

The Stouffville Tribune

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Editorial

Tax Rate Increase Not Alarming

While no one can be said to be enthused over the tax increases, the boost in the municipal rate announced this week is not alarming, and in the light of what is included in the budget, is not an out-of-the-way figure. No one is erecting any "monument"—the increase is strictly the result of growth.

To the average householder or home owner, the increase will result in an increase of \$10 to \$15 depending on the quality of his home. In most communities which we know, once the major utility, sewers, was completed, the tax rate saw a much greater increase than in Stouffville. Provision has also been made for the purchasing of a new and larger fire truck, another needed facility for a growing town. Salary increases for all town employees were very few and totalled well under a thousand dollars.

Turning Back The Hands Of Time

We have all heard the stories of the good old days. Long-time Stouffville residents can recall the years when main roads were blocked with snow for days and even weeks. Transportation by horse and cutter or team and sleigh was common. The Model "T" remained parked in the garage until spring. No local tale is quite complete unless it includes the details on the steam locomotive that left the track and plowed head-long into Harper's field. The sight of this steel monster marooned, cab-deep in snow would no doubt attract hundreds of sightseers to the scene.

On Saturday night, a similar situation occurred on the very outskirts of town. The hands of time were momentarily turned back to the days when old man winter flexed his muscles and halted the progress of man's modern machines. Forty-nine passengers were stranded when the evening diesel pitted its weight and

Easter Seals Mean Hope For Thousands

As the dark winter begins to die March becomes the bright month of hope for more than 14,000 crippled children and teenagers in Ontario who have been afflicted by accident or disease or disabled by certain conditions from birth that usually mean despair and dependence on others.

And since hope in action is charity, 222 service clubs will open their month-long Easter Seal drive on Mar. 17 for \$850,000. That's the price that must be paid in 1960 to make life better for youngsters who would otherwise find it harder — if not impossible — to become self-reliant and self-dependent citizens.

Easter seal contributions provide treatment and training, vacations in specially equipped summer camps and all other benefits that the 37-year-old Ontario Society for Crippled Children has developed over its history to children. Again this year the Stouffville Lions Club is the agent through which you can contribute to this great Easter Seal Fund.

Down through the years Easter Seals have paved a way for a program which now provides 25 specially trained nurses who serve as liaison with service clubs across the province, seeking out crippled children and directing them to treatment centres, providing them with home nursing skill and teaching parents what to do to help the handicapped little ones take advantage of medically prescribed plans of rehabilitation.

In five camps, unlike any other camps in the country, hundreds of youngsters will have a chance at sum-

Reeve Lehman in his nomination address, did not minimize the fact that there would be a tax rate increase, and the public was not deluded in any way. Council has taken advantage of the growth to provide for a new municipal building, something which has been sorely needed for many years. This major item will not cost the taxpayers a cent, being paid for by the sub-dividers.

We do not always agree with what council does, and have not hesitated to say so in this column. However, with the handling of the finances we have no quarrel. In Clerk-Treasurer Ralph Corner Stouffville has a most capable manager, and it is interesting to note that council with the help of the treasurer, was only \$500 out on the total estimates for last year. When one considers that the budget totals more than a quarter million dollars, the result is more than satisfactory.

power against a fifteen foot snow drift and lost.

Until four o'clock on Sunday morning, the Stouffville station resembled a hotel in a wild west movie. The waiting room was crowded with people, young, old and in between. Two emergency diesel engines rolled in from Toronto. Section-men and train crews obtained their orders from the Stouffville office. The teletype machine clicked wildly at monotonous intervals. At 3 a.m. the stranded passengers boarded a bus and left. At 4 a.m. the marooned diesel was freed. The station door was locked, the lights were turned out and the agent retired for a well-earned rest.

Modern man can be justly proud of his notable advancements in many fields during the past half-century. In spite of this progress, he is still a slave to the whims of nature, a fact that was plainly proven on Saturday night.

mer vacations, barred to them otherwise because they cannot play exactly as other children do. In these camps counsellors with knowledge of what to do teach the kids to enjoy life, to learn how to care for themselves and to give many of them hope which their conditions have not aroused.

Easter seals, too, enroll the services of leading physicians and surgeons who give their time and skills at the clinics which the Society and the service clubs organize at strategic centres in Ontario where local doctors may bring their young patients for examination and recommended treatment. From the clinics the children go to hospital if necessary or back to their homes for a program of planned therapy or training supervised by the Society's nurses.

In the field of cerebral palsy the Society's Easter Seals have made possible advances that are dramatic even though the task is painfully slow and expensive. At various treatment centres throughout the province teams of nurses and doctors are teaching children to walk, to talk, to feed themselves and dress themselves—even to become helpful family members instead of helpless victims of a condition that once spelled hopelessness.

A contribution to the Easter Seal Campaign means a membership in a crusade of mercy and service to children who, through no fault of their own, are enormous burdens of affliction, but who needs a little help to carry those burdens much more lightly.

Laff Of The Week



"I'll not only marry you, Herbert—I'll reshape you, remold you and reform you into a perfect husband!"

Expect Big Entry List For Seed Fair March 16

Next week, the York County Soil & Crop Improvement Association will hold its 24th annual County Seed Fair and Hay Show in the Newmarket Town Hall on March 16th, when it is expected there will be a big entry of seeds of all kinds, turnips, table potatoes, and hay. The bumper crop of cereal grains last year should bring out good competition in those classes and the hay show gets bigger each year. New classes have been added for hay, field cured by mechanical conditioners or stem crushers. The class added for corn ensilage requires one gallon shown in a sealed glass jar.

W. P. Watson, Live Stock Commissioner of the Ontario Department of Agriculture, is one of the outstanding agricultural speakers in the Province and has the reputation of being able to size up the farming problems with wonderful accuracy. Among other projects planned

by the York County Soil & Crop Improvement Association at the recent directors' meeting, are a pasture management competition, a bus tour, variety plots of grains and grasses and the ever-popular Sunrise Tour. Secretary W. M. Cockburn points out that for the Seed Fair, exhibits will be judged in the forenoon, commencing at 10 o'clock, and the afternoon programme will start at 2.15. During the afternoon, there will be a draw for the six valuable prizes donated by a local merchant. Clifford L. Winger of Gormley is President of the Soil & Crop Improvement Association for 1960.

Since 1900 Canada's gross national product has increased from \$200 to \$1,900 per capita; in the period average manufacturing wage has increased from 14 cents an hour to \$1.70 an hour.

Sugar and Spice

By BILL SMILEY

It took a lot of planning, but I wangled a 36-hour leave the other weekend. It was the first time in about two years that I'd been off the reserve without the family hanging around my neck like an albatross.

It was nicely accomplished, if I do say it. I had to see a man in the city about a deal. Being an old and cunning husband, I let on to the family that I could see my man any weekend. This lulled my wife into a false sense of security, and she started planning our weekend in the city.

Waiting until conditions were ideal, I struck. She didn't have her hair done, one of the kids had a cold, and our favourite babysitter wasn't available. So I arrived home from work on Thursday looking depressed, told her I'd just had a phone call from my man, that he was leaving on Monday for a month in the west, that I had to go down the next day or the deal was off, and wasn't it a shame.

She couldn't do much but urge me to go. I protested that it wouldn't be any fun going alone. "You go on, now," she pressed, "it's important and anyway wouldn't you like to get away from us all for a day?" That's like asking an alcoholic whether he'd like a drink. But I was smart enough to protest enough to keep her on the offensive until she got a little sore at my stubbornness.

I finally gave in reluctantly, and after she'd searched my bag to make sure I hadn't any liquor I went off, waving wistfully backwards at Draughty Windows. I've never seen the old place so picturesque, the garbage cans silhouetted on the snow banks, the icicles forming a pipe-organ effect over the door. In which stood the little woman, her brow darkening as she simultaneously waved and wondered whether she'd been conned again.

That's when you really feel your age — when you leave home and loved ones on a 36-hour pass. Normally I feel about 54, but that day I felt every one of my 39 years as I belted gleefully through a blizzard to catch the train.

When I arrived at Union Station, I found it was the weekend the big snow had hit the city. About 200 people were waiting for cabs, and none in sight. Undaunted, full of good cheer, I was about to head for the subway, when I saw an old

gentleman talking to the cab dispatcher in great distress. In my kindly Canadian way, I enquired why they were screaming at each other in fractured English. The old chap was in a flap. He was a stranger in the city, spoke almost no English, wanted to get to his hotel three miles away and couldn't get a taxi.

I made it known that I'd see he got there, via subway. Tears of gratitude filled his eyes when he understood. As we emerged from the station, me carrying his heavy bag, a taxi pulled up to disgorge a passenger. My gentle old companion snatched his bag from me, leaped across a vast puddle, hurried himself into the cab and shouted "Vest-bury Hotel" without a backward glance. As I tramped through the slush to the subway station, I reflected, somewhat sombrely, that this was Brotherhood Week.

I thought a good dinner might lift my spirits. When I'm on leave, I do it up brown. I sip my aperitif with appreciation. I glance at the other diners with disdain. I order exotic foods. This night, I was having pheasant au flambeau or something. A white-gloved waiter brings in your bird, which is blazing merrily, and with long skewers and a flourish, transports it to your plate. Quite impresses the poor people eating steaks.

Only this idiot's flourish was a little too florid. His gloves caught fire and he dropped my bird on the floor while he bent his hot little hands together, to the delight of the other diners. I called the headwaiter, informed him with some hauteur that I had ordered pheasant au flambeau, not flaming pheasant, and stalked out of the place.

My whole leave went like that. Had a shave in the hotel barber shop. Paid the cashier with a \$10 bill and was so busy trying to find a dime for the little guy who was beating me around the shoulders with a whisk that I walked out without my change, some \$8.75. Late for my train home. I ran, skidded on ice, tore a cartilage in my knee and have been on the limp ever since. Bought some sandwiches for the ride home, set them on the station floor while I purchased my ticket, and walked off without them.

Next time my wife feels like pulling a dirty trick like sending me off on a 36-hour pass, all alone, she'll meet some pretty stiff resistance. I can tell you.

Away Back - When?

(From the Files of 1888 and '89) March 1, 1889 — Aurora and Stouffville have each but one paper now. The Advance sold out to the Tribune. There is a chance for some fool with some money and no brains to fill "A long felt want" by starting a paper in one of those places.

Dec. 1888 — On Sunday evening last, we noticed that a few of our more considerate citizens had placed lights in their windows, which we are sure were greatly appreciated by pedestrians. It certainly looks rather primitive to see people in a town the size of Stouffville obliged to carry lanterns to church in order to avoid breaking their necks. Why can't we have street lamps?

For Parents Only

A GOOD TURN EACH DAY. "Can I help you, sir?" asked a British Scout in uniform when he saw a stranger groping his way through a dense London fog. William D. Boyce, a visitor from the United States, was very glad to accept this boy's help. The Scout accompanied the stranger to his destination, just to make sure that he got there. When the American thanked his young guide, he also offered him a shilling. But the boy refused the money saying, "I am a Boy Scout and Scouts do not take tips for their daily good turn."

Mr. Boyce was surprised and impressed. He determined to learn more about the Scouting Movement. As this happened in 1909 he was able to make an appointment with Baden Powell, founder of Boy Scouts. When the principles of Scouting were carefully explained to the American visitor, he was convinced that here was something which he must transplant to his native soil.

The name of this British Scout, who did Mr. Boyce a good turn, and thus introduced Scouting to this continent, was never discovered. But in Gilwell Park, England, that great centre of Scouting, there is a beautiful bronze statue of a buffalo. Beneath it is this inscription: "To the Unknown Scout, whose faithfulness in the performance of the Daily Good Turn brought the Scout Movement to the United States of America."

The Cub promise which each boy makes when he is admitted to a Wolf Pack for eight to 11 year olds states: "I promise to do my best to do my duty to God and the Queen, to keep the Law of the Wolf Cub Pack; and to do a good turn to somebody every day."

The Scout in his teens, and the Senior Rover Scout pledge themselves "to help other people at all times."

A novel way to emphasize the importance of the Good Turn program was carried out last Autumn by the Wolf Cub Pack of Red Deer, Alberta. At the weekly meetings an unsigned list of good turns for each day was handed in to Akela, the Cub Master. These papers were wrapped in tinfoil. Then they were added to an ever-growing "snowball." At the Christmas party, Cubmaster Calander showed the great tinfoil snowball with its precious record, and a few of the anonymous sheets were read aloud by individual Cubs.

Many good turns are done right at home. How many thousands of mothers have been thankful for Scouting when a son has willingly offered to do some extra task around the house, run an errand, shovelled snow, looked after a younger child at play!

The story is told of a widow with a large family whose oldest boy was a Scout. One day when he had been particularly busy helping his mother with tasks such as clearing out the ashes in the furnace, which his Dad used to do, he met his Scoutmaster in the evening, on his way to post some letters. "Have you done your good turn today?" his leader asked. The boy hesitated, embarrassed, then he faltered, "I'm awfully sorry Sir, but I've been so busy with work Mother had to have done, that I've had no time for my good turn!"

"This boy was certainly the exception. Most lads have all kinds of spare time, and it is the very lack of things to do which is a contributing cause to their getting into destructive mischief. Juveniles who are in trouble with the law are very seldom from Scout groups or Sunday School classes.

From the very first the daily good turn was woven into the fabric of Scouting. Sir Robert Baden-Powell, the originator of Boy Scouts, in his book "Scoutmastership" wrote: "With a little encouragement on the part of the Scoutmaster the practice of daily good turns becomes a sort of fashion with boys. It is the very best step towards making a Christian in fact and not merely in theory. This 'good turn business' brings out the spirit of Christian character towards his neighbor."

(Copyright)

Great rush at Spofford's new store from Monday morning until Saturday night, and no wonder, for he is running everything very cheap. Note a few of our prices: Factory Cotton 2 1/2c per yard. Great variety of prints from 5c up. Clark's anchor spool cotton 30c per dozen. Heavy Cretonne at 10c. Gents' fine wool socks 15c per pair.

The Altar — Stover-Wideman, by the Rev. J. Willoughby, at his residence, Main St., Stouffville, on the 21st of February. Mr. Elias Stover, of the township of Pickering to Miss Sarah Wideman of the Township of Whitchurch. (Parents of Mr. Wilmot Stover).

Notary Public — Among the appointments recently made by the Lieut. Gov. was that of F. H. Sangster, of Stouffville, to be notary public in, and for the Province of Ontario.

Binders — From the appearance of the station yard, one would fancy the farmers are anticipating a bountiful harvest. There were about 20 Maxwell binders awaiting their purchasers the other day, which speaks well for the ability of the agent, Mr. H. L. Vanzant.

Stouffville Markets — Fall Wheat 95c-\$1.00; Hay \$17-\$18 per ton; Potatoes 35c-40c per bag; Eggs 17c-18c per doz.; Butter, 17c-19c lb.; Geese 8c-9c; Turkeys 9c-10c; Chickens 50c per pair.

At the insistence of our pushing townsmen, Mr. R. J. Daley, a large number of the businessmen met in the Council Chamber on Thursday, March 14, 1889, to consider the advisability of drawing attention to the advantages offered by this village and surrounding country for the establishment of a canning factory, to put up fruit, vegetables, pickles, etc. Large quantities of berries, etc., are shipped annually from Stouffville and adjoining points which could be greatly increased if a good market was provided for their produce. The idea was advanced that an invitation would come with more force if it was from an organized body such as a Board of Trade. The following officers were then elected: Pres., H. Johnson; Vice Pres., U. C. Hamilton; Secretary, F. Sangster; Treas., D. Stouffer. The meeting is to convene in another week when definite steps will be taken to induce some industry to locate in this thriving town.

March 22 — In response to a call, a large number of those interested met at the Tribune Office to organize a baseball club for the coming season. The following officers were elected for the season: Pres., F. H. Sangster; Vice-Pres., U. C. Hamilton; Secretary,

Treas., T. E. Hoidge; Com. Walt McCarty; Lyman, Douperty, Frank Clendenning, W. J. Stark, Harry Sanders; Umpires — Arthur Fleury and Fred W. Hill. The club is to be known as the "Stouffville Baseball Club" and governed by the rules of the "National League." A membership of at least 60 is desirable.

Bloomington — The following is the standing in their order of merit of some of the pupils for the month of Feb. 1889: Fourth Class — John Matheson, Walter Matheson, Violet Allen. Asa Brown, Third Class Sr. — Maggie Rae, Mary Clarkson, Richard Williams, Jr. 3rd — Ira Ramer, Sarah Topper, Alfred Pipher, Second Class Sr. — Ellsworth Hunt, Oscar Baker, Willie Clarkson, Jr. 2nd — Herbert Hill, Hill-yard Fockler, Willie Williams, Fred Connor, Second Class Sr. — Clinton Wagg, Violet Baker, Harvey Topper, Second Class Jr. — Byron Walker, Llewella Burnett, Rupert Pollard. First Class — Gertie Patterson, Mary Lemon, Edgar Kennedy. Average attendance for the month — 37.

The Church Directory advertises the following churches — Methodist Church, Rev. George Brown, Pastor; Congregational — Rev. J. Unsworth, Pastor; Presbyterian — Rev. Knowles; Baptist — Rev. Barker; Church of England — Rev. Osborne. Services with the exception of the Church of England are 10.35 a.m. and 7 p.m. with Sunday School at 2.30, with prayer meeting Wednesday at 7.30.



Much of the money to found Queen's University at Kingston, Ont., came from the Presbyterian Church in Scotland, and the school was modelled on the University of Edinburgh.

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