

The Stouffville Tribune

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OUR EDITORIAL COMMENT

A Credit To The County

York County and the municipalities which form the county can be justly proud of the fine new building officially opened at Newmarket on Wednesday afternoon, an account of which appears elsewhere in this issue. A large council chambers, modern in every detail, as well as spacious office accommodation has been provided. The former county building situated on the same property, will be occupied by the Children's Aid Society which was formerly in rented quarters.

Since the forming of the new York County with the establishment of Metro several years ago, Stouffville has become a more important cog in county affairs.

In this connection, Stouffville

can be justly proud of the reeve and clerk who were among the important speech-makers at the official opening and attended by all the county dignitaries and a number from outside. Reeve Elmer Daniels was chairman of the building committee which organized the erection of the new county building and his work in this connection was given full recognition on Wednesday. Our clerk Ralph Corner, a former York County Warden, also brought honour to Stouffville through his able presentation on this important occasion.

Reeve Daniels stands high in the estimate of his county colleagues and we predict will rise in the ranks of county officialdom, a fact for which every citizen should be justly proud.

Also Fussy When Buying Potatoes

The potato is still the main item of food in many countries. Many of us can recall the time when potatoes were served three times a day, almost every day of the week. Usually fried potatoes for breakfast and supper and boiled potatoes in some form for dinner. Occasionally creamy potato soup was a satisfying and palate pleasing item on the menu. Potato pancakes went well with apple sauce.

For some reason or other, probably because the idea spread that potatoes are fattening, annual consumption of potatoes has dropped in the past generation from about 240 pounds a person to about 140 pounds.

At a conference of the Eastern Ontario Soil and Crop Improvement Association, part of the program was devoted to discussion of the lowly spud. It was pointed out that potatoes are not fattening when eaten in

normal amounts. Many other foods considered as tidbits and eaten casually as at a social gathering are far more fattening.

Moreover, Dr. L. B. Pett of the Department of Health and Welfare put in a plug for potatoes by saying they are important sources of vitamin C, vitamin B-1, iron and other minerals.

Like in most everything else the Canadian housewife is getting fussy when it comes to buying potatoes. She prefers the mealy type that will fluff up when mashed. She wants a potato of medium size that will cook white or creamy white and not turn dark when mashed or baked.

Indeed the time seems to be approaching when consumers will want potatoes specifically for frying, or for boiling, or for baking. Of course, that will mean paying more for the extra services.

Birds Need A Lift

Now that winter has really set in and the ground is covered with snow and ice it is time to give serious thought to our feathered friends who help to cheer up the dreary days.

The birds that brave our northern weather have a tough time finding sufficient food to keep their body heat and stave off the cold. Last summer on our premises, the snails in an ambitious and greedy mood cleared the two mountain ashes of all their berries and it is likely that they did the same on other property. With berries gone, pickings are very lean. Several days ago we watched a

troupe of hardy sparrows. It did not take them long to clean up bread crumbs and other scraps left out for them. There are many other birds wintering here including Cardinals, Bluejays, Nut-Hatches, Chickadees and Downy Woodpeckers and last month we saw a Kingfisher. They live on chopped fresh peanuts, sunflower seeds and suet.

The thoughtful housewife can prevent privation by placing these necessities on a high perch for the birds. It will help tide them over the next two months when they need a lift. —Meaford Express.

What the Pipeline Did to Me

By Loraine Porter, Pickering Township

In the fall of 1936 I bought ten acres of fenced-in solitude south-east of Stouffville, near Toronto. Cows grazed in the green fields. A clear stream wound silently across the eastern end. Quiet and peaceful, the property was everything I wanted to make a dream come true. Here I would have a pond stocked full of fish. I would plant trees and beautiful shrubs. This rural hideaway would be an asylum from progress bulldozing its way into my present surroundings.

It was a wonderful dream, but it went up in smoke on June 11 after a dark stranger knocked at my city door. The only men who come to see me are salesmen, so I gingerly opened the door and said "No."

"It's about the Trans-Canada Pipe Line," the stranger said. "I don't need a pipeline," I told him. "I couldn't buy one if I did, because I'm broke. I've just bought ten acres in Pickering township."

"The dark man beamed. 'That is why I'm here. I represent Trans-Canada Pipe Lines Ltd., and I'm here concerning a Grant of Easement,'" said Mr. Pipeliner.

"I don't think I want to buy that either," I told him. "You don't buy it. You give it. It's like this: you grant us permission to put a pipeline through your property and we give you \$190."

He was most explicit. Here was all this costly pipe that would bring Alberta gas across Ontario to Montreal, a distance of 2,294 miles. If the right-of-way happened to be on my property there was little I could do to stop the company taking my land for public use.

I'm no enemy of progress, but an easement is an eternal thing. Once the pipeline was constructed, neither I nor future owners would be free to excavate, drill, install on or under the said Right of Way any pit, well, foundation."

I could, however, use this part of my property for a garden, or pasture.

I still wasn't happy. There was always the possibility of a break in the line. My ten acres were nicely fenced in to protect the cows, grazing in the fields and drinking from the creek. But most important of all was the two-acre pond. I contemplated for next year. How would the pipeline affect the clean fast-flowing stream on my property?

"It will go down five feet under the stream," Mr. Pipeliner said.

Fences, of course, would have to come down to make way for bulldozers and trucks. Mr. Pipeliner pointed out that the easement would compensate me for damage to fences and livestock. And if a leak occurred in the pipe? Well, let's not borrow more trouble.

Mr. Pipeliner offered to drive me to my lawyer's office. On June 11, 1937, I agreed to give sanctuary to the Trans-Canada Pipe Line.

In September, 1937, the pipeline crossed local townships. Two hundred and seventy-five men, 20 trucks, and 16 side-boom tractors and 12 bulldozers were fighting rock formations and streams that were putting up a valiant fight against civilization's forward march.

I drove over to observe progress in the making on my own 10 acres. I found front fences down, side-walk superintendents everywhere, and my stream was an angry puddle. High-boomed men were lowering pipes into trenches. Trucks marked "Oklahoma Pipeline Company" stood where cows pastured a week ago. There was an electrifying cheerfulness about all this activity.

A southern voice drawled that gas had over 20,000 industrial uses. "It's sparked off a new Canadian industry already — just makin' steel pipes to move the stuff. And the pipeline means more plants and more people to work in them," he said.

"The pot-belly stove can go out the kitchen window now," a man in overalls chuckled.

The smell of industry followed me home. I had bought a hideaway for conservation purposes and already progress was bulldozing its way into my dream. I knew there would be no pond stocked with fish, no planting of trees and shrubs, because even now I could almost hear the factory whistles blowing.

Today my property looks almost the same as the day I bought it — almost, but not quite. There's a little too much subsoil on top of the land, and too much good topsoil buried who knows where. There's soil compaction over about two of the ten acres, and pot holes from which the stagnant water refuses to drain, sinkage along the line of the filled trench, and some of my beloved trees are missing. Only one of the cows is left grazing; her sisters apparently got restless and wandered away.

And I'm restless too, because of that pipeline lying five feet under the sod. No longer content with fenced-in solitude, I am waiting for the pipeline to hasten Canada's expansion, then I shall sell my dream for cash, and make my pipe-dream come true far, far away.

Odd Bits

Quebec's 4-H Clubs, engaged in forest conservation, have ten thousand members.

The old-time 14-year-old boy who was 11 so he could travel on trains for half fare now has a 14-year-old son who is 16 so he can drive a car.

Most people get that same funny feeling when they answer the doorbell and find a collector at the door.

Scientific tests indicate that carpets "swallow" sound, reducing noise as much as 50 percent when laid in areas of heavy household traffic.

LAFF OF THE WEEK



"Now, doesn't that make you feel all glory-like, inside?"



Doubt and Belief

Recently I talked with a friend who has done a lot of travelling; seen many different nations and was puzzled at the different points of view. He was interested in religion but puzzled by many things; why for instance are there so many varieties and so much discord and bitterness. I told him that the differences in beliefs arose from the growth of cultures and the fact that we have the liberty of voicing our opinions.

I told him that when I was a young minister a wise and good man addressed our congregation telling how many beliefs men had and what vast number of followers. I voiced my belief that the widespread faiths of mankind discouraged me. His answer was: "The interesting thing is that faith in God is so general, practically all the race is made of believers, we are made in the image of God, there is no out and out atheism. If we are tolerant we see the love of God everywhere and we can all say with Augustine 'Thou hast made us for Thyself and we are restless until we rest in Thee.'"

My friend seemed relieved, especially when I told him that doubt was not sinful but that it was natural for sincere and thoughtful people.

He told me about a man in London, England, whose son had risen until he had the highest qualification in education. The incident greatly distressed him and his friend. He asked for an explanation which I could not give but I repeated the lines of Coulson Kermahadn: "If an ant cannot climb up into the mind of man and see his world as man sees it, how can a man climb up into the mind of God and see His world as God sees it."

My friend thanked me saying: "Thanks for your candour and frankness; I see we cannot expect to understand everything."

People should not be made to feel that doubt is sinful. There may be more faith in honest doubt than thoughtlessly repeating a creed that has little meaning. Jesus did teach that there were some things which could not be revealed to his disciples because they could not at that time understand. "I have yet many things to say unto you, but yet cannot bear them now. Howbeit when He, the Spirit of truth, is come, He will guide you into all truth." Here He lays down a principle. Truth is revealed to men just as they are able to bear it.

There is a divine discretion which has its source in the infinite compassion of the Father's heart. Knowledge that would terrify and harm is withheld — for the present at least.

A veil 'twixt us and Thee, dread Lord,
A veil 'twixt us and Thee;
Lest we should hear too clear, too clear,
And unto madness see.

Our quotation today is by a British commentator: "Life is like reading an old book which has no footnotes."

FOR PARENTS ONLY

Learning To Talk

by Nancy Cleaver

"A baby learning to talk is a fascinating process for parents to watch. Babies like to coo and babble and make sounds, long before they can recognize certain words and respond to commands. Among the first sounds babies make are 'm-m-m' and 'da', which are usually soon transformed into 'ma-ma' and 'da-da', to the delight of their good parents!

Most children begin to say one syllable words between their eighth and ninth months. At one year a great many children have a vocabulary of from three to six words. In this mechanized age "car" is frequently a first word. "Go" is another favourite which covers a lot of action!

By their first birthday average babies have a vocabulary of from three to six words. Cartoonists make a lot of jokes over a woman having "the last word" and loving to talk. It is no surprise to them that girls usually master the art of conversation before boys. Before they are two, little tots are forming very short sentences. Most of them, by then, have acquired a vocabulary of almost thirty words.

At three years of age a child can probably use two hundred words. By the time he starts to school he can often talk fluently. "Only" children, because they are so often with adults, are

sometimes early talkers. Twins have each other for company and are thus sometimes slow to begin to talk. Mentally retarded children are delayed in speaking, but sometimes quite bright youngsters are in no hurry to start.

If a baby is very slow to talk, the parents are often anxious. They wonder if there is anything they can do about it. At the same time they do not want to "fuss"!

Once in a while a bright child shows his resentment over his mother boasting to a visitor how well he talks, by suddenly not saying anything. If he is a little older and mother repeats his "baby talk" or odd pronunciation of a longer word, this may anger him. Children at any age love a joke, but they want mother to laugh WITH them, not AT them!

Occasionally there is a physical reason for a child having difficulty in learning to talk. It is easily understood how a child who is in poor health may be very tardy about speaking. Malnutrition has the same delaying effect. Occasionally a child's hearing is so poor that he cannot hear sounds clearly enough to imitate them. The deaf child needs help from an early age.

Mothers sometimes wonder if their child's tardiness in talking is the result of being tongue-tied. This condition is rarely the

From Our Early Files

Jan. 23, 1923

An Orange celebration will be held at Aurora this coming 12th of July. Until after the semi-annual meeting of North Ontario Orangemen, it will not be known where the Stouffville lodge will celebrate.

D. E. Jones is the new president of Markham Agricultural Society. There was a loss of \$102 on last year's fair, which will be overcome when the rain insurance is received. The Markham Fair grounds and buildings are valued at \$28,000.

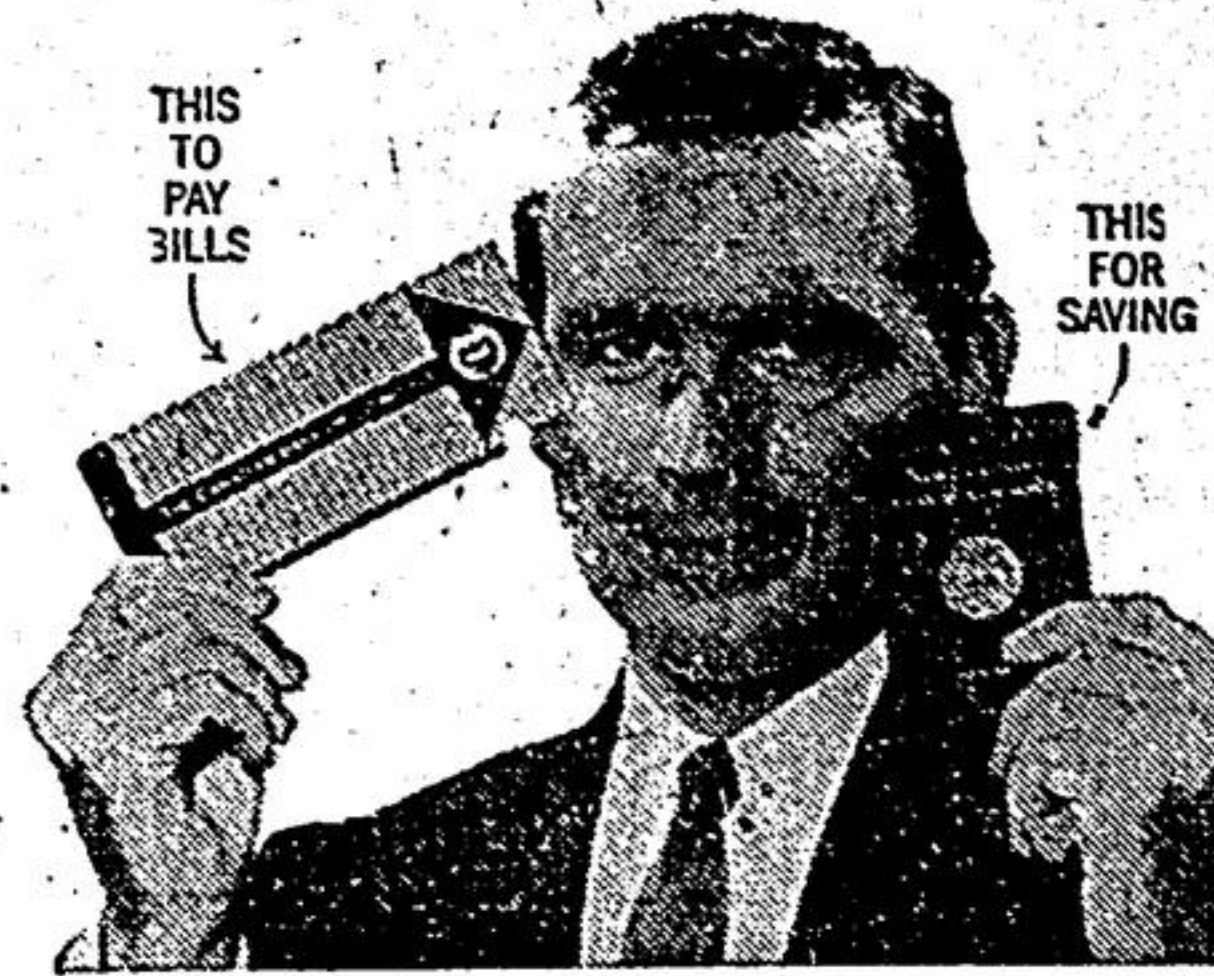
Harold Morton of Victoria Square, who took a sleigh load to a debate on Monday evening at Richmond Hill, found one of his horses dead in the shed of the Richmond Hill Methodist Church. Only one of the horses was tied. The other drew back and choked its mate.

Garfield Oldham of lot 35, Con. 8, Whitchurch, son of Jas. Oldham of Stouffville, received a fractured leg while engaged in bush work on Monday last. Some years ago Mr. Oldham was unfortunate in receiving a fracture of the opposite limb, so that unless the doctors make a good job in setting the limb this time, he will not have a first-class pin to stand on.

Mr. Jacob Boardway reports having seen a robin in Mr. Mon-

house's garden on Church St. robins in the vicinity of Church Street.

Both Jonas Lewis and Ross Brown have shipped a number of cars of vegetables from the local station to the States and to Northern Ontario this winter. Just now cabbage and turnips are the chief commodity, the former going north and the latter across the line.



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Produced by CHARLES BRACKETT - Directed by WALTER LANG - Screenplay by ERNEST LEHMAN
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