

Programs Arranged for Breed Meetings.

Toronto to be Mecca of Ontario Live Stock, Horse, Sheep and Swine Breeders Week of February Sixth—Hon. P. M. Dewan among speakers Addressing Sheep Breeders at Annual Meeting.

Toronto will be the Mecca of live stock, sheep, horse and swine breeders the week of February 6th when organizations representing various breeds will hold their annual meetings at Toronto hotels. Executives of these various organizations have given considerable thought to programs outside regular association matters, with the result that special speakers have been secured to talk on subjects close to the hearts of the Associations.

The Ontario Large Yorkshire Club, The Ontario Berkshire Club and Ontario Tamworth Club are all meeting at the Carls Rite hotel on the afternoon of Monday, February 6th with the annual winner of the Ont. Swine Breeders Association at 6 p.m. This will be followed by the annual meeting at which A. W. Peterson, Ottawa, will give a progress report on Advanced Registry work. L. W. Pearsall, Ottawa, will discuss the Bacon Market with special reference

to current problems, while E. B. Fraser, Ottawa, will report on the "testing of Swedish Landrace pigs". G. H. Wilson, Charlton Cross, looked upon as one of the best farmers and live stock breeders in Western Ontario, will address the annual meeting of the Ont. Aberdeen-Angus Association at 2 p.m. on Tuesday, February 7th on "feeding Angus calves for commercial trade." The Canadian Pony Society will meet the same evening, also at the Carls Rite.

Hon. P. M. Dewan, Ont. Minister of Agriculture, will address the annual dinner of the Ont. Sheep Breeders' Association on Wednesday evening, February 8th. At the annual meeting following the dinner, J. A. Telfer will report on Grading of Rams in Ont. for 1938. Homer J. Maybee will discuss "experimental carcass grading of lambs" and G. E. O'Brien, Manager of the Canadian Co-operative Wool Growers' Association will talk on "wool marketing in 1938 and prospects for 1939."

The Canadian Shire Horse Association will meet the morning of February 9th with the Ontario Horse Breeders' Association holding their annual banquet that evening at the Carls Rite. R. H. Graham will give a resume of foal club work during 1938 at the annual meeting, while J. M. McCallum, Ottawa, who is now in Scotland, will discuss "The horse situation". Five minute addresses will also be given representatives of each of the breed associations.

Ontario Cattle Breeders' Association will hold sway on the morning of Friday, February 10th. George B. Rothwell, Director of Production Services, Ottawa, will be the special luncheon speaker. At the annual meeting W. P. Watson will discuss "present status of T.B. testing in Ontario"; Prof. A. M. Shaw, Ottawa, will give a progress report on shipping beef to Great Britain, while Dr. C. D. McGilvray, Principal of the Ontario Veterinary College, Guelph, will give an address on "calfhood vaccination". All the above meetings are being held at the Carls Rite Hotel.

THE LIBERAL SHORT STORY

THE CHOICE

By Charles McQuirk

Glenna Corrairie, the only daughter of Judge Harvey Corrairie, was the flower of an ancestry which reached back into the pre-Revolutionary War days. The family tree on which she blossomed bristled with leaders in the arts of peace and war.

In it were soldiers, preachers, judges, physicians, business tycoons, senators, two presidents of the United States and three or four writers.

Unlike most of the flowers on these old trees, Glenna was warranted not to stop a clock or cause one to wonder why a body so ill-made could be persuaded to go at all. She was tall for a woman. She had light chestnut hair, a low, wide brow, calm gray eyes with glints of gold in them and a mouth and chin whose firmness were hidden under soft, pleasing flesh. And she was shapely and graceful in her movements.

She had a fine brain, keen and serene. It was ballasted with good judgment. There was nothing neurotic about Glenna. Given a problem, she attacked it face to face. She studied it calmly. She worked it out slowly.

All of these qualifications pointed her for the work she regarded as her life work, the redemption of fallen men, men who had come into conflict with the law and who had suffered in their war. She was a probation officer of the same court in which her father handed down his decisions.

Possibly all the assets she carried in her person and her mind prevented her from ever marrying, because marriage is very rarely a matter of calm thinking.

This "failure" as it was called by her friends, to find a mate puzzled the people who knew her. Her beauty and charm, even her brains, had drawn many men to her, men of all degrees of worth and position. She had passed through the terrific storms of youth untouched. She was rapidly approaching her thirties, when the fires are supposed to be

either quenched a bit or extinguished.

And then the case of the People vs. Richard Oakes was splashed upon the court calendar and Glenna Corrairie, for the first time, was confronted with a problem which had in it more emotional dynamite than any other she had ever been called upon to attack.

There are those who say that Glenna did not come out of this test with flying colors. There are others who say that no matter how stable and sensible a woman is, you never can tell what she will do in a crisis because nature has made her as volatile as alcohol.

Glenna expresses no opinion of it, gives no explanation. She is like a good gambler. She has played the cards that fell to her. Whether she played her hand well or poorly doesn't matter now. It is played.

In the case of the People vs. Richard Oakes, the defendant was brought into court to fight the charge of forcing John Hayes, his uncle, to pay him \$2,000 after a hand beating. Technically, the charge was robbery.

Richard Oakes was 29. Graduated from one of the great Eastern universities with an A.B., he had no special training in any profession. When he was going through school, his family was worth millions. The family's plan for him was to dawdle through life, conserving the fortune and having a good time. But the depression took care of both the family and the fortune. A year after he was graduated Dick found himself broke.

At the trial, it was brought out that John Hayes, hitherto considered by the family as a poor relation and treated as such, really owed the Oakes estate the two thousand dollars. Dick had gone to him repeatedly to get it from him. Hayes, bitter at the memory of the way the Oakes family had treated him and hating Dick in particular, had kept putting him off. Finally, on the night of the crime, Dick locked both of them in the living room of John Hayes' home and punched him black and blue. Hayes, thereupon got the \$2,000 from a small safe in his home and gave it to him and, as soon as Dick departed, notified the police.

Dick, knowing that John would do something like that, had hurriedly left town. When the police of Chicago picked him up six months later, his money was gone and he was brought back to Hannibal, New Jersey, where all the principals lived, to go to trial for the crime.

When the trial opened, Glenna was one of the interested spectators. Her interest rose from the fact that she had known Dick Oakes all her life but up to that time had thought very little of him. He had been a wild youth, spending his time and money in carousing. Glenna had disapproved of him.

Jim Spinnet, the prosecuting attorney, thoroughly agreed with her. He had known Dick all his life and hated him. He hated him especially because he loved Glenna and he suspected Dick did too. As he told Glenna before the trial started, he was determined to teach this ne'er-do-well a lesson. He was glad when John Hayes scornfully refused \$2,000 offered by Dick's lawyer in full restitution on condition that he drop the charge against his nephew. He refused to say where the money had come from.

Sitting in the back of the court room, Glenna couldn't help but contrast the two men, Dick, the defendant, and Jim, the prosecuting attorney.

Dick was tall, carelessly good looking, athletic and scornful. Jim was pudgy, pale, sternlipped and nearsighted. His voice, when excited, rose to a squawk. He went to work on Dick with all the joy a righteous man feels when he has an evil doer on the rack. He brought out all of Dick's roisterings, his hard drinking, his affairs with women, his gambling. Over repeated objections of Dick's attorney, he proved that Dick had always been a thoroughly disreputable person; and he urged the jury of stern-faced farmers to send him to jail for the good of society.

At the close of the first day, when he came to see Glenna he found her strangely unsympathetic to the cause of righteousness. She told him that, even though Dick had been "a trifle wild," putting him in jail for taking money which really belonged to him from an old skinflint like John Hayes was too great a punishment.

Jim stared at her keenly and then slowly smiled.

"You seem to be taking a great deal of interest in Dick Oakes," he reminded her. "A great deal more than an officer of the court, one who has sworn to uphold the law, should take in a practically confessed crim-

inal. Well, I'm sorry, Glenna. But I am going to do everything in my power to put Dick Oakes behind the bars for as long a time, as I can. The safety of society demands it."

"And so does your hatred, doesn't it, Jim?" Glenna smiled. "I'm sorry about that. I can see your point and, of course, you're right legally. But if you convict Dick Oakes, I'm afraid that any feeling I may have for you will be pretty thoroughly cooled."

"You realize, don't you, that you are practically bribing me to break my oath of office and go lightly on his prosecution, don't you?" he asked. "Well, I'm sorry. I won't do it. I'm surprised at you. But I shouldn't be. As smart as you are Glenna, you're still a woman. You don't think straight. You'll see my point when Dick Oakes is in prison. Then I have something important to ask you."

"Perhaps you're right," Glenna admitted thoughtfully. "I am a woman. I never realized it so thoroughly until the trial began. They say women always lo—are interested in men who are wild and lawless."

"That's it," Jim soothed. "You'll get over it."

"I'm afraid I won't," Glenna smiled. "And if Dick is convicted, I think you'd better not ask me that important question. I'm afraid the answer will be 'No.'"

Jim smiled. He knew women. He went on with his bitter prosecution. And the jury seemed to agree with him thoroughly. They found Dick guilty with a recommendation for mercy. Judge Corrairie, much against his will, sentenced him to a year in State Prison.

That night, Dick Oakes had a visitor in jail. It was Glenna.

"Dick," she told him. "I've come to say Au revoir. I want you to notice that it isn't Good-by. I'll be seeing you as often as there is a visiting day down in the place you're headed for."

Dick looked at her long and thoughtfully.

"I wouldn't do that, Glenna," he said. "After all, I'm not a citizen any more. I'm an outlaw, a convicted criminal. You don't want to be mixed up with that kind of person."

"I don't intend to be," Glenna told him calmly. "You're not that kind of a person. That money you took really belonged to you. Everybody knows that. The way you collected it certainly was unconventional. But I'm tired of conventions. I'm sick of the unending monotony of the law-abiding. My sympathies have always been with the men who have been in prison and who come out to find society against them. Of course, most of them are born criminals. Most of them belong in prison. But then so do a lot of men who have never reached prison. You don't belong either in prison or among these men. I don't think you're very smart but your action is pretty typical of a short sighted individual who forgets consequences when he sets his mind on any act. And, strangely, I can understand just how you felt. I don't know whether you know it or not, but there are seven thieves, one pirate and a murderer in my ancestry."

"It's no good, Glenna," he laughed. "I'm out of your orbit."

"Would you be if I told you I love you, Dick?" she asked softly.

"I'd be a fool if I did," he admitted after a long look at her and took her in his arms.

They were married when Dick had served nine months. At first Judge Corrairie offered strenuous objections. He threatened Dick. He told him he would hound him until the day he died. So did Jim Spinnet, who was nearly wild. But Dick said he would take the chance.

Two years after they were married, some stocks that Dick had thought worthless turned out to be worth a great deal of money. Dick used some of it to put into an automobile agency and he began to make money. Two children came along in the next five years and Dick, in spite of the fact that he couldn't vote, rose to be the leading citizen of the community. So well was he liked that a deputation of citizens went to the governor and applied for a pardon for Dick's crime. The governor granted it and Dick was where he belonged again.

A funny thing happened the day Dick was restored to citizenship. Jim Spinnet, then in private practice, was arrested on the charge of misusing \$20,000 entrusted to him by an aged woman, one of his clients. Later, he pleaded guilty. He is now serving five years in States Prison, the place to which he had so enthusiastically sent Dick.

Glenna never says anything, but it is generally suspected that she is pretty happy about the whole thing.

The net estate of "The Grey Owl", widely known author and wild life-lover is reported to be \$14,562.

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