

The Liberal

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Council Has Taken A Wise Step

It is doubtful if, in the more than three-quarters of a century in which Richmond Hill has been an incorporated municipality, any councils have had to face broader problems than those which confront this year's governing body.

Backgrounding practically all of those problems, of course, is the rapid population growth of the community and the surrounding territory. To that growth can be attributed the demand for more services of every character and, as a natural concomitant, the steadily upward swing of taxation.

The tax rate has reached such a point that it commands more than ordinary study and, in effect, a "where do we go from here?" approach.

In interviewing Dr. E. G. Faludi, the well-known expert on town planning, and attempting to evaluate the

situation with the help of his highly specialized knowledge, the village council has taken a wise and progressive step. The tax rate and town planning are tightly intertwined. A community which is out of balance as between residential and business assessments is headed for financial disaster, as has been abundantly proved in neighbouring municipalities.

Possibly Dr. Faludi didn't tell councillors anything which they didn't already know. But he did at least consolidate thinking on the subject and, most important of all, he was able to impart to council, from his wide experience in many municipalities, a general picture of the considerations involved in the mushrooming of near-suburban communities and to point out the dangers.

It's somewhat trite to say that the Richmond Hill of 1951 isn't the Richmond Hill of 1921. And it's a long way from what it's going to be

in 1971. Nothing today can be done about the mistakes of '21. But '71 needn't hold '51 responsible for a projection of similar errors.

The thinking of 1920 and 1930 is as out-of-date as the aeroplanes of those days. It just doesn't apply to modern conditions. It's a healthy thing for the municipality that today's councillors are aware of that — that they are today seeking the best brains and the best information available to them in their attempts to find a solution to problems which become ever more pressing.

The question of whether taxpayers' money should be spent on further development of town planning is something, of course, which it is up to council to decide. It's a reasonably safe bet, however, that money spent in that way isn't wasted — that it will pay dividends in better balanced assessment and possibly, in the long run, in reduced taxation.

The Teachers Add Their Voice

A few weeks ago this paper published a special editorial in which it expressed the belief that the somewhat topsy-turvy situation in connection with education — particularly its costs — could only be properly adjusted through the assumption by the province of direct control of the whole educational system, working in conjunction with boards of trustees who would be responsible for local administration but not for finances.

The conclusions reached were based mainly on the fact that rapidly-changing population trends have resulted in many inequalities, both in accommodation and costs. In one area, it was pointed out, school rooms were being used as offices and for storage — in others a few miles away children were being refused admittance because there was not sufficient room for them. One district found itself faced with staggering costs because of the necessity for providing more buildings and teachers for children of families moving from the cities — another was talking of closing buildings. Ill-will was springing up between rural and suburban dwell-

ers because the former found themselves faced with what they considered to be an unjust load of taxation.

Education of the province's children, it was suggested because of those and many other conditions, had become a matter for over-all co-operation and equally-shared cost by the Province rather than the problem of the one-time sufficient but now outdated school section.

Confirmation of that opinion has come in recent days from a body which can be considered to speak with some authority — the Canadian Teacher's Federation. That organization suggests that provinces can no longer afford the high cost of education — that the federal government should pay a per pupil grant to the provinces to support education.

With that suggestion there will not be complete agreement. Differing conditions in provinces such as Ontario and Quebec, for instance, would make it difficult to arrive at a basis which would be satisfactory to all concerned. The Prime Minister, Mr. St. Laurent, has already said in a recent address at London that the Federal government will not consider

making grants to elementary and secondary schools.

But apart from that the teachers have emphasized in their recent statement some points which give considerable weight to the contention that a "new deal" is necessary in the distribution of educational facilities and costs. It described streamlined education in large cities but poorly equipped old-fashioned schools in some rural areas and spoke of "the inequality of educational opportunity which it offers our boys and girls."

Whatever the eventual solution of the problem may be — Federal aid or provincial aid — the fact remains that our present system is rapidly outgrowing itself — that it is throwing an unequal burden on those who pay for it — that it is failing to give all children that to which they are entitled, a good and an equal start in life.

The action of the teachers' federation, in helping to make these points clearly understood, is something which should help in bringing about the betterment of a situation which is beginning to give many people concern.

Conservation Means Use

The term "Conservation" is perhaps one of the most misused and misunderstood words today, seldom is the term used in its true broad sense. Too often we say "Conservation" and mean "we want more fish in our lakes", or "keep the axes out of the bush", or "there should be a higher bounty on wolves."

"Conservation" of our natural resources must entail man's full and wise use of these resources in such a way that they will last forever.

In order to use anything, we must learn something about it, and the more we know, the better use we can ensure.

Conservation practices require a knowledge or at least an awareness of the basic elements of the living things of our world as well as the minerals of the ground and the climate. And that knowledge must embrace the complex inter-relationships of all of these elements. When we say "conservation" we must include

some reference to the plants, animals, minerals and climate. The farmer must be cognizant of the insects that pollinate his plants and the foxes and hawks which control such rodents as may compete for his crops. The logger must be aware of the growing capacities of his forest soil and of the effect of the beaver on the water level of the streams which carry his logs to the mill. The fisherman must consider the ability of his water to produce fish food and the effect of the average thickness of winter ice on the plants which grow in the lake or river.

And yet too many well-intentioned people will tell you that "conservation" means only to "protect", or that it means "planting trees", or "not to kill things". True, it does mean all of these things, but how do you protect a tree that is mature and ready to deteriorate? And why do we have to plant trees unless at some

time in the past we have made a mistake in removing them; and how can we logically eat a live duck or deer? "Conservation" is an attitude, a philosophy, in which there is some "reverence of life" and at the same time permits the owl to eat a mouse or a snake to swallow a toad. Such an attitude demands considerable knowledge of living things or at least an open mind free of superstition and prejudice.

It is vital to the continued existence of man that we all follow the philosophy of Conservation, a term that means the full and wise use of our natural resources in such a way that they will last forever. In that philosophy there is no room for the carelessness which starts forest fires nor for the ignorance that pulls a trigger on a Sparrow Hawk.

As with the goose that laid the golden egg — let us tend and nourish the source of our present wealth and use thriftily the increase.

Small Town Export

The biggest industry in our town is the education of our children. Our schools represent our most costly investment and more of our money is spent in keeping them operating each year than on any other civic enterprise.

The product of our schools — our educated young people — is our most important export.

Youth from the small towns and country districts of Canada too often look to the cities for opportunities. Particularly is this so in many sections of the country where industries

and hence jobs are concentrated in the large urban centres.

The cities' gain is the small towns' loss. And the small towns need educated young people to give leadership, to aid progress, to prepare themselves to take over in business and industry and civic affairs from older people when they wish to retire from active life.

Somehow industry — and opportunities — must be decentralized in Canada for the nation's good. Some of our cities are becoming too big with too great a concentration of industry in too small an area. The time may come when, because of immin-

Prices And Wages

earnings and weekly earnings of hourly rated wage earners in Canadian manufacturing have outpaced consumer price increases.

Listening to the never-ending argument about wages and the cost of living and which has outstripped which, one would be inclined to think that prices have outpaced wages and other income. But have they?

	C. of Liv'g Av.	Ho'rly Av.	W'ly Av.
	Index	Ear'gs	Ear'gs
1939	101.5	\$0.427	\$20.14
August 1948	157.5	\$0.927	\$39.03
June 1950	165.4	\$1.035	\$43.47
Nov. 1950	170.7	\$1.062	\$45.67
Nov. 1950's percentage increase over year 1939	68	148	126

ent threat of air attacks, industries may have to be moved from the cities to the country towns.

It appears to us that such a move would be wise now as part of our defence preparations. Not only would this decentralization be sensible as a defence measure, it would be sensible from the viewpoint of giving industrial workers a chance to live in more pleasant, more healthful surroundings.

With more industries located in small towns, the need for our educated youth to leave home to gain opportunities for making a living would be reduced to a minimum.

Editorial Opinions

There could be quite a bit in what an "old-timer" said recently. Driving through the country with a friend, discussing the inevitable topic, taxes, they passed a school bus. "There," he said, "See what I mean?" When I was a boy we walked three miles to school. Now we spend \$5,000 for a bus so the children don't have to walk. Then we spend \$30,000 for a gymnasium so they can get proper exercise."

"Way Back When"

Excerpts from the files of The Liberal
Home paper of the Richmond Hill district since 1878

SIXTY YEARS AGO

February 19, 1891

"Last week at Kleinburg a couple of the tramping fraternity paraded themselves on Bond and Gil streets, and behaved in a very disorderly manner. How soon will the authorities make provision for the safe lodging of all warts of humanity who may be burglariously inclined? It is currently reported that the same parties have been accused of breaking windows in the Temperance Hall, and that, unless a settlement be effected, they are to be tried for the offence."

THIRTY YEARS AGO

February 24, 1921

"Mr. Scott McNair, president of Richmond Hill Horticultural Society will give a talk on the planting and care of fruit trees to Thornhill horticulturists."

"Christ's Church, Woodbridge, was totally destroyed by fire on Sunday morning. The loss is said to be \$9,000, insurance \$3,000. A monument erected to the memory of the late Hon. N. C. Wallace, which stood near the church, was badly damaged by the fire."

TWENTY YEARS AGO

February 19, 1931

"At a meeting of the Board of Trade held on Monday evening plans for activities to attract industries to locate in Richmond Hill were discussed."

"Although Harold J. Mills of Richmond Hill is a member of the council, Chief of the Fire Brigade, the head of the successful firm of H. J. Mills, Ltd., the Stouffville Tribune thinks he should have been a lawyer. This conclusion was reached after the representative of that paper heard Mr. Mills present the case of Richmond Hill before Markham Township council relative to fire protection. The Tribune said, 'A real orator has come to the forefront — he should have been a lawyer — maybe he is!'"

FIFTY YEARS AGO

July 11, 1901

"Miss Hume and Miss Varney of Toronto spent over Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Hume, and returned Tuesday morning."

"Mens working boots, \$1.00, are on sale at Naughton Elgin Mills at 50c a pair."

FORTY YEARS AGO

February 16, 1911

"A charge was laid against Mr. Robert Michael of the Palmer House for selling liquor on the 23rd of January, in the local option municipality of Richmond Hill, and he was fined \$200 and costs. The fine was promptly paid."

TEN YEARS AGO

February 27, 1941

"Congratulations to Mel Maltby of the Cities Service Garage, Richmond Hill, who stood in third place in a competition among all Cities Service Stations in Canada for increase in gas business last year."

"The sale is reported this week by Mrs. G. H. Glenn of Her Centre Street home to Mr. Stan Ransom of Richmond Hill. Mr. Ransom will take possession April 1."

The Gardener's Column

(By Al Rice)

Starting Seeds Indoors

No doubt most of us have, by this time, received your seed catalogue and are planning on what to grow this year. Starting with good seed will eliminate a lot of disappointments. Make selections from reliable seed firms offering certified seeds. Most seeds deteriorate with age, any seeds you may have left over from previous years should be tested for germination. This can be done by placing a few seeds on a piece of damp blotting paper in a dish covered with a piece of glass. If seed is still good they should show signs of growth at room temperature in a few days. Unless you have some special kind of seed that is hard to procure, it is advisable to discard old seed and procure new stock which is very reasonable in price.

A good mixture for starting seeds would consist of 2 parts loam, 1 part peat, 1 part sand. A rich soil is not necessary for the germination of seed. Sift soil through screen, save any rubble, which may be used along with cinders for drainage on bottom of boxes or pots whichever you are using. Fill boxes or pots to within 1 inch of top, firm soil with block of wood,

so that it will be spongy and not so hard as to form a crust on the surface. This will provide uniform germination of seed. Crowding of seedlings will cause damping off of young plants, therefore it is better to sow thinly rather than too heavily. Cover seeds with fine layer of sifted loam. As seeds vary in size they vary in depth to be sown. A good guide is to cover seeds their own depth or thickness. When watering newly sown seeds, half submerge pots or boxes in water, letting water soak up from bottom. This eliminates any hard crust forming on top especially if your soil happens to be on the heavy side. When seedlings are large enough to handle, that is when they have formed their second or tree leaf, transplant to other boxes 1 inch apart, taking care to handle by the leaf rather than stems as this bruises young plants and causes decay.

Water seedlings, shade from sun for first few days until recovered from move. A week before setting out in garden it is advisable to place boxes of plants outside in a sheltered spot or in a cool sun porch in the daytime taking them in at night. This will harden your plants up ready to go in garden.

"Know Your Neighbour"

Last week was "high spot" for this week's "neighbour," Rev. S. A. R. Wood of Thornhill, whose picture appears on the front page. It marked the beginning of a new era for his congregation — that of Trinity Church, Thornhill. On Good Friday services were held for the first time in the old church on its new site and a dream which had inspired the congregation for many months became a reality.

The church has been considerably enlarged since it was moved from its old location on Yonge Street, where it had stood for over a century. It needed to be. When Mr. Wood came to Thornhill in 1945, 115 families called Trinity their spiritual home. Now nearly double that number — 210 to be exact — are adherents.

Mr. Wood started his travelling early in life. He was born in England, where his father was attending Queen's College at Cambridge, and to which country his mother travelled to get married. Brought back to their native land, Newfoundland, at an early age, the future rector of Thornhill received his early education in its capital, St. John's, went on to Memorial University College there, then went to the University of Toronto, where he secured his Bachelor of Arts degree. Theological training at Wycliffe College followed.

After his ordination in June, 1936, he was curate at the Church of St. Alban the Martyr in Toronto. Next followed three years at the parish where so many Church of England ministers have made their start — Kinnmount. A little bit of school-mastering accompanied his next appointment — that of rector at Lakefield — where he was also a part time master at the well-known Lakefield Preparatory School, in addition to being chaplain of the school.

From Lakefield he moved to Thornhill in 1945. A charter member of Thornhill and District Lions Club, he was its first secretary. In addition he has played an active part in all its activities, particularly in connection with its educational program.

While at the University of Toronto Mr. Wood was editor-in-chief of Torontoensis, the University's year book. He also admits to have played on the soccer team there.

Mrs. Wood is also a Newfoundlander. The couple have three children — two girls and a boy.

From The Hilltop

A COLUMN OF VIEWS AND OBSERVATIONS

(By F. J. Picking)

In most newspaper offices there's a book known as the "call book." In ordinary social life it would be known as an "engagement book." In it, day after day, are entered the events to come which must be covered by the paper's staff in the never-ending gathering of news. Those events — in a fast-growing and busy district like that of Richmond Hill and its surrounding territory, come thick and fast. A harassed editor finds himself at times bedevilled by the question as to how to cover three council meetings, two ratepayers association gatherings and sundry other events at one time with the limited staff at his disposal. But somehow or other the job gets done. And miraculously every now and again there comes an evening when he is free to go to the show or go out and play with the boys. At least that's what he thinks — until, just as he is sneaking out, comes the call that tells of a highway crash or a fire or something of that sort which has to be covered. And, believe me, that's when religious training counts.

But behind the cold, scribbled entries of events which fill up the pages of the call book lie many things. Recollections of long, boring meetings. Memories of heart-warming occasions when a step forward in the history of a business, a church, an organization or an individual provided a happy item for next week's paper. Mental pictures of the tragedies, of the triumphs, of the victories and disasters which form the pattern of life for a community and its dwellers therein. Just entries — yes — but each one of them something more than a few scribbled words. Each one a bit more than the warning signal of another job of work to be done.

For behind those entries lie the story of human beings, their work, their hopes, their aspirations. It may be only the item which reminds that a council meeting must be attended — a meeting where the undramatic, far-from-sparking subject of a new sewerage system is to be discussed. Yet behind that mundane topic lies a far, far bigger story — the story of the growth and progress of a community which has, willy-nilly, shaken off the short pants of its earlier days — which is seeking to provide the raiment of its mature years.

Day after day it happens. Behind the entry which lists the date of a school board meeting lies the tale of an indomitable people concerned with the future of their children, sparked with the determination that those children shall have the best chance that can be given them. Back of the warning that a rate-

payers meeting is to be held stands the story of a growing district which is working day and night, through doubts, difficulties and sometimes quarrels, to achieve the objective of a community hall where its residents may carry on their varied activities. So the tale goes.

And back of those entries lies an even greater thing — friendship. For, as one goes the rounds; from council chamber to burned-out cottage, one learns that the milk of human-kindness is far from dried up — meets day after day those who start as names and entries in a book — who finish up as friends and collaborators.

Another call book is closing — and it demands a few words of a personal nature. Another one is to be opened, as most of my readers now know, in a town a few miles away where opportunity has presented itself. The decision to seize that opportunity has been very far from easy. It has meant the severance of ties which have come to be part of the warm pattern of life. But the decision has been made.

So — in one sense — this is goodbye. But fortunately miles are short and memories long. The link isn't to be completely broken. It is my firm hope that in the overall growth of this area to the north of Toronto it may even be strengthened.

It's been hard work, but it's been fun, this job of being Managing Editor of The Liberal. And for that my sincere thanks to those many, many friends who have made it so. Once on a time they might have been names on a call book — today my life is better and happier because I've been privileged to be with them in their homes, their businesses, their organizations, as people instead of names. Nobody could have had better friends and better help than the people of this district have given me in the doing of my job. For that, and to you all, my deepest thanks.

In conclusion a special word of thanks, to those who have, in another sense, been associated with me in the production of The Liberal. From publisher to printer's devil, they have given me a co-operation which any man might envy. It has been the paper's privilege in recent months to receive national awards and acclaim of a soul-satisfying type. And for that appreciation is due to those whose pay envelopes depend on their jobs — but who have not put into those jobs something more than professional and mechanical abilities — a pride in craftsmanship, a loyalty, that has risen over and above the call of duty.

So long, everybody — and thanks again.



SUNDAY AFTERNOON

THE SET OF THE SAILS

One of the greatest of Bible commentators was Matthew Henry; here is a charming story about him, or rather about his parents. His father, Philip Henry, was a young Presbyterian minister in Cheshire, England, when he fell in love with a Miss Matthews, a member of a well-established wealthy family. Philip Henry was well received by Miss Matthews but her father objected. Dissenting ministers did not have much social standing and he felt sure the daughter could do better.

"I have no objection to Mr. Henry on personal grounds," said the girl's father. "No doubt he is a brilliant scholar and a good man but he is a stranger and we do not know where he comes from." "We do not know where he comes from," agreed the girl, "but we know where he is going and I want to go with him."

The encouraging word for all of us is that it is the underlying purpose that is important. The girl's answer was much more than a smart quip; it was a statement of a fundamental religious truth. Our religion is one of motive of inwardness and what we are trying to do — striving after — is what counts. Judged by outward appearances, many a life might well be considered a failure, but to the great Searcher of Hearts, it may appear quite different.

It was a favourite illustration of Henry Ward Beecher's that the Church was intended to do for a man's soul what a hospital did for his body. People united with the Church, he insisted, not because they were better than other people but in order that they might become better than they were. When John Wesley formed his early societies two centuries ago, he instructed his helpers to receive all who "had a desire to flee from the wrath to come." He laid the emphasis, not on credal statements, nor on a mature spiritual experience, but on the desire of their hearts, the trend of their lives. Both Beecher and Wesley would have agreed with what T. G. Selby said: "Men and women, are brought into the church to be watched over, admonished and cared for, helped to their feet again when they stumble and not to be show converts to gratify church pride."

It is the trend of life that is the only true test of character. In spite of their inconsistencies Abraham, Jacob, and David had their faces turned to the light, and although it was often obscured, it was for them the beckoning gleam. This is beautifully illustrated in the story of Peter's restoration (John 21: 15-17). This was the first meeting between Jesus and Peter since that shameful denial in the courtyard. Yet Jesus made no reference to it, but what he did insist upon was to know whether Peter still loved him. Jesus knew that Peter was a much better man than the scene in the courtyard might suggest. The trend of Peter's life was toward God in Jesus Christ.

Where there is a deep-seated purpose, failure and apparent defeat can be made a means of spiritual advance. Trouble can be used to strengthen and purify character. Suffering can be made to serve noble spiritual ends. How much of sympathy and sincerity many owe to their seeming misfortunes. Yet affliction in itself cannot make a man better. Suffering impoverishes some characters. It makes them despair or perhaps it causes them to become cynical. Everything depends upon the way people meet trouble. No two persons, meeting the same trial, would find it the same. The experience which makes one man stern and cruel would in another bring out gentleness, tenderness and a passionate desire to help others.

One ship drives east, another drives west, While the self-same breezes blow; 'Tis the set of the sails, and not the gales, That bids them where to go.

Our quotation today is by Robert F. Scott: "The soul of man is greater than anything that can happen to him."