

The Tribune

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Editorial

THINK BEFORE YOU SPEAK

Few people realize the importance of a pleasant, well-modulated voice. It makes a great difference to a person meeting you for the first time whether your voice is soft, rasy, whiny or harsh. Unconsciously we judge people to a certain extent by their voice. It is difficult for you to notice your own voice critically, or even that of your friends, but if you think carefully

of those persons whom you dislike, you may be surprised to see how many of them have unpleasant voices.

It is much easier to criticize the voice of a lecturer, however. If you consider what lectures you like best to attend and then think of the professor who gives them, the majority of them you will probably find have pleasant speaking voices. No one, this should be a fairly safe generalization, likes a nasal, squeaky or whiny voice. It makes all the difference in the world to what you say, if you say it in a voice that is going to grate on other people's ears or that is going to ripple in upon them softly.

Some have naturally harsh voices but many people have been able to overcome them in the past and with patience and honest endeavour, many will be able to do so again in the future. Consider your own voice. Can you improve it?

FOWL WANTED

Highest market price for live fowl. Sam. Golden, apply at E. Pennock's.

FIRST BLACK FOX PELTS BROUGHT \$2,000 EACH

The Fox farming industry on Prince Edward Island is now a \$3,000,000 a year business. The first sale of pelts began about thirty years ago and they brought \$2,000 each on the London market. At that time the breeding of black foxes was more or less of a secret business, but along about 1909 it came into the open market and has steadily grown ever since. With the increase in fox ranching, the output of pelts grew and prices came down till today the average price paid for a good pelt is around \$40. At that, however, it is a good paying business, if you understand the little animals well.

VANDORF

Mr. Herbert E. Oliver, was serving on jury last week.
 Mr. and Mrs. George Sproxtion and family, were guests, at Mr. and Mrs. Scanlons, in Toronto on Sunday.

Miss Blanche Atkinson and friend had tea Thursday with Mrs. R. Sproxtion, and family.
 We congratulate Misses Mabel Carr, and Jean Lundy on winning the prizes in the Intermediate and Junior Classes of the Temperance Oratorical Contest in Newmarket last Thursday afternoon.

Miss Blanche Atkinson of Ravenshoe spoke in the Senior class and won second prize.

Mrs. Nelson Bostwick had a rather bad fall, in her home last week, and has been unable to attend her household duties as formerly. Mrs. Bostwick is remarkably smart for her advanced age.

We are pleased to report that Mr. Edgar Rose, is slowly improving. Ladies' Aid was held in our church basement, on Wednesday of this week.

The C.G.I.T. will meet at the home of Miss Olive Ireland on Saturday, all young girls cordially invited.

Mrs. George Sproxtion is all smiles: She was fortunate in winning the lucky draw at Ray Marshall's Chick Hatchery. The prize is a fine dinner set.

The Provincial Temperance Convention will be held in Toronto, on Thursday and Friday, of this week. A number from here are planning to attend.

The Y.P.S. are holding a special service next Sunday evening at 7:30 p.m.—A missionary speaker from Toronto, will give an address.

Early Events Reviewed

W. J. White Reviews Pioneer Days of Stouffville—Events Dating Back Three Quarters of a Century.

A short time ago I received a copy of your excellent paper, printed in a place that I hold especially dear. It contained an account of the celebration of the sixty-first anniversary of the wedding of myself and wife. It was very kind of you to give it the publicity you did.

I know that editors are not infallible, for I have gone through the "mill" myself. So, if you credit me with having as parents Mr. and Mrs. Edward White, the honors are mine, but, in all fairness, I want the onus to be lifted from any memory that they, or, should I say their progeny may have.

I believe I remember them, as they were, I think, English, and I, a true and blue Irishman, of parents both of the north of Ireland, could not, for a moment sheltter myself behind the cloak of those who were English. Surely not! My parents were John and Margaret White, dating themselves and their forbears as north of Ireland stock, of lineage I don't know how long. They didn't own houses nor farms, but did, for a time, keep a store, a store, that I am satisfied, didn't keep them. After a few short years, with an accumulation of stock that didn't attract buyers, they left for a newer and further west of Ontario, or that as then known as Upper Canada.

My conscience clear, and your apologies accepted, I will, as briefly as possible, probe the brain cells, settle into one of my frequent reminiscences, and gather up fragments that might interest those who can exercise sufficient patience, especially those of the mid-near eighteenth century, to listen to the revealing of such things as meet my own fancy, even if you and your readers may suffer at the desolateness of the fabric.

Someone may say, why resurrect the past, any kind of a past. In palliation, despite what happened the wife of that fellow Lot, and the remembrance of it, I would like to quote:

"Yesterday, that far silent fair should be remembered for the beauty and the happiness that we once found there."

That's my desire, and I shall try and observe the sentiment as fully as possible. Here, as I sit at my fireside this beautiful winter day, with a thirty above, as reported, by my son, who has just returned from town, with the mail, and a few things for Christmas, my mind is carried back to that near mid-century period just mentioned.

Why my parents selected Stouffville as a fitting place for my nativity I have no idea. Had there been any choice in the matter I am sure the vote would have been unanimous. In my mind I have carried all those years, with deep and pleasant thoughts, the years in which I emerged from first seeing the light of day, to those when I wore the clothes of childhood, to those when I wore father's "made-overs" to those when I was given my first pair of long boots, with their colored tops and copper toe pieces, the handiwork of my father, who, at his work-bench, fashioned them; as he fashioned the footwear of many of those of the surrounding country. What a change! Shoes, known as shoes, were for girls and women. It was long boots for men and growing-up boys. They were a marvel in style and build, saying nothing about inconvenience. They were long boots, reaching well up to the knees. They had colored tops, and were pulled by the use of leather straps. When removed at night it was, "mother, where's the boot-jack?" Your readers won't know what a boot-jack is. I'm not going to enlighten them by a description; it would take up space for matter just as important.

Now, that I find myself on the subject of dress, let me tell you of some of that worn by the ladies of that day, avoiding "undies" and that sort of thing. It was just before school hours one bright morning in May that I was passing Leaney's store—I may tell you more about this store later on—that Mr. Kent, the head clerk (and the only one) was unpacking a case of goods. My attention was drawn to what resembled an over-sized bird cage. Curiosity impelled me to ask what it was, and its use. The answer came, "It's a hoop-skirt, or crinoline—an article of women's wear." A demonstration was at hand. There drove up to the store a woman hailing from a near-by concession. Attached to the light wagon was a beautiful span of grays. (Splendid horses were bred and raised by the farmers of that day, that is, those who had been able to emerge from the ox stage.) In the wagon could be seen baskets of eggs and a crock or two of butter, which she doubtless intended to trade in for groceries or other needed articles for the farm. Driving the team up to a hitching post, she began the process of alighting, exercising unusual care. She didn't set one foot on the front wheel, as the unhampered girl of to-day would do, giving one

spring, and landing gracefully on her feet. She slowly rose, lifted herself carefully, gathered her skirts around her, and as slowly descended. In this she succeeded, but not as well as she thought, in her desire to hide from several pairs of eyes a pair of ankles that she needn't have been so careful about, nor ashamed of, for, as one of the spectators said, "they were a beautiful pair." She entered the store, took one of the stools on her side of the counter. Between making her selection of goods, and keeping her skirts in position in her desire to be comfortable, she had a busy time. That was a demonstration of the hoopskirt. Only a few years will have passed, if a visit were made to the nuisance ground, there would probably be found the remains of many old-time hoopskirts. The girl of to-day should rejoice that Dame Fashion abolished them, and that the day of their existence had long since numbered them as antique.

Socialism and its True Meaning
 Socialism was an "ism" that existed and flourished away back in the eighteenth century, and further than that. Yet, there is a group of people who weave around themselves a badge they profess to think call it "socialism." There is no wish here to criticize the doctrines they may hold, but it is claimed that in all fairness they should not proclaim themselves as the originators of socialism. There was a true socialism in days and years before and during the civil war in the United States. It was practised in Upper Canada, of which Stouffville was, if not then but has become later on, an important centre.

I had got home from school, with a bundle of books under my arm. I rushed into the house, my home, to deposit my load, before starting out for a mile or two of a run to bring in the cow. I ushered myself, as any boy of my age would do, only to find my progress impeded by a framework surrounded by ladies, gathered from all parts of the village, busily engaged sewing on a multiple-colored quilt. My entrance was unnoticed. And wasn't that a babel of voices! Stitches, sew and sing, talk. Over in one corner, the only corner, Miss Lang was playing the melodeon. Not, not piano. No! not organ. I said "melodeon" and I'm going to stick to it. Piano and organs! There wasn't any of either anywhere in the two counties. The ladies were having a good time, and every face expressed it. That was socialism. They were the true socialists, showing to the fullest degree the true meaning of the term, by helping their neighbor with her quilt.

The Apple-Paring Bee
 In the fall, the fall of the same year, I think it was, I went over to Holden's place. It was evening. Seated on chairs and stools, and some of them on the floor were those who, to-day, would be said to be "boy and girl friends." In that day they were "beaux and belles." The same, but only in name. Over in one corner were apple barrels, but that had originally been full, but now rapidly approaching emptiness, owing to the demands made upon them by the apple-peelers, corers and stringers. It was a "paring bee," which, doubtless, afterwards, to some of them resulted in the same thing, with a different spelling. The evidence of the preacher would substantiate this. The paring bee is over. Ropes, stretched across the room, carry strings of quartered apples, for drying purposes. As the word went around that the barrels were empty, tables and chairs were piled up in the corner, or shuffled to a near-by porch. There sounded the notes of a fiddle. Yes, I said fiddle, and I'm going to stick to it. I didn't know that a fiddle and a violin were of the same family until some sophisticated individual came along, and—enlightened me. And I didn't thank him. I still call it a fiddle, and I'm going to continue. Its notes gave life to the feet, which soon marked time as were played the entrancing tones that brought out cotillions, schottisches, polkas, square and other dances, and were kept up with unceasing vigor until early morning. That was an emblem of socialism; but not the so-called article of to-day.

A Visit to The Sugar Bush
 It was another evening, an evening just before the break-up of winter, that, out in front of Leaney's store, a couple of sleighs might have been seen, each having its load of boys and girls, men and women, all ready for a start for Bugg's woods, his maple woods, where had been tapped a number of maple trees. The sap was flowing in good quantity, juicy and sweet. Over the splendid trail. Did I say "trail?" Well, if I haven't almost disclosed the part of the Dominion which has been, off and on, my habitat for the past fifty odd years, away out in prairie country, a few hundred miles east of the Rockies, where roads are spoken of as "trails." Over splendid roads, made for and by the teams used in hauling timber from the Ridges, transporting it to the Grand

Trunk Railway, fifteen or twenty miles distant, then to be carried to Seaport, and by ship to the old country, for conversion into ship-timbers. But, pardon the digression. I was telling you about the sleigh loads of energetic humanity on the way to Bugg's woods where the maples grow, and the sap flew, or rather, flowed. A huge fire was blazing in a cleared-off space, a welcome to our arrival. But a youngster, I was one of the party. I would have been called a "stow-away" if discovered on board a ship. I had avoided being seen, as I was hidden in the ample folds of my dress of one of the ladies. If you have never taken part in a "sugar-ing-off" you don't know the pleasure you have missed. This was one of the events of the year. The huge cauldron, suspended from an iron with a great fire beneath, soon started the sap boiling. As it reached the necessary consistency it was ladled out generously. Snow-piles were convenient, and "taffy" plentiful. Can you imagine the charm, not only of the saccharine element, but the singing, with accompanying music, that swept with resonance of melody through the surrounding woods, making the welkin ring, as the notes of those well-trained voices echoed and re-echoed throughout the entire evening. I would like to go to another. Won't someone invite me?

These people were socialists, but entirely different outlook on life than do those disciples of the so-called socialists of to-day, those who have adopted a title to which they have no license.

The "Barn Raising" of Yesteryear
 There was to be a "barn-raising" out at Ira Law's place. Timber had already been hauled. Some twenty or thirty neighbors had gathered for the "bee." Barn-raising was not an unusual event. They always attracted a crowd, not only of those who were to take a part, but of scores of others who were there to cheer for either side, the side of their particular choice. Soon the fun began, as well as the work. The timber was squared to exact proportions. Jack Simpson was "boss" of one side, and Joe Hoover of the other, eight or ten men on a side. Now they are ready. Up, heave, cheer after cheer, dare after dare. Up go the sides, then the roof timbers, and, in a trice, shorter than seemed possible, there is the completed frame of 30x60 barn. It's supper time. Mrs. Law, with the help of half-a-dozen or so ladies, has cooked a meal. What a meal, and what appetites! Then, here comes the sound of a fiddle. Floor has been laid on the floor joist of the barn. Probably a little rough in places, but what of it. Highland flings and other dances. Night approaches. Lanterns are suspended, and the rollicking continues until mid-night. Maybe until morning. And, wasn't it a dance! Well, yes, there may have been some stimulant, but the man of that day knew his capacity in the matter of indulgence. The doctored article that the boot-logger of today dispenses was unknown then.
 They were socialists, and of the true order.
 (Continued next week)

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We are now handling the famous Carol's Candy. Made with Pure Cream and the finest Creamery Butter.

Half Pound—One Pound—2 Pound Boxes

SPECIAL
 6 Bars Pearl Soap 25c
 With 1 regular size package
 Handy Ammonia—FREE
 Evaporated Apples, per lb. 14c
 Canned Apricots, per tin .. 17c

THE NEW MANNA CEREAL
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 GOOD HUMOUR Frumenty
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Get a unit of the Handsome English Chinaware "FREDA" pattern with every pound.

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Frozen Salmon—Smoked Fillet, Fresh Oysters, Herrings, Ciscos, Fresh Fruits, Fresh Vegetables.

RATCLIFF & Co.

STOUFFVILLE, ONTARIO.

Shaw's Weekly Store News

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A delightful showing of new styles in street and afternoon frocks in new patterns of figured crepes and silks, short and long sleeves and with smart and attractive neck lines. In the face of advancing prices in all lines, we are still keeping our prices very moderate \$3.25 to \$4.95

CLEARING ODD DRESSES

We have gathered together a few odd lines, which we are going to clear regardless of cost. Some all-wool, some silk crepes, and rayon crepes, not many of them, and not out of date styles, but smart little frocks that will prove extraordinary value at the very low prices. There are all sizes among them, and it will be worth your while to come in and see them.

COLOURED COTTON TWEEDS AND CREPES

A splendid showing of Cotton Tweeds and Cotton Crepes in desirable pattern, regularly sold at 25c. per yard, and in order to make room for our new spring stock, we have reduced to 25 cents.

ALL-WOOL AND SILK AND WOOL UNDERWEAR

A good time to supply your present or future requirements. We don't like to carry over stock, so we have made drastic reductions on all these lines, all this season's goods. Come in and ask to see these lines.

NEW SEASON'S PRINTS

Our New 1937 Prints are now in stock and you will find the new patterns exceedingly attractive, 36" wide and sunfast and tubfast. We are showing a very wide range, At 16c., 20c., 25c., 29c.

WOOL BLANKETS

Still a few pairs of White All-Wool Blankets to be cleared out, pink or blue borders. These are the very best quality blankets and are genuine bargains at this price. Regular per pair \$7.50 \$6.00

COTTON BATTS

We have had a very gratifying response to our efforts to provide the best quality Batts for our patrons, 1 lb. natural 30c. 1-lb. White 35c., fine quality 42c., extra 50c. 2 1/2 Comforter Batts 85c.

BI-TEX SILK HOSE

In all sizes and in black, white and all col-

ours. Our whole stock of these fine quality Hose to be cleared out at an amazing reduction. Regular per pair \$1.50 for.... 89c.

ALL-WOOL AND SILK AND WOOL HOSE

End of the season clearance of these Hose, it will pay you to stock up for your future requirements at these prices. Silk and Wool, full fashioned, regular for 79c. All-Wool, regular 95c. and 89c. for.... 69c.

NEW PURE SILK HOSE

Select your Easter Hose from our new stock, with all the new spring shades to choose from. Mercury Hose are always dependable, both for appearance and wearing quality, per pair 75c., 95c.

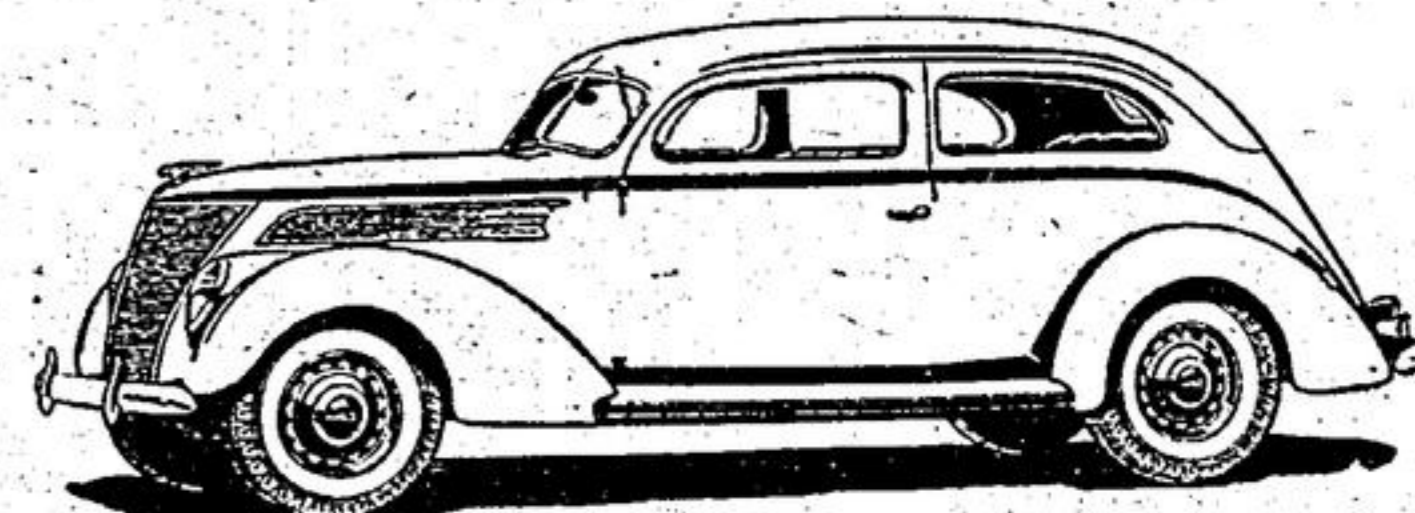


NEW 1937 WALLPAPERS

Our New 1937 Wallpapers are new in stock and we are sure that you will find them fully up to the standard, both in quality and beauty, and we invite your inspection.

The W. H. Shaw Store

TO BE GIVEN AWAY



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A NEW STANDARD FORD V-8 COACH (60 h.p.)

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We have also secured the services of an experienced and competent mechanic, who has been through the school at the Ford Motor Co. which gives a mechanic the proper knowledge pertaining to service proper. But no mechanic can do a proper job without the special equipment and tools to work with. We have them.

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Ford V-8 Tudor Trunk .. 1936	Ford V-8 Truck, 2 ton dual 1935
Ford V-8 Tudor Standard 1935	Ford V-8 Trucks, 2 ton dual 1934
Durant Special Coupe .. 1931	Ford Light Delivery .. 1933
Ford A Tudor Std. 1930	Chev. Light Delivery .. 1934
Oldsmobile Sedan, spec. 1930	Ford Panel Delivery .. 1931
2 Ford A 1 1/2 Ton Trucks, duals 1930	Ford A Light Delivery .. 1930

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