

"Remember Mother on Mother's Day" . . . a day of gladness for thousands. "Remember Father on Father's Day" — this is on June 20th.

Both these popular days were brought back to memory a few days ago when a newsy and interesting letter was received from Helen Costain, of the Information desk at the Queen Elizabeth Hotel in Toronto. A former Lindsay girl, she is the daughter of the late Alex (Sandy) Clarke who, several years ago was given the nickname of "Billy Sunday" by the late Dick Butler, a gentleman whose memory is held dear in the hearts of many.

Before presenting to readers of Main Street this interesting tribute to "Daddy", it is timely to interject a brief background note concerning Alex Clarke. He was a Merchant Tailor in the days when this particular business engaged such pioneers in a popular trade as G. A. Milne, Alex and Basil Cathro, Lou Wickett, the Blair Brothers and others. Alex Clarke had a shop on Kent Street which he closed when ready-made men's clothes became the style. For a time he was in the circulation department of the Daily Post and later was the representative of the Children's Aid Society. He loved people and he loved children especially. He was the first to organize a motorcade and take underprivileged children on a ride to surrounding lakes and to provide ice cream and prizes. He will be best remembered by many grown-ups today as the evangelistic-type citizen who organized and conducted Sunday night sing-songs in the Academy Theatre. Another sideline was his contribution to the Liberal party in the publicity department.

Alex Clarke was genial and sympathetic. On many a Sunday he could be seen on long walking hikes into the country and frequently wore a perfect

and frequently wore a perfect fitting dress cut away coat and a Christie hat.

Following is an article written by Mr. Clarke's daughter which appeared in a copy of the Queen Elizabeth Hospital periodical "The Wheelchair Express". It will bring back fond memories of former days in Lindsay to many readers in town and abroad.

\* \* \*

### I REMEMBER DADDY

"We always Remember Mamma" — not just on Mother's Day — but in song and legend — she's a hallowed memory of saintliness, forbearance, quietly doing the right thing always.

Well, I "Remember Daddy" — not very big, ramrod straight and dignified, vociferously indignant about any injustice, trying to help with the minimum tact and the maximum heart.

There was the day of the Picnic. Early in the morning Daddy would scurry round, urging everybody to be on time. "Don't be late for the boat."

He'd take out his watch every few minutes and admonish his bustling women. "Might better be a little early than miss the boat". Then he'd don his natty straw 'Skimmer' and head for the wharf.

People came from all over our clean little town to watch the boat, an important little steamer, not much bigger than a ferry, I suppose, but to us is seemed the biggest ocean liner. The crowd started climbing on board, the ladies were in starched piquet blouses and skirts to the ankles. I had on my good white 'Embroid'ried' with "white embroidery underneath — and underneath that again.

There was the stern business of giving out tickets and counting noses. There was the first long low 'Whoo-oo-oosh'! of the whistle, some held their ears, little kids cried or clung to their mothers. Then the sec-

ond whistle sounded — that meant two gone and one to go.

Daddy — and our tickets — were nowhere in sight. Everybody on board seemed to be looking over the rail at our family forlornly draped round the biggest picnic basket you ever saw.

Then over the hill came Daddy, helping somebody with a bigger family than ours — and smaller children, pushing a baby carriage, helping with the picnic basket, happy little scrubbed faces scrambling round and smiling up, the long skirted mother bustling beside him, fluttering a little at his gallantry.

To this day the whiff of a salmon sandwich will bring back to me the Baptist Sunday School Picnic, the boatripe . . . and later my fat little legs running in the races. There were first, second and third prizes. I always came fourth. As I stood, long-faced, watching the lucky ones receive their shiny rubber balls, beautiful lilac perfume, pocket combs spangled with brilliants. Daddy bent and whispered to me, "We'll get some ice cream". He led me aside.

"There's a place over here— instead of in a dish, the cream, it's in a caky horn-shaped thingummy".

And he took me by the hand and introduced me to my first ice cream cone.

Then there was the song service; In the long, cold winter Daddy engineered what would now be called a mission, I suppose, he called it a song service (Over four decades ago there was no organized social service or mission work in our town).

It was held on Sunday night in the town's larger theatre, at 8:30, in order not to interfere with regular church services — though it was pre-

sumably for those of no particular church affiliation. Each week a minister of a different denomination gave a short address; then Daddy took over the song service; the place darkened, the good old hymns were shining down on us: "Throw Out The Lifeline", "Onward Christian Soldiers", "Where Is My Wandering Boy To-Night", "When The Roll Is Called Up Yonder."

The service became so popular and friendly, they drove in from the country in their sleighs and cutters.

Be and bye there wasn't even standing room.

Daddy wasn't very big, but oh, so dignified! I can see him yet, waving that wooden pointer in front of the screen: "The ladies" he'd say, "will sing the

third verse". And the sopra would pipe up.

"The men will sing the fourth verse": And the males would follow forth and show up women.

"Now **everybody** on the bus". Oh, how we sang!

"Next we'll have", he announced, "Shall We Gather By The River?". And I want you to **throw** yourselves into it'