

Editorial

Annexation Needs A Speedup

Stouffville will most likely lose another industry this week because of the lack of land, or to be more correct, the lack of land with the exception of a few small parcels for which the owners ask fantastic prices as soon as someone wishes to buy. The industry, which we mention, is an American firm with a good potential for employment. It will undoubtedly go to one of our neighboring towns where land can readily be provided.

Unless council gets into action soon and moves along with annexation, another year will be lost. Unless annexation does take place, and until it takes place, the matter of industry might just as well be shelved. The town must own or at least control some land which it can provide for industry at a reasonable figure. It is not necessary that council buy land, but it can require a sub-divider to give such land to town in lieu of lot fees or a portion thereof.

Progress towards annexation

Order In The Council Room

On numerous occasions we have witnessed rank outbreaks of criticism and accusations levelled by irresponsible ratepayers to members of town and township councils, but the disgusting scene that was staged in the chambers at Brougham last week ranked above and beyond all previous exhibitions. Putting it mildly, it was a poor piece of showmanship at its best. To anyone who could see past the end of his nose, the verbal onslaught from the floor was a direct attempt to embarrass the council members, who, it seems have little defence against such unscrupulous attacks.

At the level of municipal government, there will always be a faction of fault-finders who appear to revel in this type of censure. Although such persons represent a small percentage of the rank and file ratepayers across a municipality, their undaunted efforts, if unchecked, can make the operation of organized council business exceedingly difficult. Some three years ago when Reeve Lawson was at the helm of Pickering Township, the council of that day was faced with a similar problem. He suggested that a procedure bylaw should be prepared. It was never put into practise. We would suggest that such action be taken immediately. Such a bylaw has been enacted in other municipalities and the efficiency of their councils has been noticeably improved.

We are not opposed to inter-council discussion and debate. We agree that ratepayers with specific personal complaints or problems should be heard. We cannot, however, condone the un-announced arrival of delegations without prior notice being forwarded to the clerk at least twenty-four hours in advance. No interruptions should be permitted from the floor during the

Music Festival Time

This is the time of the year when music festivals blossom forth in communities such as Stouffville and the talents of hundreds of public school pupils come to the stage. All these young people, through the function of music in our schools, have the opportunity of displaying their talents. They also have the chance to receive constructive criticism and encouragement to pursue this cultural activity.

The communities owe a debt of

has staggered along now for months. It is presently being held up and has been for some weeks as council members bicker over providing the necessary drainage plan to complete the total survey of the proposed annexation area. Industry is a real prize today, competed for by municipalities from one end of the country to the other. Here in Stouffville we have the services but no locations. The few small parcels of land available are being held by owners who are out to make a "killing," and industry does not have to "pay through the nose" for land. There are plenty of other municipalities who will provide them land with open arms.

Annexation has been dragged along here now for three years. Over that period, at least three industries have had to turn their back on Stouffville and go elsewhere. Now we have lost one more opportunity. Let's put a little more determined effort into this job of providing land so that next time we will be ready.

completion of regular council business. It is perhaps regrettable that a reeve must resort to such tactics to retain some portion of dignity that his office signifies, but following last week's shameful episode, it is plainly evident that some drastic measures must be taken.

For those persons who may be regular attendants at weekly sessions of Pickering Council, the barrage of verbal insinuations and accusations from the floor was by no means, an unusual occurrence. We felt, however, that there was little or no foundation behind the most recent volley of critical comments. For those persons who were attending their initial session of council last week — and there were a number, it must have indeed been an eye-opening experience. Is it any wonder that it is becoming increasingly difficult to obtain good candidates to serve in municipal positions?

Certain ratepayers will always have an axe to grind with councils. This motive was plainly evident last week. The members were "sitting ducks" for a round of trumped up charges that looked as phony as a bag full of three dollar bills. Surely the time has come for the reeve to assert his authority. He has refrained from acting the role of a policeman in the past, but some have stretched his "freedom of speech" policy a little too far. If residents are not satisfied with council's handling of township business, let them speak at the polls in December. Personally, we feel that the present members have little cause for concern. We would contend, however, that last Monday's exhibition is council's concern, not for December, but now. No municipal meeting should be transformed into a circus sideshow. It was just that type of performance.

appreciation to those who take charge of these festivals; to organize and direct. Since the small beginning of such concerts some years ago, marked progress can be seen, demonstrating good training and careful music selection.

Some of the groups in the recent concerts in Stouffville have been prize winners at the Kiwanis Festival and the confidence and poise given these young performers will pay dividends in later life.

Cliff Of The Week



"The sorry we can't hire you, but your tests show that you are temperamentally and emotionally immature."

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(Lesson for May 22) Matthew 6:1-18; Luke 18:9-14 GOLDEN TEXT—For the Lord seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart.—1 Sam. 16:7.

THE LESSON AS A WHOLE

Approach to the Lesson The words of our Lord were as sorely needed in His day as in ours. The Pharisees who opposed Him were notorious for their religious hypocrisy. Elsewhere Christ denounces them scathingly (see especially Matt. 23:1-36). Here He warns His hearers against their shallow pretense and explains clearly the difference between hypocrisy and sincerity, sham and genuineness, external show and internal reality.

The Pharisees observed outward forms scrupulously. They gave alms, prayed, and fasted. Their religious exercises impressed their fellow men but thoroughly displeased the Lord. Something crucial was sadly lacking: true sincerity of soul. Something base had been added; insincere, self-centered hypocrisy.

The Pharisees have their disciples today. People may join the church, follow her prescribed ritual, put money in the offering plates, sing in vested choirs, and yet be totally unacceptable to God. If one's heart is far from the Lord, if he has no true faith in the Saviour, if religion has become a matter of convenience, form, and show, all his piety, genuflections, reciting of psalms, and prayers are futile. God detests any practice that savors of hypocrisy. He wants our hearts before our gifts, ourselves before our possessions, our love before our alms, our personal devotion before our formal prayers.

The Heart of the Lesson

The difference between religious hypocrites and sincere worshippers may readily be seen.

First, in their attitude toward sin. The hypocrite is more interested in parading his virtues than in confessing his iniquities, in listing his good deeds than in deploring his faults. The sincere child of God recognizes his own failings, confesses them with sorrow, and turns to God for mercy.

Second, in their appreciation of God's holy demands. The hypocrite has the audacity to believe that the Almighty is satisfied with his paltry gifts when his heart is far from God, that the Lord is impressed with his prayers or placated by his fasting. The sincere believer is aware of his own shortcomings, and desperate need of forgiveness.

Scattered here and there are the teachers,

outwardly calm, inwardly churning. This is the culmination of months of hard work for them, and can bring elation or dejection, depending on how their charges come through.

Then the adjudicator rings his bell. Dead quiet reigns. The first contestant, feeling as awkward as an elephant, mounts the stage and the tension rises. One of those distraught mothers is holding her breath, her heart pounding painfully.

Sometimes one of the kids will get stuck. She'll hit a wrong chord, pause, try it again, play a discord, and panic. She sits there looking at the keyboard as though it was a document in Chinese. She pokes at a couple of notes, looks desperately at the adjudicator and tries again. Her despair and agony are almost matched by those of the audience.

This year our adjudicator, David Ouchterlony of the conservatory, told a story about

OUTLOOK FOR FARM PRODUCE IN '60 '61

What is the outlook for Ontario farm products?

The Ontario Department of Agriculture's publication, Ontario Farm Business, Spring 1960, forecasts the following:

Beef Cattle: Marketing of all classes of cattle likely to be higher than in 1959, with a possibility of lower prices in '60 than in '59. With high consumer spending, no decline in price expected for brandable beef, but sharp price drops for cows and lower-grade cattle. Sharper price declines expected in '61. Short-keep feeders are more likely to yield a profit than those kept ten to 12 months.

Hogs: Heavy marketings during first 6 months of '60. Prospects: a 12 percent cut in the spring pig crop, improved prices this fall, a 16 percent decrease in farrowings during the Dec. 1 to May 1 period, substantial purchases by the United Kingdom, strong consumer demand for meat, and a price well above the \$23.65 floor price by the end of the year.

Dairy Cattle: Prices expected to remain firm with only slight declines.

Dairy Products: Slight increase in the milk supply, an average price for cheese 2 to 3 cents lower than last year's average of 35-37 cents. Little change in skim milk powder prices, floor price on butter to remain at 64 cents until April 30, 1961.

Eggs: Improvement in prices, with strong prices in the summer and early fall.

Grain: Supplies of standard varieties available but supplies of newer varieties expected to be scarce.

Corn: Prices down 3-6 cents a bushel on the average from 1959.

Potatoes: Higher prices in early '60 for '59 crop. Seed stock expected to be scarce and expensive.

Third, in their conviction with respect to their own ability. The Pharisee was smug, complacent, satisfied with his puny attainments (Luke 18:11, 12). He thought that he had arrived, religiously. The publican looked away from any of his good deeds that might have pleased God, saw himself and his attainments as nothing, and besought God to be compassionate.

Fourth, in their motives in worship. The hypocrite's desire was to be seen of men. Popular applause, human approval — this was their goal. Sincere seekers after God worship Him in the secret places of their souls, and pray, give alms, and fast to His glory.

Fifth, in their rewards. The hypocrites receive their reward now: men are duly impressed by their religious acts. Sincere followers of the Son of God may not win plaudits from men; but God hears their petitions, honors their consecration, and will ultimately recompense them.

Cedar Grove Loses Store — in Business More Than 75 Years

Sam Ramer and John Hoover were the proprietors of Cedar Grove store about eighty years ago and shared the premises with no less than two tailors. At the time when this thriving village needed two tailors, Joe Hoover occupied space at the rear of the store and Wes Burkholder tailored upstairs. Wes was a cripple of a sort, with very short legs hardly able to carry him and he did most of his travelling on a wagon designed for his purpose. When he joined the chatter sessions around the stove on a Saturday evening, he was perched on a board across a cracker barrel. Occasionally the conversation came to an abrupt halt — just long enough to set Wes up again after the board had slipped and the tailor was wedged into the crackers with only his hat and the soles of his shoes visible.

For a short period in the 1890's Johnny Murison ran the store and during his occupancy, a handbill was circulated to advertise a Clearance Sale to make way for new goods. Such a sale! Customers were invited to come along at once — goods sold at your own price.

The first store of which there is any pictorial record was a large, residential looking building with a wide rocking-chair verandah across the front and a hitching rail the full width of the building. There was a salt house, too, in which salt was stored by the load and sold by the bag. Later this house came to be used as a harness shop and still later as a storage house for new buggies when Arthur Clendenen was in the buggy business.

At the turn of the century Tom Kennedy submitted bills which included overalls at 45c, stockings at 10c, 25 lbs of lily flour for 40c, and ten loaves of bread for 40c.

Around 1885 some advertising of the times gives us a good idea of what was expected of a general store and what the store offered its customers. There was no need to go to Toronto while James Malcolm ran the store at Cedar Grove. "Dry Goods and Groceries" is the heading and the list includes hats, caps, boots and shoes, hardware, agricultural equipment, paints, oils, putty, glass, coal oil, pure spices, druggist's groceries, patent medicines. And a full line of goods usually kept in a general store. The advertisement finishes with a lure for the ladies: "Our stock of notions, ladies' dress goods, prints, cashmeres etc., is complete and will be sold very low."

Unfortunately for Mr. Malcolm, the store burned down during his regime and the next owners we know of were Henry and Jim Kennedy. It must have been at this time that the creamery at Locust Hill burned down and the Kennedy's further obliged the local farmers by selling basket after basket of fresh-

by churned butter. By 1918 the Beatty family owned Cedar Grove General Store and after that Arthur Offen and Son proudly lent their names to the business.

Fire continued to make history for our village store and on a bitter winter night with the temperature at 2 above zero, the Offens lost their house and business. Mr. and Mrs. Offen and their four children escaped but it was a rush exit with no time for warm clothes against the winter night. That was in 1945 and the loss was estimated at \$15,000 dollars.

Recently the store was operated by Mr. and Mrs. Loxton, Jack and Marg Walton and the McIntosh's. Mrs. Loxton, not being a country woman at heart, longed to see a street-car pass her window and eventually moved closer to the TTC. Marg and Jack Walton went into farming and the McIntosh family moved farther north.

Last Saturday night the last owners and operators of Cedar Grove General Store closed the doors for good. Earl Rescor, who ran the business for Frank Sewell, left on much the same note that Johnny Murison held his sale — goods sold at your own price.

The store in the village will be missed by many people in many ways. The dash across the road for a loaf of bread, the pleasant walk down the road with the day's shopping, the rounds of soft drinks to wet the whistles of the hot stove league, the friendly atmosphere that has pervaded that shop for a century. The loss to the children is incalculable. Hardly a child was driven farther than the store on his way home from school. Earl had a way with children that made him a friend. He enjoyed their jokes and kidding, he treated them on their birthdays, he knew the limits of their pocket books and he remembered them at Christmas and Halloween. Yes, perhaps the greatest loss at the closing of the store, will be suffered by the kids.

How the village news will spread from now on is an unsolved problem. Dropping in at the store to catch up on events in the village will be a hard habit to break. We will all miss the occasions when Earl took a day or two to go fishing and left Byrd and Frank in their own delightful pie quandy.

The rink and the Garden Party will note the closed doors with regret. From here supplies were constantly on the move to help community fund raising efforts. Here the money was kept in safety.

It was only a small group that stayed to see the last few minutes of business at Cedar Grove store but the group was representative. There was some reminiscing, lots of laughter, a little news passed around, some speculations on the future.

Sugar and Spice

By BILL SMILEY

We've just staggered through again. Each year at this time, when most folks are thoroughly enjoying the burgeoning of spring, some of us are going through the harrowing, destroying experience of the Music Festival.

Each year it puts another splash of silver in my wig. Each year it carves another line in my already-furrowed forehead. And each year, I am positive the Old Lady won't get through it without a complete nervous collapse.

But the human constitution seems to be made of a composite of old rubber boots and scrap iron. I have already recovered to the point where my head is no longer thudding like a bongo drum. And Mum has once again tottered back from the brink of insanity and is her usual brisk, bullying self.

This year, our kids played in seven different piano classes. That meant seven trips to the festival centre, and about 300 miles on the old '51 Buick, which gives us some 18 miles to the gallon.

However, I don't mind the expense. It's the bedlam that gets me down. Just trying to keep those kids in clean clothes for a week is enough to drive a saint straight up the wall. And somebody was always late, or had lost his shoes, or had got mud on her dress. We snarled and hurled recriminations on every trip until we were five miles out of town.

The festival hall is always the same. Beneath its apparent qui-

et and orderliness seethes a tangled current of conjecture, hope and fear. Women sit quietly about, nothing except their latty hair, wild eyes and chewed lipstick to mark them as festival mothers.

Kids giggle and squirm with nerves as the big moment nears. The girls are all fussed up in their best dresses, with fancy bows and sparkling eyes and shining hair. The boys are quieter, stiffer, pale and tense. Their hands are sweating and they rub them on their pants.

Scattered here and there are the teachers, outwardly calm, inwardly churning. This is the culmination of months of hard work for them, and can bring elation or dejection, depending on how their charges come through.

Then the adjudicator rings his bell. Dead quiet reigns. The first contestant, feeling as awkward as an elephant, mounts the stage and the tension rises. One of those distraught mothers is holding her breath, her heart pounding painfully.

Sometimes one of the kids will get stuck. She'll hit a wrong chord, pause, try it again, play a discord, and panic. She sits there looking at the keyboard as though it was a document in Chinese. She pokes at a couple of notes, looks desperately at the adjudicator and tries again. Her despair and agony are almost matched by those of the audience.

This year our adjudicator, David Ouchterlony of the conservatory, told a story about

this sort of thing. It happened at a festival, in a five-and-under class. This little guy started off well, then got stuck. He fumbled around for a minute, then got going again.

But the second time, his right hand had started one note too high, and the whole piece went like that. He knew what order to play the notes in, and he was flying along in great style, but after a minute realized it sounded like a cat on a tin roof. He stopped dead, put his hands on his hips and stared at the piano in silence. Then he piped: "Hey, what's the matter with this piano?" in a clear treble.

When a class has finished playing, everyone sits looking as calm as a canary at a cat's convention. The adjudicator scribbles notes. Then he walks to the front and the aficionados lean forward slightly, strung like wire, and the moment of truth arrives. When it's all over, you hate the man bitterly, or think him an exceptionally discerning type, depending on how he has treated your offspring.

Years lurk near the surface for the youngsters who have worked hard for months, then made a mess of the piece because of festival nerves. Mature women feel like screaming. The odd father present slumps as though he'd had a heart attack.

Oh, it's a grand business, the Music Festival. But martyrs, unlike cats, have only one life. Next year, at festival time, I shall enter a monastery for a week, and let the chips and the tears fall where they may.

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IN THE EDITOR'S MAIL

The Editor, Stouffville Tribune

Dear Sir,

After reading your Editorial under the heading "Whatever Will Be, Will Be," I could not help but feel disturbed about the passive undertone I thought to detect in this article.

It seems obvious that the writer is not over-enthusiased about Civil Defence operation, thereby sharing in the general lethargic attitude of 99% (!) of the Canadian people (I would like to know where this figure comes from). Granted, we all know that such an attitude exists in this part of the world. But I believe that a newspaper should not only be informative but should also play an educational role. The mere acceptance of existing lethargy is not helping the cause of our national and personal safety.

Just hoping that the bubble will never break" is to be interpreted as "living in a fool's paradise".

We take polio vaccinations, have medical check-ups, lightning rods on many of our buildings, insure our properties, carry life-saving equipment in our boats, etc., etc. Why? — Just in case! "Whatever will be, will be" is not good enough.

Sir, at the outbreak of World War 2 I lived in one of the countries where a lethargic attitude towards the possibilities of war was also very dominant. It sounds unbelievable now, but I have seen people leaving their homes and standing in the streets in order "to have a good look" at enemy aircraft. They did not know any better and had never been prepared! Many paid for their ignorance with their lives. I have also seen the panic resulting in chaos and again an-

necessary loss of lives. We all know of the unpreparedness of the British people during the dark days of 1939-40. It took years of blood, sweat and tears of this great nation to correct this.

Although I know that only a comparatively small number of Canadians witnessed the great and unforgettable miseries of war from nearby, their experience should serve as a lesson for every man and woman of this country. It could not only happen again but with more disastrous results.

It is my belief that our newspapers should take an active part in fighting the existing negative attitude towards Civil Defence.
LET US BE PREPARED!
I thank you for letting me use some space in your weekly. 27 Manitoba St., Lou Meydam, Stouffville.

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