Waddle-Duck is rather unlucky in her cubs, whrt?"

It was two days later when a maid entered a certain room on our floor and ran out screaming. The room was occupied by a middle-aged man who passed for an American and had been amongst us but a matter of a fortnight. He was presumed to be a business man after war contracts.

Though the management did the impossible to silence the maid and keep the whole affair quiet, everybody knew that this was a case of murder. Liselotte, who always managed to get on the inside of things, came to me and spoke long and earnestly.

"Ach, gnadige Frau," she said in her breathless way, "but this is a bad thing that has happened. This man now—he was not an American—his passport was false—nobody knows what he was and where he came from. His room—it was all up—everything searched and all his papers gone—and his throat was cut, while he was sleeping . . ." She went into gruesome details, with the relish for bloody drama which I have always noticed as a characteristic of people with her primitive mentality.

Strange though it may seem, I found out that one at least of her assertions was correct; the murdered man was in fact no American—his passport, the only piece of identity left in his room, having been proved to be a clever fake.

It was Liselotte again who came to me with an interesting bit of information.

"That murdered man," she said, "he was with the Madame Jones at the Gurten the whole afternoon on the day before he was killed."

"How do you know, Liselotte?"

She pursed her lips. "I followed her," she said simply. "I was curious. She went by tramway to the foot of the Gurten, then she took the funicular up to the restaurant and I climbed up by the mountain

path and I arrived there in time to see her meet the man and they sat on the veranda and they quarreled much and then she took the funicular down and he stayed. I stayed, too, and I watched him, and I saw him take out many papers out of his pockets and look at them and sort of laugh, like he was very pleased about something. And now, there are no papers left in his room—all his papers are gone—at least . . ." She stopped suddenly and changed the conversation. "Will you wear the gray shoes, gnadige Frau?—the laces are frayed . . ."

Suddenly, I realized that Mrs. Grenny-Jones' bathroom was next door to that room.

I went into my own bathroom and investigated. There was no door, other than that leading from the bedroom, but, behind the bath, occupying almost the whole wall, there was a deep clothes closet. Were there concealed doors in those closets, which were a feature of every bathroom at the Palace. I had once heard a vague legend to that effect.

That evening, when I rang for Liselotte, she did not come. Nobody had seen her after the "Courier's dinner," I was told. So I presumed that once more she was A. W. O. L. and went to bed without bothering about her.

It was probably about 2 o'clock in the morning when the telephone tinkled faintly and I sat up, startled.

Liselotte's voice came hoarsely over the wire: "Please to come at once to Room 472, gnadige Frau," she said, and rang off.

Room 472 was the number of Mrs. Grenny-Jones' suite.

I did not stop to wonder what on earth my maid was doing there, but slipped a dressing gown and slippers on and went. The old lady was probably feeling ill and her maid had sought the help of my maid, whose room was a tiny cubicle on that floor.

The door of the suite was unlocked and I went in without knocking. The whole floor was eerily still and I shuddered suddenly when I found myself in the dark, overfurnished salon of the suite. The door of the bedroom was ajar and I heard funny, muffled sounds coming from there. "Here, gnadige Frau, in the bedroom," Liselotte called softly.

At first I could not make head or tail of what I saw: trussed up like a fowl for roasting, a gaudy scarf wound round the lower part of her face, Mrs. Grenny-Jones lay writhing on the tumbled bed. Like an avenging angel, fully dressed but for her shoes, Liselotte stood over her, a long, green envelope in her hand.

"Gnadige Frau," she began urgently before I had time to open my mouth. "I do not know what to do with her—it is better, I think, to kill her also, for she is a bad woman. Look, there in the bathroom . . ."

I looked mechanically, too bewildered to reason. The clothes closet stood wide open and there were various garments littering the floor of the bathroom; the back of the process was open also, disclosing a view of the disordered room beyond. I gasped:

"Liselotte, how did you find out?"

She shrugged contemptuously: "Ach, but nobody remembered that when the hotel was rebuilt a few years ago, this room was overlooked and the sliding panels in the closet remained. She knew, for she had been a maid there 10 years ago—a foreign maid who came with a family—and that is why she arranged to have this suite and also for the man to have the room beyond, so that they could meet without anybody knowing."

"When I heard them quarreling, I understood everything, gnadige Frau. I knew that they were spies working together, and when he was murdered I guessed that she had killed him and stolen all his papers. But there was this envelope that she had dropped in the closet when she closed the sliding doors and I found it almost at once and then I knew that she would try to get into the room again and look for it."

"It was very simple," she went on ingeniously. "After dinner I just slipped in here and went into the sealed room. I waited patiently until she came with a small flashlight, and I jumped on her and that is all . . . Ach, but she is a bad woman and she wears padded breasts, and things—disgusting—to make herself look more shapely . . ."

I reached for the telephone near the bed and called the manager. The trussed woman glared at me helplessly. Liselotte yawned prodigiously and handed me the long green envelope—there were gruesome rust-stains on it and I dropped it shudderingly onto the bed.

New Ford Cars Now on Display

Acclaimed from coast to coast as the finest Ford cars in the history of Ford Motor Company of Canada, Limited, the 1939 Ford V-8 and DeLuxe Ford V-8 are now on display.

Introduced in the Ford-Lincoln line is the Mercury 8, newest car in motordom and centre of interest at the motor shows. The Mercury is a big car distinguished by modern streamlined styling. Its design bears a certain family resemblance to the Lincoln-Zephyr, acknowledged style-leader in the industry.

Ford, Mercury and Lincoln-Zephyr cars are all equipped with hydraulic brakes. All offer refinements in design and many mechanical advances and improvements.

The DeLuxe Ford V-8, with wholly new streamlines, has a distinctive appearance of its own. At the same time, both it and the Ford V-8 share a family likeness with the Lincoln-Zephyr and the new Mercury 8.

The DeLuxe has a deep hood with long lines unbroken by louvres, low radiator grille in bright metal, and wide-spaced head-lamps set into the fenders. It is powered by an 85 horsepower V-8 engine of even more rugged construction than the 5,000,000 already in use.

Hydraulic brakes are precision built to meet strict Ford standards of safety. Pedal action is exceptionally easy, and the brake shoes work in 12-inch drums with a total of 162 square inches of braking lining for quick stopping and long life.

A feature of the bodies of both the Ford V-8 and DeLuxe Ford V-8 cars in their silence, achieved as a result of exhaustive road and laboratory research into the cause and correction of car noises. By minor changes in design and by use of newly-developed insulating materials, engine and road noises are effectively kept out of the car. Interiors are comfortable, convenient and smartly upholstered and equipped.

The Ford V-8 for 1939 has a full grille and unobtrusive louvres at the rear of the hood sides. Headlamps are recessed into the fenders. Decorative touches include a radiator grille ornament which incorporates a compact hood latch and handle.

Both the new Fords have the modern gauges, glove compartment, grille for radio speaker installation, cigar lighter, ash tray, choke, throttle and other controls well grouped on newly-designed instrument panels. Both have headlight beam control operated by the touch of a toe and a beam indicator on the panel. Both have a new instrument that shows at a glance the condition of the battery. The parking brake lever, which actuates the brake shoes in the rear wheels by means of steel cables, is under the instrument panel to the left. Drivers seats are adjustable in all body types. DeLuxe cars are equipped with two sun visors, the Ford V-8 with one. Both have dual windshield wipers with a single control and twin electric air horns.

Both in size and price range the Mercury 8 takes its place between the DeLuxe Ford V-8 and the Lincoln-Zephyr V-12. It is a big car and a powerful one, powered by a V-type 95 horsepower engine. The wheelbase is 116 inches and the overall length just over 16 feet. Brakes are hydraulic.

All the four body types available on the Mercury 8 chassis are extra wide, and seat three persons comfortably in front and rear seats.

"All the other papers are in those padded breasts and hips," she volunteered. "Ach, but I am sleepy, gnadige Frau. "Do you mind if I do not bring your breakfast in the morning?"

I waved her away and she padded out on her stockinged feet just as the manager bustled in, his scanty hair standing on end and his dressing gown flapping around his legs.

Strangely enough, every scrap of information Liselotte had given proved true. Mrs. Grenny-Jones—it was never ascertained how she came by her name and her money—was the moving spirit of a freelance spying organization and the murdered man had been one of her lieutenants.

Enough incriminating papers were found in her false "charms" to send 10 people to the firing squad, but it being a neutral country and there being too many people implicated, the affair was hushed up and the lady merely disappeared from our ken.

"She's not going to be killed?" Liselotte said to me. "That is not just, gnadige Frau, for the Good Book says 'a life for a life' and she is a very bad woman . . ."

"Oo-h, mommie, Waddle-Duck is gone?" said young Claude. "The mean old thing! She promised me a toy airplane if I stopped calling her Waddle-Duck in front of everybody—now I'll never stop," he added resentfully.

The body types are a town-sedan, a sedan, a sedan-coupe, and a sport convertible.

Wide visibility for driver and passengers result from low belt and cowl lines. The running boards are narrow and the space gained is utilized inside the body, which is widest at seat level. The interior spaciousness and the unusual luggage capacity were achieved without excessive body overhang, as the result of able designing.

The body interiors are quiet as well as roomy. With the windows closed passengers can converse without raising their voices even at high road speeds. Months of tests on the road and in the laboratory preceded this effective sound insulation.

The exterior beauty of the car is matched by the distinction of the interior styling. The tilted instrument panel, the steering column support and the two-spoke steering wheel are typical of the car's originality of design. The curve of the steering wheel rim is repeated in the long arc of the 100-mile speedometer dial, directly in front of the driver. Around it are grouped the gauges, including a new battery condition indicator.

In the choice of appointments and in interior tailoring, several new ideas are carried out. The cushions are in a panelled and piping treatment and the upholstery in the three closed cars is either broadcloth or bedford cord, in taupe-color. The seat backs and seat cushions in the sport convertible are genuine hand-buffed leather. Cushions are exceptionally deep and comfortable. In all body types, the front seat is adjustable.

FAIR ENOUGH

Shortly after the Battle of Waterloo the Duke of Wellington, who commanded the victorious British Army in that historic fray, was passing through the parade grounds and heard a subordinate refer to himself as "Wellington." The old soldier stopped, told the young officer that he should not speak so familiarly of the commander of the forces.

"I beg your pardon, your grace," the young man said, "but I never heard of any prefix to the name of Hannibal, Caesar, Tamerlane or Napoleon, and I treated your name with similar honor."

Lehigh Valley ANTHRACITE "The Coal That Satisfies" Jones Coal Co
Phone 188

At Maple Freight Sheds

FIRST CLASS BREAD FLOUR ALSO MONARCH PASTRY FLOUR

CAFETERIA LAYING MASH, O.A.C. Formula MILKMAKER, O.A.C. Formula

CAR LOAD OF SALT

Prices as follows:
FINE SALT, 100 lb. sack . . . 60c
COARSE SALT, 100 lb. sack . . 70c
IODIZED SALT, 100 lb. sack . . 75c
BLOCK, 50 lb., plain or iodized 30c
SALT LICKS, 5 lb. each 2c

— Also —
CAR MILL FEED

Priced as follows:
BRAN \$1.00 per cwt.
SHORTS \$1.10 per cwt.
MIDDINGS \$1.30 per cwt.

NUT AND STOVE COAL
No. 1 ANTHRACITE

I Solicit Your Continued Patronage
My Motto—Courtesy, Service and a Fair Deal to All

C. E. SMITH

SAND — GRAVEL
WM. McDONALD
Telephone 62 Thornhill
From Maple Gravel Pit
GENERAL CARTAGE
by Truck

J. FOX

ALL KINDS OF SHEET METAL WORK
Furnace, Eave Troughs, Metal Garages, Roofing
Jobbing Promptly Attended to
Established 1880



CUT THIS OUT

This coupon is inserted as a convenience in renewing your subscription. The address label shows you the date up to which your subscription is paid. If it is in arrears we would appreciate your remittance, at \$1.50 per year.

THE LIBERAL

Enclosed find \$.... being my subscription for years. Please send me a receipt.

NAME

P. O.

Street and No., or R.R. No.