REMINISCENCES OF NORTH SYDENHAM

A. H. R.

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This book is dedicated to its real authors—to my
Mentors who furnished the materials
for the narrative and thereby
made its publication
possible.

HC.
R823r

REMINISCENCES OF NORTH SYDENHAM

A RETROSPECTIVE SKETCH OF THE VILLAGES OF LEITH AND ANNAN, GREY COUNTY, ONTARIO

BY

A. H. R. [Alan Henderson Ross]

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THE PASSING OF THE PIONEER

Down the last of the trails they are bearing,
In a solemn and glorious line,
Through the valley of death they are faring,
With a soul unafraid and divine—
With that soul that was ever divine—
The pioneer fathers are passing,
And this thing ye shall take for a sign.

For with every white head that is sinking
For with every aged heart that is dead,
Ye are losing gold threads in the linking
Of traditional days that are sped,
The epic dumb eternally sped—
With the gift of their stern tribulation
Which now carpets the path that ye tread.

There is never a zephyr soft-sighing,
Where the primeval forest once lay,
There is never a patriarch dying,
But a story is passing away—
And a glory is passing away—
Of the humble who founded a nation
In the travail and stress of the day.

Though the shanty that crouched in the clearing
Is a ghost in the wrack of the past,
Though your pioneer fathers are nearing
The dark trail that is blazoned the last—
Though they pass down this trail that is last—
Yet their spirits will hover above ye,
In the wind and the stars they will love ye,
For the fight they will strengthen and prove ye,
Till they mould ye the pioneer cast.

CAMERON KESTER.

ERRATA

Page IV; second stanza, 5th line should read, "The dumb epic eternally sped".

Page 57; line 7, read "butterfly valve."

Page 136; last line, read "1855" for "1853."

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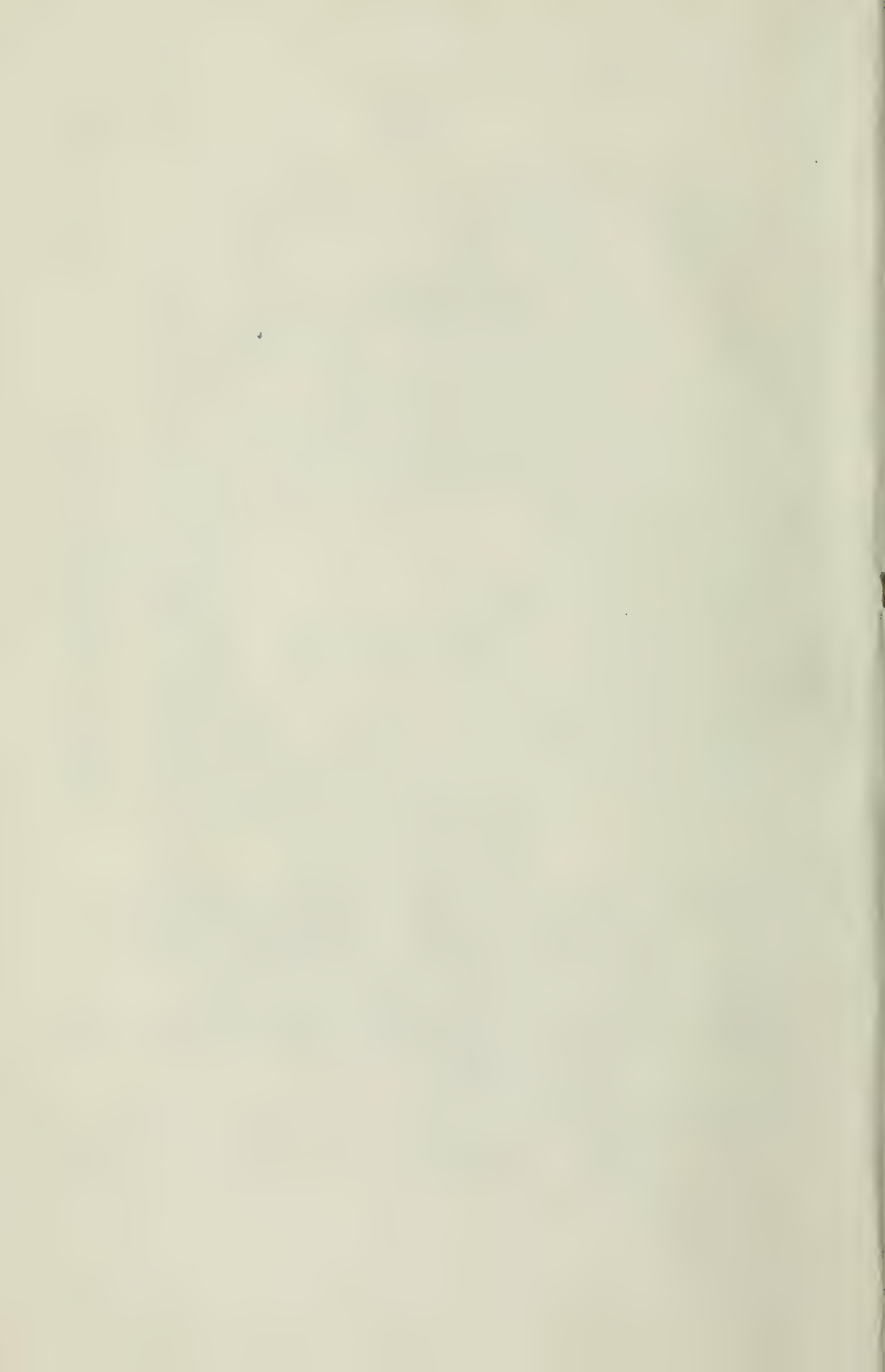

FOREWORD

History is a fable agreed upon, said Napoleon. There could be no more cynical comment upon the reliability of history, yet the truth of it is largely borne out by what historians have had to say about the man himself who made it. Hardly two of them have agreed in their estimate of his character. History is bunk, says America's wealthiest automobile manufacturer and we might be surprised if we knew the number of wise men who agree with him, to a certain extent at least, when they look around and see the evil ways of men and how they so wantonly have disregarded its plain teachings.

The task of the historian, as one of the greatest of them has pointed out, is traditionally a thankless one. Not for him are the sweets of popular applause, the emoluments of office, the decorations awarded the soldier or the diplomat. Unseen and alone he assumes his voluntary labors. Then commence long toilsome years of the most arduous and exacting research and when this is completed there still remains the tedious routine of arrangement and compilation. At length the result of his labors is given to the world and then he samples the first bitter taste of ingratitude. His facts as he has found them are assailed as distorted and misleading, if not openly mendacious. When he ventures upon the field of deduction from these facts however, where he is a lawful subject for criticism, he finds that there are not two, but twenty sides to every question, and he finds a critic for every side of it ready and anxious to fall upon him and tear to shreds the issue of years of painful effort.

This little volume, however, does not rise to the dignity of history. The author fortunately knows his limitations ; aside from this he has neither the time, the patience or the

money to treat the subject as it deserves. It is an attempt to portray the first settlement of the Leith and Annan district in the township of Sydenham, the general appearance of the country when the first settlers arrived, the institutions they founded, secular and religious, the privations inevitable in the lot of pioneers they endured, their social amusements and the work they undertook and acomplished. It is, in short, a retrospective sketch of the first twenty-five years in the life of the community, which, as in the life of an individual, are often the most important. There will also be brief biographical sketches of a number of the most representative men who took an active and leading part in the general affairs of the district and guided its destinies at that time. The importance of the beginnings of things in the lives of men and communities is seldom over estimated.

Men with the true instinct of the artist, with an eye to see and a heart to feel the joys and the tragedies of life have gone into just such country places and, with the materials found there, have woven stories that have stirred the hearts of their fellows to their innermost depths.

Yet even a sketch as limited in scope as the present one will be open to criticism. Anachronisms will be discovered. Errors in time and place will be pointed out. It will suffice to say that the facts as stated therein are as nearly authentic as it has been humanly possible to ascertain them.

It will also be subject to another form of criticism. "What, in the name of common sense," some will say "is the use of raking up and reviving these memories of seventy and eighty years ago ! We are living in the present, not the past. Let us act in the living present then, and leave the dead past to bury its dead. Surely it is vanity and vexation of spirit to indulge something which at the best is only sickly sentimentality, in which there is neither use or profit."

The best answer to this is that, aside from the interest many good people feel in the lives of their forebears, the

generation that has no respect for the memory of its predecessors and feels no pride in their achievements will hardly be accorded any respect by those that follow it. Posterity has always had its rights, even if they have not arrived upon the scene and in turn it will have its duties to perform, altho it may be remarked here that helping to pay the debt incurred in the greatest of all wars does not seem to us as being among those duties. When President Roosevelt first enunciated his far reaching policy for the conservation of national resources as a duty the American people owed to their posterity, he was frequently met with the brutal enquiry from many so-called captains of industry who were exploiting, or rather wasting, the nation's natural wealth, "What has posterity ever done for us" ? It is a bad thing for both men and nations when they begin to live in and for the present moment only. Their finish is not far distant for in the chain of responsibility that links up the past with the future we owe a duty to both and we will disregard that debt at our peril.

It was once said of a great Englishman by one of his countrymen, that it was not so much what he did as what he was that made him great. The pioneers of Sydenham performed a great work, but after all it was not so much what they did as what they were that constitutes their claim to the gratitude of those of us who have come after them. It will always be so as long as example is more powerful than precept.

Leith,
March 24th, 1924.

CHAPTER I.

WHAT IT LOOKED LIKE

Had an inhabitant of the planet Mars, supposing Mars to be inhabited, visited that section of Grey County now known as Sydenham township in the year 1830, and after a careful survey have formed an ineffaceable impression of its general appearance and, after returning to Mars had visited us again eighty years later, there are several striking changes he would have noticed at once. Time has wrought these changes so gradually that it is almost impossible for the younger generation to visualize a correct mental picture of the country as it appeared at that time.

First he would have noticed the disappearance of the forest in large part and the evidences of civilization in the shape of barns, houses, outbuildings, fences, roads and all other public and private improvements that follow the work of man's hands. Then, in all probability he would have noticed the lowering of the lake level, for this has been so pronounced it could hardly have escaped his attention. Then he would have noticed the complete disappearance of many of the smaller streams and the dried up aspect of the larger ones. Then, if he had stayed long enough in the first place and had been of an acutely observant nature he would have noticed that the climate was slightly warmer. The average temperature on this North American continent always rises about five degrees after the forest has been cleared, for obvious reasons.

These are the greatest physical changes that have followed the advent of civilization here as in all parts of the country lying adjacent to the Great Lakes. They have not added to the beauty of the region but they were inevitable.

We cannot have the wild beauty of the wilderness and the comforts of civilization at the same time. One of the oldest settlers on the Lake Shore Line who came to it in childhood has said it was the newness and wildness of the country that made the first few years he spent there the most enjoyable of his life. It was Nature at its best, because unadorned.

The streams were always full. There were no spring floods, because the snow melted slowly in the forest shades, the frost left the ground just as slowly and even in midsummer the heat of the sun's rays was lost in the thick foliage that shaded the ground everywhere. The smaller streams were arched overhead by spreading branches of the trees on their banks and their courses were often choked with a mass of tree trunks in all the stages of decay. As they became completely rotted, they were torn away by the current. There is a passage in a poem by Bryant, in which the noble red men eloquently describes the rivers of the wilderness, before they had shrunken at the destruction wrought by the inroads of the white man's civilization.

> Before these fields were shorn and tilled,
> Full to the brim our rivers flowed ;
> The melody of waters filled
> The fresh and boundless wood ;
> And torrents dashed and rivulets played,
> And fountains spouted in the shade.

All these have passed, and with them have passed the numerous saw and grist mills, erected by the early settlers. They served well in the day of small things, but they have given way to the gigantic electric plants which have dammed our greatest rivers in the quest of power.

The steadily lowering water level on the Great Lakes is so alarming that it is engaging the attention of our most eminent engineers, as well as the United States and Can-

adian Governments. Just how much the level of Georgian Bay has fallen since the general settlement on its shores nobody seems to know exactly. But it has been considerable. Along the western shore of the lower peninsula of Michigan where authentic records have been kept, the level of Lake Michigan has fallen eight feet since 1837. There are reasons for believing it has fallen as much or more in Owen Sound. The oldest settlers pointed out high water marks of the fifties and sixties of last century that seem almost incredible. About the only people who have benefitted by the change are the dredging contractors. It has ruined the appearance of the foreshore along the waterfront of Sydenham, where the lake shallows so gradually in approaching the shore, and from present indications its old beauty will never be restored. It has destroyed many small harbors, Lunn's Landing, Coffin and Johnston Harbors among them, where the largest fishing boats could once find good anchorage. First they became marshes, then as the water steadily receded they took on the appearance of pasture patches. In the olden days it was impossible for the foot traveler to make his way along the beach without resorting to wading at many points, or making a detour into the adjoining swamp. But "the lonely shore" of that time had a beauty all its own that compensated for all such inconveniences, a beauty we have lost forever in the steady march of modern progress.

From all accounts that have been handed down to us, it appears the country lying between Owen Sound and Cape Rich was practically a vast unbroken bush. There is mention in some early documents of patches of prairie, but they must have been exceeding rare. Bush fires must have been also of the rarest occurance for many years before the first settlers came, or, if there were such bush fires, they were insignificant and destroyed little of the standing timber. They were numerous enough after the pioneers came.

Many of them did positive good, others a great deal of damage. The swamps were in many places simply impassable, rendered so by a tangled mass of fallen tree trunks lying in every direction, evergreens broken off many feet from the ground, and a general confusion that defies description. Fire was the settler's most valuable ally in clearing out such places ; otherwise the labor involved in clearing them would have been unprofitable. But even in the higher land where the hardwood was found, the underbrush was thick almost everywhere. There were no open arches of the forest over which poets have raved. An old record shows that two homesteaders spent the whole summer of 1845, in underbrushing, just south of Annan, and this in the midst of heavy hardwood timber. So practically every foot of the land had to be cleared and the first task that confronted the pioneer after he had built his little shanty "in the heart of the forest primeval" seemed an appalling one. Yet under the terms of the land settlement acts of those days, one third of the homestead that had been allotted him must be cleared and under crop before he could be granted a patent for his land by the Crown.

There was a wide variety of hardwood timber, the maple prevailing in most places. Beech, birch and ash were found in various states of profusion according to the locality. The rock elm grew to a considerable height and as it carried that height so well, and dressed so easily it was in great demand for barn timber. In the swamps could be found almost every variety of evergreen that flourishes in these latitudes, spruce, cedar, tamarac, balsam, to mention a number of them, with a few pine. The hemlock was found on both high and low lying land. This timber was all rather an unusual size, in fact the Annan district was noted as having some of the finest in the County of Waterloo, as it was then known. But the soft elm easily overtopped them all. It grew to a remarkable size in places and they

were quite numerous also, as many as four or five being found in a single acre, and of the largest kind. In the winter of 1847-48 one was cut down about two miles south of Annan, which measured seven feet in diameter on the stump, and fully eight feet at the ground. Its height was estimated at about ninety feet. Four expert choppers commenced work on it one morning just after a winter's breakfast, and shortly after high noon it came to earth. Three of the choppers had been at work on it for half an hour the previous evening. The butt was gnarled and fifteen feet were cut off, then four rail cuts each twelve feet long, the first one of which made one hundred and five rails, were saved, the top being left to rot. Another large elm, about the same size in diameter, but shorter, was in later years cut down on a farm about three miles northwest of Leith. With four choppers at work, it took five hours to fell. Another tall elm which stood "like a city on an hill which cannot be hid" about the same distance from Annan as the first one, could be seen from a point fifty miles distant on Georgian Bay, the late Captain John MacNab being the authority for the statement. These were the largest trees ever found in Sydenham.

How old were these monarchs of the forest ? Nobody knows, or at least there is no record of anyone attempting to number their years. The age of trees is a subject on which there will always be more or less conjecture. Some oaks in England are said to have been standing at the time of the Norman Conquest. The author read recently an account of a tree chopped down in central New York State in 1854. About half way from the circumference to the centre the choppers came upon a gash made by an axe and counted one hundred and seventeen rings outside of it. The axe had been driven into the tree in or about 1737, and the tree had, it was estimated, been growing one hundred years earlier than that. There are good grounds for believing these elms

on the Lake Shore line were fully as old. It takes a lot of yearly growths to make a diameter of seven feet, even if the elm is a fast growing tree. It may be accepted that these trees had passed the sapling stage in the days of Cromwell and of England's great Civil War. They had looked down upon two centuries of solitude, yet they were destroyed in the course of a few hours.

It may be well to step aside a moment and compare these trees with the largest found in the world. Such a comparison makes them look like a lot of pygmies. Just how great the disparity was, may be worth a considerable digression here.

In the year 1850, a party of hunters were pushing their way through the then unexplored wilderness of what afterwards became Calaveras County, in California. One of them who had gotten considerably in advance of his companions, suddenly broke into a valley, about one hundred and sixty acres in extent, rather it might be styled an ampitheatre. He was the first man to see what became famous as the "Big Trees of Calaveras County." At least if white men had ever gazed on them before, the record has not survived. The group were solitary specimens of their race. By actual count there were about ninety-two of them, and they grew in a small valley of little more than one hundred and fifty acres, as noted, and within two hundred and forty miles of San Francisco. Their discovery was a little more than a year later than the chopping down of the famous elm in Sydenham; some of them, alas! soon shared a like fate.

Their colossal proportions and the impressive silence of the surrounding woods created a feeling of awe among the hunters ; they walked around the huge trunks and gazed reverently at their magnificant proportions, then returned to the nearest settlements with stories of what they had just seen. These stories, however, were laughed at as incredible until they were confirmed by actual measurement.

PLATE I.

1. Rev. Robert Dewar. 2. Rev. Alexander Hunter. 3. Robert Grierson.
4. William P. Telford. 5. Thomas Lunn. 6. Thomas Rutherford.

The trees were immediately named Washingtonians, though some of the savants of San Francisco endeavered to change this to Wellingtonians, because some patriotic British botanist availing himself of the discovery hastened to appropriate the name for the conqueror at Waterloo. The basin or valley in which they stood was damp, with here and there pools of water, into which some of the largest trees extended their roots. These gigantic conifers were of the species known by naturalists as the sequoia. A town called Murphy was in those days the end of the stage coach lines and from here to the "Mammoth Tree Hotel", erected to accomodate the visitors to the newly discovered world's wonders, was a distance of only fifteen miles.

Adjoining the hotel stood the stump of the "Big Tree", which was cut down in 1853. It measured ninety-six feet in circumference, showing a smooth surface and seventy-five feet solid circumference of timber on the stump, on which there was ample space for thirty-two dancers, for it was often used for that purpose. Theatrical performances were also given upon it, the Chapman Family and Robinson Family, well known entertainers of the time, giving them there in 1855. This monster was cut down by boring with long and powerful augurs and sawing the spaces between —an act of vandalism as ingenious as the Chinese refinement in cruelty in pulling the nails of criminals with pincers. It required the labor of five men twenty-five days to effect its fall, the tree standing so nearly perpendicular that the aid of wedges was invoked to complete the destruction. But even then the immense mass resisted all efforts to overthrow it, until in the blackness of a tempestuous night it began to groan and sway in the storm like an expiring giant. It succumbed at last to the elements which alone could complete from above what the human ants had commenced below, and great was the fall thereof. Its fall was heard at Murphy, fifteen miles distant and was like an

earthquake's shock. When the great trunk went down it buried itself twelve feet in the mire of a creek hard by, with its two thousand cords of wood. Not far from where it stood were two giant members of this family known as "The Guardsmen;" the mud splashed nearly a hundred feet high on their trunks. As it lay on the ground it measured three hundred and two feet clear of the stump and broken top. Large trees had been snapped like pipe stems in its fall, and the woods around were filled with splinters and debris. On its levelled surface were afterwards built the barroom and bowling alley of the hotel.

One of the most interesting of the group was called the "Mother of the Forest". It was the loftiest of the grove, rising to the height of three hundred and twenty-seven feet, straight and beautifully proportioned, and in 1860 supposed to be the largest tree in the world. It was ninety feet in circumference and into its trunk could be cut an apartment as large as a common sized parlor and as high as the architect chose to make it, without endangering the tree or damaging its outward appearance. A scaffolding was built around this tree, for the purpose of stripping its bark for exhibition abroad. With damnable industry this was at last accomplished for a distance of over one hundred feet from the ground, and it was effected with as much neatness as a troop of jackals display in cleaning the bones of a dead lion. Such was its vitality however that it continued annually for about five years to put forth green leaves, when the blanched and withered limbs showed that nature had done its best but was exhausted.

The largest of the whole group paled, however, before a prostrate giant known as the "Monarch of the Forest." This monster had long before bowed his head in the dust, but what magnificence in ruin was his ! He measured one hundred and twelve feet in circumference at the base and forty-two feet in circumference at a distance of three hundred

feet from the roots, where it was broken off short in its fall. The upper portion was greatly decayed, beyond this break, but judging from the average height of the others, this tree must have towered toward the heavens to at least four hundred and fifty feet. A chamber, or burned cavity, extended through the trunk two hundred feet, broad and high enough for a person to ride through on horseback ; a pond deep enough to float a river steamboat stood in this great excavation during the rainy season. The mind can scarcely conceive its astonishing dimensions ; language fails to give an adequate idea of it. It was, when standing, a pillar of timber that overtopped all other trees on the globe. "To simply read of a tree, four hundred and fifty feet high" observes a contemporary, "we are struck with large figures, but we hardly appreciate the height without some comparison. Such a one as this would stretch across a field twenty-seven rods wide. If standing in the Niagara chasm at Suspension Bridge, it would tower two hundred feet above the top of the bridge, and would be ninety feet above the cross of St. Paul's, and two hundred and thirty feet above the Monument. If cut up for fuel, it would yield three thousand cords, or as much as would be yielded by sixty acres of good wood-land. If sawed into two-inch boards, it would yield about two million feet, and furnish enough three inch plank for thirty miles of plank road. This will do for the product of one little seed, less in size than a grain of wheat."

Many of our readers will doubtless smile at the above, and mentally note it down as a piece of the grossest American exaggeration. They are mistaken. Out of many descriptions the author has read of these mammoth trees, all of them which coincide remarkably as to their size, he has quoted from one which appeared in Cassell's Family Magazine for 1860, and a British magazine of such standing as Cassell's could be relied upon to give its readers nothing but the cold facts. It was estimated by scientists who were authorities

on the subject that the prostrate giant known as the "Monarch of the Forest" had been standing four thousand years ago. Perhaps it had. It is dangerous to deny such things for there are stranger things in this world than are dreamed of in our philosophy. As far as actual bulk was concerned these trees were in all probability the largest ever seen in the world. But were they the highest ? Cheer up, gentle reader, for the worst is yet to come.

Late in 1884, James Anthony Froude, the eminent English historian and litterateur, left London on a trip round the world, going by way of the Cape to Australia and New Zealand. He has left us a splendid narrative of the journey, which was made in a leisurely manner and with ample time for observation, in a volume called "Oceana". Like many another valuable volume, it must have had a small sale, as copies of it are rather rare. While in Australia he visited all the large cities ; Melbourne was then the largest. While there he heard tales from enthusiastic Melbournians of a wondrous sight to be seen not far from the city, and, as the city's guest of honor, he was pressed to go and see it. He consented. Conveyances were secured after the journey by rail had ended by the party that had accompanied him, and after a journey of about ten miles during which the scenery had grown wilder and wilder, and the trees steadily taller, at a point near the sources of the River Yarra and about ninety miles from Melbourne, the distinguished Englishman was shown trees standing in a valley which he says averaged from three hundred and fifty to four hundred feet high.

These trees could not be counted in the course of a few minutes like those in California. They were there in regiments and brigades, towering up in the shelter of a mountain like "the tall masts of some great Amiral." In fact Froude attributed their great height to their sheltered

position and the rich nature of the soil. The hand of the destroyer had been busy and several of the largest levelled, but the government of Victoria had intervened, not altogether effectually however. These trees were of the gumwood species, or the far-famed Australian eucalyptus. Considering their height, their girth was not remarkable ; the visitor spanned the circumference of one with his arms, but the result by a lapse of memory is forgotten. It is certain however, they were not nearly so bulky as the Calaveras County trees. But there were a few among them that ran up to four hundred and twenty and thirty feet, and Froude was assured that one had been felled that measured four hundred and sixty feet. There was no supposition about the height of this one, as in the case of the long-fallen tree in California ; it had actually been measured, and, as far as is known, it had been the highest tree in the world. It was but natural that a man of Froude's mentality should have been profoundly impressed by such a sight. There are some poor unfortunates among us who, like the author, have never seen the Woolworth building, but as between seeing it and one of these mighty gum-trees, our choice would at once fall to the latter. How long had their towering tops waved in the gales of the passing centuries and "held their dark communion with the cloud ?" Froude does not even venture to guess, but as geologists assure us that Australia's surface is probably the oldest land on the face of the globe, forming as it did part of a long-lost Antartic continent, their birth may have reached back into the remotest ages of antiquity. Ancient empires had risen, flourished and decayed, civilizations had waxed and waned while they were adding cubits to their statue. At last, after Tasman, came the adventurous Captain Cook, and after him came the white man with his genius for destruction. It was nothing short of a crime against man's better nature that even one of such trees should have been destroyed. They must have

whispered to the beholder, like Addison's stars of the firmament,

"The Hand that made us is divine."

So if we were to take one of these huge elms in Sydenham, and piled on top of it in their natural position three others of like size, the height of the topmost one would still have fallen below the crests of some of the sequoias of California or the gum-trees of Australia. Had they been standing alongside them, they would have looked like saplings. Sir Walter Scott once saw a vessel unloading squared timber from America, at Leith ; he gazed long and earnestly at the sight and remarked to a companion that it must be a great privilege to live in a country where timber grew to such dimensions. What he would have said had he seen the Californian trees standing on their native heath we can only surmise, but his incomparable genius in poetic description would doubtless have risen to the event.

But the trees in Sydenham were large enough and numerous enough in all conscience, for the men who were clearing the land, a process that will be described at length in a later chapter. In a very literal sense one could not see the forest for the trees. In their wild fastnesses, more particularly on a cloudy day, it was the easiest matter in the world to become hopelessly lost. This was the unfortunate predicament in which two young fellows, James Ross and Henry Taylor, the latter eleven years old, found themselves while hunting cattle one afternoon, as late as May, 1846. They spent the night in the woods and the alarm of their relatives is easily imagined. The blowing of horns and ringing of cowbells echoed along the Lake Shore, yet these lads were within from two to three miles of their homes. Trails to the various shanties from the roads were marked by blazes on the trees and had to be carefully followed. The trackless wilderness of the North American forests has

never before or since been so accurately and vividly described as it was by Fenimore Cooper in his Leather-stocking Tales. In this respect, however, he has no inconsiderable rival in Francis Parkman, the historian of Canada under the French, and our readers are urged to consult both if they wish to form any adequate picture of the wilds of North Sydenham, as they met the eye before the coming of the first pioneers.

Into this unbroken wilderness came the vanguard of the stream of settlers, along about 1840, like a band of destroying angels. After erecting their first rude shanties, the newcomers turned upon the trees as they would have upon natural enemies. The forest had to be cleared and converted into farms if they wished to live long upon the land. The process would have been viewed with the most mournful feelings by the lumbermen of this day and age, had they been able to witness it. One by one these upstanding giants and their smaller brethren down to the tiniest sapling disappeared, as acre after acre was cleared. They were cut into convenient log lengths, piled up in huge heaps and, after a season, the fire brand was applied. It seems like criminal waste to us now that the finest hardwood timber, often three and four feet in diameter, should meet such a fate. But had we been in their position would we have done differently? The pity is that it had to be. These men could not foresee the days of coal strikes and fuel famines. They never dreamed that maple flooring would one day sell at one hundred and ten dollars a thousand. Probably they knew nothing of the economist's theory of the value of utility and even if they had it would not have made an iota's difference to them. Had they been men of wealth and leisure, they might have looked into the future and seen the day when such standing timber would be worth countless wealth, but men of wealth and leisure do not move into the backwoods. So the indiscriminate slaughter went on. On some

farms ten acres were cleared in a single season, altho such cases were rare. It was sinful waste to clear some of the land, even in that day and time, because it has been fit for nothing since. Afforestation has as yet never been seriously attempted in Sydenham, but the time is coming when men will be found disinterested enough to replant to trees, some at least of the land that never should have been cleared, and leave it to their children to reap where they have sown.

Probably there were men among the pioneers who felt some stirrings of contrition when they saw these splendid trees, many of them their Creator's finest masterpieces in their class, go crashing to earth. But the same devastation was proceeding wherever the pioneer found a foothold, and in some places with far less justification. In that "far-flung" (to adopt a Kiplingesque word that has been worked to death) outpost of empire, New Zealand, the destroyer has been at work in the vast forests that cover portions of the North Island. The insatiate greed of commercialism and the destruction its wanton vandalism has wrought in these same forests, possibly as fine as will be found anywhere, has stirred the indignation of an Auckland poet.

Gone are the forest tracks, where oft we rode,
   Under the silver fern-fronds, climbing slow,
In cool, green tunnels, though fierce noontide glowed
   And glittered on the treetops far below.
There, 'mid the stillness of the mountain road,
   We just could hear the valley river flow,
Whose voice through many a windless summer day
   Haunted the silent woods now passed away.
. . . . . . Aye, but scan
   The ruined beauty, wasted in a night,
The blackened wonder God alone could plan,
   And builds not twice ! A bitter price to pay
Is this for progress—beauty swept away.

Another matter should be touched upon briefly before closing this chapter. There is a popular impression that in the earliest years of settlement, the woods fairly swarmed with game and Lake Manitou, the euphonious name given to the noble sheet of water by the redman, and now known under the rather insipid one of Georgian Bay, just as freely swarmed with salmon trout. This is hardly correct.

Game was much more plentiful then than now, of course. But the fur bearing animals of the forest, it should always be remembered, followed the law of the survival of the most fit. They preyed upon one another and thus kept down the natural increase. No doubt there were unusually hard winters, when many of them must have died of actual starvation. For many years after the first settlers came the game seemed to run in cycles, like the seasons. Thus there is mention in some early memoirs of how the black squirrels were on two occasions so numerous as to be a nuisance. They were much prized for making pies. A Leith resident killed four with a rifle, in walking from the dock to the village. Again, there were years when the red squirrel came in myriads. There is mention of one hundred and thirty being killed in one day with stones. Like King David, the man who wrought such execution must have been a great shot with a pebble. On another occasion, a party coming from Owen Sound by boat, passed through an immense swarm of red squirrels, at Squaw Point, swimming from the west to the east shore of the bay. There were a few deer and an occasional bear, but they were soon driven out as settlement progressed. The partridge was plentiful at first, and was almost a daily item in the bill of fare in many a shanty. It was roasted before an open fire on a spit that revolved slowly, being basted meanwhile. The first settlers used in after years to tell stories of the flights of the wild, or blue pigeon, that stagger the imagination, but

as all these stories agreed they must have been true. They darkened the face of the sun and broke down the limbs of trees when they alighted for the night. It is now, to all intents and purposes, as extinct as the dodo.

The same story applies to the fisherman's sport, in fishing from the steams or on the bay alike. Every stream seems to have been a trout stream, wherever the trout came from. They were certainly not stocked. But the trout was a much sought after delicacy and in the first twenty-five years it was largely fished out, altho good catches were made at later dates. The gradual drying up of the smaller streams in many cases completed what the angler had begun. In some cases, such as at Shepherd's Lake, other fish like the perch were stocked and they played havoc with the trout. As to the shoal fishing on the bay, the earliest accounts are rather confusing and contradictory. For one thing the trolling tackle used was of the crudest description and would be laughed at now. Some large hauls were undoubtedly made and the trouble must have been to find a market for the salmon trout, the fish found by far the most frequently on the shoals. The writer remembers a conversation he had with a member of the Desjardine family, famous fishermen of the earliest times, in 1896. He said that one of his uncles had set a gang of nets at Johnston's Harbor one night late in the fall, just twenty-five years previously, which would be about 1871, and that he lifted next morning for not a single fish. It is our own conclusion that there was as good fishing around Vail's Point thirty-five years ago as at any previous time. This is a period that comes within our own recollection. In the fall of 1887, we saw any quantity of salmon trout, large and small, thrown on the fishing tugs at eight and nine cents each. The shoals swarmed with them. On one point, however, all the earlier accounts agree. The average size of the salmon trout was much larger then than now.

The largest single catch of which the author knows and of which there is authentic record, was made by the late John Gibson of Leith, with two or three companions, in a heavy yawl which was familiarly known on the shoals from Vail's Point westward, forty and fifty years ago. This catch was made along about 1884 or 1885. Mr. Gibson and his crew were enjoying fair fishing when the wind and the sea began gradually rising, and, as was quite usual in such a change of weather, the fish kept biting better and better. They saw at last a chance of making the century mark and resolved to play the game until driven ashore by the weather. When they reached the boathouse that night, after a stiff battle with the elements, one hundred and one fish were thrown ashore. Without doubt there were larger catches than this one made, at one time or another, but there is positive and authenticated record of it, whereas many of the large catches boasted of are the figments of a feverish imagination.

Such was Sydenham eighty-four years ago. The picture is imperfect, of course, but it will give the reader some idea of the task that awaited those who invaded this unbroken wilderness, in the hope of making homes for themselves.

CHAPTER II.

WHAT WAS GOING ON

At the opening of each successive session of the United States Congress, the President sends to both the House of Representatives and the Senate, what is known as his Message to Congress. In this he passes in review the foreign and domestic policy of the nation, its relation with foreign powers and recommends such legislation as he deems advisable. More particularly, however, he deals with the state of the country and what is going on there at the time. These messages are of course regarded as highly important historical documents, and a history of the United States since the Revolution could be written from them alone, as the custom is as old as the Constitution itself.

Following such an illustrious example, it will be well before proceeding with this narrative to take a look around us and observe what was going on, not only in Canada, but in the world at large, in and immediately preceding the fourth decade of the nineteenth century, when what we now call Grey County was settled. Coming events are said to cast their shadows before. Contemporary events, however, act and react upon one another and their influence in affecting decisions in the affairs of men is often not clearly recognized at the time they happen. As an instance, some of the events happening at this time were instrumental in bringing many immigrants from the Old Land to Canada.

To begin with, then, in 1840 was solemnized the marriage of Queen Victoria, of gracious memory, to Albert, Prince of Saxe, Coburg-Gotha. England engaged in the Opium War,—a moral mistake, as every one now admits. This year also saw the adoption of penny postage in England,

one of the victories of peace. The following year was notable for the revolt in Afghanistan and the destruction of the British forces during the retreat. In 1842, China was thrown open to foreign trade with the world. The Boer Republic of Natal was seized by the British and Sinde was annexed to India. Quite a year of expansion for those times. In 1845, Sir John Franklin sailed on his last search of the Northwest Passage, the fate of his voyage remaining for years in doubt. England and France made war on the Argentine in this year. Next year the Oregon boundry dispute with the United States was happily settled by treaty and another war thereby avoided. This year will always be remembered by reason of the potato rot and its concommitants, famine and disease, which devastated Ireland and the flood of Irish emigration to the United States, altho Canada got its share. It was marked, too, by intense agitation for the repeal of the Corn Laws, and on May 15th of that year, the bill providing for their gradual abolition, sponsored by Sir Robert Peel and the Duke of Wellington, passed the House of Commons by a majority of ninety-eight. It was the beginning of the down-fall of protection in England, and the adoption of that policy of free trade, which has been so consistently followed since and which was so strikingly vindicated last year. With the possible exception of the Reform Bill, it was by far the most important event in England's domestic policy in last century, its effects being unforseen even by the most astute economists of the time. In 1847 the Irish emigration to Canada reached its height. It was left to the individual greed of ship-owners ; the United States maintained sanitary regulations, which were to a certain extent effectual, but in Canada there was no such safe-guards. Some of the ships, says an eye-witness, looked like the Black Hole of Calcutta and the poor emigrants carrying with them from Ireland the seeds of disease, died

like flies. They continued to die and to scatter an infection which meant almost sure death, after they had landed in the country. At Montreal eight hundred emigrants died in nine weeks and nine hundred died of diseases caught from emigrants. There are few blacker chapters in Britain's history than that of the famine in Ireland, and those who prattle the pleasing platitude, that you cannot change human nature, should ask themselves if we would tolerate such a chapter being written again in this day and age. No preparation was made for the reception or employment of the emigrants, as they landed here. In six months the deaths of the new arrivals was in excess of three thousand. Yet even while they were leaving Ireland, grain was being exported from that country. The London Times pronounced the neglect of Government to be an eternal stigma on the British name. The Chief Secretary for Ireland was able to inform the House of Commons, that of a hundred thousand Irishmen that fled to Canada in a year, six thousand, one hundred died on the voyage, four thousand, one hundred on arrival, five thousand, two hundred in hospitals and one thousand nine hundred in towns to which they had gone. In a previous chapter, we have deplored the waste of trees in our land when it was new, but here was a waste of human life ten thousand times more deplorable. Some of these emigrants came to the Irish Block of Sydenham, and a finer class of settlers in a new land never left their native shores. Thus was life wasted, not in a day of war, but of profound peace. The Emigrant Society of Montreal, paints the result as follows :

"From Grosse Island up to Port Sarnia, along the borders of our great river, up the shores of Lake Ontario and Erie, wherever the tide of emigration has extended, are to be found one unbroken chain of graves where repose fathers and mothers, sisters and brothers in a commingled heap—

no stone marking the spot. Twenty thousand and upward have gone down to their fate."

Is it possible to imagine a harder fate than that of these poor emigrants, dying in poverty, far from their native land and among strangers, and hastily buried in an unknown grave ?

In 1848 the English crowded back the Boers in South Africa, who emigrated and formed the Transvaal Republic. And in 1849 the wonderful story of Livingstone's discoveries in Africa became known.

Turning to France we find in 1841, Louis Napoleon attempting another revolution in his own favor. The remains of Bonaparte, the Man of Destiny, left the lonely rock of St. Helena, were borne to France and laid to rest in Paris, amid scenes as solemn as they were impressive. Guizot, whose historical works are his best monument, was Minister of Foreign Affairs. This decade was, everything considered, rather an uneventful one in France. In 1843, as noted, she joined England in war on the Argintine and in 1847 finally subjugated Morocco. In February of 1848 began the workingmen's revolution and a workingmen's convention gathered in Paris. It was followed by a bloody communist outbreak, and still later in the year Louis Napoleon was elected President of France.

This period has ever since been known in America as "the roaring forties". They roared all right. Steamboat boilers were bursting on the Mississippi and land booms were bursting everywhere. It was an era of intense land speculation. The country was growing and, generally speaking, prosperous. It was also an era of execrably bad manners among the people, if we may believe Charles Dickens and his "American Notes". It started in 1840 with the election of William Henry Harrison as President ; he died a month after his inauguration and Vice-President Tyler served out his term as President. In 1842 the Seminole War ended and

Fremont began his explorations of the Rocky Mountains. James K. Polk was elected President in 1844, and in 1845 came the invention of the telegraph. The Slave Power which had dominated national affairs for twenty-five years was at the apex of its authority, and this year Florida and Texas were admitted as slave states. In 1846 as a result of its sinister machinations, began the Mexican War, "the most indefensible war ever waged on a weaker nation" as it was described by General Grant, who fought through it as a second lieutenant. Elias Howe patented the sewing machine at this time. In the following year the war was brought to a "triumphal" conclusion, when the American army entered Mexico City. In 1848 a huge piece of Mexican territory was ceded to the United States as a result of it. The Mormons settled Utah, and gold was discovered in California. Hoary headed men among us remember this event and the rush to the coast that followed it, in which several Sydenham people joined. Zachary Taylor, who had served under General Scott in Mexico was inaugurated President in 1849.

In Germany the greatest event in these ten years was the Revolution of 1848. Russia had her greedy eyes fixed on India and was spreading her tentacles everywhere in that direction.

Here in the homeland we were pretty well recovered from the shock of the MacKenzie rebellion and the hard times following it. It was a wretched affair and reflected no credit on either party, but perhaps a worse share on the loyalists. Lount and Matthews, whose heroism ill deserved the fate they suffered, have since been canonized by the Reform party, but they were misguided men, caught in the nets of "circumstance, that unspiritual god" as Byron has phrased it. But the uprising had a powerful and unfavorable effect upon the settlement of Owen Sound and Sydenham township. They would have been settled four years

earlier but for its intervention. Mr. Charles Rankin, Provincial Land Surveyor, had received instructions in 1836 to run the line now known as the Garafraxa Road, but Upper Canada was thrown into such an uproar by the events of 1837, the proposed survey was abandoned until 1839. In 1838 Lord Durham, an able Liberal statesman, was commissioned to go to Canada and report upon the state of the colony ; he was also appointed to the office of Governor General, vacant at that time. On his return, the report he submitted was made the basis of the union of Upper and Lower Canada, the union being bitterly opposed by the Family Compact, to whose various iniquities, which need not be recounted here, the MacKenzie Rebellion was largely due. The Family Compact was of course hostile to the proposed union, as it foresaw the end of its reign of graft and misrule. The Hon. John Beverly Robinson went to England and published a counterblast to Lord Durham's report ; he was the adviser, philosopher and friend of the dominant faction, but he might as well have argued against the law of gravitation, more especially when it was remembered that sixteen years earlier he had strongly advocated the very union he now so strongly opposed. In the session of 1839 a bill reuniting the Canadas was introduced in the Imperial Parliament, by Lord John Russell, which afterwards became law. Charles Poulett Thomson was sent to Canada the following year, arriving in October. He had been appointed Governor General in succession to Lord Durham and enjoyed that gentleman's confidence thoroughly. He was a well informed man in mercantile matters, having been bred to commercial pursuits and was an ardent free trader. While neither a thorough or profound statesman, he was a clever diplomat and politician and had held the office of president of the board of trade in the Russell administration. No better man could have been entrusted with the task of steering the two provinces into the bonds of union. His middle name was afterwards be-

stowed upon what in time became the chief business throughfare of Owen Sound. The new task taxed all his finesse and political agility. The difficulties he encountered and surmounted need not be narrated here ; it will suffice that he landed the ship of state entrusted to his care safely in port, and for his indefatigable and arduous services was in August, 1840, raised to the peerage, with the title of Baron Sydenham, of Sydenham in Kent and Toronto in Canada. His labors had weakened his physical powers as he was not a robust man, but he was ambitious and not disposed to brood over his maladies. What was afterwards Owen Sound took its first name from him, and it was only natural that a township which was always so strongly liberal in politics as Sydenham, should adopt the name in its turn.

The MacKenzie rebellion and the union of the two Canadas were the most important events of that period, the second foreshadowing the greater event of Confederation, which was to come sixteen years later.

These are a few of the principal events in the world, that were transpiring in the fourth decade of last century and which agitated men's minds at the time. It was a stormy time in Canada's political history ; the first election after the union of Upper and Lower Canada was attended by scenes of violence such as have never been seen before or since on such occasions. The reins of power were slipping from the grasp of the Family Compact, the very name of which became an odious memory. About the only merit of the MacKenzie rebellion was that it drew the attention of the Imperial Parliment to the intolerable abuses that had grown up under their despotic rule. Lord Durham should be counted among the chief benefactors of our native country, which from such unpromising beginnings has grown, under wise statemanship, to be one of the strongest props of empire.

CHAPTER III.

BUILDING AND CLEARING

It is our intention at this point of our story, to devote a chapter to an attempted description of how the earliest settlers set about building their first log houses after their arrival and, when that task was completed, engaged in the more arduous one of clearing up the land. These tasks were gone about in a very crude manner when compared with our modern methods. It was, as has been observed elsewhere, the day of small things, but these things had to be before they gave way to our larger ones. Our factory system with its minute division of labor and immense production of commodities at reduced costs, has gradually developed from simple methods and small beginnings, and even farming has in the same fashion become a specialized business in which the farmer more and more attempts to raise but one crop and that with the least possible exertion of effort promising the greatest returns. From the standpoint of economy and conservation of energy this is a prudent policy, but it is to be doubted if it has had a beneficial effect upon those who do the actual manual labor, in the production of wealth in its various forms. The human mind becomes too much like a machine. Each man knows his task thoroughly, but that task becomes more and more circumscribed as new inventions and new processes displace hand labor with the machine. Factory life becomes a daily round of sameness and deadly monotony, and life on the farm will in due time inevitably follow it. There was no such monotony in the life of the pioneers when every man had to be his own mechanic, to a very considerable extent.

The basis of this description has been found in some personal recollections committed to paper by a former resi-

dent of the Lake Shore Line who came there as a boy of thirteen, in the spring of 1844, with his father and a large family. We may be sure his experience tallied pretty closely with that of his neighbors, who at that time were like the proverbial hen's teeth, few and far between.

The first job tackled by the homesteader or the man who bought his land outright from the Crown was the building of his house. Until that was accomplished, he usually boarded with some neighbor who was kind enough to take him in. When he had felled the trees that were cut up into logs for the purpose, a bee was held among the surrounding settlers and a log house of the size wanted, went up, frequently in the most rapid manner, the walls being erected in a single day. No architect's plans were required, nor was any attempt made at ornament. Sometimes an elm or a maple, from two to three feet in diameter was felled and the butt cut, lying just as it had fallen, was used as the foundation log for the front of the house. In the exact centre, a cut about twelve inches deep and a convenient width was made. This made a fine doorstep and marked the location of the front door. There was also one window in each of the side walls and a door in the back led into a lean-to. The walls were of various heights, but mostly of one storey of from ten to twelve feet. A pitched roof on these walls covered what in these effete days we call an attic, but was then known as either the upstairs or loft. Access to it was gained by a perpendicular ladder.

In building these houses the most experienced woodsmen were usually assigned to the corners, of which there were of course four. It was their part to mortise the log so that it lay in its place securely and with as little open space as possible between it and the log next lower. It was taken as a mild form of disgrace if one of these four failed to hold up his corner and kept the other three waiting, in fact these

raising bees were a test of axemanship and speed which often developed into a race. Sometimes the logs were hewed square on the outside wall after the building was finished but this was uncommon. Had the windows not been necessary, the houses, when the chinks were properly plastered on both the out and in sides, would have been practically airtight. When carefully built, they were warm and dry but hardly sanitary. They frequently became infested by cockroaches and it was almost impossible to get rid of them.

Sometimes, too, such a habitation was directly connected with the log barns of the period, by a covered passage leading from the back door outward to the latter. Mr. Thomas Lunn, later mayor of Owen Sound, built and occupied such a house on his farm, a mile northeast of Leith. These passages must have been a comfortable convenience on a cold winter morning.

The interior arrangements were as simple as the outside. Sometimes there were no partitions at all, and one big room served for kitchen, dining room, parlor or sitting room, and bedrooms all in one. In other cases a carpet was stretched on a pole through the centre of the house, doing duty as a partition. Every inch of space was utilized and if the family was sometimes cramped for it, they could always look forward to the building of the new house as soon as funds were available. The beds were often constructed so that one could be stowed away under another in the day time. Everything was primitive in the extreme. In one case a settler on the Lake Shore felled a tree, levelled the top surface of the stump carefully and then built his shanty around it. The stump served as a table.

The fire place was usually built into the back wall. The back of it was built up for three or four feet with stones. Logs three and four feet long and from one to one-and-one-half feet in diameter were used as back logs, and smaller ones placed on top when the family retired for the night.

Such a fire lasted all night. In the morning the remains of the back log were drawn forward and more fuel piled on top. Seldom was a really well built house ever cold. Two chains were hung above the fireplace for holding pots and kettles.

A Dutch oven was often used for baking bread and roasting meat. Cookstoves were still in the hazy future. Another utensil used was a bake kettle, about fourteen inches in diameter and six inches deep, with an ordinary pot handle and standing on four short feet. After a good bed of coals had been pulled to the front of the fire and dough placed in this pot it was put on the fire, the lid was applied, and also covered with coals and the whole left standing until the bread was baked. The Dutch oven was a heavy sheet iron affair, about two feet long, fourteen inches wide and sixteen inches high, with open sides. It was placed on the open fire and the heat circulated through the open sides, cooking all kinds of pastry and meat. These are now relics of an almost-forgotten age, but in their time some splendid meals were cooked in them.

We had almost forgotten a highly important part of the house, the roof. It was in most cases made of small basswood logs, split exactly through the centre. Each half was hollowed out from end to end, leaving a thickness on the circumference of about six inches. This was done with the axe, the log being scored down its whole length on the flat side and then chipped out, much as an Indian hollows a canoe. A row of them was placed on the roof, hollowed side up and running lengthwise from the eaves to the gable. Another row was placed on these with the hollowed sides down, the hollows of the second fitting over the joints in the first row. Such a roof shed the elements splendidly for a few years, but the basswood logs were apt to crack and warp in time.

Such a house met the first requisition of the settler—it was cheap. An axe, a saw and a hammer were about all the

tools used in erecting it. About the only sawn timber required was that used in the doors and window sash, the floor generally being of cedar poles hewed down to one half their diameter and laid down with the hewn side uppermost. The close of a raising bee was almost always signalized by a jollification in the new house if the weather permitted, and at a neighbor's house if it did not. Some lone survivors of these earthly habitations whose walls once echoed to the mirth or sorrow of their inmates of long ago, are still to be seen standing in delapidation and forlorn loneliness in the more remote districts, but their number is steadily decreasing and soon the last of them will be swept away. It would be well if these survivors could be removed bodily and one of them placed in each of our cities where all could see, as an example to the rising generation of jazz of the houses their grandfathers were satisfied to live in. It might give some of them a thoughtful hour.

His house finished, the settler turned his attention to cutting, logging and burning the solid bush that surrounded the tiny clearing made by the building of his home. The ordinary layman may consider this as a task requiring a maximum of muscle and a minimum of brains only. He is profoundly mistaken. It was the Scottish economist, Adam Smith, who first reminded his readers, about one hundred and fifty years ago, that a certain amount of brain exercise is required at the most menial tasks of manual labor and that a college professor may make the sorriest kind of a ditch digger, until he has mastered the know-how of such work. A mechanic starting with nothing but a blue print and the materials to construct a piece of machinery he never saw before, is surely not only a brain worker but a manual worker as well. White collared office men too often forget this fact. Be that as it may, it still remains that a great deal of headwork and handskill were called into play in the clearing of bushland, at the time we speak of. In time it

developed a fine type of wood craftsmen on the Lake Shore. The labor was some times excitingly dangerous as well. The chopper had to cultivate the art of concentration and have his wits constantly about him.

Where the land was level and unbroken by any natural obstacle, it was cleared in strips about forty rods long and sixteen or more feet wide. An acre a day was a good day's work for a yoke of oxen and five or six men, but it was seldom even a man with a family could muster such a force. Hilly land had one advantage, the log heaps were obviously easier to collect and pile. The larger logs were laid at the bottom and smaller ones skidded on top of them. About six or eight months afterwards, when they were dry enough the whole was burned. Would that we had some of that precious fuel now, when roots, rotten logs and limbs are carefully piled and dried for the stove or furnace ! There was considerable knack in hitching the chain to a log to be pulled by the oxen to the heap. If the chain were hitched directly on top it meant a dead straight away pull, but if it was made at the ground and to one side, and the oxen started in a crosswise direction and away from the hitch, the log rolled and of course this slight momentum gave it a good start. Logs that could not be budged on a straight pull were easily started this way. Some logs were hard to burn regardless of how dry they were. The butternut was the worst. The remains of a butternut log, partially burned, were frequently dragged around to three and four subsequent fires before it was entirely consumed.

In chopping standing timber, the choppers after calculating the proximity and relative distances between a number of trees, sometimes started what they called a windrow. First one tree was cut about half through ; then another standing at the right distance from it was cut through in about the same manner, and so on back to the number of six, eight or even ten trees. The trees were so chopped that

in falling all would press to the same centre. Then, as last tree, a big maple or elm was selected and chopped entirely through. It fell upon the one nearest it, breaking it at the stump ; this in turn fell upon the one next to it and so on down the line, until the whole row of trees came down in a promiscuous heap. When the operation was carried out successfully a great deal of labor was saved. First, the work of chopping the first six or eight trees was cut in half, then the weight and momentum of the fall broke up the branches and made the brushing up and piling of them easier. It was a moment of glorious excitement for the choppers too, when eight or ten trees came to earth with a crash like thunder.

In felling large trees singly it was a common practise to have them fall over a stump, distant about half the height of the tree chopped down from the same. Sometimes this was so successful that the tree broke in three places—where it struck the stump, once beyond that point and the top and once again between the same point and where the chopper had cut it through. Again this saved labor in cutting into log lengths for piling and burning. It required nice judgement and there was always the pleasurable anticipation of the results of the fall, not always realized however. Deep snow was a constant source of danger to the choppers in the winter time. They had to arrange matters so that they could make a quick getaway from a falling tree and when the snow was unusually deep, paths away from the stump had to be tramped in several directions, for it was not always a certainty which way it would fall. Sometimes a falling tree would lodge among its neighbors, hang there a few minutes and then suddenly fall to the ground. Where the timber was thick, in starting to fall it would break the branches of those around it or its own and these branches falling from a great height were another menace to the fellers. At other times the tree, lodging in one close by, jump-

ed back from its own stump and the chopper had to jump, too, if it came in his direction and he valued his life. Again, the butt would fly up and fall to either right or left of its own stump, and again the chopper had to get in the clear. When a gang of men were chopping together, constant watch had to be kept for trees that swerved in falling, and sometimes caught the unwary in the sweep of their branches. Old settlers tell of running along tree trunks to escape such traps or, if driven to it by immediate danger, jumping far out into the deep snow. Sometimes when they had just escaped being caught, they were buried in the snow thrown up by the falling trunk.

The reader will have gathered from the foregoing, some of the perils of the first clearing of the land. It will also strike him, if he is of a thoughtful nature, what an indispensable tool the lowly axe was. In a land where there was nothing but raw timber its uses were manifold ; it was seldom for any length of time out of the hands of the pioneer. In time this developed a fine race of axe men. The middle aged settlers who came direct from the old land, never became unusually expert in its use. They were two accustomed to the stiff blow from the shoulder they had acquired in many cases from using the pick, back in the land of their nativity. But they brought young sons with them or raised others after getting here, who reduced the use of the axe until it was almost a science. It is a pleasure to watch any man at work, when he is thorough master of the tool he uses, and this was so of the early axe men at Leith and on the Lake Shore Line.

There was an old saying, current in these localities at the time, that if you heaved a rock out of a window in Leith it would strike a Day--if not a Day a Cameron. The saying was probably refurbished to do local duty from one that originated in Washington during the Civil War, that if you heaved a rock out of a window it would strike a brigadier general.

From this humorous exaggeration it will naturally be inferred that the progeny of these two old and honorable families, who played such an active and useful part in the early upbuilding of the community, were numerous in the land. While this is undoubtedly true, the chief claim to distinction won by the first comers bearing the names, from the heavily timbered country of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia and all the sons they raised, was that almost without one exception they were known far and wide as mighty men of valor with the axe. In their hands it became a thing of beauty—a beauty of accuracy and speed in chopping and hewing. They knew just where to place the stroke and every stroke told. This was a gift in the days when cross-cut saws were scarce, or crude V toothed affairs when one had them. The lance toothed cross-cut still belonged to the future. But give one of these men his favorite axe and he would cut his way through anything.

There were many tricks with the axe. Sometimes two choppers would start felling a tree, one upon each side of it. When they had chopped as wide a scarf as the diameter of the tree demanded, instead of continuing on around the stump and starting another cut, they would simply turn in their tracks and the new cut was begun. This necessitated right-and-left-hand chopping, a gift far harder to acquire than one would naturally suppose. A right-and-left-hand boilermaker who, before the days of organized labor and uniform wage scales, used to draw more money than his less fortunate mates, would appreciate the destinction.

There was another family on the Lake Shore which acquired considerable celebrity in its use. Four of the sons, all natives of Scotland who had left it at an early age, would surround a huge maple with their axes, forming a square. The first blows were struck and as all had a good sense of rythm, in the course of a minute or two a regular tempo was caught, about one hundred and twenty to the minute, the

strokes synchronizing as regularly as the drumbeats in a march played by a concert band. No tree stood up long under such an assault, sometimes continued regularly for a quarter of an hour when the choppers had gained their stride. Soon there came the first ominous crack, then a few more strokes and then some more clear sunlight was let into the forest. The scarves on such a stump after the tree had fallen, would be as smooth as though jack planed. One day in early times one of these choppers drove his axe into the gash in a log one hundred times, striking the same spot every time without the variation of one sixty-fourth of an inch. Such men naturally prized a good axe. In the severe frosts of winter it was apt to break when the wood was frozen hard and the axe itself was chilled through. A hemlock knot was also destruction to the keen edge under such circumstances. So the axe was ground sharper in the summer and with a blunter edge in the winter.

The land was generally prepared for seed the first season after it was cleared. The surface was a rich vegetable mould which the falling leaves of centuries had steadily rotted upon and fertilized. It was not an inexhaustible fertility however, altho some great crops were raised in the early years. On the farm of Mr. Lunn, mentioned above, about 1858 when the farm was leased by the Henry family, then well known in the district, ten acres were cleared in one season and this was sowed to wheat. This threshed forty bushel to the acre which is a remarkable yield when one considers the area of the clearing that must have been covered by stumps. The hardwood stumps rotted slowly, the basswood and elm stumps disintegrating in a few years. Frequently the labor involved in clearing the land stirred up the surface so that it needed no cultivation for the first crop. At any rate turnips and wheat were frequently sown upon such a surface and flourished "like a green bay tree". The soil along the Lake Shore, however, never had the depth or

such a favorable subsoil as that lying along the shore on Concession A northeast of Leith and in latter times has needed more fertilizing. After about thirty-five years of cropping the first signs of exhaustion appeared and large yields of wheat became a thing of the past. Will the same be true of our Western Provinces ? The writer read an account last winter of land at Brandon, Manitoba, which had been under crop continuously since 1881 and was still going strong and raising as large crops as it did in that year. In many parts of the west as we learned from personal observation the farmers let the barnyard manure go to waste. They assign two reasons for this: First, they dread the seeding of the land in weeds; second, where manure is used in many cases the rank growth of straw breaks down and the grain lodges. But surely such a pace of cropping cannot be maintained indefinitely.

The first crops raised in Sydenham were bountiful and there was plenty for man and beast in all her borders. There was only one period when there was a scarcity of provisions in the new settlement. This was in July, 1844, when, owing to the non arrival of a schooner at Owen Sound, a pinch was felt for about three or four weeks. Several Lake Shore Line people returned to Galt whence they had come and worked at the harvest until it was over. Flour was so scarce that more fortunate neighbors had to divide up with their fellows. It was made into a mixture called pap, a word which later gained an unenviable notority when used in the sense of political patronage. Pap was made by stirring flour with water in a cup ; this in turn was poured into scalding milk and when thickened to the proper consistency and cooled, was eaten with milk. What was used at one meal was always prepared about one meal-time before. In time the overdue schooner arrived with provisions, the use of pap was discontinued and borrowed flour was returned. It had been so scarce people had not dared to make bread.

The first crops were harvested with the sickle, as in the days of Ruth and Boaz. They were so small in acreage and stumps in the new clearings were so thick that in all probability it was the most economical way of cutting the grain. In a few years the grain cradle came into use. It was followed by the reaper and along about 1884 or 1885 the first self binder was started in Sydenham. People gathered from all over the township to see that binder start, ourselves among them. What if an aeroplane had sailed overhead that day ! The ensuing scene can hardly be imagined.

The grain was drawn to the rude log barns and threshed, mostly in the winter. Before the advent of the first threshing machine the common method was to lay the sheaves in two rows along the floor of the barn and drive a team of horses or oxen over them and thus tramp out the grain. During this process the sheaves were turned over repeatedly so as to thoroughly separate the wheat from the chaff. In 1848 a threshing machine came into the Owen Sound district. It was a small affair about six feet long and five feet wide, little bigger than the ordinary fanning mill. It was as simple as it was small, the principal parts being a cylinder and feeding board. The straw was taken away from the cylinder by a man using a rake for the purpose, and by him passed to another who threw it out of the barn or into a mow. Two hundred sheaves were threshed at a time. Then the machine was stopped so that the grain accumulating behind the machine might be pulled back. Two hundred bushels were considered good threshing for ten hours. There were usually two men and as many teams with the machine and the price paid the whole outfit for its use was four dollars a day. From such a type the present large threshers of the Western Provinces that have threshed as high as three thousand bushel a day have evolved. However, only oats, peas and barley could be threshed in

the manner first described. Wheat was always threshed with the flail.

All the farm implements were primitive in the extreme. As far as possible they were made on the farm itself. Harrows were made from crotches cut from a hardwood tree. These were trimmed down to the required size, the top side flattened off and long spikes driven through the A shaped frame to act as teeth. The first seeding after clearing was as often as not harrowed in by cedar brush drawn over the seeded soil by hand. Nature did the rest. Oxen were the only beasts of draught and burden at first. Horses were unknown on some farms on Concession A as late as 1875. There is an item in the recollections referred to at the beginning of this chapter of a horse bought from Mr. Robert Crichton, who lived on the 10th Line. The purchaser, who bought it about 1848, agreed to cut and clear ten acres of land, two acres to be done in the first ten months after the sale was made, four acres the next year and the remaining four the following year as payment, the seller to furnish board for the choppers while they were on the job. The price paid for the horse in labor performed was afterwards estimated at fifty two dollars. This gives one some idea of the scarcity of horses and the high estimation in which they were held.

The contract for the first flour mill in the vicinity, built at Leith, was let in 1846; before this the settlers had taken their wheat to be ground at Inglis' Mill near Owen Sound, built some years earlier. When built, this mill was the only one of its kind north of Fergus. Its patronage was good; the settlers from within a radius of forty and fifty miles came to it to have their grists ground. Sometimes they waited four and five days before this could be done; their oxen meanwhile being tied to trees in the bush about the mill. This mill had one pair of stones and a large bolt, but there was no screening, or fanning mill, and there was con-

siderable pollution of the flour from various causes, especially hens. The miller's toll was six pounds in the bushel. In the winter it was customary for the Lake Shore Line settlers to take their grists there one week, return home and go back for the flour the next. The bottoms of two bags were sewed together and a bushel of wheat was put in each bag. The load was then slung across the back of an ox and taken to the mill. A great deal of thieving went on among those who gathered and waited for their grists. Axes, ropes and other articles disappeared mysteriously; it maybe the mill's patrons considered the miller's toll excessive and squared the account in this manner. The Leith mill, the machinery for which, while there is no positive record to that effect, there are strong grounds for believing was shipped from England, was a great convenience to the settlers of the district and was a success from the first.

By 1852 practically every farm on the Lake Shore had been cleared to some extent. John Telfer had used a nice discrimination in allotting the lands to the three races (if that be the proper word) represented in the pioneers. The Lowland Scottish were given the land along the Lake Shore Line nearest town, and for about five miles below Annan. The Scottish Highlanders were settled farther down the line and around the future village of Balaklava, which was given that name during the Crimean War. The Irish were sent to the Irish Block where they secured some splendid farms.

CHAPTER IV.

THE FIRST SETTLEMENT

When our memories turn backward and pass in silent review the events of the last eighty-five years we find it at times almost impossible to conceive of the changes that have in that time occurred in Grey County. It seems hard to credit the fact that in the year Queen Victoria ascended the throne, not a tree, so far as is known, had been felled in Sydenham township. Eighty-five years, while a long life is not an extraordinarily long one. Yet such a life would cover in its span all the changes we have seen and heard of and known in the history of Sydenham.

Of course our expansion, owing to our geographical position, has not been remarkable. Chicago, which was then to all intents a frontier town of about thirty-five hundred souls, was in 1837 incorporated as a city. It is now mounting steadily to the three million mark. Sydney and Buenos Ayres, the largest modern cities under the Southern Cross, have become so in the last fifty years. But we do not live in Chicago and are only mildly interested in Sydney and Buenos Ayres. It is the changes in our immediate surroundings and with which we daily come in contact, that grip our attention. Distance does not lend enchantment to the view, in this respect at least.

It was in 1840 that John Telfer, an extraordinary and even remarkable man, was authorized by W. B. Sullivan, of the Crown Lands Department in Montreal, to proceed to the head of Owen Sound (which is properly speaking not a sound and should never have been named so) via the line of the Garafraxa road and there assume the duties of Crown Lands Agent, for the district about to be thrown open for

settlement. The letter in which Mr. Telfer is apprised of his appointment and given instructions as to his duties is a formidable looking document, bears the seals of the Department and is bound in colored ribbon. The margins are almost as large as the space given to writing, almost every sentence is paragraphed by itself and the lines are fully one half inch apart. The time is coming when it will be regarded as an important historical paper in the annals of Grey County, if it is not so already. As it outlines clearly the plan upon which the whole country contiguous to Owen Sound was settled and the duties imposed upon homesteaders, beside throwing many interesting side-lights upon the coming of the first white settler, and as the Garafraxa was the road by which practically all the first pioneers came to North Sydenham, it has been deemed appropriate to append it in full. The communication follows :

Crown Lands Office, Montreal

Sept. 25th, 1840

To Mr. John Telfer

Sir :

I have the honor to inform you, that His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor has been pleased to direct the opening of a main road from the Township of Garafraxa to the head of Owen Sound, upon Lake Huron.

It is proposed by the Goverment to place an agent at the Settlement at the northern end of the road and one at the southern end near the Township of Garafraxa.

You have been selected for the superintendence of the northern settlement, and as I have signified this to you personally and have received your verbal acceptance of the office, it becomes my duty to detail to you the views of the Government and the duties you will be expected to perform.

In the first place I have to refer you to an extract of a

report made by Mr. H. I. Jones in an inspection of the Portage road from Coldwater to Machadach Bay, and I would observe that as the northern end of the main road about to be opened can at present be approached by settlers only from the water, it is of consequence that the portage road should be placed in a state of repair as far as the season of the year and the limited means at my disposal will permit. You will therefore peruse the report of Mr. Jones and contract with some person or persons near the road to do such part of the work as can be accomplished this year, reporting to me immediately the particulars of the contract for my approval and sanction.

The contract price will be paid by me upon your requisition and certificate that you have inspected the work and that it has been performed according to the contract and I would have you keep within the expenditure recommended by Mr .Jones.

When you have placed the work on the portage road in progress you will proceed forthwith to the head of Owen Sound, when you will meet with Deputy Provincial Surveyor Rankin, at present employed in surveying land along the line of road and who is authorized to make out the plan of a town-plot at the head of the Bay. You will select a place for a building for a place in which you will reside and immediately cause the same to be erected. It should be large enough for your residence, for stores of supplies and a temporary shelter to settlers and workmen until they shall have erected shanties for themselves which you will of course see done as soon as possible.

It has been suggested to me that the most comfortable and convenient shape for the log building you are required to erect will be two apartments of twenty feet square and placed within about ten feet of one another. The space between being covered and the doors opening into the passage thus formed, which passage will answer as a place of

storage for many articles not liable to be made away with.

If the building should be found too small it will be easy to add to it by the erection of more apartments upon the same plan, having a continuation of the passage between them.

I have further to inform you that it is the intention of the Government to open the road along the line surveyed by D'y Provincial Surveyor Rankin, whom you will find on the ground and who will give you any information as to the direction of the road.

The kind of road to be laid out may be described as follows :

That is to say it will be 66 feet in width.

The trees in the centre to the width of 22 feet to be chopped level with the ground.

At the sides, 22 feet in width each, the trees to be cut at the ordinary height.

The trees not to be felled out of the road, or if so felled, to be drawn in.

The trees cut down to be logged and burned in the sides of the road.

The price to be paid for opening the road, under ordinary circumstances, when on the one hand there is no natural prairie or lightly timbered land and on the other when no causewaying or bridging or levelling is required will be at the rate of thirty-two pounds ten shillings per mile.

The parts of the road which form exceptions to this rule you will make special contracts for, reporting the same to me.

Money will be paid to contractors at this office upon your transmission of the contracts with your certificate that the work has been inspected by you and found to be duly performed according to contract.

During the winter you will get out timber for a sawmill and gristmill to be erected in such a position near the

head of the Sound as may be selected for the purpose by Mr. Rankin. As it is not improbable but that some private individual may choose to erect mills at his own expense and as I am desirous to economize the funds placed in my hands to the extent of my power I am desirous to postpone this wish until as late a period as will be consistent with proceeding with the erection of the mills in the spring.

I am further to inform you that it is the intention of the Government to locate upon free grants of land to the extent of fifty acres each such heads of families or single men, who have heretofore received no grants of land from the Government as may be willing to accept the same upon the strict terms proposed and who may appear capable of undertaking the settlement and of carrying it through successfully.

Many of the settlers will probably apply at this office for authority to be located. To those whom I shall approve of I shall give authority addressed to you and you will place them upon land as you shall be directed.

When any of them shall apply to you, you will enter the application in the form annexed to these instructions, showing the age of the applicant, his place of birth, his length of residence, the number of his family and his pecuniary means if he has any. You will keep an entry in a book of such applications and transmit to me slips copied from the book, upon which you will receive authority for making the location.

You will particularly explain to the locators that they are not to expect assistance from the Government and recommend them not to locate unless they can from their own resources maintain themselves and their families until crops can be raised from the land.

Upon the approval of the survey to be made by Mr. Rankin I shall furnish you with maps and the lots reserved will be open for sale or location, you keeping in view that

closeness of settlement is the object of the Government and that detached locations cannot be allowed.

As regards sales of land I shall in due season furnish you with separate instructions.

In contracting for the opening of the road you will prefer such persons as shall engage to take land in the whole or in part for the work to be performed, on condition of actual settlement.

You will furnish yourself with a supply of provisions, sufficient for the winter. That is to say, one hundred barrels of flour and fifty barrels of pork, also with axes, spades and other necessary implements. These you will distribute in payment for work upon the roads, or for money at such rates as will cover the cost, transport and wastage. You will make out a regular monthly report of your proceedings and transmit the sums to me as opportunity shall offer, and when you are in doubt as to your proceedings you will apply to me for directions.

You will explain to all applicants for locations that if it shall be discovered that any person has before received a grant of land from the Crown his location shall be considered void and that this point will be strictly investigated upon return of the locations.

The conditions upon which the applicants shall be located will be as follows : 1st ; The locater is to reside upon his location ; 2nd, If he wishes to be absent for any time he is to apply to you stating his desire, the occasion and the intended length of his absence and you will give him leave if the occasion be legitimate and proper ; 3rd, If any locater shall abandon his lot without leave or shall fail to return to it in due season the lot is to be considered vacant ; 4th, No patent will be issued for any located lot until one third of the land shall be cleared and under crop ; 5th, The time given for this clearing will be four years from the date of

the location after which time if the clearing be not made the location will be considered forfeited.

You will furnish strict accounts in duplicate with duplicate vouchers for your expenditure, in money or otherwise, and you will furnish your requisitions, contracts and other documents in duplicate.

Your remuneration will be at the rate of ten shillings per diem while employed and you will be allowed from the provisions in your custody two pounds of flour and two pounds of pork per diem.

In consequence of the road varying from a right line and of the base line being straight some of the first lots will slightly vary in quantity but locaters must understand that the lot granted is in satisfaction of a location more or less, and if you find lots greatly to exceed or be under the quantity of fifty acres you will reserve them for sale.

As the road is completed you will cause grass seed to be sown upon it and make a charge for the expenditure.

I have the honor to be, Sir
Your most ob't Servant

W. B. SULLIVAN.

The first thing that will strike the reader's mind will in all probability be that for a man who was paid the modest sum of ten shillings a day Mr. Telfer was given wide discretionary powers in his new office. He is ordered to report regularly to headquarters in certain matters. But in all minor questions, and some of them not so minor, his word was law among the homesteaders. He was never backward in enforcing his authority among them and the five or six years following his arrival at Owen Sound were about the most strenuous in his adventurous life. Vexatious discussion was constantly arising among settlers who thought they had not been given a square deal. Mr. Telfer was one of the

most roundly abused men in Canada, but he was not a sensitive man and rather enjoyed a fight. His battles with the world had taught him a system of attack all his own and almost always he gave a little better than he got. With his activities at Owen Sound we are not concerned however. Six years after his arrival there, or in 1846, he moved down to Leith and with his coming commences the history of the village. It took its name, of course, from the seaport of Auld Reekie, from the vicinity of which many of the new settlers were coming, if not from Edinburgh itself. The name of the village and Mr. Telfer's intention of coming to it eventually seem to have been in the mind of that gentleman from the time of his first arrival at Owen Sound. Had he had his way Owen Sound would have been given the name of Edinburgh, but local pride and the customs of a new land were too strong for him and his wishes were ignored. Had the Athens of the North found its original site at the very head of the Frith of Forth, the analogy in the sense of relative geographical position between the two Scottish cities and their would-be prototypes in Canada would have been striking and complete.

When Mr. Telfer moved in, the site of the village-to-be was still in its natural state. What induced him to come in is not clearly apparent. There was no natural harbor and it was not until thirteen or fourteen years later the first dock was built. But it is surprising, when looking through the newspapers and legal documents of the time, to notice the importance the early settlers attached to water power. There was little use of growing wheat unless they had mills to grind flour out of it. A harbor could not have been made at Leith without vast expenditures for dredging, docking and a breakwater, and the steady lowering of the lake levels since the early sixties would have made such expenditures endless. The first engines made in Galt were built in 1844 by the Crombie firm and these would have been available ;

seeing so much free fuel was to be had everywhere one sometimes wonders why they were not utilized but the pioneers never bought them when a stream could be dammed and the water power used instead. The stream at Leith was at that time a large one. It entered the bay at a point just south of where the dock was afterwards built and was known as the Water o' Leith. There was a good water privilege back from the bay a short distance and here Mr. Telfer immediately erected a grist and flour mill. It was at first only about half its subsequent size, had two run of stones and was substantially built as one may see upon examination, for it is still standing. The dam, however, gave a great deal of trouble at first. It persisted in leaking, but this was in time overcome. A Mr. Fairbairn was given the contract of building it and many of the first settlers in the village found their first employment there in its construction. No record of the price survives but it must have been insignificant when compared with building costs to-day. It was a time when men did business on very little capital,—on a shoestring, as we say nowadays. Wages were low where they paid at all; a man's stout arms and an ability and willingness to use them were his best assets.

What was known as the Mill House was shortly afterwards built, about twenty-five yards north of the mill. It is now the same as though it had never been, having been razed about fifty years ago. Here, about 1850, the first store keeper kept his stock in trade,—a gentleman named Wylie.

The town plot of Leith was surveyed in 1851 by William Smith, Deputy Provincial Surveyor. The old men were seeing visions and the young men dreaming dreams of a future metropolis and the streets were given euphonius and historic names by Mr. Telfer. Those running northeast and southwest, commencing at the waterfront, were named res-

pectively : Huron, Buchanan, Princes, Queen, John, and Brant. The Leith Walk ran southeast from the waterfront, starting from the future dock and merging into the road to Annan. The remaining streets running in the same direction and on the northeast side of the Walk were named; Market, Wallace, Thistle, Bruce and Moore. Princes Street was named for the classic throughfare in Scotland's metropolis, Wallace and Bruce streets for her national patriots, Thistle street for her national emblem, Moore street for the Irish poet, Brant for the great Indian chief of that name, and so on. A large space on the northwest side of Princes street and between Wallace and Thistle was reserved for a market place but never functioned as such. Forty years ago it was a huge gravel pit and is now covered with the quick-growing cedar.

In 1853 Mr. Wylie erected a store at the corner of Princes street and Leith Walk, with a storehouse at the rear but separated from it by a short distance. The intervening space was filled by a residence erected for him there in the early spring of 1854 by Messrs James and Allan Ross, both of whom had worked on the construction of the Owen Sound jail the previous year. These two also helped in the erection of the Leith distillery, referred to later. Late in 1854 they also built a large two storey frame residence and store directly opposite Mr. Wylie's buildings for Peter Marshall. This latter site is now covered by the residence of Oliver Cameron. The Ross brothers also built frame houses for Robert Grierson, Henry Taylor and John Turnbull. The last named house went up in smoke one day a few years ago ; the Grierson residence was bricked over and is now occupied by Mr. Couper and Henry Taylor's house was sold soon after its erection to Peter Burr and is still occupied by his son, W. N. Burr.

In May, 1855 James Ross, Sr., and his sons James and Allan formed a partnership under the firm name of James

Ross and Sons, and rented the Marshall store for two and one-half years. They carried on a general store business there until late in 1857, when they bought out Mr. Wylie and moved across the street. Here they continued in business until 1875 and their trade must have been a considerable one. In one year in the early seventies they sold over one thousand dollars' worth of tobacco and if they sold other goods in proportion, it is evident their turnover was considerable.

Both these store buildings were later destroyed by fire. The Marshall building made a merry blaze one night in the late summer of 1880, while it was standing empty. Some people were uncharitable enough to think it did not take fire accidentally. It was a large high building, big enough for a small boy to get lost in, as one of them who still survives can testify. The Wylie store and residence was burned one day in April, 1888, while occupied by David Ross, and with it were burned many records that would have been useful in such a work as the present one. Fortunately some of them were saved. Its site is now occupied by the place of worship of the Baptist congregation in Leith.

The first "institution" known as a tavern was erected about one hundred and fifty yards northeast of the mill, on the Leith Walk, on the left hand side of the road while going to Annan. The exact date has been lost in the mists of time. It was a large building for the time and was built so well and withstood the ravages of the years so successfully it is still standing. One of its early features was a large bar in the front facing the Leith Walk, with a storage room for beer. This bar sometimes presented scenes of the most animated activity, scenes that would have pained the heart of the prohibitionist, with men busy on both sides of it. The present occupant of this building is Mr. Charles Kemp, who came to the village in 1891 and assumed charge of the mill. He ground the last grist there in the late summer of

1921 and the machinery that had rumbled for seventy-five years was at last silent. The building was dismantled, the machinery taken out and sold and the old mill still stands as a relic to remind us of its former glory and the very earliest days of the village, when the hearts of the pioneers beat high with the hope it would yet be a city. Mr. Kemp's regime had extended a little over thirty years and a more faithful or trustworthy miller never served a community in such a capacity.

Just east of this, the first hotel in the village, and distant about thirty yards from it stood another large one storey log tavern, first built for and occupied by William Glen. It was a rambling affair but very commodious. Mr. Glen was among the earliest settlers and while in middle life succeeded to a large estate in Dumfries-shire and the title of Glen-Airston. His heirs still own this site and a large lot adjoining, and from the manner real estate values have, since the outbreak of the Great War, been jumping in Leith it may yet be well worth owning. The hotel was torn down about forty years ago to provide fuel for a brick kiln. So was its large stable, also of homely log construction, which stood directly opposite it on Princes street, and for the same purpose. A few yards directly southwest on the same street stands a small log building, occupied until thirty-four years ago by the Misses Easton. It then stood empty for twenty-five years, when it was sold for seventy-five dollars and renovated into a summer cottage called Blarney Castle. It as built in 1857 from cedar logs cut on the lot on which it stands. Today it would probably bring twelve times seventy-five dollars. The destiny of this building and of the log one alongside it remind one of their counterpart in Scripture where two men reaped in the same field. The one was taken and the other left. Want of fuel sacrificed one and high building costs saved the other.

Immediately adjoining the Water o' Leith on the op-

posite side from the Leith Walk and fronting on the Bay Shore Road is a large tract of land which was not included in the original town plot. The soil is almost pure sand and some large pines once grew here. Until about thirty-five years ago it was the scene of all the athletic sports of the village and was used frequently for a picnic ground. A prettier spot for such events could hardly be found but latterly it has been turned into a golf course. Time out of mind it has been known as the Old Distillery Field ; it is probably about fifteen acres in extent. Here, in the seventies and eighties, were played all the cricket matches, when the game flourished in Leith. The annual excursions of Owen Sound's combined Sunday Schools were also accommodated within its bounds in monster picnics that were the big events of the year. The last one of these came in 1885.

In the south corner of this field, a distillery was built "in the early days," which will sound like a vaguely indefinite period. But the evidence as to the exact date of its erection has been so contradictory and confusing that no positive opinion on that point is ventured. As far as can be ascertained however, it was between 1854 and 1858. After our experience in trying to find out the exact time we are not surprised that two creditable witnesses will go into the witness box and each swear solemnly and conscientiously to facts, as he believes them, that flatly contradict one another. With the strange perversity of human nature we pass up recent events as not worth remembering until they have conceded into the dim and misty past and then, when they are all but forgotten, we raise heaven and earth to find out what really happened at such and such a time. Nor does it appear who it was built for. William Wye Smith, an early historian of the county, says it was built for James Wilson of Galt, but this has been disproved. Nobody was keeping track of current events at the time, probably because they never imagined for a moment these

local events would ever be of historical interest. They were all engrossed in the all-absorbing task of making a living and getting ahead in the world, as we are today. We are not so very much different, in many respects, from the people of seventy years ago after all.

Sometimes great movements and great events have their origin in trifling incidents which everyone overlooks at the time these incidents happen. It is perhaps as well we are not eternally oppressed with a sense of responsibility for our slightest action.

Benjamin Franklin, while he was yet a printer and at some time before the American Revolution kept a small ledger of his personal expenses, which in some way became lost. He made diligent search for it himself and failed to find it. It was known after he died this book was lost, and search was made for it by relic hunters at different periods until last year, when by the merest chance it was discovered in a garret in Boston. It immediately sold for twelve thousand dollars.

The two leading papers in Auckland, N. Z., now a city of one hundred and seventy thousand, in 1923 celebrated their sixtieth anniversaries, one within six weeks of the other. They published splendid anniversary numbers, both of which it was our good fortune to have mailed us. These are mainly historical retrospects of the city and environs, from its founding until the present day. When it came to a narration of events in the forties and fifties of last century, of buildings that were built only to be destroyed by various means and business men who flourished at that time, in short, events of purely local interest, these two great papers had to depend almost entirely upon the memory of an aged lady, a Mrs. Hope, who still survives there.

These two incidents are cited as a comment upon the mutability of human affairs and the difficulties encountered

by the relic hunter and the historian when they start delving into the past to unearth its secrets or treasures.

The main fact about this distillery then, was that it was built, even if the building date has been lost. It was a large two storey wooden building, on the Water o' Leith strangely enough, as an engine furnished the motive power. It was of the old vertical frame, butterfly value type, built by the Crombie firm in Galt. The new equipment was all first class for the time and the whiskey turned out by the new industry was also first class, if we may accept the testimony of people who should have been connoisseurs in that respect. Extensive cattle sheds and hog pens were added as outbuildings and here the mash, after it had been thoroughly drained, was used to fatten the stock. Sometimes the head distiller, a man called Sibbald, had fits of aberration however, and it was fed to the steers and hogs with startling and spectacular results. A drunken hog, according to some of those who witnessed the consequences of these lapses of memory, is the most comical sight in the world, almost as comical as the sight of a human hog who deliberately drinks himself into a state of beastly insensibility is loathsome.

The second distiller was a Mr. Rochester, who was in charge several years. However, the distillery, which seems to have been the only one at the time in this part of Grey County, was short lived. According to W. W. Smith, it was closed in 1865 and had been for a year or so. It was demolished shortly after that date and no sign of it remains. The whiskey manufactured there retailed at Leith and Owen Sound at from forty to sixty cents a gallon. Henry Baker had an agency in Owen Sound, where the demand for it was brisk. It was in great demand at barn raisings and other like events. The farmer who refused to furnish whiskey for his barn raising was esteemed a tightwad. A pailful was placed on a piece of squared timber at a raising and every

one drank ad libitum. It must have been good liquor for one recoils at the thought of what would happen were the same procedure followed today with the vile concoctions called whiskey.

As illustrating the quality of "pure Leith whiskey" the following true story was given us quite recently by an old lady, now in her eightieth year. When about fifteen years of age she was sent down from Annan, with a companion about the same age, by a farmer who was raising a barn, for a pail of stimulant for the occasion. The road from Leith to Annan was at that time only a path through the woods ; the day was rather warm and the shade pleasant. They reached the distillery, filled the pail and started homeward. When about half way to Annan they bethought themselves of trying the liquor to see what it tasted like. They found the taste sharp, but not unpleasing and each took a little drink. This was followed a few minutes later by one a little larger. No more was partaken of but the young ladies experienced a delightful exhilaration, followed by a dreamy languor. A little later one of them suggested that they take a rest in the shade. They lay down and in a minute both were fast asleep. When they awakened they felt no bad effects of their nap and it was not until years later that the truth dawned upon them, they had been hopelessly drunk. Mrs. C—— told this story with a hearty gusto as a joke on herself.

In 1858, Allan Ross built a mill for his father, James Ross, Sr., on what was known on the first maps as Keefer's Creek, half a mile northeast of Leith. This mill was built for a woolen mill but never operated as such. The machinery was bought from a mill on the same stream, about three quarters of a mile east of Annan and built for John Wilson. After installing this machinery, the owners changed their minds, bought five thousand logs in Sarawak and made

plans to operate a saw mill. This idea was in turn abandoned and at last oatmeal machinery was set in place and the mill commenced grinding. Allan Ross, having built the mill, was made head miller by his father and ground oatmeal successfully for eleven years. The frequent change in plans was due to faulty engineering in the dam. A huge overshot wheel was first put in position, but it was found to be so big there was almost no head of water on it. This was taken out and a pit dug at the foot of the flume, a turbine wheel was placed there and everything worked satisfactorily. Oatmeal was shipped to all parts of Ontario, to New York, and some consignments were even sent to Edinburgh. This latter, however, seems like carrying coals to New-Castle. The stream commenced drying up in the summer months and in the early seventies the mill was shut down for good. The machinery was removed thirty-five ago and in 1902 the mill was torn down. Its site is now occupied by a honey extracting plant owned by Mr. Frank Showell.

There was no dock at Leith until shortly before 1860, but soon after Mr. Telfer came some piles were driven close to shore near the mouth of the Water o'Leith. A landing place was made on this and a large batteau built, which was rowed out to the small steamships that occasionally called and took off the passengers. The MacNeil family, coming in 1855 from the eastern end of Ontario, were landed in this manner. They came on the steamer Kaloolah. We were told by one of the sons in this family, that the first money he ever earned was in unloading lumber at Leith for James Ross, Sr. The schooner on which this lumber was loaded approached as near the shore as her draught would permit, there being no dock to tie up to, and the lumber was thrown overboard to float ashore. All trace of the piling which marked the site of the first landing place has completely disappeared, although diligent search has been made for it in recent years.

One most unusual fact about the village may be noticed here. From the days when the first pioneers set foot in it until the present moment, there has not been a solitary case of drowning, either there or in the immediate vicinity. There have been narrow escapes but the victims always managed to elude the jaws of the trap. Considering that it was bounded on one side by the bay and on the other by what was once a deep stream and mill dam, in both of which the oportunities were never wanting, the record seems remarkable indeed.

By an oversight we have omitted mentioning in its proper place the building of a large tannery on Keefer's Creek, by James Ross, Sr., a few yards west of the oatmeal mill previously spoken of. He had designs of making a tanner of his son John, but that young man had plans of his own and, in 1867, he joined a large party of Canadian emigrants who set out from Galt, with New Zealand as their objective. His brother Andrew was also of this party, most of whom pioneered in the Waikaito district, North Island, and became prosperous farmers there. The new tannery was never operated and now not a trace of it remains.

Some years after the opening of the Ross store, on Princes Street, and the building of the first dock, this firm built a large storehouse for grain just northeast of their place of business, on the site now covered by the large driving shed owned by the Baptist congregation. A great deal of grain was handled here, the queue of wagons waiting to unload often extending far down the street, but about fifteen years after its erection the building was jacked up and moved down to the waterfront to a new site just east of the dock. Standing beside it, but nearer the dock was another smaller storehouse owned by Adam Ainslie. Both buildings had the hewed barn frame which was the vogue when they were built. The first was torn down about thirty years ago and the second in 1915. Across the road from

these on the Leith Walk was a large hay shed which has long disappeared also.

From the above it will be inferred that the grain trade at Leith must have reached considerable proportions. There was no port of call on the east shore nearer than Meaford, so the little village had a large territory to draw from in the shipment of grain. As many as three schooners lay at the dock at one time waiting for their grain cargoes. Much of this was taken in part or whole payment of farmers' store bills at the Leith and Annan stores of the Ross firm. No figures are available of the yearly shipments. Prices were low and currency scarce and this grain trade was virtually carried on by barter.

The first hotel keeper in the village was James Burr, who was mine host in the public house built on the Leith Walk, referred to above. Mr. Burr came up from Elora shortly after Mr. Telfer came to his new possession, but soon changed his occupation to farming and settled on the farm on Concession A. later owned by Donald Cameron. The first white child born in Leith was of the feminine gender; she still lives in Owen Sound, but information on this point is so vague that nothing further in regard to it is ventured and the reader may take what has been given for what it is worth. Peter Burr came in 1855, and for a few months that year shared his house with the Reverend Robert Dewar. He erected a blacksmith shop beside his house and this building still stands. He was a first class blacksmith and soon gathered a flourishing trade.

The cooper's trade must have been a flourishing one also about this time and later, for in the early years of the village there were no less than three of them there. The first one, and one of the very first settlers in the village, was Robert Vail. The Vails can rightfully claim to be the oldest family in what are now St. Vincent and Sydenham townships. The head of the family came from Toronto, and

was said to be a well educated man and engaged in the newspaper business on the small scale then prevailing. He settled, or rather camped, at the point that yet bears his name and must have led what was truly a life in the wilderness, as there is evidence that he was in that neighborhood in 1825, or fifteen years before Owen Sound saw its first settler. He claimed that he had trapped up what was afterwards the Sydenham River as well as the Water o' Leith in the winter of 1825-26. This story has, of course, never been verified but that he followed trap lines through these then unbroken wilds nearly one hundred years ago seems to be an established fact. He seems to have been the type of man for whom the wilderness and its dangers had a sort of stern fascination and probably he enjoyed life as much or more than some of us who pride ourselves upon our ultra-refined civilization.

Another cooper was a Mr. S———who was a good mechanic and would have prospered, had not domestic infelicity broken up his home. He built a roughcast house in the village and some time afterwards became hopelessly deranged. The house is still standing, but has long been deserted. Still another cooper was John Mitchell, whose business was much the largest of the three. These coopers catered to local custom only and made fish kegs, butter tubs, barrels,———in short anything with staves in it that the farmers wanted. They were all-round mechanics and made the finished article from the trees felled, sawed into stave lengths and split by themselves. The factory operative of today would be as helpless as a baby were he confronted with such a job. "Min was min in thim days" as the Irishman said.

All the houses built at that time had hand split lath and shingles. A man would go out into a promising tract of cedar in a swamp, run up a little shanty and start shingle making on his own. There was no question as to his getting

all the patronage in the home market, because it was impossible to buy anywhere else. Our shippers complain loudly today of excessive freight rates. How would they like it if the railroads were suddenly wiped out of existence ? Our freight rates are, on the average, considerably lower than in the United States, but the cost of living is higher than there——in other words the purchasing power of the dollar is lower. But if the railroads were destroyed to-morrow we would be in no worse plight than Canadians of 1850 were, when there were only sixty-six miles of track in the whole of Canada. And after the first shock of inconvenience had passed we would begin to learn the lesson that people can get along with little above the barest necessities when they are compelled to. Scripture to the contrary notwithstanding, we shall persist in the belief that a man's happiness consists in the abundance of goods he possesseth. Somehow we all have the secret belief that is is a mark of inferiority and degradation if we cannot "keep up with the Joneses."

> It's no in titles nor in rank ;
> It's no in wealth like Lon'on bank,
> To purchase peace and rest ;
> It's no in making muckle mair ;
> It's no in books, it's no in lear,
> To mak us truly blest ;
> If happiness hae not her seat
> And centre in the breast
> We may be wise, or rich, or great,
> But never can be blest :
> Nae treasurers nor pleasures
> Could make us happy lang ;
> The heart aye's the part aye
> That makes us right or wrang.

This same spirit of keeping up with the Joneses has

possibly caused more heart burning, jealousy and misery of mind than all other human passions combined. It pervades all classes of society from the highest to the lowest and the few that are exempt from it are of all men to be most envied. Perhaps it is part of the price we pay for what we call modern progress. For all the comforts, conveniences, inventions and discoveries that have made present-day life so seemingly easy we may be sure that Nature, if not one way then in another, exacts her price. We have it on a very high authority, the Declaration of Independence of the American Colonies no less, that the pursuit of happiness is among the inalienable rights of man. The pursuit, mark you——not the gaining of it, for it is to be doubted if any man was ever truly and entirely happy, at least for any length of time. It was never intended, in the divine scheme of things, that one generation of men should be happier than another and they never are. These people who flourished in Sydenham sixty and seventy years ago, for one thing, knew nothing of what we call the spirit of unrest then. There is a good deal of truth in the homely old saying that what we do not know will never hurt us. If they lacked the one thousand conveniences and comforts that modern progress has bestowed upon us, they also lacked many ills of flesh and of the mind these same things have brought in their train. One hundred years from now the people will wonder how we ever managed to exist on the earth, just as we wonder how the people of eighty years ago ever got along. They managed to get along all right and to extract as much happiness from life as was possible under the circumstances. Are we doing any more ? And in some respects their civilization was more advanced than ours. When their armies went to war they fought with some show at least of chivalry. They did not kill their enemies wholesale by means of poison gas, or starve whole populations by means of an infamous blockade. They did not

gather in the great cities by tens of thousands and pay five hundred thousand dollars to two low browed human brutes for pounding one another into insensibility, or at least attempting to. Maybe you will say they did not do these things because they did not know how. Well, we have learned how and are we any the happier for it ? "He that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow." The question as to whether the pioneers in their day were happier than we are now has always seemed to us a useless and meaningless one. If the debit and credit sides were struck and an average taken it would be found they were as happy as we are, but no more so. The secret of happiness lies in every man's own heart if he only knows how to hunt for and find it.

One of the early shingle makers was a character known as Doctor Scott. He came into the settlement with the first pioneers and it was at once recognized that his early training and education had been of the highest order. Nobody knew if he had ever held a doctor's degree ; he certainly never practised medicine in the neighborhood. He was a "down and outer" and owed his descent to liquor. When sober he had the easy, genial courtesy and well bred dignity of a gentleman to the manor born. When drunk he was a raging fiend who would even descend to wife beating, and as he was a large powerful man nobody cared to cross him while in his cups. When he first came to the locality he made shingles down near Squaw Point and back from the bay a short distance. The shingles he carried down to the landing at Butchart's sawmill, on his back. As he was chronically destitute, Thomas Rutherford gave him space at the back of his farm on which to build a shack, and by many other acts of kindness strove to wean him from his evil ways. It was no use, however. He suffered a paralytic stroke as the result of a violent debauch and was found by Mrs. Rutherford lying across the floor of his shack all alone, his wife having left him. He died a few days later.

It was such cases that gave a great impetus to the movement for temperance reform.

The above mentioned sawmill was built by David Butchart just east of Squaw Point, some time in the early fifties, possibly even earlier. An engine supplied the power. The logs all came in by water and the lumber left the same way as there were no land roads to the mill. Mr. Butchart was a man of considerable enterprise as he also conducted a cheese factory on his farm. Both buildings have long since been torn down, although the ruins of the sawmill's foundation are still visible. Mr. Butchart had fourteen of a family ; they moved to Manitoba in 1879 when the west was beginning to open up.

Another character in the village's early history was an Englishman called William S——. William was a large man with a large family and he had an appetite that gained for him a sort of gentle notoriety. It could not justly be described as fairy-like. He seemed to be very susceptible to changes in temperature and on a cold winter morning when going out to cut wood was wont to don about four or five shirts to stave off the momentary discomfort of the frosty air. As the forenoon progressed and the fires of internal combustion steadily mounted under the stress of exercise, these shirts were one by one discarded, until at last only an undershirt covered his torso and the space immediately surrounding him looked like a Monday morning's washing.

One Easter Sunday, William attended Divine Service, just after having partaken more generously than wisely of a homely food which from time immemorial has been popular at Eastertide. He was observed to be in a somnolent state even before the opening psalm. Five minutes after the service started he had the Seven Sleepers backed off the boards and was a thousand miles deep in a sea of slumber. Luckily he did not snore. Everyone looked for him to waken

at the end of the sermon. Not so, however. A prayer followed the sermon, the closing psalm was sung, with some extra volume thrown in for the benefit of the sleeper who by this time was the cynosure of all eyes, and the benediction was pronounced. The soporific still had him in its power and it was only when Walter MacNeil walked over and shook him violently by the shoulder that reason ascended again her sleep-shattered throne and the dreamer swam slowly back into consciousness.

"It was the eggs," said William, and everybody believed him. It is curious how such little incidents stick in the minds of people who witness them, trivial though they may be, and the amusement they get out of them in after years.

Turning now to Annan we find that in 1850 the only building then standing there was the log schoolhouse, to which extended reference has been made elsewhere. It stood on the southwest corner of the school lot and has been described by an old pupil as a large log building which in winter time seemed impossible to keep warm for some reason or another. There are no dates available in connection with the buildings that were afterwards erected. The generation of men in the building trades who built them have passed on and those who remember their building could almost be counted on one's ten fingers and thumbs and their memory is the only guide to be relied upon in the matter. The second building, accepting this as an authority, that rose in the clearing at "the Corner" was a large two storey rough cast double house that stood directly opposite the school on the road leading to Leith but facing on the Lake Shore Line. It had the hewed barn frame common to the period and was substantially built. Two gentlemen, Vanwyck and McKinnon, here kept the first store in Annan, handling everything that could

be exchanged in the neighborhood for money or some of the lighter kinds of the farmer's produce. In that part of the house next the road to Leith Mr. Vanwyck first kept hotel in the village. The next storekeepers in the same building were Messrs Rixon and Lemon, who did business for only a few years. As head clerk and general factotum they had a gentleman named McGillivray, who seems to have been "the life of the business." William Speedie was next in succession as a general storekeeper in the same location ; he afterwards built a store and residence for himself farther down the street on the Lake Shore Line and moved into it. Here the Annan post office was kept for many years ; just how many is uncertain. A newspaper clipping of May 24th, 1899, states that Mr. and Mrs. Speedie had dispensed the post there for thirty-six years, which would fix the date on which they took charge as 1863 and as the said statement appears in an address accompanying a presentation to Mrs. Speedie and is signed by four old citizens of the neighborhood, one one would suppose it to be reliable. William W. Smith, on the other hand, says in his gazetteer published in 1865 that Leith was then the post town for the village, which was known as Leith Corner, and Mr. Smith is generally reliable too. Such discrepancies will help the reader to take a tolerant view of such little inaccuracies as appear in a work like the present one. Mr. Speedie, who was the second school teacher at Annan, kept a general stock of merchandise and gave excellent service as a postmaster. On the lot between the post office and the schoolground James Davidson built a stone cottage, which has in later years been enlarged and is now occupied by Robert Day. On the next lot north-east Doctor Allan Sloane, who graduated from Toronto University in 1865 and immediately came to Annan to establish a practise, built a brick residence and dispensary which was in the middle nineties

destroyed by fire. He then replaced it with a larger one which is still standing.

The second place of business at Annan was a (for the time) large frame two storey building built directly op-opposite Vanwyck's Hotel and on the Lake Shore Line. Thomas Vickers here kept a store of the usual type found in the country villages and ran it in connection with a cheese factory, also his own. It was afterwards used for a great variety of purposes until one Sunday a few years ago, when it furnished an hour's sensation by making a merry bonfire. Across the street from it on the Leith road a frame store building was built by the Telford brothers, James and William, and rented by the Ross brothers, David and Hugh C, who had previously kept store in the Vanwyck building. They moved into it and here James Ross and Sons, which firm succeeded the Ross Brothers, did business until 1888. It has had a long list of proprietors since and is at present the repository of His Majesty's mails for the village. Fifty years ago it was the general trading place for the news and views of half the township. Everybody knew the proprietors and they knew everybody. In fact the average country store was at that time as interesting a place as one would care to visit. A conversation casually started would end up in some strange and fearsome subjects sometimes, but generally on the comparative merits of the Honorable George Brown as exemplified in the Toronto Globe and that wily old leader of the grand old Conservative party, Sir John A MacDonald. Those were days when a man was either straight Grit or Tory and noses could be counted at the polling booths as confidently as a farmer now counts cattle in a barnyard. There were no third parties to confuse calculation or becloud the issues and the man who professed complete independence in political thought and in the marking of his

ballot was regarded by his neighbors with suspicion, as not being quite right above the neckband.

Shortly after the first settlement a mill was built on Keefer's creek, about three quarters of a mile east of the village. The exact date of its erection it has been found impossible to determine but it was sometime between 1846 and 1849. The builder and proprietor was John Wilson, an engineer who came up from Kingston with his family, one of whom, James, afterwards became its head miller. John Wilson seems to have been a man of considerable information on many subjects beside milling. There was a fine head of water at Wilson's Falls, the name given the site of the mills, for there was more than one of them, a sawmill being built after the flour mill, on the opposite side of the stream from it. Woolen mill machinery was installed in the upper storey of the flour mill and for several years a carding trade was carried on. The sawmill disappeared long years ago although there are several old barns still standing on the Lake Shore Line the lumber for which was sawn there. The flour mill is still standing, though considerably reduced in size. Wilson's Falls was the scene of two drowning accidents in the earliest days, one of them of a girl who was dragged into the fall while attempting to fill a pail of water.

The flow of water in this stream was always a source of mystery to all who knew it. It was a stream which did not grow larger as it approached its mouth and the Wilson mills continued running long years after the oatmeal mill near Leith, which has been referred to, had closed its doors for lack of motive power. It was noticed by the earliest settlers that shortly after the surrounding country was cleared up the lower end frequently dried up in the summer months, when other streams were running full. There are crevasses along its bank for a considerable distance below the falls and possibly much of the water escaped

into these to find its way by some underground passage to the bay. The first pioneers found it a fine trout stream and up until about forty-five years ago its mouth was the scene every spring of a large Indian encampment, when the sucker season was at its height. The trout long ago succumbed to the ravages of the angler, the Indian encampments are rapidly becoming only a memory and even the sucker seems to be deserting it.

We are told that the historian Gibbon took thirteen years to write his Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. There is no positive data on the subject, but possibly H. G. Wells took thirteen months to write his Outline of History. The story of the gradual decline in the fortunes of a country village could probably be compressed into thirteen minutes. A brief period of prosperity still awaits the village of Leith however, and to this an equally brief chapter will be devoted later on. After that——well, as Lockhart says, "the muffled drum is in prospect."

CHAPTER V.

NO. THREE COMPANY, 31st REGIMENT

In the year 1861 the British steamship Trent was proceeding from Nassau to London, having on board as passengers two gentlemen, Mr. Sliddel and Mr. Mason, commissioners from the Confederate Government at Richmond to France and England. The Southern Confederacy was at that time desperately anxious to secure recognition from the various European powers, even more so than the Soviet government at Moscow has been in recent months, but with this difference that they were everywhere unsuccessful. The Trent was boarded shortly after leaving the port of her departure by the United States crusier San Jacinto, Captain Charles Walker commanding, and search for and seizure was made of Messrs Mason and Sliddel, after some violent personal resistance on their part. The Trent proceeded on her way, arrived in England, the Captain told his story to the authorities and things began to happen. The fighting spirit of England rose at once. She demanded an apology of the United States government, instant restoration of the two commissioners and immediately began her preparations for war.

In the United States the incident had been hailed with noisy satisfaction. The men of the North felt that they had slipped one over on both the Confederacy and England. When the demand for an apology arrived in due time, however, the aspect of affairs changed. They realized there was trouble ahead. The great mass of the people were for instant acceptance of war. They were fighting one half of their own country already ; why not take on an outsider as well while they were at it ? But the occu-

pant of the White House at that time, a long lean man from Illinois with an uncanny gift of seeing far into the future, saw things in a different light. He reminded his councillors that they had committed the very offence for which the United States had made war on Britain in 1812. He overlooked those violations of neutrality England had already committed, which she continued throughout the Civil War and afterwards paid so dearly for in the court of arbitration which decided the Alabama claims. "One war at a time," said Lincoln. "Let us first subdue the South and then, when peace has come, deal with Britain." So the apology demanded was made, the two commissioners were given their liberty and another senseless war was happily averted, largely due to the hard common sense of one man. Would that there were more statesmen like him.

The reader will naturally ask what all this had to do with a township in Grey County. It may be answered that the event had its reactions even there. Throughout Canada the Trent affair, as it was subsequently called, roused an intense flame of patriotism. Mars became the popular deity. Volunteer companies and regiments were raised and recruited everywhere, independent of the government. There was no pay ; no arms, no accoutrements either. In an intense wave of loyalty the people recognized that something must be done, and at once. An average of six or seven companies were formed in every county in Ontario. Among them was enrolled the Leith Company, Provisional Rifles, which was afterwards gazetted as Number Three Company, Thirty First Battalion of Grey County.

This was in 1862 and before the excitement caused by the Trent affair had subsided. The men were enrolled that year and at the first meeting of the new company Mr. Jas. Cannon, who had been active in the work of organization and recruiting, was unanimously elected Captain.

The company's establishment consisted of three commissioned officers and fifty-four non-commissioned officers and men. Their names as they appear on the muster rolls of the year 1866 were as follows :

Toronto, June 3rd, 1866.

Muster roll, number three company, First Provisional Battalion Rifles :—

Captain—James Cannon, Sr ;

Lieutenant—James Pattison Telford ;

Ensign—Robert Vanwyck ;

Sergeants—
J. S. Wilson ;
James Cannon, Jr ;
Wm. Armstrong ;
Malcolm MacNeil ;

Corporals—
John Turnbull ;
James Grady ;
Wm. Armstrong ;
William Cannon ;

Lance Corporals—
Gilbert MacKay ;
Neil MacNeil ;

Bugler—Donald MacKay ;

Privates—
John Armstrong, Andrew Biggar, Thomas Brown, William Buzza, John Cathrae, George A. Cameron, Andrew Cameron, Thomas Cameron, Benjamin Cameron, Thomas Campbell, John Campbell, Rowland Campbell, Colin Campbell, Patrick Downie, Thomas Dennison, Leslie Dixon, Hugh Elliot, John Ead, John Grady, John Hogg, James Hogg, Charles Lemon, John Lefler, Ronald Livingstone, John Lemon, William

MacKay, John MacKay, Donald MacKay, James MacDowall, Duncan McTavish, Henry Moore, William Mathieson, Andrew MacLean, Duncan Morrison, William Nesbit, Daniel North, Charles Noble, John Platt, George Riddell, John Wilson, William Wilson.

The names of these men should be perpetuated in grateful remembrance by the people of Sydenham, for they were the first in the history of the township to offer their services to their country, the occasion being the Fenian raid of 1866, when this muster roll was compiled.

A cursory glance over the roll would at first lead the reader to believe the men had been recruited in a parish of the Highlands of Scotland. Cut the Camerons, the Campbells, the MacKays, the MacNeils and various other Macs out of it and little is left. They were a brawny lot of young Celts too, these Highlanders from the Lake Shore Line. From the very beginning the Company was famous for the physique of its men ; the sons of Anak had nothing on them for size. For many years afterwards Number Three could be picked out in a brigade by reason of the great average height of its rank and file and they all had physical strength proportionate to their height. "As fine a body of men as I have ever seen in Canada," said Lieut-Colonel Dennison, in speaking of them on their arrival in Toronto during the Fenian invasion, "but the officers are not worth a damn !" It is gratifying to know the Colonel subsequently changed his opinion as to the officers.

After its first organization the company met for drill once a week at Dunedin, as Annan was then called. The drill hall, still standing, was erected there but has long since lost its martial uses. The equipment was furnished in part by the Imperial Government and there was reason to believe, from some of the markings on the overcoats and other accoutrements, they had seen service at Sebastopol, in the Crimea. The first instructors were Captain, after-

wards Col. Brodie, and his son Vivian Brodie. Captain Chas. Noble, an old veteran who had seen active service in Spain and whose fine soldierly appearance is still remembered by old residents, also acted as instructor, drilling the company in his usual thorough manner. At a later date two instructors from the regular forces, Sergeants Kelly and Ward, were sent by the government to assist in instruction. The latter was a non-commissioned officer from the Grenadier Guards and the company rapidly grew proficient in drill.

This continued until 1866 when the company was regularly gazetted, and as we are only concerned with the beginning of things this notice will not extend beyond that year. From its unique circumstances however, the Fenian Raid of that year and the services rendered by Number Three Company in repelling it should be briefly touched upon.

The Fenian invasion, or rather the motives that prompted it, and the passive attitude assumed toward it by the United States government will always remain more or less a mystery. It was a notoriously-known fact in the winter of 1865-1866 that over one thousand Fenians were assembled at Buffalo and drilling in anticipation of some sort of trouble, but the United States authorities were asleep, and they did nothing about it. The country was recovering from the turmoils of civil war for one thing ; for another they had the poorest excuse of a man for president that ever held such a high office. It is difficult to see how Andrew Johnston was even elected vice-president. With the assassination of Lincoln he became president and the best chief executive the Republic had ever known until that time was succeeded by the worst. He was drunk when he took the oath of office and acted more like a charlatan than a sober statesman for all the time he filled it. Its high dignity was cheapened and de-

graded in a manner that has made every honest American blush for shame since. It is certain, too, that the United States had no reason to be other than grateful for the part Canada had played in the war. The Honorable George Brown had invoked his splendid eloquence in the cause of freedom and against "the peculiar institution" of the South. Forty-two thousand Canadians had crossed the border, enlisted under the banners of the North and fought for the slave's emancipation. One of the MacNeil brothers of Leith was of them. Whether it was the antagonism aroused over the Trent affair or the depredations of Southern cruisers built in British yards in violation of the laws of neutrality, the fact remains that there was a strong hostile feeling toward Britain and all things British in the United States for years after the war. Some American historians, with amusing effrontery, have attempted to show that the invasion would have been successful and Toronto captured and burned but for the sudden activity of the American government, when it was discovered what was going on.

But such airy persiflage does not alter the facts. On the morning of June 1st about fifteen hundred Fenians, starting from Buffalo and crossing the border, landed at Fort Erie and the invasion was on. Had it not been that many of them were drunk that morning and remained so during their hectic stay in Canada until their hurried departure, the consequences might have been more serious than they were. These Irish Americans were the scum and offscouring, the riff-raff of the armies, North and South. But the Great War taught us the old lesson anew that a bad man may be a very brave one and that depraved criminals sometimes make excellent soldiers, just as pacifists are often the most useful citizens in times of peace.

The dangers or extent of the invasion seem to have been matters in which most Canadians were utterly in the

dark. Rumors, magnified until they became preposterous, were rife everywhere. Probably this was because the telegraph system was still so limited in scope. These rumors spread to Grey County and on the morning of May 8th, while the Reverend Alexander Hunter was conducting a service in the Leith church, a new fledged one spread something like a panic in his congregation that must have seemed amusing to many of them when the facts were known. In the midst of the discourse the door opened and Mr. Leslie Dixon walked rapidly to the pulpit, where he whispered a message in the ear of a member of the Session. He heard it with the most admirable composure and after the messenger had departed announced to the people that there was reason to believe a large party of Fenians was coming up the bay in an armed flotilla. The assembly immediately dispersed with far more haste than dignity. The strange part of it seems to be that even the minister believed the report. The incredibility of Fenians making their appearance in such an out-of-the-way spot never crossed the minds of the watchers on the beach, to whom the advance of these strange craft must have appeared pretty much like the approach of the Spanish Armada on the coasts of England did to the lighters of the beacon fires of warning, in the reign of good Queen Bess. However, the mirage, or whatever it was that caused the optical illusion, lifted, and the threatened cloud of invasion turned out to be a number of canoes coming from Cape Croker laden with Indians, who doubtless would have been diverted had they known the sensation they had stirred up. This is only a solitary instance of the alarms, many of them even more ridiculous, that filled the country.

On the morning of June 2nd, Mr. Joseph Parker, having ridden all night, arrived at Dunedin from Collingwood bearing a telegram which, by a misunderstanding too lengthy to explain here, had been interpeted as orders

for number three company to proceed to the front. The company mustered in full force at Leith, hurried good-byes were paid to relatives and they embarked on the steamer Clifton for Collingwood. There was no telegraphic communication between Owen Sound and that town at the time, else a great deal of confusion and misunderstanding might have been averted. Number Two company of Owen Sound had gone to the frontier at Sarnia. After the company had embarked on the Clifton, the officers found aboard ship Major George Gordon to whom the telegram brought by Mr. Parker to Dunedin from Collingwood was addressed, and, after a vexatious tangle was unravelled, it was discovered the Leith company were proceeding to Toronto without orders. But British soldiers are not in the habit of turning back and after a momentary consultation among the officers it was decided to go on.

The Fenians, as has been stated, were an unknown quantity and the men of Number Three Company might have had a long and bloody campaign ahead of them for all they knew. But certain it is that never did soldiers march away to war with such gay abandon as these men from Leith and the Lake Shore Line. Certain it is, too, that when the Clifton cast off her lines at Leith dock she left sad and anxious hearts behind. The horrors of war were fresh in the minds of the older people at least. Little more than a year before Lee and his legions had surrendered to Grant at Appotmattox Court House, and the most sanguinary and costly war in all history up to that date had ended at last. The bloody battles of the early years of the Civil War, Shiloh, Manassas, Fredricksburg, Chickamauga, Chancellorsville, Malvern Hill, Vicksburg, Gettysburg and Antietam, just to mention a few among many, and the desperate fighting around Richmond in the summer of 1864 when Grant inexorably hammered the life out of Lee, were recent remembrances that must have caused

many a sleepless night in Sydenham. Let no man cherish the fond delusion that Americans, of that day at least, were too proud or afraid to fight. The casualties in many of these battles per man engaged were higher than in the Peninsular War, the Waterloo campaign, the Crimean or Franco-Prussion wars or even the Great War itself. How many sad homes would there be in Sydenham should her boys engage in battles where the casualty lists were even a hundred fold less ? We sometimes smile at the Raid now but the danger then seemed imminent and real.

Aboard the Clifton however there were no signs of depression. Far from it. The stalwart six-footers of Number Three were in the highest spirits and when they debarked at Collingwood and were joined by the company from that town for the journey by rail to Toronto the proceedings grew hilarious. The coaches were badly crowded and many of the Collingwood men crawled out on the roofs, claiming they needed more air. The late Mr. Neil MacNeil of Leith once told the author that the trip Toronto-ward was the noisiest one he ever made in his life. What added to the general excitement were the wild reports, met with at every station as they stopped at it, of an engagement at that moment raging between the Fenians and the forces that had been hurridly concentrated to repel the invasion. The company "pote," as Mr. Dooley has called him, had suddenly found his voice and he improvised war songs and parodies upon the spot suitable to the circumstances. The Civil War had been prolific in war songs and some of these were pressed into service. George Root's stirring war ode, "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp the boys go marching" was a favorite and was parodied by one of the aforesaid "potes" about as follows :

Tramp, Tramp, Tramp the boys go marching,
Cheer up ! let the Fenians come,

Foı beneath the Union Jack we will drive the————back
And we'll fight for our dear old Canadian home.

Impromptu concerts were organized and the same kind of orations delivered. In the midst of such unwarlike scenes the train arrived at Toronto, about midnight of the same day on which they had left Leith. Here they found a number of dead and wounded from the engagement being brought into Toronto and some Fenian prisoners also.

The company marched to the large drill hall and here found a scene of excitement beyond anything they had ever witnessed. Companies were being drilled by their officers, civilians were singing patriotic songs, arms and accoutrements and ball ammunition were being served out while a continuous roar like reverberating thunder shook the building. "It was magnificent but it was not war" as a military observer said of the charge of the Six Hundred. The men of Number Three with their officers then started a long hunt for something to eat and finally bagged a meal in a small bakery, the commissary department having collapsed.

Two days later they were formed, with six other companies, into a provisional battalion under the command of Col. A. M. Smith, President of the Royal Canadian Bank of Toronto ; the battalion immediately boarded a train for Kingston and patrolled the roads between that city and Toronto for three days. They were afterwards billeted in Kingston for ten days, when they were moved to Coburg. Here they remained until June 21st when orders were received for them to return home. This they did and within thirty days from the date of embarkation at Leith all had returned to their usual occupations. The invasion had passed into history.

Thus ended the campaign of the Fenian Raid. Theodore Roosevelt once said of the Spanish American war

that the great trouble was there was not enough war to go around for the boys who went to Cuba. The same might be said of the Fenian invasion. It was as indefensible as Germany's invasion of Belguim but had these cutthroat scoundrels been allowed to wreak their own sweet will upon us our plight might even have been worse than that of the Belgians. A medal and a grant of land in Northern Ontario were, about 1900, made to each veteran who had served in the Raid, by the Ontario government.

An incident in the history of the Company that excited great local interest at the time, was the presentation of a beautiful set of colors to the officers and men, by the ladies of the neighborhood. During the winter of 1868-67 while the Raid was still fresh in their minds, the ladies busied themselves in spare moments in making a large blue silk flag, which from the accounts that have come down to us must have been the most gorgeous thing of its kind. March 22nd, 1867 was the date set for the presentation ceremony, which was held in the open air and on the green in front of the Annan schoolhouse. It was a chilly season of the year for an open air event but the fires of patrotism were burning brightly enough at the time to ward off any physical discomfort. The Company being drawn at Attention with the officers in their respective stations, the presentation address was read by Mrs. Peter Taylor and a suitable reply was made by Captain Telford. Our regret is that their considerable length makes the insertion of these respective addresses impossible as they throw a valuable light upon the general feeling excited by the Raid. Miss Campbell then formally presented the colors to the keeping of the Company and the Rev. Robert Dewar offered up a short but appropriate prayer.

On such an occasion it was inevitable that the poetic muse should seek expression in some shape. It has been said that every man is at some time in his life obsessed

with the idea he is a born poet. Some survive the notion ; others persist in it until the end of their days. The passion for versification seems to have run rife at the time and a most warlike ode had been prepared for the event by a local poet whose two sons had gone to Toronto in the previous year with the confident expectation of getting to grips with the Fenians. At this point in the ceremony it was read by Hugh Reid, and for the edification of our readers it is appended in full below. The author evidently took great advantage of what is called poetic license but the martial ardor it inspired must have more than compensated for any deficiency in poetic merit found in its lines.

Ye stalwart sons of patriots true,
Accept from us these colors blue,
Let deeds of yours ne'er stain the hue
  That leads you in the fight.

On Scotia's hills, with heather red—
On Emerald Isle, by Shannon fed—
On Huron's shores your sons were bred—
  Banded to guard the right.

Come Saxons ! trusty as your steel,
From Merry England, true and leal—
Let Dougald's stirring pibroch peal
  Along the martial line.

Let not fell discord wreck your band,
Your honor guard with heart and hand,
As brothers live—as brothers stand—
  When called to face the foe.

Let not the foreign despot's call
To arms your heats of oak appal ;
For freedom stand—for freedom fall—
  And lay the miscreant low.

Boast not of deeds as yet unborn,
The shock of war you've yet to learn ;
Let glorious Bruce and Bannockburn
Your watchword ever be.

For Queen and Country draw your blades,
Your homes—your friends—your blooming maids ;
Then trust in Heaven, which ever aids
The valiant and the free.

When the shrill bugle sounds alarm
Join rank to rank and arm to arm,
The patriot's zeal your breasts shall warm—
Strike ! Strike for Liberty !

This gift of the muse, evidently written in imitation of the Scottish national anthem, was received with loud applause by the whole assemblage. The wrappings that confined the flag were then removed and as the glorious standard of old England unfolded to the breeze the stirring associations of a thousand years that have enshrined the cross of St. George in the hearts of millions of her subjects in every quarter of the globe swept through the gathering and found vent in a spontaneous cheer, repeated time and again. It was a convincing testimonial on the part of the stout hearted men of Sydenham, soldiers and civilians alike, of their attachment to monarchial institutions and the British Crown. The outburst having subsided, three cheers for Her Most Gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria, were called for and were given with rousing fervor. This marked the conclusion of the ceremony. What seems to have been an indispensable part of such occasions at that time followed at VanWyck's Hotel the same evening, when the officers and men of No. 3 Company with their invited guests to the number of ninety sat down to a sumptuous repast prepared by the genial proprietor, Robert VanWyck himself, to which

we may be sure substantial justice was done. The whole event passed off in the happiest possible manner and without the slightest untoward occurrence to mar its harmony.

Of the officers of Number Three who served, Lieutenant Telford, afterwards Colonel of the Thirty First Battalion, and now in his eighty-sixth year alone survives. Of the non-commissioned officers and privates it is impossible to speak with like certainty, but by far the greater number have crossed the silent river and, let us hope, have found eternal peace.

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo ;
No more on Life's parade shall meet
That brave and gallant few.
On Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread ;
And Glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.

Glancing briefly at the subsequent history of the company we find Lieutenant Telford raised to the captaincy, shortly after the Raid, Captain Cannon having become Major of the Battalion. In 1888 Captain Telford received another promotion and William Ross of Leith was given the rank of Captain, which he held until 1891, resigning in that year. He was succeded by Robert McKnight of Owen Sound and a year or so later the headquarters of the Company were moved to Owen Sound and Number Three Company of Leith, as such, was numbered among the things that were. Leith had been, until that time, the only rural community in Grey from which a company had been recruited for the 31st Regiment.

DEVELOPMENT AND DECAY

CHAPTER VI

In 1854, James Wilson, of Galt, came up to Leith and, after a survey of the village, bought out Mr. Telfer's interest in it, lock, stock and barrel. The townplot at this time comprised four hundred and sixty acres, although only a minor portion had been surveyed into building lots. The consideration is said to have been sixteen hundred pounds, or nearly eight thousand dollars, and if this was the price actually paid, Mr. Wilson's proper vocation should have been that of a real estate dealer, as we shall see a little further on. He was what might have been called an absentee landlord, as he returned to Galt and never looked near his purchase again until after he had sold it three years later.

Mr. Wilson was a native of Ayr—

> "Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses,
> For honest men and bonny lasses."

and in his youthful years had gone to school there with William Veitch, who, at the time the former came to Leith, was following his trade of cabinet making in the new Ayr that had been founded in Ontario. Mr. Veitch came up to Leith with his old schoolmate, and while there bought the farm on Concession A about two miles below the village, then owned by Robert Grierson, and now by his son Walter. He then went back to Waterloo County and worked at his trade, until he had accumulated enough money to pay for it in full, in the interim renting the farm to Duncan Morrison. He returned to Leith in 1862, and took

possession. He had been successful as a tradesman and was fully as successful as a farmer. Well versed in mechanics, he was an advanced mathematician who thoroughly understood the two-foot, or carpenter's square, and could work out many intricate problems upon it.

Mr. Wilson seems to have taken little interest in Leith, and to have effected little improvement there. After selling the townplot three years later, or in 1857, he made a trip back to Scotland, and must have lived in regal style while away. He bought a costly gold watch while in the Old Land, and was wont to show it to friends after his return to Canada, with the remark that it was all that was left of his interest in Leith. In 1862 he came at last to Owen Sound, and was for several years in the hotel business there. Some old residents of the City still remember him.

In 1857 Adam Ainslie, then an attorney of Galt, became interested in the Sydenham village and its possibilities. With his cousin, George Ainslie, who had arrived in Galt from Edinburgh, he formed a partnership, and bought it just as Mr. Wilson bought it, with the difference that he had never seen it when he paid the purchase price. Mr. Wilson sold out for twenty thousand dollars, and as the whole amount was at once placed in his hands, it becomes apparent that his trip to Scotland must have been one of voluptuous and sensational luxury, for those days at least. Mr. Ainslie came to Leith in 1857, looked over the property, and returned to Galt. He moved up with his wife, a family of three, and all household effects, in the following year, but shortly afterward his relative, for some reason, dissolved the partnership, and Mr. Ainslie took over his share. He moved into the Mill House referred to in a previous chapter, and lived there several years. Then another move was made to a house on the opposite bank of the Water o' Leith, and in this house he lived until he left the village in 1888.

These are the facts in connection with the two sales of Leith in the fifties, as far as it has been possible to ascertain them from a number of authorities who were not always in agreement upon a few minor details, but whose accounts of the transactions, taken in a general sense, agree pretty closely. The amount paid by Mr. Ainslie was paid down, as stated above, and there may have been further payments, but if there were nobody knows of them. It will be acknowledged, however, that the man who can more than double his money, in a deal of this kind, inside of three years, is born for some other profession besides hotel keeping. However, the times were in Mr. Wilson's favor. We sometimes talk of good times now, as though in the past they never had anything but hard times. The truth is that the ten years following 1855 were, for Canada, the most prosperous she ever enjoyed. The general flow of population was not then, as now, from the rural districts to the towns, but precisely in the opposite direction. The wilderness and the solitary places were being made glad by men from the towns and cities, who were moving out to the new settlements and taking up the new vocation of farming. Practically the whole Lake Shore Line was settled by men who left the towns and cities of Scotland to come to Canada and make new homes in the bush. They were doing the same thing in many Canadian cities too, though on a smaller scale, and it was what might be called a healthy movement of population. We can hardly conceive of such a movement at the present time, and we can imagine the roar of indignation that would go up from our cities which are striving might and main, by Chambers of Commerce and Boards of Trade, to increase their various populations if such a movement ever started. What will be the end of the present migration from the country to the cities, Heaven alone knows. Sydney now has a population of one million, or one fifth that of Australia. Buenos

Ayres has two millions, or about the same proportion of the Argentine. The census of 1920, in the United States, showed fifty-three per cent of the population to be living in cities or towns of over two thousand five hundred, and a town that size can hardly be called a rural community. We find farmers of little more than middle age retiring to the cities, to settle down and enjoy life. Perhaps they do, after a fashion. But they could live much more cheaply—and securely—in the country, and find there the life most worth living if they only had the mental capacity to appreciate it. The old saying still holds good, that man made the town but God made the country, and we are speaking from a long experience in city life and the artificial pleasures and fleeting joys to be found there. There is a restlessness and craving for excitement in the young people of our cities that bodes ill for the future of the country. They value an education, but they value it only for the chances it affords them of entering some profession, where they will escape the—to them—degradation of having to soil their hands in the occupation of the mechanic or the farmer. This restlessness they naturally communicate to the young people of the country, and in consequence we find our universities crowded with young men and women who have no conception whatever of the true value of higher education, but who do have an unworthy and ill-concealed contempt for all forms of manual labor. They are loud in their denunciations of the exorbitant demands of the labor unions, yet many of them are satisfied to accept half the money earned by a mechanic in the building trades if only they are spared the indignity of honest labor with their hands. It is not a healthy symptom in the body politic, and thoughtful men are everywhere growing alarmed over it.

Turning again to the decade ending in the year 1866, it is not hard to trace the prosperity of those years in

Canada, or the activity in the agricultural industry which was naturally reflected in such villages as Leith. In 1855 a reciprocity treaty was entered into between Canada and the United States, which included in its provisions practically all products of the farm, and a list of manufactured articles as well. It was of immense benefit to both countries, but particularly so to Canada. Those were the days when farms were paid off and mortgages raised in Sydenham, and the country in general prospered as never before. The Civil War of the sixties swelled trade to enormous proportions, but it was indirectly the cause of the abrogation of the treaty, in 1866. The feeling in the United States toward Britain, in that year, was a sore one, and prompted their statesmen in refusing to renew it for another ten years. This was, we believe, a mistake on their part, but it is a mistake that has since been copied, and with far less reason, by our own statesmen and people. In spite of all efforts to the contrary, on both sides of the line we have since had a barrier of customs duties between the two countries, just as senseless and irritating as would be a line of forts garrisoned by regiments of soldiers along the boundary from one ocean to the other. It is a constant source of vexation and heartburning to the people on each side of it. On one side the wall will be raised temporarily, to prevent the people on that side from buying where they can buy to the greatest advantage, as though this were a sin, and something to be shunned. On the other side, the wall is raised in places still higher in reprisal, and thus the game goes on, with the few in both countries encouraging it, and fattening at the expense of the many. The men of 1855 were wiser in their day and generation than we have ever been since, for at least they could see no sense in cutting off the nose to spite the face.

But to our story. Once fairly settled, Mr. Ainslie took a good look around him, and decided on a number of in-

vestments in his new possession which seemed to him as promising of profit. Before following him in these, it will be well to take a good look at the man himself. One is naturally interested in the man who, in 1857, risked twenty thousand dollars—equal to at least forty-five or fifty thousand dollars sixty-five years later—on a property he had never seen. Such a man would have made a heavy plunger in the Wall Street of our own times.

He was born on the 13th of April, 1807, at Begbie, in Haddington-shire, Begbie being the estate owned by Archibald Ainslie, his father, who was a gentleman farmer. Ainslie the elder was a man who could give his son every advantage, and the young Adam was sent to the Haddington Grammar School. Haddington is the county seat in the shire of the same name, and is only fifteen miles from Edinburgh. Here he had, for a school-mate, the future wife of the Sage of Ecclefechan, Thomas Carlyle, in the person of Jennie Welch. Of his personal opinion of that young lady we are left in ignorance, but it is well known that her married life with the cranky Thomas was not of the happiest description. When fourteen years of age he graduated from this school, and in November, 1821, he went up to London and was indentured in the study of law, with Weir & Smith, the former gentlemen being his uncle. The law course covered five years, and at its conclusion Mr. Ainslie, then a full-fledged barrister, went to Gibralter. Here he practised law for eight years very successfully, but a violent outbreak of yellow fever, of which he was one of the victims who happily recovered, led to his decision to quit the Rock and emigrate to Canada. He left in 1834, taking passage in the brig Williams, Captain Lamson, master. The voyage took nearly five weeks, and Mr. Ainslie paid one hundred dollars for his fare, which seems a large amount for passage on a sailing vessel. At last he arrived, and decided upon coming to Galt, which was then an active

village of two hundred and fifty inhabitants. It did not have so large a population at the end of 1834, for in the summer of that year a travelling menagerie brought the cholera to the village, and in the week that followed nearly one fifth of the inhabitants fell victims to the scourge it left behind. The outbreak was long remembered as one of the worst of its kind that ever visited Canada. A history of the early days of Dumfries township and the town of Galt, written by the Hon. James Young and published in 1880, teems with references to Adam Ainslie, in that portion of the narrative covering the years 1834 to 1857, the latter being the year he first came up to Leith. Mr. Ainslie arrived in November, several months after the visitation, and one of the first difficulties he encountered was the fact that, under the laws of Upper Canada, he would not be allowed to practise his profession. This seemed a serious obstacle for a time, but the disability was removed by a special Act of Parliament, and the new shingle was soon hung out. In 1837 the MacKenzie rebellion happened along to add to the gaiety of nations, and Mr. Ainslie, always an intense loyalist, figured in it as a captain in the 11th Gore Militia. The rebellion roused intense excitement around Galt, as it was supposed that the unfortunate Lount and Matthews were concealed in a house there for a time, but this turned out to be incorrect.

Municipal honors came in due time to Mr. Ainslie. Galt was incorporated as a village in 1850, with a little over two thousand inhabitants, and he was elected to the Council several times. In 1856 he was elected Reeve, and in the following year, Galt having in the interim been incorporated as a town, he was offered the mayoralty but declined, as his intention was then fixed to come to Leith. In 1837 the macdamizing of the Dundas and Waterloo road was commenced by the Provincial Government, and he was appointed as one of the commissioners to carry it out. He

served twelve years on this commission, and was for some years its chairman.

It was shortly before his fortieth year before he decided that it is not good for a man to be alone, and took unto himself a wife. The lady in the case was Isabella Miller, also of Galt. She was a daughter of John Miller, who, before coming to America, had owned an estate near Hawick, that city in Roxburghshire which has figured so largely in our narrative. The Millers came first to the State of New Jersey, but later moved to Galt. Mrs. Ainslie, about the time of her marriage, is said to have borne a remarkable resemblance to Queen Victoria. The union was a happy one and three children were born to it.

Despite his many activities there, Mr. Ainslie's law practise in Galt seems to have been an extensive one from the very beginning. In 1837 he was engaged as counsel for one of the parties thereto in litigation over a disputed title, the details of which are too lengthy for recital here. This lawsuit, which attracted a great deal of interest throughout Upper Canada, gave rise to an incident happening during the proceedings which illustrates the joviality of his disposition, and his love of always mixing pleasure with business when it was possible to do so without neglecting the interests of his clients. The Hon. James Young refers to it in considerable length in the history of Galt, referred to above, so it should be worthy of recounting here. At a certain stage in the lawsuit, Mr. Ainslie found it advisable to go to Elora in company with two other gentlemen, Messrs. Shade and Chapman, in an effort to get confirmation of his client's title. The three arranged to drive to Elora, and then, when the business had been transacted, build a raft and fish down the Grand River home again. It may be added that their mission was successful, and that for a consideration of $150 the Elora man they had gone to

interview promised to come down to Mr. Ainslie's office and confirm the title of his client, a gentleman named MacKenzie.

However, it is with their journey back to Galt by raft we are concerned now. This was described many years later in a letter from Mr. Ainslie to Mr. Young, from whose history it is copied ad verbatim.

"We constructed a raft about four miles below Elora. A large stone tied to a rope served as an anchor, and we used it at the foot of the rapids. We were most successful in fishing. The dry cedar logs of the raft having become water-logged, and the raft inconveniently low, Mr. Shade determined to replenish it with an additional supply of logs from a large collection of drift stuff at the head of a rapid we were nearing. When we arrived at it he called on me to jump off, which I at once did, with my coat over my arm, a bottle of whiskey in my left hand, and my fishing-rod in my right. At the same instant Chapman threw the stone on the bank, but the current being very strong pulled it off, and before I could turn around Shade in a loud voice ordered me to jump on again but—

"Time and tide for no man bide."

I fully realized on this occasion the truth of this adage. Suddenly wheeling to the right about face, I saw the raft rapidly receding from the shore. I made a desperate spring to regain it, but alas ! merely touched it with my foot, and was then and there bodily immersed in the rapidly flowing fluid !

When I regained my feet my fellow voyagers were a long way down the rapid. On arriving at still water they came to anchor, and had their risible faculties intensely excited by seeing me wading to my middle down the rapids to rejoin them. I still, however, held onto my coat, the rod,

and the bottle of whiskey, and I found the last most acceptable when I regained the raft. I thought I had been ill-used, and had a right to complain of somebody, but the more I complained the more they laughed, and replied to all my remonstrances by recommending me to take another pull at the bottle ! We took up our quarters that night at old William Davidson's, in Woolwich, where I got my clothes dried at the kitchen fire. The next afternoon we reached home."

"This brings to my mind another acquatic occurrence. Many years ago New Hope (now Hespeler) was a favorite place of resort to fish for trout. One day I was one of a party to go there. My companions were the three Messrs. Dickson. After fishing some time the Hon. Robert Dickson, in crossing the stream, slipped off a plank into the pond of Aberholtzer's saw-mill. After scrambling out to the bank he deliberately divested himself of his clothing, which he hung up on stumps to dry. He then improvised a sort of Zulu costume, and with the utmost sang froid continued to pull the trout from the stream until his clothing was fit to put on again ! Those were jolly days and they seem now to have passed all too quickly."

From the tenor of this letter from the Galt attorney to the author of its history, it will be inferred that the former gentleman was a keen sportsman, as well as an excellent lawyer, and this inference is correct. Like father, like son. In later years, at Leith, his son John became one of the keenest sportsmen as well as one of the best all round athletes in Sydenham township.

One little detail of the history of the Waterloo County village will be of interest at this point. In 1838 William Dickson, who had founded it, disposed of two hundred acres of land covering what is now the best portion of Galt, on the west side of the Grand River, and an additional hundred

acres in Dumfries township, with his entire interest in Dumfries Mills, to Absalom Shade, the consideration as stated in the deed amounting to two thousand five hundred pounds, or about $12,225.00. In deeding the aforesaid two thousand acres to Mr. Shade, among the reservations made by Mr. Dickson was one lot for Adam Ainslie, north of Main and east of Ainslie Street. Mr. Dickson and the jovial attorney were evidently on intimate and friendly terms when the former not only reserved from the sale a lot for the latter's benefit, but also honored him by naming what is now one of Galt's leading throughfares after him. Galt must have had at this time between four and five hundred inhabitants, as the village was growing rapidly, having entirely recovered from the cholera scare. Yet Mr. Dickson disposed of the larger part of his interests there for about $8,000. less than Mr. Ainslie paid for a far smaller interest in the village of Leith, twenty years later, when the latter place had a population of about one hundred. Putting two and two together it becomes plain that in 1860 the prospects for future prosperity in Leith were pretty rosy.

In reference to what may seem rather an extended notice of Galt, it may be explained that from 1840 until 1860, and even later, that town occupied by far a larger place in the thoughts and interests of our first pioneers than it has since done in those of their children. Many of the first arrivals in Owen Sound came from there, and even in greater measure they came to the Lake Shore Line and vicinity of Leith. Not that they were encouraged to come by Galtonians, however. Those who remained behind had the most harrowing stories to tell the dear departing ones of the hardships and positive dangers that awaited them up in the region of Georgian Bay. The winters were pictured as being six months long and incredibly severe ; their only neighbors would be roving bands of redskins. The Queen's

Bush was filled with wild animals of the fiercest description, and if they escaped starving to death these savage beasts would keep them in a constant dread worse than death itself. This story is not overdrawn. It is what many of the inhabitants of Galt in that day actually believed. Many of those who left did so with the pleasing assurance ringing in their ears that it would not be a year until they were back again. They themselves had some fearful and wonderful notions of the new home they were coming to. They never dreamed that, as an instance, fruit trees could be raised here at all. Those who made the first experiments in fruit growing were openly scoffed at. All this seems strange to us now, but 'twas ever thus. The stay-at-homes will always find some reason for continuing to stay there, and the adventurer who fares forth in quest of fresh fields to conquer, while he may not always succeed, at least should be given credit for being willing to take his chance.

What do we find now ? We find, for one thing, that we can raise as fine apples, plums and pears as are grown anywhere in the Dominion, in point of flavor at least. We find Owen Sound, in spite of its comparative isolation a larger city than Galt, although founded twenty-four years later. When compared with some of its sister cities having greater natural advantages, Owen Sound has made truly wonderful progress.

But to return to Mr. Ainslie. For many years after his coming to Galt in 1834 he had little competition in his practice of law. There was but one other barrister in the village, a gentleman named John Miller. As men in that day were just as fond of litigation as they are at present, and from all accounts even more so, and as, owing to land speculation, there was a vast amount of conveyancing, etc., fortune seems to have smiled upon him. He was in great demand at social events and as he had a keen

appreciation of forensic talent was often heard in the debates of the village. In 1841 the theatrical fever struck Galt, with as much violence as the cholera had a few years earlier, and a dramatic society was organized. The first plays were presented in the Township Hall of Dumfries, a building no sooner finished than it began to assume an air of antiquity, and which was, in its last days, known as "Noah's Ark." The opening performance was the well known Rob Roy; Mr. Ainslie acted as prompter, and wrote and delivered a clever prologue the night it was presented. He also composed a chorus, "Hurrah for the village of Galt, boys," which described in glowing detail what a great place the village already was, and prophesied even greater and grander things to come. Those who remember the fine old Scottish gentleman himself can easily imagine how he must have enjoyed himself that night ! He wielded at all times a trenchant and eloquent pen, and it has sometimes been a matter for surprise that he never adopted letters as a profession. In politics he was from the very time of his first landing in the country strongly conservative, and a strong admirer of Sir John A. MacDonald. There are not now many men in North Grey who attended the great Liberal meeting in Owen Sound in 1878, when the Hon. Alexander MacKenzie addressed the gathering in defence of his four years' administration and asked for a further lease of power, and possibly some even of these have forgotten how, when Mr. MacKenzie had concluded his address, Mr. Ainslie rose from his seat in the audience and, with the utmost decorum, propounded a few questions to the Liberal Chieftan, which were received with the most respectful attention and given an equally respectful answer. The Honorable Alexander MacKenzie would have been honorable in any station in life ; whatever his deficiencies were, he was nothing if not a gentleman.

Until the day of his death Mr. Ainslie always manifested the warmest interest in, and affection for, Galt. He spent twenty-eight years there, certainly the most prosperous, and possibly the happiest years of his life. When he came to Leith his attention was called to the need of a dock, and the building of this was his first undertaking. It was built straight out into the bay, on the north side of the Water o' Leith, in 1861. There was a depth of ten feet at the outer end, which was ample for the light draught of the small steamers and sailing craft of that period. It was cribbed all the way out, the cribs being filled with stone found in the neighborhood. The farmers of Leith and vicinity had then never heard of such a thing as a booster, but they showed a most booster-like spirit when the dock was built. Realizing that the dock would be of great value to the village, they organized a few bees and Mr. Ainslie thus had his stone drawn for nothing. The oak snubbing posts were works of art. They were nicely beveled on top, and rounded to a smaller diameter at the floor of the dock than at the head. Leith was at once made a fueling station for the wood-burning steamers, and many thousands of cords passed over the dock in the years that followed, to be fed to their furnaces.

An addition was built to the mill and here, shortly afterwards, the first telegraph office was opened, in a small building at the east end of it. Mr. Ainslie commenced grain buying, using part of the mill for storage, but it was found too damp for that purpose and he soon desisted. The mill pond was enlarged and the dam strengthened, all these improvements on that building being effected at considerable expense. The distillery was running at full capacity at this time and the head distiller, a Mr. Rochester, previously mentioned, had made several improvements over the lax methods of his predecessor. There was no more free whiskey for all who cared to come

and take a dipperful from the vats at their pleasure. A small storehouse for Mr. Rochester's product was built down at the waterfront, just beside the dock. There is an old, but true story, that one of the villagers stole a whole barrel of booze from this building by going down every morning before daylight, gaining access to the inside by some means known only to himself, filling his pail, and scurrying furtively home with it. In time he was suspected, caught with the goods on him, and was made to pay for the whole barrel. At the prevailing price of whiskey he would not have to pay so much, after all. And if stolen fruit is always sweetest, think of how he must have enjoyed licking up that stolen liquor !

Mr. Ainslie had different gangs of men working on his various enterprises, and when he found they could not get free liquor themselves by going to the distillery it was his fashion to fill a quart bottle and start making the rounds, giving each man a small "snort." Such an employer should not have had much difficulty in hiring men.

The distillery ceased operations some time in 1864. The reason for such cessation was said to be the heavy excise duty levied by the Upper Canada authorities about that time on hard liquors. It is positive that it was not due to any slackening in the demand for its product.

The new proprietor of the village and its fortunes used to have some funny experiences with his tenants and would-be tenants. Among these latter was an old character who answered to the homely name of Tommy Jones. Tommy was a bachelor, probably for the good and sufficient reason that no woman would consent to have him, and like most bachelors his affections were centred on very few objects in life. In fact, they narrowed themselves down to one. That was whiskey, for which he had a tender and loving regard indeed. He persuaded Mr. Ainslie into

permission to start a garden on some vacant land adjacent to Keefer's Creek, on the north side. Here he planted some Indian corn and a variety of garden truck, which was all very well. But the homing instinct seems to have struck him, for he suddenly began operations in the construction of a house and had made the excavation for a cellar before Mr. Ainslie appeared on the scene to put a crimp in his activities. He was ordered off the land bag and baggage, but a huge hole in the ground remained for many years as a monument to his blasted hopes. The building of a row of summer cottages is at present projected, within two hundred yards of the spot. After that Tommy made his home as previously, wherever the night chanced to find him. A huge hogshead back of Glen's tavern was one of his places of nightly repose. How he came to his end nobody knows, but his dead body was found in the bush back of the village, and where he is buried everyone seems to have forgotten.

The list of inhabitants of the village, with their several occupations, is given by W. W. Smith in his gazetteer, published in 1865, and is as follows :

Adam Ainslie, proprietor of Leith Mills ; Richard Alexander, laborer ; Peter Burr, blacksmith, Thomas Brown, carpenter ; Arthur B. Cameron, carpenter ; George Cameron, carpenter; Peter Cameron, carpenter; James Clark, carpenter ; Michael Duffy, laborer ; Robert Grierson ; John Lenfesty, miller, Leith Mills ; Charles Lemon, boot and shoemaker ; Royal Moulton, inn-keeper, "Leith Hotel;" Henry Moore, teacher, boards at A. Ainslie's ; Anthony Marshall, laborer ; Neil McNeil, laborer ; Malcolm McNeil, laborer ; William McKeen, farmer ; Daniel North, laborer ; Henry Rixon, boards at A. Ainslie's ; James Ross, postmaster ; John Ross, assistant ; James Ross, Jr.

The population of the village is given by the same authority as being one hundred and ten, on the above date. This may be so, but there are a few old people still living in the neighborhood who are ready to testify that the list of inhabitants as given by Mr. Smith is incomplete, and that he also under estimated its population. The last survivor of those in the list passed away recently at Moosomin, Sask, in the person of Malcolm McNeil ; he was at the same time the last survivor of the old and highly respected family of that name. He moved to Manitoba in 1882, and prospered as a farmer. About a year or two after Mr. Ainslie's coming to Leith and while his improvements were under way Mr. McNeil was selected to take a census of the village, floating population and all ; he found nearly three hundred people there, and so reported. As an old timer once regretfully said to us—"Leith was a-boomin' in them days."

Mr. Smith also says that the draught of water at the end of the old dock, built in 1861, was eight and one half feet. This also may be true, but an old and excellent authority is positive it was ten feet. However, it was in the first half of the sixties the gradual subsiding of the lake level first became apparent.

The steady advance in the clearing of the forests on the shores of our inland seas was beginning to get in its deadly work. Mr. Ainslie determined on a further extension out into the bay, and this was carried out, although nobody can be found who can fix the exact year in which it commenced. It was probably in 1870—possibly a little later, as men fifty eight and sixty years of age can remember seeing the pile driver at work on the ice. The piles were driven in the winter, holes through the ice being cut for the purpose, and when finished the dock showed a depth of thirteen feet of water at the end. Had

the old style construction been followed—cribbing filled with stone—the dock would in all probability have stood much longer than it did. An ell was built at the end, running at a right angle to the main dock and in a north-easterly direction. On this cattle and wood sheds were erected, the wood being hauled in the winter by the surrounding farmers and stored there for the purpose previously mentioned. If recollections serves aright, the wood shed was about fifteen or eighteen feet high. It was from the roof of this building the young swimmers of the village—and some of them not so young—were wont to dive into the waters of the bay, when taking their swim after a hard day's work. As the planking on the surface of the dock was fully six feet above that of the water, it can be readily seen that this was no baby's dive. The bathing suits worn by the strong swimmers of Leith in that day were all of an exact likeness, both as to color and pattern. They were of a style that was fashionable in the Garden of Eden, before the serpent beguiled Eve. A man wearing the same suit at the same place would in our day be subject to arrest—but times change.

A list of steamboats and sailing craft calling at this dock and its predecessor, in the ten or twelve years following 1870, would include nearly all the same craft plying to Owen Sound at that time. For many years the mails came from Owen Sound by steamboat, the Frances Smith being the last one utilized in this service. It was coming bi-weekly in 1865 ; nobody seems to remember when the daily mail by land was established. The mails were distributed from the office in the store of Ross Brothers until 1875, and on their removal to Annan Arthur B. Cameron became postmaster. At the time of his death, about thirty-seven years ago, the office continued to be held by members of his family and still remains there, to the eminent satisfaction of all who make Leith their post

office. The general store in connection with it was opened in 1864, or sixty years ago, by the late Mr. Cameron, and is still conducted by his eldest son, Mr. Arthur Cameron. It is the solitary place of business in Leith that has survived in the gradual decay of the village, but its record is a unique one and it is to be doubted if it can be duplicated in Grey County. "A Cameron never can yield."

The new dock was a source of endless expense from the very beginning. It was exposed to the north and north-easterly gales, the worst that sweep the bay. The heavy seas raised by a storm from these directions, rushing under its unprotected sides, tore up the plank flooring, necessitating constant repairs. Had a breakwater a few hundred yards long been built from the mouth of Keefer's Creek out into the bay in a westerly direction, it would have obviated all this, but the expense would have been considerable, and the day of harbor grants and legislative subsidies for such purposes was not yet, for Leith at any rate. The place had no natural harbor advantages, and with the steady lowering of the water levels it is easily seen now that money so spent would have been thrown away.

There were many mishaps during these periods of heavy weather, one of which had rather an amusing sequel. The schooner Maple Leaf, loaded with wheat, was caught in one of them while moored to the dock, and threatened to pound it to pieces. The storm rose a little after sunset, and a steamboat captain in Owen Sound was wired to, with the request that he bring his boat down and endeavor to tow the schooner out to deep water, where she could get canvas on herself without danger of being driven ashore. He put in an appearance in answer to the call, but the night was such a wild one that in the pitch darkness prevailing he thought it safest not to go near the dock at all,

so the Maple Leaf was left to ride out the storm. She did so, but the resultant damage to the dock was disheartening to look at, when the gale had subsided. Mr. Ainslie promptly entered an action for damages against her owners, employing counsel. He was awarded them in the paltry sum of one hundred dollars. He then went to pay his lawyer. That gentleman had evidently made up his mind to charge all the traffic would bear. He informed his client in an apologetic tone, as though ashamed of his own modesty, that "he guessed his bill would be about ninety-five dollars."

"Take it all while you're at it" said Mr. Ainslie, throwing him the hundred across the table.

On another occasion, in the spring of 1880, the schooner Restless, also loaded with wheat, was torn loose from the dock in a gale of wind, and driven over on the shore on the south side. She was lightered of almost her whole cargo, the farmers for miles around getting all the seed wheat they wanted for little or nothing, and a small tug tried to pull her off. The attempt was unsuccessful, but later the Mary Ann, a heavier tug from Collingwood, managed to float her.

Other sailing vessels calling at Leith, beside the two luckless ones already mentioned, and falling within our own recollection were : The Mountaineer, Lady MacDonald and Lily Hamilton, all owned by the late James Sutherland of Owen Sound ; the Phoebe Catherine, Prince Edward, Annie Foster, Belle MacPhee and Ariel. Of these the Lily Hamilton and Lady MacDonald, each having a capacity of about twenty thousand bushels of wheat, and being of the three-masted type, were the largest. It was generally estimated that their construction cost one thousand dollars for every thousand bushel of grain they would carry, in

vessels of their design. The Lily Hamilton was lost on Lake Ontario.

The first steamboat of which there is any record as calling at Leith was the Kaloolah. She was calling there regularly many years before the building of the first dock. Other early steamboats were the Ploughboy, Canadian, Clifton, Silver Spray, City of London, Algoma and Cumberland. Coming down to comparatively recent years, the list includes the Frances Smith, City of Owen Sound, Magnet, Spartan, Africa, Persia (occasionally) City of Winnipeg, Josephine Kidd, Northern Belle, Northern Queen, Alderson. Manitoulin and Emerald. The list is made from memory only, and is probably incomplete. Many of these steamboats, particularly the early ones, had wood burning furnaces and sometimes merely called to "wood up." The one-day steamboat excursions, once so popular in Owen Sound, but which have fallen into innocuous desuetude, called regularly at Leith in the sixties, seventies and the early eighties, after which the dock began to grow unsafe, for larger vessels at least. Some of these excursions were highly enjoyable events, and it is to be hoped the custom will yet be revived.

The wharf, as it was generally called, was thus not only a great commercial convenience but a source of pleasure to young and old, and many of the fondest recollections of old Leithonians still centre round it. It is now as unsightly a ruin as will be seen anywhere on Georgian Bay, and about as ugly as the receding waters have left the shores on both sides of it. The passing stranger, glancing at it casually, would be surprised were he to learn of the volume of trade that once found an outlet over its sides. How many such melancholy wrecks are scattered along the two shores between the head of the Great Lakes and the mouth of the St. Lawrence ? There may be something impres-

sively picturesque in the sight of the old baronial castles, standing in the magnificence of their ruined masonry along the banks of the Rhine, and doubtless something inspiring in the ivy-covered walls of their counterparts, dating back to the time of the Plantagenets and Tudors, still surviving in various parts of the British Isles. The poet and painter, at least, have told us so. But the sight of one of these wooden ruins such as we have described, so common on our North American continent, the original structures of which have risen, flourished and gradually fallen into the last stages of decay within the lifetime of a man not so very old, is one that fills us with feelings of the most melancholy depression. The former is at least sanctified by legend and tale, and stirs the images of generations long gone. But a wooden ruin furnishes no inspiration to either the painter or poet. It has no historical importance because it concentrates its interest on one family or one man only, and may be said to resemble a mangled corpse rather than the monument that covers it. While not a positive danger to anything, or anybody, the remains of the Leith dock should be torn up and demolished entirely, as an offence to the eye.

Even when times were good and trade at its briskest, it proved in the long run to be a losing venture to its builder. It would not pay interest on the original investment and the constant expense of keeping it in repair, and the same might be said of Mr. Ainslie's other enterprises in the village. But it will always be said to his honor that he was the gamest sort of a loser. He had known the most generous prosperity, and he met adversity with a cool imperturbability one could not help but admire. All the world loves a good loser, and it is sure we cannot afford keener gratification to our enemies than by showing ourselves a hard one. The trend of the times was against him. Business was concentrating more and more

in the large centres of population, and gradually draining off the trade enjoyed by the smaller towns and villages. Of course he had critics in abundance, as has every man of business who is not afraid to back his hopes of gain with his dollars. Men who had made the sorriest botches of their own affairs were not lacking who could tell him why such-and-such a venture had failed, and what he should have done to have succeeded. The world will never want for men who can manage the affairs of their neighbors far better than they can their own—if we are only fools enough to listen to them.

When he came from Galt Mr. Ainslie might have invested his considerable fortune in government securities, where small rewards were certain, and lived a life of inglorious inactivity ever afterwards. But such was not the bent of his nature. If want of success be a sin, at least he sinned in excellent company. Take the neighbouring city as an example, although it is certainly not unique as an object lesson. In the last fifty years how many business enterprises have been launched under the most favorable auspices and promises of permanent success in Owen Sound, only to fail by reason of circumstances which could not be foreseen, any more than they could be controlled ? How many of her shrewdest business men have lost, and lost heavily, in these ventures? Were the lists ever published they would be lengthy ones.

A few words anent the closing years in his long and varied career will appropriately close this chapter. In 1888 he moved to Owen Sound with his son-in-law, Mr. Henry Rixon. His interest in life is best evidenced by the fact that after he had passed his eightieth year he wrote his autobiography, which those who have been fortunate enough to have read declare to be one of the most interesting manuscripts they ever perused, covering

as it does his early life in Britain, and subsequent years in Gibralter, Galt and Leith. It is to be hoped this authbiography will yet be published and given to the world at large, where it would be received with wider approbation. He died in his ninetieth year at Owen Sound, and is buried in the cemetery he had, with characteristic generosity, presented to the Presbyterian congregation at Leith just a third of a century previously. By a curious coincidence his wife, who had been many years his junior, died twenty-two years later to a day than her lamented husband, having lived until within a week of being also in her ninetieth year. The last surviving member of their family, Captain John Ainslie, passed away in 1923.

CHAPTER VII.

THE CHURCHES

In such a thoroughly Scottish community as the Lake Shore Line it was inevitable that, once fairly settled in their new home, men's minds should turn instinctively to the holding of religious services in the faith they had brought with them from their native land, and a beginning made in the formation of a Presbyterian congregation. In the spring of 1845 James Ross, Sr., held what we are now fond of calling a consultation, with Thomas Lunn, and from this informal conversation there sprang the Annan congregation. They decided a religious service should be held every Sunday. Arrangements were accordingly made, the place of meeting being the home of William Telfer, brother of John Telfer, and the usual form of service of the Presbyterian Church was used ; viz. Psalm, Scripture, Prayer, Sermon, Psalm and Prayer. Participation in these services was taken by Mr. Ross and Mr. Lunn, and a little later by David Armstrong, who took part by announcing the opening psalm and reading scripture. One of Chalmers' sermons was used, at first read by Mr. Ross, and later by William Wilson and others. From the first Hugh Reid led the singing. He had a repertoire of three tunes, but others were in time added as the result of attendance at a singing school, conducted by Mr. Wilson at Hugh Reid's home. These meetings were held continuously until a regular ministerial supply was obtained.

In addition to those of Chalmers, the sermons of Logan and McCheyne were sometimes used, and the manuscript sermons of a Reverend Mr. MacFarland, then deceased. These manuscripts were loaned through the courtesy of a relative and namesake of Mr. MacFarland,

who kept store on the Lake Shore Line about a mile north-east of Annan. In the meantime, application had been made on May 15th, 1845, to the Free Church Presbytery of Hamilton, by what the church records of the Presbyterian Church called the "Owen Sound Settlements," for some arrangements for the dispensation of the sacraments in these localities, which included the Lake Shore Line. This was followed on October 13th, 1847, by another application from the Presbyterians of the Lake Shore for organization as a congregation, but this application was, from reasons of established policy, denied.

When it was decided to organize a congregation, at a meeting held prior to the presentation of this last application, it was resolved that a vote should be taken as to whether the new congregation should be the Established, or Auld Kirk, or Free Kirk, with the understanding that all would agree to accept the decision of the majority. The point was of considerable importance at that time. The controversy in the Old Land, from which so many of them had recently come, by which the Established Kirk of Scotland had been rent in twain was still fresh in men's minds, and the whole subject was a delicate one with most of them. They were men who held with the usual Scottish tenacity to their opinions, more particularly in matters of the church. Hardly as much so, however, as the Scot who once, engaged in an argument, was told that his mind was closed to conviction. He replied with considerable heat ; "Na ! Na ! My mind's no closed to conviction, but I would like to see the man who could convince me !" The meeting seems to have been fairly harmonious, and when the vote was taken it was found the Free Church advocates were in a decided majority. All then assented with the exception of Doctor Lang, William Glen and George Corbet. About seventeen years later these gentlemen took the initiative in organizing the Leith congregation.

The first school house at Annan, a log building, was built in the summer of 1847, on the southeast corner of the lot where the present day school stands. The services, which had hitherto been continuously conducted at William Telfer's, were transferred to this building as soon as it was finished, and the first sacrament ever observed by the congregation was held there. On May 9th, 1849, a congregation was at last organized on the Lake Shore Line, and was united with that of Sydenham. The two had a joint Session, but each had its own board of management. On the 1st of June of that year the Reverend John McKinnon was inducted as pastor of the two congregations, the service consequent thereto being held at Sydenham. The sacrement above referred to was dispensed by Mr. McKinnon.

The Reverend John McKinnon was remembered as a man of exceptionally high character, rather than for any marked ability in exposition of the scriptures. One incident in his ministry was long afterward remembered, and is worth recounting. He was a great temperance enthusiast and had at all times the courage of his, at the time, unpopular convictions. Hoping to organize a total abstinence society at Annan, he called a meeting of the congregation pursuant to that purpose. Long and earnestly he expatiated upon what was evidently a favorite theme, and was listened to in stony yet respectful silence. After he had finished one or two of the more influential members rose and in the plainest terms, without any circumlocution whatsoever, informed the minister that his intention was a distasteful one to all of them. He was further advised to drop the subject at once, if he valued his peace of mind. There was no mistaking the spirit of those present, not one of whom would consent to sign the pledge, and the minister, wisely or unwisely just as the reader will view it, abandoned the idea at once. Mr. McKinnon was only guilty

of anticipating the march of progress, as we shall presently see.

The arrangement between the two congregations was continued for three years, and was dissolved with the consent of all concerned. A misunderstanding had arisen in the Lake Shore congregation over Mr. McKinnon's salary. Several members whose zeal, or possibly thoughtlessness, had outrun their discretion, subscribed to his stipend, and when the hour for payment arrived failed, in popular parlance, to come across. Mr. McKinnon thought the deficiency thus incurred should be made good by members who had already paid their subscriptions. They, on the other hand, could not see it in that light. Ultimately he severed his connection with the congregation, when it parted company with Sydenham. This was a matter of general regret, as he had been held in the highest personal esteem. While at Annan he visited the members of his flock regularly, and was accustomed to question the families in the Shorter Catechism and expound Scripture at length.

The Annan people then abandoned the Free Church. In July, 1852, they petitioned the Presbytery of Wellington, of the United Presbyterian Church, to be received into their connection and the petition was granted. The same year the Scottish Lowlanders and Irish were organized into a United Presbyterian Church. They continued holding services in the school house. Their ranks were steadily growing. Shortly after Mr. McKinnon's departure a sacrament was held in Gideon Harkness' barn, the school house being deemed too small to accommodate the worshippers. At this sacrament the Reverend M. Devine, a mulatto who afterwards settled at Meaford, officiated. Another sacrament, held about a year later, was partaken of in William Telfer's barn. We leave it with the reader to imagine the feelings of an ultra-fashionable Presbyterian

congregation, in the year of grace 1924, were they asked to observe sacrament in a barn. Another proof of the growth of the congregation at this time, is the fact that at one service eight infants were baptized.

A period of probationers now ensued. Among them were the Reverends Sutherland, Barr, Dunbar, Dees, Carruthers, and an Irishman whose name seems to be forgotten. This last mentioned always began service with the 121st Psalm, which he read in a broad Irish accent. These probationers generally stayed at the home of James Ross, Sr., and at each time while there this Irishman asked a daughter in the home to cut his hair, which she did on two occasions. Doubtless the accommodation was highly appreciated, as barbers at the time were scarce—almost as scarce as ready cash. There is an old tradition that on more than one occasion adult members attended the services barefooted.

One of the probationers, a young man with a stentorian voice, would have been given a call but he had promised to go elsewhere. In September, 1853, the congregation called Dr. Torrance, of Guelph, who declined. The same year the Division Street church of Owen Sound was organized on a petition signed by thirteen persons, and for purposes of supply it was connected with the Annan congregation. This union was short lived, being dissolved in January, 1855. Both congregations in the following March extended a call to the Reverend Mr. Glassford. These calls were largely signed in both places, but both were declined. The Annan people had now been three years on a more or less uncertain supply, and the situation had grown very unsatisfactory. Their numbers were steadily on the increase. The whole length of the Lake Shore, as well as many from the Irish Block, attended

service at the Annan School House. Michael Fettis, who lived some distance below Johnstone, attended regularly.

At last, in August, 1855, the Reverend Robert Dewar was extended a call, which was signed by fifty members and thirteen adherents. The stipend offered was eighty pounds per annum. The first four signers were David Armstrong, Andrew Sibbald, William Telfer and Gideon Harkness. James Ross, Sr., refused to sign. The call was accepted and Mr. Dewar was ordained and inducted in October, 1855. He had served as a probationer for one year in Scotland before coming to Canada, and was the first minister of Lake Shore Line, as a separate and self-supporting unit of the Presbyterian Church. The occasion was an auspicious one for the congregation, we may be sure. The aforementioned Dr. Torrance and a Reverend Mr. Fayette officiated at the service.

In 1854 a frame church was erected on the cemetery lot, opened four years previously. This cemetery is adjacent to the village, in the southwest direction. The new church stood on the southwest corner of the lot. Contracts were called for and five bids were submitted, the building to be 45 x 35, without plastering, seating or painting. The successful contractor was Oswald Hines, a brother-in-law of Hugh Reid, who bid eighty-five pounds, twelve shillings. One bid was for one hundred thirty-eight pounds, ten shillings, and three others were within one pound of that figure, so there had been a wide discrepancy in calculation. While in course of erection, one day, the carpenters being at dinner, the roof was blown off when partly shingled. The framework collapsed in the same wind, and it was not rebuilt until a year later. On the first day of raising, in 1854, Mr. Hinds failed to put in an appearance and the assembly, in preference to returning home, drilled themselves into putting together the frame. "For the people had a mind to work."

The following list of members is of the year 1855, and taken from the communion rolls of that period, to wit : Daniel Lamont, Andrew Sibbald, Mrs. Elliot, George Reid, James Ross, Sr., William Thomson, David Armstrong, Robert Armstrong, John White, William Brown, George Nesbit, Martin Cathrae, William Lamb, William P. Telford, Sr., Ellen Harkness, Mrs. Thomas Maynard, Andrew Biggar, Walter Hope, Gideon Harkness, Hugh Reid, John Couper, John Turnbull, William Riddell, Roger Lamont, Michael Fettis, Walter Aitken, Duncan Campbell, William Osborne, Charles Armstrong, Walter Beattie, James Armstrong, John Skeeling, William J. MacLean, Thomas Harkness, Sr., John Brown, John Wyllie, John Harkness. All the males in this list were married men, and the names of their wives appear with them. The following names of widowers and unmarried men also appear on the rolls : Robert Easton, John Hutson, Robert White and Andrew Beattie. All the members of this congregation have since passed away.

The new church had an interior feature common to all Scottish churches, a precentor's box in front of the pulpit. The names of the various precentors have not been preserved but James Ross, Jr., and John Couper were among them. The Leith Presbyterian Church, built ten years later, also had a precentor's box. James Ross, Jr., became a regular attendant there as soon as it was finished, and officiated as precentor for twenty-three years, or until 1888. Until that date, hymns were rarely or never used in the Sunday services of either congregation.

The following gentlemen had served on the building committee of the Presbyterian Church at Annan : Gideon Harkness, W. Wyllie, Andrew Sibbald, John Couper, Hugh Reid, Andrew Biggar and James Ross, Sr. In 1856 the building of a manse was decided on and the building committee in this case consisted of Messrs. R. Armstrong, John Couper, Hugh Reid, Gideon Harkness, W. P. Telford, George

Nesbit and David Armstrong. The manse, a frame building standing opposite the brick church erected in 1882, was built at a cost of one hundred and sixty-five pounds, fifteen shillings. It appears little the worse after sixty-eight years of wear and tear.

In November, 1855, the Session then consisting of Rev. Mr. Dewar, James Ross and David Armstrong, two more elders were added, in the persons of William Brown and John Couper. They were ordained in February of 1856. In October, 1857, Walter Hope, William Thomson, Gideon Harkness and Michael Fettis were added to the Session and ordained as elders. Mr. Dewar was given a vacation in this year, to attend the Synod and rest up for future exertions. The congregation was at this time carrying a debt of $890., which seems moderate in view of their expenditure in building. A plan of payment was agreed upon by the members, and some improvements were effected at the manse. Early in 1858 an exchange of pulpits between Mr. Grant, of Chalmers' Church, Owen Sound, and Mr. Dewar was agreed upon. Chalmers' Church was of the Free Kirk persuasion and the Annan Church, United Presbyterian. It was expected this exchange of pulpits would promote the sentiment of union between these two bodies of Presbyterians in Canada. About two years later this Union became an accomplished fact.

The Annan congregation has always been most liberal in its support of the various schemes of the parent body, and in assisting less fortunate congregations. As early as 1856, it was agreed that an annual collection be taken up for foreign missions. In that day when money was so scarce, it is gratifying to know that they managed to find some to spend upon others than themselves. Later, in 1877, they sent a liberal donation to Wiarton, to help the Presbyterians there in the building of a church. They observed

their first Thanksgiving Day on a Sunday set apart by themselves, in November, 1859.

It was in January of 1877 the movement began for the union of the Leith and Annan congregations. In this year Mr. Dewar, who was then in the twenty-second year of his ministry, retired with an allowance of two hundred dollars per annum and the life's use of the manse he then occupied.

When Mr. Dewar accepted the call from Annan in 1855 his wife was still in Scotland. She came to Canada to rejoin her husband in 1856, with her infant son James ; in the interim he boarded with members of his congregation in Leith. Mrs. Dewar arrived at Leith by one of the early steamboats and was standing on the deck with the Captain, her infant in her arms, when the huge batteau then used to bring passengers ashore was pulled up alongside the steamer by two of the villagers. She was naturally interested in the occupants of the batteau, and, looking down at them, voiced her relief to the captain, saying that as she had come to live among these people she was glad to see they did not look like savages. Such incidents bring home to one the realization that the world was a large place in that day and time, and Scotland a long way from Canada. Some gross misconceptions of Canada still persisted in the Old Land, and they died hard.

Mr. Dewar was a man of extensive learning and very considerable parts. He took many pupils during his regime at Annan whose early education had been limited owing to pressure of work or lack of means, and was active in educational affairs in Owen Sound and the Lake Shore Line. His own advantages in that respect had been of the best, and he was particularly proficient in the higher mathematics. His sermons were undeviatingly of the expository order ; he had only a sort of amused tolerance for the topical variety of discourse. In this, it may be ventured,

he sometimes preached a trifle over the heads of the congregation, but everywhere and at all times he preached sound and orthodox Presbyterian doctorine. His judgement in secular matters was good, and in the pulpit he presented a scholarly and dignified appearance. He sometimes had a critical audience, his discourses each Sunday frequently being subjects for reflection and discussion among the members of his flock until the following Lord's Day. Religion and affairs of the church occupied a large part in the daily life of the pioneer Presbyterians. Family worship was observed every day in almost every home at Leith and Annan, and the sanctity of the Sabbath was more highly regarded then than now. Both of these duties were constantly inculcated by Mr. Dewar. When the union between the congregations at Annan and Leith was consummated he was rapidly losing his eyesight. Latterly he become totally blind. He died at Annan in 1893, and is buried in the cemetery there, his wife having predeceased him by about twenty-three years.

The large brick church now in use at Annan was built in 1882, its building having been decided on at a meeting held in January of that year. One of the most liberal subscribers to the building fund was the Reverend John Mordy, then pastor of the combined Leith and Annan churches. He resigned in midsummer of that year to accept a call to Walkerton, while the church was about half completed, but faithfully carried out his financial obligation. A few years later the old church was razed, and the space it covered in the cemetery was used for burial plots.

This cemetery was opened in 1850, and seems to have been the first ground regularly devoted to such a service in Sydenham. The price of the burial plots was fixed at one dollar and the names of the first takers follow :

Duncan Campbell, Walter Campbell, Neil Morrison, John Robinson, Thomas Rutherford, Doctor Scott, George

Reid, John Sutherland, David Wilson, Thomas Armstrong, William Telfer, Duncan Morrison, Duncan M. Calhoun, Robert Lamont, William Thomson, George Day, John Day, Archie MacArthur, Dougald MacArthur and John Whitchill.

The subsoil is stony and a more unfavorable spot for the grave digger could hardly have been chosen. William Telfer, a brother of John Telfer, acted in that capacity for many years. In recent years a large extension, owing to the accessions of the silent majority, has been made to it, and a gratifying spirit shown in improving and beautifying the surroundings. As the last sanctuary of so many brave hearted pioneers it is worthy of all such honors. There is an old tradition that the first burials were made difficult by the graves flooding with water. The first funeral to the new cemetery was of one of the Armstrong family, at that time one of the best known in Sydenham. (This statement may possibly be subject to correction.)

Until 1859 the people of Leith and Concession A all went regularly to the services at Annan. In that year, however, a frame school house was built at Leith, and religious services began to be held in it. There was no regularly organized congregation and no regular ministerial supply, but on some occasions Mr. Thom, an itinerant Presbyterian preacher, held occasional meetings. On others, the Reverend George MacGrafftey, the incumbent of the Baptist pastorate at Owen Sound, was heard. The latter gentleman was a prime favorite with the old and young of both denominations at Leith, and was always assured of a crowed house at the services he held.

In the spring of 1864 Alexander Hunter came to Leith. He was then a student probationer for the Presbyterian Church in Canada in connection with the Church of Scotland, and in the following July active steps were taken

in the organization of such a congregation. Doctor William Lang and Messrs George Corbet, William Glen and Adam Ainslie were among the leaders in this movement. The first congregational meeting was held in the school house, on July 20th. On motion M. MacDowell and William Lang were elected chairman and secretary pro tem respectively. It was then moved by Thomas Brown and seconded by Donald Cameron that the congregation do extend a call to the Reverend Alexander Hunter, B. A., to become their pastor and guide, which motion carried. The secretary pro tem was instructed to cooperate with William Johnstone of the Johnstone congregation in requesting the Presbytery to moderate in the call, and also to notify Mr. Hunter with the proceedings of the meeting. James Clark was elected a manager of the congregation, and the meeting adjourned.

At a second meeting of the congregation, held on January 5th, 1865, Mr. Hunter having been ordained on October 27th, 1864, it was moved by John Harkness and seconded by Donald Cameron that James Ross, Jr., be chairman of the congregation for the current year, and the following members were, also upon motion, duly elected as managers of the church for 1865 : Thomas Rutherford, Dugald Spence, James Clark, John Crawford, James Gibson, Sr., Allan Ross, Donald Cameron and John Harkness. James Ross was also elected secretary treasurer, and was instructed to puchase the necessary books. Allan Ross, James Gibson, Sr., and John Harkness, all mechanics in the building trades by the way, were appointed a committee to investigate and report upon the estimated amount of money required to build a church, and the meeting adjourned.

The new minister being an enthusiast upon the project of a new church, and giving church members no rest until

the enterprise was undertaken, a second meeting was held in January, same year, to devise plans to that end. John Harkness was at this meeting authorized to enter into any agreement suitable to himself with A. M. Stephens in regard to the quality of the bricks. James Ross, Jr., the secretary treasurer, was ordered to pay Mr. Harkness ninety dollars to enable that gentleman to make the first payment to A. M. Stephens on thirty thousand bricks at four dollars and fifty cents a thousand. Thomas Rutherford was instructed to purchase 1000 feet of lumber to protect the bricks, and the meeting adjourned.

The church was accordingly erected in the summer of 1865, and has ever since served the Leith congregation through its changing fortunes. It is a brick building of a very considerable size for that time, plain but substantial, its most remarkable feature being the immense width of the dressed pine used in making the seats. What would the country's lumber dealers not give to have such pine now ! Mr. Hunter was at this time in the meridian of his physical powers, and his activity that summer must have been tremendous. All of the work that could be done by members of the congregation was performed by them, with the minister constantly in the forefront of operations. He had, in addition to his labors at Leith, the congregation at Johnstone to minister to, the two having been united with the coming of Mr. Hunter to Leith in 1864. The fiftieth anniversary service of the Leith Church was observed in August, 1916, the minister officiating being the Reverend John Ross, of Boston, Mass., since deceased. Mr. Ross was the son of the first secretary-treasurer of the Leith congregation.

The minute book of the congregation, purchased in 1864, and which is still doing active duty, has been religiously followed in the foregoing, but there is no

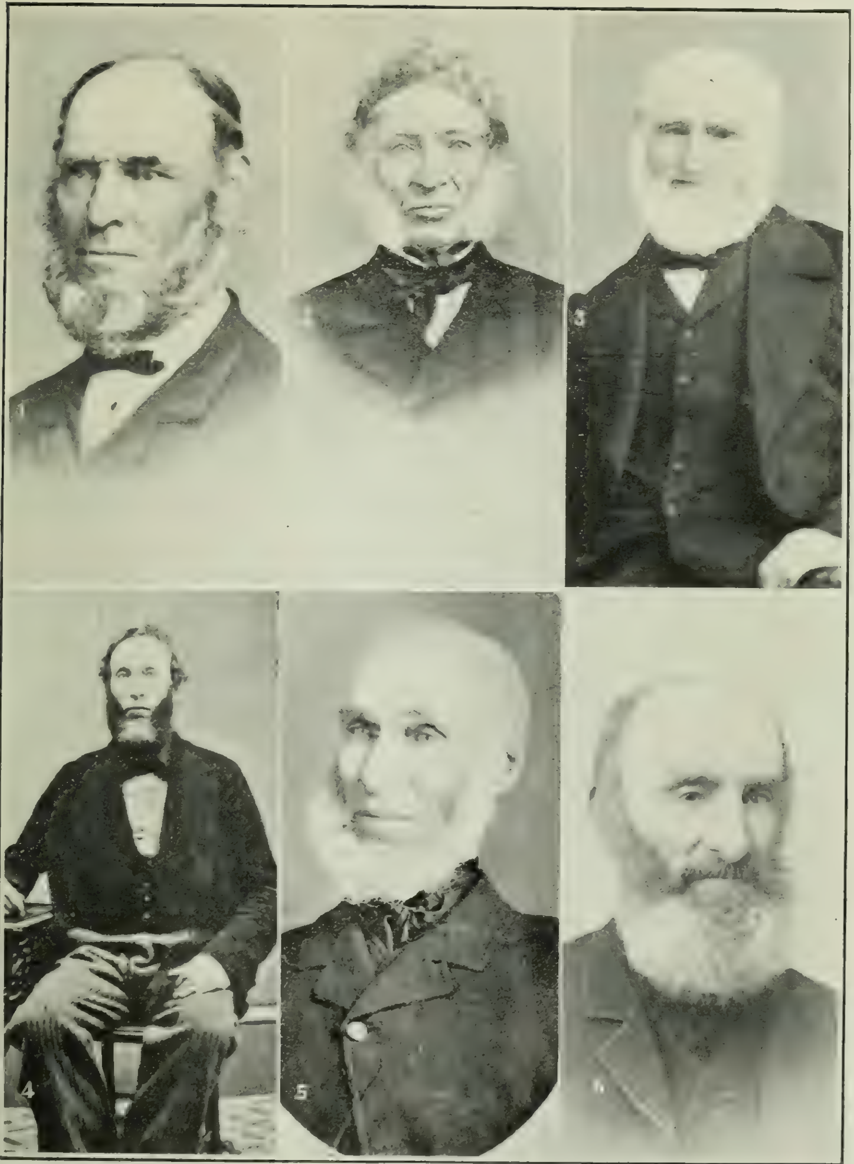

PLATE II.

1. James S. Ross. 2. Dr. William Lang. 3. William Brown
4. Robert Elliot. 5. David Armstrong. 6. Gideon Harkness

further report, for some reason, of the annual meetings until that of 1871. There is a full record of the minutes of a special meeting held January 15th, 1866, however, at which plans were made for a monster soiree, or "swarry" as Sam Weller would call it, to mark the opening of the new church. The following persons were named, on motion, as a committee of management for this "swarry" : William Keefer, George Jolley, Henry Lang, William Gibson, Robert Crawford, James Reid, James MacDowell, William Veitch, Malcolm MacNeil, Hugh C. Ross, Matthew Alexander, Alex. Ainslie and Henry Rixon. The managers of the Church were added to this committee, and Mr. Hunter was on motion requested to wait on Adam Ainslie, Esq., to ascertain if he would consent to act as chairman, a request that was kindly acceded to. The Reverend Robert Dewar of Annan was extended a special invitation to be present, the most polite punctilio always being observed between congregations of the time in such matters. There is no written record of the celebration itself, but from stories told of it that have become traditional, the event must have been one that was long remembered.

The opening of the Church and four years that followed it marked the halcyon days of the Leith congregation. The personal magnetism of Mr. Hunter, combined with certain other circumstances, were factors that made the attendance at services larger than at any subsequent time in the congregation's history. From the home of Doctor Lang, near Manders Corners, down to that of James Gibson, Sr., on Concession A, a distance of nearly ten miles, every family with only one or two exceptions attended. Many families on the Lake Shore Line also made it their place of worship. The church was filled to over-flowing every Sunday, summer and winter. The village had about this time reached its peak in both prosperity and population, and many of their Baptist

brethern joined the Presbyterians in divine service there every Sunday. The Johnstone congregation also seems to have flourished at the time. The minister of course had troubles all his own. There were backsliders in such a large flock, some of whom must have weighed upon his spirits, but never once did a word of annoyance pass his lips in speaking about them to others of his congregation. To his zeal and earnestness, to his indefatigable and energetic industry, there was added a patience and forbearance not always to be found with the first named qualities, and at which men marvelled for long after he had gone.

Alexander Hunter was born in Glasgow, on June 16th, 1828, and shortly after his birth his parents moved to the neighborhood of the village of Lanark, where he received the elements of his education. He had the Scottish characteristic of a thirst for knowledge and in spite of the difficulties of his situation—a life of labor in which he had to rise early and sit late—he cultivated his naturally strong powers of observation and mastered an extraordinary amount of general information, which in later years served him in good stead. When admitted as a member to the Presbyterian Church of Montrose Street, Glasgow, the Reverend Mr. McGill, who then presided over it, said that in all his experience as a minister he had never examined one who had attained to such a degree in secular and christian knowledge.

He was the third in a family of ten sons and two daughters and with the family immigrated to Canada in 1842, settling on a farm in Wellington County. They faced the hardships and privations shared by all settlers in a new land, but after years of hard labor they raised themselves to a position of independence and influence in the neighborhood. The death of his father, a worthy and

God-fearing man, took place in 1846, and it was shortly after this he conceived the idea of entering the Christian ministry, being urged to such a decision by the Reverend Duncan Morrison, of Knox Church, Owen Sound. That decision once taken, there was no turning back. He prosecuted his theological studies with an enthusiasm that carried him through every difficulty, won honors in every year of his college course and, in the final examinations in Theological Hall, won the highest distinction in the gift of the Senate of that institution, the degree of Bachelor of Divinity. Out of a maximum number of five hundred marks, Mr. Hunter stood highest in taking four hundred and twenty-five, or nearly seven-eights. His nearest competitor was Mr. Smith, afterwards Presbyterian minister at Belleville, who had four hundred and twenty-three. Upon some technicality, however, which has never been clearly explained, the Senate refused to grant the degree he had so nobly and honestly won. This was a keen disappointment to him, although few ever guessed it from the composure with which he referred to the incident. Had he lived Mr. Hunter would undoubtedly have risen to the highest honors that can be bestowed by that great branch of the Protestant Church in Canada, whose tenets and doctrines he so ably championed before the people. Men do not come to such honors as Mr. Hunter won in his studies by mere chance. Regardless of their natural ability it takes unflagging industry and brain-sweat to accomplish such results.

His coming to Leith as a student and his ordaination to the ministry have already been referred to. During his pastorate the Johnstone Church was built, largely by reason of the agitation he carried on with that end in view. This church was torn down a few years ago and replaced with a thoroughly modern brick one, and since its building the

Johnstone congregation has taken a new lease of enthusiasm In fact, Mr. Hunter's labors in Leith and Johnstone were singularly blessed, and the evidence of such a bountiful harvest in that portion of the vineyard entrusted to his care must often have rejoiced his heart.

Late in September, 1869, Mr. Hunter was stricken with disease, which made its first appearance on a Sunday, when he had great difficulty in finishing the services. The fever from which he suffered soon ran its fatal course. On October 11th he came to the end of all things earthly ; his passing was marked by a calm resignation and the highest Christian fortitude. A high minded gentleman, a splendid citizen, a devoted husband and father, "good without effort, great without a foe," went to his eternal reward. He died in his forty-second year and in the fifth year of his ministry, survived by his widow and two young sons.

Three days later the last obsequies took place. The Reverend Duncan Morrison, with whom Mr. Hunter had been closely associated for many years, was asked to preach the funeral sermon and consented. He chose for his text 2nd Timothy, 4th chapter, 6th, 7th and 8th verses : "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith ; Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness," etc., and expatiated in a very striking manner on the shining example of the deceased. Mr. Hunter had ministered to a people who had a characteristic Scottish horror of a scene and took a sort of sullen pride in concealing their feelings, but as the service proceeded it became evident their emotions were profoundly stirred. To every one of them came the sense of personal loss—the loss of a tried friend and trusted counsellor who had been a very present help in time of trouble.

The day was quiet and peaceful as is the wont of our weather in mid-October. At the conclusion of the service the remains of the congregation's first minister were, within

a few yards of the church where he had labored so faithfully and with such signal success, laid away in the last resting place which awaits us all, "in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life."

In 1871 a movement was started by the congregation to erect a suitable monument to his memory, and a subscription list for this laudable purpose was circulated there and in the Johnstone congregation as well. The result was that in due time a marble shaft, about twelve feet high, was raised on the burial plot, the cost of which was about three hundred dollars. On the square marble block surmounting the base are four tablets, one of which bears the name of the deceased, with his theological degrees and the facts relative to his life, ministry and death. The one directly opposite bears the following inscription :

> Mr. Hunter was a man greatly beloved, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord, and long to be remembered by his people, among whom he labored with an affection that never wearied and that shone brightest at the close.

The authorship of this deserved tribute to his memory has, whether correctly or not, also been attributed to the Reverend Duncan Morrison. Regardless of this however, it reflects accurately the sentiments cherished by his people toward one whose memory still flourishes green among their children, a memory constantly reminding us that

> Only the actions of the just
> Smell sweet and blossom in their dust.

If ever a man adorned the high calling wherewith he was called, that man was the Reverend Alexander Hunter. Such a death is surely a triumph, when one leaves behind him a remembrance that is blessed of all men. As one

of the beacon lights in England's literature said of her greatest naval hero ; "Thus it is that the spirits of the great and just continue to live and to act after them."

The site of the Church, and the commodious and beautiful ground for the cemetry which immediately surrounds it, had been very generously presented to the congregation in 1864 by Mr. Adam Ainslie. The subsoil is sandy but admirably adapted to the growth of evergreens and other ornamental trees. The price of burial plots was first fixed at $2.00, the names of the first nineteen purchasers being as follows : Matthew Alexander, Arthur Cameron, Richard Alexander, David Butchart, Mrs. William Glen, James Gibson, Mr. Fawcett, David MacDowell, John Crawford, Allan Graham, Henry Lang, John Mathieson, William Jolley, Mrs. Jolley, James S. Wilson, Daniel Cameron, Peter Burr and Charles Lemon. The first interment was that of a Miss Marshall, of one of the earliest and most favorably known families among the settlers in the village.

One of the senses in which Mr. Hunter's demise had been a genuine calamity to the congregation was soon in in evidence. A congregational meeting was held, in 1870, to consider the question of a call to his successor. The matter soon resolved itself into a choice between two candidates, Messrs. MacDonald and Rogers. The line of difference in opinion was sharply drawn. Mr. MacDonald was an eloquent preacher and had many estimable personal qualities as well, marred, however, by one failing. To put it bluntly, he was too fond of booze. The Rogers division, enthusiastic and determined, were in a decided majority; Mr. MacDonald's admirers, fewer in numbers but just as enthusiastic and determined as their opponents, followed the able leadership of William Lang. These latter were disposed to view Mr. MacDonald's ancient Scottish failing

with a lenient eye. At last, after long discussion, Mr. Lang proposed a compromise-"It is clear," he said, "we shall never be agreed. Let us discard both of these gentlemen, continue to hear probationers, and by and by we will find some other one upon whom we are all agreed." But the majority, standing upon its rights as a majority, was firm. Mr. Rogers was given a call, and one of the consequences of that call was that the Leith congregation lost about a third of its membership. The families Lang and Spence on Concession A. and Lamont, Mathieson and MacKay on the Lake Shore Line, to mention a few among many, either dropped their membership, quit regular attendance, or attended only occasionally.

The congregation still remained a large one, however. The Reverend Edward B. Rogers was inducted, and it was everywhere admitted the Leith and Johnstone congregations had the best pulpit orator in the Owen Sound Presbytery. He was a model of diligence and burned the midnight oil, memorizing all his sermons until he was letter perfect. His housekeeper used to hear him tramping the floor of his study until after midnight, declaiming and occasionally stopping to correct himself. He was a tea drinking bachelor, and it says little for the fair enslavers of Leith they allowed him to remain one until after his departure. But he paid little attention to visiting as a pastoral duty and his congregation never warmed to him as they had to Mr. Hunter. In 1876 he received a call from the Kilsyth congregation. After his departure the question of severing the connection with Johnstone and uniting with Annan became a live issue. After several protracted sessions, at which the Reverend John Somerville acted as Moderator, the articles of the Basis of Union with Annan were accepted by both congregations and they were united under one minister early in 1877. They have so continued ever since.

We have already passed the period covered by the scope of this narrative, but the successive ministers after the union with Annan may be briefly touched upon. The Reverend Robert Dewar retired from the Lake Shore Line Church and the Reverend Mr. Forest was the first joint minister of the two congregations. His health broke down after he had been in charge about nine months. The Reverend John Mordy was given a call in 1878 and ministered until July, 1882. In 1883, after the new brick church had been built at Annan and a number of probationers had been heard, Dr. James B. Frazer, formerly a missionary in Formosa, was called, and inducted early in the following year. His long and eminently successful regime extended over a period upwards of thirty years and he still flourishes in a vigorous old age in Owen Sound, with the heartiest wishes for his welfare of his old congregations at Leith and Annan. These good people next tried a young man, a Mr. Jones, who after preaching a few years with great acceptance, resigned in the spring of 1919 to go to Priceville. He was succeeded by the Reverend Arthur Orr, the present incumbent, and it is now time to take leave of the Presbyterian congregation at Leith. It is now sadly shrunken in numbers, owing to circumstances which they or anybody else cannot control. We live under an industrial system that sucks the life out of the rural districts and bestows it upon the cities. Perhaps it is for the best, but one who remembers the palmy days of these same rural commumities finds it hard to accept the change.

Our attention will now be turned to the Baptist congregations of Leith and Daywood, congregations which, sometimes under the most trying circumstances, have shown the most wonderful vitality. In 1869 "a spirit heightened above the ordinary spirit of man" pervaded the lower end of the Lake Shore Line. A season of great

spiritual revival seemed suddenly to spread over the whole neighborhood, in the unaccountable manner in which such seasons sometimes come. There were a few earnest souls who were not slow to take advantage of it. A Baptist student then laboring at Cape Rich came up to Daywood several times and preached, his efforts being ably seconded by Hiram Vanwyck and George Cameron. His name was Robert Ross ; he was familiar with two languages, speaking the Highland Scottish Gaelic fluently, a fact by which he at once won his way into the hearts of the Highlanders of the Lake Shore. He spoke in the two languages alternately at service, and his labors were signally blessed, but unfortunately he had to return to Woodstock to finish his studies. A young man named Putman was then sent into the field by the Home Missions Board. He carried on the meetings with great success, having the occasional and highly valuable help of a gentleman familiarly known as Father MacIntyre, of Stayner, also the Reverend James Coots, of Wiarton, and the Reverend Donald MacNeil of Paisley. As a result of the united efforts of these Christain gentlemen, the Daywood congregation was organized with a membership of thirty-one, fifteen of whom were received by experience, and sixteen upon profession of conversion. All were baptized on Sunday, June 20th, 1869, with the exception of two members, William MacIntyre and James Wilson, who had been baptized the previous March at Leith. On the following Sunday, January 27th, eight more were received and baptized upon the profession of their faith and on July 4th, a week later, ten were added to the growing congregation, following their Lord in baptism. Later in the same year two more were added to the church, one by baptism and the other by experience, and a remarkably successful year was closed.

Naturally such a growing body was confronted by the need of a place of worship. The project was led by

Deacon George Cameron, who was tireless in his labors of collecting money for a new building, selecting the material and overseeing matters generally, altho others must be given their due share of credit. The new church went up in 1870, and stands on the northwest side of the Lake Shore Line a few miles below Annan, being opened the same year. It is a plain yet substantial frame building, and is still doing active service.

In the meantime the Reverend Robert Ross, having finished his studies and obtained his degree, returned to the Daywood field and filled the pulpit with great acceptance until 1873, four members being added to the congregation under his pastorate in 1871, and three in the two years following. Mr. Ross resigned in 1873 and the Reverend William MacDiarmid succeeded him. He was a general favorite and his resignation in the spring of 1874 was a matter for the same kind of regret. He was followed by Mr. Bosworth, a student, who has since gained eminence as the secretary of the Baptist Mission Board at Grand Ligne, Quebec. Mr. Gower, another student, followed in 1875 and that summer there were ten accessions to the congregation. The Reverend William Reese came about New Year of 1876 and remained until the following year, when the Reverend George Day became pastor, also remaining a year. The Reverend A. Austin was then furnished as supply until the spring of 1880 when a student, Mr. Corkery, came for about six months, during which seven more were added to the church on profession of faith. Another student, J. H. Doolittle, followed Mr. Corkery, and he in turn was followed by Robert Garside, also a student. Mr. Garside was a man of pure character and the highest Christian ideals, and he left the imprint of them not only on his congregation but on the whole community. In later years he returned to the scenes of

his former labors, once as a lecturer, and was always warmly greeted by former friends of both denominations. During his stay two more were added to the church. Then followed a period when the members seem to have been left pretty much to their own resources. All the members took part in the services, either in prayer or in the giving of testimony, their leader being Deacon George Cameron. In 1884 they obtained the services of William Barker, a student who, under divine guidance, was largely instrumental in organizing a new Baptist congregation at Morley. He resigned in 1885 and went to Meaford, and the Rev. Mr. Vansickle followed him. It was his pleasure in the summer of 1886 to welcome nine new members into his flock. Mr. Vansickle is remembered by many for his splendid voice, which he used with great effect in evangelical work in duets with his life's partner, also a remarkably fine singer. About this time an adjustment of the congregations in Daywood, Woodford, Morley, Bayview, Cape Rich and Leith was found to be necessary. Daywood, Woodford and Leith were placed under the one charge, to which the Reverend Alexander Gay was called as pastor, Mr. Vansickle going to Morley. Mr. Gay was pastor at Daywood until late in 1888.

Since the last named date the following gentlemen, in the order indicated, have filled the pastorate in the congregations of which Daywood is the centre, namely ; Cunnings, Sheldon, Nimmo, McQuarrie, Haines, Allen, Desson, Catchpole, Currie, Langton, Proudfoot, Schofield and the present pastor, the Reverend Younger. These churches have always been partially dependent for supply upon the Home Missions Board, and changes were on that account frequent. From his patronymic it will be guessed that Mr. Currie was a Scotsman. He was, and a worthy one too. Mr. Proudfoot also hailed from the land of the

mountain and the flood. He was one of the young men of the ministry who answered the call to arms in the Great War. The Reverend Mr. Desson was a favorite with his legion of friends—not a man of brilliant parts or surpassing eloquence, but universally liked for his unassuming, companionable ways and irreproachable character.

In 1913 the Leith congregation, by a spirit of self sacrifice seldom found in congregations in the large cities, were able to erect a comfortable brick church on the corner of Princes Street and the Leith Walk. The building is not a large one but is amply so for the congregation's needs. Their stedfast zeal in upholding the faith as it was delivered unto them by their fathers reminds one instinctively of the Auld Licht congregations in Thrums, whom J. M. Barrie has immortalized in his "Auld Licht Idyll's."

The real origin of the Baptist congregation at Daywood, however, is found in the person of Mr. Peter Day, who was born in the Baptist faith in New Bruinswick and came to the Lake Shore Line in 1845, settling on Lot 26, Concession B. He was the earliest progenitor of the family bearing the name, whose ramifications and alliances have since extended so widely, and as he lived until his ninetieth year Grandpa Day, as was the cognomen everywhere bestowed upon him, became one of the best known characters in the township. One of his gifts was an extraordinarily powerful voice. A story is told of him going to a raising shortly after he came into the neighborhood, and before this peculiarity of his was generally known. At these barn raisings a man was always set apart to give the word to heave when a bent was raised, and at this raising Grandpa Day was detailed for the duty. When all was ready he mounted a stick of timber back from the raising gang a few feet, raised his arm and with the full force of his lungs let forth a roaring "Yo heave" that made the

best efforts of the bulls of Bashan sound like a pig's whisper. The men on the pike poles were so startled by this unlooked for explosion that the bent went up in record time.

He was followed to the Lake Shore Line a few years later by Mr. Stephen Cameron, who also came from the Maritime Provinces. Mr. Cameron, beside being a famous axeman, was a disciple of St. Crispin as well and made shoes for the Lake Shore Line generally in the days when factory shoes were yet unknown. When the Baptist congregation at Daywood was organized a large proportion of the charter members bore the name of Day, and the Camerons were not far behind.

The relations between the two denominations represented at Leith, Annan and Daywood have, generally speaking, been always of the most amicable character. This is certainly as it should be, and hoping they will so continue we will take leave of them both. No attempt will be made to sketch the history of these churches in the last twenty-five years. The events in connection therewith are still familiar to the minds of all who will be interested in such a narrative as the present one, and will in time doubtless be taken care of by someone whose ability as a chronicler is much greater than our own. The aim kept constantly in view has been the giving of all the facts in connection with the very beginnings of things, that resulted in the organizations of these various congregations. Even in that it has been far from as successful as one would wish.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SCHOOLS

The first school in North Sydenham, of which there is positive mention, was a private one conducted by Mr. Henry Baker at his home on Concession B, Lot 35, for one summer. It has been impossible to place the exact year, but it was in 1845 or 1846, probably in 1846.

If the reader objects to equivocal statements such as "as nearly as can be ascertained" or "as far as is known," he will find parts of this narrative very unsatisfactory reading, and this is one of them. But such phrases, which are well considered as being in bad taste by the best writers, are excusable in this case if they are excusable at all. It should be remembered that there are now no living witnesses of the events prior to 1848 in Sydenham, either there or elsewhere. If there are any documents bearing on these events it has been impossible to find them. All one can do is to trust such written recollections as the pioneers, long years after the events happened, jotted down, and have left behind them.

Mr. Baker was an easy going man, and as a disciplinarian ranked considerably below par. His methods were informal in the extreme. A true story survives about a little girl who, while a session was in progress, walked up and turning her back to him said, "Claw my back—it's itchy."

However, as has been previously noted, a log school house was erected at Annan in the summer of 1847, and it served as church and school until 1853, when the first

church was built. It was also the community centre of the period, although the builders would never have dreamed of calling it by such a latter day title. There is no record of how it was built, what was its cost, or any such details. Probably some of the surrounding settlers gathered and ran it up in a day or two. This building and its immediate successor, a more pretentious frame one, have long since disappeared in the ceaseless changes of Time. But the first log building became famous in its day as the only school nearer than those of Owen Sound for children of school age to be sent to within a radius that included Leith, the Irish Block and a remote point on the north-east end of the Lake Shore Line. The school district, shortly after this date, became known as School Section Number 3, Lake Shore line of Sydenham.

The same year, Messrs. David Armstrong and Andrew Bigger communicated with William Telford, a gentleman who was at that time teaching school in Dumfries township, Waterloo county, with a view to engaging him in the same capacity in the new school. Mr. Telford, who had taught school in Roxburgshire previous to his coming to Canada, accepted their proposals, and with his family came to the Lake Shore Line late in the fall of 1848. He brought with him a stove to be used in the Annan school, charging the section ten shillings for the service.

There is an old saying to the effect that a note made on the spot and at the time is worth a thousand recollections. Mr. Telford was a careful and methodical man who kept a minute record of all his transactions, accounts, etc., in connection with his duties as school teacher in School Section Number 3, from the date on which the school opened until his retirement in August, 1856, owing to ill health. Many of these ledgers and ac-

count books have been kindly loaned us, and the task of the recorder becomes accordingly easy and definite. These books are also valuable as showing accurately the prices of various commodities at the time, of which notice will be taken later on.

On the morning of March 5th, 1849, then, the school opened without any ceremonies and with the following pupils in attendance, or who subsequently commenced attendance in the same year: James Wilson, William Armstrong, John Armstrong, William Nesbit, Betsey Nesbit, Isabella Nesbit, Mary Telfer, William Telford, James Telford, Isabella Telford (these last three being of the teacher's own family) Mary Telfer, Christina Reid, Thomas J. Wilson, Hannah Keefer, Francis Keefer, Agnes Lamb, Gideon Telfer, James S. Wilson, Bridget Wilson, Isabella Riddell, Isabella Easton, John Ross, Hugh Ross, Margaret Jamieson, Agnes Jamieson, Helen Jamieson, James Wilson, Walter Wilson, David Ross, Mary MacFarland, Jessie MacFarland, Christina MacCallum, Archie MacCallum, Helen Taylor, John Cathrae, Andrew Beard, Jane Torrence, John Wilson, Arthur Branscombe, James Branscombe, Henry Taylor, Louise Stewart, Thomas Stewart, Donald MacKay, James MacKay, George Riddell, Jane Telfer, Benjamin Cameron, Rhoda Cameron, James Thomson, Alexander Thomson and Peter MacCallum.

With hardly one exception these children had been born in Scotland, born in Canada of parents coming from Auld Scotia, or were of Scottish extraction in some degree. From their conversation, we are told, one would have imagined himself back in a school house in Dumfries, Ayr or Roxburghshire. Dr. Johnston once said the Lowland Scottish dialect was the sorriest jargon into which the English language had ever been twisted. No doubt he

had taken something for breakfast that disagreed with him, and was in an unusually savage temper at the time, even for such a choleric gentleman as the learned Samuel. His temper would not have improved had he been compelled to teach school at Annan in the early fifties.

The attendance steadily swelled. In 1850 seventy-three pupils attended the Annan school at one time or another; in 1851, ninety-nine; in 1852, ninety-three; in 1853, one hundred and three; in 1854, ninety-four and in 1855, one hundred and five. Many of these pupils came from outside the school section proper. Mr. Telford had achieved enviable notoriety as a teacher, and schools were scarce in the new settlements. The pupils coming from a long distance were known as side scholars, and a list of such scholars for the year 1853 is in evidence: William Doyle, Robert Hatton, John Hatton, Richard Alexander, Matthew Alexander, James MacKay, William Dunn, Edwin Dunn, Ann MacKenzie, John MacKenzie, Alex MacKenzie, Alex MacLean, Catherine Doyle, Margaret Alexander, Charles Conner, John MacLaren, John, Michael and Thomas Horan, Bryan Traynor, Thomas Traynor, Edward Godfrey, John Traynor and William Howie. There is such a strong Hibernian flavor about some of these latter names that one begins to suspect the Scottish preserves were being poached upon by their Irish neighbors.

Attendance was much better in the winter than in the summer months. In summer the farmer lads were too busy logging, branding and burning to find time for schooling. But whenever they could be spared from work, the school was the first place they were sent to. Many of the fathers of these boys had had superior educational advantages in the Old Land but the hope that "springs perennial in the human breast," that of bettering their

material condition, had brought them to a new one, where one of their few regrets was the advantages they had enjoyed could not be bestowed upon their children. The average attendance in 1850 was 33 and in 1851 it was 46. In 1852 the summer average was 38 and the following winter 54, after which no further notice appears of averages, for some reason. But judging from the number attending at some time in the year there must have been certain days in the early winter when eighty or eighty-five scholars crowded the log school. Mr. Telford sometimes called on the services of his eldest daughter, Miss Margaret Telford, as assistant. He was totally unlike the aforementioned gentleman, Henry Baker, in every respect save that of a very considerable learning. Discipline was his middle name. Many touching treatises have been written, both before that time and since, upon the efficacy of moral suasion, and the power of kindness in enforcing obedience among children. Doubtless Mr. Telford had read many of them, and given what he had read calm and unbiased consideration. These to the contrary notwithstanding, he still leaned decidedly to the belief that his strong right arm with a stout strap at the end of it had all such methods faded to a sickly pallor. In everything the most careful and painstaking of men, when he had finished a lesson in discipline not the smallest detail had been neglected in making the impression of that lesson both painful and lasting. Many a young Scottish Canadian, as he lifted up his voice in anguished lamentations and shed bitter tears of poignant regret, testified to the fact that, in a very literal sense, the lesson had touched him in his tenderest spot. In short, Mr. Telford was known as a "tickler with the tawse." In after years, however, when time had softened the asperities that al-

ways follow such interviews between master and pupil, these same youngsters, grown to man's estate, were fain to admit that the dominie's methods were salutary and had been for their good.

The school system of that day must have been complicated. Theer were half a dozen accounts to keep on every individual scholar. Thus, they were required to furnish one quarter cord of cordwood each, delivered at the school, to the fuel supply. The most minute accounts were kept of attendance, both in weeks and days, as the teacher's salary, supplemented by a grant from the government, was paid by a tax levied on each pupil, according to the days he had spent at school. It is almost pathetic to notice the scant number of weeks of schooling some pupils, who afterwards rose to positions of trust and responsibility in the township and county, received. One of them, who in time became a highly successful contractor and builder, has a total attendance in all these years of seven weeks to his credit. The government grant seems to have been the only money received in a lump sum by Mr. Telford. We find by an entry under date of December 18th, 1850, he received the sum of twelve pounds, fourteen shillings and two pence from David Armstrong as part of this grant; on December 21st, 1853, by legislative grant from Thomas Lunn, fourteen pounds and tenpence; on August 25th, 1854, from James Ross, by the same source, fifteen pounds, and on August 21st, 1855, eighteen pounds, fifteen shillings from the same gentleman. These are a few of many items of the same nature.

For the tuition fees charged pupils Mr. Telford was in many cases paid in kind, or in labor performed by their parents. On January 12th, 1850, James Ross paid him one hundred and thirty pounds of beef at three-and-one

half cents, and one hundred and four pounds of pork at four cents per pound, on his school account. In 1849 William Riddell contributes one day logging, one and one half days barn raising, four and one half days carpenter work, and so on to the equivalent of one pound, sixteen shillings and tenpence, for the same purpose. William Lamb is credited with six pounds, ten-and-one-half shillings for logging; Robert Easton with sixteen shillings ten-and-one-half pence for use of oxen, logging, digging, etc., and again, James Ross and his son Andrew, six shillings and threepence for logging and building. George Nesbit has sixteen shillings and twopence credited to him in a long account; James Wilson eleven shillings and threepence; David Armstrong, one pound, twelve shillings and ninepence, Walter Aitkin, one pound, one shilling and three pence, and so on, until the list must have included almost every parent in the section. All worked out their tuition expense accounts when Mr. Telford gave them the chance, and as he was part farmer, owning fifty acres, these chances were frequent. Ready cash was desperately scarce at that time. Some of the accounts bespeak the Scottish customs of the period. In 1849 we find Mr. Alex MacFarland, who kept store at Grady's Corners, credited with twelve window glasses, one half pound green tea, one half pound tobacco, one pound saleratus, two and one half gallons of whiskey, the last item for seven shillings and sixpence, and another quart of whiskey at ninepence the quart. There is this much to be said for the whiskey so purchased, that it was good liquor; not the rotten polson illegally peddled by bootleggers under a prohibitory law.

In 1849, Mr. Telford's salary is given at sixty pounds per annum at four dollars in the pound. This salary was continued until 1855, when it was raised to seventy-five

pounds and rested at that figure until his retirement in 1856. He had a little income from his fifty acres, possibly the poorest farm on the Lake Shore Line. When we reflect that from this meagre salary, largely paid in services performed, he sent his aged father in Scotland the sum of four pounds annually until that gentleman's death in 1853, we have some insight into his moral fibre. He had previously done the same thing while at Galt. The Scottish emigrants of that time might resent any interference, moral or legal, with what they ate and drank, but many of them were examples of a filial respect which has not been so noticeable in later times.

It may be noted in an aside here that the farm Mr. Telford lived on, about three-quarters of a mile south-east of Annan, was the homestead originally taken up by Martin Deacon, Esq. Under date of June 22nd, 1849, Mr. Telford pays Thomas Gordon, coroner, of Owen Sound, the sum of fifteen pounds in full settlement of all claims and the improvements Mr. Deacon had made on it, house, clearings, etc. This man was one of those strange anomalies sometimes found in the frontier settlements — an English gentleman of rare culture and breeding. He was a keen sportsman and made his living partially by his rifle. He was found dead in the house Mr. Telford moved into on coming to the Lake Shore Line from Galt, the appearance of the corpse being strongly suggestive that he had been the victim of ill treatment, if not positive foul play. Mr. Thomas Gordon was administrator of the deceased's affairs.

There were other men like Mr. Deacon among the pioneers, men of talent and unusual promise in their younger years, whose lives were tragically wasted in a new land. Among them was Henry Baker. Before coming to Canada Mr. Baker, who was of an old and eminently re-

spectable English family, had served an apprenticeship in one of the largest banking establishments in Pàris. He was an accomplished linguist and spoke French fluently, and with the proper accent. On the same farm where he kept a private school at his residence, he built a large log brewery. He was a steady and reliable customer of his own manufactured wares, however, and the new industry was soon discarded. He moved to Owen Sound and taught French in the schools there. Thus from one occupation he drifted to another, pursued constantly by a fatal weakness and lack of self control that rendered nugatory all his naturally fine gifts. He died at last, about forty-five years ago, in a condition worse than pauperism, and was only given decent burial through the kindness of a friend of former years, who has asked that his name be withheld. He lies in an unmarked and unknown grave in Greenwood cemetery at Owen Sound.

Sad is the fate of such men. In the twilight of their lives they must have many a sombre hour of the bitterest reflection. They have known men with not one half their talents or opportunities, but who by untiring industry and making the most of such chances as they had, raise themselves to positions of trust and authority, while they were wallowing in the slough of self indulgence and debauchery. And if in the world beyond an account must be rendered for these same talents, how shall they, remembering that to whom much is given of him shall the more be required, be prepared to answer for a barren and wasted career in the great final reckoning? Almost every community has had in its history, sooner or later, its own Sydney Carton, but few of these have had the opportunity to atone for the years in sinning wasted by a death of splendid self-sacrifice.

Among the names of scholars who attended in the later years of Mr. Telford's regime are many that will stir the memories of those of a past generation who still sojourn among us. Some of these names are: Agnes Harkness, Alex Duffy, Abraham Cameron, John Michaelheron, Frances Ann Cameron, Arthur Cameron, William and David Glen, Daniel and Henry Taylor, Jessie and Mary Rutherford, Betsey and Robina Easton, Andrew, Thomas, Henry, Archie and Burnie Lang, Nancy and Peter Marshall, a certain David Pyette, who has the word "runagate" opposite his name, Jane Burford, John Ogilvie and a host of others. It should be borne in mind that in that early day young men of twenty to twenty-four years of age attended the pioneer schools, and even beards were not an unknown sight there.

Mr. Telford's successor was William Speedie, who taught about one and a half years. He was followed by Mr. Telford's eldest son, William P. Telford, who discharged the duties of the post more than ten years. In the early nineties a grandson, Robert Telford, taught the same school for one year, so Annan enjoys the unique distinction of having had three generations of one family as its school teacher. Will the family tradition still be maintained?

Turning now to educational matters in Leith, we will find the record much less satisfactory. Leith was much the larger village but it did not have the clientage to draw from. Annan had in the early days, in fact, labored under such appellations as Vanwyck's Corner, Leith Corner, Speedieville and Dunedin, but such a rose under any other name would have smelled as sweet. The first school was conducted in a private house by Robert Grierson, in 1858. The children of school age, in Leith and vicinity, had hitherton gone up to Annan school. There are no

written records extant of any of the proceedings in connection with Leith's first school, and the human memory must again be relied upon. Here is a list of the first scholars given in such manner by one of themselves: John Henry, Janet Henry, Mary Duffy, Maggie Easton, Robert Glen, Jessie Glen, Mary Cameron, Frances Cameron, Jenny Cameron, Annie Burr, Willie Burr, James Burr, James Duffy, Peter Marshall, Nancy Marshall, Nettie Marshall, James Reid, Jessie Reid, Betsey Reid, Malcolm Rutherford, Betsey Turnbull, Janet Turnbull, Janet Easton, Robina Easton. In 1858 the second school house, a square structure of frame with cottage roof, was built, and this continued to do duty until 1875. By a freak of fortune it has long since disappeared, while the first school, a log building, is still standing, and has been remodeled into a comfortable dwelling house by Mr. Edmund Buzza, who at this writing occupies it. However, it must have cost many times its first value in repairs. Summer visitors will recognize it under the name of Buzzville. When the frame school was built in 1858 Mr. Grierson became its first teacher, at a salary a little over two hundred dollars per annum. In the seventeen years it served the section as a school house its four walls witnessed some of the stormiest scenes that ever transpired within a school house in Canada. However it came about, the boys who attended Leith school, many of them hulking young men, in the decade from 1865 until 1875, acquired a reputation for turbulence and unruly disorder that was far from enviable. Maybe their teachers did not understand them; it is certain that some of them took no pains to understand them. One of them long afterwards confessed that never for an instant did he so far forget himself as to turn his back to them. He faced them always, with his back to the wall

and ready for a fight. Sometimes the master was openly defied. They had a game called shinny, an emasculated, or, more properly, brutalized, hockey, played with a stick much like a hockey stick, but cut from the stem of a sapling maple with a little half circle on the outer end. A matched game of shinny was always attended by a casualty list of lesser or greater length, according to the temper the players found themselves in. It was sometimes played on the ice, sometimes on terra firma, but it was always a hard and fast rule of the game that a player must "shinny on his own side," which meant that one of the teams must play left-handed and the other right-handed. No generalship or combination play entered into it—only hard slugging and an ability to stand up to unlimited punishment. The sticks were usually about forty-two inches long, and a teacher one day conceived the idea that if the handles were cut in half the game might be humanized a little. The result was the very opposite from what he hoped. The edict went into force one morning and was rescinded next day. To use the shortened sticks it was found necessary to assume a crouching, stooped position, and consequently a player found it much easier to slug his opponent in the face. When the old order was reverted to one of the Scott boys came to school carrying a shinny that looked like a sleigh runner.

There was an old custom in those days known as "barring out." No body knows how it originated or where it came from, but the preponderance of opinion seems to favor the idea that it was imported from Scotland. On the 21st of December, which was the day always chosen for some equally obscure reason, every scholar hurried to school at an early hour, to forestall the appearance of the teacher. The door was locked and barricaded and the

windows fastened down securely. Thus the teacher was locked out but one sometimes wonders what would have happened had he stood on guard indefinitely, and so starved the pupils into letting him in. However, the customary course of events was that he appeared at the usual hour, made the appearance of being utterly dumbfounded, shook his fist furiously at the windows and made sham efforts at an entrance. Then he retired to the nearest store and sent down a big bag of candy for division among his rebellious pupils, and all went home for a holiday.

One year, however, the ending was not such a happy one. A Mr. MacKerroll was teaching and he, for some reason, was utterly in the dark as to the reason of this sudden eruption in the school. Another king had arisen who knew not Joseph. When he reached the school on that fateful morning and saw the scholars yelling derisively in the windows he never hesitated a moment. Walking up to one of them he smashed a pane with his fist, grasped a sash from the inside and pulled it out bodily. Then he vaulted in among the scholars in spite of a rain of blows, all aimed at his head. There ensued a painful scene which we will not linger upon. The scholars were soon beaten into submission, the ringleaders singled out, lined up in a row and given a hiding that those of them who survive have not forgotten from that day to this. The incident, at the moment, aroused considerable feeling as it was thought the teacher had been unduly severe, but the time arrived when both master and pupil looked back and laughed at it. Mr. MacKerroll died of tuberculosis about thirty years ago.

Mr. Grierson's immediate successor was a Mr. Jones, a young Englishman who came up from Durham, and remained a little over a year. He was an enthusiastic athlete and sportsman, and is chiefly remembered for his

skill as a cricketer. He made many friends while in the neighborhood but shortly after his return to Durham his career was cut short by cancer. He was followed as teacher by the Moores, father and son. The elder Moore ruled with a stern hand and administered punishment in the old fashioned manner with his bare palm, and with the pupil laid across his knee. This resulted in an unlooked for denouement one day. The culprit up for punishment was young Tom Waters, later an amateur boxer who attained considerable celebrity, and now a flourishing business man in Des Moines. Tom was ever of a pugnacious disposition, and when the teacher's heavy hand had descended once or twice he suddenly lashed out from his recumbent position and caught him on the jaw with his right foot. He then scooted for the door, ran all the way home and never came back.

After the Moore regime came Miss Brown, daughter in the home of an old Sydenham family, now the wife of a business man in Montreal, who taught for one year. She was followed by Robert Henry, a young teacher who had secured his certificate in a novel manner, and one that illustrates the scarcity of teachers at the time. Mr. Henry had come to Canada from Scotland with his father, a man of great natural ability who had had the advantage of a fine education in the Old Land. Learning of this his neighbors came to him and begged of him that he would consent to become the school teacher in their section. He preferred his new vocation of farming, however, and positively declined the request. "But," he said, "here is my son Robert who shows great aptitude for such a task, in literary studies at least. He has no certificate, but possibly some arrangement could be made whereby he could teach your children." So Robert went into Owen Sound

and explained the situation to Thomas Gordon, then Superintendent of Schools for the district. This gentleman heard his story, gave his man an oral examination of two or three minutes duration, reached in his desk for a blank, and filled out a provisional third class certificate. He handed it to the youthful applicant, who taught school on the strength of it for over twenty years, and an excellent teacher he made too. He was a great admirer of his native country, its literature and music; a devoted student in all branches of history and well versed in all studies save mathematics. Of all the teachers who came either before or after him he paid the most attention to the moral training of his pupils, and more particularly on the temperance question, as he was a strong advocate of total abstinence. In politics he was a strong Liberal, and in the later years of his life, as one of the Sydenham stalwarts of the party, stood high in their councils in North Grey. A man of somewhat hasty temper, one is nevertheless safe in saying that no teacher who ever wielded the birch in Leith school is held in such affectionate remembrance as he by his many pupils, the survivors of whom, all now well past middle age, are scattered far and wide over this North American Continent. He died in 1896 while in his fifty-seventh year, and is buried at Leith.

Mr. Henry taught for two separate terms, the last one being from 1879 to 1882, inclusive. His successor after the first was Thomas Adair, of the well known stationers' family in Owen Sound at that time. Then came Mr. MacKerroll, of barring out fame, who taught for one year. Mr. MacKenzie came next; in after years he rose to the mayoralty in North Bay and died in Sudbury, to which town he had removed as Collector of Customs.

One day in 1875, while Mr. MacKenzie was still teacher, the scholars gathered up books and slates, to many

of them the emblems of their bondage, and marched up in a body to the new schoolhouse. There are grandparents now living in Sydenham and outside of it who well remember that moving day, as they were among these scholars. The new school was built by James MacNeil, who about fourteen years previously had crossed the border, fought through the Civil War there, and then returned to Leith to apprentice himself to the carpenter's trade. There had been a vigorous battle in the school section as to whether the school should be of frame or brick construction, the frame at last winning out. It has done continuous duty since and its fiftieth anniversary falls in 1925, or next year, when these lines are written. This is an unusually long life for a frame building, and if walls could speak what moving tales would come from its four sides! When it was opened the average attendance in the winter months sometimes ran as high as eighty-five and ninety. In our own remembrance there were over seventy scholars attending in the winter of 1881-82. At the present time the attendance, alas! could almost be counted on the fingers of two hands. Nothing could be more eloquent of the gradual decay of a once flourishing rural district, in point of population. It is a matter for congratulation that all the scholars who left the old school abandoned in 1875 turned out excellent citizens wherever they made their abode, even if their behaviour while there did not promise such a deduction.

In succession to Mr. MacKenzie came Mr. Robinson, who taught in 1878. Then Mr. Henry came for his second regime. Daniel Day came in 1883 and taught until the end of 1888. A more diligent or conscientious teacher never stepped inside a school house. There is no more wearing task upon the nerves than school teaching and

none by which one's sense of justice may be more fairly estimated. Among the pupils taught by Mr. Day were many relatives of his own, but the most jaundiced eye could not discern any favors paid them. After leaving Leith he taught at Woodford and at Shallow Lake, forming a wide a circle of friends and acquaintances, and the news of his death in the Western Provinces a few years ago, a death followed less than a year later by that of his wife, was received with deep regret by them all. His eldest son met death at the hands of the Boers in the South African War, a sacrifice which has been almost forgotten in the long list of casualties coming home to Owen Sound and surrounding townships in the Great War.

A home product, in the person of Arthur Cameron, came to the same school he had quitted as a pupil a few years formerly, and taught for two years. This brings us down, in a manner of speaking, to modern times and the list will be pursued no farther. Among later teachers probably the best remembered will be the brothers Clark, coming from Toronto in the middle nineties, in direct succession, to the school. The elder, Thomas, or Tom as everyone called him, is now one of the head masters in the Normal School at London, and has written several important text books in his profession.

Our school days fall within the most impressionable period of our life, and we have all the future years vouchsafed us in which to review them. The Leith school was, in one particular, happily situated in the matter of sport. It is the only school between Owen Sound and Meaford found in such close contiguity to the bay, and in olden days this meant a lot to the youthful Leithonians gathered there. It meant an unlimited field for skating in the winter and the best facilities for bathing and swimming in

the summer months. As a consequence there were few among them of the hardier sex that could not swim at twelve years of age, if any. Life was for them one continuous round of acquatic joys while the swimming season lasted, and how they managed to make it last surpasses all human belief. Water so cold that they, in later life, would shrink from it as they would from the smallpox, had no terorrs for them then.

One of the games played by both boys and girls in the olden times was known as rounders. This was played in much the same style as baseball, but in a simplified form. The ball was lobbed instead of being thrown by the pitcher, and the catcher was known as a backstop. One of the rules was that if a player running between bases were struck by a ball thrown by one of the fielders, he was out, or in rounders vernacular, "dead." Sometimes, if the ball were a hard one and the thrower a good strong boy of fifteen or sixteen, the runner was almost literally so. One things this game certainly did. It developed a throwing arm among some of the girls until they could shoot a ball in as straight and swift as any of the boys. Rounders always flourished in the spring months; it was seldom played after the summer holidays. Among other games, the very names of which will recall memories of long-past joys to many a silver haired sojourner in this vale of sorrows from Leith and Concession A were "Bull in the ring," "Duck on the rock," "Arbor down," "Pompom pullaway" and "Bear in the bushes." All these games have long since fallen into disuse.

The average rural school in Ontario is little like that of forty and fifty years ago. Teaching methods have improved, but there does not seem to be the zest in life now there was among pupils then. In the former period young

men graduated from the common schools at about the same age as the young men of today graduate from the universities. The attendance steadily shrinks as the retired farmer finds his way to the cities, and the teacher's salary steadily swells. Next we will have the consolidated school on a general scale, when the children of half a township will be housed within four walls. These are logical developments and in line with the tendency of the times but sometimes in contemplating them the schoolboy of former times heaves a long sigh and longs for the olden schooldays—"the days that are no more."

CHAPTER IX.

THE PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

Speak low, tread softly through these halls;
 Here Genius lives enshrined!
Here live, in silent majesty,
 The monarchs of the mind!
A mighty spirit-host they come
 From every age and clime;
Above the buried wrecks of years
 They breast the tide of Time,
And in their presence-chamber here
 They hold their regal state,
And round them throng a noble train,
 The gifted and the great.

One of the most wonderful things in our modern civilization, did we but stop to realize it, is the English alphabet. Here are twenty-six little characters which, when set down in their regular order even, look to the illiterate man like a hopeless jumble of signs. Yet among the first things taught a child when it enters school are the twenty-six names of these respective signs, for we have come to regard illiteracy as a disgrace next door to a crime. Having learned the names of these little twisted characters—and what a task some of us found it!—he is next taught to string them into monosyllables, and so on until he finds that any word may be formed from them if they are properly arranged. He has learned to read and if he shows a liking for his new accomplishment and a desire to cultivate it, a boundless vista begins to open up

to his vision. It is through the medium of these innocent looking little signs we express to one another the boundless thoughts of the universe, and some of these thoughts begin to interest the young reader. He learns something of the triumphs of that language we are so proud to call our own, a language that has spread to the uttermost corners of the earth, and that in force, in richness, in aptitude for all the highest purposes to which the poet, the philosopher and the orator have put it, is inferior to the Grecian language alone, if not its equal. He begins to taste of that noble literature which Macauley well declared to be "the most splendid and the most durable of the many glories of England."

Sir John Herschel says in one of his essays, in speaking of a taste for reading: "Give a man this taste and the means of gratifying it, and you can hardly fail in making a happy man, unless, indeed, you put into his hands a most perverse selection of books. You place him in contact with the best society in every period of history—with the wisest, the wittiest — with the tenderest, the bravest and the purest characters that have adorned humanity. You make him a denizen of all nations—a contemporary of all ages. The world has been created for him. It is morally impossible but that the manners should take a tinge of good breeding and civilization from having constantly before one's eyes the way in which the best bred and best informed have talked and conducted themselves in their intercourse with one another."

In 1850 a library association was organized on the Lake Shore Line, and, about eight years later, another was formed in the school district of Leith. Long years afterwards it was our fortune to peruse a list of the contents of both these libraries, and the impression that had

been for years growing upon us was by this means confirmed, viz., that North Sydenham must have been settled by a superior class of men insofar as intellect was concerned. Speaking in a general sense, men and communities may safely be judged by the character of their recreations and enjoyments. An idle, worthless man seldom enjoys solid, substantial reading, which is itself the result of great labor and long-continued effort. Even where he is capable of its appreciation, it is a mute reproach to his own idle worthlessness. Thoughtful and earnest minded men are not content, on the other hand, with the froth and scum of literature, and this was the case with the men who settled in the Leith and Annan districts. On Sundays they demanded the strong meat of the Word in the sermons they listened to, and on week-days their souls demanded the equally strong nourishment of a substantial literature.

This circumstance need not be wondered at. This whole section of the township was practically a part of the Scottish Lowlands, cut out and transplanted in Canada. Many of these men had received the best education afforded by the common schools in the land they came from; not a few of them had attended the high schools in Edinburgh, Dumfries and Ayr. They had a genuine passion for the acquisition of knowledge.

When the Annan library was first organized, Mr. Gideon Harkness kindly offered part of his residence as the library room and his estimable wife was chosen the first librarian. There is no record of what the entrance fee amounted to, but in the prevailing scarcity of money it must have been small. Mrs. Harkness had herself a refined taste in literature, which ran largely to biographical

works. A great writer has declared that history is only biography transformed, a biography of the lives of great men. Gibbon, himself a great historian, declares on the other hand that history "is, indeed, little more than the register of the crimes ,follies and misfortunes of mankind." So "you pays your money and you takes your choice." Mrs. Harkness continued as librarian for one year when the office and the library were transferred to William Telford, sr. One of the reasons assigned for the change was that Mr. Harkness, who loved animals of every kind, kept a big black dog of a most ferocious countenance that was of itself enough to appal the stoutest heart.

The books steadily accumulated. Many of the contributors, lacking ready money, paid their fees in books brought from Scotland. Among these were Henry Baker, who gave several bound volumes of the Spectator; George Nesbit, whose contribution was "Handy Andy," a favorite of the time; Hugh Reid, who gave a History of the Disruption of 1843, a volume dear to the heart of every adherent of the Free Kirk; John Telfer, a number of assorted books, and Francis Burford, a scion of an old family of ancient and honorable lineage, the books presented by whom all bore the crest and coat of arms ofthe Burford family. Later Mr. Baker contributed two volumes of Juvenal's Satires.

A partial list of books that were bought from the funds follows, as furnished from the memory of a member of the library still living. The list is incomplete, of course, but it will give some idea of the intellectual tastes of those who made undreamed of sacrifices in order to obtain them. It included Adam Smith's Wealth of Nations; the Encyclopedia of English Literature, in two volumes; Livingstone's Travels in South Africa; Diary of a late

Physician, two volumes; Harper's Magazine, six volumes; David Hume's History of England; D'Aubighney's History of the Reformation; four volumes of Hugh Millar's Geological Works; Buckland's Geology, or the Bridgewater Treatise; three volumes of the Edinburgh Magazine; the Quarterly and Blackwood's Magazines; Life of Dr. Chalmers; Dr. Chalmers' Astronomical Discourses; Spurgeon's Sermons; Chambers' Information for the People; Chambers' Miscellaney; Butler's Analogy; Josephus' Works; Pilgrim's Progress; Maurice's Geography of the Sea; Macauley's History of England and Boswell's Life of Johntsone, in five volumes.

In fiction there were Wilson's "Tales of the Scottish Border," "Uncle Tom's Cabin," several of the Waverley novels of course, Hogg's "Winter Evening Tales," Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield," and a few others. That department, however, was a small one and totally unlike the fiction section in our modern libraries, which overshadows everything else. Of the poets there was a goodly array, Burns, Byron, Moore, Goldsmith and Scott being the favorites.

These books and others like them were not bought for show, or for an empty display of learning. They were read—many of them by the same people over and over again. The money which bought them was so scarce and hard earned that each book was a treasure in itself. It must be remembered that the men and women who read them did so by the light of tallow candles, and in their first log houses. It must have been disconcerting to the stranger to find such men discoursing familiarly upon the contents of the Wealth of Nations, or Butler's Analogy. The modern fiction fiend who steps into a stationery store

on the day they are first placed on sale and buys the latest novel by Sabatini, Conrad or Edith Wharton, takes it home and devours it at one sitting, with about as much mental nourishment as he would derive from the perusal of a department store catalogue, cannot conceive what these books of the most substantial information meant to the patrons of the Lake Shore Line library.

There were pedants among them of course. One old lady professed to have read all the serious literature worth reading—rather a wide claim. Some had the temerity not to believe it.

"Have you read a book called 'The Horror of Horrors' Mrs. L———?" enquired one of her neighbors, while in conversation with this lady of learning.

"Why, yes," she replied, "a score of times."

"You're a liar—there is no such book!" retorted the neighbor.

One of the books that made a great sensation when it was first published about this time was "Uncle Tom's Cabin." It is almost or quite impossible for present day readers to realize the bitterness of the struggle then being waged in the neighboring republic over the slavery issue. Everything was subordinated to it. The South was supreme in Congress, and the slave owners had many defenders in the North who believed what they said, that slavery was a God-ordained institution. This seems a preposterous position to us now, but the majority of Americans at that time believed it. Maybe they believed it because the rise of cotton growing had made slavery profitable. The struggle for supremacy between the two factions in Kansas and Nebraska, the John Brown insurrection of the late fifties at Harper's Ferry, and a hundred other historic incidents, most of them marked by violence,

all culminated in the election of Lincoln in the fall of 1860, when the South, seeing herself hopelessly beaten in Congress, drew the sword, threw away the scabbard and appealed to the God of Battles.

Those were stirring days, even in Canada. It surprises us now to learn that the general conviction in Sydenham was, in the first two and one half years of the conflict at least, that the South was sure to win. Our hindsight is always better than our foresight; we are all wise after the event.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" was the piece de resistance of anti-slavery literature. Harriet Beecher Stowe was called to the White House by Lincoln and thanked for writing it. On the Lake Shore Line the book was read on the instalment system. When work was done and supper eaten one member of the family took it for a half hour or an hour, according to the time agreed upon. Then it was handed over to another member who read for the same length of time, while the others impatiently watched the clock, and so on. It was a topic of conversation for weeks after all had finished it.

Some years later—the exact date has been forgotten—a temperance society was organized, public sentiment having changed since the Reverend Mr. MacKinnon's time, and this institution also supported a library for its members. A lodge of the British-American Good Templars was about this time organized in the school district at Leith and its library, part of which is still in evidence, was also a good one. The two libraries at Annan were united after the church was built in 1882, and as the temperance society met in its basement the new combination found a home there also. Another generation has arisen, the library

has long since lost its patrons, and the books are scattered or have been destroyed. Some have been preserved by the old people as souvenirs of something in which they once found a solace and quiet enjoyment. The younger people find no pleasure in them and probably would esteem the time spent in reading them as wasted.

When young, indeed,
In full content we sometimes nobly rest,
Unanxious for ourselves, and only wish
As duteous sons, our fathers were more wise.

Our young people, when they read at all, are more interested in the flood of fiction that year after year pours in hundreds of tons from the presses of the big publishing houses, here and in the United States. Whiskey may poison the body, but as a mind poisoner our modern novel, with its eternal hogwash of sex, stands without a rival. It paints nothing as it is and everything as it is not. It gives the reader a false, unnatural and distorted view of life as it really is, but this is all done for a purpose. As a late writer has well said of it: "The pabulum of the modern novel in its various dressings is mostly provided by the anomalies and futilities of a society of inequality wielded by a false sense of duty, which produces the necessary imbroglio wherewith to embarrass the hero and heroine through the due number of pages." There are notable exceptions to all the foregoing among our fiction writers and our young people who have a taste for reading, but in the vast majority of cases it is true. Our taste in literature has by such an influence become a depraved and vitiated one. Some of the energy displayed by our excellent friends, the prohibitionists, might be better employed in combatting this subtle and insidious evil.

Many of these patrons of the Lake Shore Line and Leith libraries, well read and well informed as they were, made curious miscalculations and mistakes. In 1857 the first attempts were made at laying an Atlantic cable. The mails were being brought by boat from Owen Sound to Leith twice a week, on Tuesday and Saturdays, at that time. In due time they brought the news of this daring experiment to the village, and one day a solemn conclave of farmers and villagers discussed the tidings pro and con, and the chances of its success. At the conclusion of the discussion, when all had ventured their opinions, it was unanimously decided that the whole idea was the hallucination of a disordered intellect and that the promoters of the enterprise should be locked up in an asylum as madmen. We have this story from one who was present at the meeting ,which was an informal one and held in the post office. However, about a year later, or in August, 1858, to be precise, came the word that the great experiment had succeeded and that a text of Scripture, "Glory to God in the highest, on earth, peace, goodwill to men" had been flashed along the bed of the Atlantic as England's first greeting to America over the wire. The message on its original telegraphic tape is still preserved in the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, and is one of the most wonderful sights in that theatre of wonders, when one stops to reflect upon what its production meant. It will be remembered that after a few weeks' operation the cable was mysteriously stricken silent. But it had been proved that man had triumphed over the forces of nature once more; a new one was soon in operation, the wise men of Leith were given a lesson in experience—and we seem to be as far as ever from peace on earth.

For the library at Leith the entrance fee was fixed at fifty cents and the dues at twenty-five cents a year. Allan Ross was its first librarian and secretary-treasurer and held these offices about twelve years. It boasted almost all the books found in the Annan library, a complete set of Shakespeare's work's, Scott's Life of Napoleon, Homer's Iliad, Dick's complete works, Dwight's Theology and many other works of the same standard. The world's store of accumulated knowledge was small in that day when compared with ours, when men specialize in one branch of it and even then hope to master only a small part of that branch. But the patrons of these libraries were evidently determined to absorb all they could of the store of knowledge then available. A portion of this latter library, which long ago ceased to circulate, still is found on the old shelves, but with the volumes are mixed a lot of school boy stories that seem sadly incongruous in such company.

In many respects we live in a vastly better world than that of sixty and seventy years ago, but in the quality of our daily reading it is to be doubted if we have made any advancement over the people of that time. The evidence seems to point the other way.

CHAPTER X.

SOCIETIES AND SOCIAL AMUSEMENTS

It will be remembered that in a previous chapter mention was made of the Reverend Mr. MacKinnon endeavoring to organize a total abstinence society, and how the attempt met with utter failure. Since writing that chapter we have received additional information of this meeting, which does not substantially alter the facts as related. Thomas Lunn, then an elder in the Annan congregation, was one of those who opposed the idea, quoting Scripture in defense of his position. Not one of those present would consent to sign the pledge and Mr. MacKinnon closed the meeting with a tart remark—"Very well, then, we will shut up shop."

Had Mr. MacKinnon stayed in the community about ten years longer he would have seen a wonderful change there, in the attitude of public sentiment toward temperance reform. This change was particularly noticeable in the young generation, then growing up. The temperance movement was steadily spreading everywhere in the United States and Canada, and thoughtful and earnest minded men were joining it by the thousands. It cannot be denied there was great room for improvement in the habits of the people in this respect. On the Lake Shore Line and at Leith there were families where the fathers rarely drank to excess but who, nevertheless, kept liquor constantly in the house, and who thought it a breach of hospitality if a glass of it were not offered to the neighbor who dropped in for a friendly call. It was a matter

of remark that the strongest advocates of total abstinence were to be found among the sons of these same fathers, and these same sons were foremost in the temperance movement, when it got fairly under way.

A temperance society was organized at Annan in the late fifties, (the exact date has been forgotten) and another was shortly afterward started at Leith. The members of both were pledged to total abstinence from the use of liquor as a beverage, which meant something in that day and age. Almost every village in the Province, however small, had its tavern, and licenses were granted on the flimsiest pretexts. Many of these taverns were a necessity to the travelling public, and were well conducted public houses with an honest reason for their existence. Others were vile drinking dens—traps for the young and weak willed and a curse both to their own proprietors and the communities where they found a foothold. The early temperance societies of Ontario did not stress the idea of total prohibition of the liquor traffic so much as they did the elimination of these latter places, and the evil effects of the traffic in general on the minds and morals of the people. There is no doubt but that they accomplished a great deal of good, but they accomplished it in the face of a flood of ridicule, and the most determined opposition. In the small villages the local tavern keeper and his supporters were at open war with the leaders in the temperance movement ,and as from the nature of their surroundings these people were often compelled to do business with one another, the usual civilities of society were apt to be strained in the contact.

Speaking in a general sense, we may accept it as true that it is the pioneers in any movement who bear its heaviest burdens and fight its hardest battles. The Ross

brothers, David and Hugh C., had started storekeeping in Annan about this time, and were strong temperance men. They joined hands with James and William P. Telford and a shed was built for the shelter of teams passing through the village and a reading room opened for the accommodation of their drivers, in the store of Ross Brothers, the brothers Telford furnishing the magazines and other reading matter. These were activities that any tavern keeper, who found the patronage of his house suffer in consequence of them, could hardly be expected to survey with a friendly eye, but they showed at least that the gentlemen who indulged in them were not afraid to back their convictions with their good money.

The movement was going strong in Owen Sound also. Sometimes the Annan folks had the pleasure of listening to temperance lectures by the leaders in the movement there. Among these was William Wye Smith, a gentleman so well known to the older generation he needs no introduction here. He was at this time editor of the Owen Sound Times, and a voluminous and interesting writer on many subjects. Among other books he published a gazatteer of Grey County in 1865, copies of which are now rare. It is a most comprehensive work of its kind: as the editor of the Sun-Times told us, "he must have curried the county with a fine tooth comb." Mr. Smith was a strong temperance advocate, and his appearances at Annan were always hailed with delight by the drys. Other temperance orators from town were William Kennedy, the Reverend Mr. Robinson, and John Blyth, tailor. The Reverend Mr. Robinson was a Congregationalist minister at Owen Sound, and an effective temperance orator. The movement in time grew popular under such ministrations, and the decided majorities given by Sydenham long years

afterwards in the prohibition question, could be traced back directly to the efforts of the temperance society at Annan. Of course there were old topers who signed the pledge and became members only to sink back into their old habits, but every good movement has its backsliders.

Other events that were eagerly looked forward to were the soirees, held only in the winter months. These functions were held in the frame school house at Annan, the immediate predecessor of the present brick one. There was no trouble in getting speakers from Owen Sound, as in almost all cases they were eager to come. For a country village, the vocal music at these social gatherings was of an unusually high order. Two exceptionally fine singers of the period were William Garvie and Alexander Duncan. Their taste ran along similar lines and both were partial to the old English sea songs, such as "The Minute Gun at Sea," "The Bay of Biscay," "Tom Bowline" and "The White Squall," and they were always sure of an appreciative audience. Old timers, to whom of course distance may lend its usual enchantment, even yet declare that the rendition, as a duet, of some old favorite song by these gentlemen, was to them a chef d'oeuvre of pure musical enjoyment. Both conducted singing classes in the early days, and helped to develop some splendid local talent. The late James Aitkin had a voice that in range and purity would be hard to excel and which, even though lacking the higher training, was a constant source of delight to his friends. He was one among many; in fact Annan, between forty and fifty years ago, boasted some as fine vocal talent as would be found in the larger cities of Ontario. The opening of the Annan church in the winter of 1882-83 was made the occasion of a concert by a chorus choir, composed of the best voices in Leith and the Lake Shore,

which is still remembered as the best event of its kind ever held in the community. It is unfortunate that a list of the musicians participating and their musical programme cannot be given here.

These soirees were often strictly informal affairs, but none the less enjoyable. In later years they were known by the more intelligible name of tea meetings. The chairman, in Annan at least, was frequently chosen from the audience, on a show of hands. Sometimes the programme was an impromptu one. Every singer in the locality had some favorite Scottish song he could sing better than anyone else and at these impromptu concerts he would, in all probability, be called upon to show proof of his superiority in his special selection. First in the order of business, however, came the satisfaction of the inner man. Coffee was then an outlandish beverage, but the tea served was the best of its kind. It was customary for those who intended being present to forego supper and thus whet their appetites for the occasion. Their strongest onslaughts on the trencher were, however, anticipated in almost every case and some poor family in the neighborhood always rejoiced for about a week afterwards on the leavings of the feast. With the musical numbers that followed, were speeches on the widest variety of subjects. Einstein's theory of relativity then belonged to a day far in the future, or doubtless it would have come in for a learned dissection. Doctor Allan Sloane discoursed on chemistry, the Reverend Robert Dewar untangled some knot in moral philosophy, and Doctor Lang spoke in his usual vigorous style upon various aspects of the medical profession. Among the speakers from Owen Sound were A. M. Stephens, who held political opinions as widely divergent as the two poles from the great majority of those present,

but who was nevertheless always given the heartiest possible reception; William Stephens, who was accused of writing verse and modestly admitted the fact; John Wilson, engineer, and the builder and proprietor of Wilson's Mills, on Keefer's creek, who descanted upon the rudiments of engineering practise; John Frost, of the well known Owen Sound family of that name, and several others whose names are now forgotten. While the gentlemen from Owen Sound were doubtless as fond of the sound of their own voices as the average orator is, they made no secret of the fact that they came to Annan to enjoy an evening of pure fun and to hear some Scottish music "as was music." An occasion is still remembered when one of them, upon his arrival at the schoolhouse, opened the door, stepped inside and lifting up his voice, announced for the benefit of everyone present that he had come all the way down from Owen Sound to hear Miss T———— sing "The Flowers of the Forest." On certain evenings it was the custom of the chairman to call some of the local poets to the platform; they were directed to march down to the door improvising a stanza of verse on the way, and repeat it while marching back to the rostrum. The result of such hasty preparation was often of such an atrocious character that the poet's peregrinations were known to end in a near-riot; sometimes, on the other hand, if the divine afflatus came down at the critical moment, and in the proper proportion, it was surprisingly good. But the audience was always sure of a good laugh. Sometimes the soirees broke up with a dance of two or three hours duration, the dancing being remarkable more for its vigor than its grace. Like the witches in Auld Alloway Kirk they danced

> "Nae cotillions brent new frae France,
> But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys and reels,
> Put life and mettle in their heels."

The assembly then dispersed and the merrymakers went home, much the better of the evening's enjoyment.

The Leith soirees were replicas of the same events at Annan, with one exception. After his coming to the village in 1857, it would have been deemed little short of sacrilege at such a gathering not to invite Mr. Adam Ainslie to officiate as chairman. Nobody fitted more naturally into such a position, or discharged its duties with the same eclat. The classic phrase, the ready jest and the rounded periods flowed from his exuberant fancy like water from the spring. His education and his training as an attorney, together with a fund of Scottish wit and humor that seemed inexhaustible, were other factors that made his chairmanship at a soiree worth the price of admission alone. Before coming from Galt to Leith he had been the leading figure in a social club that had received the soubriquet of "the Knights of the Round Table," which met almost nightly in the Queen's Arms Hotel, the leading hostelry in that town, when politics, local gossip, games and conviviality were indulged in. He had a pleasing baritone voice and at the Leith soirees, after opening the evening's programme with an apposite address that put everybody in good humor, used to give it expression in an old Scottish song yclept "The barring o' the door," the closing line of which was always drowned in a thunderous applause that threatened to lift the roof. There is no record of his first appearance in this happy capacity at such gatherings, but we have a vivid personal recollection of his last one. It was at a cricket concert in 1884, which

year swims within our ken. Mr. Ainslie was then well stricken in years, but he carried the honor of his position with as pungent a wit and readiness of expression as ever.

At one of these entertainments Mr. Ainslie called upon an old Highlander in the audience for a song, to be in his native Gaelic. The request was not complied with. "She's left ta Gaelic at home with her wife" was the Highlander's excuse.

The summer season was naturally the gala time for sport by both flood and field, in North Sydenham. Cricket began to be played in Annan in the late fifties, and was soon followed to the exclusion of every other form of sport. An old diary, kept at Annan between the years 1860 and 1864, is by our hand. From the beginning of June until the end of August in these years there are frequent entries of the practises engaged in, and the matches played. One item tells of a match between the Old Men and the Young Men, in which filial respect was thrown to the winds and the young men gave their elders a severe drubbing. Briar Hill and Balaclava also had good teams at this time. The Scott brothers, George and John, the latter of whom is at this writing still living at Annan, were among the best players at Balaclava. The first match in the township was played there about 1864. The leading feature of this, and subsequent matches, was the enthusiastic rooting of the partisans of the opposing elevens. The Annan team won, but some bitter feeling was engendered and the return match, played at Annan in the following year, was never finished. In the first half of the sesecond inning a decision was given by the Balaclava umpire to which an Annan bowler objected. He was told by the umpire to shut his mouth, and the subsequent proceedings

were marked by personalities of a painful directness, the whole ending in a general row which broke up the game. A few years later, or along about 1868, P. C. MacGregor, having arrived at cricket age, commenced playing with Balaclava and, both as a batsman and bowler, soon became feared by other elevens in the township. He soon divided his affections between the Briar Hill, Balaclava and Leith clubs and was warmly welcomed to all of them. Briar Hill about this time had an umpire known as Mr. D——— and Mr. D———'s appearance at a match was always accepted by Briar Hill's opponents as an augury they had lost the match before a bat was lifted. When one enquired the reason for such direful forebodings he was generally met by a bitter diatribe against Mr. D——— and all his works, more particularly his decisions at a cricket match. There was a possibility, it was explained, of beating the men from the Hill in a fair and honest fight but no chance of beating them with D——— as their twelfth man. His unpopularity never disturbed that gentleman's equanimity for a moment, however; he always finished a match in as jaunty a spirit as he began it.

The game was introduced in Leith by Mr. Jones, next successor to Robert Grierson, who was Leith's first schoolmaster. Mr. Jones was a fine all round player, and a great coach. Round arm bowling was first taught Leith cricketers by Archie Ainslie, and the old system of underhand, or lob bowling, was about 1870 almost universally discarded. Leith developed a fine eleven in the seventies, and those who regard cricket as a slow game should have witnessed some of the battles waged in the Old Distillery Field, at this period and in the early eighties. Among their worthiest opponents was an eleven from Walters Falls. They were always accompanied by an enthusiastic

crowd of boosters, prepared to root energeticaly for their home team, and when the two sides closed in a grapple which meant nothing short of disgrace for the loser the savage interest displayed by the partisans of both surpasses all description. It is all part of an almost forgotten memory now, but there are still a few old men living who remember it, and the roar of cheers that followed every wicket taken and every run added to the score, near the close of a hard fought game. There was no betting and a thrown game was undreamed of ; every man fought for his team and gave the last ounce that was in him.

Those were the days of real sport in the country villages. They are gone, and nothing can compensate us for their absence. The village playing grounds which once swarmed with young athletes in the long summer evenings are now silent and deserted. The large cities have swallowed these young men, and are remorselessly reaching out for more. As Byron said :

"In the good old days—all days when old are good !";

but who shall say those were not the good old days of the rural districts and days which, judged from prenent appearances, they shall never see again ! Country life has, in certain respects, gained immeasurably since then. We have free rural mail delivery, the telephone, the motor car and a hundred other conveniences, then unknown. In gaining these we have lost the flower of our population and a zest in life that sweetened the hardest toil. Are we the gainers after all? It is an open question. There is always a bitter drop at the bottom of the chalice, and before starting in to commiserate the folks of fifty years ago we should remember we are carrying burdens and wrestling with problems that were undreamed of in their day.

In the natural exchange of sporting amenities Leith and Annan often clashed in cricket, which may sound a little like a paradox. Among Annan's best exponents of the game were William Wilson, lately deceased at Treehrne, Man.; Andrew Armstrong, now of Owen Sound; Robert Dewar, who makes Philadelphia his home; David Burr, who went to Minneapolis; John Alexander, William Couper, John Clark, and a score of others whose names are not so easily recalled after the lapse of years. Of the Leith cricketers, few indeed are left in the village or vicinity to recount the glories of the game, or tell of ancient battles lost or won. The MacNeil brothers, Malcolm, Neil and Walter, all witnessed a good confession in the game, and all are deceased. Robert Glen, a fine round arm bowler, still lives in the West; the Fawcett brothers, Joseph, Richard and Robert, the two first named of whom still survive, were among the best of them in the late seventies; the late John Ainslie was a destructive bowler and a steady batsman and the Scott boys, Marshall and Charlie, always rendered a good acocunt of themselves. John MacKeen was among the very earliest players, and in later years was almost invariably the Leith umpire in its contests with other clubs. Theodore Rixon is remembered as an exceptionally heavy hitter, and the Reid brothers, Malcolm and Robert, were dependable men in every department of the game.

From the very earliest settlement in the village the Leith people always evinced the warmest interest in aquatic sports. The easiest way of communication with Owen Sound was by boat, and in the annual regattas held there Leith was almost always represented. In an old letter dated August 15th, 1853, the writer says that "there was a boat race a while ago between Sydenham (Owen

Sound) and Leith; the first prize for sailing boats was two pounds and the first prize for rowing boats one pound ten shillings." Unfortunately the writer then drops the subject and we are left in the dark as to the names of the contestants in these races, and those of the sailboats with their owners. These are very modest prizes, but the fact that the amount of cash is mentioned in each case is a proof of the scarcity of money at the time. It would be hard in this day to find a business man or farmer who would consent to pull a skiff over the length of a race course of 1853, let alone spend his spare time for weeks in preparation for a race, as the oarsmen of that time did. Yet from the stories that have come down to us, these sailing and rowing contests were as fiercely fought as were the cricket matches of later years. They were genuine trials of skill and strength between rival communities, to find out which had the better men.

In time these battles for supremacy, continued on up through the sixties, seventies and early eighties, developed some fine oarsmen at Leith. Middle aged men still remember the time when the sailing vessel was, to all practical intents, wiped out on the Great Lakes, and the annual regattas died about the same time or shortly before. The gradual incursions of the motor launch spelled their destruction. It is a vastly more speedy and convenient means of water locomotion, but decidedly less picturesque. Most of them were equally at home handling either the oar or the sail, and some of their feats of endurance seem almost unreasonable in these days, when motor propulsion makes everything so easy. The late John Telford of Durham, formerly of Annan, once rowed up from Meaford to Owen Sound without once going ashore, which may not seem such an extraordinary feat when one learns that Captain

John Ainslie rowed down from Tobermory, in a continuous voyage which ended only at the Leith dock. The latter gentleman will always be remembered as one of Leith's best all round sportsmen. His education was received in Leith, to which he came from Galt as a child of two or three years of age. He followed quite a variety of occupations in his early years but his love of sport was his strongest characteristic, and it seemed as natural for him to sit in a boat and row as walking does to the ordinary man. He was Leith's first telegraph operator, the office at that time being in the north end of the flour mill, then owned by his father. At another time he was made miller and was quite succecssful at that trade, only if any game was known to be in the neighborhood John was sure to be after it with his shotgun, at a moment's notice. When he returned to the mill the stones would sometimes be nearly red hot. It was a proud day for the village when John returned to it as the "champeen" oarsman of the Georgian Bay, but he wore his honors modestly, even though he had been the victor in one of the toughest struggles ever waged for that honor. He had a voice of pleasing quality, even if untrained, and among our earliest recollections is one of hearing him singing a duet in company with the aforesaid John Telford, on a platform at Annan, at one of the big soirees held in the Reverend John Mordy's time. This song was called "The Two Obadiahs" and, curiously enough, we have never since seen it in print nor heard it sung. But his first love was a boat, and when between twenty and thirty years of age he could navigate a large sail boat with many of our best fresh water fishermen. He then owned a large two masted fishing smack in which, one day with Henry Cameron and Will Burr, he was, through some mishap, piled up on the

boulders in a hard gale of wind, and which ended its days lying bottom upward in the Water o' Leith. In the days when the Rixon lumber mills were at Tobermory, he often left Leith for that point in weather that would have kept prudent men ashore. But his judgment was accurate, and he seemed to know intuitively what a boat would stand and when he had had enough, although in his time he had some very nervous passengers. But no man yet has been able to draw a precise line between courage and recklessness. When one of us takes a long chance in some exploit involving great personal danger, and wins out safely, we hail him as a hero; another with the same skill takes the same chance and loses his life, and we call him a fool.

Another good oarsman who helped on more than one oaccsion to bring the bacon home to Leith from these annual regattas, was Adam Waddell. Robert Glen was another fine yachtsman, and his square sterned boat, the "Water Lily," was a frequent entrant at such events. Along about 1885 he brought a yacht of deep draught from some point on Lake Ontario to Leith, which, in sailing qualities, turned out to be a killing frost. Some time in the seventies a four-oared racing shell, built by Glendinning of Toronto, was brought to Leith, and some championship races were rowed in this boat. The authentic record of these races, the crews, the courses and the winners, is not available, with us at least, and it is doubtful if it is in existence at all. It belongs to a day when men depended upon their strength of arm, and not on the horse power of a gasoline engine. If such a record is still to be found it should be given in official form to the public as one of the most interesting phases of the early history of Owen Sound and vicinity, and it is to be hoped this will be done.

The most courageous and skillful among these contestants at Leith, however, all took off their hats to the men of the French village, a little hamlet of French-Canadian fishermen which flourished in the early days on the east shore of the bay, near Owen Sound. This is encroaching a little on the history of that city, but as these men carried on their operations as fishermen, in the fall months at least, around Johnstone Harbor and Vail's Point, such encroachment may be pardoned. Three families of of these fishermen stand out prominently in the early history of the bay ; the Jones, the Desjardines and the Cotures. There are still a few worthy representatives of the three left but they do not carry about with them the flavor of romance some of their fathers did. The water seemed to be their natural element, and this is particularly true of the Jones' and Cotures. The latter family was a large one and its two best known members were designated "Old Joe" and "Young Joe" respectively. Young Joe was probably the best man in a fishing boat who ever sailed into Owen Sound harbor. The claim will in all probability be disputed, but it is safe to say he was as good as the best. He and his brothers may have been deficient in certain points, such as education, but what they did not known about the dangers of Georgian Bay, the navigation of a fishing boat, and the mysteries of net fishing in deep water or on the shoals was scarcely worth knowing. There was no trick or device known to man of getting the last inch of speed out of a fishing smack with which young Joe was not thoroughly conversant, and which he did not use when hard pressed in a race. Such a record as we have indicated above would show young Joe's name at or around the top of the prize list, in every race in which he ever entered. In time he bceame known

as one of the most venturesome of the fishermen congregating at Johnstone Harbor, and some of the stories told of his daring, there and in that vicinity, would seem incredible were they not vouched for by witnesses whose veracity is above question. On one occasion he left the Harbor in a howling gale from the north-west, when all the other fishermen thought it safest to stay ashore. Crossing the bar his boat was caught on the crest of two huge waves at once, with the result that her hull was sprung in such a manner that the top of her two spars clashed one against the other. Familiarity with danger bred a sort of contempt for it with him, and in time it came to be that the dirtier the weather was the better he liked it. It gave him the opportunity of displaying his splendid skill in seamanship, and danger has its own fascination for such daring spirits, who sometimes court it to their own destruction. On the afternoon in September, 1882, before the night on which the ill fated Asia was lost, he made a spectacular run from his home near Owen Sound to Johnstone Harbor, and those who still remember the day will realize the chances he took.

The pitcher went once too often to the well. On Thanksgiving Day of 1886, with his brother Jim, he attempted the same trip, in a heavy westerly gale which blew with ever-increasing fury all day. Thanksgiving Day was then observed about the 15th of November, and the first ten days of the month were the closed season for salmon trout. Joe was going down to the Harbor for the late fall fishing, with the usual equipment of nets and other fishing tackle aboard. They left home in the forenoon, with the gale dead astern and in violent snow squalls. It was between two of these sqaulls they were last seen from the land, at a point about four miles below Leith. In the

language of the man who saw them, "the boat seemed to jump from the top of one wave to the next." No trace of the two bodies was afterwards found, but it was rumored some wreckage of the boat was picked up on the Christian Islands, the following spring. They simply disappeared. One would wish that the veil might be drawn aside for a moment, and he could see how these brave men met their death. It is almost a certainty they were drowned at some point west of the Harbor.

The names of Joseph and James Coture were thus added to the long list of death's victims by drowning on the east shore, from a point about two miles below Leith down to Cape Rich. Coffin Harbor received its ominous appellation from the fact that in the very earliest days a coffin was left there for the remains of a man who had been drowned, but whose body was never recovered. Two men, Simpson and Taylor, were drowned about five miles below Leith; the latter was a son of Henry Taylor of Owen Sound, and his body was found by his father; that of his companion, George Simpson, if recollection serves aright, was never found. It was near the same point a son of David Armstrong, of Annan, was drowned late one fall about fifty years ago. He was crossing the lake from the west shore in heavy weather, also with a companion. About two hundred yards from shore the boat broached to in a heavy sea and foundered. Young Armstrong lost his life, but the other, more fortunate, reached the shore, although in a condition more dead than alive. The body was in this case also recovered, the death of this young man spreading a deep gloom over the whole neighborhood, as he was a universal favorite. The shore between Coffin Harbor and Pine Point is such a mass of huge boulders that one wonders how any one could escape being pounded

to pieces in a gale of wind, even if he reached it. At Johnstone Harbor there have been many deaths by drowning, the best remembered being that of George Scott, who met his end there one fall about twenty-five years ago, while trolling. The body was found in the summer following. Mr. Scott is remembered for his powerful physique, which stood up under the severest exertions, and also as one of the most sucecssful trollers that ever haunted the east shore shoals up until the time of his death. The list given here is incomplete, of course, but it will be long enough to reawaken memories, many of them sad ones.

The fall trolling, just mentioned, received brief notice in a previous chapter, but a more extended reference may be made to it here, as it was a season of sport regularly recognized and participated in by sportsmen from Leith and Annan. Of late years it is rigidly circumscribed by law; in the olden days there were no such restrictions, except a short close season which was frequently honored more in the breach than the observance. The Scott family, of whom the father, George, is referred to above, were all enthusiastic and successful trollers; just how successful a little incident may be cited as proof. One of the sons, William, went to what is known as the Big Shoal, opposite Vail's Point, in a late December afternoon about forty years ago, duck shooting. He had a line and trolling bait with him as an emergency measure, but did not anticipate any sport trolling, as the fish bite poorly at that time of year, and he also had a leaky boat. The ducks failed to materialize in any quantity, so William cast his bait overboard in the forlorn hope of getting a salmon or two. It happened the day was without a breath of air, which in view of the condition of his boat and the season of the year was indeed fortunate for him. The salmon

trout rarely bite well in a dead calm, for reasons they have never yet disclosed to anybody. But for some reasons they changed their accustomed tactics that day, and started to bite with an eagerness that amounted to ferocity. Unlike the trolling in October, William had the whole bay to himself; he was at last compelled to stop and go ashore, as his boat was full of lake water and fish. He had long lost count of his catch, but when he reached shore he found he had killed over eighty trout. This is the story as it was given us years afterwards by a near relative of his. This unexpected feat was regarded as remarkable even in that day of great catches; were he able to duplicate it today his afternoon's sport would net him, at least fifty dollars.

Johnstone Harbor was the resort of almost all the fishermen, either with net or trolling bait. The trollers commenced camping there along about 1878, and came in increasing numbers the following ten years. There was in Leith about the year mentioned a huge fishing boat called the "Nancy Bell," which depended upon sweeps for propulsion. She carried an indefinite crew, up to the number of nine or ten. She was what mariners call a "workhouse," which, in their vernacular, means a boat that imposes killing hard labor on the crew. The ancient war galleys of the Mediterranean may have been harder to row, but not much. Manned by a crew from Leith or Annan, she seldom went farther from home than Pine Point, but some splendid catches were chalked up by the old craft. She generally went down to the Point in the morning and returned the same evening, but the sport became so attractive that at last they began camping at Johnston Harbor for the last two weeks in October, when the salmon trout had come in from deep water to the shoals to spawn.

The harbor was the resort of most of the fishing parties from Owen Sound, and from 1885 until the early nineties the string of tents just back from the beach was a long one. Of course there was a great deal of lost time on account of rough weather, when it was impossible to troll, and this time was usually spent in hunting such game as the neighborhood afforded. Our own personal contact with, and recollections of, the sport, date back to 1887; in that year a party from Leith and Annan running three boats trolled a little over eight hundred salmon trout in the two weeks, and in view of the time lost through unfavorable weather this was probably as good fishing as was ever had on the east side shoals. Trolling does not rank with deer shooting as a form of sport, or at least such is the popular impression, but it is less expensive and can generally be found closer home.

Leith and Annan had in former times some excellent marksmen, either with the rifle or shotgun. The old shootings matches, usually held in the late fall or early winter at Annan, attracted sportsmen from all parts of the township, Christmas day always being signalized by a monster match, at which turkeys, ducks and geese afforded not only the targets but the prizes as well. The sport seemed to die out about forty or forty-five years ago, just when the breech loading shotgun was coming into popular use. Leith's crack shot with the old muzzle loading shot gun was George Dixon. In the wild duck season he kept the table at home almost constantly supplied in fresh wild fowl. Two exceptionally good shots, at the lower end of the township, were Hiram Vanwyck and George Scott. The latter gentleman was, in the earliest times when deer were to be found, a famous shot with the rifle and as a young man killed many of them in the vicinity of the Big

Clay Banks and Johnstone Harbor, near which he was in later years destined to lose his own life. In 1887 Captain Cleland of No. 2 Company, 31st Regiment, presented a valuable cup to be competed for by teams of five men each, from every company in the Regiment, at its annual rifle matches. The rules governing the contest provided that the team making the highest score for three years in succession should come into complete possession of the trophy. The competition that ensued was keen, and some extraordinarily high scores were made, but No. 3 Company of Leith maintained its old prestige by carrying off the prize in the first three matches following the cup's presentation. Mr. David Creighton, then M.P.P. for North Grey, and himself a Fenian Raid veteran, then presented the trophy to the winners on the happy occasion of their third straight victory, and the winners, to show they were true sportsmen as well as the Regiment's best marksmen, immediately presented it back to the Regiment, to be competed for annually and ad infinitum.

Another local institution which was a source of great interest and enjoyment to everybody in the neighborhood was the Annan Band; more correctly it might have been called an orchestra. Nobody knows the exact date of its organization, but it was some time in the late sixties. It seems to have been like Topsy; it just growed. At last George Henderson, an exceptionally fine clarinet player who had been trained in one of the famous Guards' bands in England, was secured as its leader, and some sort of regularity and precision injected into its proceedings. The personell of its members and the instruments they played, as nearly as can be recollected, was about as follows: George Henderson, leader and clarinet; James Telford, clarinet; Frank Cathrae, cornet; Robert Dixon, Robert

Henry and William Keefer, violins; Adam Waddell, ophcleide; William Telford, cello, and Miss Agnes MacLean, organist. The lady organist was at this time the teacher at the Separate school in the Irish Block. Adam Waddell, who had played the tenor slide trombone in his native Galashiels before coming to Canada, was assigned the ophcleide on that account. It was a large, unwieldy brass instrument, resembling the modern saxophone more than any other, was played with a cup mouthpiece and pitched in E flat. It had a blaring, strident quality of tone ano this one was irreverently nicknamed the giraffe. The ophcleide has long since become obsolete, having been superseded by the modern euphonium.

This orchestra, as we shall call it, was requisitioned for all sorts of local engagements. It even played parades on the streets of Annan, minus the organist of course. The sight of a man marching down street while playing the violin would be thought a ludicrous one now, but tastes change with the passing years. Mr. Henderson afterwards became bandmaster of the regimental band of Simcoe county, with headquarters at Barrie, and died in that town. William Keefer, one of the violin players, had for many years a fine span of driving horses, by means of which the orchestra was conveyed to their engagements in outlying villages. Much of their music was in manuscript, copied out by Mr. Henderson; the old Scottish dance pieces were mostly played "by lug," or to use a more modern expression, faked.

In one respect these musicians were true artists of an old school long since passed away—they refused to accept a cent for their services. This peculiarity may be deemed a trifle quixotic on their part but it was surely

their own business, and it at least showed that they played from the love of playing, and not what they could get out of it. On this basis they played engagements at different times in the town hall at Owen Sound, and at Chatsworth, Massey and Balaclava; beside many closer points. Under exceptional circumstances they once played at Holland Landing. Some of the instruments are still in evidence. The clarinets are of the old yellow variety, with six keys, and the reed attached to the mouthpiece by thread, tightly wrapped around it. Such an instrument has been known, in later times, to start a riot in the theatres of our large cities. There is a tradition among men of the stage that it is hoodooed, and that bad luck will assuredly follow the company if one of these yellow clarinets is used in the pit while they are presenting a play. In consequence of this they have refused to go on, the musicians in the orchestra have waxed wroth, and trouble has ensued. It is a striking example of how an old superstition will survive. However, the Annan musicians never suffered any inconvenience by their use. It is a far cry from this orchestra of fifty and sixty years ago, once the delight of the denizens of Sydenham, to the jazz fiend combinations of today's music world, and when all allowances are made for modern methods and music, the advantage nevertheless does not all lie on one side.

Getting back to outdoor sports again for a moment before closing this chapter, it may be mentioned that curling was once played at Annan, although in such an early day that it is impossible to give any succinct or authoritative account of either the play or the players. It was played on a large pond in a swamp on the farm of Andrew Biggar, and while some of the curlers may have been skilled players in the Old Land, one naturally wonders

how they encompassed the difficulties of securing proper curling stones, or if they were imported from the older settlements. The earliest curling club at Galt solved the same difficulty by turning maple blocks to the required dimensions, drilling holes in them and filling the same with lead. The average curler's enthusiasm does not stick at a trifle.

Enough has been adduced to show that the pioneers and their children, while their daily labor was hard, knew the value of recreation in its various forms, and how to enjoy it. Between hard work and play in its proper time, their lives never fell into that torpor-like ennui which is the affliction of the lazy, and little better than a living death.

CHAPTER XI.

A MERITORIOUS RECORD

At the urgent request of a few enthusiasts in the game, it has been decided to insert at this point a partial record of the cricket matches played between Leith and its greatest rival, Owen Sound, from 1870 until 1885 inclusive. This record is incomplete, as some of the score books have been lost, but, such as it is, it will revive old and pleasant memories in the grizzled veterans of the game—now, alas! so few—still remaining among us.

The first game was played at Owen Sound, Sept. 20th, 1870, between Owen Sound and an eleven chosen from the Annan and Leith clubs. Owen Sound won with ten wickets to go down.

Owen Sound vs. Leith, at Owen Sound, July 28th, 1871. Leith, 1st inning, 103; 2nd 35. Owen Sound, 1st inning, 117; tied the score in the 2nd with seven wickets to go down. As this is the first game of which there is authentic record of the names of the players, the personell of the two elevens is given, as follows: Leith: W. McNeil, Archie Ainslie, J. McKeen, Alex. Ainslie, W. Wilson, R. Henry, H. Rixon, A. Spence, Neil McNeil, R. Glen and W. Moore. Owen Sound: M. Kennedy, M. Firby, W. C. Hoar, J. Gale, T. B. Miller, Christopher Lang, W. Kennedy, D. Morrison, J. Gordon, Dr. Smith and S. Redfern.

Owen Sound vs. Leith, at Owen Sound, June 15th. 1872; Leith, 1st inning, 53; 2nd 74. Total 127. Owen Sound, 1st inning 69; 2nd, 39. Total 108. Leith won by 19 runs. For Owen Sound M. Kennedy took 6 wickets in Leith's 1st inning.

Owen Sound vs. Leith, at Owen Sound, July 12th, 1873. Leith won by 9 wickets.

The two rivals united for a match this year, and played Orangeville at Owen Sound on August 23rd, this being the first game played with that town after the opening of the T. G. & B. narrow gauge railroad. The score: Owen Sound and Leith, 1st inning, 55; 2nd, 62. Orangeville: 1st inning, 55; 2nd, 29 for six wickets down. Game was not finished but was declared a tie on the first innings. J. McKeen and W. McNeil of Leith top scorers for their side.

If a game was played in 1874 between Leith and Owen Sound, all trace of it has been lost. However, Owen Sound played Briar Hill on June 6th of this year, the game going the full two innings, and Owen Sound trimming their opponents by 21 runs.

In 1875 the two teams met again at Owen Sound on June 13th and played a one innings game. Leith scored 81 and Owen Sound 80, the doughty McGregor making his first appearance with Leith in this match. Leith won by one run, so it must have been a heart breaking finish. Leith eleven: R. Glen, P. C. McGregor, J. McLean, N. McNeil, W. McNeil, John Ainslie, W. Wilson, J. Turnbull, J. Fawcett, James Turnbull, eleventh name lost.

Return match at Owen Sound, Aug. 21st, same year. One innings game. Owen Sound won by 16 runs. Leith batted in 2nd innings, P. C. McGregor and W. McNeil making 30 and 16 respectively. Owen Sound did not bat and game decided on 1st innings.

Owen Sound vs. Leith, at Owen Sound, June 10th, 1876. Owen Sound, 1st inning, 95. Leith, 1st inning 34; 2nd, 54. Owen Sound won by an inning and 7 runs. Leith eleven: Messrs. W. McNeil, Ainslie, McGregor, Wilson, McKeen, Henry, Day, R. Fawcett, J. Fawcett, M. Mc-

Neil, Telford. This was J. P. Telford's first appearance for Leith.

Owen Sound vs. Leith at Owen Sound, May 24th, 1877. Owen Sound 45 and 68 in 1st and 2nd innings respectively. Leith 39 and 63. Owen Sound won by two wickets and two runs. Ainslie took 5 wickets in Owen Sound's 2nd inning.

Return match for 1877 played on Leith grounds, July 6th. Leith won by 66 runs. McNeil, McGregor and McKeen highest scorers for Leith.

Owen Sound vs. Leith at Owen Sound, May 24th, 1878. Owen Sound, 1st inning, 66. Leith, 1st inning 75; 2nd, 96. Owen Sound did not bat in second innings and game was decided on the first, Leith winning by 9 runs. M. Kennedy took 4 wickets in Leith's 2nd inning and J. Ainslie made 31 runs in the same Leith's eleven: W. Wilson, M. Scott, J. Ainslie, W. McNeil, J. P. Telford, P. C. MacGregor, Somerville Ross, J. McKeen, W. Reid, N. McNeil and R. Glen.

Owen Sound vs Leith at Owen Sound, May 24th, 1879. 125; did not bat in 2nd. Game decided on first innings. Owen Sound winning by 73 runs.

In 1879 Owen Sound claimed to have the best cricket team in Northern Ontario, and their long string of victories would seem to substantiate the assertion.

Owen Sound vs. Leith, at Owen Sound, June 12th, 1880. Two innings game. Owen Sound made a total of 85 in the two innings and Leith 55. Owen Sound won by 30 runs.

Owen Sound vs. Leith at Owen Sound, June 4th, 1881. Owen Sound, 1st inning, 22; 2nd, 34. Leith, 1st inning, Leith: 1st inning 52; 2nd, 105. Owen Sound: 1st inning, 59. Leith won by an inning and 3 runs. Top score for

Leith made by Telford, with 19 runs. Leith eleven: Messrs. Wilson, Glen, Fawcett, Telford, Ainslie, McNeil, McGregor, Saunders, Reid, Armstrong and Cameron.

Owen Sound vs. Leith at Owen Sound, May 24th, 1882 Scores on this game are not available. Leith won by fou wickets and ten runs. Ainslie did not play.

For some years previous to the last date the annual game between Leith and Owen Sound had, by arrangement between the two clubs, been played on May 24th, the anniversary of Queen Victoria's birth, or on a later date if the weather was unfavorable. In 1883, owing to the presence of the two far-famed athletes, Ross and Keating, at a huge sports' demonstration in Owen Sound on that date, the annual game was postponed and if it was subsequently played that year the record has been lost. In 1884, for some reason, no game was played.

Owen Sound vs. Leith, at Owen Sound, May 24th, 1885. Owen Sound: 1st inning, 55; 2nd, 49. Leith, 1st inning, 112. Leith won by one inning and 8 runs. Leith eleven: Messrs. Scott, Reid, Ross, Clark, McNeil, Alexander, McGregor, Hare, Glen, McDougall and Day. Alexander took 6 wickets in Owen Sound's second inning and scored 52 runs for Leith. In all round cricket, bowling, batting and fielding, Alexander had few equals in the game.

A close scrutiny of the above tabulation reveals the fact that of the fifteen games played, Leith won eight and Owen Sound seven. If the complete record were available it might possibly be found that Owen Sound had reversed this showing. Everything considered, however, the two clubs were very evenly matched. For continuity in the game the best showing is made by Walter McNeil and Robert Glen for Leith, and Matthew Kennedy for

Owen Sound. The names of the two Leith men appear in the first and last games covered in the list ,and McNeil played in every game between.

If the same list were extended to include all the games played with Walters Falls, Balaklava, Briar Hill and other points in the township it would fill a small sized book. The mettle of the Walters Falls Club is best attested by the fact that in two games played with Meaford in 1869 they won both; the first by 5 wickets and the second by an inning and 41 runs. On July 1st, 1870, at Owen Sound, they played a one inning game with the eleven of that place and trounced the town by 75 runs. They never fared so well in North Sydenham, however. One of the worst beatings they ever experienced was administered to them at Leith at the hands of the village's eleven, and when they were most confident of winning. Taken all through the showing made by Leith against neighboring clubs was a most meritorious one.

CHAPTER XII.

A FEW OF THE FIRST

As stated at the outset in this little volume, it was our intention to present brief biographical sketches of a few of the earliest pioneers in North Sydenham. We have now arrived at that point in these reminiscences.

These sketches will be found not only brief, but in some cases lacking in detail, a fact for which we are not entirely to blame. When information was sought on this point, one was painfully reminded of the fact that the average memory is a short one, and has a limitless capacity for forgetting. This is a wise dispensation of Providence after all. The memory of past joys remains with us, and lend to the olden days a charm all their own, and we are so constituted that the ills and sorrows of past years are forgotten, or remembered but dimly. Existence would be intolerable if we remembered our griefs and trials in their first bitterness. But in the hurry and cares of modern life it is surprising to learn how many of the salient facts in the lives of those who first settled in the township are forgotten. What will have happened, then, when we of this generation have given way for another one that knows of the pioneers by name only? Ask the average man to give you a clear and succinct account of the life of his great-grandfather and not five times in a hundred will the answer be a satisfactory one.

In the majority of cases, however, it has been found possible to give at least the dates of birth and death, the early occupation, time of coming to Canada and settling in the township, in the life of each subject as in turn he comes under discussion.

A word may be said here as to the photographic reproductions appearing on other pages, of which there are eighteen in all. Of the eighteen gentlemen whose portraits are given, seventeen were born in Scotland. William P. Telford was born near the Scottish Border, but on the English side of it, of Scottish parents however. He, Doctor Lang and Thomas Lunn were born in the end of the eighteenth century, and seven others of the eighteen before the battle of Waterloo. At least one of these remembered that event distinctly, and the outburst of national rejoicing that followed the news when the Duke of Wellington

"On that loud Sabbath shook the spoiler down."

On a certain day in 1845, when sitting down to dinner with his family in his little log house on the Lake Shore Line he remarked "it was just thirty years ago today—how well I remember it!—that Waterloo was fought." The saying stuck in the mind of one of the boys, and long years after he related the incident in our hearing. The portrait of the first Presbyterian minister in Leith appears side by side with his colleague at Annan, who was the first minister of the Lake Shore Line congregation after it was organized on a self-sustaining basis. The first teachers in Leith and Annan public schools appear on the same page at Nos. 3 and 4. As far as possible it was endeavored to secure photographs taken late in life; that of Walter Aitken was taken a week before his death. No doubt the shades of this goodly company of Scottish worthies would be intensely surprised were they to learn their living likenesses had all been gathered together within the covers of a book.

To the selection that has been made of subjects for these sketches, some exception will doubtless be taken.

There were many others among the pioneers of North Sydenham just as worthy of a place here as those whose names appear, and perhaps more so. It would prove an invidious comparison to even name a number of them. But it was a physical impossibility to include them all; that task is left for the future historian of Grey County, who, it is to be hoped, will have the leisure and the means to do justice to the memory of them all.

Taken collectively, the portraits of these men will afford an interesting half hour in facial study. One characteristic is stamped on the countenance of each of them—a deep-settled and inflexible determination. There is no other quality will take the place of courage; it has no substitutes. These pioneers needed the last ounce of it if they had to withstand the trials and hardships they faced and endured in the years when they were reclaiming a township from the wilderness and making it to blossom as the rose. They are among the real heroes of Canada. We raise monuments to our soldier dead and deck them with wreaths, and it is entirely fitting and proper we should do so. But it is well to remember while so doing that if it had not been for the labors of these men our soldiers would never have had a country to defend. They were the true builders of empire—the men who had the grit and determination to engage in what must have seemed at times almost an insurmountable task, and do the spade work for the on-coming hosts who gathered to reap where they had planted. Let us suppose for a moment their work were to be done over again, and under the same circumstances that prevailed in the forties and fifties of last century. Suppose Sydenham were by the stroke of an enchanter's wand restored to the tangled brush and towering hardwoods covering the land in one unbroken stretch at that time. How many of the grand-

children and great-grandchildren of these men would be satisfied to make their permanent abode in the midst of such isolation, and through the daily sweat and toil that were theirs wrest from Nature the same reward? They would be few indeed. These men had their own shortcomings and faults. Occasionally some of them drank a little too much and at barn raisings and logging bees, when laboring under the stress of a strong excitement, they were guilty of a vigorous language not found in prayer books. But they were honest, truthful and law-abiding, and above all they possessed the supreme quality of courage—the indomitable energy and perseverance which tries again and again regardless of failure, until at last effort is crowned by success

It is not claimed for the first settlers of North Sydenham that they are any more entitled to honor than their brother-pioneers in other parts of the County or Province. Such a claim would be ridiculous on the face of it. Their history was marked by no momentous events; the whole field covered by these reminiscences is a limited one indeed. But the hope has been expressed time and again, by many of their descendants, that in some manner the story of the sacrifices they made and the difficulties and discouragements they so successfully surmounted might be told, so that their names and their memory might not perish from the earth but be preserved as an example to those following in their steps of what industry, thrift and patience can accomplish in a new land, where, above all things, men must trust to their own resources. The consummation of this desire has been the strongest motive behind the writing of such a story—with all its imperfections—as the present one. There were

secondary motives as will be shown later on, but this was the strongest one.

These, then, are a few of the first.

JOHN COUPER

John Couper was born at Clarkstone Toll, in Refrewshire, in 1819, of a respectable middle class family. He was raised on a farm, where he worked as a plowman; he also gained a thorough knowledge of gardening and acquired a fine taste in flowers and their successful culture. When twenty five years of age he came to Canada and settled first at Galt, which at the time was a sort of halfway house for many settlers who later came to Sydenham. He worked there for two years and then came to Sydenham, taking up a lot on Concession C, on which he settled in 1847. Here were born and raised his family of two sons and three daughters.

He was a hard working and successful farmer. Soon evincing a strong taste for public affairs, he was in 1860 elected a councillor for his ward in the township council, and served as such until 1866. He then served as deputy reeve for one year, and for the two years following was honored with the reeveship. For many years he was an elder in the Presbyterian congregation at Annan and always displayed the keenest interest in its affairs. As the possessor of an unusually rich voice he frequently led its service of praise as precentor. His tastes in literature were keen and discriminating; Carlyle was a favorite, of course, but his admiration for Burns was little short of idolatry. Partly from his extensive reading and partly from pure love of an argument, he became a controversialist along many lines of thought, and it must be confessed that in battles of this kind his keen wits rarely

met with their equal. When the occasion demanded he had at his command as dry and subtle a sarcasm as one would care to listen to.

In the first Provincial election held after Confederaiton he contested North Grey in the Liberal interest with Thomas Scott, Conservative. The elections for the Dominion Parliament and the Provincial Legislature were held simultaneously, in September, 1867, for the first and only time since Confederation. For the Dominion Parliament the two contestants were Messrs. Snider and Boulton, Liberal and Conservative respectively. At the Liberal nomination meeting there had been three nominees, James Paterson, John Couper and Thomas Purdy. Mr. Couper was nominated but at first positively refused to stand. The nomination then went to Thomas Purdy, but he, not being present at the meeting, just as positively declined it when apprised of the action of the convention. Mr. Couper was then induced to reconsider his declination. The result on election day was a curious one. Mr. Snider was elected by 254 majority over his Conservative opponent, and Mr. Scott beat the Liberal nominee by 259, there being a difference of only five votes in the two majorities. It was frequently asserted throughout the constituency in the following legislative term that, in the person of Mr. Couper, the electors had left the ablest man of the four at home.

In all the activities of his home community Mr. Couper took a leading and responsible part. He was a man who seemed to inspire confidence instinctively; the word of John Couper was always regarded as a sufficient guaranty, for men knew it was as good as his bond. His standard of morals in political life was a high one and some of his campaign speeches make good reading even yet, indicating as they do his high sense of integrity. Such

a reputation is more precious than rubies and a priceless heritage to leave to one's children. In his late years he was sorely afflicted with rheumatism. He is buried at Annan, having died at his home near there in 1896, a long, active and honorable life thus being brought to a close.

JAMES ROSS

James Somerville Ross was born in Edinburgh in 1801, his father being an employee in the service of government in the Customs there. He received his education in the High School of that city, the course of study covering five years, and must have been well up in his classes as on one occasion he won a prize of a costly timepiece for reciting one thousand lines of Latin without an error. After two years spent in Caithness-shire, in the office of his uncle, who was a fish merchant, he returned to Edinburgh and was apprenticed in the baking business. He then established two bake shops, one of them in the suburb of Currie where he met and married Janet Henderson. In 1835, with his wife and five children, the youngest six weeks old, he came to Canada in the sailing vessel Roger Stewart. It was the fifty-second transatlantic passage for that vessel's captain and the voyage, which took about six weeks, was also the calmest one he had taken. He came to Galt and was there about seven months; he then moved out to Preston where he engaged at his trade of baking for two years. Here he prospered, but the suppression of the MacKenzie rebellion was followed by a bad business depression during which Mr. Ross quit the baking business and, in 1837, rented a farm near Preston and also started a brick kiln. In February, 1844, with two or three neighbors he came to the Lake Shore Line to spy out the land, but the snow

was so deep their intention was frustrated and they returned to Galt. Late in March he walked up to Owen Sound alone, went down the Lake Shore Line, examined the land and chose the farm he afterwards occupied, but the land was not in the market at the time. He asked John Telfer to file his application for it and returned to Galt. This was Lot 38, concession C and was chosen because of a good spring at the back of it. The Land Agent's office awarded him the lot and on May 10th, Mr. Ross and his two eldest sons having arrived from Galt at the Lake Shore Line, the first tree ever chopped on it was felled by the three. A shanty was erected and clearing begun. The rest of the family were, with their effects, brought up in four sleighs in February, 1845. In March of that year he again went to Galt with Andrew Biggar to bring back some stock. His fourth son, then ten years of age, who had remained in Galt, returned to the Lake Shore with the two, walking the entire distance of one hundred and eight miles in six days and driving a sow the whole way. This was regarded as a wonderful feat even in those days for a boy of ten years, but little did he realize as he tramped his lonely journey his powers in long distance pedestrianism would be made a matter fo record seventy nine years later. About a week after their arrival home, one fine morning about eight or ten little grunters were found following this sow around the barnyard.

In 1855 Mr. Ross bought a store in Leith from a gentleman named Wylie and with his sons James and Allan became the firm known as James Ross and Sons. They did a large general store business and in later years engaged in grain buying as well. He continued a member of this firm until his death. Mr. Ross had a considerable knowledge of common law, was one of the first elders

in the Annan congregation and was prominent in the educational affairs of the district. He was a big man physically, standing well over six feet,and was of a grave demeanor. All his life he was an enthusiastic curler, and he even tried with some success to introduce the roarin' game at Annan. His wife died at Leith in 1869 and in the following year he visited Scotland, and the scenes of his early manhood in Edinburgh. Returning to Canada he died in February 1871, also at Leith. His remains rest beside those of his wife in Annan cemetery.

GIDEON HARKNESS

For a man who exercised such an influence in the district where he settled and led such a long and honorable career, very few of the facts in Mr. Harkness' early life are available for presentation here. He was born in Hawick, Roxburghshire, in 1818, and came to Canada when about twenty six years of age. When a young man he learned the trade of a stone mason, and learned it passing well, if one may judge from some of his handicraft still remaining in Sydenham. He came direct to the Lake Shore Line from Scotland and took up land about half a mile northeast of Annan. For the first few years after coming, he was accustomed to go to Galt every winter to work, returning in the summer to resume clearing his land. Here all his family were born and, like all Scottish-Canadian families of that place and time, raised to work and work hard. There were no drones in the hive on the Lake Shore then. Young and old worked early, and late and few of them indeed suffered any ill effects from it. The farm Mr. Harkness had chosen had not the natural advantages possessed by some others, but excellent judgment in cultivation, and cropping and in

farming methods generally, made every square foot of it a productive one. He was an enthusiastic stockman and his judgment, in horned stock more particularly, could be pitted against the best in Grey County with honors to himself. As a stock breeder, no man in Sydenham did more to raise the standard of cattle raising in the township than he.

In political affairs and public questions in general, he took an active interest, but never a leading part. Hard headed common sense and shrewdness were his outstanding characteristics, and it is fortunate for all of us such men are found in every rank in life and in every community. They keep their own feet and the feet of their neighbors on the solid ground, and their heads out of the clouds. From the very beginning he took a prominent place in the affairs of the Presbyterian congregation at Annan and was for many years its leading elder. He was one of the organizers of the Sydenham Mutual Fire Insurance Company and became its first president. After twenty years spent in Canada he visited his birthplace in Scotland, and while he found the condition of the working people greatly improved, he had no desire to stay there. Of all his fellow Scots in the district, he preserved to the very last his native dialect in its richest and purest form. In time it grew, in fact, to be a little bewildering to the young Canadians who had grown up around him. His success in prize winning at the fall fairs was perhaps the best evidence of the interest he took in his calling. These annual competitions were potent events in the life of a farmer sixty years ago, and a genuine promotive of good husbandry. To the end of his life everything that tended to improve the lot of the farmer and the general practise in agriculture had his

heartiest support. He died in his seventy-seventh year, his remains following those of many a fellow-pioneer to their last resting place in the Annan cemetery.

WILLIAM BROWN

The ancient town of Hawick was, in the early years of the nineteenth century, the birthplace of many a future Grey County pioneer. The men of Hawick were in ancient times famous for their intrepid valor in war, and an instance of it that has passed into a fondly cherished tradition may be briefly recounted here.

In 1513, when King James IV of Scotland summoned all the men throughout the length and breadth of his kingdom, between the ages of sixteen and sixty, to his standard at the Borough-moore in Edinburgh for the invasion of England, the story goes that the response to the call to the colors was unanimous in Hawick. The town was stripped bare of fighting men; none but old men and boys were left. King James crossed the border with the largest force ever gathered under one Scottish leader up until that time. He met the English host led by the Earl of Surrey at Flodden, and every schoolboy knows the issue of the battle that followed. The remnant of the Scottish army fled back into Scotland, but Surrey did not follow up his advantage, probably because the forces under his command had been manhandled too severely by the men of the North. Parties of his soldiers, however, crossed the border on marauding expeditions, and one of these found its way into the neighborhood of Hawick. They encamped in a ravine not far from the town, intending to loot it at their pleasure, but their careless confidence was their undoing. Word was brought in that a party

of English was close at hand and in the defenceless state of the inhabitants, the greater part of the men of military age having been killed at Flodden and the rest scattered, naturally great alarm was felt. They reckoned without the fighting spirit of their sons of tender years, however. A considerable number of these gathered together, found their way at the midnight hour to the ravine, and, no sentinels having been thrown out, fell upon and surprised the sleeping English and slaughtered them to the last man. The authenticity of this story is vouched for by eminent Scottish historians. It seems a barbarous act to us now, but it was no worse, if as bad, as many of the inhumanities practised in the Great War.

Our sketch's subject, however, had none of those militant qualities that made the men of Hawick feared in the days of Flodden. A more peaceable or mild a mannered man it would be hard to conceive of and his kindness, more particularly to dumb animals, was the quality by which he is best remembered. In early life Mr. Brown was a shepherd, and the contemplative nature of this employment was favorable to the poetic instinct, with which he was gifted in no mean degree. In later years his improvisations in verse, upon local events on the Lake Shore Line, were by many considered as worthy of a wider field and a larger audience. He was born in 1809 and came to Canada in 1842. He settled at first in Galt, and as he had the best education afforded by the common schools in his native shire he was drafted into the service of school teaching there, but only for one year. In 1843 he journeyed up the Garafraxa road to Owen Sound, then a hamlet of seven or eight houses. In the allotment of Crown Lands he was given Lot 40 on the Lake Shore, close to Doctor Lang's; the two formed a close friendship which

closed only with the death of the last named. Like many of his Scottish neighbors, he had a penchant for gardening and fruit raising, and his orchard, raised from the appleseed, was the first and one of the finest on the Lake Shore. It was also, in its prime, the objective of many a gang of young marauders, bent on apple stealing. Marrying after forty years of age, Mr. Brown still had a family of twelve children, most of whom yet survive as active and useful members of society. For several years after coming to the locality he rented what was afterwards known as the Keefer farm, about one mile below Annan and, like many of his neighbors in that early day, could relate stories of the vicissitudes of pioneering that have unfortunately passed into oblivion. He died in 1892, while in his eighty-third year, and interment was made at Annan.

ANDREW SIBBALD

Andrew Sibbald was born in Selkirk-shire in 1816, just a few miles from Hawick, which is across the county line in Roxburgh-shire. In early life he was a ploughman In the primitive agriculture of that time, as we now consider it, a ploughman was reckoned the highest type of agricultural laborer, and Mr. Sibbald was an expert in his line. He would have learned blacksmithing, but blacksmith apprentices had to serve seven years at the trade and without a cent of wages in those days. He came to Canada in 1845 and settled first at Galt, where he worked for a Mr. Thomson. The trip was made in a sailing vessel, the voyage lasting six weeks. In 1849 he came to the Lake Shore Line district and settled upon Lot 25, Concession 6. Mr. Sibbald was always known as a tremendously hard worker and he found ample scope for his energy here. The farm was all virgin timber. After

working there for some time a surveyor happened along one day, stopped for conversation, became interested, and finally consulted a map. He then told Mr. Sibbald he was clearing land on the next lot, and that gentleman was mortified to discover he had lost the labor of clearing six acres not his own. He shared all those privations the pioneers accepted so cheerfully as inseperable from their lot and on one occasion walked all the way to Durham for some flour. But steady industry always has its own reward. In 1866 he had so far improved his condition as to be able to take a trip back to his birthplace in Scotland, having for company Mr. Gideon Harkness and Mrs. David Armstrong. A sentimental interest may have been responsible for the journey, but he returned to Canada more than ever satisfied he lived there. He was a most successful farmer and took an active and leading interest in the fall fairs of the township and county. He was also instrumental in organizing the Sydenham Mutual Fire Insurance Company and was one of its first directors. As illustrating the scarcity of cash in the early times, he used to tell how he realized the sum of $1.50 from the sale of a fancy vest brought from Scotland, to Andrew Biggar, and this was the only ready money he ever received in the first three years after coming to Annan. He died in 1886 at Annan, in his 70th year, and is buried there. He was an upright and conscientious man whose private life was always most exemplary, and his family, one of the most widely known in Sydenham, all followed faithfully in his footsteps.

THOMAS RUTHERFORD

Thomas Rutherford was born in 1812, at Ancrum, Roxburghshire, and emigrated from Scotland to Canada

in 1832. In his early years he was a gardener on the estate of Sir William Scott, which occupation his father had followed before him and for the same master. Mr. Rutherford had rather a distinguished connection, being a second cousin to Scotland's greatest national figure of the time, Sir Walter Scott. On more than one occasion, as a boy, he had opened the gate for him when Sir Walter was taking his daily exercise of horse-back riding. He described his kinsman as a rather severe looking gentleman, and as having a due sense of his own dignity. After coming to Canada he first settled at Galt and engaged in the butchering business. All his life he retained a vivid impression of the outbreak of cholera there, mentioned in a previous chapter, and of his helping to bury some of the unfortunate victims. He came to the future Owen Sound late in 1840, having been engaged by John Telfer as purveyor of the government stores furnished him as supplies for the first settlers, until they could get a start and raise crops of their own. These stores had to be paid for by the settlers of course, and thereby hangs a rather amusing story.

Among the arrivals in quest of provisions, one day appeared a number of Indians, only a few of whom could speak English, and that very imperfectly. In their broken lingo, eked out by signs, they managed to make Mr. Rutherford understand the kind and quantity of the stores they needed, but when the time came for payment they showed no desire to pay at all and grabbed up their packages with the intention of decamping. This roused the ire of the storekeeper. He was a man of powerful physique—not very tall, but heavily limbed, and strong enough to handle three or four of the Indians in a rough and tumble fight. He launched a blow at the jaw of the

leader of the party which landed safely and then, even before he had time to time to hit the floor, grasped him by the throat and backed him out of the door of the storehouse on the run. A few feet from the doorway lay a log; the Indian in his involuntary flight backward tripped over it and lay like a dead man. In fact, he imitated the 'possum so well Mr. Rutherford was deceived as to how badly he had hurt the redskin. The other Indians were alarmed and made signs to their white brother the seemingly dead man should be buried where he lay. Whether he saw the chance for a joke, or was seriously alarmed, is not clear. But in the excitement of the moment he ran into the storehouse, picked up a shovel and, returning with it. threw a shovelful of dirt on the prostrate form. The Indian rose hastily with a yell, bounded down to the Sydenham river distant only a few yards and, plunging in, swam across it on the double-quick. That lesson lasted the Indians for all time.

Shortly after this incident Mr. Rutherford engaged in hotel keeping on what was then Union Street, and the hostelry he kept and the hospitality he dispensed were long remembered by arrivals among the pioneers at the growing village, who made it a sort of rendezvous. In 1845 he went with William Sibbald to Elora, to attend a sale of Crown Lands, and each bought the lot they afterwards lived on, Mr. Rutherford's being Lot 35, Concesison A of Sydenham and Mr. Sibbald's the lot next it on the south-east. The price paid by Mr. Rutherford was forty-five pounds for the lot of one hundred acres. This farm has ever since been in possession of the Rutherford family; Mr. Rutherford felled the first tree ever chopped on it when he moved in and took possession.

From the start he was closely identified with the various movements tending to advance the best interests of Leith and vicinity, and from his previous business connections in Owen Sound was for many years one of the best known and highly respected residents in the whole district. Although in early life a robust man, his health about ten years before his death became impaired, and two trips were taken to Scotland in the hopes that the change of climate and scenes of his boyhood would restore it. These were ineffectual however, and he died in March, 1879, at the comparatively early age of sixty-seven years. He was buried at Leith in the Presbyterian cemetery, of which church he had been a most consistent member and supporter.

While he made no pretensions to either brilliant gifts or accomplishments, Mr. Rutherford was a man of remarkably sound judgment and level headed Scottish sagacity. His native shrewdness and perspicacity not only won for himself a comfortable independence in material things, but made him a helpful confidante and adviser to all who sought his counsel in the hour of business perplexity. He never forgot his duties as a neighbor or a citizen and always zealously discharged them. A grandson, Major Thomas Rutherford, served his country with bravery and distinction on the European battlefields of the Great War.

THOMAS LUNN

Thomas Lunn was born at Lilliesleaf, Roxburghshire, in 1799. His father was a farmer on the estate of Sir John Riddell, and the education he gave his son must have been a good one, if we may judge from the use he made of it after coming to Canada. Not much is known of his

early life, which is regrettable as we would find that part of it highly interesting. He engaged in business in Hawick and seems to have succeeded fairly well. He was married before coming to Canada to a Miss Usher, of Edinburgh. The name of Usher is a familiar one to many Canadians, although the variety of bottled products carrying the label on which the name appears is not as popular as it once was in Canada, while in the United States it has suffered almost total eclipse. The Usher family was, at that time, one of the wealthiest in Edinburgh, and her parents considered that their daughter had married beneath her station. No actual estrangement followed, but their treatment of the young couple was never afterwards marked by an excess of cordiality.

In 1842 Mr. Lunn, then forty-three years of age, sold out his business and with his wife came to Canada. They were among the very first settlers on Concession A of Sydenham; there is no record at any rate of anyone being there before them. He settled on Lot 29, in 1843, on which as yet not a tree had been profaned by the axe. The change from the most fashionable residential quarter of Edinburgh to a log shanty in the backwoods of Canada must have been, for Mrs. Lunn, something indescribable. Her husband immediately began clearing the farm, which is about a mile north-east of Leith. At time of writing it is owned by Mr. Hugh McKay, one of Sydenham's most prosperous farmers. In 1843 it was one hundred and twenty acres of solid bush—beech, maple, birch, ash, hemlock, elm, cedar and tamarack. Were the same timber standing there today it would probably sell for $20,000. A description of the first log shanty erected by Mr. Lunn was lately given us, as well as some faint idea of what the farm looked like after he had been on

it for a few years, but its appearance when he moved in must have been something such as we of this day and age cannot adequately visualize at all. The harbor down at the waterfront soon came to be known as Lunn's Landing. There were no roads anywhere and Mr. Lunn brought his supplies down to this harbor from the straggling hamlet at the head of the Sound by boat. The Lake Shore Line was shortly afterwards opened, but at first the road was little better than a cowpath through the woods.

Mrs. Lunn was sincerely devoted to her husband, or the change would have been insupportable. She never mastered the mysteries of backwoods housekeeping, and the voracious appetites of the neighbors who gathered at Mr. Lunn's logging bees struck her with horror. One day the wife of one of these neighbors called in and found her surveying a devastated dinner table with a helpless air.

"Oh! Its thae loggers, ye ken", she replied, upon the neighbor enquiring what was the matter—"they eat like deevils!"

Leith was not settled until three years after Mr. Lunn's arrival, and such social life as there was, was found on the Lake Shore Line. He was of the first to suggest the holding of religious services in the neighborhood there, reference to which has been previously made, and also one of the first to take a leading part in them, until a regular ministerial supply could be obtained. According to the tenants who followed him on the farm, after his departure in 1852, he had cleared about thirty acres before that time. It was sold by him in 1860 for about $2,500., and here the author first saw the light of day about fourteen years after that date.

Mr. Lunn moved into Owen Sound in 1852. He had previously been a member of the first Provisional County Council and on April 15th, 1852, by appointment of the Earl of Elgin, then Governor General of Upper and Lower Canada, he was made Chairman of the building committee of the jail and courthouse, the erection of which were necessary before Grey could be formally separated from Wellington. These buildings were finished in 1853 and Owen Sound then became the County Town of the new County. Mr. Lunn was appointed its first Registrar, an office he held until his death. The emoluments of the office were at this time very generous as land speculation was brisk, and the Registrar paid on the fee system. In 1862 he was elected Mayor of the town, an office he held for two terms. The duties of both offices were discharged carefully and conscientiously.

There are few people now living who remember him while he lived at Leith, but those who describe him as a shrewd yet kindly man, who won the respect of everybody by his honesty and fair dealing. After his removal to Owen Sound he accumulated considerable means and died a comparatively wealthy man. Division Street Church owed its origin chiefly to him and for many years he was Chairman of the Presbyterian congregation there. He was for several years one of its elders, and would have continued so until his death had he not resigned and ever afterwards declined re-election. While holding the office of Registrar he was of course debarred from taking any part in politics, although his sympathies were strongly with the Reform party. In 1872 he visited Scotland and saw for the last time the place of his birth. The closest companion of his later years was the late Robert Paterson, the two being almost inseperable. His wife predeceased

him by several years, having been held in as high esteem as her husband. In the spring of 1875 his health began to fail, and he died on the 5th of November of that year at seventy six years of age. With his wife he is buried in Greenwood Cemetery at Owen Sound.

ROBERT GRIERSON

The name of Grierson is a familiar one to all students of Scottish history. The most famous—or rather, notorious—among those bearing the name was undoubtedly the persecutor of the faithful in the Killing Time that followed the declaration of the Solemn League and Covenant, Grierson of Lag. Next to John Graham of Claverhouse, "the handsomest and wickedest man of his time" as he has been described, Grierson of Lag was the most relentless persecutor of the Convenanters. It was well said of him that his very name was infamy.

Had Robert Grierson lived in the days of the Covenanters he would have been found among those who suffered persecution for conscience sake. His uncompromising Presbyterianism admits of no other conclusion, as those who remember him will testify.

He was born in 1810, in Roxburghshire, his father's estate being known as Effledge Farm, and this name, following a Scottish custom, Mr. Grierson bestowed upon the farm he settled on near Leith. None of the facts in his early life are known to us, nor do we know the year in which he came to Canada. The family of which he was a member were familiarly known in their native shire by their spare, tall stature and an erect military bearing—in fact it was frequently said of them that they should all have been soldiers. He had a brother who was one

of the finest athletes in Scotland and a famous runner. In middle life Robert had the same cast of countenance and features as the Duke of Wellington and looked remarkably like the portraits of the Iron Duke.

Mr. Grierson was educated for a school teacher and after coming to Canada taught for a short time at Glenmorris, near Galt. He came to Sydenham in 1845 and settled on Lot 25, Concession A, at present owned by Walter Veitch. It is said that the first barn raising ever held in Sydenham took place on the adjoining lot, No. 26, and that through some horrible blunder there was no whiskey at it! Such a calamity would not soon be forgotten. Mr. Grierson saw pioneering in its most primitive guise. The Toronto Globe was founded in 1844 and many of the Reformers of Sydenham, fathers of future good Grits, immediately subscribed for it. Thomas Lunn, who had the previous year settled on Lot 29, used to bring the Globe from Owen Sound out for his neighbors and it was distributed from his log shanty, distant about a mile from Mr. Grierson's, to all those in the locality who had subscribed. Those who went after the paper followed a blazed trail through the trackless bush between the two shanties, being careful never to leave one blazed tree until they could see the blaze on the next one. One can imagine how such a paper would be treasured. Next to the Montreal Witness, the Globe was the first newspaper to make its appearance in Sydenham.

In 1851 he married Janet Usher, a niece of Thomas Lunn's, and in 1854 moved up into the village. He was Leith's first school teacher, as he has been previously recorded, and always took a deep interest in the affairs of the Presbyterian congregation, of which he was for many years an elder. It may be said of him as it was said of

Barnabas "He was a good man"; a warm heart lay behind his grave demeanor. A domestic affliction which overshadowed his whole life after coming to Leith was borne with the most exemplary patience and cheerfulness. He died in 1892 while in his eighty-third year and is buried at Leith.

This sketch will be pardoned for its brevity and dearth of details when it is known that Mr. Grierson died childless. It will not fail in its purpose however if it serves in a measure to perpetuate the memory of a man faithful and true, an upright, conscientious and honorable citizen and one of the very earliest in that brave band of settlers in North Sydenham of whom it may well be said that in honoring them we honor ourselves as well.

WILLIAM TELFORD

As Mr. Telford's activities have been dealt with rather extensively in another part of this volume, this notice will be made as brief as possible.

William Pattison Telford was born at Bells, England, in June 1797, of Scottish parents. His father, William Telford, was a shepherd, and was born in 1758, living to the advanced age of ninety five years. The family crossed the border into Roxburghshire some time in the end of the eighteenth century and lived in various parts of that county, finally settling at Castleton, or Copeshaw Home. Mr. Telford attended lectures in Edinburgh and qualified as a school teacher. He developed a fine faculty as a musician and became band leader in Castleton, where he also taught school. In October, 1835, he married Elizabeth Murray, and continued teaching in Castleton until 1840. In that year he emigrated to Canada, with his

wife and three children, landing at New York and coming to Galt via Albany and Buffalo. He engaged in his previous occupation and taught school in Galt and vicinity for about eight years. He also worked at house painting, gun repairing and woodwork; in fact his multifarious labors seem to have extended to almost every branch of mechanics. He was requisitioned to shape tombstones and paint the inscriptions upon them, draught plans for buildings, make spinning wheels and reels, and as a flautist played for all sorts of functions, grave and gay. An ardent fisherman, one of his reasons for coming to Canada was the fact that the sport with rod and line was sadly circumscribed in Scotland, and he hoped to find freer play for his proclivities in that direction here. In 1848, as has been noted, he came to the Lake Shore Line from Galt, and became teacher in the Annan school. Here his energies were taxed in all directions and he was possibly the busiest man in the whole locality. His home became famous for a free and easy hospitality and a camaraderie such as we know nothing about in these degenerate times. The neighbors were fond of gathering for a social crack and none was sent away. This happy custom prevailed everywhere, as is the rule in new settlements. As they grow older and inequalities creep in, people become more precise and formal, and the ultimate result is not a happy one. Mr. Telford suffered a sort of nervous breakdown in 1856 and retired from school teaching, never enjoying really good health afterwards. But body and mind remained active. There was hardly a family in the neighborhood but boasted of some household ornament or useful piece of furniture made by him. His industry, judged from the works of his hands he left behind him, must have been prodigious. He took but small interest in public affairs although his literary taste was good. He

had a large family, thirteen in all, but of these five died in infancy or in the very earliest years. For the last five years of his life he was bedridden the most of the time and died in March, 1879. His was preeminently a life of practical usefulness and if his temper was irascible and uncertain at times, it was easily forgiven by people upon whom he had bestowed so many kindnesses. He was survived by his wife for twenty two years. Both are buried at Annan.

JAMES GIBSON

It was our original intention to limit these sketches to men who arrived in Sydenham prior to 1850. An exception must be made in the present case, however.

James Gibson was born in Carstairs, Lanarkshire, within a few miles of Glasgow, in 1805. He received his early education in the latter city and learned his trade of cabinet making there also and later became a fully qualified architect. He witnessed the first developments of steamboating on the Clyde, that classic river destined in later times to become the seat of the greatest steel shipbuilding industry in the world. Shortly after his marriage in Scotland he determined to come to Canada. He arrived in Toronto in 1841 and engaged in house building and general architecture there.

Had Mr. Gibson remained in Toronto he would have, in time, accumulated considerable wealth, as before leaving he owned five residences in what is now the heart of the city. In 1852, however, he came up to Sydenham with his wife and four young sons. He settled on a farm five miles northeast of Leith, on Concession A, having for neighbors a settlement of Scottish Highlanders who

had taken up land in what was generally known as "the Swamp." These Highlanders were almost all of three families, the MacLeods, the Camerons and the MacMillans, and they retained in a marked degree all the characteristics for which the Highland clans are famous. The Queen's English was a foreign tongue among them. They made their living by fishing and shingle making, with a little farming thrown in for good measure.

Mr. Gibson's farm was an isolated one, and it was seven years after their coming that his wife first saw Owen Sound. In time the farm of two hundred acres was cleared and a large stone house was built in the late sixties. From this home there afterwards radiated a true hearted hospitality, which they who once experienced its kindness never afterwards forgot. The hardships of pioneering had been severe but honest labor had met with its earned reward. None but a hardy Scottish Lowlander could have achieved success under such difficult circumstances, which only the most tenacious courage could overcome.

Mr. Gibson had deep religious principles and from the very beginning showed the greatest interest in all religious movements in the neighborhood. He was one of the leaders in the organization of the Presbyterian congregation at Leith and in the building of the church there in 1865. This church he attended regularly, summer and winter, although distant from it five miles, until the infirmities of advancing age made such attendance impossible. He was for more than thirty years one of its most influential elders and as a member of Session his opinions were always accorded the utmost respect. He had a florid voice of great purity and delighted in the service of praise,

and in the songs of the land of his nativity. He had many favorite songs that betokened his fine musical taste, his prime favorite of all, however, being Tannahill's matchless ballad upon the return of Spring, "Gloomy Winter's Noo Awa". In his younger years a splendid performer on the violin, he later mastered the art of making the instrument itself, and found great pleasure in their construction. His natural taste in music and mechanics found its best expression in this congenial occupation.

Mr. Gibson is best described, in point of character, as the finest type of Scottish gentleman of the old school. He had an unaffected urbanity and courtesy of manner that nothing seemed to disturb; every word and every action while in contact with his fellow men bespoke his innate and superior breeding. As one of his illustrious countrymen said of a friend and patron, so it might be well said of him, that "he was a gentleman who received the patent for his honors immediately from Almighty God." It is not given to many men to make friends as he made them, intuitively and without effort. He reached the ripe old age of eighty-nine years and died as he had lived, at peace with all men. Of his large family, truly one of North Sydenham's first families, only one remains in the vicinity, in the person of Mrs. Jean Cameron, at Leith. He was buried at Leith and a suitable monument now marks the last resting place of an ornament of his species and what has truly been called the noblest work of God—an honest man.

WILLIAM LANG, M. D.

Hamilton, Lanarkshire, in this day and time a thriving city, eleven miles from Glasgow, was the birthplace

of William Lang, in August, 1796. He received his early education there and adopted the medical profession for a pursuit in life. He graduated from the medical departments of London and Edinburgh Universities with high honors in both, and the list of degrees conferred upon him by these seats of learning, as attested by the monument erected to his memory, is a long and impressive one. He specialized in surgery and enlisted on a man-of-war in the Royal Navy in this capacity. Mr. Lang was a skilled equestrian and a story is still told of how, when at Malta with the Mediterranean squadron, he rode up the steps of a temple and on into the building to win a wager. Quitting the navy he married Susan Burnie, and the two came to Canada in 1827, with their two sons, William and James. He settled in Toronto and in connection with his medical practise carried on a drug store there.

Shortly after the first settlement at the head of Owen Sound he came to the new community as its first doctor, having been offered special inducements by interested parties to do so. His able colleague, Doctor Manley, came shortly afterwards. Dr. Lang settled on Crown Land grant, Lot Number 42, on Concession B, Sydenham, and this property is still in possession of his grandchildren. He speedily became known to almost every settler in the township, as doctors were a stern necessity at unforeseen times with the pioneers. The precise date of Doctor Lang's coming is not known at present, but it was two or three years prior to 1844. Some future historian will unearth the facts. A hundred interesting anecdotes of his practise in the earliest days could be narrated, did space permit. After his neighbor, William Brown, he was the first to plant an orchard on the Lake Shore Line, although both gentlemen were laughed at for their pains

and assured that fruit would never be successfully grown here. Gardening and fruit growing were favorite recreations in his long life. When he first settled on the Lake Shore roads were still of the future, and the path to his log house from the rude hamlet of Sydenham was a blazed trail through the woods. His third son, George, joined the rush to the goldfields of California in 1850, and shortly afterwards died there.

Always an enthusiastic Mason, the Doctor stood high in the councils of early Masonry in Owen Sound. His practise, of course, was large, but hardly a lucrative one. Probably no man in Sydenham ever did as much work, or so much of it gratuitously. While a highly skilled practitioner, more particularly in surgery, he was notoriously a poor collector, and, where his patients were in straitened circumstances, he often never presented a bill. His belligerent personal appearance and a lurid flow of language, more particularly when he found his professional instructions had been neglected, were belied by his large generosity and forgetfulness of self and his own convenience and comfort.

In spite of the hardships of pioneer life, and many of them make more interesting reading now than their realization did then, Doctor Lang raised his family of nine sons and two daughters on the old homestead. His son William was a successful farmer and shrewd man of business, who in later years served the township as Reeve for upwards of twenty years. The untimely death of Burnie, the second youngest son, in 1878, as the result of being thrown from a buggy, is still remembered by our older people.

He died in November, 1868, in his seventy third year, and was survived by his wife for twenty-eight years. They, with their whole family excepting their son George, found interment in the Leith cemetery. The eldest son, William, outlived all his brothers and sisters, dying in 1912 while in his eighty-sixth year. On the roll of Sydenham's pioneers no name stands higher than that of Lang.

ROBERT ELLIOTT

In the year 1810, Robert Elliot was born on the banks of the Yarrow, near Ettrick, in Dumfries-shire. In his youth he was a retainer on the estate of the Duke of Buccleugh, at that time one of the most wealthy and powerful of the Scottish Lowland's titled aristocracy—"the bauld Buccleugh" as Sir Walter Scott called him. He landed in Canada in 1837, while it was in the throes of the MacKenzie rebillion and sojourned in Galt until 1843. He then joined the hegira making its way up the new Garafraxa Road to the village of Sydenham, and settled on the Lake Shore Line on a Crown Land grant of fifty acres which he at once started to clear. He was thus among the very earliest settlers in the district, and in after years had many an interesting story to tell of the novel experiences of that time. Here his family of seven sons were born, six of whom arrived at man's estate. The second youngest of these sons, James, after serving his apprenticeship to the machinists' trade in Owen Sound, went to New York State and achieved considerable success there as an erecting engineer, having charge of the installation of the power plant at the Columbian Exposition in Chicago, 1893. He died a few years later and was brought home for burial.

Mr. Elliott never farmed very extensively but his methods were the very best. Weeds were an abomination he could never tolerate, and his farm was known as the cleanest in the township. He never evinced much interest in public affairs nor aspired to an elective office, but he had a kind heart and a genial manner that made him prized as a neighbor and a friend. From a trackless forest he saw Sydenham blossom and burgeon into one of Grey's first townships and in the transformation had the satisfaction of knowing he had borne a worthy part. He died on the old homestead where he had lived for fifty one years, in 1894, and while in his eighty-fourth year. With many another sturdy pioneer he rests in Annan cemtery, by the side of his wife.

WILLIAM JOHNSTONE

Away back in the sixteenth century a song was sung on the Scottish Border, one verse running about as follows :

Armstrongs and Elliots,
Johnstones and Turnbulls
Nixons and Croziers,
Raid thieves a'.

These famous families were among the foremost of the Border reivers. and it is not unlikely that the subject of this sketch had in that distant day as an ancestor some illustrious scion of the clan Johnstone who, on more than one occasion, surrounded by his marauding kinsmen, rode bravely down through Annandale and the Debateable Land and on into Northumberland to harry the hated English, drive off their cattle, and take back into Scotland as legitimate spoil everything not too hot or too heavy to carry.

A story is told of the leader of one of these reiving expeditions who, passing a group of fodder stacks on his retreat back to Scotland and safety, exclaimed covetously —"Ay! if ye each had four legs in under ye, ye wudna stand there lang!"

The name of Johnstone stands high in history. Were a poll taken, it would probably show that more illustrious men have borne that name than any other in the English language.

One of them claims our attention at present. William Johnstone was born near the village of Annan, in Roxburghshire, in 1814. His people were fairly well to do and early in life the medical profession marked him for her own. He studied at the University of Edinburgh and qualified in medicine, but did not finish his course in surgery. Anaesthetics were then unknown and the horrors of the operating table and dissecting room were a little too strong for him. He emigrated to Canada in 1843 and was sixteen weeks on the voyage out. Contrary winds drove the vessel hopelessly out its course, and the captain at last found himself down on the west coast of Africa. Starvation stared the whole company, passengers and crew, in the face, when America was reached. He first settled at Smith Falls, taught school for four years and married there. He came to the Lake Shore Line in 1847 and located about five and one half miles below Annan. In time the locality was given his name, and so was the post office established there by the postal authorities. In 1863 he was active in organizing the Presbyterian congregation at Johnstone, and was one of its first elders. During Mr. Hunter's ministry the first church was built, Mr. Johnstone presenting the church site

to the new congregation and his brother Robert, who had settled on the adjoining farm, the ground for a cemetery. On account of his early advantages in the way of training and an education, he soon became one of the busiest and most influential men in the township. He never practised medicine, but his offhand advice to his neighbors in the time of their ailments saved many a doctor bill, a service for which they were always grateful. He had considerable legal lore at his command as well, and gave many an opinion in such a respect that subsequently proved to be good in law.

Mr. Johnstone was often pressed by these neighbors to stand for municipal honors, but this he resolutely declined. In spite of his many activities he seems to have been of a retiring disposition, and a man who disliked publicity. In company with Cornelius Duggan of the Irish Block, he took the first census in Sydenham. When the Johnstone post office was opened he became its first postmaster and continued so until his death. For twenty six years he was assessor of the township, an office he also held at the time of his death. These, with the duties on his splendid farm he had cleared from the virgin forest, were tasks more congenial to his temperament. Had he remained in Scotland the ability at least was his to have risen high in the ranks of any of the learned professions he chose to adopt. The lure of a new land overpowered such a consideration, however, and nobody ever heard him regret his coming to it. Canada received many such men at the time and their coming was an advantage to the country, to themselves and to those they left, for it relieved the congestion in population in Scotland and made the gaining of a livelihood easier there.

In one respect he was truly a most fortunate man.

He had the happy faculty of making few or no enemies, and at the same time a veritable host of friends. No man in Sydenham was more universally respected for his genial qualities and thoroughly trustworthy character. Such men have a wonderful influence for good in any community, and his example was one that could always be followed with safety. He died at his farm at Johnstone in April, 1886, and is buried in the cemetery there. By a liberal bequest found in the last will and testament of one of his sons, since deceased, the Presbyterian congregation at Johnstone were enabled to erect a comfortable and commodious church edifice of brick on the same site as the first frame one, which stands as a durable and praiseworthy memorial to the name of Johnstone.

HUGH REID

About one hundred years ago at time of writing, or in June, 1824, to be precise, Hugh Reid was born at Paisley, Scotland. Before coming to Canada he was apprenticed in one of the wood working trades. There is no record of the date of his emigration, but he must have come out while a very young man, for he had been at Smith's Falls for several years and was married there before he came to the Lake Shore Line in 1846, when only twenty two years of age. His wife was also born in Scotland's city of shawls. Mr. Reid was the first precentor in the Annan congregation, a fact that has been noticed elsewhere, and was all his life an enthusiastic admirer of music and musicians. He soon became prominent in local politics and for about ten years was a councillor in Sydenham. From this he was raised to the reeveship, and in 1873 was elected Warden of Grey County, taking office simultaneously with S. J. Parker who was in that year

first elected to the treasurership of the County. He discharged the duties of these offices faithfully, and as his public record was such as to inspire the utmost confidence he was later elected treasurer of Sydenham township and of its Agricultural Society as well. On two occasions he acted as county valuator, and was for many years secretary of the Sydenham Mutual Fire Insurance Company. At the time of his death he was president of the Telford and Company brokerage firm. All these public duties make his life a busy one and brought him in contact with so many kinds and conditions of men that his face was one of the best known in Sydenham and Owen Sound. Like many of his Protestant countrymen he was an enthusiastic Mason, and rose to some of the highest honors in local ranks of the craft.

He was a man who loved company, and the pleasures of social life were to him a necessity. It would be useless to say he had no enemies, as no man who has held public office as long as he did and mingled in public affairs so extensively fails in accumulating at least a few of them, but none of his enemies could lay his finger on a solitary dishonorable or dishonest act committed by Hugh Reid. No man on the Lake Shore Line was so much in the public eye or was so freely criticized, but he was happily not of a sensitive disposition, nor did he carry a grudge. It was noticeable, too, that many of his warmest critics were his heartiest supporters on election day, a fact that is only accounted for by a strange perversity in the Scottish character, which neither they nor any one else can explain. In his younger years he was said to have been a very handsome man, with regular features, and to the last he preserved a serious and thoughtful cast of countenance not generally found in men who enjoy social inter-

course as he did. He was a great admirer of his native country, its literature, music and institutions, but, above all, its people. This was evidenced by his trips back to the Old Land; his portrait which appears on another page is by a Glasgow photographer. Among the last of the earliest pioneers in North Sydenham to pass away, his death was sincerely regretted by the host of friends of his declining years. He is buried at Annan, having died in May, 1905, in his eighty first year.

DAVID ARMSTRONG

Of the facts in connection with Mr. Armstrong's early life very little is known to us. The obituary notices which have from time to time appeared in the public press on this, as well as many another worthy subject, are reticent on this point; evidently those who wrote them thought they would be of very little interest to their readers. In this we believe they were mistaken, for in the well known words of the poet, "the child is father of the man," and the characteristics we display in our youth are in most cases reliable forecasts of our subsequent careers as men. We do know of David Armstrong, however, that he was born in Dumfries-shire in 1818, and that he came to the Lake Shore Line in 1846, or when he was twenty seven years of age. His brother Robert came about the same time; in fast at one time the Armstrong family, of which there were two separate and distinct branches, were the most numerously represented of all the Scottish families in that community, and a very worthy and eminently respectable representation it was too.

Mr. Armstrong led what would be esteemed by some an uneventful life, but, nevertheless, a busy and happy

one. He had no taste for the doubtful sweets of public life or elective office, and if he tasted none of their triumps he was at the same time spared their disappointments and defeats. His interests were bound up in the church, the school, his farm and his home, where his family received a training which was afterwards reflected in their lives as useful and honorable members of society. His interest in religious and educational affairs and his activities in connection with the Annan congregation and the first school there, have already been noticed. These were continued up until within a few years of his death. He formed a wide connection of friends in both town and country among both old and young, as he was a most companionable man—one who made friends by showing himself friendly. In his early years in Scotland he had learned the trade of a carpenter and naturally was interested in it all his life, but the life of a farmer with all its drawbacks and disadvantages (and those who have followed that occupation alone know what they are) he preferred to that of a tradesman, as being more suited to his independent temperament and his desire to be his own employer. This was one of the traits of character which, in Mr. Armstrong's day and time, made the Scottish Lowlanders among the most successful agriculturists in Canada, and it was nowhere more apparent than on the Lake Shore Line and Concession A. Backed up by energy, thrift, and perserverance, it transformed the Lake Shore Line in time from what was not the most promising of agricultural districts into one of the gardens of Grey County. It took hard work to bring about such a result but of men such as David Armstrong and his kind it might well be said that "toil was their best repose," and the green old age to which many of them lived proves that

hard work, if it be not beyond one's strength, seldom indeed kills. It was a supreme source of satisfaction to these pioneers to know that in a few years the land on which they had settled was going to be their own, and that they and their children would not be paying rackrent forever and a day to some dissolute scion of the Scottish landed aristocracy. It was this hope that nerved them to endure the hardships and trials of pioneering, and, for some of them at least, the heartache and indescribable loneliness of homesickness, perhaps the hardest trial of all. Mr. Armstrong was in the settlement at the very beginning of things and saw and helped in its gradual development. He could tell from his own experience how with these trials were mingled some of the joys that make life most worth living; the satisfaction that springs from thrift and self denial, the joy of cheerfully lending a hand to some less fortunate neighbor and, above all, the supreme enjoyment of a hearty hospitality which made every man welcome at his neighbor's door and a part of the household as long as he stayed inside of it. He died in July, 1893, in his seventy sixth year, and is buried at Annan.

WALTER AITKEN

Like so many of his future neighbors on the Lake Shore Line, Walter Aiken was born in Hawick, in the year 1812, the same year in which Great Britain and the United States engaged in one of the silliest wars ever waged between two "civilized" nations, and Napoleon left the bones of four hundred thousand Frenchmen to whiten the steppes of Russia between Moscow and the Niemen on his disastrous retreat from the city that had been burnt about his ears.

Every neighborhood has its humorist—the man who can turn the most serious situation in a joke, and excite the risibilities of his neighbors at the most unexpected moment and in the most unexpected manner. In the language of the old school primer—"Watty was a sad wag."

Of Mr. Aitken's early career little is known to us. However, this much is known, that he came to Canada at about twenty seven years of age and was then a tall young Scot, standing over six feet in height On the same ship with him were forty five other emigrants from Hawick to Canada, one of them being the lady Mr. Aitken afterward made his wife. The story of his courtship, and of his hope long deferred which happily won out at last, would read like a tale of romance and we are only sorry lack of space precludes its insertion here. He settled first at Galt and came to the Lake Shore in 1847 and was shortly afterwards happily married. His farm, situated about a mile northeast of Annan, is still in the possession of a daughter-in-law, Mrs. Margaret Aitken.

Mr. Aitken, or as he was more familiarly known, "Watty" was a stranger to the ways of the bush. He could swing a pick with the best of them, but the proper use of an axe was a mystery. Two sons of a neighbor were one day helping him at the chopping and the same evening, when all three were sitting about the table, the conversation turned upon what they would each choose if they could have whatever they wanted. Watty remarked, looking at the two boys, "Callants, I want nothing better for this world than to be able to chop like you two." This little incident will serve to illustrate some of the trials of the earliest Scottish settlers in learning to chop. In due time, however, the farm was cleared.

Its most valuable feature now is an apple orchard, than which there are few better in Grey County.

Mr. Aitken has been dead, at time of writing, these twenty seven years, but some of his choicest stories and wisest sayings are still current in his home neighborhood. His humor was spontaneous, and sometimes highly effective in reviving the spirits of a gang of tired loggers, or in enlivening proceedings at the social gatherings of the early days whenever they gave symptoms of dragging. In fact one sometimes wonders whether there was not a streak of Irish hidden away somewhere in his mental makeup. The most commendable part of his humor was that nobody could ever complain of being made the butt of it for a more kindly man, or one who was more considerate of the feelings of others, never drew the breath of life. He was never guilty of a faux pas, but seemed to know intuitively when he was skating on thin ice and where the danger signals were flying. His keenest witticisms were delivered with such a preternaturally grave countenance that one would suppose he were the chief mourner at a funeral, instead of an inveterate fun maker who was enjoying the joke fully as much or more than his listeners were.

Aside from his joyous proclivities as a jokesmith, Mr. Aitken was a citizen of exemplary character and the very highest integrity. His goodwill toward all men betokened a conscience at ease with itself and the world at large. His disposition seemed permeated with the milk of human kindness, and he was an entire stranger to that spirit which is eternally carping at and criticizing the weaknesses of one's neighbors, which a great novelist once fittingly described as only an unconscious admission of the fault

finder's own inferiority. It will be long before we look upon his like again and in this last respect if in no other it would be well for the best of us if we were more like him. He died in 1897, at the ripe age of eighty five years, at peace with himself, his Maker, and the world which was the poorer because of his passing.

JOHN HUTSON

The last of these sketches may appropriately be devoted to one of the earliest, if not the first actual settler on the Lake Shore Line. As nearly as can be ascertained John Hutson came there in 1841.

He settled upon the fifty acre Crown Land lot where the Leith road intersects the Lake Shore Line, and on the south-east side of the latter road. The south-west corner of this lot in time became the centre of the village of Annan, or, as it was first known, the Leith Corner.

Mr. Hutson saw it develop from a tract of hardwood bush to a village of four stores, two hotels, one schoolhouse, one public library, one Presbyterian church, a drill hall, two blacksmith shops, one shoemaker's shop, one harness maker's shop, one tailor shop, a manse and ten other dwelling houses. The learned professions were represented by a Presbyterian minister and a physician.

He was a native of Dumfries-shire, as was also his wife, and his occupation before coming out to Canada was that of a shepherd. The duties of a shepherd were quite distinct from those of the other hired men on the large landed estates of Scotland. They had little experience with hard labor but led a solitary life out on the hills, of-

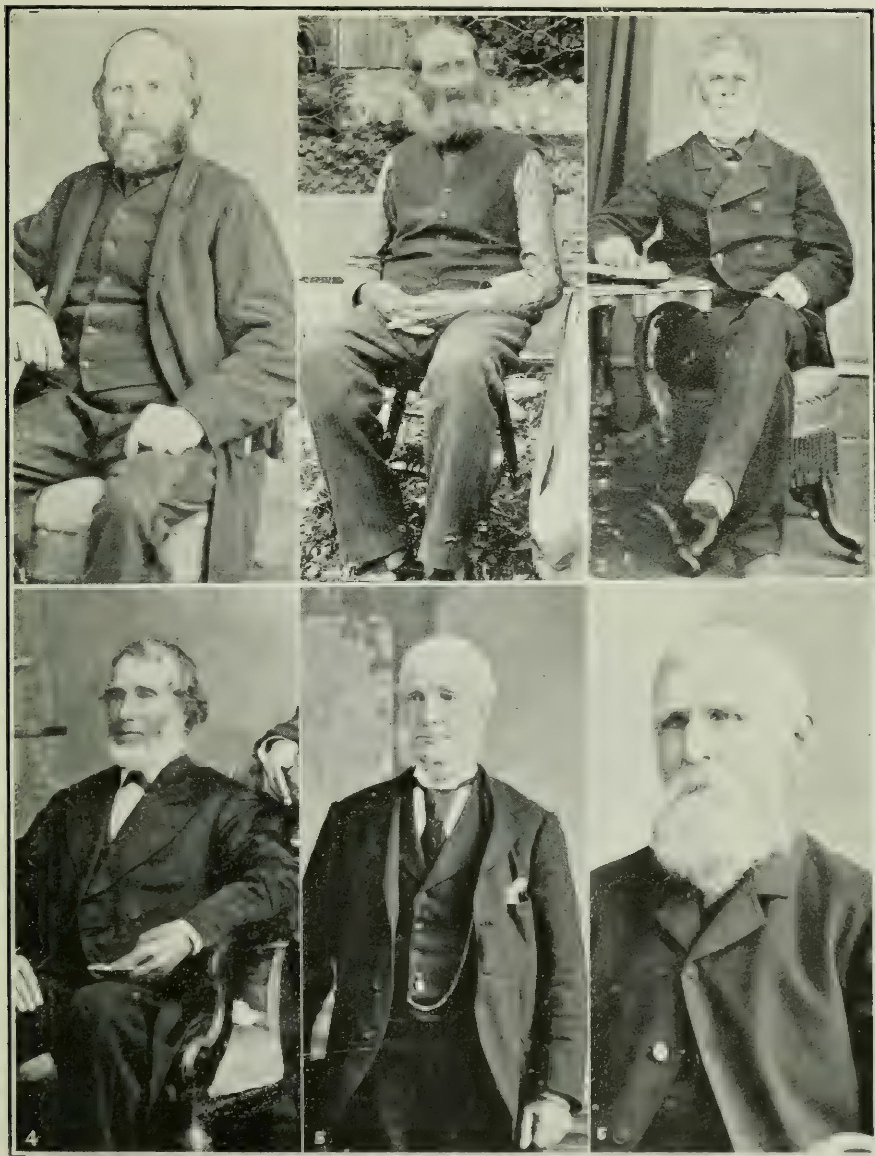

PLATE III.

1. Andrew Sibbald. 2. Walter Aitken. 3. William Johnstone.
4. James Gibson. 5. Hugh Reid. 6. John Couper.

ten out of sight of a human habitation and sometimes doing the work of a drover for a day or two on an empty stomach. Their position was no sinecure, as the responsibility connected with the job was very great; the man who performed his duties faithfully and won the name of a good shepherd needed no other word of commendation from anybody. One of Scotland's most famous poets, James Hogg, the author of the Queen's Wake won the sobriquet of "The Ettrick Shepherd."

They had, as a matter of necessity, to be regular and temperate in their habits and in consequence lived frequently to be old men, as they seldom suffered from the infirmities superinduced by hard and exhausting labor. In such a respect Mr. Hutson was a splendid specimen of his class. Tall and well proportioned, even in his later days he was as erect and straight-limbed as a Life Guardsman, and before coming to Canada he was often interviewed by recruiting sergeants of crack regiments of the line and besought to take "the King's shilling" and enlist with them. When referring to these interviews he would remark very modestly that he never would have been of any service as a fighting man, and his acquaintances who knew of his kindhearted and unassuming disposition could never imagine him as "seeking the bubble reputation in the cannon's mouth."

While serving as a shepherd it was part of his work to attend to the slaughtering of the sheep, but he never overcame his aversion to that part of his duties and after settling on his little farm and doing the work of slaughtering both sheep and swine for himself and his neighbors, he nearly always contrived in some way to avoid the actual killing.

For many years he, in common with all the early settlers, had to put up with many hardships and inconveniences, these being aggravated by reason of his bachelorhood and the fact that he kept house for himself. After about twenty years on the Lake Shore of the single state he took unto himself a wife, and it goes without saying that his last days were his best ones.

He died in 1889 while in his eighty-second year, leaving his wife and family in a comfortable home and the legatees of what in his lifetime had been his most highly prized possession, a small but carefully selected library, the favorite volumes among which were, we need scarcely add, the Scottish poets.

CHAPTER XIII

CONCLUSION

"There is nothing new under the sun—there is nothing said or written but what has been said or written before". So runs the old adage and it is a true one. The reader who has had the patience to peruse this little volume thus far will, insofar as it at least is concerned, hasten to agree with this old saying, and he will wonder why such a book ever came to be written. It is easy to write the story of a successful man or a successful enterprise; it is not so easy to write the story of a once prosperous community which now only retains a shadow of its former activity. "Ichabod ! Ichabod ! thy glory is departed." It is said to be bad literary taste either to explain or apologize for what one has written, but in a narrative that makes no pretentions at all to literary taste or expression such a rule is easily broken.

It has had as its primary object, then, as stated in a previous chapter, the preservation of the memory of a few of the earliest pioneers in the author's native township and the recognition, in part at least, of the debt owed them by their descendants. We would be the sorriest sort of ingrates were we not conscious of that debt, and ingratitude is of all sins about the hardest to forgive.

"I have talked with many great men in my time" said Abraham Lincoln shortly before his death, "and I have found them much the same as ordinary men in almost

everything." The time is coming when values will be duly appraised, the wheat winnowed from the chaff, and Canada will then discover that the greatest among her sons are to be found among the pioneers, who were prepared to make the sacrifices without which her truly wonderful progress would never have been possible at all. To quote, with the alteration of but a single word, a great British poet, the hundreth anniversary of whose death was so fittingly observed in recent months:

> "What want these pioneers that cônquerors have
> But History's purchased page to call them great?
> A wider space, an ornamented grave ?
> Their hopes were not less warm, their souls were full
> as brave."

A secondary object has been the entering of a plea for the conservation of our national resources, and more particularly our forests. There is no country in the world, except it be the United States, that offers such frightful examples of the folly of waste as Canada does. She has suffered for it already, and will suffer even more in the future, if the warnings of reason and common sense are disregarded. We and our fathers robbed Nature of her forests and she in revenge robbed us of our streams, or left them pale ghosts of their former selves. Part of this was not waste of course. The forest had to be cleared before we could find a habitation at all. But in Sydenham a great area of land was denuded of timber that could grow nothing else in its place, and this kind of waste should never be suffered to happen again, neither here or in any place where it is in our power to prevent it. At present there is only one country in the world

where the annual growth of timber exceeds the national consumption, and that country is Russia. If that is one of the curses of a communistic form of government we should pray for a small portion of the curse. Above all, the movement known as "Save the Forests—Prevent Fires", should receive the support of every good citizen who has any regard for our posterity at all.

The third object may be very briefly told. It is best expressed in a verse by Burns:

> "Some write a neighbor's name to lash,
> Some write (vain thought!) for needfu' cash,
> Some write to court the country clash
> And raise a din;
> For me, my aim I never fash.
> I write for fun."

In short, it was written for the pleasure derived from its writing. It takes considerable pleasure to offset the prediction of a friend, and our own expectation, that its circulation will not exceed eighty or one hundred copies.

The hyper-sensitive critic, should he ever pick it up, will be horrified to discover a thousand violations of syntax and every other conceivable rule of grammar in its pages. He is welcome to whatever degree of satisfaction he may extract from the fact. One cannot drive engine lathes, planers and boring mills for thirty years and then suddenly pick up a fountain pen and expect to drive it in turn through several score pages of faultless diction.

One or two lessons have been learned in its writing, however, which have made the experience gained worth

the labor. On is that a work of this kind should never be attempted except by some one who has been an actual participant in the events sought to be described. In proceeding with the work many difficulties were encountered which had not been foreseen. In fact, at one time it seemed the part of discretion to abandon the venture altogether. As far as is known there is nobody now living in North Sydenham who arrived there prior to 1848. The memories of those who came to, or were born there, in the following ten or fifteen years, are not now as good as they have been and are not always reliable; this is particularly true in the matter of dates. Our first pioneers have passed from the scene and with them they have taken a vast fund of facts and reminiscences which would have been of the keenest interest, if not of value, to the present generation. As an old friend and neighbor recently assured us,—"Son, you have started this thing about ten or fifteen years too late."

Another thing we have learned, is the need in Sydenham township of a pioneers', or old settlers' association, of some kind. Once an interest were thoroughly aroused in such an object, the organization of such a society would be a comparatively easy matter. It would then be found that what involves great labor and more or less expense for one, could easily and far more effectually be performed by fifteen or twenty of its members; in brief, many hands would make light work. The scanty reminiscences we have collected here would be augmented to four or five-fold their volume, and a survey of the whole township would be compiled which would not only be intensely interesting but of genuine historical appraisement. Our own experience has been that very little in the way of re-

liable records is available, and only a minute portion of even these have fallen into our hands. Such a society, however, with its members working independently and at their leisure, could gradually accumulate practically every fact of importance in the history of the early settlement of the township. (This suggestion is thrown out with only a faint hope it will be acted upon.) Something in the nature of a general reunion might be held in the summer months of each year, when the people of the entire township would have the opportunity of getting acquainted with one another, and of getting acquainted, too, with the earliest days of Sydenham's existence as a municipality. This commendable custom prevails in many of the townships and counties of the States comprising the American Union, as the writer has had the opportunity of observing at first hand, and as a promotive of genuine patriotism its effect can hardly be over-estimated. The loyalty of a man who knows little or nothing of the history of his birthplace or his native country is a loyalty of small real value, and one that can easily be imposed upon. It lacks the first requisite of knowing what it is loyal to, and what its possessor should be prepared to make sacrifices for. Such a loyalty is satisfied with flag waving, fireworks, and the singing of the national anthem. In reality it is not loyalty at all, but a blind and misguided jingoism. It is only when we become thoroughly conversant with the facts concerning the struggles by which constitutional government was secured for us and for our posterity, the shaping of our institutions in the earliest times and their gradual evolution up until the present moment, that we become capable of an intelligent patriotism, which can give some reason for the faith that is in it. Such a study is not long pursued until one be-

comes conscious of what we owe to those brave men who first planted these institutions in the wilderness; as the past recedes and men and events begin to assume their true perspective we see more and more clearly that these were the real makers of Canada and the men whom, as possessing the true spirit of patriotism, it should be our privilege and delight to honor. Their station in life was a humble one, their daily toil was hard and their lot obscure but the time has arrived when justice must be done them and free acknowledgement made that these men were greater than they themselves knw. It is almost certain that when Lincoln gave utterance to the expression quoted above, he was entirely unconscious that the time would come when he would be regarded as the greatest American of the nineteenth century, and one of the four greatest men of his time. It has been well said of moral greatness that it has too much simplicity, is too unostentatious, too self-subsistent, and enters into others' interests with too much heartiness, to live for an hour for what the able yet self-seeking soldier or statesman always lives, to make himself the theme and gaze and wonder of a dazzled nation. So it was with Lincoln and so, too, with our pioneers. They builded better than they knew, and since we have organizations for almost every purpose under the sun, why should not Sydenham have one for the perpetuation of the remembrance of the early days of the township and the men who first came to make their homes there?

There are light and dark shades in every picture, and no painting which is true to life would be of much value did the dark shades not appear. The honest reader will object to the personal sketches appearing in the previous

chapter as being too much in the nature of obituary notices. They extol, these readers will say, the virtues of these men but are silent as to their faults. The criticism is a just one ; it would be folly indeed to claim these men did not have their full share of the frailties and shortcomings inherent in human nature. Apart entirely from the disputed question as to its inspiration, the Old Testament will always stand as the most wonderful book of its kind because of its absolute honesty. It tells all and conceals nothing; in the modern sporting phrase it plays no favorites. We know exactly the best and the worst of the mighty men of old who flourished in the times of which it is the chronicler; we know that King David was guilty of crimes for which men are now given life sentences in the penitentiary, and that Solomon, for all his wisdom, died as the fool dieth. Coming down to later times, we have in the New Testament the story of the only perfect Man ever appearing in the world, and His life was such a reproach to the hyprocrites around Him that they took Him out on top of a mountain and crucified Him between two thieves. Pilate said he could find no fault in him; that was precisely what was the matter. Men's very faults are often their preservation. A perfect man, or even one who professed to be perfect would be simply intolerable.

It is with nations as it often is with men—the greater the nation the greater are its vices. The French are accused ,and rightly, of a cold, sneering cynicism, which scoffs at all we deem sacred ; their birth rate is stationary because home life is to them almost an unknown quantity, particularly in their great cities. The Germans are accused, and rightly, of a heartless cruelty and callousness to suffering that in time of war turns the sympathy of

neutral nations against them, and which we can never condone, unless they chance to be fighting as our ally. The hypocrisy of the English has passed into a proverb, and historical instances of it are so numerous it is almost incredible how foreign nations are still deceived by it. The Americans, coming by this Anglo Saxon vice honestly at least, have so crystallized and refined it that it deceives even themselves—and of all forms of deceit self-deception is the most dangerous. One fault they all have in common. They never acknowledge their transgression —their sin is never before them. The Frenchman protests that of all men he is the most truly religious and has the deepest reverence for things sacred. The German swears that he has been cruelly misrepresented by his enemies, and that a babe in arms is not more tender hearted or merciful than he. The Englishman solemnly avows his disinterestedness and calls Heaven to witness the honesty of his intentions, and the American goes him one better and says that the honesty and simplicity of his own nature are such that, in his dealings with other nations, he is as defenceless as a lamb among ravening wolves. And the cold fact still remains that, each with its vice to the contrary notwithstanding, these four nations have done more for civilization, progress and enlightenment than all the rest of the world put together. Man must take his fellow man as he finds him, and not as he would like to have him. It is a pretty poor sort of patriotism, after all, which seeks to arrogate to itself all the beneficent qualities of human nature and charge its enemies up with all the bad ones. "My country, right or wrong" is neither the motto of a wise man or a truly patriotic man. All the great nations have at some time

in their history been wrong—sometimes desperately wrong.

It was not entirely by accident that these worthy men, the sketches of whose lives have been given, all belonged to the same political party, and the reader who is at all familiar with the history of party politics in Sydenham does not need to be told which one of the two great political parties of fifty years ago in Canada it was. They took their religion from the Bible and their politics from the Toronto Globe. On their arrival in Canada they gravitated to the Reform party as naturally as a duck to water, and this will not surprise anyone who has studied the trend of Scottish political thought in the last hundred years. That trend has in that time always been strongly toward an extreme liberalism, amounting almost to radicalism, until today we see Scotland practically in the hands of the Labor party of Great Britain, which, however strenuously it may disavow revolutionary tendencies, is entirely too radical to suit the great majority of the titled aristocracy there. This brings us to a strange anomaly in the Scottish character, which was vastly more marked fifty and sixty years ago than today, however. It brings us as well to the besetting vice of the Scottish people, considered as a whole, and that the Scottish pioneers of North Sydenham were free from it it need hardly be expected.

The largest and most important fact in the history of the Scottish people, since the time of the Protestant Reformation at least, has been the fact that with the greatest liberality in politics they have united a narrow illiberality in religion. It has colored their whole existence and, as nothing happens by chance, there is an historical rea-

son for it which has been clearly set forth by the eminent English historian, Henry Thomas Buckle, in his History of Civilization in England. Few things will repay the impartial student more than an earnest perusal of the third volume of this remarkable work, even while he may not agree at times with either its premises or conclusions. Of course it will need no introducton to at least some of our readers, and these will be the first to admit the author's cogency of reasoning and lucidity of style. It was a Scottish poet who prayed,

> "Oh wad some power the giftie gae us
> To see oorsels as ithers see us."

and it will be of interest to Scottish readers and the Canadian descendants of our Scottish pioneers to see the Scot of sixty five years ago as Buckle saw him. The following extract is taken from the last chapter of the History referred to above:

"Even in the capital of Scotland, in that centre of intelligence which once boasted of being the modern Athens, a whisper will quickly circulate that such an one is to be avoided, for that he is a free thinker; as if free thinking were a crime, or as if it were not better to be a free thinker than a slavish thinker. In other parts, that is, in Scotland generally, the state of things is far worse. I speak not on vague rumor, but from what I know as existing at the present time and for the accuracy of which I vouch and hold myself responsible. I challenge anyone to contradict my assertion when I say that, even at this moment, nearly all over Scotland, the finger of scorn is pointed at the man who in the exercise of his free

and inalienable right of free judgement refuses to acquiesce in those religious notions and to practise those religious customs which time, indeed, has consecrated, but many of which are repulsive to the eye of reason, though to all of them, however irrational they may be, the people adhere with sullen and inflexible obstinacy. Knowing that these words will be widely read and circulated in Scotland, and averse as I am naturally to bringing on myself the hostility of a nation for whose many sterling and valuable qualities I entertain sincere respect, I do, nevertheless, deliberately affirm that in no civilized country is toleration so little understood and that in none is the spirit of bigotry and of persecution so extensively diffused. Nor can anyone wonder that such should be the case who observes what is going on there. The churches are crowded as they were in the Middle Ages with devout and ignorant worshippers who flock together to listen to opinions of which the Middle Ages alone were worthy. These opinions they treasure up, and when they return to their homes or enter into the daily business of life they put them in force. And the result is there runs through the country a sour and fanatical spirit, an aversion to innocent gaiety, a disposition to limit the enjoyment of others, and a love of enquiring into the opinions of others and of interfering with them such as is hardly anywhere else to be found; while in the midst of this there flourishes a creed gloomy and austere to the last degree, a creed which is full of forebodings and threats and horrors of every sort, and which rejoices in proclaiming to mankind how wretched they are, how small a portion of them can be saved, and what an overwhelming majority is necessarily reserved for excrutiating, unspeakable and eternal agony."

This is Scotland as Buckle saw it sixty-five years ago. It will be generally contended that the picture, even in that time, was exaggerated. It was Edmund Burke who said that you could not indict a nation. Yet this is precisely what the English historian has tried to do, and while Buckle elicited great admiration from his contemporaries because of his perspicacity and could probably see farther into the intricacies of the human mind than any of them, the indictment he attempted, in spite of Burke's dictum, is entirely too sweeping. But that there is a great deal of truth in it there is no use in attempting to deny. He laid his finger on the besetting weakness of a people whose views on every matter save religion are as liberal as will be found anywhere, and entirely too liberal for that class of hide-bound reactionaries who are born into the world a half century behind their time and to whom a new innovation is always a device of the devil. The more thoughtful among the Scottish people know that the accusation is a true one, although they may never admit its truth, except when among themselves. There are others among their countrymen, on the other hand, who insist that toleration in religious matters is as second nature to them, and one of their shining virtues. They can see no blemish or defect in their national character, or, if they can see it, think it is the part of patriotism to conceal it.

This is certainly a very foolish spirit and one which, when carried to the extreme, has caused a great deal of harm in the world. It should never be forgotten that birth is purely an accident, and something over which none of us has any control. If a man had had a preexistence and had determined upon being born as one of

the Scottish people, then he might justly claim credit for their many sterling qualities as being due to his own wisdom in making such a choice. But, born as he is, it is surely foolishness for him to hope to escape censure for those defects which have justly been charged against them.

There is no fault for which men have suffered more than for this one of an exaggerated nationalism, and the lesson of its dreadful consequences is lost, because the evil is growing instead of abating. It presupposes the fact that we were born as members of a nation which, in some mysterious fashion, is more enlightened, brave and generous than any other around it. When the Civil War broke out in the United States, men were enlisted by the thousand in the armies of the North for ninety days, as it was confidently expected there the insurrection would be crushed in that time. The South despised the North and the North nourished a feeling of contemptuous superiority toward the South. But the war steadily grew, both in years and proportions, until the land was filled with bloodshed and mourning and the hills of the South were whitened by the bones of thousands in both armies who had been taught the lesson, but taught it too late, that their opponents were at least as brave as themselves. The same thing happened in the Great War. We went in with the confident expectation that inside of a year Germany would be beaten into helpless submission, and the Germans went in in the firm belief that inside two months they would be dictating terms of peace in Paris. The Germans have been frightfully disillusioned and we have learned the truth of the Duke of Wellington's saying, that the next saddest thing to a defeat is a victory.

"War is always an aggravation—never a solution" said Lord Beaconsfield. Was there ever any real reason for believing while it was in progress that the Great War was any different from the wars that had preceded it? There are men who have been born into the world with a love of fighting for fighting's sake. They are like the corsairs of the Mediterranean,

> "That for itself could woo the approaching fight
> And turn what some deem danger to delight."

and such men are dangerous, even if their number is small. The vast majority of men want to pursue their way in peace and quietness and if left to themselves, and undisturbed by the war-makers, would find some more effectual way of settling their differences than by destroying one another. It is to be hoped they will speedily find a way, and that the lessons of the Great War will not be lost, as others were before it. If they fail in this, it seems to the ordinary man simply incalculable why so many brave men should have died in vain.

Returning from this digression, it is evident to the most casual observer that a mighty liberalizing force has been at work in the Presbyterian Church in the past forty or fifty years. Without entering into the merits of the question at all, or passing any judgment, the very fact that the movement known as Church Union in Canada is not only seriously proposed but, at this writing, seems likely of consummation, with the said Church as an accessory thereto, is the best evidence of the new spirit of tolerance which has come over the spirit of its dream. Another movement which has gained great headway among its members ,and seems destined to spread still further,

is what was once known as Higher Criticism, or, more recently, Modernism. It is gratifying to notice that the believers in the old orthodoxy are, in general, (there are exceptions of course) willing to admit that the men of the new thought are not only as clever, but as sincere and conscientious as themselves. One is appalled to think of what would have happened the Presbyterian Modernists had they lifted their heads seventy-five years ago. They would have been thrown neck and crop out of the church and ostracized as cruelly as though they had been lepers.

Another weakness that has been charged against the Scottish people is that of family pride. That it existed in the Old Land, and that many of the first settlers in Sydenham brought it with them, is undeniable.. There is no country in the world where the gradations in society are so fine, yet so distinctly drawn, as in the British Isles. Sixty and seventy years ago, when these men left Scotland, this condition was far worse. From royalty down to the lowest strata of agricultural labor each class looked down on the class beneath it, (and the number of classes passes comprehension) with an assumption of frozen dignity and aloofness that was at once both silly and amusing. Thackeray, who understood his countrymen pretty well, said there was only one more contemptible object in the world than an English snob and that was a Scotch snob, "than whom" he said, "there is no more contemptible creature breathing." It still persists there, though in a greatly modified form. The Scottish settlers in Canada soon found out, however, that this sort of thing worked very badly in a new land. They found it a land where Jack was as good as his master, ate at the same table with him and shared freely in the general conver-

sation. And it is to their credit that, once they had become accustomed to the change, they saw the silliness of the old order and welcomed the new one. Democracy makes queer converts. One hundred years ago a democrat in England was a pariah and a demagogue dangerous to the state; the contemptuous ridicule we heap upon the head of the communist today falls far short of what the English democrat had to endure in the beginning of Queen Victoria's reign even. Today England rather prides herself upon her democracy.

The fact is that the British Isles, in the first half of the nineteenth century ,and more particularly Scotland, was about the best country in Europe to get away from. The proof of this is seen in the tide of emigration which, about the end of the Napoleonic wars, began to set in from there to America and Canada. The patience of the Scottish peasantry with what they had to endure surpasses human comprehension. One of these worthies whose life we have sketched was wont to tell his children, after coming to Canada, which he did after having reached middle life, that in the parish of Roxburghshire where he had lived he had known personally of eleven deaths by starvation, in the twelve years he had stayed there. The money which would have saved their lives was at the same time in the hands of the Established Church clergymen, who administered it under the Poor Law. The estates of the Duke of Buccleugh covered the greater part of the county; that is, the part really worth having. That was bonny Scotland with a vengeance—bonny for the Duke but perdition for the poor.

It was the men who were profoundly dissatisfied with such conditions and who saw no chance of ameliorating

their lot in life there from whom Canada drew the pick of her pioneers. They knew well the hardships that waited them here, and they knew as well that the friends they were leaving they might never again see on this side of the grave, which to some of them must have seemed the hardest part of all. But they saw at the same time the opportunity of owning a piece of land in the country beyond the sea, and they had the courage to take a chance. In that day of slow and uncertain communication the acceptance of such a chance meant more to them than we can well realize in our own times.

These men have played their part and passed from the scene. The part they played, it seems to us, was something akin to that of the Pilgrim Fathers when they landed in New England, and set about the establishment of civilization in America. They laid the foundation strong and secure and nowhere more so than it was laid in North Sydenham.

"Raise high the monumental stone !
A nation's fealty is theirs
And we are the rejoicing heirs,
The grateful sons of sires whose cares
We take upon us unawares,
As freely as our own."

There has been no attempt to gloss over their shortcomings. It would have been much pleasanter to have done so, but in the words of one of the wisest of the Scottish people "they never yet feared for the truth to be heard but they whom the truth would indict."

We have compared them to the men of the Mayflower. In 1820 a vast gathering at Plymouth Rock commemorated the landing of the Fathers. The orator of the occasion was Daniel Webster; William Ewart Gladstone declared him to be the greatest orator of modern times. He delivered one of the three greatest orations of his life and its conclusion, embodying as it does our own conception of the purest and loftiest patriotism, has seemed peculiarly apposite to us in ending our own labors. In dilating upon the future of America he spoke as follows:

"Let us not forget the religious character of our origin. Our fathers were brought hither by their high veneration for the Christian religion. They journeyed in its light and labored in its hope. They sought to incorporate its principles with the elements of their society and to diffuse its influence through all their institutions, civil, political, and literary. Let us cherish these sentiments and extend their influence still more widely, in the full conviction that that is the happiest society which partakes in the highest degree of the mild and peaceable spirit of Christianity."

"The hours of this day are rapidly flying and this occasion will soon be past. Neither we nor our children can expect to behold its return. They are in the distant regions of futurity, they exist only in the all-creating power of God, who shall stand here, a hundred years hence, to trace through us their descent from the pilgrims and to survey, as we have now surveyed, the progress of their country through the lapse of a century. We would anticipate their concurrence with us in our sentiments of deep regard for our common ancestors. We would anticipate

and partake the pleasure with which they will then recount the steps of our beloved country's advancement. We would leave for the consideration of those who shall then occupy our places some proof that we hold the blessings transmitted from our fathers in just estimation; some proof of our attachment to the cause of good government and of civil and religious liberty; some proof of a sincere and ardent desire to promote everything which may enlarge the understandings and improve the hearts of men. And when from the long distance of a hundred years they shall look back upon us they shall know, at least, that we possessed affections which, running backward and warming with gratitude for what our ancestors have done for our happiness, run forward also to our posterity and meet them with cordial salutation ere yet they have arrived on the shore of Being."

"Advance, then, ye future generations! We would hail you as you rise in your long succession to fill the places which we now fill, and to taste the blessings of existence where we are passing, and soon shall have passed, our human duration. We bid you welcome to the pleasant land of the fathers. We bid you welcome to our healthful skies and verdant fields. We greet your accession to the great inheritance we have enjoyed. We welcome you to the blessings of good government and religious liberty. We welcome you to the treasures of science and the delights of learning. We welcome you to the transcendent sweets of domestic life, to the happiness of kindred and parents and children. We welcome you to the immeasurable blessings of rational existence, the immortal hope of Christianity, and the light of everlasting Truth!"

The orator has expressed very clearly the spirit in which this book has been written. It is offered as some proof to those who come after us that the people of North Sydenham were not wanting in gratitude and that, in the words of Webster, they held in just estimation the blessings transmitted to them by their fathers.

> They are of us, they are with us,
> All for primal needed work,
> While the followers there in embryo wait behind
> We today's procession heading,
> We the route for travel clearing,
> Pioneers! O Pioneers!"

THE END.

HC.
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