

**Stouffville Tribune**

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**Notes and Comments**

**Help the New Officer**

Stouffville has a new constable, and everybody should give him loyal support. It is his duty to crack down on speeders, deal generously with clumsy parking, and generally he must see that town bylaws are observed in spirit. Too many of them are broken, and those that are obsolete should be discarded by the municipal council. It is not easy for a police officer to make himself popular, but a successful constable must have the faculty of getting on with the public.

**People Left it to the King Government**

Opposition party newspapers in Toronto are doing their best to stampede the King administration into introducing conscription for overseas, because of the overwhelming "yes" vote recently polled. They do not hesitate to distort the facts in the issue, which are that the favorable vote was given to free the hands of the government from their election promises, and leave the issue of conscription to the Government. The Globe and Mail and Evening Telegram want to decide the issue for Mr. King.

**Public Amazement Grows**

Nazi prisoners of war have again escaped from Bowmanville prison camp, all of which further increases the amazement in the minds of the public, as to what is wrong with the guard system. Are they incompetent, or is the command incapable of organizing his forces to do the job intended to be done, namely, to keep the German killers in confinement.

**Exempt York County from the Scheme**

Hon. Gordon Conant has made the suggestion that small claims now tried in Division Court should be heard before the police magistrate. Locally, this would entail a trip to Toronto for all persons implicated in such cases. Sometimes seven or eight witnesses and even more are called on these cases, all of whom would have to be transported to the city, whereas under the present set-up the judge would come to the country.

In Ontario county, of course, the situation might be different where the magistrate sits in the same centres as Division Court is held, and there might be some saving there, but in York County we believe it would be a mistake to delegate these cases to the magistrate's court, forcing all parties involved in cases to go to Toronto for a hearing.

**Comes The Pants**

With war industries calling for more and more women workers, and some feminine wearing apparel and accessories under manufacturing restrictions, many women in United States and Canada are renouncing skirts in favor of slacks. The popularity of the pants is growing as is evidenced by the increasing numbers that can be seen worn by women everywhere you go.

It is admitted that wearing overalls around machinery are less hazardous than skirts, give more adequate "coverage," longer wear because of stronger material and appear to be the sensible thing in a factory. The right thing in the right place.

But these colorful ensembles for street attire do not fit the landscape according to a man's viewpoint. In fact, the masculine idea is that a skirt is never wrong.

It is noted that girls employed in factory work at Stouffville have taken to the slacks, and quite so. They are safer and wear better in this kind of work.

**Curb On Speeding**

On May 1 the new 40 mile-an-hour speed limit for motor vehicles came into effect across Canada. Warning has been given that the law will be strictly enforced. It is hoped the public will co-operate as the object of the regulation is to conserve gasoline.

There has always been a section of the motoring public which has shown disregard for speed laws. In the days when the limit was 35 miles an hour in Ontario they were travelling 40 and 45 miles an hour. When the limit was raised to 50 miles they were in the habit of rushing along at 60 or better. It is to be hoped these individuals will be a little more patriotic. They should reduce speed having in mind that they are saving gasoline for the armed forces. Far better to take a little longer to reach a given destination than to cut down the air offensive over Germany through lack of gasoline.

It is noted that already there has been one charge laid in Stouffville for reckless driving on the Main thoroughfare. This should act as a deterrent for those who still persist in disregarding the law. In this regard it is interesting to note that in Georgina, where the 40 mile limit has been in force for some time, the key of the automobile is impounded for 24 hours if the car is caught going between 40 and 50 miles an hour. If the officer finds the car travelling over 50 miles an hour, the car is impounded for ten days. This has been found much more effective than court fines.



**SOUTHERN IRELAND GREEN AND NEUTRAL FEARS AN INVASION**

This is the 15th of a series of stories about a trip to London and return, taken by a group of Canadian newspaper men at the invitation of the British Government. It is written by Hugh Templin, who represented the Canadian Weekly Newspapers Association.

Every day of the six weeks or more spent away from home seemed to provide something new and different, but nothing was quite so unexpected as a two-day holiday in neutral Eire, or Southern Ireland. It was not by choice of mine. I would rather it had been Scotland, but this short, peaceful interlude in the only part of the Empire which stays neutral, was not only interesting, but I look back on it with pleasure.

It was a Tuesday afternoon when I left London, along with seven other Canadian editors. Our hosts put us on the train and bade us good-bye, sending us away with more presents—this time envelopes with enlarged pictures of ourselves during our travels in England.

That night was never to be forgotten. Two huge German land mines floated down out of the air and arrived in Bournemouth at the same time as we did. That experience has been discussed more fully in another of these stories.

I was up early the next morning, having slept fairly well on a mattress on the floor, in spite of the rasping sound of shovelling broken plate glass off the streets in the darkness. There was some difficulty about shaving in a bathroom full of broken glass and with only a dribble of cold, rusty water from one tap, but the lady manager of the wrecked hotel had her staff well enough organized to give me the best breakfast I had while in Britain.

The British Overseas Airways car picked me up at the hotel and drove through streets of stores without glass in the windows, and past English cottages looking out on the Channel, to Poole.

The next morning, while undergoing one more lengthy customs examination near the docks at Poole, the air raids sirens began to wail again. The natives looked on us with some suspicion. Air raids had been scarce in those parts, and this was the second in as many days. But I did not share their idea that these few Canadians were important enough for the Germans to send over raiders just to get us. Still it did add a bit of excitement to be going out in a trim motor boat, through the waters of Poole Harbor, dodging the seaplane traps and mine fields, to where the winged battleship of the air, the Short Sunderland flying boat, "Champton," rode at anchor.

In the draw for seats, I landed in what was called the spar compartment of the ship. I was all alone in a fair-sized room, full of baggage and sacks of mail. The seat was comfortable, and the steward came and served an excellent meal on light plastic dishes. But though we flew for two hours and a half over what is probably some of the most interesting scenery, I saw nothing at all: the two windows were painted over with thick black paint.

I hadn't realized, on the trip from New York to Lisbon to England, how difficult it is to travel around wartime Europe. In a way that was little short of miraculous, as I learned later, the British Council had waved aside the difficulties on that trip.

The return voyage wasn't quite so easy. As I sat alone in the spar compartment of the huge "Champton," I read a little booklet issued to wartime travellers by the British Overseas Airways, and marvelled that I had got out of England at all. Our good ship would refuel in Ireland and take off for Portugal. The next morning, I would be in Lisbon and by Sunday, I would be home in Canada—or

so I thought.

Truly the Emerald Isle. It was early afternoon when the great ship glided down to the water so carefully that there wasn't even a noise in the ears. I stepped out into the daylight again.

We were in the estuary of the Shannon river at Foynes, Ireland. On the river bank, two hundred yards away, was a big concrete and timber pier, with a neat little customs house at the land end. Behind that were two or three buildings where a couple of railway cars were being loaded with peat. On both sides of the river were hills, just as green as ever they had been described. So this was Ireland!

I never ceased to admire the fast launches of the British Overseas Airways. It took only a few minutes to reach land. The wait in the customs house seemed unnecessary, but when the examination took place, it was brief and informal. Men in green put a few chalk marks on my brief case and club bag, already decorated with an imposing array of airline stickers and official seals. They made one more entry in my passport.

None of us knew that we were to stay overnight in Ireland instead of going on to Lisbon. When an official broke the news, we did not like it. The countryside was green enough, but uninviting.

Two modern buses waited outside. The only thing unusual was the name of the company printed in two languages, English and the strange old text of the Gaelic language. Not till then did I realize that Southern Ireland was bi-lingual. "Sure," says an Irishman, "he can be illiterate in two languages now!"

It was a drive of twenty miles to Adare, where we were to spend the night, but the roads were winding and narrow, with walls along each side, and plenty of stones still left in the fields. The tiny whitewashed cottages were picturesque but poor. By the time we pulled into Adare, the speedometer must have indicated 30 miles at least.

Late that night, I walked with B. K. Sandwell and the constable of Adare, past a thatched cottage, past an old Norman tower, now part of a Catholic church, past ancient trees with six-foot trunks, and on down the main street of the village. The chief was full of Irish lore and a bit of a poet. He said that Adare was the most beautiful village in the whole world. Probably he's right.

A Strange and Ancient People. I went to Ireland with a prejudice against the country. I had just come from England, where the people were fighting for their lives and for the freedom of the world. Here, next door, was Ireland, not only neutral but refusing even the use of ports to fight submarines. Yet these Irish still enjoyed the privileges of Empire.

I came away with the feeling that Ireland is beautiful and the Irish people are kindly, hospitable, but beyond the understanding of a Canadian with Scottish blood. Here in Sweet Adare, the Irish people did not seem to understand what was going on in the world today. They lived in the far past. One might have thought that Cromwell had come that way just last year and laid waste the old Black Abbey and the Franciscan Abbey and the White Abbey, not forgetting Desmond Castle, down by the stone bridge over the river.

Of course, De Valera boasts that Ireland will defend itself against any attack, from any source. It's rather pitiful. Down by the bridge, there were some tank traps. At least, that was evidently what they were intended to be. A Bren gun carrier might have some difficulty knocking them down; a driver of a medium tank would hardly notice them.

In the last two weeks in England, the army had been on manoeuvres. The sight was impressive. In Ireland, too, the army held manoeuvres. Word had been sent to Adare to have food enough on hand on Friday for a couple of battalions, but they did not come. The following Monday, they arrived. There was no food. Asked why they didn't come on Friday, the

**KELLY GETS THE MONEY**

The road from Uxbridge to Greenbank is being resurfaced this year, work starting last week. Uxbridge is fortunate, indeed, to have a Frank Kelley who can get things for his ridings in times like these, when the government from whom he can get money has slashed even maintenance to a dribble all over Ontario for township roads.

It would be a nice thing if Mr. Kelley's riding were, extended into Stouffville so that the highway from Goodwood to Stouffville which takes the traffic from Greenbank on to Toronto could be surfaced.

colonel said it rained that day, so they postponed the exercises. Apparently the Irish don't realize yet that modern wars don't stop because it rains.

But though De Valera may speak of repelling any enemy, the people of Ireland know their danger, and admit frankly that they themselves are helpless to meet it. I talked with two mothers at the golf course, and they asked if I thought Hitler was going to attack Ireland. I wasn't very hopeful. One of them said she had three little boys at home.

The constable, a veteran of the last war, said that 150,000 men from Southern Ireland are in the British Active Forces. They slip away to Ulster to see a football game and forget to come back.

And down in the village pub one night, Grattan O'Leary of Ottawa, a pure blooded Irishman of the third generation in Canada, stepped in the lore and poetry of Ireland, waxed eloquent on our last night in the village. He said that Hitler was the Cromwell of today, going about burning churches. I missed that speech, but I know how eloquent Grattan can be and I wasn't surprised that he had the men of Adare all anxious to enlist at once against this modern destroyer of religion.

The Most Picturesque Village. I have said that the village constable thought Adare the most beautiful spot in all the world. That statement needs to be amplified.

The bus that took us to Adare drew up in front of a picturesque inn, the Dunraven Arms, the sign said. What a tiny hamlet like Adare did with a large inn like that was something of a mystery until I learned that it belonged to Lord Dunraven and was in peacetime to accommodate his hunting parties. Now it houses the passengers flying over the broad Atlantic. In the pages of its register there are many famous names. The inn was comfortable and not too modern. Its lounge was full of easy chairs and chesterfields. Sitting in front of a peat fire, waiting for afternoon tea and cakes, one could talk with ferry pilots, with men who knew Bagdad and Singapore and could compare their airfields with LaGuardia and Croyden. In that little Irish village, I was surprised to meet a young American pilot, now taking planes across the Atlantic, who was quite familiar with the landmarks of my own little town of Fergus. He had flown over it often.

I don't suppose anything as lovely as Adare "Just happened." I suspect that many Earls of Dunraven poured the profits of their Welsh mines into this village. I know that they rebuilt two of the ancient abbeys, presenting one to the Catholics and the other to the Anglicans. And they laid out their "demesne" so that there were views down elm-lined streets and past thatched cottages, with honeysuckle growing up the

(Continued on page 4)

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