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OUR EDITORIAL COMMENT

Householders Have Been Warned

Recent police reports have warned householders to be on the lookout for persons peddling goods from door to door, as well as services. Practically every type of salesman who calls at your door is licensed by the town and you have a perfect right to find out if your caller has this permission.

Reason behind these licenses is not merely to protect local businesses, but to protect you, the householder. We have instances now, as we have every year of the ways in which housewives have been tricked out of their cash by fast-operating and fast-talking salesmen. When these men are required to purchase a license in town, there is an opportunity to find out the exact nature of their business, and to refuse a permit if it appears that there is a possibility of residents being victimized.

From time to time, the local police hear of some outraged citizen

talking about how he or she was taken in by one of these gyp artists. Naturally the police can do nothing unless they are notified before the salesmen get out of town.

There are many legitimate salesmen, of course, who call at your door, and they have a right to be there. They have a permit and will show it to you without hesitation.

There is the reason, too, of why licenses are required. Every businessman pays a business tax into the town coffers. He is usually paying property taxes as well, and is usually a supporter of the many funds and collections which go up and down Main St. It would scarcely be fair to allow outsiders, who have no investment and little interest in the community, to walk away with sales, and spend their earnings elsewhere.

Just remember the next time one of these gents calls at your door — ask him for his license.

Free Services Often Unappreciated

We do not believe that there is any municipal body that renders a greater service in return for little appreciation and even less remuneration than members of a town or township Planning Board. It would appear that councils and planning boards are continually waging their private feuds while the subdivision developer and the ten acre property owner sits in the middle and awaits the next move. The game may often be extended into weeks and even months with little gain on either side.

In the past, such friction has been apparent in the townships of Whitchurch and Markham. At the present time there are noticeable disagreements in Pickering. Within recent weeks, verbal exchanges between the two bodies have been rather heated. One or two planning board members have threatened to resign.

We feel that a planning board is vitally necessary to any expanding municipality. We realize that the council is the senior authority, but we contend that some council members use this authority in an almost dictatorial manner. If this practice is

carried to extremes, then a planning board loses its limited powers and its usefulness. This, we feel, was the situation that existed in Whitchurch and Markham and now exists in Pickering.

It is a mystery why members, comprising such a group would continue to function under such frustrating circumstances. They give freely of their time. They absorb abuse and criticism from individuals and delegations. They endeavour to assist council by dealing with a never-ending list of subdivision requests and consents. In return for their services, they are thanked with an uncomplimentary slap on the wrist.

We feel that each body has its place in handling municipal matters. We contend that too often the work of the planning board and the ability of its members is grossly underestimated. We have yet to learn of such a group submitting its resignation, but from what we have seen and heard in Pickering, for some members at least, such a decision is not too remote. Perhaps then, and only then, the true importance of this body would be properly appreciated.

No Fuss and Little Muss

The Consumer's Gas Company is presently having lines installed throughout the town. Although rather heavy trenching machinery is being used in the project, their presence in Stouffville is scarcely noticeable. It must be admitted that few residents here were something less than overjoyed at the thought of having the roads and boulevards mutilated for the third time in three years. Highway and sewer construction in quick succession has stretched the forbearance of both the council members and ratepayers to the breaking point.

Officials of the Consumer's Gas Co. are public relations experts. This can hardly be said of some other firms

that have installed services in town within recent years. Although it is impossible to lay pipe underground without causing some disturbance, their agents will bend over backward to keep such grievances to a minimum. To date, their work here has followed such a plan.

It appears that the three phases of the program, trenching, pipe assembly and fill-in are completed as a single unit. The firm prides itself in its clean-up operation when the job is finished. The council has been assured that the project in Stouffville will meet the same standards that have been followed in other towns and townships. If this is so, then we have little reason for concern.

How To Act In Case Of Fire

This is Fire Prevention Week across Canada. If there is one community which has reason to find reassurance in the competence and enthusiasm of members of its fire prevention service, it is Stouffville.

Here are a few rules should you have the misfortune to be caught in a fire.

Get out of the house the minute you discover a fire or suspect one — and get everyone else out at the same time.

Be ready with different escape routes from any room in your house.

Feel a door before opening; if hot, block it with furniture and seal with wet towels and blankets if possible; try to get out another way.

Never jump from upper-story windows except as a last resort; wait

for firemen. Hold your breath if you have to dash through smoke and flame; and remember that the air is usually better near the floor in a smoke-filled room.

Once out don't ever go back into a burning building — smoke and gases from even the smallest fire can be deadly; children very often go back into their homes, so keep them restrained.

Get medical treatment at once if you are burned or exposed to smoke; seemingly minor burns or smoke inhalation can be exceedingly dangerous.

Call the fire department the instant you're certain that everyone is safely away from the fire — and leave the fire fighting to trained firefighters.

LAFF OF THE WEEK



"It's going to do you no good to resist me, Miss Hallock — I'll just turn on more of my indisputable charm."



A Professor's Mistake

At the beginning of the century a Harvard professor lecturing to students on Science said: "Gentlemen, the century just closed has been one of major discoveries in every walk of life, but that era is closed. The great inventions have been made; from now on changes will be only minor ones."

It seems incredible that any educated man could be so far wrong. Since that statement was made, automobiles have made their appearance; radios, television, airplanes and literally scores of other changes have taken place.

Predictions about the future are always hazardous; if anything is certain it is that changes will take place and that the last word has never been spoken. In the east end of old London, there is an old street called Cheapside which has been a place of business for two thousand years. When the Romans came to Britain in the Fifth Century, Cheapside was a place of business and the ancient Britons were bartering their wares with the natives of Gaul — the France of today.

If the stones of that ancient street could speak, what a tale they would tell. It would be a story of continual change, in language, manner and customs. It is said that if an Englishman of Shakespeare's day were to return he would not even understand the language now spoken in England. In other ways he would feel like a total stranger; such vast alterations have taken place.

When the Spaniards first set foot in North America they were elated after the long, dangerous voyages across unknown seas. They sent word back to Spain that they had reached the limits of the world. They could conceive of nothing farther on. We can sympathize with them for they were daring adventurers and they had little knowledge of navigation and still less of what lay beyond the horizon.

When the news reached Spain itself there was great excitement. Admiration for the Spanish trail-blazers knew no bounds, and that they had reached the end of the world nobody there doubted. Coins were made and freely circulated on which were stamped the words, "Ne Plus Ultra," meaning "No more Beyond."

But there were surprises for all concerned. The adventurers pushed inland to the vast unknown jungles of South America. There was something beyond and these men found that every day brought fresh discoveries. Within twenty-five years of the time those coins were struck daring men had crossed the three thousand miles of the South American continent and were standing on its western shores looking over the wide wastes of the Pacific Ocean. Finally they got word back to Spain that they had been mistaken. They told of their long journeys through jungles and swamps and dense forests and now they faced a vast expanse of water. If there was one thing those men had learned it was that there were still vast unexplored spaces. In the Old Country — Spain itself, the coins were called in and new coins were made with the inscription, "Plus Ultra," meaning "More Beyond."

It is a great mistake to think that we ever come to the end of any knowledge, and imagine that there is nothing beyond. The wisest men feel as Isaac Newton did when, at the end of a life full of research, he said he felt like a little child gathering pebbles on the shores of the ocean of truth. That is how all searchers after truth feel; they know there is much to learn.

Jesus once said to his disciples: "I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now." There were a great many discoveries for these men to make but they would have to come, one at a time, as they were able to understand. It is like going to school, first we learn the alphabet, then simple words, later, longer and harder ones, but wise men, like Newton, know that they never come to the end of knowledge. There is always something beyond. That is why "Plus Ultra" is a good motto.

Our quotation today is by Edmund Burke: "Those who oppose changes become perverse and obstinate."

FORECAST

— by Olive A. Garrett

\$ in 1 Kitchen Unit —

Those who live alone in small quarters, or the young couple who move about a lot and don't want to tote a lot of furniture, will be thrilled with this \$ in 1 Unit — it is a refrigerator, stove and sink combination. The 'frig is 5 cubic feet, the stove is a 3 burner and the sink is stainless steel. It should prove to be a real space saver, ideal for small apartments.

This unit won the National Design Award in 1955 and the company that makes them will tackle anything, apparently. They seem to thrive on unusual combinations such as the above. Propane Gas, Electric or Kerosene — you name it and they'll manufacture to your specifications just about any unit you need for your kitchen.

It's Electric —

Coffee lovers! There's a new electric appliance that grinds just enough coffee for eight cups in about 15 seconds. Mmm! I can smell the aroma right this minute. Think of having fresh-

ly ground coffee each morning! Makes a difference, you know. This little thing is only seven inches high and four inches in diameter and comes in attractive red and white colors. It's made of steel, with a baked enamel finish and clear plastic lid. Weighs 2 lbs. 4 oz. and has a standard six foot long white electric cord and plug. It's powered by a universal ACDC CSA approved motor that develops 24,000 r.p.m.

It would make a wonderful gift that's just a little different, wouldn't it? You can buy it for around \$16.

And get this — An electric eraser! What next! I suppose it would eliminate re-writing a page that you made a hole in while rubbing out your mistakes manually. This little gadget, I am told, does the work in a fraction of the time now required. Looks like a fat pencil, and a slight pressure of the index finger on the switch (mustn't overwork our tenos, you know!)... this slight pressure sets the eraser rotating at 3100 revolutions per minute. Five

SUGAR and SPICE

By BILL SAILEY

It seems to me that about this time last year, I wrote a tender, lyrical column, practically an ode, about September. The golden, lingering days; the cool, haunting evenings; the farewell fling at the trout; the last, crisp game of golf; old Mother Nature lying, voluptuous, amid the fruits of her labour. Yes, September is the most delightful month of the year, I blurbed.

Well, I take it all back. You can take September, and if the ladies will leave the room for a moment, I'll tell you exactly what you can do with it.

EDITOR'S MAIL

Stouffville Tribune,

Dear Sirs:

Congratulations on your editorial, "Let's fill the churches we have!" I agree 100% plus, with you. All this craze for more and more churches is the most ridiculous or the worst plague of modern times, which must make even the Communists and Russians laugh us to scorn.

Do we think that the Kingdom of God is won by the number of churches we put up, or by obeying His laws, commandments and statutes, and looking after His Whole Creation from the least to the highest, as He commanded us to do in the beginning?

Considering the number of churches we have here now, it is a blot of the worst kind on this town that there should not be found anywhere in it the smallest office or organization where help can be promptly had to save animals from torture and destruction or unnecessary suffering.

Recently, for instance, a vile man from Main Street tied a goat to a wire fence far out in the open field, and leaves it there night after night in all kinds of weather as "bait" for the wolves and dogs, or what have you. Every night, dogs are heard fighting near there, and are seen in the mornings molesting this poor helpless and defenceless creature, which is bound to be torn to pieces unless something is done soon to save it.

We warned this heartless man when we saw the dogs at it the other morning, but he as much as told us to mind our own business. So, at time of writing, the animal is still there being molested and bitten by dogs.

But supposing I contacted the churches about it: could I hope for help? Would they really care? I doubt it because "it is only a goat," and God's lower children have no place as yet in our so-called Christian churches, though God plainly said that He created ALL TO THE CHURCH!

Why not show our true Christianity by building an Humane shelter or society, instead of more unneeded churches? This will please God a great deal more than another worthless building, and all the sacrifices and donations now being offered in those we already have. For no church can possibly be called a Christian church which accepts only men, women and children, and rejects or neglects the rest of God's works in any form.

God wants His WHOLE Creation in our hearts and church, or nothing at all! He made this plain when He said that, "not even a little sparrow is forgotten before Him." Our "Christianity" so far has been only most partial and incomplete and God does not accept it; no more than He accepts those who keep only one or two commandments and toss out the rest "as belonging to the Jews." Break one commandment and you are guilty of breaking them all. Likewise, reject one phase of His Creation and you reject it all, so far as God is concerned.

Wake up, pastors and priests! Open the churches' doors wide and let in God's WHOLE Creation; or He will destroy your vain buildings by fire and floods, and take you and us all with them.

— Dolores Deverell

grades of erasers are available. There is no vibration or paper damage either.

New Margarine for Dieters—

About to be introduced to the Canadian market (distribution just started in Ontario only) is a new margarine made from corn oil, said to be particularly helpful in retaining low cholesterol or blood fat counts—which many doctors feel is important in treating heart disease.

The product is expected to be made by at least two major margarine producers and to attain national distribution fairly quickly. Initially it will be sold through regular grocery and supermarket outlets, but some drug distribution is likely to be attracted as doctors prescribe it for their "heart" patients.

Suspecting that his wife was rifling his pockets at night while he slept, a Colorado man put fishhooks in them and caught her red-handed.

This September has scarred me for life, and has also clipped a few years from my allotted span of same. What happened? I got caught with my pipes down.

On September 9th, it was 90 degrees in our upstairs, and we all lay around on our beds, naked as newts, gasping and calling for water. On September 14th, it was 44 in our upstairs. The kids lay moaning with cold under heaps of blankets. Downstairs Playboy howled with chill. And in our bed, the Old Lady and I, swaddled in flannellette pyjamas, clutched each other, a hot water bottle, and the hope that a miracle would happen and the heat wave would be back in the morning.

September is an irresponsible, treacherous harlot of a month, with a big, white, warm smile that hides a heart of solid cold.

Oh, it isn't as though I didn't realize that fall and the cool weather were on the way. Sundays, as I lay on the lawn, several times my mind had drifted around to the backyard, where my furnace pipes lay soaking up the sun. I'd even contacted the repair man to come and take on that dragon in my cellar, that emits sparks and roars when approached. My stoker, that is.

I had even, while fighting the heat wave with a refreshing drink said to myself firmly: "Must get at the cellar and get last winter's ashes out so I can get the coal in early this year. Don't want the coal truck driving over the lawn when it's all soot from those fall rains. Better get that broken window in the livingroom fixed; too. Things are going to be different this year."

So you see, it isn't as though I wasn't fairly well prepared. But I didn't expect my old sweetheart, September, to put me over a barrel, pull the rug from under my feet, lower the boom on me, and stab me in the back, all in one fell swoop.

I thought the Old Girl was going to commit either suicide or murder, that first morning after the mercury had taken its swan dive. I explained to her that everything was practically ready to turn on the heat, that all I had to do was get the pipes cleaned and put up, get the man to fix the furnace, and get the cellar cleaned up and the coal in, and we'd be in business.

"Which hotel," she enquired, her breath wreathing into the kitchen air like cigar smoke, "are we going to stay in until then?" We have two hotels in town so I was in a quandary. Not to mention a pickle.

I did everything in my power

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to cheer up that old gang of mine. Songs, witty sayings, funny faces. Philosophy, like "you should be glad you don't have to suffer like this all the time, like folks in Russia." I rushed out and borrowed two electric heaters. I turned on all burners and the oven in the electric stove. I even turned on all the lights in the house.

It was hopeless. They just sat there, hands tucked in their armpits, looking like three pen-guins and a seal pup sitting on an ice floe. I went to work with my tail between my legs and the bats of panic in my belly. It was worse at lunch hour. While I bustled around, getting hot soup, the kids rubbed their hands together and told about how warm it had been in school and my wife dragged from me the confession that we had a fire on at the office.

I won't go into all the sordid details: how I pleaded with people to put up my pipes; how I begged the harassed coal merchant to get me a couple of bags down to the house; how I rigged up a makeshift to get the furnace going. It's all too humiliating.

That's why, if you ever hear me singing any peacens of praise to September, ever again, I want you to push me, gently but firmly, in front of a speeding hot-rod.

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