

# The Stauffville Tribune

ESTABLISHED 1888

A. V. Nolan & Son, Publishers

Member of the Canadian Weekly Newspaper Association and the Ontario-Quebec Newspapers Association.

Authorized as second-class mail. Postoffice Dept. Ottawa.

Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations.

Issued every Thursday at Stauffville, Ont.

In Canada \$3.50

Elsewhere \$4.50

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JAS. THOMAS, Editor

JAS. McKEAN, Advertising

## Editorial

### Unwarranted Criticism

We were rather disappointed and somewhat disgusted last week to learn that a rural resident of Pickering Township had issued a rather bitter written complaint against the work-weary employees of the Road Department for "consistently" filling in his driveway and covering up his mailbox with snow.

We would question the thinking behind such unwarranted criticism. At the height of the storm and immediately following the "big blow", the township roadmen worked almost around-the-clock to keep the passages open. Saturday and Sunday saw no relief. By Monday night all thoroughfares had been cleared. This hectic program was repeated in two successive weeks and one need only to drive down some of these rural roads to witness the obstacles that they encountered.

If these problems were not enough, to and behold, we discover that one taxpayer has been required to shovel out his laneway entrance a few times and even uncover his

mailbox. We would state that this citizen is fortunate that he had not joined the ranks of his country cousins a few years ago when it was not uncommon for residents to shovel out entire miles of roads, and by hand too.

This ninth concession ratepayer was not the only one to register a complaint. In both Pickering and Whitchurch Townships, residents became irritated when the snowplow wing clipped off a number of mailbox posts. Personally, I cannot understand how any were missed. With visibility at times almost nil, and with roadside banks like miniature mountains, it must have been difficult for machine operators to keep their equipment between the telephone posts.

The rather abusive letter submitted by the Pickering ratepayer is little commendation for a job well done. It no doubt is taking up valuable space in the township files when its rightful place should be in the nearest trash can.

### Let's Not Be Prejudiced

The gas explosion that partially destroyed a bungalow residence in Stauffville on Saturday afternoon and rendered a family of six temporarily homeless is, indeed, a rather shocking occurrence. We should, however, not let ourselves become prejudiced against a service that has been tried, tested and accepted in other communities. We do not pretend to minimize the destructive powers of this fuel, but we have also witnessed scenes of destruction caused by oil, hydro, etc., and the results have been equally devastating.

For some unknown reason, gas

explosions are front-page news stories. Other more tragic events are often minimized and even deleted, but gas gets full coverage — press, radio and television. We, the residents of Stauffville should not be too quick to condemn this service until it is given a fair trial. The explosion on Saturday is indeed unfortunate, not only for members of one family but also for the Consumer's Gas Co. Their efficiency and co-operation here has been above all censure. We should not permit one minor imperfection to break down a reputation that has been proven elsewhere.

### Tax Conscious

"Most people are interested only in their tax dollar and don't give one hoot where they live." That was a statement made by Reeve Sherman Scott of Pickering Township at a recent meeting with Metro Planning Director, Murray Jones.

The reeve, of course, was speaking for the bulk of residents who had acquired property within the municipality in, perhaps the last three to five years. He suggested that his statement did not apply to the long-time landowners whose forefathers

were Pickering pioneers.

Although many "newcomers" might resent this lack of loyalty charge, a truer word was never spoken. The run-of-the-mill subdivision resident, with no real stake in the community is, for the most part, only interested in what services he can obtain and for how much money. For the majority, the village, town or township is merely a haven for the night. In the morning he is gone. As a municipality grows, this trend becomes even more apparent.

### To Live or Die? A Question No Human Should Answer

This week we received a letter from a local resident, in which she advocated the continuance of capital punishment as a form of crime prevention. We cannot agree with the writer's feeling on this very contentious matter.

It is a proven fact that some innocent people have been executed. We contend that if ONE individual has been unjustly committed to the gallows, then it is time to call an

abrupt halt to such barbaric customs. Who are we to rule on the question of life or death? The ever-present possibility of human error is a risk that a civilized people should not take. We feel that public opinion is beginning to lean heavily toward a permanent ban on the "eye for an eye" revenge campaign. Anyone who retains a personal feeling on this controversial issue may use this column to air his views.

### Watch Out For The "Fast-Talkers"

The time has rolled around again for local organizations, the merchants and householders too, to take a long look at the various schemes, proposals and what have you, which are presented to them each year by individuals who come into the community with assorted promotion gimmicks, such as programs, books, book covers and other articles designed as revenue gatherers.

Last year, it is safe to say that in Stauffville, these outside promoters made off with several thousand dollars.

Fortunately, not everyone loses

out. One merchant told us some time ago, that he got really "peeled" for quite a sum a few years ago and since then has saved himself considerable, by giving a firm "no" to all strangers who approach him on promotional schemes.

True, some of the ideas have high-sounding motives, but investigation usually shows that the man selling it makes it worthwhile chiefly for himself.

The slogan "investigate before you invest," could surely be taken more seriously in this community as well as elsewhere.

### Plan Penalty for Weeds

Property owners who refuse to destroy noxious weeds will be faced with prosecution and a fine this year under legislation introduced in the legislature last week by Agriculture Minister Goodfellow.

The bill gives explicit designa-

tions to municipal and county weed inspectors and prescribes the authority of each.

When an owner fails to comply with an order to destroy noxious weeds, he faces prosecution and the inspector is authorized to destroy the weeds in accord-

ance with regulations. Previous legislation delayed enforcement until it was too late to control the spread of the seed.

Mr. Goodfellow also introduced amendments to the Wildlife Control Act and a bill to dispose of dead animals.

## Laff Of The Week



"I should have suspected there was some reason why you wanted to come to church early!"

## Sugar and Spice

By BILL SMILEY

Every St. Patrick's Day, I try to write a column about the Irish. And every year, I give it up as a bad job. What can you say about the Irish, good or bad, that they have not already said about themselves, being the greatest talkers and writers on the face of the earth?

About ninety-four percent of this talking and writing is pure Irish blather, but the remainder is as fine and true as anything that has come from tongue or pen.

I'm no authority on the Irish, and I promise that anyone who finds a single "begorra" in this column may clobber me with a leprechaun. But it behooves me, as a student of the highways and byways, the odds and sods, to peer through the fog, and squelch through the bog, in an honest effort to find the real essence of the Irish.

Fortunately for the cause of pure research, there are hordes of genuine authorities on Ireland and the Irish. They are all Irishmen, of course. No nation on earth has found itself so fascinating as the Irish. No people has ever examined itself with such unflinching delight, such hopeless disgust.

Most of the confusion about the Irish must rest with their writers. The brooding, turbulent, hilarious, soaring language of their poets, story-tellers and dramatists has tumbled into our ken an Irishman who is half-man, half-myth, half, clown, half-hero.

If we listed all the fine things the Irish have to say about themselves, we'd have them down as: loyal to the death; witty as all hell; fun-loving; handsome; deeply religious; sensitive; and with a fine disdain for the material things of life, to mention only a few self-bestowed virtues.

And if we listed all the sorry things Irishmen call themselves, we'd put down: cowardly; treacherous; simple-minded; morose; ugly as sin; deeply profane; coarse as crows; and with a shrewd eye for a shilling, to name but a few self-bestowed vices.

This is to say that the Irish are just like everybody else. Which, of course, is ridiculous, and any Irishman worth his weight in boiled potatoes will attack this slander at the drop of a crock.

There's one thing about the Irish, for example, that stands out like the head on a draught of Guinness. Aside, of course, from the fact that they're bad-tempered, garrulous, inconsistent, self-pitying, lyrical, humorous, warm-hearted and entirely charming.

And that one thing is the memory of them. They have a memory that would make a self-respecting elephant wind his trunk around his left ear in an ecstasy of embarrassment. The Irish have never forgotten anything, which is at once their curse and their glory.

An Irishman just one jump out of the bog will remind you with some disdain that the Emerald Isle was a centre of learning, a cultured, Christian country, when the British were just climbing out of their coracles and wiping the mud off their faces. And good for him. But the same fellow will tell you the reason he hates the English is because of the rough treatment his folk got from Cromwell. To hear him tell it, you'd think it had been last Halloween, not 500 years ago.

Another thing you'll notice about the Irish is their immense self-satisfaction. Who else would excuse the possession of a foul temper by declaring proudly: "I guess it's the Irish in me?"

One more national trait is their glee in throwing cold water. They don't really mean it. But show an Irishman a silver lining and he'll show you a black cloud.

However, it takes all kinds to make a world, and some of my best friends are Irish, but how would you like your sister to marry one? Well, my sister's brother married one, and I tell you, boys, you never know whether it's a kiss or a kick you'll be getting.

## Sunday School Lesson

PAUL'S VOYAGE TO ROME

Acts 27:1 to 28:15

GOLDEN TEXT — I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.—Phil. 4:13. (Lesson for March 20)

THE LESSON AS A WHOLE

Approach to the Lesson—Rome was the political and commercial capital of a vast empire. There was already a Christian colony in the city. But Paul yearned to add his testimony to that of the Roman believers, to preach the Gospel in Rome and ultimately to press on beyond Italy to Spain (Rom. 1:15; 15:24).

In the last chapters of Acts, Luke traces the apostle's route from Palestine to Rome. The author was an eyewitness of the exciting events (the use of "we" and "us," Acts 27:1-7; 28:2, 10, 16). The ship on which Paul and his fellow prisoners embarked sailed from Caesarea, hugged the coast of Palestine, then cut across the Mediterranean toward Asia Minor with the island of Cyprus on the right and the sea to the left.

At Myra, on the coast of Asia Minor, the passengers were transhipped for Italy (27:6). Stopping briefly at the eastern end of Crete, the vessel pressed on westward along the southern shore of the island. Then the storm hit! It was a continuous, tempestuous blast. The 276 voyagers were in mortal peril. Mighty waves, ferocious winds, and the treachery of the sailors threatened their lives.

At length the ship ran aground and foundered. All passengers reached shore in safety. Stranded on Malta, they were kindly welcomed by the residents, and after three months re-embarked for Italy.

Puteoli, the harbor of Naples, was their destination. Thence Paul travelled by land to Rome. He arrived, not with the liberty of movement he had known on his three missionary journeys, but as a missionary in chains, a prisoner of Rome. He had appealed to Caesar (25:11). He could expect no freedom until his appeal had been heard and weighed, and until an imperial verdict had been rendered.

The Heart of the Lesson—God's purposes never fail! His will is perfect. He doeth all things well. No servant of God will die until his mission is accomplished. No storm at sea, no human cunning, no viper's sting can defeat the plans of the Almighty.

Paul knew all this. But it was immensely reassuring to him to hear the cheering words of the angel of God (27:23, 24). The vessel was battered and driven by the fury of the waves. The hope of his fellow voyagers was shattered. But God had willed that Paul should be brought before Caesar and that every

(From Files of 1936 & '40) Feb. 1936

Easy Work — Most anyone can be an editor. All an editor has to do is to sit at his desk six days in the week, four weeks in the month and twelve months in the year and "edit" such stuff as this: Mrs. Jones of Lost Creek let a can opener slip, last week and cut herself in the pantry.

William Tyler, Donald Closson and Charles Nolan, Toronto University students, narrowly escaped serious injury on Wednesday evening, returning of Toronto, after attending the Christian Church Skating Party. Mr. Tyler, student pastor of the Christian congregation, was driving his own car, which took to the deep ditch on the St. Con. Markham, alongside the Barkey farm. The machine rolled over two or three times, crashing through the rail fence, coming to a stop against some stumps, lying on its side. The occupants crawled out through a broken window, escaping with only minor bruises. A tow-truck brought the battered car back to town where it is being repaired. The students spent the night in Stauffville also.

A Toronto bunch of hockey-ists, 31 in number, played a game here Friday evening at Baker's Arena, the married men competing against the men of single blessedness. Following the encounter, which ended 4-5 in favor of the married group, the crowd enjoyed a chicken supper at the Mansion House where 'Mine Host Blackburn served everyting to the King's taste. It was a great outing for the city lads who thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

Post Office Extension Mooted — There are well founded rumours afloat that the Department of Public Works, Ottawa, contemplates enlarging the Stauffville Post Office. The present quarters are now taxed and the proposed mail route to commence this year from here, cannot readily be accommodated in the building as it is, now laid out. It is said the office was built with the idea of removing the south wall and extending the building anytime such a move was warranted.

The time has now come when more space is required. If an addition is added, it would provide the caretaker's quarters with a verandah upstairs over the ground floor extension. Stauffville is the logical center for more mail routes than now start here, and we hope the authorities will now provide for the extension without delay.

What is believed to be the largest Short Course in Agriculture held in Ontario this winter, came to a close here on Friday with a big Banquet served by the Senior Women's Institute to the student boys and girls numbering over 200 persons. Congratulations are in order for Miss Helen Abell on winning first prize in Home Economics; also Miss Edna Sinclair who won 2nd prize for proficiency in Home Nursing. Miss Blanche Atkinson was first in General Proficiency.

Seven teams of horses hitched to bobsleighs could be seen on the Main St. at one time Saturday afternoon from the window of the Tribune, while a farmer informed us at the same time, that the United Church shed was filled with teams, all of which does look like old times, doesn't it? Many of the farmers are unable to get a motor car out of the lane, while numerous roads have been blocked for a week, hence the explanation for the "comeback" of Old Dobbin.

A delegation is to wait on Premier Heppburn, asking for compulsory stopping of all motor cars at railway crossings. We can't see any use in such a law, as there is now one on the statute books against committing suicide.

March 1936 On Tuesday evening, the Municipal Council placed an order for a modern fire alarm siren, to be installed in the clock tower, and to be operated electrically.

Believers today know theoretically that God is on His throne and that He superintends the passage of events. But as they dwell in the Word of God, read His precious promises repeatedly, and meditate upon such chapters as those now before us, they should be encouraged, reassured, indeed thrilled with confidence. The God of the Bible, the God of Paul, is their God. He is ever faithful. He changes not.

Note, too, the sublime courage of Paul. His basis was his confidence in God (27:25). His evidence is seen in his heroic words to his distraught traveling companions (27:33, 34); his composure as he broke bread in their midst (27:35); and his serenity when the viper fastened on his hand (28:5).

If God is really in charge of all things, as the Bible so clearly teaches, why should not His dear children trust Him and courageously face the problems and even the potential disasters of life? He brought Paul to Rome against overwhelming odds. He will bring His own to glory no matter what obstacles seem to impede His will.

## Way Back — When?

trically from a switch in front of the Hall and from one to be installed at the telephone office in the Ratcliff block. This latter switch for setting off the alarm will enable people to use the telephone to get prompt results, for the switch board operator will only have to touch a button and the alarm will sound from the clock tower.

A renewal was received from Mr. Tom Kellington, RR 2, for the Tribune, which he had been taking for more than 40 years. He remembered the day the old wood burning engine was blown up at the depot. "I recall it was a nice sunny day in winter and that Thomas Toaze was standing on the platform at the time of explosion and was not injured. Looking up the records, we found that the cause of the accident referred to, was due to the new engineer putting cold water into the boiler, when the water was low, causing a terrific explosion which killed the engineer, fireman and woodpasser."

The engine had 2 fronts because there was no means of turning them at that time on this division, and thus the engine could be driven both ways. The engine was rebuilt at Uxbridge and used some years before it was badly burned in a

roundhouse fire at Uxbridge. This accident would have happened in the 1890's.

Jan. 1940

The provincial snow plough working on the Highway at Lincolnville on Monday afternoon backed into the almost new Chevrolet car driven by N. W. Byer, and smashed the fenders and damaged the front of the engine. Mr. Byer was driving toward Stauffville from Goodwood, and the plough working in front of the Stafford farm was backing away from a snow bank. Although two men were in the cab, Mr. Byer said they kept no lookout, and the warning of his horn went unheard. Fetched from Cutter, Fractures left Arm —

Not many around Stauffville have seen a cutter on the roads this winter, as yet, and still fewer who have seen enough snowbanks to upset such an outfit, but last week, Mrs. Chris Hoover, 7th con., Markham, was pitched heavily to the ground when driving with her son Norman. Later, Mrs. Hoover was taken to Toronto for x-ray and will be confined to the Hospital for a few weeks. The break was a particularly bad one at the shoulder.

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