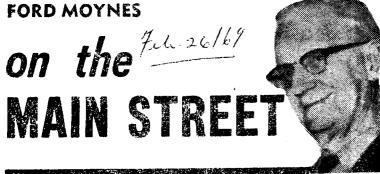
FORD MOYNES



Mere modest mention of the in this school that many young name Paton stirs up an ava- operators passed their exams lanche of memories in the to become expert telegraphminds of many readers at ers. home and abroad. Alex Mitchell Paton had railway blood in his veins in the days when sports that Alex. Paton was monster steam engines travelled the iron rails, and when as

of Lindsay. He was brought up in the days when Lindsay had a Town of Cobourg, but gained much of his railway experience he is reported to have an unat Hastings before being transferred to Lindsay to become batsmen with his speedy ball

Station Master.

many as twenty-five trains

steamed in, through, and out

When he retired from active service he did not actually reingenuity and set up an extra-

long narrow room was filled Lindsay rink to over capacity. with miniature poles all carry- Alex. Paton handled the touring cross bars and glass insu-naments all by himself and old lators resembling telegraph time fans picture him walking wires and poles. Telegraph tic- around the rink with a scratch kers were humming and it was pad in one hand and chewing

It was, however, as a lover of best known and he did a lot for strictly amateur sport in Lindgay and in the Counties of Victoria and Haliburton. Three

and four score years ago he

was an expert bowler in the

champion cricket team and

canny knack of retiring strong

and his deadly aim at the wickets. In his supposed to be retirtire but used his talents and ing years he was directly responsible for many success-

ordinary School of telegraphy ful hockey tournaaments, esin the hall at the foot of Kent pecially in the running of the Street now occupied by the Sam Hughes tournament. Alex Knights of Columbus. Not in Paton was a stickler for amathe least daunted by this ex- teur hockey and in the Hughes perience he started a school on Cup tournaments he barred the top floor of the Academy all Ontario Hockey Associayears before the theatre was tion players. Most of the big revamped. We visited this battles for the Hughes Cup school and saw a number of took place between teams male and female amateur from Haliburton and Lindsay operators busily engaged in and many a special hockey learning and ticking out the train brought hundreds of fans code of dots and dashes. The from the north to jam the

on a short stubby lead pencil. Alex Paton as Lindsay's Poetic It would be nice to hear where Bard and a man who could that old Hughes Cup is resting write stanzas by the yard and most of them were good most today. of them long and most of them Apart from his interest in

dealing with local situations sports, Alex Paton was a "hot" and local "characters" Liberal and a dedicated Li-they were numerous. One of these poems follows and it is beral. Many readers will recall a fitting "Omega" to this story:

## SOME FIGHT, OTHERS BITE

When the war's at an end and the roll has been called, Our wounded and well will be free -In their own native land where with heart and with hand,

Their loved ones will greet them with glee. But, it's what will we say of the lads who are lost To grief-stricken mothers who mourn?

In their sore, sad despair we must all do our share To lighten the load of the shorn. 'Tis the widow, the orphan, the mother and dad, Whose loved ones fell facing the foe,

Who with tears in their eyes, see a sweet by and by, Which comforts and cushions the blow. It is hard, yes, 'tis hard to become reconciled,

It strings a new chord in the heart. But a fond mother's love, ever mild as a dove, Is willing for freedom to part.

If the people's the country — and this we admit — Is our worth a life or a limb? As our casualties climb and the clock ticks the time

They soak us full up to the brim.

There's the cute profiteer who contributes a mite, And adds it ten-fold to his wares, While our men in the trench midst the shrapnel and

Get naught but this counterfeit's prayers.

In this beautiful land, with its crops and its clime. And foodstuffs as flush as a flood.

'Tis a hard thing to say, but it's done every day. They squeeze out our very life's blood.

All hail the dear mothers who reared the brave lads, Who now keep the foe from our shore, When the last shot is fired, they'll come home good and tired But Germans we'll hear of no more.

The extortionists, too, will get down off his perch And try to crawl far in his hole,

As the boys he will meet minus hands, minus feet, Will smart him clear through to the soul.

Lindsay, Ontario, May 18, 1917 -A. M. Paton