

# Historical Incidents

OF THE

## COUNTY OF SIMCOE.

A CITY BEAUTIFUL.

COLLINGWOOD, A DISMAL SWAMP  
IN 1852, A THRIVING TOWN  
OF 6,000 PEOPLE TO-DAY.

IT HAS THAT RARE THING, "GOOD  
LOCAL GOVERNMENT," AND  
OWNS ITS WATER AND LIGHT-  
ING SYSTEMS, WHICH INCREASE  
THE TOWN'S REVENUE.

The following interesting and descriptive article from the pen of Mr. John Birnie, B. C. L. LL. B., recently appeared in the Montreal Witness it was accompanied by a number of illustrations, including a portion of Hurontario street, the harbor and the Dry Dock:

The town of Collingwood is a "winning sort of place" so busy and so beautiful, that the traveller within its borders not only carries away with him many pleasant recollections, but becomes, a sort of missionary for the town, by his constant flattering references to it. It is difficult to wholly believe that this now, populous and thriving city was nothing but a dismal and impenetrable swamp in 1852, the haunt and home of the wild deer and the wolf, untracked and untrodden by the foot of man, save some wandering Indian on his way to the hunting grounds of the Nottawasaga river. Such was the case, however, and at that time there were very few settlers in the surrounding country, and what is now well-cultivated farm and golden meadow was then dark primeval forest, with no means of intercommunication from one lone-

ly settlement to another. In 1854, however, the Northern Railway even then reaching out for the great North-west traffic (which now rolls in such volumes from the west to the east,) projected its line to the shores of the Georgian Bay, and its manager, the late Mr. Cumberland with prophetic instinct settled this uncomprising swamp as the northern terminus of his railway. From that time to this, the town has been slowly but steadily progressing. There has been no mushroom growth, no boom, no spasmodic movement, but a gradual, graded, growing which has placed the town to-day on as sound a financial basis as any town of its size and population on the North American continent. The first white man who probably landed on the present site of the town of Collingwood, with the intention of settling, was John Birnie, who came from the Nottawasaga river in 1850; but the shores looked so barren and inhospitable, the only denizens being immense clouds of mosquitoes, which viciously attacked the daring intruder with such vim and violence that Mr. Birnie incontinently bent a retreat and sailed for the river. Others came, however, in 1854 when the town proper was first settled, some of the old residents, being still living, notably, John Birnie, Chas. Macdonnell, and Dr. Stephen. From the advent of the railway settlers began to pour in and soon the desolate swamp was converted into a thriving village which in turn gave place to the populous town of the present day.

Territorially, Collingwood has plenty of room to expand, being sever-

miles long and two miles wide, its entire length lying along the shores of the Georgian Bay. Assessed at a very low value, its taxable property is placed at about two million dollars, and the bonded indebtedness of the town at two hundred thousand dollars, which is a very small debt, considering the assets possessed by the town for which this debt was incurred. It possess fifteen miles of the finest granolithic pavements, which are the admiration and envy of every town in the province. These roads cost over twenty-five thousand dollars paid for entirely by local improvement tax. The town is lighted entirely by electricity, and has as fine a system of waterworks as has yet been devised, both fire and water systems being owned and operated by the town. Hurontario street which is the main street of the town is a model in every respect. Running straight through the centre of the town, with its full magnificent width of one hundred feet it represents the solid portion of Collingwood with its handsome brick blocks for business, and its substantial public edifices.

Within defined areas of the town no buildings, but such as are with main walls of brick iron or stone, are permitted to be built thus guaranteeing the substantiality of the business portion of the town.

The town has a paid fire brigade, which is active in the discharge of its duty and the Underwriters' Association have placed the town among its best classes for insurance risks. There are five public school buildings in the town, and attendance after seven years is compulsory. Nearly 1,400 pupils attend. A very efficient truant by-law is in active operation. Two tanneries are situated in the town, two large saw mills running night and day, several sash and door factories and manufacturing establishments at present running to their utmost capacity. The fishing industry is carried on very extensively in Collingwood, perhaps one of as large fleets of fishing boats operates on the lakes from here as from any other place on fresh water, and in the fall and spring the harbor is crowded with the vessels which are engaged in this occupation. In this industry there is invested in Collingwood over a hundred thousand dollars in boats

steam tugs, nets and plant. The annual catch amounts to \$125,000, and the number of men employed is about two hundred and fifty of the finest mariners bred. Collingwood is at present blessed with that rare but excellent thing, a good municipal council; it is called the business council and deserves its name. Up to two years ago the town was governed by fourteen councillors including a mayor, and two deputy reeves; the councillors were elected by what is known as the ward system, but two years ago the town voted to reduce the municipal council to six members, and the present council is composed of some of the leading business men, who are conducting the affairs of the town as they would do their own business and with equal success. At the head of this council stands pre-eminent, the Mayor, John Chamberlain, one of those sturdy Englishmen, who are doing so much to build up Canada into a great nation. Mr. Chamberlain has been thrice elected by his fellow townsmen to the honorable position he now so worthily occupies, and it may be said without flattery, that Mayor Chamberlain is one of the most efficient, industrious and painstaking officials who has ever presided at the council board. He is continually at work, seeking how to promote and advance the best interests of the town. He is always hammering upon the government at Ottawa the importance of Collingwood as a shipping port, and the need for permanent improvement at their hands. It is pleasing to note that his efforts in this respect are meeting with such deserving success.

The other members of the Council are some of Collingwood's shrewdest business men, and are H. Y. Telfer, a member of the wholesale grocery and provision firm of Telfer Bros., who are also large manufacturers of flour and woollen goods, possessing large mills where these industries are extensively carried on. This firm is noted for its successful business career and strict integrity in all its dealings. Mr. C. E. Stephens is head of the large mercantile firm of C. E. Stephens & Co., one of the largest establishments as one of the most successful in the town. Mr. Stephens is chairman of the finance committee, and under his keen brain and intelligent business-like supervi-

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sion the financial affairs of the town are placed on a proper and efficient basis. Mr. James Guilfoyle is head of the successful firm of Guilfoyle Bros., who do a large general business in dry goods and groceries, and are very large exporters of fruit. Mr. Guilfoyle has charge of the water and light systems of the town, and is without doubt the most capable man that could be got for the position, having had charge of the systems from their first inception. He has placed both the water and light upon a paying basis, so that they add considerable revenue to the town's exchequer. Mr. Dan Wilson of the enterprising manufacturing firm of Wilson Bros., is head of the board of works department, and his practical knowledge and energetic zeal for the advancement of the town bears good fruit. Mr. Frank Bryan, of the Bryan Bros. Manufacturing is chairman of the town property committee and under his supervision the town's property is managed in the economical manner. The Bryan Manufacturing Co., does a large business in building operations, and is one of the leading firms in the county. Mr. Hector Lamont is Chairman of the printing committee and license committee, and it would be hard to find a better man to look after these interests. Mr. Lamont is a dealer in high class pianos, and conducts a large music emporium in one of the principal blocks on main street, and his name as an honest dealer and successful one is a household word in the community.

The great ambition of Collingwood is to get an air line railway built to Toronto, and the point of view from which this enterprise is regarded by the Collingwood people has been very ably presented by Mr. John Birnie, jr., the town solicitor. Mr. Birnie contends that the Toronto-Collingwood air line route would easily be a formidable rival to the Buffalo route, as the distance between Toronto and Collingwood is but 70 miles, and easy grades can be obtained by following the valley of the Nottawasaga river and the Humber valley upon entering Toronto. It is estimated that the road can be equipped and built for three million dollars. The commodious harbor at Collingwood will then be deepened so as to admit vessels of the largest size plying the lakes; large

elevators of the most modern plant and equipment will be erected here, and the grain, elevated into cars of large capacity and rapidly hauled to Toronto, and there re-loaded into vessels capable of going through the St. Lawrence rocks.

"Time," says Mr. Birnie, "in the problem of transportation is no inconsiderable factor, and a reference to the map will show at a glance the extraordinary advantages of this route in the matter of time. Grain coming from Chicago could be delivered two or three days earlier than in New York. The distance from, say Mackinaw, to New York is, in round numbers, a thousand miles of which 570 is by water and 430 by rail from Buffalo. The distance from Mackinac to Collingwood by water is 240 miles; from Collingwood to Toronto by rail 70 miles; Toronto to Montreal by water 340 miles, or a total of 659 miles from Mackinac to Montreal, or a difference of 350 miles in favor of the Toronto-Collingwood route. Bulk would have to be broken but once oftener than the Buffalo route, but when the modern and easy facilities for the handling of grain are taken into consideration the loss here is inconsiderable. As was to be expected the two great existent railways of Canada are not very warmly moved in the direction of cheaper transportation, especially by water and in grappling with the question, the open avowed hostility of these two great railway corporations will have to be encountered and overcome by the might of public opinion and the statesmanship of those who are now guiding the destinies of this country. But the safety of the traffic demands that this air line link between the west and east should be owned and controlled by the Government of Canada, placing it beyond the reach and out of the grasp of the two great octopi which are devouring nearly all the transportation facilities of the country. The government should build and equip this road and make it part and parcel of the transportation system of the country and the connecting link between the great lakes and the west and the government canal system in the east. Collingwood is a government harbor of refuge, and the government is fully alive to the importance which it is bound to attain in the near fut-

ure, and has let large and important works for the purpose of having in this harbor sufficient depth of water to admit vessels of the largest draught; these works have been going on for the past two years, and it is expected another year or two will see the harbor placed in a position to meet the requirements of the ever large increasing traffic coming down the great lakes. It has now a large elevator of nearly 500,000 bushels capacity, and the ratepayers lately granted a bonus of \$25,000 towards the erection of a million bushel elevator with the most modern plant and machinery. The harbor is semicircular in form, having a diameter of nearly a mile, and amply protected on all sides, the imposing heights of the Blue Mountains forming a solid barrier on the west and north-west. Collingwood is fortunate in being the owner of the forest-lands and most of the harbor, instead of having it in the possession of some railway or other corporation. The municipality is thus in good position to offer advantageous sites and water facilities to industries locating there, and should the air line be built, it will be granted ample terminal facilities right on the harbor, with plenty of water for wharves and elevators. By soundings lately undertaken it was discovered that all the western portion of the basin composing the harbor is of white clay bottom, and a depth of thirty feet can be obtained by simple dredging without any blasting. Navigators prefer the port of Collingwood to any other on the Georgian Bay, on account of its easy accessibility: once Georgian Bay is entered the mariner steers a straight course by night or day down the middle of the lake, and enters Collingwood harbor without encountering a single rock or shoal. Owing to its position on the open lake this harbor opens first in the spring and closes last in the fall and navigation is assured for at least nine months in the year, and it has happened that the harbor has never been closed all the year round by sufficient ice to seriously impede navigation. Vessels drawing sixteen feet can now safely enter this harbor, and when the government works are completed a depth of 20 feet inside and 22 feet outside will be attained, which will be ample for all

requirements for years to come. Collingwood has to-day one of the largest and best equipped and commodious lines of steamboats plying the great lakes from any Canadian port, that of the Northern Navigation Co. The fleet consists of eight magnificent steamers of the most modern only last month. Two of the largest "Germanic," having been launched only last month. Two of the largest the "Majestic" and "City of Collingwood", make two trips per week direct between Collingwood and Port Arthur and Duluth, and are laden each trip to their utmost capacity. Four boats ply regularly between Collingwood and "the Sault," and intermediate ports, running up the beautiful inside channel and during the months of July and August proceed to the far-famed isle of Mackinaw upon special excursion trips, which are patronized from all over the continent. Two boats run to Killarney on the North shore via Parry Sound, French River, Byng Inlet, Point Aux Baril and other ports connecting at Killarney with the "Sault" and Mackinac boats. This energetic company has a keen eye to the future, and is quite prepared to put on another first-class fleet of freighters to meet the requirements of the new traffic when the air line railway shall be constructed.

Collingwood has about 6,000 inhabitants, who are keenly alive to the interests of their town, and ready to put their hands in their pockets to assist any industry which will advance it. They have built entirely one of the largest dry docks on fresh water, and leased it to the Dry Dock and Wrecking Co., of Collingwood which does a large business and is engaged extensively in shipbuilding. This company are now contemplating putting in new and increased facilities which will make the yard one of the most extensive of its kind. A number of the most enterprising of Collingwood's citizens, joined with English capitalists, have lately erected a large pork packing establishment within the municipality, and have worked up a large and lucrative business, chiefly for export trade, the quality of bacon sent out by them being considered a superior line in the Old Country. They kill a thousand hogs per day, and have buyers out in all parts of the country purchasing the raw material.

## FORMATION OF THE LAKES.

There are no lakes in the Southern States except in Florida, which is comparatively new land more recently raised up out of the ocean depths and not yet thoroughly drained off, and some bayous or lagoons along the Red and Mississippi rivers, which are overflows or tenants of former beds of those rivers. But lakes are very numerous in the Northern states and throughout Canada, being most plentiful in Minnesota, where they are estimated at from 5,000 to 15,000. Prof. Winchell the state geologist giving 10,000 as a conservative figure. Michigan follows a close second, the range of estimates being about the same, but the state geologist has estimated that the number is less than 10,000. The contrast between no lakes in the South and many in the North, says the Detroit (Minn.) Journal, was very remarkable until observation showed that these lakes are all confined to the area that was covered by the ice during the glacial epoch, and investigation has demonstrated that they were all formed, with perhaps one exception, by that wonderful invasion.

The greater number of the smaller lakes are "kettle holes" dug out by torrents of water that poured down from the edges of the melting ice. The next larger number are in valleys scooped out or ground out by the moving ice, and as the ice reached depths varying from a thin sheet at its southern edge up to 10,000 feet on the highlands of Canada, its power to "grind" rocks must have been enormous. Such lakes are generally the longest in the direction that the ice moves, mostly from north to south. Lakes Chautauqua, Canadaigua, Seneca, Cayuga and Champlain, in New York, are notable examples of this class of formation.

A third class of lakes are ponds shut up by surrounding moraines, or those occupying former valleys, the outlets of which were filled up by the "drift" of the ice. Lake Erie is a notable example of this last class of formations, it being only a large "mill pond," with an average depth of less than 90 feet. Nearly all of these lakes are much smaller than formerly, and many have become entirely extinct by being filled up with washings from the surrounding land, by marl deposits or grown over by

vegetation. Probably every reader knows of lakes that are now being thus grown over. In the Champlain (ice melting) epoch all of our rivers were torrential flooded back and made temporary lakes, which were the origin of many of the smaller prairies of Southern Michigan, notably Coldwater and Girard in Branch county. As an example, the Kalamazoo river was nearly a mile wide in places; near Ostego in Allegan county, it met an obstruction and for a time flowed southward to South Bend where it united with the St. Joseph and flowed to the Mississippi through the Kankakee and Illinois.

Probably Lake Superior was the only one of the Great Lakes that existed before the glacial epoch. There is an outline of its northern shore near the close of the earliest, the eozoic era, and it appears as a complete lake all through the long paleozoic era. But in the great changes of the mesozoic era it seems to have got lost and there is no trace of it at the beginning of the geozoic era; but it is quite likely that it again appeared before the glacial epoch. Probably nothing but great valleys with large rivers, existed where the other four large lakes now are. The Helderberg limestone series that now constitute Mackinac Island, and in places extend up now 200 to 300 feet, formerly extended both north and south much farther, completely separating Lake Huron valley from both Lake Superior and the great valley that now constitutes Lake Michigan. Before the ice age Lake Superior emptied into Lake Michigan valley some distance west of Mackinac Island and flowed south through the valley now occupied by the Thames river London, Ont., into the Erie valley, which was very broad, but the most shallow of all of these great valleys. A mighty river ran through this Erie valley in those days of torrential rains, but just before it reached the locality of Buffalo it turned north and emptied into the Ontario Valley at its west end near Hamilton.

The ice ground out all these great valleys much deeper than they were before, especially Michigan and Huron, carrying the arterial southward with the other drift. It receded or melted back from an east-of-south direction in the vicinity of Southern Michigan, of course filling all of these great valleys with water south

of the melting line. As the ice covered the eastern end of the Ontario valley the water filled all of the west end of that valley and all of the Erie valley, making a vast lake that covered nearly all of Ontario, Canada, extending north to the Huron and west to the Ypsilanti, on a line from there along the eastern side of the moraines or hills in Lenawee county to Pittsford, and so on southward to Fort Wayne, Ind., where it emptied southwest into the Ohio through the Wabash river. It is the sediment of that great lake that makes the rich soil that overlies all of Monroe and the south part of Wayne and the eastern part of Lenawee counties.

The southern part of Lake Michigan being thawed out at this time, its water flowed through its old channel, the Illinois river. That Fort Wayne outlet was 765 feet above the level of the sea. As the ice melted back a little further it uncovered a pass between the valleys of the Shiawassee and Grand rivers that was only 755 feet above the sea—40 feet lower—so this great lake, now augmented by a part of Huron, for a time flowed across Michigan there, joined the waters of Lake Michigan, which make so vast a lake that it covered nearly all of the state of Illinois south to a line of hills that are a continuation of the Ozark mountains of southern Missouri.

The sediment from that lake gave to Illinois remarkably rich soils. The drift had filled up the former outlet of Lake Superior near Mackinac, and as the west end of that lake began to thaw out, its waters found a passage southwestward across Minnesota into the Mississippi. Thus all the waters of the five great lakes flowed to the Gulf of Mexico. In its thousands of years of southward moving the ice had ground down a good share of the Helderberg rock ridge of Mackinac which was 715 ft. above the sea, or another 40 feet lower. And so the Erie-Ontario lake flowed into the Huron on its north, Superior opened a new outlet down the St. Mary's river and flowed through the straits in Lake Michigan and finally to the gulf as before.

At about the same period, as the ice obstructed the natural outlet of the great basin of Manitoba and northern Dakota and Minnesota, which had drained into Hudson Bay,

a vast lake was formed in that region much larger than the combined area of all our present five great lakes, and this lake also emptied southward to the gulf through the Mississippi. What a mighty river that must have been then, and its present valleys shows that it was just such an enormous river. When the ice thawed back to Hudson Bay that great lake, which has been named Agassiz, was drained away almost entirely, Lakes Winnipeg and Manitoba being only prominent remnants of it.

The ice continued to recede slowly, (for it was many thousands of years in melting away), and as it melted eastward in Lake Ontario it opened the valley of the Mohawk and at Rome, N. Y., the water found a passage that was fifteen feet lower than Mackinac, and so all of these lakes turned that way and flowed through the Mohawk and Hudson into the Atlantic. This lowered Lake Michigan so it extended only to the region of the Kankakee, or only about seventy or a hundred miles south of its present boundary. Now followed the greatest change of all. As the ice melted out of the St. Lawrence valley Lake Ontario drained down to about its present level, which is over 300 feet lower than the Mohawk passage. The drift had filled up the low passage between Erie and Ontario valleys so that the lowest passage was that from Buffalo northward, and so the mighty waters of the upper lakes rushed headlong and created that grandest of objects in the world.—Niagara!

The old passage from Huron to Erie via the Thames valley had been filled by the drift and so a new outlet was formed via the St. Clair and Detroit rivers. There is strong evidence that at some time the three upper lakes flowed to the St. Lawrence through the Georgian bay and Ottawa river, but the relative period when that condition existed has not yet been fully determined. The Niagara outlet drained the upper lakes to about their present levels and areas—Superior being 601 feet above the level of the sea, 10,000 ft. greatest depth, 32,000 square miles area; Huron, 581 feet high, 802 ft. greatest depth, 22,000 miles area; Michigan, 582 feet high, 868 feet greatest depth, 26,000 area; Ontario 247 feet high, 606 feet greatest depth, 7,500 area.

## AN OLD-TIME ELECTION IN SIMCOE.

Mr. J. A. Mather, of New Lowell North Simcoe has furnished the Sun with the following recollections of early elections in his section:

An election in the early days was a Godsend to the settlers. Nothing wrong ever entered their minds. If they could reap a few dollars while such contest was going on it was taken for granted that the men whose aspirations to Parliamentary honors had plenty of money and were ready to spend it to secure the position coveted.

The late Angus Morrison, who represented this riding for a number of years was one of the victims. His last successful canvass in this township to my knowledge cost him over \$8 a head for every vote secured. Although opposed to him I was entrusted to make out a bill of expenses after the election was over and know for a fact what I assert. It was a hard fight and cunning had to be used against cunning on both sides.

As for example. I well remember one elector, who lived three miles from a polling booth, being brought from home to the tavern in the village on Monday, and his board and entertainment paid for the week. The election did not take place until Friday, but it was deemed wise to keep him safely on land. The last hour of the last day of polling came and this man, (Florence by name) had not voted. He was watched, as we all knew what he was there for. At last he was seen to leave the tavern in the direction of the polling booth. Plans were soon laid. I met him in the road, and, as was his custom, he held out his hand (so shake mine. I at once said: "No, Florence, I cannot shake hands with a man selling his vote for whiskey. "Who says that?" was the instant query.

"Switzer," I replied and left him.

He had not gone many steps when he was met by another well known voter, Mr. Patton, and the same conversation to a word took place. This had the desired effect. Florence reached the booth, and met Switzer who was Morrison's chief agent, and the party who had brought him to the tavern early in the week.

"I am going to vote Switzer," was the salutation on meeting, and both walked up to the official recording the votes. After his name had been recorded, the question was asked:

"Who did you vote for?"

The reply came with a will—"Mc-Conkey!" Then turning around Florence said: "Now, Switzer have I sold my vote for a glass of whiskey?"

My friend Switzer at that moment was no saint. He saw what had been done and I shall say it, forgot he was a good Methodist and poured out some choice language on my (de-voiced) head.

Refreshments were openly served at crossroads, in booths, on election days, each candidate having his free tent, where beer, spirits, cheese and bread could be had free and without stint. Such was our elections in early days. Every means was tried to elect the party candidate.

A notable incident comes to my mind, where cunning against cunning was successfully practiced. I don't give either party credit for honesty in what I relate, but it is a pity the event should be forgotten. We had a negro settlement in our township in the early days. These negroes were mainly slaves from the south. They had votes, as good as the best.—and they were open for purchase. A knowing farmer knew their worth, and controlled them at all elections. There were twelve of these solid voters, and they followed the farmer's leading without dissent. As a party of men, we knew this to be a fact, and watched every movement of brave David. A close election was being run, and David was on his mettle to make all he could out of it, with the force he had at his command. The day before the election he had made a journey to the county town, to see what was the best market for the sale of his votes. On the morning of the election he was on hand and was seen to enter the telegraph office. He was followed, and was overheard to say to the operator, in charge, when instructing him to send a message:

"Just ask him, Yes or No."

Such a message was construed to mean money, and a prominent Barrie man was called to the rescue. He did so effectively having David poll his votes for McConkey, naming \$50 as the price the seller would receive in Barrie, next morning. David went by train early on the morning after

the election, and almost the first man he met on his arrival was the party he had bargained with.

David's salute was: "Good morning Mr. I."

"Good morning was the reply, "but you have got the advantage of me."

The answer was, "I am so and so, and came to meet you, as arranged."

"Came to meet me?" You must be laboring under a mistake. I don't know you, and never met you before." And thus he carried out with a brazen face, refusing to acknowledge Honest David, who had the day previous made such a good bargain.

A free train was run on the morning of nomination, for each elector, from Collingwood to Barrie, carrying all those from the township who wished to go, to the county town. The cost was paid by someone. Free meals were also given during the day to anyone who had a desire to board at the candidate's expense. This was done openly, and was at that time not known by the name of bribery. Our municipal elections were not free from fraud. Money was not so lavishly spent, but deception was often practiced on the electors. One instance will show how candidates for municipal honors were ever ready to hoodwink the community they aspired to represent. My old friend (Mr. S.—, was one year an aspirant for the reeveship. He had a strong opponent, one who had already filled the office. On the morning of the nomination he came to me and asked if I could spare him a few minutes' time, as he wanted me to write down a few notes that he would dictate. I said, "All right," and got a sheet of foolscap. He, for an excuse told me that he could read my writing so much better than his own, and that he would likely have interruption during his address to the electors. His reason was so plausible that I willingly complied with his request, and wrote as he dictated. While doing so, I said more than once to him that such a statement is not true. His reply was,

"Write as I dictate; it is not your funeral."

Little thinking what use he was to make of such a paper, I treated it as a joke. What was to my surprise when told after the meeting that he had used it as a statement of the treasurer of the township, and proved by the township clerk that it was

the handwriting of the treasurer of the township. However, it miscarried as the fraud was ventilated before the election took place. When I brought him to task for what he did, his reply was,

"I only paid you back for your trick on me during the last parliamentary election."

The happening he referred to was the following: A close contest was on between Cook and McCarthy a few months previous. My friend was the chief representative in our township for the latter candidate, while I was a supporter of the former. A few days before the election he came into the store and asked me for some paper, as he wanted to write to Sunnisdale Corners. I at once suspected who he was writing to, and on what business and told him I could not afford paper free for such a purpose but handed him a quire of soft tea paper, with the remark:

"This is good enough."

He took it and went to the opposite counter and wrote his letter. As I saw him finish it I went around and asked him to let me see it. He said that he would not let me see it for any amount of money, tearing the sheet off, I picked up the remaining paper, and after he had gone, easily traced every word he had written, it having been done with a pencil which left the impression so plainly on the under sheet that it only required to be traced to leave a facsimile of the original writing. This I showed him; the next day, and he charged me with stealing his letter. It was only after the election that he was aware of the trick. So we were even.

Not for one moment do I defend such sharp practices, but give them to show that our advance is real by giving the voice of the people an honest hearing, and saving our candidate from being fleeced when they show a laudable desire to serve their party.

Angus Morrison always wore a pair of "Forty Second" tartan trousers when he visited the township of Nottawasaga, this being done to please the Highland element in that community. Angus was a general favorite, even amongst his opponents. He was respected, and rightly so, as he was a true gentleman. Although opposed to him in these early times, I gladly give my individual opinion for what it is worth.

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Tactics were adopted in early days which were a shame to any community. One I will relate. One of the noblest men Canada has ever blest with—George Brown—was brought to Barrie on nomination day in the early sixties, by the Reformers, to take part in the day's proceedings. As soon as it was known by the opposite party that he had come for that purpose, the word was passed amongst the faithful: "Angus does not want George to be heard." And he was not. The instructions were faithfully carried out and every attempt he made to be heard was drowned by the part of men. I well remember walking over from Barrie to Alandale that afternoon with my friend, Robert Jaffray, a life long Reformer, and one of the true friends I feel proud to have together with Geo. Brown. We three were talking over the day's doings. I said how much I regretted the way they had treated Mr. Brown. His reply was: "It is only what I expected."

What a treat it would be to hear the same man now.

#### THE WRECK OF THE MARY WARD

Under the none de plume of Lance, Mr Jas. A. Tucker, assistant editor contributed a number of articles entitled "Tales of the Georgian Bay" to the Saturday Night. "The Loss of the Mary Ward," is told as follows:—

One of the earliest of the great wrecks of Georgian Bay was that of the propeller, "Mary Ward." In as angry a gale as ever lashed the usually tranquil waters of the Georgian, this vessel lost her bearings and ground herself to pieces on a submerged ridge of rock that has since borne the sinister name of the "Mary Ward shoal." Compared with several later disasters, this one was not marked by great loss of life or property; the drowning of eight men and the destruction of a vessel and cargo valued at \$25,000 are not specially terrible to contemplate compared with the results of some other disasters of which the Georgian Bay has been the scene. But the details of the story are as thrilling and tragic as those of any like occurrence.

On the 22nd of November, 1872, the Mary Ward left Sarnia for Collingwood. She was loaded with salt and

coal oil and had a number of passengers on board. At Tobermora harbor on the Bruce peninsula, she took aboard from the steamer Cumberland, several surveyors en route to Thunder Bay. This party finding that the Cumberland would not be able to proceed further than Sault Ste Marie, returned on the Mary Ward intending to proceed to their destination by the overland route. The Mary Ward reached Owen Sound on the morning of November, 24th. There she took on several more passengers for Collingwood and early in the afternoon steamed away for her destination.

It was a beautiful calm Sunday afternoon. Scarcely a ripple was caused by the gentlest southerly breeze. The most timid would not have hesitated to accept the hazards of the six hours' sail to Collingwood. All went well until the greater part of the voyage had been accomplished. The breeze freshened a bit and shifted a few points. The night came down unusually dark and for some reason the light of the Nottawasaga lighthouse could not be seen. The officers afterwards contended that something must have gone wrong with the ship's compass. At all events a light was finally picked up but, as was subsequently learned, this was the glimmer of a lamp in a large half-way house, which stood by the shore and was used by teamsters and overland travellers between Collingwood and Owen Sound. The error was discovered too late and the watchful eyes of those in charge of the wheel picked up the distant bullseye of the Nottawasaga lighthouse just as the steamer grated on a smooth shelving shoal about three miles from shore. This was at 9 p.m.

The position of the Ward was not necessarily dangerous. She was laid aground but unless the weather should become boisterous there was no reason to suppose that all on board could not be got ashore in safety. Indeed, after the first excitement had subsided, arrangements were made to pass the night in tranquillity and no thought of the impending doom entered any mind. Geo. Corbett, purser, and Mr. Moberly, a passenger, went ashore in a small boat and proceeded to Collingwood where they arrived early on Monday morning, for the purpose of procuring a tug to go to the assistance of the Ward.

After midnight the wind and sea increased, and at 11 o'clock Monday morning conditions had become so bad that Captain Johnston and seven others launched a boat and started for the lighthouse, about three miles distant, to procure assistance. Their trip was a thrilling one. When they landed at the lighthouse their boat was half full of water and in a sinking condition. The tug *Mary Ann* had meanwhile been got in readiness at Collingwood and started for the stranded steamer about 2 o'clock Monday afternoon. But before the tug had set out on its message of mercy, the wind had got into the northwest and was blowing a violent gale.

The *Mary Ann* reached the *Ward*, but the mighty billows prevented her being of the slightest assistance, and though she hovered round for a couple of hours she could not get even within halting distance of the doomed steamer and her priceless cargo of humanity. At half-past four the tug gave up the task as hopeless and reluctantly steamed back to Collingwood over mountainous seas.

Soon after she left, eight of those on board the *Ward* determined to make a desperate attempt to reach land. A boat was made ready to be lowered, and into this tiny cockleshell clambered John Stephens of Owen Sound, part owner of the *Ward*; Robert Blyth, passenger, Owen Sound; Caldwell, passenger, Toronto; Taylor, passenger, Simcoe; Chadwick, passenger, Elora; Charles Campbell, a passenger, who lived directly opposite where the *Ward* was pounding herself to pieces; Richard Reardon, wheelman, and William Burke, deck hand, both recent arrivals from England. These brave fellows made a good start upon their bold undertaking, but when a few hundred yards from the propeller the man at the boat's tiller lost his lead and let go, another of the crew immediately sprang to the leim, but it was too late, the boat swept round into the trough of the sea and the succeeding wave filled and carried two men down into the engulfing waters. The boat remained afloat a single instant. Then another billow overwhelmed the tiny craft and it swamped. Two men clung desperately to the gunwale of the yawl for nearly three-quarters of an hour. Then numbed with cold they let go and shared the dreaded fate of their six companions.

All who remained aboard the steamer were saved. The gale blew itself out towards evening, when three fishing boats pluckily put out from Collingwood over the yet raging surges and rescued all who had stuck to the ship.

The *Ward* was a total wreck. She was owned by Messrs. Forhan, Corbett, Johnson, Stephens and Miller, of Owen Sound, and was insured for \$12,000.

Owing to the receding waters of Lake Huron and Georgian Bay *Mary Ward* shoal is now a dry ridge of rock standing well up out of the water. The half-way house whose light lured the steamer to destruction stood till a couple of years ago when it was burned by tramps who had infested it since the day of its usefulness departed.

#### THE MYSTERIOUS FATE OF THE "WAUBUNO."

The story of the wreck of the steamer "Waubano" has about it an air of mystery uncommon to such occurrences on the Great Lakes and savors somewhat of a tale from the deep sea, when all that is ever known is that some vessel left port, was reported overdue, failed to reach her destination, and some pieces of floating wreckage, and, perchance a battered lifeboat or two are alone left to explain the tale of disaster. Not quite so vague and uncertain was the fate of the "Waubano", but very like it. Time has brought to light many things not known at the time of the wreck, but little light has been thrown on the mystery itself. Although the wreck must have occurred within less than a mile from land, not one single person, either passenger or sailor was saved, and not a body was ever recovered. Months after the wreck, the battered hull was found floating, bottom up, in a snug bay, far in among the islands; and years after fishermen dragged up from the bottom of the bay some articles which were recognized as belonging to the "Waubano," and which must have sunk where the ill-fated steamer was lost.

The "Waubano" was built in 1865. She was a sidewheeler about a hundred and fifty feet in length and forty feet beam. In her early days, the steamer made trips to or from any port where freight was to be

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picked up, sometimes going up to Thunder Bay, Lake Superior, where a Hudson Bay post was the only sign of civilization, then to some lumber depot on the almost unknown north shores of Lake Huron and Georgian Bay, calling periodically at Parry Sound, where the late Wm. Beatty, one of the steamer's owners, was trying to carve a model temperance settlement out of the forest.

At the time just before the wreck, the "Waubuno" had become somewhat weakened by age, and her machinery was insufficient to enable her to successfully face the gale. Her earnings helped build a number of larger and better boats, so the old boat was relegated to the Parry Sound and Collingwood route, exclusively, the trade of which was growing into large proportions. On this route the exposed portion was the twenty-eight mile run between Hope Island and Lone Rock, and a considerable part of that even could be avoided by heading for Moose Point and running into the sound by way of the south channel. As the captain could easily choose his weather and lie to behind the islands when the sea was too rough for safety of the comfort of the passengers, nobody dreamed of the possibility of a wreck on that short run, unless it was some inexperienced land-lubber. A rival company, however, had put on the same route, a new and much faster steamer, which was doling in and out the east and north shore ports ahead of the "Waubuno", picking up passengers and freight in a manner exasperating to both crew and owners. It is possible that a desire to mend this state of affairs led to the "Waubuno's" wreck, as otherwise her captain would probably have tied up to an island in safety and waited for the gale to blow over. It is more than hinted that Captain Burkett was more than once or twice taunted with allowing the new steamer to outsid and out weather him, and it is said too, that he would not be out-sailed.

Saturday, November 22nd, 1879, was a wild and winter-like day. The wind blew a gale and snow squalls were frequent. All the previous day it had been blowing great guns and the "Waubuno" lay at the dock at Collingwood, with one of the biggest loads of freight of the season, and a number of passengers, with her crew of fourteen, waiting for the

gale to moderate sufficiently to enable her to start for Parry Sound. Among the passengers were Mr. B. Noel Fisher, the then publisher and proprietor of the "North Star," of Parry Sound, a Dr. Doupe and his bride of three weeks, from Mitchell, Ont., on their way to McKellar village, where the doctor intended to practise his profession. There were also a Mr. Sylvester and wife, a man named Griffith, of Gananoque, and three or four other men, whose names are unknown. Several Parry Sound people and others, narrowly escaped being victims, by being left behind, and a few who went to sleep at an hotel instead of staying on board, to rejoice in their escape. In connection with the sad loss of Dr. Doupe and his bride, it is said that Mrs. Doupe had a great dread of the water, and the night before the "Waubuno" sailed she had a dream in which she saw the steamer wrecked and herself, her husband and fellow passengers in the water fighting for their lives. In the morning she told her husband of her dream, and with tears, besought him not to venture out on the boat, but the doctor made light of her dream and her fears, attributed both to nervousness said their furniture and effects were on the boat, their tickets paid for, and that it would cost a large sum to go around by Gravenhurst and the road, and so, much against her will, she gave way to his arguments and consented to remain on the boat. This incident is no fancy sketch, but vouched for by many responsible people to whom Mrs. Doupe told her dream the day before the "Waubuno" sailed her last trip.

During Friday night, November 21 the wind lulled somewhat, and Captain Burkett, saying the worst of the storm was over pulled out of Collingwood harbor at 4 a. m., Saturday, without waiting for the passengers who had gone to the hotel for the night. The only person who saw the "Waubuno" afloat after she left Collingwood was Hear, the Christian Island lighthouse keeper, who saw her as she passed his light, bound north, apparently all right. About noon the same day some lumbermen working in the vicinity of Moon River heard a whistle which they recognized as the "Waubuno's" sounding as if in distress, but little attention was paid to it at the time, as they thought she was signalling

some person on one of the islands. From the direction of the sound of the whistle, these men afterward came to the conclusion that Captain Burkett had tried to reach Parry Sound by way of Lone Rock, but, unable to find the rock in the blinding snowstorm, had turned around and tried to get into the calm waters of the south channel by way of the Haystack Rocks.

At about 10 a. m., of the fateful Saturday, the opposition steamer "Magnettawan," owned by the Georgian Bay Lumber Co., also pulled out of Collingwood for Parry Sound, but Captain J. O'Donnell, the master, finding the weather too thick and the sea still running high, decided to remain under shelter of Christian Island until the weather cleared. Reaching Parry Sound at noon on Monday 24, the crew of the "Magnettawan" were surprised that the "Waubano" had not arrived, and that nothing had been seen or heard of her. It was supposed that the steamer, unable to find Lone Rock, had run in to the south channel, where she was possibly stuck in shallow water, as she was heavily laden and water low.

In order to render assistance, if needed, the Parry Sound Lumber Co.'s tug, "Mittie Grew," was sent down the south channel in search of the missing steamer. Captain Burritt, the master of the tug, and his crew made a hasty examination of the south channel and picked up a lifeboat of the "Waubano," some pieces of wreckage, as well as cases of freight, and also saw a piece of the steamer's paddle box, with the letters "Waubano" painted on it. They remained until dark in the vicinity, running by the adjacent islands, sounding their whistle, and doing all in their power to attract the attention of any passengers or crew, who might have made their escape to shore; but all was in vain. Returning to Parry Sound for orders and assistance, next morning the tug was again sent to the scene of the wreck with a sailboat, and a number of volunteers, chief among whom were Messrs. A. Starkey, now of Wrenbury Hall, Cheshire, and the late Thos. R. Catoa. From the heavy wreckage which had come ashore on a small rocky island near the Haystacks, it was evident the vessel had come to grief somewhere off the south entrance, near Moose Point. Every island for several miles north and

south was strewn with wreckage of the lost boat; apples strewed the shores of the islands as from orchards after a gale. Bags of flour, bales and boxes of dry goods, chests of tea, bundles of paper, and various kinds of freight, as well as some of the steamer's furniture were picked up and taken care of. Indians and half-breeds and other fresh water pirates swarmed around the islands like vultures on the field of battle, fighting among themselves for the plunder east ashore, and from the cases broken open they extracted enough dry goods and readymade clothing to fit them out for a long time. A good deal of stuff was rescued by the crew of the tug and the volunteer helpers, which was brought into Parry Sound and turned over to the proper owners, but no trace of the passengers and crew of the lost ship could be found.

Mr. Starkey and a number of friends remained on the scene with his schooner yacht, "Ida", and continued the search as long as there was any chance of anyone surviving on an island, but their search was vain, and they sadly returned home, convinced that not a soul had escaped. Until winter set in, search for bodies was kept up unsuccessfully.

All through the winter stories of the finding of the wrecked steamer's hull were in circulation in and around Parry Sound, but it was not until the later part of March that anything like authentic information was received. Then Mr. Ireland, who had purchased the "North Star", found an Indian named Pendonquot who averred that he had found the hull, bottom up, in a little bay behind Moose Point, some three or four miles south-east of the Haystacks. A party was at once organized by Mr. Starkey and the editor, the Indian Pendonquot being hired, and the party drove down the south channel on the ice on March 30th, 1880, finding the Indian's story to be strictly true. Thus four months after the wreck, the hull of the lost vessel was found, but how she had drifted into the haven, in which she was found, whether she had capsized in open water, been stripped of her upper works or had struck a shoal and then rolled over, there was no means of determining, and there never will be "till the sea gives up its dead."

As soon as navigation opened Messrs. Starkey and Ireland and Jno.

Rowland, of the Globe Hotel, Collingwood, whose son John was purser of the lost steamer went to the scene of the wreck in the yacht "Ida" and spent considerable time in searching the islands for bodies, but beyond finding more wreckage and freight, nothing was ever discovered. Later on a hole was cut in the bottom of the hull and a further search for bodies made, but only freight, wood and wreckage was found, but evidence was not wanting that the vessel had overturned before the upper works broke up. Still later, the owners of the vessel turned the hull right side up in hope of finding the bodies of the firemen, but nothing was discovered. All summer, search for bodies was continued at intervals, but although the islands were thoroughly examined for miles from the wrecked hull, no traces of the lost ones was ever found. There had been on the steamer, when wrecked a team of horses, one or two cows, and two or three dogs, but none of these ever went ashore or were found. Every life preserver of the steamer was picked up, none having been used, showing that the wreck occurred suddenly and without warning, otherwise some of the unfortunates would doubtless have put on life preservers and taken to the lifeboats.

There was no sign on the bottom of the hull to show that it had struck rocks, but that it had capsized was borne out by the fact of the "Sampson post" being driven through the bottom of the hull.

#### The Mystery Still Unsolved.

A discovery was made by Mr. Starkey which pointed to the wreck having occurred on Haystack Reefs, he having found iron rods and parts of the machinery in sixteen feet of water. Not having means of lifting this stuff, Mr. Starkey abandoned the search on the reefs. In 1898, Mr. Archie Campbell, a fisherman while fishing up some of his nets on Haystack Reefs, brought to the surface one of the lost steamer's hand tracks, some chains and other articles, thus verifying Mr. Starkey's discovery, but leaving the manner of the wreck as great a mystery as at first. Nothing but the vaguest conjecture can ever be made as to what led to the wreck on that awful day, and how the passengers of the lost boat met their fate. Not a particle of the main deck of the "Waubano,"

has ever been found, which leads to the assumption that it was carried to the bottom by the weight of iron and other heavy freight, in the vessel's hold, and some firmly believe that the vessel upset, the machinery and heavy freight carrying the main deck down, and with it, the helpless victims.

Mr. Fisher, widow of the lost editor of the "North Star," sued the owners of the steamer for heavy damages, but two special juries were unable to agree as to the cause of the wreck, and the suit, as well as a number of others had to be dropped. A mass of evidence was adduced as to the condition of the steamer, but of such a contradictory character as to puzzle both judge and juries.

The wreck caused the loss of twenty-four lives and upwards of \$10,000 worth of freight, which composed the cargo of the vessel, very little of which was recovered, and that in a damaged condition. To this day the hull of the wrecked "Waubano" lies in that snug bay near Moose Point where it drifted so mysteriously on that day in November, 1879, and at low water parts of it protrude above the surface and are viewed by many a curious hunter after strange sights.

Other wrecks there have been, but about none hangs the veil of mystery as it does about the hull of the old "Waubano".

#### TWO CLOSE CALLS ON THE GEORGIAN BAY.

This is a story of two close calls on the Georgian Bay.

The country to the north of that great body of water was it may be stated by way of introduction, in a very different condition 15 or 20 years ago from conditions prevailing in other parts of Ontario. Then the territory between French River and the Sault was wholly without railway service and steamboats furnished the sole means of communication with the outside world. Even to-day vessels furnish the greater part of the transportation facilities provided for freight and passenger traffic. As a result of this state of affairs steamboats on Georgian Bay do not lay up, as do many of those on Lake Ontario, with the end of the summer months. They keep right on running through snow and sleet, until ice forms on the channels about the end

of November or beginning of December. Still the weather there, even late in the fall, is not all storm; there are many days of sunshine, and at times the nights are as bright as in mid-June.

On one still fall night, in the early part of November, 1882, the little Northern Belle found herself nearing "The Gap"—that dangerous stretch water connecting Georgian Bay with Lake Huron. There was, on the surface of things, not the slightest cause for alarm; the sky was a mass of dazzling stars, the water was almost without a ripple, and the engines were working as smoothly as a watch. Suddenly the Captain—Taylor was in command that season—appeared at the side of the engine room, where Whit Aston was on duty.

"Whit", said the Captain. "I do not like the appearance of the glass. I never saw it act so queerly before. It seems to me as if a storm were brewing and I have a good mind to run into Club Island for shelter."

"I wouldn't do that if I were you," answered the chief Engineer. "Every thing is going nicely, and even if a storm is coming, I can, by putting on a little extra spurt, drive across and under shelter of the peninsula before the blow comes."

The Captain was half convinced; but, on returning to his room, he found the barometer showing more alarming indications than before, and he decided to make for the nearest harbor at once. The run was a short one, but scarce had the lines of the little steamer been made fast to the dock than the calm of the moment before was succeeded by a blinding snowstorm, driven before a fierce northern gale. Lake steamer men still keep that storm among the recollections of notable events in their lives. It came on with all the suddenness of a western tornado, and if it had caught the Belle in the open, nothing would have saved the vessel and her crew from total destruction.

The other call occurred in the case of the Atlantic, and the event took place in October, of 1883. The Atlantic's adventure also occurred in "The Gap". The steamer was well across on her way up the lakes, when a storm, similar to what struck the Belle, came down from the north. I happened to be out on that same

night, and although on land, with but a few yards to go, I found it impossible to face the blizzard and was obliged to turn my face at every step. The wind blew with the force of a hurricane and the snow, more like pellets of ice than flakes of the storm broke over his ship, to get under the lee of the southern end of Lonely Island and hold on. From the only point at which shelter was afforded the lighthouse on the island could not be seen, and, as it was getting blacker every moment, it was evident the dark mass of the island would soon be shut out from view. The Captain determined, therefore, to send Mate Playter and a couple of sailors ashore in a small boat to start a beacon fire. The sailors had to pull against the wind and on arriving at the island had difficulty in making a landing. Consequently a good deal of time elapsed before they got their fire going. So long was the interval that Captain Campbell concluded they had been unable to make land at all, and had been driven out into the open to perish amid the mountainous seas, that raged in the wild waste of water stretching away to the south beyond the shelter of the land. With this belief in his mind and knowing he could not maintain his position without a light to show where the island lay, he decided that the only course open was to turn and run before the storm for Parry Sound, a hundred miles or so to the south-east.

It was a desperate chance. To realize how desperate it was look at the respective positions of Lonely Island and Parry Sound, as shown on any school map. Between the two lies practically the whole length of Georgian Bay, and over that sweep in the night in question, great seas were being driven before the fiercest gale of the year. In addition to this outside of Parry Sound is an iron-bound coast that threatened destruction to anything seeking the shelter of the harbor in such a storm.

"You can imagine my feelings," said the Captain in speaking of the matter afterwards, "when the conviction came home to me that my men had perished while striving to obey my orders and that the passengers committed to my care would be put in the direst peril from the course I deemed it necessary to take."

But just as the Captain was pro-

paring to take the risk he thought necessary, a little glimmer of light appeared on Lonely island, and a moment later a bright blaze shot up from the faggots that had been gathered by Mate Playter and the sailors. That fire was kept alive all night, and with the help of its guidance, the Atlantic was kept working off and on the land until daylight came and the storm subsided. But although the steamer was sheltered from the sea, the Captain as he stood on the bridge during the long hours of darkness was exposed to the full force of the stinging blast and blinding snow. Few men could have faced the storm even for an hour. The patient courage, and steady endurance shown by Captain Campbell during that awful night made a record that has not been surpassed during the Transvaal war.—Sun.

#### EARLY DAYS ROUND ORILLIA.

Early in the thirties a negro settlement was formed in the upper part of the Township of Oro, north of Lake Simcoe. This settlement was made up of run-away slaves, and the Rev. Mr. Raymond, a brother of the Raymond of sewing machine fame, appears to have been mainly instrumental in the formation of the settlement. The Government furnished free land. "Some of the best land in the township was," says James Smith of Edgar, "allotted to these negroes. What is now the village of Edgar was the centre of their settlement. The farm at the north-west corner of Edgar, belonged to Nelson Morrison, and the farm at the north-east corner to a negro named Munro. All told there were three families of Morrisons, and big families they were. There were also four families of the Bushes, besides the Jennings, Cases, Barbers, Smoots, St. Daney's, Thompsons, (two families), Turners, Jacksons Banks, Johnsons, Hawkins, Eddies, and others. Turner was an exceptionally big man and Jackson was a preacher."

But the attempt to found a negro settlement in the bush proved a failure. "The negroes were" says Mr. Smith, "splendid choppers, but their energy was exhausted in chopping down bush, and in a few years their little clearings were as thickly wooded as ever. The huts they built in

starting remained to the end. The only effect of the formation of this negro settlement was to delay the development of the township." "How, then, did the negroes make their living?" I asked. "They lived cheap," was the reply, "A little corn and the proceeds of the hunt went a long way. Then, while poor workers on their own pieces, they did well working on farms belonging to others. They were excellent choppers and made good hands at loggings and in the harvest field."

Still the settlement did not prosper. Of the thirty or forty families that were granted farms only four held on until this spring, and one of these has since sold out. The great majority got their farms under mortgage to a Barrie capitalist, and then the descent was easy. To-day, outside of three families still on the homesteads little remains of a settlement from which so much was expected by well-meaning philanthropists. Here and there may be found a whitewashed hut, in which lives the family of a negro labourer. "The great majority of those who left," says Mr. Smith, "went to the towns—Barrie, Collingwood, Chatham and Toronto. Few tried farming again." Some intermarried with whites, but the offspring of these marriages does not appear to be any improvement on the original black stock. The negroes seem, too, after their removal to the bush, to have experienced a revival of something of the fierce spirit of their savage ancestry. In the early days it was a very unsafe thing to insult one of the negroes, and they were particularly touchy in the matter of their color.

A short distance west of Edgar, there is a frame building that has been there for a generation. This is the old negro church. Services are still held regularly in that building. "That church has witnessed some strange scenes," said Mr. Smith. "The first preacher among the negroes was a man named Sorrocks—a run-away slave. During the old-time revivals the colored congregations went fairly crazy under the spell of this man's passionate eloquence. Some of the people even tried to climb the church walls on the way to heaven. The last night of importance with them. On that night the service was kept up all night long."

White people occasionally attended

these watch-night services, and sometimes they did not behave any too well. On one of these occasions three young men from Crown Hill, who had been celebrating the news in advance appeared at the service and caused annoyance by their conduct. "Brother Eddy," said the preacher, a negro from Toronto, "since those men do not know how to conduct themselves you had better put them out." Bro. Eddy marched boldly towards the three whites for the purpose of carrying out the preacher's orders. But when he got within a few feet of them, one of the disturbers, a man of powerful frame, rose up to his full height. "Going to put me out," said the intruder. "No," said the dusky brother, as he took in the full size of his challenger, "I don't think I am Give me a chew of tobacco." The weed settled it, and there was peace for the rest of the night.

The negroes were mainly "British Methodists", as they called themselves, but one was a Baptist. This was a man named Jackson. But he had no followers among the people of his own color, his congregation—a very small one—being made up of whites. An old graveyard surrounds the place where he used to preach. "When there was sickness in one of the negro families," says Mr. Smith, "visitors of their own color came from miles around. Mrs. Eddy, the last of the ex-slaves, died this spring. Before her death as many as twenty people were there at one time. The visitors had a double object in their visit—to wait on the sick and share in the provisions, they knew the whites would furnish on such occasions. In the early days one old woman, Mrs. Banks, was exceedingly skilful in the use of herbs; she was a doctor for the settlement."

The Rev. J. H. Harris, then of Price's Corner, now of Brooklyn, Ont., was at one time a missionary to these negroes. He was, it appears, appointed by the New England Missionary Society, a society with headquarters in England, which was organized before the revolution, for the spiritual care of negroes and Indians. Mr. Harris, although an Anglican clergyman, thus had the spiritual charge of a Methodist body. The reverend gentleman is, unfortunately, very ill just now, or I should have had some particulars from him relative to his charge. Although Orillia was so near

this old negro settlement, a negro was a curiosity there in the early days. Most of them did their business in Barrie. There are more negroes in Orillia now. Some three hundred people from the Southern States—over one hundred of them from New Orleans alone—are spending the summer there, and many have brought their negro servants along. This, by the way, is another thing that an energetic Board of Trade has done for Orillia—it has developed this tourist trade.

James Smith of Edgar, from whom I obtained most of the particulars of this old negro settlement in Oro, is the son of one of the pioneers of the township. In 1831 Matthew Smith, a soldier who had his wrist disabled in the fierce conflict at Quatre Bras, directly before Waterloo, received a bush farm in Oro as a partial return for his military services. Matthew's family consisted of two sons and one daughter, one of the sons afterwards becoming the father of James Smith of to-day. "When my grandfather was on the way out," said Mr. Smith "he left his daughter at service in Quebec. With his two sons he made his way up the St. Lawrence and finally to Toronto. From Toronto he travelled by team to Holland Landing, and from the Landing the journey was made by battenax, up Lake Simcoe to Hawkestone. Hawkestone was twelve and a-half miles from grandfather's location at lot seven on the fourth, and the entire distance was made on foot, through the bush, the members of the family carrying their little belongings on their backs.

"How did they make their fire on their arrival? By igniting punk from the bush, with a flint.

That is the only way they had for some years after their arrival. There was a negro family a mile and a-half north but the nearest white man was one named Bergin, who lived south of Dalston, on the Penetanguishen road, six miles away. Another man named Carridge lived near Bergin, on what is now the Baldwin place. He had a small brewery. Off to the west, where Orillia now stands the country was then all a blank. A year after grandfather's arrival the Elsmers moved on to the town line to the north of us. The third generation is now on their place, as I am the third generation on ours. Still later the Hartleys moved into what



we call little Muskoka."

Mr. Smith tells a curious story of a pig—a story which shows that a hog is not quite so stupid as he sometimes appears. Shortly after grandfather Smith's arrival in Oro he bought a young hog from the Elzmeres. He carried this in a bag along a blazed trail, four miles to his home. Next day the pig found the way back to its original home alone. Speaking of the hardships of the early days, Mr. Smith said: "Father and grandfather have gone as far as Bargin's six miles away, and have carried a bushel and a-half of potatoes from there home on their backs. They had to go all the way to Newmarket—on foot to Hawkestone, in open boat over Lake Simcoe, and again on foot to the mills—to get their wool woven. They had to take their grist to Holland Landing in the same way. In cooking they placed their potatoes in a great pot and then covered the vessel with hot coals and ashes in the fire place. The frying-pan, which was set on coals had a handle three feet long. We have the pan and pot yet."

Bye-and-bye the settlers had something to sell. But little could be obtained in exchange. "Our people had the choice of two markets," said Mr. Smith, "one at Penetanguishene and the other at Barrie. If they sold to McConkey of Barrie, however, they would not get enough cash to pay their taxes; if they sold to Alfred Thompson, the Penetanguishene fur man, they did get enough cash to pay their tax bills. But that was all they could get. All the rest had to be taken in trade. The butter from about here was usually taken to Penetanguishene. It was kept in a sod-covered root house all summer and removed to market with the first sleighing. Thompson sold the pork and butter he obtained from the farmers to the soldiers at Penetanguishene and the hunters and fisherman around the Georgian Bay."

"What about doctors?...An old soldier, who came in two or three years after grandfather was able to set broken limbs. Of marriages," added Mr. Smith, in reply to another question, "there were few in the early days. Most of the adults were married when they came in. When Catholics desired to marry they had to go to Penetanguishene, where the ceremony was performed by the Catholic

chaplain to the forces. Others went to Big Bay or Barrie. An occasional missionary came through in the early days. But the first minister regularly established here was the Rev. Mr. Raymond, the organizer of the negro settlement. He was a Congregationalist, and he gave the land on which the Congregational church west of Edgar still stands. He was also the first school teacher in this neighbourhood. He was a man of varied talents, and great energy. He not only officiated as a school teacher, but did much carpenter work on the building as well. While teaching school at Rugby he gave the land for Edgar Congregational church, too. While teaching in Orillia through the week he used to walk out to Edgar and hold service here on Sunday. There were not school holidays every Saturday then; only alternate Saturdays were allowed, and on the Saturday Mr. Raymond was not teaching he was at work looking after his crops. He has started on the hill just above Barrie on the Penetanguishene road in the morning, and walked all the way to Toronto before sunset. While teaching in Edgar he used as a school room a building at the south-east corner. A Dr. Lawrence and his wife occupied part of the building. One day some of the doctor's drugs exploded and set the house on fire. Mrs. Lawrence ran upstairs to save some of her yarn, and while she was there the fire cut off her retreat. Father dropped a bed he was carrying and told her to jump. She did so, but missed the bed, and sustained a fracture of the hip.

"There were some tragedies in the early days. An old army officer named Sparrow lost all he had while gambling with another officer. Sparrow disappeared, and for a week people searched in vain for him. At last the body was found near Orillia; in a fit despondency the unfortunate officer had blown his brains out." This was not the only tragedy. Shortly after Grandfather Smith had got fairly settled in Oro, he returned to Quebec to search for his daughter, from whom he had not heard for some time. He found, when he reached the city, that she had gone down with the ship fever that carried so many of her compatriots to the grave.

The Rev. John Gray was the first Presbyterian Minister in the Town-

ship of Oro. But his charge included a good deal more than Oro. It covered as well the townships of North and South Orillia, Rama, Medonte and parts of Mara, Vespra, Flos, Tiny and Tay. There are now no less than five Presbyterian ministers covering the same ground. "Yes," said Dr. Gray, in reply to my question, "the work was hard enough at the beginning—the beginning was on May 21st, 1851 I frequently travelled 50 miles a week on horseback in summer and often preached two or three times on week days, besides holding four services on Sabbath; the roads were rough too, stumps, logs and mud-holes making travelling much more difficult than it is now. In the winter time the journey was made by cutter. The snow was deep and there was but one track. Often on meeting a loaded sleigh I had to get out and tramp a road to allow of my horse passing. But there were compensations. The people in those days were greedy for the Gospel. It is not so now added the reverend gentleman with a sigh.

Grandfather Smith was not more lonely in one way when he first entered the unbroken bush in '31 than was Dr. Gray in another way twenty years later. Dr. Gray, was, in truth, at the farthest north, so far as Presbyterianism was concerned. There was not another Presbyterian minister between his station and where the Georgian Bay pointed the way to the unbroken wilderness of the north. To the south the nearest station was at the old church on the sixth line of Innisfil, where the Rev. Wm. Fraser of Bond Head, held service. "The first Presbyterian church established in Oro," continued Dr. Gray, as I pressed him for further particulars of his early work, "was old Knox church, that was built in '44 The original building, frame with roughcast, still stands. That structure has an interesting history. The Hon. Isaac Buchanan offered £50 in Canadian currency for each of the first ten churches opened after separation. Knox was one of the churches to receive a gift of \$200 in this way. Two congregations worshipped there in the early days—my own and another, the latter using the Gaelic. There was a Gaelic congregation at Jarrat's Corner's too."

The Highlanders were numerous in the country all about the upper end of Lake Simcoe in the early days.

And these Highlanders, like many of the early settlers in Huron Township and about Kincardine, were largely from about the Island of Islay. It was they who gave the name of "Islay street" to the town line dividing Eldon and Thorah; and they are also responsible for the name of Islay given to a post-office in Victoria County. "There was" said Mr. Gray, in reply to a question as to how a small island could furnish so many pioneers for different parts of "a great distilling interest in Islay many years ago. There was also another industry connected with the utilization of the sea weed. When these industries failed the island was unable to sustain the dense population that had been built up, and large numbers came to Upper Canada. Many years ago, Mr. Ramsay, one of the proprietor's of the island came here to see how his old tenants were getting along. He was delighted to find the progress they had made and the comforts enjoyed."

Rev. Dr. McTavish who was in Beaverton in the early days of Mr. Gray's ministry. "When he dispensed sacrament at my church at Knox" said Dr. Gray, "people travelled all the way from Mara, Rama, Orillia and Medonte to attend. Sacrament service at the doctor's own church at Beaverton drew people from even a wider circuit. Services there began Thursday and continued until Sunday night and the Highlanders travelled all the way from the Gwillimburys, below Lake Simcoe, and from Nottawasaga, on the shores of Georgian Bay, in order to attend. Many made a journey of fifty or sixty miles. How were the crowds accommodated? Every house was open and if this did not prove sufficient the barns were opened too. The people were not only greedy for the Gospel in pioneer days—they were very hospitable as well. It is no wonder Dr. McTavish had a hold upon his people. About '63 R. C. Brandon of Cannington, "three Highlanders, named Dougall, of Glengarry, were working in the bush near our place, when one was injured by the rebound of a bent sappling. There was then a little log house built by a man named Baird of Prince Edward County, on the front of our farm, and into this the injured man was borne. No sooner did Dr. McTavish hear of the injury than he was promptly in attendance to

minister to the man's comfort."

Dr. Gray in addition to performing the arduous services of a missionary was also local superintendent of schools. And he frequently held a week-night or Sabbath religious service in the same building in which he had a short time previous, examined public school pupils in the Three R's. The majority of his ministerial appointments, outside of Knox, were in fact, held in school houses; but where Orillia now stands, he used to hold service in a room of an old frame tavern that stood on the site of the Orillia House to-day. "The hour for opening the week-night service," said Dr. Gray, "depended on the season. When the people were rushed with farm work the hour was late, but usually service began at 7. No, people did not think anything of walking home in the dark, even although the service did follow a hard day's work."

Many of the pioneers of Oro had, as already stated before coming to Canada, been engaged in the distilling industry in the island of Islay. They seemed to have developed at home the fondness for the product of their skill, and to have brought this fondness with them to their new home in the bush. There were no less than ten taverns in Oro in the early days and besides that the taverns in Orillia depended largely upon Oro for their patronage. Whiskey was everywhere—at baptisms, marriages, funerals. On one occasion the mourners at a funeral all got so drunk they were unable to bury the corpse. "When a young man became engaged," said Dr. Gray, "he was expected to buy a barrel of whiskey and have it always on tap for those who came to offer congratulations. One occasion, after a marriage, the bridegroom called me to one side. "I hope you will excuse me for not handing over the fee to-day," he said; "but it took the last \$4 I had to buy a barrel of whiskey." The whiskey was essential. The fee could wait. But it is all changed now. Instead of ten taverns Oro to-day has but one. A people always hospitable and religious have added sobriety to their other virtues. "I was always fond of the Highlanders," said Dr. Gray, "they are a noble people—none excel them in hospitality and kindness."

Oro will not suffer to-day by comparison with some of the best town-

ships of Ontario. This is all the more creditable to the people when all the facts connected with its early history are remembered. A military reserve along the front retarded development by forcing pioneers into trackless forests in the rear; and even there progress was hampered by the presence for several years, of an unprogressive negro element. Besides the pioneers who really did make the township, had, in the majority of cases, all their knowledge of farming to gain after their arrival. The peculiar manner in which the township was settled was for a long time clearly marked in its political leanings. On the military reserves along the front were settled a lot of ex-army officers, who were naturally Tories; the Scotch Presbyterians, who formed the bulk of the population at the rear, were mainly Reform. The two elements are getting more mixed up now, but for many years, owing to political divisions, there was much antipathy between the front and the rear.

The manner in which Oro and neighboring townships were settled is too, marked by names given different localities. "It was," said Dr. Gray, "thought by some that the name Oro had been given to the township by the negroes, and that it had been taken from the original home of these negroes in Africa. It is now believed however, that the name was given by ex-military officers settled along the front of the township—officers who had served with Wellington in Spain. 'Oro' is Spanish for gold, and these officers, seeing the yellow sand in the hills, shining like gold, gave that name to the township. Again 'Orillia' is Spanish for coast, and that is doubtless how Orillia Township and town, lying on the coast of Lake Simcoe, got their names. There are names however, that I cannot satisfactorily account for. These are Rama, Mara and Thorah. These are of Hebrew origin: Rama, high; Mara, bitter, and Thorah, the law. The only explanation I have to offer is that a Jewish surveyor may have been engaged in the work of surveying these townships."

Speaking again of the early days Dr. Gray said: "We all had our share of the Lardships. Frequently I have driven twenty-five or thirty miles to visit the sick. But those who were

here at the beginning had it much harder than those who came later. The first settlers had to pack all their supplies on their backs from Hawkestone to cabins ten, twelve or fifteen miles back in the bush—arduous labor under any circumstances, but especially arduous where families were as large as they were then. Sometimes there were no supplies to pack. I have heard the late Messrs. Drury and Sissons say that at times they were actually obliged to depend upon wild fruits for their sustenance. Just before closing Dr. Gray made a statement which, coming from one of his years, is especially important. "My experience of fifty years tells me," said he, "that ninety out of every hundred in business fail, while not more than ten of every hundred farmers go under; and, where farmers fail, the cause of failure in the great majority of cases, is either laziness or drink. It is amazing why so many young men quit the farm and venture upon the risks and dangers inseparable from other lines of enterprise."

#### THE CAREER OF PETER YORK, INDIAN.

#### WELL KNOWN TO THE PEOPLE OF COLLINGWOOD — A SHORT SKETCH QUOTED FROM THE SATURDAY NIGHT

A few years ago there died in the Simcoe county jail at Barrie, an aged Indian named Peter York. York had been placed behind the bars for a serious offence, and had never borne an altogether enviable reputation, but he was one of the most intelligent red men in the Georgian Bay country, and had lived a remarkable life.

He belonged originally to the band of Indians who make their home on the Christian Island—a few miles from Collingwood—so called because it was there that the Jesuit fathers carried on one of their missions prior to the great massacre of the Hurons by the Iroquois in 1648. For crimes committed in early life, Peter York was driven into exile by his tribesmen, and he never dared return to the Christian Islands, where he would have been killed. Nor yet might he set foot in the home of the spirits, the Grand Manitoulin, which is sacred ground to the Ojibwas and where

the apparently hopeless formality of shooting the devil is repeated year after year to this day.

Peter York lived for many and many moons at Thornbury, on the south shore of the Georgian Bay. He remembered the first white man who appeared in that region after the settlement of Upper Canada proper began in earnest under U. E. Loyalist auspices. He remembered not only the first white man, but the first sailing vessel, the first steamer and sawmill, and in fact the first everything in the march of civilization into the vast forest wilderness that formerly surrounded the Great Bay. He used to sit and talk about these things, when one could find him in a communicative mood, and as he always told a story consistent with historical fact, and never spoke like a toaster, his reminiscences were generally believed to be genuine.

I saw Peter York but once, but retain a vivid impression of the man. Tall, broad of shoulder, and straight of limb was this old aborigine; features full of dignity and strength; eyes, restless, intelligent and though dimmed by years flashing pleasantly at times from behind gold rimmed spectacles, that no judge, professor, or pulpiter could have worn with a greater air of savoir faire. He wore a high fur cap, blue pilot cloth pea-jacket, and Wellington boots and trousers tucked inside. Old Peter had come to see my brother about the publication of an Indian English dictionary, which he had been preparing and the manuscript of which is still extant in fragmentary form. For Peter York had picked up in arts of civilization with as much ease as though he had gradually breathed in their spirit with the atmosphere. He could not only speak English fluently but he read it with ease—in fact spent much of his time over books and newspapers; he wrote a neat, clear, round hand that would do credit to any man of his age, white, black, red, yellow or any other color. Few men in that part of Canada were better posted on the events of the day than old Peter York.

It is regrettable that his reminiscences have not been preserved. "Bad Injun" though he was, his recollections of the early days in the Georgian Bay country were intensely interesting, and of undoubted value from a historic point of view. But

they have been neglected, mutilated and forgotten in the process of oral transmission, and now little can be gathered of what Peter York used to relate. It is thus that much of the local history of Canada has been allowed to perish with those who were its makers and actors. And a great deal more is perishing year by year, through simple negligence or through ignorance of the bearing of such history on the general story of the land and its people.

## 110 YEARS OF CANADIAN HISTORY

### A FEW OF THE LEADING EVENTS OF THE PAST CENTURY.

1791—Old province of Quebec divided into two provinces—Upper Canada (now Ontario) and Lower Canada (Quebec.)

1792—Sept. 17 — First meeting of Upper Canada Parliament at Newark, Niagara, under Lieut.-Gov. Simcoe. Dec. 17—Opening of legislature of Lower Canada.

1793—Slavery prohibited in Upper Canada; first paper published in Upper Canada—the Gazette.

1796—Upper Canada seat of Government moved from Newark to York, Toronto.

1800—David Thompson crosses the Rockies; revenues of Jesuits' estates, which had been confiscated applied to education.

1803—Chief Justice Osgoode declares slavery inconsistent with the laws of Canada; no act against slavery had been passed in Lower Canada at that time.

1809—First steamer in Canada.

1811—Lord Selkirk receives a grant of 74,000,000 acres from Hudson Bay Co., including all Manitoba.

1812—Manitoba settled by 100 Scotch brought over by Lord Selkirk; war declared against Britain by the United States.

July 12 — United States forces invaded Canada, July 17 — Mackinaw surrendered to the British. July 18, 20—Americans repulsed at Plover Canard. August 5—Tecumseh defeated Americans at Brownstown. August 16 Surrender of Detroit by the Americans under Gen. Hull to General Brock. September 16—Americans repulsed at Presquille. September 21—Guaanoque raided by Americans. Oc-

tober 15—Americans defeated at Queenston. November 10 — Kingston bombarded by Americans repulsed at Odelltown. November 28—Americans repulsed near Fort Erie.

1813—January 22—Americans defeated at Freecitown. February 6 — Brockville raided by Americans February 22—Ogdensburg taken by the British. April 25 — Gen. Dearborn sailed from Sackett's Harbor with 14 vessels and 2,000 men, and attacked York Toronto, which was guarded by 600 regulars and militia; he captured the fort, took 293 prisoners and burnt much of the town. May 5—Americans defeated before Fort Meigs. June 1—Naval action between the Shannon and Chesapeake. June 5—Americans defeated at Stony creek. June 19—American stores captured at Great Sodus. June 24. Americans surrendered at Beaver Jam. July 4—Americans made prisoners at Fort Schlosser. September — Naval Battle on Lake Erie; Commodore Perry with 9 American vessels captures six British vessels under Capt. Barclay, October 1 — Americans repulsed at Four Corners. October 26—Americans defeated at Chateauguay; defeat of 3,000 Americans under Gen. Hampton by Col. de Salaberry and 400 French Canadians militia. November 11—Americans defeated at Chrysler's Farm; defeat and rout of Gen. Wilkinson and the Americans by the Canadian militia under Col. Morrison. Dec. 10 — Americans burn the village of Niagara at night; villagers turned out in the bitter cold. Decem-19 — Fort Niagara captured by the British in reprisal for the burning of Niagara. December 31—British burn town of Buffalo and much of the shipping.

1814—March 30 — Americans repulsed at La Colle's Mill. May 6 — Oswego captured by the British. July 19—Prairie du Chien surrendered to British. July 25 — Americans defeated at Lundy's Lane; bloodiest battle of the war American loss, 1,200; British loss 900. August 12—Americans defeated near Fort Erie; British annex most of State of Maine. December 24—War terminated

- by Treaty of Ghent.
- 1816—Famine in Canada owing to failure of the wheat crop.
- 1817—First banks opened in Canada.
- 1821—Lachine canal commenced.
- 1825—Great fire in Miramichi district, New Brunswick; 500 lives lost.
- 1826—Ottawa (Bytown) founded.
- 1829—First Welland canal opened.
- 1832—Cholera epidemic in Canada, attacking one-fourth the population; the infection was brought over by immigrants.
- 1833—Canadian steamship Royal William crossed the Atlantic—the first steamship to perform that feat.
- 1834—York becomes Toronto, and is incorporated as a city; Wm. Lyon Mackenzie elected first mayor.
- 1837-38—Rebellion in Upper and Lower Canada, headed by W. Lyon Mackenzie and Louis Papineau respectively.
- 1839—One hundred and eighty rebels condemned to be hanged, but the sentences in all but a few cases commuted.
- 1841—Union of Upper and Lower Canada under the name of Province of Canada; the new parliament met at Kingston the capital on June 13.
- 1842—Ashburton Treaty made, defining the boundary lines between Canada and United States.
- 1847—Lord Elgin appointed Governor-General.
- 1848—St. Lawrence canal opened.
- 1849—Riots in Toronto and Montreal over rebellion losses bill; parliament building in Montreal set on fire, and library destroyed.
- 1850—Lady Elgin turns the first sod of the Northern Railway.
- 1851—Postal system transferred from British to provincial governments.
- 1852—Commencement of Grand Trunk railway.
- 1854—Reciprocity treaty with the United States effected; clergy reserves question finally settled; seigniorial tenure abolished in Lower Canada; first screw steamer from Europe arrives at Quebec; Main line of the Great Western railway opened.
- 1858—Queen chooses Ottawa as the seat of government; dollars and cents substituted for pounds, shillings and pence; Atlantic cable laid between Ireland and Newfoundland.
- 1860—Prince of Wales visits Canada; Winnipeg founded.
- 1861—Quebec conference; resolutions passed favoring the union of all the provinces.
- 1866—The Fenian raids—invasion checked at Ridgeway, June 1; Fenians withdraw from the frontier June 3; first meeting of parliament at Ottawa.
- 1867—British North America Act passed; union of the two Canadas, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick; Upper Canada given the name of Ontario, and Lower Canada, Quebec; Lord Monck the first governor-general and Sir John A. Macdonald the first premier.
- 1868—Sir W. P. Howland appointed lieutenant-governor of Ontario.
- 1869—Red River Rebellion.
- 1870—Northwest territories added to the Dominion; Manitoba enters confederation; Fenians repulsed at Trout river, Que.
- 1871—C. P. R. surveys begun; British Columbia enters confederation.
- 1872—Lord Dufferin becomes governor general; death of Hon. John Sandfield Macdonald, late premier of Ontario; Hon. Oliver Mowat becomes premier of Ontario.
- 1873—Prince Edward Island enters confederation; Sir John A. Macdonald resigns; death of Sir G. Cartier.
- 1874—Hon. Alexander Mackenzie successful in the general election; voting by ballot made law; Louis Reil expelled from the House of Commons.
- 1876—Intercolonial railway opened, Halifax to Quebec; first session of supreme court of Canada.
- 1878—Conservatives win general elections; Sir John A. Macdonald becomes premier again; Marquis of Lorne made governor general.
- 1879—Adoption of the National policy.
- 1880.—Death of Hon. George Brown; all British possessions in North America, excepting Newfoundland, annexed to Canada; Hon. John Beverley Robinson appointed lieutenant governor of Ontario.
- 1881—C. P. R. begun.
- 1882—Death of Rev. Dr. Ryerson.
- 1883—Lord Lansdowne appointed

governor general.

- 1885 -- Northwest rebellion. April 2 -- Massacre at Frog Lake. April 14 -- Fort Pitt abandoned. April 24 -- Engagement at Fish Creek. May 12 -- Battle of Ratoche and defeat of rebels. May 25 -- Surrender of Poundmaker. July 2 -- Capture of Big Bear and final suppression of the rebellion; total loss of militia and volunteers, under fire, killed 38, wounded 115. Nov. 7 -- Driving of the last spike of the C. P. R. Nov. 16 -- Hanging of Riel.
- 1887 -- Inter-provincial conference at Quebec, presided over by Sir Oliver Mowat.
- 1888 -- Lord Stanley becomes governor general.
- 1890 -- Manitoba school act passed; responsible government granted the Northwest Territories.
- 1891 -- June 6 -- Death of Sir John A. Macdonald.
- 1892 -- April 17 -- Death of Hon. Alexander Mackenzie. Dec. 5 -- Sir J. Abbott resigns the premiership; Sir John Thompson succeeds him.
- 1893 -- Behring Sea arbitration began; Earl of Aberdeen made governor general; death of Sir John Abbott.
- 1894 -- Opening of colonial conference at Ottawa. Dec. 12 -- Death of Sir John Thompson at Windsor Castle.
- 1895 -- Sault Ste. Marie canal opened.
- 1896 -- Sir Wilfrid Laurier becomes premier, the Liberals defeating the Conservatives in the general elections.
- 1897 -- The Queen's Diamond Jubilee; Sir Oliver Mowat appointed lieutenant governor of Ontario; the rush to the Yukon.
- 1898 -- Earl of Minto appointed governor general. Aug 23 -- Sittings of joint high commission begin at Quebec. Sept 29 -- Prohibition plebiscite taken.
- 1899 -- July 25 -- Pacific cable resolution passed in House of Commons Oct. 20 -- Departure of the first Canadian contingent for South Africa.
- 1900 -- Jan. 21 -- First quota of second Canadian contingent sails for South Africa. Jan. 27 -- Second quota sails Feb. 21 -- Third quota sails. March 16 -- Departure of Strathcona Horse from Halifax. April 22 -- Attempt to blow up the Welland canal May 25 --

Welland canal dynamiters sentenced to life imprisonment Nov 1 -- Arrival at Halifax of returning troops of the first Canadian contingent Nov. 7 -- General elections, the Liberal Government returned Nov. 9 -- Sir Charles Tupper retires from public life

#### POLICE MAGISTRATE FRAME.

The following referring to Mr. W. J. Frame is quoted from the Bulletin of December 28th, 1900:--

Altho it was known that William J. Frame, Police Magistrate was seriously ill, and that his life was despaired of, the town was greatly shocked on Monday morning when it became known that he had passed away. He had long suffered from a painful disease, but after a heroic struggle for life succumbed. During Sunday he gradually sank and at nine o'clock in the evening became unconscious and never rallied, but quietly and peacefully passed away as falling into a deeper sleep at half-past two o'clock.

William John Frame was born in New York on Dec. 30th, 1838, consequently would have been sixty-two years of age had he lived until next Sunday. After spending his youth there his family moved to the township of Nottawasaga and settled on the farm which is now known as Tally-Ho. There he spent some years assisting his father and brothers in farming but on reaching manhood he entered the employ of Messrs. Melville & Baist, as a clerk in their general store at Nottawa. He remained there for some years and later formed a partnership with the late Walter Scott which continued for some years. On the dissolution of this partnership, about 1870 he came to Collingwood and opened a general store, in the building which occupied the site on which Mr. E. J. Carpenter's drug store now stands. Here he continued to do business until 1881 when he was burned out by the fire, which swept the greater portion of the business district. He afterward became a member in the firm of Frame, Hunter and Macdonald, general merchants and was associated with these gentlemen for some years. Of late he has had charge of the affairs of the late D. Melville.

He was a member of the town

council for a number of years, and held the important position of chairman of Finance the greater portion of the time. He afterwards served some years as a valued member of the Collegiate Institute Board, previous to 1897 when he was dropped by the record-making council of that year. He took an active interest in the Great Northern Exhibition and held the responsible position of Treasurer. Altho seriously ill at the time of the last exhibition he faithfully discharged the duties of his office.

In 1894 he was appointed chief magistrate of the town by the Ontario Government, a position, which he ably and conscientiously filled until the time of his death.

In politics he was a Liberal and in 1890 was a candidate in West Simcoe for the Local Legislature, when he was defeated by Dr. Wylie.

He was married in Collingwood to Miss Isabella Melville, who survives him. He leaves no children.

The funeral took place on Dec. 26th to the Presbyterian cemetery, the remains being borne to their last resting place by his old friends, Messrs R. O. Hunter, D. G. Cooper, W. A. Copeland and E. Stewart, and his nephews, Mr. M. N. Steplcaze, and Mr. H. N. Stephens, of Glencairn.

During Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday flags on the town Hall and others buildings floated at half mast to show that the public mourned the loss of a valued and highly respected citizen. The deceased was held in the highest esteem by the country in general. His sterling character, strict business uprightness and moral integrity were universally recognized. He will long be remembered by the older citizens as one of the most highly principled and public spirited men, and one who took an active and unselfish part in promoting the best interests of his fellowmen.

#### SOME CANADIAN HISTORY.

#### PARLIAMENTS SINCE CONFEDERATION AND THEIR PERIODS.

There have been eight Parliaments since Confederation. The elections for the first parliament were held between August 7th and Sept. 20th. Five sessions were held, and dissolution took place on July 8th, 1872, the elections being held twelve days

later. The second Parliament, which was short-lived assembled on March 5th, 1873 and after holding two sessions was dissolved on January 2nd, 1874. In this case also there was but a brief interval between dissolution and polling which took place on January 22nd, resulting in defeat of the Right Hon. Sir John Macdonald. The third parliament in which the Mackenzie Ministry held the reins of power, opened its first session on March 26th, 1874, and after five sessions was dissolved on August 17th, 1878. The general election was held on September 17th and the second Sir John Macdonald Ministry was formed. The fourth parliament lasted four years opening on February 13th, 1879, and being dissolved on May 18th, 1882. The elections for the fifth Parliament were held on June 20th, 1882, 31 days after dissolution. It opened on February 8th, 1883, sat for four sessions, and was dissolved on January 15th, 1887. The elections for the sixth Parliament took place on February 22nd, and 38 days after dissolution. This Parliament was opened on April 13th, 1887, and as did its two predecessors, held four sessions. Dissolution took place on Feb. 3rd, 1891 and was followed by a general election on March 5th, 30 days after dissolution. The seventh parliament was opened on April 29th, 1891, and held six sessions, the only Parliament since Confederation which has done so. Dissolution took place on April 24th, 1896, the writs being made returnable on July 13th. The general elections did not take place until June 23rd, 60 days afterwards when for the second time since Confederation a Liberal Administration came into power. The eighth Parliament has held five sessions the last of which was prorogued on July 18, after a session of five and one-half months' duration.

Dissolution took place in October, and elections were held on Nov. 7th, the Laurier ministry being returned.

Section 50, of the British North American Act, 1867, provides: "Every House of Commons shall continue for five years from day of the return of the writs for choosing the House, subject to be sooner dissolved by the Governor-General, and no longer." The return of the clerk of the Crown in Chancery of the election of members dated Aug. 18th, 1896.