

"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, DECEMBER 8th, 1938.

WHEATLEY'S EXPERIMENT

The little village of Wheatley, Ont., has been receiving considerable publicity in the press of late, because of its unique method of combating the effects of the depression, and of keeping business in its own town.

Wheatley, with a population of only 800 people, is on a through highway between Toronto, Windsor and Detroit, with Blenheim, Brantford, Paris, London on the east, and the bustling town of Leamington eight miles distant.

As a result of the attractions of bigger centres Wheatley merchants found business followed the crowd. People drove through Wheatley—they didn't stop.

Then Wheatley had an Old Home Week, and afterwards two or three wide-awake citizens began to do some reasoning. "It was as plain as the nose on your face that if the Old Boys' Reunion could bring the farm business back to Wheatley, some form of entertainment offered each week could hold it, or anyway a part of it," one of them said later.

SOME THINGS WE STILL ENJOY

Editor Templin of the Fergus News-Record has been counting his blessings. He has been thinking over some of the things we might have lost had Germany triumphed in the Great War, and he bids us look around at the things we still have because our allied soldiers stood up successfully against the might of the Teuton allies.

"First of all, and most important, we are free. We can get up in the morning and order our own lives, the only limit being economic necessity. We can talk freely in our homes, in other people's houses, on the street. We have no fear that spies may overhear what we think about the government or about some petty official.

TYPOGRAPHICAL ERRORS

There is nothing which annoys an editor more, and at the same time provides amusement for readers, than the typographical errors which creep into the columns of a newspaper. Typesetting machines are far from infallible, though they do much better spelling than the editor's typewriter, which has a strange habit of getting letters down in the wrong order.

"When the bull started for him, Clemson ran to the fence and crawled under just in time to escape being bored."

"The body lay in state at the family home yesterday, while hundreds of old friends and admirers passed the beer."

"Miss Mary Hogarth, whose wedding to John Bemis yesterday had to be postponed because of her illness, is reported to be some bitter today."

"James Parker, who was bit by an automobile on his way home from work, is reported to be up and around today."

The new sanctuary in the auditorium of the South Methodist Church was dedicated yesterday.

"Another audition in the family of Mr. and Mrs. Jed Draper occurred on Friday night, this time a bouncing boy."

COUNCIL SEAT NO BED OF ROSES

Those who occupy seats on municipal councils these days certainly are sitting in no bed of roses. For example while attending at the council table with Markham township municipal representatives last Monday afternoon we heard the members treated to the bitter and the sweet of public acclaim.

YOU CAN HELP

You may now make a donation to Richmond Hill Community Christmas Chest. Sponsored by the municipal council and generously supported each year by donations from individuals and organizations this fund annually provides a well filled Christmas basket to every needy family.

The Spirit of Christmas

Among the many fine Christmas stories there are few that are finer than the legend of the French shoemaker. According to one version of the tale, there lived in the city of Marseilles, a hundred years and more ago, an old shoemaker, loved and honoured by all his neighbours, who affectionately called him "Father Martin."

One Christmas Eve as he sat alone in his little shop, reading of the visit of the wise men to the infant Jesus, and of the gifts they brought, he said to himself: "If to-morrow were the first Christmas, and if Jesus were to be born in Marseilles this night, I know what I would give Him!"

He arose and took from a shelf two little shoes of softest white leather with bright silver buckles.

"I would give Him these, my finest work. How pleased His mother would be. But I'm a foolish old man," he thought, smiling. "The Master has no need of my poor gifts."

Replacing the shoes, he blew out the candle and retired to rest. Hardly had he closed his eyes, it seemed, when he heard a Voice call his name.

"Martin, you have longed to see me," the Voice continued. "To-morrow I shall pass by your window. If you see me and bid me enter, I shall be your guest and sit at your table."

The old shoemaker was so happy that he could sleep no more. Before dawn he rose and swept and tidied up his little shop. Fresh sand he spread upon the floor, and green boughs of fir he placed among the rafters. On the table he set a loaf of white bread, a jar of honey, a pitcher of milk, and over the fire he hung a pot of coffee.

When all was in readiness he took up his vigil at the window. He was sure he would know the Master. From childhood had he not gazed in love and reverence at His image above the great altar in the cathedral? And as he watched the driving sleet and rain in the cold, deserted street, he thought of the joy that would be his when he should sit down and break bread with His Guest.

Presently he saw an old street-sweeper pass by, blowing upon his thin, gnarled hands to warm them. "Poor fellow, he must be half frozen," thought Martin. Opening the door he called out to him: "Come in, my friend, and warm yourself." The man gratefully accepted the invitation.

An hour passed, and Martin next saw a poor, miserably clothed woman, carrying a baby. She paused, wearily, to rest in the shelter of his doorway. Quickly he flung open the door.

"Come in and get warm while you rest," he told her.

"I am going to the hospital," she said. "I hope they will take me in, and my baby. My husband is at sea, and I am ill, without a sou."

"Poor child!" cried the old man. "You must eat something while you are getting warm. No? Then let me give a cup of milk to the little one. But you have put no shoes on him!"

The mother sighed: "I have no shoes for him."

Martin took down the soft little white shoes he had looked at the evening before, and slipped them on the child's feet. They fitted perfectly. And shortly the young mother went her way, full of gratitude, and Martin went back to his post at the window.

Hour after hour went by, and other needy souls shared the meagre hospitality of the old cobbler, but the expected Guest did not appear.

At last, when night had fallen, the shoemaker retired to his cot with a heavy heart.

"It was only a dream," he sighed. "I did hope and believe, but He has not come."

Suddenly the room was flooded with a glorious light. And to the cobbler's astonished vision there appeared before him, one by one, the poor street-sweeper, the sick mother and her baby, and all the people whom he had aided during the day. And each one smiled at him.

Then softly out of the silence he heard again the gentle Voice, repeating old, familiar words:

"Whosoever shall receive one of these little ones, receiveth Me. I was hungry and ye gave me meat; I was a stranger and ye took me in. Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of my brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

Did you tell your wife everything you did while she was away?"

"No, the neighbors attended to that!"

SMILAX

By Ed. Snove

(From the Port Huron Herald) THEY'LL PAY FOR IT!

While we read with amazement and

Horror of the persecution of Jews in

Progress in Germany under the

Auspices of the fanatical paperhanger

Adolf Hitler, we wonder what awful

Fate is in store for the German

People—or as many of them as are

Concerned in the brutal, unjust

Treatment that is being meted out

To the descendants of Abraham—

For we recall that when God entered

Into covenant relations with Abraham

(The facts are plainly recorded in

The book of Genesis) He promised

A special blessing to those who bless

The Jews and warned whom it might

Concern that a curse would fall on

Those who did otherwise, and the

Nations of old that did not heed the

Warning and persecuted the Jews

Have all vanished and all we know

About them is what the historians

Tell us—which goes to prove that

God meant what he said when he

Made that promise to Abraham—

And it is also proven by the plight

Of at least one modern nation,

Spain, once the center of a world-

Wide empire, which started a

Wholesale persecution of Jews about

The time Columbus discovered

America and has steadily declined

From that time to the present and

Is now a frail shadow of the great

Empire it once was, and if Hitler or

Any other dictator—or anybody

Else who may come along in the

Future to assume political power—

Gets the idea that Jewry can be

Annihilated by any sort of

Persecution, he will find he has

Made a serious mistake, if we read

The Bible accurately, because God,

Whose power is not limited as the

Power of a dictator is limited, says

In the book of Jeremiah that the

Ties that bind Him to the Jewish

People are as enduring and as

Unchangeable as the laws that

Govern the heavenly bodies, and

Nothing could be more unchangeable

Than those laws which have been

Functioning since time began, and,

While Mr. Hitler may have the

Upper hand now, we sincerely

Believe that he and others who are

Active in persecuting God's chosen

People will eventually meet the fate

Which has caught up with other

Persecutors of the Jews—and it

Will serve them right!

The final proof that you have no

variety is to stand before a mike,

with millions listening, and try to

answer questions that expose your

ignorance.

MAKING CANADA

A Better Place

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A Series of Letters From Distinguished Canadians on Vital Problems Affecting the Future Welfare of Canada

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Whitby, Ont.

Dear Mr. Editor:

An ability to write stories does not necessarily presume a shrewd understanding of national affairs, nor does a certain amount of professional skill in the use of words qualify one to tell the editors of weekly newspapers how to improve their journals. I appreciate very much, however, the compliment of your invitation to contribute a letter to this series. Any newspaper reader would appreciate it, because any newspaper reader has a secret conviction, that he could do much better than the editor; we would have amazing journalistic achievements in this country if the editors would all retire and permit the readers to take over and put their arm-chair notions into effect — until the sheriff arrived.

As a social organism, the city is merely an enlargement of the town, the province an enlargement of the city, the nation an enlargement of the province. If the affairs of the towns and villages are managed indifferently, if the people are content to relegate local government to the incompetents and the stuffed shirts it follows that weakness and inefficiency will characterize provincial and national government. I think the weekly newspapers of Canada can exercise a great deal of influence collectively in Dominion affairs by the force of their local influence in stressing the fact that government is not something remote and apart, something to be handed over to the mercies of professional politicians, but simply an extension of ourselves.

If the more intelligent citizens of a community are apathetic to municipal affairs and prefer to criticize rather than to serve they have only themselves to blame if their local government is weak; nor should they delude themselves in the belief that the effect is merely local. The poison of indifference at the source pollutes the whole political stream. The weekly newspapers, which reflect the standards of their communities but at the same time influence those standards very powerfully, can raise the standard of government throughout all Canada by fighting apathy and indifference in the smaller centres. Many of you, of course, have been doing this, but it needs more doing. Don't leave it to the big dailies to express the editorial viewpoint of Canada; let your editorial page speak for your community. Encourage more letters from your readers — not from the cranks, but

from the people who should have something to say. Try to wean your readers away from the idiotic notion that a person who writes letters to the editor stamps himself as being not quite bright. Mr. Bernard Shaw and Mr. H. G. Wells aren't above writing letters to The London Times.

Recent events have given us cause to contemplate democracy a little more analytically than in the past, to realize that it is threatened not only from without but from within. The cancer of decay is more perilous than the bombs of the dictators. If we assume that only rascals or fools would be interested in politics and that decent men would be contaminated by associating with them, then we are in a way to giving our affairs into the hands of rascals and fools, and in little better state than the people of those countries governed by bullies. Better government like charity, must begin at home.

Sincerely, LESLIE McFARLANE. Canadian author of "Streets of Shadow," "The Murder Tree," "The Root-House," "The Little Men," etc.

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