

WATFORD IN THE EIGHTIES

Dear Sir:—
 Scarcely anything that I can think of for the present moment would give me greater pleasure than to be able to come home to Watford in August and have a share in the grand reunion which has been so admirably planned and which will, I feel certain, be carried through by loyal and enterprising citizens, with characteristic vigor and success. Urgent and important duties however, which may not be neglected, in other parts of our vast and fair Dominion, will, I can plainly see, deprive me of that pleasure, and so I am going to avail myself of the privilege you have so kindly afforded, of furnishing you with a few lines describing "the old home town" as I knew it about thirty-five and forty years ago. That was in the

forty years ago. That was in the latter half of the eighties, when I made my way, day by day, sometimes along the fourth line, but more frequently along the railway track, from the old homestead in the country to the High School in town. There was only one track on the railway at that time, and a thick forest of beech, maple, ash and elm, with lesser quantities of basswood, ironwood and hickory rose up majestically on both sides all the way.

It was somewhere about that time that the Grand Truck took over the management of the railway which had hitherto been run by the Grand Western, and the people who had forgotten to wind their clocks were generally able to fix the hour when they heard either the way freight, known as "Dan Hunter's train" going East, or the "Oul Special" going West. Should they be late in rising and fail to hear these passing, they had another opportunity of fixing the hour in the afternoon when the mail train came along, for everyone knew that it was

due at 3:40 p. m., and it was never before, and seldom behind time. The station and freight shed were then on the North side of the track, with Mr. Goodyear in charge of the former and Mr. "Bill" Arnold vigorously, and occasionally vociferously, discharging the duties of the latter.

The first grain elevator was built in those days and, although I am now unable to fix the year, yet I remember well how large it looked in comparison with other buildings, especially the curious little museum on wheels, which was located close by, and was operated under the distinguished proprietorship of the well known, long-haired, versatile antiquarian and humorist, "Mr. Patrick Duck." I was never inside that museum, but I have it on the authority of those who enjoyed that rare privilege, that it was as full of strange and curious things as an egg is full of minnows. If Watford

wonderful things which abound in all parts of this great and incomparable domain in which we live, and which we are proud to call our own.

There were not many "long-haired gentlemen around Watford in those days," but Mr. Patrick Duck was not the only one, as Mr. David Lunny, the caretaker of the Church and cemetery of St. James' Brooke possessed the same distinction. Mr. Lunny was very short of stature, but he wore a very long coat and very long trousers, in addition to his long locks. I think he always wore quite a heavy cap, even in summer, and frequently preached in the open air, sometimes in the centre of Main Street and at others, on the high bridge over the track. He was very simple-minded and very glibly glib. One day when thrown out of a buggy into the mud, he thanked God for providing him such a soft spot on which to fall.

The greater part of the town in those days, as at present, was on the North side of the railway, and Main Street stood exactly in the same place. Many changes, all for the better, have taken place in the buildings during the years that have intervened, and many inevitable changes too, may be seen in the people who occupied them or were seen in the streets from day to day. Mr. Lawrence, who was afterwards killed in the collision of trains at Wyoming, had a large saw-mill to the South West of the town; whilst a grist mill, which discharged the stone crushers and installed the roller system, stood on the same place which the flour mill occupies today. There was no wire factory at that time, or free library, but the new High School was just being built, and the Salvation Army had come to town. I attended some of the meetings, and although I was never enrolled as a member, I appreciated the good work which they were doing, and learned to sing "We'll roll the old chariot along."

The leading hotels were owned and operated, so far as I now recollect by Mr. H. O. Baker, Mr. William Rogers, Mr. William Witty and Mr. Inky Taylor, the proprietors of the first two being men of great weight.

The Church of England stood on Post Office Street, near Mr. Thom's foundry, with Mr. Louck's woollen factory not far away, where serviceable cloth was made to clothe the body, while the Public School, with certain rooms set apart for High School work, was located in the same vicinity. This institution did more, I think, than any other in Watford, to train and furnish the mind and elevate the general tone of the town. The teachers were excellent. If the woollen factory has gone out of business, it must surely be a distinct loss to the town and the community. There wasn't much of a building for a jail or a work-house as it was called at that time.

have, a wide circulation, rendering an almost priceless benefit not only to the people of Watford, but to the whole of the surrounding community.

I find I have mentioned a great many people by name, but whole hosts of others come to mind as I continue to write. No one who lived in Watford at that time could ever forget such out standing figures as Mr. Joseph Hume, Mr. Samuel Howden, Mrs. Hastings, Miss Minnielly the milliner, or the Misses Jones, who taught languages, music and painting.

Messrs. Elliot and Williams, too, were there, celebrated as auctioneers and for making things go whether people wanted them or not. Mr. Ross the postmaster was another outstanding figure in those days, as were also brothers John and David White. All these, and many others who might be named, were good and true men and women, an asset in the community and a credit to the state; and their children are rising up and calling them blessed.

Batting them besee.

But I must stop writing now. I seem to have written a goodly number of lines but I said said very much that might be said a good deal of what I should like to say. How the memory loves to linger on the old scenes and to recall the old associate. this is a species of reflexion which is good for the mind and likewise good for the soul. Some of us were what the teachers would call "very naughty children" but frequently the naughty boys and girls "turn out well." I well remember two girls, High School girls, too, mind you, who actually made a bargain with the baker's deliverer boy to fasten a paper bag full of tarts to a string which they would let down through a window from the class-room on the upper story. The boy kept the promise, but the plan failed. The lady teacher in the room on the ground floor saw the mysterious parcel ascending and covetously desired to grab it. She missed it just by a finger's length, but it never reached the upper story. The Principal heard the girls tittering and made it his business to move round in their direction. He saw the white string, and with one sharp blow from the huge wooden, black-board compasses which he had in his hand

compasses which he had in his hand for teaching geometrical drawing, he cut it asunder, and the tarts fell in hopeless mess on the ground. Yet those girls have turned out well. Curiously enough, that same teacher has developed into a very fine man too, and this, despite the many maledictions which those disappointed girls hurled at his head. And so, it seems to me, we need never despair of the mischievous boy or girl, nor

of our fellow man. There is some good in one and all of us, and of course not a little bad as well. We must all try to foster and develop the former, just as we cultivate and water beautiful flowers in the garden: but the latter should be eradicated.

When you have been away from the old stamping grounds for many years it is good to get back again.

It is good to get back, because then you can adjust your point of view and either be sorry or glad you left. It is good to get back, if it is only to hear yourself called by your first name and because no person thinks of taking the prefix of mister to your second name. One gets sort of a glow of satisfaction out of this because then one's mind travels back to the days when we were boys and the home town was the best on the map in our eyes. When you see the old familiar faces the floodgates of memory are opened up and a thousand and one incidents come flocking into your mind and clamor for a hearing. Thus it was with me when I was last in Watford.

Lots of things happen in twenty years. It is a far cry from 1924 to 1944 and lots of things happen in twenty years, but it is just a little over the one score since I first left Watford coming to the West in April 1904. The twenty years pre-

When I think of that time, my childhood days, I remember many things happening. One of the first things in life in the old town of Watford was moving. I remember was moving. We did not consider it, and I often think of it when I hear the old saying, "It's cheaper to move than pay the rent." My father keeps on doing it." Well, perhaps many of your readers remember that I was born in Watford in the cottage on the corner just west of the home where Jacob Brown now lives. This cottage has since been remodelled and enlarged. From there we moved into Jacob Brown's present residence. It was when we were moving from this house to one on the same street but on the opposite side of Main (known as the Chatterton house) that a little incident happened which I often recall. I was about alongside T. B. Taylor's residence when Mark Moore with his day and my father came along. My dad said that I might have the day off from school, but little I though he meant it, so I kept on going. "However when I went home for my dinner I was again told that I might have the afternoon off, which I remember I took advantage of.

Many little incidents happened between that time and when I left the High School and started my apprenticeship in the Guide Office in the year 1899 at the princely salary of two bucks per week. Our good friend, Harry Williams was then in the editor's chair. George Nash and Fred Tye were my seniors and I was followed by Frank Miller, John Mains and Horatio Nash.

How well I remember my year as "devil" in the office, the daily morning sweep-up and my Friday mornings when I would start out with my armful of Guides that had not been called for on Thursday afternoon. My Friday mornings my guide

"I am thinking today of a pal far
away

That I left in the days long ago" — so sang Harold Dixon, while the words still echo around the world, and the invitation of the modern Guide-Advocate to probe our memories finds response to the old 'Guide' which so many of us eagerly examined to find if it had correctly reported the base ball game in Watson's pasture the previous Saturday.

Can we forget the Second Line; the Old Red Schoolhouse, No.5, Warwick; the stone bruises we usually acquired from walking on the rough roads in our bare feet; wading through the mud, the rain, the cold, the creek trying to appear a pike; catching the cherries and apples, the way home; picking up the raspberries; climbing up and swinging on the vines; the mail; we stuffed our faces with the wild grapes and the consequent beautiful blue smears on our faces; the winter seeing who could jump across an opening in the ice and laughing at the one who finally broke the edge and went into the water.

Our neighbors may not have forgotten "Fiddlin'" Smith, who could make his instrument talk, and whose organ would roar at the blackbirds in the old swamp, sometimes on Sunday, to the holy horror of the good Presbyterians; "Scotch" Shields, whose name was John, with an "S" added after baptism to protect his will and whose pride that he was distinguished by the nickname of "Scotch," a true friend, a wonderful neighbor, who always had an extra hardboiled egg or two for his little friends who made it a point to visit when working on his other farm; the frequently carrying his lunch; the McMillurray and his sisters with their beautiful peonies, beds of asparagus and hearty greetings; the Nelson homestead; the Seymour family; the Marshalls, Bairds, Halls, Thompsons, Fosters and others all for their wisdom to the joy of life forty years ago, although the pioneers or many of them have passed along to the trails in another life, yet the fragrance of their hospitality still lingers in Memory's garden.

Had we jealousies, or heart burnings
troubles in those days they are
w forgotten, as is right; life is too
short for such burdens and Nature
decrees that such must be buried in
oblivion. Some of our pals have
passed the last river, but others are
obeying the injunction to "perform
their allotted task while it is yet
day." "Jimmie" Shields and Walter
Johnson in their beautiful homes are
lovingly fond; Bob Seymour, Bob and
Tom Foster and many of the other
guys are doubtless at widely different
points, but it will be easy to truthfully
assert that wherever they are,
each community is benefited.

The girls are not forgotten, as I think I was in love with nearly all of them at one time or another, with one of them quite "seriously," so per-

Dear "Guide",

Some days ago I received your letter asking me to write an article on days passed in Watford. There are a number of things I could write about but the present generation wouldn't understand so I will dwell on our old base ball team of 1894 which were champions of the county that year winning 14 of their 15 games. Dad Williams was manager of the team and will say Dad was one of the gamest and best managers ever around those parts. We had the making of a good team. Jack Brent and I were in high-school at the time. He took to the catching and I the pitching. Our first game was with Petrolia. We won it. Before the game went very far it became evident that Jack and I were too young to form a battery so Dad switched and put in Fred Restorick and Geo. McLean. They went along in good shape and we won easily. Old Strat Stapleford had been asked to play but said no he was out of base ball. The call was too strong for Old Yellow B.—when he saw the boys in action. It was in his blood alright and all that was needed was for him

to see a game. He went to Dad and said he was going to play again and make a pitcher of me. It was one of the best moves that could have happened for the team as it gave us a battery and that was what we wanted. He was a powerful batter and could always get the best out of me when we worked together. We played a few games with Arkon Strathroy, Wyoming and Alvinston. Defeated all of them. We made a few changes in our team as we went along. About the middle of the season, Billy Irwin struck his stride as a short stop, Jim Willoughby also arrived. This gave us the needed kick. For years I played on different teams and I will say I never played on a better team or have seen a better amateur base ball team. Fred Restorick was a good steady, heavy, first baseman, Albert Jamieson on second was a good all around the field and a good hitter. Billy Irwin was at short stop was all over the field and talking all the time. And how that boy could get them. At third was my old high school mate, Jack Brent. We called him the old reliable because he was a sure fielder and when a hit was needed he delivered it. Our out field was a dandy, Tib McWaters in right was a wonderful fielder with a dandy arm. Ucle Alex Saunders or Snod as we called him in center field knew just where to play for a batter. A number of times he has made what appeared to be impossible catches. It didn't scare Ucle Alex when any of the visiting players wanted to mix it. No, no, Alex didn't scare. Jim Willoughby in left was a good fielder and had a strong throwing arm. He would nip a ball to the plate from left and nipped a runner trying to score. With this line up we never asked a favor at any game. We were a fighting team all the time.

but were game sportsman after defeat. Not all the credit should go to our old team. We had a bunch of loyal rooters who never missed a game. T. G. Mitchell was Dad's right hand man, and was always looking after comforts of the boys. Wm. Cameron (the old slave) with his big bass voice was always in the players bus. And oh how he and T. B. could sing. We used to sing all the way home when playing in other towns. Bert and Charlie Kenward, Dr. Auld and Dick Rogers were some of our best rooters. The night we defeated Forest for the county championship the loyal fans met at the 4th line corner with the band, got out of the bus and marched with them down in front of the old Recreation block where they had a big bonfire and had speeches. Before I close I still want to say that the old boys of 894 were the best bunch of players that ever played in those parts. At the last reunion seven of the original nine were in the old boys' line-up. Wonder how many of us will be there to see the younger generation line up Aug. 17 to 20.

Vern Newell, 309 Gratiot Ave., Detroit Mich.

Beginning at the old R. R. Station we followed a board sidewalk which led to a gate at the beginning of Warwick St, weighted with stone and brick to keep it closed. At Warwick and Front Sts. we came to the old Fowler house, then we pass on, down Front Street were three residences, we came to Harry Cooke's furniture and undertaking rooms and planing mill; an old house was used as a school. (Miss Kenward was teacher, her father was Police Magistrate for years) then we came to Hungerford's residence and Main Street corner, Samuel Hungerford's dry goods store, then follows Finlayson's Hotel, (later Jim McPherson's Hotel) Abbotts Harness shop, T. B. Taylor upstairs, Photo gallery Ranier, Tailor shop, Anthony Hollingsworth Barber Shop, Campbell's Bank and Grocery, George Roger's Grocery, and George Winn's Boot and Shoe Store, his shoe maker Bradley lived upstairs when he was sober enough to climb the stairs, and that was not very often, Huron St. intersects. Mr. Doak, Presbyterian Minister had a dry goods store and grocery. Stewart Burwell of Gratiot Ave Port Huron, was Mr. Doak's clerk, Clark's tin store, (there was no granite-ware at that time) when he left A. N. C. Black had his hardware store, next Dave Roche grocery and crockery store, Jarvis the hair dresser, later Symington's shoes made to order. There was an old black shack set in from the street, was at one time Welch's tavern, but at that time, William Restorick's home and lively stable, also another house in from the street. W. H. Rogers' home. George Wright built the M.

quite a number of residents were kept
back that rambled the streets, H. O.
Baker had goats, Tom Fowler had a
deer, station master, Hockin had a
deer, Homer Stapleford had a lamb,
Pat Duck had a coon and a menag-
erie where he kept dogs, cats, some
birds, and a headless rooster, and he
charged a fee to visitors, he also had
a car built on wheels to exhibit his
stock, and let his hair grow over his
shoulders. A. N. C. Black a parrot.
There were lots of familiar faces we
often met that have passed or moved
away, among whom were, old Mr.
Fowler, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Quigley,
Dick Lewis, Manchester Jim, Pat
Radigan, Mike Radigan and Dan,
Charlie Fechay, Thos. Hoyles, Mr.
Bodley, Old Mr. Stapleford, Sam
Erwin, John Bob and George Wise,
Clark Vanaucken, Johnny Roche, Sr.,
Mr. Hays, W. S. Calvert, and of
course lots I have not named. We
had a fire in the business block, S.
W. side of Main street. It nearly
swept the block. It was built again,
some people went out of business
and other people started in. L. L.
Lewis started a jewelry store. Faw-
sett a Bank, Drake and Secord busi-
ness and the Block was in business
again. Then a fire started across on
the east side, and took most of the
business places then. A. N. C. Black
built and stocked a hardware store,
his brother John Black now of Port
Huron was clerk, Boyle's Hotel was
cleared out and H. O. Baker built a
brick Hotel. Fawsett built a brick
block, a music hall above and stores
below, Andrew McDonnell moved his
grocery from over the bridge and
occupied the Fawsett block. David
Watt had a dry goods store and
Jamison had a dry goods store, Murdo
McLean's store was built over into a
Hotel, then a fire visited across the
street again and swept the business
part entirely. It was rebuilt but all
old land marks were gone. I forgot
to mention Andrew McDonnell added
boots and shoes and liquors to his
stock. From Huron street to Ontario
street was remodelled, the Doak store
and the one next to it were joined
together and was made into a hotel.
George and William Witty run it.
David Watt built the Golden Lion.
A. N. C. Black moved out, and Dave
Roche moved in Black's place on
the corner of Main and Huron sts.
east side, and added liquors to his
stock. There were changes made in
the block from Erie to Ontario st.
John McLean moved and T. D. Rein
had a tailor shop and lived upstairs
later L. L. Lewis had a jewelry store,
Peter Dadds built the brick store
and moved his tinshop, and added
boots shoes, crockery, hardware and
groceries, David Howden went into
the grocery business, the Howden's
built a block and Dave moved his
grocery, Sam moved his boot and
shoe store in the brick block, Cook
started a tin store where Sam How-
den moved out of, A. Brown started
a dry goods store in Peter Dodd's
old tin shop, Swift brothers (Ed. and
Tom) built the block and moved

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LORD BUTTS, Director

O Harvesters

novel features, sunken Italian
s and open courts.

an important time of life. Signs of anaemia are evident pallor, headache, backache or

The present church was opened
The old frame church was opened
in 1845, and remained un-
appointed the second resident
until Rev. Dr. Mookridge
of Adelaide, had supervision of
Rev. Arthur Mortimer,
wards.

We aim to win in other fields
 spokesman in the British Em-
 pires. He is now in California
 while running a lunch
 Ontario government official
 the beans."