

MAKING CANADA

**A Better Place
In Which to Live and Work**

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

Specially written for Canadian Weekly Newspapers Association

Dear Editor:

With regard to the question of a platform for the Canadian Weeklies, any suggestions I have to offer would be based on the conviction that our troubles, have primarily a moral rather than an economic basis; or perhaps it would be more accurate to say, a moral basis underlying the economic. For this reason, I would have our papers inculcate high standards of political, business and personal morality, and denounce lapse from them. As practical measures in this direction I would suggest:

1. That moral and ethical instruction, with the object of developing character should be given greater prominence in our educational system, which at present emphasises the intelligence, with a view to material advantage.

2. That more attention should be paid, and more encouragement given, to the scholars endowed with more than ordinary ability, so as to develop their brains to the highest degree possible, with a view to producing leaders of first rate capacity—our great need. At present our educational system is based on the average pupil, with special attention paid to "the under-privileged," while the super-privileged are given little opportunity to develop their talents, which may be of the highest use to the state.

3. The development of our library system, with a view to encouraging adults to continue their education after leaving school. School should be the beginning of education, not the end. Training to read will have to begin in the schools, and should be part of the curriculum. Thus we shall go far to solve the problem

of adult education. The new curriculum recently introduced by the Department of Education is a move in this direction.

4. The organization of a highly trained, non-partisan civil service in both the Federal and Provincial fields of administration, and the elimination from the civil service of the patronage system. This would do much to improve public administration and discourage corrupt politics.

5. An effort to raise the standard of sport, which has a distinct effect on the character of the people. This applies both to the players and to the "fans". Commercialization has made winning the chief objective.

6. A movement to restore home life. In particular, by removing the burdensome taxation, which makes ownership of property unpopular, and often a liability, and is driving people into apartments instead of homes.

7. To preach the doctrine of contentment and self denial to a generation bent on pleasure and covetous of all that their neighbours have.

8. To inculcate respect for law, because it is law.

That will do for my share. If you care to incorporate any of these ideas in your programme, I claim no copyright.

Yours faithfully,
C. H. HALE, Editor,
Orillia Packet and Times.

At the close of 1937, Alliston Town Council had an overdraft of more than four thousand dollars. This year they have a credit balance of about seven hundred dollars.

THE LIBERAL SHORT STORY

LISELOTTE MAKES A PACKET

By Marie Brett-Perring

Unbelievable though it may seem, it was not until after our return to Geneva from a short stay in Paris, that Liselotte suddenly awoke to the realities and possibilities of wartime espionage.

Miss Hill, young Claudie's governess, had come back to us and Liselotte had been automatically demoted to her former status of my personal maid. Once more she mixed freely with the other servants of the hotel and this time, it appears, her mind had become more receptive to gossip and her perceptions of what was going on around her were sharpening.

When she walked in upon that morning, with her grenadier's stride, I knew the signs: Liselotte had made one of her momentous discoveries and burned with the urge to impart the tidings to me.

"Gnadige Frau," she began sternly, her whole attitude one of portentous rebuke, "it is not fair, I think. You never told me all these people—the Spionen—those who run around finding things out—sell what they find and make good money at it. Look you, now, that Lena the maid who looks after the north side of our floor—while we were in Paris, she had a whole hundred francs from the American Jew on the second floor and what for, I ask you? She just told him that Mehmet Ali Bey had twice received an Englishman from the Legation, very secretly, in his room..." She glared at me reproachfully.

I gasped. So...that was the explanation!

"Yes," Liselotte continued warming up to her subject, "packets of money they are all making."

I did not try to argue. There was no argument possible with Liselotte. But I consulted Charles, her fiance and asked his advice.

He shrugged his shoulders. "Que voulez-vous, Madame," he said. "She is so stupid, la pauvre fille, that it is a waste of time to explain things

to her. And explaining or warning her is even more dangerous, for like all stupid people, she is very stubborn and self-opinionated. I do not think it matters much. She'll run around finding out things and trying to get money for her revelation and all she'll get will be snubs, for you know what a closed circle this espionage business is..."

We let it go at that. Charles was probably right, I told myself. But there were more pressing matters on hand and the question of Liselotte's spying possibilities could not be taken seriously.

True, she came to me once and flourished a brand new hundred franc bill, her homely face wreathed in smiles.

"From the French gentleman in No. 432, gnadige Frau," she boasted, "he wanted to know where you go every Friday afternoon and as I do not know I told him that is the day when you take a walk in Dalholz forest, very secretly, with the German minister. He was very pleased, and he said that I am a bright girl."

"Oh, Liselotte, how can you tell such lies," I groaned.

"What do you mean, lies?" she demanded truculently. "Is it that die Spionen tell the truth? Why, Hans himself told me that when he does not know a thing, he invents it, and he is paid for it, too."

It was probably one of my unguarded moments, for I embarked forthwith into a long explanation on the workings of counter-espionage and news gathering. My motives were pure; I couched my lecture in the simplified phraseology which Liselotte understood best and made of the dark trade a picture which, I hoped fervently, would put her off it once for all.

She listened patiently, repeating some of my words under her breath, her brow creased and her small eyes intent. She nodded knowingly. "Ach, now I see," she breathed and left me abruptly.

It was the precise moment when "Separate Peace at Any Price" was in the air. It was like an epidemic; one by one, German's lesser allies were abandoning the sinking ship. This one was trying desperately to contact England—that one France—the other worked underground through the good offices of ever-willing neutral states. In spite of the advantage to the cause I had made my own, there was something sickening about the wholesale betrayal and it was in complete sincerity that I could condemn the various defections, when discussing them with my German friends. So real was my disgust that I refused point blank to having anything to do with the many, intrigues of the kind which are taking place on Swiss soil.

And so it happened that I really did not know anything about a certain "separate peace" intrigue between a Balkan state and the Allies—or at least I did not learn about it until the farce had been played, to the complete discomfiture of all parties concerned.

It was a German friend who told me of it first. Had I heard of the secret meetings of some Balkan delegates and foreign office men from London in that little villa in the middle of Bremgarten Forest, Reichsbach side? Quite a lark, really! The meetings had gone on for some time, undisturbed. Then, the French had been invited to participate... Then, last night, who turned up suddenly at the final meeting—like a skeleton at the feast—but von Grauman himself!

"Tableau! Can you imagine it?" my friend laughed delightedly. "Here were all the good, wise gentlemen, discussing the deal and haggling over the blood money; representatives of our dear Balkan allies, and the gentlemen from Whitehall, and those from the Quai d'Orsay, all as pally as you wish, sitting around the table, burning the midnight oil in that charming, sylvan retreat. Then, suddenly, the curtains over the French windows parted and von Grauman stood there, very correct, you know, evening dress and Iron Cross and monocle in his eye and he said, in that inimitable drawing voice of his, in French 'Messieurs—shouldn't I too, have been invited to the wake?' Climax, eh? He rubbed his hands, but now the laughter was wiped off his face. 'The rats, the damned rats,' he added under his breath.

How did von Grauman know?" I asked weakly.

"What matter?" the German said brusquely. "He was warned in time and he took a chance..."

I did not wait for more. Charles, hastily summoned, was aghast, and promised to find out all he could

about the affair.

"Au diable," he muttered, "who on earth could have given the show away? It was so secretly staged that even I, who am always on the alert, never suspected anything, though all these people were right here, under my very eye...Sapristi."

It was late that evening when Liselotte sidled into my room, ostensibly to ask what time I wanted my breakfast on the morrow. She was strangely subdued and lingered on, though, preoccupied as I was, I took hardly any notice of her.

"Gnadige Frau," she said finally, with a visible effort, "I think I'd better tell you—I must leave your kind service—I have made my packet and I can now afford to stop working for a while. I think I shall go back to my village until Charles is ready to marry me..."

"What do you mean, Liselotte?" I asked sharply.

She pulled a worn pocketbook from inside her blouse and handed it to me in silence. It contained two thousand Swiss francs, two 10 pound notes, three French thousand-franc bills...

"What have you done, Liselotte? How did you get all this money?" I rapped out.

"I remember all the gnadige Frau had said about the way real Spionen work," she said complacently. "When the two English gentlemen came, I followed them about and I found out that they went to a little house in the Bremgarten Forest, at night, and that the gentlemen from Sofia met them there... I told Hans, in great secret and asked him next what I should do. He said it was very interesting and that there was good money in it and to go on watching. Then he told me that I might offer myself to wait on the gentleman from Sofia when they went to that house at night, and I did and they said yes, but could I keep my mouth shut? So, I went there at night and tidied up and made drinks for them all, but the gentlemen from Sofia are not generous—they paid me only the agreed price—10 francs for the evening. But there were nice French gentlemen and I talked to them and they asked did I know if the Germans were watching them? I did not know but it gave me an idea, and I said maybe, for I had seen the gentlemen from Sofia speaking very secretly to some Germans. They said something to each other and gave me three lovely blue thousand franc bills and said to watch the gentlemen from Sofia and tell them some more about whom they met."

"Then," she continued, "that gave me another idea and I went to the room of one of the English gentlemen and told him also that the gentlemen from Sofia were meeting Germans secretly when nobody was about. Then Hans told me last night, before I went to the little house, that I must leave one of the French windows unlatched and draw the curtains tight and wait in the garden to show the way to yet another gentleman. And then one came when the others were well assembled and I took him across to the window and before he went in he thanked me very nicely and pressed two thousand Swiss franc bills into my hand and told me to run away at once... Then, this morning, the English gentleman met me in the passage and he stopped and said I had been right and gave me the English notes..." she ended up breathlessly.

"And is that all, Liselotte?" I asked weakly.

"Oh, yes, gnadige Frau. Except that they have all gone away now, rather in a hurry, I thought, I don't know why. But I am pleased all the same, because I have made quite a packet, haven't I?"

I made a gesture of utter helplessness.

"Yes, oh yes, Liselotte, you certainly have—I wonder whether that packet will not prove too heavy for you to carry..."

She looked at me out of round, stupidly uncomprehending eyes: "I do not understand, gnadige Frau—it is only a few bills, after all, and it was honestly and easily come by..."

I sat down on the couch, staring up at her. Some kind of primitive emotion was stirring up in her and she flushed and began to fidgeting. "Gnadige Frau," she said haltingly, "after all—I might stay on with you? I feel—I feel—I don't know—but like it was safer for me to stay with you..."

I nodded. Charles—what was I going to say to Charles? Could I ever make Liselotte understand what she had done and that—if I decided to keep it secret—she had to play her part and never divulge her share in our latest diplomatic farce...?

At a recent sports meeting a well known athlete ran in the wrong heat of the hundred yards. Just another sprinter's error.

OBITUARY

MRS. HOWARD WELLAR

The death occurred in Nobleton on December 20th of Mrs. Howard Wellar after an illness of several weeks. Formerly Flossie Pringle, she was a daughter of the late John S. and Mrs. Fanny Pringle and was born at Nobleton 49 years ago. She is survived by her husband, her mother, one sister Mrs. Archie MacTaggart and one brother Harold Pringle. The funeral took place on Friday afternoon with service at Nobleton United Church and interment at Laurel Hill Cemetery.

JOHNSTON LITTLE

Johnston Little, 75, passed away at St. Michael's Hospital, Toronto, on Sunday, December 25th, just one week later than his brother John who died on the preceding Sunday at the age of 73. The death of deceased leaves six children living of a family of eight, his brother's death on the 18th being the first break in the family circle. Surviving members of the family are: Mrs. Armstrong, Orangeville; Mrs. Reaburn, Shelburne; Mrs. R. Nelson, Belmont, Manitoba; Miss Annie Little, Saskatoon, Sask.; Stewart, of Caledon East; and Thomas of Vancouver, B. C. Mr. Little lived at Mono Road before coming to Woodbridge.

Funeral services were held from the late residence, No. 7 Highway, Woodbridge, on Tuesday with interment in Providence cemetery, Albion.

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