

Milton Then and Now

Jno. M. Mackenzie, Phm. B.

By Mel Robinson

J. M. (Jack) Mackenzie was a very well known man in this town when I was a schoolboy. As we dealt at his store, he occasionally served me at the counter, but I did not know him very well. My father considered him a very good friend. My brother-in-law, Rex Scott, came from Erin to serve two years of his apprenticeship with Mr. Mackenzie. He was very enthusiastic about his work and talked a great deal about it.

Fred Cochrane, C.P.R. agent here visited the Scotts in Erin. When he learned that Rex wished to become a

druggist, he suggested coming to Milton to work for Mr. Mackenzie. When Rex applied for the job he was greeted rather gruffly.

"Do you want to learn the business, or are you out for a good time, like the other fellows I have fired in recent years? Are you afraid of work, or are you really interested?"

Convinced that Rex was really anxious to learn, he offered him a job at ten dollars a week. Rex was back again shortly. He was going to board at the Cochrane's — at ten dollars a week.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," he said. "I'll pay you twelve dollars a week for

two weeks. Then I'll pay you fourteen a week — or I'll fire you."

It was not an extravagant offer. Rex opened the store at eight o'clock every morning and worked week nights as well as late on Saturday night. It was good training though, for Mackenzie wanted things done right. Parcels had to be wrapped attractively with no straggling string. Creases in the paper had to be crisp and neat. Stock on the shelves had to be tidy, dusted regularly, with packages and bottles brought forward to make a neat display. For instance, bottles of Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil had to be placed so that each displayed the picture of the fish on the front.

Customers were to be given prompt, cheerful service. If they asked for something that was not in stock the store would get it promptly. Like other merchants in town, Mackenzie made frequent trips to Toronto for short items.

Mr. Mackenzie knew the products he sold and their value as remedies. He gave customers good advice as to their purchases. He felt that one popular cough medicine was more suitable for the removal of barn paint than for the treatment of human beings. If a customer asked for that product he was gruffly told what J. M. thought of it. In those days doctors made up most of their own prescriptions. J. M. put his excellent knowledge of pharmacy to good use in selling his customers the commercial products available.

One day Con Toletzka was having trouble with the junior hockey team because some were sick and would be unable to play. Learning that Rex had played hockey in Erin, he asked him to

play that night. Mackenzie promptly told Rex to make up his mind. Was he here to learn the drug business or was he in town to play hockey? When Con heard about this new problem he got busy on the phone. Early that evening Mackenzie suddenly said, "Can't you see the time? Hurry, or you'll be late for that game."

Later he developed the habit of asking Rex if he had 50 cents to go to a game — about 15 minutes before it was to start. A scribbled note on an envelope was put in the door, "Back in ten minutes." Just before the game ended he would be after Rex to get back and look after the business.

J.M. was not always serious. If he noticed Miss Carroll in the store with an armful of parcels he would fold and tuck under her arm a copy of the Mail and Empire, the Tory newspaper from Toronto. She was, of course, a staunch Liberal and a reader of the Globe. He would put an arm around the shoulder of his very good friend, Dr. McColl, and say, "I just can't understand how a man of your outstanding knowledge and experience ever became a Grit."

At various times Mr. Mackenzie was on the town council, served as mayor, and as a hydro commissioner. He was an enthusiastic Conservative and an ardent Mason. As Past Master of St. Clair Lodge here, he went on to become District Deputy to the Grand Master in this area.

In July 1936 he died suddenly at the Hamilton Sanatorium, at the age of 56. Mrs. Mackenzie had died four years before that. His son Jack, lives in Toronto, his daughter Marjorie in the Ospringe area. Muriel died some time ago.



MACKENZIE'S DRUG STORE in the early 1920's—left to right are Elsie (Woods) Giddings; J.M. Mackenzie; a customer; and Rex Scott. At the end of the show cases, near Mr. Mackenzie, was the dispensary—a Saturday evening meeting place for Tories and Masons. Back part of the store was for the ice cream parlor and, at Christmas time, for the toy and gift departments.

To My Customers



In my three years working at Heady's, I have had the pleasure of making many friends.

Now that I am leaving the Milton area to live in the United States, I wish to express my appreciation to you, my customers. Your loyalty and patronage have made my job here a very pleasant one.

Best wishes to all of you and I hope that you will continue to make Heady's your first choice in professional hair care.

Thank You
Helen Chinnery

Heady's Haircutting Parlour
Milton Mall 878-5751

Between the Willows

Exposing moles

By Don Byers

In context with current usage of the English language, and the recent disclosures which have received wide publicity, the word "mole" is used to describe a super-spy, who has infiltrated his own country's espionage organization, in order to pass on secrets to a foreign power.

This definition maligns the real moles, perhaps, but I'm not about to defend the furry, little rascals.

Every spring, when the snow disappears, the surface of my front terrace resembles that of the trench warfare of World War I. With the acres of land which surround our house, why the devious devils have to choose our front lawn to chew up, I've never been able to understand.

This year, because of the prolonged January thaw, the annual ravage of the rodents has already been exposed. And, have they been busy!

The mild weather, welcomed by some, decried by others, has confused Mother Nature. Trees are budding, squirrels are mating, hibernators such as bears, groundhogs and racoons are up sleepwalking. Rivers have swollen, their rushing, brown waters roaring under the bridges.

When the cold-snap returns (and it likely has by the time you read this) it will have come as quite a shock. On the other hand, I predicted in a column, not many weeks ago, that the volume of hot air generated by the federal election,

just had to have some effect on our normally harsh climate. And, remember, you read it here first.

Frankly, the weird winter we are experiencing is typical of the times! World power are back at playing brinkmanship; the price of gold and silver has gone out of sight — along with interest rates; the bills are outnumbering letters ten-to-one in the battered old mailbox. And, if all these things were not enough to send us all to the shrinks, we are getting closer, as each day passes, to jolly old Income Tax time.

I have not, as yet, received my Return. But I know, when it does arrive, I will use up all the available weeks trying to figure the damn thing out. My frantic fear of forms will rise to its predictable peak of frenzy.

Each year, Revenue Canada "simplifies" this document — to make it "easier" for us to donate to the cause. I don't know about you, but the effort is lost on me. I must be getting dumber as I grow older.

On that particular subject, I would like to express my sincere appreciation to all those responsible for holding the "Super Bowl" on my birthday, just passed.

Rhea said a grateful thank you, too. "Was that really the last football game this season?"

"Yes, indeed it was, dear... unless the moles have something going under the snow."
"Good grief!"

Hi School Happ'nings

Good or bad news?

By Patti Turner and Kelly Middleton

Well, I don't know whether it's good news or bad news. Exams are over. Everyone can loosen their belts (so to speak) and relax a little.

At least students are given some compensation, for being put through such rigors. The Semester turn-around will be from Wednesday, Jan. 30 to Friday, Feb. 1 this year. (This is a time to sit around with semi-glazed eyes, rejoicing or crying over our exam marks, which are usually omens of the final marks to come). Finally, reports will be mailed out this week.

A Final Good-bye

Delving way back into the past, on Tuesday Jan. 15 the Senior Concert Band held a final farewell party for Mr. Walker and Paul Maltby at the Harrop House. Paul, a clarinet player and band member of two year's standing, will be moving west, and leaving our "ranks" on Jan. 29.

Mr. Walker (who is now trying to organize the music department in

Bolton) was given a framed and autographed photo of the entire island. A small ensemble from Scarlet Fever serenaded the party for a while and topped off a perfect evening. Much thanks goes to the band executive for the organization and smooth running of the entire evening.

Weekly Update

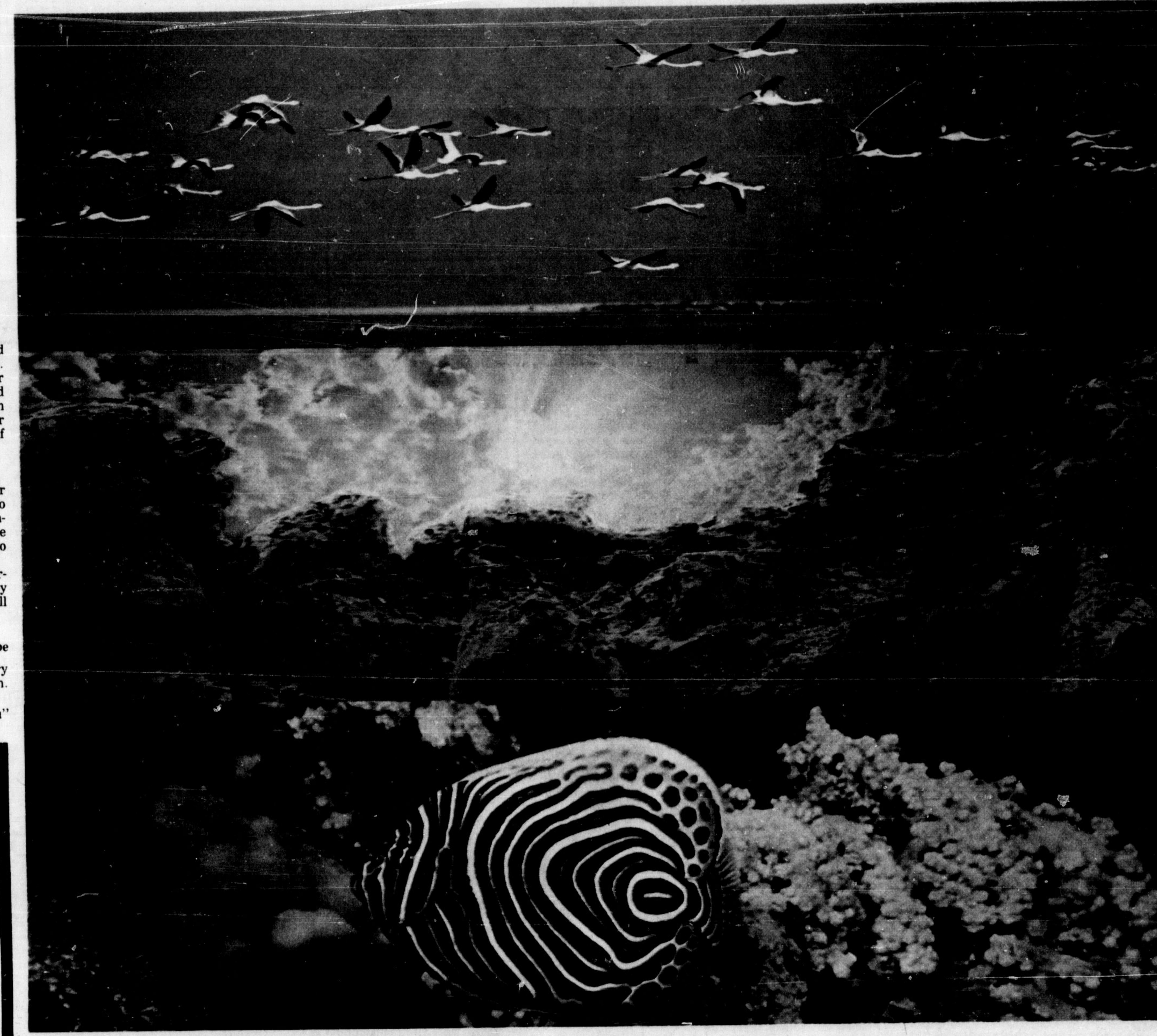
In home room on Monday, semester two timetables were distributed, so students now have no excuse for confusion (this is about the 17th edition we have received, so there really is no excuse).

As well, all students going on the Vermont ski trip must have all their money in by Friday, Feb. 1, otherwise they will lose their deposit.

Philosobits By Edith Sharpe

Sunrises and sunsets happen every day, but few take the time to see them.

My favorite saying is "Thank You" but I hardly ever hear it any more.



God's Country.

The natural beauty of Israel is something to behold. The Negev desert with its violet mountains, yellow canyons, rare wildlife and unique vegetation. The dazzling coral of the Red Sea where you'll see some of the most remarkable colors ever viewed underwater.

The nature reserve of Hai Bar where biblical animals such as the ibex, gazelle, and oryx antelope roam freely. The Mediterranean grottoes of Rosh Hanikra where splashing waves become rainbows.

The Sea of Galilee at sunrise. The stillness of the Dead Sea at sunset.

But there is another kind of beauty, too, that is Israel. A beauty that can be felt in Jerusalem, Bethlehem, Hebron, Nazareth, Jericho. For Israel is the land of the Bible.

Come visit us. Your Travel Agent can tell you about the new low airfares and tours to Israel.

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