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MADAME DIRECTOR

Readers of financial pages recently received a mild shock when they found the portrait of a lady in news columns that have been regarded as reserved for men only. A second glance proved that there was no editorial mistake. The lady was Mme. Pierre F. Casgrain and the news attached to her portrait was that she had been elected a director of Dominion Stores Limited.

Appointment of a woman as a director of a company whose customers are largely women is a recognition of the fact that business needs the consumer's point of view in forming its policies. It would not be surprising to see the example of Dominion Stores followed by other companies, and it may be that in time the pictorial appearance of the financial page will be hardly distinguishable from that of the society page. An increasing share of the ownership of business is in feminine hands, since women so frequently are the principal beneficiaries of wills. If women combined their voting power in the companies in which they own shares, it is probable that the personnel of many important boards of directors would include one or more of them.

And why not? If one looks at the record of what women have done in the comparatively short period in which they have been permitted entry into the business world, only a stubborn reactionary will raise the old cry that woman's only place is in the home. From the time that the first woman typist was hired in a business office, the stronghold of dominance have lain open to the invading force. In the United States, one woman has achieved cabinet rank, and the sex is represented in both the Senate and the House of Commons in Canada.

If women wish to assume leading positions in the business world, business will have to yield gracefully and doubtless will. In this respect, as in many others, business is in advance of politics. Mme. Casgrain, whose ability has been recognized by private business, is also one of the leaders of an organization which has been struggling for women's right to vote in the province of Quebec, a right conceded in Dominion elections and in the other provincial elections. The Quebec politicians who have opposed the movement hitherto may well take note of this latest sign of the times.—The Printed Word.

THE BLUSTERER

Through his role in the play of the months is that of the lion March, on the word of no less authority than the poets themselves, does more than roar.

William Morris, looking beneath the rough mien of March and undismayed by his mighty voice, wrote:

Slayer of the winter, art thou here again?
O welcome, thou that bring'st the summer night!
The bitter wind makes not the victory vain,
Nor will we mock thee for the faint blue sky.

And when but "in the wild March-morning" did Tenyson hear the trees begin "to whisper?"

The poets, of course, are not always first among the realists. They have, nevertheless, the gift of looking beneath surfaces and seeing things hidden from ordinary mortals' eyes. So be not too sure that they are not right in what they say of this blustering fellow, March. Maybe winter is not yet done; maybe there are still rough winds sharp with cold, ahead of us. But for all of such chances, who does not leave the lathstring out for the rough old fellow who knows the secrets of the snow drops and the crocuses?

THE IMPORTANCE OF OIL

Few people realize the part which oils and fats play in the structure of world economics. Oil for industrial or mechanical uses, but more particularly oils and fats for food, are the objects of a never-ending quest. Without an intake of food-fats humanity would soon perish.

Read ancient history and note how important the edible fats were in the early days of mankind's development. The animal and vegetable edible oils are of prime importance still. Lard and tallow, cotton-seed oil, peanut oil, and a great variety of other vegetable oils are more in demand than ever before. Whale-oil is still an item of the first order in world trade. Palm oil from Central Africa is one form of fat for which the demand grows steadily.

The age of machinery created a demand for lubricating oils, and the application of gasoline for motive power, by multiplying machines, not only multiplied the market for gasoline but at the same time increased the demand for lubricants.

One use of fats and oils which is new in modern times is for soap. People wash themselves and their clothes more than they did half a dozen centuries ago. The oils which form the bases for paint and varnish are more and more in demand.

A FEDERAL UNION OF THE WORLD

In this muddled and uncertain state of world affairs, with nations growing at each other and dictators trying to get control of the world and threatening the liberty of democracies, any sane proposal for an agreement among nations which will work, to preserve the democratic principle to which many countries beside our own adhere, is entitled to serious consideration, though not necessarily offhand acceptance.

Such a proposal has been made by Clarence K. Streit, a gentleman of high scholarly attainments and close, practical contacts with and understanding of the national points of view and principles of all the nations of the world. Mr. Streit has lately returned from ten years in Geneva as the chief reporter of the League of Nations for the New York Times.

Mr. Streit's qualifications and experience entitle him to a respectful hearing. Therefore, we believe there should be serious study of his proposal of a Union of the leading democracies of the world.

If a union could be formed to take in such nations as the British Isles, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, the Union of South Africa, France, Switzerland, Belgium, Denmark, Holland, Norway, Sweden, Finland, and the United States, that world-wide combination of democracies would rule the world and provide the most effective possible insurance of human development and prosperity and the surest safeguard against war.

It is an idea worth considering.

Story of St. Patrick

"The Patron Saint"

It is a fact, made evident by history and experience, that we naturally cherish affection for the land of our ancestors, wherever it may be. This is true of all men, but it is especially noticeable in the Celtic Race. On the Feast of their Patron Saint, they answer the call of the Blood. "Fond memories bring the light of other days around them." The scattered Sons of the Gael are carried, by the magic of thought, across the seas to that little island in the Western Atlantic; the ancient cradle land of their race.

The Celtic Race is, perhaps, the most ancient of Western Europe. It has been proved that about 800 B.C. they ruled central Europe. Traces of them may yet be found in place names across that continent. They conquered as they went, and in 390 B.C. they sacked Rome. They were to be found in the Balkans. St. Paul's Galatians were first cousins to the Irish. Spain and Gaul were theirs; next they reached Britain, then Ireland, which they called Scotia, after a celebrated queen. In due course, they established Scotland, then known as Alba, but the Scots, as usual, got the better of the bargain, and took their name from them, and called their country Scotland. Whether they received the bagpipes, at the same time, is uncertain; some historians do indeed state that the Irish invented the bagpipes, at this time, and gave them to the Scots, and the latter haven't found out the joke yet.

"The Irish Race is a strange blending, and if we are not exactly certain whence came the first exiles to Erin, yet we may be sure they brought with them gentle thoughts, beautiful sentiments, lofty principles to their land, long ago. They then did not know Christianity, but the fire, they worshipped, must have taught them purity; for fire purifies; the sun, they worshipped, must have told them of light and power; of which under Divinity, the sun is the highest symbol. The strong man they loved and followed, as men have done at all times, and this evidences a trait inherent in human nature itself. So far heredity; these were the gifts they had brought with them in their Western wanderings. Once settled in Ireland, these gifts were amplified, their spirit broadened. For be it known, that then as now, this motherland of theirs was a rich and rare land. Then, as now, sunshine and shadow were along her hills; her valleys fertile and green; her crystalline streams flowed past dale and moor and far to the sea. No wonder the souls of these nature worshippers went out, in the long ago, to the pleasant scenes around them. No wonder their mysticism mellowed in the softness of the sunshine and followed the whispering of the breeze. The voice of the poet is heard in the land and the harp sheds the soul of music. We hear of the storm king and the praises of heroes, and the noble deeds, the clashing of arms and mighty victories. So grew this people. Blending with the mysticism of the Orient the songs of joy and gladness that their new land sang to them; attaining every day a higher mental plane, reaching out as best they could to the best that kindly nature offered them. But one thing was lacking still; it was the great Light that shone back in their old home in the Orient. When it was borne to them by Patrick, there came for the Island its complete illumination and for the people their transfiguration. A civilization they had been building, now with Christianity they had a keystone for its arch.

The coming of Patrick to Erin changed the face of the nation. The man himself proved to be a world figure, one of those men that tower distinct and sublime above the dim mists of antiquity. He was one of the greatest of Celts, became the greatest of Irishmen, and one of the greatest among men. It is of interest to note that the traditions of Patrick which linger down the ages represent him to be not merely a saint, law-giver, statesman and a brother of the common people, but also an admirer of the literary men, the scholars and poets of the nation. What Confucius was to the Orient; Moses to the Israelites; Mohammed to the Arab, Patrick was to the Gaelic Race. One of the secrets of the wonderful power, he has wielded over the Irish, and one of the secrets of his world popularity is, the rare combination in him of the spiritual with the human. Among saints, Patrick is eminently saintly and very very human, among human beings. His shining virtues makes him kin to the angels, while his human frailties, celtic frailties; his impetuosity; his torrential anger a-

gainst tyrants; his fierceness against sinners in high places; his biting scathe and burning scorn; made men feel that he was a brother to all men, especially to all Irishmen. More surely did these qualities win the Irish Celt when they found combined in him the terror of a warrior with the tenderness of a woman. Results are not always the best tests, but races like men should be judged by their hopes, their ideals, their heroes. After more than a thousand years of the onward sweep of time's effacing finger the Irish Race still finds its highest inspiration in the memory of this extraordinary figure whose piety and wisdom thrilled the hearts of their fathers.

There is endless dispute, as to where exactly was the birthplace of Patrick, which he tells us was in "Bannaven of Taberniae". Many authorities hold that it was near Dunbarton, in the most Northern Roman Province of Celtic Britain. Others hold that it was the Celtic Province of Brittany in France. The fact that Saint Martin of Tours was his maternal uncle, is one of the strong points in favour of his Continental origin. At the age of 16 he was taken captive by sea-raiders and sold as a slave in Ireland. He spent seven years in servitude, herding flocks in the County of Antrim, before he made his escape. The Irish land which he had entered as a foreigner, he now left as an Irishman. For, as he was destined to give a new faith and a new soul to Ireland, Ireland had given a new faith and a new soul to him.

He had found himself and found God in that land to which he was destined to bring God. Although now delivered from slavery, and in the bosom of his own land, his heart could find no peace for thinking of the country, and the Irish people, that had grown into his very soul. There were centered the thoughts of the day, the dreams of the night. At length he had a vivid vision in which the Irish people begged him to return. Forty-three years later, in the year 432, Saint Patrick, now Bishop, was despatched by Pope Celestine to carry the Gospel to the land of Erin and become its Apostle.

In the period of Patrick's coming, the great Roman Empire was crumbling, while Ireland with fleets on the sea and armies in foreign lands had reached the pinnacle of her political power. After a full life, rich with great labours greatly done, and by God crowned with success, thrice blest by seeing the fruit ripen from the seed he sowed, Patrick passed away at Down in about the year 460—leaving behind him a grief-stricken people, who had made this man one of their own and learnt to love him almost to the point of worship. The twelve days of his wake are known as The Days of Lamentation, when a whole Nation whom he had brought to Christ, bewailed the most mournful loss a nation has ever known.

Woodbridge U.Y.P.S.

A varied programme arranged under the conensorship of Miss Bessie Nattress was enjoyed by the local U.Y.P.S. members at their meeting Monday evening. Contributions included vocal solos by Miss Thelma Shore and Miss Anne McLean, a vocal duet by the Misses Glenna and Susie Jones, a poem read by Miss Ethel McConnell, a talk on the International Peace Garden by Harry Allen, and an Irish story by Mrs. Ross Miller. Prayers were led by Lorne Carr and the topic taken by Miss Gladys Agar.

ENGAGED

A bright young lad was applying for a job as junior clerk to a city firm. He had to sit for an examination before the final choice was made, and one of the first questions he came across was: "What is the distance of the earth from the sun?" He wrote his answer carefully. "I am unable to state accurately the required distance, but I do not believe that the sun is near enough to interfere with a proper performance of my duties if I secure the position as clerk."

THAT'S THE POINT

"Come right in, Sambo," a farmer called out to a darkey. "He won't hurt you. You know a barking dog never bites."

"Sure, boss, I knows dat," replied the cautious man, "but I don't know how soon he's goin' to stop barkin'!"

They say Japan's emperor ate the same kind of food served to soldiers, but that wasn't real heroism unless an army cook prepared it.

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