

Editorial

How About A Little Consideration?

They say that there's nothing madder than a wet hen but then those people possibly haven't seen a wet human — that is a human who has just been splashed with mud and water by a passing car.

One human being who was, to say the least, "as mad as a wet hen" was observed one day last week as she made her way along Church St. She was walking along quite carefree when overtaken by a fast-moving car which hit one of the hundred and one pot holes with which this heavily travelled residential street is pitted

this spring.

The car was travelling much too fast as it was for the condition of the road, and it sprayed the contents of the pothole over the lady. There is a penalty for this sort of driving but the penalty is not as important as the lack of consideration for those who are also using the streets as pedestrians. It is only courtesy for motorists to take it easy when approaching pedestrians during this sloppy season. No one likes to have the contents of a pothole spewed over them. It makes some people even 'madder than a wet hen.'

If In Doubt, Lock Them Out

With the belated influx of milder weather, Stouffville residents have been flooded with glib-tongued travelling salesmen. Their products, which vary from 24-book volumes of encyclopedia to pamphlets of religious instruction are forced down the throats of unsuspecting housewives who, too often fall prey to these gimmicks.

We would not charge that every briefcase-carrying stranger is a phony operator. We would charge, however, that too many of them are just that. If their conduct meets these two specifications, show them the way to the open door: (1) Offer

you something for nothing; (2) Hand you a pen and a printed form, accompanied by a persuasive request "now just sign here". There isn't a profit-making firm in existence today that can afford to give its merchandise away. No one should sign his name to any form unless the matter is given lengthy thought and study. If in doubt, lock him out.

Insults, rebuffs and even physical violence is all part of their daily schedule. One soft-hearted customer is well worth twenty closed doors or a dozen threats. Having completed a "killing" their day's work is done. Don't become a victim. Before you invest — investigate.

The Longest Trip Of All

During the past three months, members of the Stouffville Midget hockey club travelled in almost every conceivable direction across the province in quest of an elusive championship trophy. We would contend, however, that the journey from the arena to their respective homes on Thursday night, whether it be four blocks or four miles, was the longest trip of all.

We had been confident that this year would surely be Stouffville's year. In the past two seasons, the coveted silverware had gone to for-

eign fields. This winter, we felt it would be different. Once again, Lady Luck has turned her back on the valiant efforts of fifteen boys, an energetic management and a host of faithful followers. Stouffville must once more endure the disappointments linked with being second best.

Although some of the young lads were noticeably shaken by the play-off loss they were truly champions in defeat. In the field of minor sport, every one is yet a boy. In the realm of competitive sportsmanship all acted in the roll of a man.

Seeing Is Believing

If plans proceed according to schedule, this spring will see the first stakes driven into the ground to open one of the largest residential developments ever established in a local municipality. Frenchman's Bay in the Township of Pickering will be the site of this satellite subdivision that may someday erupt into a full-fledged town or even a city.

We cannot help but feel that the agreement drawn up by the township fathers is quite sound but we contend that the minimum standard of residential dwelling is too low. In a recent press release submitted to the local papers by the Consolidated Building Corporation Ltd. it was stated that the purchase price of new homes in the development would start as low as \$12,500. Last week, the Tribune received another written release which stated that some houses would carry a price tag of \$11,500.

In our brief inspections of subdivision projects in other villages and towns, we have yet to find an \$11,500 home that resembled anything better than a glorified chicken coop. To

worsen the situation, the majority of owners in such low-cost dwellings are unable to cope with depreciation costs and hence the value of the structure declines with extreme rapidity. It is of little satisfaction to learn that the completion of this development will represent an increase in individual home assessments in the ward 4 area. After checking on the valuations of many existing premises, it is a natural assumption to make. Many of the present homes are much below the standard of today's regulations, hence the assessments are equally low.

We realize that through the system of quantity buying, the Consolidated Building Co. is able to purchase materials at ground-level costs. Our only hope is that low cost does not go hand in hand with low standard and low quality. If this is the case, then I feel that members of council are toying with a "Frankenstein". We would state that when the first "Bay Ridge" residence sports its initial \$11,500 "for sale" sign, we will be standing near the front of the line.

Way Back — When?

April, 1936

The Village Assessor, Mr. George Storey is on his rounds and in addition to distributing assessment notices, he is called upon to collect the dog tax. There are about 70 dog owners in Town. This is exclusive of visiting canines from the country which add to our dog population considerably at times.

This week saw the last of the building removed at the Station, which served for so many years as a barber shop, store and Stiver Bros. flour and feed office. There was little of value left after the fire which burned out the home of Hugh Anderson, the owner, early last fall, and the old burnt structure was removed by Obljah Brown. The question of rebuilding is still unsettled by Mr. Anderson, who owns the desirable business site.

Domination store prices, April 9, 1936 — Sugar, 10 lbs 50c; Orange Marmalade 32-oz jar 20c; Fry's Cocoa, 1/4 lb tin, 19c; Tomato Juice, 3 tins 14c; Picnic Ham, shankless, 1b. 19c; Cottage roll, 1b. 20c; Head Lettuce, 2 heads 9c; Tomatoes, 2 lbs. 25c; New Cabbage, 1b. 4c; Honey, per gall, 39c.

Members of the Cemetery Commission, H. O. Kilneck, K. G.

Tarr and Secretary L. E. O'Neill presented a new schedule of rates for plots at the Cemetery. They are \$40, \$30, \$20, according to location. Unlike many of us who go to church and cramp into the back row, at the Cemetery everybody scrambles for the front row and so they will have the privilege of paying for the front location. The new rates were adopted by the Council.

Jean Pipher is home from the Whitby Ladies College for the holidays (Easter); also Gordon Birkett from St. Andrews College, Yonge St.

Ben Raxlin, having bought the square piano at the Perry sale on Saturday, he may expect a rush of music teachers at his door in anticipation of becoming his first teacher.

Richmond Hill Council is taking steps to collect water arrears for their public utility that are behind 4 years. In some cases householders owe as much as \$60. A householder in Stouffville who had never paid any water rates in four years, if he had bathroom, all inside taps and lawn tap, could only be behind \$16. Of course, none of our users are allowed to run in the hole four years, but the point is, do we really appreciate

the low water rates in this village?

The Sunday School Lesson

(Lesson for April 17) CHILDREN OF THE RESURRECTION Mark 16:1-8; Colossians 3:1-15 GOLDEN TEXT — Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new.—2 Cor. 5:17. THE LESSON AS A WHOLE Approach to the Lesson

The phrase, "children of the resurrection" ("sons of the resurrection", Greek), is found in Luke 20:36, where our Lord describes the condition of believers in Glory. In the lesson before us the words are applied to believers still on earth. Their faith in Christ is guaranteed by His resurrection from the dead, and their daily life may be victorious and fruitful because they are spiritually linked to their Saviour in His death and resurrection.

The resurrection of Christ is (1) actual history; (2) the ground of the Christian's life of resurrection joy and triumph; (3) the basis of his assurance of his own bodily resurrection

and reunion with his Saviour in Heaven. The first two of these aspects are the theme of our lesson. Mark assures us that the Lord Jesus was truly raised from the dead. The women heard the testimony of the angel ("young man") in the sepulchre, "... he is risen; he is not here; behold the place where they laid him" (Mark 16:6). Their crucified Saviour had miraculously shattered the bands of death.

Years later the Apostle Paul, a prisoner in Rome under house arrest (Acts 28:16, 30), explained to the saints in Colosse (in Asia Minor) that they, too, had died and been raised. They had died "from the rudiments of the world" (Col. 2:20) and were now "risen with Christ" (Col. 3:1). This vital spiritual experience made possible for them the shattering of the bonds of sin and the beginning of lives of devotion, holiness, and love.

The Heart of the Lesson Christ's resurrection is the anchor of our faith, the basis of our victory, and the guaran-

tee of our hope. Never forget that it is a fact of history — God's seal upon the identity of His dear Son (Rom. 1:4), upon the acceptability of His atoning sacrifice, and upon the believer's unshakable expectation of glory. But the Saviour's resurrection is far more than a glorious doctrine to be believed. It is intimately and personally related to the believer. When Christ died, the Christian died with Him to sin and the world (Rom. 6:2, 8; Gal. 2:20; Col. 2:20; 3:3). And when He was raised, the Christian was raised with Him to newness of life (Col. 3:1; Rom. 6:11, 13). The child of God was identified with his Lord in death and resurrection.

This assures him a new spiritual position, a new resurrection level at which daily victory is possible. Between him and the enticing allurements of sin lies an open grave whence he has been raised from death to life. He is on the victory side.

Paul emphasizes the newness of the Christian's life of resurrection power, purity, honesty, and love by contrasting the "old man" (Col. 3:9) with the "new man" (Col. 3:10). Before his conversion the believer was

Laugh Of The Week



"Face adversity very calmly, doesn't she?"

Sugar and Spice

By BILL SMILEY

A lot of women smell their husband's breath when he comes home after a night out. Not my wife. She just makes me turn out my pockets. Oh, she doesn't make a big fuss. She quietly takes the buttered buns, the bits of cheese, and the slices of meat wrapped in a serviette, throws them in the garbage, and leads me off to bed.

We were at a cold meat supper recently, sponsored by a women's organization. The Old Girl was as nervous as a mother with a kleptomaniac child. She saw the tell-tale glitter in my eyes when I was confronted by those plates piled with sliced meat, those stacks of fresh, home-made bread, and she watched me like a hawk.

Finally, I had to get tricky. "Isn't she a knockout?" I said, pointing at a young lady who was just leaving. No woman can resist looking. While her head was turned, I crammed a slice of bread into my pocket. But she frisked me as soon as we left the hall. I lost my piece of bread, and had to settle for a piece of her mind.

On the whole, my wife is tolerant of this aberration of mine. Sometimes she lets me smuggle some olives and celery out of a posh restaurant. But she draws the line when I start secreting hunks of steak or legs of fried chicken that are left. And she's not only humiliated but furious when I ask the waiter for a jar in which to cart off the remains of the chow mein, after a big Chinese meal.

Two influences in my life created this habit of garnering any spare food. Since my prisoner-of-war days, I've always had a deep-rooted fear of going hungry. In those days I discovered that a good, thick crust tucked away about the person was more comforting than thoughts of home, mother or country.

I remember one great financial coup I pulled off there. I started with the excellent, if filthy, shirt which I was wearing and hadn't had off for six weeks. It took me a week, but I traded that for a cheap shirt and pair of gloves, the gloves for cigarettes, the cigarettes for an onion, the onion for a bottle of home made hooch and the hooch for a Red Cross chocolate bar.

I fondled the chocolate, unwrapped and re-wrapped it, smelled it, and made out a schedule whereby I would eat one square a day for eight days. That night, lying in bed think-

ing lecherously of my bar, I was overcome by lust, snatched it from under the pillow, and gnawed and snarled my way through it, to the accompaniment of piteous protests from my roommates. I was sick shortly and lost the works, to their delight. But I have never been casual about food since those days.

Besides this, I have a feeling, instilled in me as a child, that waste is a sin. There was no waste at our house. Leftover porridge, for example, went into the big pot of soup always simmering, and gave it body and flavor. In the depths of the depression, my mother invented a new kind of hash, a popular dish in those days. She replaced the meat in the hash with skins of baked potatoes, put through the grinder. It looked like real hash, was filling, and with a liberal dosing of home-made chili sauce, was palatable.

Those were the days when you went to the butcher and asked if he had any bones for the dog. He gave you some good, meaty bones, for nothing but an ironic smile, and you took them home and made soup out of them. Now, of course, you ask the butcher for a soupbone and he gives you some dogbones and charges you for them. That's progress.

You should hear my smart-aleck kids when I tell them things like that. "But that was in the Bad Old Days, Dad. Have another piece of chicken," they taunt.

However, let's get to the point. There must be thousands of people who abhor waste as much as I do. People eating in restaurants consume only about half their meal. The rest goes into the garbage, and then to the pig farmer.

I suggest that when we are eating out, we carry with us a pliable plastic container, with hot and cold compartments. These could be draped over the backs of our chairs, like saddlebags. Ladies could have theirs covered in mink, if they wished. At the end of the meal, everything we had paid for but had not eaten, from soup to sherbet, would be dumped into the saddlebags, which would then be strapped on under our coats.

We might slish and gurgle a bit when we walked, but it would put an end to waste, legalize my social vice, and we'd have a whale of a time going through our garbage when we got home.

St. Patrick's Day in Dublin

(By G. H. Nolan)

After a few more sights in the wonderful old City of London, a trip to Oxford, and a walk around the grounds of that famous University, we took our departure for Dublin via British European Airways Viscount service. It looked, for a time, as if we might have our troubles reaching the capital of Eire in time for the big day. Fog had rolled in and the Flight Captain advised us that we might have to move north to Belfast to be able to land. However, a slight improvement in the weather allowed us to touch down at Dublin Airport after the hour and a half run from London.

Biggest thrill was not entirely what one saw in Dublin on St. Patrick's Day, but just in the actuality of being there. The celebrations they say are not to be compared to those in New York City. Big event of the day is, of course, the parade which worked its way up and down each side of O'Connell Street, Dublin's main thoroughfare. Everyone, without exception, sports a small bunch of green shamrocks in his lapel. They're for sale everywhere, and free boxes were provided in the lobby of the Gresham, the city's number one hotel.

While the records show that the Irish are second to none when it comes to packing away their drinks, the pubs are all closed on St. Patrick's Day. It's a religious day which in the afternoon takes the form of a sports day and people pour into the city from all the country around. Just as the parade was underway, Premier DeValera roared by with a motorcycle escort on his way to services at St. Patrick's Cathedral. The elder Irish will admit with regret that the population has diminished from 9,000,000 to 4,000,000; 95% of the country is Roman Catholic.



Rev. Robert H. Harper

Again the changes of the seasons and the ongoing of time have brought us to Easter Sunday. May the Easter season bring joy and happiness to every heart! It is remarkable how widespread is the belief in immortality in life beyond the grave. A magazine of recent date carried statements from a number of men whose names are well-known, all bearing testimony to their belief in immortality and their hope of a better world than this.

JUST A THOUGHT: There is no more satisfying victory in this world than that achieved by a man who picked himself off the floor to try again. When faced with adversity, it is wise to remember—and to watch for—that "second chance."

And it is quite likely that no reader of these lines is devoid of faith in the eternal verities of the New Testament. But no man was sure of the after-life until Jesus rose from the dead. And now we may know that after all the schemes and systems of earth shall fall we shall be living still. Without the hope of overcoming sin, eternal life would be a greater tragedy than eternal death. So let us rejoice that in Christ Jesus we are assured of an eternal life of righteousness.

The average person's output of words amounts to an ounce of information to a ton of words. Those who feared at the beginning that the United Nations would build up too much power worried unnecessarily.

clothed with the old, unregenerate Adamic nature. His previous conduct is described in Colossians 3:5-9. Now he has "put it off," discarded its control as though it were a filthy, outmoded garment. Risen with Christ, he has been "renewed" and has donned the "new man" (Col. 3:10). Christ Jesus Himself (Col. 1:27). Joined to his blessed Saviour in the bonds of resurrection power, he is now summoned to practical holiness, humility, kindness, and love (Col. 3:12-14).

The truth of his participation in his Lord's resurrection must

be evident in his daily life. He must live from hour to hour at the resurrection level.

considering a site in Ireland for a plant, and the movie star was combining business with pleasure. Great crowds thronged the streets all day long, and took in the horse races and the international football game with West Germany in the afternoon. Everyone is in a gay mood, but there was no rowdiness in evidence at any time. Dances were held in all the major hotels and the jig step pounded the floor of the ball-room in the Gresham until the wee small hours. The theatres in the city are packed, but this is the same every night. There is no television in Ireland except for a few scattered sets along the coast where British telecasts can be picked up with mixed reception. Eating establishments likewise, are crowded to the doors, and small groups sat chit-chatting and sipping Irish coffee far past midnight. For those not in the know, Irish coffee is one third Irish whiskey, one third coffee and one third cream.

Not too many tourists have arrived in the country by the time St. Patrick's Day rolls around, as it is still early in the season. However, one well-known figure was on hand, and we almost bumped into him in the hotel lobby — Pat O'Brien, Hollywood star, was in the city for the opening of a new film, "Carry on, Constable." O'Brien also has connections with a U.S. steel products company which is

BODY & FENDER REPAIRS

Duco & Dulux Refinishing ESTIMATES WITHOUT OBLIGATION W. G. Garrett and Son Main Street Stouffville, Ont. Phone 265

WANTED MORE CREAM SHIPPERS

For Best Results Ship Your Cream to Stouffville Creamery. We pay two cents more per pound Butter-fat for Cream delivered to the creamery. To have our truck call, phone 186w Stouffville Creamery Co. COLD STORAGE LOCKERS FOR RENT

FURNACES

Oil - Gas - Coal dealer for PEASE & IRON FIREMAN VACUUM CLEANING — BURNER SERVICE SHEET METAL WORK EAVESTROUGHING ALEX WALLACE Phone Markham 516j

NEW HOURS

A. C. Kennedy, D.C. 9-12 Tues. & Fri. Hart Kennedy, D.C. 2-9 Mon., Wed. & Fri. For Appointment Ph. Stouffville 617 Answering Service Kennedy Chiropractic Office Church St. S., Stouffville

The Stouffville Tribune

ESTABLISHED 1853 A. V. Nolan & Son, Publishers Member of the Canadian Weekly Newspaper Association and the Ontario-Quebec Newspapers Association. Authorized as second-class mail Postoffice Dept. Ottawa Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations. Issued every Thursday at Stouffville, Ont. In Canada \$3.50 Elsewhere \$4.50 C. H. NOLAN, Publisher IAS. THOMAS, Editor IAS MCKEAN, Advertising