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WHAT LIONISM DID FOR ME

An Unsolicited Testimonial by Margaret Heard

Long before becoming a Lioness I was a "Cub", reared in the tradition of Lionism. I lived through the term of office of the Canadian International President, watched my father work for the Canadian charter. I read the Lion's Magazine and heard tales of what Lionism had done for Lions and others; yet, always I asked myself "What Has Lionism Done for Me?"

Then came the time when the club, known to me as "local", got the District Convention and my father, president of the club, redoubled his efforts for the success of that and Lionism in general. He was rewarded by being elected District Governor. My sorrow lay in the fact that I was due back in school from a pre-examination holiday on the morning before the President's banquet. Against the wishes of the school mistress, who warned me that I would miss a drill in English Composition, my worst subject, (I knew one rule: Accordingly, also, besides, hence, however, moreover, nevertheless, so, still, thus, then, therefore and yet are all preceded by a semi-colon), my parents agreed that I should stay home and attend the banquet.

It was thrilling and I listened spell-bound while the International President told the story of a "poor" lion—in fact a poor citizen. He was wealthy but could not be described as "one who merits the respect of intelligent men,"—"the love of little children," and the club was about to "drop" him when something happened! One day his usual little news-boy was missing! At first he thought only of the inconvenience to himself, then his irritation changed to concern for the boy (all unwittingly he had, you see, developed an affection for someone!) When he found that the lad was to go to an orphanage because his grandmother found it impossible to support him with her small income and his meagre earnings, the Lion took him into his office and finally into his home.

On examination day the missed drill took all the joy from the Lions banquet: I was convinced that the Mistress was right. I looked down the list of subjects and felt equal to none of them. As I read them over frenziedly a second time one stood out as though in bold face type—"Opportunity Knocks". As fast as I could think I wrote up the President's speech.

When the results came out I read: English Composition, first class honours.

That is what Lionism did for me!

Letters From The People

URGES NEED OF TRAFFIC CONTROL ON YONGE STREET IN RICHMOND HILL

Editor, The Liberal

Sir:—
May I take advantage of the issue of The Lions' Liberal to call public attention to the need for immediate action on the part of our town authorities to protect those who use Yonge Street.

The number of accidents on Yonge Street in Richmond Hill is appalling and no desire for a declining tax rate should longer postpone action to protect life on this extremely hazardous stretch of highway.

Life in a modern war zone is comparatively safe compared to Yonge Street in Richmond Hill. In the first place it is very poorly lighted and cars, trucks, busses and all kinds of motor vehicles tear through this town as if they were on a speedway and pedestrians jump like a lot of scared cats in a desperate attempt to keep on living and remain outside the hospital emergency wards.

Hundreds of our children use Yonge Street every day going to school and surely merit some protection. How many more lives must be sacrificed before we get it?

A better lighted Yonge Street, and a strict enforcement of traffic regulations are needed now in Richmond Hill to replace the present excuse of street lighting and no attempt at all in traffic regulation enforcement.

With the approach of the busy season I hope the members of our town council will give this most important matter their immediate attention.

SAFETY SEEKER.

The old ship of state has to look out for submarines, too.

A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong, which is but saying in other words, that he is wiser today than he was yesterday.—Pope.

Omitted Fifty Years Ago

(By Lion "Wyc" Trench)

It wasn't Hallowe'en, but a beautiful, bright moonlight summer's night some fifty years ago, when three Richmond Hill adolescents who, according to their years, should have arrived at the age of decent consideration, were making their way home at a rather late hour. One of them spotted a scarecrow in a garden near the street along which they were passing. "Say," he exclaimed, "let us put Mr. Crow on Bill's verandah." Youthlike they leaped the fence and quietly carried the scarecrow across the road and discreetly tiptoeing up the steps and across the verandah, stood it in as human a posture as possible against the door so that it seemed to be peering through the glass. Then they rapped a few times until they could hear bill moving and stealthily descending saying, "Who's there?" In a short time Bill reached the door, and with revolver pointed in his hand kept saying, "Who's there, speak or I'll shoot." But, as he received no reply, he quietly withdrew, and the boys began to think that their joke would have no further outcome, when suddenly they saw Bill, who had come out of the back door, make his way to the verandah, revolver carefully poised, and repeating again and again as he guardedly approached the scarecrow, "Who's there, speak or I'll shoot." On getting close to the scarecrow he made a sudden lunge and grabbed it by the collar only to realize that a very silly practical joke had been perpetrated on him. In a stage whisper he spoke to his wife, "Mary, open the door," which she did, saying "What is it, William?" "Hist, Mary," he replied, "don't make any noise." Then Bill picked up the scarecrow and carried it across the road and heaved it over the fence where it lit almost on the three boys who lay hidden in a plot of long grass. How the boys used to laugh as they related over and over again the trick which they played on poor Bill.

IF YOU WERE BLIND

The possibility of becoming blind does not often occupy the attention of people whose eyesight is good. Yet, blindness does come to about one in every one thousand of Canada's population. There are actually registered with The Canadian National Institute for the Blind, the names of ten thousand, eight hundred and twenty-one men, women and children. There is a faint possibility that your name may, one day, appear on that register.

What would you do if you were blind? Twenty years ago the answer to that question would have been simple; you would do nothing. Unless you were a very exceptional person there would be nothing for you to do. To-day, the answer to the question is still simple, but it would mean that if there were any possibility of finding you employment, of teaching you Braille reading and writing, of teaching you typing, of recovering your sight, of securing a pension for you, or of helping you in any way over the obvious difficulties which blindness involves, the wheels would be set in motion to bring about the desired result.

Through the Canadian National Institute for the Blind there are now, in Ontario 295 men and women earning a livelihood, and there are hundreds more who, through training and facilities provided by the Institute, find it possible to make a few dollars a week by engaging in home handicrafts.

In the Canadian National Institute for the Blind, Canada has an organization which has attained a position of world-wide prominence owing to the manner in which it has dealt with the problem of blindness and the prevention of blindness. It is enabled to carry on this great work through the support given it by public and private subscriptions. It is a work in which everyone, with sight, is entitled to share. In order to give the citizens of Richmond Hill an opportunity to do their share, a tag day is being held on Saturday, May 4th. The Institute has no paid canvassers. The right of the blind to a human standard of living, is dependent on the support given The Canadian National Institute for the Blind by willing helpers.

Charles Graham

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The Lions Code of Ethics

1. To show my faith in the worthiness of my vocation by industrious application to the end that I may merit a reputation for quality of service.
2. To seek success and to demand all fair remuneration or profit as my just due, but to accept no profit or success at the price of my own self-respect lost because of unfair advantage taken or because of questionable acts on my part.
3. To remember that in building up my business it is not necessary to tear down another's; to be loyal to my clients or customers and true to myself.
4. Whenever a doubt arises as to the right or ethics of my position or action towards my fellow men, to resolve such doubt against myself.
5. To hold friendship as an end and not a means. To hold that true friendship exists not on account of the service performed by one to another, but that true friendship demands nothing but accepts service in the spirit in which it is given.
6. Always to bear in mind my obligations as a citizen to my nation, my state and my community, and to give to them my unwavering loyalty in word, act and deed. To give them freely of my time, labor and means.
7. To aid my fellow men by giving my sympathy to those in distress, my aid to the weak, and my substance to the needy.
8. To be careful with my criticisms and liberal with my praise; to build up and not destroy.

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