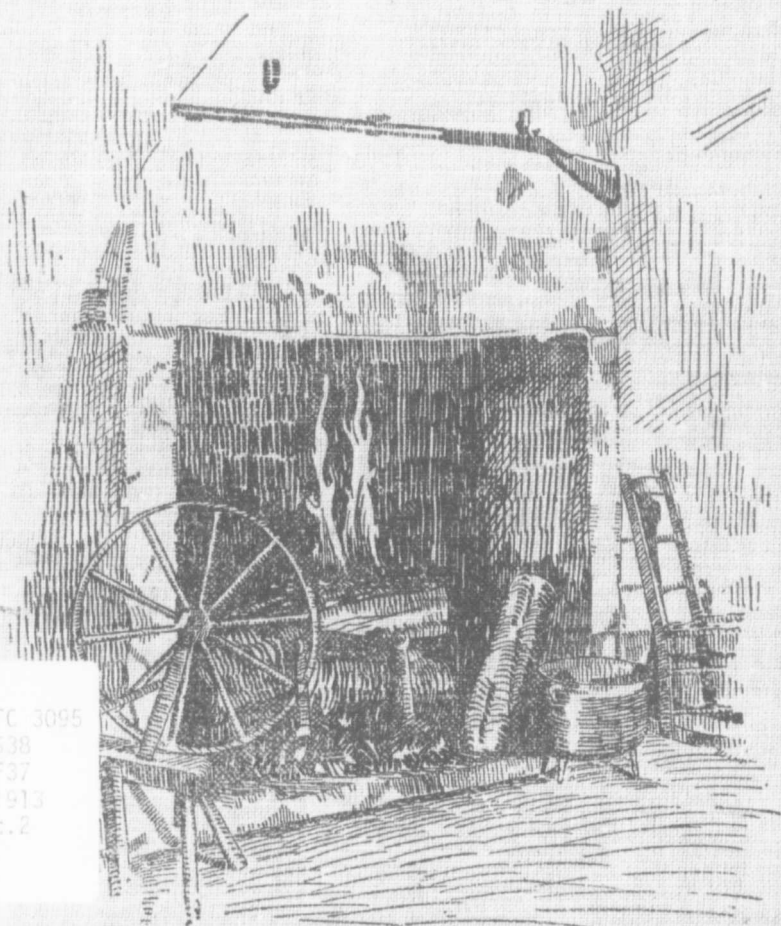


On the Shores of Scugog



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ON THE SHORES OF SCUGOG

BY
SAMUEL FARMER



Printed at the Office of THE PORT PERRY STAR

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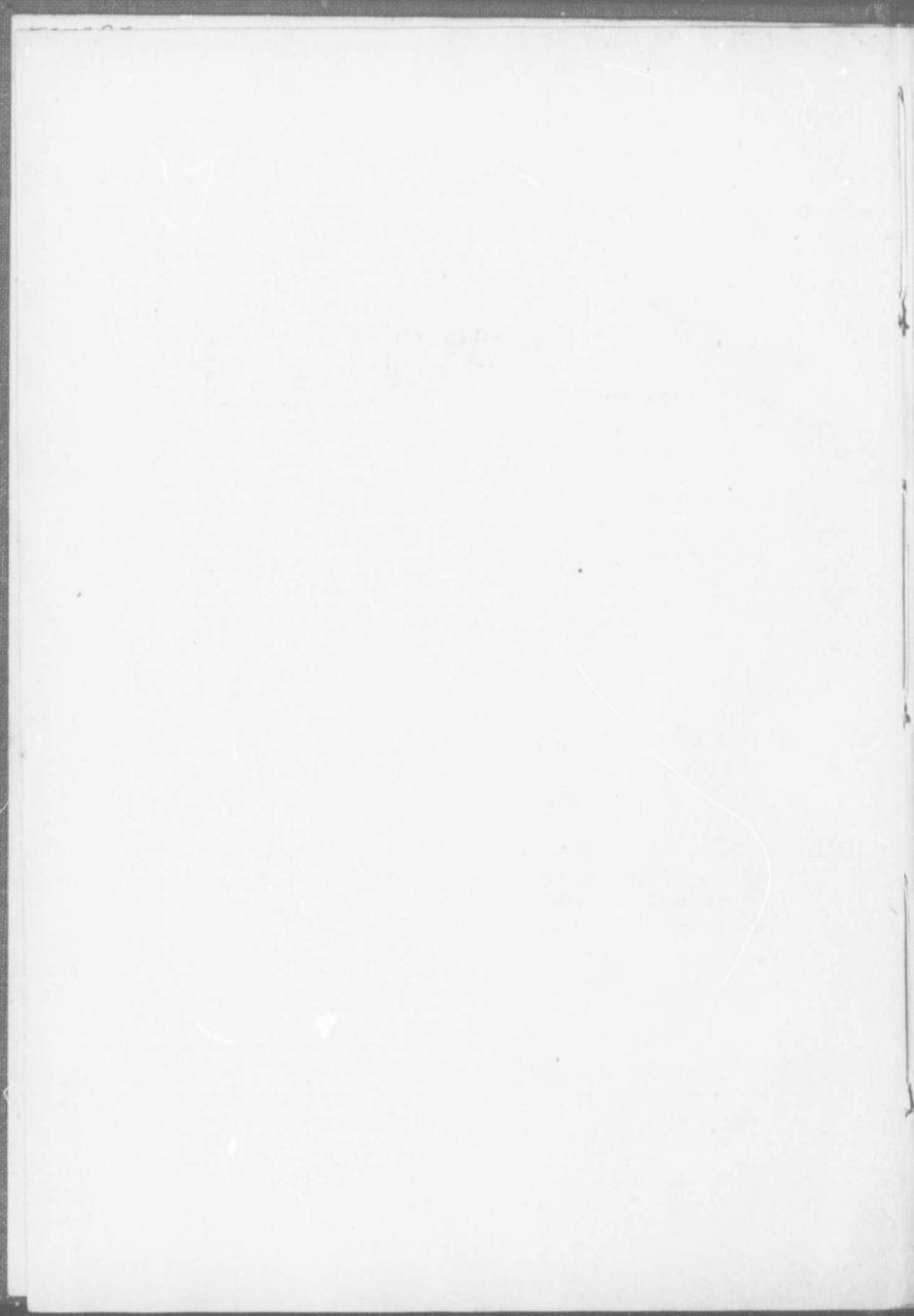
Foreword

As far as possible the account of the historic events given in these pages is accurate. It has not been easy to get a true picture of the early days, because most of the pioneers have gone, and the records of early settlement are incomplete. Some who read this story will miss facts that to them are very important. Many of these facts we should gladly have used had we known them. There are other incidents that are too recent and too tragic to put into print as yet. Their absence does not prove that we do not know them; but it is neither wise nor kind to print everything one knows.

The bare facts have been dressed in something of the garb they wore when they were put into action by the men of yesterday. No single hero will satisfy a story like this unless you call his name Pioneer: and the heroines too, are without number.

Gathering these records has been a pleasant and profitable task, and it is hoped that our readers will find pleasure and profit in following what has been gathered.

It has been gratifying to note the courteous response accorded to the writer by all who were approached for information. A number of persons—too many for it to be convenient to record their names—have gone to considerable trouble to hunt up material for the story. This kindly co-operation has been greatly appreciated.





THE FIRST SETTLER IN REACH



WHEN Reuben Crandell blazed his way through the bush from near Columbus in 1821, there was not a road in Reach Township. It was all heavily wooded with beech, maple, birch, pine, cedar, elm, ash and other timber. Hemlock and poplar were not worth considering then, because pine was plentiful and clean, and hardwood abundant—so abundant that it was only valuable for the ashes that it would make. Now, if you travel along the road from Prince Albert to Manchester, you can see the farm Reuben took up—the first one to be settled in Reach Township. Mr. Peter Christie owns it now, and has spent most of his life there. It is a well run farm with a cosy house and good buildings; and has a reputation for raising fine Clydesdale horses. Such is the finished product of the pioneer's work.

Take a look at Reuben Crandell as he starts on his journey to his new home. He was splendidly built, and had fair curly hair, almost white. Strong, masterful, alert and resourceful, he was just the man for the woods and the hardships he would have to face.

He came from New York to Prince Edward County at the time of the war of 1812 (one of the United Empire Loyalists), and remained there nine years. Again the pioneer impulse to push on possessed him, and in 1821 he went prospecting for a new home, tramping through the bush as far north as Brock.

Reach Township had been surveyed by Major S. Wilmot in 1809, but was only inhabited by Indians and wild animals until Crandell came on the scene. It was no easy task to pick his way through the woods with nothing to follow but some Indian trails. In fact the trip did not please him—there were too many creeks to cross. So he came to the conclusion that a farm of four hundred acres near what is now Prince Albert was good enough for him. He purchased that farm at about one dollar per acre, or four hundred dollars in all.

Here he brought his wife and put up his log cabin, with its wide fireplace where whole logs could be burned, and its mud-chinked walls. The following verses were taken from the "Life of Jos. Gould," Uxbridge:

THE LOG CABIN

With small straight logs the walls were made,
The gables same, all well notched down,
With basswood troughs the roof was laid,
Alternately turned upside down.

With split bass logs he laid the floor,
Hewed smooth and jointed with his axe;
With two rough boards he made the door,
With moss and mud he stopped the cracks.

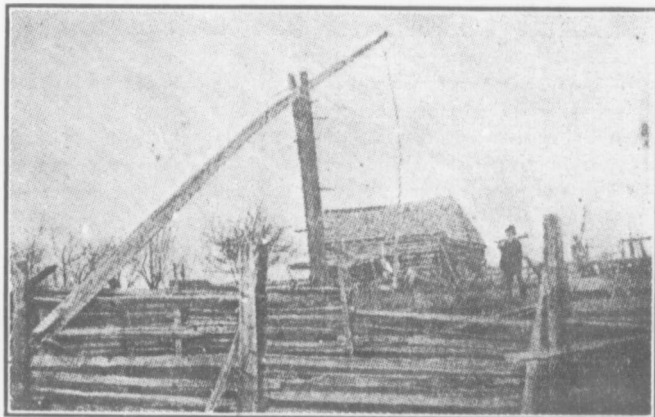
Beside the door a window placed—
A six light sash, just seven by nine.
The opposite wall another graced,
Of the same size and square in line.

A chimney built with straight split sticks,
And plastered well with clay and straw.
No jambs were built, there were no bricks,
No cash to buy, no roads to draw.

The floor above with rough boards tight
Was made a loft the chamber over,
In which we children slept at night
On ticks of chaff, with feather cover.

Of good flat stones the hearth was laid,
Full eight feet long, at least, or longer;
The logs built up, the back wall made,
Built up substantially and stronger.

The Crandells came in May of 1821, and in November the first white child was born. Lucy Ann she was called, and to-day she is living with her niece, Mrs. T. Stewart, with the life story almost closed. What a girl she was. She grew strong and became the only doctor for many a year that those old settlers knew. Her wisdom in herbs and poultices was for all, and many an ache and pain was stayed when Lucy



This house was built by Reuben Crandell in 1821, where the first white child was born in Reach Township.

Ann had done her kindly work. It is hard for memory to gather up these pictures and see this life. One by one the pioneers are going to the other land; and this one lingers with us a while yet.

Benjamin Crandell was the first white male child born in the township. There were also born in this home George, Caleb and Reuben. Eleanor was born at Whitby and Elmore in Haldimand.

For twelve years this pioneer couple kept up their work here—

Reuben cutting and clearing and putting in a bit of seed wherever he could scratch the earth well enough for it to grow, and his wife helping anywhere and everywhere, besides looking after her household duties.

They had no neighbors but the Indians for the first two years, and then Wm. Wade came along and settled near where Manchester now stands. Crandell had brought Wade in from the Front in order that he might have a white neighbor, but the man couldn't stand bush life and after a few years he went back.

Even after his ten years at the farm between the present Prince Albert and Manchester, Crandell was not finally settled, for he made another move. He sold his farm to Sandy Graham, lately come from Scotland. That is how it is that the Christies occupy the old farm, for Sandy Graham's daughter married Peter Christie and the farm was left to them.

Crandell tramped along another Indian trail that led in a north-easterly direction, selecting for his future home a couple of hundred acres at what was later known as Crandell's Corners, now Borelia. Five children were born in this home, Clark, Janet, Mary, Ruth and Byron.

The Indians were frequent visitors to the newcomers, for there was a large band of the Missisaugas then living on the shores of Lake Scugog. Crandell had a special drawing card for them, too. As was the case with a number of the early settlers, he distilled his own whisky, and the Indians acquired a strong liking for his "fire-water." At times these visitors gave a good deal of trouble to the family when the head of the house was absent. It was different when Reuben was on hand, for he was a robust man who could handle himself well, and the Indians had a wholesome fear of him. The story that follows will bear out what has been said:—

It was about the middle of September, and the harvest had been taken off. Now was the time to ship out the potash, before the Fall rains came. About sundown Reuben hitched his two yoke of oxen to the jumper, and loaded a couple of enormous barrels, each containing its five hundred and sixty pounds of potash. Then he started on his trip to Harmony, two miles east of Oshawa. He travelled at night because it was easier for the oxen, there being less heat and flies.

Mrs. Crandell was left in charge of things at home. She was alone except for her three little children; but she feared nothing, and during

the first night everything passed off quietly. Next day a band of nine Indians came round. With them was a strapping big squaw. She was quite six feet tall, and was rough and muscular in proportion. The band sat down outside the cabin, and built a fire about which they gathered to smoke. After awhile they began to grow restless, and asked for "skittewabah" (whisky). Mrs. Crandell refused at first, telling them it was not good to give it to them. But they argued and begged until they got a cup that would hold a pint or more. This they gravely passed around until all had taken a drink. It was just enough to warm them up and make them feel ugly. Then the squaw marched to the cabin and demanded more skittewabah, saying that she would tomahawk the paleface if it was not given.

Mrs. Crandell was not a big woman, but she was strong and wiry, and very quick witted. Without a moment's warning she sprang at the squaw; and, with outstretched hands, caught her by the hair. The Indian woman was so completely taken by surprise that she was off her feet in an instant, and was being dragged across the doorsill of the cabin before she realized what had happened. Then the door was shut and barred.

For a short time there was a hubbub of Indian voices, and then they came to the window and clamored for more whisky. Here Mrs. Crandell showed her wit. She would give them whisky on one condition—the Indians must give up their rifles. They were crazy for the drink and willing to make any sort of bargain. One by one the rifles were handed in through the little window, each one loaded. Then a quantity of liquor was passed out. It was enough to have satisfied ordinary drinkers, but they were not that kind. After awhile another bargain was struck and the knives and tomahawks came in through the window in exchange for more whisky. Hour after hour the carouse went on, and all night were heard the war songs. Peeking through the chinks of the cabin door, Mrs. Crandell could see the wild antics of these Indians as they danced their war dances in the light of their fire.

Such a night, full of fear, for at any time the Indians might take a fancy to set fire to the cabin, were it not for the fact that Indians are afraid of fire.

Morning came at last, and as soon as the day broke the self-

imprisoned woman climbed to the attic and looked along the road where her man must come on his return journey. Sure enough he was on his way. Hurrying down the ladder she went to the window and warned the Indians of his approach. There would have been a killing had Crandell found these savages surrounding the cabin, and the Indians knew it. So they hastily picked up their muskamouts of elm bark and cleared out. For six weeks no Indians were seen about the place. Then one day two of them who could talk the best English came to say that they had done bad things, and to ask for their rifles and knives. There was no trouble after that.



CLEARING THE LAND



THERE'S nothing delicate looking about those boots, is there? In that respect they are fit emblems of the day's work done by the early settler. At sun-up he would feed his oxen and his pigs, and take a look at his axe. He would edge it up a bit, or maybe grind a nick out of it, if he had been so unfortunate as to touch a stone with it the day before. Then he would go in to his breakfast, and we will not trouble to follow him there just now, but later on a picture of his home life will be given.

After breakfast the clearing would begin. Men were wonderfully clever in those days with the axe. There is a legend told of a man who could split a sixpenny piece in two edgewise with that tool. Certain it is that those old time choppers, with their heavy bitted axes, could make a clean smooth cut that was pretty to see. Their trees were felled with the accuracy that characterizes the beaver in his work; and these animals always fall their trees just where they want them. All this is becoming more or less a lost art to-day. Few men can chop and saw and skid with the skill of the old pioneer, whose whole life was a training either directly or indirectly for this work.

CHOPPING A MAN DOWN

Chopping contests were part of the sport of the day, and one of the pastimes was to "chop a man down." The contest was carried out in this fashion: After a tree had been felled and trimmed up, it was measured into log lengths. Then the two chopping contestants climbed one to each end of the log—the better man at the butt end. If the butt end man

could get his log cut through first, he was considered to have "chopped down his man." Sometimes the other man did come down with a rush, for the small end of the log was often higher in the air than the big end.

You ought to see the chips those men made, and the way they sunk the blades of their axes into the wood. Those axes weighed five pounds or more; but good choppers could swing them all day long with ease. Indeed, as the country became more settled, they would chop all day, and then tramp a few miles to go to a dance that kept them up till the "wee sma' hours;" but they would be back again on the job bright and early next morning.

Sometimes it was something very different from a dance that kept them awake at nights. In the summer and fall they used to burn the brush, and later the log heaps. At times the fire would start to spread, and if the grass and undergrowth were dry, there would be a fight for life and home, when one man seemed to have to do the work of three.

Those, who like seeing splendidly built men work, would have enjoyed the scene presented by these pioneers as they cleared the land. Over there you would see a pile of pries, strong, clean saplings, used for shifting the logs. Why are there so many prepared? Simply because it was part of the fun of life to see how many pries the strong man could break in a day while lifting. And it was the small boy's job to keep the strong man supplied.

It is almost unbelievable the amount of work that would be done for a small sum of money. Ten dollars an acre used to be the average price paid for chopping, clearing and fencing an acre of land fit for the harrow. Experienced hands could clear an acre in this manner in ten days; but imagine working as they had to work for a dollar a day. Later on something will be said about the purchasing power of a dollar at that time. A settler was considered to have done a big season's work when he chopped and cleared ten acres, and put it in crop.

In clearing land every effort was made to save labor. Trees were cut as much as possible so that the tops would fall into one brush pile, which saved carrying brush. Then they cut the trunks of the trees into logs. Five men and a yoke of oxen could clear from half an acre to an acre in a day, after it had been cut and the brush burned. This clearing consisted in putting the logs on skids in huge piles ready for burning. Usually the fallow, perhaps of ten acres or more, was all cut down, and

the brush burned. Then a clearing bee was made. The fallow was staked out in sections such as could be cleared in a day by a number of men and a yoke of oxen. Next the men with the ox teams would pick their helpers; choose a section of the fallow; and when all these formalities were finished, the clearing would begin. There was a race to see who could get his section of the fallow cleared first. Skill and good judgment were tested to the utmost at these "bees." It was a very simple matter to do a lot of hard work without accomplishing much. Men could only tell by experience the easiest way to "snake" out a log, and make use of its movements to shift it into the proper position. Mr. R. Crandell has an old photo of a scene at one of these clearing bees. It was taken a great many years ago, and was so faded that it could not be reproduced. You could see the fiddlers, but not the whisky that was always plentiful on these occasions.

BURNING UP TIMBER

Burning the fallow was done at night. There was good reason for this—when the fire was lit it would warm and lighten the cool air above it, and the cold air rushing in would fan the fire and make it burn better than it would in the warm air of the sunshine.

Imagine burning a pile of maple logs, some of which would be worth to-day from \$16 to \$20 each. Those were costly blazes for the children of the pioneers. We pay dearly enough for our wood and lumber now.

To-day we have no bush left worth mentioning. The Christie woods is about the last piece, and it is now being cut down. At that time men looked upon trees as their enemies standing in the way of progress and prosperity. Naturally an enemy of this kind would be destroyed with vigor and very successfully conquered.

What a fortune those logs would bring to-day. Mr. John Rolph says that he bought good pine lumber to build his first house in Prince Albert for \$6.00 per 1000 feet delivered on the lot. And he paid for the lumber in trade. Now one can scarcely get such lumber at any price. It has gone; and very much of it went up in smoke.

The first shingles made in this locality were of pine. The home of Mr. Bigelow and Mr. McCaw was shingled with pine thirty-five years ago, and the roof is in splendid shape to-day.

In the days of which we are now writing, basswood troughs were more common than shingles, and greased paper sometimes took the place of glass.

THE PLEASING SIDE OF CLEARING

There was a fascination and romance about this work. Flitting here and there among the shadows, men and women would gather the sticks and chunks and feed the blazing fire. Three hours of this task after supper was not considered drudgery. Even to-day, any boy will be pleased if you let him feed a bonfire; and in those days bonfires meant cleared land, potash, and good crops.

After the land was cleared a bit, the corn roastings began. There was plenty of fun in roasting green corn before a pile of blazing logs. First you must have your ears of corn ready; then you set fire to your pile of logs and get a good blaze going. After that you roll a log close to the fire, and set the corn on end in a row in front of it, leaning the ends of the ears against the log. That corn needed watching and turning or it would soon be done to a crisp on one side.

Young folks enjoyed themselves immensely at these corn roastings. There was nothing mamby pamby about their fun, for they were full blooded, healthy folk who were not making any great fuss about nice points of etiquette. You could eat with your knife, know nothing of the high handshake or the three cornered smile, and be dressed in the style of many seasons back, without losing caste or any other imaginary blessing.

One must recognize that these people were rough. They had great physical endurance and strong passions. Their fun was often uproarious. Men would get gloriously drunk or soundly converted, according to the irresistible power that gained control of them. They made no effort to hide their feelings, and anybody that did seem to be reserved in manner, was considered odd, and often misunderstood or even disliked by his neighbors.

Their virtues have been the subject of song and story for many a year and will be in evidence all through these pages—courage, perseverance, hospitality, and great faith.

MAKING BLACK SALTS AND POTASH



AFTER the fallow had been burned, the ashes were raked into heaps, and later gathered into carts, which carried them to the leaches. A leach was generally made of boards or basswood bark. More recently, of course, the coal oil barrel came into use, when the housewife had a leach for making soft soap. There were no coal oil barrels in those days. The old fashioned leach was about eight or ten feet long, about four or five feet high, and about three or four feet wide at the top, and tapered down to about twelve or eighteen inches. The word "about" is used because the size of the leaches varied according to the convenience of the builder. Under the leach was a trough which led to the lye pot. When the ashes were ready, the bottom of the leach was filled with straw, over which was sprinkled about a bushel of lime. This lime was made by burning limestone in the blazing log heaps; and the product was very good.

When the leaches were properly prepared, the ashes were shovelled in and water was poured on and allowed to filter through. As soon as the lye quit running, the leach was dry, and more water was put on; and this process was kept up until the light color of the lye showed that all the strength had been taken from the ashes. Of course the object of all this filtering was to get the potash from the ashes.

Next the lye was gathered into the big iron potash kettles where it was boiled down much the same as maple sap is boiled into sugar. If the lye was clean, it was easy to make good black salts; but dirty lye would cause endless trouble when it came to making the black salts into potash. It was for the purpose of cleaning the lye that the lime was put into the bottom of the leaches. Such is the process of making black salts.

In later years, this is as far as the settler went in manufacturing potash. Years later, most farmers simply drew their ashes to the asheries or sold them just as they stood raked into heaps on the fallow. But the

earliest settlers had to do everything themselves. If they were not skilled potash makers, they had to learn by experience; and they likely paid good attention to the lessons, which would be costly if mistakes were made.

Black salts was very much like porridge when first made, but it would quickly harden until it was about as stiff as clay mortar.

To make potash required a different process. No water was used here, but the black salts was put into the potash kettles and melted to rid it of its impurities. This is the way they did it. A rough furnace of loose stones was built around the kettle, which was raised a foot or more from the ground, so that the fire could be put right under the pot. At the back of this furnace was a chimney of clay and loose stones that carried away the smoke and made the necessary draught. The fire required to melt black salts had to be intensely hot. Indeed, it was so hot that it would nearly melt the potash kettles, big and strong as they were. One had to be very careful when the sticks were poked into the fire or a hole might be made in the bottom of the pot. More than one man lost his kettle in this way. The fires were made of dry basswood, cedar, and other light dry wood.

Most of this work was done at night, as it was easier to see the color of the melted stuff which looked quite a bit like molten iron. When the proper color was seen—a dark red—the fire was allowed to die down, and the black salts became potash. Sometimes potash was grey when it had cooled, but the best samples were pea green in color.

You can easily see that this process would require a good knowledge of the business; and it is not surprising that in later years the work was done by men who made a special business of potash making.

If you wish to bring the scene before you vividly, shut your eyes, and picture the little clearing with its blazing fire lighting up with a fitful glare the black background of uncut bush. Now and then the distant howl of a wolf would be heard, or the lonely fire watchers would be startled as a dead branch would become dislodged and crash down through the trees, and then the silence again, broken only by the crackling of the fire.

Men worked all night at this task, and the heat and smoke and labor tried to the utmost the physical endurance of many of them. It was no wonder that at times men would grow discouraged and refuse to

face the hardship and toil that were necessary to secure a living without any of the luxuries so common to-day.

Potash was generally shipped in huge barrels made of heavy oak staves. Each barrel would hold 560 lbs of potash—the concentrated product of an acre of standing timber, the unbroken forest. A bushel of hardwood ashes is said to make five pounds of potash. The price paid varied from \$80 to \$120 per barrel of 560 lbs. according to the state of the market.

Black salts and potash could be sold for cash then more readily than wheat, although the latter was only bringing forty cents a bushel. Some years later it sold at \$2.50 per bushel, but that is a story to be told in succeeding pages.

The potash would be drawn to Whitby harbor, where it was taken away in sailing vessels. It was finally used in the manufacture of glass to clear the sand. A little would be thrown in the vats where calico was being prepared to receive the colors as the potash made the colors fast. It had many other uses.

Pearl ash was made by refining potash in a specially constructed furnace. It was pure white and was used in making saleratus. Settlers would go to the asheries and bring home a big piece of pearl ash to be used as baking powder. A piece the size of your two fists would last the housekeeper for a couple of years for this purpose—it was so strong.

Asheries were built beside running streams wherever possible. There used to be more streams and springs in those days because the bush preserved the water supply. It is only about fifteen or twenty years ago since the last ashery in this locality was abandoned. It was situated half a mile north of Columbus. Many people here will be able to recall the time when Jack Joint used to come around collecting ashes for his ashery.

There used to be a potash manufactory on the Tait lot on Bigelow Street. Squire Lund used to run a pearl ash works right north of where the Port Perry station now stands. There was one at Prince Albert; one between Prince Albert and Manchester; one between Manchester and Utica; one on the seventh concession; and one a little south of Greenbank. Probably there were others, but we have not heard of them.

SOME EARLY SETTLERS



TO PROPERLY understand the settlement of this section of the country, some explanation is necessary. There were three main avenues of immigration. If you make a triangle with Toronto at one corner of the base, Cobourg at the other, and Manilla at the apex, it will be easy to see the process of settlement.

One lot of settlers came in from Cobourg and Port Hope, and travelled northwest. They were mostly north of Ireland people, and they settled in the townships of Cavan, Manvers, and Cartwright. A few went on to Mariposa.

Another group came in from Toronto, travelling northeast. They settled in Pickering, Markham, Uxbridge, Scott and Brock. This group was made up of north of Ireland people and Highland Scotch.

A third group travelled east from Toronto to Oshawa, and then north. They settled the Whitbys, Reach and Scugog, and included English, Irish, Scotch, and some Americans.

There was an English group of settlers that took up land in Darlington and overflowed into Cartwright. Here the North of Ireland people looked upon the English people as being quite inferior, as they came from a mining district, and were unskilled in agriculture.

There was a fourth group that travelled north from Toronto to Lake Simcoe, and entered the county at the north end at Beaverton. But with these pioneers we have little to do, as they did not settle in the vicinity of Scugog.

It was quite easy for a settler to honestly think himself the first on the ground, although other settlers may have lived some years within a few miles of him. Such was the case of two men who lived three miles apart in the vicinity of Manilla. One of them had come in by way of

Cobourg and the other by way of Toronto. When these men took up land, each of them believed that he had reached the end of civilization. He was an outpost among white men.

This went on for some years. One quiet day the Cobourg man thought he heard chopping to the West of him. He laughed at his fancy, because he was sure nobody lived in that direction. Then he listened again to make sure that he had been wrong the first time; but he was not for he heard the sound of the axe once more. Off he started to investigate. He found his unknown neighbor three miles away. Each had lived quite close to the other (for those days), and had not known it because they had travelled into the woods from different directions.

The discovery of a new neighbor was an event of great importance. One can readily understand how men would size each other up, noting both defects and virtues, and often exaggerating both.

One by one they came in, trudging behind a yoke of oxen, or maybe too poor to do anything but carry their worldly goods in bundles slung over their shoulders. Poor! Indeed they were. A man was sowing his first fallow, when a stranger came up and sat down on a log to talk matters over. It turned out that he was a soldier who had received a Government grant, and that the grant was situated a short distance from the settler's fallow. After discussing many subjects the soldier was asked how he was fixed financially. He held up sixpence between his thumb and finger. "That's all I've got," he said. And that soldier was James Waddell, grandfather of Mr. Waddell of Port Perry. Poverty was not fatal to success, for nearly everybody literally hewed out his fortune with his own hands at that time.

Reuben Crandell came to Reach in 1821, and in 1823 John Rae moved in from Whitby and began clearing his lot—No. 11 in the 2nd concession of Reach. Next came Wm. Wade, who settled on the 5th concession near Manchester. Three other settlers followed, named Jones, Hughes, and Marvin, respectively.

In 1824, Abner Hurd and Daniel Dayton came in from the United States, bringing their families with them. Both settled at Prince Albert which place was called Dayton's Corners for some years.

From 1828 to 1831, along the 5th concession starting near Manchester the following persons moved in and formed the "Scotch Settle-

ment:" Abram Ewers, Donald Christie, Robt. Munro, Archie McDermid, Peter Christie, John McKercher, Thompson, Charles Stevens, John Vernon, and Wm. Ashton, who afterwards became teacher at the school built opposite Beare's mill. Next came George Kendall, who insisted on being called by his given name without any "mister." Further along were John Ashton, and John Christie. West of Utica was Wm. Ward, commonly known in later years as "Father" Ward. He and William or "Father" Crosier were great examples of men of strong religious fervor and power who were never so happy as they were in a revival meeting where free expression was given to the religious feelings. Such men are almost all gone to-day. We could not understand them, or they us. They were a power in the community, and were splendid men, whose lives proved the sincerity of their religion.

Still farther to the West, John Sykes, Chas Mitchell, and George Porteous were settled. Down on the fourth concession and still farther south could be found Thomas Graham, Henry Walker, Harper, Silver, Dwyer, Dunholm, Hinckston, Barber, Buck, Benson, McKay, Lyle, and Welsh.

Around Epsom (Jockey Hill) there settled John Ensign, John and Thomas English, Timothy and Hughie Munroe, and Silas Page. A little north of Port Perry, near the Nonquon, Solomon Orser settled, and afterwards built Orser's tavern. He came in from Kingston with a yoke of oxen, and took twelve days to complete the journey. Then came Jeremiah Orser, John Mark and James Moon. Moon kept the Nonquon House on the south side of the river, and a man named Charles Black kept a tavern on the north side. Thomas Shaw was another early settler in this locality.

At Greenbank (once called Gimlet Town and later Smith's Corners) were the Craggs, Bairds, George Patterson, Robert Wells, Lewis Houck, Joseph Ward, Cobblethwaite, John Ianson, and John McLaren.

At the end of ten years, that is in 1831, Reach had 134 inhabitants. This record must necessarily be incomplete, as no person living can remember all who were in this locality at that time.

SCUGOG ISLAND

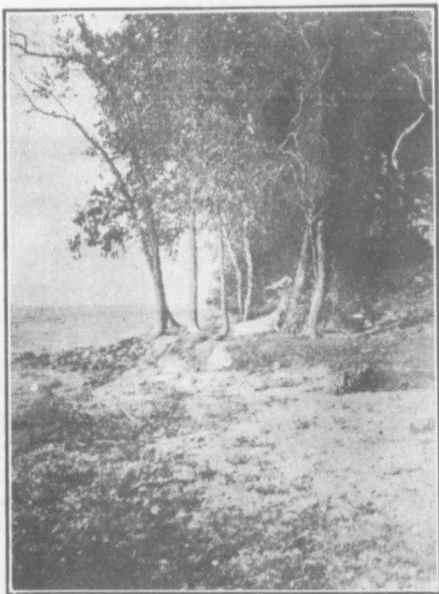


SCUGOG ISLAND was not settled quite as early as Reach Township, although it was surveyed by Major S. Wilmot in 1816. About this time it seems to have been uninhabited. There were some Missisauga Indians who camped at times where Port Perry now stands, but they did not live there permanently at first, but moved back and forth between the Kawartha Lakes and Lake Ontario. A trail led from Curts' Point to Lake Ontario; and that trail was a portage over which the Indians would carry their canoes and belongings when they required better hunting or fishing. It was a long tramp; but at that time there was no other connection between Scugog and Lake Ontario.

There is a legend told that at one time the Missisaugas enticed a number of their enemies, the Mohawk Indians, to Paxton's Point, just where the Kent property is situated. Here, the story goes, the Mohawks were killed. But the legend seems to lack proof; it is likely one of the war songs of the Indian braves.

Later some two hundred of these Missisauga Indians settled on the Island with their squaws and families. The Government granted them a reserve of 800 acres, and made some attempt to induce them to live as white men. Twelve houses and three barns were put up by Wm. Tyler, who received a contract from the Government to do this work. Some farm machinery was supplied; but these efforts did not materially alter the Indians' method of living.

Away back in 1806, The Farewells, who lived at the Front, opened up a trading post for barter with the Indians at Washburn's Island on



Scene on Scugog Island, near Pettett's Point

Lake Scugog. They left their agent, John Sharp, in charge of the post, while they went to tell the Indians their purpose. When they came back to camp, they found that Sharp had been killed. A hunt for the murderer followed, and it was found that an Indian named Ogetonicut had done the killing because his brother, Whistling Duck, had been killed by a white man, and no white man's life had been taken to avenge the Indian's death. The Indian was arrested, and after a preliminary hearing it was decided that the trial would have to be held at Presqu'lle, as the murder had committed in that judicial district.

A Government schooner named the "Speedy" was chartered to take those who needed to be present at the trial down the lake. The party was made up of the following persons:—Judge Cochrane, Solicitor General Robert Isaac Gray, Sheriff Angus McDonnell, High Bailiff John Fisk, two interpreters—Cowan and Ruggles—Mr Herkimer, Captain Paxton and the Indian prisoner.

Tragedy seemed to follow tragedy, for a storm came up and the schooner was lost with all on board. The court at Presqu'lle was adjourned from day to day awaiting the arrival of the "Speedy" with her distinguished passengers. Finally a piece of the wrecked schooner was found where it had drifted ashore. Then the terrible story was known and the sitting of the court was abandoned.

A few summers ago the bones of a man were found by some campers at Washburn's Island, and it is thought probable that the bones were those of John Sharp, who was murdered by the Indian Ogetonicut.

The settlement of Scugog depended much upon the means of easy communication between the Island and the mainland. In the townships there were nothing but trails it is true; but they were better than water for the settlers. It was no easy task at first to settle and clear the Island, for cattle had to be transported, yokes of oxen carried over to the work; and other heavy loads moved back and forth. The first thing to be done was to construct a ferry—a big scow propelled by oars that required two men to each oar. Many stories are told of that old ferry which for many years was the only means of communication between the Island and Reach Township, of which it then formed a part.

Early one morning the Jacksons made up their minds that they would seed their newly cleared fallow with fall wheat. So they got their

horses, wagon, seed, feed, and supplies for a day or two. These were all loaded on the scow and they were ready to start. They were living at Shirley at the time, and did not stay at their Island property permanently. The morning was so foggy that there was some hesitation about starting out on the trip, for the scow leaked badly having been exposed to the sun. But the sun peeped out, and it was thought that the fog would soon pass away. The big oars were manned and the trip was begun, Travelling was necessarily slow, and when they were halfway between the mainland and the Island they were confronted by two difficulties—they were lost in the fog, and the scow was leaking so that only by pumping out the water constantly were they able to keep afloat. The fog had not lifted, and there was hard work for everybody on board. Some were at the pump and the others were at the oars. After rowing for some time and apparently getting no nearer to land, they found themselves becoming hopelessly mixed up in the bogs. Then they started to shout, and in this way attracted the attention of a family named Kester, who were then living on the south end of the Island. The Kester men answered the shout, and John Jackson was able to recognize the voices, learn where they were, and steer his outfit in the right direction. Shortly afterwards, of course, the fog lifted.

At another time John Thompson, George Gilbert and his son—a young fellow of seventeen—started out on the ferry from Paxton's Point to the Island. The lake was much rougher than they expected, and the animals on board became frightened and started to struggle. They included a team of horses and a yoke of oxen. Young Gilbert was holding them, but they became unmanageable, and carried the young man overboard. George Gilbert sprang to save his son, who clutched him so tightly that both of them were drowned.

Tragedies like these are remembered and told. Scugog has not been exceptional in this matter; but the water has taken its toll. Sometimes it drew with irresistible fascination, as was the case with Thomas Pickle, who got up from his bed where fever had kept him, and in a half delirious state wandered down to the lake and was drowned.

A terrible accident happened in those early days to John Thompson, by which his children were burned to death. He had gone to mill, and his wife shut the children in the house while she went a short distance to ask a neighbor's wife to stay with her over night. She was absent but a short time; but before she returned the house had caught fire, and it was too late to rescue the children.

SOME SCUGOG SETTLERS

The earliest settlers on Scugog Island were Jos. Graxton, Joseph Reader with his family of six boys—Joseph, Ephraim, William, John, Thomas and James—Grosvenor Pickle, Jacob Pickle, Joseph and John Thompson, Robert Walker, Gamble, Will Mossworth, Steven Scoville, Henry Cole and his four sons, Mawsfield, Wm. Burr, and Sarah Ann Burr.

About 1843 and later, the following persons took up land:—Asa Burke, Stoughtenborough, Sam Beason, Jos. Schell and his five sons—George, John, Henry, Warren, and Sam.—Joseph Thorne, Wm. Taylor, Joseph Conklin, Wm. Tenike, Charles Harper, Charles Nesbitt, Sweetman and his family of nine sons—James, Patrick, John, Nicholas, Ed. Michael, Charles, William, and Dan—Joel Aldred, Bombey, Gillespie and his two sons. Some years later the Hoods, Fralicks, Plum, Jacksons, Grahams and others settled on the Island. A complete list is not possible to secure.

There was but small milling accommodation for the settlers in the early days of settlement; and this difficulty extended far beyond the vicinity of Reach and Scugog. The matter was brought to the notice of the Government, and about 1832 a grant of 400 acres of land and certain water privileges was made to William and Hassard Purdy, at Lindsay, on condition that they erect suitable mills. These men accordingly built a dam across the Scugog River. This dam had no locks in it, and the water in Lake Scugog was raised fully four feet. This turned the shallow, marshy water, with its broad slow creek running through, into a lake worthy of the notice of the geographer. There was always a lake around Scugog Island, but before that first dam was built at Lindsay, the water was very shallow except at times of flood. Early maps of this district did not show Lake Scugog at all. Shallow water permitted the growth of a forest of tamarac trees at the south end of the Island; but these were killed out when the water was raised, and the result was a desolate looking waste. Matters remained in this condition for about ten years: the high water being allowed to do any damage it could, be-

cause there were but few settlers, and nobody made any complaint to the Government. As the land became settled, however, an effort was made to have the water trouble remedied. The result of these efforts was that the Government built another dam a quarter of a mile south of that which the Purdys put up. This dam was equipped with locks, and allowed the water to sink so that much less land was flooded.

Further contracts were made in 1843 between the Government and the Purdys, by which the latter agreed to use the surplus water of the lake, but not to such an extent as to impede navigation. That agreement has been the cause of much trouble. People whose land was low and likely to be flooded would complain of loss owing to high water, while others maintained that the water was so low that navigation was impeded, the fishing spoiled, and the general health of the community endangered. While these two parties have been striving to gain the ear of successive Governments, the mill owners have naturally gone on using the water in such a manner as best suited their convenience.

In 1844 the Purdys sold out to Hiram Bigelow, father of Joseph Bigelow, of Port Perry. Mr. Bigelow built the stone mill, and considerably improved the property.

THE FLOATING BRIDGE

Paddling and rowing across Lake Scugog may have been very romantic, but it was hard, dangerous work to ferry everything over the water. A bridge was essential. It was a big undertaking, for there was a stretch of water nearly half a mile wide. To build a permanent structure was considered to be too big an undertaking for that day. A compromise was made and a floating bridge was constructed in 1856 by John Bowers, who used to keep store where Wannamaker's barber shop now stands.

The first rigs to pass over this bridge formed a funeral procession. John Jackson had fallen from a load of hay and was killed. He and brother David had been working on the Island about five or six years when the accident happened. The floating bridge was not quite complete, and several loose planks had to be laid on the stringers so that the body could be taken for burial in Pine Grove Cemetery.

A SMALL REBELLION

High water in Lake Scugog started a small rebellion in the Township of Ops. Streams had been filled up and land overflowed to such an extent that the trees were killed, and the decaying timber and other vegetable matter caused a great deal of illness. In Ops and Fenelon there was scarcely a home that did not have its case of typhoid fever, malarial fever, or ague. Mariposa Township suffered in a similar manner. Those were great days for selling quinine and whiskey.

Matters were so bad in these townships that settlement was almost at a standstill. Down at the Front, if anybody was seen going north to locate in these townships, the old settlers would inquire "Where's he going?" "To Mariposa," would be the reply. "What's the use of him going there? If he doesn't take typhoid fever, or fever and ague, the June frosts will take his crop, and if the June frost misses it, then the August frost will clean him out. No use going to Mariposa." Naturally conversations like these did not encourage settlement; and the conditions made great hardship on those who had made their homes in the flooded districts.

In Ops township there were a great many Catholics and their sufferings were almost unendurable. Finally they decided that they would go to Lindsay and tear down the dam to let the water away.

A number of men got together and armed themselves with muskets or such other weapons as they could lay hands upon: and then they started on their journey. In Lindsay the news of this move was heard with considerable alarm. High water was not hurting the Lindsay people: in fact it was essential to the prosperity of the town. An emergency meeting of the town authorities was held, and an order was issued by the Mayor, Mr. Kemp, to call out the militia to meet these men from Ops, and induce them to give up their purpose of destroying the dam. Mr. Kemp, who was a large storekeeper and a man of considerable influence,

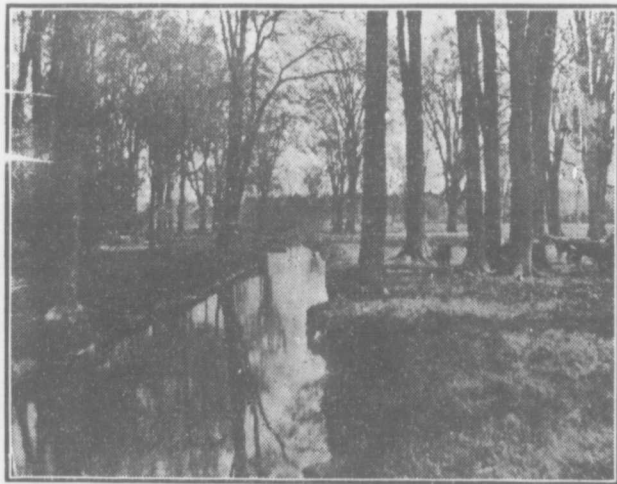
together with the Catholic priest, accompanied the militia on their expedition. When they left Lindsay, they tore down the bridge after them, so that the Ops men would have considerable difficulty in getting into the town. At last the two groups of men met, and there was much talking: but the raid was stopped and the Ops people returned home with the understanding that the Lindsay people would lower the dam themselves. Needless to say, it was not the Lindsay delegation that lowered the dam; that was the work of the Government.



THE NONQUON NAVIGATION COMPANY

Our readers have not likely heard much about "The Nonquon River Navigation Improvement Company;" but such a company was actually incorporated in 1854, and the following paragraphs are extracts from the incorporation document:

"Be it Remembered, that on this nineteenth day of June, in the year of Our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty-four, we the undersigned stockholders met at Harmony, in the Township of Whitby, in the County of Ontario, and Province of Canada, and resolved to form ourselves into a company to be entitled "The Nonquon River Navigation Improvement Company," . . . for the purpose of constructing a dam six feet high, above high water mark, across the Nonquon River or Creek, in the thirteenth concession of the Township of Reach, and a slide in connection therewith, so as to facilitate the transmission of timber down the said river; and we do hereby declare that the capital stock of the said company shall be one thousand pounds, to be divided into two hundred shares at the price of five pounds each, . . . and we do hereby nominate Abram Farewell, R. Hudson, Job Wilson Fowke, Hugh Bowie, and Charles Farewell, to be the first directors of the said company."



SCENE ON THE NONQUON

Then followed a description of the work to be undertaken:

Dam, six feet above high water, forty yds long, cost,	£600 0 0
Slide to provide for running timber over the dam, cost	200 0 0
Total estimated cost of construction	800 0 0

An estimate was made from the best available sources of the quantity of different kinds of timber expected to pass down the river yearly:

1000 pieces of pine timber, tolls 1d each	£ 4 3 4
500 pieces hardwood timber, tolls 1½d each	3 2 6
5000 sawlogs, tolls ⅛ of a penny each	2 12 1
5000 cords of wood, tolls 2d per cord	41 13 4
200 cords of shingle bolts, tolls 2d per cord	1 13 4
100 cords of hoop stuff, tolls 2d per cord	0 16 8
200 cedar passes, tolls 2d per cord	1 10 0
600,000 staves, tolls 1s. 3d. per M	36 10 0
Total estimated income	93 4 7

So far as we can learn this company never did more than take out its incorporation papers and receive the sanction of the County Council.

These facts were taken from the "Journal of Proceedings of the Municipal Council of the County of Ontario." This volume is the property of Mr. Joseph Bigelow.

SCHOOLS AND SCHOOLING

"There's a small school'us' there where four roads meet,
The doorsteps hollered out by little feet,
An' sideposts carved with names whose owners grew
To great men, some on 'em, an' deacons tu;
'T ain't used no longer, coz the town hez got,
A high school where they teach—the Lord knows wot.
Three story larnin' 's pop'lar now; I guess
We thrive on—wal, jes' two stories less.
For it strikes me there's sech a thing ez sinnin'
By overloadin' children's underpinnin'
Wal, here it wuz I larned my A B C,
An' it's a kind o' favorite spot with me."—James Russell Lowell

Indians were the first to be provided with schooling in Reach Township. In 1827 Elder Scott, of the American Missionary Society, established a school on the lake front where Port Perry now stands. A son of Abner Hurd was at one time was teacher of this school, and his efforts were supplemented by those of Elder Scott, who was anxious to convert the Indians from paganism to Christianity. They had been a nuisance in the neighborhood; but under the influence of the missionary they became less wild.

Before the first school for white children was built in this locality, the three R's were were taught by the parents in the evening by the light of a blazing fire and some tallow dips. The lessons were simple and it did not take long at times for the scholars to know as much as the teachers. "Book larnin'" was not considered so essential to success in those days as it is now.

In 1828, the Crandells, Hurds, and Daytons got together and built the first school at Dayton's Corners. It was of logs, of course, and would not be "approved" by the inspector of to-day. An old Lowland Scotsman, named Cull, became the teacher, and boarded around among the settlers. His learning was eked out by various devices. One was to

stick up a jack knife on the desk between two scholars, promising to give it to the youngster who could whittle out the best boat.

Some of the early teachers were broken down gentlemen, who came to this country as a sort of forlorn hope. They had to live, but possessed very little except a smattering of knowledge to entitle them to food, clothing and shelter. Certain it is they received but little more than these for their services as teachers.

The second school is said to have been built on the front of the 4th concession, a few rods west of Hink's mill. Mr. Ashton was the first teacher in this school. He was a man of exceptional merit as a teacher and is remembered by old folk to-day while others are forgotten. The school was erected in 1835. In 1841 a third school was put up. Until this time the two schools did service for the whole neighborhood, and that included Prince Albert, the Scotch Settlement, the Coates Settlement, and the first and second concessions of Reach. This third school would be at Cedar Creek. It is now closed, and for a long time was kept open to accommodate one scholar. In 1844 a school was built on the 2nd concession near the gravelled road. 1845 saw three more schools put up—one of them a little to the south of Mr. Orser's, another scarcely a mile north of Epsom, and another at the back of the township, between the 13th and 14th concessions. By the year 1848 there were thirteen schools in Reach Township. In 1859, Rev. R. Monteith wrote the following paragraph in his "Rise and Progress of the Township of Reach":

"The township has 16 common schools, including a union school which is partly supported by a section in Brock, in which township also the school is situated. Of brick schoolhouses there is only one; there are seven frame buildings, and the remaining eight are of logs. Fully half of this latter class are in bad condition, and at least three of the other class are equally so. With very unimportant exceptions, the schools are kept in operation the whole year. As to the present teachers 5 belong to the first class, 9 to the second, and only 2 to the third.

The matter of school development has been so well described in the Historical Atlas issued by J. H. Beers & Co. in 1877, that we give some extracts herewith:

"In these primitive times the schoolhouse was constructed of logs, frequently unhewn, and it contained but a single room. The furniture

was of the rudest description, consisting chiefly of long pieces of deal supported by pins inserted in the wall, used for desks; in front of which extended huge pieces of square timber supported by legs of uneven length, whose unaccommodating imparity afforded more opportunities to the pupils of determining the centre of gravity than practising writing. Utterly blank were the walls, except where some adventurous youth had carved his name, or with bold design had traced in carbon the well known visage of "the master." Maps, charts, and all other triumphs of Caxton's art that now adorn the walls of the humblest schoolhouse in the country were then unknown, and we doubt not many old men and women can recall their first impressions when they beheld, unrolled before their admiring gaze, a map of this stately planet, which they heard for the first time had been bowling round the sun for thousands of years.

Like many dwelling houses of that time, the schoolhouse was heated by means of an immense fireplace upon whose ample hearth blazed tremendous logs cut from the adjacent woods—a system that served the double purpose of heating and ventilation. Of fresh air, indeed, there was no lack, for after a few years' occupation this building disclosed many holes and crevices through which the wind and rain found an easy entrance, and through which the youngsters, tired of their accustomed toil, could watch the progress of the world without, and hear the shrill calls of the blue jays and the chatter of the squirrels.

"Tradition tells that the first stove in any schoolhouse in the county was made from an old potash kettle; two accidental holes—one at the bottom and the other at the side—suggesting to some ingenious patron of learning the stoking hole and the flue. Turned bottom up and furnished with a chimney, what need to say that it became the admiration of the country-side. Rude and destitute of convenience as these first schoolhouses were, they nevertheless cost the settlers much patient labour and no little self-sacrifice. Often the burden of completing them fell upon two or three public spirited men of the section. Often, too, extreme difficulty was experienced in raising sufficient means where with to pay the teacher."

Prior to the year 1871, the inspection of the public schools was conducted chiefly by resident clergymen appointed to the duty of examining schools by the County Council, and not a little of the progress of education is due to the untiring energy of many of these men.

In the year 1871, many important changes took place. All the Public Schools were made free; trustees were compelled to provide adequate school accommodation; and Mr. James McBrien was appointed County Inspector. A County Board of Examiners was constituted.

There were at that time four High Schools in the County, situated as follows:

Whitby High School, established in 1849
Uxbridge High School, established in 1856
Oshawa High School, established in 1865
Port Perry High School, established in 1863

Port Perry High School was opened in 1868. At first the equipment was poor, but in spite of inadequate apparatus and bad buildings many scholars were sent forth who showed by their subsequent success that their training was thorough.

In 1873 the Board of Trustees determined to erect school buildings in some degree corresponding to the enterprise and prosperity of the village, and the result was the present excellent brick building, used for both High and Public Schools.

On moving into the new building in 1874 the school was equipped and organized so that it became as efficient as any High School in the Province. The results were excellent as will be seen by the extraordinary position taken by the school at the Intermediate Examinations. At the first examination, Port Perry High School came out first of the one hundred and two High Schools then in the Province. At many subsequent examinations this leading position was retained.

In the work of preparing students for the Universities it has also been very successful. Many scholarships and other honors have been gained by students of this school.

The following gentlemen composed the teaching staff: Head Master, D. McBride, B.A., Classics and Modern Languages; James McKenzie (First Class Provincial Normal School) Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, Botany and Zoology; Alex Marshall Rae (First Class Provincial Normal School) English Grammar, Composition, Geography, etc.;

Prof. L. B. Harrington, Music; Rev. J. T. Dowling, Drawing; John Rolph, Esq., M.S., Military Drill and Gymnastics.

The religions and moral instruction of pupils from a distance was under the charge of the following clergymen: Rev. C. C. Johnson, M.A., Church of England. Rev. James Douglas, Canada Presbyterian; Rev. E. R. Young, Canada Methodist Church; Rev. J. J. White, Baptist Church; Rev. C. A. Simpson, Methodist Episcopal Church.

The Trustee Board for the High School at that time was composed of the following gentlemen—Messrs. Charles Marsh, H. L. Ebbels, E. Mundy, James Jewett and R. Jones, M.D.

Two persons in the number of those mentioned have become outstanding figures—Dugald McBride and Egerton Ryerson Young.

Dugald McBride has retired from active service, and is able to watch with appreciative eyes the successful careers of many students who received their early educational training from him. There are preachers, doctors, lawyers, engineers, and business men scattered here and there throughout the world, who if they could, would tell how much they owed to this self-possessed man, who calmly but persistently piloted them through the turbulent waters of school life.

The frivolous pupils had a hard time with Dugald McBride. The calm, half pitying, sarcastic contempt meted out to them was a wholesome tonic to those who at heart were right; but with the hopeless ones the words rankled until they engendered resentment. In later years many grew to know that the rebuke was just and really kindly.

Mr. McBride's service to Port Perry extended over a period of nearly forty years, and his record is one of which any man might justly be proud.

When Port Perry used to go to see the "huskie" dog brought by Rev. E. R. Young from the West, they did not realize how famous the preacher would become in later years as a lecturer and writer. During his stay in Port Perry he commenced lecturing, taking a three months' trip through the Maritime Provinces. Later he went to England and lectured there, telling of the Indians in the North West among whom he worked as a missionary for a number of years. He was very favorably received in the Old Country.

THE HOME LIFE OF THAT DAY

The fishes in the lakes were found,
Wild game did in the grove abound;
The virgin forest all around
Has now become a field.

—Song of the Pioneer.



CLOCKS were scarce in those days, but the sun rose and set in the same old fashioned way. Everybody and everything rose and set with it. Daylight was practically the only light except the tallow dips, and they didn't count for much. They did not dazzle the eyes.

At sun-up the family would be astir; and the man would busy himself feeding his oxen and his pigs. That done he would take a look at his axe, edge it up a bit, or, maybe, grind a nick out of it. Breakfast would likely be ready about that time, for the goodwife rose betimes, too. The staple articles of food would be porridge (mush), pork, potatoes, and bread. If they had any sugar at that meal, it would be maple sugar, made in the Spring, and carefully hoarded during the year so that the supply would last until the next sap run came along. When the sugar had been given its final boiling, it was run into milk pans where it hardened into large cakes. These were stacked up on a rough shelf in the attic where the children slept, and more than one youngster developed a sweet tooth by nibbling the wedge shaped edges of the sugar cakes that had been formed where the milk pans flared out at the top. The housekeeper, of course, would be wondering what she could do to keep those mice away from the sugar.

Their flour was dark and was made from wheat in a stone mill. To get the flour the man would have to tramp miles through the bush to the nearest mill, carrying his wheat on the outgoing journey, and bringing the flour back with him. In this way Denis Fitchett, who was one of the earliest settlers in Reach, used to tramp from Fitchett's Corners (Manchester) to Little York to get his flour. There was a blazed trail all the way, and Denis would start off down the trail for his tramp of forty odd miles with a bag slung over his shoulder, wheat in one end of the bag and corn in the other. That was in the very earliest days of settlement. Later the nearest mills were at Raglan and Lindsay, the latter place being reached by canoe. The trip to mill was an event of importance. Even when a load was taken to grist it often happened that the grain bags had to be borrowed two or three in a place from the neighbors. Twenty bushels was a big load.

Sometimes there was no time nor opportunity to go to mill and then the folk found a big flat stone upon which they could dump their corn and pound it with a small stone until it was comparatively fine. In this way they made what was called "samp." Hunger and fresh air made good sauces for this kind of food, for samp would make great Johnny cake.

There was a fine supply of fish, fowl, venison, and bear's meat, but if you ask whether the pioneer enjoyed these things constantly, differing answers will be made. Hear Peter McArthur's story of the "Pioneer Dinner."

Grandad was to be given a pioneer dinner by Muriel. Such hurrying and hunting as there was to get that dinner together; but it was worth the trouble for it was rich and appetizing. Grandad enjoyed it immensely, and acted worse than the small boy at a tea-meeting, for he had a second helping of almost everything on the table. He was almost "too full for utterance;" but when the dinner was over everybody insisted that the pioneer make a speech. It throws such a flood of light on the subject about which we are speaking, that it is given herewith:

"I am glad I didn't have to die without tasting those pioneer dishes. I had read about them in the immigration literature that was sent to the Old Country when I was a boy. I had been hearing about them all my life and longing for them, but I never had the chance to taste them."

"What!" exclaimed Muriel. "Do you mean to say that you never had venison and wild turkey and all those things?"

"Never. I know the country was full of them when I came over; and there were salmon in the stream; but I was too busy to hunt or fish. Your grandmother and I lived mostly on oatmeal, pork, potatoes and turnips. Though there were deer and wild turkeys, nobody but an experienced hunter could get them. I was not a hunter and never got them. But if I had known how good they were I think I should have taken a day off and gone after them."

On the other hand, old men in this locality declare that they were partly raised on venison and bear's meat. It is probable that, as it is to-day, different people had different methods of living; but it is certain that life then was not "one glad sweet song" any more than it is now.

Wild plums and wild berries were the only fruits they had. These were gathered and preserved pound for pound with maple sugar. Oak kegs cut in two were the preserve jars, and when the fruit was used it was cut out in chunks much the same as soft cheese. Wild plums grew in abundance south of Prince Albert. Raspberries were also preserved by drying

Pumpkins were plentiful, and a favorite dish was made by boiling them until little was left but a thick syrupy juice which was often sweetened with maple sugar. Maple sugar seems to have been the staple article for cooking purposes for which we now use cane or beet sugar.

They knew little or nothing of the variety of garden truck that we have on our tables to-day. It was not an uncommon thing for the meal to consist of a single dish—potatoes, placed on the table in a big pan. Perhaps the potatoes would be rendered more palatable by a jug of milk; perhaps not. Appetites were not delicate which was fortunate, for without cellars or refrigerators, you can easily understand that food was not always fresh. Fresh water was not always available for everybody. It is true that there were many more springs than we have now; but not enough for each settler to have one just where he wanted it. In dry districts you might have found the water supply stored in a big log trough. In warm weather when there was but little rain, it was quite possible that a few polywogs could be found swimming contentedly around in the trough. But a little vinegar is said to neutralize the polywog taste.

In spite of all drawbacks, they were a healthy lot of people. Not a microbe had been discovered by them—nothing smaller than polywogs. "Nerves" did not trouble. Nobody developed the moving picture eye, and, if I mistake not, the cigarette habit did not bother the youth of that day. Patent medicines were unknown; so it was nobody's business to discover the symptoms of disease and point the way to health via _____'s Vitalizer and Disease Exterminator. If sickness came, the doctoring was rough and ready; but none the less effective in most cases.

What syrups and concoctions those grandmothers used to make from the herbs and barks that grew in the woods about them. They gathered plants of many kinds, each being an unfailing remedy for the ills of mankind. For colds they would use boneset, coltsfoot and hoarhound. If they had cramps, colic, or fits, a little wild turnip would be grated up and taken. If they took too much the cure would seem worse than the disease. For sore mouth there was gold thread; saffron for for measles; sarsaparilla and burdock for the blood; onions for croup; and all kinds of bark—black cherry, prickly ash, pine, balsam, and tamarac—were made up into remedies for various maladies, and properly preserved in plenty of whiskey. In fact when a man grew very "dry," a dose of medicine was not to be despised.

Everybody had his or her pet remedies, and, having faith in them, the cure followed almost as a matter of course. One thing was sure: they knew what they were taking in those days. It would have been considered to be something like heresy to have disguised the bitter herbs so that they would think they were taking chocolates or other candy. Bitterness was one of the properties by which the value of a medicine was judged. Therein our parents showed their wisdom, for children didn't cry for Pitcher's Castoria then.

Open the door of the pioneer's cabin. Preparations are being made for dinner. There is a fine bed of coals on the hearthstone of the fireplace at one end of the cabin. The housewife has just completed mixing a big loaf of bread. Next she proceeds to bake it in the iron bake kettle with its tight fitting lid. First a good bed of red hot coals is drawn out on the stone front of the fireplace, and on these the kettle is set with the loaf placed inside; the tight fitting cover is put on, and then the live coals were heaped around and on top of the kettle. An expert baker knew just how many coals to heap about the kettle in order that the loaf might be properly baked without further attention. Those who have

tasted bread baked in this fashion, declare that they never ate finer in spite of all the modern cooking inventions, and the greatly refined flour.

Potatoes were peeled, and put in the pot that hung on the crane fastened to the wooden jamb at the side of the fireplace. Then the pot would be swung over the fire, and soon it would be boiling merrily. We of to-day never see such potatoes as they had when the land was new and potash plentiful.

If meat had to be fried for dinner, the long-handled frying-pan or "spider" would be used. Its handle would be about three feet long, and enabled the cook to put the meat on the fire without scorching herself. A common way of roasting meat was to hang it on a spit in front of the fire and place a big pan beneath the roast to catch the gravy. The heat seemed to keep the roast turning; but the cook would have to bast it once in a while to keep the meat from burning before it was thoroughly cooked through. Fowl of all kinds would cook beautifully in this way.

Among the meats then more or less common were pork, beef, mutton, venison, bear's meat, coon, and in hard times, groundhog. Wild pigeons were extremely plentiful, although that bird is so rare to-day that it is said that five thousand dollars can be secured for a complete wild pigeon's nest with eggs. Some claim that these birds never nested in this north country; but hatched their young in the south in such places as Carolina. At harvest time they were a great nuisance, and the grain fields were alive with them. A man with a shot gun could kill a number at a time, and it is claimed that they could be knocked down with a stick.

Mr. Bigelow says that wild pigeons used to have a nesting place near Cambray, and that there were many thousands of the birds there.

Sometimes pancakes were prepared for supper, and then, as one by one the boys came in hungry as bears, a smile would come over each face when they saw what was on the table. Over the coals on the hearthstone was an enormous griddle upon which the "flapjacks" are cooked, a dozen at a time. People who are satisfied with two or three pancakes would have been considered sickly then. Pancakes and maple syrup were a great treat, and no small cooking would satisfy a set of hungry men. They had no buckwheat flour. Everything in the pastry line was made from wheat flour ground in a stone mill. Pancakes could become a very rich dish. Sometimes they were put in layers, and then butter and shaved

maple sugar were spread over each layer as it was put on. Then, when the pile was a dozen layers deep it was cut in pieces as you would serve layer cake. Does that make your mouth water?

It ain't the funniest thing a man can do—
Existing in a country when it's new;
Nature, who moved in first—a good long while—
Has things already somewhat her own style,
And she don't want her woodland splendors battered,
Her rustic furniture broke up and scattered,
Her paintings, which long years ago were done,
By that old splendid artist king, the sun.
Torn down and dragged in civilization's gutter,
Or sold to purchase settlers' bread and butter.
She don't want things exposed from porch to closet,
And so she kind o' nags the man who does it.
She carries in her pockets bags of seeds,
As general agent of the thriftiest weeds:
She sends her blackbirds in the early morn,
To superintend his fields of planted corn;
She gives him rain past any duck's desire—
Then maybe several weeks of quiet fire;
She sails mosquitoes—leeches perched on wings—
To poison him with blood-devouring stings;
She loves her ague muscles to display,
And shake him up—say every other day.
She finds time, 'mongst her other family cares,
To keep in stock good wildcats, wolves and bears,

Will Carleton wrote those lines as a prelude to his "First Settlers' Story," and they give a rapid line picture of some of the hardships common to the pioneer. These conditions formed part of the early settler's life, but not all. There was a grandeur and beauty little known by us. Now man makes everything, or thinks he does. Then God had made everything, and man could but change them. Mrs. Hemans put it well:

Thou hast a rich world round thee—mighty shades
Weaving their gorgeous tracery o'er thy head,
With the light melting through their high arcades,
As through a pillared cloister's.

Perhaps that is all the poetry some of our readers can take at one time and we will proceed to further consider the prosaic facts of the settler's home life.

Washing machines were not run by water motors or by a person sitting in a chair reading a book and operating the machine with one hand. They had to stand up to the job and take both hands. The washing machine of that day was called a pounding barrel and was run much the same as a dash churn. A supply of hot suds was put into the barrel, and into this the clothes were placed. Then a big piece of wood shaped like a potato masher was used to pound the clothes. They were pounded and rubbed until they were clean. Ivory soap, Pears' soap, castile soap, and tar soap were unknown. Pure soft soap was the thing—golden and slippery—made when the moon was right—great stuff to take out the dirt. There was no need to advertise it, because pretty much everybody made their own.

Another very simple machine for washing clothes consisted of a board and a stick flattened at one end like a butter pat. This combination was called a battle board, presumably because in using it one had to battle with the clothes to get them clean. The flat stick was the weapon with which the battle was fought.

To-day well-to-do people buy exclusive suit lengths in homespun. There was nothing exclusive about this fabric a hundred years ago. Almost everybody wore it. It was made at home, and guaranteed to wear and shrink to suit the most exacting person. The wool was sheared cleaned, carded, spun, and woven right within sight of the sheep. There was no doubt about it being all wool, because it was not possible at that time to get cotton to adulterate the goods. The general color of the cloth was grey. A better class of the same goods was called fullcloth, which means that it was fullered or put through a treatment that caused it to shrink and consequently thicken. The women made flannel for their own wearing. When the carding mills came into operation, they sent the flannel to the mill to be pressed and fullered. There was a method by which a gloss could be put on the material. This flannel was considered very fashionable—a glossy flannel dress was an ideal for most girls that they hoped to attain some day in the far distant future. There was a spinning and carding mill at Port Perry for many years.

Linen was also spun and woven at home where the flax was grown.

However, this industry did not seem so common. The flax grew in damp places until it had blossomed and was ready to go to seed. Then it was pulled and laid on the ground where the weather prepared it for the process of removing the outer shell. A rude machine called a hackle was used for this purpose.

Five or fifty dollar millinery was a thing yet to be. Some saucy maiden might trim her sunbonnet with a sprig of wild cherry or a spray of hawthorne, but generally speaking these bonnets were merely a head covering—a protection to keep the dirt out of the hair. When they were properly starched and ironed before the color had faded out of the print, they made attractive settings for the faces they surrounded.

But little time was allowed for fancy work. Indeed fancy work that was simply ornamental was almost unknown. Fancy work really amounted to ornamenting some garment with embroidery. Various forms of decoration were in vogue, but they were all of more or less practical value. There was bobinette, crocheting, fancy knitting and embroidery.

You need not think they had no feather beds, although it was no easy task to raise geese—foxes were too fond of them. The feathers grew on the cat tails in those days, and the cat tails grew in the marsh. It was easy to gather them by the bagful for the cat tails were very numerous, and did not wriggle around when one plucked their feathers. Perhaps the biggest crop of cat tails grew in the marsh east of Prince Albert.

THE COST OF LIVING

The cost of living can really only be measured by the amount of effort required to secure that living. Prices give but little indication of what it cost to live unless those prices be considered in relation to the wages paid for labor. The table of prices which follows was taken from "Smith's Canada," and is given in the English currency, which was then in use in Canada. The history was written in 1851, and in speaking of this table, Mr. Smith says:

"On looking over the market prices of the 'town of York', many years ago, we were much struck with the little variation exhibited in the prices of agricultural products generally then from those of the present day (1851); furnishing evidence that the improvement and cultivation of the back country has kept pace with the increase in population of the town, or in other words that the demand and supply have been about equally balanced at either period. The list in question is copied from a number of the Upper Canada Gazette of the end of April, 1822:

	s.	d	s.	d.
Beef per lb	0	2	to	0 4
Mutton per lb	0	4	to	0 5
Veal per lb.	0	4	to	0 5
Pork per lb.	0	2	to	0 2½
Fowl per pair	0	0	to	1 3
Turkeys each	0	0	to	3 9
Geese each	0	0	to	2 6
Ducks per pair	0	0	to	1 10
Cheese per lb.	0	0	to	0 5
Butter per lb.	0	0	to	0 7½
Eggs per dozen	0	0	to	0 5
Potatoes per bushel	0	0	to	1 3
Turnips per bushel	0	0	to	1 0

	s.	d	s.	d.
Cabbages per head	0	0	0	2
Tallow per lb.	0	0	0	5
Lard per lb.	0	0	0	6
Hay per ton	0	0	50	0
Oats per bushel	0	0	1	0
Barley per bushel	0	0	2	0
Pork per barrel	0	0	50	0
Firewood per cord	0	0	10	0

It is not necessary that we should make any comparison between these prices and those of to-day, beyond saying that in many instances the cost to the consumer is now nearly twice as great as it was then. For instance butter was 15c in April, 1822, and in April, 1913, it was thirty cents. Eggs were ten cents per dozen ninety years ago, while in corresponding month of this year they would be thirty cents or more.

About the time of the McKenzie Rebellion, prices of flour and other necessities were very high. Reuben Crandell tells the story of how when hard times came to this neighborhood his father sold a fine yoke of young oxen for four barrels of flour. It was valued at from \$10 to \$12 per barrel at that time. It was not always easy to find feed for the cattle. Naturally it was some time before the settler could afford to seed down any of his cleared land for hay. In the meantime the cattle had to live, and when natural pasture was scarce they used to cut down elm, basswood, and maple trees, and let the cattle browse on the tops. They enjoyed this ration quite well. In winter the cattle were fed on straw and turnips. The turnips were sown broadcast on the little patches of land among the stumps. It would have puzzled anyone to sow them in straight drills on that rough, stumpy land. The turnips were stored in root cellars, which were made by excavating a space the desired size, erecting a rough framework of poles which they covered with earth, so that the structure would be about half above ground and half below. A few of the cellars can yet be seen in different parts of the country.

The chief crops raised were wheat, turnips, potatoes, and other vegetables. Most of the settlers kept pigs that fed largely on nuts and roots. Others raised sheep. If people could content themselves with these products of their little farms, they could live as well as Nature permitted. It all depended on their harvest. When, however, they went to buy goods that they could not raise money did not go far. Tea, for

instance, was 75c a pound. Of course you can pay that price to-day, but for a much choicer article, and now money is comparatively plentiful. Calico was 50c per yard. You can get the same kind of material to-day for 10c. Much of this high cost of living was saved by the simple expedient of not buying the goods. Economy was a virtue that covered a multitude of sins. With some it is a virtue that has outlived its necessity and its usefulness. In this connection one is reminded of the young man who took his best girl to the fair. They were seated in a buggy, and at a little distance was a stand where peanuts were being roasted. The girl sat silent for some time, and then exclaimed—

“Gosh, Bill! them peanuts does smell good.”

That's so Sal,” responded Bill, “We'll drive up a little closter, so's you kin smell 'em better.”

Fuel did not cost more than the effort to cut it. The log houses were sheltered from the wind, and if they were properly built they were easy to heat as there were no big unused rooms where the heat might escape. Matches were five cents a bunch, and the first bunch was brought in from Whitby 68 years ago. Later a match factory was started in Port Perry by a man named Karl Frederic, who used to peddle his matches through the country. This factory was afterwards sold to a Foster, and was finally burned down.

Coal oil lamps came into use about the same time as matches. Before that the flint and tinder box used to light the candle or the tallow dip. Tallow dips were easy to make. All one had to do was to dip a string into melted tallow, draw it out, allow the tallow that stuck to the string to harden, then repeat the process until the desired thickness of tallow was clinging to the string. It was the writer's intention to have a picture of the candle moulds but time has not been available to put this matter through. However, Mrs. Graham, of Purple Hill, kindly sent in a pencil sketch which we hope some day to finish in India ink so that it will be ready for the engraver. Accompanying the sketch was the following description of the method by which candles were made:

The wick was run into the tubes of the mould and threaded through the small pointed end which formed the top of the candle. The wicks were held firmly in place at the open end by being fastened to a stick or bar of some kind. The melted tallow was then poured into the moulds and was allowed to cool. On the outside being slightly warmed the candles would slip out easily and were ready for use.

Just as "fingers were made before forks," so the men folks used to snuff the candle with the thumb and finger before the snuffers became common, and having no other place to put the "thief" threw it on the floor. One man who had been scolded many a time for this untidy habit gravely took the thief out with his thumb and finger and put it into the snuffer box, with the remark—"That's a dandy good rig."

HOW TAXES WERE RAISED

Taxes were not as high as they are now, \$50,000 being the amount required this year for County purposes. Some idea of property values may be gathered from the following assessment valuations:

A house of round logs was assessed at \$75.00. If built of timber squared on two sides, one storey high and having not more than two fireplaces, the assessment was raised to \$100.00. Each extra fireplace raised the assessed value \$20.00 in a one-storey house.

In a two-storey house where the timber was squared the assessment was \$120.00, and additional fireplaces (more than two) raised the assessment to \$140.00.

Brick or stone houses of one storey with two fireplaces were assessed at \$160.00, and additional fireplaces raised the assessment to \$210.00. Every stove counted as a fireplace, but there were not many stoves to count 75 or 100 years ago.

Luxuries were taxed high, but it is doubtful if the County Treasury was much enriched by this means. For instance billiard tables were assessed at \$1000.00 each; close carriages having two wheels, and kept for pleasure at \$500.00; open carriages having four wheels, kept for pleasure at \$125.00; which was also the rate for gigs and other vehicles kept for pleasure. Wagons kept for pleasure were assessed at \$75.00.

It is a bit amusing to think of one of those old-fashioned wagons being kept for pleasure. It required a strong constitution to ride in one of those wagons.

ROADS AND RIGS

Remote from roads and mills and mail,
Remote from all commercial sale,
Except there was an Indian trail,
He hewed his own highway.

— Song of the Pioneer.

It is difficult to locate the exact dates at which the various roads were cut through Reach Township. Most authorities agree that there were no roads in the township when the Crandells came. About 1825 a rough road was cut through from Dayton's Corners to Wiley's Corners (Chubtown) east and north of Columbus. Shortly after the Crandells settled at Borelia, Reuben began to cut a road between his home and a point three miles north of Oshawa, a distance of fifteen miles. His son Reuben says that that road was two rods wide. The trees were felled in such a way that their tops were dropped into the bush at either side. Then the butt logs were cut off and the oxen hitched to them and they were dragged from the road. When the road builders came to a creek, they filled it with poles to make it passable. Large stumps were cut as low as possible so that the wagon could straddle them. Perhaps it sounds almost incredible, but Reuben says that the fifteen miles of road were cut through by his father and two helpers in a single season. They cut so fast that they had to make a fresh camp each night. He explains the possibility of this feat of road making in this way: First, the men were expert axemen. Second, no attempt was made to make a nice smooth road. Third, the narrow road, and the method of felling trees saved much of the time usually spent in brushing.

Another road was cut from Prince Albert to Brock, eight miles long and three rods wide. Crandell took the contract and did the job for £100.

As the settlers kept coming in, these roads were cut through farther north until they reached Beaverton. The work was done by the neighbors a little at a time, and when finished formed the beginning of the road now known as Simcoe St., which runs from Beaverton to Oshawa. The purpose of these roads was to make easy communication with the Front as Lake Ontario was called. That was the way to civilization.

The famous plank road from Scugog to Whitby was started about 1846. It went by way of Manchester and Brooklin, a distance of twenty miles. It was to have been brought to Prince Albert by way of Prince Albert, and Peter Perry made the first survey that way. It is said that he asked for various rights of way from Squire Hurd, who refused. Peter Perry then said: "You or I may not see it; but the day will come when the geese will eat grass from the streets of Prince Albert." They could do so now.

Ten years or more passed before the idea of planking this roadway was carried out. They expected planking would be cheaper than gravel; but time proved the error of this idea, for the planks broke as they always will. These planks were three inches thick and twelve feet long, and were cut at the Paxton & Way sawmill in Port Perry, which was then a very unimportant place as compared with Prince Albert.

The plank road was built by the Government and afterwards sold to a company, together with the harbor. It then became a toll road, and continued as such until assumed by the municipalities.

Centre Road was surveyed in 1855 by John Shiers. It was a very difficult road to build as it passed through considerable swamp. The route was so bad that many declared that it would be impossible to build a road there and the Councils at first refused to make any grants for that purpose; but the settlers along the proposed route were not to be put off that way, and managed to drive a yoke of oxen over the track, thus proving the feasibility of the road.

Thirty years passed before some of the concession lines were cut through. Roads were made to meet the necessities of life, and not to mark the boundary lines of concessions.

In 1852 the New Road was built by the Oshawa Road and Harbor Company to compete with the plank road. The contract for building was taken by Patrick Terley. Two miles of the road running through Port Perry were sublet to Wm. White, who built that much for \$2.00 per rod. You could hire men then for 50c per day.

The great centre of interest in the matter of road making has been around Scugog. The lake and marsh provided plenty of traffic problems to the early settler, and it was 1884 before the floating bridge was replaced by a permanent roadway. Messrs. Jesse Ireland, Nicholas Dyer, and Wm. Trennum, did the work of building. They drew logs and earth

and piled it on top of the old bridge until it sunk, so that the floating bridge formed the foundation of the permanent roadway. Some time before this work was done a strong wind blew the floating bridge from its moorings, and the steamer Woodman had to be employed to tow it back into position, but the bridge was never straight after that, and the road has a twist in it as it was built right on top of the bridge.

Perhaps you don't know the important work that was done for this locality by the Port Perry, Scugog and Cartwright Roadway Co. They built that stretch of road across the marsh the other side of Scugog Island, connecting with the solid land of the Township of Cartwright. Mr. Jos. Bigelow was Secretary of that Company, and did a very great deal of work in furthering the scheme. His fellow citizens look upon that roadway as a fitting monument of his industry. Mr. Aaron Ross was President of the Company, and the route of the road was surveyed by Mr. W. E. Yarnold.

A word regarding Mr. Yarnold would be in place here. He is a gentleman—courteous and kindly to all and painstaking in his work. He literally "knows every foot" of this district, for he has surveyed nearly all if not all of it. Naturally he is often called upon to settle disputed boundary lines, and to appear as a witness in cases of litigation. In everything the thoroughness and reliability of his work is apparent. You may see him to-day (a man of eighty) going about his work quietly from day to day. To some this tribute may sound extravagant; but it is not. It is a simple statement of fact.

Before the Cartwright Roadway was built people used to have to go fifteen or sixteen miles around to reach Port Perry from Cartwright, so it is not surprising that considerable money was subscribed toward the project. Here is the list:

Port Perry	- - - - -	\$1655 00
Scugog	- - - - -	243 00
Cartwright	- - - - -	440 00
Port Perry Corporation	- - - - -	440 00
Grand Trunk Railway	- - - - -	1500 00
Ontario Government	- - - - -	1500 00
County of Ontario	- - - - -	500 00
Counties of Northumberland-Durham	- - - - -	500 00
Total	- - - - -	<u>\$6738 00</u>

A rubber tired buggy would have been punctured full of holes on old roads. Automobiles would have been absolutely useless. It is interesting to note how inventions follow the development of the country. Early vehicles were of two kinds for summer use—the jumper and the wagon. The jumper was simply a stoneboat on runners; these runners being made of small logs. When this rig was taken out, an auger and an axe were taken along to make repairs. Should a runner wear out or break, the damage could be repaired with these tools in about twenty minutes. A straight young tree could be cut down and shaped anywhere without danger of interference. Every tree cut down was considered a help then—the main object was to clear the land.

There were no two inch iron tired factory made wagons then. For breadth of wheel those wagons would have gladdened the heart of a "Good Roads" advocate. The hubs were twelve inches in diameter and the felloes were about six inches wide. Sometimes the wheels were made by cutting a section from a log and boring a hole through which the axle might pass. There was still another method of making wheels and that was to take a section of log, split it into slabs, cross them, pin them together, round into the form of a wheel, and bore the hole for the axle. Everything about those wagons was solid wood—axle and tongue of ironwood, hubs, and spokes, and felloes of oak. Not a dainty line in the whole get-up. Iron tires were unknown. Those wagons were built for strength, and, considering the roads over which they had to pass, it was wonderful what wear and tear they would stand. How they creaked. One is reminded¹ of that old riddle—What is it goes when the wagon goes, stops when the wagon stops, is no use to the wagon, yet the wagon can't go without it? Noise!

When the first wagons were built there were no planks or boards for boxes. A very good substitute was found in the bark of the basswood tree. About June or July the trees would be felled, cut into suitable lengths, the bark split down the log, then worked off by the aid of a bent stick. Cabins were roofed with this material, too.

Snow made all roads good, and travelling was generally pleasant in winter, for the snow drifted but little, being protected from the wind by the woods. Those old fashioned cutters of fifty years ago with their curved bodies, may have been very graceful, but they were not very comfortable. The long sleigh and hobsleigh were much better.

A big sleigh with plenty of straw in the bottom of the box is, and always has been, a comfortable rig in which to ride, especially if properly seated and provided with plenty of robes. Real skin robes would be cheaper than the imitations of a later day. But few of the buffalo robes now remain.

THE CORONER

If a man meets a violent death to-day, the coroner is soon on the spot and a preliminary inquiry is made. There is no delay, and every effort is made to spare the feelings of the bereaved family (if there be such). The story that follows shows the difference that existed in the early days. Then there were only four coroners in a large district, and all of them lived in Toronto

One day there came to the Crandell clearing a merchant who hailed from Oshawa. He was in financial trouble owing to the fact that he could not collect a number of accounts that were due to him. Some of his debtors lived in this locality, and he came to make such collections as he could; but times were hard, and he had but poor success.

For some days he wandered aimlessly around in the woods surrounding the cabin. He carried a gun and shot a few squirrels to pass the time. Finally, one morning he went out earlier than usual. Soon a shot was heard quite near the cabin, and someone remarked: "There goes another squirrel." It so happened that the Crandell family were in the field moving a fence: and, just out of curiosity, one of the girls looked over in the direction from which the sound of the shot had come. No signs could be seen of the hunter, and the girl climbed on a stump to get a better look. There in a heap on the ground was the man for whom she was looking. They ran to see if anything could be done, but the man was dead.

Next, of course, the coroner had to be notified, and it was a whole week before he arrived on the scene. During all that time the body had to remain where it fell. The weather was hot, and the corpse was kept from decomposing by applications of whisky and taasy. When the coroner did arrive, he gave a verdict of "accidental death." It was learned later that on the day the merchant died his effects were sold by the sheriff.

THE TORNADO OF 1850

It would be more satisfactory if one could mentally follow the path of the storm, and picture the tremendous sweep of the wind as it rushed across the country. But that is not possible. The eyes that saw that terrible scene are closed in death's sleep, except in rare instances, and to those who remain the picture is one only of confused terror, for those who saw that storm were but children then.

Each little spot was a world of itself, hemmed in by broken trees, and wrecks of houses and barns. Each group of people had to struggle with the elements as best they might. Around and above the storm raged with a noise and fury that words cannot depict. Here and there along the track of the storm were ruins and tragedies that changed prosperity into desolation, and of these and some freaks of the storm's work, the notes which follow will deal.

Sixty-three years ago the storm came—July 5th, 1850. It was one of those curious pranks of Nature that go to prove that no section is free from her savage moods, when the damage is done without warning of its terrible extent. People knew that there was going to be a storm, and began to say the usual things—“How dark it is getting;” “Did you see that flash of lightning?” But they did not know until afterwards what wreckage that storm would leave in its wake.

There had been great heat in the morning. About noon clouds began to gather, and the thunderheads piled high like battlements and towers. Everything was curiously still and expectant. By degrees it grew very dark, and in the distance forked lightning was cutting the black masses of cloud, making a grand but terrifying display. Three hours passed and then the storm broke. Wind and hail came together—hailstones as large as walnuts and wind such as we never wish to experience. Everything was driven helter-skelter before that storm. Nothing could save what was in its track. The wind, which blew from north-west to south east, was a whirlwind which followed the course already indicated. The track covered was from Lake Simcoe to Lake Ontario. It passed through the northern townships, Reach, across the south end of Scugog, into Cartwright and the north-west corner of Darlington, and on through north of Bowmanville to Lake Ontario.

But little seems to be known here of what occurred to the north-west of Greenbank. So far as people of this locality are concerned that was the starting point of the tornado.

If you were to travel a little west of Greenbank you could find James Ianson living on his farm, spending his time looking after his bees. Sixty-three years ago he was a lad of eight years. On the day of the storm his father was on his way home from a trip to Niagara, a journey he had taken on horseback; but he did not get back until next day. Usually there were other men about the Ianson place for they ran a sawmill; but on this day they were away at a logging bee over at William Real's. This left Mrs. Ianson alone with her two boys—James, eight years old, and John twelve years—and Mrs. Hunter, a sister who had been in Canada but three weeks. The family could see the storm coming from the north-west. Out there on the hills the trees could be heard crashing down, and some of the giant pines could be seen falling. That picture lasted but a few moments, for the wind was coming with a tremendous rush. The Iansons ran into the house, and waited for a few moments in terrible suspense, while outside the shriek and roar of the wind mingled with the artillery of hail, thunder and lightning.

What happened in the next few minutes on the Ianson farm cannot be described with any degree of fulness. All one could do would be to pile up adjectives depicting destruction. The house was caught in a whirlwind, and scattered in pieces here and there over a distance of two miles. The big old fashioned chimney, built of brick from the ground up, fell on Mrs. Hunter and killed her outright. John Ianson was struck by a beam, and his neck and arm were broken. James and his mother were buried under a mass of ruins. When they freed themselves after a time they entered a new world—a world of chaos. They attempted to make their way to a neighbor's, but the paths were blocked. All around was a hopeless confusion of twisted and broken trees that shut from view everything but the sky. Household effects, clothing, harness, hens mixed with bits of board and limbs of trees filled the air and some of these things were carried as far as Scugog Island. Every fence was levelled, and the roof was torn from the sawmill, a one story building that escaped worse damage. Logs that had lain on the ground until they were half buried by bark and rubbish, were ripped out and blown here and there. Every tree on the place was blown down. As Mr. Jas.

Ianson put it there was nothing left on the place higher than a stone pile. One dish only was saved from the general smash up, and that was the butter dish which had been placed in the cellar. Nine hens, a rooster and one chicken formed the remnant of the Ianson Poultry flock. The rest were blown away. It was curious in the weeks that followed the storm to see the rooster brooding that lonely chick and feeding it. One incident was very peculiar. When the storm started there was a large potash kettle in the yard filled with ashes. Next day the neighbors were wandering about the the yard looking at the ruins. They passed the kettle on their rounds. Presently they heard a lamb bleat, but could not locate where the sound came from. At last they discovered the lamb safely tucked away under the potash kettle which had been turned upside down by the wind. Among the odd things seen two might be mentioned. A rail was found which had been driven endwise into a stump several inches. A tree was also found which had been broken off, the stump ripped out by the roots and turned upside down, so that the top of the stump was driven into the ground and the roots were left sticking up in the air.

A short distance from the Iansons the Horns lived. Fortunately for them Harry Bewell ran in and warned them of the approach of the storm, inducing the family to go down cellar. That likely saved their lives for they had barely got down cellar when the house was blown away bodily.

As the wind swept on it cleared a passage through the bush so that one could see all the way from Borelia to Greenbank. The trees were mowed down in an immense swath, and remained in that condition in some parts for years. It grew to be a great slash where berries of all kinds were plentiful. Another open space was made from Borelia to Prince Albert. Before the storm the view was shut in by trees every way, and one could see no distance at all.

Mr. Bagshaw, who lived west of Saintfield, and whose daughter Mrs. Pound now lives in Port Perry, lost everything he had. His cattle were killed and his buildings destroyed. He had to cling tightly to a stump to keep from being blown away himself.

At Borelia a man named Savage was living on the Lund property, then run as a nursery by Corson. Mrs. Savage had a sickly boy who

grew very frightened when the storm came up, and begged to be taken out of the house. To pacify him his mother picked him up and carried him to Vansickler's, near by neighbors. Scarcely had they left the house when the roof fell in right where the child had been lying.

Baker's house, that stood where Mr. Cassidy now lives, was turned right over and blown into Crandell's field across the road. Mrs. Baker and her two children had gone over to a neighbor's.

Hurd's sawmill was blown to pieces, and logs which had been lying there for years were blown right out of the earth.

Isaac Fralick's house and barn were both unroofed. In the barn was a cream colored horse that escaped unhurt. A new wagon was whirled across a twelve acre field, the tongue run full length into the ground and the wagon turned right over so that the wheels were up.

Peter Lansing's eldest daughter was sitting in the attic of their log home near Shirley. The house was situated beside a lane which ran between their farm and the Beatty place. A day or two before her brothers had found a woodpecker's nest with some young ones in it. They had brought one home for a pet, and the young woman was fixing a nest for the bird in an old barrel that had been filled with rags. Suddenly the wind struck the building and lifted the roof off bodily, dumping it into the lane. The three top logs were carried away, too, and the girl went with them. When she was able to realize what had happened, she found that she had been blown out of the attic to the ground, and that the logs were still surrounding her, although she was unhurt.

Lansing and his two sons were in the fallow with a yoke of oxen. When they saw the storm coming they unyoked the oxen, and the animals at once fled to the woods, where they were found later penned in by trees. Indeed it took half a day to cut away the trees so that the cattle could get out. It is said that many cattle were penned in the woods in this way and died there.

After the oxen were gone the Lansings had a wild time. Peter was blown about ten feet in the air. When he fell to the ground he was rolled over and over like a bundle of hay. Finally he caught hold of a stump and managed to hang on. After awhile he began to look around a bit and saw things blown everywhere. Presently he glanced up and saw a small hemlock, roots and all, sailing by like a big umbrella

His oldest boy caught hold of a post in a rail fence and hung on like grim death. James Beatty says that whole fence was blown down except the one spot where the young fellow was clinging for support.

The Beattys had come up that day from their other place in Whitby to do some work on a six acre fallow which they were clearing. They had put up a shanty for their accommodation on these occasional visits, but when the storm had gone by not a hoard was left on the roof of that building.

At McLeod's home not far away, the old man was killed. He was in the house with his little grandchild, and, thinking the place was not safe, he picked up the child and started to run out into the open. Just as he reached the door a log struck him in the head and killed him instantly; but the child was unhurt.

In front of McCoy's place there was an enormous log. It had taken two yoke of oxen to put it there; but the wind came along and drove that log back through the fence onto the farm again. McCoy's bush was totally destroyed, becoming nothing but a slash which was extremely difficult to clear.

Many other incidents might be related, but these are sufficient to indicate the force and destructiveness of the great tornado, and to show the immense amount of work required to put things to rights again.





MR. JOS. BIGELOW

MILLS AND MILLING

Port Perry has no reason to be ashamed of the sawdust that has lined its lake front for over half a century past. The milling operations of the town have been the basis of much of its prosperity. Even yet the Carnegie Milling Company operates the largest industry in the town. Intimately associated with the development of this trade and much of the other other business is the man whose picture appears in this issue —Mr. Joseph Bigelow. All through the history of Port Perry he has taken a leading place. He is now about eighty-five years of age and in business yet, operating the apple evaporator. His memory is excellent, and while he has kindly given much information for this story it has been singularly free from any attempt to attract notice to himself. What he has done will appear in its proper place in the pages that follow.

The first sawmill erected in Port Perry was the one put up by Paxton & Way where the Carnegie lumber yard now stands. There were interested in this concern the following men: Messrs. Thos. Paxton, Geo. Paxton, Daniel S. Way, and Jas Dryden. After a while the Paxtons bought out Way and Dryden and the firm became known as T. Paxton & Co. Next a change was made and the old mill (put up in 1847) was run by Paxton, Bigelow & Trounce. Later Paxton and Bigelow retired from the business and it was run for a time by Trounce, who failed and the property was turned over to the bank. It was finally sold to Mr. James Carnegie, who ran it until it was burnt down some fifteen years ago.

Samuel Hill put up the next mill in 1850 where Orchard's coal sheds are located. He ran it for a time, and then W. S. Sexton (his brother-in-law) bought it and ran it for a number of years. The growing scarcity of timber made it unprofitable to operate the mill longer, and the building was sold to Joshua Wright to be used as coal sheds. The next move was to sell it to Messrs Flavelle & Clemes, who in turn sold it to Albert Orchard, the present occupant.

In 1853 John Cameron, who represented the Port Perry Land Co., put up a fine big saw mill and grist mill on the site of the present Grand Trunk Railway station. The grist mill was operated for a season or two by the Paxtons, and later by a man named Johnston. That mill was burnt down in 1856.

There were four mills in different parts of Reach Township; but exact information concerning them is not at hand. Hurd's mill at Bor-elia and Ianson's at Greenbank were both erected before 1850, as they both felt the effects of the tornado—Hurd's was destroyed and Ianson's was unroofed. The Hurd mill was handicapped by insufficient water for power purposes. There was abundance during the Spring freshets, and at occasional other times; but the supply was not to be depended upon. Much the same conditions existed in the mill which Walter Hill helped to build, as it was situated on the same stream which ran through the McConnell place. A fourth mill was built by Daniel S. Way south west of Utica. This mill was run at one time by George Currie, and he made considerable money during the time he operated it owing to a steady upward tendency in the market price of lumber at that period. Ianson's mill prospered well and ran for many years.

Stephen Doty built a mill in 1853 located at the west end of the Scugog bridge. It was run for some years, but was not very successful as the machinery was of a poor type. It was later bought by Mr. Joseph Bigelow who refitted it with machinery and made it a going concern. One piece of work done by this mill was to cut the lumber for the fence along the railway from Port Perry to Whitby. Mr. Bigelow sold the mill to J. A. Trull, who had the idea of building a big dam; but the work never went farther than the thought. The mill was finally destroyed by fire.

After the Paxtons retired from the Cameron mill, they built a flouring mill where the present flouring and grist mill stands, but it was burned down some years ago, and later replaced by the present brick structure.

Messrs J. C. BROWN & Co operated a woollen factory and stove factory about 1855. It was situated near the egg warehouse. The company ran it about three years and then sold it to Mr. Bigelow who ran it till the coming of the railway in 1872, when the railway company

bought the property because they wanted the right of way. The building was moved uptown and is used as an apple evaporator.

Beside the Port Perry grist mill there was one on the road between Manchester and Utica, built and run by Hicks. It is now run by Mr. Thos. Beare. There was another at Greenbank, run by the Beares. A third mill was built south of Utica, which is now abandoned.

HOTELS AND WHISKY

Whiskey used to be sold for twenty-five per gallon and all who profess to know say that it was purer and better liquor than you can get to-day for ten times the money. That was the retail price. Wholesale it was 10c, and the commission man sold it to the hotelkeeper for 15c per gallon. It was used on any and all occasions, and was nearly as free as water. If you drove in from a distance to do some shopping and felt dry, all you had to do was to walk to the back of the store, and there you would find a pail of whiskey and a tin cup with which you could help yourself. Logging bees, raisings, threshings, huskings, dances and all other social functions of the day were considered incomplete without whiskey. Indeed at times the whiskey was considered so essential that the main object of the function (a barn raising for instance) would be neglected if the whiskey were absent. The prohibitionist ploughed a lone furrow in those days.

No duty was imposed on imported whiskey; but there was a fine of \$500 together with imprisonment for making it without a license. In spite of this heavy penalty illicit stills were not uncommon, for the Scotch people declared that they couldn't abide the Canadian made stuff.

Of course there was a certain amount of secrecy about the manufacture of the liquor; but had you been able to have travelled the winding course of the Nonquon as it twisted its way through swamp and bush, you would likely have found some evidences of secret stills, as the following story would indicate:

A number of years ago when Mr. Yarnold was surveying some of the bush along the Centre Road, a man told him he had seen an alligator in the swamp. "You should catch it and send it to the museum," said Mr. Yarnold with a smile, "they would pay you well for a Canadian born alligator." During his survey a secret still was found, with its small furnace, troughs and other appliances. Later the man with the alligator story was met again, and Mr. Yarnold said to him, "I found the little brick stable in which you kept that alligator, and the trough from which you fed him."

Three men were seldom or ever known to make whiskey on the sly, for it was found that three men could not keep a secret still long. Two men were enough. The enforcement of the liquor law was not easy. Sheriffs were scarce. Long before one could arrive on the scene, news of his coming preceded him. Naturally the men who made the whiskey had more friends than the sheriff.

But whiskey has fallen on evil days. It now has to struggle for its existence. People don't take to it as kindly as formerly. Within sixty years past there were twenty-four places where you could buy liquor in the Township of Reach, and most of them were in operation thirty years ago: to-day there are but three. Here is the list:

Harrison Haight's hotel which stood on the site of the new postoffice

Elmore Crandell's hotel which was originally built on the present site of the Bank of Commerce. When the railroad came it was moved opposite the station and called the Railroad Hotel. It was torn down a year or two ago and Dowson's livery stands on the site.

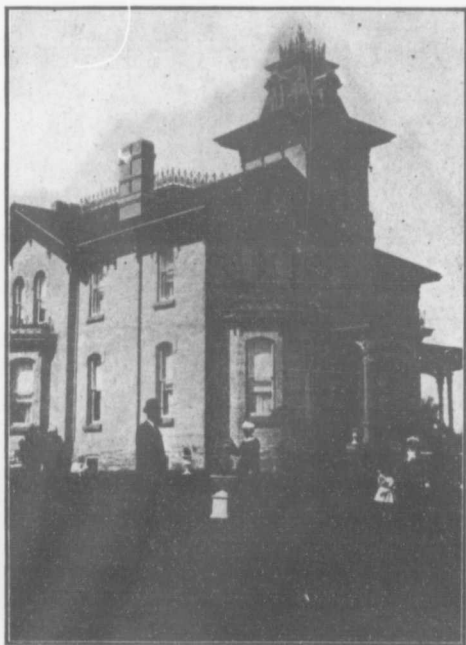
Daniel Ireland put up an hotel where Carnegie's new house is going up. It was burned down fifteen or twenty years ago.

Thompson ran an hotel on the Sebert House corner. It was burnt down at the time of the big fire, and then replaced by the present building.

The St. Charles Hotel was put up about thirty-eight years ago, and was run by a man named McQuade.

There were three hotels at Borelia, Jewett's (now the creamery) being the oldest. Then there was one run by Reuben Crandell, and another run by Christopher Shehey.

Three hotels supplied the Prince Albert people with liquid refreshment, and they were run by these three men — Messrs. McCorquodale, Boynton and Scott.



MR. JOSEPH BIGELOW'S HOME

Another Boynton kept hotel between Prince Albert and Raglan.

Manchester was as well supplied, and Messrs. Tennyson and Zwickey ran two of the hotels and the third was called the Plank House. We did not learn the man's name who ran it.

Opposite Beare's mill there was another hotel to save the traveller from becoming dry before he reached Utica, where Dafeo kept house.

Another hotel was kept at Epsom, and one at Saintfield.

There used to be an hotel at Greenbank where the Methodist church stands, but the Sons of Temperance put it out of business.

Solomon Orser ran a hotel in the Rose Settlement between Port Perry and Seagrave.

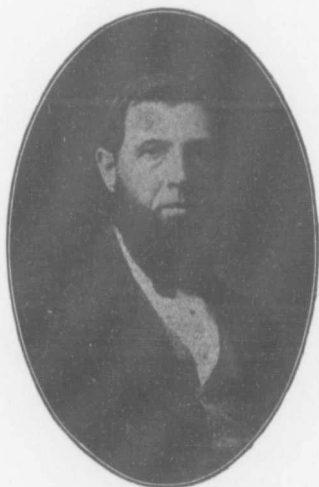
There was an hotel between Rose's Settlement and Seagrave.

Two hotels flourished at Seagrave run by Messrs. Coryell and Dewart.

Out on the sky line at the top of the ridges stood Covey's hotel, and a little south of Manchester was Payne's hotel.

It is estimated that there were twenty-five hotels on the road between Manilla and Oshawa, not including the latter place.





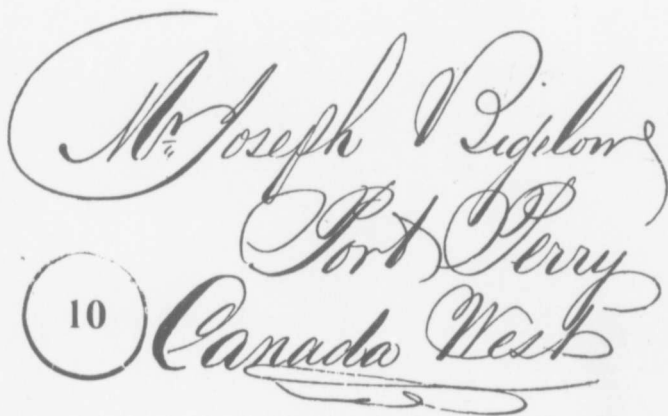
MR. JOS. BIGELOW AT 40 YEARS OF AGE,
FIRST POSTMASTER IN PORT PERRY

POSTOFFICES AND LETTERS

Letters were hard to secure. Everything had to be brought in from the Front. In 1827 a system of letter carrying was started. Mr. Donald Cameron, a settler in Thorah, proposed to the settlers who lived on the line that a man might carry letters between the front and back townships and be properly paid for his trouble. Application for a permit was made to the Postmaster General. The permit was granted and Kenneth Campbell commenced his travels, walking to and from the Front once a fortnight. In addition to a fixed amount secured by subscription, he received a small payment for the letters and papers which he carried to

the settlers. The nearest postoffice and store was then kept by Mr Warren a mile and a half to the east of Whitby Town.

Next a jolly old Englishman named Thomas used to carry the mail along this route on horseback. Those who were not on this mail route often had to wait a long time for their letters, and one man is said to have found a letter awaiting him which had been lying in the office for a year. In 1840 a post office was opened in Leach's store at Prince Albert. A mail stage was started in 1848. In 1852 post offices were established at Port Perry, Manchester, and Epsom. Mr. Joseph Bigelow was the first postmaster at Port Perry.



Mr. Joseph Bigelow
Port Perry
Canada West

10

This is a facsimile of an envelope containing a letter addressed to Mr. Joseph Bigelow about sixty years ago. It came from the States, and the figure 10 which you see within the circle indicates the amount of postage to be paid. Postage stamps were not then in use. The charge for this letter was ten cents.

Squire Nott says that these letters were not prepaid, but that the postage was collected from the person who received the letter. He has paid as much as 9d (18c.) on a letter from the Old Country, and was glad to do so for letters were doubly welcome because of their rarity.

There is quite a romantic story told about the writer of that letter to Mr. Bigelow. His name was John McGill, and he was a brother to Wm. McGill, who at one time was manager of the Western Bank in Port Perry.

John used to clerk in Richard Lund's store. One day he received word from his bachelor uncle (Leslie by name) asking him to come over and manage his estate at Petersburg in West Virginia. Mr. Leslie was owner of fifty negro slaves, a tobacco plantation and factory. It was a big change for young McGill to go from the rugged northern country with its millions of acres of bush, to that older settlement and hot climate.

He chanced upon fortune and adventure both together when he travelled. Those were stirring times. The slave question seemed as though it would destroy the Union, for the Civil War was at hand.

The uncle died, and the whole estate, valued at half a million dollars, was willed to John McGill. There were a few bequests to pay, but they amounted to less than \$20,000, so John McGill, formerly clerk in Richard Lund's store, became a very wealthy man.

He continued the manufacture of tobacco, and at the time of the Civil War he carried on a big trade with England in this article. Tobacco was worth a dollar a pound, and the profits were immense to the tobacco manufacturer who was able to market his product. If the profits were high so were the risks of shipment, for it was then that the Alabama was harrying American shipping. All merchandise had to be carried in blockade runners which did not always succeed in running the blockade. As you may easily imagine freight rates under these circumstances were extremely high.

It became necessary for John McGill to go to England on business at this time, but it was no easy matter to leave the country. In fact he had to come to Canada in order that he might be able to leave for England by a neutral port. Had he attempted to take ship from an American port, he would probably have been detained. While in Canada he took occasion to visit his old home in Port Perry. Mr. Bigelow, who was very intimate with him, remembers his visit well, and the sensation he caused in relating the story of his adventures.

THE EPIC IN GRAIN

What is part of the day's work for one generation becomes a matter of wonder for succeeding generations. When the settler back in Eldon or Rama kicked on his long cowhide boots in the middle of the night he did not see anything particularly romantic in his action. He merely knew that he was getting an early start for a long tiresome journey. He did not have the privilege of seeing what the outcome of his work would be, or of knowing that the day would come when nearly all the grain grown in this locality would be fed to stock, producing an abundance of milk, butter, beef, mutton and pork. It was a tiresome trip because it was long and rough, but it was not necessarily lonesome. There was often plenty of company on the road at grain hauling time.

For forty miles back the teams used to come into Prince Albert with their loads of grain, and it was no uncommon thing to see a string of rigs half a mile long waiting their turn to be unloaded. Indeed, at times the teams would reach from Prince Albert to Borelia and beyond. These men were away from home two or three days. They would start from their homes in Rama, Mara, Thorah, Fenelon, at three o'clock in the morning and travel all day to reach Prince Albert. Then it might be possible to unload so as to get away early next morning for the return trip, or it might be necessary to stay two nights and a day in Prince Albert in order to finish up their business. Each man took his place in the procession and waited his turn, helping his neighbors to unload as he waited, and being in turn helped by others who were waiting.

Sometimes the boys played tricks on these visitors from the back townships. A number of Scotchmen drove in from the north and unloaded their sleighs, driving the empty rigs into the hotel sheds. Next

morning the sleighs had disappeared. Later one of them was found astride the ridge of the roof of Forman's two-storey store. Others were found at an empty ash house some distance away. It is said that the Gaelic is a very expressive language for occasions of this kind.

Messrs. George Currie and T. C. Forman were the grain buyers in the early days. When quite a young man T. C. Forman had been sent out by Jas. Laing, of Oshawa, to keep store for him at Columbus. Later Laing opened a store at Prince Albert, and Forman was sent on to take charge there. After Laing died T. C. Forman married his sister, and the family grew up in Prince Albert.

Grain buying was part of the storekeeping business, and in the case of Mr. Currie and Mr. Forman it became a very large part of their business. At the time of the Crimean War Forman bought heavily for the firm of Gillespie, Moffatt & Co., of Montreal. The price of wheat went up to \$2.50 per bushel, and everybody was worked into a state of excitement about the matter. Thousands of bushels of wheat were being teamed from Prince Albert to the warehouse at Whitby. There it was loaded on to sailing vessels, which carried it down the lake. All that grain was handled with a scoop shovel at Prince Albert, for there was no elevator there. Currie was in partnership with Gibbs, of Oshawa, and together they bought immense quantities of both wheat and flour to ship to the Old Country.

A picture painted by Roth, entitled "Corn is Up" would have found many a counterpart in spots in Prince Albert. At almost any time you could see men gathered, some sitting on soap boxes, others lounging against the counter, or standing with their hands in their pockets. It was here that men practised the long, well directed spit for which no prize was given except the unexpressed "not so bad" attitude of their chums. It was not always convenient to sit close to the spittoon or the stove, and it was considered bad form to spit on another man's boots. Hence the necessity at times for a long spit and a straight spit.

These matters as to the price of grain were discussed for a long time but the parties most concerned little dreamed the way the matter would end.

Grain was bought day after day just as though the war would never end. Men worked night and day unloading the grain, and filling the warehouses. The warehouses were full all along the line, filled to their

utmost capacity. Bushel was added to bushel, and load to load, but there was no way to ship the grain out to the coast to sell it. The Grand Trunk Railway was a thing yet to come. All winter the buyers-bought, but the selling was to be begun when the ice left the lakes and navigation opened.

We of later years have learned how rapidly prices can change even in a short time, fortunes being made and lost in a day. Bearing this in mind, one can readily see the tremendous risks to be run by holding grain for five months while a war was in progress. Newspapers were scarce, and the Atlantic cable was not yet laid, so that there was no way in which the the people could learn news of the war. In point of fact it was over before people here knew anything about it. Our buyers were paying \$2.50 per bushel for grain that was only worth \$1.25.

John Rolph used to run the telegraph instrument at Prince Albert. One night he was sitting at his work when he heard a message passing through that spelled financial ruin to many a man in Canada. Out at Father Point, at the mouth of the St. Lawrence a ship had brought the news that the war was over, and the big prices were at an end.

With rapid steps John made his way to the local grain buyers to acquaint them with the news. Of course the information could not save them from the disaster that had already overtaken them, but it prevented them from investing further. And they might easily have been induced to buy, for it was not long before telegraphic messages came in from Toronto and elsewhere offering to sell grain at what would have been considered surprisingly low figures to anyone who thought that war prices were still being paid. So that the early news saved Messrs Currie and Forman from further loss.

Loads of grain continued to come in but the grain only brought \$1.25 per bushel. A few took their loads home again, refusing at first to believe that the price was permanently lowered, but they only had the trouble of hauling it back again once more. One farmer is said to have committed suicide because of the big slump in prices.

One thing is worthy of note - although the earnings of a lifetime had been swept away, the grain buyers both bravely took up the battle again, and their families are holding honorable positions in the community. The names of both Forman and Currie are respected, and stand for solid business success.

Gibbs Bros., with whom George Currie was associated, had bought

heavily in both flour and wheat. They had flour mills of their own, and bought the product of several other mills. Flour was \$10.00 per barrel.

In the spring the Great Eastern came to Canada, and Gibbs Bros. thought this would be a splendid opportunity to send a cargo of flour to England, so they had it shipped to the seaboard, and loaded on to the giant steamer. W. H. Gibbs took passage aboard the same ship. When they reached their destination and the flour was unloaded, it was found to be sour, and only fit for pig feed.

Wheat had been sold by the Gibbs Bros for spring delivery to firms in Montreal and elsewhere. Of course it was shipped in according to contract, but the buyers claimed that the wheat was not up to specification and refused to receive it. This wheat was shipped back to the local mills and ground. It was a long financial struggle for all concerned.

In later years the following gentlemen were grain buyers in this locality: Prosper Hurd, Aaron Ross and Geo. Currie; Mark Currie and J. H. Brown; Joshua Wright, and Robert Perry.

J. H. Brown dissolved his partnership with Mark Currie, and went into business with Sam Christian at Manchester. They had a thriving trade there, and a number of experiences which would be worth relating if space would permit. One will illustrate fascination and risk of grain buying.

Barley at \$1.75 per bushel may sound like a fish story nowadays, but it reached that price one year when Brown and Christian were in business. That season the demand was very strong. The price started in at 90c per bushel. Soon telegrams were being received:

"What is your lowest price for 10,000 bushels barley f.o.b. Whitby?"

The price would be quoted, the grain shipped, and then in a few days another telegram would come asking the same question. Shipment after shipment went out, always on a rising market. Profits grew until Messrs. Brown and Christian figured that they had made \$16,000 that season on barley. There was no sign of a weaker market, and the season closed with the price at \$1.75 per bushel. Then Sam Christian said: "We'll hold our barley now. If those fellows in New York can pay \$1.75, there ought to be money in it for us if we hold on till Spring." J. H. Brown did not see the force of the argument but finally consented to hold the grain. In the Spring the price of barley went down to 70c per bushel, and that \$16,000 of profits disappeared.

After the Whitby-Port Perry Railway came, Aaron Ross moved from Prince Albert to Port Perry, and started buying there, and the Ross family did a great deal of buying until Wm. Ross sold out his business to James Lucas. There have likely been many other buyers but we have not the complete list.



PRINCE ALBERT FIFTY YEARS AGO

The following list is taken from the Canada Directory of 1857, being the names of persons in business in Prince Albert in that year:

PRINCE ALBERT, C. W.—A Village in the Township of Reach and County of Ontario. Distant from Toronto 48 miles, and from Whitby 17 miles, stage fare 75c. Population about 600.

Archer, John, coöper	Mains, Richard, cabinetmaker
Barker, William, saddler	Marr, John, blacksmith
Beason, Samuel, mason	Martin, John, blacksmith
Bible Society, A. Hurd, president; John F. Taylor, secretary	
Mason & Courtice, carriage, harness, trunk and saddle makers	
Boynton, William, hotelkeeper	McCaw, Hugh., tinsmith
Brown, J. D., painter	McCaw, James, shoemaker
Campbell, Archibald, blacksmith	McConnel, James, tailor
Carswell, John, watchmaker	McCoy, Henry, shoemaker
Clark, L. C., carriagemaker	McCoy, John, innkeeper
Cleverdon, Thomas, plasterer	McDonald, John, millwright
Currie, Geo & Co, general store	McGill, Donald, tailor
Daniel, John, shoemaker	McKinley, Robert, wagonmaker
Dayton, Daniel, carpenter	McTaggart, Robt, millwright
Dell, H O, advocate	Monteath, Rev R, United Pres.
Demorest, Rev. Thos, Wesleyan	Moore, Joseph B, carpenter
Eastwood, William, M D	Parks, Henry, carpenter
Eck, Daniel T. tanner	Price, Geo. blacksmith
Eck & Manuel, harnessmakers	Rae, John, dentist
Eddy, R H, general store	Randall, John, carpenter
Forman, Robt, tailor	Rolph, John, harnessmaker
Forman, Thos C, general store	Ross, Aaron, shoe shop

Ganton, Stephen, teacher	Saunders, Jas, wagonmaker
Graham, Henry, shoe shop	Savage, Rev J W, Wesleyan
Green, Thos, butcher	Scarth, Thos, shoemaker
Haight, M H, botanic physician	Shaw, Fletcher, painter
Heal, John, tailor	Sims, Robt, painter
Heard, John, blacksmith	Smith, Andrew, carpenter
Hiscox, Chas, baker-confectioner	Sutton & Tomlinson, druggists
Hughes, Rev J, Bible Christian	Taylor, J F, sec. Bible Society
Hurd, Abner, postmaster	Unyer, Leonard, grocer
Hurd, P, carpenter	Ware, James E, M D
Hurd, Prosper A, advocate	Wright, Joshua, tanner
Jameson, Wm, shoemaker	Yarnold, William C, Provincial
Jury, John, wagonmaker	Land Surveyor

It is not possible for us to do much more than give this list without comment, as in many instances the persons mentioned are not remembered by persons living now. Some names are familiar, such as—Beason, Currie, Dayton, Eastwood, Forman, Graham, Haight, Hiscox, Heal, Hurd, McCaw, Courtice, Rolph, Ross, and Yarnold. Of these men we shall speak as the story unfolds.

Storekeeping is the foundation of village or town life, and it was carried on extensively in Prince Albert in the early years before Port Perry was more than a "corners."

To gather a correct idea of the amount of trade done in this village one must remember the territory from which these stores drew their customers. Teams used to come in from Fenelon Falls, Sunderland, Cannington, Woodville, Beaverton, Brock, Scott, Thorah, Mara, Mariposa. Often there would be a hundred teams waiting to be unloaded. Before breakfast the work of weighing would begin, and William Brock says that when he was clerking for Currie & Ross, it was no uncommon thing for him to weigh a dozen loads of grain before he had his morning meal.

The Cowans used to do a business at Prince Albert running all the way from \$200.00 to \$700.00 per day, cash. They were large merchants, having stores in Toronto and Oshawa. Their Toronto store stood where Ryrie's jewelry store now is. Oshawa owes much to the Cowan family, for they helped the town when help was most needed. William Brock clerked for this firm for nine months.

The grain business consisted chiefly of buying and selling wheat and barley. Barley was the interesting crop. Farmers never knew what they were going to get for it until it was actually marketed. The grain, shipped to the States for malting purposes, varied a great deal in price, according as it was light or dark. It often happened that there was a difference of ten cents per bushel between the price of bright and dark barley. Many a farmer has made big profits on his barley crop, and the trade in this grain continued to grow until a heavy duty was put on its importation by the people of the United States.

People who drove long distances to buy goods naturally bought in large quantities. A grain bag made a good market basket. You could pack two bushels and a half of tea in it on a pinch, and that would do the neighborhood for quite a while. One couldn't be running down to the store every day for a yard of this or that. When shopping was done it was intended to be done for some time. There are cases on record where a forgotten article had to wait over until next year when the farmer went on his annual buying trip.

A man would come stamping down the store in his heavy cowhide boots (likely made by Aaron Ross or Joshua Wright), and his order might include a couple or three bags of yellow sugar at ten or twelve cents a pound; a bag of tea at from 75c to \$1.00 per pound (the 75c tea was not very good quality) a caddy of McDonald's chewing tobacco, used for either smoking or chewing; a good sized keg or maybe a barrel of whiskey; a web of print or factory cotton, which ran at about 17c or 18c yard, and other things in proportion. When prints were reduced to 12½c per yard, it was considered very wonderful.

Fifty years ago Prince Albert had about five hundred inhabitants. There were two hotels—Moggridge's and Scott's, of which Scott's was the more popular. They did a thriving business, not only in liquors, but also in proper hotel trade, because farmers who came to town frequently had to stay all night.

There were three general stores. Mark Currie and J. H. Brown ran one, J. and W. Cowan a second, and T. C. Forman a third.

Captain Sinclair, uncle of Archie Sinclair, kept a liquor store and grocery.

Charles Hiscox, father of Mrs. A. J. Davis, kept a bakery and grocery, and did a big business in supplying the farmers of the surrounding country,

Two men were identified with the manufacture of boots and shoes—Joshua Wright, who also ran a tannery, and Aaron Ross. One sometimes forgets when men become prosperous that they had their struggles and their hard times. Take the case of Aaron Ross. When he was a young fellow he worked in Bartlett's shoe shop at Brooklin; and his services there were of such a character that he made a life long friend of Mr. Bartlett's father, a friend who proved to be very useful to him in later years.

After awhile Ross went to Prince Albert to work for Farewell & Hurd, manufacturers of boots and shoes. He was "the boy" among sixteen men, but he evidently pleased his employer. A change was made in the business and Hurd dropped out. Shortly after this the cutter died, and Farewell, who lived near Oshawa, found himself in difficulty. He had sixteen men to keep going and nobody to cut the leather. He went to each of his men in turn, and offered him the position of cutter; but they all refused. Turning to Ross he said: "Aaron, you've got to do the cutting."

Ross had only cut one pair of shoes in his life, and naturally he refused the job, which meant a great responsibility for a young man; but Farewell insisted that he undertake the work. So Ross started in and made a success of the job in a short time.

As we have already noted, Farewell lived East of Oshawa, and he found the trips which he had to take to Prince Albert were very tiresome as the road was rough and long. As a result, he determined to sell the Prince Albert business. None of his men were willing to touch the matter: it was too big an undertaking for them. Finally Farewell learned that Henry Graham (who later kept shoe shop in Port Perry) had between \$200 and \$400. He then made the proposal that Ross and Graham go into partnership and buy the business. Ross had saved something less than \$50, but he had the grit to do things. Business went on very well with the new firm for some time, and then Graham wanted to marry, so he bought a bit of land, built a house and furnished it, and was married. All this took money, and Graham found that he had spent \$700 or \$800, and that his creditors wanted their money. He told Ross how matters stood, and wanted to get the cash out of the business. Ross refused on the ground that he had not invested that much with the firm, and that they would be crippled financially if the money were taken out.

They had been buying their leather from Bartlett, of Oshawa, for

whose son Ross had worked as a boy. To him Ross went and told his story. He asked that Bartlett take over the business and give him anything that might be left after matters were straightened out. Then it was that Bartlett had an opportunity to prove himself a friend to Ross, and he did. He said, "You go back and give Graham what is due to him. Run the business yourself and get what leather you need here. I shall not ask you for a dollar until you are able to pay it."

Such friendship in time of need gave Ross a good start in life, and his natural ability and willingness to work and to assume responsibility brought him rapidly to the front. More than once Bartlett proved his friendship for Ross in a practical manner.

Joshua Wright finally bought Aaron Ross out, and merged the two businesses into one. Aaron Ross had been in failing health for some time, and the doctor said he would have to go away and rest for a year. There will be more to tell of Joshua Wright later on. He was a man of strong personality.

The furniture store was run by Henry Parks, who made the bulk of the furniture he sold.

Two men were engaged in the watchmaking and jewelry business—William Doll and John Carswell. Doll finally died and was succeeded by John Diesfeld who later ran a jewelry store in Port Perry until he died a few years ago. Two sons of William Doll are living—L. H. Doll, of Calgary, and W. Doll, of New York.

John Carswell had a son, Edward, who made the name quite famous throughout this district. He was a noted temperance orator. Mrs. J. C. Campbell, of Prince Elbert, is a daughter of John Carswell.

In the blacksmith business were Emaney & White. They dissolved partnership about forty-three years ago. White moved to Port Perry, and built a shop where Switzer's blacksmith shop now stands. It was burnt in the big fire. He also built the house now owned by W. H. McCaw, and occupied by W. A. Linke.

Emaney stayed on in Prince Albert for a few years; then, he, too, moved to Port Perry and built the carriage and blacksmith shop now owned and occupied by Swan Bros.

Archibald Campbell, father of Andy Campbell, kept a blacksmith shop in Prince Albert for a number of years.

John Heard was another blacksmith and very popular he was, too.

In later years, John Adams, brother of David J. Adams, was a money lender at Prince Albert.

An ashery was run by Prosper Hurd, who was engaged in many enterprises. He was at one time the partner of Farewell in the manufacture of shoes. He was also a lawyer. When oil was struck near London, he went there, and rumor has it that he made money. If he did, it is possible that he lost it again in his operations in the gold fields at Madoc. It is pretty certain that these wanderings did not add much to his riches. Prosper had a brother named Abner who shared his travels and they both went to Chicago.

While we are discussing lawyers, John Billings must be mentioned. He was a clever man, and did considerable business.

Much of a lawyer's work had to do with the loaning of money, and the collection of debts. Money used to bring a high rate of interest. As much as ten and twelve per cent. was paid for the use of money. These rates were quite common.

During the Crimean war farmers bought considerable land, but after the war was over and prices dropped, many of them found themselves in difficulty. They were "land poor," and not a few men who had mortgaged their farms to buy more land lost both the farm and the new purchase. All this meant work for the lawyers.

When men became financially embarrassed, they would go over to Michigan, where debts were difficult to collect. Chicago was the Golden West then. Winnipeg and Edmonton, Calgary and Vancouver were unknown. Our West was unexplored, and the railways were not built.

James McConnell kept a tailor shop and ran a small grocery in connection with it.

John Heal, brother of James Heal, was another tailor. He was a splendid type of man and thoroughly respected.

Jonathan Bullen conducted the largest tailoring business in Prince Albert.

The tinshop was carried on by Hugh McCaw, uncle of W.H. McCaw. Elijah Cash made the pumps for this locality. He sold out, and went to California, where we are informed his widow still lives.

The North Ontario Observer was established by James Holden. Henry Parsons learned his trade with Holden, and when the latter moved to Whitby, Parsons and Robson became the proprietors of the

paper. After a few years Robson dropped out and James Baird, a school teacher became a partner with Parsons, and continued so till his death several years ago, when Henry Parsons became sole proprietor.

The grain buyers were Mark-Currie and J. H. Brown (who later sold out to George Currie and Aaron Ross), and T. C. Forman. The names of these men will appear again as the story goes on.

There were three physicians—Dr. Jas. E. Ware, Dr. Agnew, and Dr. George Jones. They had a big territory to cover, travelling back as far as Mariposa, West nearly to Uxbridge, South to Raglan, and East to Scugog and parts of Cartwright. They had no automobiles, and the roads were rough.

Messrs. Mason & Courtice were manufacturers of wagons and carriages. Later they added harness making. Mason dropped out of the business, and John Rolph became the partner of Thos. Courtice in the spring of 1856. This arrangement continued for about twelve years, when the partners separated and each of them ran a business of his own. Geo Richardson was a partner with John Rolph for about a year. Both these harness making concerns later moved to Port Perry.

The fact is that as the years passed almost every business in Prince Albert moved to Port Perry. The story of the moving and what brought it about explains many things that to an outsider seem strange. For many generations men have been fighting in this locality to secure and maintain what they considered to be their rights. Whether they lost or won the things for which they were contending, their attitude towards their opponents was unaltered, and it has been difficult to get all sections of the locality to work together for its general advancement. There is still room for improvement along this line.

THE COMING OF THE RAILWAY

Those early times were palmy days for Prince Albert; but changes were coming. There were now three rival villages in Reach—Prince Albert, Port Perry and Manchester. Each place had its strong men who studied and fought to secure advantages for their respective villages. In Manchester there was Adam Gordon a man of quiet determination, who had considerable influence, as he at one time represented the riding in Parliament. At Prince Albert, Joshua Wright was the champion at first, but later he transferred his allegiance to Port Perry. He was a great fighter, fond of a debate, and often able to carry his point by sheer force of personality. There are many unwritten stories told of the prowess of Joshua Wright in debate. In Port Perry Messrs. Bigelow and Paxton were the men who looked after the municipal interests. These men stood out prominently as champions for their various villages.

Up to 1867 all the grain and lumber that had been taken to the front had been teamed there. There was no railway along this route. Often there had been talk of one, but no definite effort had been made for its construction. Had it not been for the rivalry of the villages; it is quite possible that the railway would not have been built until some years later. But Prince Albert was quite outspoken in its contempt of Port Perry, and Port Perry was quite sure that Prince Albert would have to take a second place before many years.

Thinking men knew that none of these places could amount to much until there was railway communication with the Front. The old days were passing and new conditions had to be met.

In 1867 application was made to the Local Legislature for a charter to build a railway from Port Whitby to Port Perry. Messrs. Joseph Bigelow and Thomas Paxton were the men who started the project. Associated with them and forming the Provisional Board of Directors were the following gentlemen: W. S. Sexton, Chester Draper, John Ham Perry, James Holden and Sheriff Reynolds.

After the charter was secured, meetings were held in Whitby Town, Whitby Township, and Reach Township to secure bonuses from these various municipalities. In this manner \$100,000 were raised, divided as follows—Whitby Town \$50,000; Whitby Township \$20,000; Reach Township \$30,000. Stock was subscribed to the amount of \$100,000; and with this capital the work of construction was begun. During this time and until the completion of the railway, Joseph Bigelow was president of the company.

The contract for building the road was let to J. H. Drumble, of Cobourg, who worked at the job for a while and then sold out to C. E. English, of Toronto. This latter gentleman did not complete the work, but a dispute arose between himself and the company, and the result was that the company finished the building of the road themselves.

In deciding the route of the railway, many conflicting interests had to be studied. Reach Township had voted a bonus of \$30,000, but the voters were not all agreed as to the route of the proposed railway. Adam Gordon and his friends wanted the road to pass through Manchester. Joshua Wright and his friends worked to get the railway to pass by the tannery a little West of Prince Albert. Had either of these routes been followed there would have been endless trouble, because Prince Albert and Manchester were rival grain buying centres, and the railway would have meant business success to the place that secured it, and failure to the other place. What finally resulted was that neither place secured the advantage. Stations were built south of Manchester and east of Prince Albert; but the terminus of the railway was at Port Perry. As things turned out the terminus was much more valuable than the stations. Grain which before had been marketed in Prince Albert and Manchester from the north was hauled to Port Perry after the railway was completed, and Aaron Ross moved his grain buying business from the former to the latter place. That year he built the elevator at present operated by James Lucas. Adam Gordon, of Manchester, also put up a big elevator, which was later destroyed by fire.

It was not all plain sailing in building the road. There was the usual difficulty in raising money, and after a while funds became low. Joseph Bigelow had money which he was willing to lend to the company, but so long as he was president of that organization, he could not legally do this. Accordingly he resigned his position, and loaned the company \$40,000. James Dryden became president.

In 1873 the company sold out. The following extract from the Port Perry Standard, dated May 23, 1873, gives details as to the transaction:

"T. Paxton, Jos. Bigelow, C. E. English and J. Dryden, Esqs., have disposed of their interest in the Port Whitby and Port Perry Railway by a transfer of seventy thousand dollars of the stock, and some eighty-three thousand dollars of the bonds of the Company to James Austin, President of the Dominion Bank, James Michie, wholesale merchant of Toronto, and James Holden, of the Town of Whitby. Mr. Dryden, the late President, and Mr. C. Marsh have retired from the board, and have been succeeded by James Austin as President, James Michie as Vice-President, and James Holden as Managing Director.

"We understand that the gentlemen associated with Mr. Holden in the purchase are among the wealthiest capitalists of Toronto. With the exception of the changes referred to, the personnel of the Board is the same as heretofore—Messrs. C. Draper, A. Ross, E. Major and John Dryden being the Directors. We hope the new blood and capital that has been brought into the concern will be of advantage to all concerned, and to the interests of the public generally.

"If the men who now control will do what they promise, in the way of fully equipping the road with rolling stock, which is at present insufficient to meet the demands for traffic, and the road is otherwise put into first-class condition, we shall not regret the change. In referring to the condition of the roadbed, we may say that there is no better in the Province; and in condition to run over it is superior to the Grand Trunk. With a change of gauge of that road, which we would be glad to see, trains could run from Port Perry to Toronto without change or transshipment at Whitby. With proper management in the Company's interest, this will be one of the best paying roads in the country.

"In reference to the parties who have had control in the past, we can assuredly say that notwithstanding all the obstacles that have been thrown in their way to embarrass and annoy them in the

completion of the road, they succeeded and carried it to its present state, and have established a large and paying traffic. For so doing no men have been so vindictively, persistently and wantonly abused and misrepresented as Mr. Bigelow, Mr. Paxton and Mr. Dryden, and all through their honest endeavors to secure the completion of a railway to this section of the country.

"Knowing well the importance of the work to the county and the country generally, Mr. Bigelow and Mr. Paxton have been the moving spirits in this enterprise from its first inception, and they deserve credit for their determined and persistent efforts in its behalf; and, without fear of successful contradiction, we affirm that the county is more largely indebted to these gentlemen for the completion of the road than all the other parties connected with it.

"These gentlemen have been charged with desiring to stop the road at Port Perry in order to serve the interests of Port Perry alone, regardless of the Town of Whitby and other sections of the county, but such statements are by no means true. They were made with a special object in view—that of hurting the credit of those they were aimed at, and to injure the prosperity of this place. These gentlemen have only been actuated by one motive, and that simply the completion of the road. They were willing to hand over the road, or their interests in it, and did so, as soon as a bona fide proposition was made to them, by which they could obtain repayment of their large advances. It was hardly to be expected that while Mr. Bigelow held so large an interest in the Company, both as a stockholder and a creditor, that he and the gentlemen with whom he was associated, would give up control and allow a ring of manipulators to endanger his interests, and those of his friends, without due consideration to security. When those desirous of managing the affairs of the company found this was the case, a combination was formed for purchasing the interests of the gentlemen to whom we have referred.

"The advance made by Mr. Bigelow amounted to \$49,110, of which he received \$42,000 in legal tender from the Bank of Montreal on Monday, a nice little sum in hard cash. We hope the croakers will now end their abuse, as these gentlemen have shown by their willingness to retire, what we have always contended for, that it was not the control they wanted. but that they were actuated

wholly and solely by the desire, first to secure the road and then to secure themselves, and we don't blame them for it."

In spite of the continuous efforts of the Directorate to make the railway a profitable project, and in spite of the optimistic spirit of the press of that day, profits were small if they existed at all.

It was plain that profits could not be attained so long as the railway was a stub line having no direct connection with any of the larger railways. When a passenger wished to travel to Toronto, he did not buy a ticket straight through to his destination, but paid his passage to Whitby, where he bought another ticket to Toronto. In the same way freight was shipped to Whitby and then transhipped to Toronto and other points. Various efforts were made to dispose of the road to some of the larger companies, but without success.

Finally it was thought advisable to extend the road to Lindsay, so that its earnings could be increased. Another campaign for bonuses was begun, the money raised, and the road extended.

Since the time of extension there have been various views of the advisability of this movement. It is certain that Port Perry lost considerable trade eventually; and some have considered that the bonus of \$20,000 given by Port Perry for the extension of the road was worse than wasted. In fact most people agree that the amount of the bonus was too large.

Those who advocated the extension claimed that eventually the road must have failed had it not been extended. There was not enough business to warrant the upkeep of the railway, and the probability was that trade would decrease instead of increase, as the lumber was gradually being cut away. In any case larger railways would not buy the railway as it stood. After the railway was extended, close watch was kept on the earnings of the road until the company was able to show a margin of profit. Then it was that the Midland Railway bought the road, and it finally became a branch of the G. T. R.

The early locomotives used wood for fuel, and along the east side of the track were immense piles of cordwood. At that time the engines on the Grand Trunk also burned wood; but it was plentiful all along the track, so that no difficulty was experienced in obtaining fuel.

The rolling stock was rented from a man in Montreal, except in the case of the passenger car which was bought in the United States.



JOHN NOTT

THE GROWTH OF PORT PERRY

Port Perry boomed after the coming of the railway. It was not much of a place before. Barely two blocks wide were cleared in the early days and there were many vacant lots. Around by Wm. Ross' former residence, now occupied by C. R. Stewart, there was a fine bit of bush; and north of the town the woods extended to W. H. Rundle's house, on Bigelow St., then owned by C. C. Kellett, nurseryman.

Suppose we take a run up and down Queen St. and try to picture it as it used to be about 1856. We will start at the water front where the

mills were built. These mills and their work have already been described under the head of "Mills and Milling." Beginning then on the corner where the St. Charles hotel now stands, you could have found McMichael's store. Next to the west was a dwelling and a bowling alley. Then came Sinclair's hotel and a dwelling, beside which were some vacant lots. There was a dwelling on the corner where Willard's store is, and at the back of this was a foundry run by a man named Shipman. On the opposite corner J. W. Davis had his furniture store, next to which was his dwelling. His property included the Archer lots. Farther along were some houses, and beside the little creek next the Methodist church was Platten's cooper shop. The Methodist church lot was vacant.

From the town hall corner west to J. L. Forman's was woods. Where the houses begin again, J. W. Allison had his home. Oliver Gerow was his next door neighbor. Then came a grocery, and a dry-goods store run by a man named Page. Next door was an hotel. Now we are in Borelia. This was a busy little spot. C. S. Jewett kept hotel on the creamery corner in the same building. At the south end was a shoe and harness shop. Jewett used to run a four horse stage; and some very attractive offers were made to secure passengers, as there was a rival stage and competition was keen. There were a few dwellings west of Jewett's hotel, about as many as there are to-day; but the business section ended at the corner.

Across the road lived John Nott, cabinet maker, who turned out good work, and who is still a familiar figure about town. His picture appears herewith. John Nott is very widely known and is remembered by every former resident of Port Perry as he for a number of years was police magistrate. He had a busy time during his term of office, as the Scott Act enforcement gave much room for legal difficulties. Most of his life has been spent at Borelia, where he had both his home and his place of business, although for a time he did have a shop down town in later years.

Elmore Crandell had a cabinet factory at Borelia. Among other furniture manufactured by him were those old fashioned wooden bedsteads that were fastened by ropes to hold up the bedding. On the corner was Shehey's hotel. Speaking of Shehey, one is reminded of the story of the runaway slave told by John Rolph, who was then a telegraph operator.

One day a young negro came to Shehey's hotel and asked for shelter. He had not been in the locality more than a day or two before telegraphic messages were received by John Rolph enquiring about a runaway slave. The messages gave a description of the man, and word was sent back that he was in the neighborhood. Negotiations were opened with Shehey by the slave owner, who promised \$300 for the negro's safe delivery on United States territory. So long as he remained in Canada he was perfectly safe. During the time these arrangements were going on Shehey treated the negro royally, and one day he proposed that they go for a little trip. Before they started they called at the telegraph office where arrangements were finally made for the owner to meet his slave at the Niagara frontier. While here Shehey had occasion to leave the office, and the negro was alone with John Rolph. For some time John had been struggling between a telegraph operator's duty not to divulge telegraphic messages, and a desire to help the young negro out of the danger which threatened him; so when Shehey was gone John said:

"Don't you cross any water when you go on your trip."

"Oh, Massa! Massa!" cried the negro, "is there anything wrong?"

"I can't tell you anything more." was the response, "but mind you don't cross any water or you'll be in great trouble"

Shehey and the negro started on their journey, and in a few days the former was back again thoroughly disgusted with the turn things had taken. When they reached the Niagara frontier the negro had refused to cross, and nothing could induce him to leave Canada. So the \$300 remained in the hands of the former slave owner.

A few weeks later the negro came back to Borelia. He had travelled all the way from Niagara to thank John Rolph for his warning.

Next to Shehey's hotel was J. W. Allison's drygoods store, and beside that was a general store run by Wm. Mackie, who also bought grain. Next came J. D. Cottingham's dental parlors. J. A. Murray was associated with Cottingham for about five years. Then there was a storehouse, and beside that were a blacksmith shop and a wood working shop. James Swan ran the former, and Oliver Gerow the latter. These two men worked together considerably. Beside these shops were some dwellings, and now we have come down the north side of Queen St as far as Mrs Whitfield's store. Here we could then have found an alley leading to the school where James Baird taught some of the men who live here to-day such as Charles Kellett and Wm. Beatty. More houses followed.

While we are passing, it might be well to note that the Methodist Episcopalists built the present primary school for a church in 1861. The Baptist church a little farther down the hill was a Mechanic's Institute and a public hall in which political and other meetings were held. There was nothing more of importance until you reached Samuel Graham's corner. Here J. W. Gamble lived and kept a little store. He was Reeve of Scugog where he owned a small farm. Beside the bowling green, where for many years Andy Camybell's carpenter shop stood, was Dan Ireland's hotel. On the other side of the flat Henry Gordon later built his brick store and post office. He was the town treasurer.

Mrs. Dennison now lives in the house formerly occupied by Richard Lund, clerk of the court and a magistrate. Next came Emaney & White's blacksmith shop. Vacant lots followed, later occupied by the store built by Dr. Jessop, for Wm. Nott, furniture dealer.

This part of the town was not well built up. The Currie, Parrish, and Blong blocks were not erected. Along about the site of McCaw's store, Joseph Bigelow did business and kept the post office. The post office is now about to be shifted for sixth time. First it was kept by Jos. Bigelow as already stated. Next it was moved to Gordon & Shaw's dry goods store on the Willard corner, Next Henry Gordon moved it to store beside the bowling green. Then J. W. Burnham became postmaster, and the office stood on the site of Rose's store. Later it was moved to its present location, and in a short time it will be placed in the imposing looking building now being prepared for it.

Next came an hotel that used to be run by a man named Kirston. Then there was a storehouse beside which was Marsh & Foy's shoeshop. The Sebert House corner was vacant.

North of Queen Street on the lot beside W. G. Monet's house, was a sash and door factory run by Dan Taylor, who built and lived in the house now occupied by Dr. Murray.

The evaporator used to be a tannery and was operated by Bigelow & Ballard. Later this building was used as a planing mill and operated by Jos. Bigelow in connection with his lumber business. Again it was used by Allan Bowerman as a woolen mill.

On the corner of Henry Frise's lot was a tannery operated by Jos. Armstrong. This building was burned,

After the railway was an established fact, the following business

men moved from Prince Albert to Port Perry: Aaron Ross, Joshua Wright, George Currie, Mark Currie, Thos. Courtice, Emaney & White, J. H. Brown, John Rolph, and T. C. Forman.

Later, when the story of the big fire is told, it will be seen where these men located their places of business at first.

It seemed so natural to go from Prince Albert to Port Perry, that some important items have been overlooked regarding the beginning of the latter place. In fact it has been very difficult to narrate the events in their proper order.

The Village was known by the name of Port Perry from about 1852 and was named after Peter Perry, of Whitby, who laid out the first town plot. The first settler and owner of lot 19 in the sixth concession of Reach, the present site of Port Perry, was Elias Williams. He subsequently sold these lands to Peter Perry. The first general store was opened by Chester Draper in 1840.

Previous to that Port Perry was called Scugog Village, and until its incorporation was part of the Municipality of the Township of Reach. The village became a separate municipality in 1872. Its first assessment was \$177,045, which increased to \$484,680 by 1904. The population at incorporation was 1300.

On the incorporation of the village, Joseph Bigelow was elected reeve, and Messrs. John Phillip, William Tat, Caleb Crandell and Allan Sexton, councillors.

Duncan McKercher was the first clerk, and Henry Gordon the first treasurer. The latter was succeeded by J. H. Brown, who still holds the office. Lieut.-Col. N. F. Patterson was clerk and solicitor for many years. He was succeeded by Frank Yarnold, at whose death in 1901, W. H. Harris took the office.

Robert McKnight was the first constable appointed by the Council, and honorably discharged the duties of that office until his death two or three years ago, when he was succeeded by John Cassidy.

There is really very little of note to tell about Port Perry after the coming of the railway and before the big fire of 1884. The village grew and about 1876, its population reached the town limit of 2,000.

Besides the places of business with which most people are familiar, and those which have already been mentioned, there were others:

Up at Borelia there were two pump makers—Hilborn, who used to do business on the lot across the road from John Cassidy's house, and John Irvin, who lived and had his shop on the now vacant lot between Cassidy's and the creamery. He moved down to his present location a few years after the railway came.

In the big house occupied by Messrs. W. Jamieson and H. Willard there used to be a pork packing establishment operated by Brown & Ross.

Near that was the foundry erected by Paxton & Bigelow, and rented to the firm of Paxton, Tait & Co. This concern became quite famous for the manufacture of turbine water wheels, which were shipped to all parts of the country. A start was made in the making of Marsh harvesters, but this venture did not prove successful. Gang plows in large numbers were also turned out here, beside the general foundry work. After some years the business changed hands, and went through some difficult times. It was run for a while by G. W. Dryden, who is now Registrar of the County of Ontario. It was next sold to Madison Williams who afterwards moved the business to Lindsay. It will be a long time before the site of this building is forgotten, as it was there that the Weber Gas Engine Co. built the big cement foundation of the proposed foundry. It still stands there and is likely to remain a monument to the things that might have been.

On the vacant lots at the corner where the pound is situated were a grist mill and a marble works. The grist mill was run by Hoyt & Kennedy and later by Henry Gordon, and the marble works by a Toronto man whose name my informant had forgotten.

Where Jos. Britton has his blacksmith shop, Andy Reynolds did business, William Warren followed him, then A. W. Allin, and then Jos. Britton.

We have spoken of the many uses to which the evaporator building was put, but there was still another. C. W. Jones, for many years a general merchant in Port Perry, started the manufacture of hard wood rollers for mangles, but this did not turn out well.

Another business man, who is at present running a large concern, should be mentioned, and that is B. F. Ackerman, harness maker. He used to do business where Wm. Beatty has his store, and moved to Peterboro where he employs a number of men.

Just about where C. L. Vickery's office stands were two buildings that will be easily remembered by early residents. One was occupied by Harris Burnham, clerk of the Division Court, and the other by Prof. Stout, barber and man of music.



THE NONQUON AT THE SEVENTH CONCESSION LINE OF REACH

STEAMBOATS ON LAKE SCUGOG

The first steamboat to do business on Lake Scugog was the "Woodman," built by Hugh Chisholm at Port Perry for Rowe & Cotton, of Whitby, in 1850. Its first trip was made to Lindsay in 1851, Mr. Chisholm being Captain. This boat was seriously damaged by fire at the dock, and was purchased by George Crandell who repaired it.

The "Ogema" came next; built at Fenelon Falls by a man named Wallace, it was run through to Port Perry.

The "Commodore" came to Port Perry occasionally. It was built in Lindsay by George Crandell, and had a route including Lindsay, Bobcaygeon, and Fenelon Falls. Its chief business in Port Perry was in the excursion line.

The "Anglo-Saxon" was built by Rogers in Lindsay, and was sold to Sexton. The engine of this boat was built by a man named Gibson in the Port Perry Foundry, which was at that time owned by Paxton & Bigelow.

The "Stranger" was built by George Crandell and was operated until a few years ago by the Carnegie Milling Co, when it was destroyed by fire while down at Caesarea.

Capt. Bowerman built the "Cora" which is still in commission

There were two other boats which did more or less business on Lake Scugog—the "Ranger," and the "Champion."

The "Crandella" must not be forgotten. It was built by George Crandell, and ran for many years. There was another boat called the Maple Leaf. These boats did a great deal of business and some of them used to tow as many as four scows. We understand that at one time Crandell had four steam tugs on Lake Scugog.

PORT PERRY'S BIG FIRES

Two fires in less than a year wiped Port Perry's business section out of existence. In November of 1883, the first fire broke out in the Thompson House, then known as Ruddy's hotel, which was situated on the site of the Sebert House. Back of the hotel was Lewis McLean's house, which was quickly destroyed.

There were no fire extinguishing appliances except a hand engine which the town had bought from Toronto, and which was known as Rescue No. 2. Added to that was the fact that a number of the buildings were wooden, and naturally the fire spread very rapidly.

From the Sebert House corner along the north side of Queen St., to McCaw's jewelry store everything was burned. The fire was only stopped by blowing up some stabling at the back of the Brunswick House, which was then owned and run by Jonathan Blong.

The buildings burned were:

The Thompson House, a brick building, run by John Ruddy.

A frame building owned by Wm. Hiscox, and occupied by Curts & Henderson, grocers, and flour and feed merchants.

The Walker House, a venerated brick building put up by Dan Ire-ladd and run by Wm. McGaw. This hotel had many proprietors, among them being Monroe, Foy, Kirston, and McGaw.

After the 1884 fire, of which we shall speak later, Chas. McKenzie moved some stabling from the back of this hotel to a lot near Swan's carriage works, and opened his livery business there.

Next after the Walker House was John Diesfeld's jewelry store.

Then came the Blong block, containing the hotel and two stores. The stores were occupied by Laing & Meharry, hardware merchants, and A. J. Davis, druggist.

Between the Blong block and W. H. McCaw's store was an alley way, and this, together with blowing up the stables to which we have already referred, was sufficient to stop the fire for that time.

Winter came on right after this fire; and but little was done toward rebuilding before a bigger fire than ever broke out. What the fire of 1883 missed, the fire of 1884 destroyed.

The prevalence of wooden buildings, and the bad fire of the previous year, had caused insurance premiums to be placed at very high rates. The result was that very few business men in the town carried insurance, so that when the fire did come, the loss was direct and large.

At twenty minutes to twelve p.m. on July 3rd, 1884, the big fire started in the sheds of Ben McQuay's hotel (owned by Neil Sinclair) which stood on the site of the new post office. By daylight, which came at that season of the year about four o'clock in the morning, every place of business on the main street was burnt, except Wm Tummond's store. John Rolph says that he with many others were busy carrying goods from the stores west of the hotel, and he did not know until next morning that the stores east of the hotel had been destroyed, too.

Goods were carried out of the stores and dumped on the other side of the street or rolled down the hill along Perry Street only to be consumed by the fire shortly after. There was a strong south west wind blowing at the time, and it is almost miraculous that more buildings were not burned. Sparks and bits of red hot coals were flying in showers, and lighting on the roofs of the houses to the north of the town. More than one house was saved by a broom from catching on fire. Men would climb on the roofs and sweep off the sparks as they fell. This method seems to be very effective.

At that time Leonard Burnett was farming near Greenbank, and on the morning after the fire he found in his field large numbers of partially burned billheads, belonging to Jones Bros. The wind had evidently carried them there during the night.

The buildings destroyed in this fire were:
McQuay's hotel, and Neil Sinclair's liquor store.

Next, going east, was Corrigan & Campbell's general store, over which Dr. J. A. Murray had his dental parlors.

Laing & Meharry's hardware store.

John Pearce's tailor shop.

Aaron Ross' general store. This store was built of brick.

David Adams, insurance agent and broker, had his offices over Ross' store.

The Ontario Bank was next. They did business in Trounce's office on Water Street after the fire and until Aaron Ross rebuilt his store, in part of which the bank was situated.

Then came Marshall's grocery.

Next was B. F. Ackerman's harness shop.

At the corner was Heury Charles' grocery and liquor store.

The station and grain elevator both escaped injury, as did also the big freight shed that used to stand near the town weigh scales.

West of McQuay's hotel the following buildings were destroyed:

S. E. Allison's drugstore

Wm. Hiscox' Bakery.

Tom Rush's liquor store, over which the Port Perry Standard had its offices.

T. C. Forman's general store.

I. W. Davis' furniture store and two houses.

The North Ontario Observer office.

Dr. Orr Graham's veterinary office and house.

This is as far West as the fire went on the south side of the street. Wm. Tummond's store luckily escaped, his being the only store left in town.

Across the street on the north side going east the first place burned was John Rolph's harness shop. He afterwards built John Doubt's shoe shop, and carried on his business there for a time.

John Nott & Sop's furniture store.

Then there would be Robinson's barber shop.

Bewell's implement shop.

Archie Campbell's grocery. Campbell put up the little building recently occupied by C. P. Rolph, and used it as a temporary place of business after the fire.

Thos. Courtice's harness shop came next

On the post office corner was Wm. Brock's general store.

Across on the other corner was Brown & Currie's general store. These people put up the shop occupied by Harry Hall, painter, and did business there for a time after the fire.

Back of Brown & Currie's was the market building, occupied by Curts & Henderson, egg dealers, and flour and feed merchants.

The fire swept on down Perry Street and destroyed Andy Reynold's blacksmith shop.

Back of this shop were some houses and they, too, were burned.

Opposite Andy Reynold's shop on Perry Street was Hoyt & Kennedy's grist mill.

Beside this the marble works stood, Capt. Shaw being proprietor.

Next came Jas Leonard's house and photograph gallery. In the lower part of the latter place Miss McKenzie had her millinery parlors.

Coming back to the main Street, W. T. Parrish's hardware store stood beside Brown & Currie's store, and it went down with the rest.

Next came the general store of Chas. & Wm. Jones, who opened up for business in the basement of the town hall for a time after the fire

Last in the list came W. H. McCaw's jewelry store.

Some pains has been taken to place the stores in their proper location, but the writer is quite conscious of the fact that some of them may be out of position, and that some names may have been omitted from the list, but those who furnished the information took considerable trouble to be accurate. It is not easy to remember events that happened twenty-nine years ago.

Port Perry people were in most helpless circumstances immediately after the fire until supplies came in on the train. Farmers who drove in to see the ruins found the townspeople without bread, and hurried back home where their wives were soon busy baking. Energetic business men naturally turned their attention to putting up temporary places of business, but they were powerless to act at once for there was not a pound of nails to be had, and hammers and saws were very scarce.

A public meeting was held in the town hall, where the whole situation was discussed, and a by-law passed forbidding the erection of wooden buildings within the business area. The building regulations also required that the stores have a uniform line of frontage. Previously the buildings had been erected in such position on the lot as suited the fancy of the owner. The result was that the street had a very irregular appearance. The new plan did away with all this, and now, as may be seen the stores line up uniformly, and very few places of the size of Port Perry make such a creditable showing in their business section.

That was a busy time. Masons and bricklayers came in from all directions and in less than a year the business section was rebuilt.

A steam fire engine was purchased and was run for some years, until the the waterworks was establishe.l. In spite of these big fires, it was not until 1903 that the waterworks was put in.

An electric light plant was established in the Carnegie mill by Joshua Davis a few years before this. The Carnegies supplied the power and Davis put in the electric appliances.

Davis sold to Wm. Currie, who in turn sold out to the town, but the waterworks building was not put up until 1903.



PORT PERRY'S FAIRS

At the time of the fire the Fair Grounds were down on the Curts property. There used to be buildings and a track there. On this property, too, the old drill shed stood, also a skating rink.

After the fire of 1884, there was a change of location proposed, and in 1886, the change was effected. The Central Ontario Fair came into existence, and bought the present Fair Grounds property from C. C. Kellett, who found the ground too low and cold for his purpose as a nurseryman.

At that time the present Kellett property was part of the Crandell estate and was used by the townspeople as a park. It did not seem to be well suited for this purpose, as the land was light and the trees did not thrive well after the bush around that part was cut down.

On the new Fair Grounds, which comprised some twenty-three acres, the buildings erected were the finest in Ontario outside the City of Toronto. They comprised a main building, horse stables, cattle sheds and grand stand. The half-mile track cost \$3,000 to build and is still in excellent condition.

The funds for this undertaking were raised by selling stock to all who were willing to buy, so that a large number of men were financially interested in the Fair, and that doubtless did much toward securing for it the success that came in the next few years. Public spirit was alive to everything that meant advancement to the town.

The managing board of the Fair included John Adams, Peter Christie, Thos. Manderson, N. F. Patterson, J. H. Brown, J. C. Browne, W. J. McMurtry, and Wm. McGill. It was an independent fair that received no Government grant. Its programs were after the style of the Toronto Exhibition. Sports, horse-racing, and grand stand performances were included. The buildings and part of the track were lighted

by electricity, which was generated by traction engine power in a plant located on the grounds. The Fair was kept open at night, and performances given. They even had horse racing at night by electric light.

Exhibits of all kinds were encouraged, and a large and varied display was the result. At one time Mossom Boyd, of Bobcaygeon, brought down his herd of Polled Angus cattle for exhibition. There was much life and stir in the institution, and large crowds used to attend the Fairs, the numbers reaching as high as four or five thousand some years.

Financial difficulties arose, owing to the large amount of money invested in the undertaking. The Fair was dropped, the buildings sold to an evaporator company headed by Bellingham Bros, of Montreal. This concern tore down the stabling and used the material to put up additions to the main building. They ran one year and then failed. Shortly after that the buildings were destroyed by fire. Nothing but the grand stand, and band stand remained, and they are still there.

For a time a spring fair and horse show was held at Manchester, but, as the Port Perry people subscribed liberally to this fair, the question began to be asked "Why not hold the fair in Port Perry, where it will do us most good?" Naturally the Manchester people did not favor this plan, and in 1893, there was a re-organization meeting held at Scugog town hall. The minutes of that meeting will tell very clearly what was done on that occasion.

"A meeting of the ratepayers and others was held in the town hall, Scugog, on the second day of March, 1893, the object of which was to form themselves into an Agricultural Society.

The meeting having been called to order, it was moved by Thos. Graham, Reeve of Scugog, seconded by James Graham, that E. H. Purdy act as chairmon.—Carried.

Moved by J. C. Browne, seconded by Geo. F. Waite, that J. H. Brown act as Secretary.—Carried.

Moved by James Graham, seconded by C. C. Kellett, that we form ourselves into an Agricultural Society to be known as the Scugog Agricultural and Arts Society. Carried.

Moved by C. C. Kellett, seconded by S. Graham, that James Graham be the President of the Society.—Carried.

Moved by Thos. Graham, seconded by Wm. Graham that E. H. Purdy be Vice-President of this Society.—Carried.

The following directors were appointed:

J. C. Browne, C. C. Kellett, W. R. Ham, Arthur Bryant,
Isaac Rodman, Thos. Graham, George Jackson, J. W.
Meharry, John Collins, Jr.

Albert W. Allin and S. Fraclick were appointed auditors, and the meeting adjourned."

That year, 1893, there was a Spring Fair at Manchester and one at Port Perry, but after that the Manchester Fair was discontinued.

In 1899 another change was made in the name of the Society, and it became known as the Port Perry, Reach, and Scugog Agricultural Society, which name it still bears.

During these years until 1901, only Spring Fairs were held, but then a syndicate was formed and a Fall Fair was run for one year.

After that no fairs were held for a time. Then the town bought the Fair Grounds property, which had passed into the hands of William Tummonds, and was being farmed by him. The property has been placed at the disposal of the Society upon payment of a nominal rent. There is a movement on foot now to put up some buildings on the Fair Grounds.

THE NEWSPAPERS

Now that newspapers are so common and so plentiful, it is hard to realize that there was a day when the papers were highly prized. They passed from neighbor to neighbor, for the papers were freely borrowed, were read as long as they would hang together. In those days the local press had a much wider field and influence, as the city papers were not distributed so freely as they are now.

Following is a sketch taken from the historical atlas of the County of Ontario:

"The Tribune and the Friendly Moralist are the earliest papers of

which we can find any trace. They were printed in Oshawa. Both became defunct, and were followed by the Freeman and the Reformer in 1850. They were small sheets which had only a short existence. The Whitby Freeman was ventured upon in 1850, to be replaced for a few months by the Whitby Reporter by J. S. Sprowle, and which subsequently became the Ontario Reporter, a sheet of somewhat respectable dimensions published by Messrs. Perry & Dornan, and afterwards up to 1857, by J. O. Dornan alone. The Whitby Commonwealth was started in the town in 1855. The publication of the Chronicle was commenced in 1856 by W. H. Higgins, who published it continuously for many years.

The Commonwealth and Reporter were followed by the Ontario Times, the Watchman, and the Press, all of which after short intervals disappeared, leaving the field to the Chronicle. The Gazette has taken the place of the Chronicle's old rivals. It has gone through many changes of proprietorship, and at the time of this sketch (1877) is published by Mr. Thorne.

The Vindicator has been continuously published in Oshawa since 1854. It was established by Messrs. Luke & Orr, and since Mr. Orr's retirement has been published by the present firm, Messrs. Luke & Larke, who also publish the Reformer the second paper printed at Oshawa.

The publication of a paper called the North Star was attempted in Brooklin in 1855.

In North Ontario the first newspaper attempt was made in 1855 by William Hillman, who published the Packet for a couple of years. The next was by Mr. James Holden, the Whitby and Lindsay Railway Manager, who commenced the publication of the Observer at Prince Albert in 1857. Subsequently Mr. Oliver published the Review for a short time at the same place. The Observer is now published at Port Perry by Messrs. Baird & Parsons.

Uxbridge has had several newspaper ventures previous to the establishment of the present papers, the Journal and the Guardian. The late Mr. Caldwell Brown was unsuccessful in more than one attempt to give the place a newspaper. Mr. Mundy kept the Advocate going for a while there, but it did not succeed. The Standard was afterwards established by him at Port Perry.

The Gleaner was commenced in Cannington by Mr. Currie in 1871

Several unsuccessful attempts have been made to publish a paper permanently in Beaverton since Hillman's time with the Packet, the last being a sheet called the Bee. After six months' trial it succumbed.

The material was moved to Woodville, where it was and is still used in the publication of the Advocate.

The first semi-weekly was published by Mr. Higgins at Whitby in 1859, and was called the Semi-Weekly Chronicle, but was discontinued after a trial of eighteen months. The Oshawa Journal was another attempt of his in 1861, which was abandoned.

* * *

Matters are changed considerably to-day. In Oshawa the Vindicator is published by a company headed by Mr. W. J. Watson, and the Reformer is published by Mr. Chas. Mundy. In Whitby the Gazette has been amalgamated with the Chronicle, and the joint papers are published by Mr. Goodfellow.

In Uxbridge the Guardian is succeeded the North Ontario Times, and is published by Mr. C. V. Nolan. Until very recently the Journal was published by Mr. W. H. Kellar, but is now the property of Mr. Gowan.

At Port Perry the North Ontario Observer is published by Mr. H. Parsons. The Standard has been amalgamated with the Port Perry Star, which is published by Samuel Farmer.

Mr. Wm. A. Robinson publishes The Gleaner at Cannington.

In Beaverton the Express is published by Mr. J. J. Cave.

In Pickering the News is published by Mr. John Murkar.

THE CHURCHES

Sunday would come and go in the early days without much to mark it from any other days. There were no churches, nor were there any preaching services. In some of the settlers' cabins Bibles could be found and they were read and treasured, but in many cases if Sunday was observed at all it was simply a day when neighborly calls were made. Often it would be forgotten altogether.

Conditions among the Indians were very bad. Rev. R. Monteath, in his history of Reach, says:

"Elder Marsh, a Baptist preacher, was the first preacher in Reach; and continued for some time. But another gentleman of the same persuasion undertook work of a similar kind which calls for a more extended notice. We refer now to Elder Scott, an agent of the American Missionary Society, who desired strongly to improve the condition of the Indians. A considerable number of the Missisauga tribe—the same tribe who once lived on the site of Toronto—had encamped for years on the shore of Lake Scugog, and prior to the year 1827 their character was extremely bad. 'They were among the most degraded and filthy of all the tribes. Men and women were addicted to drunkenness almost without any exception,' and so destitute were they of moral principle that 'they were pests of the country, and the by-word and scoff, as well as the terror of the inhabitants.' But during the autumn of this year, 'they embraced the Christian religion, and immediately gave the most satisfactory proof of its holy influence and benign tendency. From a condition unspeakably debauched, degraded and vitiated, in almost every sense of the word, they became a serious, moral, and pious community.'"

Everything regarding the relationship between preacher and people was very different eighty or ninety years ago. Parishes or circuits were very large. Preachers used to travel on foot or on horseback many

miles, and often had so much to do that they felt it a privilege when the horses were quiet enough to allow them to study their sermons as they rode from one appointment to the other.

Stated salaries paid in cash were rare. Camilla Sanderson, in her book, "John Sanderson the First," the story of a pioneer preacher in Cartwright, says:

"A certain proportion of the minister's salary was paid 'in kind.' Sometimes these contributions were all that could be desired; and sometimes faith, patience and ingenuity were equally and severely taxed to blend the incongruous, and to make articles wholly unsuitable do moderate duty in the supply of family requirements.

"On one occasion a great bale of wool was sent, and when the messenger went away father stood and looked at it with a most comical air of perplexity. Then he turned to mother and said, 'What in the name of wonder shall we do with it? We can neither eat, drink, nor wear it; do you suppose you could sell it?' Mother laughed and answered, 'If you'll get me a pair of cards and a spinning-wheel, I'll show you that we can do a great deal better than sell it.' The cards and the spinning wheel were borrowed, and under mother's dextrous hands did such good service that in a few weeks' time a pretty roll of navy blue and red check flannel came home from the weaver's, and in another week Mary and I were gowned in homespun dresses of our mother's making, of which we were sorely in need. It was a revelation to the women of the circuit when it became known that the minister's wife was not only well versed in all the details of ordinary housekeeping, but that she could take wool in the rough, and with her own hands put it through all the tedious processes of washing, picking, carding, and spinning, and in the end turn dressmaker, with results she had no reason to be ashamed of, was an astonishment to them. It was weary work that carding and spinning but to this day I recall her slender figure swaying gracefully as she stepped lightly to and fro, and held the yarn, now high above her head, now lower, while the wheel whirred gleefully, fast or slow, at her bidding. Mary and I have had a variety of dresses since, some of them pretty and dainty enough, but I'm quite sure that we never had any of which we felt so proud as we did of those our mother made from start to finish."

When the ministers had meals away from home, they had a variety of experiences. Sometimes the tables were loaded with an abundance

of excellent food, while at other times potatoes, milk, and salt formed a dish to satisfy the hunger. Whatever the nature of the meal, it was given in a spirit of kindly hospitality for which the Canadian pioneer was noted.

The minister was made a welcome guest, and the lonesomeness of their position, made the kindnesses shown doubly welcome. We quote again from Miss Sanderson's book, as she speaks of their arrival on the Cartwright Circuit.

"Here again we found good friends, nice kind people, who were true of heart and free of hand, ministering in things temporal to the man by whom they were ministered unto in things spiritual. There were the Bruces, two families of them, the Mills and the Devitts, the Croziers and the Devers, and a host of others whose names have slipped out of my memory during the many years that have come and gone since their many acts of kindness warmed our hearts.

Regarding the churches before 1858 we shall have to again refer to Mr. Monteath's book. He says:

In 1848. Our readers will scarcely expect to be told that the first churches that were raised in Reach were raised on the line of the Brock Road. We refer to the Presbyterian Church and the Primitive Methodist Church, the former on the 12th and the latter on the front of the 11th concession, both of which were erected this year. We are quite aware of another place of worship which was raised four years before, namely that which is used by the Baptists on the front of the second concession. But that was originally intended for a schoolhouse, and was so used for some time. To all intents and purposes, then, the two churches we have just noticed were the first that were raised in this township. And let it be remembered where they were raised; not in the neighborhood of the earliest settlements, nor in places where villages were forming, but in quarters of a thoroughly rural kind, which were not peopled till twelve years after the front concessions.

Col. Farewell gives the following account of the establishment of Presbyterian church at Utica: "John Christie, father of Peter Christie, was accustomed to walk to the kirk at Starr's Hill, east of Whitby town from Epsom. He wrote to the Marquis of Bredalbane in Scotland of the want of churches in Canada. The Marquis sent a subscription of

£20 sterling, and with this and contributions of lumber, shingles and timber, the church was built 1848.

1851. This was the year the steamer Woodman was built. Contemporaneous with this achievement was the erection of another place of worship: namely, the Wesleyan Methodist Chapel in Prince Albert. It had long been needed, the Wesleyan Methodists in this locality being numerous, having had the benefits of preaching since 1830. Before the church was put up they had met in the schoolhouse. Somewhere also about this time an important Society was constructed again, which for several years had been defunct. We refer to the Bible Society of Reach.

1852. This year another chapel appeared in the township. This was the Wesleyan Methodist Chapel in the neighborhood of Utica. After being raised and fitted for use, it was duly dedicated in the month of September.

1856. Before the end of that year, two buildings were opened in the township. One of these is situated in Epsom, namely the Wesleyan Methodist Chapel—a simple but very commodious structure. The other is also a place of worship, which stands nearly a mile north, and forms the property of the Primitive Methodists

Shortly after this, though not till the summer of 1857, two other chapels were raised in the township. The first was the Episcopal Methodist situated near Borelia, which was set apart for religious service on the 18th day of October. The other was the United Presbyterian Chapel on the northern side of Prince Albert, which was formally opened on the 8th of November.

The earliest religious body in Port Perry seems to have been composed of Millerites. They held their services in a log building near where the water tank now stands near Borelia. Some peculiar beliefs are credited to these people, notable among which was the idea that Christ would come to earth again in bodily form at a certain fixed date which they claimed to know. Quite a stir was created in the neighborhood as the day of the Lord's coming drew near, for the Millerites began to give away their property. Of course when Christ came they expected that the dead would rise. One man who had buried his children in a graveyard near his home, dressed himself in white and sat out on his porch to watch the graves of his children, and for the children to rise.

A number of the Millerites became members of the Catholic Apos-

toloc church which started just about the time the Millerites disbanded. William Wightman was the first ordained minister of the Catholic Apostolic Church, and the building between Borelia and Prince Albert now used by this body, was put up while Mr. Wightman was in charge.

The Episcopal Methodists were the first Methodists to hold service in Port Perry. That was in the days before the union of the Episcopal and Wesleyan Methodists. After the church at Borelia mentioned by Mr. Monteath, they occupied two other buildings. One was that now used as a primary school. The other was erected by them on the corner of Mrs. Weir's property on Queen Street.

The Wesleyan Methodists were strong at Prince Albert. At that time Prince Albert Circuit took in Scugog, Reach, Uxbridge, and Scott, with Prince Albert as headquarters.

Rev. Marmaduke Pearson was one of the earliest ministers. He afterwards went to Uxbridge, and the circuit was divided, Prince Albert retaining Reach and Scugog. That was about the year 1872.

Prince Albert Wesleyan Methodists found their membership decreasing, and began to take steps to establish themselves in Port Perry. but at first they were unsuccessful. Afternoon service was held in a big room above the Walker House hotel sheds. Then the meeting was dropped for a year.

At the time of the ministry of Rev. S. C. Philp, Jr., the Wesleyan Methodists put up the brick church which was afterwards sold to the Roman Catholics, who had formerly worshipped in a little church at Borelia.

After a while the Wesleyan and Episcopal Methodists united, and the Wesleyan church was found to be too small for the united congregations. Negotiations were opened with the Roman Catholic people, whose headquarters were then at Uxbridge, and Rev. Mr. Ockley, the Methodist minister in charge, was commissioned to make the sale. The sale was made, as the Roman Catholics had intended to build in Port Perry.

Then the Methodists put up their present handsome brick church near the Town Hall. Because of the generosity of the early members, this building has been entirely free of debt for some years. A prominent figure in all this work was Aaron Ross. Now, when the church is free of debt it is hard to realize what sacrifices those early members made.

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Then the Methodists put up their present handsome brick church near the Town Hall. Because of the generosity of the early members, this building has been entirely free of debt for some years. A prominent figure in all this work was Aaron Ross. Now, when the church is free of debt it is hard to realize what sacrifices those early members made. One man whose salary was not more than six hundred dollars, some years gave as much as one quarter of it to the support of the church.

Many excellent Methodist ministers have been in charge in Port Perry, the most notable having been Rev. E. R. Young.

We have not a complete list of the pastors of the Methodist church but the list includes the following names: Revs. Messrs. E. R. Young, E. F. Goff, ——— John Ockly, N. R. Willoughby, H. M. Manning, L. W. Hill, R. Cade, D. McCamus, Geo. McColl, G. H. Copeland, B. Greatrix, R. H. Leitch, and the present pastor, Rev. R. Bamforth.

As was indicated in a previous paragraph there was a Presbyterian church at Prince Albert, which was erected about 1857. Rev. P. Monteath began his pastorate in the Spring of 1856, and continued until 1865. The church was without a pastor for about two years after Mr. Monteath's withdrawal. Services were conducted by ministers sent for longer or shorter periods. Among them was Rev. Mr. Jamieson and to to him the congregation extended a call to become their minister in 1867. It was during his pastorate that St. John's Presbyterian Church was built in Port Perry. For about ten years both these churches were kept going, the one minister officiating for both congregations.

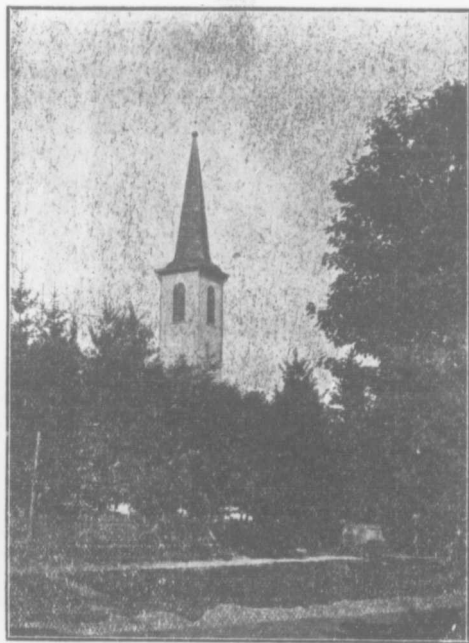
Then the church at Prince Albert was discontinued, and the two congregations united. Mr. Jamieson was succeeded by Rev. Jas. Thom who was followed by Rev. Hugh Crozier. Rev. Dr. John McMechan,



THE METHODIST CHURCH, PORT PERRY



ST. JOHN'S PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, PORT PERRY



BAPTIST CHURCH, PORT PERRY

whose pastorate extended from 1884 to 1892, was the next pastor. He was succeeded by Rev. A. W. R. Whiteman, who officiated until 1899. Then came Rev. Wm. Cooper, Rev. Mr. McInnis, Rev. A. C. Cameron; and the present minister, Rev. W. J. West.

The Church of the Ascension (Anglican) was first opened on Sunday, February 28, 1868, under the incumbency of Rev. R. S. Forneri, now rector of St. George's Church, Kingston. Rev. G. Nesbitt was incumbent from 1870 to 1873, the church at Greenbank being then part of the parish. Rev. C. C. Johnson followed in 1874 and remained four years, being succeeded for a short period by Rev. C. E. Sills.

Rev. Dr. Carry was the next incumbent and his ministry extended from 1879 to 1890, when he died suddenly on the 22nd of December. His is the outstanding name among the Anglican clergymen who have been in Port Perry. In addition to his effective pastoral work, Dr. Carry exerted a wide influence by his writings.

Rev. J. Fletcher was incumbent during the years 1890 and 1891, during which time the church was remodelled and improved. Rev. Geo. Scott followed, and the rectory was built during his incumbency. Next came Rev. R. W. Allin, then Rev. G. St. G. Tyner. The present incumbent is Rev. C. P. Muirhead.

Both the Salvation and the Saved Army held services for a time in Port Perry, and the Salvation Army had considerable following.

The Baptist Church building was formerly used as a Mechanics' Institute, and was bought by the Society at its organization in 1866. Among the ministers who have officiated here are the following: Revs. Messrs. Jos. King, Wm. Prosser, J. Dowling, E. Chesney, F. Tapscott, J. Goodwin, Jas. McEwen, W. W. McMaster, P. G. Mode, J. C. McFarland, J. C. Cameron, — Steinhoff, T. Hagan, J. C. Hobson, and the present pastor Rev. I. Ford

WILD ANIMALS THAT WERE KNOWN

Before we leave this interesting story, something should be said of the wild animals that were common in the early days. Some of them were a great nuisance, particularly the wolves, which made great havoc among the sheep.

There were bears, wolves, mink, fox, beaver, lynx, and wild cat. Bears used to eat the oats, standing on their hind feet and gathering the grain in their arms, so that they could munch the heads. One man took advantage of this habit, and erected a small platform within gunshot of the place where Mr. Bear was accustomed to take his meals. By this means the man was able to get a good shot at the bear and supply himself and the neighbors with a large quantity of meat.

Wolves have a great liking for each other, and if one of them was shot, the others in the pack showed their liking by gobbling him all up. In doing this they spoiled the appearance of the hide considerably. John Rolph says that he was anxious to get a wolf skin, but that he must have shot forty wolves before he secured a whole hide.

The following story is told of Reuben Crandell, Sr. One evening he went out as usual to hunt his cow. He listened for the bell, but could not hear it. So he kept wandering farther and farther away from his cabin. Still there was no sound of the bell, but soon another sound was heard—the howl of a wolf. Presently another wolf spoke up. One by one they joined the chorus until the whole pack were in full cry. Just about this time Reuben woke up to the fact that he had strayed from his usual paths, and was lost in the woods without a gun.

Back in the cabin his wife could hear the wolves, too; and she knew that her man was wandering about somewhere out there in the bush without axe or rifle. So she took the big old musket and laid it across a log outside the cabin door, after having put in an enormous charge of powder. Then she tied a yarn string to the trigger, and passed

the end of the string through a crack of the door. When she got the door shut and was safely inside, she pulled the string and a tremendous noise followed. The sound echoed through the woods. Reuben heard it and understood. That shot saved his life, for it guided him home and scared the wolves from his path. Wolves are greatly frightened by the smell of gunpowder, and the settlers used to mix it with tallow and burn it to scare the wolves away.

The other day Joseph Reader was in the office and was telling how plentiful the fish were. He remembers catching a muskalonge that weighed twenty-four pounds. Those who now consider themselves fortunate if they secure one or two good sized fish, could then have caught big fellows by the dozen.

It used to be a peculiar sight to watch the innumerable black snakes swimming about down by the dock, and along the lake front. They were harmless but rather uncanny companions for bathing.

