

# The Liberal

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## Sidewalks not there to catch road snow

It's still a long way from summer, but at least it's reassuring to hear the local and area motorists gunning up and down the town's main street in their vehicles, at about the same pace as if it were.

You'd hardly know there'd been any snow at all this winter, so quick has been the town works department to see that each, solitary snowflake that fell, was gathered up immediately and carted off to that big melting pot in the sky.

With everyone dependent on their motor vehicles for transportation, it was imperative that the town give them the works, so to speak.

And, of course, for that we are all truly grateful.

However, in their haste to keep the streets clear of winter fallout, the town — to say nothing of local businessmen — have forgotten that the sidewalks are not just their to catch the spray from the snow

plows.

They are, as any slush-covered pedestrian will tell you, there to provide easy and accessible passageway for people making their way by foot.

Unfortunately, to make one's way now, one needs a pair of skis attached to those same feet. The sidewalks have more ice and snow on them than a hockey player hit simultaneously by Tiger Williams and Brian Glennie.

But they needn't be that way. With those periods of mild weather that come along, most of that snow and ice could be cleared off by the mayor and a couple of his councillors — the sidewalk in front of the town hall is as bad as any — with a couple of whisks and a dust pan.

Next time it snows, let's hope the mayor et al give a thought to the sidewalks as well as the streets.

Maybe they could even pretend it was election time and everybody had to walk to the polls.

## We're violent

The auditors report on the expenses of the LaMarsh Commission on Violence in the Communications Industry shows a staggering cost of \$2,026,245 to the

taxpayers... including a taxi bill of \$5,315.

If that isn't enough to make poor-suffering Joe Public violent, what is?



**yesterdays**  
by mary dawson

## The rebels head south

And so it was that on December 4, 1837, the rebels from Holland Landing, Sharon and Lloydtown passed through Richmond Hill and Thornhill on their way to the mustering at Montgomery's Tavern, to the concern of supporters of the Family Compact in this area.

This led to the ill-fated ride of Colonel Robert Moodie who was accompanied by his son-in-law and Colonel David Bridgford.

Moodie was shot and killed as he attempted to ride through the three lines of pickets set up by the rebels in the vicinity of Montgomery's Tavern, but his companions escaped and by a circuitous route managed to carry warning of the rebel concentration to Toronto.

Meanwhile, Captain Anthony Anderson, of the rebels, had captured Alderman William Powell and he and Joseph Shepard were escorting their prisoner back to Montgomery's.

However, Powell had managed to retain two loaded pistols and falling behind Anderson shot him dead and fled. Shepard fired his rifle but missed Powell, who also reached Sir Francis Bond Head to give warning of the rebellion.

By noon Tuesday, December 5, the rebels had decided to march on Toronto, their ranks

augmented by 60 prisoners forced to go along under David Gibson's supervision.

At Gallows' Hill (St. Clair and Yonge) they were met by Dr. John Rolph and Robert Baldwin, prominent reformers, under a white flag who offered the rebels complete amnesty if they dispersed.

During the negotiations the rebel force reached the toll gates at Bloor Street.

Rolph and Baldwin went back to report to Bond Head and Mackenzie and his men burned the house of a governor of the Bank of Upper Canada.

Meanwhile Samuel Lount had led another rebel force towards the city and met a loyalist picket led by Sheriff William Jarvis. The sheriff's men fired once and the rebels replied, their front rank falling on their faces to let those behind fire a second volley.

But those in the rear thought the front rank had all been killed and took to their heels in panic flight.

Wednesday, waiting for reinforcements and their senior military leader Colonel Van Egmond to arrive, the rebels sent a party to intercept the westbound mail and take government dispatches,

while the remainder of the men drilled and rested.

Loyalist forces had been reinforced by militia from Hamilton and Scarborough and were placed under the command of Colonel James Fitzgibbon.

Thursday Van Egmond arrived and a council of war was held at Montgomery's Mathews and 60 men were sent to burn the Don Bridge and intercept the mail stage from the east.

They captured the stage and marched into the city along King Street to be met by a party of militia. Retreating, the rebels burned the toll gate and other buildings.

During the day the loyalist forces were built up to about 1,000 men. Led by Bond Head, Col. Fitzgibbon and Col. Allan MacNab from Hamilton they marched up Yonge Street, accompanied by two bands and two cannons.

The main body of rebels hid in a belt of woods half a mile south of Montgomery's and just west of Yonge. Others were stationed on both sides of that thoroughfare and 200 unarmed men remained at Montgomery's.

The two cannons were brought into play from the top of the hill just north of the present Mount Pleasant cemetery. The cannon balls struck the tavern, the loyalists advanced at the double and the rebels fled in disorder.

Montgomery's was burned and so was Gibson's home in Willowdale as ordered by Bond Head.

Van Egmond hid in Joseph Shephard's farm home but was captured and died in prison. Mackenzie escaped from the Shepard farm and eventually to the United States.

Mathews was picked up at the home of John Duncan on Steeles Avenue and was hanged along with Lount at Toronto jail the following April. Gibson, Montgomery, two Shepard brothers and Lloyd also escaped to the States where Lloyd died, the others returning to Canada on being pardoned in 1843.

## By Bob Rice

# Here's what you left on the shelves

**By BOB RICE**

The turkey has been picked clean and pine needles are starting to fall on the family room carpet. The dark green garbage bags are filled with torn wrapping paper and the family box of chocolates is almost empty.

I trust you had as nice a Christmas as we enjoyed and that all went well.

Now, before the onslaught of New Year's, comes the time known as the post-Christmas sales. I guess you all know the way it works... prices are slashed on all of those things that nobody wanted anyway or on that one special item that you scrimped and saved for over the preceding 12 months and paid top dollar for.

I took my little Japanese Jaguar for a spin around town yesterday and had a look at what was being offered in the way of bargains at many of the local stores and malls.

There was the usual assortment of wrapping paper and ribbons that I will kick myself for not buying come next December but I noticed too some very unusual items that, for one reason or another, never captured the shoppers' interest.

One merchant was offering a special deal on a do-it-yourself tank. Now, this nifty item includes all of the necessary parts required to build a 3/4 scale working model of the famous Patton Tank. How this gift was overlooked by all of you is beyond my comprehension.

Just think of it... no more traffic jams on the Parkway... if you get stuck you can either blast your way out or drive right over the cars blocking you.

Another bargain that caught my eye was an electric banana peeler. This neat little gadget (the store owner said he had only 764 left) takes a full size Chiquita and completely peels it in less than four seconds.

No more squishing the end of the fruit while you try to get the first tear going with this wonder of the kitchen... I just can't understand why they didn't sell.

Most of the toy shelves are empty, no more Baby Come Back or Star Trek dolls. I did take note, though, of a few that were passed over by the harried shoppers.

I, for one, thought that one manufacturer had a real winner in The Bionic Aardvark.

This battery run plastic creation not only ran up and down your carpet, it could also spit ants out of its long nose.

And why, oh why, didn't the Captain Spacehead Pulser Pistol sell? Here is a toy every kid would give his Farrah poster for.

In addition to being able to shoot a beam of light around corners and cause interference on your cable TV converter, it also featured an auxiliary powermate control that would allow

the user to flush the toilet from as far away as 50 feet.

While strolling through the hardware department I came across a special on Deck and Blacker Bointers. The salesman tried to demonstrate the bointer to me but, for some reason or other, it just wouldn't boint.

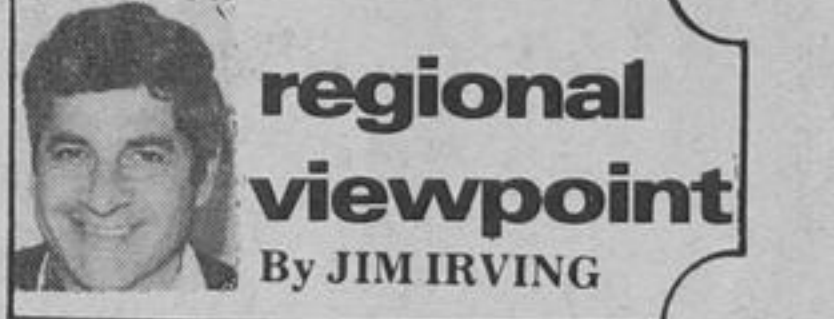
The drills drilled, the routers routed but try as he may he couldn't get the darn bointer to boint. I hope that he finally gets it to work... he must have at least 500 of them left in stock.

The automotive store was running its annual special on studded tires while down the street a jeweller had knocked 50 per cent of a solid gold Santa Claus with diamond eyes and a ruby for a nose.

By the time I got home I had seen enough. Specials on Jello-filled water beds (for those who like a snack before going to sleep) and digital alarm clocks that play The Battle Hymn of The Republic by Dion and The Belmonts were not my cup of tea.

I'll be back again though next year... same time... same stores. Who knows... maybe by then that salesman might get that Bointer working.

All the best in 1978 and, as the ol' Millpond Philosopher once said, 'when the times get going rough... buy a new watch'.



**regional viewpoint**  
By JIM IRVING

# Any accomplishment is a bonus

A year or so ago, a nephew of mine bemoaned the fact that he had turned 19; despite the fact he was bright and personable, and had been voted the best looking member of his class, he somehow felt that old age had finally caught up with him.

I was completely nonplussed. How could he feel so? I couldn't remember any great reaction all during those so-called crucial age changes — 21-30 — 39-40. I still had two arms, two legs and two eyes, and on certain good days, some of the younger girls even called me "Jim" and not "sir."

So why would a young fellow of 19, with the world at his door, suddenly fret about his age?

That was last year. Now, however, I've reached an age where I do suddenly sit up and shrink. And I can very well understand why one cringes on achieving this particular plateau.

I say achieved, because just getting there represents some sort

of achievement, considering there's no blueprint handed out at the beginning. And even if there were, we'd ignore it for the most part, anyway.

So, if you're lucky, you make it one way or another — a lot of people don't — and if you do reach that exalted state, you now find out just how vulnerable you are to every negative thing set down by nature and man.

Or so you're told a few hundred times a day via government notices, magazines and TV. Senility and this particular season, it seems, go hand in hand.

But it's easy to ignore the alarmists after the "first, initial" shock, as an officious lady once stated to me. I was about 19 or 20 and a friend of mine and I had dropped into an RCMP recruiting office.

Neither of us had any intention of joining — although we were both convinced we'd look pretty sharp in the red tunics — but we thought it

would be interesting to see what it was all about.

However, the lady and her "first, initial tests" and assorted phraseology eventually wore us out and we left.

No, the thing that constantly nags now, is where did all those years go and what did you do with them?

And did you really have any control over them, anyway?

Well, whether you did or not, you like to think you did. Maybe the bad ones were the result of some personal Bermuda-like triangle we all drift into once and awhile — well against our will, of course — but the good ones, surely — and there have been many — were the result of careful and skilled planning.

But whatever the reasoning, you know where you are now. And you're faced with some decided stocktaking, because you no longer have five, 10 or 20 years to criss-

cross up and down the street with.

And so, if you have anything else nagging away at you, you had best attend to it right away. Or, at least make a pretense of so doing.

So that is why I'm taking my leave, as well as a leaf from essayist E. B. White, who, some 40 years ago, took a year off from his writing job at The New Yorker to have a look about.

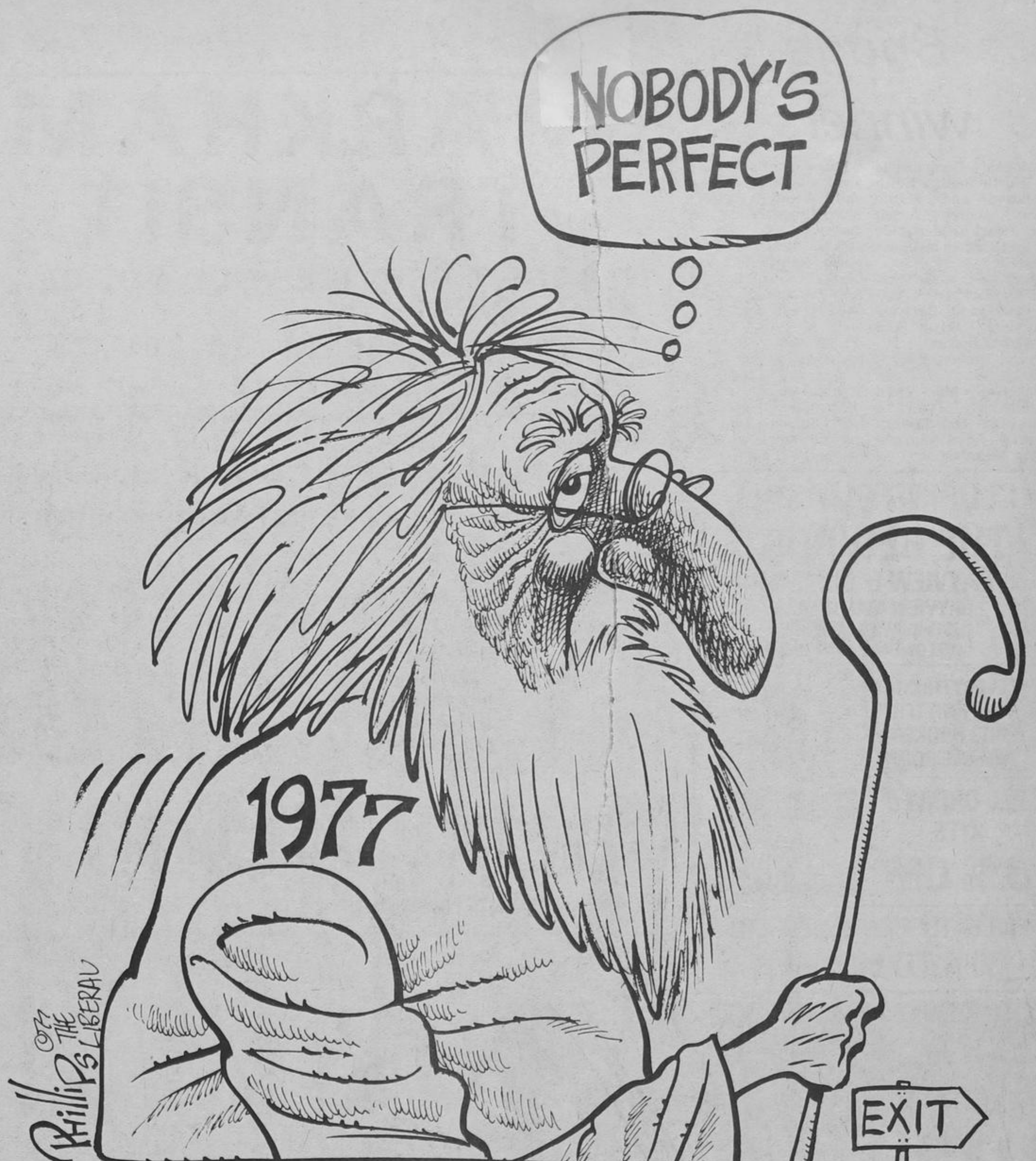
At the time, he said that maybe he'd do a bit of writing and a bit of this and a bit of that, but he wasn't promising anything. That way anything you accomplish is a bonus.

A perfect out.

In the newspaper business, when you come to the end of a story, you affix the figure "30."

It's been nice being 30 all these years, but as this will be my last story, I guess I'll finally have to add those other 20.

There, I did it. And it wasn't so hard after all.



## A good year?

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