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ACROSS THE ISLAND

Boyhood Days Scene Visit Stirs Memories

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SUNDAY MORNING, June 19, I went to St. Malachy's Church in Kinkora where Rev. John Trainor was saying his first mass. I went there for two reasons. My long-time friend Willie Matheson of Rose Valley – many still know him as "Billy Sinclair" – had told me about two weeks earlier that this son of Joe Trainor of Shamrock was to celebrate his first mass in his home church on Sunday, June 19. I told my cousin I'd be along to take himself and his wife to the church, we'd attend the reception afterwards.

I did so because Joe Trainor is also an old friend, a man I've admired for the many years that have passed since we met at Shamrock school – I went to that school one year.

For me one of the highlights of the service came when Father John Trainor spoke personally to the large congregation after the mass had been concluded. Naturally he had thanks for many people from Shamrock, and Kinkora, who had helped him through his boyhood, and later his student years.

Dad Is Priest's Ideal

REV. ART PENDERGAST in his sermon had sounded some of the challenges which face any young man starting his priestly service. But the part I liked best came when this young man – he had just completed the 13 long and arduous years of study to be a member of the Jesuit Order – looked directly at his Dad who was sitting in the front seat, and said, obviously with deep feelings, "if I was to look for an ideal on which to fashion my priestly life, I could not find a better one than my Dad."

I have forgotten the exact words the young priest used, but I have reported with complete accuracy the meaning of the tribute he uttered to his Dad. I have never heard a son pay a finer tribute to his father. I have never heard a tribute that thrilled me more because Joe Trainor is the kind of man who really has earned it.

It was with mingled feelings that I greeted many of the parishioners of St. Malachy's as we stood around the grounds following the service and later at the reception at the home of George M. Trainor – actually the old homestead.

Feeling Of Sadness – Many Missing

There was a feeling of sadness as I looked in vain for many of the Irish friends I knew when I hauled milk to Kinkora cheese factory. It seemed almost incredible, but a quick check revealed it's more than 45 years since I hauled milk from the Rose Valley area.

"To find the names of people I used to know, visit the cemetery in the church yard," one lady from the parish observed to me. I didn't enter the cemetery. I like to

remember those people as I knew them when they extended many courtesies, and so much kindness to a young Rose Valley lad who came among them every morning at the cheese factory.

The Kinkora factory is making butter now but that's only one of the many, many changes that I've noticed in Kinkora. The visit stirred many memories of other years. I find all of them are pleasant memories, which tells its own story of the kind of people who lived there then. Many of the people there are strangers now, but I found the same friendly and jovial spirits among those I met and to whom I talked.

Mushrooms Early – One Is Large

MY FRIEND, Jack Thompson, West Royalty tells me he picked several mushrooms about a week ago. It's unusual, I am told, to find mushrooms so early in the season.

But Jack found one that measured a good 14 inches across and that is really unusual. At least it is unusual so far as my knowledge of mushrooms is concerned.

Thinking a mushroom that big might not be tasty, I asked Jack about it. But he insists it was delicious.

The people who lived here three-quarters of a century ago had many remedies drummed at them through advertisements for many ills.

An old paper dated in 1893 indicated electric belts of two varieties were being sold. One had a dry battery, the other had "an acid belt".

They were obtainable with strong or medium currents.

Here's New Cure For Arthritis

AND THAT leads me to one of the best stories I've heard about remedial treatments in many years. So far as I know, the story is correct.

I haven't the lady's permission to use her name – I was not talking to her directly – but a lady who lives less than 50 miles from Charlottetown had her arthritis cured recently in a most unusual way.

The lady was washing and the machine's electric motor developed a short circuit, or something like that.

At any rate she was wringing the clothes at the time, and she touched the sink with one hand. The shock was so bad, a neighbor told me, that she was insensible for nearly an hour.

But her arthritis left her, temporarily at least. And the lady was as supple as she was before the painful ailment had first hit her some years ago, a neighbor told me a week later.

I thought the story interesting, but I wouldn't advise anyone trying such drastic treatment.

If I may return to the remedies of 1893, readers of this paper were told on August 9, "You wouldn't have that throbbing head ache today had you taken a Burdock pill last night".

Another paragraph said fretful, crying children should be given Dr. Low's worm syrup. It regulates the system and removes the worms.

Old newspapers I have been scanning have many such advertisements of wonder cures for many ills. Somebody must have been buying the stuff, so somebody must have believed the fanciful tales spun about the many cures the manufacturers claimed for their products.