

Made the modern way!
**"SALADA"
 TEA BAGS**

EVOLUTION IN YORK CO.

The following poetry was composed by the late Rev. Fred Elliott of Richmond Hill who was born at Sheffield, England, in 1852, and came to Canada at the age of ten years. He worked for the late George Collard of Gormley and then went to Edgely in Vaughan Township and worked for Samuel Snider and Daniel Smith. Later he married Elizabeth Horner and the couple settled on a farm near Richmond Hill. His son John still occupies this farm.

Once on a time, some time ago, when York was mostly bush
 The settlers found it needful, some roads thro it to push,
 So they toiled away like nailers, both oxen, man and boy,
 And they covered all the sink holes, with a floor of corduroy.

The time passed on, the land was cleared, the roads got better still,
 The farmer filled the valleys up, and graded down each hill.
 They built good bridges over creeks, and "Fendered" dangerous banks,
 Put in culverts where they needed them, and got neither cash nor thanks.

Then later still the farmers said, we want good roads to travel,
 They gave much work with men and teams, and covered them with gravel.
 They labored hard in heat and cord, to keep their things a moving
 And from that time to this, the roads are constantly improving.

The women drove to store or friends, with baby on her knee
 There was nought to scare the horses, so their hearts were light and free.
 The little boys could go to mill, you could send them anywhere

And feel easy and contented, and free from anxious care.

Then came the threshing engine, and for three months in the fall
 The ladies feared and trembled, to drive alone at all,
 And the "bike" came in soon after, and made the horses shy
 They cleared the ditch and struck the fence, and made the slivers fly.

Then the trolley came on Yonge Street, the leading King's highway

Where thousands of our dollars had gone the toll to pay.
 Now the farmer takes his chances, of quickly going to smash,
 When he meets the rapid trolley, on the road that took his cash.

But oh! the worst is coming, when the automobile came
 What the farmers have to bear with is an everlasting shame,
 When they hear their hateful "honking" they quickly clear the road
 Or the city swells will crush them like an ordinary toad.

When your women scream and holler, and your horses plunge and tear,
 And you feel in various section, you may land up anywhere
 Then these veiled and goggled pirates, will at the "hayseeds" chaff.

What! won't they stop and help him, No! they simply roar and laugh.

Talk of drastic legislation, the result is simply wind,
 "Stick up (rapid changing) numbers on the front and on behind."
 For the men who frame these measures and glibly put them through
 Won't hurt themselves, oh no sir, they have automobiles too.

Composed by Fred Elliott.

Snow in London - Seemed Arctic had Moved In

By George Abell of Stouffville

Week's weather report—"for the north wind doth blow and we've got some snow; Now all of us Juicer's are frozen, poor things, poor things!"

The weather man played a dirty trick on us in the London area by sending cold weather and an inch of snow that lasted for a couple of days this week. After the bright mild winter so far it seemed like the Arctic and when the temperature went away down to fifteen degrees above zero one night the house shook with the shivering of the people in bed.

There is nothing as cheerful as an open fireplace for heating systems for ten and a half months each year and once you are used to it always seem choked and stifled in a centrally heated house. But my, my, that other month and a half when the nightly ordeal of retiring to a refrigerated bedroom has to be faced each night. It takes at least ten minutes of shivering and hugging of hot water bottles before the courage can be summoned to explore the bottom of the bed with the feet. And on the odd damp and frosty morning when everything including the long woolies is covered with frost, just the act of getting up to start the fires takes enough will power to separate the men from the boys.

In a recent case of assault before a London court the wife claimed her husband was very unreasonable and had assaulted her causing bodily harm with no provocation on her part. In evidence the husband said that it was his practice to retire before his spouse each night. When she came to bed it was her practice to lift the bed clothes to her chin, step on her pillow and then slowly walk to the foot of the bed. When this point was reached she lay down bringing the bed clothes back to their proper position. The judge asked only one question. "Did this happen in winter?" When he received an affirmative answer, it was all over, "Case dismissed." If that would not be provocation

here nothing would be.

This country is so small that it's hardly safe for the kids to play blind man's buff for fear they fall off the edge but it has as many kinds of weather and all on the same day as any big economy sized country such as Canada. The daily weather report goes on for three or four minutes when the news is being read over the air. Certain sentences such as "Gale warnings to shipping in the areas Hebrides, North Sea, Rocolt, Shannon, Bailey" (where ever the last three are) and "The rain which is now falling in Western Scotland is expected to spread—Eastwards during the day" should be recorded to save the announcer's breath for they are always the same, month in and month out. In the two hundred and fifty miles from the Scotch border to the South Coast of England there are usually four distinct weather belts. It is sunshine on the south coast, cloudy and overcast in the London area, the chances are its raining in the South Midlands and snowing in the North Midlands. The long distance truck drivers that push the big thirty ton diesels up and down the Great North Road are never surprised at anything. They expect changes in the weather and govern themselves accordingly. The cabs are wide enough for three but the extra room is all taken up with the pile of sweaters, smocks and overcoats that the driver and helper will do in progressive stages as they wheel their loads from Southampton or London to Glasgow or Newcastle. The percentage of truck cabs with heaters is not too high for "it doesn't do to coddle the workmen too much you know, that kind of fellow doesn't feel the cold anyway."

These differences in weather probably have something to do with the fact that the English, Scots and Welch seem at home in any climate the world has to offer. I used to think that travelling meant a trip to Chicago or Florida but that was before I got to know a little about the people here. It's no longer a surprise to hear some

middle aged lady casually mention that Peron's treatment of foreigners had forced her husband to sell their cattle ranch on the Argentine pampas. She misses her home there but fortunately her husband has managed to buy a small rubber plantation in Malaya and they are on their way as soon as the necessary permits for automatic weapons and land mines come through. "Bandits, you know, the area is a trifle unsettled just at present." Apparently the change from the biting wind of the Argentine interior to the steamy heat of Malaya is not worth mentioning.

Most of the personnel evacuated from Abadan oil refinery in the Persian oil fields are now on the Isle of Grain which is in the mouth of the river Thames. Here the oil company is building a huge refinery to replace Abadan. It would be hard to find a greater difference in climate between any two places in the world but according to reports all the people just took up their duties without any attention to the cold or wet.

The African climate holds no terrors for these people either. There is a big demand for all types of engineers and tradesmen there and there is a steady stream of people going out, coming home on leave or trying for a transfer to their home company's operations in Africa. A young man whose home is near mine was recently back in town from Tanganyika where he was employed in the ill fated peanut growing scheme. Being a mechanic on construction machinery he had plenty of jobs offered him here but was away to the Gold Coast on a job for a timber company in less than a month. As the climate in the interior of the Gold Coast is called the worst in Africa his mother wasn't very happy at his leaving but he said and this seems to be true of so many people. "Funny thing but they never pay much attention to the weather."

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