

THORNLEA NEWS

Correspondent:
Mrs. Guy Frazer
Telephone AV. 5-2467

The executive of the Thornlea Home and School Assoc. met at the home of Mrs. A. Hunt on John Street recently.

It was decided to hold the annual picnic on the Leitchcroft picnic grounds on June 29th starting at 2:30 p.m. Every family is asked to bring a picnic lunch and a tea pot. Boiling water will be provided. During the afternoon a scholarship and pins will be presented to the graduating class. The sports committee is planning for games and races for old and young with suitable prizes.

Nursery School

The pupils and teacher, Mrs. G. Gage, of the Thornhill Nursery School, accompanied by several mothers, visited the Master Feeds Farm on Monday morning. The parents and children were delighted with the different animals.

Mrs. Wm. Frazer formerly Joan Condon is convalescing at the home of her husband's mother, Mrs. Frazer.

We are very sorry to hear of a most unfortunate accident, when Bobby Tutt fell from a tree and fractured both his wrists. His small friends wish him a speedy recovery.

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JUNE 9, 10
Thurs., Fri.
TROPIC ZONE
(Technicolor)
Ronald Reagan
Rhonda Fleming
ALONG THE GREAT DIVIDE
Kirk Douglas
Virginia Mayo

Cartoon News

JUNE 11, 13
Sat., Mon.
STARS AND STRIPES FOREVER
(Technicolor)
Clifton Webb
Debra Paget

Cartoon News

JUNE 14, 15
Tues., Wed.
CROSSWINDS
John Payne
Rhonda Fleming

Cartoon News

CHILDREN UNDER 12 YEARS FREE
2 SHOWS NIGHTLY - RAIN OR CLEAR

Lots Of Activity

Dr. Langstaff Recalls The Good-Old-Days in Village

Several months ago, the Liberal carried an interesting item written by Dr. Rolph Langstaff of Richmond Hill in which the writer reminisced about the old days in Richmond Hill. The article received much interested comment from the readers and the Liberal is pleased to publish a second collection of reminiscences of the "Old Days". Dr. Langstaff is a descendant of one of the oldest pioneer families in this area, and at 86 is still a very keen and active citizen.

"Being of the older generation it might be of interest to recall something of our local history and how we put in our time in the "Good Old Days":—

Brick Yard

I well recall a brick yard we had 75 or more years ago. The land was on the east side of Trench St., for its full length. The clay was taken out of the south-west section, moulded into bricks and taken on large flat wheelbarrows to the east, facing on Richmond St., where it was built up into large kilns. The kilns were about the size of a two storey houses. There were hollow channels in the bottom and spaces running up through to the top, for the heat to travel. Cord-wood was burned in the hollow channels and the heat travelled to the top thus baking the bricks. My recollection is that it took about ten days to bake the bricks. It was quite a sight to watch the kilns glowing on a dark night. When the kiln cooled off the bricks were teamed away, while a fresh kiln was started burning.

These bricks were used quite extensively in this locality. On Yonge St. between Wright St. and the Dairy are four houses built of these bricks. The Presbyterian Mansions was another house also a house or terrace across the road from the Mansie, which has since been torn down. I am of the impression that the two churches, the Presbyterian and the Methodist, built in 1880 were built with these bricks.

Churches

I understood that the contract price for the Presbyterian church was \$8,000 and for the Methodist \$18,000. The contractor for the Presbyterian church failed to build for the contract price and had to ask the congregation for more money. The Methodist church was built within the price set.

"Mordecai Kicked Me"

I well remember the old frame Methodist church. I attended Sunday school and church at the Presbyterian church in the morning and the Methodist Sunday school in the afternoon, where I belonged to a class of small boys. We sat on broad steps, one above the other, so that a row of boys had a row of feet at their backs. One day a boy amused himself by kicking me. I kicked him back. At each kick my temper went up about 20 degrees. When it got around the boiling point I kept one eye on the teacher and when he turned his head away I wheeled quickly and gave the boy a swift punch on the nose, with my fist. My timing was bad and I was ordered to leave the room immediately. I went down the aisle quite crest-fallen but when I reached the door I called back to the teacher that Mordecai had been kicking me in the back all afternoon. The teacher called me back and told me to take my place in the class.

Now we have the large congregation in the morning. In the old Methodist church the large attendance was in the evening, especially with the young people.

"Sunday Romeos"

There was a wide sidewalk from the church to the street. After the service and when the people were coming out there would be a line-up of young men standing along each edge of this walk. These young men were waiting for the young ladies to pass. First one young man would step out and then another to join up with a young lady until the line was about exhausted. The young people were apparently quite as concerned with matrimony as they were with the saving of souls.

I attended the fire when the old church burned down. I was ten years old and considered it quite a wonderful fire from a boy's standpoint. It was bitterly cold day, below zero. I was so interested in the fire that I forgot to turn my head and had one of my ears quite badly frost-bit.

I remember my father saying that he drove nearly 50 miles that 24 hrs. in his practice.

Locked Out

Speaking of churches:— At one time the Presbyterians and Methodists used the same church. One day the Methodists carried off the key, no doubt forgetting to turn it in. When the Presbyterians assembled for worship they found themselves locked out. As the story goes the Presbyterian minister got a bit hot under the collar and going down to his shed he returned with a heavy instrument and broke the door in, with the remark that he wished the "Dom" Methodists would pay more attention to what they were doing.

The Tannery

Another company I have not heard mentioned was the tannery at Elgin Mills, run and owned by James and Andrew Newton. They employed from 25 to 40 men, most of whom lived at Richmond Hill. There was a three-foot wide sidewalk from Richmond Hill to the Elgin for the use of these men. The tannery was burned down twice. I attended the second fire as a boy and enjoyed the excitement.

The tannery was a long building just west of Yonge St., it faced south onto the side road. All along the front upstairs was a long table where the men worked across the road from the Mansie, which has since been torn down. I am of the impression that the two churches, the Presbyterian and the Methodist, built in 1880 were built with these bricks.

The Old Fashioned Cane

We had four schools situated where the older public school now stands. These schools were strung along in a row like a train of cars.

When in the fourth book, now the 8th grade, we were taught some Canadian history. The teacher would explain and we were allowed to ask questions. One day when he was speaking of Indians and settlers I asked him what seemed to me to be a sensible question. I asked what was going to become of the Indians on Judgment day? To my surprise he became angry and gave me quite a calling down. For a little while I thought I would get the cane, an instrument with which I had more than a bowing acquaintance; however he soon cooled down and all was well.

Indians Doomed

On No. 7 Highway, out from Langstaff, there were some huts containing Indians. These seemed to be a simple inoffensive lot of people. This may have prompted me later to ask my Sunday school teacher the same question I asked my day teacher. My Sunday school teacher was a farmer, an elderly man, with a very easy disposition. He gave me a direct and definite answer. He said that all people who were not of our religion would "Perish without the law." Since there were about 3/4 of a billion people in the world and they had been coming generation after generation for countless centuries, the number to perish became enormous, since those of our religion were a small minority. I ran out of figures and gave up. Another thing that puzzled me was the fact that the white man who had robbed the Indian of his country, had destroyed his hunting ground, had introduced fire water, small pox and T.B., and had all but exterminated him was going to Paradise while the Indian was going to perish.

Before the advent of the motor car people walked a great deal more than now. Now walking is not without danger. When I attended High School one lad lived on Bayview, opposite Thornhill. He walked nearly 10 miles return. Another walked from the 8th of Markham round trip 12 miles. Another walked from Victoria Square and so on. A friend of mine, a Roman Catholic, told me that when there was no church here it was not uncommon for parishioners to walk to Thornhill on Sundays to attend Mass. Mr. Dan who generally drove a small team of mules, boasted to me that he could walk from here to Toronto market in four hours flat—16 miles. When rather a small boy I used to walk to my uncle's who lived on the farm at Langstaff where the hospital now stands, this farm being our old homestead.

The Crow

One day, when at my uncle's, my cousin who was pretty well grown up and quite a wag of a fellow, explained to me how he had discovered a way to trap crows without doing them any harm. In proof of this he took me to a pen over the driving shed and showed me about two dozen crows he had trapped. They were cawing and flapping about.

I had always wanted a tame crow. I explained this to my cousin adding that I had no money. My cousin said that if I would bring him a couple of nice chickens he would give me my choice of any crow I liked to pick out.

Before many days I returned with two nice chickens (they were not 70c a pound then). I had remained for supper, had a visit, we got a biscuit box, cut holes in it and collected the crows. The days were short and it was now very dark. I became quite timid about walking home alone. My uncle solved the problem by telling us to ride Fan, the old grey

mare. I could ride north as far as I wished, turn Fan around and she would come home and walk up into her stall. I rode up to nearly the foot of Richmond Hill, dismounted, turned Fan around and she was soon out of hearing.

When I arrived home the family had gone to bed. This did not matter as the doors were left unlocked at night. I placed the box behind the big wood stove in the front hall and went to bed. My father was up in good time and sat in the front hall putting down entries in a large day book. He turned and saw the box.

Had my mother seen the box first I would have been different. With feminine intuition and observation she would have noticed the holes in the box. This coupled with mother love, would have made her wonder what kind of pet her darling boy had brought home this time. With a man it is different. My father picked up the box, off with the lid, out flew the crow, cawing loudly and circling the room near the ceiling. About the second time around over the day book the crow dropped his treadmarks squarely on the open leaf. This seemed to enrage my father. He opened the door and shooed the crow out. He then asked a question in a rather loud voice, and as there was no one else in the room, it sounded as though he might be invoking the Almighty. He wanted to know what that "D" boy was likely to do next.

Old Friends

A farm and its associations that hold a good deal of interest for me is the one consisting of 200 acres, extending from Yonge St. to Bayview, and now occupied by the Dunlop Observatory. When younger and driving horses in my practice I used the lane through this farm as a short cut. The farm was owned and operated by Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Marsh for many years.

These people were special friends of my parents. They had one son who married and lived on the farm and raised a large family. Mrs. Marsh also raised two nieces. John Boyle married one of these. They lived for many years on the farm now owned by the Redmeiers, situated on the corner of Yonge St. and Maple sideroad. Scott McNeil married the other niece and in their home on the 2nd of Vaughan raised three children.

Mr. Harry Carroll, brother of my wife, Dr. Lillian C. Langstaff, married one of the Boyle girls, moved to Montreal, and there raised two daughters. One of these is married and living in Toronto, and has two children.

Thus, using the Alex Marsh farm as the springboard, I speak, and emanating from this directly or indirectly there were about two dozen children, quite a percentage of whom, as family physician, I assisted into the world.

When Mr. and Mrs. Alex Marsh retired 64 years ago, they came to live with me in Richmond Hill in the home of the late James Langstaff. I had been practicing for a short time, Mrs. Marsh keeping house for me. The grandchildren attended school in Richmond Hill and I saw a good deal of them.

Mr. Alex Marsh bought the old Presbyterian church, which preceded the present one and stood just a little north-west of the present one. He had it moved to his farm and it was set up just East of where the Observatory now stands. It was used as a barn, with the old pulpit still in it.

This old church was a large frame building. It had old fashioned pews with doors on them. The family would enter and close the doors. No one was very inviting for strangers entering. The preacher spoke from a high pulpit, up about six steps. The precursor sat in a small box like cubicle at the base of the pulpit.

The Preacher

Our preacher was a dear old man, beloved by all. He would announce from the pulpit a list of the people he intended calling on that week and the time he would arrive. When he would marry a couple he would finish off with some good sound advice. I remember he would tell the young lady to be a good housewife. Being of the opposite sex I forget what he told the young men.

The next preacher was an Irishman. The women said he was always sure to call Monday morning when they were at the washing. One busy day when the farmers were hauling in the grain, the preacher called. The daughter came running out to the field:—"Father, the preacher is here". The father (a thrifty Scot) replied, "I can't stop the team, send him out, there is a fork sticking in over there, and we need help."

Our precursor was Mr. Moodie. He would strike the note on the tuningfork and lead off in a clear tenor voice. Later, when we got an organ, some of the older men held Sunday service at Temperance Hall for a while, but this soon fell through. It is said that a preacher speaking from one of these high pulpits announced his text—"Now you see me and in a little while you will not see me". Presently the stool slipped and he went backward out of sight.

An item of interest to me was related by Mrs. Marsh. She said that when they built their farm house, which stands near the Observatory, it was built of bricks manufactured on the premises.

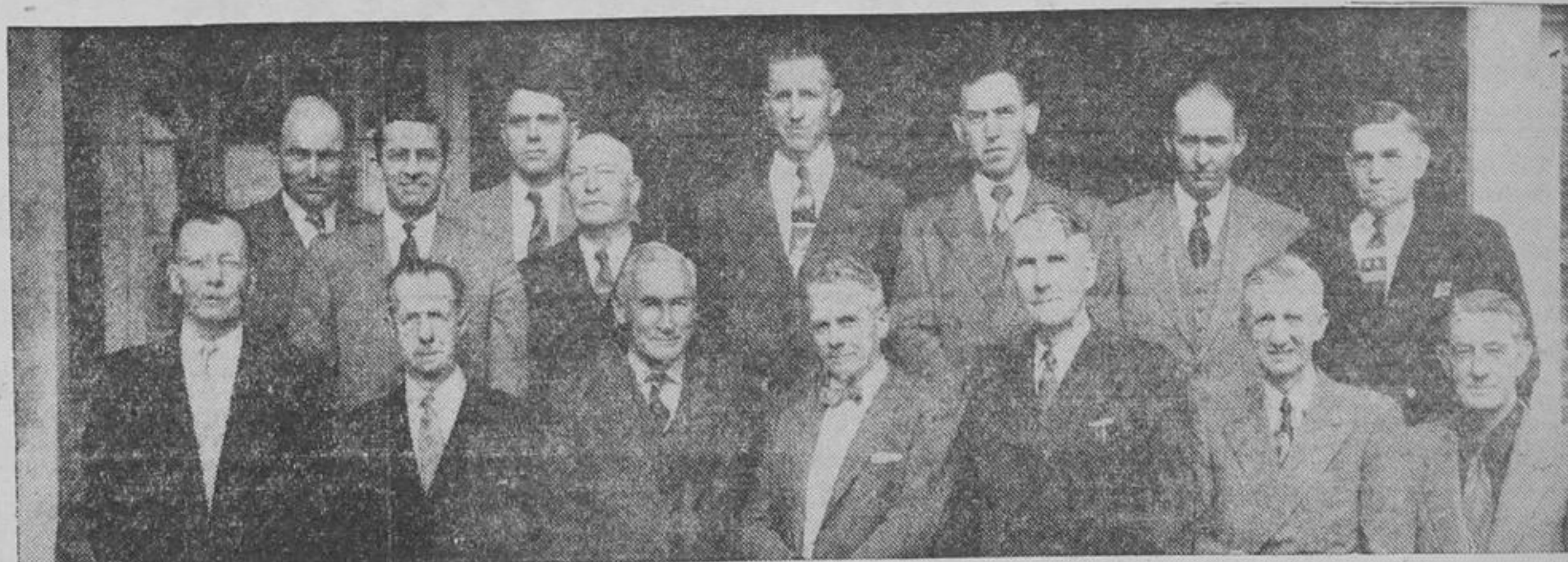
Bumps Read

In the earlier days Phrenology was thought to have a scientific background and was used to guide people as to their future calling.

Along with the custom I had my "Bumps" read. The phrenologist advised that I be trained for the Ministry and become a preacher. Later when talking to a friend, one of our leading surgeons, I mentioned the advice handed down by the phrenologist. My friend's retort was that the phrenologist certainly had quite a keen sense of humor.

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R. D. H. P. Conservation Members



Shown in the photo above are members of the Rouge, Duffin's, Highland and Petticoat Creeks Conservation Authority. The group meets monthly at the Graham House, Markham. Formed a year ago, the Authority is making good progress in laying plans for flood control, preservation of park lands and general conservation in the respective watersheds.

Hurricane Hazel and the resultant flood damage has added tremendously to the problems that face the Authority. This year the Authority has purchased a tree planter which may be rented for a very small fee. Farm ponds is another project that is creating interest among many farmers.

The R.D.H.P. Watershed covers an area of 312 square miles and includes two townships in Metropolitan Toronto, five additional townships, three villages and one town.

Front row, left to right: John Mills, Ajax; Milton Burk, Markham; E. L. McLean, Scarborough; E. Purcell, Chairman of the RDHP Authority, Scarborough; W. H. Westney, Pickering; E. Logan, Whit-

SALE REGISTERS

SAT., JUNE 11— Auction sale of farm implements, Woods threshing machine, Co-op tractor, farm machinery, furniture, etc. at Lot 20, Con. 3, North York Twp., on Finches Ave., 1/2 mile west of Dufferin St. Property of W. J. Buchanan. Sale at 1 p.m. Terms cash. No reserve. Farm sold. Ken & Clarke Prentice, auctioneers.

SAT., JUNE 18— Auction sale of two properties and house and household furniture, electric stove, Findlay cook stove, piano, dishes, antique articles and garden equipment at lot 11, rear Con. 2 on No. 7 Highway at Con. 3 Markham Twp. The property of W. C. Gohn. At same time and place will be offered for sale, subject to a reserve bid, part to a reserve bid, part of lot 11, Con. 2 east consisting of two 1/4 acre lots with 105 ft. 6 inches frontage each, on curve at Con. 3, with two dwellings of six rooms each. One with double garage and one with single, plus other outbuildings. Will be offered separately. Possession on one immediately, the other can be arranged. Ten per cent of the purchase price on day of sale, half cash within 30 days. Balance can be arranged. These properties are valuable in that they are on the corner of No. 7 Highway with excellent service station or commercial possibilities. Properties to be sold at 3 o'clock on day of sale. Terms on chattels cash. Sale at 1 p.m. A. S. Farmer, auctioneer, phone Stouffville 5311.

SAT., JUNE 22— Important auction sale of registered Holsteins and Guernseys, fully accredited, vaccinated, R.O.P., implements, M-H tractor No. 44, power mower, binder, side rake, tractor spreader, plow, double disc, fertilizer grain drill, Surge roller, silo, Beatty stable equipment, dairy equipment, litter carrier, feed carriers, etc. (see bills for details), at Elhara Farms on lot 11, con. 4, North York, Don Mills Rd., 1 mile south of Sheppard Ave., property of Harry J. Addison. No reserve, farm sold. Terms cash. Sale at 12:30 p.m. Sellers & Atkinson, auctioneers, phone Agincourt AX. 3-4771. L. Turner, clerk.

WED., JUNE 25— Auction sale of household furniture, chest-of-drawers, refrigerator, electric stove, dishes, cooking utensils, bedding, in the Village of Gormley, the property of J. Jones. No reserve as giving up housekeeping. Sale at 1:30 p.m. A. S. Farmer, auctioneer, phone Gormley 5311.

AUCTION SALE OF HOUSEHOLD EFFECTS, DISHES, TOOLS, ANTIQUES, ETC.

AT LOT 11, CONCESSION 2E, CON. NO. 7 HGWY. AND CON. 3
Property of
WESLEY C. GOHN
SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1955
1 o'clock p.m.

- 1 Heintzman Piano and bench, mahogany, in good condition
- 1 3-drawer Steel new
- 1 legal size, near new
- 1 Duo-Therm Oil Space Heater, and 200-gal. tank, near new
- 1 Westinghouse Electric Stove, 4-burner & oven, good condition
- 2 Quebec heaters, one nearly new
- 4 Kitchen chairs
- 1 Odd Bedroom chair
- 1 Dresser, 1 Chest of Drawers
- 3 Washstands
- 3 Old Pine Fruit Cupboards
- 1 Antique Walnut Rope Bed and springs
- 1 Steel Bed, spring and spring-filled mattress
- 1 Antique Pine store counter
- 1 Antique pine post office desk
- 1 Commode Chair 1 Mail Box
- 2 China Toilet Sets
- 1 Bird Cage & Stand
- 1 Walnut Hall Tree
- 1 Antique Walnut What-not
- 1 Antique Walnut Buffet with marble top
- 1 Pine Chest
- 1 Walnut Vanity Dresser, with full length mirror
- 1 Tone-on-tone Blue Broadloom rug 6'9" x 9'
- 1 Tri-Lite Floor Lamp
- 1 Child's Steel Cot
- 1 56-piece Set Antique Haviland Limoges dinner set
- 1 Lawn Mower
- 2 45-gallon steel oil barrels
- A Number of window flower boxes
- 1 No. of Mirrors
- 1 Copper Boiler
- 1 Set Butter Scales
- 1 Wash tub and 2 tub stands
- Number of good lace curtains
- 1 Pair horse clippers
- Quantity antique glassware and odd pieces
- 1 Wire Garden Gate
- 1 Blacksmith's Anvil
- Iron Vise
- 1 Electric Grinder
- 1 Extension Ladder
- Quantity Used Lumber
- 1 Wheelbarrow
- 1 Venetian Blind
- Dishes, pictures, pots, pans, crocks, garden tools, fruit jars and other articles too numerous to mention.

At the same time and place will be offered for sale, subject to a reserve bid, two houses and lots, part of Lot 11, Con. 2E. Each property consists of two 1/4-acre lots which are adjoining, and with 105' frontage on Con. 3, and one with 105' frontage on No. 7 Highway, on which is situated two six-room dwellings, one with double garage and one with single garage plus other outbuildings. Properties will be offered separately. Immediate possession of one house and possession of the other can be arranged. Ten per cent of purchase price day of sale, one half cash within 30 days, and balance to be arranged. These properties have a potential commercial value. Properties will be offered for sale at 3 o'clock p.m. day of sale. Terms cash. No reserve as owner is moving away.

ALVIN S. FARMER, auctioneer

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