

THE STOUFFVILLE TRIBUNE

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C. H. Nolan, Publisher

Jas. Thomas, Assoc. Editor

NOTES and COMMENTS

Stouffville Much-Favoured Community

Work is beginning this week on another major gift being made to the Stouffville Memorial Park by Arthur Latham whose generosity last year has surpassed any tangible gifts made here before and has made our community the envy of many.

Few centres in Ontario, large or small, can boast the park facilities and the arena which we have, but most of all can say that they have not cost the local taxpayers one cent.

The Stouffville Arena is the largest, or at least one of the largest contributors to the town tax coffers, and the park, thanks to Mr. Latham, is one of our greatest assets.

These facts are something to dwell upon and be thankful when one is inclined to grouch about rising taxes.

Defending Religious Liberty

In supporting the appeal of a member of the Jehovah Witness sect that religious liberty is a freedom all Canadians have a right to enjoy regardless of provincial boundaries, the federal department of justice is being true to the traditions established by the Quebec Act, the very first act passed for the government of Canada after the conquest of New France by the British.

The Quebec Act of 1774 established religious liberty in Canada, and there was none anywhere else in America. There was none even in England itself, or in most parts of Europe, where long and bloody wars had been fought between Protestants and Roman Catholics.

It was then that the British Parliament took a step unusually enlightened in those days of religious bigotry. It passed the Quebec Act, which, among other things, removed Canadian Roman Catholics from the provisions of the Test Act, which restricted Roman Catholics in every other part of the empire.

Canadians have reason to be proud that our country was one of the first in the world in which all men had equal rights regardless of the religion they professed. We have even more reason to be proud that this tradition has been cherished undimmed throughout the years, even though some of the sects that arose were more of a nuisance than an asset.

It is a sad commentary indeed that the very element in our population for whose freedom that first act was passed, the French Canadians, should now be the ones who are seeking to curb the liberty of others with whom they disagree.

Monotonous — But Necessary

One is sometimes tempted to allow depression to set in because of the constant repetition that seems to be part of our daily life.

Every newspaper is bombarded with exhortations to hurry its readers into becoming safety conscious, for example. One gets fed up with the monotony of such exhortations. There is a tendency to feel that everything printable on the subject has been printed and the task has already been finished.

Accidents, though, continue to happen. To all appearances death stalks the highways with supreme confidence that drivers will not learn that safety requires caution and he need not fear any lack of customers.

The history of the automobile is the history of a constantly increasing menace to public safety. The deliberate building of more and more power and more and more speed potentiality into automobiles must be done by the manufacturers with full knowledge that they are contributing to this increasing menace.

So it comes about that the monotony of repetition must be continued and papers, magazines, highway department, police officers, all must keep on dinning into public consciousness that the only way to be safe is to play safe. The repetition may be monotonous but it is obviously, even if hopelessly, necessary.

In this respect it seems possible that it resembles the preacher's exhortations from the pulpit. Week after week thousands of churches resound with the exhortation that congregations play it safe. We sometimes wonder if preachers sometimes feel the sense of futility that pervades the editorial atmosphere at times.

Wouldn't it be a grand thing if an epidemic of universal commonsense would overwhelm humanity so that the monotony of exhortation against careless driving, wickedness, and war would cease to be necessary?

REVERED INSPIRATION



Amateur Baby-Sitter

A FEW MONTHS AGO a lady in Saskatchewan asked me if I would repeat a story I wrote several years ago. The lady wrote in such gracious terms that I am glad to grant her wish; so here is the story.

THE GRANDPA we are thinking of just now is good-natured, and we like him, but he isn't much good as a baby-sitter. Mr. W. F. Fish, J.P., is a distinguished South African, and was once mayor of Cape Town. He was born in London, England, but went to South Africa when in his teens.

The Autobiography of a Counter-Jumper tells the story of his interesting life. When living in Capetown, Mr. Fish had a visit from his married daughter and her baby, who were living in the Transvaal.

His wife and daughter thought they would like to go out for the evening, so Mr. Fish gallantly offered to look after the baby. "Thanks Dad," said his daughter, "it is awfully good of you, but you won't have any trouble. Baby is such a sweet darling and seldom wakes up. If he does, just dip the rubber dummy in a little sugar, and he'll be right off to sleep before you know it."

HE GOT HIS SLIPPERS, some papers and a favourite book, and settled down for three or four hours of quiet pleasure. There was a tiny squeak. "That must be a motorist with a new kind of horn," he thought. Then there was another squeak — louder and longer and Grandpa realized that the baby had spoiled his record — he had not gone off to sleep. Soon he was screeching like a fog-horn. He yelled till he was blue in the face.

GRANDPA TOOK THE BABY UP and tried to sing it to sleep, but it didn't work. His mother had said the baby was an angel but Grandpa thought it was a very noisy angel. "We'll try the sugar again," he said to himself. So, more dips and more sugar and — more yells than ever. Grandpa had never heard such piercing and penetrating screams. He thought maybe a pin was hurting baby so he undid its clothing, and once having got them off, he couldn't put them on again. After half an hour baby was still naked and Grandpa bewildered and alarmed.

HE GOT SOME CLOTHES ON, or rather wrapped them around the baby, but nothing made any difference. The only time he stopped screaming was when he stopped for breath. Strange to say nothing made him worse than the dummy dipped in the saucer. Grandpa tried singing, "There's a friend for little children." His voice was drowned by the yelling.

AT LONG LAST — it seemed like ages — the family returned. "How is my little lamb?" asked his daughter. "He has never stopped screaming for three solid hours," replied Grandpa. "I did everything I could think of; hymns, songs and anthems; milk, bread, butter, cheese and sardines." Did you give him the dummy?" she asked. "I certainly did, and that seemed to make him madder than anything else."

SHE HURRIED UPSTAIRS and soon returned with the baby in her arms. "My poor little son," she sobbed, "No wonder you cried." Then to her father she said, "Who told you to dip the dummy in salt? You are inhuman Grandpa." He had mistaken salt for sugar and the baby's mouth was sore and blistered.

"I HAVE NEVER FORGOTTEN that evening," writes Mr. Fish. He made it up with his daughter and grandson, but he knows now that a man may be Lord Mayor of a great city but still a poor baby-sitter.

OUR QUOTATION TODAY is by Longfellow: "What the leaves are to the forest that to the world are children."

REPORT from PARLIAMENT

By Michael Starr, M.P., Ontario Riding

On Tuesday, April 26th and Wednesday, April 27th, the Premiers of the Provinces of Canada met with the Prime Minister to discuss an agenda for the Dominion-Provincial Conference, which will meet later on, this year, to discuss problems which will be accepted on this agenda. The largest delegation to attend this Conference was from the Province of Ontario, headed by Premier Frost and totalling 30 strong.

The Province of Ontario suggested an agenda of six points which included every problem now under discussion and consideration by various Governments in Canada.

One of the significant proposals was made by the Prime Minister of Canada, in which he indicated that the Federal Government was prepared to take care of the able-bodied unemployed through a program of relief, to which the Federal Government would be willing to participate to the extent of 30 percent of the total cost at present, and to increase this percentage to 40 percent if the situation worsened. This item was accorded a high priority in all proposals made by the Premiers of the various Provinces.

It was unanimously agreed that the present tax rental agreements between the Federal Government and the Provinces was not the final answer to the fiscal problems. It was agreed, however, that they are the best that it has been possible to work out in the past; but it is hoped that something better can be worked out at this Conference.

On Wednesday the Conference met in camera and no one was allowed to be present to hear the proceedings. My views on this Conference are similar to those of others, that a great deal of good will come out of this to all the people. It is to be hoped that they work out these problems in harmony and arrive at satisfactory conclusions. Instead of shifting the blame on these matters from one level of Government to another, they will have the opportunity now of evolving some amicable conclusion to every one of these problems.

I was very satisfied indeed to hear various Premiers of the Provinces voice the difficult position in which municipalities now find themselves, faced with increasing costs of administration and service, with sources of revenue decreasing. This is one level of Government which needs a great deal of help from its senior partners. Since the opening day's speeches were formal affairs intended for the record, there were no disagreements nor harsh criticisms and we hope that this tone remains throughout the Conference. No doubt, however, that once they are in camera, free of the spotlight and the Hansard reporters, the real business of this Conference will be done. Once the conference participants meet in private, without having to consider the impact of words on the voters on whom they rely for office, they will be much freer in exchanging views, criticisms and objections. They will then say what they really think of Ottawa's unemployment relief proposal and the existing state of Dominion-Provincial fiscal relations.

FOR PARENTS ONLY

"Avoiding Friction"

By Nancy Cleaver

"My husband reminds me that a certain amount of friction between children is natural. But I can't help remembering my father quoting Ruskin, about the true nature of a home being the place of Peace... the shelter from all terror, doubt and division. Ruskin believed that insofar as it is not this, it is not home. It is then only a part of the outer world which you have roofed over, and lighted a fire in."

"It sounds very idealistic and adult. I suppose we parents are so sick of talk of Hydrogen bombs and international wrangling that we long for peace at home — But show me a peaceful home where children are — and I'd certainly like to visit it!"

In Ruskin's day the paternal form of family life was the accepted pattern. Father ruled the household. His word was law, not only for his children but for his wife. Women had few ways of earning a living. For the sake of peace, they sometimes put up with very tyrannical husbands. The marriage bond was seldom broken but in the home there were often resentment and antagonism.

Students of modern marriage believe that although there are far more divorces at the present time than there were in Ruskin's day, there are also far more truly happy marriages. These are based on the husband and wife working as partners on an equal footing, with mutual appreciation and with different responsibilities. A peaceful home atmosphere is achieved by both considering each other rather than by the man dominating the scene.

A certain amount of conflict is healthy in a family. It is a necessary part of the clash of interests when brothers and sisters are growing up together. Children need to learn, not the avoiding of all discussion, but peaceful and fair ways of settling their differences. Mothers soon discover the wisdom of non-interference in a brother-sister squabble unless one child is likely to be harmed or property is in danger of being destroyed.

No one wants to live in a house where there is continual bickering. It is a most unpleasant place—and unsuitable for growing children. Sons and daughters learn more from example than by direct teaching. If mother and father get along agreeably with few "tiffs" the children are likely to follow their lead. Parents cannot be too careful about a "united front". Taking part in children's quarrels against each other is usually a mistake. (Omit next 3 par. if too long)

Parents can avoid many minor wars between their children if certain rules are recognized and followed by all of the members of the family. Each child should have his own playthings. If a tiny broom belongs to an older sister, the younger sister cannot use it without the owner's permission.

In the family routine, the younger child must accept the rule that an earlier bedtime for him, than for an older brother or sister, is quite fair. Each boy or girl has a right to some play time with his own special chum without a brother or sister tagging along.

It is also essential to family harmony for each child to feel secure. He has his own place in his father's and mother's affection. If parents can plan to spend some leisure or some work time frequently with each child, this is one of the surest ways to reduce the number of brother-sister squabbles. Jealousy is the hidden underlying reason for many children's quarrels.

If a child is certain of his parents' love, he feels no necessity to fight with a brother or a sister to prove his importance in the family circle. The "chip on the shoulder", the angry argumentative child often can be led to more peaceful ways, not by punishment but by more affectionate attention from mother and dad. Love is the best medicine for the fever of fighting!

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Parting

One, by one we miss the faces Grown familiar year by year; But we'll ne'er forget the graces That have made such memories dear.

Though, as each dear one is taken, And an empty chair is left, Faith in God is never shaken. Even while we're sore bereft.

They've been dear friends for the reason They've helped make us what we are.

We shall miss them for a season — Then we, too, shall cross the bar.

— W.F.R.

Film Council News

Our Film Club meeting was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Deeming in Myrtle. We had a good turnout of members and after a short meeting 3 films were shown.

One was "River Watch", a story of the men who keep the harbour clear and take the supplies to the lighthouse keepers.

"Fighting Fish", a story of



April 29, 1933

Editor, The Tribune,

Dear Sir:

Every day we read of little girls and boys getting hit by cars. When these accidents occur on busy streets, it makes one wonder why parents take such chances in letting the tiny tots play in dangerous places. I drive a car because I have to, and too often come close to hitting children who run onto the street in front of me. I feel the strain will soon decide me to quit driving. The situation could be eased greatly if a publicity campaign were started to implore parents and guardians of small children to keep a closer watch on the little ones if there is no place but the street to play on.

—A Motorist

LAFF OF THE WEEK



"I'm Afraid You're a Trifle Pale and Overdraws This Morning." Mrs. Stanley.



LOOKING FOR A BARGAIN?

With prices so much higher than they were before the war, bargains are hard to find these days.



For example... materials used in building houses have gone up 179%.



Food is up 107%.



The average wholesale price of all the things people buy has gone up 116% (and those are government figures) but



during the same period the price of gasoline has gone up only 35% (less than one-third of the average)



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