

Sale Register

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14—Public auction sale of farm stock, implements, hay, grain and furniture, the property of Robb Brothers at Woodbridge. Sale at 1 p.m. No reserve as proprietors are giving up farming. Terms cash. J. C. Saigeon, auctioneer.

THURSDAY, OCT. 19 — Extensive sale of 50 head of milch cows, registered Holsteins, mostly springers, Holstein heifers, Ayrshire heifers, Jersey heifers, fresh and springing, also 40 pigs, chunks. Will be sold at the farm of John O'Boyle, proprietor, just south of Stouffville. Sale at one. Terms cash. J. O'Boyle, prop. A. S. Farmer, auctioneer.

A woman in love is more or less foolish — but a man in love is always more.

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CANADA YEAR BOOK NOW AVAILABLE

The publication of the 1939 edition of the Canada Year Book, published by authorization of the Hon. W. D. Euler, Minister of Trade and Commerce, is announced by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics. The Canada Year Book is the official statistical annual of the country and contains a thoroughly up-to-date account of the natural resources of the Dominion and their development, the history of the country, its institutions, its demography, the different branches of production, trade, transportation, finance, education, etc.—in brief, a comprehensive study within the limits of a single volume of the social and economic condition of the Dominion. This new edition has been thoroughly revised throughout and includes in all its chapters the latest information available up to the date of going to press.

In commemoration of the Royal Visit to Canada, May 17 to June 15, 1939, colour plates of Their Majesties King George VI and Queen Elizabeth, together with official pictures of incidents connected with the unveiling of the National Memorial and of the Royal Assent to legislation of the 1939 Session of Parliament, appear as frontispiece. At pp. 1155-1160 a short account of the Royal Tour across Canada together with a condensed itinerary is given.

Persons requiring the Year Book may obtain it from the King's Printer, Ottawa, as long as the supply lasts, at the price of \$1.50, which covers merely the cost of paper, printing and binding. By a special concession, a limited number of paper-bound copies have been set aside for ministers of religion, bona fide students and school teachers, who may obtain copies at the nominal price of 50 cents each.

THE LIBERAL SHORT STORY

THE SECRET ROOM

By Ruth Reynolds

Until the happy little thought that he could have a secret passageway leading to a secret room all his own popped into the mind of Wilfred Ogleby, he had remonstrated gently with Molly over the advisability of building a home at that period.

The year was 1777. The Colonists had already been in rebellion two years. Money wasn't worth its weight in paper. And since Molly Ogleby was an outspoken Loyalist—as were many of her fellow townsmen in Annapolis—she stood a chance of losing every stick and handful of her property through confiscation if the Colonists won.

"Win—bah! That rabble!" Molly scoffed.

Wilfred was a pacifist. He didn't really care who won—although his sympathies inclined toward the "rabble". He didn't answer. The gossip up and down Prince George street, and in and out of the taverns and ordinaries of the town, was that William Ogleby had been afraid of his wife ever since she had inherited an estate in England. He had married a sweet, charming daughter of an inn-keeper—and she turned out to be one of the richest women in town! And how great a change her wealth had made in her!

Actually he wasn't afraid of her—he was sensitive. And Molly's nagging words and noisy pride were daggers to his gentleness.

And other townsmen would have been delighted with Molly's fortune—and would have found solace from her sound and fury in wine, oats, and nightly revelry. But Wilfred Ogleby wasn't like that. All in the world he wanted was peace, quiet, and a place in which to read and think.

Consequently when he thought of the possibility of having a secret room in the home his wife insisted upon being built, his soft remonstrances ceased.

At the very moment Molly was telling her friends how she made Wilfred agree with her, Wilfred was in private conference with Sir Jonathan Adam, leading architect of the day. Sir Jonathan, understanding perfectly, nodded his bewigged head vigorously, as Wilfred said with more pleading than command:

"Not a soul must know—particularly my wife."

The home was completed early in 1781 — a remarkably quick job of building for those years! On the night of the house-warming the host disappeared — although few missed him. He walked into the clothes closet off the hallway. He pushed a knobless panel. He tiptoed up the narrow stairs of the passageway between the walls to the secret room—his room!

It was a sparsely furnished place—one slim chair, a narrow table, an oblong pallet and one candle which, when lit, cast eerie shadows on the walls.

But it was Heaven here—for Hell was right below! The days of spring and summer slipped away. Tension over the Loyalist countryside increased. Molly's voice was shriller, her temper more explosive, her words torrential. Wilfred's disappearances were more frequent.

Sir Jonathan Adam came to dinner. The conversation, of course, centred on the war.

"I wouldn't let a Rebel in my house!" Mistress Ogleby announced. "Oh, come now, Madam, some of our best friends have colonist sympathies."

Sir Jonathan's words were interrupted by a pounding of the front door knocker. Before a footman could announce the impetuous guest, a young man—whom Sir Jonathan recognized as Molly's brother—stumbled into the dining room. His velvet breeches were spattered with mud, his laces bedraggled, his face flushed, and in his eyes was the look of an animal at bay.

"You've got to help me! I've—I've killed a damned Loyalist at the King's Head. There'll be a mob of them after me!"

"Gerald!" his sister shrieked: "Why did you come here after I told you I wanted no rabble sympathizers in my house!"

"Molly—Molly, they'll kill me. Where would you have me go? Wilfred, won't you help?"

Sir Jonathan's warm brown eyes met Wilfred's blue ones.

"The secret room," Sir Jonathan's eyes were saying.

"Molly mustn't know—she mustn't know," Wilfred's were answering.

Gerald railed. Molly had hysterics. Wilfred frantically wig-wagged Sir Jonathan his reason for not

hurrying Gerald to the secret room.

"You had better attend Mistress Ogleby," Sir Jonathan suggested to Wilfred. "I'll try to help Gerald."

Wilfred, glad of the excuse, literally dragged Molly out of the room and up the stairs to her bedroom.

"Look!"

Through the open windows fell the glare of incoming torches and the din of many voices. The mob was coming for Gerald.

"Oh! They'll kill him — they'll kill my brother!" Molly cried. "I've got to go back to him. They'll know I'm a Loyalist—I can argue with them."

She rushed down the stairs—Wilfred at her heels.

"Why, they're gone — Gerald and Sir Jonathan are gone!" Molly exclaimed as she reached the dining-room threshold. She dashed to the open French windows: "Please God, let him get away!"

The crowd had almost reached the house. Words interspersed with hoots and catcalls were distinguishable.

Wilfred and Molly stared at each other.

"Molly, those aren't Loyalists after Gerald—they're rebels after you! Listen what they're saying. Come!"

For the first time in years Wilfred Ogleby issued a command to his wife. He seized the whimpering woman by the arm, pulled her into the hallway. This was no time to keep his secret from a secret. Molly fainted.

He tugged her, sidehoops and all into the closet, through the panel, and up the narrow stairs just as the mob began beating at the front door.

"Down with Loyalists—down with Mistress Ogleby," he could hear the shouts.

When Molly revived she was in the pitchblack room, Wilfred's arm tight about her. She could hear the heavy breathing of two others. She stirred. Wilfred placed a hand gently over her lips to warn her not to make a sound.

Below the mob swept like a water spout through the house, spent its fury in destruction, then whirled on

to other Loyalist homes. Finally there was silence.

"Seems safe to go now!" said a voice in the darkness, to which eyes were becoming accustomed!

"Did you hear what they shouted? Do you think it's true?" asked the second breather in a whisper.

"Please God! I hope it's true," Wilfred answered. Molly found her voice.

"Why, Sir Jonathan! Gerald! Wilfred! Where are we? Is this a secret room without my knowing it? Wilfred, how dare you say you hope it's true?"

"Molly—Molly darling, count your blessings. This is a secret room — my secret room—your secret room—but ours no longer. The house will be confiscated immediately. So will most of your property. You'll have nothing. Neither will I. We'll start again. Didn't you hear them? Can't you understand! They said 'Cornwallis is taken! Cornwallis is taken at Yorktown!'"

WOODBIDGE COUNCIL OCTOBER MEETING

Woodbridge village council met according to adjournment in the Town Hall on Monday evening, October 2nd. Present were N. George Wallace, reeve; Councillors John Watson, A. B. Cousins, John Dalziel and Arthur G. Banks. Minutes of the last meeting were read and adopted and the following accounts were laid before council. Woodbridge Hydro Electric Commission, September street lighting, \$82.16; York County Roads Commission, patching roads, \$56.32; Les Wallace, drawing gravel and clay, \$11.00; Ed. W. Brown, salary, \$25.00; York Co. Treasurer, hospitalization, \$6.12; George Fleming, tanks and wire, \$14.50; Robb Bros., teaming, \$25.50; George W. Bagg, work, \$13.40; C. F. Lewis, constable and trips to Toronto, \$13.83.

Wallace St. Sidewalk
Fred Armstrong, sand and stone, \$32.00; W. L. Card, lumber, \$20.40.

Waterworks Dept.
Woodbridge Hydro Electric Commission, power and light, \$51.70; S. Rowntree, 4 hours labour, \$1.20; C. F. Lewis, salary, \$8.33.

Moved by A. G. Banks, seconded by John Watson, that the treasurer be authorized to pay the accounts as read. Carried.

Moved by A. B. Cousins, seconded by John Dalziel, that we do now adjourn to meet on the first Monday in November. Carried.

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Markham Township RED CROSS MEETING
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AT 8 O'CLOCK P.M.

Speakers:
MAJOR J. S. GALBRAITH
MRS. A. E. MOYSEY

MISS DOROTHY PRATT
REV. A. I. TERRYBERRY

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