

"THE LIBERAL"

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Highway Department "Genius"

The need for a roadway network which will adequately handle the ever-increasing amount of motor traffic in this province will not be denied by any far-thinking citizen.
The provision of easy and speedy passage for our annual crop — and a paying crop it is — of American tourists bound for our northern playgrounds is of outstanding importance.

But, admitting all this, it seems to us that the Ontario Department of Highways displays at times what is pretty close to genius in putting the cart before the horse.
An outstanding example of it lies right in the heart of this area. The new Toronto-Barrie highway, running through the country a few miles west of Richmond Hill is, in our opinion, one of the most unappropriate projects ever undertaken in this province.

Millions on millions of dollars and many man hours of labour have gone into the highway-to-be, which even yet is nowhere near ready for travel.

Yet even while the "experts" of the Ontario Highways Department were master-minding and blueprinting the new speedway two highways from Toronto to Barrie already existed, No. 11 and No. 27.

Why, in their desperate anxiety to push through the new super-highway, they failed to realize the needs of these roads is something which the man on the street cannot see.

The facts are so very simple, so very apparent to the average man that perhaps they are invisible to those who dwell in the rarified atmosphere at Queen's Park where taxpayers' dollars are blithely scattered.

No. 27 highway already provides a good outlet to the north. As for No. 11, that historic road up which the pioneers of early Canada passed on their way to open up a continent, it will always, no matter how many other new roads are opened, be one of the hemisphere's busy arteries until the garages of today house the family plane instead of the family car.

The millions which have been poured into the unused tract of dirt which spans this district could well have been employed where they would have done some good — on the widening and improvement of No's 11 and 27 highways.

The week-end's tragic happening on No. 27 highway at Schomberg in which five persons lost their lives may not have been attributable to any highway fault. But at least it gives some point to the contention, which many residents of his area have advanced frequently, that it is about time the Department of Highways quit fooling around with Buck Rogers dreams and got down to the practical job of using taxpayers' money to fix up the highways we already have.

But what can one expect of a Department whose public relations officials turn out reams of "Speed Kills" propaganda and whose engineers turn out blueprints for a new highway where speed can be king?

Confidence In Your Community

Elsewhere in this issue we publish, through the courtesy of the Markham "Economist and Sun," a reprint of an address given by a senior official of the Bank of Nova Scotia, Mr. Harvey M. Dagg, in that community recently.

We do so because we believe that the remarks of Mr. Dagg are worthy of study by every business man in this community and particularly by the leaders of our various municipal governments. Mr. Dagg lists five "musts" which he considers essential to the industrial progress of a community.

We are quite prepared to admit, as has been done in editorials and articles in this paper on various occasions, that there is some room for doubt as to whether a community becomes more or less livable as its industrial barometer climbs.

Nevertheless the inescapable fact remains that in this part of the world urbanization is creeping up on us willy-nilly. Figures published elsewhere in this issue show the terrific building programme which is being carried out in North York township to the south of us. It has been stated — we do not know with how much accuracy — that building in that area last year was one-twentieth of the Dominion's total.

Events demonstrate more and more forcibly as the days go by the need for efficient, looking-ahead planning. We believe that our municipal councils are, in a broad sense, seized of the situation. We believe too that it is becoming mandatory that business in general should associate itself with local government more and more in preparing for the future.

It took months of study and preparation to move the allied armies to the continent of Europe on D Day and the days that followed. It took the best combined brains of the nations who were comrades-in-arms. It is going to take our time, too, and our best brains to prepare for the army which is gathering on the borders of our area, soon to spill over into it.

From The Hilltop

A COLUMN OF VIEWS AND OBSERVATIONS

(By F. J. Picking)

You don't have to have a license or a permit to breathe!

Not yet — that is. But it's one of the few activities for which, so far, it isn't necessary to have a little piece of governmentally issued paper of authorization tacked up somewhere or other.

Let's just take a day in the life of Bill Smith to see how far "license-itis" has stuck its claws into the life of the average man.

Bill lives in Richmond Hill, where, on the surface, the disease doesn't appear to have become as virulent as it is in some places. But never mind, he's going to get caught up with plenty of times before he calls it a day.

Poor old Bill! Off goes his alarm clock (bought in Toronto before he came to the Hill or of course he'd have patronized a local merchant). It was purchased from a jeweller who had to have a permit to do business in that line. Anyway, up from his mattress gets Bill. He's too sleepy to recall that on his mattress should be a little tag certifying as to its contents and giving the license number of the manufacturer.

Gazing enviously at the wife of his bosom who has so kindly agreed to let him get up and get his own breakfast — after Bill had acquired the right to love, honour and cherish her by buying a marriage license — he stumbles downstairs and turns on the electric stove — a stove into whose manufacture have gone umpteenth licenses and permits — and then proceeds to kick the dog out of doors, glumly thinking about the couple of bucks he had to disgorge the day before to "Curly" Lynett for a dog license.

That Radio License

Oh, Oh! Bill's watch has stopped. So he turns on the radio to get the time, ruefully thinking about the license he had better buy for it before he gets caught. The kettle is slow in coming to a boil so Bill pulls out a rag, finds it's the last one, and reminds himself that he must get some on his way to work. Of course he'll have to buy them down town — Stan Ransom isn't up yet — and he'll have to get them from a tobacconist with a license to do business as such.

He gets breakfast, burning the bacon bought from Ted Mansbridge, who is in a business where slaughtering licenses, etc., etc., run rampant, finally gets dressed and walks out of the house to his car. Grimly reminding himself that tomorrow is the last day he has to get a new car license, he also recalls that he has to drive over to Maple to get a building permit from the township offices for his brother on the farm.

Wishing that he hadn't stayed so late at that dance hall last night — operated under a license issued by Vaughan Township Council — he recalls that he's got to get home early in order to take his wife to see that special picture shown by a theatre operator who, too, has to have a license.

But the car isn't working well, so he calls at a garage — a business whose operator usually finds himself with half a dozen official pieces of paper of one kind and another tacked on his wall.

At last he gets going and, pulling out of the garage, nearly gets run down by a truck which has, as well as its ordinary plates, a PCV license. "Gosh," he thinks, that was a close one, and recalls that he has left his operator's permit at home — just another of the little pieces of paper which goes into the making of a day's living in Canada.

More Licenses

Getting into town, he stops and gets a paper from a licensed street salesman, parks his car at the place of a licensed operator. Fed up with things before the day starts, he drops into a restaurant (also licensed) for a cuppa coffee. Then into his office — which, as an anticlimax, happens to be in one of the licensing branches of the government.

Being a kind of a slack day, with the boss away, Bill takes advantage of the situation to slip out and get a few odd jobs done. Most of the establishments he patronizes, even though he doesn't realize it, have a license of one sort and another, including the drug store into which he pops to get a much-needed aspirin.

Finally he decides to get a haircut, so off he goes into a barber shop (again he should have patronized home industry) and, while the surplus is removed, gazes sleepily at the paper which says that his operator is licensed to do business.

He reminds himself that tomorrow he has to go and see an architect, another licensed man, and a sudden twinge makes him decide that he had better go and see a dentist — another licensee — soon.

By this time it's too late to go back to the office and, anyway, his feet hurt. So off he goes to a licensed chiropodist. Coming out he feels so much better that he decides to make a donation to a charity —

also licensed. There's a little time to kill before going home so he drops into a licensed bowling alley with a pal for a game. He loses and has to pay so off they go to an establishment which is licensed by the Province of Ontario to sell you know what.

More of 'Em

By the time he gets home the car is acting up again so he and wife — who all day long has been dealing, directly and indirectly, with licenses of one sort and another — decide to take a public vehicle which, again, has to have a license to carry passengers, for their evening out.

Finally the day is over, Bill has a goodnight cigar — fabricated by a licensed manufacturer — kicks out the cat, which in some strange manner has escaped acquiring a license, and goes to bed.

Exaggerated??

So you think this is exaggerated? Well, let me tell you that I haven't taken in half — no, nor a third, of the licenses and permits with which, directly or indirectly, the average family has to deal during the day. Some years ago I listed them and, if memory serves me correctly, I got up as far as 174. Space has prohibited me mentioning more than a comparative few in this article. If you want an evening's amusement just start listing the ones I've missed. You'll find plenty.

I started off by saying that you didn't have to have a license or permit to breathe — yet.

But it has to be admitted that the chances of your continuing to breathe are improved by the care given you by a licensed medical practitioner.

And, in the final analysis, there's the licensed undertaker. You just can't win!

Hundredth Birthday Passed By 23 Fairs In Ontario Province

One of Ontario's oldest institutions, the Fall Fair, will again hold the limelight in a month or so and from the largest to the smallest, each is an event of extreme importance in its own locality.

Ontario Agricultural Societies' Branch of the Ontario Department of Agriculture, of which J. A. Carroll is superintendent, has just had printed the 1949 list of fair dates. It is issued by the Department and during September and October as many as 25 Fall Fairs are scheduled for some days of the week.

An interesting feature of this year's list is the fact that of the more than 260 fairs and exhibitions listed, 23 of them are this year starting their second century. They observed their anniversary last year and directors are preparing for much bigger things as they enter on their second century.

"The Fall Fair provides a sort of show-window for the smaller communities, just as the bigger fairs offer industry an opportunity to advertise its wares in the district served by the Fair," Mr. Carroll said.

"Then the Fall Fair also gives real impetus to improving agricultural practices," Mr. Carroll pointed out that livestock competitions encourage better breeding and care of animals; competitions in all the various classes of the Fair, bring about better production of grain, vegetables, methods of production and in a host of other ways give the farmer a higher goal to aim at.

Old Palmer House Undergoing Change Is To Be Garage

One of Richmond Hill's oldest houses — the Palmer residence at the south end of Yonge Street — is changing character.

The stables which at one time housed trotters will soon be filled with equipment to service the cars which have displaced the horses of yesterday.

The property has been bought by Jack Brillinger, well-known local garage man, who is in process of remodelling operations which will make the property into a smart, modern garage and service station.

When completed, it will be the farthest south business establishment in the town, with the exception of Crane's restaurant.

Old trees have had to fall to the march of progress but it is Mr. Brillinger's purpose to make his premises into an attractive addition to Richmond Hill's business establishments. He expects to install gas service in a short time.

In the meantime he will carry on with his garage business, specializing in general repairs, oxyacetylene welding and collision work, and will operate his taxi business as usual.

News Of Our Neighbours

The "Bradford Witness" reports that growers of celery and lettuce who have marketable produce at present have cause to smile. The marsh gardens are like a fertile oasis while high land is burned and parched and, as a result, though marsh crops are far from abundant, they are in great demand. Celery and lettuce are selling at fancy prices.

Machinery will be available to start excavating for a swimming pond on Bogartown creek as soon as tests on water have proved satisfactory, says the "Newmarket Era."

June building permits for North York Township amounted to \$3,986,928, bringing the 1949 total to \$13,919,928, says the "Lansing Enterprise." The paper said that it was believed that North York leads all municipalities in building. Except for one school permit, amounting to \$208,000., permits were for dwellings.

It is hoped to raise \$50,000 in one big drive, says the Orillia "News-Letter," to construct an artificial ice arena. Total cost is estimated at \$105,000. Finances raised in previous campaigns, pledges and grants, are expected to take care of the balance.

Mayor W. M. Seymour of Orillia has announced that he does not intend to seek re-election at the end of his present term.

The local honey crop will be the lightest harvest within the recollection of the oldest bee-keepers, the "Stouffville Tribune" reports.

Construction of the Stouffville Artificial ice arena is proceeding rapidly and the first block of shares in connection with financing the project has been disposed of. More shares are being sold to cover the cost of the ice plant, work on which will be started shortly.

Recently adopted building regulations in Pickering Township require that on the issue of a building permit the sum of \$300. must be deposited with the Township Treasurer. The deposit is returnable when the roof is completed and the doors and windows in. During June 28 permits to the value of \$139,000. were issued, together with 7 for summer dwellings totalling \$9,300.

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