

“Just a song at twilight,
When the lights are low,
And the flickering shadows
Softly come and go”

Charlie Edwards, a resident at the Scott Nursing Home on Russell Street is not the “song bird” he used to be but he well remembers the days when he stood at the window of his humble home and warbled the above old favorite of by-gone years. Charlie — no one ever called him Chuck, observed his ninety and seven years Thursday. His optics are excellent, his voice good and his memory exceptionally retentive. At times he “cups his ears” in conversation and his appetite is also A1.

“I could not run a hundred yard dash” he remarked, “but I think I could still drive a livery horse and manipulate a motor car” he remarked. “Two years ago I was in Florida and I was challenged to a game of pool. It was many years ago when I last had a cue in my hands but beat my friend.”

“I remember well when I ran a livery stable in Fenelon Falls and drove commercial travellers and politicians all over the country, the days when there was the Twomey Hotel, the Aldous Hotel and the Brooks hotel and they were busy places and I well remember when Joe Jackue ran the hotel. He had one greeting for everyone. ‘It

looks like rain, my friend' even when there was not a cloud in the sky. Joe had a race horse one time but I do not remember the nag winning any races."

According to Charlie Edwards, Fenelon Falls was always a good place to live in, and through the years had many fine business men including such names as Stanton, the photographer, McCallum a merchant tailor, Burgoyne a general store keeper, Heard a grocer and mercantile man, Northey, a baker and confectioner, Gould, a druggist, Hand, Robson as publishers of the Gazette, Fred Warren, a merchant, Steve Nevison and T. Jones and Dave Gordon as police officers., Brandon, in the insurance business, Dayman, the funeral director and hockey player, who still greets his friends on the main street and many others.

"There used to be a day and night run for a couple of saw mills and the old grist stone mill was also a busy place. For a considerable length of time Charlie was closely identified with the village as a commissioner having to do with the electric power station, which he stated at one time was the main source of power energy for the town of Lindsay.

The subject of this sketch remarked that a few months ago he felt that he was ready to pass on to the Great Beyond but when he was informed that he was to be presented with his 70 year jewel as a member of Spry Masonic Lodge at Fenelon Falls, then he "took on a new lease of life" and he not only feels proud to possess the distinguished decoration but has decided to reach out for another birthday.

While admitting that young people to-day are smart and intelligent, he added: "I am disappointed with those who dress so outlandishly to-day. The boys look like girls and the girls look like boys and my eyesight is good."

If citizens walking along Kent street see a short little, neatly dressed old gentleman wearing dark glasses, stop, hold out a glad hand and shake with a firm grip, Charlie Edwards will be happy to greet friendly people.