



New Pastor, Christ Church Anglican

Rev. Frederick E. Miller, formerly of All Saints Anglican Church, Kingsway, has accepted a two-point charge at Christ Church Anglican in Stouffville and St. Philip's Anglican, Unionville. —Staff Photo.

The Green Glens Of Antrim

By SARA SHIELDS
A few years ago the minister of the Church I attended asked if I would visit an old lady who had recently arrived from Northern Ireland. He said, "She's the most interesting person I've met in years, but she's homesick, now tomorrow is St. Patrick's Day, could you go then?" I've told her about you, she needs you."
So, on St. Patrick's Day, I set out to visit Mrs. Kathleen O'Neill, recently arrived in Canada to make her home with a daughter, and the welcome she gave me was heart warming indeed. In her delightful Irish brogue she said, "Och, shure an I've been waiting for you, its glad indeed I am to see you."
As the minister said, Mrs. O'Neill was a most interesting person, and she was lovely in appearance, too, even at her advanced age. Her figure was so straight and upright, and with her white hair, and rosy face, and kind eyes that looked one straight in the face, with understanding. She was good to look at.
"Och Canada's the grand country indeed, but when a body's eighty-seven its hard to leave their native land, they are a bit too old then to be pulling up their roots. When I told her she was the youngest old lady I'd ever met, she told me I must have kissed the Blarney Stone.
I visited Mrs. O'Neill for two years, and after each visit came away looking forward to the next one. One day she asked me if I remembered the Glens of Antrim, when I replied I did, she said "There's a good story I can tell you that I'm sure will interest you." It was just one of the many interesting stories she told me.
Mrs. O'Neill continued, "When I was a girl, our nearest neighbours, and I should say our best neighbours, were folk named O'Callahan. The eldest son was born on St. Patrick's Day, so they named him Patrick. When he was twenty, he emigrated to America, and got a job in New York.
Shure an the lad got on well, his workmates would tell him he had the "luck o' the Irish," but he made one big mistake. In the desire to get on in the world, and make money, he forgot all about the way he had been brought up. He forgot God, Money, and prestige, were now the gods he worshipped.
A few years passed, and one day he received a letter from his sister telling him his mother was ill, and desired to see him. He sent extra money, but said he couldn't possibly come home, as his business required all his attention. By this time Pat O'Callahan was head of the construction business where he had started as a labourer.
One morning his foreman came into his office to tell him that a man had been hurt on one of the machines, and had been taken to hospital, also that the firm was to blame.
O'Callahan called at the hospital to see the injured man, whom his foreman had said was an Irishman, and not long in the country, but the man refused to see O'Callahan. However, he called again, and this time a big surprise awaited him, the injured man turned on him in fury.
"Listen to me, Pat O'Callahan, you don't recognize me, but we went to school together, back yonder in the Glen of Antrim. We were pals, and you had the making of a fine man, but now all you care about is money, and you don't care who you walk over to get it either. You have forgotten many things, O'Callahan, amongst them is your soul, and that one day YOU MUST ACCOUNT TO GOD. Now get out of here, and don't come back."
Pat O'Callahan stumbled out of that hospital room with an awakened conscience, and a great shame in his heart. Memories began to flood his soul. Why hadn't he recognized his old school chum? The contempt in the man's eyes, and his plain words had stung O'Callahan as nothing else had ever done.
Then he began thinking of his old Christian mother, no doubt he had hurt her too, and likely it was her prayers for him that were being answered now, and causing him such shame, as he looked back on the past few years.
Then he formed a plan, as he sat thinking all through the long night. He would see his old school pal was justly treated, and a bit over. Then he would go home to Ireland to see his mother. As morning dawned, he had several plans to use some of his wealth that would help others.
The injured man recovered, and O'Callahan heard through his foreman, that the man was going home for a holiday. They met again on the wharf, as they awaited ship. This time the man held out his hand, in friendship, saying, "An where would you be bound for Pat?"
The reply was, "Shure, the same place as yourself, the Green Glens of Antrim, and when we come back there'll be a good job waiting for you. I hope you'll take it, and I'm thankful we are pals again. Did you know that all being well, we should be landing on the old sod on St. Patrick's Day."

Watermelon Express

By BETTY ROSS
Old-timers of Uxbridge who remember the Watermelon Express of the Toronto and Nipissing Railway in the 1870's and possibly the 1880's all agree that the trip was great fun. It was cheap—30c return from Uxbridge to Toronto—and almost everyone returned carrying a watermelon.
END OF SUMMER
The express ran at the end of the summer when watermelons from the southern States were plentiful. In a June, 1928, issue of the Canadian National Railways Magazine, D. J. McMillan, a veteran then of 54 years of railroading mentions in 'Half a Century of Railroading'—"We ran an excursion during Exhibition time at Toronto, for the Toronto and Nipissing employees, their families and anybody else who could crowd on and get away with it." "Exhibition" those days meant the Toronto Industrial Exhibition, the forerunner of the Canadian National Exhibition.
From the "crowding on" sprang much of the fun. Box cars and open flat cars fitted with planks for benches, as well as passenger coaches, accommodated the crowds. Branches of cedar and spruce stuck in the stake pockets of the flat cars kept the hot sun off the passengers.
LOTS OF FUN
Picture the double header, wood burning locomotive, and entourage pulling into Uxbridge on the day of the excursion. The Toronto and Nipissing Railway was the first narrow gauge train operated on the north American continent and ran as far as Cobocok, with a branch to Jackson's Point. Thus some passengers would have entrained before it reached Uxbridge. J. A. Lord of Uxbridge remembers it this way: "Well, there was a real jolly crowd went, anticipating lots of fun. The open cars were preferred to the coach or box cars. Lots of young folks keeping time to their songs with the bump-tump-click-click of the railway joints, worn to receive the bumps of the wheels."
You can see, if you look closely, the bearded men, some in their best clothing, and those who had no best; the ruddy weathered faces of the farmers distinguished them from the paler townspeople. The Toronto Industrial Exhibition drew both townsman and farmer. There could have been young bloods among the crowd who planned to miss the return train and, instead, take in the show—anything from melodrama to burlesque—at the Royal Lyceum Theatre on King Street.
Mothers and daughters in their high necked, long sleeved, ankle length gowns were off for a day's shopping, or visiting, or to view the Exhibition. Perhaps mama was found a seat on the passenger coach so that daughter could enjoy more freely the fun on the open flat car. How many romances began—and ended—on the Watermelon Express?

PRETTY GIRLS

Most of the middle aged and older men and women who boarded the Watermelon Express must have carried in their faces and bearing the effects of the terrible toil and hardships of pioneer life. In the 1870's it was only 40 to 45 years since the very first settlers had built their log cabins and heaved their farms north of Uxbridge. Life was undoubtedly becoming easier. One would expect the young girls to be handsome and healthy. Surprisingly—considering the harshness and poverty of their lives—so had been their mothers. James Taylor in a travel book, 'Narrative of a Journey', wrote in 1846, "The female beauty of some of the Canadians cannot be surpassed; their features are finely formed and the expressions on their countenances quite fascinating...."

To the children, at any rate, the speed of the train would have been the most exciting sensation imaginable. The Ontario scenery, the bush, the farms, the swamps, the hamlets, must have positively flown past at fifteen miles an hour, and if a boy could thrust his hand into his pocket and feel a coin or two, what more could he ask? What more glorious could the future hold for him than to be a railwayman?

It is believed that the Toronto and Nipissing Railway had running rights over Grand Trunk lines from Scarborough Junction, its proper terminal, to the then "Union Station" at the foot of York Street and the Esplanade. From that point the Watermelon excursionist likely confronted on foot the sights, smells, and heady charms of the city. Or he may have boarded a Toronto Street Railway horse-car whose lawful speed was not to exceed six miles an hour!

As for the home trip, J. A. Lord says, "On their return they were a tired crowd, loaded with melons, but they had a grand time and nearly always dated their next visit to



Markham Student Wins Separate School Speaking Contest

Twelve year old Michael Barrack, a Grade 7 student at St. Patrick's, Markham and 13 year old Patricia McCann of St. John's, Newmarket, were the first prize winners in the Catholic Women's League York County Oratorical Contest held at St. Mark's, Stouffville, March 5. —Staff Photo.

Attends Christening At Agincourt

Toronto on the next Watermelon Excursion." And our old railroader completes the picture for us when he says, "That practically every person, young or old, boarded the train to go home with a watermelon under their arm. Needless to say, all of the melons did not reach their destination."

By ADA STECKLEY

RINGWOOD — Mrs. Frank Atkinson attended the christening ceremony of her granddaughter, Margaret Ellen Cockwell at Agincourt, Sunday.
Mr. and Mrs. S. Pullen and family of Don Mills, former residents here, had Friday night dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Fockler and family.

There will be a Good Friday service in Stouffville Christian Church at 10:45 a.m. Rev. Wm. Tyler of Toronto, one time minister at this church, will be the seppower.
Miss Helen Anderson of Orillia had Sunday dinner with her niece Mrs. Stewart Vague and family.
Mr. Clarence Fockler, spent a few days in Winnipeg last week.

What do You Say to a Crippled Child?

For her learning to walk is hard, hard work. Sometimes she cries. Usually you can josh her along. But words don't always help. So you love her until she gets her fight back. Then she's ready to try again.
Love is one of three things that help a crippled child walk. The other two are skill and money. We've found people with the love and skill to give.
We're looking to you for the money. Not a lot, just enough to put one child one day closer to walking.

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Money received through the sale of Easter Seals by the Lions Club of Stouffville provide the necessary treatment, equipment and recreation for all crippled children in Stouffville and area.

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Suppose It Is Just One Year Out Of One Hundred!

What a girl must endure in this, Canada's centennial year! Will July 1 never come? Sixteen year old Donna Wright, Baker Avenue, Stouffville may complain a little but she really doesn't mind. In fact, she thinks friend Ed Wideman, 18, is really quite handsome with or without a beard. Ed says he'll endure the agony of it all until judging day, then off it comes. —Staff Photo.

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