

# Editorial

## Hospital Visiting

Having done considerable hospital visiting in the last couple of years, we have been impressed with the varied directions and suggestions placed in hallways and elevators for the benefit of visitors. These directions are many and varied but they do give some interesting pointers.

When a person visits a sick friend in a hospital he should try to leave he or she feeling better as a result of the call. This isn't always the result, particularly with those unfamiliar with sick rooms.

Some of the gleanings we have gotten from these signs go this way: Don't sweep into the sick room

like a cyclone, come in quietly. Try to be cheerful, not gloomy, but don't be silly. Don't be morbidly curious, if the patient wants to tell you about the operation or show you the stitches, let him offer to do so. Don't be overly sympathetic, real sympathy will show through and words aren't necessarily needed to convey it.

Don't go in offering your medical advice or opinion, leave it to the doctors. Don't lie — don't tell a sick man he looks marvelous or that he'll be out in a few days, he knows better. This doesn't mean you should tell him he looks half dead. Be honest, but be discreet.

## Seeding Soon

From the looks of the land in this area it won't be long until farmers are seeding their fields. Some have already begun plowing. Our latest agriculture reports from York County further point up the fact that this should be an early seeding year. It all makes one recall of the varied operations which go into this major farm operation each spring. There's not only the land to prepare but the seed as well.

It's essential to have clean seed, that is, all the weed seeds removed. Contrary to bygone days there are some commercial enterprises which

now do this job with modern equipment and make it easier and quicker.

It used to be a laborious task, being done with a fanning mill which fanned out all but the heavy kernels of good grain. It was operated by turning a handle, similar to the old cream separator or turnip pulper.

Many a lad has spent weary hours turning the fanning mill, while father dumped in the grain and then bagged up the cleaned seed ready for the fields. Few jobs paid better dividends however. There never was any profit in sowing weed seeds even on the cleanest soil.

## Spring Fever

Spring fever is the laziness a man feels in himself all year but is afraid to display — until the boss displays it too.

Once it comes out, however, it's catching. And it does strange things to men's minds.

It makes a staid old bachelor want to get married.

Contrarily, it makes married men wish they were single.

It makes the city man take his

family for a drive in the country, while his farm cousin packs the family into town for a spring set of overalls.

It makes us wake up early to greet the friendly new day, which is good, and puts us to sleep in the middle of the day which is not so good.

The victims of spring fever are many because it is contagious — but thank goodness it isn't fatal.

## The Truth Hurts

A recent court case has reminded this writer of an incident that occurred two years ago during a regular council meeting at Brougham in the Twp. of Pickering. A ratepayer in attendance at the council session was outlining the attributes of the Dunbarton Legion and touching in an indirect manner on its operation. The issue developed into a rather heated controversy and in the midst of the debate, the spokesman posed such a question — "What do you think of the legion Mr. ----- ? I think it's a place to go to drink beer, shot back the reply.

The council chamber was thrown into a state of deep and profound shock. The ratepayer threw up

his hands in horror. Sideline listeners muttered and mumbled inaudible words of protest. The councillor later apologized when it appeared certain that his statement was to become an open play in the field of political football. The matter was never printed in the press and it died a natural death.

Last month, the Dunbarton Legion was raided by officers of the Pickering Twp. Police Department. More than 200 bottles of beer were seized and the barkeeper was fined \$50 and costs. In this particular instance, it would appear that the councillor's apology was quite unnecessary and his suggestion was only too true.

## Too Much Delay

Adjournments, remands, postponements, call it what you like, but it is occurring with entirely too much frequency in local courts of law. We are true believers in democratic principles and fairness for all concerned but we feel that in too many instances the temperate hand of justice is being taken for a weekly walk down the garden path. Remands have become so common that the ritual consumes almost as much time as the actual cases that are heard. People are being continually inconvenienced. Off-duty officers give of their free

hours for nothing. Witnesses come and go. The plaintiff or the accused bide their time.

Some of the reasons put forward in seeking adjournments are so strange, they're almost funny. "I haven't had time to get a lawyer". "The officer has gone on vacation". "A witness must be contacted" and so on. One officer told The Tribune last week that a particular case on his department's files had been adjourned no less than fifteen times. Is it any wonder that our court dockets are continually crowded ?

## Too Few Programs of This Type

The Sunday evening television presentation of "Great Hymns" is to be removed from the program schedule of C.F.T.O. Channel 9, according to reliable authority. Such a move constitutes, in our opinion, a great loss to the viewing public who, over

the past months has come to enjoy this feature.

We would suggest that there are too few programs of this type on television, especially on Sunday when one would expect such presentations.

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### The Stouffville Tribune

ESTABLISHED 1888  
A. V. Nolan & Son, Publishers

Member of the Canadian Weekly Newspaper Association and the Ontario Weekly Newspapers Association.

Authorized as second-class mail, Postoffice Dept., Ottawa.

Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations.

Issued every Thursday at Stouffville, Ont.

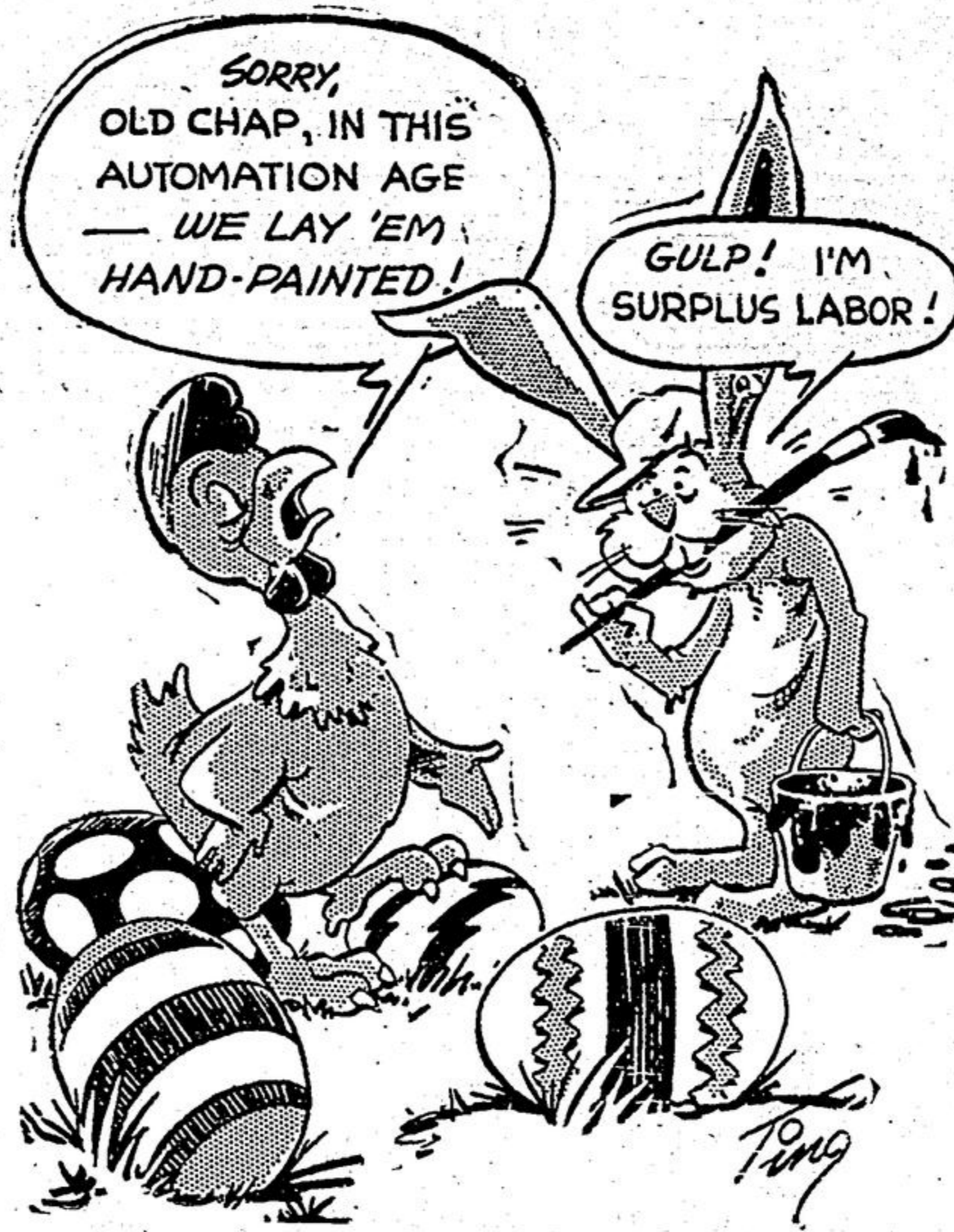
In Canada \$3.50

Elsewhere \$4.50

E. H. NOLAN, Publisher

JAS. THOMAS, Editor

JAS. McKEAN, Advertising



## SUGAR and SPICE

By Bill Smiley

I look forward with the keenest anticipation to the annual church drive for funds. Every year I volunteer as a canvasser, because the experience provides a capsule commentary on human nature, concise but comprehensive, and I enjoy every minute of it.

Like everything else, the drive for funds has been elevated. Just as the caretaker has become a Superintendent of Maintenance, the battle of the bucks has assumed the disguise of a Sector Project, or a Visitation, or an In-Gathering.

But the victims aren't fooled. They recognize you the minute they open the door, just as readily as you penetrate the Hallow-e'en garb of the neighbor's little girl, the minute she says, "Twick or tweet, Mr. Smiley, I bet you don't know who I am, I'm Mary."

There's nothing new about the church needing money. I'll lay odds that St. Paul was telling potential Christians to put up or shut up a couple of thousand years ago, nearly. And he probably got the same answers then.

Such as: "Well, we've had a lot of expenses this year, with the new house"; and "It seems the church is always looking for money" and "We donate pretty heavy to other charities, y' know"; and "Seems to me that preacher has a pretty good thing — free house and all"; and "I ain't gonna sign no pledge"; and a hundred and forty others.

As civilization has become more complicated, the need of the church for money has become greater. Maintenance costs were low, I understand, in the catacombs. Light, heat and insurance didn't amount to much, and the rector didn't need a car allowance, and the telephone and the organ weren't invented yet, and Sunday School supplies consisted of a stick and some sand.

Then the Christians made the mistake of moving to such inclement climates as that of Britain, and that was the end of the infinitesimal budget. They had to move indoors, and promptly walked up to the eaves into a morass of carpets and new roofs and stained glass windows and furnaces and seats and baptismal fonts and choir lofts and such.

As if that wasn't enough, along came this crazy, socialistic idea that ministers and their families should eat as well or nearly as well, as the rest of us. Ever since, most churches have been staggering along in sorry financial condition.

When I was a boy, the problem was dumped in the parson's lap. If he wanted to eat, he preached. Some of the most fiery sermons I heard in my youth were those based on the need — may, the duty — to give more than two-bits a week to the church. The minister would

work himself into a regular paroxysm on the subject, while his flock just sat there and looked at him, coldly.

After this system proved an utter flop, and the faithful proved as bloodless as stone, the new method came into its own. It has turned out to be immensely successful. Church revenues have sky-rocketed. Unfortunately, what with inflation and the like, church expenditures have managed to stay ahead of revenues, until it now costs as much to operate a fair-sized church as it did, 70 years ago, to operate a fair-sized town.

Today's campaign is highly organized. The male pillars of the church, and a few doughty females, are wheedled into declaring their willingness to serve. There are training sessions — a cross between a sales meeting and a pep rally, for these volunteers. Tremendous enthusiasm is aroused. This is fanned into a veritable flame by a special speaker, who tells the canvassers how to crack the hard nuts.

Everybody agrees that if everybody else gave what he should, the church would be rolling in greenbacks. The list of church members is produced. It is huge. It looks as though there'll have to be an addition built to the church, by the time the campaign is over. About here the minister tries to point out that it is the missing member's soul we are after, not his roll. But nobody pays any attention.

When the volunteer canvassers are in a fine frenzy of unselfish inspiration, their own commitment cards, or pledge cards, are handed out to them, if the chairman is on his toes. Everybody defiantly increases his giving by a buck or 50 cents a week, glaring at his fellow-workers.

And right there, though not to many realize it, is the climax of the entire campaign. Oh, it runs its course, like a spent rocket returning to earth. The canvassers are blessed on Sunday morning, they have a lunch after the service, and they go out in pairs, determinedly clutching their cards and their leaflets.

To their amazement, as the figures are tallied, they learn that the campaign has been a complete success. She's gone over the top. How come? Because they, and their fellow-canvassers, carried away by the spirit, temporarily, had increased their own donations enough to make the total, before they ever went out. But it's good fun, good for the soul and good for the church. So I'm looking forward to next year's campaign.

## Sunday School Lesson

(Lesson for April 22)  
CHRIST REIGNS  
Matthew 28; Hebrews 1

**GOLDEN TEXT** — Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing. — Rev. 5:12.

**THE LESSON AS A WHOLE**  
Ever since man's fall, he has been the prey of three great unconquerable foes: demons, disease, and death. One, or all, of this evil trio has challenged and vanquished every man, from the least to the greatest, and this despite the breathtaking advances of modern science.

When our Lord was here among men He fully demonstrated His authority over these three enemies. He commanded demons, cured disease, and conquered death. He was in full command of every situation.

When our Lord miraculously fed the multitudes with bread, He demonstrated His ability to provide for their physical need; and when He taught them, He displayed the very wisdom of God.

All of this established the fact that Jesus Christ was fully qualified to be not only man's Saviour but also his King.

**The Heart of the Lesson**  
Among the varied glories of Christ revealed in the first chapter of Hebrews is that of His kingship. He has an eternal throne and a kingdom of righteousness.

Despite the fact that the Lord Jesus fully demonstrated His kingly qualifications when here among men, He was refused. Instead of a coronation, man gave Him a crucifixion. But God raised Jesus from the dead, and exalted Him to His throne. There He sits today. And the sinner who comes to Him for salvation also confesses Him as Lord (see Rom. 10:9). This means that he comes under His authority and thus enters into Christ's present kingdom. Being delivered from the power of darkness he is translated into the kingdom of God's dear Son (see Col. 1:13).

There is also a future aspect to our Lord's reign. Today only true Christians acknowledge His authority. The world that crucified Him is still in revolt. But when Christ returns to earth, He will take His power and assume His messianic throne. There will be glorious world-wide blessing, and the kingdoms of this world will become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of His Christ, and He shall reign eternally (see Rev. 11:15).

## FOR PARENTS ONLY

by Nancy Cleaver

**REMEMBER JACK MINER!**  
"I took to the woods as naturally as a park hare," Jack Miner writes in his autobiography, when he relates that after living in Ohio his parents and ten children moved to Ontario when "at the age of thirteen I was liberated in Canada — a sportsman's paradise."

On April 10th Canadians recall the birthday in 1865 of the man who pioneered in establishing Canada's first Bird Sanctuary where artificial feeding was employed. For his work in this field he was awarded the Order of the British Empire.

Early in this century Jack Miner realized the necessity of conservation of our natural resources. He formed one of the first Game Protective Associations in Canada, indeed on this continent. His Bird Sanctuary near Kingsville became famous and served as a model and inspiration for several hundred other bird havens. In the barren fields of his farm Jack Miner and his workers dug the hollows for the ponds for wild ducks and geese. Countless trees were planted as a wind-break and for the use of insect eating song birds.

In 1909 Jack Miner began his bird tagging activities when he placed an aluminum band on a black mallard duck. This duck was killed in North Carolina. Six years later Jack Miner decided to concentrate on banding Canada Geese. On the tags he wrote his address and a verse of Scripture. During his lifetime he banded hundreds of geese. This project helped both the Canadian and U.S. governments in establishing strategic bird sanctuaries and in regulating shooting privileges.

In his public addresses, Jack Miner captured the heart of young and old. He impressed his audiences with the value of their heritage of field and forest, of wild animals and birds. He loved boys and girls and they found it easy to like him and join in his conservation campaign. I will never forget his talk to the school students when I was in my early teens. At the time of his death in 1944, one of the loveliest comments on the character of the man was made by a girl who had worked on his farm the previous summer. She said, "I will never think of him as dead — he was too nice alive."

Like most men of the out-of-doors, Jack Miner was a truly religious man. Once he said, "No man can live in the great out-of-doors and study the creatures which occupy it before man has any control over them, and consider the regularity of the sun, moon and whispering stars without being compelled to believe there is an over-ruling Power." He had a real sense of purpose in his own vocation, which is shown in his remark, "Back of me, in all my undertakings, is God."

We need more Canadians today of Jack Miner's calibre. The first concern of parents is the character development of their children, and in this out-of-doors man with so little formal education, we find a model.

## Editor's Mail

### GREAT HYMNS EXIT

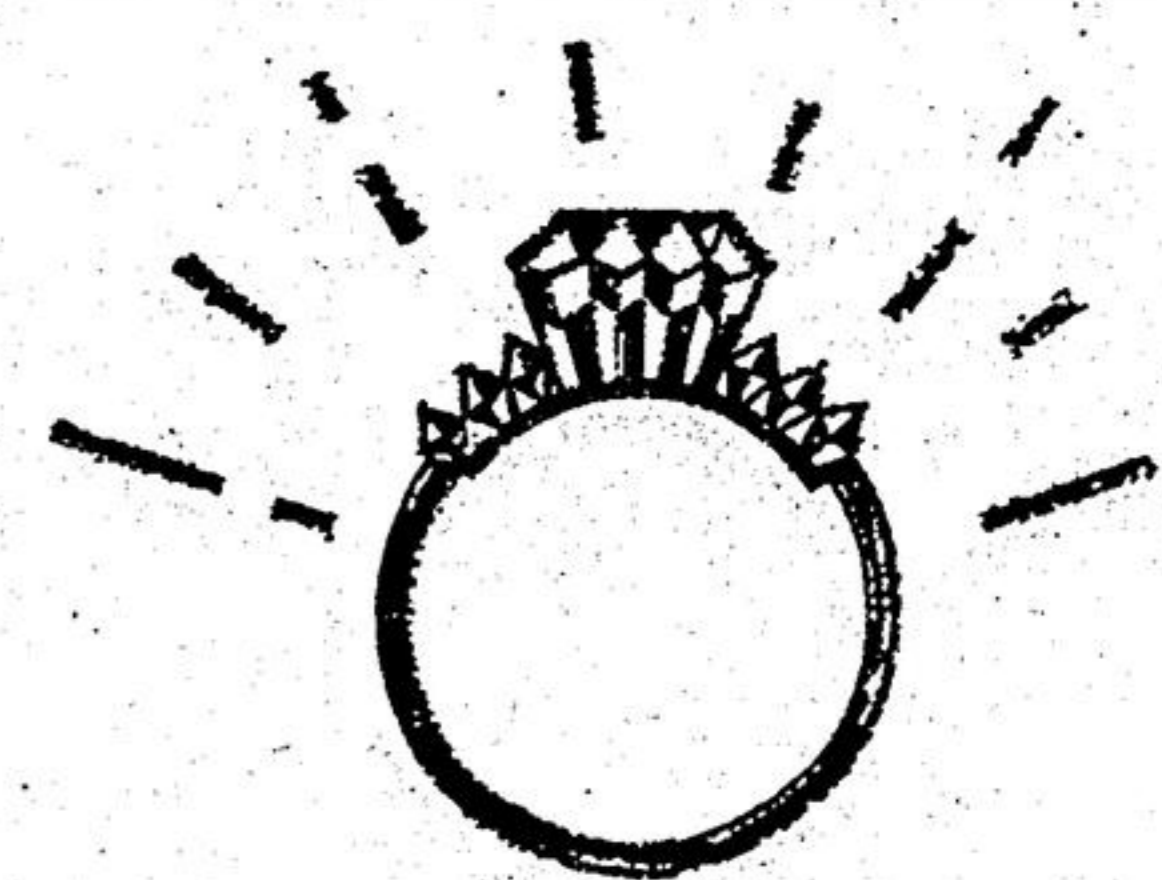
The complexities of the inner politics and economics of the Musicians' Union are resulting in the removal from the television screen of one of the finest cultural programs available to us. Regardless of the pros and cons of the situation, which are so eagerly discussed by the informed, to us long-suffering laymen, the end result is the loss of another valued "live" program. In the light of the spiritual victory which the development of this program has been for Canadian television generally, we feel justified in taking those measures which are available to us in order to preserve it.

As far as we are able to discover, credit for the program must be given in its entirety to C.F.T.O. at Agincourt. We believe C.F.T.O. may be throwing away a program of real value to them, as well as to the viewer. The reader has a democratic privilege to make his feelings known. Indeed, if you feel as we do, you may have an obligation to do so. Therefore, write; not abusively, not at length, but to simply inform those responsible for the program, of your disappointment in its cancellation. We are hoping that concerned people will make their sentiments known.

—Stewards of Zion United Church, Cedar Grove, Ont.

"It's deplorable that so many people try to get something for nothing," says a sociologist. Yes, and it's downright lamentable that so many of them succeed in doing so.

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