

On The Main Street

With FORD MOYNES Oct. 13/72

"A man is just as young as he feels and I feel as young as the proverbial spring chicken."

The cheerful remark came from the lips of John Connolly, Ridout Street, who had been well and favorably known to hundreds of citizens for well over the allotted span of years designated in the Holy Bible as "three score and ten".

"I thank the good Lord that He has blessed me with good health, a lovely and devoted family and the fellowship of many, many friends — a person should be truly thankful for having a lovely family, many friends and good health" he said.

The Connolly family were among the pioneer settlers who had the herculean task of cutting down portions of the virgin forest and hewing logs for the building of a log cabin, a humble home in Ops Township, south and west of town.

Earlier records told of the Connolly's building and operating a roadside inn at or near Reaboro. It was built of stone and there are many people now living in the Reaboro area who well remember the stone ruins of this ancient tavern. In fact, several years ago, a young farmer in the area, Moore by name, had dozens of these stones moved to the shore of Sturgeon Lake at Kennedy's Bay, where he erected a fine summer cottage.

John Connolly recalled the days when this town was known as muddy Lindsay, — horses and wagons sank to the axles on Lindsay's main street, when hotel buses sank to the hubs and when women folk crossing Kent Street at William Street had to shyly lift

their skirts above their ankles to keep them from getting mired in the clay.

John Connolly had always been a dedicated churchman and a staunch supporter of the Separate School and served for several years as a member of the School Board.

He had always taken a moderate interest in sport since the days when his son "Gerry" Connolly played a bit of hockey with the Dominion Bank team in the days of town hockey leagues. For the past year, Gerry Connolly had been the president of the Abex Company in Mexico City.

Orchids this week to Mr. John Connolly.