

bury. Rev. Mr. Flood was the last assistant who labored in the early 70's and is not to be confused with Rev. Wm. Flood of the Delaware tragedy of 1843 recounted in Davin's "Irishman in Canada," pp. 306-7-8.

Rev. Geo. Hallen occupied also the post of Protestant Chaplain to the Ontario Reformatory for Boys on its establishment soon after the withdrawal of the forces, among his earliest duties being the funeral of Edward Page, 12 years of age, at which he officiated, in Sept., 1860, the first burial from the inmates of the Reformatory. He was succeeded in 1877 by Rev. G. A. Anderson, incumbent of Wyebridge, (son of Capt. T. G. Anderson the well-known Indian Agent), and who later became rector of the Mohawk Indian Church at Deseronto where he died in 1907. His successor at the Ontario Reformatory was Rev. Canon Lloyd, who in turn was succeeded by Rev. S. Card, who occupied the position until the Institution was closed in 1907.

The first Roman Catholic Chaplain of the Reformatory was Rev. F. Kennedy who lost his life while heroically trying to rescue one of the inmates of the Reformatory who had fallen from a steamer into the bay. Rev. F. Kennedy was a son of Sergeant Kennedy, Barrack Master at the Garrison, who owned the first farm east between the Garrison grounds and Gordon's Point. His successors in the Reformatory at various times were Revs. Father E. Kiernan, Father J. Allaine, Father M. J. Jeffcott, Father J. F. McBride, Father P. F. McCabe, Father L. Minehan, now of Toronto, Father Rae, and Father J. Gibbons, deceased.

St. James' Cemetery, with its eventful career, its cherished associations and memories—its multitudes of silent occupants, has become a noted landmark and claims more than passing attention. Time has left its impress on this venerable city of the dead. Within its precincts are gathered the remains of a concourse, civil, military and naval, of many nationalities. In these unnumbered graves lie the fallen hosts of the by-gone years—an assemblage around which is centred much of the history of Penetanguishene and its environs. Its forest of headstones, already crowding each other, record the simple story and proclaim the virtues of three successive generations. Mingled here and there with the monuments are nameless mounds without any tablet to mark the last resting place of those beneath, including some of the native Indian tribes. On entering the grave-yard and turning to the right close to the gateway are twelve nameless mounds