

**"THE LIBERAL"**

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J. E. SMITH, Editor

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**MAPLE'S KNIT WITS**

We believe we have located in Maple a group of young people who have found one of the keys to human happiness. We mean that little organization self-styled "The Knit Wits". We are inclined to thunder our wrath at them for selecting such a title because of the sound philosophy that must motivate their activities and because of the idealism they put before us, tempting us to adopt it for ourselves.

The Liberal last week published a number of extracts from letters of boys overseas acknowledging and thanking the Knit-Wits for gifts. Heaven itself could devise few things a lad over there would prize more highly than such gifts suggestive, as they are, of remembrance. Thousands of miles from home, until recently in momentary danger of losing his life, and even still, with the battle ended, suffering the hardships and privations of war, he receives a box containing perhaps a jar of fruit, some candy and gum, cigarettes and wearing apparel.

And the box is from Maple to which miniature Paradise his thoughts daily turn, probably a thousand times, and the arrival of the gift enables him to envision the girls, some of whom he went to school with, one of them perhaps the little girl he has chosen for himself. He sees them preserving the fruit, knitting and sewing, buying the candy and gum and boxing it all up—for him.

If his eyes fill with tears, if his letters of thanks are all couched in superlative terms of delight, can we not understand, and can we not also understand something of even greater importance than his pleasure and gratitude, namely, the resolution such an affectionate gesture as the transmission of a box of good things strengthens within him to acquit himself well of every last detail of his service and to come home and so live all the years of his life that the Knit-Wits of Maple will ever be proud of him? Yes, the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts and they do turn to such things.

Yet, is it only the lad who gets the gift that benefits? We are told that it is more blessed to give than to receive, and we know it is a universal human experience to obtain pleasure and delight in doing the kindly thing, making the friendly gesture, helping those who cannot help themselves. Probably the Knit-Wits of Maple, and the other little organizations engaged in similar activities, know all about that, too, and recognize in it the key to human happiness.

**IS IT NORTH YORKITIS?**

A Gallup poll of North York folks, that is, of those who live in any of the communities on Yonge St. from the city northward and in the intervening rural areas, would probably show that less than one per cent of them would prefer to live elsewhere. That is not merely our view. It represents the opinion of assessors, butcher boys, insurance premium collectors and others whose business is to call on the public. They made no canvass of the district, of course, but arrived at their conclusion from day to day conversations with the people they meet.

However, if their interpretation of the popular mind is sound, a corollary undoubtedly is that the people of North York are contented folks. They would not trade places with the happy-go-lucky, care-free fellow who sings with abandon that "any old place I hang my hat is home, sweet home, to me." They regard their homes as something well worth striving to acquire and preserve, something of which to be proud. But there is nothing unusual about that point of view. Folks everywhere consider their homes one of their most sacred possessions.

Yet this week in Richmond Hill, a city dweller whose real estate activities are large, varied and spread over suburban localities in all directions from Toronto, expressed the opinion that there is, in the attitude of North York folks regarding their homes, something not always found elsewhere in as great degree.

"If I offer a Mimico, New Toronto, Leaside or Scarborough family a price for their home that will represent a fair profit over what they gave for it, and undertake to provide them with another house, about the only question that will arise is as to whether the new dwelling is close enough to their work or business," this visitor said. "The man who lives in Leaside and works in the centre of Toronto or thereabouts, doesn't in the least mind moving, say, to New Toronto or to any other locality that will not put him too far from his job."

"Not so in North York. Nine times out of ten, an offer, even an offer for a property showing a generous profit on the investment involved will be turned down unless the vendor and his family can be accommodated with another dwelling also in the North York district, and usually in or around the community in which they have been living. But most of them positively will not go to another district. What's the reason?"

We know an editor should be an encyclopedia, and that everything in life should be an open book to him. But we failed to answer that question. It would have been much easier for us to tell our interrogator the style of overcoat the man in the moon wears when the weather in the moon goes below zero. Perhaps our visitor did not state or suggest a fact; it may be that no such condition exists in North York, in which case we could hardly be expected to provide an answer.

Yet we all know of some cases such as he describes, the case of folks positively unwilling to give up residence in North York for no reason other than perhaps a sentimental one. And in other localities we have not discovered any such condition.

For example, a short time ago we visited friends in one of the suburbs west of Toronto, a thriving community with an ambition to attract several thousand new residents within the next few years. Our hosts showed us their home with which they are well pleased. "But how do you like the district?" we asked, adding: "It must be fine, especially in the summer with the lake so close." However, they were not at all enthusiastic, and passed up the subject with a shrug of the shoulders. Just about the same thing occurred when we mentioned the advantages of their location to another family that lives almost in the heart of Toronto. "We have to close our eyes and our ears to the outside," said the lady of the house, "but we're used to doing that."

One doesn't seem to encounter such an indifferent or dissatisfied attitude to locality in the Langstaff, Thornhill or Richmond Hill districts. What is the reason? We know that folks, once settled in the North Yonge St. area, seldom

seem inclined to move; we know native born who swear they would never live elsewhere. Yet, to paraphrase a popular question of the day: What have we got that other communities haven't? Our neighbors do not appear to be any more law abiding or peaceable. Nor are they, a few of them, anyhow, any more pleasing to meet than the run of residents in any other rural or urban district. Our public transportation system cannot lord it over the transportation afforded other communities, and our religious and social life is just about what it is elsewhere.

So why should the spirit of the North Yorker be so proud? Probably it's a mental condition, a condition of the mind that could be called North Yorkitis. If that should be the explanation, we will gladly and proudly admit that we all suffer from the disease, and, more, that we enjoy suffering from it.

**WHAT PORK? MR. GORDON**

Donald Gordon, chairman of the Prices and Trade board, has enlivened the forthcoming rationing of meat with a bit of unconscious humor. Indeed, he has shown that he is just as capable of perpetrating a so called Irishism as the best of Irishman, canny Scot though he is.

Pork, so goes the order, is forbidden on meatless days, and pork is to include canned pork and beans. The regulation brought a storm of inquiries around the head of Donald Gordon. "What pork, Mr. Gordon?" asked a Montreal newspaper, declaring that pork is not found in a can of pork and beans, at best nothing more than a bit of pork fat.

Mr. Gordon, thereupon, took counsel with himself again and amended the order to provide that "pork and beans may be served provided they contain no pork." And yet Mr. Gordon contends he is a Scotsman with no Irish, not even an Irish sense of humor, in his make-up.

**MOTHER'S LITTLE MAN**

These are great days in the lives of some Richmond Hill young fellows. We mean in particular the 5 and 6 year olds. They've been acquiring the barber shop habit. Anytime we look into one of the village shops we are more than likely to see one of these chaps either bravely waiting for the man at the chair to say "next!" or actually up in the chair having his baby locks shorn, with his mother back of him proudly watching the operation. It's a big moment in a fellow's life even if he does forget about it as he gets older. He's stepping out of babyhood right into the estate of young manhood. He's no longer mother's baby boy. From now he is to be 'son' or 'junior' or 'mother's little man'. Perhaps mother will shed a tear or two about it when he's not watching, but he wouldn't understand, if he did see her, not he, the strutting young male of the species.

**WE ALL OUGHT TO TRY IT**

Probably the curtailment of gasoline has not given as great an impetus to pedestrianism as some folks expected. Yet there are those who do more walking now than they did a few years ago, and they say they feel better for it. On one of the pleasantly cool afternoons recently we encountered a friend about five miles from his home. He was walking, and as we could see no car in the neighborhood, we asked:

"Surely you didn't walk out here from Richmond Hill, did you?"

"That I did," he answered, "and now I am walking back."

We expressed some surprise and he enlightened us further, acknowledging that a ten mile walk daily was rather unusual for him, but declaring that he seldom lets a day pass without covering at least three miles. He added that the exercise thus afforded has proved a complete nerve restorative.

"Walking," he concluded, "is good, wholesome, salutary exercise. None better. Ask any doctor."

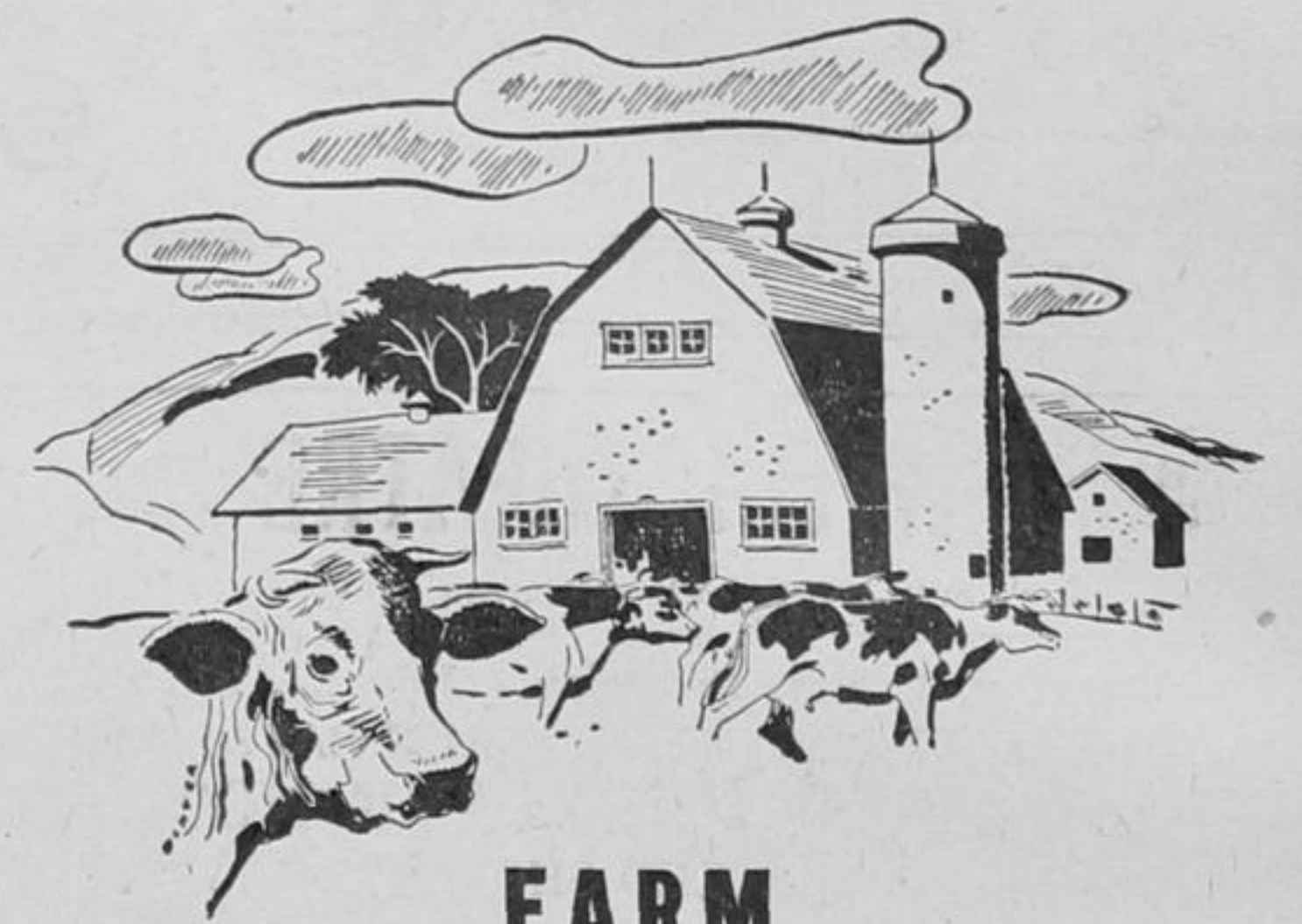
We agreed with him, and we tucked away in the back of our mind the idea that some day we must try it.

Scientists of the U.S. Department of Agricultural Research have discovered a new horticultural chemical which forces some of our worst weeds to commit suicide, according to a writer in Better Homes and Gardens. It is hailed as one of the biggest pieces of gardening news in years, a spray that is poisonous to unwanted plants but not to animals or the soil.



**ALL FROM ONE LISTENER!**

John Avison is opening his fan mail and it's all from one admirer, a lady in Boston. Mr. Avison has been associated with many of the most successful musical programs produced in the CBC's west coast studios, notably the CBR Concert Orchestra broadcasts. When these happen to fall on the same date as the Boston Symphony concerts, Mr. Avison's charming friend shares her loyalty by leaving the concert hall in time to hear the Canadian program. Just now, John Avison is directing the tuneless new summer feature, "Gateway to Melody," heard Thursdays, at 10.30 p.m. EDT, over the CBC Dominion network from CJOR, Vancouver.



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