

ISSN 1206-4394

The Heritage Gazette of the Trent Valley Volume 14, number 3, November 2009

President's Remarks	Steve Guthrie	2
Autobiography of Robert Alexander Elliott (1859-1943)	R. A. Elliott	3
Diary of A. J. Grant 1913	Dennis Carter-Edwards	13
Co-operative Farmers of Belmont Township	Ivan Bateman	16
Searching for Welsh Roots	Elwood Jones	19
Queries	Diane Robnik	22
Connecting Lees to Peterborough (Elwood Jones) 23; Canadian Architects 24; Balsillie Collection – Box of Photographic Plates re Central Bridge (Ivan Bateman) 24; Demystifying Copyrights (Mary Harrell-Sesniak and Roots Web) 25; Our New Station House 1877 26; Berta McBride 26; John Corkery 26; Brown-Edwards , Harris-Ventress,, Vout-Thurston26; Spaulding Bay, Peterborough 26; Twelfth Day of Christmas 27		
Carols of the Candidates, 1884	Peterborough Examiner	26
Peterborough Boys Who Joined Up With Originals, 1914	Peterborough Examiner	27
Chamberlain Street During the Great War	Peterborough Examiner	28
The Career of Charles Fothergills, parts 1 and 2	Ernest S. Clarry	30
News, Views and Reviews		34
Books for Christmas Giving: J. M. Cole, Sir Sandford Fleming; Elwood Jones, Historian's Notebook; Peter Adams and Colin Taylor, Peterborough and the Kawarthas; Ed Arnold's Hunter Street Stories; Elwood Jones & Jean Grieg, Nexicom; Elva V. Bates, Goodroom, Eh? NAS, Tracing Your Scottish Ancestors; Audrey Condon Delaney, Calling All Condons; W. L. Moreau, David Thompson; Murray Paterson, School Days, Cool Days; McCarthy, From Cork to the New World		
Anson House Auxiliary Reunion	Jill Adams	37
Is Your Last Township Mill Worth Saving?	Millbrook Cavan Historical Society	37
Peterborough's Lift Lock	Diana Mehta	38
Ian Henderson and the Floating Island in the Kawarthas	Anita Locke	39
Peterborough Lawn Bowling Club		40
Wall of Honour		40
Lakefield Historical Society	Don Webster	41
Trent Valley Archives Book Store: List of current titles		42
Walking the Walk is Music to My Ear	Paul Rellinger	43
Trent Valley Archives: The Christmas Stories		44

Cover picture: Charlotte Street and George Street, c 1920 (David Dinsdale postcard collection)



TRENT VALLEY ARCHIVES

Trent Valley Archives

Fairview Heritage Centre

567 Carnegie Avenue

Peterborough Ontario Canada K9L 1N1

(705) 745-4404

admin@trentvalleyarchives.com

www.trentvalleyarchives.com

Trent Valley Archives
Fairview Heritage Centre
Peterborough Ontario K9L 1N1
(705) 745-4404

admin@trentvalleyarchives.com
www.trentvalleyarchives.com

Reading Room open
Tuesday to Saturday 10am to 4pm



TRENT VALLEY ARCHIVES

Board of Directors

Basia Baklinski
Ivan Bateman
Keith Dinsdale
Andre Dorfman
Stephen Guthrie, President
Elwood Jones, Vice-President
Martha Kidd
Wally Macht, Past President
Dave Mahoney
Gina Martin, Secretary
Don Willcock, Treasurer

Heritage Gazette of the Trent Valley

Elwood Jones, editor
Ejones55@cogeco.ca
Gina Martin, assistant editor
Keith Dinsdale, Martha Kidd, John Marsh,
Diane Robnik, Don Willcock
Dorothy Sharpe, typist

Trent Valley Archives Trust Fund

Peter Lillico, Michael Bishop,
Tom Robinson

Trent Valley Archives

Diane Robnik, Associate Archivist
drobnik@trentvalleyarchives.com
Carol Sucee, Librarian

The information and opinions expressed are those of the contributors and not necessarily those of the Trent Valley Archives or its directors. Unless otherwise noted, illustrations are from the collections of the Trent Valley Archives.

©2009 Trent Valley Archives

Any copying, downloading or uploading without the explicit consent of the editor is prohibited. Classroom use is encouraged, but please inform the editor of such use.

PRESIDENT'S REMARKS

Steve Guthrie

The Trent Valley Archives has presented three fresh events this fall that have drawn deserved praise for our work of connecting people to our lively past. No one does it better. We have a strong group of volunteers who go the extra distance to ensure people get a quality experience. Diane Robnik and Bruce Fitzpatrick are our producers, but we have had exceptional help from the wider community and from our volunteers. We are proud of this teamwork.

The first event was the music tour which featured a first for us. Each person had an ipod which contained songs and music with a Peterborough connection, and cleverly paced to be listened between sites. The stops featured music legends, and at the Legendary Red Dog Tavern there was an innovative picture and quiz presentation.

The music theme will be evident in our Christmas show which is featuring a star-studded array of local talent telling stories, songs and special activities, some especially geared to families with young children. We hope that our members will support us by taking in the event, and bringing family, friends and neighbours with them. The prices have been kept very reasonable but we also have a special VIP option for those who want to ensure our success. VIPs pay \$75 and get premium seating and special attention at the post-performance party. Call Showplace or visit its website and book you tickets.

Showplace Peterborough, www.showplace.org, 290 George St N, Peterborough, ON K9J 3H2, Canada (705) 742-7089, Friday, November 27

Live Music: Trent Valley Archives presents The Christmas Stories Variety Show at 8 p.m. at Showplace Peterborough (290 George St. N., Peterborough). Enjoy a variety of humorous stories, songs and personal memories of Christmas past and present, performed by some of Peterborough's renowned musicians, actors, entertainers, public figures and personalities. Hosted by Jack Roe and Gillian Wilson, written by Bruce Fitzpatrick and Diane Robnik and featuring Chelsey Bennett, Peter Blodgett, Danny Bronson, Gwen Brown, Karen Ruth Brown, Peter Brugger, Beau Dixon, Bruce Fitzpatrick, Bridget Foley & The Gospel Girls, Fred Garipey, Geoff Hewitson, Linda Kash, Teresa Kaszuba, Wally Macht, Matilda O'Sullivan, Rob Phillips and many more. Tickets are \$25 Adult \$18 Student 18 & under \$75 VIP (available through the Box Office only).

In between, we ran horse and carriage rides tied to our famed downtown ghost walks. These were held every Friday and Saturday in October (except Hallowe'en night) and we had support from many people who loved the opportunity to create a special family or group event around our special tales.

Thanks to everybody who made these events a success.

As we head into November, please remember to support the Trent Valley Archives with a special donation. Your help is always appreciated, and of course you will receive an income tax receipt for all cash donations.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ROBERT ALEXANDER ELLIOTT (1859-1943)

Note: The compelling autobiography of Robert Alexander Elliott was faithfully transcribed by members of the family, and the original remains with a family member. The text has been lightly edited. This is a delightful story, with many twists and turns. Elliott was a clever man who often lived by his wits. The family did some research and their pertinent information has been inserted, in square brackets. Thanks to Louis Taylor and His Worship, S. Dean Elliott, J.P. of Cobourg for making this manuscript available.

Growing Up near Cobourg

This is the autobiography of Robert Alexander Elliott, the youngest of a family of nine children, two of whom died in infancy, seven living there allotted time and over.

I was born of Irish parents who some years after their marriage in Ireland, came to this country. Father came over first, leaving my mother and my two eldest sisters, Mary Ann and Elizabeth, to come later on when he made enough money to pay their passage. What courage and determination my dear Mother must have had to start off for a new country with two small children in a sailing vessel. They encountered some very rough weather, in fact, never expected to see land again. However, after being blown over the Atlantic Ocean for thirteen weeks, they finally reached Montreal in the summer of 1841 [probably 1848] with practically nothing, only good sturdy constitutions and good Irish backbone and grit. I can imagine how happy they both were to get settled in their new log house, on a ten [seven] acre lot about five miles from Cobourg. At that time, the lot was a cedar swamp or practically so. All the back country was heavily wooded; Father cut wood for fifty cents a cord and put up two cords every day through the fall and winter months. In this log home my brothers William, James, John and sister Maggie were born.

As the years rolled by, my elder brothers got work and after a few years Father built a nice frame house and our log one was used for a sheep pen of which we had quite a number. Among them a prize ram, who through being teased by my elder brothers and neighbours boys by the name of Kelley, became very cross and treacherous; so much so, that the writer of this epistle would not be alive today only for the timely arrival of a man by the name of Sinclair who was on his way to help my Father. Mother having sent me, at that time a lad about five years old, to call my Daddy to dinner, the path leading to where he was working was on the outside of the enclosure where the sheep was, but the ram spied me and he jumped over the fence. Being scared stiff I started to run into the woods, but I didn't go far till I got a bunt in the back that knocked me down. Getting up I was hit again and the last hit was a complete knock out and this was where the good Samaritan arrived on the scene, who took me in his arms and carried me home where my Dear Mother soon had me bandaged up with soothing lotions and goose oil. Needless to say my poor back was skinned from top to bottom. When father arrived and seen what happened to me, Mr. Rams career was short lived as he was tried and executed the next day.

Being full of pep and go, my recovery was very rapid and I was due for another little adventure. A chum of my own age,

Jimmy Kelly, whose father had a barn with a mow half full of straw, was the next attraction. Going down there one day to play, we decided it would be great fun to climb up the ladder to the purlin beam and turn hand springs into the straw in mow. I fell off the beam fifteen feet to the barn floor where I laid unconscious till father came and carried me home. Mr. Kelly drove to Cobourg for Dr. Powell and when he arrived he discovered I had a broken arm; otherwise I was O.K. except some sore spots.

In a short time I was around and helping my mother to pick wild raspberries which grew in abundance along the fences. I still remember the luscious berry pies she used to make, and how she and I would sit down and eat a whole pie. In looking back, how pleasant the memories are of my childhood days. Being the baby of the family and the one who always stayed home, my mother and I were always together. She with her gentle and saintly ways always kept a watchful eye over her youngest boy. Well do I remember the first day I started to school, a walk of over two miles. Mother came with me, had a nice talk with the teacher, a Miss Henwood of Cobourg, who often came home with me and stayed over night.

My sister Maggie and I were the only two now at home. Two elder sisters were married and in homes of their own and my three brothers were all working. Some years later my father decided to go into farming on a larger scale, so we rented the 150 acre farm of Robert Hewitt. This practically ended my school days and being thirteen years old I could drive and handle a team and do a man's work and loved it. One of the things that I took great delight in was a nice matched team and driving mare, but I never neglected helping mother milk the cows and many other chores along with sister Maggie.

Sister Maggie and I were great pals. As youngsters we used to walk with Father and Mother 2½ miles to church, then home, have dinner and sister and I would walk back to Sunday School, making a total walk of ten miles. I wonder how many would do that today. At that time the preacher got no stated salary (and) had to put his trust in the Lord and the generosity of the members and adherents. Collections were taken up with a little square box on the end of a rod about four feet long. This little M.E. Church was situated one mile north of No. 2 highway half way between Cobourg and Grafton and was known as the Mallory Church. My Sunday School teacher, Maud Kelley had me memorize the first chapter of John, which I went through to the end, to her great delight, also my own.

Previous to launching out on a big scale of farming, my father did odd days work for a man by the name of Wilcox who asked father to come on a certain day to set out a young orchard of apple trees, about two acres. When the day arrived, father couldn't go, so I said, "Why not let me do it?"

Mother put me up a good dinner and I shouldered my spade and started off proud as a peacock. The old gent wasn't very well pleased when he seen me, thought I couldn't do it, but I soon showed him I could. He would mark off eight or ten holes at a time, then I would dig them and he would hold the tree till I filled it in and packed it down. By noon I had more than half done, eat my dinner in the fence corner and went down to a little spring and had a drink. They never invited me into the house, thought they had a little blue blood in their veins, the poor simpletons. By four o'clock I was all through and he paid me the handsome sum of twenty cents. If father had done the same work he would have got one dollar. My next big money making adventure was picking potatoes from daylight till dark for the magnificent sum of twenty five cents a day and my dinner. All the money I made I gave to my mother. But I am through with all that now; as stated before, as we are now into the farming on a big scale.

Along about this time my sister Maggie met a young man by the name of Charles P. Alger, who became a frequent caller at our home, which eventually ended in a love affair and marriage [17 September 1879] and going to live on a farm north of Colborne. I missed my sister very much as we were always together. I went down to visit them in their new home where they were very happy and comfortable. Later on I was down to my sister Lizzy home near Cobourg and through her I met my first love, a charming and beautiful Irish girl, a perfect lady in manner, speech and conversation. Needless to say it was love at first sight, much to the delight of my sister who loved her very dearly. A week after she went back to Toronto, I received my first letter. I knew mother would be anxious to hear the contents, so I read the letter to her and like the dear saintly Christian she was, she placed her arm around my shoulder and said I could rest assured she would be a real mother to her when the time came. With this assurance in my mind I was very happy.

My father and mother were lovely singers; in fact, our whole family was. Two of my elder brothers were choir leaders for years. In the long evenings before retiring, I have often seen my parents sing the old gospel songs of Sankey and Moody for an hour. At that time we used to have weekly prayer meetings at the different neighbours: Richard Kelley, Robert McKague, Uncle James, and our home. Father was never so busy either in harvest or when we had the thrashers that he neglected family worship. After breakfast, Mother would read a portion of Scripture and all would kneel in prayer till Father offered up his prayer of Thanksgiving. It often surprised me to see big rough looking threshers get down on their knees as meek as could be. My dear mother had wonderful faith in prayer.

The Young Married Couple Twice

We are now slated for another move as we have taken a 200 acre farm north of Baltimore. So we had to give up our old M.E. Church and join the Wesleyan Methodist, now the United Church. When we got nicely settled in our new home, mother

suggested to me that I should get married, which I readily agreed to. So the day was set and I went up to Toronto and little Irish Lady, my first love, were united [4 September 1881]: Miss Minnie J. Mercer at her brothers house, Robert Street. Our honeymoon trip went from Toronto to Cobourg and on to the farm, where a real Irish home coming awaited us by relatives, friends and good neighbours.

How happy we all were together. Then just one year after we were married our little baby girl arrived [28 August 1882], her name was Clara May. Her mother, having contracted a cold previous to her birth, did not seem to have strength to throw it off and it eventually developed into that dread disease, Quick Consumption, and against all that medical skill and good nursing could do, she passed away [14 January 1883] to the great beyond just one year and four months after we were married. She was only twenty two years old. In the short time we were together, she had made a host of friends. Every one she met, either in church work or socially, loved her dearly. My dear Mother was broken hearted as she loved her as dearly as her own daughter.

Coming now to the time of life when extra responsibility was placed upon my mother's shoulders we decided to quit farming, call a sale and father and mother retired to spend their remaining days in comparative ease and comfort, having saved enough money to buy a home with an acre of ground attached in the village of Baltimore, where they lived till mother passed away, 12 May 1892. Father then made his home with my brother Jim and his wife. In the meantime, I had been working in Toronto with a contractor, coming home often to see my parents and my sweet little daughter Clara May. After remaining single for four years, I married again to Miss Jennie McCutcheon of the Village of Baltimore. After our marriage, we moved to Toronto and lived on King Street west of Dufferin. I was getting \$12.50 a week, which at that time was considered good wages; paid \$15 a month for a five room house, paid cash for everything we bought, lived well and saved a wee bit as well.

Previous to moving to Toronto, I had made application to the Post Office Dept. at Ottawa for the mail contract running from Cobourg to Roseneath. My application was accepted and I was notified to be ready to take over on the first day of April [1888], which meant a quick move from Toronto to Roseneath. Arriving there I rented a nice little house for seven dollars a month. It took all the money I had saved to buy two span of mules, a stage coach and all other equipment necessary to carry on. I drove the mail for the first two weeks myself, and being early in the spring when the roads were breaking up it was some experience. Never will I forget it as the trail took you through fields and low places filled with water where if you slipped off the road you would in all probability get drowned. However, in the meantime I was getting acquainted with the people of the village and the surrounding country, among them being an elderly gentleman by the name of George McGivern who was retired and lived just across the road and owned the Temperance Hotel and also a vacant store on the

adjoining lot. He was a real old Tory and we soon were good friends. Then he suggested to me that if I would rent his store he would build me a nice six roomed house connected to store provided I would take a five year lease at sixty dollars per year. I closed the deal pronto, hired a man to drive the stage and mail route, ordered my first bill of groceries from Billy Bicke, traveler from Caverill Hughs of Montreal and launched out into store keeping without any experience, only ambition and chuck full of pep to win out.

The erection of our house was only the matter of a few weeks, as the contractor, Mr. Ed. Ellenor and his men were on the job at six a.m. and stayed on the job as long as they could saw a board or drive a nail. Meantime, my first order of groceries arrived, amounting to five hundred dollars. At that time you could fill a good sized store for that much money. I locked the door, pulled down the blinds and started to work unpacking, checking off the invoices to see I had every thing I was charged up with. Then I discovered I was short three caddies of tobacco, which, when traced, was found to have been stolen from the grand trunk railway station, Cobourg.

The following week was a real busy one, putting on cost price and selling price, placing on shelves, weighing out ounces, quarter lbs, half lbs and on up, tying them up and emptying them out. This I kept on doing long after everybody had gone to bed, but I never tired as I loved the work. Never will I forget my opening day and waiting on my first customer, who by the way was a very pleasant lady to serve. I was hoping and praying the first day only one customer at time would come in, but before many days it did not bother me to have half a dozen waiting. I was getting well acquainted with the country. Being brought up on the farm, I soon made a lot of staunch friends, among them, a Mr. John Thackeray, who was the Indian agent for the Alderville Band, just one mile from Roseneath. He had advised me to add to my stock flour and pork, as that was one thing the Indians loved. I was then getting the big end of the Indian trade. It was only a short time till both my opposition added flour and pork to their stock, and while they got a certain amount of the trade, I still held the big end. So with my government cheque and parcel and passenger trade, which often would amount to \$5.00 a day, I had no difficulty in meeting my draft of five hundred dollars. At that time we got four months on groceries.

As time went on business kept getting better and better, and my good friend, Thackeray, who was the executive for the Noden Estate and owned a property with a brick store much larger than the one I had and farther up the street: being for sale I looked it over and decided at once to buy, costing me with two acres of ground the sum of six hundred dollars. And again, I had to have a house built so I had a talk with my old friend Ed Ellenor, contractor, and we drove down to McCrackens Landing, Rice lake, got a boat and rowed over to Burrells saw mill and bought all the lumber, joist, rafters, scantling, sheeting, siding, choice pine and drys loaded on scow and delivered at Landing for the sum of \$5.00 per thousand. A number of my customers told me to make a bee and we will all come; so I did and had it all laid down on the site and still only cost five dollars per. Needless to say, my good wife with a number of her lady friends set up a real banquet to the boys; all the way from soup to nuts. Had a jolly evening and everybody went home happy.

The contractor agreed with me to furnish the hardware and build the house for two hundred dollars complete and hand me the key: centre hall plan, parlour on one side, living room on the other, large kitchen at the back, three bedrooms and sewing room up stairs. He and his help were on the job both early and late and spent to time rolling cigarettes. Pay ran all the way from fifty cents to a dollar per day. After the house was completed, we moved our furniture, got it all settled and then moved our stock; did all our moving at night. Then I had a large warehouse built at the rear end of store and as time went on and business increasing I kept adding till I had a real general store: dry goods, boots and shoes, crockery, granite ware, tin ware, ready made clothing, in fact everything.

Wheeling and Dealing

At this time I decided to give up the mail carrying, so sold out to my predecessor all but one span of mules. Having no further use for them, I hitched them up one day, started off determined to trade them off before I arrived home. Towards evening I drove into Bob Hicks farm yard and told him I heard he was going to draw milk to the cheese factory; that being so I have the very thing you want, this span of mules. He said "Put them in the stable, come in and have supper and we will talk trade after we eat." Later, we went to the barn and he offered me a bay horse about twelve hundred lbs. for the span of mules and ten dollars. Offer was accepted pronto. Arriving home, I had something then I didn't want, but knowing that Pat Cooney had a beautiful driving mare, I threw the saddle on the big bay and rode out to his farm near Burnley. Arriving there just as he was hitching up to go out to the field, I noticed he had this driver along with a big bay. I said "Pat, hold on a minute. I have a real mate for your big horse. Give me ten dollars and your driver and I will call it a deal." After a little talk, he accepted the offer and I rode off on a beautiful chestnut mare with silver mane and tail. After grooming and stabling her for a couple of weeks, I hitched her up to a brand new top buggy and new harness, took my wife for a little drive. We were both so delighted with her in every way we decided not to sell, no matter what we were offered.

Later on, George Graham of Peterboro, a horseman of some repute, heard about this mare, so he and an American drove all the way down to buy her. When they came in the store and stated why they had come, I said "I have the mare, but she is not for sale." However, they wanted to see her hitched up which I did, drove her out about half a mile, turned and let her out coming back. They both were standing in the road watching and when I pulled up, they offered me \$125.00. Horses at that time were very cheap. However, they raised the price to \$200, but I told them she wasn't for sale and they didn't have enough money on them to buy her. Needless to say, they went away badly disappointed, and the sad part to relate is that in less than two months after, my beautiful pacing mare, with top buggy, harness and a lot of other stuff, were consumed by fire. The old stable that we used was of no value and had no insurance on it as I had just about completed a new

driving barn and stable combined and in another day or two would have been moved into it and the old one torn down. How the fire started we never found out; it was a lovely moon light night and after closing up the store at eleven o'clock, I walked out to the stable. Everything peaceful and quiet and about two a.m. our big Newfoundland dog run around to the front of the house, jumped against the front door and started to howl. We were all up and out in a minute but nothing could be done as there wasent an inch that wasent a blazing sheet of fire. The whole village turned out and we managed to save all the rest of the buildings. Had there been a wind everything would have gone. With men on the buildings and every woman and child carrying water, we saved house and store. Had it not been for old rover, all would have gone up in smoke and possibly our lives. Our loss of the beautiful mare caused many sad hearts and tearful eyes. We had a grave dug in our back lot and buried her there.

Some few weeks later, we had the pleasure of a visit from Vancouver of Frank Robinson and his wife, who were cousins of my wife. After a short stay, he decided he would like to go into business with me as he had sold out his interest in store in Vancouver. So we entered into partnership, but in little over a year he discovered he wasn't cut out for a country merchant. He was smart as a steel trap doing up parcels, but he was a back number when it came to taking in trade and dealing with the farmers wives, as there city business was to a great extent done over the telephone. So to keep everybody in good humour, I bought back his interest and he moved back to Vancouver.

Just at this time, my brother Jim quit farming and moved to the village and I gave him an interest in the business and we decided to equip a real up to the minute peddling wagon. On the road, and my brother being a real favorite, well known and well liked by everybody, his sales kept increasing from week to week. His route took in the out laying district, so it was just that much extra business in one week. When the hens were laying there best, we took in at store and wagon as many eggs as a team with truck could draw out of the yard. At that time, eggs were nine cents a dozen, trade butter twelve cents a lb., chickens thirty-five cents a pair, ten lb. goose forty cents, turkeys 8 to 10 cents per lb., dressed hogs five cents lb., choice beef five cents lb., three lb. best steak twenty five cents. We used to cure and pack all our own pork and sugar cure the hams and glad to get 2½ cents lb. for the spare ribs.

And by the way, just to liven things up a bit, our first baby arrived, a boy whom we named Harold Alexander Elliott, Dr. Lapp and Mrs. Jackson in attendance, both Mother and baby fine. Total cost of medical attention through pregnancy and birth, ten dollars. Date of Birth: September 2nd 1889.

In the spring and fall, travelers for dry goods, boots and shoes, used to drive in from Hastings carrying from six to twelve trunks of samples. At that time we got six months credit with no tax or strings attached of any kind. One day, a patent medicine traveler pulled up to the store from Montreal and while buying what I needed, I was taking particular attention to his span of Chestnuts, whom I seen were in very poor condition. He admitted to me he didn't know very much about horses. There condition was something terrible, shoulders all galded and in some places raw. I told him the best thing to do was put them

into the stable next door where travelers all stopped and let them rest for a few days. Meantime, I did all I could to fix them up. In the evening, he came down with me to the barn and when he seen a span of black horses I had, he wanted to know if I would trade. I told him I could better after I hitched his team up to my top buggy and drove them down the road. I was delighted with their performance and offered him an even deal and that(?) he got a phone call to put team on boat at Cobourg and come home. I took quite a chance trading with him. However, I never heard a word from them. I kept them in the stable for two weeks, carefully tending them and when I drove them out you never know they were the same team. They were the best matched and best broken team I ever pulled a line over. Have driven from Roseneath to Cobourg, a distance of twenty miles, in one hour and twenty and unharnessed and in the British Hotel Stables; and all the time business kept increasing.

I then opened up a branch store at Centerton with my sister in law, mother and father in charge and in the meantime, another baby girl arrived whom we called Hazel Elizabeth, born April 2, 1894. Some three years later our next arrival was a baby girl whom we called Edna Minnie Louise, born June 28, 1897, same Doctor, same lady in attendance and same price. All these years I had been putting in from 16 to 18 hours every day, opening up at six o'clock in the morning and closing at 11:30 at night. Our early opening was to catch the milk drivers going to the cheese factories, who always had some order from the farmers' wives, and I being the only store open, got the business.

A trip to the west

Then it was that the long hours and steady grind began to tell on me. And our doctor advised me to take a month's holidays. I decided then to take a trip to the west, went through to Calgary, then south to Nanton, a place just surveyed out for a town. By previous arrangement, I met a man there by the name of Lund. He and I put in two weeks together riding horseback up in the foothills and trout streams where the speckled beauties were plentiful. About thirty miles west, we were following up a trout stream which ran up through a beautiful valley where farther up we discovered a real ranch home. It was then after nine o'clock, so we decided to call and as soon as they found out we were from Ontario, what a welcome we received. Two brothers, one a bachelor, the other married, came there some years before from Ontario, north of Bowmanville. They were lovely people and their lovely home was equipped with every thing you could think of, even an upright piano, beautiful silver ware, quality dishes, and they had a library would do credit to any home. We talked till long past midnight and were then loath to retire. The lady told me they had league meetings every two weeks and they came a distance of thirty five miles - think nothing of it. After a good night's rest and a real breakfast of porridge, bacon, toast and trout, we bade our good friends good-bye and started on our homeward journey, stopping at another rancher's for supper about five o'clock and arriving

home at 10 o'clock, still daylight. Our lady where we stayed cooked us a real trout dinner the next day.

One little experience I had while there I will never forget. In going east to look at some land, the trail led right through what they called Willow Creek, but at this particular time it was a roaring river at least 250 yards wide and muddy. Lund was riding what they called a bronco and I had a Cayuse pony. We stopped for consultation on the bank and said "I wouldn't cross over that for all the land on the other side." He said "Just watch me, pull your feet out of the stirrups, get up on your knees on the saddle so you won't get wet." And in he went. I thought I was pretty good at handling a horse, but I could not do a thing with this one, so when I finally got him turned around, he started to back in bound to follow the other horse. So I gave in and said "Me boy if you are (?) go in the right way head first." By this time, Lund was out a long way. Never will I forget my feelings or the thoughts that went through my head. Any hair that was on my head was standing straight up or at least I thought so. How I wished I was home with wife and kiddies. However, we landed on the other shore and after looking over the vast country we both picked out a section (640 acres) and started back for home. How thankful I was to the Almighty for safe deliverance and still more when I heard that a man and his horse both drowned the day before: got swept down between the high banks and could not get out. Getting back to our stopping place, I said good bye to our kind friends at Nanton, went up to Calgary made my first payment and started for home. Arriving there, I found all was well and business going on as usual. Just one year and three months after I bought, I sold and made a profit of three thousand dollars net. However, I wouldn't go through the same experience again and take the chances for all the land across the river.

Again we have another addition to our family, a baby girl whom we named Mildred Evelyn Elliott; same doctor, same lady and same price, on July 3, 1904.

A horse trade

In the winter time, I used to buy from the farmers enough wood to last for the year, body maple cut in stove length for \$2.50 per cord of 8 feet long, four feet high and four feet wide. At this time, John Collins of Hastings was buying horses and shipping them to England. I sold him a well bred beautiful driving mare and he sold her and made more money on her than any other horse he shipped. This sure gave me a good stand in with old John, so much so that in the fall and winter of that year I bought and sold thirty head of horses. At that time horses were very cheap. One instance I well remember: A customer of mine had a big bay horse about twelve hundred lbs. who had driven down to Hastings to sell, but Collins wouldn't even make him an offer. The next evening he was at the store and when he got through buying, I carried out his baskets to the sleigh and he said "R.A., don't you want to buy a horse?" I said, "What have you got?" and he said "that big bay. He is only nine years old and sound in wind and limb." I said "What are you asking John?" By the way, his name was John Robins. He said "\$40.00." "All right, sold." "When do you want him?" I said, "Tonight and you must put a new leather halter on him." He did. I would never buy a horse with a rope halter or even a rope shank. He drove home and came back with the bay, got his

cheque and went home tickled that he had one less horse to feed. That night after closing the store, I spent 2½ hours on him and when I got through getting the burdocks out of his main, tail, fetlocks, you wouldn't know he was the same horse. Monday, Collins called me up and wanted to know if I had anything for him. I said "Sure." And he came right up and the horse he wouldn't look at to buy on Friday I sold to him for \$68 on Monday and he never knew it was the same horse. I made \$28 by doing a little work and feeding him over Sunday and got a lot of fun doing it.

At this time my opposition, Billy Harstone, sold out to Charles Brown and he moved to Peterboro. I was very sorry to see him go. We were very friendly with one another. As time rolled on, business kept increasing as no matter what a farmer or his wife brought to the store to trade, I never refused. For instance, one day a man drove up in front of the store with a big hay rack full of stone boats. I never had anything like that offered before, but I knew all this farmers used them. He stated his price, \$1.75 each, half cash and half trade. I said "All right, I will take half your load." When we got them unloaded, I wanted to know what he was going to do with the balance and he said "Sell them to the store up street." In that case, I decided at once I might as well buy them all and have no opposition in the price, and inside of two weeks, they were all sold. My brother Jim, who was with me at the time, was responsible for most of the sales.

All our family sang; my brother John and William were leaders of Church choirs for years. At the age of ten years, I used to lead the singing at the old M.E. Church and Sunday School and sang in choirs later on for fifty years. No matter how busy, I always took time for practice. Our choir at Roseneath was hard to beat, being composed of the Turner family, Roberts Family, and Elliott Family. We were in great demand at concerts, church socials, often going to outlaying points to put on a concert or play.

Switching with Mulholland

An old friend of the family, John T. Mulholland, drove to Roseneath one day to hire a man. Help at the time was hard to get on the farm or in the house. He had to wait till evening to see his man, so I told him to put his horse in the stable and have dinner with us. After sitting in the office watching the clerks waiting on customers, he said to me, "R.A., this is the business I always wanted to have, but my father was bound to have me stay on the farm." Later on in the afternoon he said to me, "How would you trade your stock for my farm of 240 acres with 2 beautiful solid brick homes and barns and outbuildings?" I asked him how old he was and he said "fifty-four." I told him I thought he would be very foolish at his age, but he didn't think so: It all looked so easy. "Well," I said "John, you go home sleep over it, talk it over with your wife and if you are still of the same opinion drive over to the Centerton store and phone." This he did before nine o'clock the next morning, saying the offer was accepted and he would drive out and have an agreement drawn up. Being busy when he arrived, I took him into the office and gave him paper and pen and when you have it all ready, let me know. In the course of

an hour he called me in to read it over. I said, "John everything is o.k. with me except one clause and that is where you have me bound to pay you two thousand dollars should I fall down on the deal, but nothing in case you fall down." He seen the unfairness of it and at once corrected it. Then we both signed and had them witnessed. He left for home smiling and happy, to get out his sale bills for all his stock and implements [the sale was advertised 31 March 1905]. It was now coming on the first of April, and my brother says to me, "How are you going to run a farm without any stock, implements, feed or seed grain?" Roads were then starting to break up, but I hitched up my drivers and got to the farm just as he was going to the barn to hitch up to go to Cobourg to get his sale bills out. I said, "John, wait, I think I can save you a lot of time and expense." So we went in the house. He had his list all made out and I went over it all. He said "Give me seventeen hundred dollars and I will leave everything on the place including all kitchen furniture, milk pails and milk cans." I offered him fifteen hundred and after some little parleying, we split the difference, sixteen hundred cash, and all he took was the furniture in the front part of the house, a little driver, top buggy and harness.

Roseneath and Centreton

My brother Jim had to move right out to take care of stock and place till we got moved. As agreed, I stayed with John for two weeks till he got partly established, and then, as I thought, said goodbye to Roseneath. But I was called back three or four times inside a couple of months to come out and help him out of tangles. Finally, the climax came when his wife called me up and begged me to come and do something or I would be coming to his funeral. Arriving at the store, I went in. He was pacing up and down the living room floor and his wife was nearly frantic. She said, "Do something or he will have me bad as himself." I said, "What do you want me to do?" She said "Buy the business back." "Well," I said, "My dear woman, I haven't got the money." "However," I said, "What is rock bottom price for spot cash?" They told me and I drove down to Hastings, saw the manager of the Union Bank whom I had done business with for years, stated my case and what I knew I could do and before I left I had a bank draft for the full amount and he had my note dated three months. Arriving back, I handed him his draft and he stepped right out and I stepped right in again. Meantime, Fred Dawe, who had clerked with me for years and his brother George, a school teacher, had gone out west to Regina. The father came in to see me and wanted to know if I intended to sell. I said "Sure." "Well," he said, "Send a telegram to the boys. I want them back." I did and got wire back, leaving on the first train, and in less than ten days I had the business sold again. I went then down with the boys and introduced them to Mr. Bailey. They made a deposit of four thousand to apply on note and gave their note with me as endorser for the balance. Needless to say, they made good as I was never again called on to help them out.

I still had the store at Centreton with my sister-in-law, Miss Libby McCutcheon in charge, also her father and mother. The farm was only a few miles from the store, so I was in close touch with both. Brother Jim was still carrying on the work on farm. We had come now to the time of cutting the grain, when Mrs. Mulholland and her brother-in-law asked me if I would sell

the farm back to John, as that was the only thing would save his life. They urged me so strongly to do it that I finally consented, much against my brother Jim's good judgement, who said, "You will never get any thanks in the end." "Oh well," I said, "If it will be the means of saving his life let him have it." So [September 1905], I sold the crop, stock and farm for \$16,000 dollars. All I had now to look after was the store, as my brother and Libby, knowing each other all their life, fell in love and decided to get married and he bought a farm a few miles from Baltimore, her father and mother going with them.

Cobourg and Peterborough

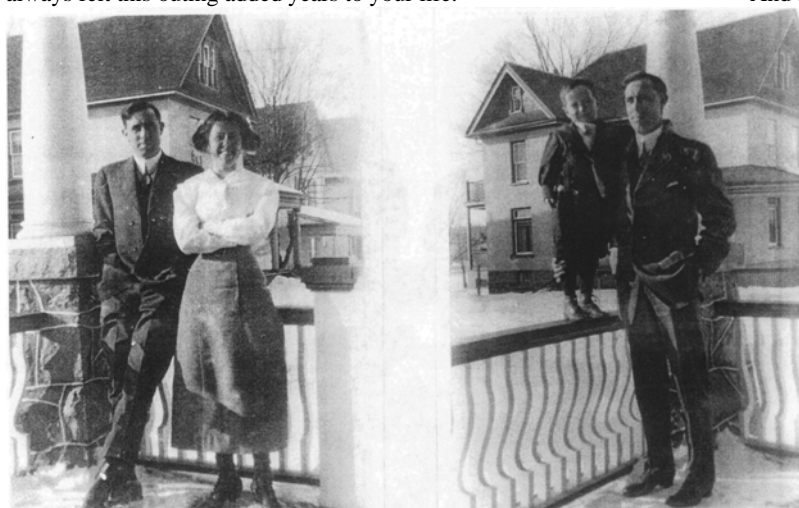
My wife was satisfied to leave the farm life. Having business in Cobourg one day, I met Jimmy Clark who had the old Haragraft property for sale. He showed it to me and offered it for three thousand cash. I closed the deal at once and moved to Cobourg [139 Queen Street at Green]. Some weeks after, I sold the Centerton stock to James Drinkwater, so was now a free man again.

Walking down street one day, I met my old friend Billy Harstone and he invited me to come up to Peterboro and stay with him a few days. He thought there was a good opening there for real estate and insurance, so I went. Result: we rented an office on Water Street just below Hunter and I procured room and board from with Mrs. T. Anderson, just a couple of blocks from the office, going down to Cobourg week ends. On 30 June 1907 a baby boy arrived whom we named Stewart McCutcheon Elliott. Business in our new venture was very good, my partner doing the office work which he liked and I doing the outside work which just suited me, as meeting the people and drumming up deals and making sales were just in my line, and in particular, I closed up enough deals to net us \$800.00 dollars in commission. But I might also say that only happened once. I was very anxious that some one would come in the office who had a property in Peterboro to trade for outside property. I hadn't long to wait as a Mr. McAllister came in enquiring if we could sell his property in East City, known as the old Burnham Estate, which he had already subdivided and according to plans all laid out in streets: Engleburn Ave. running in from Burnham St. I told him I had a home in Cobourg, beautifully situated over looking the lake front, and if we could agree, might make a deal with him. We went down to Cobourg, showing him through the house, and on the way home on the train we lined up a deal, went to the office, drew up an agreement, turned in my house and sixteen hundred cash for his house and lots according to survey and blue prints.

We arranged to move at once and McAllister went out to B.C. It sure felt good to be all together again. Clara having now passed her matric, went to the Sick Childrens Hospital, Toronto to train for a nurse. Having a very sweet disposition and capable, she soon became a general favorite with both Doctors and nurses and in time graduated with honours and diplomas in the year 1910. And in the meantime, as well as attending to business at the office, I built a number of houses on Engleburn Ave. and Bolivar Street, sold a number of lots and after selling the big home

to Judge Huycke, I built one on the Avenue, modern in every detail for ourselves. I rented one of the houses on the avenue to Stan Couper, then a traveler for Greenshields Dry Goods, Montreal. The year that Hazel got her matric, she decided to train for a nurse at the Sick Childrens Hospital. In connection with our regular business, we had the Sandstone Brick Company, The Peterboro Lubricators Company (of which we were stockholders) to look after, but later on, owing to conditions, we sold out our interest in both companies and devoted our time and attention to real estate and insurance.

Might just say here with all our work, I took time off for a few hours trout fishing and our annual fall hunt for two weeks for deer, 80 miles north of Parry Sound, where I was Secretary Treasurer of the Rock Lake Hunt Club for twenty eight years. I always felt this outing added years to your life.



Members of the Elliott family on the front porch at 3 Engleburn Place, Peterborough, Ontario

A general store at Stirling

In the year 1911, everything came pretty (well to) a stand still. It required a high pressure sales man to sell anything, so in conversation with my partner one day, I said "If a good opportunity presents itself I will go back into the general store keeping again." And a few weeks after, Stan Couper came in the office to pay his rent and said, "R.A., if you want to get back into the old game, I know the best buy and opening in this country, down in Stirling." I said, "Send your man up here to look over some property I have and we might make a deal." He arrived the next morning and after showing him some lots I had west of the Monaghan Road, I invited him to have dinner, and after partaking of a good sirloin steak and pumpkin pie, I showed him through the house, which I valued at ten thousand, on condition he would let me remain at a rental of \$100.00 per month, as I did not want to take children from high school and collegiate till the term was over. This he readily consented to agree to. The next day I went down to Stirling and in fifteen minutes after I went over his stock sheets, we closed the deal and he stepped out and I took possession. The clerks were all amazed, but seemed well satisfied when I shook hands with

them all and told them to carry on same as usual. It seemed to please them very much, as the former owner had come to the point where his nerves had bothered him and he got very cranky.

I then looked around for a house and bought one on the main street and moved to Stirling the following year. The store took in the whole block, with three entrances off the main street. I then rented a summer cottage on the Trent river from Mr. Rosebush, and I let the contract to Howsons in Tweed to remodel our home in the most up to date and modern way possible. Nothing was lacking. When completed, I brought my wife in to see it and she was delighted; all happy to get settled in our new home again.

And now I threw all the energy and pep I had into the general store business. I loved meeting the public and trading with them. I remodeled the whole interior of the store into different departments, General dry goods, Hosiery Dept, Grocery Dept, Gents furnishing Dept, Ladies ready to wear Dept, Boot and Shoe Dept., China, Crockery and Glassware Dept., Carpet, Rugs, Wall Paper and Linoleum Dept., and then a lovely little rest room with some easy chairs and a couple of wicker cradles fixed up cozy with mattress pillow and lining. This was something new and highly appreciated, especially by the mothers who could tuck there baby away while they did there treading (trading) knowing their offspring was all ok. That, along with several other things, such as an illuminated sign which flashed off and on name and could be seen for miles. Then I put out sign boards

five miles out on all the traveled roads showing how many to and how many miles from Elliots Stirling. All these little things, together with courtesy fair and honest dealing, our business grew from twenty thousand a year to close to ninety thousand.

Family changes

In 1914 war was declared and our oldest boy Harold enlisted which cast a sad gloom over our happy home life. Mildred, our Youngest Daughter, is now going to Normal School Peterboro to train for a School Teacher and when she got through instead of teaching school she got married [9 October 1924] to George W. Green, eldest son of the G.W. Green Foundry Company. After their honeymoon trip to the falls, Rochester, and Adirondack mountains, they returned home. After arriving over seas Harold was soon on the firing line being in the battle of Vimy Ridge and others. How anxious we were till we got word that he was in a hospital in England recovering from fever and trench feet, later on being invalided home. Several years later, [15 November 1919] married Miss Clara Heath, the only daughter of C.U. Heath and Mrs. Heath.

Edna meantime stayed home and helped her mother with the house work; finally she met and later married [10 October 1917] Wilmot Bailey, the eldest son of Mr. & Mrs.

James Bailey who bought a farm on the Second Concession Sidney five miles from Belleville where they still reside with one daughter (Jewell), the father proving himself a very successful farmer.

Clara, who followed her nursing profession for years, met the man in Pasadena California, whose wife she nursed when they were living in Rosedale Toronto. Apparently he had not forgotten the capable and kind attention given his wife and later on he proposed marriage; was accepted and they made their home in the beautiful City of Pasadena. [They were married 2 November 1918.]

Clara, was now Mrs. D.B. Bowerman, and I disposed of my General Store business in Stirling, I became the owner of the Allegra Mansion in Toronto and later on sold it to a man by the name of French from Denver, Colorado, taking in exchange 2,400 acres of land and \$15,000 cash.

Trip to California

Then my wife and I decided we were entitled to a trip, so we left for Pasadena and spent the winter there with Clara and her husband. Had a wonderful time, out motoring and sight seeing every day; weather was ideal all the time we were there. One evening we went to a Church Concert and on arriving home, we got a real surprise as burglars had opened a casement window and they sure made a mess of the whole place. Even the mattress on beds turned over, pillow slips taken off, pockets of suits and dresses turned inside out, hunting for money and jewellery. I had a pair of gold cuff links that were given to me with a Masonic emblem on them. They placed a chair in the middle of the bedroom and left the cuff links in the center of chair. Altogether they got away with \$800. of jewellery and money.

Dave and Clara were wonderful hosts and believe me, we were loath to leave, but it was coming to the time when we had to say good-bye and start for home by way of Seattle, where we took the boat for Victoria and Vancouver, where we stayed with some friends for a few days. Leaving there, we went by boat to Prince Rupert, inland trip, the only place you are out in the Ocean is at Queen Charlotte Sound and then only for a few hours. A very scenic trip, towering Mountains on both sides of you thousands of feet high. We spent one night in Prince Rupert; they have at that time a great fishing business. Shipped out three refrigerator cars on train we left on. We are on the home stretch now stopping at Edmonton, Calgary, Saskatoon, Regina, Winnipeg, Port Arthur and Toronto and then on to Stirling where all were glad to see us home safe and sound.

Big life changes

After staying at home for a week, I had to go to Toronto on a business deal, and in walking up Yonge Street I met Mrs. Frank Zwick, whose father had a Brick Store in Stirling and had passed away leaving the store to his daughter. In talking with her I said, "Do you want to sell?" and she said "Yes, we would." So I made her an offer; Spot Cash and it was accepted. Arriving home, I started to remodel the whole interior, intending to open up a restaurant and Ice Cream parlour. We decorated and equipped it in the most modern way. There never was anything like it in the town before, and when the Saturday evening arrived the day advertised for our opening and we pressed the button and the flood lights went on, Sidewalk and street was crowded

with people to such an extent the police had to take charge. What a crowd and what a night; business again was flourishing and it was only a short time till a Mr. Thomas Cranston came and wanted to know if I would sell. I said "Sure, if I get my price." So I told him what it was, Cash, and before you could bat an eye, he said "I will take it." And later on he Sold to Joe Whitehead who is still there and doing a good business.

Being through now with all business connections in Stirling, and family all married and doing (well) for themselves, we decided to move to Peterboro as Mildred was expecting a baby and she was anxious to have her mother with her. The following winter, my dear wife contracted a severe cold and despite all that medical knowledge and skill could do she passed away to the great beyond 30 December 1928; the Rev. Mr. Archer, our former pastor at Stirling officiating. I decided then to give up housekeeping, gave the girls whatever they wanted, and sold the rest.

I then went to Toronto, having a Large Apartment there of forty one suites. I gave my whole attention to it. That, along with some Real estate I had, kept me pretty busy. Everything going along Lovely till the Slump came, and I, like thousands more, was caught when the depression came and Lost all. Very often I went down to an office on the second floor of the Bank of Hamilton Building on Yonge Street where there was four men whom I knew well. At one time they were rated worth from \$150,000 to \$250,000 thousand dollars and lost every dollar. Not one of them could write his cheque out for one hundred and have it honored at any bank.

In my own case, I lost over Seventy five thousand Dollars, but saved a little on the side to tide me over the Crash. Some men took their loss so bad they Committed Suicide. (But not me.) One of the saddest things I had to do is burn a will drawn up by Mr. Morden Bird, whereby I was giving each one of our children \$10,000 dollars each. However, they are all very Comfortably Situated and in homes of their own.

The big insurance company who acquired the Colonial Mansion Apartment on College Street wanted me to stay on and manage the building for them. I said "Sorry, but I have decided to go to California to visit my daughter for the winter. When I come back, may consider it."

Arriving home in April, they got in touch with me again. The agent in Toronto had let the place run down badly; only about a dozen tenants in the apartment all winter. After considerable persuasion on there part, I decided to take over on conditions that was to have a free hand and full Control in every way and made them draw up agreement to that effect. I had to make some drastic changes. First thing was to get a first class janitors and his wife who proved very capable, and in less than six months I had every suite full and a waiting list. I had a fellow drop in to see me one day who had a big apartment and half empty. He said to me "How do you do it?" "Well," I said "To start off with, all my Life I made my work a pleasure, meet people with a Smile and then use them the way you

would like to be used yourself and if you promise a tenant anything in the way of a little repair do it at once, don't wait a week or a month and then forget all about it." I used to take a lot of fun keeping people in good humour. I have often had a tenant come into the office with a chip on their shoulder, but before they went away I had them laughing and in good humour again.

Remarriage

Strange as it all may seem, after remaining a widower for seven years I met one day on the street a maiden lady whom I got acquainted with at a friend's house in Peterboro over forty years previous. We renewed our old acquaintance again and started to correspond with one another, her name being Miss Catherine J. Boothe, who was then living in Galt, taking care of and nursing her brother who had previously built a beautiful home on Coronation Blvd. His illness lasted for some time. When he passed away he made his sister his sole beneficiary with the exception of a few thousand dollars. Meantime, we frequently met, and our acquaintance of years before ripened into real love and affection and on June 30, 1937 we were married by the Rev. G.A. Lechlitter, Baptist Minister, College St. Toronto.

Leaving that same evening for an extended (holiday) through the great lakes and the far west, spending some time in Regina with friends and then on farther west to visit my only living sister. Returning home, we went to Ferndale to the Keswick Conference, beautiful spot and lovely surroundings. Spent a couple of weeks there, arriving home after a very lovely and pleasant trip. Alf, our handy man and chauffeur who we left in charge had every thing in A1 shape and glad to see us back again.

California revisited

Later, as the winter months were drawing nearer, we decided to take a trip to California and spend the winter with our daughter Clara, Mrs. D.B. Bowerman of Los Angeles. So on January 24 we said good by to Galt and left on 2:10 train for Toronto. Arriving there, we went out to see Mac and Hazel; spent the night with them and left the City on the 9:45 train. Quite a number of friends were down to the Station to see us off, all wishing us God Speed and Safe Journey. Soon as we got settled in our apt on (the) train and the Customs and immigration officers came through, we retired to see if we could get a little rest and sleep arriving in Chicago at 7:45 am. After we had breakfast we went through the famous Marshall Field Store. We were escorted around by one of the lady entertainers and shown every courtesy, especially so when she knew we were Canadians.

Being a cold blustery day, we went to a show, then had a real dinner of sizzling steak and onions and everything from ice cream to nuts. Arriving at the station, the porter told us our drawing room would be ready at ten o'clock and we could go on board but the train would not leave till 11:30. After a good night rest we woke up in the state of Kansas and arrived at Kansas City at 11:00 am, had dinner there, then on to Albuquerque and later to Williams [Arizona] where our coach was left off to take the trip back to the Grand Canyon.

Arriving there, we were met by the buses to Convey which had a very unique Hotel made of logs; all barked, stained and

oiled; beautiful spot, marvelous dining room and the meals appetizing and delicious. We then took a three hour drive around the Canyon. The view and scenery were beyond description. Back to hotel we had dinner then a five hour drive on the opposite side of Canyon. The wonder and majesty of this place is awe inspiring and beyond man to describe. It is 217 miles long and an average of 10 miles wide and one mile deep. The colorings of the canyon are too deep for ordinary man to attempt to tell.

In the evening we took in a Show put on by the Hopi Indians; lots of fun and lots of laughs. Getting back to our car, the porter had everything in apple pie order and away we went on the last lap of our Journey, arriving Los Angeles at 12:30 pm Jan 30. Clara was waiting at Station with open arms and a bouquet of flowers for the bride and a rose for Dad. Her new Dodge car soon landed us at 3023 Dalton Ave. After a nice rest and sumptuous dinner, we all went to Church to hear the famous Bob Shueler grand orchestra and choir. Standing room was at a premium.

We were still on the move, sight seeing. We motored down to Long Beach, then over the rainbow pier up through Beverly Hills; beautiful homes. Next day we motored to Pasadena, the City of Roses and millionaires. A very beautiful city and at night we went to see and hear Aimee Semple Macpherson. The temple was packed to the doors and lobby full. I went up to one of the lady ushers and said our party of five had come all the way from Canada. She said, "Wait a minute," and when she came back with another higher up, we were escorted up to the first row in the balcony where one row was roped off. I was put wise to this in talking to a man before we left. Just say you are from Canada. Over six thousand people there and hundreds turned away. There was a choir of over 200 and an orchestra of over 50 pieces. She is a wonderful woman and a very impressive speaker; seems to have no trouble in getting just what she wants, especially money. Her mansion, in connection with the temple, is a dream of beauty and elegance unsurpassed.

This is truly a wonderful country. The task of engineering and building all the paved roads up the mountains around sharp curves down through canyons where to look down give you a feeling that kind of makes you feel you wished you had stayed home; as if the least thing went wrong you would not have time to shake hands with yourself. From the top of some of the mountains you get a wonderful view of the old Pacific Ocean. Returning home we came through Hermosa, Redondo, San Pedro.

The next day we went to Elmontt to see the Gay Lion farm where they have three hundred African Lions of all ages; very fierce looking brutes. One dozen of them were trained to do just whatever they were told. They all had names and when the trainer, a young fellow by the name of Arthur West called their name, they came right into the wire enclosure where he was. One old fellow name was Satan, and he looked the part. The snarl on his face would give you the Creeps, but the whole dozen of them had to do just what they were told. One fellow walked fifty feet on a 2 x 4 scantling and then turned around and walked back,

but I noticed the trainer gave him a little treat at each end. All he carried in his hand was a heavy raw hide whip, but noticed he had a heavy Colt revolver. Personally, I would much prefer to have about a dozen of my old hunting pals with high powered rifles around me.

We now motored to Santa Barbara, taking the ocean highway which takes us through Ventura, the oldest Spanish Mission in California, dating back hundreds of years. Then on we went through Summerland, where you see oil pumps out hundreds of feet in the ocean from the shore pumping up oil; hard to believe, nevertheless true. After a steady day's driving we were entering the fashionable suburbs of Santa Barbara. After procuring our sleeping quarters for the night, we drove around the city taking in all the beautiful sights, among them the beautiful Samakand Hotel owned and operated by a Mrs. Spreckels of San Francisco. The spacious grounds are a marvel of scenic beauty and grandeur; how could any one surveying such a sight exclaim there is no God, for truly his handy work is in evidence on every side.

Starting for home, we took the inland route, continually coming to new scenes of beauty. Climbing the mountains till you could look down thousands of feet and up the same, descending down into the beautiful fertile valleys dotted with orange groves, date, apricot, figs, and walnuts. On the way up through the Santa Susane pass, many hair pins have to be taken before you descend down to the level again, where we now were entering the famous City of Hollywood. In all our driving we never had to stop only for gas. After having made reservations ahead we went to see the Forest Lawn Cemetery and Mausoleum, a beautiful sight comprising 365 acres and over looking the lovely city of Glendale. We motored through the spacious and beautiful grounds and upon one of the highest points, an immense monument is erected in memory of Mr. Doheney's son.

The Mausoleum is beyond description; the picture of the last supper takes in the whole end of one large room where the ministers of all protestant Churches meet once a year to partake of communion in memory of our Saviour death. It took seven years to reproduce this great picture in stained glass by a young artist named Rosa Morette. She was many time discouraged in her work at the glass broke seven times when she was forming the face of Judas.

Returning to Canada

After sightseeing a few more days we have decided it was time to think of leaving on our return journey. Dr. Yacoubi, by the way, had added greatly to our entertainment and pleasure while with us on many of our motor trips. We decided to motor to Vancouver, a distance of seventeen hundred miles. In all our driving we never had a puncture. Clara did all the driving and we were all frank in saying none better could be found.

Leaving San Francisco by the way of the Golden Gate Bridge, we took the Redwood Highway; trees towering up hundreds of feet on either side many of them 10, 15 and 20 feet in diameter. The auto cabins along the highway were wonderful; steam heat, electric lighting, hot baths, every comfort. The chief business through this country is saw mills and lumbering. Climbing some of the mountains on the way we could see Mount Hood and Mount Shasta, 11,225 feet high. We

stayed over night at the Colonial Auto Court where we had a most delicious dinner of tee-bone steak and chicken: beautifully furnished cabins and all heated. In the morning we took a side trip of Seventy five miles up the famous Columbia Highway. The scenic beauty and grandeur could not be described: walls of granite rock straight up for 500 feet, some of the waterfalls; the Bridal wreath, the Horse tail, the Multanomah, cascading down over the rocks a distance of five and six hundred feet. These were sights long to be remembered.

We now retraced our way back to our highway leading to Vancouver. Motoring on, we arrived at Blaine where we crossed the line which divides U.S. from Canada. After passing through New Westminster, we found delightful accommodation at the Chateau Cabins and stayed there from Saturday till Monday evening. We then motored to the station, checked our trunk and suit cases to Galt, and we took the steamer to Prince Rupert. The Dr. and Clara saw us on the boat and we had to say goodbye; much as we hated to.

Vancouver has a wonderful harbour. Lying at anchor was the Empress of Russia, the Empress of Asia, and the Empress of Canada, some of them employing over six hundred people. We finally got under way and had a very pleasant trip for 500 miles all inland, except at Queen Charlotte Sound, where you are out in the ocean for about 2½ hours.

Our next on the way was Ocean Falls, a one man town of two thousand homes built on ledges of rock formation, one above the other, all painted white. Looked very lovely at night, all lit up with electric lights. Very large paper mill the only industry. They don't see the sun till ten o'clock and it disappears about three p.m. behind the mountains.

When we arrived at Prince Rupert it was pouring rain, so we stayed on the boat till our train pulled out. We got acquainted with some very fine people on the way. Prince Rupert is quite a fishing centre; the eve we were there, three refrigerator cars were leaving for New York and other points. The Japanese have a floating canning factory beyond the three mile limit where they can salmon and ship to Japan.

On the way home we stopped at Jasper to see some friends, also at McDonald Hotel Edmonton, also Moose Jaw where we had a real visit with my sister Maggie and husband.

Our next stop was the Fort Garry Hotel, Winnipeg, then on to Fort William, where we took the boat trip. Had a lovely state room and enjoyed the trip very much; delightful weather. Arriving home we found everything ok and our man in charge was glad to see us home again.

Big changes again

A very sad chapter begins now. My dear wife had occasion to go to Toronto and when coming out of her sisters home, in some way tripped and fell, breaking her left thigh and left wrist. How quick things can happen. Just ten hours after she left her own home in Galt, she was in a private ward in the private patients pavilion, General Hospital, Toronto. Imagine the shock it gave me. I at once

left an remained at her bedside from 9 am to 9 pm every day till she was able to leave by ambulance for home. I then procured a hospital bed and R.N. nurse, and in a few months time we had her up and around again. How delighted we all were.

Our home in Galt being too large for two people we decided to sell and move to Peterboro, staying with my daughter Mildred [at 559 Gilmour Street] till we procured a lot and built a real modern bungalow equipped with every modern convenience.

By the fall my dear wife received brought on another trouble. My daughter Clara then sold her home in Los Angeles and came home to nurse and take care of Dear Catherine. They were both very devoted to one another. In the eight months of her illness we never left her alone for a minute, but all that medical skill and nursing could do was of now avail and she passed away on the 10th day of July 1942. In our five years of married life there was more Joy and happiness and Love crowded into it than some people get in whole Life time.

APPENDIX

[Below, text from newspaper clippings included/enclosed within manuscript]

ROBERT ALEXANDER ELLIOTT – Oct. 30, 1859 to Nov. 26, 1945

FRIEND OF INDIANS – R.A. ELLIOTT, 87 DIES

Robert Alexander Elliott, 87, active in building and real estate in Peterborough for the last 30 years, died Monday at the home of his daughter, Mrs. John Macpherson, Hillcrest Ave., Willowdale.

Born in Baltimore, Ont., he was for some years proprietor of a general store at Roseneath and later at Stirling. A few years ago, he was honored by an Indian tribe, which made him a chief in recognition of the kindly manner in which he had treated the Indians who came to deal at his store in Roseneath. He was a member of Stirling Lodge, A.F. and A.M. and St. Andrew's United church, Peterborough.

Surviving are four daughters, Mrs. Macpherson, Willowdale; Mrs. D. Bowerman and Mrs. G.W. Green, both of Peterborough, and Mrs. W.J. Bailey, Belleville, and two sons, Harold, Stirling and Stewart Elliott, Toronto.

Robert A. Elliott

MERCHANT NAMED AS INDIAN CHIEF

Robert Alexander Elliott, 87, resident for the last 30 years of Peterborough, where he was formrly active in building and real estate, died Monday at the home of his daughter, Mrs. John Macpherson, 26 Hillcrest Ave., Willowdale. Mr. Elliott was spending the weekend in Toronto and vicinity and attended church services twice on Sunday. He was ill only a few hours.

Born at Baltimore, Ont., Mr. Elliott was for some years proprietor of a general store at Roseneath and later at Stirling. He had been retired 15 years. A few years ago he was honored by an Indian tribe which made him a chief in recognition of the kindly manner in which he had treated the Indians who came to his store at Roseneath to trade.

A keen hunter, Mr. Elliott was a member of Rocklake Hunting Club and until three years ago had never missed deer hunting over a period of 40 years. He was also an ardent fisherman and as recently as last May enjoyed a trout fishing trip. He was a member of Stirling Lodge, A.F. & A.M. and St. Andrew's United Church, Peterborough.

Surviving are three daughters, Mrs. Macpherson, Willowdale; Mrs. D. Bowerman and Mrs. G.W. Green, both of Peterborough, and Mrs. W.J. Bailey, Belleville, and two sons, Harold, Stirling, and Stewart Elliott, Toronto. Funeral services will be held in Peterborough today, with interment in Baltimore.

DIARY OF A. J. GRANT, 1913

This is part of a continuing series of extracts, prepared by Dennis Carter-Edwards, from the diary of A. J. Grant, Superintendent of the Trent Canal, 1908 to 1918. It provides interesting glimpses on the local scene and occasional references to the issues facing the waterways in the years after the opening of the Lift Lock in 1904 to the completion of the canal by about 1920. The year 1913 saw Grants continue with the endless round of renovations to their house, a summer holiday down in Port Stanley and the ongoing challenge of keeping a domestic to help Maude with the household management. Alex was engaged in supervising the work along the Trent River, part of the Ontario- Rice Lake construction of the canal. He was also kept busy working on the expansion of the system through the Severn River out to Georgian Bay. Young Alex had a bout with both measles and mumps and took in his first baseball game. Helen rates only a very few mentions in the diary, likely reflective of the limited role an Edwardian father of Grant's status would have in the early upbringing of a female toddler.

Photo: A. J. Grant and his wife Peterborough Museum and Archives 2000-012-001597-1 Balsillie Collection of Roy Studio Images

1 Jan 13 Peterboro
Mass at 9 am with Maude The Goodwills & Geo. Bennett
in for diner at one o'clock
Mrs. Jost, Maude & myself went to the New Year's dance
at the conservatory of Music
6 Jan 13 Peterboro

forenoon in office Afternoon, Maude, Alex, Helen &
myself went to see Rainey's African wild animals moving
pictures at the Theatre
15 Jan 13 Peterboro

office all day. Maude with 7 other ladies of the Peterboro Curling club left for Kingston today to be gone until Friday evg, to attend Kingston Bonspiel
Geo. Bennet & myself went to hear Lewis Waller in "A Marriage of Convenience". He was well supported by a good company
16 Jan 13 Peterboro
House all day, revising paper on Panama



Maude returned from Kingston at 5.30 pm with most of the lady curlers They had no ice at Kingston yesterday or today so came home.

Third Home Rule Bill passed the House of Commons tonight by a maj of 110 after a long & stormy debate
23 Jan 13 Peterboro

Maude & Mrs. Coste went to Miss Kingan's this evening & I was at Dr. Eastwood's for cards

His Lordship Bishop O'Connor died this evening at St. Joseph's Hospital in the 75th year of his age. [sic] R.I.P. He appeared in his usual health on [Sunday?] when he sang High mass & now he is gone to his eternal reward. Got have mercy on his soul.

28 Jan 13 Peterboro

Pennyfather & myself went to the funeral of his Lordship Bishop O'Connor at 9.30. Archbishop Sprat said mass & Bishop [Sallard?] preached. Archbishops McNeil & Gauthier, Bishops Fallen, Ryan, Ewar & McDonald were present & about 100 priests. The Church was full to the doors. The city council was present in a body. Internment at

St. Peter's Cemetery. About 2000 men in the funeral procession. & many carriages. R.I.P.

Office after dinner

31 Jan 13 Peterboro

office all day

Mrs. D.A. Coste left for home this morning after a visit of 2 weeks House placarded today for Measles. Alex is laid up with them & may be for two weeks yet. Mrs. Madill is nursing him. She came last night

6 Feb 13 Peterboro

office all day

Dinner at Oriental with Jack Murphy who came down from Toronto to see me about power at Campbellford to operate Bascule bridges & to light the Canal. He returned to Toronto at 4.20 pm as he had to be there tonight

After tea Maude & myself went to the Theatre to hear the Sheehan Opera Co. in the "Bohemian Girl"

9 Feb 13 Peterboro

Mass at 10.30 Afternoon at home

Alex has been sick two weeks with measles. He is now up & convalescent. Helen has been sick one week & is at the height of the fever

20 Feb 13 Peterboro

Office after dinner. Can. Club dinner after 6.30 pm.

Subject "The Yukon Territory" by Dr. Alfred Thompson M.P. Yukon. His subject matter was very good & illustrated afterwards by lantern slides.

14 Mar 13 Peterboro

office forenoon afternoon at home.

Maude & myself went to St. Patrick's day play in the Opera House.

16 Mar 13 Peterboro Palm Sunday

Mass at 10.30 Maude sick in bed all day. Dr. Eastwood in to see her at 10 pm. Says her liver all out of order.

29 Mar 13 Peterboro

office forenoon,

House after dinner Campbell & Best's man spent 2 hrs at stove this pm fixing grates of it.

McLachlan here from Ottawa re flood claims on Buckhorn & Rice Lakes

15 Apr 13 Peterboro

office all day. Bridge & Euchre at the Armouries in aid of "Daughters of the Empire. Maude & I attended.

17 Apr 13 Peterboro

office all day Sent off annual report for 1912, and also plans & spec for lock gates O.R.L. Div

Maude's birthday 37 yrs. May she live 37 more & be happy with her children

18 Apr 13 Peterboro

Home all day. Raked up lawn etc, hard job. Snow has been gone for 3 weeks & frost is now out of the ground.

23 Apr 13 Peterboro

Home all day Tore out hearth in drawing room, preparatory to building a new one & setting new grate.

30 Apr 13 Peterboro

office all day Maude went to "Messiah Oratorio" given by the Peterboro St. George Choral Society

10 May 13 Peterboro

Home all day

Laid Drawing room carpet & got furniture back in room after being upset since the 15 April

17 May 13 Peterboro

After dinner Alex & I went to see Baseball games

Peterboro vs St. Thomas. This was Sandy's first view of a professional match; & it was a good game.

19 May 13 Peterboro

office all day

letters from Dept to proceed with preparing plans & spec for letting Severn River work

Maude, Mrs Jury, Bennett & myself went to hear Annie Russell & Co in "She Stoops to Conquer"

22 May 13 Peterboro

office all day

Patterson & Holgate in to see me re Nassau dam

Kathleen [Coner?] left today

30 May 13 Peterboro

Home forenoon. Sandy in bed with the Mumps

Had Apple trees sprayed with sulphur & arsenal of lead for caterpillars

3 June 13 Peterboro

Ten years married. How time goes round. May Maude & myself see our silver Jubilee & Helen & Alex grown to womanhood & manhood before God calls us [home?]

Maude & Helen in Toronto since the 26th May

5 June 13 Peterboro

office all day

Dominion Radiator Co delivered Steam Boiler for heating house today

14 June 13 Peterboro

Home all day working in cellar. Archibald finished at noon putting in new furnace & filled it with water.

City turned off the water this forenoon to let us make a new pipe connection on water main.

23 June 13 Peterboro

Afternoon Maude, Helen, Alex & I all went to Barnum & Bailey's Circus which was good

26 June 13 Peterboro

office forenoon

Afternoon down the river with Maude & children at K of C's picnic to Jubilee Pt on the Str "Stoney Lake" Very warm & sultry & nothing to eat; Jones cab to & from boat at George St. wharf

23 Aug 13 Peterboro

office forenoon

Made up estimate of Point Severn Contract & sent it to Ottawa. Tenders for the work will be received on Monday next. Laid tiling of grate hearth in Library

4 Sep 13 Peterboro Kirkfield

Left for Kirkfield with [Hoher's?] car. Spence, Maude & Mrs. [Pers?] with me. At Kirkfield examined land of Sir Wm McKenzie alleged to be flooded & also land of McRae's on lot 24 Eldon

Dinner at the Kirkfield "Inn" a fine up to date city hotel

Returned via Fenelon Falls where we had Supper & inspected work on the new dam. Progress here is very slow.

Home at 11 pm

23 Sept 13 Peterboro

His Excellency Mgr P.F. [Stagui?] D.D. Papal Delegate to Canada arrived from Ottawa this evening per CPR at 7.30 and was met by nearly all the Catholic men of the City – who marched in procession . . . Alex was with his classmates & other boys leading the procession

2 Oct 13 Peterboro

Grant put up new electrolie's [sic] in dinning room & other side lights in drawing room here from 9 am with his helper

17 October 13 Peterboro

Eason at Bobcaygeon re additional land for canal right of way

Foley & Gleeson contractors for paving Hunter & George Sts of the city began this morning laying the top 2" of asphalt on the 6" thickness of concrete bottom on Hunter St. This is the first asphalt pavement ever laid in the city, - work in the contract was begun 2 or 3 weeks ago

9 Nov 13 Peterboro

Sent Collings London, bal of passage money for Maid, sailing 6 Dec next

29 Nov 13 Peterboro

At Armouries after supper for a few minutes at close of St. George's bazaar, [sic] which was not a great success. They will do well if expenses are met

12 Dec 13 Peterboro

office all day. At 8 pm attended the first meeting of the Water Conservation Ass of the Trent District held in the B. of M. rooms

16 Dec 13 Peterboro

Margaret Taylor, domestic from London, Eng. arrived today

17 Dec 13 Peterboro

Maude & I uptown after tea to see the new magnetite lamps on George & Charlotte streets which were turned on this evening at 8 o'clock by Mayor Bradburn

25 Dec 13 Peterboro

Mass at 10.30 John arrived at 7.30 am from Montreal to spend Xmas & the week end with us

We had dinner at 6 o'clock. Geo Bennett was in for dinner.

26 Dec 13 Peterboro

home all day

Helen had a Xmas tree this evening in her & Alex's room.

J.G. McLeod of the Canal staff was Santa Claus. Present were Mr. & Mrs. Popham & Guy, Mr. & Mrs. A. Stratton & Jack, Mr. & Mrs. McLeod & Nora. Mr. & Mrs. Pretty & Gurty, Harry & Audrey [Lacheur?]. The children had a good time.

31 Dec 13 Peterboro

Office all day. Maude & I saw the old year out in the sitting room, reading & chatting

Co-operative Farmers of Belmont Township

On December 22, 1913 a meeting was held at the Victoria School in Belmont Township “for the purpose of organising a Farmers Club”. The minutes record nothing more, but the annual report of the Farmers Institute contains a suggestion to form such a group. From subsequent events it is clear that this was to be a farmers’ purchasing co-operative to obtain supplies connected with farming operations. A list of business addresses in the minute book included suppliers of salt, linseed oil, coal oil, grain and seeds.

Under the chairmanship of a Mr. Rae the meeting elected a slate of officers: J.W.Russell, President; Jas. Freeman, Vice-President; E. J. Leason, Secretary/Treasurer; T. J. Parker & Jas. Dafoe, Directors; Allen Dafoe & Joseph Rylott, Auditors. The membership fee was set at 25 cents and the treasurer collected 35 memberships by the following February. His expenses were \$2.12, which included advertising, postage, and 50 cents for the minute book, which survives.

Further meetings were recorded and new members were approved. On January 30, 1914 it was moved that the club be named “Belmont Farmers Club No. 1” and the name should be registered. Robert McCutcheon; Bert Wannamaker; Joseph Rylott and G.B.Sanders were added as directors.



Ryloft-Belmont School (Ivan Bateman)

Meetings continued to be held at The Victoria school at Chase Corners, Lot 10 Con. IV of Belmont. Most of the members farmed in Concessions II to VII south of Belmont Lake. On February 18 President J.W. Russell resigned and T.J. Parker was elected in his stead. Russell became Secretary/Treasurer in place of E. J.Leason, who had resigned.

The membership roll for 1914 consisted of 106 names, of whom 93, according to the accounts, had paid their dues. Orders were taken for flour, sugar, coal oil at 14¢ a gallon, salt at 83¢ a sack of 200 pounds and \$1.375 per barrel, timothy seed at \$12.00 per bushel and clover at \$4.25 a bushel. A total of 143 orders were placed by 68 members.

1915 began with a large fall off in membership with only 25 members renewing and seven new ones joining. The membership fee remained the same. Some changes in the officers were made at the first meeting on January 5. The board had President James Freeman; Robert McCutcheon, Vice-President; James W Russell, Secretary-Treasurer; Joseph Rylott, Director; and four directors, Jas. Dafoe, Sanford Hubbell, Bert Wannamaker and James McMillan. At the January 19 meeting Joseph Rylott and Christie Steenburgh were appointed Assistant Secretaries to receive orders for goods and look after the interests of the club in their localities. This may have been decided to improve communications among a widely spread membership. William Ellis was authorized to go to Norwood and “order 30 bags or more of flour provided that the price is not above \$3.40 per cwt.”

It was also resolved to have an Oyster Supper at the home of Marcenna Rylott on the evening of Tuesday January 26. The admission was set at 25¢ per member and one other of the family. Additional family members were to be charged 50¢. The receipts were \$11.25 and expenses were \$11.25 for oysters and \$6.05 to Mrs Rylott for supplies.

The 1915 list of 60 orders included oats and Alsike seed as well as Timothy and salt. An honorarium of \$5 was voted for the secretary for his services in 1914 and Henry Riley was voted \$5 for unspecified services.

Only one general meeting was recorded in 1916 on March 8. A balance in hand of \$10.19 was reported. Officers elected were: Robert McCutcheon, President; Joseph Rylott, Vice-President; James W. Russell, Secretary-Treasurer; and four directors who were Jas. B.

Peoples, Jas. Kitchen, Marcenna Rylott and Martin Clark. Jas. Freeman and Joseph Rylott were appointed as auditors. The President and the Secretary-Treasurer were appointed as representatives of the club to the Board of Agriculture.

March 24 was the date set for the Oyster Supper at the home of Marcenna Rylott. \$5 was voted for accommodation and the President and the host were appointed as "a committee to furnish the material required and provide the programme".

Further meetings were to be at the call of the President, but none were held. The paid membership was now only five and three directors were not among those!

Some pages are missing from the minute book and no lists of orders exist. However the accounts list interest of 35¢ due on a \$70 draft to purchase seeds. The Oyster Supper was the main revenue and expense for the year and comparisons with the present day are of interest.

Revenue from admission (same rates as 1915)	\$10.25	Expenses	
		5 gal oysters	\$10.50
		2 lb. butter @ 30¢	0.60
		1 lb. Sugar	0.25
		Tea	0.40
		5 boxes Soda	1.50
		Use of house	5.00
		Less oysters returned	<u>-5.00</u>
		Total expense	13.25

At the general meeting on 17 February 1917, the Treasurer reported a balance in hand of \$7.72. The incumbent officers were re-elected and Jas. Freeman was added as a director. The auditors were re-elected. Robert McCutcheon and Jas. Freeman were appointed representatives to the Board of Agriculture. A management committee was struck, consisting of the President and Marcenna Rylott.

The popular Oyster Supper was again held at the home of Marcenna Rylott. Admission was unchanged but oysters had increased from \$2.05 to \$2.60 a gallon and butter had increased from 30¢ to 38¢ a lb. - increases of 27% caused by wartime inflation. The membership rose to 13 but only 16 orders were recorded.

The final general meeting was held at the Victoria school on February 16. The balance on hand was \$2.00. All the officers and directors were re-elected and the initiation fees were held at 25¢. The membership was down to 10 and only 7 orders were listed. The last entry in the accounts was on June 14 and showed a balance of \$2.25.

Thus ended a co-operative experiment maintained by a nucleus of six farmers over five years.

Clifford Adley	Ernest Curtiss	Truman Hart	Wm McAdam
Amos & E Althouse	Jas Dafoe	Mrs Jas. Henry	T.J. McConnell
John Anderson	W. H. Dafoe	Jas Hinds	Robert McCutcheon
John R. Anderson	Wm. Dafoe	Allen Hubbel	Jack McFarlan
Chas Armstrong	Willard Dafoe	Sanford Hubble	Robt McFaul Jr
W.J. Armstrong	Grant Dafoe	Willard Hubble	Jas McMillen
Geo Auger	Willard Dafoe	J.W. Irwin	Bert Meeks
James Bannon	Henry Davidson	Joseph Johnston	Rev. Thomas Mills
Geo Barnes	Erving sp? Deline	Norman Johnston	William Morrow
Robert Bonar	Alman Dellne	William H Johnston	Willard Outwatter
Herb Bowen	Alfred Derett	Henry Johnston	Arthur Palmateer
Frank Brackenridge	Wm. Ellis	Wesley Johnston	Wilson Parcels
Andrew Brean	W.W. Ellis	Conrad Keane	T.J. Parker
Reg Brennan	Wellington Ellis	Jas. Keating	Jas. B. Peoples
Joseph Brock	Dan Ellis	Leonard Keene	Maxwell Post
Wm. Brown	Geo Ellis	Albert Keene	Frank Post
John Buchanan	Harvey Ellis	Edward King	Anson Pounder
A. M. Buchanan	E.C. Emmory	Ezera King	Ernest Quackenbush
Edward Carr	Joseph Fletcher	Jas W. Kitchen	M Quackenbush
Healey Chase	H Fraser	Kent Lawrence	Samuel Quackenbush
Martin F. Clark	Jas Freeman	E.J. Leeson	Henry Riley
Stephen Clark	John Garneau	David Little	Thomas Robinson
Dick Cole	Leaman Garnsey	Harry Little	John Rupert
Edwin Cole	Howard Hamilton	William Matheson	Chas. Rusaw
Fred Cole	Wm. Harris	Robert Mc Quaig	J.W. Russell
Wm. Crysler			

Marcenna Rylott	W.J. Armstrong	Truman Hart	Thomas Robinson
Joseph Rylott	Geo Aunger	Mrs Jas. Henry	John Rupert
Dem(ond) Rylott	James Bannon	Jas Hinds	Chas. Rusaw
W(illiam).J. Rylott	Geo Barnes	Allen Hubbel	J.W. Russell
G.B. Sanders	Robert Bonar	Sanford Hubble	Marcenna Rylott
Wm Saunders	Herb Bowen	Willard Hubble	Joseph Rylott
George Saunders	Frank Brackenridge	J.W. Irwin	Dem(ond) Rylott
Arnold Saunders	Andrew Brean	Joseph Johnston	W(illiam).J. Rylott
Geo Scarlet	Reg Brennan	Norman Johnston	G.B. Sanders
Simon Seabrook	Joseph Brock	William H Johnston	Wm Saunders
David Seabrook	Wm. Brown	Henry Johnston	George Saunders
Richard Sexsmith	John Buchannan	Wesley Johnston	Arnold Saunders
Thos Sexsmith	A. M. Buchannan	Conrad Keane	Geo Scarlet
John Simpson	Edward Carr	Jas. Keating	Simon Seabrook
Wm Smith	Healey Chase	Leonard Keene	David Seabrook
Geo Smith	Martin F. Clark	Albert Keene	Richard Sexsmith
B. Smith	Stephen Clark	Edward King	Thos Sexsmith
John Spinks	Dick Cole	Ezera King	John Simpson
Isaac Spry	Edwin Cole	Jas W. Kitchen	Wm Smith
Richard Spry	Fred Cole	Kent Lawrence	Geo Smith
Christy F Steenburg	Wm. Crysler	E.J. Leeson	B. Smith
Geo Steenburg	Ernest Curtiss	David Little	John Spinks
Floyd Steenburg	Jas Dafoe	Harry Little	Isaac Spry
Walter Steenburg	W. H. Dafoe	William Matheson	Richard Spry
Gilbert Steinburg	Wm. Dafoe	Robert Mc Quaig	Christy F Steenburg
Charlie Steinburgh	Willard Dafoe	Wm McAdam	Geo Steenburg
Wm Steinburgh	Grant Dafoe	T.J. McConnell	Floyd Steenburg
Mark Stevens	Willard Dafoe	Robert McCutcheon	Walter Steenburg
F Trennum	Henry Davidson	Jack McFarlan	Gilbert Steinburg
Simon Vanvolkenburg	Erving sp? Delisse	Robt McFaul Jr	Charlie Steinburgh
George Varty	Almond Delisse	Jas McMillen	Wm Steinburgh
German Varty	Alfred Derett	Bert Meeks	Mark Stevens
Fred Varty	Wm. Ellis	Rev. Thomas Mills	F Trinum
Peter Vesterfelt	W.W. Ellis	William Morrow	Simon Vanvolkenburg
Allen Walbridge	Wellington Ellis	Willard Outwatter	George Varty
Bert Wannamaker	Dan Ellis	Arthur Palmateer	German Varty
Manley Wannamaker	Geo Ellis	Wilson Parcels	Fred Varty
Wm. Wannamaker	Harvey Ellis	T.J. Parker	Peter Vesterfelt
William Warren	E.C. Emmory	Jas. B. Peoples	Allen Walbridge
John Wilson	Joseph Fletcher	Maxwell Post	Bert Wannamaker
A Woodbeck	H Fraser	Frank Post	Manley Wannamaker
Ronald Younge	Jas Freeman	Anson Pounder	Wm. Wannamaker
Clifford Adley	John Garneau	Ernest Quackenbush	William Warren
Amos & E Althouse	Leaman Garnsey	M Quackenbush	John Wilson
John Anderson	Howard Hamilton	Samuel Quackenbush	A Woodbeck
John R. Anderson	Wm. Harris	Henry Riley	Ronald Young
Chas Armstrong			

SEARCHING FOR WELSH ROOTS

Elwood Jones

On previous trips to Wales I had visited Parc, the family farm that adorned the 90 acre top of a hill very near the village centre of Llanfynydd, but some 700 feet higher. This was my father's home when he emigrated to America in 1925, working first with Dodge Brothers in Michigan. He then helped develop power lines in Ontario and Alberta and settled in Saskatoon where he became the foreman in charge of city's electricity.

When visiting Lyn and Sheila, my cousins in Llanfynydd, I commented on my difficulty being able to find Walter Jones, less than a year old, in the 1901 census for Llanfynydd. Oh, said the family historian, that would be because he was living in Rhos-y-corn. He also gave me the family bible pages recording the vital statistics of the family. The first seven children, of whom my father was the eldest, were born at Blaenpant in Llanfihangel Rhos-y-corn, and the next three were born at Tirbedw Llanfynydd. None were born at Parc Llanfynydd. The houses and farms had names that had ancient roots and were still recognizable on the current landscape.

It was a beautiful sunny Saturday in late August that began with a morning walk toward the town centre of Ammanford and the Tesco plaza where I picked up the Saturday Times. Hefina has lived in a bungalow on Pontammon Road since 1983 when she and Albert moved here. Since then, the house has become an oasis of flowers and gardens, has a nice wall at the front, and most recently the house has been painted yellow. On all sides this is a most immaculate property, and shows the great pride that Hefina and John put into the place. Recently, Hefina swept the flower and vegetable categories at the annual Llanfynydd fair for the fourth year running.

John and Hefina agreed to take us to the sites associated with William and Mary Jones and their children. We began the day with a stop at Cwmcerrig, a nifty country market store and café built on a family farm near Gorslas. The view was quite terrific looking down over Ammanford in the distance.

We headed toward Carmarthen and a small cemetery at Neantycaws, where Hefina's daughter was buried. As we headed to Llanybydder we went past the first home of Hefina and Albert which was in Llanllwni. We stopped at two burial grounds in Llanybydder. The Aberduar Baptist Chapel was an old building and the adjacent cemetery contains the graves of many of my dad's family. This must have been the church they attended when they were living in Rhos-y-corn, and it seems to have remained their church even after moving to Parc, near the village of Llanfynydd. We particularly noted the graves of William and Mary Jones, my dad's parents, of Dad's siblings Anne Megan, John Stanley, James David, and Thomas (with his wife Esther). We then went down the road to the Rhydybont chapel and cemetery where Hefina's first husband was buried.

Soon after leaving Llanybydder on B4337 we went on to narrow country lanes heading upwards to the Forest of Brecha, and to the places of my dad's earliest memories. Our first stop, not easily found, was at Penrhiwdylfa, the farm on which my grandmother Mary Davies was born. This was a tricky place to enter, as we passed through the farm operations to the house behind. The view from the house was spectacular looking over a rolling hill toward the forest; apparently, a windmill farm is being planned for this site. The current owner was very gracious and let me take pictures of the original part of the house, and the current additions being constructed as we spoke. Hefina asked the lady if she knew the location of Blaenpant, and amazingly she did. It was really on the next hilltop, but she said to take the tarmac road down the one side of the valley and up the other. After a short distance on the level we would see the for sale signs for Blaenpant.



Blaenpant

This site was a ruin, evidently for a very long time. However, I walked the grounds noting the most obvious places for the house and farm buildings. The views were for miles in every direction, and so we must have been near the top of Mynydd Llanayther. There were other people in this very remote area, and we even passed through a village, Llidiad-Negog, and soon passed a neat Anglican church.

When I learned that this was Llanfihangel Rhos-y-corn, we had to stop. This was the name of both the civil and ecclesiastical parish, and was the point of reference for the 1901 census. I looked up the census on my return to Peterborough and was very excited to see that Blaenpant and Penrhiwdylfa were the identifying places on the census return. I was able to learn about the parents and the maternal grandparents of my father. It became clear that both sides of dad's family had deep roots in this part of Wales.

Llanfihangel Rhos-y-corn was most interesting. St Michael's Church is described as "the little 13 century

church on top of the mountain.” Apparently its roots can be traced to “the hermit of Gwernogle” who built a chapel of ease in this nearby but remote place. Legends associate this mountain, Mynydd Llanfihangel Rhos-y-corn, with traditions of equality and confidence.



Rhos-y-corn

This charming stone church with a stone wall and a stone entrance gate was open, and was expecting visitors who could on an honour system get energy bars and water. The church, place of pilgrimage from medieval times, was now a rest spot for hikers on one of the great hiking trails of this region. The church has two naves, one thought to date from 1300 and one from 1500. The church was restored in a major campaign in the 1960s. Dee noticed that the artistic altar front was created by a fabric artist in Washington state and was dedicated both to those who left this area for America and for those who stayed. Much of the history of the church was accessible on displays in the nave. Members of the church in recent years had created a labyrinth in the church grounds; the lines were defined by logs and hammered in as if they were posts.

We hit B4310, and John drove south past Horeb and we went past the home of Evian and Ethel; Evian was on the porch keeping close watch on something. We were having supper with Evian and Ethel that night, and so did not stop. We headed to Abergorlach for tea and dessert at the picturesque stone pub, the Black Lion. Their crumble of the day was rhubarb crumble, which we had with ice cream. Hefina's home church and the cemetery of her family are here at Abergorlach, as well. We looked at some of the gravestones of the Capel Newydd, where Hefina's sister and grandparents were buried. My grandfather, William Jones, was the mason who built the old stone bridge just across the road from the Black Lion. We crossed that bridge and headed to Llanfynydd.

On the way we stopped at Pant-y-cerrig, the farm where Hefina was born, and which had been in the family at least a generation earlier. Hefina's father had two brothers, one who became a grocer and one who had a post office, and so the farm was left to her father. The farm outbuildings have long disappeared, but the farm house has been nicely restored and updated. The animal wing has been incorporated into the house. The house has a dramatic

main front, but from the back is more modest. The main wing and the additions all seem to be stone construction. The husband and wife living there now may sell the property in a year or two because he thinks he needs to be closer to his aging parents who live in Hounslow.



Pant-y-cerrig

From here we headed to Llanfynydd and I took a few pictures of the picturesque buildings stretching from the Anglican church and past the post office. The one side of the street has no buildings, but instead has a stone wall protecting a stream that runs parallel to the street. The entrance to the Baptist Chapel (Amor Capel) and grave yard was over that stream. Two of my uncles are buried in this grave yard and this was the church that my dad attended, and I still have the bible (Y Bibl) that he won for being able to name the thirteen judges of Israel. My sense is that dad emigrated because he did not want to be a farmer or a preacher. He was followed, after reaching Saskatoon, by two brothers David James and Thomas, but when David was electrocuted Thomas returned to Wales with the body of his brother. David James was buried in the family plot at Aberduar, rather than here.

We went past the Methodist Spit burial grounds which is where Mary and Gomer Evans are buried. Mary was one of my dad's sisters. We had visited Lyn and Sheila Thomas on Thursday, and Mary was Sheila's and Irene's mother. Lyn and Sheila's nice bungalow, which was enlarged, was built near the edge of the village, and we found it very quickly when we drove the road from Capel Isaac. Mordecai's widow, Babs, lives in the bungalow Mordecai built after leaving Parc and it is near the centre of the village. Parc, where my dad grew up, was above the village about 700 feet. We did not visit it on this trip but it is reached by one of two roads. One road goes straight up from the old school house, where in later years Sheila taught for many years. The other route is less steep but crosses through the middle of another farm. When we

visited earlier we were given a truck escort to the gate of Parc by one of the teenagers living at the other farm.

During this trip I learned that dad was not living at Parc in 1901, but rather was living at Blaenpant in the parish of Llanfihangel Rhos-y-corn. My grandparents, William and Mary Jones, were living at Blaenpant in 1901 with a son, Walter, only ten months old. My grandmother's family It turned out that his mother's parents were living at Penrhiwdylfa, the next household in the census, but across a valley from Blaenpant. As well, we went to the church that is still standing at Llanfihangel Rhos-y-corn. It was a delightful stone church that seems to be catering to the trampers who are following the high country trails. I was really amazed at the countryside, but I suspect it must have been tough for farming and grazing.

I am learning some Welsh vocabulary that is quite helpful at this point. Llanfihangel means an Anglican church of all angels. Rhos means moor usually with heather. Blaenpant means "source of the valley stream" while Penrhiwdylfa has something to do with the slope of a hill. A lot of the place names in this area had some version of a word meaning hill or mountain, and that certainly seems apt.

From Llanfynydd, we headed south to Court Henry. There are two roads that go from Llanfynydd to Court Henry and we had taken the other route the day or two earlier. On one of the trips we must have passed Pontglas, the manor home for this area. Family tradition says my grandfather came to Llanfynydd around 1910 to work on this grand home.

The family tradition is that dad's father came to Llanfynydd to work on the great mansion at Pantglas. According to the census of 1901 William Jones was a stone mason working for somebody not named and he was 24. I cannot imagine him working at Pantglas from that base, so working from the list of births from the family Bible the family did not leave Blaenpant before 1912 and then was at Tirbedw, a house between Llanfynydd and Brechla, by 1913. That would have been much closer to Pantglas. The family did not move to Parc until after 1917. It would be good to know the time frames.

The booklet on Pantglas does not give the detail I need. The building of the mansion was done between 1851 and 1870, for David Jones and his wife. Then it looks like nothing would be done until the County bought the building for a home for the Mentally Defective in 1919. This might be the key moment in the family tradition. A village history is in press and it may have the details that I need about Pantglas. Only part of Pantglas has survived because county maintenance people burned rubbish in the old fireplace without checking the chimney filled with nests. The mansion was built in a Palladian style quite singular for this area.

We continued past Court Henry towards Castle Drystwyn, really a castle ruin, and then, near Llanarthne, to Paxton's Tower, really a castle tower. It is included in the National Trusts guide to Follies, which they define as practical jokes in stone. Sir William Paxton was a

Londoner who made a fortune in India and wanted to buy a parliamentary seat in Carmarthenshire in the 1802 election. He spent nearly £16,000 buying meals for nearly every voter. In the election, he lost to Tory candidate Sir James Hamlyn Williams who won 1,217 votes to Paxton's 1,100. The Tories jeered Paxton saying he had overspent on the election; he built the folly to disprove the claim. Paxton, however, claimed the tower was built to commemorate the victories and death of Viscount Nelson in Copenhagen and Spain. There is still local speculation that the money spent on the folly would have been spent on a bridge nearby had Paxton won. The folly was designed by Samuel Pepys Cockerell, and built in 1811. The view from the top is spectacular in all directions, especially in August when vivid greens dominated.



Paxton's Folly

We then headed back to Ammanford and that evening we headed to the Boar's Head Inn in Carmarthen. The hotel was decked with scaffolding and the street was quite alive with young people partying on a Saturday night. We were joined by a cousin and her husband, and the meal was quite nice. The inn was rich in heritage and character.

The day had been filled with unusual moments. I learned more about the roots of my father's family and its efforts to make a living in hard times. I saw a landscape of rugged beauty, with high hills, deep valleys, and curious roads. There were many places where the sense of the past could be captured, and other places where nature had reclaimed former farms.

It was not particularly a great place to be a mason. It is true that hills and rocks were everywhere, but the limestone in this area broke easily and the stone buildings were built from fragments in double thick walls. For the great mansion at Pantglas, stone was brought in from other areas.

The bridge at Abergorlach was a reminder of what could be done with local stone, and it was a winner. William Jones, my grandfather, was a great mason even though some of his work had disappeared. And my father's sense of independence might reflect the spirit of the mountain.

QUERIES

Diane Robnik



TRENT VALLEY ARCHIVES

567 Carnegie Avenue, Peterborough ON
K9L 1N1

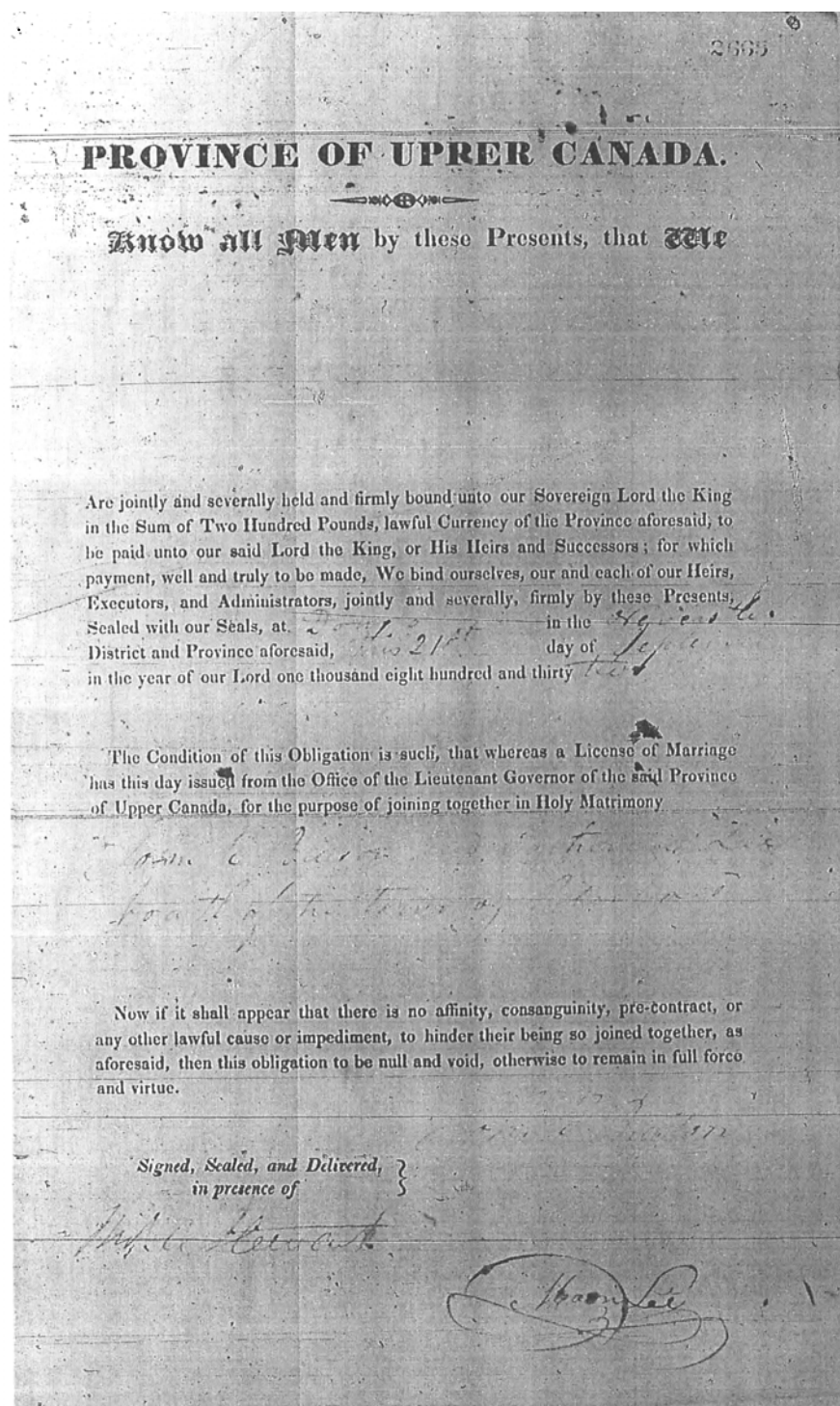
Connecting Lees to Peterborough

Elwood Jones

Anthony (Tony)

Benson, one of our members, said his family was connected to the Lees of Virginia, and that might have been why a Mrs Lee would visit Peterborough during the American Civil War. Tony Benson reported that he was able to get a copy of the wedding bans for John Robinson Benson and Catherine Lee. [microfilm, Library Archives Canada, RG5, B9 Vol 22 C-6781.] The document contains the signatures of Moore Lee and John R. Benson. He reasonably assumes that Moore Lee is the father of Catherine Lee. According to his family lore, Moore Lee was related to the Lees of Virginia, possibly he was a cousin of Robert E. Lee.

I write a weekly column for the Peterborough Examiner and two of my stories related to tracking down the reference that Mrs Lee visited Peterborough during the Civil War. My lead began with the police chief and I followed two scenarios. In the first I



established that Mrs Robert E. Lee never left Virginia during the Civil War. Needless to say, her every movement was well-tracked. However, there were six General Lees during the Civil War and the wife of one of them definitely came to Canada during the Civil War. Susan Pendleton Lee was the daughter of General Pendleton, who was an Episcopalian minister in Lexington VA, the town where General Robert E. Lee and his wife lived their post-Civil War lives at Washington College (now Washington and Lee University). Susan Pendleton Lee was a spy with her husband who was the top-ranked Confederate in Canada during the Civil War. My two columns caught wide interest and the Society of Lees is publishing them in their newsletter. The Society of Lees has a list of family names connected with the Lees that descend from the eighteenth century first family immigrant, Richard Henry Lee (the first of many Richard Henry Lees).

Tony Benson responded to my query for more detail about the family lore. What was the link between Peterborough's first mayor, Thomas Benson, and the Lees of Virginia? Thomas Benson and Samuel Zimmerman, the railway promoter, died in the 1857 collapse of the train bridge over the Desjardins Canal, near Burlington.

Tony reported that his Great Grandfather, John Robinson Benson, was Thomas' brother. John Robinson was born in Fintona, Ireland, 7 August 1805 and married Catherine Evans Lee on 25 September 1832 in Douro. According to the family history, Catherine's father, perhaps Moore Lee, was a cousin of Robert E. Lee. Catherine was born in NY or VA in 1816.

He adds that J.R. Benson's youngest brother, Joseph Wesley Benson, was born in Kingston, Upper Canada, studied medicine in New York and was a professor of Medicine at the Louisville Kentucky Medical school at the time of the Civil War. J.R. Benson's son, Edward Benson (born 22 April 1843), went to Louisville to study Medicine with his uncle at the time of the War's outbreak. He served, according to family history, with the confederacy medical units.

"All to say --Robert E. Lee had cousin(s) in Peterborough and it is plausible that his wife was a visitor."

In September 2009, I visited the public library in Arlington VA to look at the papers of the Society of Lees. The papers contain lists of names associated with the descendants of Richard Henry Lee, and the Benson connection is not made. Nor was I able to see where Moore Lee would fit into the picture. This collection contains the correspondence of Susan Pendleton Lee's mother-in-law which were interesting but inconclusive on the Peterborough connection. My next trip will be to North Carolina to see the papers of her father-in-law, which are at Duke University.

We welcome any suggestions from our readers relating to the issues raised in this search.

Canadian Architects

We were really pleased to learn of the new website for a Biographical Dictionary of Canadian Architects. It will contain biographies, with lists of major works, for 2,000 architects who practiced in Canada between 1800 and 1950. I have tested it for architects such as John Belcher, William Blackwell and Kivas Tully with generally good results. It will be a useful cross-reference for people doing histories of houses, or trying to date certain landmarks. Congratulations to Robert A. Hill who got government grants to set up this useful site which is free to users.

Balsillie-Roy Collection - Box Plates re Central Bridge

Ivan Bateman

Since writing the recent two-part article on the William Hartill Law and the Central Bridge Company in Peterborough, I viewed a collection of prints in the Peterborough Museum and Archives related to Central Bridge & Engineering Co. The print access numbers are 2000-012-000068, 1 through 11.

- 1 "Optimates" Hammer. Rear 3/4 view on the drive belt side. Name plate visible
- 2 As -1 but rear 3/4 view from other side.
- 3 "Optimates" Hammer with operator demonstrating treadle while holding workpiece.
- 4 "Optimates" Hammer view similar to 2
- 5 Rail bridge piers in river. Probably view from SW. GTR at Lansdowne, thus around 1879?
- 6 Road bridge truss assembled and sittings on blocks outside factory. Inscription painted on vertical column "Central Bridge and Iron Work from Peterborough" Site probably from Dalhousie S. looking NW
- 7 Large rail bridge truss ready for delivery mounted on three flat cars. Site has three rail tracks with switch on one leading to fourth track. Location uncertain. Probably the bridge for the CPR shipped to the Selkirk Range. (Examiner March 21 1896)
- 8 Another view of bridge piers as in 5. Surrounding appear to be Lansdowne St but check of pier design needed .
Two fixed piers, two abutments and one swing pier for 3 element bridge.
- 9 Central Bridge view of girder shop. About 19 persons in view.
- 10 Road bridge truss as view -6 but from other end. Truss in background could be CPR line?
- 11 Central Bridge view of Machinery shop No.2 (ref Peterborough Birds-eye view of 1893) and with about 25 persons in view. Machine tools to right of picture and components to left.

Peterborough's first county gaol

Does the Society perhaps hold, or have access to, or know of someone who knows about, the First County Gaol, built c.1840-42. It was constructed at the same time as the Courthouse, then replaced c.1860-63 by the present structure.

Researcher has a project underway about Upper Canada gaols before 1860. In particular, he is comparing gaols built early in the period, 1830-40, and those built at the end of the period. Information about both versions of the Peterborough County Jail would clearly be of considerable value in making such comparisons. He has done some research but libraries seem to have nothing about the first gaol. He has no descriptions of the structure, nor any working or architectural drawings of the gaol. He plans to troll through the earliest Peterborough newspapers for gaol-related items.

Demystifying Copyrights

Copyrights may be the single most misunderstood topic on the planet, and unfortunately, genealogists are prone to asserting copyrights improperly. Many assume copyrights are all about writing. They are applied to writing, but are more specifically about rights – e.g., the right of an author establishes *copying* guidelines for intellectual property. We see copyrights applied to music, photography and elsewhere – but often, they are misapplied. You may be surprised to learn which items can't be copyrighted: dates ; facts ; slogans; short phrases; conversations; modifications of another's work; domain names; public domain items; antique treasures, such as old books and diaries.

Before you wonder if I am a copyright lawyer, I'm not. I learned this and more from the [United States Copyright Office](#), which states, "*Copyright is a form of protection grounded in the U.S. Constitution and granted by law for original works of authorship fixed in a tangible medium of expression. Copyright covers both published and unpublished works.*"

I recommend the [FAQs](#) (frequently asked questions), some of which are excerpted:

Can I register a diary I found in my grandmother's attic?

"You can register copyright in the diary only if you own the rights to the work, for example, by will or by inheritance. Copyright is the right of the author of the work or the author's heirs or assignees, not of the one who only owns or possesses the physical work itself. See Circular 1, Copyright Basics, section "Who Can Claim Copyright."

How long does a copyright last?

"The term of copyright for a particular work depends on several factors, including whether it has been published, and, if so, the date of first publication. As a general rule, for works created after January 1, 1978, copyright protection lasts for the life of the author plus an additional 70 years. For an anonymous work, a pseudonymous work, or a work made for hire, the copyright endures for a term of 95 years from the year of its first publication or a term of 120 years from the year of its creation, whichever expires first. For works first published prior to 1978, the term will vary depending on several factors. To determine the length of copyright protection for a particular work, consult chapter 3 of the Copyright Act (title 17 of the United States Code)."

How much of someone else's work can I use without getting permission?

By [Mary Harrell-Sesniak](#), Roots Web

"Under the fair use doctrine of the U.S. copyright statute, it is permissible to use limited portions of a work including quotes, for purposes such as commentary, criticism, news reporting, and scholarly reports. There are no legal rules permitting the use of a specific number of words... or percentage of a work..."

How much do I have to change in order to claim copyright in someone else's work?

"Only the owner of copyright in a work has the right to prepare, or to authorize someone else to create, a new version of that work. Accordingly, you cannot claim copyright to another's work, no matter how much you change it, unless you have the owner's consent..."

The website discusses copyright registration, which is useful, but not mandatory. And since authors have varying ideas as to the conditions under which works can be reproduced, I recommend stating your intentions upfront. RootsWeb Review does this at the end of each issue. "Permission to reprint articles from *RootsWeb Review* is granted unless specifically stated otherwise, provided: 1. the reprint is used for non-commercial, educational purposes; and 2. the following notice appears at the end of the article: Previously published in *RootsWeb Review*: [date, volume, number]"

If you have questions or wish to tell us about reprints, we'd love to hear from you. Now, isn't that easy? And if you'd like to establish your own "upfront" copyright guidelines, explore [Creative Commons](#), a non-profit organization. It provides: "*tools that let authors, scientists, artists, and educators easily mark their creative work with the freedoms they want it to carry.*" Many RootsWeb users, such as Jon Anderson, use Creative Commons. At the bottom of his [webpage](#), click the icon for permissions to share and adapt his research.

Jon's reasons for using Creative Commons are interesting. "*Personally, I put everything I do with family history under one of these [Creative Commons] licenses because my purpose for doing genealogy is to connect people to their ancestors. I want the records I work on to become freely available, even when people can no longer contact me. Traditional copyright is very ownership-based and over time, records become locked up in copyright and not available. People move, eventually pass on, and unfortunately sometimes their records pass out of accessibility with them. By using the Creative Commons licenses, I can grant people the level of freedom to use my*

work, and to use it in new ways, without it being necessary for them to track me down and get special permission every time. Of course, most of the time people are grateful and contact me anyway."

RW Editor's Comments: *We receive many emails regarding copyright infringement based on other members copying information from their trees or sites. As Mary notes, information such as dates, names and places are not copyrightable. If you choose to publish your research publicly you are allowing others to utilize that information. On a related note, in WorldConnect there is an option to Our new Station House*

Review, 19 October 1877

Q The new station buildings are nearing completion, so far as the outside work is concerned, ... The work has been under the superintendence of Mr. Joseph Bailey, late Bridge Inspector on the Grand Trunk Railway, assisted by Mr. S. W. McGee, also a late employee of the same company. ...

[David Carlisle is contractor; Mr Waddell, the masonry. The main building is 40 x 50 feet, wings on the north and south, 60' x 30'; all of white brick; those on front are pressed white bricks.]

When the work is completed and platforms put down, it will be a credit to the company, an ornament to the town, and a great convenience to the public.

[The town was asked to grant assistance of \$5,000. At a meeting of the town council, 23 July, a by-law was passed to grant \$4,000. Councillors McWilliams and Elder objected to passing a by-law before submitting it to the people. J. B. McWilliams was a first-time councillor, and did not sit in council for twenty years, after which he sat four years. Alderman Thomas John Elder was also in his first year, and in his case he never sat again.]

The New Railway Station

Review, 28 November 1878

Q On Monday last [24] the office of the Midland Railway in this town was removed from Bradburn's storehouse, where they have been located since the destruction of the old station by fire, to the new station which has been in the course of erection for the last twelve months, and Peterborough can now boast of the most commodious passenger station in proportion to the business done in it in the Dominion of Canada. Indeed we think the designer must have had in view the early growth of our good town into a city, and that this would eventually become the station to used for the passenger traffic of two or three roads. We sincerely trust his anticipation in this respect may be speedily realized. The central portion of our new station is divided into two rooms, from which the ladies' waiting room in the south wing, the agent's office, and the gentlemen's waiting room in the north wing may be entered. The ceilings of this portion of the station are sixteen feet high, and are paneled in wood. The ticket office is located in the south-east corner of the agent's room and communicates with the ladies' and general waiting room, but

allow others to download a gedcom file of your tree – if you choose to allow others to copy your tree you are implying consent for them to utilize this information and to add it to their tree. On the other hand, there are a few items I want to mention that are protected under copyright law; notes that the tree owner makes about family members or research, or an authors evaluation about their research. A basic rule of thumb for what is protected is, if the content is the individual's personal thoughts, their intellectual property, it is protected by copyright law.

not with the gentlemen's.... All these rooms are finished in oak, and the woodwork throughout oiled not painted.... No provision has been made for freight, and as a consequence Bradburn's storehouse will continue to be used for this purpose. The entire building is surrounded by a wide platform, the ground attached thereto fenced with a neat picket fence with gates on Charlotte and King streets for pedestrians and carriages. Altogether the station must have an imposing effect on strangers visiting Peterborough.

Peterborough Daily Review commenced 30 November 1878 because "other towns of smaller size and pretention" have dailies.

The Midland Railway station was expanded in 1881 in order to accommodate the new expectations of Peterborough as the head office of the Midland Railway, and after that for the Midland Division of the Grand Trunk Railway. The station stood until the mid-1970s when it was torn down to make room for the City Centre apartment complex.

Recent deaths

Berta Archer McBride (1924-2009)

Berta McBride, wife of the late Sheriff Stan McBride for over 60 years, passed away in June. Berta was a remarkable woman who left her imprint widely. She was a good golfer, an active leader in several organizations including IODE, Women's Art Association, the Ornamental Swimmers and several charitable organizations. She had a great grasp of local history, and some of her papers, and papers of her family have been deposited in the Trent Valley Archives, which also has the papers of her husband. We also have the papers of the local IODE. It seems possible to believe we have the materials for an insightful biography. She attended several TVA events over recent years, and was always a delight.

John Corkery (1922-2009)

John Corkery was one of Peterborough's best-known citizens. John had been a good friend of the Trent Valley Archives and he will be much missed. When the Diocese of Peterborough celebrated its 125th anniversary in July 2007, Corkery's memories were insightful; he had seen many changes and his hand had been evident at key points.

John graduated from St Michael's College in Toronto in 1943. During the rest of World War II he served with the Armoured Corps at Camp Borden, the 13th Field Regiment supporting the Queen's Own along the western front. He was at Osgoode Hall law school in 1945 and was called to the bar in 1948. He was appointed Queen's Counsel in 1959. His father and grandfather, also Johns, were lawyers.

We give condolences to his family. His widow, Bennery, was a fixture with the Hutchison House bus tours. His eldest son, the Hon Chris Corkery, is now a judge in Peterborough.

Brown-Edwards

Researcher is looking for marriage records for Andrew Brown to Mary Ann Edwards about 1886 and for their son, John James Warden Brown to Gertrude around 1910. Researcher has information on an early teacher in Dummer and Asphodel.

Harris-Ventress

Researcher seeks information on the marriage of William Griffith Harris and Mary Ann Ventress. In 1851, they ran a hotel in Belleville and appeared in the 1851 census for Belleville.

Vout-Thurston

Researcher seeks information on the marriage of Rebecca Vout and Jonas Thurston which may have occurred in Cobourg about 1840.

Spaulding Bay, Peterborough

A researcher asked a question related to one of the photos in the 2009 Peterborough recycling calendar. The researcher was asking, as well, for a good suggestion for a general picture of Peterborough in the 1870s and 1880s. The following remarks were made by Elwood Jones.

The Green Up photo was from the Denne Collection at the Peterborough Museum and Archives and was earlier printed in the book "A Victorian Snapshot" by A. O. C. Cole. Cole has useful comments on the photo, which was taken by photographer James Little, who had his shop in the two-storey building still standing on the east side of George north of Simcoe. In any case the water in the distance is Spaulding's Bay, and the marsh area just beyond Townsend street. In the early history, people often landed at Spaulding's Bay, and one of the early breweries was there. In the years between 1906 and 1908, George Street was extended to Lansdowne, Little Lake was dredged, and the dredgings were used to fill up the marsh and the bay in the area that is now the Market Plaza. Cole dates the picture to mid-1870s and that certainly seems reasonable. Little was a photographer here through the 1870s to late 1881.

When I chose a picture to capture this period, I chose the one used on the cover of "Peterborough: the Electric City." If you want to capture the spirit of the town in one picture, it has some advantages over this one. For starters, the view is more panoramic and the sweep from north to south captures the steeples of churches, the court house, the

dome of the Bradburn Opera, and one gets the impression of a city on the edge of a vast pastoral setting. And then to cap it off, the black smoke from the Peter Hamilton factory shoots into the air where it meets a bolt of lightning. Nothing better captures the sense of Victorian progress.

Twelfth Day of Christmas

The following comments are from the Oxford Dictionary of Nursery Rhymes (1997) p 100.

The first day of Christmas
My true love sent to me
A partridge in a pear tree.

....

The twelfth day of Christmas,
My true love sent to me
Twelve lords a-leaping
Eleven ladies dancing
Ten pipers piping
Nine drummers drumming
Eight maids a-milking
Seven swans a-swimming
Six geese a-laying
Five gold rings
Four colly birds,
Three French hens,
Two turtle doves, and
A partridge in a pear tree.

If this chant has any meaning, it remains unknown. This was first published in London about 1780. Each person repeated the chant around the circle, and when they made mistakes a forfeit was demanded. The gifts varied in different regions of England and France. Some people have suggested that each gift represents a game for a particular month of the year. Most likely the lines have survived as an "irreligious travesty."

Carols of the Candidates

Peterborough Examiner, 10 January 1884
Editor's note: The following item appeared in the Examiner just after the annual election for the town council, always held the first week of January in Victorian times. The various lines seem to assume readers had a general knowledge of the members of the town council. The allusions to occupation and electoral histories are quite specific. Cox was mayor in 1883 by defeating C.W. Sawers, and so the allusions fit best for 1883. Some references are to candidates who lost. Suggested names are added in square parentheses.]

They call me a self-made man, but the people made me Mayor, a fact that I'm prouder of. George A. C_x [George A. Cox]

I said in my haste, all men are liars. I had promises enough to elect me twice over. The electors don't appreciate brains nor even brass, instead of giving me

a seat they sat on me. I begin to think I was a little too "previous". C.W. S__S [C. W. Sawers]

I'm the mud. I was as clay in the hands of our electors. They made a Councillor out of good Devonshire clay. S.F. A__N [S. F. Allen, potter]

I begin to think it's better I stick to my last than to the "boy law". I know why No. 1 went back on me - I tried to carry Sawyers and he proved too much dead weight - he'd kill a better man than I am. J. McN__N [J. McNaughton]

I'm a man of few words but many votes enough to put me at the head of the list in the "banner ward." R.S. D__N [R. S. Davidson]

My Cahill-culations came out right and show that the people think I'm a man of weights and measures. T. C__L [Thomas Cahill]

The electors think I'm better at carving beef than at municipal legislation. And they are right - at least there is more money in it. Merci Messieurs electeurs. N.T. L__E [Noah LaPlante]

Dry goods remain firm "all wool and a yard wide." The people have "taken stock" of me four times and find the invoices ok. T. K__Y [Thomas Kelly, George Street merchant]

Those who took me for a green grocer were fooled. My brother chips put me at the top of the list. R.H. G__N [R. H. Green]

I was a stranger and they put me in. I didn't seek votes but the votes found me. It wouldn't do to "beat" the Golden Anvil. M. M__R [M. Millar]

The people seem to think that a seat on the School Board with the Division Court business is enough for one man to attend to. R.W. E__T [R. W. Errett]

Here I am again, the seventeenth time. They find out they can't turn the old war horse out to grass whenever they like. A. R__D [Arthur Rutherford]

I'm here to stay. Come one, come all, this rock shall fly from its firm base as soon as I. John D__ [John Douglas]

They tried in vain to shunt me off on the "siding". I'm still on the track. Wm. Y__D [William Yelland, carriagemaker]

The people seem to prefer coal to wood. R. R. W__D [R. R. Wood]

The electors are opposed to Lynch law. John L__H [John Lynch]

They think I'd better attend to my knitting. E.B. W__N [E. B. Wilson, textile mills]

Yes Sir! I'm elected again. I seem to be a fixture - stationary don't you see? T. M__N [Thomas Menzies, stationer]

I'm a bricklayer, but number four seems to think I'm a brick - they put me at the head of the poll. J.J. H__Y

An even hundred in number four thought I was the right man. J. K__Y

I got distanced on my last "spin". Thomas G

The electors quoted Shakespeare against me "throw physic to the dogs we'll none of it." Dr. F__E

The weather was too cold to plant me in council. F. M__N

We guess we've got a good Council - the arch obstructionist has been dropped and we hope now we won't have to blush after every Council meeting. THE PEOPLE

The members of council for 1883 and 1884 are listed below.

1883	Cox	George A.	mayor	
1883	Davidson	R. S.	alderman	1
1883	Cahill	Thomas	alderman	1
1883	Allen	S. F.	alderman	1
1883	Green	R. H.	alderman	2
1883	Kelly	Thomas	alderman	2
1883	Millar	M.	alderman	2
1883	Yelland	W.	alderman	3
1883	Rutherford	Arthur	alderman	3
1883	Douglas	J.	alderman	3
1883	Hartley	J. J.	alderman	4
1883	Menzies	Thomas	alderman	4
1883	Kendry	James	alderman	4
1884	Smith	H. H.	mayor	
1884	Cahill	Thomas	alderman	1
1884	McNaughton	J.	alderman	1
1884	Davidson	R. S.	alderman	1
1884	Douglas	J.	alderman	2
1884	Yelland	W.	alderman	2
1884	Rutherford	Arthur	alderman	2
1884	Patterson Jr	Walter	alderman	3
1884	Kelly	Thomas	alderman	3
1884	Sawers	C. W.	alderman	3
1884	Menzies	Thomas	alderman	4
1884	Denne	Henry	alderman	4
1884	Hartley	J. J.	alderman	4



TRENT VALLEY ARCHIVES

567 Carnegie Avenue, Peterborough Ontario K9L 1N1
www.trentvalleyarchives.com 705-45-4404

**See you at the Christmas Stories special show,
 27 November Get your ticket early.**

PETERBOROUGH BOYS WHO JOINED UP WITH ORIGINALS 1914

Peterborough Examiner, November 1930

Recruits Were Drawn From the 57th Regiment and the
 Dragoons.

List of the Peterborough boys who left on August 22,
 1914, to join the 2nd battalion at Valcartier;

Officers

Lieut.-Col. E.B. Clegg, Major G.W. Bennett, Major Joseph Mills, Lieut. Charles H. Ackerman.

A. Company

Color-Sergeant John Allen, Sergeant H.E. Carpenter, Privates Thomas Parrington, O.D. Taylor, Charles W. Stenson, Albert Hawkins, D.S. Calder, Alfred Hawkins.

B. Company

Sergeant Wm.C. Hele, Corporal Wm. Austin, Privates Wm. McKnight, H.W. Johnston, Antoine Lazure, Harry Wood, Harold Saunders, Albert White, John Aspey, Fred Mockett, Arthur Phipps, N.H. Clarke, Stanley Bucknell, Charles Powell, David R. Kendry, E.F. Miner, W.J. Long, Allen Cockerill, Ernest Mesley, John Langley, William Sheehan, John Vincent.

C. Company

Color-Sergeant Fred Howarth, Sergeant Ernest Nicholls, Corporal Peter Victor, Privates Stephen Curtis, Henry Ellis, Henry Caillard, Thomas Nicholls, Thomas H. Griffiths, Albert Kendall, Eric Bartle, Harold Scollie, George Brunton, John Ridyard, Sam A. Mills, Frank Richardson, James Bills, Douglas Leal, Frank Dudley, W.A. Wood, Ford Stevens, Fred Briscoe, Aaron Gifford, John Ford, Thomas C. Chalmers, R.C. Wilmot, Edwin E. Hayden, H.G. Kelsey, D. Cummings, Arthur White, George Middleton, Thomas Jolly, W.D. Packwood, Fred Pimblott.

D. Company

Corporal James Robertson, Corporal William Thompson, Bugler Bruce A. Mills, William Shepperdson, Leonard Hartley, Charles Moncour, Harvey Yates, G.N. Curtis, A.W. Savage, R. Levoir, James H. English, George Curson, Edward Prosser, George Farrance, William Cole, Herbert Smith, William Levoir, P.J. Butler, George Adamson, E.G. Hale.

E. Company

Sergeant W.G.B. Ellis, Privates J.A. Boyce, George Ashbrooke, James G. Newell, S. Pellow, Wm. W. Simmons, Wm. E. Morgan, Ernest Dummitt, George Van Norman, Richard Lindsay.

F. Company

Sergeant Arthur Ackerman, Sergeant Keith Cumberland, Privates A.F. Field, E.B. Boswell, Heber Rogers, Wm. G.A. Affleck, Charles Garrett, S. McKinley, J.H. Wilson, H.S. Sherwood.

G. Company

Sergeant Stanley Garratt, Privates John Hollaway, Harry Johnston, Harry C. Evans, O.R. Brooks, G.W. Jeffries.

H. Company

Sergeant Fred Smith, Sergeant Thomas Griffin, Privates Thomas Lavoie, Edgar Browne, D. Connelly, Victor Northcote, Osborne Montgomery, Leonard Williams, Harold Coons, William Conway, William F. Gibson, Theodore W. Quinn, H. Fitzclarence, George E. Minorgan, F. Clark.

Chamberlain Street During the Great War

The Peterborough Examiner in March 1915 carried a story about the remarkable record of Chamberlen [now Chamberlain] Street. Apparently between 50 and 55 men directly or indirectly connected with the street had enlisted to fight in the Great War and were then stationed around the world. Moreover, the Mantell family claimed to have fought in every war in the past 75 years. As the Examiner put it, Chamberlen Street was the most likely street to have a row of widows. All things considered, the Examiner said, Chamberlen street had contributed more men than any other street in the city.

It is interesting to encounter such a claim. The story was timed with a major recruiting campaign in the spring of 1915. Such a story would be inspiring.

The story provides a rare glimpse, as well, of a neighborhood history showing the interconnections between Peterborough families, and something of the structure of families. In some respects, the history of a community is the history of its many connections, of family, occupation, social group, church and street. The Examiner published photos with this story.

At the time, the boundary was Monaghan, but Chamberlen stretched from Park Street to Western Avenue, in Browntown. 529 Chamberlen was old log house; one of

oldest in the city. Much of the area has developed in past ten years.

George William Allen, 555 Chamberlen street, veteran of South African War, now with 3rd Canadian Contingent. Resided in Peterborough 11 years, has wife and three children.

Gunner Norman Barrie, moulder by trade, 26th Overseas Battery, 3rd Contingent; served three years with 24th Field Battery; son of Mr & Mrs W. T. Barrie, 530 Chamberlen Street; leaving wife and one child in Peterborough with parents, two brothers and three sisters.

Walter Batley, 2nd Contingent, at Kingston; resided at 521 Chamberlen Street.

***L/ Cpl F. Batterson**, 2nd Overseas Contingent at Kingston, resided at 526 Chamberlen, brass finisher by trade, living in Peterborough five years; wife and small child; three brothers, and two are enlisted in war, one with the Territorials in France, and another in Kitchener's new army.

Two brothers, **Archie and Alfred Black** are serving in B Squadron, Canadian Mounted Rifles, now at Ottawa.

***Private Fred Briscoe**, son of Alfred Brisco, 641 Chamberlen Street; 57th Regiment, First Canadian Contingent; already in France, letter to parents suggests clash with Germans imminent

***Private Frederick James Buntin**, whose parents lived at 584 Chamberlen Street, enlisted in Edmonton. First Canadian Contingent; formerly resided in Peterborough, and worked at CGE. Mrs Buntin has a brother and a nephew with overseas forces.

Harry Copson, leaves wife and two children, 3rd Canadian Contingent, now stationed in Peterborough but being mobilized for Belleville. Listed March 24 with 57th quota to 39th Battalion

Gunner J. Cruikshank, brother of Mrs A. Armstrong, 506 Chamberlen Street; enlisted with 25th Battery; wife is in hospital, seriously ill; has four small children

David H. Darrah, 590 Chamberlen, in Mounted Rifles, main support for his parents. Daughter, Teresa or **Tressa Darrah** is in New York, planning to go to front with Red Cross.

Sgt Major Guerin, 31, corner of Chamberlen and Lafayette streets, left an aged father and mother, wife and small child, three sisters, two brothers; harness maker by trade; joined 24th Field Battery at its inception and still with it; was with champion 1911 artillery team in England

Pte William Walter Hall, 39th Bn Infantry, lives at 645 Chamberlen Street West, born in England, some experience with Wiltshire regiment, and with the 57th Regiment here. Has wife and five children from age 8 to five months. Listed March 24 with 57th quota to 39th Battalion

Alfred Hays, boarded at 590 Chamberlen Street, with 2nd Contingent in Kingston

***Private John Jordan**, born in England, lived at corner of Chamberlen and High Streets. E Company, 21st Bn, Second Canadian Contingent now at Kingston. Had three day furlough in March 1915 and was in Peterborough. Private James Jordan, father of above, living at Chamberlen and High; went with First Contingent, but injured at Salisbury Plain and invalided home; has been back since January 2. A brother of James Jordan enlisted with First Contingent in Winnipeg and is now serving.

Robert Lovell, boarded at 545 Chamberlen; now with Mounted Rifles, 3rd Canadian Contingent

J. Mackness, 560 Chamberlen Street, with the regular forces. At outbreak of war sent to Bermuda; veteran of South Africa; wife lives in Peterborough.

Mr and Mrs Stanley Mallet also at 500 Chamberlen (cf Richards) have relatives overseas. Brother **Pte Sydney A. Mallet** with 2nd Norfolks, 18th Belgium Brigade, Indian Expeditionary Force D, now in Persia. Two brothers of Mrs Mallet are in Kitchener's army; both served in South African War; they are Privates **Robert and Richard Breed**.

The Manners family (sisters and mother living in Toronto) suffered the first death of a Peterborough soldier. **Private Ben. A. Manners**, who had lived at 583 Chamberlen was wounded and died in a Paris hospital, 27 January 1915. He had been with the Second Contingent and was survived by three brothers in service: **Bert Manners**, First Contingent; **Cpl. Charles Manners**, Second Contingent and **Walter Manners**, in England.

Sergeant William Mantell, 57th Regiment, Peterborough Rangers; leaving with 2nd Contingent; wife and family live at 545 Chamberlen Street; with West Kent Regiment, 9 years; fought in Boer War.

Petty Officer Edward Mantell, HMS Astrea; 15 years enlisted; was off coast of Africa when war broke out; patrolling and support for troops in South West Africa, a German colony, surrounding British colony at Walfisch Bay, and occupied by Germans.

Private Robert Mantell, West Kent Regiment; wounded at Mons; POW

Private Herbert Mantell, 1Bn Middlesex Regt; KIA, Battle of Mons; 8 years service

Sergeant Richard Mantell, 1 Bn Middlesex Regiment; serving in France; 6 years service; shot in face March 10; lost chum at Neuve Chapelle

Color Sergeant D. J. Gardiner, married to a Mantell sister; 9 years service.

Two other relatives count for another 28 years service.

Cpl E. Morley, 8th Canadian Mounted Rifles, B Squadron, 3rd Contingent, lived between High and Western; has a wife and three children

Pte Thomas Perry, 8th Mounted Rifles, 2nd Overseas Contingent, now at Ottawa; leaves wife and four children at residence at corner of Park and Chamberlen streets.

Private J. Richards, moulder by trade, 8th Mounted Rifles, 3rd Canadian Contingent; born in England, came to Canada 1906, and lived in Montreal until coming to Peterborough 1909. He and his wife (no kids) lived at 500 Chamberlen Street. Had previous experience in England but has been off the reserve some time; never had active service. Three nephews have enlisted in Kitchener's army.

Saddler J. R. Ridyard, 8th Canadian Mounted Rifles, 2nd Overseas Contingent, was six years with Charlotte Street Methodist, and with YMCA. His parents, brother and sister, reside at Park and Chamberlen.

Private Reginald Rouse, 21, born in England, emigrated 1910; spent one year in Peterborough, CGE meter department; boarded on Chamberlen Street, Enlisted 3rd Dragoons, 1st Contingent; joined Royal Canadian Regiment, and was last known to be at St David's, Bermuda

Pte James E. Russell, 26, native of Peterborough, carpenter by trade, single; boards at home of his sister, Mrs George Sloan, 518 Chamberlen Street; aged 13 went to USA, served in Spanish American War; has two brothers and two sisters

William Savage boarded at 467 Chamberlen, enlisted in 1st Canadian Contingent, has seen service in South Africa and Egypt

Private W. W. Simmons, A Coy, 2nd Bn, 1st Brigade, now in France; lived on Chamberlen when he enlisted.

The parents of the Sinclair family reside in Toronto, 5 daughters, 5 sons.

Private Robert Sinclair, monumental mason by trade, born in Scotland, emigrated to Canada 1909, in Peterborough two years; Earlier spent 4 ½ years with Royal

Engineers in Glasgow, Scotland, 2 years with Engineering Corps, Toronto; 1 year with 57th Regiment.

Private Alexander Sinclair, brother of Robert, drilling with Queen's Own in Toronto, plans to go with 3rd Overseas Contingent (volunteered for 2nd Contingent but had pleurisy);

Alexander Forbes, brother of Mrs Robert Sinclair, enlisted with Army Medical Corps, Toronto
Duncan Forbes, brother of above, is a stoker on HMS Collingwood; had chased German cruisers from Scarboro and Hartlepool.

George Smith who boarded at 545 Chamberlen, enlisted with Mounted Rifles, 3rd Canadian contingent.

***Gunner J. C. Smith**, corner of Chamberlen and Park. 24th Field Battery; wife and three children; on way to France.

Charles Edward Sturgeon, 459 Chamberlen Street, 3rd Contingent, Mounted Rifles, served in old country; has lived in Peterborough several years; wife and four children.

***Sergt Sam Thomas**, resided at 516 Chamberlen Street with wife and two children; first platoon, 21st Bn, Second Canadian Contingent; Born in England, wounded in South Africa; came to Peterborough after Boer War, served in both 57th Regiment and 24th Field Battery

Cpl Fred Thomas, brother of Sam, has wife and three children in Peterborough; is in Kingston with 2nd Contingent; veteran of South Africa; wives of the two brothers are sisters.

Private Underwood, 8th Canadian Mounted Rifles, B Squadron, 3rd Contingent, now in Ottawa; lived on Chamberlen between High and Western, has wife and three children;

Arnold Wood, brother-in-law of Black brothers, also serving 3rd Contingent; wife and one child.

THE CAREER OF CHARLES FOTHERGILL

Ernest S. Clarry

The following review of Charles Fothergill's fascinating career is based on abridged articles by journalist, Ernest S. Clarry published in the Peterborough Examiner between September and November 1945. The articles were in the Don Cournoyea Collection at the Trent Valley Archives. I have placed the columns in a more chronological order and removed some duplication that appeared in the early series. Otherwise the language is Clarry's. Editor.

1 Fothergill was a remarkable gentleman

Charles Fothergill's part in the early development of Peterborough has received little notice in earlier printed histories. In fact, the only reference to him that I have found in any published form is contained in Poole's history of Peterborough wherein it is stated,-

"In May 1819, a party of gentlemen from 'the front' came up the Otonabee in a skiff, for the purpose of selecting a mill site, and otherwise prospecting the new townships. These were Charles Fothergill, Esq., at one time M.P.P. for Durham; Thomas Ward, Esq., of Port Hope, Clerk of the Peace for the district; John Farrelly [Farley], Surveyor; Adam Scott, Millwright; and Barnabas Bletcher. Mr. John Edmison, now of Smith, then an intending settler, who had already drawn a lot of land at hazard, accompanied them."

The record is quite clear, however, indicating that Mr. Fothergill had, one year prior to the above date, explored the Otonabee river, visited the area on which the city of Peterborough now stands, and selected a site for a saw and grist mill. His original petition – carefully preserved in the Archives at Ottawa – shows that in 1818 he applied for the lease of ten acres on which to erect his mills and this application to the Governor was filed about one year prior to the visit of the party to the site of the present city to which Poole made references. It is only reasonable to conclude Mr. Fothergill would not petition for a plot of ground on which to erect a saw and grist mill without first

inspecting the location and in his petition of 1818 he states he had cruised the new township of Monaghan in search of a suitable site, finally discovering one on the 13th concession of that township.

Charles Fothergill, an Englishman who was a direct descendant of Sir George Fothergill, one of William the Conqueror's generals, in the year 1818 had a vision of the industrial future of the spot on the Otonabee river that is today the city of Peterborough. He planted there an industrial need which even he, with all his optimism and vision, scarcely dreamed would grow to be such an important factor in the industrial life of Canada.

As one delves into the letters and petitions concerning Charles Fothergill in the Archives at Ottawa or in the Royal Ontario Museum, it is evident that he was a man of extraordinary energy, of great vision concerning the development of the natural resources of his adopted country and with an unselfish devotion to the welfare of the people of Upper Canada. He was a man of rare literary ability, he had a deep interest in practical and material things such as saw mills, lake harbours and merchandising, and passionately pursued the more ascetic and spiritual things such as the study of natural history.

He studied the habits of the Indians of Rice Lake – in fact translating their language into English, although unfortunately this book has been lost – pursued his study of natural history writing many volumes thereon, and during the same period we find him indulging in his hobby of painting, for Charles Fothergill was also an artist of no mean ability. While his work in this line was mainly of a

great many varieties of wild ducks and other wild game around Rice Lake, he painted several very fine landscape water colours which have been much admired. One of these is a view of Rice Lake as seen from Fothergill's Point and another is of a section of Port Hope viewed from his home, Ontario Lodge, both of which may be seen in the zoology section of the Royal Ontario Museum.



Charles Fothergill

James L. Baillie of the Royal Ontario Museum wrote an article about Charles Fothergill that appeared in the Canadian Historical Review, 1944, and was reprinted in booklet form by the Museum. He has very kindly permitted me to make whatever use of the information contained in his article as I may feel desirable for this series. From a perusal of it we find that Charles Fothergill was not indulging in any boastful language in referring to the Fothergill family in England, in the first of the many petitions he sent, over a period of twenty years to the various governors holding office at York. In 1817, just a few years after his arrival in Canada, in his petition to the Governor for a tract of land in the Township of Hamilton on the south shore of Rice Lake, he said,-

"Your Petitioner, a gentleman of ancient and respectable family in the north of England, etc., etc. Born in 1782 at York.."

Charles Fothergill was born at York, England, in 1782, of an ancient Quaker family that was established in the north of England at the time of the Norman conquest. He traced his ancestry back to Sir George Fothergill, one of William the Conqueror's generals, who was with William when he took York in 1068. John Fothergill, Charles' father was an ivory manufacturer and his mother was Mary Ann Forbes whose father was a kinsman to the first baron of Scotland. A brother of Charles' mother was James

Forbes, F.R.S., a distinguished artist and traveller, author of "Oriental Memoirs," in the preparation of which Charles assisted, and to him Charles owed much for his early tuition in art and natural history, a debt which he acknowledged in dedicating to his uncle a book he published in London in 1813 under the title "Essay on Philosophy, Study and Use of Natural History." Dr. John Fothergill, famous London physician, scientist and philanthropist, who died in 1780, was a brother of Charles' grandfather and of him Franklin wrote "I think a worthier man never lived." Charles' own brother, Dr. Samuel Fothergill, was co-editor of the Medical and Physical Journal from 1818 to 1821 and attended Queen Victoria's mother when she was at Weymouth for her health. In fact all the Fothergills and Forbes for generations appear to have been scientists, artists, journalists and philanthropists. Mr. Baillie, dealing with Mr. Fothergill's early life in England, says,-

"Charles was early attracted to the study of birds. At the age of thirteen he was making notes on Yorkshire birds and in 1799, at the age of seventeen, he published at York his Ornithologia Britannica, a folio of eleven pages, listing 301 species of British birds. Captain Hugh Gladstone, who wrote an article on the Fothergill Family as Ornithologists in 1922, remarked that 'such precocity is remarkable, but...not infrequently noticed in young persons of the Quaker persuasion, who, dissuaded against the usual sports and pastimes of youth, are early induced to prosecute the study of Natural History and kindred subjects'."

In 1803 Charles published a two-volume work at London (totaling 608 pages) entitled "The Wanderer: or a Collection of Original Tales and Essays founded upon Facts" and in 1813 his "Essay on the Philosophy, Study, and Use of Natural History" appeared, in London. In this book of 236 pages he stated that he had become accustomed to consider every hour that was not appropriated to profitable thinking or useful exertion as lost or misspent and that, in early life the ardour of his love for the pursuits of natural history was so great that he overcame many serious difficulties in order to make himself personally acquainted with the lives and manners of various animals in their native haunts. Mrs. Katherine Shepherd, one of his granddaughters, living in Lindsay, Ontario, says Fothergill also "contributed generously to the magazines of his day in England."

Fothergill in 1811 married Charlotte Nevins of Larchfield, Leeds, England. She died at York (Toronto) in 1822. There were three sons of this marriage. In 1825 he married Eliza Richardson of Whitby, surviving Mr. Fothergill by fifty-two years. There were seven children by this marriage. There having been ten children by the two marriages, it is not surprising that there are today many descendants of Charles Fothergill and amongst these may be mentioned George, Rowland and Arthur McGonigle who are sixth generation Fothergills, Charles Fothergill a grandson, of Whitby, Miss Helen Fothergill of Toronto a great granddaughter and Miss Mary Fothergill Reid of Ottawa, another granddaughter.

Fothergill became a great friend of the Indian tribes of the Rice Lake area and a strong friendship developed between him and Chief Mohawk. When the latter accidentally shot himself one September day Mr. Fothergill nursed him until he was fully recovered. The Chief showed his appreciation giving Fothergill a boat which today may be seen in the Royal Ontario Museum. It is a very fine specimen of Indian art, being of birch bark sewn with porcupine quills.

*Rice Lake in 1819, as painted by Charles Fothergill.
(E. C. Guillet, Valley of the Trent)*



He petitioned the governor concerning the case of an Indian boy who shot a playmate. The lad received a severe sentence and Fothergill sought clemency for the child.

“May it please your Excellency –

“I feel deeply and fully sensible of the extraordinary liberty I am now taking, but it is in the cause of humanity and on behalf of a miserable and unfortunate wretch that I have ventured to approach your Excellency on the present occasion.

“I am aware of the impropriety, to say the least of it, of attempting to interfere in a matter of such mighty importance, but as I was absent by reason of imperious necessity when the poor Indian boy was tried for shooting his playfellow, and as I have known the Indian boy very well on account of his having assisted my servants, and having been fed out of my kitchen one whole winter, I have ventured, however, presumptuous and out of season it may appear, to state in his behalf that I have always found him remarkable for his pliant and obliging disposition, and I never saw anything of that savage irascibility of disposition which has been attributed to him.

“I also know that the gun which was the fatal instrument used was a very unsafe and bad one and would go off with the smallest touch or even shake.

“I dare not say much on such a subject, but this I well know that should your Excellency extend mercy to this unfortunate youth it would be productive of the best results, and your Excellency would have the blessing and prayers of hundreds both Christians and Indians.

“As I write this at the obscure tavern on the road I have need to apologize for the manner as well as the occasion of addressing your Excellency, but if I know anything of your Excellency’s heart, I shall not despair of being forgiven.

“I shall put these lines into the hands of the Chief who goes to implore your mercy and that of the offended law.

“I have the honour to describe myself your Excellency’s most obedient and humble servant. Charles Fothergill

Blair’s Tavern,
Clarke,
Sept. 26th, 1820.”

2 Fothergill founded Peterborough

Fothergill came to Canada about 1815, settling at Port Hope, then known as Smith’s Creek. After purchasing and improving a piece of land there, he arranged for a number of families from his home district in England to emigrate and settle along Rice Lake in the northern part of Hamilton Township in Northumberland County. This township had not been completely surveyed at that time, but Fothergill had evidently cruised the district, concluded it contained excellent land for farming and he proceeded energetically to have a sufficient area set aside for his colonizing scheme.

Charles Fothergill, after following Indian trails through the virgin forest, must have beheld a glorious scene when he first set his eyes on Rice Lake with its thickly wooded shores, its surface broken by heavily timbered islands and its lush rice beds swaying in the breeze. There was no Gore’s Landing then in name or in settlement, and it was not until 60 years later that the old Cobourg, Peterborough and Marmora railway stretched across from Harwood on the south shore to Hiawatha on the north shore, supported on frail wooden piers. There were then no steamboats plying the waters of the Otonabee and Rice Lake: the Isaac Butts, the Forester, the Kingfisher, the Whistlewing and the Golden Eye were yet many decades in the future as they have now been many decades in the past. But Charles Fothergill was a man of vision and he knew that some years hence the virgin territory he had cruised, perhaps on horseback but most likely on foot, would be

transformed into thrifty farms and busy villages and that even away up stream on the Otonabee River an industrial centre would some day arise. For Charles Fothergill may be said to have founded the first industry in what is today the City of Peterborough.

His name, no doubt, is known to very few in the counties of Durham, Northumberland and Peterborough today and it is to be regretted that there is no settlement called after him to perpetuate his memory in view of the capital he invested, the energetic and constructive manner in which he worked and the prominent part he played close on to one hundred and twenty-five years ago in the development of the district. In many business ventures he acquired land in Monaghan at the mouth of the Otonabee River and for over sixty years the spot was known as Fothergill's Point. In the 1880's when the late Henry Calcutt of Peterborough, who later acquired the property and operated a line of steamers on the Otonabee and Rice Lake, undertook to develop it as a summer resort. He changed its name to Jubilee Point, by which it has since been known.

Perhaps the water of Rice Lake had some bearing on Mr. Fothergill's selection of the particular tract he had in mind. His English settlers were mostly men of means, some were retired army and navy officers who would welcome opportunities to shoot and fish when their farming operations would permit.

Eight years before the Peter Robinson immigration scheme of 1825, Charles Fothergill conceived the idea of establishing a colony of English settlers in the township of Hamilton on the south shore of Rice Lake. The townships of Monaghan, Otonabee, Douro and Smith had not been surveyed or open for settlement. The township of Hope, with Smith's Creek as the commercial centre, was all settled and new settlers were flocking into Cavan and Emily. Beyond these townships, including the area around what is today the city of Peterborough, the country was inhabited only by Indian tribes. The forests were untouched by the woodsman's axe and the waters of the Otonabee, uncontrolled by man, went surging downward to Rice Lake, the Trent River and Lake Ontario.

When Charles Fothergill saw a block of land in the new township of Hamilton about to be thrown open to settlement; land not so far distant from the Lake Ontario front, he grasped the opportunity of securing it for friends he had left behind in England when he set sail to seek his fortune in the new world.

The earliest document of Fothergill's colonization scheme is in his petition dated April 13, 1817. The petition read as follows:

"To His Excellency Francis Gore Esquire.

"Lieutenant Governor of the Province of Upper Canada, &c. &c. &c In Council

"The Petition of Charles Fothergill, late of the City of London, Esquire, Most respectfully sheweth,-

"That your petitioner, a gentleman of ancient and respectable family in the North of England, being desirous of forming a settlement for himself and family within the

limits of Upper Canada, in preference to another part of the Continent, under a different Government, where he has inherited a very large tract of country, addressed the enclosed (marked No.1A) to the Under Secretary of State for the Colonial Department at home, and received in answer the enclosed (marked No.1B). In consequence of which, your Petitioner addressed the note marked No.2A and waited upon Mr. Gouldburn at his office in Downing Street, when your Petitioner received the enclosed directed to his Excellency Lt. General Sir I.C. Sherbrooke, G.C.B., with the assurance that it would be sufficient to procure for your Petitioner all that he desired.

"Your Petitioner accordingly embarked for this country, and he has spent much time and money in exploring almost every part for a suitable situation on which an extensive and important settlement might be formed; being in expectation of the early arrival of associates from England, amongst whom are several gentlemen of ample means, besides the members of his own family who are now actually upon their voyage.

"Your Petitioner placing reliance upon the hopes which have been raised, and being satisfied with the eligibility of a back situation in the vicinity of the Rice Lake, which your Excellency hath been pleased to order under survey, has already taken some decisive steps towards the formation of a new settlement by the purchase of property at Smith's Creek to the amount of more than three thousand dollars, by which to secure an outlet upon Lake Ontario, and where it will be necessary to erect storehouses, build a wharf, and improve the harbour so as to admit schooners, and other vessels, an estimate of the expense of which is now in the making.

"Your Petitioner feels that it would be imprudent to involve himself in further expenditure, however anxious to put his measures into their full execution, without having some certainty as to the number of acres he may individually expect in a Grant from the Crown, the more especially as his family and domestics are upon their way to this country, a number of workmen are engaged, and other preparations for immediate settlement in forwardness.

"Your Petitioner asks for no indulgence in respect of fees. He is well aware that they go to the general good, and both himself and his friends will pay them with pleasure. He is ready to give every proof of his sincerity in his power; actual, immediate, and extensive settlement is his object, and he has no objection to pledge himself, if necessary, to the fulfillment of his plans, under forfeiture of the lands, if not improved, and settled, within a reasonable time.

"The property which your Petitioner has brought to Canada is now in the hands of his broker in Montreal, and may therefore be easily ascertained, and, if any further references as to his additional funds to be drawn from England are required, his brother Dr. Fothergill of London, or his uncle James Forbes Esquire, F.R.S.&A.S., and Member of the Arcadian Society at Rome; or his cousin the Baron de Montazembert, now attached to the French Embassy, will readily answer any enquiries on this head. A

nearer reference may be made to Miss Bond, sister of the late American Consul, who is about to accompany my family hither, and who is sufficiently well acquainted with the family and connections of your Petitioner to answer any references of the nature alluded to.

"Your Petitioner will leave his Associates to apply for themselves when they arrive, and can exhibit their respective authorities. Should your Excellency be pleased to make a reserve for a limited time, until it shall be seen who, and of what quality, these associates are, it is all, on their account, that could be hoped for, or desired, at present.

"Your Petitioner, fearing prolixity, has only to apologize for any informality his petition may contain, and to pray that your Excellency will be pleased to grant him an order to locate such a number of acres as your Excellency in Council, may be pleased to apportion him, under the circumstances he has stated, on payment of the usual fees, and your Petitioner will ever pray, &c. &c.

York, April 15, 1817

CHARLES FOTHERGILL"

Fothergill journeyed to York and personally presented the above petition to the Lieut. Governor. Two days later,

April 17, 1817, the minutes of the Executive Council record:

"A Petition of Mr. Fothergill for a grant of land to himself, and a reservation for certain expected followers, was read. The Petitioner being present, produced the sanction of His Majesty's Government to be received as a settler on such favourable terms as his circumstances might appear to entitle him to, and representing his wish for a location in the vicinity of the Rice Lake, back of Smith's Creek, at which latter place he has purchased an Improvement of considerable value to facilitate the transport and intercourse to and from the projected settlement.

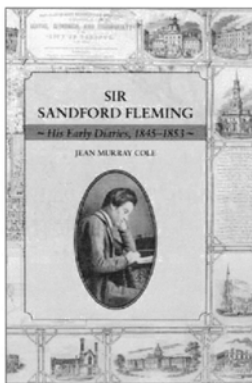
"It is ordered that the Surveyor General do report a Survey of 1200 acres on the broken front East of the land lately surveyed for Settlers from Ireland, at the selection of Mr. Fothergill and that a competent reserve adjacent, may remain unsurveyed until further express Order in Council, to the end that the expected followers of Mr. Fothergill may find room to locate such grants as the Government may be disposed to make on their respective applications."

[To be continued in future issue.]

News, Views and Reviews

BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS GIVING

Cole, Jean Murray, ed., *Sir Sandford Fleming: his early diaries, 1845-1853*, (Toronto, Dundurn, 2009) Pp 288, illustrations, index, ISBN 978-1554884506, \$30



Jean Cole and the Peterborough Historical Society Publications Committee have worked for many years to produce this book. It was necessary to read the diaries, get legible copies typed into the computer, and then to edit the text. The diary begins just as Fleming prepared to leave Scotland in 1845. The diary includes his two years in Peterborough, where he

lived with the family of Dr John Hutchison, and where he met his future wife, a daughter of Sheriff Hall. The diary was very detailed, and Fleming kept a diary the rest of his life. The diary is so crucial for Peterborough because it makes connections that are not able to be made anywhere else. While looking for jobs in Peterborough he was given

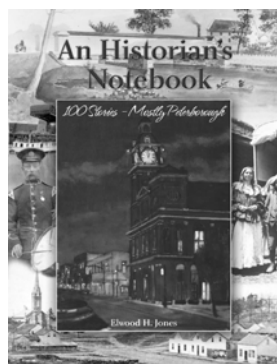
suggestions that took him to Cobourg, Port Hope and other places. In due course, he followed his brother to Toronto, where he made even more connections. The connections made in these nine years remained crucial influences throughout his illustrious career.

Noteworthy accomplishments in this period include Fleming's maps of Peterborough 1846, Cobourg and Toronto. He also was one of the founders of the Corinthian Lodge and of the Canadian Institute. He met many giants of the engineering world, including Casimir Gzowski who advised him there were no opportunities in Canada. Fleming had the good sense to assess that advice for what it is worth.

Jean Cole is well-known locally as the author of local histories of Dummer, Chandos and South Monaghan, as one of the editors of the *Illustrated Historical Atlas of the County of Peterborough*, and of *Kawartha Heritage*. She was a key volunteer in the creating of the Hutchison House Museum, a past-president of the Peterborough Historical Society and a member the PHS Publications Committee since its beginnings in the early 1980s. Before coming to Peterborough, where her husband A. O. C. Cole was the registrar of Trent University, Jean was a Toronto journalist. She has an honorary doctorate from Trent University in recognition of her accomplishments.

***Jones, Elwood H.**, *An Historian's Notebook, 100 Stories mostly Peterborough*, (Peterborough, Trent Valley Archives, 2009) Pp 270, illustrations, ISBN 978-0-9810341-1-9, \$40

In 100 crisp stories, Elwood Jones captures the history of the town and city of Peterborough and surroundings from Nogojiwanong to Trent University. Each of the stories has appeared in the Peterborough Examiner, mostly in his popular column, Historian at Work, that has been a feature of the Saturday paper since February 2007. The stories have been arranged along an historical timeline. The stories have a freshness for newspaper readers as the stories were often related to current issues. Most stories are accompanied with illustrations, chiefly from the Trent Valley Archives, or from Elwood's camera. Louis Taylor has done the design and layout to his usual high standards.



The well-researched stories cover a wide spectrum. There are stories about politics, show business, and neighborhood events. There are some biographies, murders, parades, exhibitions and fires. There are businesses, industries and institutions.

During a career spanning forty years in university teaching and in archives, Jones has found many ways to probe past dead ends, or to extract extra information from the documents and photographs. Many of the stories are inspired from the reading of newspapers, but several of the stories are based on photographs, diaries and original correspondence.

Some of the stories have reached beyond Peterborough. He makes apt comparisons with people elsewhere, or he comments on the places from which Peterborough people have come or gone. A few tourists show up in the book as well. The earliest was Captain Basil Hall in 1827; the most elusive was the wife of a Confederate general named Lee. Occasionally, Jones tackles questions sometimes considered settled; for example, he makes the persuasive case that Peterborough was named for Peterborough, New Hampshire, and not for Peter Robinson.

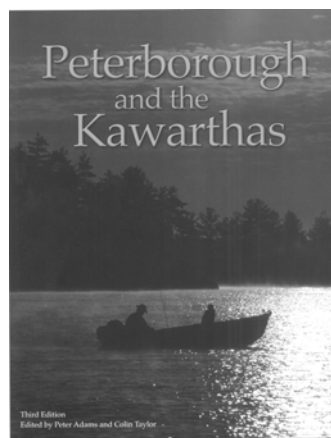
The proceeds from this book will go toward the archival and genealogical activities of the Trent Valley Archives. There will be an official launch later in November. This should be the perfect book for anyone on your Christmas list who has a Peterborough connection, even if they have not lived in Peterborough for many years, or ever.

***Adams, Peter and Colin Taylor, eds**, *Peterborough and the Kawarthas* (Peterborough, Trent University Geography Department, 2009, 3rd edition) Pp 252, Illustrations, maps, graphs, index, readings. ISBN 978-0-921062-17-2 \$35.

This is the third edition of a popular reference work on the local area. It updates many features of the earlier editions, but has some new features that reflect the digital revolution, and the amalgamation of townships that have affected local municipal politics. For starters, the book has larger pages, and this adds immeasurably to the maps, photographs and charts throughout the book. It is 17 years since the second edition, and in that time the world has changed. Peterborough opened a new regional hospital in 2008. Peterborough's townships were reorganized, Trent Valley Archives was started and the internet became ubiquitous; the authors have found creative ways to address such changes. The authors, and their contributors, are well-informed and this is a handy reference work for people interested in the Peterborough and the surrounding area.

The book reflects a very broad definition of geography, and the chapters are written by specialists. There are chapters on landforms, on climate, on rivers and streams, and lakes. There are also chapters on culture, planning, recreation and tourism. Several chapters discuss how geographers gather their materials, and the bibliography is organized around chapters.

There were several places where I wished to see more people doing things, rather than leaving actions to



governments, institutions and forces. It was good to learn that there are 10 "Archive" and 12 "Heritage organization" (p 192); however, it would make a good party game to put names to such numbers. It would even be a good guess whether Table 9.2 is counting only organizations within the city; the discussion of the figure implies it

is city, and that the list is meant to show how "people and places have responded to these challenges at the regional, municipal and local levels." (p. 193)

The discussion of the historical development of Peterborough as an industrial city might reflect a shortened view of history. Peterborough emerged as an industrial town by 1871, almost a generation before the arrival of General Electric. Quaker Oats is missing from one map showing industrial areas.

Personally, the most fun in this book is captured in the colourful maps which make it possible for readers to browse the implications and in the colourful aerial photos to which Alan Brunger has added diagrams identifying the main features in the photographs. One of the features I loved in the earlier editions was George Nader's plotting of house sales for the year; the update is not in this edition. An interesting innovation is the graph showing the changing

population from 1901 to 2001 in which the successive maps of the county show population density. The early chapter discussing glaciers and drumlins was also fascinating. The discussion on climate and climate change is a helpful commentary on recent news stories; Peterborough's climate has a marked variability in temperature and precipitation almost annually, and the pattern is more cyclical than found in global reports.

The Department of Geography is to be congratulated on continuing to update the various measures of our regional geography. This is an attractive and informative book that is an essential resource for our area.

Arnold, Ed, *Hunter Street Stories: Strolling a street from Aylmer to East City (Peterborough, Sketches to Remember, 2009) Pp 296, illustrations by George Elliott, ISBN 978-0-9685187-3-1

Ed Arnold and George Elliott have been quite a team over the years, and it is great to see them on another outing. George Elliott's artwork almost works independently of the book, but comes from the same roots. He has sketched the streetscapes and buildings along the street from Aylmer to the Lift Lock, but has added some historic that formerly graced the street. He has drawn the former Oriental Hotel, the former post Office, the former Examiner, and former Ashburnham Hall, all buildings that anchor parts of the discussion by Ed Arnold.

Ed Arnold does both sides of each block as chapters. He talks to people at each business or block, and finds interesting stories about the Canadian mosaic in the Peterborough setting. People have come from parts of Europe and Asia; others have deep roots in this area. All of them are making a difference here. Many came to town to be students at Trent or Fleming, and then stayed. Some had obscure links through family or friends to an earlier time. There were some instances of people who made their mark on this street and then headed to Winnipeg and other places. Everybody will have their own favourite stories, from this book or their own experiences. Ed Arnold thanks the Peterborough Examiner, Trent Valley Archives, Elwood Jones, Martha Kidd, Diane Robnik and earlier historians for uncovering or describing many of the stories.

In the block from Aylmer to George, there are several big stories. This block became central to the music and theatre life of the city and the story is put together quite well. The stories tied to the Oriental and the Red Dog and John Lynch provide the context for much of the chapter. Fires, photographers and post offices dominate the life between George and Water. The Examiner and St John's Church are crucial to the area to the bridge, while Quaker Oats, the Hunter Street Bridge and the park nobody knows as James Stevenson Park provide valuable links to local industry, development and setting. In Ashburnham, he tells stories of several buildings, and then, almost as an afterthought discusses Westclox and the Lift Lock.

The stories are well-told, and are filled with human interest. In some ways the street captures how people carve out lives for themselves. Some cast very long shadows.

Some buildings and facts get misplaced along the way, and some stories are diversions that just interest the author. And occasionally he gets into debates with himself, perhaps most tellingly when considering the history of the Peterborough Examiner. This book should be on the shelves of anyone interested in Peterborough, past and present.

Jones, Elwood and Jean Greig, *Nexicom: a history (Millbrook, Nexicom Group, 2009) Pp 72, Illustrations. ISBN 978-09812356-0-8

This attractive history tells the history of the several telephone companies that preceded the adoption of the Nexicom name in 1998. The company began in 1998 with Dr H. A. Turner's application to the Cavan township council for permission to use the roadsides for telephone lines. By 1903, the small company serving rural customers was offering long distance thanks to working with other independent telephone companies to get a deal with Bell. The Millbrook Rural Telephone Company was the logical extension of Dr Turner's work. By the 1940s, both the telephone company and the telephone supply company were working together, and this pattern set the tone to the present. The company's most serious moment came when it was compelled to give free long distance to Peterborough. However, it was clear that independent telephone companies always operated with the difficulties of supplying sparsely settled rural areas in a world that wanted the same services as urban customers. The book also has an extensive discussion of current long-range thinking of John and Paul Downs, the principals of Nexicom. Their connection began with their father, E. T. Downs, who was very adept at parlaying his sales job with Northern Telephone with creative solutions for his customers.

Bates, Elva V., *Goodroom, Eh? (Gooderham, Bates and Charters, 2009) Pp 344; ISBN 978-0-9737826-1-5, \$25.



Elva Bates has lived in Haliburton County all her life, was a municipal employee and wrote a history of Gooderham, where she has resided since 1957. Here, she shares captured stories from the county's past in the guise of fiction. I empathize with the ambition. Surely if we get immersed in the history of a place we should be able to write the great Canadian novel. It would avoid some of the limitations of the historian. We often encounter situations where we are stymied. The historical records are skewed to public records or to writers of books and letters. Over the past thirty years, historians have found ways to learn about ordinary people, through oral history or the

analysis of rich diaries. In the absence of such records to mine, historians do turn to fiction.

Admittedly, I am not one who has. I know how difficult it really is. Writing fiction is not just about filling gaps in the story line. One needs to have a strong story line, with a plot that has a rising action and a clear denouement, and a satisfying conclusion. The characters have to have a charm, at least to the extent that readers will find them worth the effort. And the character development of each character has to be consistent. The difference between history and fiction is that fiction has to make sense.

This brave effort succeeds. To my tastes, the book moves too slowly. Partly this reflects the conscientious effort to show how people learned what they did; this device ensures repetition, but for the author it also demonstrates her understanding of how word of mouth works. Arguably history is about written history and oral history, but the dilemma is it is harder for historians to access oral history. Viewed another way, the book is more concerned with understanding people and their motivations than developing a plot. The challenge is keeping the character development for so many characters at a crisp pace. You have to admire the effort. It will appeal to the genealogist and local historian in all of us.

***Delaney, Audrey Condon and Judy Potter Baird,** *Calling all Condons* (Toronto, np, nd) Pp 440, illustrations. ISBN 0-9690429-2

Following a 1981 family reunion, the members of the family resolved to pool their knowledge. The work was carried through several researchers, but the final product is solid and enlightening.

The history begins with Normans in the tenth century. All the Condons descend from the family in northeast Cork, established after the conquest of 1066. After building large landed estates, with eight castles, the family ran afoul of Elizabeth I. And the family history never gets dull.

Moreau, William L, ed., *The Writings of David Thompson, vol I, The Travels, 1850 Version* (Toronto, Champlain Society, 2009) Pp lxiv, 352, Maps, ISBN 978-0-7735-3557-2

David Thompson was the most important of Canada's explorers, even though the awareness was slow to develop.

National Archives of Scotland, *Tracing Your Scottish Ancestors: the official guide* (Edinburgh, NAS and Birlinn, 2009, fifth edition) Pp 242, Index, sources. ISBN 13: 978-1-84158-743-1

For nearly 20 years, the National Archives of Scotland has been producing guides for researchers hoping to use their resources at the General Register House, New Register House and now the West Register House. The detail is a terrific resource even for those who cannot travel to Edinburgh, or other Scottish archives. It describes and draws attention to resources that genealogists often overlook.

In the first chapters, the book guides researchers through site visits and websites. Particularly fresh is the

discussion of the ScotlandsPeople Centre. These records are mostly digital and include census returns, 1841-1901; old parish registers, 1553-1854; Statutory Registers since 1855; wills and testaments, 1513-1901; and, coats of arms, 1672 to 100 years ago. The Centre, which is in the General Register House, is open weekdays from 9 to 4:30. You can purchase full or par-day passes as well as quarterly or annual passes. There is a café in the nearby New Register House. There is also a 4,400 volume reference library and access to genealogical websites. The Centre is accessible on a pay-per-view basis at www.scotlandspeople.gov.uk.

The next section discusses the records dealing with births, marriages, deaths; inheritance; ownership; tenants and crofters; and other legal transactions. There are also chapters discussing litigants, criminals, taxpayers and officials. The next chapters discuss records related to occupation. There is a chapter on electors and elected. This is followed by chapters for each of the sick and insane; the poor; emigrants and migrants; and slaves.

The appendices deal with useful addresses, mainly for all the archives in Scotland; and useful books.

***Paterson, Murray,** *School Days, Cool Days* (Peterborough 2009) ISBN 978-0-557-05174-8

Murray Paterson has written a lively recollection of his teaching days. He has lots of good stories, but he is particularly insightful on initiatives that teachers could take during the 1950s to the 1980s. This will be popular with anyone who went to school during those years.

One gets a sense that teachers learned on the job, and their cleverness was their big advantage. Paterson seems pleased with the world before computers.

Murray was a columnist with the Peterborough Examiner, and people welcomed his memories of growing up in Peterborough's north end. During the 1930s and 1940s, George Street north of Parkhill was a quiet street. His books are reminders of how much the world has changed in our lifetimes.

ANSON HOUSE AUXILIARY REUNION

Jill Adams

Today, Anson House, on Anson Street Peterborough, is a fine example of Peterborough Housing Corporation's efforts to supply affordable housing in our community. It is a heritage building converted into affordable apartments. Until a few years ago, this beautiful building was a seniors' home, built in 1912 as "the Protestant Home" for poor women and children. Anson House was in fact the third home in the City with that name.

The Homes, like Anson House, were supported by local Protestant churches. In the late 1960s, a volunteer Auxiliary was established to help sustain the residents of Anson House. This consisted of two volunteers, all women, from each of 20 or 30 churches. Its first President was Gladys Groombridge with Gladys Lahti as a notable founding volunteer.

On 18th June, this year, there was a reunion of close to 50 of the old Auxiliary including members from the earliest days. Many of them volunteered at Anson House for more

than thirty years. They inspected, with approval, the new Anson House and then proceeded to an Afternoon Tea that included a birthday cake for one member who was celebrating her 91st birthday.

The reunion was organized by Barb. Ketchabaw (St. George's Anglican), Bunny O'Neil (St. Stephen's Presbyterian.), Marie Wasson and Mary Harrison (Northminster United), Ann Whittington (Grace United), Marg. Carley (St. Paul's Presbyterian) and Jill Adams (St. John's Anglican).

The Auxiliary is grateful to Peter Robinson and Tania Fredericks of Peterborough Housing for their assistance and courtesy. The book, "Anson House: A Refuge and a Home", edited by Elwood Jones and Brendan Edwards (published with the support of the Auxiliary) will be of interest to anyone interested in Peterborough's efforts to cope with poverty since the 1840s. A few copies are still available through the Trent Valley Archives.

IS YOUR LAST TOWNSHIP MILL WORTH SAVING?

Board of Millbrook Cavan Historical Society



Needler's Mill, Millbrook (Cavan Millbrook HS)

At its Annual General Meeting, Millbrook Cavan Historical Society was pleased to have Bob Shafer, owner/operator of the Mill in Tyrone, speak to the members and general public about the importance, and challenges, of preserving and using old mills. Speaking from the heart, as well as experience, Mr. Shafer spoke of the Mill that he has owned in Tyrone Mills since 1979. The Mill in Tyrone is one of Canada's oldest water powered mills, built in 1846. The complex presently includes a saw mill and a flour mill. Using pictures and drawings depicting operations behind 19th century flour mills and the history of restoration and renovation to his mill, Mr. Shafer entertained the crowd with stories and anecdotes of what it takes for an entrepreneur to establish and continue to run a business with so much history behind it.

Here is a brief history of Needler's Mill in Millbrook. In 1816, John Deyell came from Ireland and established himself in Cavan. Beside a little creek, he and his brother James financed and built a grist mill; and the mill by the

brook gave Millbrook its name. There is also speculation the mill ground grain for the production of whiskey - hence the name 'Distillery Street'. But no definitive proof of that type of operation has yet come to light. Deyell's Mill burnt down in 1857 (a fate of many early mills) and the property was sold to Walker Needler who, at the time, also owned and operated a grist mill and saw mill on Baxter Creek in what is now Cedar Valley. Mr. Needler built another three storey flour mill on the Deyell site as well as home which is still standing at 9 Anne St. This mill, too, succumbed to fire in 1909, at which time Mr. Needler dismantled the south half of the mill in Cedar Valley and moved it to the Mill Pond site. Needler's Mill is the last remaining mill in the Township and one of only a handful remaining in the Province which is salvageable and restorable. According to an historical story in the Peterborough Examiner in 1958, the mill turned out a fine quality flour with the trade name "White Rose". The flour was sold in local grocery stores and in Peterborough. In 1967 the property was sold to the Otonabee Region Conservation Authority (ORCA) which was interested in preserving the water levels. They had also hoped to restore the mill with the cooperation of the Millbrook Council of the day. ORCA still owns the Mill.

Mr. Shafer recognized the benefits of our local Mill. "Needler's Mill enhances the whole Township, so the challenge will be to create an environment where people want to participate in, and be involved with, the future of the Mill.... You have incredible rolling countryside, a beautiful setting here in the village, with a busy, historically relevant downtown core, parkland next to the Mill. It's accessible to tourists - it's worth preserving", he said. Although Mr. Shafer has not undertaken any economic benefit study to gauge the impact of his mill on the village of Tyrone Mills, he knows that both the mill and the village have benefited from each others' activities. "The preservation of heritage structures continues in our village to this day", he said. "The residents understand how important history and heritage is to the village and that is what draws other people to the area."

Mr Shafer said any restoration will be an on-going effort - not just a one-time expense. "Like any heritage structure anywhere, whether it be a home, business or other structure, there will be a need for continual maintenance if the people want to preserve it. The Township will need to use it or lose it", he said. "A restored Mill would bring many more people to this area", he said. "Busloads of people come out of Toronto on day trips and stop at Tyrone Mill throughout the summer. There is no reason why Millbrook couldn't be another stop for those buses, and the Mill would be a big draw. The Township would benefit from this visibility as would the businesses".

Needler's Mill is an integral part of the past and future of this Township and the Millbrook Cavan Historical Society is committed to raising awareness and educating young and old. Remember, its only history if someone continues to tell the story.

Peterborough's Lift Lock

DIANA MEHTA

CANADIAN PRESS, Aug 12, 2009

PETERBOROUGH, Ont. – Rising some 20 metres off the ground, the world's highest hydraulic lift lock dwarfs the people who gaze up at it from the canal below. A handful of tourists crane their necks to take in the three grey pillars that straddle the Trent-Severn Waterway in Peterborough, Ont., while others scurry up the narrow stairs that border the lock to see the view from the top. A woman pauses halfway up the concrete stairway to photograph the rivulets of water streaming from large iron grates cut into the blackened wall that runs across the canal. Shadowed by the grey boat bay above, the barred openings in the dripping walls are reminiscent of the dingy interior of a medieval prison. An apt picture considering the Peterborough lift lock is known not only for its size and stature, but also noted for its spiritual inhabitants.

Lock operator John Stanley makes no bones about the ghostly presences he's worked with over the past two years. "The lock is haunted," says Stanley matter-of-factly, not a touch of sarcasm in his voice. "We have Bumpy, who is an ex-employee, Billy, who died during construction, and Art." The water to his right is calm as Stanley discusses his spectral companions from his perch in the control tower, a small room built atop the central pillar of the lock.

An intercom crackles, a voice goes out over a loudspeaker and within seconds the mass of water that was stagnant a minute before begins to drop away as a small cheer goes out from tourists watching below. Working like a teeter-totter, the lock uses gravity to move boats from one side to another in 90 seconds. While construction on the gravity-operated lock wrapped in 1904, very little in the structure has changed, leading some to wonder if this is the reason its ghosts have kicked around for so long. "The lock is 105 years old and still operates on essentially the same principle, We're very much original and we work every day," says Stanley.

For those seeking a touch of the paranormal, the lock is teeming with tales that can give tourists goosebumps. One story says a man working on the original construction lost his balance and toppled into the shell of the lock's central pillar, falling to his death. Finding it difficult to extract his body, his fellow workers apparently continued to fill the pillar with cement, encasing his body in the lock forever. Later on in the construction, when the boat bays were being painted, unstable scaffolding tipped three workers over the edge, killing one who died close to the same middle pillar.

Stanley says although he hasn't seen a ghost himself, he says he has been rattled when working late at night on machinery stashed in the bowels of the lock. Burrowing as deep as 21 metres into the ground, the area below the lock is a labyrinth of underground tunnels and rooms where the bulk of the ghost stories originate. "If we have a breakdown at the lock it means myself and my partners are here late until 5:30 in the morning and that's when the spooky stuff starts to happen," says the 23-year-old.

It's the spooky stuff that's made the lock more than an engineering marvel. Tourists from across Canada and as far away as Europe have travelled to Peterborough to take in Lock 21. "It's a big draw," says Jon Oldham, programming assistant at the Peterborough Museum and Archives, adding that the lock is one of the most popular attractions among visitors and locals in the city of 75,000. "It's sort of iconic for Peterborough."

Diane Robnik, an archivist at the Trent Valley Archives, has been telling tourists and locals of the lock's eerie inhabitants after doing some footwork of her own. Robnik remembers a recent story about a group of men repairing machinery in the damp spaces beneath the lock. At one point heavy footsteps were heard clunking down the concrete steps that led to the machine room, but no one appeared. A curious worker stepped outside to find boot prints stamped into the wet floor, trailing down the stairs and disappearing into a hard stone wall. "They went right into that centre pillar and they were gone," says Robnik.

Another time, after a canal worker died, lock operators continued to find his rubber boots in the lock elevator for days after his death, without any idea of how they reappeared after they'd been removed. "They tell me that things are happening all the time, and you either accept them or you can't work there," says Robnik. But although they might give the burliest of men the creeps, the lock's spiritual residents have never caused any genuine harm. "None of the ghosts have any type of sinister, malevolent feelings," says Robnik. "They just want to play little pranks to just let people know that they're there."

Ian Henderson and a FLOATING ISLAND

So, what do you do when you suddenly find a very large floating structure beached in a small bay in front of your cottage? Well, you phone the Trent-Severn Waterway (TSW), believing it to be their property, and assuming that they will remove it.

Earlier this spring, the structure was carried downstream by high water flows to the secluded bay in front of a number of Douro-Dummer residents -- Ian Henderson, Blair Greenly, Joe Hotrum and Dave Yale.

It had come from somewhere upstream. A woman first reported it to TSW after she saw it go over the dams in Young's Point. That happened in early April. From

Young's Point it traveled down Lake Katchewanooka, arcing around into the bay, almost taking out a dock in the process. The residents tied it up to their shoreline, fearing that if it got back into the channel it would create a real hazard if a boat happened to run into it.

"We thought we were doing the right thing by tying it up," the landowners say, "because we didn't want it to go back into the channel where it could have serious consequences for boaters."

The "thing" (as they called it) is about 90 feet long and four feet wide, with 16 inch squared timbers connected in three sections by chains. Large spikes protrude from it, making it very dangerous for the children who usually swim in the little bay. The timbers appear to be of the same type of wood that lock gates are constructed of. It's obviously been floating for quite some time; moss and cedar trees have sprouted up on it.

The men think it might have come from the Lovesick Lake area, or that maybe it was attached to a wharf many years ago, but no one really knows for sure.



There are older tie-up rings evident on it, to which newer aircraft cable is attached.

Early on,

representatives of the TSW stopped by to look at it. The men were told it didn't belong to the TSW, and initially indicated they wouldn't take responsibility for getting rid of it. "If it was a floating boom we would tow it away, but we don't know what it is."

The township of Douro-Dummer (where the bay is located) was contacted, who also began communicating with the TSW on how they might get the situation resolved. The landowners also contacted MP Dean Del Mastro's office.

It appears the TSW had a change of heart. Ultimately, after more than two months of the landowners trying to get the "thing" removed, Parks Canada (TSW) came in with its boat on the morning of June 15 and towed it away. One of the landowners was told that the structure was to be cut into ten foot lengths and disposed of.

Editor's note.

A few years ago we had an inquiry from a professor in Florida who was writing about floating islands. That looks like a floating island in your pictures. It turned out there had been many reports of floating islands in Chemong over the years, and that people were annoyed in the spring to find these on their shoreline. It was also believed that people went out in the middle of the night and shoved the floating islands on to their neighbor's beach. This story is

quite reminiscent of the details and the dynamics and when I see the picture it ties together.

We did not run the story on our web page, but a related story, from 1896, appeared in the Heritage Gazette for August 2003. It is taken from our Delledone collection.

PETERBOROUGH LAWN BOWLING CLUB

The Peterborough Lawn Bowling Club has a long history in the City of Peterborough dating back to 30 April 1901, when a large number of citizens organized the Club. The location was the north east corner of Simcoe and Aylmer Streets, with seven rinks available for play. By 4 June 1901, 94 bowlers were registered with an annual fee of two dollars. It took only two weeks to ready the grounds and the members were requested to wear rubber shoes.

In 1904, the plot of land was sold in order to build the YWCA and the Club moved to the corner of Brock and Aylmer Streets with its "postage stamp" greens. The club stayed for 25 years, and now the area is Fleming Park.

As the popularity of the sport grew, the Club purchased the area of the present Club, between McDonnell and Walnut Streets, in two parcels. The first parcel, 300' x 200', was purchased in the fall of 1928. Six members applied for and obtained from the Ontario Government a charter incorporating "The Peterborough Lawn Bowling Club Limited", with authority to issue shares of common stock. The charter is dated 13 December 1928. J.H. Sedgewick, who was also the first President of the newly incorporated Club, bought the first share, 23 January 1929. Four of the founding members are commemorated with brass plaques displayed on the handsome walnut columns in the Clubhouse.

The property was purchased from David Hatton and the surveyors, Smith and Smith were paid \$16 on 22 May 1929. The new Clubhouse was built for an estimated cost of \$10,000. The original mortgage of \$7,900 was held by Canadian Order of Woodmen of the World. The first meeting in the new Clubhouse was held on 6 May 1930.

Additional land was later purchased from Mr. Hatton, and the property now comprises 18 lots with three superb greens of eight rinks each. At one time, there were tennis and shuffleboard courts where green one is now located. The Kawartha Croquet club affiliated in 2000 and uses green one.

Women were not permitted to play until the late 1940's, and then only in the daytime as the gentlemen had the greens in the evening. The ladies were required to wear long skirts.

The beautiful 1 3/4 storey brick building, with dormers, a verandah on the south side to view the greens, contains a large reception room with brick fireplace, beveled glass french doors hardwood floors, walnut wainscot, beamed ceiling, decorative cornice, a built-in trophy case, and kitchen facilities. The second floor provides a meeting room and small office overlooking the greens. The basement contains a large recreation, scoring room, and washroom facilities.

Our motto this year was "Proud of our Past, Building our Future". We have our first inductee into the Peterborough Sports Hall of Fame. Our Junior Program produced the first ever Provincial Under 18 Junior Lady Champion, and this season we were privileged to have Lawn Bowls accepted into the School Curriculum and Instructional Programs with the Recreation Department of the City of Peterborough. Interesting to note that under the new school program, the children paid \$2.00 to cover the cost of refreshments, and were instructed by 43 volunteers.

The Peterborough Lawn Bowling Club has 180 members who enjoy a choice of 6 leagues, as well as 12 "In Club" events during the season.

Our Clubhouse basement was devastated by the "great flood" of July 15, 2004, and we are working toward restoring it this winter to maintain the legacy left by our "founding Fathers".

J.H. Sedgewick, the first President of the Incorporated Club, was quoted in the "Daily Examiner" as saying that the Club planned to create "the finest bowling greens in Canada" and we are proud to say his prediction holds true today. *Editor: The preceding commentary was written by a member of the Lawn Bowling Club in 2004. The charming arts and crafts style Lawn Bowling club house has been an asset from the day it was built in 1929. During the summer, the club was awarded an infrastructure grant and now plans to demolish the old club house and build something new. It must have been a tough decision, and as Andrew Elliott wrote in his Examiner column, it is too bad the club did not see a third option.*

Wall of Honour

The Wall of Honour will be built in Confederation Square. The new design is a semi-circle behind the Allward war memorial and consists of several granite monuments which will have names engraved in granite.

The city is setting up a new website and Susan Kyle and Dave Edgerton will be in charge of the design and the verification of information. In order to confirm that a person meets the criteria, they need to know their full name, Regimental # or date of birth; what service (Army, Navy, Air Force, Merchant Marine). Susan and Dave are appealing to local historians and genealogists for information on middle names where applicable. They particularly need help with veterans of World War II and the Korean War who moved here after the wars.

As well, the city has changed one of the criteria for names being acceptable for the Wall of Honour. People who moved to Peterborough (city or county) on a full-time basis upon leaving the forces to set up shop (work, raise family etc.) before 1970, they are on the wall. They must have a Canadian Forces #. This category does not include cottagers or people who only retired to the area. The city wants to include people who contributed to the changing face of Peterborough after the 1960s. Some of these people will have come to work at General Electric, Outboard Marine, Quaker Oats, Trent University or one of the many new companies that were attracted to Peterborough.

If you can help in providing information, please contact David at davidedgerton@freedom55financial.com 745-9083 or Susan at susan.kyle@yahoo.ca 745-1184

THE LAKEFIELD HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Don Webster

About 1987/88 Len Wingett was asked to consider writing the "History of Lakefield". A meeting was held with Fred Charlton, Len Wingett and Bob Delledonne in attendance. It was agreed that a book would be in order and Bob Delledonne offered to collect data to add what he already had on hand. Other people became involved including Doug Kennedy and Russell Curry.

The ability to publish a book includes the need for a lot of money so a source had to be found and that came about by the New Horizons Program. This program required the establishment of a "Group" of at least twenty persons to qualify for the grant. Hence the Lakefield Historical Society and Seniors Group came into being. The "Seniors Group" part was required as a requisite for the grant. In 1989/90 membership consisted of 30 persons - no membership fee was charged, just the numbers were required!

After obtaining the grant, work continued slowly and a point arrived when there was a danger that the grant money would not be used before its term expired. Doug Kennedy and Len Wingett "grabbed the bull by the horns" and made arrangements for printing with the Friesens Corporation. Between the inception of the Group and the printing of the book the group functioned well, from about 1994 to 1999 Len Wingett single-handedly kept the Group in existence. The book created interest in the Society and a sufficient number of members joined and a group of these formed an Executive. In September 1993 the Constitution and By-Law were amended; part of this action change the designation of the Lakefield Historical Society and Seniors Group to the Lakefield Historical Society (LHS).

In the early days the Executive did not have concern about a suitable space to house the Society, the Baptist Church was available and there was no memorabilia. The Lakefield Historical Society has held open meetings from its time of conception to the present time; except for about 1994 - 99. Over the years many persons have donated pictures, post cards, personal histories and many other items to the LHS for safe keeping and access by interested members and the public. It was always accepted that the historical material must stay in Lakefield.

On 28 May 2009, at a general meeting of the LHS, a discussion took place about the safe keeping of the Society's collection of historical pictures and memorabilia. Discussion aimed to move the LHS's historical holdings to Trent University or indeed, any other facility on a permanent basis ensued. After a number of comments a motion was raised, duly seconded and passed by the members present. In general, the motion stated that the Executive would not take any action on moving any historical material out of Lakefield before a meeting was

convened to allow all persons to present pro/con arguments. A follow-up meeting of the LHS on 9 July gave rise to the formation of a committee of volunteers to search out a solution to the long-standing problems of a suitable location for the LHS. Fourteen persons volunteered to form the **LAKEFIELD COMMUNITY COMMITTEE (LCC)**, a sub-committee of the LHS.

The purpose of this Committee of volunteers is to examine all possible avenues available to enable the Lakefield Historical Society's valuable historical material to be kept in a safe and accessible environment in Lakefield. The Committee of volunteers is comprised of members of the Lakefield Community, persons outside the Community who have a genuine interest in achieving the purpose, members & non-members of the LHS and invited experts in fields of interest. The Committee must report back to the LHS on all progress and recommended actions to be taken.

The initial meeting of the Committee members was held on 12 August. This meeting chose the chairperson, John

Millage and first vice-chairperson, Neil Wasson. A number of groups were established utilizing all 14 volunteers. The decision has been made that the Lakefield Historical Society's (LHS) valuable historical material will be retained in Lakefield, the LCC continues to work on resolving on going concerns. The LCC meets every two weeks and continually works to achieve the ultimate goal to have a suitable space in Lakefield which meets all of the requirements for secure storage and accessibility. This sub-committee of the LHS welcomes any help be it financial or otherwise. Meetings are held bi-weekly at Marg & Derry Wilford's home; 1272 Seaforth Cr., Lakefield. If you have a bit of time and are interested in helping to resolve the problems at hand, please join us and express your views. There is no requirement to be a member of the LHS, just the interest and willingness to help.

Don Webster (876-6449) [Neil Wasson (652-8252), John Millage (652-9103) & Doug Kennedy (652-6304)]

Trent Valley Archives Book Store

We may have other titles, so please enquire. We are really excited about our new books for Christmas.

Adams, Peter & Colin Taylor, eds	<i>Peterborough and the Kawarthas, 3rd edition</i>	NEW	35
Adams, Peter	<i>Elections in Peterborough County</i>		5
Arnold, Ed	<i>Hunter Street Stories</i>	NEW	30
Ashby, James & Susan Algie	<i>Peterborough Modern</i>		10
Bates, Elva	<i>A Journey Through Glamorgan's Past</i>		25
Bates, Elva	<i>Goodroom, Eh?</i>	NEW	25
Berry, Gordon & Lesley Wootton	<i>Upper Stoney Lake: Gem of the Kawarthas</i>		40
Boland, Edgar	<i>From the Pioneers to the Seventies</i>		35
Brunger, Alan	<i>By Lake and Lock</i>		5
Cahorn, Judi Olga	<i>The Incredible Walk: True Story of My Parents Escape</i>	NEW	20
Calhoun, O O	<i>Wilson Family in Canada</i>		15
Cole, Jean Murray ed	<i>Sir Sandford Fleming: His Early Diaries 1845-1853</i>	NEW	30
Cole, Jean Murray	<i>Garden of Eden [South Monaghan Township]</i>		35
Corbett, Gail	<i>Nation Builders: the Barnardo Children in Canada</i>		20
Craig, John	<i>How Far Back Can You Get?</i>		20
Delaney, Audrey Condon	<i>Calling All Condons</i>		15
Galvin, Clare	<i>Days of My Years</i>		20
Guillet, Edwin	<i>Valley of the Trent</i>		60
Heasman-Fisher, Marlyne	<i>Omeme: the pigeon town; a walker's guide</i>		25
Jones, Elwood	<i>Anson House: A Refuge and A Home</i>		20
Jones, Elwood	<i>Fighting Fires in Peterborough</i>		40
Jones, Elwood	<i>Peterborough: The Electric City</i>		50
Jones Elwood	<i>Strike Up the Band!</i>		20
Jones, Elwood	<i>Winners: 150 Years of the Peterborough Exhibition</i>		25
Jones, Elwood	<i>Historian's Notebook: 100 Stories mostly Peterborough</i>	NEW	40
Jones, Elwood & Jean Grieg	<i>Nexicom: a history</i>	NEW	20
Kidd, Martha	<i>Sketches of Peterborough</i>		20
Lavery, Mary and Doug	<i>Up the Burleigh Road</i>		35
Leetooze, Sherill Branlon	<i>Along the Gravel Road</i>		19
Leetooze, Sherill Branlon	<i>Durham County Companion</i>		19
Mallory, Enid	<i>Kawartha – Living on These Lakes</i>		20
Martyn, Dr John	<i>The Past is Simply the Beginning [Peterborough Doctors]</i>		15

Monkman, Cy	<i>Forgotten Sports Era: a history of the Peterborough Ski Club</i>	35
Mulvany, C. P.	<i>History of the County of Peterborough: Biographical</i>	50
Mulvany, C. P.	<i>History of the County of Peterborough: the Townships</i>	50
Northcott, Wm & Wm Smith	<i>Midland on Georgian Bay</i>	60
Paterson, Murray	<i>School Days, Cool Days</i>	NEW 24
Peterman, Michael	<i>Sisters in Two Worlds [Traill and Moodie]</i>	25
Rafuse, Ted	<i>Wooden Cars on Steel Rails</i>	40
Robnik, Diane	<i>Mills of Peterborough</i>	28
Robnik, Diane	<i>Preventative Care for Cemeteries CD</i>	20
Trent Valley Archives	<i>Peterborough Interiors</i>	15
Whitfield, Alta	<i>History of North Monaghan Township</i>	20
	<i>Illustrated Historical Atlas for Peterborough County (2009)</i>	90
	<i>Illustrated Historical Atlas for Victoria County</i>	65

Walking the walk is music to my ears

Paul Rellinger, Peterborough This Week

When it comes to exhibiting a passion for Peterborough as it was, and how that shapes who we are today, Bruce Fitzpatrick walks the walk. Literally.

A soft-spoken lawyer armed with an infectious side-splitting laugh, Fitzpatrick has, for several years now, guided groups through Peterborough's downtown core. The popular Scandals and Scoundrels pub crawl, which takes the curious back in time via stories and folklore associated with the city's past, is just one of a number of tours offered by Trent Valley Archives. It fuels the man who leads it, giving his passion for local history a stage not unlike that offered by the typical courtroom.

And so it was late Monday afternoon that I joined Fitzpatrick and TVA researcher Diane Robnik in front of the former Paramount Theatre for a run-through of the newest tour on the schedule.

Titled It's All About The Music, the walking tour, sponsored by the Historic Red Dog, takes the hardy on an interactive journey, from the arrival of Irish settlers and the music they brought with them to the current landscape. Armed (or is that eared?) with a small MP3 player which contains music tracks relevant to each point of interest (the opening track, Erin's Green Shores, is performed by Fitzpatrick and Danny Bronson), it really wasn't too difficult to close your eyes and picture how former venues like the Grand Opera House, the Bradburn Opera House and the Brock Ballroom gave Peterborough a unique live music persona that exists to this day.

Fitzpatrick, with Robnik, has worked on the script for the tour since the spring. While there has to be some foundation, it's evident that Fitzpatrick, with his gift for gab, sees that script as a guideline as he interjects observations and opinions. There are words on the page but he waves the baton.

One of the extended tour stops is the Pig's Ear on Brock Street where owner John Punter takes the reins, talking on his 30 years, in England and here in Canada, as a recording engineer and, later, a producer. Displayed nearby are gold records by the likes of Bryan Ferry, Nazareth and Roxy Music -- just some of the top-selling albums he produced during his career.

"This tour is important...it gets people away from their computer to experience history rather than just read about it," says Punter. "Humanity is an amazing thing. People should get out and discover it."

Around the corner and down a bit on Hunter Street West is the Historic Red Dog, where owner Michael Skinner has been very careful to retain the charm of the 126-year-old pub while bringing in the new. That's where the tour ends, complete with a power-point presentation and a music quiz. And of course, the opportunity to ask the piper more questions.

American science fiction writer Robert Heinlein said, "A generation which ignores history has no past and no future." Whether that's enough to motivate you to join Fitzpatrick on his walk-about, one thing is certain -- his shoulders are broad and there's plenty of room for those who want a peek at what's behind the door.

Reach Paul Rellinger at prellinger@mykawartha.com or at his Metroland blog Bloginger at www.mykawartha.com

Michael McCarthy, *From Cork to the New World, A Journey for Survival* (Ottawa, Borealis Press, 2009) Pp 299

Michael McCarthy, 58, of Rochester NY, is a descendant of the McCarthys and Sullivans who were Peter Robinson settlers in 1825. A researcher drew this book to my attention, and it is available at Titles and Chapters. She was impressed with the quality of the writing and how it portrayed outsiders. McCarthy has written a work of fiction but has tried to make the book true to what he thinks would have been experienced by his ancestors.

Right from the outset he faces intriguing issues. Why do people leave the country of their birth? And why go here? This migration differed from others because it was a government enterprise, and there are many records available to writers. Even so there are gaps, and that is where the need for imagination enters the plot.

Trent Valley Archives
 567 Carnegie Avenue
 Peterborough Ontario K9L 1N1
www.trentvalleyarchives.com
 705-745-4404
 ISSN 1206-4394

BOOK LAUNCHES

The Peterborough Historical Society and its publications committee invite all readers and friends to the official launch of the new book, edited by Jean Murray Cole, on **Sandford Fleming** and his early years as a Canadian engineer, mainly in Peterborough and Toronto. See you at Hutchison House, November 14, 2 to 5 pm.

The Trent Valley Archives will host a launching event to celebrate its latest publication, Elwood Jones' *An Historian's Notebook*. Watch for details.

*Publishers of the Heritage Gazette of the Trent Valley
Become a member and receive this award-winning
magazine four times a year. See insert.*

Showplace Performance Centre and Trent Valley Archives presents
THE CHRISTMAS STORIES
Friday, November 27th, 2009 at 8PM
This is a variety show featuring humorous stories, songs and personal memories of Christmas past and present, performed by some of Peterborough's best-known musicians, actors, entertainers, public figures and personalities! Graciously hosted by Jack Roe and Gillian Wilson. Written by Bruce Fitzpatrick and Diane Robnik. Produced and directed by Tim Rowat.

The cast features many sparkling talents who want to make this the best family show of the season. It draws upon some of the historical research that has been assembled over the past three or four years at the Trent Valley Archives. But Tim Rowat and Showplace have added music and songs. There will be special interactive elements in the show.

Great for the family. Bring your friends and neighbours.

The VIP seats will be special and offer an opportunity to meet the cast at a green room party following the show.

Tickets \$25 Adult / \$15 Students 18 & under /
\$75 VIP Seat
Box Office 705.742.SHOW (7469)
www.showplace.org

Tickets for The Christmas Stories are available by contacting Showplace. This is a great opportunity to treat family and friends and help the Trent Valley Archives at the same time. We will see you there.

Showplace Performance Centre and Trent Valley Archives present

The Christmas Stories

Friday, November 27th 2009 at 8PM



SHOWPLACE PERFORMANCE CENTRE
TRENT VALLEY ARCHIVES

...a variety of humorous stories, songs and personal memories of Christmas past and present, performed by some of Peterborough's renowned musicians, actors, entertainers, public figures and personalities! Graciously hosted by Jack Roe and Gillian Wilson.

Written by Bruce Fitzpatrick • Produced & Directed by Tim Rowat

Sponsored By  **Bell**

705.742.SHOW (7469) • www.showplace.org

Chelsey Bennett	Beau Dixon	Linda Kash	Police Chief
Peter Blodgett	Bruce Fitzpatrick	Teresa Kaszuba	Murray Rodd
Danny Bronson	Bridget Foley	Wally Macht	Jack Roe
Gwen Brown	& The Gospel Girls	Matilda O'Sullivan	Tim & Gail Rowat
Karen Ruth Brown	Fred Gariepy	Rob Phillips	Christopher Spear
Peter Brugger	Geoff Hewitson	Beatrix Quarrie	Gillian Wilson

STAR 93.3
It's All About The Best Music

107.9fm TheBreeze
The greatest hits of all time