

"THE LIBERAL"

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J. Eachern Smith, Manager

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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 14th, 1939.

CHRISTMAS GIVING

The Christmas season is with us again and in the air is that indescribable something which makes it the best time of the year. The pity is that the season could not be made longer and its observance universal.

In some countries Christmas means nothing at all, and in this fact is the reason for the evil, brutality and savagery which has again plunged the world into war. Christmas 1939 will be celebrated under the shadow of world events which are not in keeping with the message of "Peace on Earth, Good Will Among Men", but we must not let international shadows interfere with our dispensing of love and joy at this blessed season.

Thought for the other fellow, good-will, love and help to others make up the true theme of the Merry Christmas spirit. The hope of Christmas is always for a better world so with this hope in our hearts let's make the 1939 Christmas one of service to others. There are countless scores of opportunities right at our door because unfortunately in our midst are many to whom Christmas presents many baffling problems. There are many homes where the coming of Christmas morning means worry and concern lest youngsters be disappointed. To those who have, these offer a challenge which can only be met by a loosening of the purse strings. Let's give at the blessed Christmas Season so that true joy and happiness free from the shadow of want and cold may reign in every household.

We are grateful for the many agencies which carry on this work of true Christian giving at Christmas and we commend them all to the generous hands of the people of this district. Among others we mention the Richmond Hill Christmas Basket Fund which is now asking your support. Donations may be sent to the treasurer, Mr. A. J. Hume, Richmond Hill.

CHRISTMAS FOR YOUNG AND OLD

Christmas is a time of joy for the old as well as the young. If it is given only to youth to enjoy many of the pleasures that Christmas brings, age finds its compensations in the wealth of the memories that the day awakes. At no other time do such hallowed and lovely remembrances of days that are past stir the heart. Again, we revel in the land of childhood; we revel in its happy, care-free hours; we stand before candlelit trees that thrilled us in the long ago. With swift steps we travel across the bridge of time and space and clasp hands with those of other years. Again we live hours of happy comradeship and understanding that were ours.

Through the years we may have forgotten how rich we were; we may have failed to recall the many lovely joys that have come to us through the years. But at Christmas it is different. Absent friends and joys, as well as those that are near, bring us joy and cheer. Even those who have passed into the land beyond seem to be with us today; the power of love and memory seems to have pierced the veil that hid them from our view. Dear and half-forgotten memories of hours we spent with them bring them very close.

Yes, Christmas holds much for the old. And its greatest gifts are for those who have laid up a treasure of lovely memories day by day.—Katherine Edelman.

THE FRUITS OF FREEDOM

Melvin Jones writing in The Lion's Magazine asks that at this Christmas season we count the fruits of freedom which we enjoy. Soon it will be Christmas, he says, and we will gather with our families, attend church services and join in yuletide festivities.

These things, and many like them, we do naturally, unhesitatingly, without a thought of asking if we may. We do them as though all mankind had always been thus privileged.

Yet that is not so. These things, and many others like them, are the fruits of freedom.

Not always could people gather at will for whatever occasion they chose. Not always have men and women been able to move freely from one part of a country to another, without showing cause to some official. Not always have men and women peacefully and publicly made their way on Christmas day to a church of their own choice, to worship their God freely and in their own fashion.

These are among the fruits of a freedom that we have taken centuries to win. Not lightly should we accept and enjoy them.

Even now there are those in the world who do not enjoy these privileges we take for granted. There are still countries where people may not go to church and worship in freedom. There are still countries where men dare not meet together, at any season, without a special permit and an official "observer." Countries there are where you do not step into your car and travel several hundred miles to visit friends or relatives at Christmas, without first answering to a questioning official.

Freedom is an ancient tree that at times has languished, and again has blossomed and yielded rich harvests. When neglected, its fruits are lost; but when it is carefully tended, its yield is bountiful and full of blessings to all.

Christianity came to a world that knew little freedom. But the spirit of freedom has nourished all religions, and in turn has been nourished by them.

In this month of December, as we observe the birth of The Great Benefactor, let us, as we worship, pay full-hearted tribute to Our Lord whose teachings symbolize the spirit of a useful freedom that has guided many peoples to a better life.

Among the many beautiful heritages that will be ours at Christmas are the delightful, kindly institution of Santa Claus, the inspiring strains of Holy Night and all the Christmas carols; and the majestic grandeur of a noble soul who said, "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do."

What visions of restricted liberty can be found in many parts of the world today, where many are not to enjoy at the Yuletide season the fruits of freedom!

Consider the prospects for Christmas in a state like Russia, where it is said of the dictator, "he is not merely the despotic head of a vast state; he is also the infallible leader of a new faith." As we gather around our Christ-

mas trees with our friends, singing with deep feeling the most beautiful of Christmas hymns, "Holy Night," will they be singing it in the land where it was composed? And will Santa Claus be welcomed with gay hearts in the country where much of his appealing lore originated?

Here at home, around our cheery Christmas trees, we can and we will enjoy our Santa Claus, our Christmas carols, our church services—and even in the very packages that come to us from off the Christmas tree we will see—the fruits of freedom.

Views of Others on Timely Topics

TOO MUCH COLLEGE

"Stephen Leacock, famous lecturer, author, and for thirty-five years professor at McGill University, has issued a book that will cause more controversy than church union and produce enough laughs to turn all the radio scrip writers green with envy. The title of the book, "Too Much College," aptly describes his subject. Not too much education, but the wrong kind.

Leacock claims that education is eating up life and the process of equipping young people for their life work involves entirely too much time, effort and money. The fault lies largely in the clumsiness of our educational mechanism which carries forward an annual phalanx of children on the convoy system always at the pace of the slowest and which moves to a great extent crab fashion, perpetually running back with reviews and repetitions.

In the preface of the book Prof. Leacock sets forth that we have not yet learned to condense to useful essentials the things beyond study in detail—we have encumbered the curriculum with attempts to teach things that cannot be imparted by classroom work.

Leacock is a much needed iconoclast smashing many cherished idols, which not only have feet of clay, but heads of basswood, and he does it all with such superb good humour and penetrating wit that the book would be worthwhile even if it were not saturated with profound philosophy.

He attacks the method of teaching from the alphabet to our archaic method of spelling. He admits that philosophy spelled "filosofy" would look funny but not any funnier than spelling funny "phunny."

The author pleads guilty to exaggeration, but justifies it because it brings out the point of the argument. Plain people, he says, have noticed that education is getting longer and longer. Fifty years ago, people learned to read at six out of a spelling book, went to high school at 12 and taught school for money on a 3rd class certificate at 16. After that two years in the saw mill and one in a divinity college fitted them for the church. For law, they needed no college at all, just three summers on a farm and three winters in a law office. All the great men in North America got education this way. They began their real life still young. With the money they didn't spend they bought a wife. At the age of 30 they had got somewhere or nowhere. But they broke out of the woods into the sunlight, established men at an age when their successors are still demonstrating interning or writing an advanced thesis on social imetus. Now that is all changed. Children in school at six cut up paper dolls. They are still in high school when they are 18, learning civics and social statistics — studies for old men. At 30 they are just beginning ten years too late. They marry ten years too late, have children ten years too late and die ten years too early. . . . People do not see enough of their grandchildren, the sweetest prospect in the world. Life has all too little evening; it has all run in arrears and never catches up.

All this the author frankly admits is exaggerated and over-colored; but a half truth in argument, like a half brick, carries better. High colours show up where natural tints blend to nothing.

The author can justly claim to have formulated the plain man's accusation against the continued lengthening of education. Or more properly speaking, the poor fellow has not the spirit to accuse; it is just a burden that he carries, and he carries it because of the prestige of education.

Leacock deals categorically with other notorious faults in our educational system . . . mathematics, physiology and modern languages, students who take high honours in French or German are really incapable of speaking the language, as they discover when they go out into the world and make a practical test. He ridicules the idea that children should know too much about their own bodies:

"The man who has learned to think of his heart as a pump with an intake in it as valves which get out of order is on the way towards having a weak one. Better let him think of it as the seat of love and generosity, and it will beat away happily till it stops.

"Let him think of his stomach as where he puts his dinner, not as a fierce chemical furnace where acids are tearing up tissues and sending up exhaust gases like the back end of a tannery."

Speaking from long experience, not in college, but from studying life, we can heartily endorse Leacock's argument. It is a great pity that some Stephen Leacock did not write such a book fifty years ago and a lot of lumber that clutters up our educational system might long since have been heaved into the back yard.

"Too Much College" should be read by the Minister of Education, the Deputy Minister of Education, the school board, the teachers, the pupils and their parents. The other people don't count.—Telegram.

ANOTHER MISGUIDED IDEA We do not do any good, in this time of war, by reducing all expenditures to an irreducible minimum and by "going into a financial shell."

Some persons appear to have the misguided idea that if they do without things they need, let their help go and economize drastically in everything, they are doing a great service to their country. Nothing could be more false.

If all the moneys saved by these means were turned over to the Government to aid in its wartime endeavors, then it would be a different story. But they are not.

By this drastic retrenchment that is already showing signs of existence, normal business is bound to suffer.

It must be remembered that at time of war, as at any other time, by putting money into circulation we keep men at work.

It is virtually important that now, of all times, Canadian labor be as nearly self-supporting as possible.

So if you had been planning to purchase a new car, replenish your wardrobe, or have your home made ready for winter months, do not delay because of the war.

All the more reason why you should go ahead and have it done.—Bowmanville Statesman.

FLAT ON ITS BACK "Germany will never be brought to its knees again."—Hitler. If that's the way he looks at it, then we suppose this time the Reich will have to be laid out flat on the canvas.—Kingston Whig-Standard.

AUTRY AND MIX Gene Autry, the American cowboy star, was in Scotland last month, where he performed privately for the children of the King and Queen of England. "You're a real celebrity," Princess Elizabeth told him—and so the beaming cowboy gave the heir to Britain's throne his photo, autographed: "To Her Royal Majesty, from your sweetheart, Gene Autry." Autry's horse, Champion, was brought back to America on a freighter. Gene told this to Tom Mix, who returned from Germany recently. "You're lucky," Mix said. "I had a helluva time trying to get my horse out of Germany." "Why should that have been so hard?" asked Autry. "Because," Mix informed, "in Germany that's a month's food."

GERMAN MILLS SCHOOL CONCERT Keep December 21st open for German Mills School Concert. The Canadian Pacific Railway are showing coloured lantern slides as well as the usual Christmas concert by the children.

WORK OF THE YEARS Mrs. Brown — How children's tastes do change.

Mrs. White—Yes, when my two were small, Johnny just loved soldiers and Mary was crazy for brightly painted dolls. Now Mary is crazy about soldiers and John runs after every painted doll he sees.

Read the "ads" — Many bargains every week.

WOODBIDGE COUNCIL DECEMBER MEETING

Woodbridge village council met according to adjournment Monday evening, December 4th. 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 placed before council:

Woodbridge Hydro Electric Commission, November street lighting, \$82.16; Ed. W. Brown, salary, \$25; Bert Harris, 5 days in court, \$20; Thomas W. Cole, 5 days at court, \$20.00; Mrs. A. B. Cousins, rent of fire hall, \$12.00; James Poole, repairs to constable's watch, \$3.50; H. N. Smith, constable's uniform, \$35; Harrison and Crossfield's Ltd., \$3.27; Woodbridge Advertiser, advertising, \$1.00; C. F. Lewis, salary, etc., \$31.85; N. G. Wallace, selecting jurors, \$2.00; Ed. W. Brown, selecting jurors, \$2.00; G. W. Bagg, selecting jurors, \$2.00; J. L. Wallace, trucking and gravel, \$19.00.

Waterworks Dept. Woodbridge Hydro Electric Commission, power and light, \$51.38; C. F. Lewis, salary, \$25.00; John Gillan, repairs, \$2.65; Woodbridge Hydro Commission, 10 months rent for storehouse, \$20.00; Imperial Oil Company, oil for pumps, \$3.71; Canadian Brass Company, supplies, \$42.50; S. Raven, repairs, \$3.15.

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

By-law No. 704 to provide polling places for holding elections during the year 1940; to appoint a place for holding nominations, and to appoint Deputy Returning Officers and Poll Clerks was passed with the Orange Hall being selected for holding nominations and the polling places named as follows: Sub-division No. 1, Town Hall, Norman Maynard, D.R.O., and Lorne Bagg, Poll Clerk; Sub-division No. 2, Orange Hall, Edgar Brownlee, D.R.O., David Preston, Poll Clerk.

Moved by A. G. Banks, seconded by John Watson, that we do now adjourn to meet in the Clerk's office on Friday, the 15th day of December at 8 p.m. Carried.

KLEINBURG

The Kleinburg Y.P.U. held their social meeting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. M. Wardlaw on Friday evening, December 1st. The meeting opened with the president, Mr. Newton Watson in the chair and after brief business session the meeting was given over to Miss Olive Devins, the social convener. She started her program by singing a hymn after which Mrs. G. Taylor read "In the Door of the Tent", Margaret Watson played a piano solo and Miss Helen Campbell read a poem entitled "Books".

Each member had been asked to come dressed to represent a title of a book. They were now asked to stand in turn and the members guessed the title they represented. After their title had been guessed each person gave a brief outline of the story of the book they represented. The prize was won by Miss Isabel McKenzie as "Peter Pan".

Miss Alma Kerr sang a solo, "Home Sweet Home". A question and answer game followed after which current events were given by Merle Hamby. A balloon blowing contest followed and was won by Alex Shaw and the programme closed with a Geography match.

Mrs. Wardlaw then served lunch after which Jim Stevens moved a vote of thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Wardlaw for their kind hospitality.

AN EASIER WAY

Mister—This is a great book on the wonders of nature. To read it makes one realize how lowly and insignificant man is.

Missus—Huh! No woman has to wade through 400 pages to discover that.



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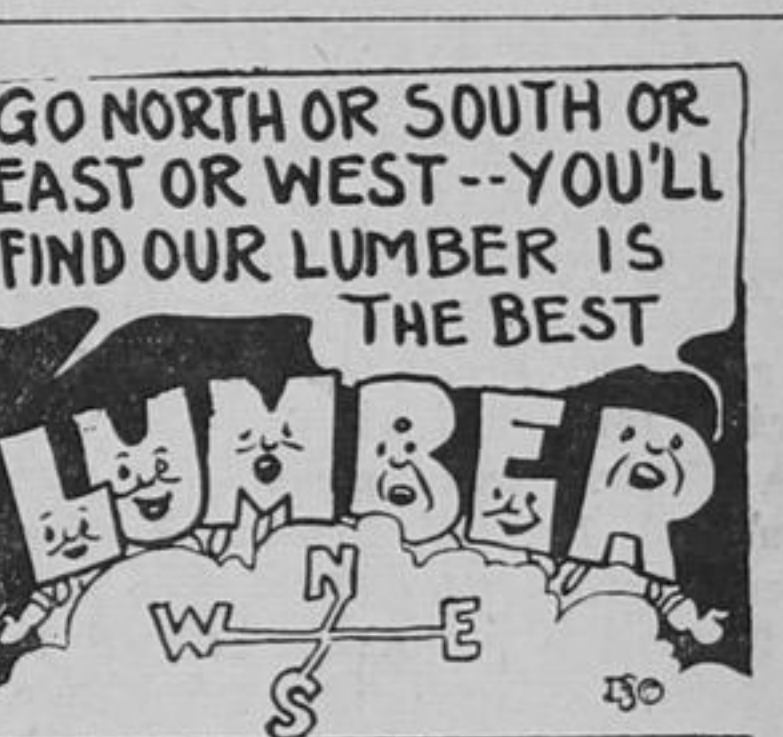
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