

"THE LIBERAL"

Established 1878
AN INDEPENDENT WEEKLY
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY AT RICHMOND HILL
THE LIBERAL PRINTING CO., LTD
J. Eachern Smith, Manager
Member Canadian Weekly Newspaper Association
Subscription \$1.50 per year — To the United States \$2.00
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THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 20th, 1941.

SAVE AND LEND FOR VICTORY

In talking to Canadians from London recently, Sir Robert Kindersley gave this country startling information about the way Great Britain has carried out a War Savings Program since the start of the war fifteen months ago. The President of the National Savings Committee in England stated that in these fifteen months the small man has saved through saving certificates, defence bonds, savings banks and a few odds and ends, the sum of six hundred million pounds — almost three billion dollars in Canadian money.

And Sir Robert made an interesting comparison when he revealed that subscriptions to large loans during that period of fifteen months was eight hundred and seventy-five million pounds.

In other words, the wage earners of old England are contributing a total mighty close to the total loaned by citizens of means, and corporations.

Even after discounting the vast difference between the population of Canada and the population of Great Britain, Canada's attempt to secure one hundred and twenty million in a year from War Certificate loans suffers by comparison.

True, the masses of people in England have a deep incentive to provide every last available shilling for the war effort. Over there, they fully realize the threat that hangs over their freedom and their homes.

Canada has shown and will show that it is ready to sacrifice all for the retention of a free democracy. But it might not be out of the way to observe that if Canadians at the present moment were feeling the shock of war as Englishmen are now, those in authority would be setting a War Savings objective much higher than one hundred and twenty million dollars a year.

DEFEAT THE DEFEATIST

There are Nazi agents everywhere. The U.S.A. is full of them. We welcome them as tourists with open arms. They sit beside you on trains — hotel lobbies, in street cars.

If they could throw a monkey-wrench into Canadian War Financing, it would be as good as blowing up a factory, from the enemy standpoint.

Where do you think the defeatist rumours come from? In whose interest is it to spread the false stories that the Government will repudiate its debts and won't repay the money it borrows from you? Or that the Government is wasting money and is not deserving support? That the munitions work is being bungled, etc., etc.?

This is a comparatively safe way of sabotaging War Effort. The Minister of Finance drew attention to it in his speech at Kingston recently and called upon the public to write him letters about any cases of wastage, of Government moneys, where there was evidence to prove it.

The Minister's request comes as a challenge to all patriotic citizens. It is a challenge, which if answered, gives an opportunity to each Canadian to help stop wastage, and defeat the Nazi rumour monger.

"... AND TO PRESERVE IT"

From time to time, the mischief-makers and the cynics have whined a bit and nagged at Britain. John Bull wouldn't state Britain's war aims and his dog wouldn't step one inch away from the Union Jack. Neither of them could be duped into taking their eyes from their adversary, no matter what cunning he employed to throw them off their guard. But now Britain has taken a few minutes' breathing spell — the first in 18 months — and the first thing John Bull does is to state Britain's war aims, or rather, the first of her war aims.

In the words of Churchill, the leader, Britain's first war aim is this: To be worthy of the love that has flown to Britain from the Dominions of the Crown across the broad ocean spaces and to preserve it.

Dictators may well worry when a mighty Empire's war aim is love and its preservation. For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, and Britain so loves Christian democracy and Freedom and the rights of men that she will stand steadfast — soldiers and fisherfolk, parliamentarians, shepherds and typists — and with the support of sons and daughters over the seas she will suffer and die that children born today may be the free men and women of tomorrow.

For such is the spirit of Britain, and such is the kingdom which free men love and fight for, keeping love in their hearts and declaring it before the world. So did Churchill, broadcasting Britain's first war aim to the world. In every broadcast presented to the Canadian people in the overseas service of the BBC, there is fresh evidence of this spirit of Britain, a spirit which Churchill likens to the spirit of Waterloo, a spirit to inspire love and preserve it. Let us keep this spirit kindled, let us lend for Victory.

RICHMOND HILL TAX RATE TAKES A DROP

A tax reduction always is good news to the taxpayer. It is especially good news in war time when citizens are making every effort to devote as much of their means as possible to war work. Therefore it is welcome news to Richmond Hill ratepayers that the municipal council of 1941 has struck the tax rate at 45 mills, three mills lower than last year. We commend the members of council for the view that in war time it is the duty of the elected representatives of the people to make the tax burden as light as possible. No one wishes to see economy to the extent that necessary services suffer or needed repairs are neglected, but we think there is general agreement that no large expenditures which can be postponed should be undertaken under present conditions.

Looking to the future Richmond Hill taxpayers can confidently anticipate a decreasing tax burden. The debenture debt created to provide this municipality with modern schools and utilities is gradually being reduced and several debenture issues mature in the next six or seven years. It was a big load, but we are over the worst and there are better days ahead for the taxpayer.

The declining tax rate should be a further inducement for the building of new homes here. We know of no better inducement to home building than a declining tax rate. Richmond Hill is in that class now as a municipality and we look for a speeding up in building here in the next few years.

"About Bacon and Eggs"

(AN OLD HOUSEHOLD STAND-BY)

(By Ted Ridge)

As a spirited rhymster has somewhere sung—

"My heart, my heart is like a frying-pan, with sausages so fair!"

The matutinal British heart warms and throbs at the very thought of a frying-pan. Whatever the discouragements of yesterday, the Britisher — particularly if he be of English origin and upbringing — wakes and sizzles at the thought of B A C O N. Fatty food may be violently indigestible in the morning, but even the despicth thinks indomitably, as he wakes, of the positive, comparative, and superlative of breakfast, which are rash, rasher, rashest. Bacon has moved some of the happiest of British lyricists to their highest ecstasies. For example, when that renowned Londoner, Mr. A. P. Herbert wakes up in a hearty mood, feeling that he can condone even the grievances and scandals of the marriage market, of what does his heart instinctively sing? Hear him chortling his joy—

"Now blest be the Briton, his beef, and his beer,
And all the strong waters that keep him in cheer;
But blest beyond cattle and blest beyond kings
Is the brave British breakfast of Bacon and Eggs!"

"Bacon and Eggs,
Bacon and eggs;
Sing of Bacon,
Red Bacon,
Red Bacon and Eggs!"

"O breakfast! O breakfast! The meal of my heart!
Bring porridge, bring sausage, bring fish for a start,
Bring kidneys and mushrooms and partridges' legs,
But let the foundation be Bacon and Eggs—

"Bacon and Eggs,
Bacon and Eggs;
Bring on Bacon,
Crisp Bacon,
And let there be Eggs!"

It is this spirit of breezy challenge, of sturdy independence, that Britons, the world over, have defied the opinion of less masculine humanity. The PIG has not been a popular figure in natural history. His monosyllabic conversation, his somewhat lax views of personal hygiene, have made a bad impression. Most consistently, he has been condemned for doing, free of charge, what his critics do, at great expense, at fashionable spas and health resorts — namely, taking mud baths. Large sections of humanity have laid wholly undeserved ban upon him. Millions of deluded men would go to the stake rather than consume one morsel of him. How unfair! — all because his looks are against and he has an unfortunate manner.

In reality, no meat is more 'decent' than the products of the PIG. Ham, for instance, is the only form of meat which approaches the aesthetic. Most meat has a regrettable habit of looking painfully dead; but a slice of ham, blushing pinkly and coyly upon the plate, almost persuades us to forget that we belong to the larger carnivora. So also with BACON. A rasher of streaky shows a perfection of pattern which appeals to the eye no less than the palate. This has not been understood, in the past, on the Continent of Europe. Bacon in backward countries goes by the blunt, unlovely name of "Lard", and when produced at all, which is rarely, consists of small sections of fatty substance of a drab cadaverous hue. This shows a characteristic misunderstanding of the British temperament, which in this and many other matters conceals beneath an apparently Philistine virility a genuine delicacy of taste. It is beyond question that the British Empire could never have been what it is except upon the impregnable foundation of BACON.

I should not go as far as to say that I approve of all tastes in Bacon. It may be odd of me, but I prefer a form of bacon which contains some traces, however faint, of bacon. The mind which conceives bacon as an expanse of adipose matter unrelieved by any oasis of meat is a mind which I do not understand. To my thinking, the Pig's obesity is its least attractive feature in life, and I prefer not to dwell upon it in death.

But, on the other hand, I hold that bacon should retain some measure of its identity. I deprecate the confusion which exists in the minds of many cooks between a fried rasher of bacon and a chip or flake of charred charcoal deposit. Pastry may be "short", but bacon should not be "short". Bacon is, of course, fryable, but it should not be friable.

The rasher which disintegrates into a thousand flinty fragments at the touch of the fork is to be deplored, and is all too common.

As for EGGS, what can be said of them that can add one whit to their unique position in the culinary world? Proverbial wisdom has it, with unquestionable accuracy, that nothing in the world is so sure as that eggs are eggs. It is extraordinary — when you look into it — the alarming dependence of the human race upon the domestic cow. The hen is even in a stronger position. Its contribution to civilization is utterly and eternally beyond imitation. If all the King's horses and all the King's men cannot cure a broken egg, so all the King's chemists and all the King's factories cannot produce a synthetic egg.

And yet, what should we do without it? It accompanies us from the cradle to the grave. Babies wax fat upon it; and grandmothers suck it.

What other product of nature has so fired the imagination of the cook? There a thousand ways of cooking eggs, and each one produces a dish which is as nourishing as it is toothsome. The egg has a beauty of its own, too. Have you ever noticed the strong resemblance between the setting sun and a poached egg?

Well, for our part, for our breakfast we shall have our eggs fried in honest bacon-fat or "dip" — as it is known to the younger members of older communities. Bacon and eggs have made the bone and the thigh of Britishers the world over; and so long as bacon continues to be cured, it matters little which of our national ills remain uncured.

Willowdale, Ont.,
February 6th, 1941.

NEWTONBROOK

The Woman's Association met last Thursday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Thomas Street. Mrs. A. W. Galbraith presided and the devotional was conducted by Mrs. Halbert. Arrangements were made to hold the annual Irish Supper on Thursday, March 13th. During the afternoon the members quilted two quilts for the Red Cross.

Earl Haig Collegiate Institute is holding an Operetta on March 6th, 7th and 8th.

The Newtonbrook United Church Choir held a skating party on the school rink last Friday evening and all report a fine time. They were afterwards entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Duggan Jr.

Newtonbrook United Church Sunday School is holding a Temperance Oratorical Contest on February 23. It is expected a number of contestants will be taking part.

Mr. Reid Brumwell has bought a farm at Victoria Square and expects to move some time in March. We are sorry to lose Mr. and Mrs. Brumwell, Gordon and Jean from our midst.

Rev. A. H. and Mrs. Halbert attended the wedding of their niece at Alliston last Friday.

The regular sewing meeting for the Red Cross will be held Thursday, Feb. 20th at the home of Miss Edna Street at 1:30 p.m.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. New celebrated their 25th wedding anniversary on Wednesday, February 12th. We extend to them heartiest congratulations.

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TRIBUTE TO MARY

Mary is the "voice with a smile". Mary is the efficient person generally known as a telephone operator. As an operator she knows much about telephone equipment — how it should be used and handled.

But Mary is best known for her personality — for her coolness in emergencies — for the grand things she has done time and again, ignoring her own danger, intent on one thing only — to keep the standard of telephone service high.

We pay respectful tribute to Mary and all the girls who work with her. Her devotion to her job sets a standard of public service. Tactful, patient and courteous, Mary is the medium through which this Company and its public are always in touch. She plays a vital part in Canada's war effort.

On Active Service
Giving Wings to Words

