### "THE LIBERAL"

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THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 27th, 1941.

### RADIALS MAKE GOOD SHOWING

North Yonge Radials, the people's car line, showed a handsome operating profit in 1940. This fine showing justified the faith of supporters of the line who have always maintained that given a chance under fair business conditions the car line would be a profitable ousiness venture. The handsome profit should quiet forever those who think the line should be scrapped for a bus service. The radial line is a real asset to the North Yonge Street district, and best of all, it soon will be paid for. The debenture debt payments on the line mature in 1943.

### OVER THE TOP FOR VICTORY

As we go to press Canada from coast to coast is nearing the finishing post in a gigantic campaign to enlist the people of the nation in the war effort. Reports from Richmond Hill and many parts of York County are very encouraging. Although there are some notable exceptions the majority of municipalities in the County are coming along fine and indications are the objective will be reached. All over Canada it is confidently anticipated the drive will be a success.

That goal can only be reached as every loyal Canadian plays his or her part in this great war effort. The best organization that could possibly be formed could not reach everybody. There are some sure to be overlooked unless they themselves see to it that they are not forgotten.

Are YOU who read these lines pledged yet? If not, please lose no time. Canada needs your help. It may be very little you can lend to the government, but there is an old Scottish saying that "mony mickles mak a muckle". The ocean is made up of drops of water.

### TWO MILLION PLEDGES

The British Empire has been forced to fight for its life and for the freedom of the world.

Canadians are asked for two million pledges, averaging \$5.00 per month, that is, \$10,000,000 a month or \$120,-000,000 per year, by the purchase of War Savings Certifi-

This is in addition to income tax and the purchase of shares in the third war loan, which will be launched in the late spring.

Weighed in the scales against the freedom we are fighting for, all that we can do by way of money contribution is the small dust of the balance.

## THIS IS TOTAL WAR

This month, in Canada, we will decide for ourselves how we shall lend \$120,000,000 to our government in 1941. Our decision will be made the democratic way. Our choice lies clearly between voluntary and compulsory savings. The decision is wholly ours.

The amount sought from individual income and savings - yours and mine - is a fraction of our country's estimated need for more than \$1,000,000,000 to be spent this year in Canada's prosecution of the war for freedom. It is this year's price that you and I must pay for victory.

These are big figures. These are stark truths. This is total war. The price we, on the home front, must pay is wholly reasonable. And pay we will!

# DEMOCRACY'S HIGH TRADITION

Recently in an American high school library a lad stood looking at the photograph of a class which had graduated more than half a century ago. He turned to the principal who happened to be in the room and said, "I like traditions. They give you a feeling that you belong to something that others have cared about."

Untold generations ago, mankind began building traditions. Now the nations of the Old World are engaged in a great struggle to see if those traditions shall continue to endure. The traditions of the democratic way of living face a time of supreme testing.

The issue is clear cut. On one hand is the recognition of the free human personality with its traditional rights of freedom in speech, religion, press, and the pursuit of happiness by democratic methods; on the other, is establishment of a totalitarian system of government whereby the individual's personality is submerged and civilized influences obliterated.

The democratic ideal is the integrity of the individual. United, steadfast, and believing in high traditions, democratic peoples are highly resolved to preserve this priceless heritage.

### AUTHOR OF "REBECCA" TO BROADCAST FROM LONDON

"The Britain Behind the Headlines" will be described by Miss Daphne du Maurier, the brilliant young English novelist, in a radio broadcast from London on Saturday evening, March 1st. Thousands of Canadians have been fascinated by her prize-winning novel "Rebecca". They have read the book, seen the film, and will now be able to hear the voice of this well-known author in her first broadcast to Canada.

Daphne du Maurier is the wife of the youngest brigadier in the British Army and mother of three small children. Seeking to use the gifts of her pen for national service, Miss du Maurier has turned from fiction to write true stories of men and women in Britain who have stood firm under fire. She has seen romance in the lives of these loyal workers behind the headlines in Britain—the miners, the housewives, the mothers who have given their sons to serve, the doctors, and the tradesmen, who in following the common daily round, have turned the dangers and difficulties of war-time into opportunities to spread a spirit of victory on the Home Front.

From her experiences with these people she has written her latest book "Come Wind, Come Weather", which in a few months has become the war's best seller in Britain, and it is of these men and women that she will speak to Canada over the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation's network on Saturday, March 1st, at 7.45 p.m. Eastern Daylight Time.

# "ABOUT BUTTER"

(A Homily on an Important Everyday Commodity) (By Ted Ridge)

Butter?

Well now, just pay attention. The Lion may be the King of Beasts, but what is the Queen of Beasts? Undoubtedly the COW The sovereignty of the cow over the human race is one of the most remarkable features of civilization. To see these creatures going about their daily activities, you would never suppose that they weilded any extraordinary power. They do not seem to be particularly well disposed towards humanity. They gaze upon one with a gloomy, sullen, and almost menacing expression. I have laboratory? I hesitate to think so. never understood why the Greeks thought it a compliment to call a woman "ox-eyed". If any woman of my acquaintance gave me the sort of look which I have often had from cows, I should immediately collect my hat and coat and call a taxi (provided I could afford one). Cows again, seldom form friendships with human Leings, as many other quadrupeds do. Incongruously enough, they seem to form their most affectionate attachments with small birds. Nor are cows good conversationalists. When moved to utterance, especially in the still night-watches, they make sounds that are altogether too reminiscent of the transports of an epilectic saxophone-player. And, although I am glad to say I have never had the misfortune to annoy a cow, I am assured that when roused they are extremely choleric.

But have you ever considered what would happen if the cows of the world formed a union and went on strike? It is not too much to say that the human race would be threatened with extinction. It would be cut off, so to speak, at the source, because there would be a 'Massacre of the Innocents' beside which exploits of Herod would pale into insignificance. I recollect, some years ago, in England, the community was threatened, through industrial disturbance, with a stoppage of supplies. What was the first necessity of life for which the authorities had to provide? Milk! It was realized that without milk society was as good as doomed. The rising generation could not rise. It is well for us | serve, for many miles, but escaped. all that cows, though notoriously given to rumination, do not reflect upon the power which they possess,

I have no doubt whatever that, if the cows did go on strike, or were exterminated by any unforeseen calamity, the scientists would be prompt in supplying synthetic milk. But the strength of the cow, and indeed the strength of Nature, is, that the scientists, with all their ingenuity, cannot yet manufacture the vitamins in which, as you are aware, milk abounds. I forget whether it is vitamin A, B, C or Z, but it does not matter, for these are only tickets, indiscriminately attached by bewildered savants to things which they do not in the least understand.

Well, continuing with our bread and butter, we have these indispensable vitamins before us, in adequate quantities, in the shape of milk and butter; and our present concern is with butter, observe your own habits in consuming it. You will find, I think, that on a cold, pinching morning you take quite twice as much butter on your toast as in warm genial weather. You are now in a position to understand the Eskimo's addiction to blubber and tallow candles; though you probably regard his tastes slightingly, your appetite for Butter, your mad craving for carbohydrates, is exactly the same as his. There is this difference of course: that Eskimos do not mind what their doctors or their tailors may say about the results of excessive indulg ence in carbo-hydrates. You probably do care. But even if you restrain your appetite for butter, for reasons of discretion, the appetite itself continues unabated. You cannot do without butter; you are the slave of the cow.

One of the most striking features of butter is its colour. That colour

I have just been listening to a is so much identified with butter phonograph recording of Stanley that milliners, modistes, and similar Maxted's of an old nursery rhyme lords of language actually use the of A. A. Milne's, known as "The word "butter" to denote a particular King's Breakfast." Mr. Maxted shade of golden yellow. But anydramatically depicts in song, the com- body who has seen butter in its namotion consequent on the lack of tural state knows that it is not yelbutter for the 'Royal Slice of Bread.' low at all, but a sort of drab colour, His Majesty's tantrums and the up- except in certain districts where apset in the whole Royal Household is parently, the cows are of eccentric very well brought out, so much so, tastes and subsist exclusively on butthat I played the piece a second and tercups, dandelions, and possibly a third time. At the same time I marigolds and daffodils. Even these was suddenly struck with the thought peculiar cows cannot possibly live on of what a terrible world this would yellow hay in winter. This curious be if the daily butter supply was paradox gives much food for thought cut off. Have you ever given a to any breakfast-table philosopher: thought to the important part play- Why, I ask myself, do manufactured in your daily life by that com- ers insist on taking a jaundiced view mon-or-garden article of diet - of butter? Is it really true that the public demands yellow butter? I should have thought that the public preferred a colour which suggests more realistically the substance from which its butter purports to be made. Is this another example of those obstinate superstitions which are not uncommon to trade? Another instance of the fact that what the publie wants is generally what the manufacturer thinks and says it wants? Or, is it possible that beauty is only skin deep; that this deep, deceptive flush conceals ingredients contributed by the cow, but by the

> Not that I would condemn the laboratory. What it has failed to do with milk it has succeeded in doing with butter, to the benefit of large sections of the community. Yet butter will always, in he last analysis (chemical or otherwise), defy its imitators; its social station is secure and unchallengeable. This is well illustrated bby an incident which happened (so he says) to a friend of mine. Soon after the First World War he had a friendly dispute about the merits of a certain hotel of a "popular" character, which provided, in surroundings of great if garish splendour, meals at about half the price of most hotels. His contention was that the prejudice against a place of this kind was more snobbery; that it was highly efficient and provided just as good fare as more pretentious establishments. To prove it he gave a small dinner-party. It was a great success: cooking admirable, all the etceteras excellent, service faultless; all, in fact, went on swimmingly until near the end of the meal, when the host called the waitress and asked for a little more butter. She replied coyly: "Would you be giving me a clip on the jaw if I was to bring you margarine?" Yes, Butter is an aristocrat - all

others irredeemably plebian. Willowdale, Ont., Feb. 22, 1941.

A large timber wolf, the first seen in the Sutton district in over 25 years, was chased by Dr. O. M. Beattie and Wellington Charles, an Indian from the Georgina Island Re-The lack of a gun and the heavy snowdrifts aided the wolf's escape. Mr. Charles got close enough to the wolf to strike it several times with a stick, but never hard enough to knock it unconscious.

It pays to use Liberal Classified

You can help win the war by buying war savings stamps.

KLEINBURG Y.P.U.

The Kleinburg Y.P.U. met in the church on the evening of Feb. 17th, 1941 with a good attendance. Business discussed with the president in the chair. The programme was in charge of the citizenship convenor. The scripture was taken from Revelations 22nd chapter and an explanation read of it, "The tree of life", read by Mrs. Benstead.

Two pleasing duets were given by Alma Kerr and Ola Egan. A reading by Harold Wardlaw was also enjoyed. The outstanding feature was a talk and discussion on Democracy by Miss Irene Devins.

The evening was brought to a close with a quiz contest amongst high school students, boys vs. girls, the latter being the winners.

The regular March meeting of the Vaughan Township Council will be held in the Township Hall, Vellore MONDAY, MARCH 3

for the transaction of General Business Dated at Maple this 27th day of February, 1941.

11 A.M.

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