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Imported Suffolk Stallion DEE-SIDE HOPEFULL (292) 6700 sired by Blackmore Hopefull 5206. Dam Maggiette (330) 17050, the property of Wm. Glass, Lot 11, Concession 5, Vaughan, phone 79r3 Maple. This horse is a beautiful chestnut, weight 1850 lbs. Will stand in own stable for service for the season. Terms to insure foal, \$1.00 service, \$11.00 payable on or before March 1, 1940. All accidents at owner's risk.

**PUREBRED PERCHERON STALLION**

**ROBB DALE CARBERT (15692)**  
The property of William Glass, Lot 11, Con. 5, Vaughan, phone 79r3 Maple. This horse is black and weighs about 1950 lbs. This horse will stand in his own stable for service for the season. Terms to insure foal \$1.00, service \$11.00 payable on or before 1st March 1940. Persons disposing of their mares before foaling time or not returning them regularly to horse will be charged insurance whether in foal or not. All accidents at owner's risk.

**PUREBRED PERCHERON STALLION, MAJOR CHIEF (15032) 3172**

The property of Lorne Johnson, lot 24, Con. 5, North York, phone 46r4 Maple. This is a beautiful dapple grey Percheron stallion. He has good feet and ankles and nice flat bone and has a wonderful top. He stands 16 3/4 hands high and weighs around 1900 lbs. This horse will be home every night but through the day will go to any one stable, that will phone before 8 o'clock in the morning. Terms—To insure a foal \$10.00 payable on or before 1st of February next. Persons disposing of their mares before foaling time or not returning them regularly to horse will be charged insurance whether in foal or not. All accidents at owner's risk. To truck this horse to anyone's stable will charge \$1.00 within 10 miles. Over that will be 10c. per mile.

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**MAR LAET**

A son of Laet, grand champion stallion 1921 International, Chicago, sire of grand champion stallion at International in 1923, 1924, 1925, 1928, 1929, 1931, 1932 and 1936. Laet sired both grand champion mare and stallion at Chicago International in 1923-31-33, a record never equalled. Five of the Dawes Brewery famous black stallions are sired by Laet. Mar Laet's fashionable pedigree should appeal strongly to owners of registered percheron mares. In service at J. W. Palmer's farm, 1 mile east of Richmond Hill. Terms \$12.00, payable Feb. 1, 1940, to insure a foal. Owner of mare must assume all risk of accidents. Trucking service to your farm, minimum charge \$1.00 within 10 miles, additional rate 10c. a mile.

**THE LIBERAL SHORT STORY**

**RIVERSIDE BUS, 1939**  
By Izola Forrester

That was all it said on the postcard from May. Bob fished it out of his inner coat pocket and showed it to Stephanie the first night he came to tell her why he was in New York.

It was around ten, when the small white lunch room on Seventh avenue was empty of customers. Bob sat, as usual, on the last stool, eating doughnuts and drinking coffee, as he had for the past two weeks. Stephanie had taken him on as her rather special customer. After you have worked on Times Square for two years at the same place, you grow to know the same people who show up night after night, and Stephanie had her own philosophy of life. She believed she could pick out the right ones, and she liked Bob.

Tonight their two heads bent over the postcard, with its inked in arrow pointing to the crowd milling about and the one word, "Me."

"Here's another I got from her mother last week." Bob drew out another one, of a bus trundling along Riverside Drive. Again there was the arrow pointing to a figure on top, and the word "Me".

"That's all the word we've had from her since she left home and I decided to come on up here and hunt for her myself. Here's a snapshot of her. She's only about seventeen, eighteen in June."

Stephanie studied the snapshot carefully. Just the head of a smiling, pretty girl with a puppy in her arms in a garden a long way from Times Square, back in Tennessee.

"I suppose you've tried the hospitals, and Missing Persons Bureau? You know, she may have come up here and had an accident or something." She didn't want to suggest looking down in the Morgue, but she wondered.

"Sure. I've been all around," Bob replied. "And the hotels and employment offices, every place I could think of. She's never been away from home before."

"Did she have any trouble at home?" Stephanie leaned her elbows on the counter, very serious and interested, as one might well be in anything concerning such a person as Bob Carter. While he talked about May, she could notice things about him without him catching her at it, his brown eyes and dark lashes, blonde hair, cut very closely, inclined to curl, heavy coat of tan, full, resolute mouth.

"I don't know that she did," he seemed to hesitate here. "She always wanted her own way. I found out she took a train around six that night, and she bought a ticket for New York."

"Maybe she wanted to go on the stage, lots of them do. This place around here is just swarming with stage struck kids, you know. Try the theatrical agencies."

But Bob was scrutinizing the postcard of Riverside Drive. "Somehow I've got a hunch this is it," he said. "She must like to ride on buses, or maybe she lives up that way. I've been standing for two hours on the corner of Fifth Avenue, watching them go by. What time do you get off tonight? I'd like to ride all the way up on one of them."

It sounded like one of the old-time ways of getting acquainted and Stephanie felt she knew them all. But this time she smiled and told him she might be able to go if she could get another girl to take her place. It was just that she didn't think he was like all the rest.

That was the beginning of a very

special search for May. At least twice a week, they took the long ride up on a No. 4 bus, all the way to Fort Tryon and the Cloisters. They always got off and strolled around the gardens in the warm spring nights. It was so beautiful and unreal, as if they were all alone in monastery garden of the old world, with the river far below them, quicksilver bright as it caught the tide.

It was all so personal and romantic that Stephanie often wished Bob would stop talking forever about May and just concentrate on present company for a change. She never quite knew why she had jumped at the conclusion that May was his sister. Once she spoke of her that way and Bob let it pass. For her part, in the thrill and wonderment of her feeling over him, she often forgot all about May.

One night when she wore her new outfit, bought especially to please him, blue with a peasant blouse, all embroidered and a very demure sort of hat that no man could possibly have objected to, she was waiting for Bob to say how pretty she looked, but he just hung over the stone parapet, gazing off at the river and a stray boat, talking of May. He had had a letter, he said, from home.

"I think her mother's breaking down under the strain. It's pretty awful to lose your only daughter like that, as if the earth had just swallowed her up."

On the way home he was absent-minded, too, until she said, flatly, "I don't think it's fair at all for a girl to treat her mother like that, not if May's still alive."

Bob turned to look at her, very earnestly. "You wouldn't do that to your mother, would you?"

"Well, in the first place, I couldn't. My mother died when I was about 14."

"She did? Well, what do you think of me never asking before." His arm lay along the back of the seat pressing her shoulders warmly. "I don't know a thing about you, do I? And here you've got all my history. Tell me about yourself, will you?"

Stephanie leaned her head back, naturally, her hat on her lap. "Nothing to tell, really. I'm just a New York girl. I was born here, and my people came from Switzerland. My father was a watchmaker and had a little shop down on Lexington avenue around 42nd years ago. We still live in an apartment near there. After I finished school I went to work, nothing exciting about all that, is there?"

"I think anything about you is mighty interesting," Bob returned deliberately. "You know I liked you the minute I ever set eyes on you, remember that night?"

Stephanie laughed. "I know. I liked you, too, but I thought you were just kidding me about losing your sister. You'd be surprised the funny stories fellows will tell to get acquainted."

Bob was silent, staring ahead of them, as the bus headed down Fifth avenue. "I suppose you'd have cut me off, just like that, if you'd found out I was fooling, wouldn't you?"

"Maybe I would, but no one could joke about anything so serious as that. I was awfully glad to be able to help you."

Bob sighed deeply. "You helped me, all right, and I didn't lie to you—May was really lost, still is. But life is mighty queer. Here I drop everything, throw up my job to come up to New York to hunt for her, and then—I meet you."

He took his arm from the back of the seat, and faced her, his face resolute and worried looking. "Listen here, Stephanie," he said, "I can't go along this way, and I've been afraid to set you straight on something, for fear I'll lose you. Course I should have told you right away."

"Told me what—" as he hesitated. "But you can take it," he argued, "I mean, would you mind anything about me that didn't seem to be quite on the level? What I'm trying to say is—do you care for me that much?"

She laid one hand over his. "Sure I care, Bob, plenty. I know you've been worrying over something besides your sister."

"That's it," he broke in, eagerly. "She isn't my sister. You just naturally supposed she was. She was my girl back home. And when she disappeared up north here, I was almost crazy. I made up my mind I'd find her if it was the last thing I ever did. It was all I could think of until I met you. I walked the streets hunting for her. Her mother

kept writing to me not to do anything wild, but how do you suppose it feels to have a girl run away rather than marry you?"

It was the queerest sort of feeling. The lights down the avenue seemed to dance before her eyes. She felt hurt and jealous over his love for May, but she was thrilled to think that was why he had lost her, because she would rather run away than marry him.

When the bus reached 38th street she hurried ahead of him. "Why do you bother to walk home with me, Bob?" she asked. "I walk this every night and never did mind it. And—I'd much rather you didn't."

"Couldn't think of letting you home alone," he insisted, but she could tell he was not thinking of her, not even with her hand tucked under his arm as they walked cross-town to the old brownstone house where she lived on the second floor with her father. His eyes had the same restless, far-away look in them as when she had first noticed him, perched on a stool at the end of the long white counter. When they reached the steps of her house she gathered up courage.

"I'm still sorry for you, Bob, but can't you see—you're not thinking of anything in the world but her, and I don't want to go out with you any more. I like you still, but I don't want to go on—supposing you find May—then what?"

It was precisely what he asked himself daily, and suddenly he redoubled his efforts, going back over his tracks, checking up, as if he were trying to satisfy his conscience over the old love that haunted him. Stephanie was friendly enough still, but she wouldn't wait on him, and when he tried to talk with her she was evasive with him. Day by day he came to realize a queer thing about life, that sometimes once—and now he got it straight, and it wasn't May he was thinking of.

Just the daily sight of a slim figure in a white uniform became the most necessary thing in his existence, even though he only caught a smile from over Stephanie's shoulder as she passed him.

One night he was very late. The theatre crowd had melted away around Times Square, and, in spite of herself, she found herself watching him. Then, just as the place was closing up, he was there, happy and sure of himself as he found her. Just one more ride up Riverside, he begged. He had something of the greatest importance to tell her—before she knew it, he had whisked her across Fifth Avenue, and there they were on top, in the front seat, as before, his arm around her.

"Look at this, will you?" he said, chuckling, giving her a postcard. "I got that today from her mother—she's up in San Francisco, married to some salesman she fell in love with back home. She didn't really disappear, she just eloped, see? And I don't care a rap about her. I just feel mighty grateful to her for bringing me up to New York, to a Riverside bus, with you. Do you suppose this is Fate or just coincidence, honey girl?" Stephanie never even answered, and the bus rumbled on up along Riverside.

**KLEINBURG & NASHVILLE W.I.**

The theme of the regular June meeting was "Our King and Our Queen", the roll call being "Where I saw the King and Queen". Mrs. Ed. Miller gave an interesting paper, "Our King and Queen as Good Samaritans". Miss Margaret Watson an instrumental, "A Welcome to our King and Queen" and Mrs. Benstead as a contest conducted a questionnaire about "The Royal Family".

During the afternoon plans were made for a picnic to be held in July at the home of Mrs. George Irwin, Nashville.

**STRAWBERRY FESTIVAL AT KING CITY**

A Strawberry Festival will be held on the United Church grounds, King City on Friday, June 23 under the auspices of King United Church W.A. Supper served from 5.30 S.T. Entertainment at 8 o'clock by the Chapman Concert Party of Toronto. A hearty welcome to all.

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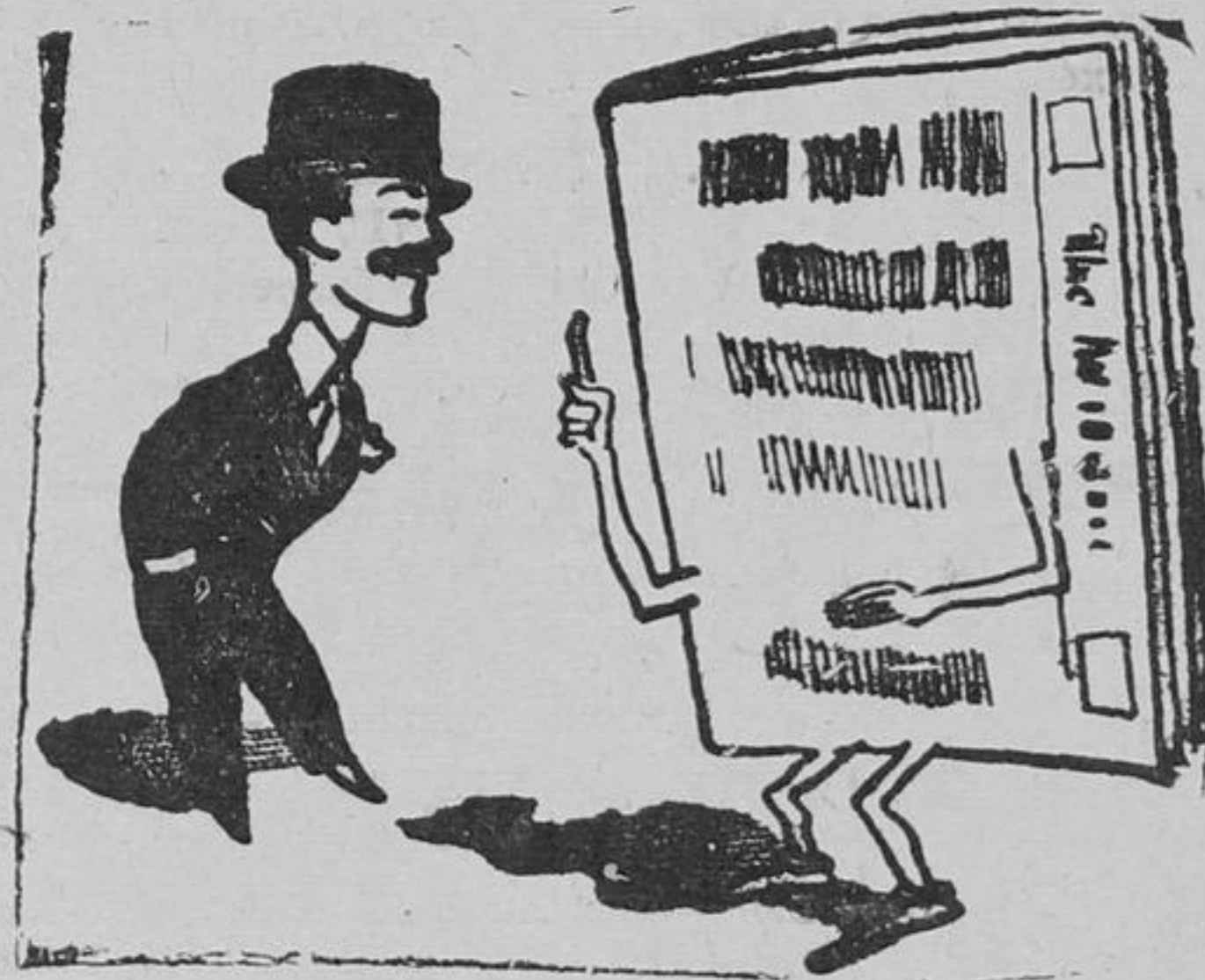
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