

"THE LIBERAL"

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THE CHALLENGE OF 1939

The many admirers of Ralph Waldo Emerson find in his essays and poems a unique source of inspiration to tackle the every-day problems of life with courage and independence. He is known as one of the great exponents of individual freedom of thought and action. It is interesting to know something of the background of such an important personality.

Emerson had an Aunt Mary. She was a woman of sturdy pioneer stock who daily accomplished the work of several ordinary men on a New England farm. After Sunday she often took advantage of her few unfilled waking moments to write letters of encouragement to her nephew at college. Biographers concede that these letters were a real influence on the mind of young Emerson. The gist of her advice was - "Do the things you are afraid to do."

The wisdom of this advice is exemplified in the lives of men who "do things" today. There is scarcely a man who ever set out to build a bridge, write a book, or organize a business who didn't have qualms about it before he started - and when the job was half through. The man who takes the responsibility in any enterprise is the one who fully realizes the difficulties, and also the one who must resolve to carry on with it. The fact that bridges do get built, that books and business ventures are carried to completion indicates that some men have the courage and ability to see things through.

All of us haven't an "Aunt Mary". But most people who make a go of things learn that the first job to attempt is the difficult job. In the words of Emerson's famous Aunt Mary, it is necessary to "Do the things you are afraid to do".

RADIO APPARENTLY HAS NOT KILLED THE HABIT OF READING

It is a blessed and wholesome thing judgment on pessimists. Not long ago one of those psychologists who have a habit of "viewing with alarm" came out to say that what with the growth of radio, the movies, the human race would eventually stop reading altogether. But now comes word that the November circulation of books from the Ottawa Public Library reached an all-time high, with more people reading more books about history, civics and politics.

During November 51,421 books were taken from the Library. Considering that Ottawa has in addition a number of commercial lending libraries, that many people use the Parliamentary Library, and that thousands of others buy books, this, for a city of the size of Ottawa, is an extraordinary record. Nor do the figures of the Ottawa Public Library take account of the thousands of persons who use the reference reading room of the institution.

The truth is, of course, that no matter how much people listen to the radio, and no matter how often they go to the movies, they turn all the more to the printed word. Indeed, it is reasonable to suppose that the radio and the movies (and even the picture magazines) help to turn them to the printed word. From the radio and the screen they get impressions; only from the actual printed word can they get considered thought; the opportunity to reflect, to check, to debate and discuss and challenge.

That is why radio broadcasting, no matter what its value (and nobody can deny its value) can never take the place of the written word. The book, the newspaper, will remain to convey thoughts and statements that can be studied, to interpret, to instruct, to amplify and to entertain. As true now as ever is the line from Byron:

"But words are things, and a small drop of ink,

Falling like dew upon a thought,

Produces that which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think."

FLOWERS FOR THE EDITOR

Blessed is he who expects little in the way of gratitude for he shall not be disappointed.

Editor Maurice Detlor of the Deseronto Post ran for mayor of his town this year and was defeated. The sad event is responsible for the following story being told in the Tweed News:

"Maurice may feel that editors are not held in very high regard by their fellow-townsmen, but a story coming out of a Manitoba community is quite to the contrary. It seems that out there an editor was recently presented with a handsome bouquet of flowers by some of his fellow citizens. On that occasion a quartette sang a few songs and a clergyman gave a little talk, six husky men hoisted the editor on their shoulders, put him in a 1938 sedan and the whole town formed a parade. The appreciative crowd returned to their homes, serene in the thought of having provided one bright day for their beloved news purveyor. Incidentally it might be mentioned that the editor was dead."

LEISURE TIME

We all want to laugh and be gay, to enjoy ourselves and to say "good bye" to trouble and care when we have the chance, but at all costs we mustn't let pleasure interfere with our duties to others, and to ourselves. Some think that travel, and money to spend on it, represents a good time, some would like more amusements, unlimited leisure for games and such like, while others, more modest, would be content with long walks, or a motor ride, or a boat for fishing expeditions on river or lake.

Those who work hard, to whom leisure is only a dream, have much sympathy with the old charwoman whose idea of heaven and perfect bliss was a place where you could sit still and do nothing for ever and ever. The idea of a good time is just degree and temperament. There is undoubtedly more restlessness and discontent among all classes in these days, and the demand for a good time is universal. This is a natural reaction from the old bad times when leisure and good times were only available to the privileged few.

All the modern equipment of radio, abundant and well informed newspapers, and cheap travel, has awakened intelligence which half a century ago would and did remain dormant and even unsuspected. This should surely add to the happiness and usefulness of the human race in spite of the old poet's warning: "where ignorance is bliss, 'tis

A Sunday Morning of Long Ago

On Sunday morning everyone assembled on the broad gravelled drive, ready to walk to church. The three little girls were in white frocks with blue sashes. Their straw hats were wreathed with roses, almost as natural as the sweet-scented cabbage roses on the trellis. The boys wore Eton suits and stiff white collars, all but the youngest who was in a sailor suit with a whistle which—oh, horror—he once blew during the service. Only a little blast, but what a look he received from his virtuous brothers.

The young uncles, over six feet, but still boyish, were also clad in their Sunday best; and the eldest, an undergraduate from Oxford, wore an abnormally high collar, for he was to read the lesson of the day at the high brass lectern. The child-aunt had long swinging plaits of dark hair, and her skirts were visibly "let down" to reach the tops of her boots. Her hat of cottage straw had a wreath of moss roses, and she wore a coral necklace. The little girls wore silver lockets on their chains, and silver bangles over their white silk gloves. But, in spite of the formality of best clothes, how happy they all were!

In the deep blue sky, the clouds sailed lazily over fields which were a patchwork of color—purple clover, yellow mustard, the rich brown of ploughed earth, the tender green of young corn. Over the lawn lay shadows from the great elm, and every breeze brought the scent of flowers. Presently there rang out peals from the church bells, that were centuries old and could be heard all over the countryside. For many miles, too, the church could be seen as a landmark, for it was built on a hill. On its square tower stood the statues of four kings—two of Scotland and two of England, one at each corner. No other English village church had statues on its tower; but in other ways this was like many a beautiful eleventh-century country church, the cool gray of its stone walls broken by the blue and crimson of stained-glass windows.

The eldest of the little girls found much to interest her during the service. On warm days the great oak doors were set wide open; and, as the vicarage party was always early, she could see the rest of the congregation come up the path from the lych gate. First came a bevy of school children with well scrubbed rosy faces and shining hair. They clattered to the back of the church with subdued whisperings, as they settled into their rush-bottomed chairs. It was difficult for the eldest little girl not to look round at them. She knew so many of them on week days.

The men of the village came slowly, loitering over their talk of weather and crops. The women hastened in, each with a clean handkerchief and a flower folded into her prayer-book, and many threw backward glances to see how their children were behaving. According to the immemorial custom in these parts, the men sat on one side of the aisle, the women on the other. They came two or three farmers, big and hearty, their red faces like harvest moons between their whiskers. Their wives and daughters followed them, but most of the young men in the farmers' families had gone to the colonies. And at last came the choirboys, preternaturally grave but rosy; and the men of the village who could sing; and the big young uncle who was to read at the lectern; and, after them all, the little girl's grandfather, the white-headed vicar, stooping his great height under the vestry door.

So the service began and her day-dreams were punctuated with well-known hymns and psalms, colored with long looks through the open door to far-off fields smiling in the sun. Sheep were cropping grass nearby; and once she saw gypsy men and women strolling past, their faces set toward the little market town. She could hear birds twittering in the ivy; when they all rose to sing "Hark, hark, my soul, Angelic voices swelling O'er earth's green fields—" she knew that those were the green fields outside.

When the service was over, and her grandmother talked to the villagers, the little girl ran to jump on the great flat stone outside the churchyard wall. From this stone, in olden days, the farmers' wives had mounted the horses to ride pillion behind their husbands to the far-off farm houses. The little girl wished that she could ride pillion, too. But perhaps it was just as nice to run home through the flowering grasses and ox-eyed daisies in the fields.—M.A.B., in Christian Science

Mr. and Mrs. Cousins Observe Golden Wedding

Pioneer residents of Vaughan Township, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Cousins of Aurora, celebrated their Golden Wedding on Tuesday, December 27th at the home of their eldest son, Mr. Stanley Cousins in Weston. Both Mr. and Mrs. Cousins were born of pioneer parents in this district. Mr. Cousins was born near Aurora and Mrs. Cousins whose maiden name was Jennie Morrow was born at Purpleville. They were married in Toronto and started farming at Purpleville. Later they purchased a 200 acre farm near Pine Grove where they remained for ten years and later retired to Woodbridge. About 8 years ago they moved to Aurora where they now reside.

They have four children, the eldest son Stanley at Weston, Lorne and Archie at Aurora and their daughter Mrs. J. T. Humphreys lives in New Bedford, Mass. and had come home for this happy event. A reception was held in Weston when more than one hundred friends and neighbours called to congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Cousins. Receiving with them were their daughter Mrs. Humphreys and a sister of the bride, Mrs. J. Slater of Strathroy who was bridesmaid at the happy event 50 years ago. Another sister, Mrs. E. A. Duncan of Warton was also present.

The spacious rooms were fragrant with baskets of yellow 'mums and roses, gifts of the family, neighbors and friends of Aurora and New Bedford. Beautiful gifts and many telegrams and messages were received all bearing testimony to the high respect and esteem felt for this worthy couple.

The tea table being spread with a lace cloth, looked attractive in the soft light of golden candles. The wedding cake which centred the table had been made and iced by the bride, being decorated with gold leaves, while a miniature bride and groom crowned the top storey, yellow tulle and maiden hair fern also made a pretty setting for the cake.

Mrs. Bert Cousins of Woodbridge, and Mrs. Lorne Cousins and Mrs. Archie Cousins presided at the table assisted by Misses Jean Cousins, Iona Cousins, Barbara Duncan and Jean Walwin. Two grandchildren, Shirley and Lorna Cousins answered the door.

During the afternoon Mrs. Winnifred Cousins Smalley provided music and Mr. Hastings of Weston delighted everyone with his songs.

NEWTONBROOK

The Young People's Union will hold its regular meeting next Monday evening at 8.15. Owing to the New Year's holiday the meeting was withdrawn this week. Start the New Year right by attending every meeting. A cordial invitation is extended to all the young people in the community.

The Woman's Association will hold their first meeting of the New Year on Thursday, January 5th at 2.30 in the Sunday School hall.

The annual meeting and election of officers of the United Church Sunday School will be held on Thursday evening, January 5th at 8 o'clock in the S. S. hall. Annual reports will be received from the various departments.

The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper will be celebrated in the United Church next Sunday, January 8th at 11 a.m. with the pastor in charge. Come and worship with us.

An officers' conference of the Young People's Unions of Toronto Centre Suburban Area will be held in Lansing United Church next Tuesday, January 10th at 6.45 p.m. The officers of all local Y. P. Unions are expected to attend. Supper served at 7 p.m.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Galbraith spent Monday with relatives in Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Metcalfe and son George of Toronto spent New Year's with Mr. and Mrs. Shaw.

Mrs. Thomas Street held a family gathering on Monday to celebrate the New Year.

Mr. Leonard Speers has been critically ill with pneumonia but is making a very good recovery.

Rev. A. H. and Mrs. Halbert spent New Year's holiday on Monday with Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Carson at King City.

Misses Margaret, Elizabeth and Marjorie Brown of Durham were guests last week of their cousin, Miss Emma McPhail.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Wells and daughters Ann and Elise spent New Year's with the former's mother, Mrs. Wells, in Toronto.

Miss Gwendolyn Barber was a guest last week of her uncle, Mr. A. W. Galbraith.

Miss Marion Case is visiting this

Albion Twp. Council Receives Acclamation

The 1938 Albion Council was returned by acclamation at the nomination held at Caledon East on Monday. No other names were submitted and the acclamation was a certainty when the hour for nominations closed. The record of the Albion Council this year proves one thing very clearly. It is that an increase in taxes will not always arouse serious opposition. Under some circumstances the increase made this year would be enough to upset the council. However the rank and file of the ratepayers realized that the 1938 council commenced their year with the financial condition of the township far from good. It would appear that the ratepayers were anxious enough to see the financial condition improved, that they would suffer a higher tax in order that this might be brought about.

The financial condition is much improved. So much that the amount that will have to be borrowed to pay the county taxes will be several thousand dollars less than last year. Payment of taxes was good and considerable arrears were cleaned up. Owing to the heavy expenditure on the tenth line hill the council was obliged to economize. General road improvement had to be somewhat curtailed.

A Scotsman rushed into hospital bleeding from a cut in the cheek.

"Done while shaving, I suppose?" said the doctor. "You want me to stop that for you?"

"Not necessarily," replied the Scot. "I was just wonderin' how much you paid for blood transfusions!"

Blackwood Lodge Officers Installed

The annual installation meeting at Blackwood Masonic Lodge, Woodbridge was held on Tuesday evening, December 27th. V.W. Bro. Frank Smith of Edgeley was installing officer. The following are the officers for 1939: W.M., J. West-Roe; S.W., W. R. Barker; J.W., Cameron McClure; Chap., Sam McClure; Treas., J. A. Fraser; Sec., A. E. Kearney; S.D., Alex Watson; J.D., Robert N. Mitchell; D. of C., Gordon McGillivray; Inner Guard, A. B. Cousins; S.S., W. R. Scott; J.S., Keith Ross; Tyler, William Hollingshead.

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