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Early Days in Simcoe County



By
GRACE HENDERSON HEWITT

Published By
The Orillia Women's
Canadian Club

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PREFACE

In the preparation of this little sketch of Simcoe County, the writer is deeply indebted to many of the older settlers around her home.

The material has also been gathered from many other sources,—The Book of Knowledge, Life of Champlain, magazines, periodicals, etc. Liberal use has also been made of Hunter's History of Simcoe County.

For the biographies much of the information was obtained from Janey Canuck, and booklets loaned by the Packet.

CHAPTER I.

The Days of the Indians



WOULD like my readers to imagine they are again little girls and have been rummaging through the garret, and have perhaps come across an old horse-hair trunk hidden in an out-of-the-way corner, under rafters thick with dust and tangled in a meshwork of cobwebs.

We have not been looking for the trunk but being girls and full of wholesome curiosity we settle ourselves on the floor before it with little "ohs" of delight. It must be great grandmother's trunk, we exclaim, and we push the wobbly cover, and begin to poke eagerly into its musty depths. Yes, truly it is great grandmother's trunk. And such a wealth of dear old-fashioned things we find in our treasure-trove. A chintz-covered band-box with a quaint lavender poke bonnet; a yellow piece of canvas with the motto, "Jane Adams, her sampler;" a bundle of letters tied with a ribbon; a queer old spelling book; a pair of tiny high-heeled slippers; and last of all, a short-waisted, short sleeved muslin gown, sprigged with tiny, faded lavender blossoms with bits of dried lavender still clinging in the folds.

With exclamation of wonder and delight, and a good deal of hushed laughter, we all try on the lavender bonnet, and vainly try to get our feet into the diminutive slippers.

"Let's go and ask grandmother to tell us all about the dear funny things." So gathering our spoil into our arms, we troop down the stairs to gather about grandmother's chair and hear her tell of the days long long ago, when great-grandmother was a little girl, and she begins the story by telling a little of the country before her ancestors settled in it.

When Samuel de Champlain returned to Canada from France in 1615, he brought with him four Franciscan friars to undertake mission work among the Indians of the country. One of these Franciscans, Joseph Le Caron, with twelve French soldiers, the very first summer of their stay in Canada went all the way from Montreal to where the Huron tribes lived, guided by a party of Hurons who had come there some time before to trade. Champlain followed eight days later, with two other Frenchmen and another party of Hurons. They came by the route used in those days, up the Ottawa river, across Lake Nipissing, and down the French river, thus reaching the shores of the Georgian Bay. Then going down its easterly side they arrived in the

country of the Hurons, landing somewhere on the north-east shore of the township of Tiny.

As soon as he arrived among the Indians, Le Caron began his missionary work, but was greatly hindered by his lack of knowledge of their language, which took him some time to learn. Champlain visited five of the Indian villages, some of them with frightful names. He reached Cahiague with its 200 lodges, and then from there went on his way past the fishing station of the Indians at the Narrows down the chain of waterways now known as the Trent route. From Cahiague, in the winter he and Le Caron visited the villages and towns of the Tobacco Nation in Nottawasaga Township, and in the spring returned from the Huron country to Quebec.

Champlain has left a minute description of the home, three hundred years ago, of the long-vanished Hurons. All that now remains of these early settlers of Simcoe County are the relics that can be seen in museums throughout every part of the world, and the three kinds of their remains best known are their village sites, burial pits, and trails in the forests. They had very strange methods of burial, and after the arrival of the French, many brass kettles were found buried with the bones. These were purposely damaged at the time of interment by knocking a large hole in the bottom with a tomahawk. Many of these kettles have been found in some ossuaries, especially in those of the Townships of Medonte, Tiny and Tay. One of these kettles was brought up from the bottom of the Wye river during the search conducted by Father Murray, of Penetanguishene, a few years ago. Besides kettles they buried almost everything to be found in a Huron household. No tale of the early history of Simcoe County would be complete without a thought, at least, in our minds, of those men who laboured that these Indians might be taught how to live holy lives. I refer to the Jesuit Fathers, who suffered so much at the hands of their enemies, the Iroquois.

With the massacre of 1649 and 1650 the Hurons vanished from these parts, and the events for more than a century afterwards are less known. Some say the Iroquois took up their abode in the land from which they had driven the Hurons; others that Ojibways from near Sault Ste. Marie settled the county. Whatever may be the value of these traditions, the first travellers after the beginning of British rule in the eighteenth century found Ojibways in the district now comprised within our county.

Hunter's history says that "some of the early documents which attest the purchase of land from the Indians, have some curiosities in the way of orthography, for the Indian chiefs seem to have given places names which no ordinary linguist can be expected to articulate without a great deal of practice." The object in buying this tract of land from the Indians at this time appears to have been to open a road by which the North-West

Company could transport their furs from Lake Huron to York, thereby avoiding the circuitous route of Lake Erie, and the inconvenience of passing along the American frontier. In the year 1815, the actual treaty was signed, and among the signatures attached to the treaty were the familiar names of Snake and Yellowhead. In 1793, Governor Simcoe gave Lake Simcoe the name by which it has ever since been known, not in honour of himself, but of his father, Captain Simcoe, R.N., and from thence comes the name "Simcoe County."

The most prominent or best known of the Ojibway's chiefs who signed the treaty for the Indians was Musquakie, or Yellowhead. For many years he was the head chief over all the Ojibway chiefs in the district, and was quite a man in his day. Muskoka was named after him, and thus his memory is kept green. A residence was built for him in Orillia by the Government in 1831, and was afterwards used as the first St. James's parsonage. The building remained for many years afterwards, changing from one condition to another, and finally was used as a private residence.

There was a council house built about the same time; where the early missionaries of all denominations used to hold services. It was known as the Old Mission House. In 1836, the Indian reserve was surrendered to the Government, and in 1838 Yellowhead moved with his band from Orillia and the Narrows to Rama, where they made a large purchase of land which they paid for out of their annuities. This reserve still remains.



CHAPTER II.

The Days of the Fur Traders



AFTER the Indians came the fur-traders to the wilderness, and early records afford glimpses of many a picturesque figure doing business with the red men at strategical points on the great inland waters. Near Matchedash Bay there settled an English trader named Cowan, who, as a captive in boyhood, had learned the Indian speech and ways, and relics of his dwelling-place are to be seen all along the shores.

Another trader whose story reads like a romance established himself, at the beginning of the nineteenth century at the "Narrows" of Lake Simcoe. This was the French exile of the Reign of Terror, Quetton St. George, who having landed in England on St. George's day, had, in gratitude, added the saint's name to his own. He was very popular with the Indians, who called him "White Hat." He was a successful trader, and ultimately returned—a wealthy man—to his native land.

In early days the route to the West lay through Simcoe County, as it was considered the best route, on

account of its position with regard to the lakes. In 1813, a force of 250 men, consisting chiefly of Glengarry Light Infantry, traversed this route to reinforce Michillimackinac, and this same route has been travelled by many a civilian since those days. No more heroic sailor soul has used this highway than Sir John Franklin, who, twenty years before his last voyage, set out from Penetanguishene to explore the Arctic coasts of Canada. It is said that few men left so deep an impression upon the settlers as he did.

In 1785 Lieut.-Gov. Hamilton had John Collins, the Deputy Surveyor-General, make a survey of the land between the Bay of Quinté and Lake Simcoe, which was then called Lake La Clie. As early as 1802 trading posts were established at the Narrows joining Lakes Simcoe and Couchiching, owing to its being frequented by the Indians in large numbers.

In 1862-3 the Hudson's Bay Co. established a trading post, placing Thomas Goffatt in charge.

John McDonald, in the early twenties, after being chief factor of the Nor'-West Fur Trading Co., again took up the life of a civilian and made his home on the east side of the Penetang Road. Here he had a shanty built by James Soules, of Big Bay Point. In payment for his work, McDonald paid him, from his extensive library, with such books as Plutarch's Lives, and Scottish Chiefs. As many of the fur-traders had done, McDonald had married a squaw who had saved his life, when some of the warriors of her tribe were going to put him to death. They were married according to Indian custom, as there was no priest in that vicinity. It is said that it was a common sight to see their little half-breed children playing on the mud floor of their shanty with the leather-bound volumes of Plutarch or others. The McDonalds were later married by a priest at Penetanguishene, to make legal the birth of their next child who was called Catherine. She later married Angus Grant, and lived near Wyebridge for a number of years. She also became the sole heiress of all her father's property, obtained from the Hon. Wm. McGillivray. McDonald was a helper and colleague of Franklin, becoming chief factor of the Nor-West Co. He and his wife were buried in the Church of England cemetery at Newmarket, and to-day, on their grave may be seen a headstone which Lady Franklin sent out from England in recognition of the splendid service McDonald had rendered her husband in his journeys over this country.



The Days of the Land Grants



AFTER the fur-traders the land was largely settled according to grants of land given by the Government at this time. Some counties in this Province have been chiefly settled by large grants of land to colonization companies and others, but this cannot be said to be a feature of the settlement of Simcoe County, as no grants were made so large as to affect the population at any period of its history. We are told that the largest were perhaps the following: those of the Canada Company, which however made no systematic settlement in this county; the Clergy Reserves, also scattered about in the county; six thousand acres along the Penetang Road from Kempfeldt Bay northward to the Hon. Wm. McGillivray's (sometimes known in later years as the McDonald grant). Besides these Mr. Quetton St. George received a considerable grant in Orillia Township for settlement purposes.

Free grants were also given in the early history of the County to U. E. Loyalists and their descendants, the militia who served during the war of 1812, and retired officers of the British Navy. The rest of the land was procured by purchase. No matter how the land was obtained, it was necessary that the settlement duty be performed, namely, that a habitable house be erected on some part of the land, and a sufficient clearing thereon under fence in the proportion of five acres per hundred.

The first surveys were made in Simcoe County a little before the war of 1812, but the work was not done very carefully. Many towns were sketched on paper, but only two or three actually came into being, and for years these grew very slowly. At one time in Simcoe County there were half as many more townships as there are now and also at one time Simcoe County used to be responsible for the maintenance of order and the dispensing of justice in the districts of Muskoka and Parry Sound. A quarter of a century ago, Simcoe County was relieved of this burden, but even to-day our police magistrate's jurisdiction extends beyond the confines of our own county. The county now has seventeen townships, many of them with peculiar names which, according to history, are derived from Spanish, African, Welsh and Irish sources, while others are in commemoration of "two Indian beauties, a great chief, and (in Tiny, Tay, Flos) the pampered lap-dogs of a Governor's lady."

In Simcoe County, as elsewhere throughout the province, the pioneers settled in groups or clusters, according to the lands from which they came. A study of the settlement reveals groups of French, English, Irish, Scotch, Germans and Negroes, all of whom appear to have settled in clusters, giving to each neighbourhood its distinctive features, which are still to be seen in their descendants.

In West Gwillimbury there was a settlement of Highland Scotch, while in the northern part of the same township, in Tecumseth, in the eastern part of Essa, and in the south-west of Innisfil, was a large settlement of Orangemen from the north of Ireland. In south-east Innisfil and West Essa were small settlements of Lowland Scotch. Adjala was settled by Irish Roman Catholics, as were also Flos and Medonte. In Oro and Nottawasaga we find many settlers of Highland Scotch origin, most of whom came from the island of Islay. Near Penetanguishene a settlement of French-Canadians was made in 1828, and in Oro we find a group of negro families settled on what they called Wilberforce Street. With families grouped in this way we see the particular nationality or creed determining the characteristic traits of the group, traits which are persisting through several generations, until to-day we hear of deeds done which are worthy of such ancestors.

The people of this county who have lived to be a ripe old age, have, almost without exception, come from Ireland or the Scottish Highlands. These people had a hardiness and endurance which stood them in good stead during the time when they were overcoming the vast wilderness of this county.



CHAPTER IV.

The Days of the Real Pioneers



NO county in the Province has a history more alluring, more fraught with adventure and romance, or resounds more with the achievements of great men than Simcoe. At the same time it is doubtful whether we, as residents of this county, know as much of its history as we should, or take as deep an interest in the wonder-tales of adventure, of heroism, of sacrifice, and accomplishment, that make the history of Simcoe as entrancing as the most stirring fiction.

Take a few hours and spend them with some of the older residents and you will hear tales that can rank with the best written novels of the day. With what pleasure and zeal they will sit and relate story after story of their youth, with memories for details as fresh and green as when the events actually happened.

Hear them tell of the problems of transportation, and how for years they worked to get roads cut through the forests, bridges built over the streams, boats to ply on the lakes, and the country opened up for business. Their efforts were at last rewarded, and Simcoe County was opened up, and railways built which cost the county a great deal of money. Simcoe, however, had the honour of having the first line of railway of any extent built in Ontario. The engine which pulled the first train out of Toronto in 1853 was the first ever built in Canada.

Many a story is told by the older settlers of the terrible problems and hardships of transportation before the railways were built. The only means of getting from one place to another was on foot, or by wagon; the former was more often the only way, and that by a narrow path through the woods. At one time Hawkestone seemed to be the centre of this district. One of the early pioneers coming to settle near Bass Lake walked from Hawkestone, through the woods on a narrow foot path, and carried a large chest which she brought with her from her old country home. Another valued possession of this family is a beautiful old grandfather's clock, shorn of its case at Montreal on account of its weight, as they had to walk from there. The clock has since been renovated and enclosed in another case worthy of such a relic, and is being treasured by the descendants of this old lady from far away Scotland.

It is told of another lady who lived near Edgar and who wanted meal with which to bake, that she carried a bag of grain on her back all the way from Edgar to Newmarket, had the grain ground, and returned the next day in time to use the meal for supper.

The father and mother of Mr. Turner, who died recently, walked from their home in Oro to Coldwater, each carrying a bag of grain. Night having overtaken them, they slept in the woods till morning, then, kindling a fire, the wife, with some water procured near by, made a dough, baked it, and sustained thus, they proceeded on their way home.

A subject nearly related to roads and railways is that of the mails, which before 1837 were carried chiefly by men on foot or horseback. What would the genial postmaster of Orillia say if he were told that the mail of the whole country-side could be placed in a birch-bark basket? This was true in days gone by, and the postmaster of Innisfil, used to carry his tall plug hat full of letters to church, by way of saving the settlers many a long walk. This practice is now obsolete, and the mail, instead of being carried in a hat, is carried by motor-car, over rural routes throughout the country.

We sometimes rail if the mail is not in on time, or if we do not get our paper just when we think it should be due, or if the "mail-man" misses a trip on account of the bad roads; but what if we were one of the early settlers of whom Hunter tells, who received word that a letter was waiting for her in the postoffice at Holland Landing. She made ready some butter, carried it all the way there, but found no sale for her commodity as the storekeeper had a cow of his own. She proceeded farther to a men's camp, sold her butter, paid for her letter, and travelled back to her home, ten miles distant.

Speaking of churches, the first Protestant church was a log cabin built in 1823 in West Gwillimbury. Another old relic of pioneer days still stands at Shanty Bay, a neighbourhood which was largely settled by half-pay officers. This church was built of mud bricks, and

has been very carefully preserved throughout the years. In it is a memorial to Lucius O'Brien, one of Canada's earliest notable artists; and not far distant is the large old log cabin house built by his father.

After the roads were opened up and churches built, schools naturally followed, and the first school was in the building used as a church, mentioned before. Many others followed manned by a noble race of teachers. The first teachers in Orillia included Thos. Williams, Andrew Moffatt and his wife. The Rev. S. B. Ardagh, the first inspector, was succeeded by Henry A. Clifford, of Oro, who lived near Edgar. The inspector in those days, as now, travelled over a great deal of territory, and Mr. Clifford's extended into Grey County. As travel was not so rapid then, it was necessary for him to be away a great deal at nights, and Mrs. Clifford used to have a great deal of money in the house with which her husband paid the teachers. She always kept a pot of hot water, ready and boiling, for any burglars who might call on her while her husband was absent? This suggestion might be passed on and put into practice to-day. While residing here Mr. Clifford's daughter was sent one evening to look for the cows. Not finding them near by she wandered on and on, trying to catch the distant tinkle of the bell, until near Craighurst the welcome sound met her ear. What was her surprise to find the cows on a sand-dune arranged in a circle, with their horns forming a formidable front to the wolves which she now heard coming nearer and nearer. She had just time to scramble in the centre of the ring and take her place with the calves and younger cattle, while the older cows kept the enemy at bay, until, tired of the battle, they retreated to seek other victims. She then drove the herd towards home down a steep narrow path, until she met a search party coming to look for her.

One might relate at length, if time would permit, the story of the pioneer doctor, Dr. Archibald Pass, who came from Barrie to Orillia at one time to learn from Dr. Ardagh, in charge of the Asylum here, how to treat diphtheria; of the pioneer printer and publisher, Thomas Fox Davies, of Barrie; of the pioneer ministers of the different churches and of the pioneer industries, and follow the growth of the latter until the products of our own county took their place in the world-wide exhibition held at Wembley in the motherland.

But what of the pioneers themselves? Looking down the dim vista of the past and revolving in our minds the lives and deeds of those who have trodden the paths, and played their part ignobly or well, and then passed beyond the limelight of our mortal ken, we are forced to confess that but a few prominent facts stand out more clearly than the others—the hardships they endured, and the dignity with which they performed their tasks, their sterling characters, and unswerving adherence to the cause they served. To give anything like an adequate story of all the pioneers would be an impossible task, and, if the names of any are not men-

tioned, which might be mentioned, it is not for lack of importance, but that a few are taken as typical of the sturdy men who built this wonderful heritage of ours.

Just a little story of one of the early pioneers who came to Oro nearly one hundred years ago from Scotland. This man was possessed of a little more ambition, and perhaps a little more courage than the rest of his neighbours, and was filled with a desire to seek a new home in this fair land of ours. Leaving his wife and a family of four sons and six daughters—the oldest a son of nineteen years, the youngest a babe in arms—he came to Canada in 1831, and, after a long tiresome journey, reached the township of Oro, and set to work to locate a spot in which to build a home for his loved ones. He did so, and by fall was ready to return to spend Christmas with his family at home. He came out again shortly after the New Year, this time bringing his eldest son with him, and the two set to work to get a home ready before sending for the mother and other members of the family. They both worked with all their will, the father putting all his strength to this new task of love. The hardships were very great, and in those days the task of building even the crudest shanty was no sinecure; and these, combined with the worry told on the father who was soon smitten with brain fever. Owing to lack of medical skill the father died, leaving the son alone in a strange land with the added responsibility of looking after his mother and younger sisters and brothers, who were now on the ocean, eager to be united with their loved ones. But this young man proved equal to his responsibilities, and shouldered them like the hero he was. He buried his father, and prepared to go to Quebec to meet his mother, and tell to her the sad news. He had many hard struggles, many almost impossible tasks to perform, and many burdens to carry in the days to come, but the hardest of all was the one which now lay before him when he reached Quebec. The family arrived in September, and in due time reached their little home in the clearing, but how different was that coming to what they had planned and of which they had dreamed. No loving husband and father to meet them and they far away from their ain folk. The task of bearing up was too great for the wife and mother, and she too, after a year and a half, passed away to join her husband, leaving the boy to be both mother and father to the others. He fulfilled this task nobly and well; so nobly and well that all grew to honourable manhood and womanhood, each filling his or her own place in the life of the community, and the earliest age at which any one of the ten died was sixty-seven years.

Telling the story afterwards, when he was an old gray-bearded man, this pioneer said that he would never have been able to carry on if it had not been for the help, comfort and encouragement given him by his neighbours. The memory of this was one of the brightest spots in his life. A splendid spirit pervaded all—a

spirit of love and comradeship. Possibly we are the better off to-day in money, have finer homes, comforts, and luxuries not dreamed of in those days. But have we not lost the old kindly spirit, that expressed itself in mutual helpfulness? And is not the nation the poorer?

One of the most note-worthy of the pioneers still living is a little old lady who lives in a sequestered spot, far away from the disinterested view of the passer-by. Her grandmother was a niece of the famous Rob Roy Macgregor, and among this old lady's treasured possessions are a dirk used by the bold clansman himself, and a pitcher preserved intact.

Not far away live descendants of Macdonald of Glencoe. This family belongs to the McLan Macdonalds, three members of the original family being Donald, Ronald and Ian. They are of the Ardnamurchan branch of Macdonalds, natives of Argyllshire, Scotland, and were themselves at one time known as MacIans. A descendant of theirs, Marian Keith, has won great fame as a writer of stories, some of which deal with the days of long ago. Marian Keith is a true daughter of Simcoe County.

Many other families may be descended from old country notables, if one had the time and opportunity to trace the descent of each. Suffice it to say that these pioneer families proved worthy sons of noble sires.

Among the names of other early settlers of Oro Township we find the names of O'Brien, Ross, McVittie, Carthew, Anderson, Steele, Crawford, Jermey, Cotton, Baskerville, Creswicke, Clifford, Leigh, Bell, Campbell, Gilchrist, McMillan, Tudhope, Litster, Rutherford, Cameron, McCallum, Robertson, McLeod, Buchanan, McLean, Reid, Clark, Brough and many others. The Islay settlers brought with them various customs to their new homes in Upper Canada from their native Highlands. None of these were so odd as the one they used to "full" their cloth in their own homes at what they called "kicking-bees." These unique "bees" in Oro have furnished the title given by James B. Steele to his story "McLarty's Kicking Bee." The cloth to be fulled was placed in soapy water and men lying on the floor opposite each other, with the cloth between their feet, would kick against the feet of the men opposite them until the cloth was the desired fullness, their kicking done to the accompaniment of a tune sung or played.

On the ninth concession of this township, Knox church, the pioneer Presbyterian place of worship, was erected and in it services were held in Gaelic down to a recent date. Some of the original settlers of this township never acquired the English language or did so very imperfectly. A large proportion of these settlers now lie in the churchyard where they attended services for so many years.

With the Orillias we are probably more familiar, and the names of Alley, Gill, Dunn, Bailey, Sanson, Dallas, Rowe, Moffatt, Robinson (and their family

connections viz: the families of Blake, Hume and Brough, the former two at one time owning Marchmont), Kean, Harvie, Mulock, Thompson, and scores of others bring to our mind stories heard as children. In a semi-centennial edition of the Orillia Times, September 30, 1884, there is given a splendid history of this locality and its people, and in its columns may be found the advertisements of some of our firms of to-day—Geo. Vick, Wm. Maynard, R. J. Sanderson, H. Cooke & Co., T. Phillips & Co., W. Tudhope & Son, R. Mainer and T. B. Mitchell.

Many stories are told of these early settlers—how Mr. Robt. Bailey walked the whole distance from Peterborough via York in eight days, and Mrs. Bailey who came up from L. Simcoe in a flat boat with all her household effects, had to effect a landing by the medium of a huge pine tree which had fallen into the water at the point where the McInnes residence now stands. Mrs. George Vick, Mrs. Bailey's daughter, was the first white child brought to Orillia, she being then six months old, and was considered by the Indians a dear little white curiosity.

We might continue thus through all the townships, but to the majority of us these are not so familiar, although there are few of us who do not know the name of Mulock, Osler, Sir Francis Bond Head, Samuel Lount, Harcourt Lennox, Moses Hayter (the first jailer) Jeffs, Boys and many others.



CHAPTER V.

Noted Men and Women of Simcoe



WE do not know what celebrities may yet be homed in this fair county of ours, but already we have had a goodly share. In all walks of life Simcoe County has given her quota of noted men and women and is still giving them, and no county takes a deeper pride in the doings of her native sons. While this sketch was being prepared, there was held at Queen's University a notable gathering of Simcoe County boys and girls, met together to tell of the tales of pioneer days and stimulate interest throughout the home county. This Simcoe spirit extends to every part of the Dominion, and has always found utterance in the deeds of our brave men and women.

In all walks of life Simcoe County has taken her place with the best of the land, whether it be commercially, socially, religiously or politically, and has sent from her doors those who have given her fame at home and abroad. These men so constructed the foundation upon which the moral and social fabric of the county is built, that when the great crisis came in 1914, their

deeds found incarnation in the deeds of those contingents which left these parts to fight for the freedom of the homeland of these sturdy pioneers. Many brave and gallant soldiers went forth from her shores now, as in times gone by.

One of these soldiers was Sir Sam Steele, the fourth son of Capt. Elmes Steele, of the Royal Navy, by his second wife, Anne, the youngest daughter of Neil MacIan Macdonald, of Argyllshire, Scotland. His grandfather was Dr. Elmes Steele, and his uncle Col. Samuel Steele served at the capture of Quebec. His father was one of seven sons, three of whom served in the Navy, and three in the Army during the Great War; and one adopted his father's profession, practising in Abergavenny. His father served in the days of Nelson, and eventually became the first member of parliament for the County, his election being one of the most hotly contested in the records of Simcoe. Sir Sam's boyhood was spent in Orillia and the surrounding country, until he joined the militia at the time of the Fenian Raids, later going to the West to help put down the rebellion under Louis Riel, and holding later high command in the N.W.M.P., with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. During the South African war, he raised and commanded a corps of mounted riflemen for Lord Strathcona, and there saw much fighting. When the great World War came, again he played an important part, but never saw active service. Death finished a long career of service for his native land.

In other branches of service for homeland other men played an important part, and Simcoe County has placed her sons in the most important positions in her power to give. The Hon. E. C. Drury was for a time Premier of this fair province of ours, and Sir Daniel McMillan was Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba from 1900 to 1911. He was a native of Collingwood, and joined Viscount Wolseley in the Red River Expedition, becoming later Lieutenant-Colonel of the 95th Regiment, and also Honorary Colonel of the Manitoba Dragoons. He was one of the founders of the Manitoba Free Press, was created a K.C.M.G. at the coronation of King Edward in 1902, entertained the present King and Queen at Government House in 1901, was presented to King Edward in 1906 and 1908, and was present by invitation at the funeral of King Edward in 1910.

An outstanding figure in the history of the Church is the Rev. H. J. Hamilton, B.A., B.D., Bishop of Mid-Japan. Heber James Hamilton was born in Collingwood also, attending High School there. His father was a member of the same family as the Dowager Duchess of Dufferin. The subject of our sketch went from Wycliffe College to Japan as a missionary, and in May 1912 was by a unanimous vote elected Bishop of the Canadian Diocese in Japan, and during that summer returned home for his ordination, which took place on October 18th, in Christ's Church Cathedral, Montreal. Bishop Hamilton has won the hearts of his Japanese

people, and has been the means of a great and good work being accomplished in the "flowery kingdom" by the Anglican Church. He married Miss Minnie Spence, of Toronto, and they reside at Nagoya, which is within the Bishop's See.

Many educationists have claimed Simcoe County as their own, and several names could be mentioned, John MacGillivray, M.A., Ph.D., Queen's University, Kingston; Rev. John Campbell, M.A., Ph.D., Victoria, B.C., whose father was related to Sir Colin Campbell of the famous thin red line of Balaclava, and was the grandson of Lady Marjorie Brown, of Edinburgh; Dr. Geo. H. Locke and others. Dr. Locke was born in the village of Beamsville, but came to Simcoe County at a very early age, and was a son of the parsonage. From High School he entered Victoria University, from which he graduated with the degree of B.A., and later secured the degree of Doctor of Pedagogy. After his graduation from Victoria he attended college at Chicago, and later at Harvard. From the latter he returned to Chicago as Dean of the faculty of education, one of the most prominent educational positions in the United States. Returning to Canada he became head of the Macdonald College at St. Anne de Bellevue. This position he retained until a few years ago, when he became chief librarian of the city of Toronto, a position in which he has won great distinction. During his term of office, the library field in Toronto has been greatly widened, and the fine new reference library has been added, and throughout the literary world Toronto has attained a position of recognition it never before enjoyed. Dr. Locke favours the formation of a national library in Canada. A recent article on Dr. Locke says that he is one of the clearest-headed specialists in education in America. He was responsible for having the colours of the Queen's Rangers and Simcoe's swords placed in the reference library in Toronto, "where," as he himself said, "the boys and the girls of Canada could see what are perhaps the oldest colours on the continent, and not in a museum in some other country in which their presence might indicate that they had been taken, not purchased." Dr. Locke is also a writer of no mean ability, and his book "When Canada was New France" was published about two years ago. To those who love Canada for Canada's sake the simply-told story makes the blood flow faster, and the eyes grow brighter. It stirs the mind to a new consciousness of responsibility, the heart to greater endeavour, so that this Canada of ours may fill a place to which her destiny is calling her, a nation within a nation, but the greatest of them all. It is a timely service Dr. Locke has rendered Canada with this little book of his. It is worth reading, and what is perhaps the greatest compliment that can be given any book, it is worth keeping and reading again.

Several other writers have found the material for their stories in their native haunts of Simcoe County;

and a few names may be mentioned—those of Marian Keith, Jas. B. Steele, Mazo de La Roche, K.C.B., of international fame, and others. One of the most prominent of these is Janey Canuck, or Mrs. Emily F. Murphy, Police Magistrate and Judge of the Juvenile Court in and for the province of Alberta. Mrs. Murphy was Emily, daughter of Isaac Ferguson and his wife, Emily, a daughter of the Hon. Ogle R. Gowan. She was born at Cookstown, educated at Bishop Strachan School, and married to the Rev. Arthur Murphy, M.A. The Fergusons came to Canada in 1842 from Cavan, Ireland. Originally they came from Scotland and settled in Ireland. The father died at sea en route to Canada. In those days the trip was made by sailing vessels, and took six weeks. The widow with her family settled near what is now the village of Cookstown. The family consisted of nine children, the eldest being Lieut.-Col. Thomas R. Ferguson, K.C., who, in 1867, became member of Parliament for Simcoe County in the first parliament of Ontario. The youngest son of this family was the father of Janey Canuck. Of his family there are Thos. Roberts, Gowan, William N., appointed Judge of the Appellate Division of the High Court of Ontario 1917; Annie (Mrs. Ferguson Burke) of Toronto; and Harcourt, appointed a K.C. for Ontario in 1922. Her maternal grandfather, the Hon. Ogle Robert Gowan, was a cousin of Sir James Gowan, K.C.M.G., of Ardraven, Barrie, who married Anna Ardagh, daughter of the Rev. S. B. Ardagh, M.A., first rector of Barrie.

Mrs. Murphy moved to Western Canada in 1904, and has won many distinctions, besides those through her books. She was decorated by His Majesty King George, a Lady of Grace of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, in 1915.

In the names of those previously honoured, only one other could be found of clearly Canadian extraction. That was the name of Lady Tilley. Those who met Janey Canuck when she addressed the Canadian Club in 1920, were highly favoured. Among her books are "Janey Canuck in the West," "Open Trails," in which she has written a chapter "A Broken Nest," describing her home life in Cookstown; "Seeds of Pine," "Little Canadian Cousins of Great North-West Provinces," and "The Black Candle." This last named has been termed the new Uncle Tom's Cabin, and deals with the drug traffic. It tells a story of sin and suffering, of crime and indifference; it tells of the effort of the few and calls for the co-operation of all. It is dedicated to the Kiwanis, Gyro, and Rotary Clubs for their noble work on behalf of humanity, in whose interests Judge Murphy has written this story of a blot on Canada's escutcheon. It brings tears to the eyes, but arouses every instinct to go out and do battle upon this new dragon in our midst. It is said that the Government should donate a copy of this book to every judge, magistrate, police officer and school teacher in the Dominion. Mrs. Murphy is also a popular contributor to Canadian, American and English magazines.

In a letter received from her (1924), with some snap-shots enclosed, in one of which she is standing beside some gigantic sunflowers grown from seed taken west from the farm at Cookstown where she was born, she says that her heart is still true to Simcoe County.

"All our family," she writes, "will return ultimately to the family plot at Cookstown for burial. The reason? I have told it somewhere in one of my books—'The land where you were born lies lighter to your bones.' Always when I go 'down home' the words uppermost in my mind are these:—

When I forget thee,
Land of Desire,
My hands shall be folded
And my feet not tire."

Mrs. Murphy also kindly sent an account of a Simcoe County dinner party given by Sir Wm. Mulock on the evening of December 31, 1923, in honour of Dr. Gowan Ferguson and Mrs. Ferguson, of Montana, who were visiting in Toronto. Those who were present were Dr. Ferguson, born near Cookstown, Mrs. Ferguson, Mrs. Ferguson Burke, Harcourt Ferguson, K.C., Hon. Mr. Justice and Mrs. Kelly, (Justice Kelly was born in Adjala Township), Hon. Mr. Justice and Mrs. Haughton Lennox (Barrie), Hon. Mr. Justice Smith (not born in Simcoe, but whose student days were spent in Collingwood), Dr. F. C. Banting, of Alliston, Mrs. G. W. Monck (sister of Sir Wm. Mulock), Mrs. Carlton Monck, and Sir Wm. Mulock, the host. At midnight the guests assembled in the great hall and clasping hands sang "Auld Lang Syne" as the bells rang out the old year, and ushered in the new.

The man who played the part of host to this gathering of friends was the Hon. Sir Wm. Mulock, K.C.-M.G., Chief Justice of Ontario, born at Bond Head, January 19, 1844, son of Dr. T. H. Mulock and Mary Cawthra Mulock. Sir Wm. Mulock has been an outstanding figure in Canada for many years, having held many important posts. For many years he represented the County of York in the Dominion Parliament, was Vice-Chancellor of Toronto University, Postmaster-General for Canada 1896-1905, and Minister of Labor 1900-1905. It was to the good offices of Sir Wm. Mulock that we owe the penny postage in the Empire—adopted by the Inter-Imperial Conference in 1898, and existing till some time during the war, when it had to be changed in order to raise revenue needed for extra expenses during the war. He served several times as Governor for the Province of Ontario during the absence of the Lieutenant-Governor. Sir Wm. Mulock has a palatial home at Newmarket, and spends most of his time there in the summer. He is a most generous giver to all charitable or patriotic objects.

Many other prominent lawyers have come from Simcoe County, some of whom are Sir Wm. Glenholme Falconbridge, who was educated at Barrie, W. A. Boys, M.P., K.C., Hon. Richard Harcourt, Hon. Dr. W. A. Willoughby, Hon. Featherstone Osler and many others.

It can be truly said with some assurance that no other Canadian family has contributed more richly to the life of this and other counties than the last one mentioned. Four remarkable sons of a remarkable mother have occupied positions of prominence in varied fields which have made the name conspicuous for more than a generation. The wife of an Anglican minister, first in the pioneer sections of Simcoe County, Mrs. F. L. Osler lived to 101, her later years cheered by the enviable record of her sons.

Briton Bath Osler was one of the most eminent lawyers of his or any other day. He died in 1901 at the age of sixty-two. Hon. Featherstone Osler, more reserved and detached than his brothers, but not the type best suited for jury work, held important posts on the Bench and in the financial world. He died in January 1924. Sir Edmund Osler died recently, but almost to the time of his death at the ripe old age of four-score years he was actively in harness as President of the Dominion Bank. Sir Wm. Osler, who was to win so much distinction in medicine in Montreal, Baltimore, Oxford and elsewhere, was quoted round the world for an utterance he made at Johns Hopkins in 1905, when he spoke lightly of "the comparative uselessness of men above forty years of age." He died in 1919, aged seventy, after winning great laurels in medicine.

But no medical discovery of the past fifty years, and perhaps few medical discoveries in history, compare with that of insulin in its importance to the welfare of humanity. At last we have been given an effective weapon with which to combat diabetes, a disease which, in children at least, is one of humanity's greatest scourges. It is just about four years ago that Dr. F. L. Banting, working at Toronto University, with the assistance of Mr. Best, a medical student, first succeeded in isolating insulin from the pancreas of a dog. It is only a little over three years since insulin prepared from the pancreas of hogs and cows has been successfully used in the treatment of diabetes.

Born at Alliston, Dr. Banting entered Toronto University about two years before the outbreak of the war. He left school to enlist in the ranks of the Canadian Army, was wounded in action, and invalided home, after being decorated for bravery. He resumed his course, that of the Arts Medical course, and graduated with honours. He returned to Europe and served in a surgical unit in England till the end of the war. While reading an article on surgery of the pancreas he conceived the idea which led to his brilliant discovery. Dr. Banting's dream has come true, and this human disease is under control. He has been granted the Nobel prize, and a sufficient sum of money to allow him to carry his research work farther afield.

In agriculture too, the county has given us a notable man in the person of Dr. George C. Creelman, late of the Agricultural College of Ontario. Dr. Creelman affords an illustration of what may be accomplished by energy, combined with a strong and attractive personality.

He was born in Collingwood in 1869, and was reared on a farm on the eastern slope of the Blue Mountains. He obtained the degree of B.S.A. from Guelph in 1888, and after occupying important positions in the United States till 1897, he returned to his Alma Mater as its president. The college to-day, due partly to him, enjoys not only a provincial standing, but has a continental fame as well, and pupils from it occupy prominent positions in almost every centre of the kind. In 1908 and 1912 he went to Europe to study agricultural conditions there. He now holds a most responsible position, and has every one for a friend.

Not only has the poet had the flame of poetic fire kindled and his flight of fancy wooed by the picturesque scenery of Simcoe, but the painter too has drawn his inspirations from the unusually beautiful aspect of nature in this quarter. Much of the success of Lucius R. O'Brien, mentioned before, is due to his having resided here for years, and had his genius stimulated by the lovely pictures that met his eyes as he gazed out over the placid waters of Lake La Clie.

May we not also claim both Shrapnel and Hume, whose pictures indicate that they are indebted to the beauties and attractions of our own county for much of the success of their paintings. And so on, down through the years these have been the inspiration and theme of many sketches until to-day one of Orillia's native sons, Frank Carmichael, is using the material gathered round Orillia for his sketches, which as a member of "The Group of Seven" artists he exhibits at exhibitions held by the Ontario Society of Artists.

But it hasn't been all work and no play, and in the realm of sport Simcoe County can and always has held her own. From J. G. Gaudaur, once champion oarsman of the world, and Geo. R. Gray, for long champion shot-putter of the world, to Walter Knox, champion all-round athlete of the world, to W.A. Boys, who won the All-Canada tennis championship in 1906, and from the victories of the early lacrosse players to the more recent honours won by hockey teams in our own county, is a long story of patient practice, and the art of playing up and playing the game. But here, as elsewhere, the indomitable unconquerableness of the pioneers has shown forth, and we have always had reason to be proud of our athletes.

And so on we might go through all the varied walks of life, and find that in each are men and women whose fame is but the result of the patient perseverance and the steadfast courage characteristic of their pioneers. But what of those who have fought the fight, but whose names have not been mentioned because they have remained unknown?





FORGOTTEN MEN

A grave at the end of the trail !
What cheer for the hand that was destined to smite
The hard, sullen heart of the hills till the night
Of age and decrepitude ended the fight !
He lies at the end of the trail.
What cheer for the men who fail !

His name is long written in dust.
The click of the drill and the sturdy pick blow
Cut deep in the rock ; but no future may know
The name of the man who lies sleeping below.
His broken pick reddens with rust.
His cabin door crumbles to dust.

He was a Knight of the Grail.
No danger so potent, no hardship so black,
No menace of avalanche over his track
Could shake his proud spirit or make him turn back.
He was a Knight of the Grail—
And he lies at the end of the trail.

These were the men who dared.
Far out in the wild, with the rocks for a bed,
With Hope always mocking and pointing ahead,
Till Time laid a hand on the rugged old head.
These were the men who dared.
And nobody knew—or cared.

A song to the Unknown Men !
The stout patient hearts who were destined to fail ;
Who conquered the West in pursuit of the Grail
And died in their rags at the end of the trail !
A song to the Unknown, then !
Here's how ! To Forgotten Men !

—LOWELL OTUS REESE.

