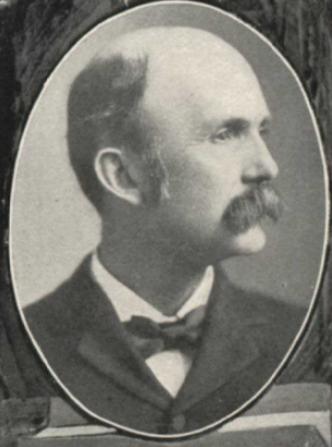


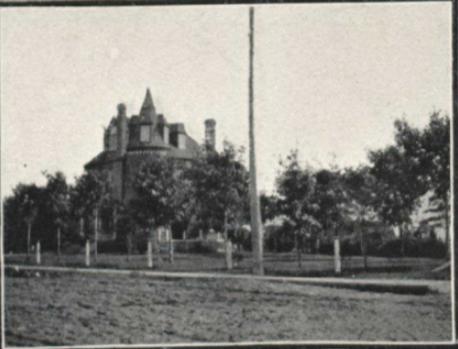
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Anson A Gard



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DAVID PURVIS'S RESIDENCE



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JOHN FERGUSON



JOHN FERGUSON'S RESIDENCE

PRESIDENTS OF NORTH BAY BOARD OF TRADE 1894 — 1908.

# NORTH BAY

THE GATEWAY  
TO  
SILVERLAND

BEING THE STORY OF A HAPPY, PROSPEROUS PEOPLE,  
WHO ARE BUILDING THE METROPOLIS  
OF THE NORTH

BY

ANSON A. GARD

Author of "The Yankee in Quebec," "The Wandering Yankee,"  
"The Hub and the Spokes," "The New Canada,"  
"The Pioneers of the Upper Ottawa,"  
"The Last West," Etc., Etc.

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## DEDICATION

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**B**OOKS are often dedicated with little or no meaning to the words of their dedication—simply words conveying nothing of the heart of the writer. I would not have this such a book. In dedicating it to the Board of Trade of North Bay, I would have every word to count up to its full strength and meaning, for to the kindly members of that Board is due the book itself. To them is due the initiative, and—with the few others among my kind patrons—its fruition. “Few others,” since nearly every man of enterprise and town-love is a member of this purposeful Board of Trade. It is with reason that I say purposeful. Little of good to this rising young city by the Lake—the Gateway to untold millions of wealth—but that good has been brought about or forwarded by these men. Many such bodies think out a benefit to their city, start it going, and if opposition is to be met, to carry it through, the opposition is not met and the benefit is not carried through. With these men, years of opposition but spurs them on to more years of untiring work; the gaining of their aim is their only stopping place.

If in the story of North Bay I shall have preserved some of the early history of the town and told of its upbuilding, no credit must be given my pen, since the work is due alone to these upbuilders. And so to them, with a heart full of love to North Bay, I dedicate “The Gateway to Silverland.”

ANSON A. GARD

March 25, 1909.

## To Public Libraries

These three books in one are to be sent to Public Libraries, into every part of the world, that every part of the world may know of a wonderfully rich country, until recently almost wholly unknown, save to the Indian, the hunter and the trapper. It is a beautiful land, that New Ontario, and it has been well told in these books. We want many peoples to know of that land and its wonders and its beauties—they are well worth knowing.

To that Library which can show the most readers of this volume by January 1st, 1910, we will send a beautiful 8 x 16 flag (the flag to be of the country of the winner), and in one of Mr. Gard's subsequent books will be given a special chapter on the town or city in which is the Library.

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We will shortly publish one of the most novel novels ever printed, under the title of "Old Hi Manders, the Forester." It is by this same author. It will be of special interest to the old men of the Order of Foresters. The scene is laid in New Ontario, Canada, and holds the reader from preface to finis.

THE EMERSON PRESS,

Toronto, Ont., Canada.

# NORTH BAY

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## THE GATEWAY TO SILVERLAND

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**D**ID you ever drop into a town, and on the first look about feel that you were in a city? "No?" Well then you've never been in North Bay, on the very edge of New Ontario—the gateway to one of the most marvellous countries in the world—marvellous by reason of its mighty resources of fabulous mineral wealth. Yes, there is "City" written all over this "Gateway," and you cannot but see it. You can see it in the permanent improvements, substantial churches, fine school houses, public buildings, business blocks and private residences. But you may best see it written in the faces of the men who have literally cut it from the primeval forest, and dug it from the rocks that lay along the shores of the beautiful Nipissing.

### Location

And where is this "Gateway?" Take your map of Ontario, and find Lake Nipissing, about where is seen the narrowest part of the Province. It lies half way between Georgian Bay and the Ottawa River. Look now along its north-easterly border, and there is North Bay. It is 226 miles almost north of Toronto, and 243 miles a little north-west of Ottawa. By a map to be found in this book its location may be seen showing its relative position to other points.

### Lake Nipissing

The lake upon which it lies is a beautiful sheet of water some 90 miles long, and in its widest part about 20 miles across. It has a number of rivers entering it from many

directions, and has as its outlet the now famous French River. "Famous" not only for its having been the great highway for the Recollets, and Jesuit Fathers, and the early fur-traders, but for its charm for the wise tourists who have found and realized its beauty. Of the lake and the river I shall have more to say in the proper place. Both are destined to be much in the minds of all Canada in the near future, for up one and across the other is soon to be run the Georgian Bay Canal, on its way to Montreal.

Down the various rivers that enter the lake comes annually 600,000,000 feet of timber. Part of this is turned into lumber at the mills around its borders, but most of it goes to mills outside, by way of the French River to Georgian Bay, to the south-west, and to the east through Trout Lake, the Mattawa River to the Ottawa, down which to the mills below.

Trout Lake, here mentioned, lies just east of the town about four miles. It is the highest point between the two water systems—Georgian Bay, and the Ottawa River—and it is 666 feet above sea level.

Where is now the town, which is forging ahead so fast that it must ere long be a city in fact as well as seeming, was in 1881 an unbroken forest—the hunting ground of the remnant of a once mighty race of people. In July of that year the right-of-way for the great Canadian Pacific Railway was started to be cut. In 1882 came the first permanent settler.

It is often a question: "Who was the first?" With North Bay there is no question as to the pioneer resident, for all agree that William McFarlane built here the first house. It wasn't a beautiful house, but it was "home" to many another of the pioneers. It was more than home. It was in the McFarlane house where was held the first religious service. Nor was it denominational, for all creeds were made welcome to use it as a meeting-place. Is it any wonder that William and his good wife were the loved of all? They remained residents, and only a few years since passed away at a ripe old age.

## Pioneers

The McFarlanes were soon followed by Alex. Doyle, Wm. Parks, Wm. McDonald, D. J. McKeown, Edw. Brownlee, George Snyder, — Whitnall, Col. J. J. Gregory, John McLeod, John McPherson, Jas. Shatton, John Hill, Henry Bray, Fred. Cornish (the engineer who brought in the first supply train), and others, whose names will later appear. These were followed by B. M. Mulligan, from the Quyon, on the Ottawa River, M. Brennan, A. McCarrie, John Robertson, R. Bunyan, J. W. Richardson, John Stockdale, and others who remained too short a time to have fastened their names in the minds of those who remain. And yet so new is the town that one of far recent date might well be classed among the pioneers.

As I would have this to be a reference for the future, I sought out the names of the early ones from as many sources as possible. Chancing to run across an old map of Widdifield Township (of which, for years, North Bay was but a part), I found thereon marked (by Mr. A. Cowan, who for 14 years has been collector of taxes,) the following pioneer names.

## Names from an Old Map

F. Carter, A. McDonald, J. T. Lovel, R. Rankin, R. Hunter, S. Robinson, H. Marleau, R. Gorman, J. Robertson, P. Bourke, A. McNab, J. McIlvaney, J. McNulty, F. Bouley, W. and F. Sache, A. and A. Sequin, F. House, Wm. Doran, M. Angus, R. Connelly, G. Holmes, A. McIntosh, J. A. and James Carmichael, J. Nelson, R. and D. Howitt, T. Knight, O. Garvin, Wm. Mitchell, P. Kinsella, T. Hogan, T. McDonald, E. Norman, J. Fowler, J. Pasmore, H. Mooney, M. Shannon, J. Overholt, M. Kennedy, G. Rancier, A. Taylor, J. Gilmore, A. Depencier, Wm. and J. Ellis, A. Latour, D. McBeth (present Reeve, having held the office for many years), J. Lindsay, J. Hutton, J. Lees, D. Delaney, — Metcalf, of the Metcalf addition, E. T. Lonsberry, Rev. E. T. Bridgeman, A. R. and J. McLeod, J. Anderson, J. Harrington,

G. Carmichael, J. J. and R. Jessop, C. W. Thompson (for many years Township Clerk), J. Martin, A. Laffaire, T. Fischer, D. and G. McKenzie, C. Kensella, G. Streeter, J. McNaughton, T. Robinson, C. A. Deaks, C. Riddler, T. Morrison, H. Marsh, Wm. Hogg. (Other names of the early ones will be found elsewhere in this chapter).

### Widdifield Pioneers

The pioneers of the township, as distinct from North Bay,—long a part of Widdifield—began coming in in 1884—some may have been here even earlier, but I could gather no data, and so start with the names as I collected them, with the years of their arrival. Some may have been missed, but with the aid of the *Times*, I gathered all I could. Many of these are also in the "Old Map" list, but in no order of arrival.

ARRIVALS IN 1884.—J. McNaughton, the Riddels, W. Jinkenson, F. Carter, Arch. McCallum, G. W. Bartlett (now Superintendent of Algonquin Park), John Bailey (pioneer of Four-Mile Lake Settlement) came from Bruce County with his father Thomas, R. B. Jessop, Robt. Bartlett, J. Turgeon, J. P. McLeod.

ARRIVALS IN 1885.—George N. Holmes, Jas. and Geo. Lidiatt, George McGraw, Sr. and Jr., W. Byers, Stephen, Samuel and Thomas Robinson, Alex. and Rora McLeod, Thomas Hutchison, J. Hill, Jas. Andersen, the Swede.

ARRIVALS IN 1886.—Duncan McBeth (the present Reeve), A. G. McNabb, Oscar Nicks, A. McEwen, Thomas, John and James Carmichael, Ed. Williams, Geo. and J. Price, B. Gratton, J. B. Lalonde, J. R., D. and G. McKenzie, Thomas Culbert, Mrs. R. Hewitt.

ARRIVALS IN 1887.—Alex. Gibson, Jas. Bell, John Brennan.

ARRIVALS IN 1888.—Thomas Hogan, Geo. Rancier, W. H. Dorcey.

NO DATE.—Charles Thompson, the first Municipal Clerk; T. B. Smith, Robt. Hunter, Wm. Sache, Arthur Brothers, Wm. McLean, John Carmichael, Clerk.

### Selection of the Site. Name "North Bay"

I have given the names of the pioneers even before I have told you of the selection of the townsite. But, you see, they came in so fast, at the start, that few even thought of it as a town, and none who ever dreamed of its becoming the city of its destiny. And yet it was named almost before any number had come. There wasn't any naming committee—nobody suggested "Let's call it North Bay." And thereby hangs an incident. I will wager that no other town was so thoughtlessly named as was this. One day a young man—who has since been so much to the place—wishing to order a keg of nails for the first house, stood, pad in hand, wondering how he might designate the camp to which to send it. Looking out over the bay that comes in from the lake, he hurriedly wrote: "Send it to North Bay," and North Bay it has been ever since, although the same man often tried to have it changed. That was before the place had become so widely known that a change was wanted. Now, name plays no part, for this live town has made its own identity.

## EARLY HISTORY

In writing the history of an old town, one must depend upon the memories of the oldest citizens, and they too often give tradition for facts. And then the newspaper plays so little part with the early history of the towns started long ago. Now, in this age of progress, the newspaper man is often seen following the surveyors. This might be said of North Bay, for in a short time after the first real work had been begun, we find Stewart Huntington opening a printing office, and the next year giving to the people *The Nipissing Times*, which was later changed to *The North Bay Times*. To this latter I am much indebted for valuable data. In a series of articles, begun in its columns April 2, 1896, are contained so much of interest that, by the kind permission of Editor N. Phelps, I shall make selections for this volume, fitting them in along with data gathered from other sources, making the while comments to fit the present.

While work had started on the right-of-way in July of 1881, but little was done until the following year, when it was cleared of its timber, work begun on the roadbed, and some scoop-roofed sheds erected.

As before given, Wm. McFarlane's was the first private residence. In November John Ferguson built the first shingled house. In December of the next year—1883—the C.P.R. built what has ever since been known as "The Company Row," to be seen near the station.

### First Stores

Early in 1883 Wm. McDonald started the first general store. He later took over the post office from John Ferguson, who was the first postmaster, and ran it up to this—1908—year, when he was succeeded by his son, the present incumbent. After him Wm. C. Caverhill and Edw. Walsh opened stores. Walsh sold

to George Fee, one of the present proprietors of the Mackey House.

About this time stone quarries were opened on Main Street, west of Ferguson street, for the railway's building material. These old quarries may yet be seen behind the buildings along the north side of Main. This necessitated the building of more houses—rude log structures.

All of the first improvements were made on a lot taken up by John Ferguson, and upon which lot is now the business part of the town. In 1884 T. and W. Murray laid out a town addition on their property to the west of the Government road, and on which is now some of the finest residences in town. To Thomas Murray, North Bay is greatly indebted. He was, about that time, the Provincial member of Parliament for North Renfrew, and as Nipissing had no member he had charge of it, as well as his own district. He got for the town the Recorder's office, the jail, and to him is due the Government Road to the far north, into a country then a wilderness, with none but Indians, trappers and timbermen, now having a population of possibly 25,000 inhabitants, with large towns, and with a mining industry opening up that is destined to equal or surpass any other in the Dominion, if not the world. This road was constructed to Lake Temiskaming, some 85 miles, but has been little used since the opening of the T. and N.O. Railway. Mr. Murray, unlike John Ferguson, lost faith in his holdings, sold out and left others to benefit by his labors. He had built many residences, a number of stores, and the Pacific Hotel—possibly the finest at the time in the north country. Had he held on for one year longer he had realized a large fortune. The Murray Addition is largely owned by Mr. John Bourke, North Bay's first Mayor.

### Some More Firsts

Jas. Agnew was the first school teacher.

The first school-house stood on the rear end of the Baptist Church lot. Rev. Silas Huntington was the first preacher.

B. W. Coyne was the first resident Superintendent of the

C.P.R. "Barney" was the most popular that ever filled the office. His returns to town are veritable ovations.

The first real jail still stands on George McGillis' lot opposite the Cecil Hotel, and George was the first barber in town.

John G. Cormack was the first druggist, with his store in John Bourke's "Flat Iron." J. G. came from Pembroke—came poor, lived one of the most honored, and died one of the wealthy men of North Bay.

Dr. A. McMurchy was the first physician. He is still in town, in active practice.

The first church was the Methodist. It is now *The North Bay Times* Building, and the *Times* (then *The Nipissing Times*) was the first newspaper, with Stewart Huntington owner and first editor—now owned and edited by N. Phelps. It started April 1st, 1885. Phelps took it over April 1st, 1890.

James Worthington was the first magistrate.

John Doran was the first Stipendiary Magistrate, followed by his most popular brother, the late Wm. Doran.

John Ferguson built the first frame house in town—his present pretty residence, on McIntyre street. John was also the first postmaster.

A. G. Browning was the first lawyer in North Bay—1888.

George Fee was the first Reeve of Widdifield Township—1885.

John Bourke was the first Mayor of North Bay—1891.

The Traders was the first Bank—March 18th, 1895.

The first marriage was that of John Cochrane, an Algonquin Indian. The wedding breakfast, served at the McFarlane House, was an event.

The first white child born in town was a son of John G. Campbell, now of McDougall's Chutes—Matheson. The first child born in town and still here is Duncan, son of John Ferguson.

Alex. Dreany chopped the first tree on the "right-of-way" for the C.P.R., June 28th, 1881, four miles east of the station. Alex. is still in town, one of its features. He reared six railroad sons—all living but one—four of them conductors.

Robt. Carter, still in North Bay, was with the exploring party that came up in 1882 to spy out a route from Gravenhurst to Nipissing Junction for the Government road, now the Grand Trunk. Thos. Wilson and one Burford were others of the party. "It was a trip I shall never forget," said Robert; "the woods, rocks and swamps were almost impassable in places, and all the way was rough."

Among the first to come with the C.P.R., and who are still living in North Bay, were: John Ferguson, D. J. McKeown, George Fee, Jas. Fallon, Jas. Lindsay, Jas. McCluskey, Jas. McIlvenna, John Lavary, Thos. Reynolds, Lott Britton, I. Phillips, and a number of others.

"Barney" says: "A lot o' 'firsts,' and yet you've left out one more important than all you've given!"

"What's that, 'Barney'?" says I.

"Why, you haven't said: 'North Bay ranks 'First' in the country.'"

"Self-evident facts don't need to be said," says I.

"Oh! I see!" says "Barney."

## Burning of the Steamer *Fraser*

Every community has had its one great tragedy. That of North Bay was the burning of the steamer *Fraser*. On the 7th of Nov., 1893, the *Fraser*, which was owned by Davidson and Hay, lumbermen, was going from Callander to the French River with supplies and men for the lumber camps. The day was a perfect one, the sun shone out in all its autumnal splendour, not a ripple moved the placid lake, as the boat, drawing a barge, passed on toward its destruction. As it was nearing the Manitou Islands, out from town a few miles, the cry of fire was heard to break the stillness. Why, or how, nobody seems to know, but twenty-one of the men were burned to death, and the mystery remains to this day a mystery, why, with boats upon deck and a barge following, that more were not saved.

### **Widdifield Organized**

In 1885 the Township of Widdifield was organized. It was surveyed by Alex. Niven and named for Dr. Widdifield, Sheriff of York County. At that time there were so few voters that to secure the required sixty, they had to borrow twenty of the good friends of Ferris—the bordering township to the east. The Statutes say: "You must have sixty voters to organize a township." But the Statutes do not say from where these must come, so Widdifield might be said to have been incorporated by Ferris. Reminds me of the time, out in Kansas, when we of Wichita

### **Had to Borrow Voters from Indian Territory**

wanted to make it the county-seat. We were neck and neck with Park City, and every vote counted. That was in the old freighting days, and fortunately right in the height of the freighting season. Great trains of wagons were passing to and from the Indian Territory to the south, and every wagon had a driver and every driver had a vote, at any rate they had that day, and Wichita became the county-seat. "Legal?" Oh, what's legality in pioneer days? Nawthin! Suffice it that Widdifield organized and made George Fee the first Reeve, and C. W. Thompson first clerk.

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### **NORTH BAY ORGANIZED. ITS MAYORS TO DATE**

While on the subject of organization, I shall continue on to 1891, when we find North Bay grown to a place of too much importance to depend upon a township organization. John Bourke, a large real estate holder, was elected as the first Mayor. That office has since been filled as follows: 1892, Wm. McKenzie. They liked William so well that they put him back the next year, and again in 1903 and 1904. He is at present in charge of the Customs for Nipissing. Besides these, he has filled many other offices. In 1894, Richard Bunyan, a prominent merchant, was elected. He was followed, in 1895, by the late Dr. J. B. Car-

ruthers, whose name I have found very often in my search. Next in order, for 1896, was the leading dry-goods merchant, M. Brennan. A popular railroad man—T. N. Colgan—filled the office in 1897 and 1898. Then came one of the best known lawyers in the north country, J. M. McNamara, for the years 1899 and 1900. We come now to the late J. G. Cormack, for 1901. Mr. Cormack was the town's first druggist, and one of its most popular men, if I may judge by the frequent occurrence of his name in church and municipal affairs. He was a large holder of business property. The well-known hardware merchant, J. W. Richardson, was Mayor for 1902. In 1905 came another hardware merchant—one of the largest and most successful in the retail line in Canada—David Purvis, who filled the office for 1905-06. He has since retired, and is devoting his time to literature and church work. He was the first president of the North Bay Board of Trade, which position he filled for many years. In 1907 Wm. Milne, a lumber mill man, was chosen, and again placed in the chair for the present year.

The first City Clerk was J. G. Cormack. In 1897 the present Clerk, Mr. M. W. Flannery, went into the office, which he has since held continuously.

### **Nipissing Made into a District**

On March 23rd, 1889, an Act was passed admitting the District of Nipissing for representation in the Local Legislature, and John Loughrin, of Mattawa, was elected the member. In 1896, J. B. Klock was elected the first member for the Dominion House.

It is now represented by H. Morel in the Local, and by Charles McCool in the Dominion House (I am writing this prior to October 26th).

### **Incorporation of North Bay**

On April 7th, 1890, an Act was passed by the Ontario Legislature, incorporating the village of North Bay into a town, the Act taking effect on the 1st of January, 1891, when it was separated from the Township of Widdifield.

## Early Magistrates

Mr. Wm. Doran, who succeeded his brother John, was appointed Stipendiary Magistrate on March 3rd, 1885; Stipendiary Registrar in 1887, and Local Master of Land Titles in 1889. The Judge was a remarkable man, if one may be guided by the volumes of praise heard of him. He was one of the strong characters of the town.

The first Magistrates appointed in the District were John Bourke, D. J. McKeown, J. G. Cormack, Wm. McDonald, Colonel John J. Gregory and John Ferguson.

## Log Jail

The first jail was built of logs. As it was not built until 1886, they must have been very law-abiding. It was found to be insecure, as see: "The two prisoners got hungry and grew tired waiting for the constable to bring their dinners, kicked the door down and walked out. Seeing him coming, they came back and gave him a lecture on the 'waste of time going for a fellow's dinner.'"

## List of Officers in 1896

There were, in 1896, the following in the offices: Judge, J. A. Valin, appointed March 13th, 1895; Sheriff, H. C. Varin, appointed March 4th, 1895; County Crown Attorney, A. G. Browning, B.A., appointed Feb. 19th, 1895; Local Registrar, T. J. Bourke, appointed May 2nd, 1895. All of these are still in the offices, as, unlike with us, they may remain as long as they behave well, and as that is characteristic with Canadians, they usually die in the "harness." I did hear some politicians say on the platform, that this was *not* characteristic. But they were speaking of elective officers, and just before election time, when you know the politician is liable to say a whole lot o' things besides his prayers, and especially so if he has been out a long time.

## Newspapers

Stewart Huntington set the first printing press going in North Bay. Started in a tent. "What's that?" Now what do you think the fellow to my left says? "Stewart must have been *intent* on doing the town's printing at home." It just cost him a "treat" all around for that—served him right! But about Stewart. This was in 1884. April 1st, 1885, he started the *Nipissing Times*, which he conducted until April 1st, 1890, when he sold out to Norman Phelps, the present owner, who changed the name to the *North Bay Times*.

*The Despatch* was the next. Its first issue was Feb. 25th, 1892—G. R. Osborne editor and proprietor—now publishing *The Picayune*, of Penetanguishene, Ont. After many changes, it was taken over by G. H. Newton, in 1901. These changes were: First, C. R. Osborne; next, —. York; then E. A. Newton took it in 1897 and, as above, it was taken by his brother, the present owner.

In 1905, *The Tribune* was started by a company, and is being managed and edited by A. G. Davie.

*The Times* is Liberal, the other two Conservative in politics.

Later: *The Despatch* and *The Tribune* have consolidated and the name is *Despatch-Tribune*, with G. H. Newton manager.

To the old files of both *Times* and *Despatch* I am indebted for many pictures and facts. I have depended more upon the former, since it had several years the start, but the editors of each have been remarkably obliging in "digging" for "The Gateway."

## Business Directory in 1896. Dates of Arrival in Town

In one of the *Times* articles was a business directory of the town, showing who were here at that date. As names always give interest to a local book, I shall include this directory, especially as it is not a long one. John Ferguson, real estate, builder and capitalist, came in 1882. T. and W. Murray, builders,

real estate, saw mill owners, with John Bourke, manager. Purvis Brothers, who came from Barrie in 1888. They get a long paragraph, as: "The leading hardware dealers of the north."

Wm. McKenzie, furniture—1888. D. McIntyre, grocer—1884. He is now Town Supervisor. L. Chapelle, tailor—1894. R. J. McDougall, barber—1895. J. E. Gilmour, tailor—1892. Mrs. E. Lynch, grocer—1893. C. A. Nettleton, druggist—1895 (now the store of A. C. Rorabeck). Syer and Co., bakers—1895. M. Brennan, dry goods and merchant tailor, "one of the Pioneers." Halpenny and Co., gents' furnishings, boots and shoes—1892. Miss A. Edwards, millinery—1891. Turner and Co., meat dealers—1894. A Henderson, grocer—1895. The Misses Dickey, dressmakers—1894. Wm. Parks and Co., flour and feed—1882. A. Torrence, general store—1894. J. T. Lovell, sewing machines—1889. Mrs. J. Doran, dressmaker—1887. G. E. Pay and Co., grocers, fruits—1892. W. Pardiac, dry goods—1895. J. W. McDonald (now McDonald and Hay), hardware—1892. R. Rankin, grocer, flour and feed—1888—for himself since 1890. Mrs. Evans, millinery—1896. R. Bunyan and Flannery, general dry goods, "Pioneer." B. M. Mulligan, liquors and cigars, came early, but started business in 1892. John Blanchet, grocer—1884. J. Detler and Co., dry goods, etc.—1890. John Dunlop, boots and shoes—1891. John Ryan, harnessmaker—1895. The *Despatch*, started Feb. 25th, 1892, G. R. Osbourne, proprietor. Traders Bank, incorporated July 2nd, 1885, in Toronto, with three branches. On March 18th, 1895, the North Bay branch was opened—the first bank in town—with L. P. Snyder as Manager, and Chalmers and Little as assistants.

### Medical Fraternity

Dr. A. McMurchy, surgeon for the C.P.R.—1882. Dr. J. B. Carruthers—1886.

### Legal Profession

A. G. Browning, B.A.—1888. J. M. McNamara—1888. P. A. C. Larose—1893. H. D. Leask—1894, now Junior Judge for Nipissing.

## Hotels

Of the hotels the writer gave much data. The Pacific was built by T. and W. Murray, in 1886, at a cost of \$20,000. Manager, T. Meagher. The Mackey House, built by Geo. Fee and J. J. Mackey, proprietors. Here was then ('96) to be seen one of the finest collections of stuffed animals in the country. It took first honors at the Chicago World's Fair in 1893. Queen's Hotel, built by Edw. Lynch, was begun June, 1890, finished March 10th, 1891, Edw. Lynch, proprietor. The Winnipeg, built by Alex. Doyle in 1886, David Kidd, proprietor. The Windsor, built in 1891, J. A. Crawford, proprietor. The Atlantic, built by Alex. Centaloy, no date. This hotel was destroyed by fire on Sunday morning, October 11th, 1908. Dr. McMurphy's and H. Trelford's residences were also destroyed in the fire. Of the Grand Union is said: "This house is situated on the outskirts of town, at the west end." As it is now away down town the growth of North Bay may be seen. Built by John Flannigan. Salem Desjardins, manager. M. Brennan built the North Bay House, and Wm. Park the Lake View.

## More Directory

The third of the articles had a continuation of the town's directory. P. J. Finlan, grocer—1895. Finlan went to Cobalt, and was among the fortunate ones. He was elected Mayor of Cobalt. McIntosh and Hill, butchers, and meats—1892. N. D. Thomas, books and stationery—1894. T. W. Deegan, boots and shoes—1886. Richardson and Co., tinsmiths—1886. R. Ellis, harnessmaker—no date. Ed. Long, "Pioneer painter." Miss A. L. Keena, millinery—no date. Wm. Hogg, saw mills—1885. H. Tippet, contractor and builder—1888. Miss Richards, dressmaker—1892. A. F. Heyworth, cigars—1894. W. A. Martyn, mason and builder—no date. W. Martin, insurance—no date. D. St. Pierre, barber—1883. D. H. Barr, tailor—1889. E. W. Ross, jeweller, and photographer—1888. J. H. Marshall, bricklayer—no date. W. J. Parsons, general store—1887, now

Crown Lands Agent. M. Brown, boots and shoes—1894. W. C. Taylor—1887. "North Bay could ill afford to lose such a skilled and useful citizen" (went away in 1897 and returned in 1908). Miss E. O. Fenson, ladies' furnishings—1893. B. F. Moore, sash and doors—no date. H. A. Aubry, wagon-maker—1895. S. L. Brown, manufacturer of refrigerators—1887.

There were in 1896 the two express companies, Dominion and Canadian, of which D. J. McKeown and J. R. Brown were respectively agents.

### MAKING OF MAIN STREET

"For a number of years we got about town as best we could," said the old citizen. "Main Street was a rocky, stump-covered way—that is where it wasn't quarry. You see the C.P.R. had a stone quarry right across where now is the business part of town. In 1885 an enterprising young Frenchman came here from below Ottawa somewheres. He said he could make a street out of that rocky, stump-covered way if he only had a team, and Ferguson said to take his team. He took it and pulled stumps and blasted rock all that summer, and filled in the quarry, and made things look like a real town street. Say, that French boy—he was only 23—was a hustler. He's still at it, made money too, got a lot of houses and some farms. Great place up here to make money, if you're a hustler!" This French boy, who has doubled his age, has cleared many another street of the town.

### If You're a Hustler

North Bay is full of hustlers, that's why it has become the solid town that it is. They have electric lights, gas and an extensive water system, soon to be increased by a million and a quarter gallon reservoir, at a 200 foot elevation on the heights above Trout Lake, from which the supply is taken.

With miles of sewers laid, miles of concrete sidewalks put down, and more projected, North Bay surely has the air of pros-

perity. I have noted more new buildings under construction than any town I've seen in Ontario. This improvement includes residences, business houses (eleven stores in two city blocks are under way), and public buildings. And yet remark this to a North Bayan and he will tell you: "Say, you should see us when we get a building gait on! Why we're doing nothing now. This is only like a building 'boom' in some of the other towns around. For us we don't count this 'keeping the help between seasons'."

Yes, North Bay is starting in to build a city, and it takes hustlers to do that.

### BOARD OF TRADE STARTS

The North Bay Board of Trade was started on Sept. 7th, 1894. Officers for 1896: President, D. Purvis; Vice-President, J. G. Cormack; Secretary, D. J. McKeown; Treasurer, W. Martin. Councillors, A. G. Browning, R. Bunyan, John Bourke, L. P. Snyder, Wm. Doran, M. Brennan, J. M. McNamara, T. Darling, T. N. Colgan, J. Deegan, and Drs. McMurchy and Carruthers. The *Times* comment was most prophetic, for it said: "With the above gentlemen as the moving spirits, the future prosperity of the town is a foregone conclusion." Such comments are but natural, but here is an instance of the words proving true, for to the Board of Trade North Bay must give great credit for its position among the progressive towns of Ontario.

### Public Library

The Public Library was organized August 31st, 1895, with A. G. Browning, B.A., President; J. M. McNamara, Vice-President; and Miss Begg, Librarian.

This library was greatly due to the efforts of D. J. McKeown of the C.P.R., and L. P. Snyder, Manager of the Traders Bank.

### Where Town Started. Some "Firsts"

There were in these articles other points of interest, but the data gathered will fit into place in special chapters, or headings.

Later, while "prospecting" in this same "mine," I ran upon these "nuggets":

"The first clearing of the town site was commenced upon John Ferguson's lot, No. 20, in Concession D., on the 21st day of August 1882, and upon this lot the main part of the town is at present situated."

"The first steel of the C.P.R. was laid here in October of 1882."

"Thomas Walsh built the first frame house, for John Ferguson."

## CHURCH HISTORY

A town hardly gets fairly started, in this great upper country, before the good folk begin planning for church work. Even before means are available for meeting-houses, services are held in some of the primitive shacks. In writing this history of the churches it has been very difficult to get full data, in some instances, as too little care was taken at the beginning to save the records. Others, however, have been most careful, and could therefore aid me in the work. I can give only that which each could furnish.

### Methodists

The first church service was held by Rev. Silas Huntington, in Wm. McFarlane's home, even before the roof was on. It is told how that while the good man was preaching, a rain storm came up and thoroughly immersed him—and he a Methodist!

The name of Huntington is a familiar one in the valley of the Ottawa. I ran across this same Rev. Silas, when writing of Aylmer, P.Q., where he was located in 1856. The many stories told of him and his sons, Sam, Stewart, and Wesley, would fill a book—good readable stories too. But this is not a biography. Wonder if they were of the branch to which belonged my own dear old great-great-grandmother, Phœbe, great-great-granddaughter of Simon, who came over to Connecticut in 1633? Shouldn't wonder, as his—Simon's—descendants numbered nearly 3,000 in 1863. No "Race Suicide" among us Hunting-

tons. But about Rev. Silas. In 1884 he built the first church in town. It is now occupied by Norman Phelps, as the *North Bay Times* Publishing Plant. The second church was built in 1887, and stood near the site of the present fine brick edifice, at the corner of Ferguson and McIntyre streets. This last was dedicated May 19th, 1907.

After Rev. Huntington came Rev. J. D. Ellis—1886; Rev. Wm. Pyke—1888; Rev. John Webster—1889; Rev. A. Henderson—1892; Rev. Wm. Blair—1895; Rev. E. J. Hart—1898; Rev. W. J. Stewart—1902; and then came the present pastor, Rev. A. P. Addison—1906.

### Roman Catholics

The first services were held, 'tis said, in the same McFarlane house which answered for all purposes in those early days. Others claim that the first Mass was celebrated in the Company's house on the lake front, at which the Hon. R. W. Scott (late Secretary of State) was present. It was celebrated by Father Côté.

The first church still stands on Main Street, a half-block west of Ferguson Street. It was used until Dec. 10th, 1905, when it was deserted for the great stone edifice begun March 31st, 1904, and dedicated with much ceremony Dec. 17th, 1905, at which were present as visitors: Bishops O'Connor and Lorraine, and Fathers Tiffin, Côté, Crowley, and Lataulippe.

The building committee were: Bishop Scollard, J. M. McNamara, H. C. Varin, Richard Bunyan, and John Blanchet.

The architects were Johnson and Angus (Angus in full charge). Contractor I. Taillefer & Son. Cost, \$42,721, up to furnishings, all told, \$65,000.

The first priest was Father Nolin, a missionary, followed by Father Côté, and then Father Sinnott was here for a time. The first regular priest was Father Bloem, who later went to Saratoga, New York, and his place was taken here by his brother Eugene, who was killed on St. Blaise Festival Day, while boarding a train. His death was mourned by all, irrespective of creed, and his memory revered, for he was beloved. He was followed

by Father Scollard, who was made Bishop of the Sault Ste. Marie Diocese, and then came the present in charge, Father O'Brien.

Later: After the above was written I found an interesting paper with added facts. The first church was but a small chapel, which was shortly after enlarged. My good friend, Bishop Lorraine of Pembroke, performed the ceremony, and blessed the bell. In a few years it was again enlarged.

In this same paper I found an account of the dedication of the new church (1905). The music was in charge of Mrs. Schingh, Miss K. Laronde, organist, assisted by singers, Mesdames Lauvin, Blanchet, Paulin, Miss Kellman, and Messrs. Berti, Dupont, Scollard, St. Pierre, Gauthier, Poulin, Baudette, Audette and Villeneuve.

The beautiful windows, representing Bible scenes, were all donated by (1) The C.M.B.A. Branch 64; (2) The English Ladies of the Sacred Heart and the Catholic Order of Foresters. Those of the body of the church by (1) The Young Ladies' Society; (2) Miss H. McMahan; (3) The French Ladies of the Sacred Heart; (4) Mr. and Mrs. M. Brennan and family; (5) John Blanchet; (6) John Shields; (7) Bernard M. Mulligan; (8) The Teacher and Pupils of the Separate School and Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Donovan. The majority of the Stations were also donated, the late Mrs. Crawford and the late Mrs. Holland being among the donors. A great number of presents were received, some of which were from Mrs. D. J. McKeown, six golden candlesticks and crucifix; the French Ladies, altar cloth of gold; the Sodality, the sanctuary lamp, etc. One of the beautiful side altars was the gift of Mr. P. Bourke.

### Anglicans

In 1882 the noted Anglican Missionary, Rev. Foster Bliss, came into this district. He was the very first of that church to come. He went to Sturgeon Falls, where he built a church. On Aug. 15th, 1883, he held service here in the C.P.R. engine house. Records show that fifteen people were present. On Mar. 19th, 1884, W. E. Bagnell opened a subscription list to

build a church. On May 6th, 1884, was the first funeral in North Bay. It was that of Richard Bray. John Ferguson gave the land for the first church, which was called St. Michael and All Angels. The altar ornaments were gifts from England, through Miss M. A. Fleming. The bell was given by W. Harris, of Ottawa, and as of local note, the altar lamp was the gift of W. C. Caverhill.

Rev. (now Archdeacon) G. Gilmour, known over so wide a range, took charge of what was then the Nipissing Mission, on Sept. 2nd, 1885, and remained until Sept. 8th, 1891, when he gave the charge to the Church Wardens, Wm. Featherstone and Newton Williams. He had reduced the debt to \$620. A church was built in Callander in 1890.

In 1892 Rev. A. J. Young took charge. In Aug., 1895, a new church was begun and opened Aug. 10th, 1896, by Bishop of Algoma, Edw. Sullivan, D.D., D.C.L. The name of the church was changed to St. John the Divine. I wondered at the change, and asked. It seems that the old name was not fitting in those early days to North Bay. Rev. Young left Nov. 30th, 1897, and was followed by Canon Burt, who remained till 1898. Rev. A. J. F. Cobb came Oct., 1903, and remained till May, 1906, when came Rev. C. E. Bishop, M.A., the present Rector and Rural Dean of Nipissing. He has been most efficient in lifting the large debt which had hung over the church for twelve years, and on Feb. 12th, 1908, consecrated it, and burned the mortgage amid great rejoicing.

### Presbyterians

I had found all the church history to that of the Presbyterian, and there I had to stop. No one could give me any definite data. Bethinking me of the "mine" in which I had found so much, I went again to "digging" in the *North Bay Times*, and there was not only that which I sought, but bits of things I had been hunting for in the town history. I would include these "bits" in this history of the Presbyterian church, were it not that I would have *all* see them, so I shall give them in the "worldly" part of the volume.

The first church was built in the spring of 1884, and as usual the lot was given by John Ferguson, to whom nearly every church is indebted for the gift of its lot. Building Committee: B. W. Coyne, John Ferguson, David Inches, Wm. McDonald, Harry Trelford, Stephen Allan, John Robertson, John McLeod.

Rev. Wm. Hewitt was the first in charge. He was here till Oct., 1888, when Rev. J. M. Goodwillie came.

David Inches and A. J. McDonald were the first elders.

At first the only seats they had were planks set on nail kegs. But in 1886 the Presbyterians of Pembroke got rich enough to discard their old seats for new ones, and gave the old to this church. The gift was a God-send, even if it did come through Pembroke.

### A Nail-Keg Stool

And just here I must include a bit gathered elsewhere. At first they had no organ, but wanting one for a special occasion, borrowed one from John Ferguson near by. "We've got an organ, but what will we do for a seat?" asked Mrs. B. W. Coyne, the first choir director. "Here, take this," said Miss Anna C——," and carried over to the organ a nail keg. In 1887 they got an instrument of their own—stool and all. It was paid for by the Ladies' Aid Society, organized that same year by Mrs. B. W. Coyne, who was its president. Others of the society were: Mrs. Dr. J. B. Carruthers, Vice-President; Miss Nellie Hewitt, Secretary; Miss Anna Cormack, Treasurer; Mrs. J. G. Cormack, Mrs. John Ferguson, Mrs. Hewitt, Mrs. H. Trelford, the Misses Ferguson, Mrs. A. J. McDonald, Mrs. Wm. Parks.

The original church grew too small, and in the late eighties it was extended. Building Committee: A. G. Browning, Dr. J. B. Carruthers, J. G. Cormack, F. S. Harrison, H. G. Reid, Harry Hughes, Wm. McKenzie, Robt. Rankin, T. W. Turner.

July 6th, 1893, Rev. J. W. McMillan took charge, and remained till Oct. 6th, 1895. In Nov., 1895, Rev. Thos. MacAdam came, and on May 19th, 1896, was inducted as the regular pastor. He stayed till Oct., 1898.

From that to Mar. 27th, 1899, there was no minister in charge, but on that date came the present pastor, the Rev. G. L. Johnston, through whose efforts the church has not only grown in numbers, but a beautiful new edifice has replaced the old one.

Building Committee for the new St. Andrew's: First Chairman, J. G. Cormack. He died and his place was filled by Dr. J. B. Carruthers, who in turn was also called shortly after. Robt. Rankin became the third chairman, with assistants: A. G. Brown- ing, John Ferguson, J. H. Hughes, Thos. Wallace, David Melville, H. G. Reid and Wm. McKenzie.

The corner-stone was laid Monday, Aug. 15th, 1904. Prominent visitors: Rev. John Garrioch and Rev. J. A. Macdonald, editor of the *Toronto Globe*, "who noted the advance of North Bay from the days when the school-house had to answer for church as well as school. He spoke encouraging words to us in our agitation for the construction of the Georgian Bay Canal, and he a Toronto man. Remarkable!"

Things put into the corner-stone box next day: (1) a small Bible, (2) history of the church to date, (3) last annual report of the church, (4) religious papers, the *Presbyterian Record* and *The Presbyterian*; secular papers, *Toronto Globe*, *Mail and Empire*, *North Bay Times*, and *The Despatch*.

Mrs. J. G. Cormack laid the stone with a silver trowel.

John Ferguson and Thos. Wallace passed the plates and collected \$2,050.00.

On Sunday, May 21st, 1905, the new church was dedicated. The services were conducted by Rev. Geo. M. Milligan, D.D., pastor of Old St. Andrew's Church of Toronto. Rev. R. M. Carkner, pastor of the Baptist church of the town, conducted the Scripture reading. \$800 were collected that day, and during the following week the Ladies' Sewing Circle held a fair and added \$200 to the fund.

This church has a fine pipe organ. The first meeting of the Presbytery was held in this church on July 12th, 1898, at which delegates were present from twenty points in this Mission field.

## Baptists

The Baptists were latest to organize in North Bay, and even after a small beginning in 1887, it was not until 1892 that real work was begun. In February of that year (1892) W. J. Mill, N. Phelps, and a few ladies met and organized a Sunday School, of which Mr. Phelps was the Superintendent. They rented the "Blue" school-house, and in July organized—or rather re-organized—a church with ten or twelve members. Rev. J. Webster preached for a time, but the first regular minister was Rev. W. L. Palframan, who was in charge from 1892 to 1895.

Though last to organize, they were first to build a permanent brick church, which they did, completing it in 1894. Up to that time only frame buildings had been erected. Incidentally, all five now have fine substantial stone or brick structures. The next minister was the Rev. E. J. Stobo, who was here from 1895 to 1898. Then followed occasional ministers up to 1900, when Rev. L. H. Thomas came, and remained till 1905, when Rev. R. M. Carkner took charge, and is the present incumbent.

## Lutherans

The Lutherans have held occasional services for some years, but they have no church building.

## Salvation Army

The Salvation Army have here a well-organized corps, and are most active in the work.

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## SCHOOLS

In another place I have touched upon the early school history, but must give more in detail the rise of the schools from the "Little Log House," with no system, up to the present, with a system unsurpassed in the upper country, with buildings that would be a credit to a great city. So much is being done for education that North Bay might well be called "The Athens of

the North." It has two fine Public, one large Separate School, a High School, and just now is under construction one of the most beautiful Normal School buildings I have seen in Canada. It is to cost \$60,000. This is paid for by the Province of Ontario.

As showing the excellence of the School System, and the brightness of the North Bay children, at the closing of the term, last June, 29 pupils entered for examinations for the High School, and 29 passed—13 of them "with honors."

It must become an ideal centre, for its morals are such that you can't get a Sunday paper, even on Monday morning.

History: John Ferguson gave an acre of ground for the first school. Again, as elsewhere, this stood at the rear of the lot upon which is now the Baptist Church. This acre was cut down to a half acre by the subsequent purchaser of the farm lot upon which stood the "Old Log." Later, Ferguson built "The Blue School," at a cost of \$2,750, and gave it with an acre of ground for the "Log" and its half acre.

James Agnew was the first teacher. The first School Trustees were: Wm. McDonald, so long postmaster; Col. J. J. Gregory, who figured largely in those days; and J. A. Singleton, who was connected with the C.P.R.

### Separate School

The next was the Separate School, built on Priests Hill in 1887.

This was followed by The Central, in 1891, and then Wallace & Son built the East Ward School, in 1899.

The Separate School building growing too small, a fine large house was erected in 1906.

The first Separate School Board were: M. Brennan, Geo. Fee and Oscar Legros. The present Board are: M. Brennan—who has been a member and the Chairman during the 21 years of its existence; B. M. Mulligan, P. Bourke, E. Geauthier, D. St. Pierre, and J. Blanchet.

The present Principal is Mother Julien; Assistants: Sisters Helen, Faustina and Magdelene, and Misses S. McKee, M. Judge, A. Gregory, D. Marceau and Mlle. Dubois.

## High School

The High School was built in 1904. Its first Board were: David Purvis, A. G. Browning, D. J. McKeown, J. M. McNamara, Dr. A. McMurphy and J. M. Detlor. Its present Board are: J. M. McNamara, Chairman; A. G. Browning, Secretary; D. J. McKeown, Dr. G. W. Smith, Dr. A. McMurphy and Jas. Halfpenny.

The first Principal, J. B. McDougall (at present the School Inspector for the District of Nipissing); second, J. M. McKinley; the third and present, A. R. Girdwood.

## Public Schools

The Central and East Ward Schools are practically one, and under Principal W. M. Bradley; Vice-Principal, J. B. Stewart. Assistants: Misses A. S. Sheppard, J. Davidson, E. Arnold, E. M. Stephenson, Mrs. C. Cairns, Misses V. Davidson, I. Foster, A. Williams and K. Bartlett. Kindergarten: Directress, Miss D. Beanlands; Assistant, Miss M. Munroe.

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## MUSIC

Most Canadians are musically minded, many have musical ability, and some of them excel in the art to a high degree. Some of the choruses of the great cities have few superiors upon the continent, and the Mendelssohn Choir, of Toronto, possibly excels any other this side of the Atlantic, and has few equals abroad. Through the efforts of Dr. Charles A. E. Harriss, Canadian music is being recognized and made more than national. Through his untiring efforts the whole Empire will yet recognize Canada as one of the musical lands of the world. Several of his productions have been presented in England—his symphonic choral work, *Pan*, being produced before King Edward, who afterward commanded him to his royal presence. Dr. Harriss is trying to create a musical spirit as broad as the Empire. This year, in London, he gave a concert in the Royal Albert Hall, before an audience of close to ten thousand Empire musical supporters.

The tour he made in Canada in 1903, with Sir Alexander Mackenzie, Principal of the London Royal Academy of Music, as Conductor, was certainly the beginning of a new era in higher class music in the Dominion. Following close upon that tour, Choral Unions sprang up in all the larger places and in many of the smaller cities and towns. The Doctor is just now in Canada again, with the Sheffield Choir.

In 1907, North Bay fell into line, and to-day the North Bay Choral Union has few equals in the towns of Canada. It was organized by such musical spirits as F. A. York, E. H. Young, and others. Mr. York was its first conductor. Their concerts have already attracted wide attention, Mr. Harold Jarvis, the renowned Canadian tenor, who assisted at one of the concerts, being almost extravagant in his praise of the work of the Union. His commendation is much reason for my opinion. I have not heard them. But I did hear the children of the town, in a trained chorus, and in judging the older by the younger singers, I could not be extravagant. Why, those children—more than one hundred of them—seemed to sing as one voice, so well timed was the music they rendered. The spirit with which they sang was delightful to hear. Again, I cannot but judge of the musical ability of the Union, when I see the class of music they chose for one of their concerts. Upon the program I find such composers as Handel, Mendelssohn, Pinsuti and Gounod. And still again, I must judge of them by the excellence of some of the town's Church choirs, in which are many sweet, strong and well-trained voices of the Union.

At their recent annual meeting the following officers, active and honorary, were chosen: Patrons, Judge and Mrs. Valin; Hon. President, the Mayor; Acting President, N. J. McCubbin; Hon. Vice-Presidents, A. G. Browning, K.C., Wm. McKenzie and Sheriff H. C. Varin; Acting Vice-Presidents, Mrs. Fred. Weegar, Mr. A. G. Davie and Mr. J. Smith; Secretary, Mr. E. H. Young; Treasurer, Mr. A. W. McPherson; Librarian, Mr. R. J. Reaume; Conductor, Mr. W. I. Johnston; Executive Committee, Mrs. E. S. Senkler, Miss A. Begg, Mr. C. P. Chamberlain and Mr. I. Santary. Membership, 160.

## SPORTS AND AMUSEMENTS

Like all the northern towns and cities, North Bayans are lovers of amusement. They have a very large ice skating and hockey rink and a roller skating rink—the latter now used as a summer theatre. They have built a \$50,000 opera house, which was opened by "The Three Little Maids Company" on September 7th, 1908.

There is here a fine half-mile trotting track. Must tell you of a "meet" I attended while in town. Some of the best horses in the circuit were there, shops and business houses were closed and they made of it a gala day. You have been thinking of horse racing in a new country as a wild affair. Say, it wasn't half as wild as the old time camp-meetings we used to have in Urbana. Everybody seemed kindly bent towards his or her neighbor. There was no noise or roughness, and I don't believe there had been any betting had not that Andrews from Haileybury dared me to "go the cigars on the bay." As the bay was away behind, I "took" him—then went round to the "booth," and got the cigars—owing to the wonderful speed shown by the bay on the home stretch. That Andrews knew all the time that P. Bourke's "Gracie Pointer" was one of Canada's fastest, and just "took me in," because I'm so innocent—at a horse race.

Apropos of "Gracie Pointer." I had not thought to find, in this upper land, a relative of "The Champion of Champions." But so it turns. That Champion was "Angus Pointer," a brother of "Gracie," a North Bay mare. Oh, I tell you, they have lots of surprises for us up here!

You think of a new country as one given wholly to chopping, grubbing, plowing, and building. Not so. The people of New Ontario either have the time or they take the time to make life worth while. It's not all work—and it is a good bit of play. They come long distances to each other's picnics, and thus there is a wide acquaintance among the towns and communities.

North Bay may be called a show town. The Royal Theatre (the name of the beautiful opera house) and the "Vaudevite" run continuously, and both are crowded nightly, and both give a good programme, with usually good talent.

## ORDERS AND SOCIETIES

North Bay has its quota of Orders and Secret Societies. Some date back to the early days, "when there were hardly enough of us to form a baseball nine," as one old citizen said.

Following is a list of the various fraternities with their officers. "Only a lot o' names," say you. Yes, but it is "the lot o' names" that gives a book a lasting value. Years to come, as the grandchildren scan this list, many an one will say: "Ah, see, grandpa was an officer—here's his name." Only a "lot o' names," but much joy they will some time give, and so I give them here—not for you, but for those who will be here when you are—"only a name."

I shall give the Orders, not in their priority, but as the information was collected. I did not succeed in getting all of them, but this was from no lack of effort.

### Masons

The Masonic Order was organized by W. W. Cross.

Officers: W. I. Johnston, W.M.; N. J. McCubbin, I.P.M.; R. L. Dudley, S.W.; A. H. McMullen, J.W.; Gerald C. Thompson, Chap.; W. A. Griffin, Secy.; W. H. Thomas, Treas.; W. A. Martyn, organist; Fred. Milne, S.D.; A. O. Laing, J.D.; Thos. Peacock, S.S.; Jas. Beath, J.S.; H. J. McAuslan, I.G.; J. J. Owen, Tyler; W. H. Milne, D.O.C.; Auditors: C. E. Coleman and G. A. McGaughey. Sick Committee: S. Weegar, Geo. W. Lee and A. C. Rorabeck. General Purpose Committee: I.P.M., W.M., S.W., J.W., and Secy.

### Independent Order of Oddfellows

Officers: J. W. McCallum, Jr. P.G.; W. J. Fasler, N.G., J. M. Marshall, V.G.; D. Watson, R. Secy.; J. W. Deegan, Fin. Secy.; Gerald C. Thompson, Treas.; J. Armstrong, Warden; H. Chamberlain, Con.; F. I. Wharram, I.G.; T. Rigby, O.G.; J. J. Owens, R.S.N.G.; A. Caley, L.S.N.G.; W. J. Moore, R.S.V.G.; T. Annessley, L.S.V.G.; S. R. Pollard, R.S.S.; R. Clarke, L.S.S.; and Rev. C. E. Bishop, Chaplain.

### **Ancient Order United Workmen**

Officers: I. A. Kinsella, P.M.; Norman Phelps, M.W. and D.D.G.M.; H. S. Campbell, Rec. Secy.; G. A. McGaughey, Fin. Secy.; Wm. Ferguson, Foreman; A. W. Barton, Overseer; Wm. McDonald, Guide; Dr. A. E. Ranney, Med. Ex.; G. Faught, I.W.; J. Byers, O.W.; Trustees: T. Rickett, J. W. Sewell, and J. W. Richardson. Membership 150.

### **Knights of Columbus**

The Knights are very strong in North Bay, having a membership of 300. They started here in 1905. It is Council 1007. Officers: John Loughrin, G.K.; P. McCool, P.G.K.; Rev. T. J. Crowley, D.G.K.; D. J. McKeown, Chan.; Rev. A. F. Kelly, Chap.; J. W. Smith, F.S.; T. M. Mulligan, R.S.; M. W. Flannery, Treas.; J. J. Shields, W.; D. S. Lyons, I.G.; S. E. Brennan, O.G.; Trustees: J. F. Devine, A. Brown, and W. Obrey.

### **Independent Order of Foresters**

This Order has a membership of 94.

Officers: J. W. Parsons, C.R. and C.D.; A. C. S. Begg, V.C.R.; Wm. McKenzie, R.S.; F. Biggs, F.S. and Treas.; J. W. Sewell, O.; Jas. McCreight, S.J.C.; E. W. Root, Organist; F. Williams, Sr. W.; J. W. Banks, Jr. W.; R. Rankin, S.B.; E. W. Ross, Jr. B.; Dr. A. McMurchy, C. Dr.

### **Catholic Order of Foresters**

Officers: D. Stephen Lyons, C.R.; M. Doyle, V.C.R.; D. St. Pierre, P.C.R.; Dr. G. W. Smith, Treas.; M. W. Flannery, F.S.; E. C. Rheume, R.S. The Order has a membership of 163. Started 1893.

### **Orange Association**

Officers: H. E. McKee, County Master; B. F. Moore, County Secy.; W. J. Bailey, P.C.M.; A. Dreaney, C.D. of C.

District Lodge: B. F. Moore, D.M.; J. Dickey, D.D.M.; S. A. Kinsella, D.D. of C.

Scarlet Chapter: J. McCauley, W.M.; E. Rutledge, D.M.; Rev. E. C. Bishop, Chap.; J. S. Depencier, R.S.; W. Irwin, F.S.; J. W. Sewell, Treas.; F. T. Bailey, D.C.; R. W. Walker, Lecturer.

North Bay is a centre of Orangeism for a district of 150 miles. The County has 25 local lodges, and two District Lodges, and has a total membership of 1,000. It was started here June 26th, 1889. J. W. Richardson was the first Master.

### Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen

This is said to have been the first Order or Society regularly organized in North Bay. The first officers were: J. Scott, Master; Jas. Fallon, Sec., and Jas. McIlvenna, Treas. The present I failed to get.

Charter members, with the above, were: Wm. Boucher, E. Jarvis, P. Cormody, J. Wallace, O. Barnhart, M. McLeod, C. McIntyre, D. Burns, Lott Britton, I. Phillips, and J. Nelson.

They first met in a room in "The Company Row." Of these members, O. Barnhart and C. McIntyre were killed in wrecks. And here is an odd coincidence: These wrecks were within eight miles of each other. McIntyre had just taken out a life insurance policy. As he was handed the policy by the Treasurer, Jim McIlvenna, he turned to his wife, who had accompanied him to the meeting room, and said: "This is for you when I am gone." "And a long time I hope I will have to wait for it," said she. Her hopes were not realized, for he went direct to his engine and never came back alive.

### Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers

Officers: Wm. Hallandale, Chief Engineer; Henry Trelford, First Engineer; John Nelson, Second Engineer; Thos. W. Turner, First Asst. Eng.; Jas. T. Lindsay, 2nd Asst. Eng.; John McIlvenna, 3rd Asst. Eng.; Ed. Jarvis, Guide; Geo. Pask, Chap.; W. J. Roach, Del. to G.I.D.; W. R. Boucher,

Rep. Leg. Board and Chairman of Local Grievance Com.; Jas. T. Lindsay, Ins. Secy.

The District covers from Chalk River to Sault Ste. Marie, and to Cartier on the main line of the C.P.R.

Membership, 70.

From this there sprung the Brotherhood of the T. and N.O. Railway. Of this branch the officers are: F. Morgan, Chief Eng.; Neil Currie, F.A.; J. T. Wilson, Ins. Secy. Board of Adjustment: J. T. Wilson, W. H. Thomas, and W. Ross.

### Sons of England

Officers: G. Northway, Pres.; G. De Meza, Vice-Pres.; G. Mitchell, Treas.; T. K. Burt, Secy.; A. F. Jackman, Chap.; Dr. A. E. Ranney, Physician; W. Howard, First Committeeman, and H. E. Cusworth, Inner Guard.

Re-organized August 6th, 1906. Membership 40.

### Sons of Scotland

One might think that the Sons of Scotland were running a town of their own in a foreign land, from the number of these Sons who have been at the head of affairs in North Bay. See the list of Mayors taken from this Society: Wm. McKenzie, for four years; Dr. J. B. Carruthers, and J. G. Cormack, each for one year, and now Wm. Milne is in his second year. It was a Son of Scotland—John Ferguson—who started the town and put in 26 years of energy in its upbuilding, having been Reeve, and is now the President of the Board of Trade. Robert Rankin, the last Reeve of North Bay, is a "Son," as is Jas. Lindsay, a former Councillor.

Camp Kintail was organized Dec. 15th, 1890.

Officers: W. C. Webster, Chief; Jas. Duncan, P.C.; J. McL. Daly, Chieftain; Rev. G. T. Johnston, Chap.; Dr. A. McMurchy, Phys.; W. Beath, R.S.; P. J. Bell, F.S.; A. R. White, Treas.; J. Gillies, Mar.; R. Forsyth, S.B.; J. McArthur, S.G.; H. Allan, Jr. G.

Membership, 100.

## Queen Victoria Memorial Hospital

One of the most beautiful features of those portions of Canada where they give more thought to the well-being of their people than they do to mere money, you find that almost the first matter they attend to is to build a hospital. Cobalt has one or more, the enterprising and most public-spirited Mayor in this north country—Clement A. Foster, of Haileybury, whose unique career reads like fiction—has given 22 acres for one, shortly to be built, while at New Liskeard, five miles north of Haileybury, we find the Lady Minto Hospital that would be a credit to a large city.

The ever-generous folk of North Bay have not been behind. When they saw dawning the great city that must here arise, they bethought them of the sick and afflicted, and built upon a commanding site on Priests Hill, at the rise of the hills at the north edge of town, a beautiful and most conveniently arranged house as a memorial to their late beloved Queen Victoria.

It is connected with the Victorian Order of Nurses, founded by the good Lady Minto, wife of the last Governor-General.

Its officers are: Wm. Martin, Sr., President; C. C. Begg, Vice-President; F. H. Campbell, Secretary; and George Hutcheson, Treasurer. Executive Board: Mesdames A. G. Browning, G. Leach, N. Phelps, G. L. Wetmore, H. M. S. Detlor, Drs. G. W. Smith and Edgar Brandon, and Rev. C. E. Bishop.

## Doctors and Lawyers

Barristers—A. G. Browning, M. G. V. Gould, G. L. T. Bull, W. H. Warke, G. A. McGaughey, Jas. McCurry, J. M. McNamara, E. S. Senkler.

Physicians—W. J. Bell, E. Brandon, A. McMurchy, A. E. Ranney, G. W. Smith.

Dentists—R. L. Dudley, W. C. Wickett, —. Mackenzie.

## THE FRENCH RIVER

I had often heard the words "French River," but had about as much notion of what they stood for as the man in the moon has about Will Kervin's House Boats. Now, guess you, what

they stand for? Give it up? And why not? Of course you will! You'd naturally think that "River" meant a stream of water. In this case it means nothing of the kind. It's water all right, but there is so much of it in depth, and so wide that nothing short of "an island-filled lake," would begin to express what this magnificent *thing* is like.

You may imagine my surprise that morning I got aboard jolly old Captain McCaw's *Hazel B.*, and started angling south-westerly across the Nipissing from the North Bay wharf, through those five tree-embowered islands that sit so cosily, a few miles from town. "What islands are these?" you ask the Captain, and he tells you: "The Manitou Islands. And the big one, there to the right, is so *hanted* that the Indians will never sleep on it."

### "Tuk by th' Dutch frum Pennsylvayny"

You pass more islands—say 21 miles from town—and the surprise begins right here. You ask: "Captain, when do we enter the river?"

"Why, mon, do ye no ken that thus is the ruver? The islands ahl about ahr un the Frunch."

"This is no river. This is another lake, wide and island-filled!" I could not but exclaim.

"Ut's the Frunch ahl the saim."

"Say, Captain, what's the matter with you Canadians, anyhow? You stick your lakes into your rivers, and your rivers into your lakes, until a poor unsophisticated Yankee never can tell just where to get off," and I looked for all the world like I was hurt over it. But the old Captain came up smiling, with:

"'Tis thus way. We hev so monny lakes ahl about that we hev to cawl som o' thum ruvers, an' thus is wan o' thum! An' do ye ken, we'll soo' be hev'n to change th' naim?"

"No," says I, "and why? Is not 'French' a good enough name?"

"Ut was til ut was tuk be th' Dutch, an' noo 'Frunch' and 'Dutch' wull nae be gang tujither."

Then I said: "Give it up! Tell me the joke."

"Ah, yer a stranger? De ye nae ken that th' ruver is tuk be th' Yankees frum—whut ye cawl ut—Penn-syl-way-ny? Awl th' hoooses frum th' intrance t' th' falls o' th' Beeg Shawdare ahr tuk be th' foineest lot o' Yankees as uver cum intill Canada, and neerly ahl frum Penn-syl-way-ny."

And sure enough, the whole way along could be seen, peeping out from the forest-covered islands, our own Stars and Stripes, alongside of which floated the Union Jack, in as happy fellowship as those good Pennsylvaynians with the Canucks, into whose country they are made so welcome. "Little Pittsburg" would not be a misnomer for, a good part of the river, for the greater city has certainly contributed the larger number of the cottagers along the way. And each year the numbers grow. I might stop right here, and not tell you anything further about the French. The mere fact that some of the best people of that city of millionaires have pronounced this stream (?) "All Right!" is proof of its charm.

### The Kervin House Boats—"Hotel in the Water"

Not far from the entrance we passed in sight of a hotel sitting out in the water, for all the world like a Gatineau Point house when the two rivers get high in spring. I wonder why they built a hotel out there in the lake-river, and ask the Captain, and he laughingly tells me that it is one of the Kervin House Boats, of which they have a number in the French, and in a part of the lake they call the West Arm.

### "The Shamrock" and the "Long Distance" Invitation

It wasn't long until we came to another house boat, away over to the right. It was moored beside a beautifully shaded island. And I ask if that is another of the Kervin Boats, and he says it is, but that John Ferguson has it for the summer. And then I mind me that I have a long-distance invitation to visit that house boat. "Long distance," and the longer the distance

the more effusive the invitation—*sometimes*—up here in Canada. But this was not one of the times. The steamer goes over and I get off, spend an all too short afternoon winding in and out among the islands and narrow branches of the river with a jolly party, in the naphtha launch of the house boat, and regretfully leave when the *Hazel B.*, all too soon, returns from its trip further down the river.

### Many Flags

Must tell you of the many flags that floated from that boat. There was, of course, the Union Jack, the regular Canadian flag, and—for the pretty little Yankee from Boston—the Stars and Stripes, and all flying from an Irish house boat—the *Shamrock*. But I couldn't see why a Chinese flag should be among the number, for the cook was French, and not from Hong Kong. I asked:

“What's your Chinese flag for?”

“My what!” exclaimed my host.

“Your Chinese flag, there at the *lee* end of the boat.”

“That? Why, man, that's my grand old Scotch flag.” And then I say, “Oh!” as apologetically as I know how, but I'm afraid I've not been forgiven yet for my wrong guess.

We get into the launch and are soon flitting up among the islands toward the Big Chaudiere Falls, at a rate that made me ask if all the rocks had been dug this season. As we didn't hit any, the crop must have been taken in.

One place we passed between rocky banks, so close together that it looked like this might have been the river I had imagined the French to be.

### Indian Writing on the Rocks

On a rock, along that channel, they pointed out the Indian writing of which I had so often heard. Further back than we know, the Indians used to write their hieroglyphics on the rocks, in certain places, and I had gotten to see one of the places. It is quite plain, after all the years since it was painted there.

### Porcupines a-Plenty

Ever see a porcupine? I never had until that afternoon. When we got back to the *Shamrock*, we were surprised to find two of them visiting Boss and the pup. Not until we came up and said: "Sic 'im, Boss!" did those two "pen-holders" start to run. One of them went up a pine tree and the other climbed a bush. Boss made for the former, but quickly returned with enough quills in his nose to have stocked a country school. Now I'd often heard about that "quill" business, but had always thought of it as a "fairy tale." It is no "fairy tale," and I can prove it by Boss.

### The French River Habit

That was my first visit down the French. After that I got the habit and went as often as I could spare the time, and every time I found new interest in the marvellous—what shall I call it? They call it a river, and the maps call it a river; Champlain and the Jesuit Fathers called it a river. But—well, go see it for yourself and then name it for me. Almost until you reach the Big Chaudiere Falls, many miles down, there is no one place where you can see the two banks at the same time. It is three miles wide at some points—some say four. It has big islands, little islands, long islands, and no two look alike, making the scenery varied and very pretty. No wonder we find people coming here year after year—a famous Buffalo lawyer has missed but the World's Fair year in the past fifteen—to fish and to hunt, and to idly float about in canoes, and enjoy life as would not be so possible at any of the fashionable summer resorts, where all there is to do is to dress and to eat, and comment upon the "guys" at the "next table."

### Hay Fever Sanitarium

Some come here to be rid of hay fever. "When I can stand it no longer, I hurry up to the French, and life is soon again worth living," said one who can surcease nowhere else.

## The French a Recent Find

No wonder the French River is so little known, for it is but a few years since the first "outsider" camped along its banks or pitched his tent upon its islands. In 1897 John Hall came here from Cleveland, Ohio, and went "away down by the Little Chaudiere." He has been coming every year since to camp. He is still the "furthest down." Big, generous Hall! I call him Colonel, and the title is fitting. He has built an extra cottage that he may have friends near him—"rent free"—doubly fortunate friends, for he is a host worth while.

One Saturday afternoon I went down on the *Hazel B.* to see the Little Chaudiere—the limit of the run—and met the "Colonel." I knew him at once—he's that sort. "Get off! Get off, and stay over Sunday!" I stayed, and now mark that visit among the happy ones of my Canadian sojourn. We fished the rest of the afternoon and all the evening. My eyes! what a fisherman the Colonel is! And the fishing paraphernalia! Yes, "paraphernalia." No other word would be fitting for the store full of tackle he has at his camp. More tackle than is carried by many a well-equipped tackle shop. His variety is said to be unequalled by any other sportsman. We fished all evening, and caught 39 "big fellows," of which four were my catch. "Luck?" I can't say what it was, but while we both threw in our lines at the same hole, he caught them fast, while I sat there watching him do it. I told him that he had them trained to "show off" for company. "What did we want with so many fish?" Why, bless you, we only came away with our needs for supper and next morning's breakfast. All the rest we threw back into the water. If there is anything that will make the Colonel angry it is to see sportsmen (?) catch and keep more than their possible needs, and leave the fish to rot on the bank. "That's why," said he, "the streams up here are being fished out. Far more are wasted than are used. I never keep a single fish that I do not need for myself or my friends." He's always thinking of his friends. ~~And~~ And his friends can never forget him.

## Hall River—A Discovery

Near his camp is an arm of the French. The map shows it as an arm. But one day the Colonel set out with an Indian to investigate, and traced an unknown stream up through many windings, lakelets, past little falls, and numerous swamps, for more than 25 miles. And so was discovered Hall River.

## The Little Chaudiere Falls

I visited the Little Chaudiere Falls, near Hall's, and saw some of the dams which have recently been put in by the Government to keep the water at a uniform height. The falls are more of a rapids than falls, as there is no great tumbling of the water, and no abrupt break in the current. The scenery all about is very picturesque and very wild. The river divides some eight miles above. The other and far larger branch goes to the south, and the two surround a great island of 42,000 acres, and then join to the west to flow on to Georgian Bay.

## The Big Chaudiere Falls

On Monday morning I went with the Maginni family—the Colonel's friends from Pittsburg—to visit the Big Chaudiere Falls, and to take the *Hazel B.* back to North Bay.

Oh the beauty of these rapids! They call them falls, but again it is a misnomer. While there is no abrupt break, yet the grandeur of the scene may be imagined when one thinks of a broad river being forced through a gorge so narrow that I easily tossed a ten-pound stone across to the further bank.

<sup>1</sup> Here is to be placed one of the three locks for the canal. Think of it! Only three locks to connect two great bodies of water, thus forming nearly 100 miles of the proposed highway.

## An Indian Burial Ground

Not far from the Chaudiere is a quaint Indian burial ground of the Dokis band. They take good care of it, and at certain seasons decorate it with trinkets. As one visitor said: "Like unto the decorating of a Christmas tree."

As above, I made many trips down the French. Sometimes with few fellow-passengers, at other times with many aboard, but always came back with a new store of "copy."

### "I Haint Got No Edication"

Canoes could ever and anon be seen coming out from the cottages, to get and deliver letters, and take back the "groceries" from the little steamer. One day I asked one of these canoe-men: "Whose cottage is that?" pointing to the one he had come out from.

"Mr. O'n's," said he.

"What are his initials?" I asked, as I had thought to give the "Directory of the French," before I found the number too large.

"I don't know," said he, "I haint got no edication."

"Well, what do they call him?"

"Them as knows him familiar calls him Ed., and the rest of us just Mister," and then he went away with his "groceries" and his letters.

### Names on the French River Directory

As I said, I started to gather the names of the cottagers along the French River, but when I had put down the following, I stopped and gave it up: Allison, Bragdon, Barker, Coen, Cunningham, Ferguson, Griffith, Heyworth, Hunt, Haines, Hutchison, Harcourt, Hall ("Colonel" J. B., the first cottager), Hale, Hemphehl, Johnson, Jacobs, Laing, Leach, Marshall, Norris, Rolling, Reynolds, Shepherd, Whitehead (the Bishop of Pittsburg), Young.

There is the Solid Comfort Club, with possibly 200 members; the Bison Club, with a large number, and the many Kervin House Boats, with their numerous guests. The French River is becoming so famous that the islands all the way up are being taken and built upon, growing more valuable every season, as the beauties of the French are becoming better known. I was so impressed by the spirit of the river—the good feeling shown, "Canuck" toward "Yankee," that I found that feeling running along in

song—crude, but expressive of the love we hold toward these good folk of the Northland:

On the French in the Northland far away,  
 We'll pass full many a summer's day;  
 And hunt and fish, or idly float,  
 In light canoe, or the dancing boat;  
 And watch the sail o'er the glist'ning stream—  
 At night we'll sing 'neath the pale moon's beam.

Then Ho! for the French with its beautiful isles;  
 Then Ho! for the girls with their rippling smiles;  
 Then Ho! for the Northland far away!

And when the days of summer's done,  
 And the Autumn's come with the Autumn's sun,  
 We'll fold our tents and southward flee,  
 Still singing, each: "Oh, the North for me!"  
 Oh sing of the land where the two flags float—  
 Where the "Stripes" may fly from the dancing boat—  
 Where our "Stars," and the emblem of England's pride,  
 May fly together, side by side.

Then Ho! for the North, with its people true!  
 Then Ho! for the French, with its waters blue!  
 To thee, oh River! we'll come again!  
 To thee, oh River! Good-bye!—Good-bye!  
 We'll come again—when the swallows fly.

### Eagle's Nest

Somebody is sure to point out to you "The Eagle's Nest." It is in the top of a great pine, back from the southerly bank of the river. Then they will tell you about that "other one" that some vandal cut down and destroyed. Of course it was far larger than this one. Things destroyed are always superior to that which remains. But this one looks like a whole wagon-

load of dirt in the top of a tree. Many eagles are seen, flying above the river. They make the cottagers feel "quite at home," since so many of them claim the eagle as their emblem.

### The Fish Hawk and the Crane

One evening when we were coming back, and just before we left the French to enter the lake, I saw an odd sight. You see the Captain and Bill Boucher had been vying with each other as to which could tell the biggest fish story, when some one, pointing ahead, called our attention to something that beat both of them.

At first we saw two or three hawks sailing round and round. As we got nearer we saw a dark object in the water. As we approached, this object arose with great difficulty. To our surprise it was an enormous crane, and carried in its bill a large fish (the Captain said it was a foot long, and Bill said eighteen inches, which shows their relative powers in the fish line). It arose slowly and was getting off toward the shore in fine order, when one of the hawks made a drive for it, scaring it into dropping its well-earned prize. At that the hawk whirled and seemed fairly to drop through the air. Hardly had the fish struck the water when it was picked up by the bird and borne away, the crane slowly following.

"That beats me," said both old rivermen. "Never saw a crane catch a fish in deep water before." But for them I'd have thought that it was a way the French River cranes had of getting supper.

If Cap or Bill ever tell you this story, believe them. I'll vouch for its truth. "What? Who'll vouch for me?" I won't need it, for I'll not be here. But the story is as I have told it.

### Brulé, the First White Man to See the French. Champlain came 1615

It is thought that Etienne Brulé was the first white man to see the French River. He is said to have been here in 1613.

Much wrong knowledge (?) maintains about when Champlain came to this part of Canada. 1613 was the first time he

got anywhere near, and then he came only as far as Allumette Island, across from where is now Pembroke. He left Montreal May 27th, and with Nicolas Vignau, whom he calls "the most impudent liar that has been seen for many a day," came up to Allumette, where he was kindly treated by an Indian chief called at times Tessouat, at others Le Bourgne. He would have come further, and asked of the chief four canoes and eight men. At first Tessouat promised to furnish men and canoes, but reconsidered and then refused, claiming that he loved Champlain too dearly to allow him to go and be slain by the Nipissings, who, he said, were sorcerers, and who would surely poison him. Vignau had told Champlain that he had been on "The Great Northern Sea" (Nipissing Lake), and had visited the Nipissing Indians. He had, as a matter of fact, spent a winter with Tessouat, but had never been any further west. When he claimed to have visited this lake (Nipissing), the chief grew very angry, and called him as many kinds of a liar as a modern politician who didn't like what his opponent said about "that dredge contract."

### **Wanted the "Liar" for Only a Few Minutes**

He begged Champlain to let him have Nicolas for only a few minutes, and he assured him he would never lie again. When closely pressed, Vignau admitted that he had never been to the marvellous country that he had so graphically described. He may have been all that both Champlain and the chief called him, but it must be admitted that he was a good guesser, and you will all say so when you see this land of beauty.

Champlain returned to France and did not come back to Canada until 1615, spending the year of 1614 trying to interest his countrymen in his enterprise.

### **First Mass Ever Said in Canada**

Early in the spring (1615) he set sail from France and reached Quebec at the end of May. He brought with him four Recollets of the Franciscan Order. These were: Fathers Joseph le Caron, Jean Dolbeau, and Denis Jamay, and a lay brother, Pacifique

du Plessis. On reaching Quebec they erected an altar and celebrated the first mass ever said in Canada.

Champlain and le Caron came to Montreal. Here the Algonquins and the Hurons persuaded the former to help them in their wars against the Iroquois. He at once returned to Quebec, and with twelve Frenchmen came right back to Montreal, only to find all of the Indians gone and le Caron with them.

This was in the height of summer, says Champlain. With two large canoes he set out to follow le Caron and the Indians. The famous Etienne Brulé came with him as interpreter.

### **Champlain Visits the Nipissing Indians**

Passing up the Ottawa they came to the Mattawa River, up which they came to Trout Lake, thence to Lake Nipissing, on the north shore of which they found the Nipissing Indians, with whom they visited for two days. These were the very Indians against whom Tessouat had warned him. Of them the Jesuit Fathers years after said: "A race so beset with spirits, infested with demons and abounding in magic, that we look upon them as sorcerers."

### **Champlain Goes Down the French. Subsists on Berries**

He had not yet caught up with le Caron, but crossing over the lake he started down the French. By this time his Indian canoemen had eaten up nearly all of the provisions. It was on this trip that he learned that "an Indian can subsist upon what would starve a mouse, and yet could put a hog to the blush in an eating contest." They were compelled to pick and eat blueberries and raspberries, which grew, as now, in great abundance.

### **Champlain Meets a Band of Strange Indians in Full-Dress Suits of Tattoo**

One day he met 300 Indians. They were strange to him. He couldn't tell them from their dress, for they had none, save, possibly, their tattoos, which were very fine specimens. And

yet Champlain says they were very proud of their one adornment—their hair, of which he says: "Not one of our courtiers takes so much pains in dressing his locks." They were very friendly, and said that Lake Huron was not far away. Passing along down the eastern border of this lake he reached the Indian town of Cahigua, now Orillia, where is said to have been, at that time, 30,000 Indians.

### Goes to New York with the Hurons to Fight the Iroquois

He went with the Hurons far down into New York State, beyond Lake Oneida, to fight the Iroquois, but instead of following his advice they ran away. It has been claimed that if the Hurons had won this battle that it would have changed the whole political feature of the continent. But this is such a large IF, and so little behind it, that it is but an idle thought, not worthy the entertaining.

### Jesuit Fathers

Wish I had space to tell more of the Hurons, who once roamed this country. How in the early 30's of the fifteenth century those noble Jesuit Fathers came right past here to work among this unfortunate tribe, who were doomed to practical extinction at the hands of their terrible foes, the Iroquois, and how, in their zeal, the Fathers, one after another, laid down their lives in the cause. I wish I had the space, but I have not. Be our creed what it may be, we must accord to these martyrs all honor for the good they aimed so unselfishly to accomplish. Of the six, (De Nouë, Brébeuf, Garnier, Jogues, Lalement and Daniel), most of them gave up their lives, not far to the south of Lake Nipissing.

### Cross Point

To the east of the entrance of French River is what is called Cross Point, from its being the burial place of a number of missionaries who were coming to preach to the Indians. I could

get no data as to this, but tradition says that these missionaries were drowned some 150 years ago. I wonder to what tribe they were going, since the Hurons were extinct at that time, so far as to this part of Canada. One can get so much of tradition. And this leads up to some

### TRADITIONAL INDIAN BATTLES

The man-who-knows has told me of numerous Indian battles that were fought in the vicinity of North Bay. "Ever hear of the time the Iroquois ambushed the Hurons down there by Golden Bay, on Trout Lake?" (a few miles south-easterly from town).

"No," said I; "I only know a little about the early history of this country—only things collected from Parkman, the Recollets, and the Jesuit Fathers. They should have known of these things, but they forgot to put in about that fight. Tell me about it."

#### "The Bones the Dugois Found"

"Well, the Hurons were either coming up or going down, and they met the Iroquois, who were also either coming down or going up, and one of the worst fights you ever saw took place at this point. It was an awful fight! The Hurons were all but wiped off the face of this part of the earth. Yes, it was a terrible battle!"

"How was this known?" I asked, for I do so like to *know* the "how" of things.

"How was it known? Why the Dugois—on whose farm the battle took place—have found all sorts of relics of battle—relics of stone, and iron, and bones. My, the bones the Dugois have found!"

"Yes, but how do you know that the Iroquois did the 'wiping off'?"

"How! Why, man, don't you know that the Iries always won? Now, if they always won, they *must* have won this time

I'm telling you about." And I had to admit that he was right. He even agreed to take me some day and show me the place, but his proofs were quite sufficient, and I told him so. But, on the quiet, I'm awfully put out at Parkman, the Recollets and the Jesuit Fathers for not telling me about that fight! What's the good of history, anyhow, when a modern layman can tell you about battles, fought in the days of the historians who were here at the time? You just can't depend on them—that's all!

### Battle of Sturgeon River

Then that other man-who-knows told me about the battle of Sturgeon River, when about 1,000 Hurons did the "wiping off." His was even a more graphic description.

"The Hurons were smarting under their many losses in battle with the Iroquois, and hearing from their scouts that a band of these awful savages were coming up the Sturgeon, lay in ambush, and when they got well into the mouth of the ambush swooped (he said 'swooped,' I'm sure that was the word) down upon them and didn't leave a man to tell the tale. It was an awful slaughter! The river ran red with bel-ud!"

"It must have been!" said I. "But when did this fight occur?"

"When? Over a hundred and fifty years ago. I got the story from an old Indian, whose great-grandfather had told him that his grandmother remembered it well."

Now, there it is again! A thousand Huron warriors in, say 1750, when the Jesuits have left word that in 1650 there were so few of the tribe left that they took them all down to Quebec! And yet, had you heard ——— tell this, you'd just *have* to conclude that the Fathers didn't know what they were writing about. My eyes—the things you can hear if you only listen!

### Fortified Islands

There are, however, indications that lead us to think that somebody must have done some fighting at the mouth of the West Arm. Westerly from where the French River leaves Lake Nipissing are two islands, where may be seen crude fortifications,

as though built by some tribe in the old days. But these may have been put up after the Hudson Bay Company had started to use this route to the Northwest, which was years after (1670) the Hurons had almost ceased to be a people.

### French River Used as a Sailing Route

In 1862 Renaldo McConnell, Sr., of Aylmer—west of Ottawa—used part of the proposed canal as a sailing route. The story is not without interest, as showing the devices resorted to in the early days of lumbering in this upper country.

Renaldo had a camp on Lake Temiskaming at Pimicon, and wishing to bring supplies from Toronto he put them aboard a little sailing vessel which he brought up through the lakes to the mouth of the French River, and by the vessel, boats and portages passed up to Lake Nipissing, thence via Vause Creek to Trout Lake and across to Pimicon by means of a string of little lakes. His crew was made up of French-Canadians and Iroquois Indians. At Geo. Harvey's store, a mile below Vause Creek, they first got to drinking, and then to fighting. "They fought all night, till broad daylight and went to work in the mornin'." Broken heads—a number; casualties—none. I may be wrong, but I give this as the first time the Georgian Bay Canal (to be) was used as a sailing route.

One, on looking at this French River route, can hardly realize why it has not been utilized long ago. In the whole distance from Nipissing to the Bay, there will need to be but three locks, and they, with the river improvements, would not cost over ten million dollars—one-tenth of the whole.

This could be done in a short while, and could be made a big money-maker, while the rest and more intricate parts were being completed.

I'm afraid that a former old president of the Montreal Board of Trade was not the only one who hadn't learned his geography lesson. This old gentleman one day, while passing through North Bay, was approached by a prominent citizen and called to account for Montreal's lack of interest in the canal project

(that was before Montreal had gotten awake to her great opportunity—now she's awake). "Why should *you* be so urgent? Isn't North Bay on an open route to the Great Lakes already?" He and a number of others lost sight of the French River entirely. A politician could not have been more dense.

Alex. Dupond, still living above Mattawa, was in the McConnell crew, and in the "Indian fight" at Vause Creek. "I mind it well," says Alex.

### Lord Strathcona's Last Trip down the Rivers

In 1865 Sir Donald A. Smith (now Lord Strathcona) made his last bark canoe trip up the French, through Nipissing, Trout Lake, and down the Ottawa to Fort William on Lake Allumette.

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### A FEW INDIANS REMAIN

Where there were once as many as 30,000 Hurons alone, there are now so few Indians left, all throughout this country, for nearly a hundred miles around Lake Nipissing, that one agent can look after them.

### Nipissings

While the Hurons all left, or were taken away by the Jesuit Fathers along about 1650, a few of the old Nipissing tribe (which Touseat, the Chief who entertained Champlain on Allumette Island, in the lake of the same name, in 1613, on his first trip up the Ottawa—called sorcerers and magicians, and dangerous to visit) are still to be found here, on their reservation, which begins two miles west of North Bay and runs on west to near Sturgeon Falls.

It would seem that old Chief Touseat's fear of them was general, for even the Iroquois never molested these "Medicine men" (as to them they were known) while exterminating the Hurons.

Of the Nipissings there are but 258 left. They are comfort-

ably housed, with the conveniences, and many of the luxuries of modern life, having musical instruments, buggies, etc., and dress in the fashion of the day—some of the young women even aiming at the extremes of fashion, "Merry Widows" and that sort. As one told the writer: "The only difference between them and the white people is that you could not find a community of 258 whites, on the continent, to equal these 258 Indians in general good deportment—unless they come in contact with a party known up here as 'John Barley-Corn,' from the land of the 'Scotch'."

There are two Chiefs—Beaucage and Goulais. They have two Separate Schools, and two Roman Catholic Churches (all, or practically all, of the Indians here are Catholics). They originally owned a tract of 160 square miles of land, but surrendered to the Government three townships—90 square miles—which included all north of the C.P.R. but 1,600 acres, which they reserved as wood lots. When they surrendered the land they were paid \$24,000 in cash. On the balance they are to get interest on the money from the lands as they are sold.

Some of them farm, others trap and hunt, but most of the men act as guides for hunters and surveyors.

### The Dokis Band

Down the French River is the remnant of an Algonquin half-breed band, called and known by the name of the "Dokis Band." There are but 100, and have but one Chief—Alex. Dokis, a very shrewd man. For 40 years the Government had negotiated with him for his pine timber, but until this year, all to no purpose. Through the wisdom of the Indian Agent, George P. Cockburn, of Sturgeon Falls, old Alex. was finally induced to sell. "Wisdom," as it's always wise to take \$1,071,000 when it is offered for timber that may be destroyed by fire, in this day of the careless white hunter, camper or prospector. This money is to be put in the bank for the 100, and they will draw the interest thereon. It was sold on June 24th, 1908. It is estimated to be—this timber of the Dokis', down the French River—100,000,000 feet, said to be the best pine timber limit left in Canada. Inci-

dentally, a word about the man who sold it at auction in the Russell House, in Ottawa. He is Peter Ryan. He has got 'em all to believe that nobody can get "Peter Ryan" prices for timber berths, with the result that he has sold about \$33,000,000 worth at a good selling fee thereon. Who said: "What's in a name?" I guess William hadn't in mind the great timber auctioneer of Canada, when he asked that question.

The Dokis have neither school nor church, but, being Indians, they are good—and *still alive*.

The day we visited the Big Chaudiere Falls, about which are their lands, we stopped at one of their farm houses. The floor was as white and clean as the proverbial Dutch wife's floor, and the meal this particular Mrs. Dokis got up for our party was good enough for an epicure.

I had an interview with old Alex. one day. That is, he sat on one end of a short log and I sat on the other, and talked and talked—I was in talking trim that day—and then asked him what he thought about it, and he said he didn't know—what I was talking about, as he couldn't understand *my* mother tongue. I stopped right there; and so the interview ended. This was one of the times I refused, abruptly, to continue the conversation.

### The Way the Name Dokis Came About

You never can tell, but you do hear so many explanations for the why of things. Some one told me the way the name of "Dokis" came to be attached to this band, and finally accepted by them. It is neither French nor Indian, of which two races they claim blood. "Bill" says he *knows* it to be a fact. But—do you know Bill?—you can't tell, and I *won't*, further than to give the story.

"Once upon a time,"—Bill always starts it that way—"the ancestor of the band was acting as guide for some hunters. They were out along Georgian Bay. Every time the guide saw a water fowl, he'd call out: 'Dokis! Dokis! See Dokis!' He meant to call their attention to the ducks, of which the bay abounded. At last the hunters got to calling the guide 'Dokis,' as a nickname—

it was so much easier than his own, which was as full of consonants as Welch, as free from vowels as Chinese, and sounded like the—(I refuse to tell you what Bill said it sounded like, as I have a number of preachers among my friends). He liked the nickname so well that he took it home and gave it to the whole family. It not only 'took' quicker than the measles, but it stuck, and stayed with them as faithfully as a stray dog in a new home. Sounds all right, eh?" And then Bill shunted off onto the time that—. But say, I must hurry on and tell you about the rest of the Indians up here, and let Bill tell you the story himself, when you come up next summer. He will tell it, too, for since Sam Huntington left, Bill has to do the honors.

### The Ojibeways of Temagami Lake

Agent Cockburn has charge, as well, of the 120 Ojibeways of Lake Temagami, and the 140 of a band of the same tribe at Fort Metatchewan, on the Montreal River, above Elk City. A good many of the former live on Bear Island, but have no Government Reserve. Those at that long-named place, up the Montreal, have a new Reserve of six miles square. The Bear Island band have a church, and are very devout Catholics.

### The Agent's Story—The Lone Cross and the Yankee

I just knew that Agent Cockburn must have gathered a fund of stories, going about so much, so, like the little boy, I asked: "George, give us a story," and George said: "Ever hear about the 'Lone Cross,' up in Lake Temagami?"

"No, never heard it," said I. "Let's have it."

"It's sort o' two stories in one, with an explanation of the name of the lake thrown in."

"Good," says I, "we're going to get lots o' things! Go on, George." I always call people by their first name—familiar like, to be sociable and encouraging; can always get so much more for the same price. And then George began.

"Well, to start with, there's the 'Lone Cross' away up the

Lake. But I won't tell you about that till later. Want to tell you first about the way the lake got its name. 'Temagami,' or as the Indians say, 'Temagaming,'—notice the different ending? 'Temagami' is only a recent pronunciation. It means 'Clear Water.' And now as to the start of that. One time, long ago, the first white man who came to the lake (somebody said he was an Englishman. I don't think so, for he was so all-fired curious to know the why of things. I think he was a 'Yankee'—George thought I was a North Bayer, and was awfully nice about it when he learned that I was only a transient, and a full-blooded 'Buck-eye.') was a curiosity to most of the Indians. One day he was paddling along and met an Ojibeway hunter. At once he began to make signs of joy at the meeting, which reassured the Indian, and they were soon on 'motioning' terms. The white man, seeing that the Indian had a gun, at once showed his own powder-horn, shaking it to prove how empty it was, and motioned that it wouldn't be more than fair that they divide the full powder-horn of the Ojib., who very kindly started to hand it over. By some accident or other the horn fell overboard and sank to the bottom. No quicker than it had started down than the Yankee followed after, and went down, down to the bottom of the lake. Now the Ojib., being a patient man, sat and waited for the other to come back with his powder-horn. But, as he did not come, he looked over the side of his canoe, and what do you suppose that Yankee was doing?"

I had to give it up, and I told George so.

"Why, sir, that blame Yank was sitting on the bottom of that lake, and emptying every grain of the Indian's powder-horn into his own; the Indian seeing him as plain as though there wasn't a bit of water between them. See? 'Temagami'—*Clear Water*. Now, if you know an Indian's nature, you may imagine how angry that Ojib. was when he saw this unfairness. He would give up half, but to see that fellow sitting there pouring out the whole business was too much for him, and he was in reality a 'wild savage.' And you can't blame him, can you? Good story? See how this 'clearness' of the lake came about?"

"Yes, but," says I, all interest, "there is something that is not yet 'clear.' You've told about the lake, but you haven't said a blame word about that 'Lone Cross' up the Temagami. What was that for?"

"Oh, yes," says George, "I forgot, in the excitement of telling you about that 'wild savage,' to finish my story, and tell you that the 'Lone Cross' was erected to mark the spot where the Indian and his friends buried the Yankee, and, contrary to their general custom, they buried him in *one piece!*" Now what do you think of that?

But George thought I was from North Bay and I forgave him.

Later: I told this story of George's to a man on Yonge Street, Toronto, one day. He listened with beaming attention, up to the finish—lost the point, and quite innocently (fact) said: "It's all clear to me but one thing: How in — could that Yankee, sitting on the bottom of the lake, empty the contents of the Indian's horn into his own? Why, the powder would get all wet!"

Still later: The most innocent of all was that other Toronto man who wanted to know the nationality of the Yonge Street party.

### "Where Are the Hurons?"

Some one asks, "What became of the Huron Indians?" As above, the Jesuit Fathers took all that were left of them to Quebec, and their descendants are still at Indian Lorette, a few miles out from the old city, where they eke out life by hunting, guiding, making snowshoes and trinkets. Others had gone—before 1650—to Northern Ohio, where they became the Wyandottes. These later went to the Indian Territory, and many have become prominent citizens—men of affairs. It's all right to be good, but there is such a thing as being too good for the advancement and betterment of the world. The Canadian Indians are very devout, but they are not cutting "much ice."

## THE MAKING OF A COUNTY TOWN

North Bay is the County Seat, and thereby hangs the most dramatic part of its history. On March 14th, 1895, an election was held to decide the location of the seat. Three towns were in the fight: Mattawa, 45 miles to the east; Sturgeon Falls, 23 miles to the west; and North Bay. The district is 152 miles from east to west, along the C.P.R., and at that time the northern limit was Haileybury, which had then but 20 votes. At this election, North Bay won by 177. Mattawa called first for a recount, and then for another election. This second trial came off July 11th, 1895. Sturgeon Falls dropping out, left North Bay and Mattawa in the race. The Falls threw her votes to Mattawa—all but 24—and North Bay, by that, came near losing. She won by only eight votes, after a fight more bitter than the French and Indian wars.

### “Couldn’t Stand a Second Resurrection”

In looking over the graphic details in the *North Bay Times*, I found many points of interest. While in the first election, Mattawa cast 349 votes and North Bay, 458; in the second trial, we would naturally look for a larger vote, but instead of more, Mattawa had 33 less and North Bay 65 less. I asked a good citizen, “Why this difference?” and he said: “*I guess a lot of the first voters couldn’t stand a second resurrection.*” I have often wondered what he meant—rather, I *did* wonder, till another good citizen got to enumerating the various residences of the voters: “There was,” said he, “the first ward, the second ward, the third ward, and—and the cemetery.”

Nearly every old citizen I met was either one of those eight voters—or else he was *the* one upon whom hinged the result, and but for him Mattawa would, to-day, be the County Town.

### A Long, Wild Race for a Vote

Some of the incidents of the day are really good enough. Possibly the most dramatic was of a train crew of five. They left town the night before for Webbwood, 127 miles west. The

morning of the election found them waiting for the freight from Thessalon, 88 miles still further west. Wire came that the engine had broken down and that they must come for the train of 21 cars. They started at 5.55 a.m., "tender" ahead, reached Thessalon at 7.45, and in ten minutes were pulling out, to make the run of 215 miles before the polls closed, at 5 p.m. One of the crew, in telling about it, said: "We could hardly hope to make it, but there wasn't a one of us but was willing to go the limit trying. We bit off miles like eatin' pie, till the boxes 'gin to get hot, and we'd have to stop, and stop, to put in fresh brasses, and repack, and oil, and take on cars—one place we added, till we had 28—and stop for water 'n coal an' more brasses and pack 'n oil, till, when we got in sight of North Bay, we was all but done out, and as we swung into town, boxes blazing 'n coal nearly all gone, we turned the train over to the boys waiting, and in carriages were driven on the dead run for the polls, fifteen minutes to the good. We found, on the count, that we'd made the run for nothing, as we'd won by two anyhow, but it was so close that we have, ever since, sort o' felt that that old freight crew did its share in savin' the day." As it takes but a line, you'll pardon me if I name the crew: Jas. McIlvenna, Wm. Cavenagh, Geo. Drake, A. Newall, Geo. Thompson and one passenger they'd picked up on his way home to vote.

### NORTH BAY BOARD OF TRADE

"To what do you attribute the solid growth of your town?" I asked, after carefully going over North Bay and seeing that which has made me to feel that here must some day be a great city, by reason of its situation and proper start.

"To our Board of Trade, if to any one thing," was the quick reply. And later, in meeting one after another of its active, purposeful members, I could see why success had so attended their efforts.

It was organized in 1894, with David Purvis as President. He held the office for eleven years, up to 1905, when, upon his election as Mayor, he resigned. He was followed in the office

by A. G. Browning, who held it for two years, when John Ferguson was chosen and is the present energetic President.

D. J. McKeown was elected the first Secretary, and is still in that position. Nothing of any benefit to North Bay but this Board of workers has actively forwarded it, irrespective of party.

# THE GEORGIAN BAY CANAL

**I**F the Georgian Bay Canal is built—and of that there is no longer any doubt in the minds of those who have given real thought to the enterprise—to the Board of Trade of North Bay, more than to any other one cause, must be given the credit. Not a moment, since its inception, in 1894, but its members have bent all energy with the one aim in view, of seeing completed this work, which is to be so much to the whole Dominion. Others might lag and lose heart in the long waiting for the powers to act. But these men kept the subject alive, and by delegation after delegation kept the powers from forgetting that there would be no rest until their wishes were granted. For this reason North Bay is looked upon as the centre of the canal interest.

My book would be most incomplete without a brief summary of the history of this, one of the greatest works that any nation many times the population of Canada has ever before undertaken.

## Alex. Sheriff Makes First Survey

Its inception was away back in the days when the whole country, through which it will pass, was a wild and unbroken wilderness, and when little of Ontario itself was settled, save along the southern borders. Go back to 1830, when we find at Chats Falls that sturdy old pioneer, Charles Sheriff, with his grant of 3,000 acres of land, giving work to the poor settlers for miles around, and instilling into his large family of stalwart sons his own spirit of enterprise. It was not long until we find Alex. Sheriff, the eldest of these sons, surveying, at his own expense, the first route for a canal to Georgian Bay. It was undoubtedly his efforts that first called the attention of the Par-

liament of Upper Canada to the subject, as we find that in 1837 a survey is ordered to be made to determine the practicability of a navigable waterway to Lake Huron.

### Start Made at Chats Falls

And mark the coincidence. From Chats Falls the thought emanated, at Chats Falls the great Egan started in the early fifties (I think 1854), to do the first actual work on this canal, and had he lived he would have gone far toward seeing the work completed, for he was a man to whom mighty works were as play.

Again, it was John Egan's Chats Falls canal which doubtless recalled the attention of the Government to the enterprise, for we find Walter Shanley commissioned to make a survey in 1856. He soon had to stop the work, owing to a lack of funds. The Shanley survey was for a ten-foot canal. Shanley was a Hoosac tunnel engineer.

T. C. Clarke took up the work in 1859, on the order of the two provinces. He made his report in 1860. That report read in part: "Lake Huron to Montreal, 431 miles; 352 of which way is fit for vessels of 12 feet draft, 79 miles requiring improvement, and of this only 29 miles of actual canal. Total fall from summit to Montreal 646 feet." This same engineer—Clarke—was called upon forty years afterwards, and all the change he proposed was to increase the dimensions, to suit the growth of the times. He was as convinced of its feasibility and its national benefit as he was a generation before.

### Actual Work Done

Not only were various surveys made, but besides the Egan work at Chats Falls, we find the Culbute locks being started in 1872 and finished in 1877. These were little used, owing to the Canada Central Railway being completed to Pembroke at about that time.

In 1879 E. P. Bender made an examination of the French River and Lake Nipissing for the Canadian Pacific Railway. He reported favorably for a 14 feet draught.

In 1899 A. F. McLeod, a civil engineer, made an exhaustive survey of the summit level for the Department of Railways and Canals. He reported that this section of 21 miles would cost \$5,950,000.

The Canadian Pacific's engineer that same year—1899—made an examination of the French River and Lake Nipissing, and reported favorably for a 20 feet draught.

In 1900 a complete survey of the French River and Lake Nipissing was made by J. W. Fraser, C.E., for the Department of Public Works. His report put the cost of a 20 feet draught canal along the French at \$4,200,000.

In 1902 the late George Y. Wisner, C.E., a man of wide fame in both Europe and America, estimated that a 20 feet draught canal, from Georgian Bay to Montreal, would cost \$80,000,000. He was most enthusiastic on the commercial possibilities of the enterprise.

### Most Complete Survey of All

In 1904 the Department of Public Works made by far the most thorough survey ever made for this great national highway. It was done so carefully that it is claimed that every foot of the way is known; the cost of every yard of excavation, every stick of timber and every bolt required in the locks. All—everything—estimated by the most careful and able engineers.

Such, in brief, is the history of what must be accounted one of the greatest works of the twentieth century—which century is claimed for Canada. That it is necessary for the fullest advancement of the Dominion no one can reasonably deny—that it is feasible all must admit.

A higher authority than Wisner was not known. See what he said of this work in the *Ottawa Citizen* of June 20th, 1901: "There is absolutely no question as to the feasibility of the project. If the whole territory were under the United States control, the work would be gone on with very quickly." I feel that I know the pulse of Canada, having watched its beat for

the past seven years, and I am confident that there is, up here, a spirit of progress that must drive this and many other great works to a speedy beginning, and to a completion that would be a vast credit to my own country, or to any other of the world's mighty nations.

There would seem to have been a fate that kept back the building of the canal. Had it been constructed when first proposed, it would have long since been of little use, by reason of its too shallow draught. But the 22 feet of the present must answer the needs of long years, if not for all time to come.

### An Absolute Necessity

So rapid is the growth of that vast empire out there in "The Last West" that this canal will soon be an absolute necessity. When we think of the comparatively small area of that "empire," producing already an hundred million bushels of wheat and millions of other grains; and when we watch the weekly train-loads of immigrants pouring into that land to become producers of more millions of bushels, we wonder how those millions of wheat, and of oats, and of barley, and the herds of cattle of the boundless pasture lands are all going to be moved to the markets of the world. True, there are building many railways—thousands of miles of main lines with more thousands of miles of branches, like tendrils of the vine—but these must soon be inadequate to carry the production of those ever-increasing busy workers of the prairies. It is going to take something more potent than railway lines to carry the product of one hundred and seventy-one million acres of wheat lands, and that something is bound to be the Georgian Bay Canal. With its vessels touching at every point around the great lakes, and these vessels pouring an endless stream of wealth to the sea, will be the consummation of the dreams of a Sheriff and an Egan of the past, the fulfilment of the hopes of the workers of the present, and the vast benefit of the whole nation of Canada.

### **More than a Carrier to the East. Governor-General's Address**

Earl Grey, the Governor-General of Canada, said in part, in his able address before the Canadian Club of Toronto: "That which most requires attention to further Canada's greatness as a nation is: (1) Lay firmly and securely the foundations of a future trade with the Orient; (2) perfect your transportation east and west, and secure to Canada the full benefits of her geographical position; and (3) increase the supply of labor."

What better way to secure to Canada the fulfilment of every one of these suggestions of this man of wisdom, than to make possible the very best means of "perfecting your transportation east and west," to secure "the future trade with the Orient," and to "increase the supply of labor," than to build the Georgian Bay Canal? It must become more than a carrier to the east. With a waterway half across the continent, the "trade with the Orient" from Europe must redound to Canada's benefit, in her railways, her rivers and canals. Then the building of it must, for many years, "increase your supply of labor," and bring to the whole country prosperity. For it is a well-proven fact that that nation is prosperous whose laborers are kept at work.

### **Towns and Cities Along the Canal Route**

Many important towns and cities will be immediately effected by the building of this waterway. Not only in the province of Ontario, but to the west, all around the great lakes, the cities must feel the benefit of so great a means of reaching the ocean, while the lands of the whole Northwest must become more valuable at the loading of the first vessel.

North Bay will be especially benefited, and that may be said of all the towns and cities along the whole length of the canal to Montreal. It will put into Mattawa some of its old life, add an impetus to busy Pembroke, open a market for the marble quarries of Portage du Fort, help to feed the great mills

of Arnprior, harness and set in use the mighty falls at the Chats, make Aylmer more than a suburb of the capital, and make of Hull and Ottawa seaports; whilst Rockland and Hawkesbury must enlarge their mills and add others to do the work that must come to them by reason of the canal. Then, of all, Montreal cannot but benefit beyond every other point. The Georgian Bay Canal will make of it the New York, the Baltimore, and the Newport News of Canada, for into her harbor must pour an endless stream of the ever-increasing millions of grain from the myriad acres of the mighty West, to be here transhipped to the world beyond the Atlantic.

This is but looking at present conditions. On the building of the canal great water powers will be made available, harnessed and set to work, giving employment to tens of thousands of skilled workmen, and adding value to every acre of farm land along the way.

### Not a Local Enterprise

This is not a local enterprise. It will benefit all of Canada, as the Panama Canal will benefit all of the United States. It will add to the wealth of the whole country by reason of the Oriental trade it must draw, and make Canada greater among the nations of the world. There should be no sectional feeling on the subject, for its building cannot but draw the East and the West in a closer bond of fellowship.

### Romance of the Route

Almost 300 years ago—1615—Champlain passed up the whole length of this waterway, from the Atlantic Ocean to Georgian Bay. He might have said of it as he said of the Isthmus of Panama, when he saw it in 1603: "A canal cut across this narrow strip of land would shorten the distance to the Great South Sea by thousands of leagues." This other canal would shorten the distance more thousands of leagues from Europe to the Orient.

Up the Ottawa River, and down the French, the Indians for untold ages passed in their bark canoes, in their warring and trading expeditions. And after 1670 it was the only route used by the Hudson Bay Company to the Northwest. They chose it as the quickest possible route—in fact, the only means of getting to the Great Lakes, for to have taken the St. Lawrence River would have been as impracticable as it is now unwise.

### What W. S. Hunter Said of This Route

In 1855 W. S. Hunter, an Ottawa artist, got out a book of pictures. It was "Ottawa Scenery." Its rarity may be known by the value placed upon it by some of the few fortunate holders—one claiming that \$1,000 would not tempt him to part with his copy. The author-artist gave a description of the country through which the Ottawa River passes. A map of this part of Canada is given, and as showing how little was known of this immediate country by the map makers, Lake Nipissing, which is long and narrow, is shown as a ragged spot, like a spatter of ink. But Hunter knew more of the country than the maker of the map, having passed up the full length of Lake Temiskaming, and describes the rivers all the way down from La Blanche (White River) to the St. Lawrence.

Of the route through which will pass the canal, he said: "This is the route taken by the officers and voyageurs of the Hudson Bay Company, in going to the far West, and is the shortest and most direct route from Lower Canada, and the Eastern States of the American Republic, to Lake Superior and the Pacific Ocean. This river (he was speaking of the Mattawa River), Lake Nipissing and French River, directly connect the Ottawa with Lake Huron, and in this direction eventually will pass, by railroad or canal, the whole traffic between the seaboard and the north-western United States, and the Great Lakes, and so ultimately to the Pacific."

Was Hunter a prophet? He certainly was right as to the railroad. Will he be right as to the canal? To give to this an affirmative would be no proof of a prophet, for this is an age of

wisdom, and the canal, too, *will* become a reality. Its completion will mark an epoch that must go down in the annals of Canadian history alongside the building of the railroad that binds the Atlantic with the far-off Pacific. And the statesmen under whom the work is done will have given to the Dominion an asset whose value no man can estimate, for it will go on benefiting through generations yet to come.

### Things of Interest Along the Way

In the Hunter book is much that is of interest in connection with the route through which the canal must pass. He was writing of conditions in 1855. At that time almost the whole way was wild and primitive. Des Joachim, 50 miles up Allumette Lake from Pembroke, he speaks of as "On the verge of civilization, for this is the furthest point on the Ottawa River reached by a mail sack." He advises tourists who are a bit particular, to go no further up. Think of it! Hundreds of miles must now be added to the journey before a fair start has been made into this land of beauty.

### More than Commercial

His artist eye saw the charms that must yet make of this route more than a commercial enterprise. From Colton's Hotel, which stood at the Des Joachim, he could see: "The finest view in all Canada; the river runs, in a perfectly straight line, for forty-three miles south-east, bounded on the north side by a high mountain chain, partially wooded, and on the south by a richly wooded and gradually ascending range of hills, resembling the palisades of the Hudson River." He tells of the magnificent rapids and falls along the way, and graphically pictures the many other charms of scenery that must yet draw thousands of the lovers of the wild in nature to journey up and down upon the pleasure vessels that must be a part of the future fleets.

### Beauty of the Island-Studded Lakes

Over Lake Allumette he enthuses thus: "It is studded with innumerable beautifully wooded islands, the whole scene far surpassing in grandeur the celebrated Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence River." He tells of the miles on miles of wide expanses of the Ottawa, that will not require the expenditure of a dollar to make them navigable for deep draught vessels. These expanses are, in their order, down the river from Mattawa: Lakes Allumette, Colonge, Chats and Deschenes (then spelled Du Chene, and also known as Lake Chaudiere), to Ottawa City, and the Lake of Two Mountains and Lake St. Louis toward Montreal.

He speaks of the Egan improvement referred to above. Of it he says: "A canal is being cut through the rocky barrier at Chats Falls, which will be completed in about two years; this canal will connect Lake du Chene and Lake des Chats, and will form a link in a chain of inland water communication connecting the St. Lawrence with the waters of the Upper Ottawa, as far as the great obstruction presented by the Calumet Rapids." In two years John Egan was dead (he died in 1857), and the work was never finished.

His description carries the reader down the river, past Ottawa, and on to Montreal. It would seem as though he had in mind the great canal, so graphically does he describe the way throughout its whole length. And yet he uses no argument for its building, other than that: "It is the natural highway across to the Great Lakes."

### Great Water Powers—"Could Run the Factories of the World"

Even then, fifty-three years ago, he said of the water powers of the Ottawa and its tributaries: "This mighty river and its tributary streams afford water power sufficient for all the factories of the world." He said of the valley of the Ottawa: "It is a region eight times the extent of Vermont, and ten times that

of Massachusetts; it is drained by a noble river equal to the Rhine in its length of course, and to the Danube in magnitude."

### Forests—A Picture

His picture of the forest scenery is so beautiful, that I must give it, as all that is left of the mighty forests which he describes as along the way. No, not all. While the great pine trees have been long since cut away, there is yet vast stretches of lesser growth, leaving still much of the beauty of which he thus so charmingly portrays: "Oh, the glorious forest scenery! Of it it is hardly necessary to speak, for every one has heard of it. There may be more beauty of form in the graceful and feathery palm, more fragrance in the sweet magnolia, the boast of tropic climes, but whether in the stern and gloomy grandeur of the pine forests, or in the exquisite beauty of coloring that distinguishes the hardwood groves, when autumnal frosts have lighted up their leaves with the splendors of crimson and gold, or a combination of them all, when the dark foliage of the pines forms a background to the scarlet maples; but then, truly then, there is nothing in nature more grand or beautiful, no scene more lovely, than a Canadian forest in the autumn tide."

No, this great work will not be all commercial. From the pictures so charmingly painted by the artist that I had to extend my own chapter to include some of them, may be seen what is in store for the tourist who goes far a-field to hunt out the beauty spots of earth. Great pleasure steamers will have to be added to the fleets of grain carriers, for this is destined to become another of Canada's many arteries of summer travel. The Saguenay River may have its weird, towering, rocky banks; the St. Lawrence its lake expanses, falls and rapids; other rivers their forest-lined borders, and high rolling hills, but the Ottawa has all of these and, besides, a charm all its own. And so varied are its features of beauty that one never tires in passing through them. And one may come, and come again, ever finding here that which makes glad the heart of the traveller.

In conclusion I am tempted to prophesy that in 1915 the 300th

anniversary of Champlain's coming to Lake Nipissing will be celebrated at North Bay on the occasion of the completion of that part of the canal that will connect the town with Lake Huron. Another and similar world-event will take place that year—the opening of the Panama Canal.

# RAILWAY HISTORY

## CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

**T**HE Canadian Pacific Railway was the pioneer road into this upper country. As elsewhere, the right-of-way was started to be cut out, where is now North Bay, in July, 1881, and the steel got into town in the fall of 1882. It is claimed that Duncan Sinclair surveyed the first line, some time previous to the coming of the road—*i.e.*, his line was utilized.

The road was finished across to the coast in 1885.

### First Official Train

The first official train was brought in by Geo. Fee, engineer. On it came A. Baker, C. W. Spencer, Jas. Worthington, W. H. Cross, J. Biggar, J. Ridout, Drs. Girdwood and Thompson, John Stinson and Dan Dunn.

The first regular passenger train started to run in 1883. Thomas Reynolds was the first conductor, and is still with the road. He is one of the prominent men of the town.

### North Bay a Divisional Point

This town is a divisional point on the line. Here is one of their large shops, in which hundreds of men are employed. Here is an 18-stall roundhouse. It is said to have one of the best equipped yards along the whole line, having a trackage of nearly 25 miles, extending east and west from the station two miles.

### Local Heads of Departments

F. P. Gutelius, General Supt.; Geo. Spencer, Supt.; J. H. Hughes, Asst. Supt.; F. Taylor, Div. Eng.; H. R. Miles,

Res. Eng.; H. Gates Reid, Master Mechanic; J. Burns, Dist. Mas. Mech.; T. Harris, Div. Car For.; T. Hay, C. Agt.; and H. J. White, C. For.

### Immigrants to the West

This is the great highway to the West, and being, as above, a divisional point, trains often stop for many minutes while engines are being changed. This gives the passengers time to break the monotony of travel, by walking up and down the platform at the station. It was at the height of western travel that I was there. Not a day passed but long trainloads of immigrants were on their way to the far West. It was a study—their faces, their dress, and their manners. From all countries, mostly from the British Isles, and the north—from Norway, Sweden and from Denmark. There were many of them well dressed and very few with poor clothing. They were well behaved and were going, determined to succeed—their faces showed that, as a whole, they were interesting people and will make good citizens.

### Harvesters

But oh, the contrast noted in other trainloads that stopped at the station while engines were being changed! Thousands of men—some said 5,000—were on their way to help in the vast harvest fields of the great West. Day after day, for nearly a week, did these trains of hoodlums pass. "Hoodlums," for more disorderly crowds I had never before seen. All along the way they left marks of their passing—wrecked hotels, overturned section houses, and a wholesome fear among the people of the villages where they stopped. It proved a point that I had long questioned. I had come to look upon the Lower Provinces as the ideal country of an ideal people. I had met from that land some of the best I have found in all my sojourn in Canada. But I find that no land has a perfect people—while I had met from that country some of the best, I have—well, these hoodlums were from the Lower Provinces.

In passing they seemed to look upon the people along the

way as worthy no respect whatever, and thought to show their own superiority(?) by manners not to be found among the lowest caste of savages. This may be severe, but you should have seen those hoodlums.

One day, shortly after writing the above, some one said: "Another trainload of harvesters are coming! *There'll be wild doings at the station*, but the extra police will be prepared for them this time."

I went down to see the "doings." Say, it wasn't a bit o' fun! Neither was it "another trainload of harvesters." It was only a trainload of heathen Chinese on their way back to China via the C.P.R., to take ship. One boy policeman—out o' town fishing—could have kept order at the station that day—but then they were not "harvesters from the Lower Provinces." They were only heathen and needed no "special police," which reminds me of that

### North Bay Police Force

In this town of 7,000 people two men form the whole police force—Wm. Rayner, Chief, and L. Cusson, Assistant. "There is for them so little to do, that there's some talk of cutting down the 'force'," as one economical citizen put the matter. From this you may know the nature of the people up here. Nor is it because they have no snap and go, for they are full of both, but don't have to break the law to prove it.

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### GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY

North Bay is reached by the Grand Trunk by a branch from Toronto, 226 miles almost due north.

This was built by the Government in the early eighties, and later leased to this company. The famous D'Alton McCarthy was its first President.

A survey has been made by the Grand Trunk to run to the

northwest to tap the Transcontinental. This will open up a rich mineral country. This survey starts a few miles to the west of North Bay.

D. J. McKeown has long been Agent for the C.P.R., and also for the G.T.R. and for the T. and N.O.

A. F. Brandon is representative for the C.P.R.

The Grand Trunk with its many connections is known as the Great Cobalt Route.

It is thought by many that this northwestern line will yet be built and used by the Grand Trunk, instead of going through northern Quebec, and on to Moncton. These "many" claim that the Government would save, by abandoning that upper line, a large part of what the Georgian Bay Canal would cost. But the "many" say much that fits not into things political, since politics and business methods are not synonymous.

### **American Passenger Agents Tour Ontario**

In September the American Association of General Passenger and Ticket Agents held their fifty-third annual convention in Toronto, and then as guests of the Grand Trunk and the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railways made a tour through Lake of Bays, Temagami and Cobalt, along the former, and over the latter as far north as New Liskeard, visiting the mines at Cobalt, and taking a trip by steamer up Lake Temagami. They went home loud in their praise of Canadian hospitality, after first showing their appreciation of that hospitality by making that king of hosts—G. T. Bell, of the Grand Trunk—their President for the coming year.

I am always glad to see my countrymen coming to Canada. They can the better appreciate what I write in praise of this land of beauty.

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### **TEMISKAMING AND NORTHERN ONTARIO**

The T. and N.O. Railway starts at North Bay and runs almost due north to where is building the Transcontinental Railway. The point at which it reaches that road is Cochrane, 247 miles up.

The history of the T. and N.O. is an interesting one. After a

long struggle our good friend, Hon. Frank R. Latchford, when, as Minister of Public Works under the Ross Government, convinced the Ontario Legislature that a railway should be built in New Ontario. The opponents of the scheme said: "Why build a road up there in that land of muskeg and stunted poplar? It will never pay. It is unwise," and a lot of other such arguments used these opponents, who have lived to see a mighty country opened by this road which the determination of one man made a reality. No one now questions the wisdom, but many would selfishly forget the good that this statesman did for his country. True it was a venture, and yet not a venture, for in the Statute or Act authorizing the building of the road—which Act was formulated by Latchford in 1901—he refers to the "mineral" of that country, having in mind the Edw. V. Wright mines, discovered in 1879, and the J. B. Klock lands, on which mineral was claimed to have been found. But no prophet of old could have foretold the vast mineral wealth found in the building of this railway, and the other areas since opened up by reason of its building.

In 1897 a junketing trip was taken into the country by a party of aldermen from Toronto. They had a "Good Time," got lost—in admiration of what Farr had to show them. But that was all. Nothing came of it.

This is another enterprise toward which the North Bay Board of Trade bent all its energies, for years, to bring about. Delegation after delegation visited Parliament and gave them no rest until, with the untiring assistance of Latchford, they finally granted the long said prayers of the combination.

### Turning of the First Sod

Surveys were made for the road in 1902, and the first contract let to A. R. McDonald, of Montreal, on Oct. 3rd of that year. The first sod was turned by Hon. (now Judge) Latchford, May 10th, 1902. It was a gala day for North Bay. David Purvis, President of the Board of Trade, had charge of the ceremonies, so far as the town was concerned with it. Some said: "Oh,

Frank only wants to make political capital!" Others said: "No! Frank wants to make a railroad!" And so they made of it a gala day, and—the road was started by the Hon. Frank, and is just now being completed by his successors—and good work, too, have they done.

### A Government Road

It being a Government railway, built by the Province of Ontario, it is under a Railway Commission, which has full powers to make all contracts.

The first Commission were: A. E. Ames, Chairman; Edw. Gurney, M. J. O'Brien, B. W. Folger, and F. E. Leonard.

The present Commission are J. L. Englehart, Chairman; A. J. McGee, Sec'y-Treas.; Denis Murphy, and Fred. Dane.

Chief Officers, J. H. Black, Supt.; G. A. McCarthy, Chief Engineer; H. F. Macdonald, Acting Accountant; V. T. Bartrum, Pur. Agent; W. D. Cunneyworth, Freight and Passenger Agent; A. Allan, Master Mech.; Wm. Young, General Roadmaster; Geo. W. Lee, General Agent; C. L. Ferguson, Paymaster; Arthur A. Cole, Mining Engineer; and C. B. Smith, Consulting Engineer.

### Wonderland Opened by the T. and N.O.

When this road was projected no one could have foretold the Wonderland it was to open up. A few villages and sparse settlements had been pioneered, by way of Lake Temiskaming, but so little were they known that Farr's pamphlets seemed to tell of a vague land away off toward the unknown north. But scarce a year had passed from the date of the contract for its building, when riches were discovered so vast that the head of a Croesus might have been turned by them. From that day till now the country for nearly 250 miles has been so rapidly filled up by miners and settlers and town builders, that a journey throughout its length seems but a journey through an old country. The silver mines at Cobalt—103 miles from North Bay—promise to be—yea are—the greatest in all the world, while the lands to the

north of Cobalt to the end of the line, save occasional mineral belts, are rich in grain producing qualities. And where were two hamlets, are now six thriving towns—Latchford, Cobalt, Haileybury, New Liskeard, Englehart, and McDougall (Matheson) Chutes, and a half-dozen or more stations surrounded by busy farm-developers. Oh! it's a great country that the T. and N.O. has opened up, and yet hundreds of townships, rich in mineral, timber and farm lands, lie untouched, and should the Government wisely extend the line to James Bay, the predictor in his wildest dreams could not picture the wealth that must be brought in touch with ready markets.

### Picturesque T. and N.O.

I have but spoken of the material wealth. There is a wealth of beauty, in lake, stream and woodland, to which I cannot do justice, try as I may. Vast lakes, till recently only known to the wild Indian, the trapper and the hunter, now teem with the pleasure yachts and boats of the leisure rich, while beautiful steamers carry the hurried tourists who are finding in the great northland that which they once sought in far away Switzerland. And—but say, I've got to stop right here. Once I get well started talking about the country up there, along the picturesque T. and N.O., it's hard to tell when I'd get back to finish up the history of North Bay. I went up last year in May for a month, and didn't get back till January, and then only got to see part of it. Some day, when I've a year to spare, I'm going again, as I tell you it's worth while. A great country—and this is the Gateway.

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### TRANSCONTINENTAL RAILWAY

The Transcontinental Railway, which is building (247 miles north of here) under a Government Commission, with one of the most able men of Canada (S. N. Parent, of Quebec, pleasant memory) as Chairman, has its office for the immediate district above, in North Bay. I give here the Office Staff, since that is the road's only connection in town: District Engineer, A. G.

Macfarland; Assistant, J. Aylen; Accountant, C. D. Devlin; Assistant, W. A. Nelles; Draughtsmen, O. Krumm, W. H. Robinson, C. A. Everett, W. B. Hutchison, A. Estelle; Sec'y, R. Peachy. Others: Miss A. L. Quinn, R. P. Strickland, and C. A. Christa.

North Bay is the point to which all supplies must come for construction work for reshipment, via the T. and N.O. Railway, for the building of hundreds of the miles of this great National Railway. As before mentioned, the T. and N.O. is just now finishing its line to Cochrane, the new town on the Transcontinental.

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### A RAILROAD STRIKE

They told me that a railroad strike was "on" in North Bay. It was conducted in so quiet and orderly a manner that I had never known it had I *not* been told. The men behaved most commendably, and when the strike was finally settled, most of them went back to their places as though from a two months' holiday. This, in a railroad town, is most remarkable, and speaks volumes for the strikers.

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### RAILWAY BOYS' STORIES

North Bay started a railroad town, and a railroad town it has remained. Some of its foremost citizens came with the road, and to them the "snap" and "go" of the place is greatly due. Like all such towns, I find its early history chuck full of good stories—"when the boys had to make their own fun," as one of the jolliest of them said, one day, when I asked about "old times" and the stories of those "times."

### Blew Up the Store

"Say," he began, "some of us, I guess, must have been 'terrors.' We turned everything into fun. We did then what we'd now 'tan' our own boys for even thinking of doing. You've no doubt heard tell of 'Old Stoney'? It was awful the way we used

to treat Stoney! I mind one night one of the boys brought in some 'fog caps'—you know the kind we put on the rail in case of danger or wanting to warn trains. We dropped into 'Stoney's,' where we used to gather of a night—big crowds of us. Now, at that time he had a stove big enough to hold a four-foot stick, and being cold, he used to have it 'loaded.' This night, I mind, *we* did the 'loading.' Everybody was sitting round telling or listening to stories, when 'Big Bill' says to me—quietlike—'Chuck 'em in!' I says, 'No, you chuck 'em,' and 'Big Bill' he takes the caps, opens the stove door and chucks 'em.' Say, you ought o' seen that crowd scatter! They couldn't get out quick enough. Them caps went off, knocked that four-foot stove galley west and spread fire chunks all over the floor. *Mad*—say, you ought o' heard 'Stoney!'

"What did he say?" I asked.

"What did he say? He said—oh, by the way, what do you want this for?"

"A book I'm writing," said I.

"That settles it; I can't tell you what 'Stoney' said. It would never do to print; in fact, it would melt the type!" and I never learned.

### Mean Tricks—Sandy and the Fireflies

It's a downright shame the way some of the boys up here on the T. & N.O. used to treat the innocent foreigners, during its construction, who came out to make an honest living. Wait till I tell you about that young Scotchman. He wasn't used to things a la Canadian, and, as the boys say, was "oh, so easy." A. R. McDonald had about 200 tons of baled hay at Red Water Station. The ground about was a bit low and the fire-flies were thick. Sandy saw them, and rushing to the office, told Mulligan, the Chief Clerk, that the sparks from the forest fires were lighting thick on the hay. Mulligan, like all of his name, was a born jollier, and taking in the situation, handed Sandy two pails and said: "Go quick and save that hay!" And all night long the poor

fellow carried water from the lake. Next morning he came in to breakfast with: "Chief, I saved 'er!" Now, what do you think o' that?

### A New Hair Restorative

This same Sandy complained that his hair was falling out. Ted recommended "two ounces of spruce gum, dissolve in 16 ounces of warm water. Use morning and evening for a week." Then Ted hurried up the line. Before the end of the week Sandy had to have his head shaved and start a new crop.

### The Judge's Son and the New Brand of Chicken Feed

A Judge's son from Montreal was about as "easy" as Sandy. At Boston, now Dane, they had some more hay. This hay was good and mouldy—in fact, it was crumbly with age. Now, the youth had an eye to making a turn in business, so he told Mulligan: "Say, Chief, the horses won't eat this hay, and I've been thinking it might make good chicken feed."

"Best in the world," said the chief. "Wonder if the boss would care if I sold it?"

"No, he wouldn't care, as it's useless as horse feed."

"Then I'm going to make a little stake on the side. I'll sell it to the farmers down the line." And putting up a wagon-load, he started down the line toward Heaslip, nearly 30 miles, to sell his "chicken feed." The farmers, "catching on" to the joke, passed him on from one to another, until he came to one old fellow who couldn't have seen a joke in a minstrel show, who told the boy how he'd been played for a *spring fish*, then he drove back and quit railroading.

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### FISH STORIES—I SAW THE RING WITH MY OWN EYES

If I were to give you all the odd things the fish up here do, you'd sure say I was "telling fish tails." But, then, the fish are so many and big that they are liable to do anything.

Being so particular about my stories, I'll give you only a few

authentic ones. Tom Reynolds was fishing one day, and lost a valuable gold ring—dropped it into the lake off the boat. A year after Robt. Conning found the ring in a big fish. Tom proved his property by his initials. I know this to be true, for I saw the ring with my own eyes—Tom showed it to me.

“Heard this before?” Don’t doubt it. I’m not the first to tell it.

### Went About Tagged—A Fishing-line Story

A fishing party went down the French River, one day last summer, from Sturgeon Falls. A young lady of the party, while sitting at the other end of the boat, carelessly let a big fish come right up and take her hook, line and a piece of shingle she used for wrapping the line on. Yes, that fool fish went off down the river with the whole outfit. He went up and down the river for eight months with that hook, line and tag—the tag with “E. C. Clarke” written or cut in on the side, and one day, seeing another hook he, hungering for variety, picked it up. This time John F. was at the other end of the line and took Mr. Fish in out of the wet. Here he’d been going up and down, summer and winter, with that line. I didn’t see the line, but I did see John F., and he said it was so.

### Colonel Hall and His Trained Fish

Colonel Hall is an ideal fisherman. He never kills or keeps a single fish more than he wants for his next meal. He may sit by the hour and fish, but back into the water goes the catch.

Don’t know how true it is, but they do say that the Colonel has his fish trained, so that when he has company they bite and “show off” in great form. I could almost believe this, for one fine evening the Colonel and I were sitting on a log at his special fishing waters, down the French, and in an hour we had caught thirty-six fish. They *must* have been trained—those fish of Col. Hall’s—for of those thirty-six fine big fish, only four would risk *my* hook, the rest taking his, for they *knew* he’d throw ’em back—had done it so often before that they could trust him. But I

was new to them, and only four would trust me. I threw them back though, I am that tender-hearted that I didn't want to keep the poor things. Besides, the Colonel said if I *didn't* throw them back that there would be "things doing," and the Colonel, you know, is a large man. Yes, I *wanted* to throw every one of those four fish back into the river, and I did it too—I'm so tender toward fish and dumb animals! and especially so when a large Colonel says I must be.

### A 190-Pounder

Some of the stories are big, and so are the fish. John O'Neil, in 1904, caught a sturgeon in the lake that weighed 190 lbs. It took three men to land it. So Phelps says.

"That's nothing," says Tom R. "Why, you should hear Sam Huntington tell fish stories. Heard Sam telling some Yankees, one day, of a maskalonge he'd caught, weighing 23 pounds. When he went to dress it he found, inside, a pike weighing 27 pounds." I guess everybody is right, for they all tell me: "Say, you should have come to North Bay when Sam was here."

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### FUN—WITHAL THEY HAD FUN IN THOSE DAYS

The stories and reminiscences of the early days, when North Bay was but a few cabins and a promise, would fill a book, and then some more. Nearly every pioneer I meet—there are not many of them left—very soon is heard to say: "*That reminds me,*" and often follows a story or bit of reminiscence quite worth the saving.

### The First Concert, Aug. 28, 1885

'Twas on the *Hazel B.* I got a few of the old boys to talking. One of them had been here—off and on—"since the iron hit the town," and on this day he had seen the French River for the first time. As I've often told you, the Canadian is so surrounded by beautiful things, that he may live beside what another might cross the ocean to see, and never once look upon

it. And especially is this true, if the seeing require an extra effort. "That reminds me," said Jim, "of the first concert we had in town. Must tell you. The Mackey House was just building. Before the partitions were placed, you must know there was a fair big room. Bill, there, was boss of affairs that night, stage manager, musical director, 'bouncer', in short, Bill was the Poo Bah of that concert—all but the singin'—Bill can't sing, and never could. Things was goin' fine. Every one of the performers was gettin' the 'hand' to the echo. Only one thing bothered Bill. Just down in front where the bald-headed row would be in a regular play-house, was old Stoney, enjoying it all to the limit. He was most effusive in his enjoyment, so much so that to keep him in bounds Bill kept shaking his fist threat'ningly from behind the curtain. At each shake of the fist 'Stoney' would move out of range, then Bill'd find a new view and threatened the hands. All this went on till 'Stoney' got clear over to the wall and couldn't move another inch. He couldn't move and yet he wouldn't stop his loud expressions of enjoyment. Finally he shook a fist back at the Poo Bah of the night. 'To Hill wid yees, Bill Bowcher. O' won't be moovin' anuther inch far yees an' awl yeer Bares—so dthare!'—and he didn't."

### "Silas Kept on Preaching"

From "Stoney" to preacher may be a long step, but one of the circle took the step when another mentioned Rev. Silas Huntington. "Great old man. I mind one day he was preaching down the line—in a box car. Two big navvies took exceptions to his theology, and began making a disturbance. 'Come, boys,' said Silas, 'you must not disturb the meeting.' But they persisted. They were sitting opposite, along the improvised seats, down toward the other end from the pulpit (an empty barrel up-ended). The good man started down toward them, and when opposite 'collared' one in each hand, and dropped them out the door—never once stopping in his sermon, but went right on as though he wasn't doing things to those two navvies."

"Must have been pretty strong," I couldn't help commenting.

"Strong?" Why man, he was a giant. Once down to Merrickville, on the Rideau—they tell it for a fact—he wrote his name on the wall while holding at arm's length a 56 pound weight with his little finger.

"His son Sam was a chip off the block, only Sam wasn't much on preaching. He would have been a better novelist, his imagination was that strong. Say, Sam never once got stuck in the middle of a converse for the want of facts. No, Sam went right on talking, regardless."

### Let the Car Go Down the Siding

"Speakin' o' Silas," said another, "do y' mind, boys, the night he was preachin' in the car run in on the' sidin' from the main line? Y' mind how the track ran sort o' up hill in the stone quarry up there where Main street is now? Well, as I was sayin', the old man was in the middle of his dee-scourse when all at once the car 'gin to run down hill, somebody havin' let off the brake. It got to goin' faster an' faster, but Silas he never stopped preachin' for a minute, but went right on, as though in the finest church you'll find in town to-day. You see, the ole man had faith in the boys. He knew they was chock full o' mischief, but he knowed that they wouldn't hurt a hair o' his head, and would have made it warm for anybody else who did. No, sir, he never stopped, but th' car did—away down on the main line, at the aige of town. An' when he had finished and we'd all sung th' doxology, we got out and walked back, he never sayin' a word 'bout the ride that was throwed in with th' sermon. I guess everybody in town loved th' ole man, regardless."

### Judge Doran

Somebody mentioned Judge Doran, and I very soon found that he was another of the early favorites. Story after story followed his name, everybody being "reminded."

## He Wanted to Join the Masons

After one of the boys got through laughing at something that had come into his mind, he began: "Th' Judge was as full o' fun as the next one, but he'd make us pay for it if we went too fur with our fun. Boys, remember old Henderson, who wanted to be a Mason? 'No?' Well, the old man used to wonder what we did o' night down to 'Stoney's.' We told him that Mulligan an' some *other* o' us Masons had lodge meetin', an' he wanted to jine, right off, so that he could have fun too. Well, we told him to come down to 'Stoney's' th' next meetin' night an' we'd 'netiate him. He was there on time, an' th' fun started in wild. It was awful cold outside, but hotter than pepper indoors, for we'd heated th' ole stove red. As we wanted t' 'netiate him proper, an' not takin' a full suit o' clothes on t' do it, we got him ready, placed him in front o' the stove backwards, an' th' Master called out, in a tone that would be fine for a graveyard at midnight an' said: 'Take one step forward. Now take two steps back'ards.' Well, sir, when the old Judge heard about this 'netiatin' next day, he ups an' made ev'ry one o' us chip in an' pay th' doctor's bill, and made us keep it up too until Henderson was clear well and strong again. Yes, th' old Judge liked fun, but he drewed the line on 'netiatin' folks down to Stoney's, an' makin' 'em take too many steps back'ards."

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## IN TIMBERING DAYS

North Bay is in the midst of what was once a great timber country. E. Varin, father of the Sheriff, took out timber at Lake Talon, in 1859; his depot was at the chute at Boom Lake, near Mattawa. He died in 1865. His limits were sold same year to David Moore, who sold to Isaac Moore, and Baxter Cutler. James Johnson the same year started to lumber at Amable du Fond. After his death his nephew Robert took up the business. He was later drowned and his limits were sold

to Thomas and Charles Smith in 1871. The limits came up to Trout Lake.

Duncan Sinclair, a surveyor, had a 5 mile limit in which is now North Bay. It was he who laid out a trial line up the Mattawa and Nipissing, later taken by the C.P.R. for its present route.

In 1869 he sold to Edw. V. Wright, who in turn sold to David Moore, who added a 21 mile limit out of the Duchesney Creek Indian Reserve. This was in 1870. J. R. Booth later added all of these to his vast limits.

Two men, now prominent in North Bay, were long in the employ of David Moore. They are Recorder Chas. LaMarche, and Sheriff H. C. Varin.

### **“Atty” Cotton and the Wolf Story**

One of the widest travelled men in this country was A. F. Cotton. He came up with W. R. Thistle to examine timber limits hereabouts in 1872. From here he went all throughout the upper country, thence to British Columbia and the Yukon. Being a surveyor he went with the Transcontinental and is with them now.

Talking with an old pioneer one day he got to telling about “Atty.” “We all called him ‘Atty,’ not because he was an attorney—no, he was no lawyer, but no lawyer you ever met could handle facts with greater ease. Facts never bothered Atty, if they endangered the interest of a good story. Ever hear ’bout the time he was chased by the wolves on Deshaney Crick? Ah, that was a thrilling adventure! He was on skates, had been out looking over a timber limit. All the country was a dense forest, as far as the eye could reach there was not a break in the woods. He was gliding along over the smooth ice when far through the forest he heard the howl of a wolf. Nearer and nearer came the sound, till looking up to the left, he saw a half-dozen gaunt grey wolves waiting for him. But by a great burst of speed he passed them—passed them before they could intercept his coming. On and on he flew with the hungry beasts following.

He was going so fast that veering to the right a half mile further on he slid up over a hill, where he found a Frenchman hoeing potatoes. 'Quick, quick,' said Atty, 'give me that hoe,' and taking it he drove the wolves back into the water where they were all six drowned. It is claimed from this that Atty was the original 'man behind the hoe'."

"Yes," but, says I, "how could he go right up over that hill?"

"How? Easy enough. Isn't *cotton* light? Well he just *blew* up. No, a little thing like that never bothered Atty if the wolves were after him."

He was originally from Ottawa, one of the four Cotton boys who were famous shots in the old Rideau range days back in the 60's.

I met "Atty" one night at the Queen's. Lawrence being good-natured allowed a party of us to sit and listen to him. Hours flew by as if on wings, and—well, it was the one night in North Bay that I did not retire early—and yet *very* early. I never count time if I can listen to a much travelled man—and that is "Atty."

### Blind Pigs' Union

A good story has just drifted down the line that is quite worth while. At one of the towns famous for its temperance strictures, Blind Pigs, etc., it seems that the law is not doled out fairly. At least some of the keepers of the aforesaid B-P's say that it is not doled out fairly, and they have formed a Union—a sort of a Blind Pig Union, B.P.U., and are demanding of the favored ones that they too come in and be "pulled." "It ain't fair," is the way they approach the favored. "It ain't fair for us to have to stand all this 'pulling' while you sell ten times as much as we, and never once have to put up a cent."

"Don't we? Say, you fellows are slow! You wait to be 'pulled' and then pay to help to keep up the Government. We don't wait—No! *we* start in time and pay to help keep up the Inspectors. 'Don't pay!' Go wan! You fellows make us tired!"

### **“Must Close. It’s Illegal to Sell Whiskey on Election Day”**

A still better one drifts in from the same direction. They do say that a prominent License Inspector went round on last election day to all the Blind Pigs and said: “Boys, you’ve got to close up, it’s not legal to sell when votin’s goin’ on.” And they closed.

### **Knew He Was an Engineer**

Speaking of whiskey. On a certain railroad up here, the engineer in charge of the surveyors went round one day to visit the various camps to see how things were running. He came to a camp where only the cook was “at home.” He asked: “Where is the surveyor in charge?” “Gone up the line,” said the cook. When the surveyor returned he was told: “An engineer called to see you to-day.”

“Who was it?”

“Don’t know. He didn’t tell me his name. Didn’t say a word but to ask for you.”

“Didn’t say a word but that? How in—heven—did you know he was an engineer?”

“He wore bad clothes and asked for whiskey.”

### **Wanted to Borrow an Axe**

Much is said about the calibre of the boys the Government sends into the woods to protect the forests from fire. Here is an illustration to the point. One day two “Fire Rangers” (?) came to the camp of an engineer who was running a line for a new railroad.

“Awful glad we found you. We want to borrow an axe,” said the spokesman.

“What! Want to borrow an axe, and you fire rangers? Out here without the most necessary implement of your trade?”

“We’re new to the business, and we didn’t know we’d need an axe. Awful glad we found you. Thanks! We just couldn’t

get on without an axe. Government'll pay you for this. Good-bye. Big fire just over the hill," and they went off at a gait that would bring them to the "conflagration" in an hour or two. But the boys *must* have their summer outing.

### Do Game Protectors Protect?

I don't propose answering the question. I shall simply refer to a few items picked up on my rounds, and leave the answer for you to give.

Hunters are allowed to kill, in one season, 2 deer, 1 moose, 2 caribou. One day, down the French River, a man said: "I know of one hunter who boasted of having killed 80 deer last season." Another told of having passed an Indian's shack, near which he saw the head of a recently killed deer, in this, the middle of summer, when no big game is allowed to be even shot at. I met a game warden who, in speaking of his experience with hunters and trappers, said: "Say, I never bother the boys. If they want to trap a few beaver (beaver are not allowed to be trapped in any season), I don't bother them."

"Does the Government select men as game wardens whom they know to be honest and trustworthy, or are they 'heelers' who *must* be given a job?" *I don't know—ask the Government.* They are appointed to see that the game laws are enforced, and if the game laws were enforced there would not be a scarcity of big game in a year or two after any new section is opened. One man down the French said: "When I first came here ten years ago, I could count in a day as many as 70 deer. Now it is seldom that I see one in a week." This man, in all that time, had killed but two deer.

If the Government paid less attention to politics and more to the real good of its people, there would be many interests better conserved. But it's not my affair, and yet in much praise of the good I see, I cannot but drop an occasional criticism of the wrong, and the *so-called* protection of game comes under the wrong, for there is no protection in many sections.

**R.I.P.—THEY HAVE A CARE**

I have so often remarked the care the people of Canada have for each other. No matter how poor the fellow, if he take it into his head to die, the folks will see that he gets decently planted. And thereby hangs one of the good stories of the town.

One day a citizen passing the hovel of a well-known character, back in the country a few miles, on looking through the window saw him (the w.k.c.) lying face down. He tried to arouse him, but it wasn't his day for being aroused. He would have gone in, but a faithful dog standing over the body of his master would not allow it. "Ah, he's sure dead this time!" said the citizen, after making noise enough to have raised an ordinary "Lazarus."

Hurrying to town he reported the death and at once set about collecting money to bury "poor old ——" Everybody "chipped in," as all are very kind, and the undertaker went out with a coffin for the body. In about an hour the procession (one waggon and a lot of small boys) came into town—the "body" sitting astride the coffin waving "its" hat and singing out "Hear ye! Hear ye! Funeral has been postponed. I love ye all too well to leave ye so soon in yer grief."

Yes, everybody has a care! These good folk had "chipped in" for the coffin, and doubtless would have furnished the monument too with "R. I. P." *chipped out*, as they do seem to want all to "Rest in Peace" when once they leave town.

Another version of the story is that the subject of this sketch has so great an antipathy against "drink" that when they went after him he refused—as he said—to be buried by "a lot o' drunken loafers," and so put it off. And now the folks say that *next* time they'll send teetotallers. It will not cost so much next time as they have the coffin on hand.

**Bailiff Coleman**

Bailiff Coleman—Constable Coleman, or as he is better remembered, just plain "Coleman," was one of the early characters of North Bay and vicinity. He was a sort of a village

Poo Bah. If a man was to be arrested for what he himself had thought of doing, Coleman would arrest him. If he had not thought of doing the thing, and Coleman thought he should have thought of doing it, Coleman would arrest him on general principles. If he—Coleman—brought a prisoner to the Squire for trial, and the Squire was off fishing that day, he'd "try" him himself, fine him, and pocket the fees and costs.

If neighbors were living too peaceably together, and there was too little doing, Coleman would go to one and tell him what another neighbor had said about him, and when the fellow was properly wrought up and said things, he—Coleman—would carry the word to the innocent neighbor, who'd never thought of speaking ill of anybody, but now, being maligned for no cause, would become mad "all through," and—well, inside of a few days there was trouble a heap, and ten to one Coleman would get busy, arrest the two, "try" the case, fine 'em both, then like as not read them a lecture on living together in peace and harmony.

He always carried the "papers" with him and unlike a plumber, he never had to go or send back to the "shop" for tools. If it was a summons he filled in the blanks and issued it; if a writ, a pen soon made it ready, and so on. One day, down in Callander, he found that a railroad employee was about to leave the job and country. He told Morrison. Morrison says, "Hurry to North Bay and get out papers, for he owes me \$40."

"Don't need to—got 'em here," and inside of an hour or two, Morrison's claim was safe, and he got his money. In this way Coleman was a benefit to the community.

They tell a good story on Geo. Fee, who had Coleman serve papers of ejectment on a squatter on his—Fee's—land down east of town. The fellow showed fight, and refused to go. George being a peaceable sort proposed a compromise, and paid the tenant \$85 if he'd go without trouble. He went, then George found, on a survey, that he'd paid the \$85 to get the fellow to get off somebody else's land, as the squatter had not been on his at all.

Don't know why Coleman left town, but he went quick, one day, and never came back. Some say he couldn't come back from Mich., where the State did a little "issuing" on its own account, and in the end, the one-time North Bay Poo Bah had to serve a fifteen years' term.

### Old Jim Hockebone

"Speaking of characters," said the old citizen, "have you heard of Jim Hockebone? Haven't? Well Jim mustn't be skipped. Don't know much about his early history further than that he was originally from Pembroke—an old shantyman and river pilot. Used to go down to Quebec with rafts of logs. He took up a lot on Trout Lake, somewhere in the '80s, and lived there all alone. He made a clearing, built a shack, and farmed a little. He'd work all summer, then in winter would bring his 'crop' to North Bay on a sled over the snow and ice, sell it, then go back to hermiting till next year.

"Poor old Jim was very superstitious, and believed firmly in ghosts. Why one so fearful of the supernatural should live alone I never could understand, but alone he lived. In fact, he would hardly allow any one to visit his lot, 'for,' as he'd say, 'they want to steal my timber.' He threatened to kill a North Bay man one day, and was arrested, sent to Toronto, where they kept him for six months. They finally let him out, and he came home, but soon after died of cancer."

### Icetown

Every country has its hermits, some more, some less. North Bay seems to have had more than its share. Wonder why! Can't be that in seeking out a lonely place they came here, for I've found the town anything but lonely—in fact, so much the opposite, that if one but stay here a while, one gets into the habit, and can hardly "break away." Went down to Icetown one day, and was actually lonesome to get back again from that "loneliville," where the people are so in love with themselves that a stranger feels himself frozen out. I wondered why, and

asked a citizen one day: "Why are you people not more cordial?" "Why? Well, you see so many of us are from England and Scotland, and we are a bit clannish."

"Then you ought to have stayed in England and Scotland," said I, "and saved Icetown from being looked upon as a town without a heart," and he got real "riled" at me for being truthful. Before I ever saw this city I had a most kindly feeling toward the people. They were *so* cordial—all those I had met—*away from home*—and made me like both them and their city. But when I got there—well, they *all* seemed to be recent arrivals from England and Scotland—from the provincial parts of those lands. They have a pretty city, but one is not given to like a place for its streets alone. I have loved some old town with not a beautiful natural feature in it, but with a people so sweet and congenial that I can never forget the place, and ever think of it with kindness, and visit and re-visit it with joy.

### The Hogmatoria Act

In a new country they have new laws. If the Parliament neglect to make one to fit the case, the new country is never at a loss to handle it. However true this may be, I've run across an entirely new act, one that I warrant that even you have never before heard of. But to its application. In the very early days a prisoner was brought before two local magistrates. I forget just what the charge was, but it was only some such trifling offence as burning down a house, stealing a horse or—well, no matter, houses were cheap and horses of the sort that the fewer one had the better off one was.

Now be it remembered that the magistrates in those days were not renowned for their knowledge of law, and when this case came up before the younger of the two, he hurriedly conferred with his senior.

"What am I to do?" he asked.

"Fine him five dollars and let him go."

"Yes, but I can't find any act covering the case, and we've got to do this thing legal."

"Oh, go on, fine him!" exclaimed senior, who was busy that day, and didn't want to be bothered with trifles.

"Yes, but under what act?"

"The *Hogmantoria*, or the unwritten law, and make it five dollars and costs." And the "*Hogmantoria*" it was, with costs enough to cover the supper for two. Things are different now.

"How different?" you ask.

"I don't know. It's all owing to the amount taken. If \$10, you get two years—if thousands—well, as I said, it's all owing to the amount taken. I know one who stole millions, and he got a high seat in the House, with big "pickings" for his friends. Moral: Don't be small in your takings; for the "*Hogmantoria*" may not cover your case.

That was in the early days. It's different now, which reminds me of the present

### North Bay Justice .

I could not but note instances of wise decisions made by magistrates in cases that came up before them while I was in town. Some of them were full of nice technicalities that might have been made reason of extended litigation. But the magistrates seemed to say by their acts, "We'll decide on this thing, and then we'll talk over the technicalities afterward." They did not allow justice to suffer, but Solomon-like let common sense govern. I would that the world had more North Bay magistrates, and there would soon be fewer technicalities and more justice and—less litigation.

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### THE OLD LIGHTHOUSE-KEEPER OF CALLANDER

"Not all of the philosophers are holding down chairs in colleges. Some of the wise old fellows are found in the most out-of-the-way places." And when Ticknor said this, I knew I was going to get a story, and said: "True you are," and then waited for the story.

"I've been coming to Lake Nipissing and the French River for many years—fifteen years ago, I think it was when I first found this delightful summering place. In that time, I guess I must have met all of the 'characters' of these parts. Of the number, the most interesting of all was the old lighthouse-keeper of Callander. He sure was a character—a regular hermit in both inclination and reality, for he saw but few, and cared not to see many of them. His name was Wessel—Steve Wessel. He had little to do, but did that little well. During the season when the lake was open for navigation, he never once missed the lighting of his lamp for eighteen years. Always on duty. In calm as well as on stormy nights the boatmen were sure to see the Callander light across the lake.

"The old man had a few cows, but never milked them, and here was where his philosophy was most marked. 'Why should I go to the trouble of milking?' he would say. 'Why bother, when the calves can do it so much better, and they don't look upon it as a bother, while getting fat and sleek on the milk. People work and work and work, and bother and trouble over things that the 'calves' can attend to so much better. I get little pay, but enough to live upon. The millionaires gets no more, and neither of us can take anything along when we go. The millionaires have worries—I have none. I light my lamp and my duty is done for the night. Men go through life hunting in all ways for contentment; they spend their days and nights going up and down seeking in vain for what I find right here without a care.' And thus the old man lived, happy and content, up to three years ago, when he passed quietly away.

"He did his duty in a quiet way—few of us will have done more when our time has come to follow him. I often think of his philosophy. We struggle for more than we need, and often in our struggle prevent others from getting what they must have to exist, and then we wonder why we are not happy. If more of us would let the 'calves' do the milking, we'd find the contentment that came to the old lighthouse-keeper of Callander on the Nipissing."

### "HELLO! LITTLE GIRL"

"Hello!" she said to me, and I said, "Hello, little girl!" and then we were acquainted, and after that she always said "Hello!" as I passed. That was the extent of her part of the conversation. It was the only word she had yet learned, for she was very, very young. Only the very, very young girls of North Bay say hello to me as I pass. And then I met her father and got a good story—a railroad man's story. Oh, such a horrible story it was, showing the terror of a railroad man's life! "Yes," said he, "I'm thankful to be alive. I'm the only one of the crew. All the others were killed, down there by Moore's Lake; Jim, one of the best men I ever knew, the baggageman, a brakesman, and his father—all killed, and I'm the only one left. Then the engineer and fireman on the other engine were killed too—seven in all. You see, Jim was the engineer, and I was the fireman on a passenger going east. We had the right o' way, and were not thinking to meet anything on our time. But fate had planned differently. There was another engineer—unlucky man! He had had two bad accidents and had to have the third. It was his last. His fate sent him out with a light engine (engine with no train). It told him that he could make the next siding if he would go fast, and he threw open the throttle and came like the wind. What happened, or rather how it happened, I never knew, when I came to my senses I was in a Pullman with the doctors standing over me. When the engines met Jim was at his post—faithful Jim! The brakesman had been in a wreck the week before and had both legs cut off. He was being taken by his father to Montreal to the hospital. Both were killed. All seven gone and I'm the only one alive. Yes, a railroad man earns all he gets. He never knows when he bids his loved ones good-bye, if he will ever see them again." And then he threw his arms around my little "Hello" girl and kissed her lovingly.

### The Wee Little Boy—A Life Sketch

Not two blocks away I used to pass another house. It wasn't a fine house, and the tenant wasn't a rich man—and yet he was a very happy man, for a little face peeped out at him as he went

off to his work in the morning and greeted him again in the evening on his return. Then, of a Sunday, the two were out together, the happy father and the wee little boy—sometimes the mother too was along—the whole family, for he was all they had. Often I'd see him at his play—the wee little boy. One day I did not see him, and another day I did not see him, then day after day I saw no little boy in the yard. A week passed and I saw white crape—oh, so very, very white—hanging from the door, and then I knew. And now I never see any wee little boy playing in the yard, and a home is desolate, for he was all they had.

### Dan—A Hero

Not all the heroes die in battle. Every village, town, and city has its hero. Some of them go through life unknown, unnoted, and at the very end do that which ennobles them for time. One day I was being told of the beautiful Trout Lake, that lies some four miles to the east of North Bay, when the citizen to whom I was listening said: "And here died one of our heroes. The wife and mother had gone to spend the night to nurse a sick neighbor. Dan got up early to do the work, first building the fire before going to feed the stock. Looking out from the barn he saw his home on fire. He rushed back and into the house to arouse his sleeping children, and through the seething flames he went and came until all were out but one. By this time the whole building was a mass of red—the neighbors who had gathered begged of Dan not to go back—for, said they, 'the child is dead by now—nothing could be alive in that!' 'What! leave my—there?' and into the furnace he ran. Neither was ever seen alive again. He gave his life for his child. Dan was a hero. I never stand upon the site of the burned home but that I feel that I am on sacred ground."

### A Noble Character

The world is not all selfish. There are some noble exceptions—one of them lives here. I like to tell about the exceptions. It makes the rest of the world a little better to know of them.

He is humble and retiring—he has given his whole life for others. First he looked after his old father and mother as long as they lived, and then he brought back and gave a home to his widowed sister and her family—looking after them with all the loving care that he could have given were they his own. Educating the children and bringing them up in comfort and refinement—shielding them from the buffets of the world. He has never married, but has spent his life for others. Noble man!

### To Mother

Not all of the children's stories are sad. Some of them are sweet and full of real heart life. One evening I had gone to a home to get a bit of information. No one knows what it is to hunt out the stories of a town. Neither do you know the real joy that sometimes comes to me in the search.

At this home were many children gathered. As we went from piazza to parlor, I noted a wee pup scampering through the folding doors, and saw the wreck which that wee pup had left behind. Little Eva running to a ruined box hurriedly picked it up and ran from the room, and then I heard her crying as though her little heart would break. For a long time she would not tell the reason of her grief. But the loving mother's "Do not cry, Eva!" soon dried the tears, and then we knew the why. To-morrow was mamma's birthday, and little Eva had saved up her pennies and had had the baker make a beautiful cake, and on the top place the words, "To Mother," and that awful pup had found the box, and if you're acquainted with pups you know the rest. But he had not reached the letters, and when Eva brought in the wreck and the mother saw those two little words, her heart was touched, and no cake to her was ever before so welcome a gift, and gathering to her arms her loved one there soon was sunshine in the eyes where so recently there had been tears.

The rest of the children—her own and some of their little friends, could not wait for the morrow, since Eva's gift was known,

and soon the birthday remembrances were being showered upon the delighted mamma.

As I saw that beautiful picture I could not but exclaim: "Oh, how happy you should be! I had a birthday this week, and no one remembered it."

### "I'll Div oo a T'iss"

At this, one of the little girls looked up and said in oh such sweet, questioning words: "Didn't oo dit anyfing for oor birfday? I'm so sorry. I'm doin' to div oo a tiss!" and running across she gave to me that which many presents could not have made me so happy in receiving.

No, all of the children stories are not sad, some of them are sweet, and full of real heart life. Oh how I love the little folk!

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### MESSENGER BOYS

One of the characteristics of the towns of this upper country is that you can see the telegraph messenger boys move—can actually see them get over ground as though they were alive. I remarked the fact that they never loiter by the way to play "marbles" or to talk about games of ball. No, they always deliver despatches the same day they reach the office. It's so different down home. There our boys seem to have everything in the world to do but deliver their telegrams, until it has grown to be an adage: "As slow as a messenger boy." You wonder why this is. I'll tell you. *The messenger boys up here are all girls*, and as bright a lot of little creatures as you ever saw. They start off with a message and never stop a moment on the way, and never want a half-day off, "to bury their grandmothers." They're all right!

### North Bay Newsboys

While in some of the towns of this country the Newsboy is only conspicuous by his absence—here he is one of the institutions of the town, and one of the livest. While half the boys in the

place seem to belong to the "Order of Dailies" from Montreal, Ottawa and Toronto, some half-dozen of them have each a Weekly, and no one of them in any way interferes with the others' special paper.

In the illustrations may be seen six of these boys. Beginning at the left they are: Emmett Bunyan, *Utica Globe*; Roy Herbert, *Buffalo Times*; Joe Bently, *Chicago Blade and Ledger*; Ralph Drayton, *Buffalo Express*; M. Kelly, *Buffalo Courier*; Harry Phelps, *Toronto Saturday Night*; and Gerald Hodson, who is *not* in the picture, being too busy delivering his *Saturday Evening Post*, which is here a great favorite.

In the back row of the group is Mr. Wm. D. McDonald, the Postmaster, and the author of "The Gateway." The beautiful post office is in plain view.

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### COURTESY TO THE UNITED STATES

The courtesy and beautiful kindness shown toward our country and our flag, makes me feel sad to know that in a single spot, in our fair land, like courtesy is not accorded the emblem of these kindly people. If those who show no respect to the flag loved by Canadians, could only see how they treat the Stars and Stripes, never again would anything but the utmost courtesy be vouchsafed the Union Jack.

### A Martha Washington Party

One Sunday, in the Methodist Church, Rev. Addison gave out: "On Thursday evening there will be held, in the lecture room, a Martha Washington Tea Party." I wondered: "Why, have they a Martha Washington, too?" I went to the entertainment. Imagine my surprise to find that they were showing all this honor to our own beloved "Martha"—Beautiful! Beautiful!! It made my heart fairly bubble with joy to see all those sweet little girls, dressed in "Colonial," paying homage to one whose memory we so revere.

Can I but love these people? Could you? Nor do I love

my own the less in loving them—the respect shown toward my own is why I love them more.

Go where you may, on lake, river or mountain, and there may be seen the Stars and Stripes waving unmolested—side by side with the Union Jack. No one to say to its waving, "Nay!"

This recalls an incident that indicates that we too are getting into like spirit toward their flag. In one of our great cities, "The Flags of all Nations" was being presented to a vast audience, gathered for a hospital benefit. Various degrees of enthusiasm was accorded the flags as they were carried upon the stage. When England's flag came on, there was a momentary silence, when far down the centre aisle a grey-haired old man arose in his seat and cried out:

### "Give the Grand Old Flag a Hand"

In a moment that vast audience arose and wildly cheered the flag which with our own stands for all that's good in all the World to-day. On hearing this incident, I forgot that I was not a poet. I forgot all else than that I wanted to preserve the incident, and herald it abroad, that we do not *all* fail in respect toward their emblem. The lines below are not given here for any poetic merit, but to show the spirit that animated their writing:

The people were wildly cheering,  
 'Fore Britain's flag was shown—  
 The flag which had for centuries  
 From England's ramparts flown;  
 But the cheering was for another's  
 And not for British strand,  
 When a voice cried out from the stillness:  
 "Give the grand old flag a hand."

Then up sprang those assembled,  
 And the cheering rent the air,  
 The children once of England,  
 But now her daughters fair,

Saw in that flag an emblem,  
So glorious and grand,  
That they uprose, and shouting,  
Gave the grand old flag a hand.

That flag which had for centuries  
Stood only for the right,  
Must share the daughter's love—  
Must share it here to-night.  
And when the voice, far down the aisle,  
Cried out as in command,  
They 'rose and wildly cheering,  
Gave the grand old flag a hand.

And when again the curtain rose,  
The Nations' flags waved high—  
The flags of all the Nations  
Were pointing toward the sky;  
But two there were rose o'er the rest,  
They rose as in command,  
And shouting loud that multitude  
Gave the grand old flags a hand.

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### VEGETATION—ITS RAPID GROWTH

I have often remarked the rapid growth of vegetation in New Ontario. One day, in passing R. Bunyan's seed store, I saw a stock of corn raised by G. S. Souter which, in seven weeks from planting, had grown eleven feet and six inches.

All throughout town are gardens whose vegetable growth I have rarely seen equalled anywhere. I saw and measured potato vines in Thomas Walsh's garden that were over four feet long, and two hills filled a large pail. I weighed a potato, grown on one of John Ferguson's farms, near town, that tipped the balance a few ounces less than two pounds.

One thing that would have once tickled the very cockles of

my heart was to see how planted or sowed seed could beat the weeds—could actually get started before the weeds could choke them off. Now, down in Ohio—it seems in retrospect—we used to have to begin hoeing corn and potatoes and things, the very minute the seeds were in the ground, and then in the end mow the weeds with a scythe in order to gather the crop. Yes, nothing seemed to grow fast down there but weeds. Is it any wonder I grew tired of farming and went to book-making? Had I lived up here, guess I would have been a farmer yet, raising big pumpkins, and corn and green things instead of writing about them. But I'm too old to go back to first principles, so must go on writing green things and of them.

North Bay is too young to have many fine gardens and lawns. They have all been too busy building a big town. And yet all over town I saw lawns worthy of commendation, such as those of Purvis, McKenzie, Whetmore, Browning, Sagadore, Rorabeck, Beggs, La Marche, Morris, Ferguson, Ranney, Souter, Bishop, Martin, Lidkea, a number around Worthington and Wyld streets, and many others worthy of near-mention. Some of them run specially to flowers, more particularly those of the pioneer post-master, Wm. McDonald, F. Biggs, and others.

### A Proposed Plan or Suggestion as Incentive for Pretty Grounds

In Ottawa, Lady Minto started the citizens to beautifying their grounds. She did it by offering prizes for the best, and down to the fourth choice. A committee was appointed and each year examined and passed upon the gardens and lawns and at the end of the season the prizes were awarded. It set the whole city to paying more attention to the growing of flowers than it had ever before, until now, one might be dropped into the Capital, and if he did not know where he was he might sure think that he was in a California city, so beautiful are some of the flower gardens and well-kept lawns.

The Minto plan had one great drawback. The winner of

the first prize being an old bachelor, and with little else to do but tend his garden and run for Mayor, always won out—that is, he won the lawn prize. Others became discouraged and dropped out, as, said they, “What’s the good?——will win anyhow!” Now I will propose another plan, and to give it a name I shall call it

### “The North Bay Plan for the Beautifying of Grounds,”

since it will be carried out here for the first time. At any rate North Bay is offered it. First, appoint a chairman, who in turn appoints a committee of three disinterested persons, either ladies or gentlemen, whose duty it shall be to examine and pass upon the best all-round lawn in town, and also which four others come next. To the one having the best, a prize (cup or whatever may have been put up by some citizen or citizens) will be given, or rather loaned for the following year, to be handed over to the next successful contestant, the winner, year after year, being placed upon “The Honor List,” and thereafter being ineligible to ever after compete. In this way, if kept up long enough, all will have a chance to win. Those upon the honor list will, in honor, see that their own grounds are always kept up to the standard. After the first year the “Honor Man” will be the chairman for the next year, with power to appoint the committee, placing—if he will act—the retiring “Honor Man” upon the committee, which, after four years, will make the committee—all from the list of winners—the chairman always being the retiring man of the previous year.

Further: In a large blank book will be kept a full record of the yearly competition, and in that, placed a photograph of the winner and his home, making it in years to come an invaluable part of the town’s history.

This plan would have been carried out this year had it been proposed in time, and sure will be looked after next year, the

committee having already been selected. Of this committee the Inspector of Schools, Mr. J. B. McDougall, is Chairman for next year. Mr. Gerald C. Thompson has offered a valuable silver cup as the prize.

The professional men of a town or city can do much toward its betterment, in looks as well as in its morals. We ever look for the best examples from the preachers. Do we always get them? Too many of them put their flowers into their sermons and let their grounds run to weeds.

### Forestry

Nor is it in the field or garden plants alone where is marked rapid growth. Here may be seen that which should encourage Canada to begin at once to reforest her barren hills and wasted plains. In the beautiful grounds of Mr. David Purvis, I counted no less than thirteen different kinds of native forest trees, all growing and thriving in the most encouraging way. At the rate that the timber land is being denuded it will not be long until Canada is as barren of forests as are some of our own States. With the exception of the prairies of the West, very little tree planting is being done. They are always talking about it, but it goes no further. If they would use a small part of what is received for the timber and timber dues, in replanting the denuded lands, they would do well, as ere long there are going to be large areas with not enough wood for fence posts.

"What's that?" You thought that timber was worth nothing up here, just because they gave hundreds of square miles of it away for practically nothing, and that too, in the very part of the country where they will soon need it the most? You say that is not business? I wonder who ever said it was. It's not business, just politics. But as the politics don't belong to me I've nothing to say. But somehow I find myself always wanting Canada to do that which is for her own good, and in looking over the Dominion, from east to the "Last West," I see no need so great as that full attention be given to the conservation of her timber.

### PUBLIC BUILDINGS

The public buildings of a town are the best indications of the kind of men that town contains. "Oh, *any* thing will do for them!" is what the M.P.'s and the M.P.P.'s often think of a place. "Why?" Simply because the men of that place are all political "light weights"—they don't count. But there are other places that get what they want, and they want the best. And they get it, for they count among men of worth. I'm not going to "size up" the men of North Bay. No! I shall just tell you that the M.P.'s in Ottawa gave them a \$50,000 post office, and the M.P.P.'s of Toronto are giving them a \$60,000 Normal School.

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### THE WIDE AREA OF MINERAL

"New Ontario is a bed of mineral." When I first heard that I could not believe it possible. But the longer I stay in this land of marvels, the more I am compelled to believe it true. Scarce a week of my sojourn but I heard of "a new find," until it is no longer a surprise to me to be asked: "Say, have you heard about that copper find in ——— township?" Sometimes it is "a copper find," sometimes "a great bed of iron," "a fabulously rich strike of silver," or "a discovery of gold that will make 'em all sit up and take notice." Nobody knows or ever will know what is buried beneath the rocks of this "Mineralado."

### The Vermillion River District

To the northwest of North Bay some 100 miles, there is a river I'd not, until recently, heard of, that heads at the height of land, and runs southerly through the Temagami Reserve, and the townships to the south and enters Georgian Bay.

Two North Bay coal men—Lindsay and McCluskey—were told of the riches of that country, and going up found and staked claims of silver and copper in the unreserved, beyond the Proud-

foot base line, and other claims of copper and lead in Roberts just beyond the line from Nipissing, in the Algoma District. A new railroad is building right through the section that must make rich these enterprising coal men.

### **The Grand Trunk Mineral Road**

As elsewhere, I speak of the branch of the Grand Trunk railroad that is to run to the northwest from here, to tap the Transcontinental road. It has been well named the "Mineral Line," for it will open up a country rich beyond estimate, and not only in mineral but in timber, with many valleys of grazing and farming lands. Oh! Great is New Ontario!

### **Tragedies of the Forest**

The little stories, pathetic incidents, unwritten tragedies, of a new, wild country always appeals to me in a strange way. This great northland is full of them. Scarce a section but has had that, which, if known, would read like the stories of old Greece. All about Lake Nipissing have been battles, centuries and centuries ago, when forgotten tribes of Indians fought to the death amid the forests, long since turned to dust. No record remains, no historian was there to preserve to us the deeds of the heroes of those ancient days, and nothing is left to mark even the battle sites, save the stone arrows which have been found around the borders of the lakes.

"In your prospecting, you doubtless find many things that mark the old?" This is a question I often ask of the men who travel the woods, in search of timber and minerals. I asked it one day of James Lindsay, who with his partner, McCluskey, has long prospected the country to the north-west of North Bay, for mineral, of which—as before mentioned—they have made many valuable finds, of copper, iron, silver and gold.

"No," said Jim, "I have seen little of the old, since time so quickly blots out and covers up the scars on nature. But I do run across many things that interest me deeply, pathetic little things, that only by chance meet my observation.

### The Indian Baby Grave

“One day, far up on the Height of Land near the head waters of the Vermillion River, I came upon the grave of an Indian baby. A rude little cross marked it—a wee birch bark canoe lay upon the top. The place was very lonely, and nothing marked the presence of human hand but the poor little grave. I later learned that the baby was that of a White Fish Indian mother. Seven years ago the band was passing the spot when the baby died. Snow covered the ground. Scraping it away, they scooped out a grave, and without coffin, wrapped the little one in a ragged blanket, covered it over and left it in the lonely wood. It was only the grave of an Indian baby, but I shall never forget the sad feeling that stole over me at the sight.

### The Drowned Indian

“In Osowan Lake is a little island, on which I saw another grave. It was that of an Indian who had been drowned ten years ago while crossing on the ice one winter. He was crossing with his squaw, who recovered the body, drew it to the island, where with her own hands she scooped out a grave, and marked it with a cross. All winter she stayed there alone, living on birds and what small game she could snare. In the spring the band, passing, found her. Only Indians, but their devotion to their loved ones is often very touching.”

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### NORTH BAY MILITIA

In 1902 a militia company was organized, and now has a force of 35. It is Company G of the 23rd Regiment—headquarters Parry Sound. Col. Knifton in command. Officers of Co. G: Capt. Wm. Milne; First Lieut., G. W. McDonald; Second, Lieut. Herb. Wallace; Color-Sergt., J. Kirk; Sergts., T. Lodge, L. Demazie, and C. Pierson.

### LITTLE SWEARING

I could not but remark how little the North Bayans depend upon the vulgar swearing so prevalent in many places. Most of them can express themselves intelligently and emphatically without the big round oaths, which the vulgar man thinks so necessary. Toronto is called the "Goody-Goody" city, and yet I have heard more swearing there around a billiard table, in one night, than I heard in all the weeks I was in North Bay, which leads up to an incident. There is in North Bay a popular billiard room. One night a young man, who *looked* like a "decent sort," became angry at a poor inanimate ball, which refused to do his bidding, and he started to swear at it. The proprietor went at once to him and said: "Young man, I like your patronage, in fact I need it, but you'll have to stop that swearing, else I'll have to do without your patronage," and the proprietor made no pretence of being a "goody-goody"—nor do I, and yet I always think less of a man who swears to make himself look "big," when every oath makes him—that much smaller. Don't swear! Be a North Bayan, and we'll all like you better!

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### THE SHEPHERD COLLECTION OF RARE COINS

It is possible that in North Bay is the rarest private collection of old Greek and Roman coins in Canada. It is that of Mr. E. H. Shepherd, genial proprietor of the Queen's Hotel. For years Mr. Shepherd has been picking up these coins, until he has several hundreds, and many of them very rare specimens, some dating back more than two thousand years.

Mr. Shepherd has promised to loan the collection to the Niagara Historical Association, which association is doing so much toward concentrating the many things of value to lovers of the rare.

## NATIONALITIES OF CANADIAN TOWNS

I have been asked about the nationalities of the people who go to make up the towns and cities of Canada—if they are like our own, of the United States, and if any one nationality predominates in any particular town. After seven years spent here, I find that there is very little difference, save, of course, in the Province of Quebec, where in many whole communities, none but French Canadians are to be found.

Of these happy people I would speak. They appear to care so little for what we are given to call progressiveness, that in many places it is almost wholly absent. They are just as happy, if not more so, in having enough to eat and wear, and to pay their duties to the Church—of which they are almost, without exception, devout members—as many another people, who spend their lives rushing after the illusive coin of the realm, only to spend it again for other illusives. In places throughout Quebec, had one visited these good folk when Wolfe was here, and then gone to sleep, to awaken in this century, he would find himself quite at home mid surroundings so little changed that he would not miss the loss of time on waking.

Is this an advantage or a disadvantage? We all seek for the one thing—happiness—contentment. The happiest people in Canada are the French. Others rush and spend their money for things they look upon as for their own good or for the good of their community. Are the things for good? The one says, "Yes," and the money is spent—the other says, "No," and lets the "one" go on spending. The one is not happy—the other is, and especially so if the one will spend *enough* for the good of the community. Advancement to them is nothing of good, if the good costs a dollar.

These are the non-progressionists among the race. Until recent years the outside world has been wont to look upon them as representative. They are not representative. There is another part of the race that is moving along, side by side, with the most advanced of the country. Some of the best lawyers,

certainly some of the most eloquent statesmen, many of the financiers and business men of Canada are to be found among the French. In music and in literature, in courtesy and in cultured manners, this part most truly hold their own. There is no Parliament in the Dominion—not even the great one at Ottawa—where the speakers so generally excel, as the one in old Quebec. I refer not to the spoken words—I know not the language—but to the eloquence of their utterance, which is so pleasing to listen to. Like mountain brook the words flow musically along, or like Italian singer whose words we may not know, and still enjoy his song.

Yes, there are two distinct parts of the race. The one is content with the things of the past, the other is up and moving with the tide that is bearing Canada right on toward the front rank among the progressive nations of the world.

### Berlin, Ont.

Aside from these of Quebec, there is no town in the Dominion where any one particular nationality predominates—save one. This one town is unique in more than in nationality. It is just emerging from its townhood, and has turned into a small city. Small only so far as to the number of its population. In progressiveness it has few equals on either side of the line that divides the two great countries of America; it is so full of push and go; so up to the most advanced times; so patriotic toward the country of adoption of its people; so busy at work in its seventy-two factories; and all its people so bent upon making theirs the greatest manufacturing centre in the Dominion, that *unique* is the one word most fitting when speaking of the little city of Berlin, whose citizens, like its name, are nearly all German.

Few places of its population have hotels equal to those of Berlin. The Walper House most certainly would indicate the great faith of its builder—faith in the future of his city. And yet it is a big dividend payer, because of the ever-increasing numbers coming to purchase the products of the many factories.

It is claimed, that this namesake of Germany's capital is just a bit the liveliest manufacturing town in all of Canada.

## NORTH BAY AN IDEAL MANUFACTURING CENTRE

With its excellent railroad facilities, great forests of timber, and water powers that need but the harnessing to run immense factories, North Bay must yet be the great manufacturing centre for this upper country. Here should be established manufactories for farm implements, furniture of all kinds, pulp and paper mills—to be honestly managed by people resident, and not by cable from England—and, in short, no branch but would find here an ideal location. This will be especially true when the canal shall have come, and of that there is not the least doubt.

### Trout Lake Smelter

It will not be long until one of the most complete smelters in the land will be running at Trout Lake, a short distance from the town limits along the T. and N.O. Railway. It has been under way for many months. It has been constructed with new features in smelting, and especially with a view of handling the ores of Cobalt, which so long tried the inventive brains of many an old smelting company. It is thought that the Trout Lake Company have overcome all difficulties and will be able to treat the most difficult of ores, saving to the mine-owners the valuable by-products which, till of late, the old companies have claimed as their own.

This smelter is ideally situated, being so close to the mines to the north and west, saving, in some instances, more than a thousand miles of shipment of the ore.

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### THE OLD PICTURE GALLERY

If it wasn't for the printer I'd never publish a single book. No, you're wrong. I don't mean that at all. Of course he prints the books, but if he didn't call a halt I'd never stop writing, for along toward the end, after he has caught up with the copy, I have just begun to hear so many other things that I would write, that, did he not say: "Not another minute will I wait," I'd

never stop. Some of you might be glad if the writing and not the publishing went right on. Can't help that, the foregoing is in type and in form, so will have to stop and let him close without many a bit I would like to run in.

### Old Pictures

I must speak of some of the old pictures, many of which I have found only now. They are so much a part of the town's history that to pass them unnoted would be to leave out great interest to the pioneers, who will recall many a pleasant moment on looking at these people, houses and scenes of early days.

Look at that group taken at the C.P.R. station in 1884. See the old man in white beard. It is that of the Hon. R. W. Scott. He was in North Bay as an adjuster of property between the railway and the boy that sits at his right—John Ferguson—the then owner of most of the town. Just an incident. He had gone to the first shingled house in town to do his writing. It was cold weather, and the house was close and the air not the best. He had but to remark it, when the boy took a book, and—well, there was very soon plenty of fresh air, but that shingled house had one pane of glass less, and the book was outdoors.

Hon. Scott was here some time, and took much interest in the pioneers in their struggles to start a town. He attended the first mass said in North Bay, and when he left the little settlement, he left many a friend who still remembers him in kindness.

He is a remarkable man. Starting his political life in 1849, he went up through the offices of mayor, 1852, of Bytown (now Ottawa), was long in the parliaments of both Province and Dominion, Senator, and finally, Secretary of State, and after fifty-nine years retiring in honor. When King Edward was in Canada, as the Prince of Wales, in 1860, R. W. Scott was one of a committee of twenty to entertain him while in Ottawa. Of all the number he is the only one alive, and still looks but little older than when he was photographed at the North Bay station twenty-four years ago. He has kindly written for me the introduction of a book I am preparing as a memento of that visit of the Prince

of Wales—no one could have done it so well, or the introduction been so apropos.

To his left, sitting, is James Worthington, who had so much to do with the building of the railway.

Between them stands a man to whom North Bay is greatly indebted for many of its early needs—Thomas Murray.

There at Worthington's left, in the chair by the window, is another who has followed the welfare of the town for more than a quarter of a century—D. J. McKeown.

Now, honest, isn't there a lot of old memories in a picture? See that shack that looks so much more like a sty than a house, and yet it gave shelter and mayhap comfort to men who blasted out the rock from the quarry that lay along Main Street. This shack stood upon the lot where later was built the first Catholic Church. Dr. A. McMurchy sits to the right, the other one sitting is W. P. Martin. The tall man at the left is the once famous Ottawa photographer, R. Ives; the other two, standing, are E. W. Bagnell and John Burk.

See that other quarry picture, with Robert Patterson, D. McLeod, and John McMillen. This was taken in 1883. In the grouping of this picture may be seen the first post office, when John Ferguson was the short-time postmaster. The other picture is that of the first railway station—the most primitive station you ever saw? I warrant "Yes," for they don't build that kind any more. But twenty-five years ago Canadian railways were content with anything that would serve the purpose. They have gone to the other extreme, for no more beautiful railway stations may be found on the continent than those which H. W. Angus is designing and the T. and N.O. are building, away up there, where once we located the polar bears.

"Has anyone mentioned the name of Alec Laffarty to you?" I could but say, "No, this is the first I have heard his name." Then I had to hear how Alec came here as a young man, designed and built many of the railway bridges for the C.P.R., found that the great Manitou Island was made out of limestone—the only limestone formation in this part of the country—which he

had burned for the lime to make the mortar for the bridges and railway buildings requiring it, and for the few plastered houses of those early days; how he later travelled all over the continent, and finally landed in New York City, where he helped to build the great subway. Yes, Alec was one of the boys who helped build the town, and yet I had finished writing my story before I had heard his name. And so it will be. As many an one will say, when looking over these pages: "He has not even mentioned one so prominent in the old days!" I am but a writer, and not a mind reader, and doubtless will leave out many an "Alec" whose name I had not heard. This Alec—whose picture is in that quarry group—is now with one of the greatest contracting firms in America—Holbroke, Cabot & Daly, of New York.

If "firsts" count, then am I indeed fortunate in being able to give the picture of the first real house built in North Bay. There had been other dwellings, but they were only shacks. This one had real shingles and a chimney, and the doors swung on "store" hinges, and the window sashes were fitted, and had in them panes of glass—all save the one "the boy" knocked out with the book, to give Hon. Scott fresh air—and a little porch was built out in front. And, see, there in the same cut is the one who made it home—Mrs. Ferguson, mother of John Ferguson, who has been so much to the town. This lady was the sister of the late Duncan McIntyre, who made his millions in the C.P.R., and who is justly credited with moving the head office of the Grand Trunk Railway from London, England, to Montreal, Canada. Mrs. Ferguson was born in Callander, Scotland, 66 years ago. From Scotland to County Renfrew, and then to North Bay, December 26, 1882, taking two days to make the *long* trip from that county to this, then wilderness. It is a distinction to have been the hostess of the first private residence in what is destined to be the metropolis of the north. Mrs. Ferguson is still living in the town, hale and hearty, as her picture, recently taken, will indicate.

I tried hard to find the picture of the first school-house—"The Old Log"—and at the very last moment may find it yet, as hunters

are still scouring the old photograph albums and garrets. I did secure the picture of one of the first lady teachers in that old house. She was then Miss L. K. Foster, and now Mrs. W. J. Kellogg, of Desbarats, Ont. That the extreme of fashion was then followed in North Bay no one dare question. Miss Foster was a great favorite, and her pupils, grown to man and womanhood, revere her name even to now.

One day, Mr. Lott Britton was showing some old clippings (he, like Sheriff Varin and D. J. McKeown, carefully preserves the old and interesting). One of them told of that first concert, of which see elsewhere mentioned. This was indeed a find, for in it are many names. The concert was held in the Mackey House, on August 28, 1885. Here are those who had to do with the affair: Mrs. George Leach, Miss Allen, Mrs. J. Scott and Mrs. Lott Britton. Sam Huntington was stage manager. Those who took part were: E. Robinson (pianist), J. Hardman, and Colonel J. J. Gregory and family.

B. W. Coyne was then Superintendent of the C.P.R., and with T. A. Summerville, had so managed the trains that nearly all the members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen (it was given under the auspices of Lodge No. 234) could be present. M. A. McLeod was also mentioned.

And apropos of B. W. Coyne. Everybody to this day calls him "Barney," and, as elsewhere, his returns to North Bay are veritable ovations, even though so many years have passed since he went down into New York State.

I was fortunate in being one of the number who made one of these "ovations," the occasion of a steamer trip down the French River. It was a red letter day to more than to "Barney," and his good wife and charmingly brilliant daughter.

The good folk certainly know how to greet and treat the returned friends—friends who endured the hardships of pioneer life, and "Barney" was sure a pioneer. This excursion was more like a big family outing. Yea, better, for there was no jangling among that party who went down the French that day.

One day I was given a picture of "The Old Blue School."

I was delighted, for it would bring to many an one sweet memories. I showed it with pride, as a "find." But imagine the situation when one who knew gave a hearty laugh at my picture. "The 'Old Blue' must be found." It was, thanks to Dr. A. G. Mackenzie, one of the last teachers, who may be seen in the group. There were at this time but two teachers: Miss Alexander, now Mrs. A. Howse, the wife of a prominent merchant of the town, was the other. When I asked of the one giving me *his* "Old Blue School," why he had done so, he studied a moment, then laughingly said: "Well, did you ever! I forgot. That's an old farm-house where I used to live." Tried to run in his old farm-house for the "Old Blue." What do you think of that?

You who were good will be pleased to see the kindly face of Judge Wm. Doran, and the rest of you will have long ago forgiven him for what he used to do to you, so you will all be glad to see him in the "Gallery."

Mr. John Robertson was too much to North Bay, to leave his face out of the coterie of other day prominents, and so you will find him in the group too. And there is one of the very first lumbermen of this upper land of timber—the Sheriff's father, E. Varin.

Then look upon those early church choir pictures. Yes, I know, dear girls, but if they had seen you as now you dress, they too would have said: "Get on to the style!" And especially so had they seen your "Merry" head covering.

They had fun in those days—the young folk of the Bay, as see that jolly party of snowshoers in Gordon, M.P.'s, lumber camp. George was wise. He began years ago to train for the position by getting in with the young people. I note with pleasure many a face of my Patrons among that jolly party at Gordon's bean-board.

Among the old portraits are many of whom I have spoken: Dr. J. B. Carruthers, J. G. Cormack, Rev. S. Huntington, Father Bloem, Archdeacon Gilmour, Col. J. J. Gregory, the McFarlanes, etc. Another among them is Henry Timmons, once of North Bay, where he was a small merchant, now a millionaire

miner of Cobalt, one of the first in the camp, so intimately connected with the Larose that it is often called the "Timmons."

Dr. Richard McKnight, North Bay's first dentist. As a pioneer says: "Very popular for his genial spirits, the life of any company." He is now in Port Arthur, Ont. He was here in 1889. See his picture in the quarry grouping.

"Don't forget such men as L. V. Roarke, the surveyor, who made so many of the original surveys throughout the District of Nipissing, now in Toronto on city work. Or fail not to speak of Dr. W. H. Howey, who was here with Dr. McMurchy in 1884 to 1889, when he went to Sudbury." Of the two last I failed to get pictures, but speak of them, since many friends will find a pleasure even in the names, among those who were once so much a part of the old times.

This picture chapter is more a friendly chat than book material. But for that matter, many parts of the volume are the same—the recalling of memories, and preserving of those memories to those who may in the future see the part played by some ancestor.

Here's a health to them who are dead and gone,  
A health to those who are living on;  
A health to all who loved the town,  
With many a smile—with never a frown.  
But speak those words, that magic phrase,  
And the other men and the other days,  
In memory sweet will come again,  
    Will come again,  
    Will come again.

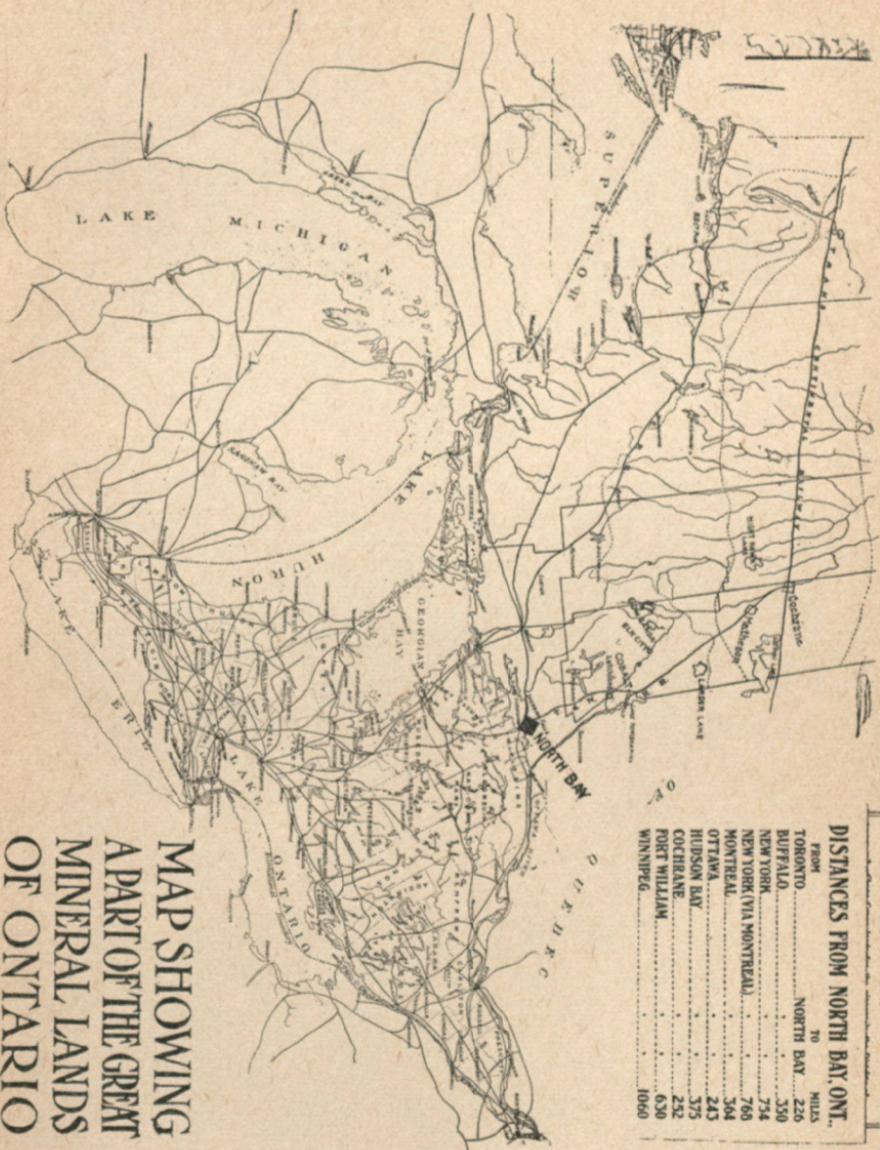
## THE NEW NORTH BAY

I have told of the old. Let me tell of the New North Bay. Before coming, I had thought of this town as simply a railway crossing—a roughly built town far off in a wilderness. But look upon the pictures and you may well imagine my surprise in finding, instead, a well-built town, as in an old settled state. Its residences, business blocks, churches, large schools and public buildings do credit to the architects who planned them. Its people are kind, courteous and brimming over with that enterprise that turns village into town and town into city. Progress fills the very air. We can close our eyes and in imagination see growing here a great city; we can watch it creep silently on to the range of beautiful hills that skirt the limits to the north, swinging round to touch the lake to the west, and upon these hills, overlooking the city, see circling avenues, lined with the magnificent homes of the wise investors. Our prophetic ear can hear the hum of busy manufactory when the Georgian Bay Ship Canal shall have come and made of this one of its greatest ports; and when the three lines of railway shall have been supplemented by many others which must come. We can well think of North Bay as the distributing point for the vast mineral lands to the north and the northwest, which have as yet been scarcely touched, to become the wonder of the world by reason of their richness. Nor will the time be long, between imagination and realization, for even the casual observer can see at a glance the future of this City by the Lake.

## GREAT IS ONTARIO

As may be seen from the accompanying map, North Bay lies most advantageously to become a great city. This map shows but a part of the province—the mineral portions to the north, and all of old Ontario to the south. Just now a large area is under contemplation to be added, extending the province even beyond far-away Fort Churchill on Hudson Bay, making of it an empire in extent, and a storehouse of wealth so vast that no one dare estimate what lies within its limits. Even now, as elsewhere told, if Ontario were dropped into the United States, it would cover nearly every State from the Mississippi River on the west, to the Atlantic Ocean on the east, and from the Great Lakes on the north to Tennessee on the south. With the added area, but little would be left uncovered, east of the Mississippi and north of the Gulf of Mexico. To give full sweep to the imagination, what a country might here be built! Every requisite for greatness is present—rich agricultural lands scarce surpassed; fruit growing possibilities that only “Garden” will express; timber limits vast in area; lakes, rivers and mountains, that would charm the most blasé tourist; mineral resources that might supply a world’s needs, and water powers to run the machinery of that world; and withal a people so chock full of enterprise that every resource will be utilized to the best advantage. Ah! great is Ontario, whose present prosperity is the world’s wonder, and whose future no man knoweth.

MAP SHOWING  
A PART OF THE GREAT  
MINERAL LANDS  
OF ONTARIO



**DISTANCES FROM NORTH BAY, ONT.**

FROM	TO	MILES
TORONTO	NORTH BAY	226
BUFFALO		350
NEW YORK		754
NEW YORK (VIA MONTREAL)		750
MONTREAL		704
OTTAWA		243
HUDSON BAY		375
COCHRANE		252
FORT WILLIAM		650
WINNIPEG		1060

See notes opposite, suitable for guides, maps, papers, etc.

NORTH BAY IN PICTURE  
THE OLD AND THE NEW



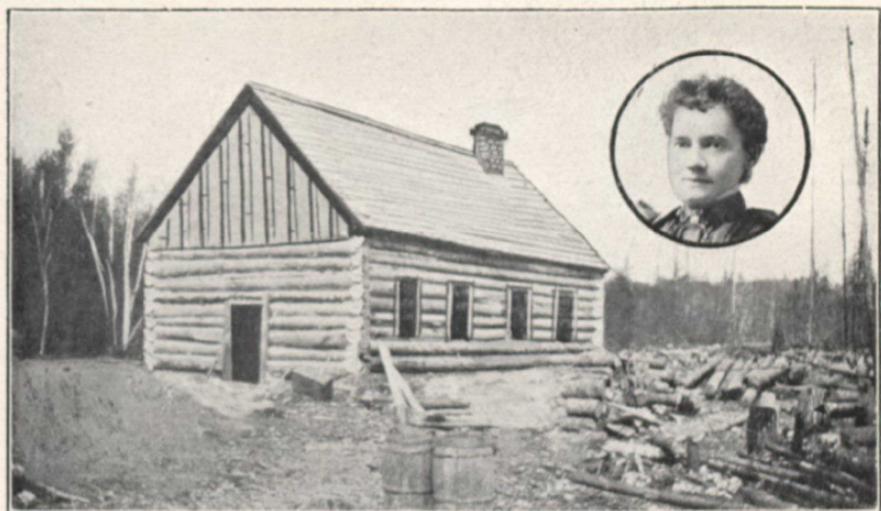
1908

North Bay's \$50,000 Post Office—Weekly Newsboys  
Wm. D. McDonald, Postmaster, and the author, in second row



The "Company Row" in the stump days of '83





When "The Old Log" was new  
Miss L. K. Foster (now Mrs. W. J. Kellogg), seven years a teacher in North Bay



The Old Blue School



North Bay Architecture of 1884



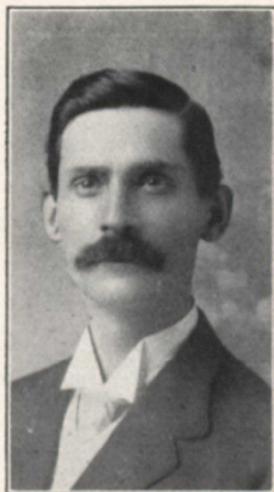
Alec. Laffarty  
Dr. McKnight



The "Quarry," 1884



First C.P.R. Station  
First Post Office



G. H. Newton  
Manager Despatch-Tribune



Residence of G. H. Newton



N. Phelps  
Editor Times



First Church in North Bay, now North Bay Times  
See page 13



1883

Mrs. W. Ferguson and her early home. First shingled house in North Bay.



1908

John Ferguson's Drawing-Room



DR. J.B. CARRUTHERS



HENRY TIMMONS



E. VARIN



MRS. & MR. MCFARLANE



COL. J. J. GREGORY



Thomas Murray



Judge W<sup>m</sup> Doran



J.G. Cormack



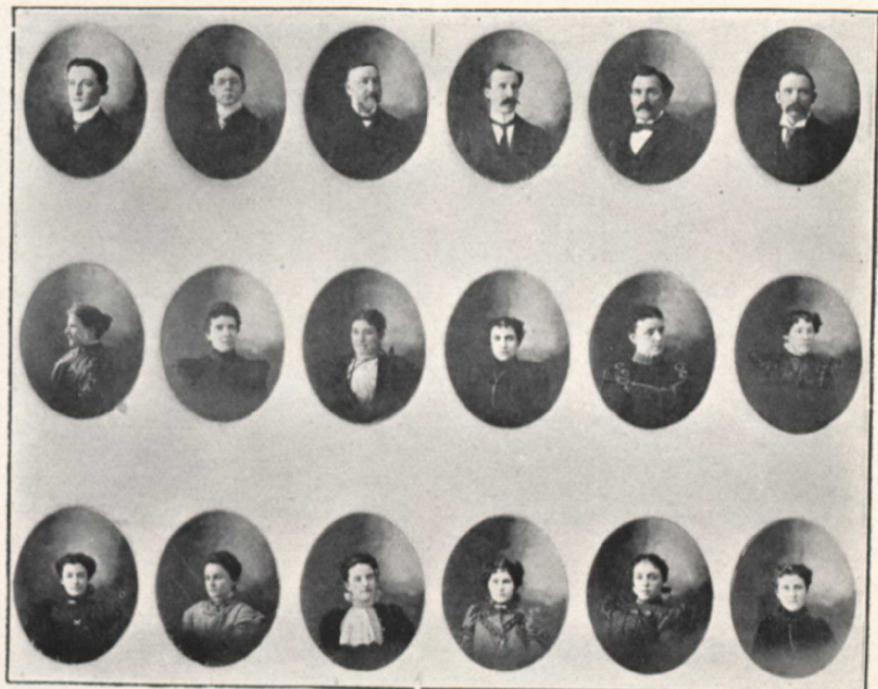
John Robertson



W<sup>m</sup> Parks



Samuel A. Huntington



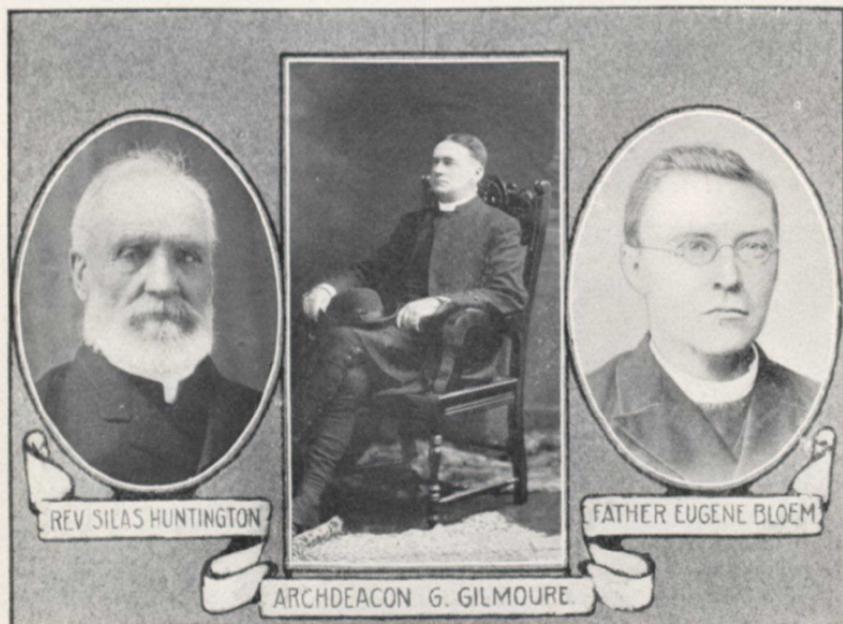
Presbyterian Choir, 1900



Methodist Choir, 1896



Key to Group





## ONTARIO'S FIRST LEGISLATURE

CONVENED DEC. 27, 1867

DISSOLVED FEB. 25, 1871



SIR WM. P. HOWLAND,  
LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR.

HON. JOHN SANDFIELD MACDONALD,  
PREMIER AND ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

HON. JOHN STEVENSON, SPEAKER.

**MEMBERS**

**MEMBERS**

**MEMBERS**

1 Anderson, Wm ..... Prince Edward.  
2 Barber, William ..... Halton.  
3 Baxter, Jacob ..... Haldimand.  
4 Beatty, William ..... Welland.  
5 Blake, Ed ..... Bruce, South R.  
6 B. Butler, Geo. H ..... Hastings, South R.  
7 Boyd, James ..... Prescott.  
8 Calvin, D. D. .... Frontenac.  
9 Cameron, Hon. M. C. .... East Toronto.  
10 Carling, Isaac ..... Huron.  
11 Carling, Hon. John ..... London.  
12 Carnegie, John ..... Peterboro, West R.  
13 Christie, Robt ..... Wentworth.  
14 Clark, Macnell ..... Grenville, South R.  
15 Clemens, Isaac ..... Waterloo, South R.  
16 Cockburn, Alex. P. .... Victoria, North R.  
17 Colquhoun, Wm ..... Stormont.  
18 Cook, S. .... Dundas.  
19 Corby, Henry ..... Hastings, East R.  
20 Coyne, John ..... Peel.  
21 Craig, James ..... Glengarry.  
22 Craig, William ..... Russell.  
23 Cude, A. .... Lanark, South R.  
24 Crosby, Hugh P. .... York, East R.  
25 Cumberland Lieut. Col. F. W. .... Algoma.  
26 Curry, Nathaniel ..... Middlesex, West R.  
27 Evans, James ..... Middlesex, East R.  
28 Eyre, John ..... Northumberland, East R.

29 Ferguson, Lieut.-Col. T. R. .... Simcoe.  
30 Ferris, Lieut.-Col. Alex. D. .... Wellington C.R.  
31 Finlayson, Hugh ..... Brant North R.  
32 Fitzsimmons, Wm ..... Brockville.  
33 Fraser, Alex. .... Northumberland, West R.  
34 Galbraith, D. .... Lanark, North R.  
35 Gow, Peter ..... Wellington, South R.  
36 Graham, K. .... Hastings, West R.  
37 Grisham, Thos ..... York, West R.  
38 Hays, W. T. .... Huron, North R.  
39 Hooper, Edmund J. .... Addington.  
40 Lander, A. W. .... Grey, South R.  
41 Lount, Wm ..... Simcoe, North R.  
42 Luton, D. .... Elgin, East R.  
43 Lyon, Robt ..... Carlton.  
44 McCall, Simpson ..... Norfolk, South R.  
45 McCall, Nicol ..... Elgin, West R.  
46 McGill, Wm ..... Ontario, North R.  
47 McKellar, Archibald ..... Bothwell.  
48 McKim, Robt ..... Wellington, North R.  
49 McLeod, John ..... Durham, West R.  
50 McMurich, Hon. Jno ..... York, North R.  
51 Macdonald, Lieut.-Col., Hon. J. S. .... Cornwall.  
52 McDougall, Jno. L. .... Renfrew, South R.  
53 Matchett, Thos ..... Victoria, South R.  
54 Monteith, Andrew ..... Perth, North R.  
55 Murray Thomas ..... Renfrew, North R.  
56 Oliver, Adam ..... Oxford, South R.

56 Pades, Timothy B. .... Lambton.  
57 Paxton, Thos ..... Ontario, North R.  
58 Perry, George ..... Oxford, North R.  
59 Read Geo. .... Peterboro, East R.  
60 Richards, Hon. Stephen ..... Niagara.  
61 Rykert, J. C. .... Lincoln.  
62 Scott, R. W. .... Ottawa City.  
63 Scott, Thomas ..... Grey, North R.  
64 Seord, Geo. .... Monck.  
65 Sexton, William ..... Westworth, South R.  
66 Sinclair, Donald ..... Bruce, North R.  
67 Smith, Henry D. .... Leeds and Greenville.  
68 Smith, James S. .... Middlesex, North R.  
69 Smith, John ..... Kent.  
70 Springer Moses ..... Waterloo, North R.  
71 Stevenson, Hon. John ..... Lennox.  
72 Strange, Maxwell W. .... Kingston.  
73 Swinerton, Thomas ..... Cardwell.  
74 Tatt B. .... Leeds, South R.  
75 Trax, James ..... Perth, South R.  
76 Wallis, John ..... Toronto, East.  
77 Wale, Solomon ..... Essex.  
78 Williams, Lt.-Col., Arth. T. H. .... Durham E. R.  
79 Williams, James M. .... Hamilton.  
80 Wilson, James ..... Norfolk.  
81 Wood, Hon. E. B. .... Brant, South.  
82 F. J. Glackneyer, Sergeant at Arms.  
84 Gilligan, Chas. T., Clerk of the House.



Snowshoe Tramp to Geo. Gordon's Camp



Collector Cowan and Widdifield Council



Hudson's Bay Co. Factors, 1873

Donald A. Smith—Lord Strathcona, the one at the left in centre  
See page 49



1. Street Scene

2. Shore Park

3. Priest's Residence

4. Victoria Memorial Hospital

5. Englehart Station (Angus, Arch.)

6. Temagami Station (Angus, Arch.)



BAPTIST CHURCH



PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH



ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH



METHODIST CHURCH



CHURCH OF ENGLAND





INTERIOR OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH



H.W.ANGUS. ARCHITECT

INTERIOR OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH



First Meeting of the Presbytery of North Bay  
North Bay, 12th July, 1898

**10. Rev. E. McNab, Moderator.**

1. \*W. McKenzie
2. \*W. F. Clark
3. \*Dr. Carruthers
4. \*A. D. Spears
5. Rev. S. Childerhose

6. Robert Lillie
8. \*J. D. Cockburn
9. A. Sproat
11. Wm. Beattie, Student
13. Rev. D. Johnston

**12. Rev. J. Carswell, Clerk.**

14. W. Todd
15. D. Tennant
16. Rev. K. B. Smith
17. Rev. W. G. Smith
18. \*H. Ferguson, Student

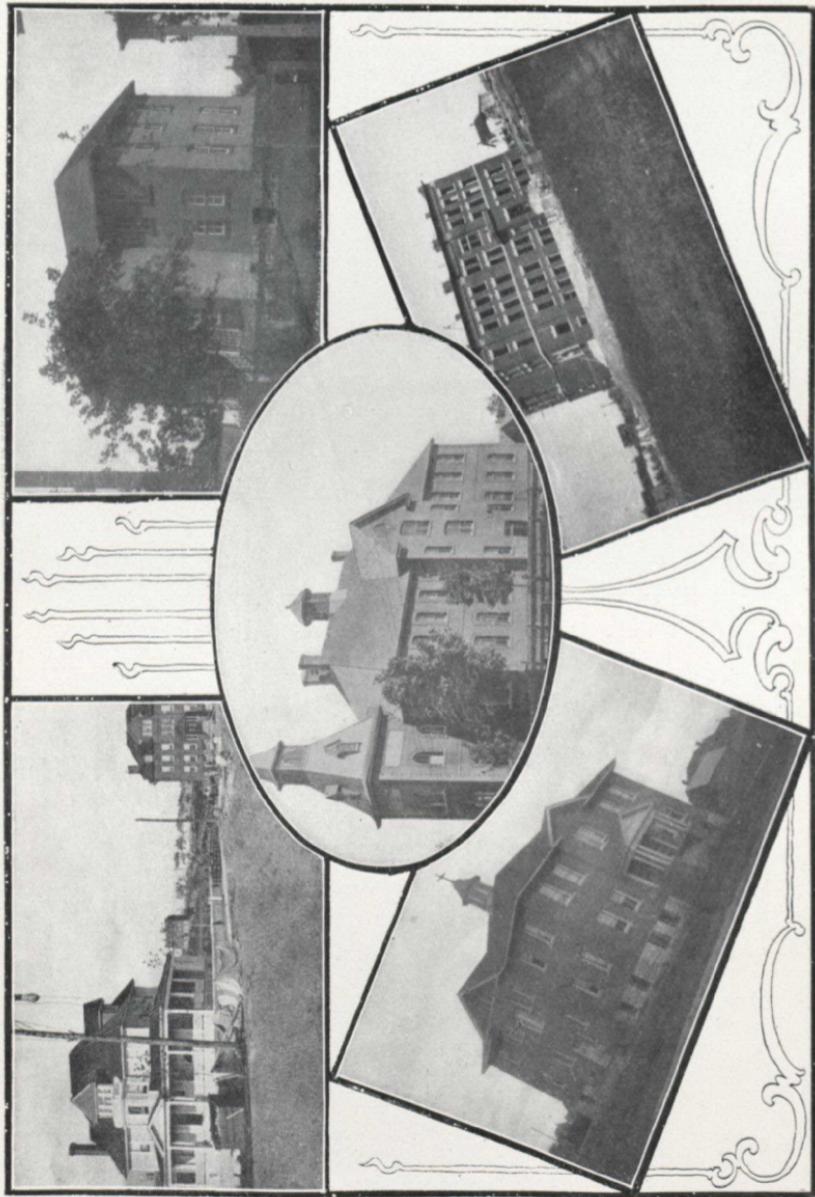
**7. Rev. A. Findlay, Superintendent of Missions.**

19. Jas. Tookey
20. J. G. Duncan
21. \*J. B. MacLeod, Student
22. J. E. Bell
23. Rev. Arch. MacVicar

24. Rev. T. Macadam
25. D. M. Grant
26. \*Lott Britton
27. S. G. Best
28. Rev. T. Davidson

29. \*K. Cameron
30. P. Ferguson

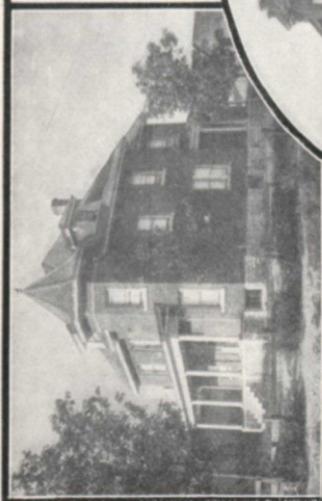
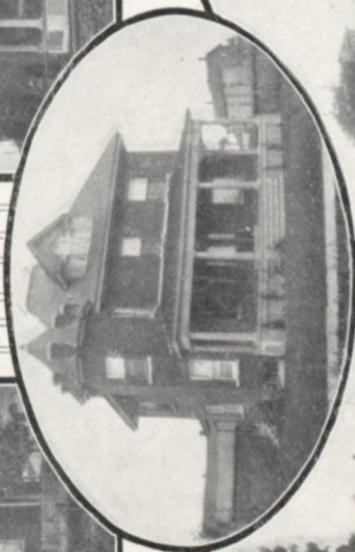
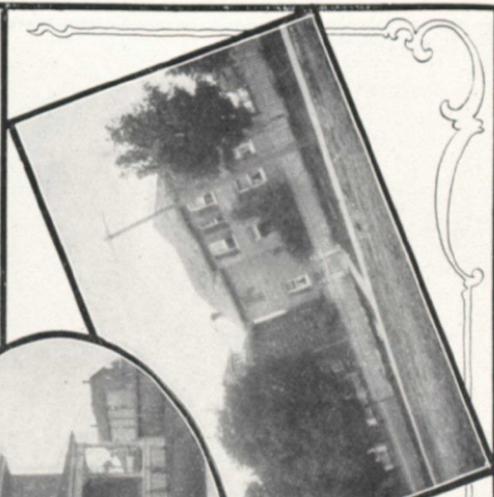
\*VISITORS



East Ward  
Normal

North Bay Schools  
Central

High  
Ex-Mayor Wm. Milne's Residence  
Separate



P. McCool

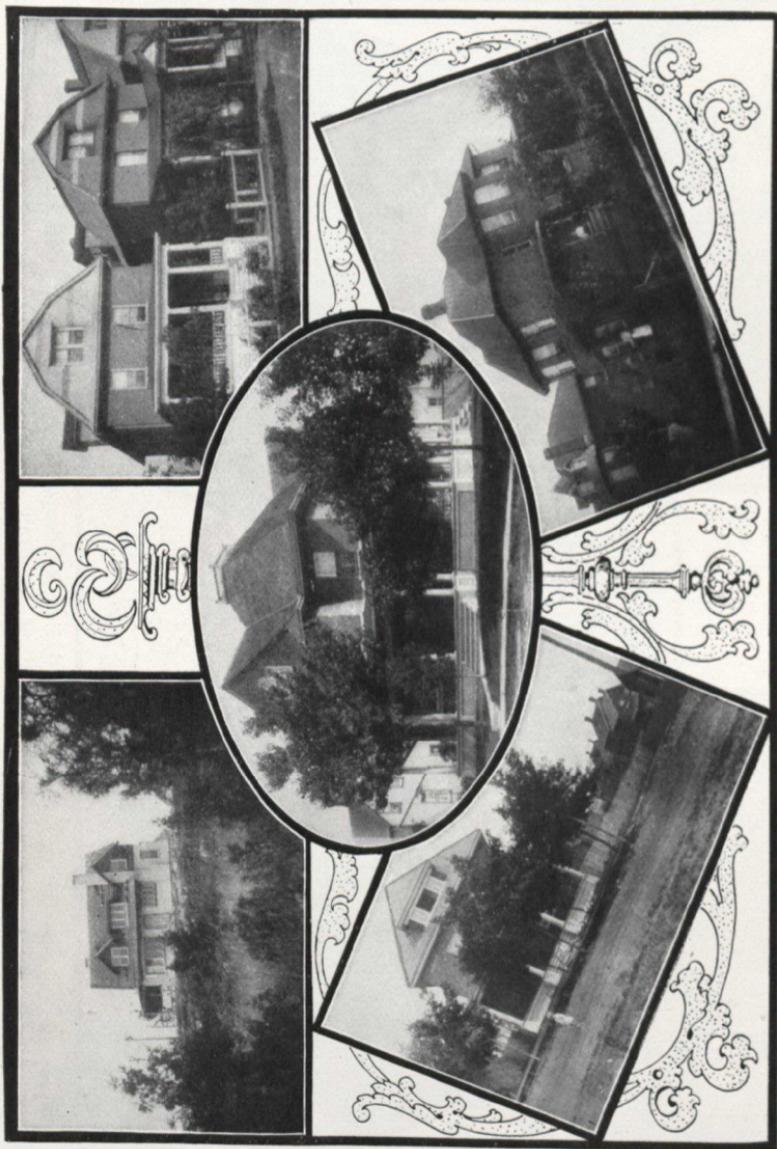
T. M. Mulligan

North Bay Residences

B. M. Mulligan

D. J. McKeown

H. C. Varin, Sheriff, Court House



Duncan Ferguson

Geo. W. Lee

North Bay Residences

E. W. Ross

Dr. A. E. Ranney

Miss M. McFarlane

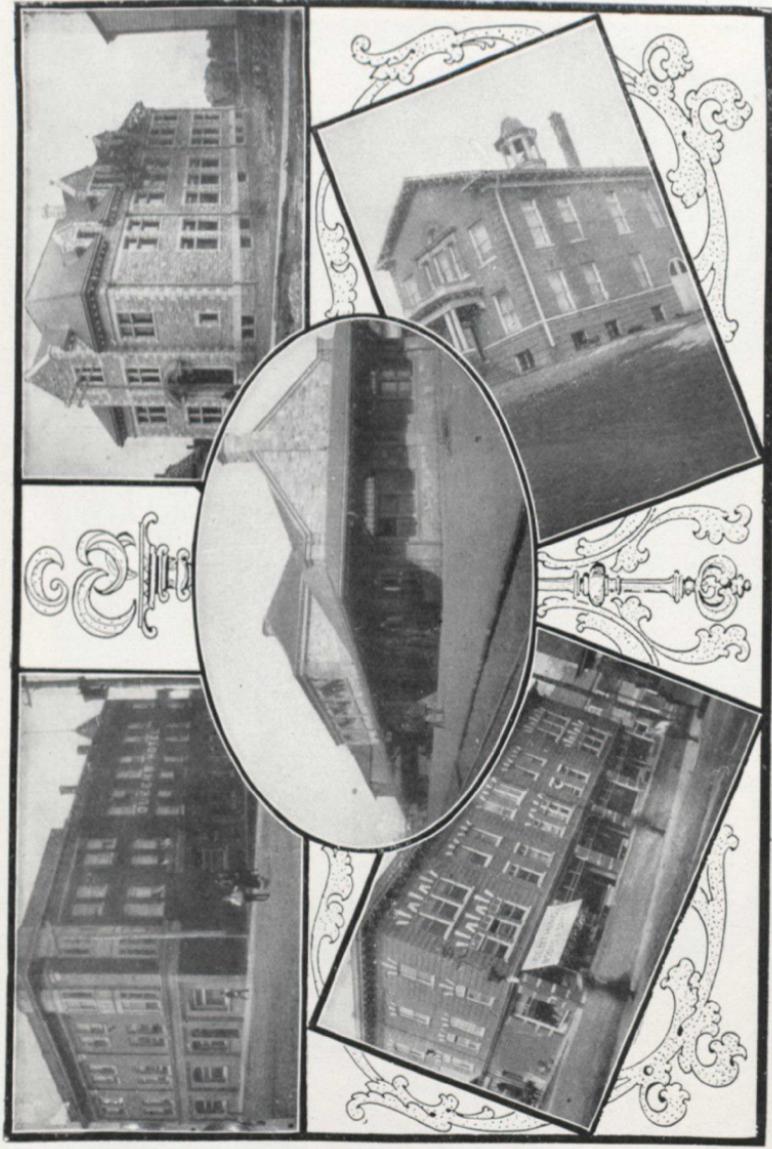
Postmaster Wm. D. McDonald



Residences of

J. B. McDougall  
J. M. McNamara  
T. N. Colgan

A. C. Amos  
Robt. Rankin  
Wm. McKenzie

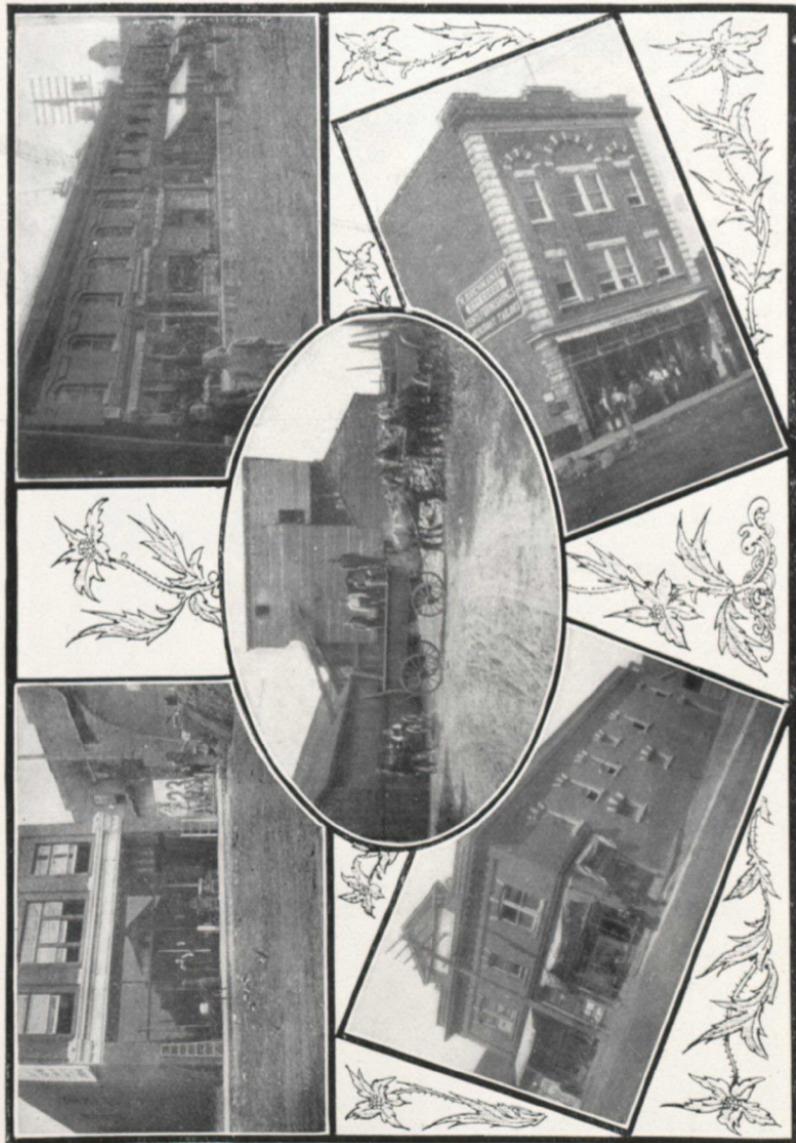


Queen's Hotel  
Ferguson Block

C.P.R. Station

T. & N. O. Offices  
Town Hall

H. W. Angus, Architect of all but one



J. W. Richardson's Store  
McKeown Block

Lindsay & McCluskey's Coal Yard

Cormack Block  
M. Brennan's Store



Looking up Big Parisian Rapids, French River



Head of Big Parisian Rapids, French River

Looking up Little Parisian Rapids, French River



Steamer Hazel B. Chaudiere Falls, French River



Canoeing, Taton Lake



Government Survey, Camp, Taton Lake

Aligaton, Towing Tugs, French River



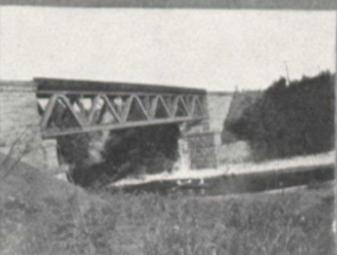
Taton Shale, Foot of Lake Taton



Landing with Birch Canoe, at Manitou Islands



Tree and Cloud Effect, French River



Then Ho! for the French with its beautiful isles;  
Then Ho! for the girls with their rippling smiles,  
Then Ho! for the Northland far away!



1 Front St. 2 Main Street, showing Bank Buildings. 3 Opera House. 4 Rink  
5 Main St. 6 Dixon & Co.'s Office. 7 McDonald & Hay's Store.  
8 J. W. Deegan's Store. 9 First Automobile in North  
Bay, run through from Shelby, Ohio (816 miles),  
by Ex-Mayor Skiles

# NORTH BAY COUNCIL

## 1909



W.A. MARTYN

W. KENNEDY

GEO. W. LEE

(Left, Collected)  
W. J. JOHNSTON,

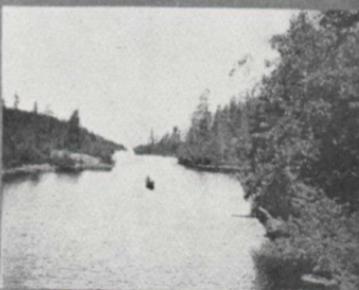
R. RANKIN, MAYOR

(From Clerk)  
M. FLANNERY

A. C. SYER

J. H. MARCEAU

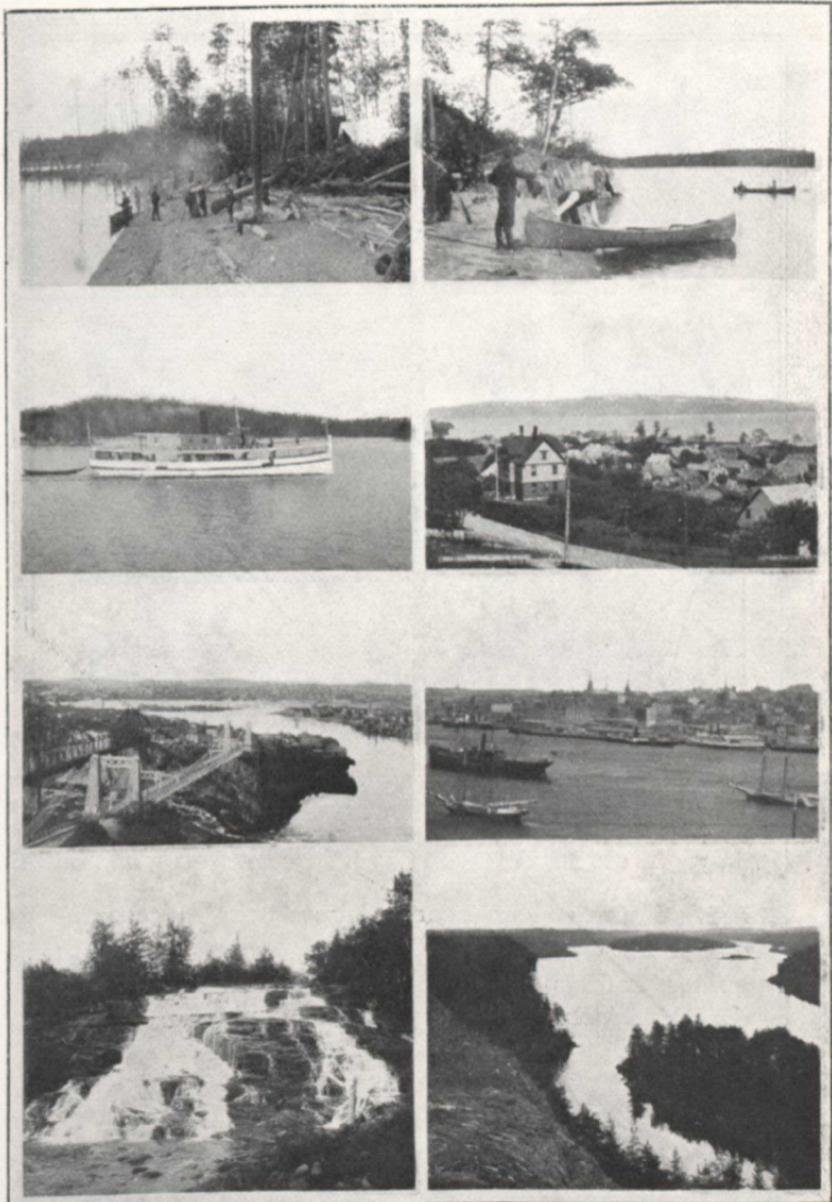
L. HENDERSON



SCENES ALONG SPORTSMAN'S ROUTE  
GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY

Where the fishes sport and the big game play,  
We'll hunt and angle the livelong day,  
And when at last the Summer's done,  
And Winter shuts out the Summer's sun,  
We'll live o'er again the joys we've had  
In the far-away North, where all nature is glad.  
Then Ho! for the North with its people true,  
Then Ho! for the Line that will carry us  
through,  
Then Ho! for the Northland far away!

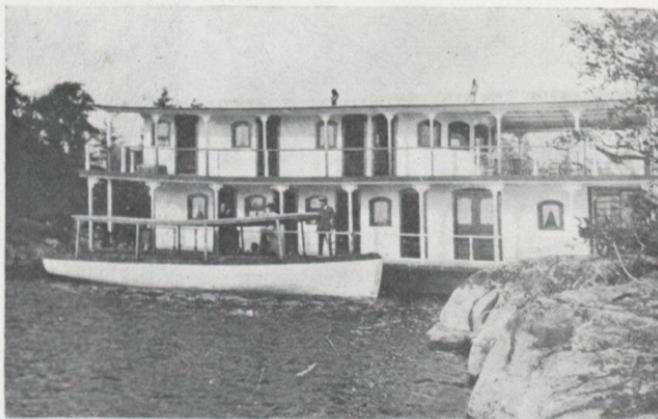




Along the beautiful Canadian Pacific Railway  
See page 69

# House Boats

Lake Nipissing, French  
River, and West Arm



## Splendid Bass Fishing and Shooting

Private parties can charter house boat; accommodation for large or small parties by day or week; guides and boats furnished. Cottages, camping outfits, launches, canoes, boats, etc., for hire.

WRITE TO

**W. KERVIN, CALLANDER, CANADA**

C. P. R. and G. T. R. connection  
and Long Distance Telephone

G. N. W. Telegraph

# Gerald C. Thompson

## Jeweller



Everything in the Jewellery line—

Diamonds      Wedding Rings  
Watches      Clocks      Silverware  
Cut Glass      Fine China  
Fancy Articles  
Dainty and Beautiful

The care of watches a specialty. Official Watch Inspector for the entire system of the T. and N.O. Railway. Eye testing and glass and spectacle fitting under the care of a trained oculist.

Come and visit one of the most complete jewellery stores north of Toronto.

Main Street - - North Bay



## PATRONS OF "THE GATEWAY"

To have written this book, giving to it the time and care necessary to hunt out the hundred and one points worth preservation of the past and present of North Bay's story, would have been impossible had not the patrons—whose names and faces I so gladly give below—come to the front and said: "Write the story of our town and we will make it possible." They were withal so kindly in the doing, that I would hand down to the future their names. The writer will soon be forgotten—the children and friends will ever remember the patrons, for to them is due "The Gateway."

I had not thought to have included this chapter, but when one after another so cordially said: "Do your part, I'll do mine," I bethought me how I might show appreciation for their kindness, and am pleased to indicate it in this way.

In another place I dedicate the work to the Board of Trade. I might have dedicated it to "My Patrons," for with few exceptions they are one and the same. Again, I might have dedicated it to "The Pioneers of North Bay," since so many of these Patrons have been here a long, long time, and in their sketches so much of the town's story may be seen.

I am indebted for photographs to Mr. F. A. York, Mr. H. S. Campbell, Mr. W. Mackie and others, but especially so to Mr. George Gillespie, for the new pictures, and to photographers long gone and forgotten, for the old.

I had wondered if my enthusiasm over the people of North Bay, and for that matter the whole of Nipissing, were general or owing to my particular appreciation of what I looked upon as a genial, lovable people. But one day, meeting a former member of parliament for Nipissing, known for his own genial spirits—I wondered no longer, when in speaking of them this member said: "When once you come to know

the people of Nipissing you will find them so genuine, so kind, that you cannot but love them." From this I was reassured that all I have said or could say of them will best be appreciated by those who know them best.

#### ALEXANDER C. AMOS



A. C. Amos was born near Galt, Ont., where he was educated and where he was for a time in the grocery business. Came to North Bay in 1884—one of the pioneers. For twenty years he was with the Dominion Express Company. He has been a member of the Public School Board for the past two years, is an active member of the Board of Trade, and largely interested in real estate in and about North Bay, in whose future he has unbounded faith. He married Miss Annie, the daughter of one of the most prominent men who ever lived in the town—Mr. J. G. Cormack, the first druggist. Like her father, Mrs. Amos has been an active worker in church matters, and also in the preservation of the things which go to make up the early history of North Bay. They have five daughters. Mr. Amos, like many another of the town, is an enthusiastic advocate of the Georgian Bay Canal. "There is no one thing," says he. "that would go so far toward making Canada a great nation as the building of this waterway."

#### H. W. ANGUS AND L. O. CLARKE

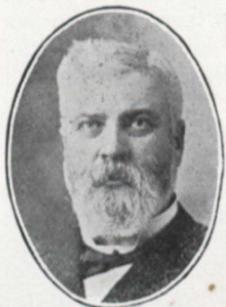


H. W. ANGUS

I have so often remarked the large number of young men who are making a success in this great north country. A dozen years ago the boys had to come down to us to find a field for their enterprise. But now they are staying right at home and helping to build up their own country. "Who did that?" or "Who is at the head of this or that enterprise?" Ten to one, when you find him you will see a young man not far removed from his 'teens. I was reminded

of this at Haileybury, where a boyish-looking youth was pointed out as, not only the Mayor, but the head and front of nearly every big enterprise in town. "The head and front," for he has the head capable of carrying out what he undertakes to do. And his luck, good judgment, or whatever you may wish to call it, has given him the money to carry it out. This holds good in North Bay. Its shrewd, capable business and professional men are either very young or scarce beyond early manhood. "The father of the town" is only a young-looking man. Some of the finest churches, residences, business blocks and office buildings were the work of a boyish-looking architect, and that architect H. W. Angus, who started life in London, Ontario. Many of his houses may be seen among the pictured residences of this book, while the work on the Catholic church, the T. & N.O. office building, and the beautiful new opera house would be a credit to an architect of long years' experience. His stations, seen all along the T. & N.O. Railway, are scarcely equalled for real beauty and convenience in the land. His partner, Mr. L. O. Clarke, from the same street of his native city, is possibly the youngest city engineer in Canada. His work here may be seen in the miles of sidewalks, sewers and extensive waterworks, while his field, like his partner's, extends over a large part of this upper country. In Cobalt, his underground work is very extensive. Possibly their most intricate undertaking was the new opera house, already mentioned. It is a nearly perfect playhouse. Few cities can boast of one more complete. And incidentally, this is one of the best illustrations of the enterprise of North Bay's business-men. Not a single one of the \$50,000 capital was taken outside of town. That you may not think of it as but "a big thing for a small town," I shall give you some of its points. Its stage is 70 feet wide (the building itself is 80 feet high), so that the largest companies on the road may find ample room for their scenery, and yet not to be cramped for space. It is, moreover, supplied with almost enough of its own scenery to put on most of the ordinary plays. It is so nearly fireproof that the insurance companies have given their lowest rate. These young men have not only had full charge of its construction, but after it was complete they took the management of furnishing the plays to make of it a good business venture, and to them much is due the making of North Bay one of the best amusement towns in Canada.

## JOHN BOURKE



John Bourke was born in Carleton County, near Richmond. In 1864 he went to Pembroke, where he remained until 1875. Shortly after was in business in Portage du Fort—up to 1880, when he returned, and remained in Pembroke till 1884, then came to North Bay to take charge of the extensive business—stores, mills, contracts, etc.—of his half-brothers, T. and W. Murray. In 1905 he purchased Wm. Murray's interest, and still owns a large part of the best portion of town—in the west end. He was North Bay's first Mayor—1891—was in the Council five years, and was on the Separate School Board for two years. He married Hannah Coghlan, of Allumette Island. Has eleven children—his son, T. J. Bourke, being Clerk of the High and Surrogate Courts for East Nipissing and the District of Temiskaming.

## PATRICK BOURKE



P. Bourke was born at Smith's Falls, Ont. After his public school education he served an apprenticeship as a machinist, and later went to Brockville with the James Smart Manufacturing Co. He came to North Bay in 1886, and up to 1902 was foreman in the C.P.R. machine shops. That year he purchased the Grand Union Hotel, on McIntyre Street. For nine years he was a successful Chief of the Fire Department, and for the past five years has been on the Separate School Board. Being a lover of a good horse, he has collected some of the best blooded stock in the country, his "Gracie Pointer" having become noted over a wide field. Seeing the need of an Association track, he built and owns "Grand View," at the northern part of town, where are held Association races throughout the summer and fall. He married Miss Elizabeth Mooney, of Prescott, Ont., in 1907.

## DR. EDGAR BRANDON

Dr. Edgar Brandon is very much an Ontarioan, having been born—July 30th, 1878—at Cannington, Ontario County, Ontario. Was educated at the Public Schools of his town and at the Collegiate Institute in Lindsay. Graduated in 1902 at Trinity Medical College—first-class honor man—and at Trinity University in medicine, admitted member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Ontario in 1903, part of which year he was House Surgeon for the Hospital for Sick Children, 1903 and 1904 on House Staff of the Toronto General Hospital and Emergency Hospital. The Dr. is a member of the British Medical and the Ontario Medical Associations, and has written papers for the latter Association. His specialties are surgery and care of children. He came to North Bay in October of 1904. He is on the Queen Victoria Memorial Hospital Staff and on the Board of Directors, and is one of the lecturers of the Training School for Nurses, in connection with the Hospital. He is an active church worker, being Secretary of the Methodist Board of Trustees. Is interested in the curling and lacrosse branches of athletics, and also interested in music.



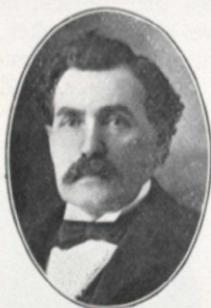
## JOHN HOMER BLACK,

The ordinary mortal has gotten to look upon a busy, competent railway official as cold, exacting and unapproachable. But the o.m. forgets all these in the presence of the subject of this sketch, for J. H. Black is just as genial as he is able, and that is saying a whole lot. He is the sort you like to stop and talk about, no matter if you are on the way to the train, or, if writing, have but a small space in which to confine the life sketch. From this you must judge the man of whom I write. Mr. Black was born July 8, 1874, near Smith's Falls, Ontario, where he was educated. His first appearance before the public was in a country school, in Lanark County,



where he taught from 1893 to 1895. Like R. L. Borden, he began teaching at 19 years of age. At 22 he took two of the most important steps of his life—married and left teaching to become a railway man. He married Miss Elizabeth Morrow. His first positions were that of baggageman and telegrapher with the C.P.R., with which road he remained until 1904, when he came to the T. and N.O., as general freight and passenger agent. It did not take the Commission long to mark his executive ability, for we find him on January 1, 1905, the Superintendent of the line, and to him is greatly due the excellence of this road and the manner of its running. He has been much to North Bay, whose Board of Trade often benefits by his mature judgment. In religion he is an Anglican, and in politics "the good of Canada first and always." His faith in the future of the great north country through which his road passes is unbounded. "What with its mineral lands and millions of fertile acres it is bound to be, as you are pleased to call it, a veritable marvel-land."

#### LOTT BRITTON



Lott Britton was born July 10, 1848, at Studley, Wiltshire, England, where he attended the Public Schools. In 1871 he came to Ottawa, and went the following year with the famous old Union Forwarding Company, that ran many steamers up and down the river, from Aylmer to the limit of navigation. He was with this Company for three years, when he went to farming at Westmeath, till 1879, when he went to the C.P.R., and after 29 years is still with the road. He was first with Jas Worthington on the construction of the line. In 1883, when this part of the road was taken over by the Company, he went as first-class fireman, and in 1888 he was promoted to engineer. In all the years he has never been in an accident. He was one of the charter members of the Brotherhood of Firemen—the first society formed, 1884, in North Bay. He married Miss Mary J. McKenzie, of Rockliffe, Ontario, and has two sons and three daughters. He is an active Presbyterian. He was instrumental in having the "Kirk Session" sanction the formation of the first regularly organized choir.

## MICHAEL BRENNAN

Michael Brennan was born in County Tipperary, Ireland, and as a child he came, in 1863, to Sheenboro, P.Q.—across the lake from Pembroke. In 1883 he came to North Bay, and went into the clothing business, since having worked up to a large dry goods trade. He has ever been one of the workers of the town; in Town Council for thirteen years, one of the early Reeves, and in 1896 Mayor. He has been the Chairman of the Separate School Board since its organization, twenty-two years ago. When the Board of Trade was organized in 1894, he was one of the Councillors. In religion he is an active Catholic, and in politics one of the “wheel-horses” of the Liberal party. He married Miss Ellen McFarland, of Sheenboro. His is another Rooseveltian family of nine.



## A. G. BROWNING, B.A., K.C.

About some men it is easier to say what they haven't been to, or haven't done toward, the building up of a new town, than to definitely say: “They did this in a certain year, and then they did that the next.” A. G. Browning is one of these men, so that in writing of him I need but to say, he came to North Bay in 1888, was appointed Crown Attorney and Crown Prosecutor in 1893, a K.C. in 1908, has long been Chairman and Secretary of the Public, and Secretary-Treasurer of the High School Boards, instrumental in the organization of the Public Library, and is its President. President of the District Agricultural Association, President of the Board of Trade, a Liberal in politics, and a Presbyterian of the variety that when once the children got him in as Sunday School Superintendent, he could never resign—they simply would *not* accept his resignation. And, of course, with every public-spirited man here, he has always been an active advocate of the building of the Georgian Bay Ship Canal, as he has been an active advocate of everything that would benefit the town, to which he has been so much, and for which he has done so much toward



making of it a city. Mrs. Browning was Miss Jessie Melville. With John Ferguson and John Bourke he is owner of the most admirably situated addition to North Bay, right in the direction of the finest residential part of Priests Hill—the coming part for rapid advances in values.

### RICHARD BUNYAN



Richard Bunyan was born at Pembroke, from which town has come so many of North Bay's best men—possibly more than from any other one place. For a number of years he lumbered with the noted old lumberman, George Taggart, on the Kippawa Lakes, and along the Ottawa River, far up the Caz. In 1884 he came to North Bay, and here he has ever since resided. He was in the town's first Council, and during several terms since. He was the third Mayor, in 1894. For a number of years was on the Separate School Board. He married Miss Emma McPeak, of Cobden, Ont. In religion he is Catholic. His twelve-year-old son, Emmitt, is worthy a line. He is the most energetic newspaper boy I have seen in Canada. He is the representative of the famous and most popular *Utica Globe*, of which he places over three times as many as any other one weekly sold in town.

### H. S. CAMPBELL



H. S. Campbell, druggist, was born in Hanover, Bruce County, Ont. Educated in Warton High School, served his drug apprenticeship in Tillsonburg, Orillia, Paisley and Harrison, then graduated—1901—at the College of Pharmacy in Toronto. Came to North Bay in 1902 and opened a drug store on the Queen's Hotel corner, later removing to his present store on Main Street, reaching through to Front. He is active in politics, during the recent campaign being elected President of the Young Liberal Association of North Bay. Had the boys started sooner the whole political aspect of Nipissing might have been vastly dif-

ferent—so they claim. Post-election claims are—well, I was once in politics myself, but being a Republican, we usually “made good,” and so had no claims to make—*after* the votes were counted. Mr. Campbell is a Presbyterian.

### T. N. COLGAN

T. N. Colgan set out on life's trip from Havelock, Huntington County. The family removing to Clinton, N.Y., he there attended the Public Schools, and at 20 years of age began the career of railroading, which life he has since followed. He started with the Manchester-Keene Railroad, of New Hampshire. In 1880 he came to the C.P.R., with which he has remained for 28 years. Went first to Montreal. In 1885 he came to North Bay, and has long filled the position of Master Bridge Builder east and west from this place. He was a member of the first and second Town Councils—1891, 1892—and Mayor in 1897, 1898. Has been on the Public School Board for the past six years, and chairman of the Board in 1906, 1907. He is an active Methodist, was a member of the building committee for the new church, a trustee of the church, and a member of the Quarterly Board. He married, first, Miss E. A. Hawksby, of New York State; second, Miss M. E. Kerby, of Sarnia, Ont. He has three daughters. He is largely interested in some of the best business and residential property in town, and has great faith in the future of this land of possibilities.



### J. W. DEEGAN

J. W. Deegan was one of the earliest in town. Belfast, Ireland, is his birth-place. After a few years of school days he was apprenticed to learn the shoe business from the *foot* up. He learned it so well that he had no trouble in finding work at Halifax, where he landed in 1880. Here and at St. John he spent a few months. He also stopped a while at Truro and Glasgow, N.S., then came to Toronto and later to Pembroke for a few months. Odd how Pembroke figures in the lives of so many of the prominent North



Bayans! If they were not born there, they had to sort o' work out an apprenticeship in that town to prepare them for the step higher—on the map. He got here in July of 1883. He opened a boot and shoe store, but gave it up to go railroading, first going to British Columbia for a few months. He stayed with the C.P.R. until 1889, when he started again in the shoe business, later adding gents' furnishings. He was on the Public School Board for six years, was one of the charter members of the Board of Trade, and is a member of the present Town Council. He is prominent in a number of fraternal societies, a Methodist in religion, and an Independent in politics. He married Miss Mary A., daughter of B. Robitaille, one of the pioneers of Clarendon, Pontiac County, P.Q.

### J. H. DIXON



J. H. Dixon started a New Hampshire Yankee and landed a Lakefield Canuck. He was born at Waterford, N.H., and in 1875 the family came to Lakefield, P.Q. He was educated at Lachute Academy and at the Montreal Business College. His first position was with the Hamburg-American Steamship Co. as Wharf Superintendent. For three years he was a Pullman Conductor on the G.T.R. He left that for general brokerage and insurance, which he has since followed. Came to North Bay in 1905, just about the time Cobalt was beginning to attract the attention of a narrow circle. He has followed the growth of the camp until he is now largely interested in general mining—to the west and north-west in copper, nickel and iron. Early in 1907 he put in the first private wire, being a loop of Chas. Head & Co.'s New York and Toronto line. Later he has direct connection with the Montreal Stock Market over Redpath & Co.'s wire. He is the President of the Crown Jewel Mines, Ltd., and others of the good things in gold, silver, etc. He is a broker who sticks by his customers, protecting them, at times, to his own loss. Born in a land of politics, he is taking an active interest in the affairs political of his adopted country, being the President of the North Bay Conservative Association. Believing that the forests, fish and game are great assets of the

country, he is taking a deep interest in their preservation, being the Secretary of the Ontario Forest, Fish and Game Protective Association. So enthusiastic in everything pertaining to the welfare and upbuilding of Canada, we would naturally expect him to be doing his part in the Georgian Bay Canal interest. He is the Secretary of a Special Committee (appointed at Ottawa during the recent visit of the delegations from the cities of the Great Lakes to Montreal) to deal with the publicity and information about the canal. His faith in North Bay is almost unbounded. "*It's going to be a great city*—nothing can stop it, and everything points to the fulfilment of our dreams, canal or no canal—but canal it's bound to be!" is the way he puts it. He married Miss Margaret A. Pappin, of Westmeath, Ont. He is a Methodist in religion.

### JOHN FERGUSON

In the summer of 1882, a young Scotch boy saw the present site of North Bay, and, rocky and wild as was that site, it appealed to him. "Its location must draw to it that which will make of it the great city of the north country," and so he took up lots 20 and 21, and the wisdom of his choice may be seen to-day, for upon these lots is growing a city even beyond his wildest dreams. Nor was it the site alone; to them who came to locate is due far more, since many an old town with better natural advantages lies asleep, with grass growing in its streets, because of the lethargy of its people. This youth from old Callander had the right notion of what goes to start a town. Whilst others might hold their lands at prohibitory prices, he gave inducements that brought to him builders; that a school might be opened he gave to the School Board an acre of ground, and when the "log" grew too small he built a new house and gave it in exchange for the old; and scarce a church in town but its lot was his free gift, and to many of them a goodly subscription. Whilst others lost faith, sold out and left, he remained and after twenty-six years, is as full of energy, and more than ever convinced that he chose wisely when he said: "Here must be a city!" John Ferguson was



born in Callander, Scotland. When a child he came to Canada with his parents, and settled at Renfrew. He was but eighteen years old when he came to where is now North Bay, with the starting of the C.P.R., in 1882. He married Miss Jennie Fraser McFarlane, daughter of Wm. McFarlane, the builder of the first residence. He has two sons, Duncan and William, the former the first child born in town, who is still a resident. Besides his great success in real estate, he has been connected with many interests of this country. For six years he was manager for the Dominion Mineral Company of Sudbury; was North Bay's first postmaster; was the town's second Reeve; was in Town Council for a number of years; has been an active member of the Board of Trade, and now its President; is the largest shareholder in the Electric Light Company, and the North Bay Brick and Tile Company; and largely interested in Cobalt and Montreal River mining. In writing the early history of Cobalt, I found him among the owners—with A. G. Browning, another of North Bay's most active men—of the Colonial and the Princess mines. Recently he has become identified with the fabulously rich silver field of Gowganda, in the Temagami Reserve, and thinks that it is destined to surpass the Cobalt district itself. Mr. Ferguson was one of the early magistrates, having been appointed for District of Nipissing in 1885 and for District of Parry Sound in 1889. He might well be called a town builder. Besides what he has been to North Bay for twenty-six years, he at one time owned a large part of original Haileybury; with A. G. Browning owned and laid out Westfort, now a part of Fort William, and will shortly open up a number of towns on one of the great railroads of Canada. His faith in New Ontario is unlimited. "Go where you will," says he, "and there you will find that which proves this the richest section in the world. Not long ago I went far above where any railroad has reached, and 'marvellous' is the only word that will fit the wealth of the lands in agricultural possibilities, whilst all the way up, minerals of many kinds must yet be found in vast quantities. Great is Canada, and New Ontario is its greatest storehouse!" He has all faith in the building of the Georgian Bay Ship Canal. "It will be built! The whole country is beginning to see that no enterprise ever devised for the Dominion can equal it for the real good of the people of all Canada! It is not for any one locality—it will benefit all!"

I have made this sketch a long one—I could not have made it less, since the subject has been so much a part of the town's history from the very beginning down through all its growth to the present.

### JAMES FALLON

James Fallon is another of the many Pembroke boys who came with the C.P.R. in 1882. He first went to Chalk River, in 1867. He was the first fireman to come into North Bay, with Sam Lees as engineer. In 1885 he got an engine of his own, and has been continuously with the road ever since. He was one of the organizers and first Secretary of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen—the first Society to organize in town. He was a member of the Town Council in 1892. He married Miss Ann McCall, of Montreal. Two boys and two girls make up the family. James is a Catholic. Mr. Fallon is another to whom I am indebted for things early.



### CITY CLERK M. W. FLANNERY

M. W. Flannery is another of the Pembroke contingent who preferred North Bay. He went to Mattawa in 1883, and to North Bay in 1887. He went into general merchandise with R. Bunyan, as Bunyan and Flannery, but withdrew in 1893. In 1897 he became Town Clerk and Division Court Clerk, and has held both offices continuously since. He was a member of the Town Council for two years, and for the same length of time was a member of the Separate School Board. He married Miss Alice Bourke, sister of John and P. Bourke. He has four children. In religion he is a Catholic.



## GEORGE GILLESPIE



George Gillespie was born in Little York, now a part of Toronto. The family removed to Shelburne, Ont., and in 1895 George went to Thessalon, and came to North Bay in 1904. He married Miss Martha M. Durkee, of Listowel, Ont. Has five children. In religion a Presbyterian. Mr. Gillespie has possibly been longer in photography than any other in Canada, having spent forty-two years behind the camera. The excellence of his work may be seen all throughout "The Gateway" section of this volume. He is an inventor of a number of valuable things in photography. He is photographer for the T. and N.O. Railway, whose whole line is a series of beautiful pictures.

## GEORGE E. HAY



George E. Hay was born at Fullerton's Corners, near Stratford, Ont., where he was educated at the Public Schools. He went to California in 1888, and to Montana in 1891, where he remained until the panic drove him to Canada in 1893. He came direct to North Bay, and at once went into the hardware business with J. W. McDonald. The firm of McDonald and Hay has grown up to one of the most successful in all branches of the hardware line. Mr. Hay has never aspired to municipal preferment. In religion he is a Presbyterian.

## J. F. HICKLING

He's not a pioneer, but so quickly has he caught the spirit, that you'd take him for a native—so enthusiastic is he on the future of North Bay—this J. F. Hickling, of Grey County, Ontario. He was born near Eugenia Falls, where he was educated at the Public Schools. He and his brothers formed the firm of Hickling Brothers in lumber and mills, operating largely at Hickling Mills. They sold out, and J. F.

later went into mining. Again the brothers went into saw-milling in Collingwood, later adding to their business coal, wood and general lumber. The call of the mine brought J. F. to the north, while the brothers continued the business of the firm. In 1907 he sold his interest and has since devoted his whole time to prospecting, not in a small way, but from the C.P.R. on the south to James Bay on the north. In his search he found a country so marvellously rich in gold that one enthusiastic engineer reports "ten million dollars sure, and possibly far more." To develop this wonderful deposit it will take some \$300,000. "We'll begin work," says J. F., "as soon as that amount can be raised." "You should not have to wait long," said I, "for that Crown Jewel mine up there on the Montreal River will soon turn that out, if it is half as good as it promises." You see he is the one who ran upon "J.S. 61," which is the nucleus of the Crown Jewel, of which he is Vice-President and Manager. He came to North Bay in the spring of 1908, and bought out H. B. Nichols, of the brokerage firm of Dixon & Nichols. The firm is now Dixon & Company. This is an ideal combination, Dixon is a thorough office man, while J. F.'s experience in the field cannot but insure the carrying through of big enterprises, many of which they have in hand.



#### WM. KERVIN

Wm. Kervin was born in Simcoe, Ont., and came to Callander (a few miles down the lake from North Bay) in 1890. The attractions of the beautiful French River have possibly become more widely known through this energetic young man than through any other source. "Will Kervin's House Boats" at once calls to the mind of many a lover of summer travel in Canada, the very top of enjoyment. When tourists began coming to the French River, a few years ago, there was a great lack of accommodation. Kervin, seeing this, was quick to grasp the situation, and at once set about



preparing for the tourists' entertainment, by building House Boats. And now may be seen here and there these "Floating Hotels," with their accompanying launches, by means of which the beauty spots may be sought out by the ever-increasing number of pleasure hunters. William is a member of the Ontario Fish and Game Protective Association. Through his efforts the American license for hunting was kept down to \$50 a season. But for him it had been prohibitory by being put at \$100. The fifty dollars fee is sending many a hunting party to Quebec, where it is but \$25. "Home protection" is all right, in a way, but the question is: Is it wisdom to keep out parties who will bring into the country more money in one week than many another will spend in a year? These parties rarely get more than their allowance of game, while some of the "many another" kill game, both in and out of season, one hunter often killing more deer than a large party of fifty dollar fee payers. Assisted by the local members of Sturgeon Falls and Parry Sound, Mr. Kervin had the net fishing of Lake Nipissing stopped, thus saving the lake from being depleted of fish. "What's that?" Someone looking over my shoulder says I've got my history mixed—that these two gentlemen did their utmost to have the lake "netted." This could not be possible. They were sent to look after the good of all, and not a part, so "the-man-over-my-shoulder" must be in error. We'll give the gentlemen the benefit of the doubt.

### JOHN LAVARY



John Lavary is from St. Charles, P.Q. Went to Rivière du Loup, and later to school at Quebec. Came to North Bay with the C.P.R. in 1882. In 1885 he was made conductor, and has held the position ever since. He was on the first train that went through to Winnipeg. He has had an almost unique experience, never having had an accident to his train. John takes much interest in athletics, and never misses his deer hunt in the fall. He is one of the company to whom the town owes its beautiful Opera House. In religion he is a Catholic.

## JUDGE H. D. LEASK

Down home we always think of a Judge as an old man. And if it were the custom, as one wearing a wig. They look to wisdom, and not to years, up here in Canada. We elect, here they appoint. The judge is not beholden to the electors, and being in for a life term is never afraid to decide against a politician who might be instrumental in leaving him at home next time. "They look to wisdom and not to years." They did it here. The subject of my sketch was born in Toronto, in 1868. He is the son of the late James Leask. He was educated in the Public and High Schools of Orillia, graduated from Queen's University in 1888, was called to the bar in 1891, and immediately came to North Bay and commenced practice, in partnership with A. G. Browning, K.C., the present Crown Attorney, and continued practice in the District of Nipissing until appointed, in December of 1903, as Junior Judge of the District Court for the District of Nipissing.

## GEO. W. LEE

Geo. W. Lee was born at White Lake, Ontario. "George," said I, "where were you educated?" "Where? In the woods—when 13 years of age I went to work with Caiswell & Mackey, lumbermen, and with them I remained for 13 years, then for two years was with Barnet & Sons of Renfrew." He left the life of a lumberman to go with the C.P.R. at Renfrew, and with that road he remained for seven years, when he came to the T. and N.O. He started as Travelling Freight Agent, and in August, 1907, was appointed General Agent of the road. Last year he went into municipal politics and ran for alderman for West ward, heading his ticket at the election by 74 votes. He is also a most active Conservative in Provincial politics. He married Miss Bessie Amey, of Cannington, near Toronto, He has two children. In religion he is a Methodist.



## JAMES LINDSAY



Among those who came to North Bay in 1882, for so short a time as not to be remembered as a pioneer, was James Lindsay, but after going to Pennsylvania for four years he came back, and has made up for lost time by remaining in town. James was born in South Renfrew. In 1886 he went with the C.P.R., and was with the road until 1904, when he went into the coal business with James McCluskey, forming the Lindsay and McCluskey Coal Company, already become one of the largest dealers north of Toronto. He was in the Town Council for two years, and is now a member of the Public School Board. The firm are largely interested in mining properties, in the rich district of Quebec, along the Temiskaming Lake, and along the Vermillion River, to the north-west of here. He married Miss Elizabeth Forest, of Renfrew, and has six children. In religion he is a Presbyterian.

## PATRICK McCOOL



Patrick McCool was born in the county of Donegal, Ireland, in 1860. In 1879 he came to Canada, to Fort William, P.Q., and to North Bay in 1886, to clerk for T. and W. Murray. As an instance of what may be done in this country, Mr. McCool reached town with \$8, started to clerk for \$20 a month, and is now one of the rich men of this district, owning, among many others, the building in which he started as a clerk. In 1897 he bought the T. and W. Murray general stores at Chapleau, which he ran for five years, when he sold the business, but still owns the property. Retiring from merchandise he returned to North Bay, where he has since been largely engaged in real estate and insurance. Was in the Town Council for seven years, and for a number of years has been the vice-president of the Board of Trade. He was on the Separate School Board for several terms. An active

politician he has been for the past five years the President of the Liberal Association. He is a cousin of Charles A. McCool, the retiring Member of Parliament, who served so efficiently two terms, and who came within 21 votes of being returned for the third time. He married Miss Malvina Landon, of Chichester, P.Q., and has a Rooseveltian family of ten. In religion he is Catholic. LATER: Mr. McCool has re-purchased the Chapleau business.

### JAMES McCLUSKEY

James McCluskey was born in Philadelphia, Pa. Came to Canada in 1872, to Pembroke, first a farmer, and then went with the C.P.R. as an engineer. He followed the road to North Bay in 1883, and with it remained till 1906, when he formed a partnership in the coal business with James Lindsay, of which I have spoken in the Lindsay sketch, in which is also given his extensive interests in mining properties in Quebec, the Vermillion River country, etc. He married Miss Eliza J. Brill, of Pembroke. He has three children. He is an active member of the Board of Trade. He is a Methodist, in which church he is a Trustee.



### N. J. McCUBBIN

N. J. McCubbin started at Vaughan, near Toronto. Went into a general store in Palgrave and came to North Bay in 1900, and up to 1905 was with W. J. Parsons in the Nipissing Stores, when he started business for himself on Front Street, in men's furnishings. He is prominent in Masonry, and takes great interest in music. At the re-organization of the North Bay Choral Union he was made President. He married—1908—Miss Annie, daughter of the Rev. J. W. Stewart, formerly pastor of the Methodist Church here. "N. J." is a citizen of the kind that makes the stranger like his town.



## JAMES McCURRY



James McCurry, son of Judge P. McCurry, of Parry Sound, was born at Guelph, Ont. Educated at the Public Schools of Parry Sound, and matriculated at Toronto University; spent his student life in Barrie, with Hewson and Creswick, graduated in law in 1894, and began practice in Parry Sound. He was out of law for eight years, during which time he followed placer mining in northern British Columbia and in Alaska. Came to North Bay in 1904, and at once entered into a law partnership with G. A. McCaughey, since which time they have been together. He is active in Liberal politics.

## WM. McDONALD



Wm. McDonald was born at East Hawkesboro, Ont., in 1838. After leaving school he spent five years on the lakes, and on the St. Lawrence to Quebec. He was for seven years in the hotel business in Peterboro. In 1869 he married Miss Margaret Duncan, of Lochiel, Ont. In 1876 he was in the Muskoka Lakes country, and in 1880 went into general store business in Mattawa, where he remained till 1883, when he came, as one of the very first, to North Bay, which was all woods, and then some more. Down where now stands the beautiful offices of the T. and N.O. Railway he purchased three acres and opened the first store in town. With the exception of the one month which John Ferguson looked after the little mail that came to the settlement, Mr. McDonald was postmaster down to this spring, 1908, when he resigned, and is now resting on his laurels. Twenty-five years! That the Government appointed his son, W. D., as his successor, speaks a whole lot for his management of the office. He was trustee of the first Public School, the old log school. The other members were Colonel J. J. Gregory and J. A. Singleton. He was in Town Council for one year. In 1885 he was made a Magistrate, and as that is a life office he still sits in judg-

ment upon the wrongdoers. In religion he is a Catholic. Mr. McDonald is a Veteran of the famous Fenian Raid of 1866, and holds a medal and 160 acres of land from an appreciative Government for his service. He went from Peterboro, Ont. He was in most of the battles of the campaign. He was sergeant of Co. No. 2, in 57th Battalion.

### WM. D. McDONALD

Wm. D. McDonald, son of the foregoing, was born in Peterboro, Ont. Came to North Bay in 1883, and with the exception of parts of 1892 and 1893 he has always resided here. Those few months were spent in one of the most important post offices in the west—Brandon, Manitoba. As above, he succeeded his father, 1908, as Postmaster of North Bay. He married Miss Elizabeth Harcourt, of Arthur, Ont., cousin of the Hon. Richard Harcourt, late Minister of Education. He is active in several Fraternal Societies. A Catholic in religion.



### JOHN W. McDONALD

John W. McDonald was born in Perth, St. Mary's County, Ont. After a Public School education he went to Paisley in 1875, where he remained till 1892, in hardware, when he came direct to North Bay, and went into the same line. He is of a hardware family; his father, still living, has been in the business for the past fifty years, as are also two of his brothers. He was on the Public School Board for three years and in the Town Council one year. As showing the influence of environment, his son, John Hay McDonald, now at Queen's University, when choosing a subject for a paper to be read at the close of the year, took that of "The Georgian Bay Ship Canal." Even the boys are full of the spirit of this great enterprise, and are preparing to take up the work if their fathers fail. Mr. McDonald is a Presbyterian.



## GEORGE A. McGAUGHEY, M.A.



George A. McGaughey, M.A., was born at Deseronto, Ont. Was educated at High School of his town, graduated at Queen's University in 1900, receiving the degree of M.A., was gold-medallist in Political Science, graduated in the Upper Canada Law School in 1903, came to North Bay in 1904, where he entered into law partnership with J. H. McCurry, the firm being McGaughey and McCurry. For three years he was Secretary of the Liberal Association of Nipissing.

Active in Fraternal Societies, being Auditor in the Masonic Order and Financial Secretary of the A.O.U.W. of North Bay. In religion he is an Anglican.

## WM. McKENZIE



Some men, whose names hold high places in history, have gone through life without the turn of a hand for their fellows, and at the end, when they could no longer use it, left their wealth to endow colleges, build libraries or to erect great churches as monuments to their memories. He who has made the lives of his fellows easier, better lives, has done far more, and his own life is far nobler! In distant Scotland there were five orphans left to meet the world alone—to-day all five look

upon it as a good old world. There is here a man who will endow no colleges, build no libraries, erect no churches, but he has done a far nobler deed, in giving to those five orphans a home, and rearing them to honorable man and womanhood. That man is Mr. Wm. McKenzie, who, for the past twenty years, has been so much to North Bay. He was born in Vaughan township, in York County. Later the family removed to Peel County. He went to the Public Schools of York and Peel, and attended the Rockwood Academy, near Guelph; also attended the Academy at Owen Sound. He spent ten years teaching in the Public Schools of Dufferin and Grey Counties. In 1887 he came to North Bay. Beginning in a very small way in groceries, he worked up, adding

the meat business, flour, feed, and, later, a furniture store, until he was one of the largest merchants in town. In 1900 he was appointed sub-collector of Customs of North Bay, then a sub-office or outpost to Ottawa. In 1908 this was made a post, and he was made Collector over outposts at Sturgeon Falls, Sudbury and Cobalt. He has been North Bay's Mayor for four terms—1892-93, 1903-04, and in Town Council five years besides. He has always been an active church worker, being an elder in the Presbyterian Church and Session Clerk of the Sessions. He married Miss Jean Wright of Kingston, Ont., and has one daughter. As above, he gave a home and education to others than his own, each of whom are well established in homes of their own. Elsewhere I have mentioned North Bay's pretty lawns—I had in mind some well-nigh perfect ones when I wrote of them, and of these Mr. McKenzie's possibly headed the list. Here is another instance of meagre space to tell of a busy life.

#### D. J. McKEOWN

Few have been more identified with North Bay, from its very start, than has D. J. McKeown, and to him I am indebted for points of its early history, for, like Sheriff Varin, he saves the records. He was born in Montreal in 1846. He has spent his life in railway interests, first with the Grand Trunk, with which road he was connected for twenty years, in Montreal and Quebec. He came to North Bay in 1883, with the C.P.R. as agent, in charge of timber shipments for the district. Has been agent ever since for the C.P.R. Later he became agent as well for the G.T. and the T. and N.O. railways. Also for a number of years in charge of the express companies, until their business grew up to a special agent for each. He also looked after our consulate business up to the coming of our efficient consul, Mr. E. C. Wakefield. Mr. McKeown has been Secretary of the Board of Trade since its organization in 1894, and instrumental in its being. Incidentally, this Board started with 35 members, and now has 100. With L. P. Snyder, first Manager of the Traders Bank, he organized the Public Library, transferring to it the C.P.R.



library. He has been on the High School Board since its organization, and is most active in the interest of the school. He married Miss Aileen Brennan, daughter of James Brennan, of Merrickville. He has eight children. He is a Catholic in religion. Largely connected with real estate he has many valuable properties. To write so busy a life in a few sentences is one of the tasks of a biographer, but space here admits of but a brief summary, however much may have been the subject of a sketch.

### JAMES McILVENNA



James McIlvenna was born in Kilwinning, Ayrshire, Scotland, in 1864. In 1876 he came to Brockville, Ont., and in 1881 to Mattawa, with the C.P.R. In the fall of 1882 he came to North Bay—*wuth th' poioneers*. Jim is another of the boys who now owns a good bit of "The Wilderness of 1882," as well as a share of two other "Wildernesses" of the early days—Fort William and the "Soo." He must shortly be rated among the successes. He was a member of the Town Council in 1893, and the Reeve in 1895, the year that North Bay became the County Town. He is a member of a number of Fraternal Societies. He was a charter member and the Treasurer of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen—the first Society to organize in North Bay—when it started in 1884. He is now an engineer with the C.P.R. He married Miss Gertrude Landers, of Sudbury. In religion a Presbyterian. Jim is a good story-teller—hunt out some of the best in this volume and you will believe my words.

### JOHN M. McNAMARA

John M. McNamara was born in Walkerton, County of Bruce, Ont. Educated in the Public and High Schools of his home town, and graduated from the Toronto Law School. He came direct to North Bay, reaching here Nov. 1st, 1888, and went at once into practice. He has always taken an active interest in politics, being the President of the Conservative Association for the District of Nipissing since 1902.

He was a member of the Town Council for two years—1897-98—and Mayor for 1899-1900. He is active in church work, was on the building committee for the new Catholic Church, has been on the High School Board since its organization, and is connected with many Fraternal Societies. He married Miss Annie, the daughter of the late Wm. Doran. Has two children, a son and a daughter. Mr. McNamara has one of the largest law practices in the district.

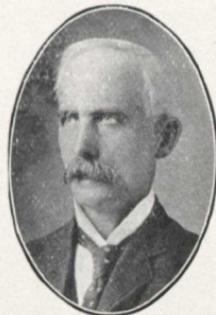
#### A. A. McINTOSH

A. A. McIntosh was born in Simcoe, Ont. Came to North Bay in 1891. Like so many of the substantial citizens, he was for a time with the C.P.R., but not for long, when he went into the meat business with Donald Hill, later adding groceries, with, now, one of the best trades in town. He was in the Town Council for two years. He married Miss Mary A. Hill, a sister of his partner. He is a Presbyterian. His partner, Donald Hill, who died in 1904, was one of those of whom the people have nothing but good to say. Mr. McIntosh is an active fraternity man, being a member of the Masonic and other Orders.



#### DR. ARCHIBALD McMURCHY

“Dr. A. McMurchy has been one of the institutions of North Bay,” as another pioneer puts it. He was its first physician. He came with the C.P.R., whose doctor he was and still is a quarter of a century later. He was born in York County, near Toronto. He went to the Public School, the Richmond High School, and graduated at Queen’s University—in Arts in 1875, and in Medicine in 1883. He came at once to the C.P.R., first to Mattawa as physician and surgeon. He had charge from Chalk River to Sudbury. When the road was opened to North Bay he located here. When the T. and N.O. started, he was appointed physician and sur-



geon as far as New Liskeard. He has been on the Public School Board for seven years and on the High School Board for four years. He is a prominent member of many fraternal societies, is a Presbyterian and a Liberal. "Dr.," said I, in closing the interview, "there seems to be something lacking in your life." "And what's that, pray?" said he, wondering. "I don't find you, in any way, connected with Pembroke, which is so out of the ordinary that I must remark it." "Oh, yes," said the Dr., smiling, "I forgot to say that I taught school in Pembroke, and there found a Miss Elizabeth Fraser, who consented to become Mrs. McMurchy." "Ah, that completes the sketch! It does seem that there could have been no North Bay had there not first been a Pembroke." "And a fine place, too, it is! And a fine people!" "I've been there," said I, "and cannot but so conclude, from the half of its population I've found here in North Bay."

#### THOMAS M. MULLIGAN



has four children. A Catholic in religion.

Thomas M. Mulligan, brother of Bernard, was also born at Pontiac. When a boy he went to clerk at Chapleau, where he remained twelve years, later going to Ottawa, where for six years he was with the T. Lindsay Co. in charge of a department. In 1904 he came to North Bay and opened a high-class gents' furnishing store, recently removing to the new Gilmour Block. He married Miss Willietta Flannery, sister of City Clerk-Treasurer M. W. Flannery. He

#### BERNARD M. MULLIGAN

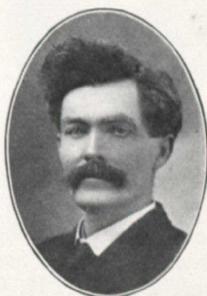


B. M. Mulligan was born at Pontiac, on the Quebec side of the Chats Falls. He was the son of Hugh Mulligan, long with the Union Forwarding Co., and in charge of the Pontiac station when it was a live-going place, in the days when John Egan was starting the Georgian Bay Canal at the Chats—the very first work done on this great government enterprise. Bernard came to Mattawa for a time, and in 1885, to North Bay, for Murray and Loughrin, starting for

himself in 1892. He has been a member of the Separate School Board for the past ten years. He has long taken an active interest in the Board of Trade and is its Treasurer. He is a large owner of residence and business property, of which the Imperial Bank building is a part. He is a Director in the Opera House Co. He married Miss Elizabeth Kipp, of Ottawa. He has ten children. A Catholic in religion, and one of the "wheel-horses" in Liberal politics. "Barney" is in many other parts of this book—you must know him, however, to recognize the parts. As one said of him in speaking of pioneer days: "Barney never used to let folks get lonesome," and that might still be said of him.

### JOHN MURPHY

John Murphy entered the world by way of Westport, Ont. Went to Kingston in 1890, next to Wellington, where he had a shoe store, and in 1904 came to North Bay. From a small beginning he has one of the largest shoe businesses in the upper country. He married Miss Elizabeth O'Brien, of Brockville. He has four children. Living in the Widdifield section of town, known as "Murphy's Ward," he is most active in the welfare of that growing part of this future city. He is now in the Township Council—the first member elected from the Ward—and will doubtless be Reeve next, as John has aspirations. LATER—John is Reeve.



### J. R. MOFFAT

J. R. Moffat, following what seems to have been the conventional form, was born in Pembroke, where he was educated in the High School, and in 1892 went into the Pembroke branch of the Ottawa Bank, remaining there till 1898, when he went to the branch in Alexandria, Ont., and from there to Parry Sound. In 1902 he was made Manager at Maxville, and in 1906 opened the branch in Haileybury, remaining there during the early Cobalt boom, then came, in June of 1907, to manage the North Bay branch. In



1903 he married Miss Stella G. Hamilton, daughter of the late Wm. Hamilton, of Toronto. He has two sons. Mr. Moffat is a Presbyterian. By way of history: This branch of the bank was opened in Oct. of 1902, with Wm. Kingsmill as Manager, who was succeeded by D. McLaren, the predecessor of Mr. Moffat.

### THOMAS PEACOCK



Thomas Peacock was born in Hamilton, in which city he was educated. He first studied law, but later preferring banking, went with the Traders Bank, with which he has been identified for the past ten years, being now Manager of the North Bay branch, of which he took charge in 1907. The Traders was the first bank in North Bay, opening here on March 18th, 1895. As showing the rapid growth of a bank, properly managed, the Traders was incorporated July 2nd, 1885, with three branches, and now has eighty branches in all parts of Canada, with one of the finest head office buildings in Toronto. By way of history: L. P. Snyder was the first manager of this branch. His successors were D. Muir, H. C. Chalmers, J. H. Stephens (now Secretary of the Silver Queen Mining Co.), P. H. Wade, and then came Mr. Peacock.

### A. L. OGDEN



A. L. Ogden was born in Toronto. Was educated at the Upper Canada College, Toronto, and entered banking with the Imperial Bank in 1899, for which bank he came in 1907 as manager for the North Bay branch. He married Miss Maud Lightbound, of Montreal. He is an Anglican in religion. Mr. Ogden has always taken a keen interest in athletic sports—and looks the part. The Imperial Bank of Canada was incorporated in the year 1873. Its growth since that date has been steady, and now with an authorized capital of \$10,000,000, of which \$5,000,000 is paid

up, and a reserve fund equal to its paid-up capital, it stands out as one of the strongest financial institutions in Canada. It has seventy-five branches in Canada stretching from ocean to ocean. The North Bay branch was opened October 24th, 1902, at the corner of Main and Fraser Streets, which site is now occupied by the Queen's Hotel, moving to its present handsome office in the Mulligan Block in February, 1903. The bank does a large share of the banking business of North Bay and the surrounding district.

### DAVID PURVIS

"Purvis'll do it!" Not because Purvis is "easy," but because Purvis is able! When a delegation has any real work cut out to do, to meet men of ability on an important interest to the town, and the question comes up: "Who will do the speaking?" then comes the unanimous answer with which I start this sketch. The Board of Trade asked: "Who will make 'The Gateway' possible?" The above was the answer, and by the kindly response of a public-spirited lot of citizens he made it possible, and if there be any merit in the work, to him and to them it is all due.



David Purvis was born in 1845, at Scarborough, near Toronto. In 1860 the family removed to a farm near Barrie, in which town—with his brothers James and Thomas—he later went into the hardware business, and from a small beginning they built up the largest retail trade in the Province, with branches in North Bay, 1888; Sudbury, 1900; and Webbwood, 1902. It was in 1888 that David came to North Bay, in which town he has always taken a lively interest, serving in many positions of prominence. When the Board of Trade was organized in 1894 he was made its first President, which office he held up to 1905, when he resigned upon being elected Mayor, which position he occupied for two years, 1905-06. He was in the Town Council for one year, (was in the Barrie Council for five years, resigning to come to North Bay). He was a member of the Public School Board for several years, and was a member of the first High School Board. When the Hon. Frank Latchford came up to turn the first sod on the T. and N.O. Railway, he was master of ceremonies

for the town, not being a bit afraid that Frank wanted to make political capital out of the proceedings. He is not a party man, but one whose interest in his town rises above party. When the corner-stone was laid for the Trout Lake Smelter, he was the chairman of the meeting, at which were gathered some of the great men of all parts of the country.

His faith in the building of the Georgian Bay Ship Canal is unbounded. "I am as confident," says he, "that it will be built, as that the men at Ottawa have the great interest of the whole Dominion at heart! It must be built. The Government have not made one of the most complete surveys of the route, ever made for a great work, for any other reason than that they look upon it as a thing to be." He is in a position to know, having headed many a delegation to Ottawa to urge its building. And, speaking of the large delegation that went to Ottawa to interview the last Parliament, which was joined by many others from the Great Lakes to Arnprior, he said: "Never before were we so cordially received by the Premier and the members. We were shown the surveys by the Minister of Railways and Canals, who was most enthusiastic on the enterprise."

As elsewhere mentioned, he retired from business last year, and is giving his time to church work and to his well-stocked library. I have never heard so able a lay preacher, and in world information I have rarely met his equal.

### WM. J. PARSONS



Wm. J. Parsons was born at Holland Landing, Ont. Went to Toronto, where he was three years in dry goods business. Was in Guelph for a short time in the same line. Sold out and started for the west, but seeing North Bay, said: "This is good enough for me." That was in 1888. He has been here ever since. Went into dry goods—the Nipissing Stores, in the large McKeown block. This—1908—spring he was appointed Crown Land Agent for the Nipissing District. Was in Town Council for three years—one year chairman of Public Works. He married Miss Elizabeth Washburn, of Beeton, Ont., in 1892. He is a

Methodist in religion and Conservative in politics. Active in Fraternal Societies, being a C.O.O.F., an I.O.O.F., a K.O.T.M., an I.O.F., an A.O.U.W., and a Shriner in Masonry. Being fond of the gun, he rarely misses his hunt in deer season. For years he was president of the North Bay branch of the Dominion Rifle Association, and holds a gold medal for the highest score in shooting. He has a fine collection of gun relics—one a double-barrelled flint-lock pistol with a history. It is supposed to have belonged to the famous Indian, Tecumseh, as it was found (by Lieut. Turner) by his side when he was killed at the battle of Beaver Dam (?) in the war of 1812-13.

### ROBERT RANKIN

There is in North Bay an illustration of the vast good done by that great-hearted Scotchman, Wm. Quarrier, who started a poor orphan, to become the great protector of many another of the fatherless and motherless of his country. That illustration is one of the most active, purposeful men in North Bay, Robert Rankin, who will without doubt be the next Mayor of the town, for whose best interests he has long worked. Being left an orphan, Wm. Quarrier gave to him and his four sisters a home in Scotland, and later found for him a Canadian home—that of another large-hearted Scotchman—Wm. McKenzie, who has truly been to him a father, rearing him as a son and establishing him among the prominent business men of the town. After many steps—one of which was taken with the C.P.R.—he now has the management of the North Bay branch of the Whyte Packing Company, Ltd., of Stratford, whose business of wholesale and retail meats, groceries, flour and feed, extend through many towns and cities of Ontario. Mr. Rankin has been a Town Councillor eight years, three of which he was Reeve—the last one of the town; active in Presbyterian work, chairman of the building committee for the new church, and now chairman of the Board of Managers of that church. He is a member of many fraternal orders and societies—in short, a man that counts. He married Miss Elizabeth McKenzie, sister of Mr. Wm. McKenzie. He has three



children, two sons and one daughter. His faith in North Bay has made of him a large property holder. When others lost faith and sold out, they found in him a buyer, largely to his gain since the phenomenal advance in values. He is an active member of the Board of Trade, and like many another of that body his great aim is to see built the Georgian Bay Ship Canal. LATER: Mr. Rankin is Mayor, made so by acclamation.

#### DR. E. A. RANNEY



Dr. E. A. Ranney was born at Georgetown, County of Halton. He was educated in the Public Schools of his home town, and graduated M.D.C.M. at Trinity University, and also at Trinity Medical College F.T.M.C. He went in 1901 to take charge of the Muskoka General Hospital, where he remained a year, and came to North Bay in 1903. He was Medical Health Officer in 1904 and 1905 for the town and also for the township of Widdifield, and Jail Surgeon since 1905. He married Miss Ethel Calvert, of Toronto, and has four children. The Dr. is a lover of flowers, as may be seen by his yard about his East Main Street home.

#### J. W. RICHARDSON



J. W. Richardson was born at Forest, County of Huron, Ont. He went first with G. F. Marter, ex-M.P.P., of Gravenhurst, in general merchandizing. From there he went to Winnipeg, in hardware. He married Miss E. A. Hill, of Winnipeg. Came to North Bay in 1885, and started as tinsmith, and gradually worked up to a large hardware business. He was for a number of years in the Town Council, two years on the Public School Board, and in 1902 was elected Mayor. He is active in many Fraternal Societies, a friend of the workingman, in whose interest he is never idle when there is occasion. He is a live Methodist.

## E. W. ROSS

E. W. Ross was born in Orillia, Ont. Came to North Bay in 1888, and went at once into the jewellery business—the pioneer in the trade—which he has built up to fine proportions, and with a beautiful store. He married Miss Louie Carruthers, niece of the late Dr. J. B. Carruthers. He was on the Public School Board for one term. Is a member of many Fraternal Societies, and an active Presbyterian, of which church he is Secretary and a Trustee. His beautiful home, corner of Worthington and Wyld Streets, may be seen among “The pretty homes of North Bay.” The lawn I must instance to those who would confine beauty with an unsightly fence. Mr. Ross has followed the Rochester, New York, no-fence plan, so much admired by every visitor to that city.



## EDWARD H. SHEPHERD

“E. H. Shepherd” is a name well known to the traveller in this north country, and always brings to mind one of the best known and most popular hotels in New Ontario—the “Queen’s,” of North Bay. Mr. Shepherd was born in Arundel, Sussex County, England, where he was educated at the Walburton Schools. He later went into the navy, on H.M.S. Caledonia and Resistance. He came to Canada in 1875, first to Toronto and in 1886 to Niagara, in which latter place he took much interest in municipal affairs, was in the Town Council for a term, and in 1895-96 was Reeve, from which he retired to come to North Bay in 1896. He bought out Edward Lynch’s interest in the Queen’s Hotel, which he has since greatly enlarged and improved, extending it to Main Street, along Fraser Street. He married Miss Alice Nichols, of Gloucester, England, and has three sons and four daughters. Harry is manager of the hotel, Edward with the T. and N.O. Railway, and Oswald at Trinity College. There is possibly no other family in the country who



have received a higher education in music than have the Shepherds. As elsewhere, Mr. Shepherd has one of the largest private collections of rare ancient coins in Canada, having spent many years gathering them. Some men are born hosts—they could make a guest feel at home in a cabin. That is why once a guest at the Queen's, always a guest, when business or pleasure brings him to this little city by the lake. Mr. Shepherd's faith in the town is



HARRY SHEPHERD  
Manager, Queen's Hotel

shown by the large number of houses he is putting up—pretty well-planned homes. "The Cap Sheaf," says Mr. Shepherd, enthusiastically, "will be the building of the canal. Once it starts nothing can hold back the growth of North Bay, and so confident am I that it will come, that I am going right along with my building enterprises." It is this spirit that is bound to make of this town a great metropolis. Mr. Shepherd and son Harry are largely interested in mining properties in Algoma copper and the silver lands to the north of here. The Redpath Company of Montreal have their private wire in the Queen's office, where much business is done in stocks by the firm of Dixon & Company. The Queen's has been the popular hostelry for mining men going up and down from Cobalt since the opening of that famous camp.

#### DR. G. W. SMITH



Dr. G. W. Smith was born at Almonte, Lanark County, Ont., where his parents still reside. He was educated at St. Mary's Separate School and in the High School of his native place. Was graduated in medicine from the University of Toronto, and for a short time was a house surgeon in St. Michael's Hospital in that city, and afterwards was resident surgeon to the Ottawa General Hospital for a period of one year. His coming to North Bay was occasioned by the building of the T. & N.O. Railway, he having acted as medical attendant to that road during its early construction days. When

the railway was completed to New Liskeard he returned to town and has since acquired an extensive practice. The doctor has every confidence in the future of North Bay and is regarded as an enterprising and public-spirited citizen. He is a member of the Arena Rink Co. and of the Opera House Co., and is Medical Health Officer for the town, a member of the Hospital Board and of the Hospital Staff, and also of the High School Board.

### H. H. THOMPSON

H. H. Thompson was born in Brantford, Ont., in which he was educated in the Public and High Schools. Went to British Columbia for two years, returned and, at twenty-one years of age, he started in the grocery business, sold out and, in 1904, went travelling for D. S. Perrin and Co., wholesale confectioners, of London, Ont. In autumn of 1907 he started a large grocery business in the Ferguson Block, and is fast working into one of the largest trades in the country, doing a big tourist supply business, of the French River trade. Married Miss Brantford. Mr. Thompson is a Methodist.



having a large part  
Emily Gilmour, of

### JAMES A. THOMAS

James A. Thomas is another illustration of the successful young men who are doing so much to build up this great north country. As proof that it is grit and push that make more for success than money, this young man came here with \$200, and, after eleven years, has a big store full of everything in the watch, clock, jewellery, cut glass, china, and silverware lines; also carries wall papers, stationery, musical instruments, sporting and fancy goods. Mr. Thomas was born in Lindsay, where he was educated in the Public Schools, and the Collegiate Institute. He married Miss Dora Banks of Durham,



Ont., in 1904, and has one daughter, which is said to be the only one in town—I haven't yet secured the opinions of some others of the successful young men, whose "pets" are much in evidence almost any hour of the *wheeling* day. I sometimes think that North Bay even beats Haileybury—the two claiming the "Baby Carriage" as their coat-of-arms. Mr. Thomas is a Methodist. The North Bay store of Thomas & Co. is one of two; the other, quite as large, is at that enterprising town Bracebridge, in the Muskoka country.

### GERALD C. THOMPSON



Gerald C. Thompson was born—1880—in Orillia, Ont. When a boy—he is not much more yet—he went to Honolulu, which he considers one of the most beautiful cities in the world. Here he remained two years. Returning to Canada, he spent a year at the Canada Ophthalmic College in Toronto. In 1902 he came to North Bay, and started, in a small way, in the jewellery business, building up a trade that certainly looks good. It is not my purpose to make business comment in this chapter, nor will it be, to say that the Thompson display window would be a credit to Toronto's pretty jewellery windows. He is Deputy Grand Master in the Order of Oddfellows, and a Shriner in Masonry. He is Official Watch Inspector for the entire system of the T. and N. O. Railway. As wedding rings and marriage go "hand in hand," it is quite natural to find him an issuer of marriage licenses. And apropos of these licenses. While with us, some public official must issue them—here in Canada any one may be appointed, or given the right. He married Miss Christina Leckie, of Toronto. In religion he is a Presbyterian. Mr. Thompson is certainly public-spirited. When he saw the writer's suggestion for the beautifying of North Bay's lawns, he said: "I'll donate the cup, and make it worth competing for." It is such spirit as his that makes for the advancement of a town.

## ROBERT WALLACE

Robert Wallace was born in Toronto. He went to Hillsdale, Ont., in 1858, and in 1888, came to North Bay. Going at once into contracting he has to his credit the building of nearly one-third of the town, few firms in Ontario doing more to build up the Province than R. Wallace and Son. Among their larger contracts were the Queen's, North Bay and Cecil Hotels, the East Ward Public School, the Methodist Church, the Mulligan, Richardson, Purvis, Wallace, etc., blocks. Mr. Wallace was in four Town Councils. He married Miss Jennett Hill, of Hillsdale, Ont. Has eight children. In religion he is a Presbyterian.



## H. C. VARIN

In 1859 E. Varin came up into this country among the very first lumbermen, with limits as far as Trout Lake. His son, H. C. Varin, the subject of this sketch, who was born in Ottawa (then Bytown) in 1849, came to these parts in 1863. He drove from Ottawa, a trip then requiring six days, owing to the narrow roads and the great amount of teaming. This trip was simply to visit his father's camps. His father died in 1865 and his limits were sold to David Moore, with whom H. C. went, and remained until 1874, when he returned to Ottawa, where he stayed until 1881, then came to Bonfield and opened a general store. On March 4th, 1895, he was appointed Sheriff for Nipissing, and came to North Bay, where he has since resided. He married Mrs. Salina Robaittaill, widow of A. Groulx, of Ottawa. He has six children; his son is his efficient Deputy. Mr. Varin was Reeve for Bonfield for seven years. He organized and was the first President of the Agricultural Society of Bonfield. He was the instigator of the schools of that place, and had them going even before the Government had sent the money for their maintenance. He was also instrumental in the opening of Government roads. He has always



been active in Church matters, being on the building committee of the new Catholic Church in North Bay. The Sheriff is a collector of relics of the early days. Once coming up the Mattawa River he found—on an island—one of Champlain's swords, at least it had upon it the great man's name. To this pioneer I am indebted for many of my most valuable bits of the early history of the country round about the Bay. He does what all should do, he keeps records of events as they transpire.

### THOMAS WALLACE



Thomas Wallace was born in Toronto, and was educated in the High School of that city. The family later removed to Medonte Township. He went to Wyebridge, where he began the manufacture of harness, first on a small scale and later for the trade, building up one of the largest businesses in Ontario. Sold out and went into general merchandise. In 1899 he came to North Bay, and opened a store in the same line. On the starting of the T. and N. O. Railway, he went into contracting for railroad ties, and furnished 140 miles of the road. When silver was discovered in Cobalt he acquired interests in a number of valuable claims—the Silver Leaf, Silver Hill (now a part of the great Larose Mines), etc. In 1906 he retired from general store and contracting. He has recently opened a mining broker's office in the Ferguson Block, with private wires to Toronto, and connected with Cobalt, New York City and other points. He married Miss C. C. Edwards, of Wyebridge. He has six children. His son, J. M. Wallace, is a leading mining broker in Toronto, and another—Herbert—is a broker in Cobalt. Mr. Wallace is a Presbyterian, which leads up to a good story, which I shall tell and then be forgiven afterwards. One day, in the Queen's Hotel, a fellow came up to the writer and unsteadily balancing himself, wanted to know: "Skuze me, mister, but ain't you (hic) Tom Wallace?" "No," said I, "I'm not Tom Wallace." "Ain't you (hic) Tom Wallace? 'sfunny, I've bin dodgin' y' all day. Tom's awful on drinkin' an' I wus 'frade y'd lecture (hic) me fr' takin' too much! Shure y' ain't Tom? Shake. I'm awful glad y' ain't, fur Tom an' I belong to (hic) th' same church!"

## SILVANUS F. WEEGAR

Silvanus F. Weegar was born in North Williamsburg, Ont. He was educated in the Public Schools. "Fred's" life has been so varied that it would take a volume to tell it, and then there would be some. From home he first went to clerk for an uncle in Morrisburg, then with the Passumpsic Railroad of Vermont. He next went into the theatrical business with the famous Glassford Sisters. Growing tired of travel he went into the stationery business in Ottawa.



But the "call of the road" was too strong and he became business manager for the Cecil Brothers, Spirit Exposers, then joined S. Draper's Uncle Tom's Cabin Co., and finally took charge, for a year, of the Cole's Circus newspaper work. He next went to Carleton Place and took charge of the first restaurant opened by the C.P.R. That was in 1882. For fourteen years he was at Calumet, and in 1898 came to North Bay, where he has since resided. On September 9th of this year he was made Police Magistrate, by the Ontario Government, for North Bay, and next for Widdifield and Ferris Townships. He has already become the fear of evil-doers. He handles cases so rapidly that he might be called "The Col. Denison of the North." He married Miss Annie Croskery, of Perth. He has four children. He is a live Methodist, and prominent in fraternal, an Oddfellow, and a Past Master in Masonry. At his Silver Wedding, celebrated in 1907, the list of those who remembered the occasion with gifts, included the "Who's Who" of not only North Bay, but many other places as well.



First House and First Child in Cobalt

This picture was taken of one of the first shacks built in Cobalt. It stood where now stands the Hunter Block. The little one seen in the picture is that of the first child born in Cobalt. She is Annita Cahill. When I heard the mother speaking to her as "Annita," I asked: "Where did you get that name?" "In the very early days of the camp, a commercial man came up from Montreal. He brought with him a novel, and loaning it to us, we saw the name, and liking it, called baby Annita after the character." "What was the name of the novel?" I asked. "*My Friend Bill*," said she. "Ah, indeed!" said I, a bit proud. "And so I named the first child in Cobalt." "How so?" she asked, in surprise. "Well, you see, '*My Friend Bill*' is my own book—my first attempt at novel writing." One never knows where one's mind children will be found—but to meet them, whether in the great city or in some far-away mining camp, is a peculiar pleasure.

The others in the group are Annita's mother, grandfather, and "Uncle Tom"—Tom Cahill, so widely known "up the Montreal."