

The Liberal



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Reform Needed

Under the heading "Town Tax Chaos" the Editor of The Durham Chronicle deplores the growing tendency of grants from one level of government to another and suggests the need for more independence for municipal administrations.

"It is usually assumed," says The Chronicle, "that the House of Commons is the highest level of government in Canada; next comes the Provincial Legislature; and somewhere far below is the Municipal Council."

But there is no clear division between the levels. The Federal Government is delving ever deeper into provincial affairs. And the Provincial Government is getting more and more involved in the business of the local municipality.

Although a town or township pays more than half the cost of building roads, it must have each project approved by the province before starting. A local municipality may pay more than half the cost of education, but the province makes the rules regarding curriculum, staff qualifications, and building facilities.

The local municipality agrees to do as the province says in order to collect grants of money.

Our entire tax structure is becoming hopelessly tangled. Last year the ten provinces collected approximately two billions of dollars, 25 per cent, of which was from other governments — mostly the federal. The provinces, in turn, paid out about \$350 millions to local municipalities.

Not all municipal officials are happy about their relationships with the other levels of government. Irving C. Pink, of Yarmouth, President of the Union of Nova Scotia Municipalities,

suggests the three types of government should join in a partnership so that one could speak to the other as an equal.

"Isn't it time," asks Mr. Pink, "that we had a municipal Statute of Westminster" so that everyone could see that our Municipal Governments are independent and do not need to take their hat in hand to ask other governments for anything . . . ?"

The present system of grants to municipalities, however, works against local independence. Candidates for municipal office often boast about how much they have collected or can collect from the province. The apparent ability to get extra grants is often a major factor in electing a reeve or mayor.

Under the circumstances it is easy to see why local officials look upon Queen's Park as a place to go seeking gifts. Grants are becoming increasingly important to cities, towns and townships. Perhaps it is appropriate that municipal elections should be held at the time of year when Santa Claus is making up his gift list.

There is evidence of a growing sentiment throughout Ontario in favour of a thorough and complete revision of our system of municipal administration and taxation. District High School Board Chairman H. W. Sayers in his annual report asked that thought be given to some new method of financing the increased costs of education. Reeve John Perry of Vaughan in his inaugural address suggested that school boards be given the responsibility of levying taxes as well as spending taxpayers' money. It is time the provincial government gave some real thought to a complete overhaul of our municipal system and system of taxation.



Policemen are among my favorite people. They have been ever since my early reporting days when I was a stringer for one of Canada's largest newspapers. If it hadn't been for the police I would never have made the Royal Tour.

Loaded with credentials, copy paper, and aspirin I eased myself into my coach seat on a recent morning before the dawn had broken into a pink glow on the horizon. In a few hours I would be aboard the Royal Train. At least that was the way the plan was laid down.

When I heard the conductor announce that our coach would be held up on a siding outside Toronto to let the Royal Train pass on its way to Hamilton, my heart sank. I was supposed to be in Hamilton well ahead of Her Majesty. I began to put my ingenuity to work for I couldn't afford to sit on a siding indefinitely.

Any newspaper person can tell you there are more ways than one to skin a cat.

My tale of woe gained the sympathetic ear of the conductor who introduced me to another CNR official also en route to Hamilton. I didn't realize it at that moment, but this civvie-garbed gentleman was later to be a uniformed member of the security guard.

All police officers are reticent about making promises. After gruffly advising me to get off the train at the siding and grab a taxi to drive me to Hamilton, my knight of the rails said there was a possibility there might be room for me in the car that was meeting him, to get me to my destination.

When the early morning train ground to a halt we were a mile from the station. The conductor gallantly lifted me down from the high step onto the crushed stone roadbed of the adjacent tracks. I minced tortuously on high, spike heels behind a stalking mountain of a man. He was solicitous enough to glance over his shoulder every once in a while and ask if I was all right. "Fine, fine," I assured him as I cursed those heels, two blisters, a wrenched ankle and an empty stomach that ached for a hot cup of coffee.

Luckily the rabbit's foot in my pocket began to pay off. When we reached the station one of the five gentlemen who was to roll over the highway, was a superintendent of investigation for Canadian National. Royalty had nothing on me that morning as I sat cozily between a great brawny policeman and the superintendent. From here on my troubles were all on their shoulders.

The driver told me he had been to Mass early that morning to offer a little prayer for a safe journey. Believe me we needed it, for the main artery road between Toronto and Hamilton was torn up for miles in unholly confusion. We made detour after detour as smoothly as though we were riding on a magic carpet. When we drove up in front of the station at Hamilton, a wave of my companion's hand and I was spirited through security lines in a matter of minutes. I forgot my aching feet and empty stomach as I stood with a battery of photographers eight feet from the Queen of Canada.

When the ceremony of greeting by Hamilton's Mayor and council was at an end, the hardest working individual I have met in some time (Frank Clarke, of the Royal Tour information staff) escorted me aboard the train. I say hardest working because for the duration of my stay with the Royal Train, I heard his name chanted constantly. He told me he was a sort of Major Domo for the tour and I soon realized it was no cinch trying to meet the demands of a trainload of temperamental people.

My housewifely instincts were thrilled with the train arrangements. Not only the Queen's comfort and that of Prince Philip had been considered, but that of her staff, a carload of Mounted Policemen, sixty reporters and photographers, plus the crew. Though that train must have seemed to the Queen like living in a vest pocket after Buckingham Palace, the CNR had obviously omitted nothing that would contribute to a happy journey.

Lounge, bedroom and bath, charming dining arrangements and a lighted platform where she could wave to her loyal subjects, were all amazingly cozy in spite of their necessary compactness. I found the secret of the Queen's wrinkle-free frocks and the ease in Philip's trousers was the well-equipped pressing and baggage car, a dream come true for the Queen's dresser and the Prince's valet.

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FACT FOR THE WEEK:

"Strong attack is being made on the virus possibility in Toronto. Even using a minute microscope we find cancer can be caused by something too small to be seen at all. In fluid, this can be filtered and still start the disease."

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Notice to Creditors

In the Estate of Frances Ellen Richardson, late of the Town of Richmond Hill, Retired School Teacher, deceased.

All persons having claims against the Estate of Frances Ellen Richardson, late of 121 Yonge Street North, Richmond Hill, Ontario, who died on or about the 26th day of March, 1958, are hereby notified to send particulars of same to the undersigned on or before the 23rd day of July, 1959, after which date the Estate will be distributed, with regard only to the claims of which the undersigned shall then have notice, and the undersigned will not be liable to any person of whose claim they shall not then have notice.

Dated at Toronto this twenty-third day of June, 1959.

Alice Jane Thomson, Administratrix of the Estate of Maggie Winifred Richardson, deceased, who was the Executrix of the Estate of Frances Ellen Richardson

by her solicitors, Mulock, Milliken, Clark & Redman, 711 Dominion Bank Building Toronto 1, Ontario

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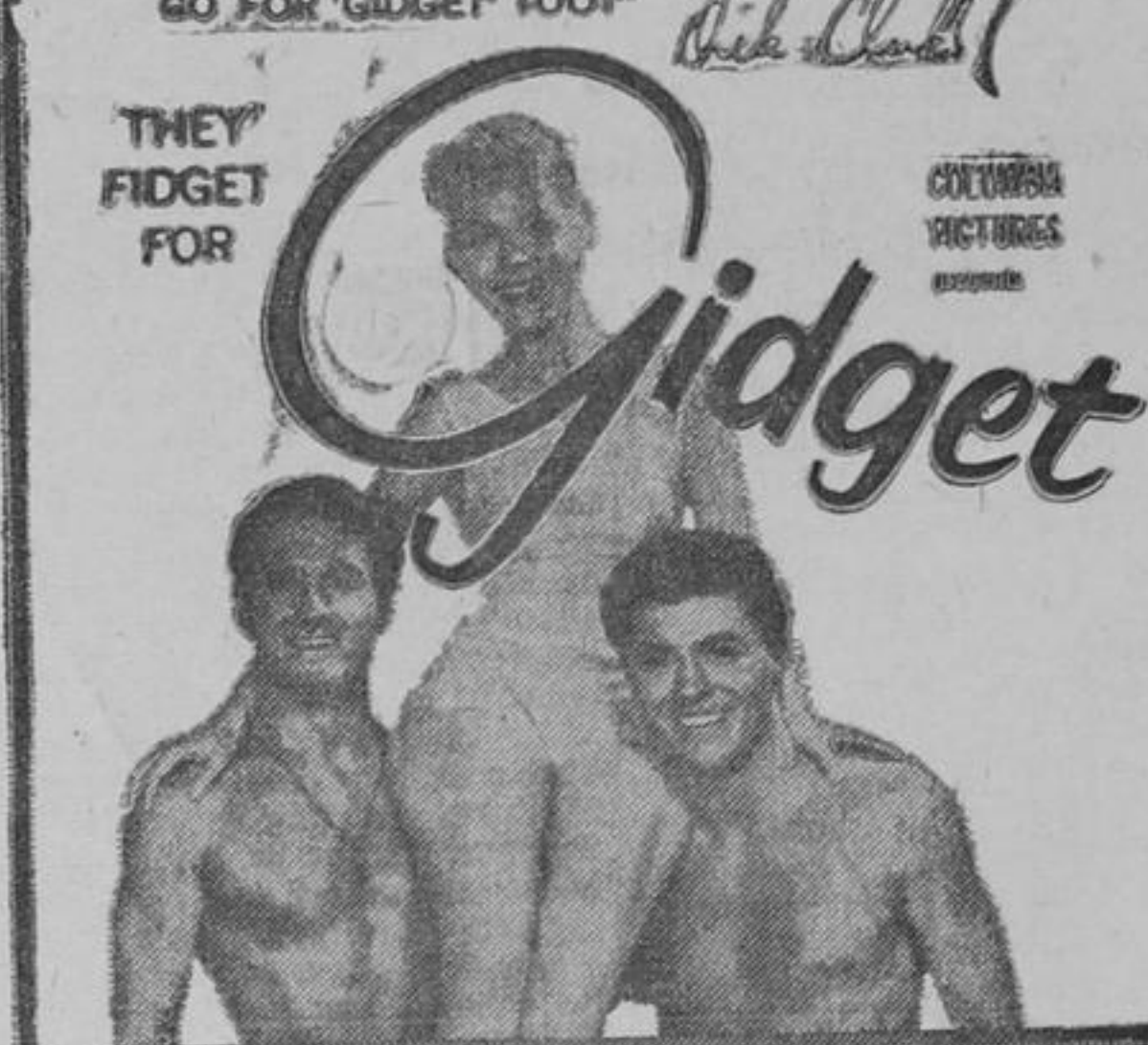


Produced by Dino De Laurentiis. Cast: Van Heflin, Silvana Mangano, Viveca Lindfors, Geoffrey Horne.

Mon., Tues., Wed. - July 20, 21, 22

DICK CLARK goes for Gidget

"HEY GANG, I JUST SAW A MOVIE THAT'S THE GREATEST! IT'S ALL ABOUT A CUTE TEEN AND HER FABULOUS SUMMER WITH THE SURF-BOARDERS AT MALIBU BEACH. IT'S THE FIRST MOVIE I'VE EVER ENDORSED. I'M SURE YOU'LL GO FOR 'GIDGET' TOO!"



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Matinee Wednesday 2 p.m.

Weekly Newspaper Convention

We're taking this space this week to salute our colleagues of the weekly press who are holding their 40th annual convention in Regina.

Editors and publishers of weekly newspapers from Newfoundland to Vancouver Island have gathered in the famed prairie city to discuss the problems that confront them in this highly mechanized, rapidly changing world.

And those of you who are not familiar with the weeklies may wonder how they survive the competition of the big dailies, the national news magazines and radio and TV.

The answer is simple: Your weekly editor has changed with the times, and so continues to fill an important role in the communications network of his community.

He does the job of providing accurate local news and opinion in a way that meets the high technical and cultural standards of today's modern reader.

Gone are the days of the casual deadline and the "gone fishin'" sign, which were mainly fables, anyway. Today, the weekly editor has one of the biggest and busiest jobs in the publishing field.

He not only has to compete for business against new and powerful media, but he has to do an ever improv-

ing job of reporting local news and interpreting his community to itself. Our higher education and living standards make this mandatory.

And the men and women who are gathered in Regina would be the last to claim that they are masters of the situation. In fact, they're attending the 40th annual meeting of the Canadian Weekly Newspapers Association to listen to experts and to swap suggestions among themselves on how to do a better job.

One of the things they have done collectively through the CWNA is to set up a series of awards for excellence in the weeklies to encourage editors and publishers to strive for greater improvement and to recognize those who are making the grade.

They have, through CWNA, set up their own promotion and public relations program to tell their story.

And at this 40th annual meeting they undoubtedly will take further action to help them do a better job for their readers and advertisers.

It is for this reason we ask you to join us in our salute to them. It may seem that we're tooting our own horn a bit. But we feel they've done a great job to date — and are trying to do better in the future. And that's good for all of us.

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FACTS and FAITH

A weekly Comment On

Christian Life And Action

- By Calvin H. Chambers -



I like the Oxford Dictionary's definition of the word "spontaneous". It means "unforced, done without compulsion or restraint, unpremeditated." When you look into the life of the early Church, you see this spirit of spontaneity prevailing almost everywhere.

The people were so full of joy of the Lord, so transformed by the power of Christ's indwelling presence, that they were more than eager to support the spread of the Gospel, and the local work of the Church. The spirit of the Sermon on the mount had taken hold of all their actions. They were willing to "walk the second mile", to turn the other cheek, to sacrifice joyfully. There was a reckless abandonment of self and personal concerns to the wider task of serving Jesus Christ through the fellowship of His Church.

How can we have this spirit as we seek to serve our Lord in this day and generation? We must realize first and foremost that spontaneous service is motivated by a real love and personal commitment to the Lord. It is our fellowship with God through Christ, that supplies the spontaneous desire to serve God through the Church. The word

"service" in classical Greek literature means to "render service to the state". But the Bible points out that man's highest service must be rendered to the Lord.

To be a servant is to be employed in the service of someone. We speak, for example, of government employees, as civil servants. The relationship which exists between us and our employer makes all the difference to the way we work. If a man is working for someone he does not like, who mistreats him and is unfair, his work will certainly lack spontaneity. But if a man works for someone who is fair, generous, thoughtful and understanding, the very opposite reaction is stimulated.

Thus the Christian is one who serves the Lord spontaneously because he recognizes all that has been done for him. He does not serve Christ because the Church is a good community institution; or because he wants to preserve the heritage of the past, or because the Church is a good organization to belong to. The true Christian serves because he has accepted what the Lord has done for him. Without the love of Jesus Christ reaching into our lives, where would we be? What

would we be like? It is because God has so graciously sought after us through Christ, seeking to win us to Himself, that the Christian willingly seeks to serve His Lord.

A person must be rightly related to God, if his service is to be spontaneous. We can only be rightly related to God if we have cast ourselves completely upon Him, depending upon His grace to cleanse us from sin, and to create within us new attitudes and new desires. We must accept His gift to us of Jesus Christ, before we can offer to Him the gift of our service. The person who serves spontaneously is one whose life has been touched by the living God. He has responded to that touch and knows that life will be different from now on.

History bears witness to the fact that men and women who have yielded to the Word of God, have embarked upon lives of service to their fellowman. We think of such outstanding names as Lord Shaftsbury who fought for the abolition of child labour, Florence Nightingale who served courageously the forces during the Crimea War, of Elizabeth Fry who pioneered for better prison conditions for women. Of Kagawa, Schweitzer and others who have served oft times under adverse circumstances, because their hearts had been touched by the love of God.

Why do true Christians serve? Because they recognize all that God has done for them in Christ. Wherever you find spontaneous service you will find men and women who are saying "Thank you" to God, for His sacrificial love, and all the blessings of His new life.