

**TOWNSHIP OF VAUGHAN  
TAX SALE NOTICE**

Copies of the list of lands for sale for arrears of taxes may be had in the office of the Treasurer, J. M. McDonald, Maple, Ontario. The list of lands for sale for arrears of taxes in the Township of Vaughan was published in the Ontario Gazette on the fourth day of August 1941.

Notice is hereby given that unless the arrears of taxes and costs are sooner paid, the Treasurer will proceed to sell the land on the day and at the place named in such list published in the Ontario Gazette. The date of the sale named in the said list is the sixth day of November 1941, at ten o'clock a.m. Standard Time. The sale will take place at the office of the Treasurer of the Township of Vaughan in Maple, Ont. Dated at Maple this 18th day of July, 1941.

J. M. McDONALD,  
Treasurer.

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**"COOKIE" LOST ALL FEAR AFTER BEING BOMBED AND UNCONSCIOUS FOR THREE DAYS**

Here is the heart-stirring tale of an ordinary every day Englishwoman—a waitress in a restaurant—who having lost her husband and two babies and lying three days unconscious in the bombed ruins of her home carries on with the indomitable courage of her race. Add the story of the two Russian refugees and Margaret Butcher has given us a letter out of the ordinary. It was written for the Free Press Herald and The Liberal.

(By MARGARET BUTCHER)

In the gardens near here I met "Cookie." (No, I don't know her real name; it doesn't matter, anyway!) She is tall and fair and smiling; one of those people whom one recognizes, at once, as clear-minded and sympathetic. She works in a local restaurant, where I have often seen her, looking very neat and smart in a white linen coat with red facings. She is about twice my size, and looks down on me with a friendly eye. I've often thought it might be nice to talk to "Cookie." And today the chance came.

How does one slip from one subject to another—from commonplaces to intimate things? I don't know; but it just happens that way. That's how it was with Cookie and me. It was her afternoon off—and mine too—so we walked together as far as the gate; and in that comparatively short distance I found out much. The chief thing I discovered is that I was right about her. She didn't tell me a hard-buck story, or anything like that; it was just a normal exchange of views, during which the facts crept in somehow; and that is how I learnt that Cookie is a brave and wonderful woman. She doesn't think so, of course; she is merely of the opinion—and no mean one, at that!—that one should help others over the bad patches, having negotiated them oneself; and never mind about repayment of thanks or praise. She seemed to regard it as a rather ordinary affair, but I wondered (and am still wondering) if it is humanly possible to get much further than that. I doubt it.

Cookie—almost needless to remark—has been bombed out; and I find that this uncomfortable experience happened unasily near my old home in London. Candidly, I'm glad it was no longer my home at that time!

This little bit of information cropped up when we spoke of clothes. Being women, I guess we shall be pardoned for giving a few words to that. Cookie lost everything in the world; every stitch except a splinter-torn nightdress, it seems; and then the story followed:

**NIGHTMARE OF DEATH**

For nine months she lived in that nightmare of fire and crashes and death; and during that time she lost over forty pounds in weight—and who can wonder at it?

"I was so frightened, most of the fact. "It was a terrible strain." "It was a terrible strain."

Then came the night when it happened. She and another woman sat on their beds, listening to that dreadful din. "We heard two drop quite near," she said, "and we heard the houses fall. Then a third dropped, and my friend said, 'Well, there won't be any more now. We'll be all right now.' And directly she had spoken it came—that whistling sound, and now right over us. We clapped our hands to our ears... and that's the last thing I remember. I don't even remember being hit by anything. I just passed right out."

How one hopes that it is often as merciful as that! That was on a Thursday night. On Saturday afternoon Cookie was hauled out of the ruins and laid, a ragged and unconscious creature, on the sidewalk.

"It was cold and rainy," said Cookie, "and I think it was the rain on my face that brought me round." She is vague about all that; for a whole week memory didn't function. That week is still almost a blank. In hospital she just lay and thought of nothing. Then, when she had recovered from her slight injuries—another miracle!—she went back to what stood for her as ordinary life. **FEAR HAD DISAPPEARED**

A strange thing had come to pass. She wasn't frightened any more. There were plenty of raids after that, of course, but she just went on—'feeling as if nothing much were happening,' as she put it. The worst had happened and fear was dead. During the two nights and nearly two

days when she had lain unconscious under the ruins this queer change had come about. The human brain, obviously, can register just so much of any emotion, and then no more. I suppose it either gives way or takes on a new phase of strength and immunity. That, I am sure, is what has happened to many of these courageous and wonderfully sane people.

A few days after she came out of hospital she and another woman or two were in the thick of it again, making tea in a kitchen and taking it out to the rescue squad. Three hundred cups of tea in one night. There was no mobile canteen to be found then; only Cookie and her cups of tea to help and cheer those dust-choked workers. How grateful they must have been! Somehow I can see her: gentle and brisk and normal; entirely fearless in that hell-let-loose of fire and crashing ruin; moving among the dead to bring those welcome cups of tea to the sweating grimy men who were risking their lives. There is something almost fantastic about it. Boiling kettles, warming teapots, ladling out the quantities; and all the while the most hideous things in history are going on in the streets round about.

The odd part of it is that, three or four years ago, I'll wager, Cookie saw nothing dramatic or in the least significant in a teapot. It was just one of those things in a cook's life. Now, if Cookie had armorial bearings, a teapot—surely?—should have pride of place as her crest. 'Cookie and her teapot, going out to meet what seemed like certain death... and not a pleasant one. I am beginning to wonder if I shall ever drink another cup of tea without having the thought of her somewhere at the back of my mind.

Imagine how I stood there, at the gate of those gardens; looking up at her, savoring the sheer drama of this quiet, gentle-voiced woman's story. I don't mind confessing that I couldn't see her very well just then, for my eyes had grown foggy, somehow. But Cookie is the kind one needn't feel self-conscious about. I just went on looking foggy, for I am sure she understood... and I think she liked me for it.

**NOT ALL THE STORY**

You see, that isn't quite all the story. There was something else, rather a long while ago—when she was a very young woman indeed. Cookie isn't even middle-aged yet, but experience hasn't passed her over—or treated her kindly. Her husband and two babies were killed in a car accident, and she herself was badly injured. She didn't want to go on at all; I guess that's easy to understand. But there was a doctor: a lifelong friend of her husband's; and he took things in hand when he thought that she had had long enough to cherish her grief, poor thing. He must have been a wise and sensible doctor, for he told her that there was something ahead of her: something for which she had to 'buck up' and face life again. I expect he knew our Cookie well enough to see that nothing so good as that should be wasted.

She laughed a little here, remembering.

"He slapped me!" she said. "A real, hard slap."

Excellent, Doctor!

So that is the story of Cookie—who was slapped back to harsh reality, to perform marvels of courage with the teapot, and show the rest of us how a human being can behave at a time when behaviour is dreadfully important. The world is a mad place, of course, but it is certainly turning out some fine folk. I have a cup of tea beside me at this moment. I raise it to—

Cookie, one of the best!

**JOKE FROM LAST WAR**

Yesterday, while I was listening to the radio, with its grim news of this ever-spreading business, I found myself thinking, once again, of something that has popped into my brain many times lately. I wonder if anybody else has recalled that particular scrap from the dim time now known as 'the last war?' I don't remember reading anything about it, but it is extraordinarily apt. Just a joke in one of our best-known humorous periodicals; that's all. But the artist who illustrated it never imagined, I'm sure, that he was perpetuating something which, in another twenty-five years, was going to have a grim—and quite staggering—significance. He simply showed us a drawing of a countryman

talking to a city-dweller; the caption made us all laugh at the time. The countryman is saying:

"We've talked it over in this village, and we've decided to be neutral."

To bring it thoroughly up to date one merely substitutes the word 'country' for 'village' and... well, there you are! One feels a great temptation to add some such nice, comprehensive phrase as 'World papers please copy.'

Meanwhile, our temporary lull is still on us; but it's a prickly sort of lull, and one feels, very acutely, that it's no time to drop vigilance. All eyes are on the Russians—putting up their splendid stand. I lived with Russians for many months, so they do not seem at all strange to me. Their language, of course, is appallingly difficult—judging by the sound of it. All I could ever learn was 'Yes' and the equivalent of 'Nothing doing.' Not the last word in conversational prowess, it must be admitted. But they were folk of tremendous courage; the sort of courage one uses in everyday life—perhaps the most difficult sort of all.

**MADAME A REAL SPORT**

When I knew them they were doggedly running a tiny general store—without previous experience—and making a go of it, too. Little Madame, with her dark eyes and high cheek-bones, worked like mad, day in and day out, keeping the house clean, into the bargain, and—when she could possibly find a spare hour—getting down to her flower-painting. It was quite good painting, too. She was very temperamental, of course; subject to fits of gloom which always reminded me of some weird one-act play of former days; and I am afraid I used to laugh immoderately and in the worst possible taste. But she was a real sport, and never took offense. 'I am seely,' she would say. 'I know it. You, dear Margaret, are so good for me.' And then she would laugh and snap out of it. Actually, their sense of humor is very like ours; we so often found ourselves being tremendously amused by the same things: the things which I had always imagined to be peculiar to our British brand of levity.

Monsieur, who had lived in every country in Europe, I believe, had a strong political instinct which almost amounted to an extra sense. Mad-deningly enough, I have forgotten most of the things he told me, but all that he predicted of France has come true—and that was right at the start of the war, in the opening weeks. The Russians, I should say, have the faculty of looking ahead—if he is anything to judge by. They were generous folk, too, and whenever Madame came to see me after, perhaps on that precious half-day when the shop was closed, she always brought some candy and a few flowers from the little garden. We would talk a mixture of French and English (in view of my notable paucity of Russian!) and the time passed very pleasantly. It was I, in fact, who taught her most of her English, in exchange for a polishing-up of my French. Perhaps, some day, we shall get in touch again; but one loses sight of people all too easily nowadays. I once bought a little painting of hers, and I shall keep that. A souvenir of a very plucky and very sporting little body.

**ONION HEART-BREAKING**

The Allotment bulletin is satisfactory—in parts. The onions are heart-breaking; one might suspect witchcraft, so odd are the things which happen to them. But the potatoes are monsters, the marrows ripe and the turnips coming along. The cucumbers have given up their attempts to climb the tree, and those awful sunflowers have now shot up to ten feet. As for artichokes, I can see myself living on them almost exclusively during the coming winter, so prolific is the visible portion. Just now I am acutely marrow-conscious; several evenings, indeed, have been spent in efforts to make jam, with marrow as the chief ingredient. Things have turned out not too badly, though a mere lodger with nothing but a gas-ring and a pint saucepan cannot be over-ambitious. The main thing, however, is to get some winter provender together, and that we are all doing. We don't intend to capitulate for want of jam... to say nothing of the fact that we certainly shouldn't get any jam if we did.

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