

The Heritage Gazette of the Trent Valley

Volume 13, number 4, February 2009

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Cover picture: Carol Sucee straightens library books in Trent Valley Archives. See stories, page 38.
(Credit: Elwood Jones)



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PRESIDENT'S REPORT

Another year has begun and it is a reminder that we are nearing the 200th anniversary of the time when the first settlers arrived in the Peterborough area. Undoubtedly, our editor-in-chief, Elwood Jones is preparing and researching material for the Heritage Gazette. This magazine is an awesome link with the past, which is produced four times a year and seemingly exclusive to members of the Trent Valley Archives. I have always felt copies should be placed for sale on the newsstands. I base this belief on the many

comments I receive from articles in the Examiner written by Professor Jones, on historical events in Peterborough.

Although I am a relative newcomer to Peterborough (twenty years) many of the writings take me back to the same period of time in the town where I grew up. Case in point is the milkmen stories in the August edition last year. I have a picture of my dad and uncles posing on the Macht Dairies milk wagon in North Battleford, Saskatchewan..



My grandfather had a job digging ditches for the sewer and water lines, but put his boys to work, milking cows and selling milk. Obviously my grandfather was an ambitious sort. He died when I was two years old so I never got to know him.

This edition deals with newspapers and the stories written during the early days and I am positive they will hit home to many readers. Peterborough history buffs will certainly be aware of Frances Stewart, one of the early settlers in the area who suffered many trials and tribulations. They won't want to miss "Four Funerals and a Wedding."

Another event to look forward to this spring is the Ontario Heritage Conference which will be held in Peterborough at the end of May. It is indeed, fitting that the conference is being held here since the city boasts many examples of 19th century and early 20th century commercial and residential buildings. One that stands out, of course, is the Peterborough Liftlock, an amazing structure that operates as well today as it did one hundred years ago. It is a tourist attraction and a heritage site. We are fortunate and blessed to have a number of heritage supporters like Martha Kidd who has fought for the preservation of many commercial and residential buildings.

Yes....it will be an interesting conference.

Wally Macht

JOURNALIST VAN BLARICON REFLECTS ON PETERBOROUGH PEOPLE AND POLITICS

Elwood H. Jones

Peterborough grand homecoming, dubbed Old Boys' Week, ran the whole week surrounding Dominion Day, 1929. Highlights included the unveiling of the Peterborough War Memorial, designed by the famed sculptor, Walter Allward. Peterborough also celebrated its centennial, four years late, and the war memorial came curiously to symbolize the soldiers and the settlers who had made sacrifices for this community.

The *Examiner*, as a host for the festivities, produced one of the best issues of the Peterborough Examiner, at least for those interested in the history of the city. Its reporters gathered several stories about the history of Peterborough, based on fresh research. Admittedly, it also printed large excerpts from books, such as Frances Stewart's *Our Forest Home* and even Thomas W. Poole's 1867 history of Peterborough.

Peterborough had for several decades enjoyed three daily newspapers, but in 1929 only the Examiner was left. For this special occasion, the editors of the Examiner invited former journalists who were attending the homecoming and had worked for the Examiner, the Review or the Times to write a special column for this special Old Home Week edition of the Examiner. The journalists mostly wrote about their Peterborough memories, some of which were from the newsroom, but much of which was from their old beat or from memories of people who cast long shadows in the Peterborough of their day.

Even though newspapers are a major resource for anyone who wishes to dig into our history, it is surprisingly difficult to learn much about the journalists who presided over these papers. Rarely were the names of the editor and publisher actually mentioned, and most of the stories were written without bylines. On this occasion, they had bylines, and they wrote about stories in their past.

One of the most fascinating journalists who returned to Peterborough in 1929 was George Brock Van Blaricon. This name was not familiar to me, and yet he was a highly regarded journalist, who apparently influenced several of the other writers who returned that day.

Van Blaricon, of United Empire Loyalist stock, was born in Castleton, Ontario, 11 June 1872, and was educated at Belleville High School and at Queen's University. Apparently he first came to Peterborough around 1888, and was an apprentice here until about 1892. He then worked at newspapers in Woodstock and St Thomas but his first major stint was as city editor with the Ottawa Free Press and the Ottawa Journal. When he left Ottawa to return to Peterborough, the city gave him a farewell banquet. He married Eva Minnie Mix in 1900. In Peterborough, he was the Managing Editor, 1904 to 1908, of the Peterborough Review, and secretary of the company that owned the Conservative paper. While at the Review he began editing the Canada Lumberman, a paper founded in Peterborough in 1880 by E. J. Toker, one of the press legends of his day, who founded what was in 1929 the longest-standing trade paper in Canada. When he left Peterborough in 1908, for Toronto, he continued to edit the Canada Lumberman while editing the Busy Man's Magazine, which was renamed Macleans in 1911. Van Blaricon, a supporter of Sir Robert L. Borden, Canada's prime minister from 1911 to 1920, wanted Canada to be self-reliant, independent, and progressive while remaining proud of its history and Imperial connection.

Some of the other journalists in 1929 had strong memories of Van, as he was known to the press men. Hutch Hutchinson, who later became an advertising executive with Macleans, used to team up with Van to write stories of weddings. The complex wedding dresses were described by the bride, and then Van would dictate while Hutch typed out stories that missed no details. Bert Huston, who also ended up at Macleans, had the scoop on a hockey game, and after meeting Van on the street found he no longer had his notes. He used his lunch hour to rewrite the details from memory. Ten years later, Van admitted he had stolen the sheet of paper, and the Review on that occasion had the scoop on the Examiner.

When Van was an apprentice at the Examiner, Peterborough's police force had four men: Chief George Roszel, J. McGinty, Bob Adams and Joe Stewart. George Cochrane was the "high County constable." He was succeeded by

Archie Moore who had been a volunteer fire fighter in the Peterborough Fire Brigade. Van Blaricon recalled the episode when Archie Moore and other fire fighters were charged with arson. That story occurred in November 1892, probably just before Van Blaricon went to western Ontario. "There was," he observed, "not a tittle of evidence to support it and the boys, George Kincaid, Milt Metheral, Archie Moore and E. Hutchison were honorably discharged and the volunteer fire department stood higher than ever in the estimation of the public."

Van Blaricon also recalled Peterborough's first street cars. He noted that the system did not last long and the tracks disappeared below the surface area, and people joked that Peterborough had its own "underground railway." He mentions that T. Evans Bradburn was the promoter of this company, and was probably referring to 1892. Also in 1892, the first big fire he covered was at the Ontario Canoe Company in Ashburnham.

He remembered the great lacrosse rivalry between Peterborough Petes and the Port Hope Ontarios. Local people observed the team names were appropriate; Peterborough recruited its players locally, Port Hope, across the province. He recalled some of Peterborough's great names in baseball and cricket. For baseball he mentioned Bob Hay, Dan McCabe, the one arm pitcher, and "General" Tighe. Cricketers included Sam Ray, Ham Burnham, George W. Hatton, W. D. Parker, Dr Perry Goldsmith, Walter Stocker, and he added, "as the auction bills say, 'others too numerous to mention.'" The annual highlight in curling was the matches between Toronto Granites and the local club. Peterborough was also a centre for winter horse racing.

He had memories of several members of Parliament from Peterborough, but his best anecdote related to James Kendrey, who owned the Auburn Woollen Mills and was considered one of Canada's leading authorities on the wool industry. Apparently, Kendrey never answered letters from his constituents, but when he met them on the street he would cover matters in great detail. He told Van Blaricon: "Well, you see, letters, especially political ones, have a way of turning up at odd moments and facing you. I have known

some of my M.P. friends to get in an awkward position by this means. Now, when you talk to a man your word is as good as his and you know that no accusations of broken promises or false pretences can be sustained against you when your friend (or enemy, as the case may be) has nothing from you in black and white."



H. P. Kennedy's had a full team of butchers, and Kennedy became noted for stockyards. (Trent Valley Archives, Peterborough Interiors)

He had good stories to tell about telephones and summer resorts. He remembered the early days of the YWCA and the YMCA in Peterborough. He remembered the secretary at the YWCA, which had its rooms on the east side of George Street, north of Hunter Street. Miss Barker, Van Blaricon said, was now living in Toronto with her husband, H. P. Kennedy, who had parlayed a butcher business in Peterborough into the development of stockyards. Her father was the minister at Murray Street Baptist Church, so she must have been Miss Parker. The Rev P. C. Parker was an outgoing minister and helped develop the missionary activity that led to Park Street Baptist Church. The congregational history mentions that in 1889, when Parker was minister, the membership increased by 52. The YMCA was one block south, also on the east side of George Street, until the new building at Murray and George opened in May 1897. He said the secretary there was R. J. Colville, who everybody called "Dad."

A version of this article appeared in my column, "Historian at Work" in the Peterborough Examiner, November 2008.

MEMORIES OF OLD PETERBOROUGH AND ITS NEWSPAPERS

Peterborough celebrated quite a few things in the summer of 1929, and journalists who formerly lived in Peterborough joined the festivities. The Peterborough Examiner took the opportunity to ask journalists they hoped would return to share memories of the years when they worked in Peterborough, and several agreed. We have assembled those comments in what might be considered a chronological order.

Remarkably, Peterborough had three daily newspapers in the memory of the men who shared their memories. Peterborough's local press included women, and one of the reporters on the visit of the gypsies to Peterborough in 1909 was female. The Examiner felt that it had to be the host to former reporters returning for Old Home Week, no matter for which paper they had written.

The dean of the local reporters was Francis H. Dobbin, and it was he who invited these writers to work again. Since people could write about whatever they wished the results could be quite mixed. However, taken together we learn some interesting things. There were certain events that became the touchstones for memory. There were certain people who likewise remained fascinating over the passage of time. The reporters usually had special opportunities to remember the events, for they would have talked to firemen or policemen, or to the mayor, or to fellow reporters. Such memories are useful to historians, and provide checklists for deciding the stories that are part of the woof and weft of local history.

We have done little editing, but sometimes the microfilm copies were illegible to either Dorothy Sharpe or myself. I take this opportunity to thank Dorothy for undertaking the task of retyping these stories, and she did so with enthusiasm. We made some corrections of spelling and more significant corrections were inserted in square brackets.

F. H. Dobbin was the host, and we run his contribution first. Dobbin was an historian as well as a journalist, and his son, Ross Dobbin, published some of Dobbin's historical columns in *Our Old Home Town* (Toronto 1945). The first story tells of how he apprenticed at the Review, a Conservative paper then run by Robert Romaine, rather than at the Examiner, a Liberal paper, run by James Stratton. Dobbin said he was addicted to hanging around the Review office from the

age of 13 (1863) and so when his dad told him he had arranged for Francis to be hired by the paper, young Francis went to the Review; his father had talked to Stratton. Dobbin observed he became a Tory and reflected on how easily he might have become a dyed in the wool Grit. In this article Dobbin reflects on whether crafts have traditions, and also casts some light upon the way Robert Romaine ran his paper.

Of the other journalists, Van Blarnicon seems to have cast the longest shadow, for he is mentioned by other journalists. Many of his 1892 memories were particularly vivid, as he recalled the first streetcars, the Ontario Canoe Company fire. His memories of James Kendrey are particularly helpful, and I loved the story of the Rev W. H. Young finding the wherewithal to get to a wedding in Ennismore, for which he was remunerated with only two dollars. He had a good eye for good stories.

Of the various articles, I was most charmed by Thomas Begley's recollections of Ashburnham in the 1880s. He tells many stories that have never appeared elsewhere. He tells of young people getting involved in politics by smoking a meeting to a fast conclusion. He remembered the arrival of the first train from Belleville and rode a box car on the first run of a CPR train over the bridge. He remembered Marcello Mowry, one of the voyageurs on the Nile in 1885. His mother rode on the same train that carried the Prince of Wales to Peterborough. These are really great stories, and it would be nice to know even more details.

Hutch Hutchinson lets us see behind the curtains into the operation of the news room about 100 years ago. He talked about several of the reporters, and then shared three stories. Following one political meeting in Otonabee, Ernie Best captured a turkey. He scored a horse and buggy scoop in Dummer township. He accompanied the militia on a summer trip to Ottawa.

We have very little information on the history of journalism in Peterborough. With these shared memories of 1929 we have a good start. But the stories also take us down memory lane, and we can peek over their shoulders and meet some of the people who cast shadows across Peterborough from the 1880s to the 1920s.

I THE CRAFT OF THE PRESS

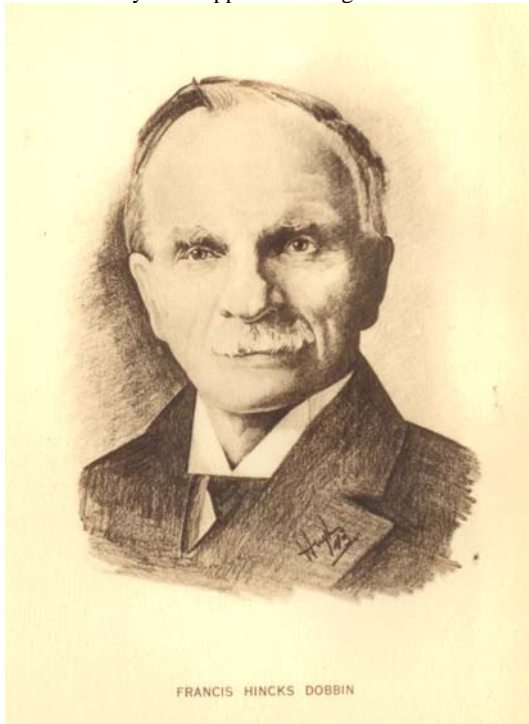
F.H. Dobbin (Formerly printer and sometime editor of the Daily Review, now secretary of the Old Home Week Committee).

The Craft of the Press may rightly claim that in many respects it stands by itself; differing from all other professions in that it combines the literary and the mechanical. In the centuries that have passed since the Press was evolved and has struggled for a deserved recognition, it has passed through much tribulation. And

now having reached a position of usefulness and influence may rightly claim that indeed the Press is mightier than the sword.

Concede to the Press its antiquity and at once other attributes claim recognition. Consider the element of traditions. Any profession or cult that stands to influence

must have traditions. Loyalty to principles, zeal and untiring application are all the outcome of tradition. The military arms of the British service are held together by traditions of achievements won and gained by corps. in the battlefield and ships on the ocean. In some such manner, in civil life, we have hanging around the newspaper an absorbed by its workers many traditions that belong to and surround the Press, a part of its life history. They are traditions which may not be disregarded, for the true newspaper man accepts and stands for a code of ethics, from which he may not loosen without impugning his position as a leader in thought and action. We find examples of such dropping of barriers in the passing of newspapers which fell from grace, fail to hold public opinion, miss public respect, and fade away to disappear from sight and issue.



Francis Hincks Dobbin was the dean of local newspaper men. Many of his historical columns were published in Our Old Home Town (1945).

Among the mass of tradition is one that concerns the Editor. In these later years the editor's individuality has been submerged and impersonal, largely because he does not own and control the paper he assists in publishing. "In the days when he was the proprietor to a very much larger extent than now, especially in connection with papers in the larger centres, his worth and work stood out in the community as a driving and directing power. It was inferred that by his training he had a grasp of a field of thought gained through much tribulation and burning of the midnight oil. About where he lived and printed his paper his opinions were accepted as almost infallible by a considerable section of his readers". That day has passed, but it was a vital matter when men at the helm were of the caliber of George Brown, Richard Dana and

others. Such men issued the personally conducted and edited newspaper and their writings influenced accordingly.

But to return to this matter of traditions. I asked a friend who walks the same streets with me when going to meals, if there were any traditions in his business. He was a plumber. "Not that I know of", he said, and added. "Only that people say we charge about three prices for our work". I replied that such was not tradition but fact, and he was so peeved that he wouldn't speak to me for a week.

I asked another friend, who was in the way of making steam boilers, saw-mill machinery ...and after a few moments of thought he said, "no traditions that I know of" and added, "ours is a very serious business". No room for traditions there. I reached the conclusion that the Press was in a class by itself, so far as traditions were concerned.

Surely we may conclude that among those traditions hanging around the newspaper and the printing office is that handed down from cub reporter to expert writer, from apprentice to journeyman, that inculcates the beautiful thought that when the irate citizen steps in to the sanctum, demanding of the editor "who writ that piece that was printed in the rag?" and threatening annihilation for all concerned, the intruder was at once taken hold of by the editor, summarily tossed down stairs or thrown out a second-story window. This fine old tradition, I regret to write, is now much more honored in the breach than in the observance, but I have seen the thing done. And it came about in this way.

The year was 1865. I was a very junior apprentice in my second year of the five years I put in at the office of the Weekly Review, here in Peterborough. Under the tutelage of divers journeymen I had absorbed much in regard to the importance of the newspaper. Much of it, I may add, not accurate. The proprietor of the office was Robert Romaine, a printer of the old school, thorough and competent. He had been engaged for many years as Queen's Printer at Montreal, and the hands viewed him with a vast esteem and respect, for it was an established tradition that when a young man he was accustomed to go about the streets of Montreal with a game cock under one arm and a pair of boxing gloves under the other.

During the absence of Mr. Romaine on a business trip to Montreal, a couple of fakirs named Ruttley and Andrus struck town and professing to effect certain cures for divers ailments by a sort of laying-on-of-hands, were doing a lively and profitable trade. Mr. Romaine on his return heard of the pair and their operations, and hating anything like a sham, in the next issue of the paper landed into the fakirs with a three-quarters column of leaded bludgeons. It was pretty hot writing and used much forcible language, applied to the pair and to gullible people who patronized the cult. The paper came out on a Friday morning and all hands awaited results.

In the middle of the morning I was holding some copy and Mr. Romaine was reading proof when the office door, at the head of a long and steep flight of stairs, was flung open and a large man strode into the office working room and demanded to be informed if the editor were in. The large man (Ruttley) was wearing a

tall silk hat and a pounce colored overcoat and his legs were encased in light hued and striped trousers. Such apparel was plainly an offence in itself and the hands made snickering and audible comment thereon, such habiliment being almost in defiance of pioneer good taste in such matters. Mr. Romaine was pointed out to the intruder, being busy in his inner office. Striding forward, the large stranger stood by the table and towered over Mr. Romaine demanding if he were the editor.

Some such intrusion seems to have been expected. It looked as if hostilities were about to begin. To my great joy and the engrossing interest of the hands Mr. Romaine leaped from his chair, pulled off his coat, flung it on the floor, rolled up the sleeves of his shirt and glaring defiance at the intruder, with a perfectly delightful disregard of good grammar, said, "if you mean the responsible editor, I'm him".

Through the glass of the partition separating the sanctum from the work-room the staff viewed the entire

and joyous proceedings. Male mankind ever views a "scrap" with intense approval. Printers are ever ready to appreciate a situation. Indeed I have observed that they would even anticipate and accelerate such affairs, should opportunity offer. Such is quite in line with good tradition. Work had stopped. The rhythmic grind of the No. 3 Oshawa Gordon had ceased. The comp. who was locking up an auction sale bill paused with mallet suspended in the air. And it being of a Friday, distribution day, with its relaxation after the long night session previous, all waited for the concussion to begin an entertainment of unusual form to go forward. The cast on the stage was about to furnish both comedy and tragedy.

In a pause of preparation Mr. Romaine told me to put a brick against the door, the usual form of door holder.....

II MAKING THE MORNING ROUNDS

F.D. MacKay,
formerly reporter and editor with the Peterborough Review;
President and General Manager of Canadian Telephone and Supplies, Ltd., Toronto.

I would be delighted to get on the job once again and do my bit in getting out an edition of a Peterborough paper.

You speak of getting "a kick" out of it. Why, it gave me a real thrill to read your letter and have a picture rise before me of the days when, as "a bright and intelligent youth", I gathered the news of the town and gave it to the public through the columns of the late and lamented "Daily and Weekly Review" and I see myself at the Police Court with Magistrate Dumble and Chief Roszel presiding and Charlie McGinty or Bob Adams, or Joe Stewart, all real police officers, in the witness box or preserving order. At the County Police Court, I see County Magistrate Edmison, with the County Chief Constable, and George Cochrane at his right hand and County Crown Attorney R.F. Wood prosecuting.

I was once again on my morning rounds, dropping in to see the special reporters we always cultivated in all the town churches, which I believe, received much more space then than they do now. I was in to see George Morrow, who as the youthful secretary, ran the affairs of the Board of Education as successfully then as he has managed his own affairs since; to see W.G. Ferguson in Peter Connals's grocery store for curling news; to see Sam Ray for cricket and baseball news; to see Frank Farren, who always had some news picked up in his George St. emporium; to see George Ball in his tailor shop, which was the head centre for labor news in those early days of labor organizations in Peterborough; or once a week to see W.H. Wrighton, who supplied market reports.

I also recalled the city council meetings, when James Stevenson was Mayor and R.S. Davidson, Thos. Cahill, Harry Winch, John McNaughten, E.H.D. Hall, Thos. Kelley, T.E. Bradburn, Andrew Dawson, James Kendrey and Arthur Rutherford were councillors, and

supplied frequently three or four columns of red-hot debate for the newspapers. Incidentally, it was these same men, who, as the town council, laid the foundation of Peterborough's claims as an industrial centre. Then, too, the meetings of the Board of Education with live discussions, led by D.W. Dumble and J.B. McWilliams, frequently furnished four or five columns of matter for the press. The reporters worked in these days.



*Peterborough's town buildings, Simcoe at Water Street.
(David Dinsdale collection)*

My thoughts ran also to the town buildings as they were then with Jim English – the man-in-charge as Engineer of the steam fire engine and the fire brigade under Chief Jack Craig with eighteen or twenty as active firemen as ever fought a blaze.

I believe I remember, also, that there was no prohibition in those days, although Peterborough had the Scott Act which was supposed, when adopted, to close the bars but which, as I found it when I came to Peterborough, only meant that the bars kept open all night as all day.

Peterborough was a live, growing prosperous town and a good place to live in.... Then came the later years when my chief on the Review went to the City Clerk's office, which he has so ably and worthily filled ever since, and I moved up to the dignity of Editor, with Billy Buchanan, now the substantial western Senator, as my reporter. I assure you that if your invitation to write an editorial for the "Examiner" had reached me in these days when politics were politics and elections were fought to a finish in the newspapers and on the platform, I would have certainly relished the opportunity of saying something of real interest to The Examiner readers. In fact there are a few of the old guard left who might be touched up to some good effect, if one had the opportunity – such as your editorial columns would afford. However, in those days we fought our campaigns hard but were all good friends in the interests of Peterborough when 'the smoke of battle' had cleared away....

With only one newspaper in a city of twenty-five thousand, as you do, I would recall for your thought and consideration our press conditions at that time, when Peterborough had something around ten or twelve thousand people. The Morning Times was then published

by W.H. Robinson as the only "morning newspaper between Toronto and Ottawa" and it established a unique record which I know was not duplicated elsewhere. We had three newspapers with F.R. Yokome, one of the best newspaper writers in the Province, a most likeable and cultured gentlemen as the Editor and Charlie Allison as the popular reporter on The Examiner. Notwithstanding that we had two evening dailies and one morning daily in the field, the newspaper men all ate regularly and were able to dress presentably, but we never worried about money. We left that to the business office.

Yes, indeed, your letter gave me "a kick" and I think your idea is a good one. I would enjoy playing a part in the program (especially the "bang-up-dinner"), if it were possible.

Unfortunately I have booked my passage for a trip to England and Bonnie Scotland, this month. So unless something happens to interfere with present plans I will not be able to attend the "Old Home Week." This is a matter of real regret, for I know I will miss the opportunity of meeting and shaking hands with hundreds of old boys and girls who were in Peterborough in the happy days of years ago.

III ASHBURNHAM'S ROSY DAYS RECALLED

Thos. J. Begley,

Peterborough Examiner, 1887-1906.

Now Manager, Liquor Control Store, Lindsay.

Backward, turn backward, O Time in your flight! / Make me a boy again, just for tonight.

I have always had a warm spot in my heart for Ashburnham (now East City). While in this reminiscent mood I do not want to be considered as one of "the rude forefathers of the hamlet," to quote the immortal Grey, but rather as one of the boys. I am turning back the pages of memory – living in fancy in the days when with my chums and associates we gathered at the old swimming hole and other haunts of our boyhood days.

I was a mere youngster when my parents took up residence in Ashburnham on the 10th of July, 1880. I hung up my hat at the corner of what was then known as Lake and Elizabeth streets. There was quite a gathering of the "great unwashed" under the gas lamp, and I was given a close inspection. I was duly initiated as one of the gang a night or so later.

At that time Ashburnham was a municipal corporation. It had its village council, its village policeman, etc. It was quite a busy centre, too. Rogers' flour mill and saw mill gave employment to quite a few, to say nothing of Mowry's foundry, McFadden's furniture factory, Wand's planing mill, Faint's woollen mill, Cope's turning plant. These were all situated on Rogers' raceway. The only one standing today is the old flour mill.

Alexis Cope, the proprietor of the turning factory referred to, was indeed an interesting character, besides being a first class turner. He had a finger amputated on one occasion by a jug saw. He promptly applied first aid by restoring the digit in its place with a little shellac and

glue, but unfortunately the operation ended with the finger nail turning in instead of out.

Included in the industries of that day was Calcutt's brewery, a broom factory, Stephenson's canoe works, David McGregor's cooperage, Craig's carriage factory and Clancy's blacksmith shop.

Ashburnham was originally called the Scotch Village. This does not necessarily mean that the population was made up largely of descendants from the land of the heather. On the contrary, there was a goodly number of English and Irish families. Such names as Erskine, Glover, McGregor, Cummings, etc., figured in the Scotch muster roll, while Wall, O'Connell, Kelly, Young, Griffin, Lundy, Sullivan, etc., indicated that there were a few Irish around.

Many fine English families played a prominent part in the history of the village, a number of their descendants leaving their impress not only locally, but also in foreign lands. Among them might be mentioned Rogers, Burnham, Strickland, Mills, Meade, Rice, Woods, Peck, Orde, etc.

In the eighties Ashburnham could boast of two hotels, three groceries and a butcher shop. The hotels were managed by Mrs. Swanton and David Wheeler. Mr. Wheeler displayed a sign bearing a foaming bootleg of beer outside the hotel. The sign mysteriously disappeared one Hallowe'en night and was never found. A few years later Mr. C. Young erected the hotel at present managed by Mr. J. Jocque. The grocers at that time were Messrs. John Garvey, J.C. Sullivan, Con. Young and Mr. Glover. The three first also sold wines and liquors. "Bill"

Swanton was the village baker and his sweet loaf of diminutive size was a thing of beauty and joy forever to the small boy. The late Mr. Peter Glover, father of Mr. R.M. Glover, of the Peterborough Examiner, conducted a butcher shop in the west end of the village hall. This hall was a modest frame structure and also contained the village lockup. It was not safe to put in a prisoner over night, however, as he was always conspicuous by his absence next morning.



LITTLE KNOWN EVENTS IN LOCAL HISTORY: Although it had been a subject of discussion for many years it was not until 1904 that Ashburnham (popularly known as "The Scotch Village") was united with Irish Peterborough. This happy consummation was brought about only after

statesmanlike deliberations comparable to those attending the entry of Newfoundland into the Confederation. The scene above represents the rejoicing as the two factions meet upon the bridge across the Otonabee; rejoicing and mutual congratulation have continued ever since. (Drawn by George Cobb, Examiner Staff artist.)

John Craig was the village constable in those days and John Woods, a lovable old gentleman, and father of Mr. E.W. Woods, of Toronto, dispensed justice as Justice of the Peace. I well recall the time when the village cut-ups were lined up before him to answer to a charge laid by a well known resident of the village that we did pose as nature unadorned at a popular swimming hole. We engaged a lawyer (John O'Meara) to defend us and we left the court badly scared. The lecture given us by the Magistrate, however, was worth the price of admission. Later that summer the gang occupied positions on the bleachers at a session of the village police court when the complainant in the swimming

episode declared that he could tell the age of them by their teeth.

Ashburnham at the beginning of the eighties did not have any railway facilities. True, many years before the Cobourg Railway, which ran from Cobourg across Rice Lake and came to an abrupt ending at the village, placed it on the map. But the railway was short lived. It was a wide gauge line and remnants of the roadbed are still visible in Otonabee township. The writer's mother was a passenger on the train that carried the Prince of Wales (later King Edward) to Peterborough in the sixties. Later on a Company of Belleville and Hastings County citizens organized ... the Grand Junction Railway. A charter was secured for the construction of a line from Belleville to Ashburnham. Work on the new line was prosecuted with vigor. In 1881 the construction gang had reached the village. A station freight shed round house and elevator were erected. The locomotives were of the antiquated type and bore the names of the railway officials on the side. They were old wood-burners and I can still hear them putting and snorting. The inauguration of a passenger service was a gala event. When the first passenger train steamed into the village bearing the railway officials and other distinguished personages a deputation of Peterborough citizens, with the Fire Brigade band was on hand to welcome them. A big banquet was held during the day at the Oriental Hotel.

This railway was a little short on rolling stock, especially railway coaches. Whenever an excursion was organized flat cars were used for the overflow. Evergreens were placed on either side of the flat cars and planks used for seats. The sun and oftentimes the rain would pour down on the excursionists and a shower of sparks from the old wood burners would convert the white dresses of the girls into polka dot effects. The Grand Junction was later absorbed by the Midland Railway, and the only memorial left standing in the village is the old elevator.

In the early eighties construction work on the Ontario and Quebec Railway (later known as the C.P.R.) had reached the outskirts of the village from the east. This also marked the first arrival of Italians in this section of the Province. In the year 1883 the first train passed over the C.P.R. bridge spanner, the Otonabee. The writer remembers crawling on top of a box car and making the initial trip.

Ashburnham figured largely in matters military in the eighties. The old drill shed was situated on Mark Street. One company of the 57th Battalion was stationed in the village. The Rogers family was prominent in military circles. The late Col. J.Z. Rogers was for many years head of the regiment, while the late Col. Harry Rogers (former Postmaster at Peterborough) was in command of the Prince of Wales Dragoons. A son (Harry) entered the Imperial service in India after graduating at the Royal Military College, Kingston. David Rogers, father of Col. J.Z. Rogers, was a veteran of the rebellion of 1837. He was attached to the militia and was one of a party that figured prominently in the Caroline incident. The Caroline was a steamboat which was used in the rebel interests at Niagara. David Rogers and a number of other soldiers were detailed to destroy this vessel. They set it on fire, cut it loose from its moorings and allowed it to drift over the Falls. David Rogers died in the early eighties.

A number of old veterans also resided in the village. Prominent among them was "Mexican Joe" Graham. Mr. Graham saw service in the United States-Mexican war. He was for many years drum major for the Peterborough Fire Brigade band and was every inch a soldier.

Around about the year 1882 England was engaged in a sanguinary fight against the Arabs in Africa under El Madhi (the False Prophet). General "Chinese" Gordon had been bottled up in the city of Khartoum, and the Imperial authorities called for Canadian boatmen and rivermen to navigate boats down the Nile in order to effect Gordon's rescue. One Ashburnhamite, M. Mowry, answered the call together with a number from Peterborough. General Gordon perished before help arrived. Mr. Mowry accompanied the British Army under General Steward [Wolseley] after the work of the Nile voyageur was over. The writer can remember when, on his return, he held the boys spellbound by his recital of startling incidents.

The spring of 1885 was a lively one around the old drill shed. Louis Riel at the head of his Indians and half breeds had cut loose in the Northwest and there was a call for volunteers to suppress the outbreak. There was no trouble to get men, [later] ex-Alderman Joseph Crowe of Peterborough, being one of the number from Ashburnham who answered the call. I remember picking

up an Examiner special fly sheet one Sunday morning which told the story of the first reveille to Canadian arms. The Examiner followed up this journalistic enterprise by launching a daily paper.

Ashburnham citizens took their politics seriously in the early eighties. John Burnham represented the constituency in the Federal House for many years. Lively political meetings were held in the old town hall on Mark street. Heckling of the candidates was a feature. The writer has vivid recollections of one meeting. It was held late in the fall and the hall was filled to capacity. The village cut-ups were on hand to a man or at least, to a boy. We were not interested in the National Policy or other questions. We were there to have some fun. When the fun was at its height, however, we were unceremoniously ejected from the hall by Constable Craig. A brief indignation meeting was held on the outside and reprisals followed. One of the gang mounted the roof of the hall with a piece of board and brick. It was a perilous task and also a labor of love for this particular member of the gang. He placed the plank over the top of the chimney and placed the brick on top to make it secure. We then awaited developments. The large box stove in the hall belched forth volumes of dense smoke. The village constable opened the big stove door to investigate, but this only aggravated matters. The meeting was abruptly terminated, the windows opened up and many climbed out rather than be compelled to fight their way to the door. The boys were sworn to secrecy, and no one ever divulged the plot.

While on the old town hall, the writer can recall another incident of the eighties. A social had been booked for the hall. Part one consisted of a strawberry feast and part two a dance. A well known village character had secured a quantity of cow itch and before the chairs and benches had been set back against the wall had succeeded in distributing the contents of the package over the floor. Those were the days of the square dance, and after the boys and girls had executed a few ends, the cow itch had found its way up their clothes and next to their flesh. The situation can better be imagined than described. Justice moved slowly in those days, and no effort was made to find the perpetrator of this ticklish trick.

IV PETERBOROUGH PEOPLE AND POLITICS

G.B. Van Blaricon, Editor, Canada Lumberman (since 1904)

Examiner, 1880s-1892

Review, 1904-1908

A short period to look back at but a long period to look forward to is 35 years. It was in the early nineties that I began my newspaper career on the "Examiner" and after serving an apprenticeship of three years reporting everything from sermons to lacrosse games and from conversaciones to police court proceedings, I left for western Ontario.

Fourteen years later, I returned to Peterborough, the object of my first love, and was editor of the "Review," which post I filled for several years, removing to Toronto in 1904 where I have since followed the journalistic profession and for the last decade have been editor of the "Canada Lumberman".

With pardonable pride, may I point out that the "Canada Lumberman" is the oldest trade newspaper in

the Dominion, being founded in Peterborough in 1880 by the late E.J. Toker. Next year the "Canada Lumberman" will celebrate its fiftieth anniversary and it stands out as the representative publication of the forest products industry from coast to coast.

Naturally on the occasion of the Old Boys' Reunion, my mind reverts to many incidents, some grave and some gay, in connection with my newspaper days in Peterborough which, at the beginning of my career, had a population of about 10,000. Four constables then kept peace in the community in the persons of Chief Roszel, J. McGinty, Bob Adams and Joe Stewart. All have joined the great silent majority with the exception of the last named. The late Geo. Cochrane was high County constable, to be succeeded in later years by Archie Moore, who was a member of the old volunteer fire department of Peterborough.

Well do I remember when he, along with three others, was charged with arson. A great scandal was raised at the time but after investigation, all suspicion was wiped away. The older residents of Peterborough will recall that the volunteer brigade did splendid work and now and then a citizen would send in a cheque for \$10 or \$15 as an expression of appreciation for their services. This would go into a common fund and no one reaped any personal benefit from the gift. An old shed on Hunter St. caught fire one night and the brigade was shortly on hand. In some way a report was started that one or two of the firemen had been seen coming out of the building a few minutes before the alarm was rung. Rumor got about that members of the department were committing incendiarism in order to gain more funds from citizens, with which to hold 'jollifications' in their hall on Simcoe St., now part of the city buildings. A more unjust charge was never pressed. There was not a tittle of evidence to support it and the boys, George Kincaid, Milt Methers, Archie Moore and E. Hutchison were honorably discharged and the volunteer fire department stood higher than ever in the estimation of the public.

First Electric Car

Those were the days before the advent of the automobile and, speaking of transportation, I remember when the first electric car passed over the streets of Peterborough. It created great interest and crowds rode upon the trolley. T. Evans Bradburn, ex-M.P.P., was one of the promoters of the company. The electric system was conducted for a comparatively short time and did not pay. The rails on George Street grew rusty and finally disappeared beneath the road surface or in other words the thoroughfare was crowned so that the track was lost sight of. It used to be a popular jest a few years subsequent to say that Peterborough was in the same civic category as New York, Boston and other cities in that it had an "underground railway".

I recall that 35 years Peterborough was a great lacrosse centre and many a battle royal took place between the Peterborough wielders of the wicker stick and an aggregation from Port Hope, known as the "Ontarios." The players on both teams were supposed to be strictly local residents and many a jibe appeared in Peterborough papers to arouse the Port Hope bunch. It

was said the name "Ontarios" was a very happy one, in that it was truly representative and distinctive, owing to the fact that Port Hope corralled its players from all parts of the province of Ontario. Naturally such a sting as this invited journalistic reprisals from the "Port Hope Guide". The amount of space in the "Examiner" devoted to sports in those days was about a column and sometimes less. When a full column was published the city editor used to lean back and view his sheet with peculiar satisfaction.

In baseball Peterborough was no mean opponent. The late Bob Hay was an enthusiastic player and Dan Macabe was the noted one-arm pitcher. "General" Tighe was also a leading exponent of the pastime.

Among the cricketers of those days were Sam Ray, Ham Burnham, George W. Hatton, W.D. Parker, Dr. Perry Goldsmith (now of Toronto), Walter Stocker and as the auction bills say, "others too numerous to mention".

Col. J.Z. Rogers was the officer in command of the 57th Battalion and among military names that come to mind are those of Col. Clegg, Captain E.F. Mason, Col. J.W. Miller, Col. Dr. Bell, Major Wm. Langford and a score of others. The battalion then had an annual outing, generally about July 1st and I accompanied the corps to Kingston, Perth and other destinations as "war correspondent." These trips were greatly enjoyed by the red coats; the khaki uniform had not then made its appearance.

The first fire that I ever reported was the disastrous blaze that visited the large frame structure of the Peterborough Canoe Co. in Ashburnham early one morning and wiped out the industry. Col. J.Z. Rogers was also head of this organization as well as the militia. There was also another Col. Rogers (Col. H.C.), a cavalry man, who was post master of Peterborough for many years. His erect, stalwart, commanding bearing attracted attention on every public appearance.

Curling Was Popular

Curling was a great winter game and there was an annual contest between the "Granites" of Toronto and the Peterborough rinks. At the old Snowden House, a big banquet would be held after the day's contest. On the occasion of which I speak, the Peterborough devotees of the stone and besom vanquished their Toronto competitors in the afternoon by a score of forty, and, strange to say, were victorious again in the evening by the same number of points. One of the Toronto contestants, in replying to a toast, said he did not understand how Peterborough had trounced them so completely.

"That is easily explained," said George W. Hatton.

"How?" inquired the visitor.

"We struck a two-forty gait," was the quick response.

Naturally this reference was accorded salvos of applause, for Peterborough was then quite a centre for winter horse racing, sponsored by Martin Connors and others, and a 2:40 clip was one not to be sneered at. No banquet was in those days complete without R. Max Dennistoun (now Hon. Mr. Justice Dennistoun of Winnipeg) singing that rollicking song "Drill Ye Terriers, Drill", in his own inimitable style.

"Jimmy" Stevenson, diminutive coal merchant, was the representative of Peterborough in the Federal House, to be succeeded later by the late James Kendrey of Auburn Woollen Mill fame. The late Hon. J.R. Stratton was representative in the Ontario Legislature and held many meetings throughout the riding after each session, explaining what the Legislature had done. In this way he kept in close contact and sympathy with his constituents, their needs and views.

He Played Safe

James Kendrey was one of the greatest authorities on woollen goods in Canada and if the industry was under discussion at the House of Commons or there was any proposition to change the tariff, his voice would be heard and his opinion respected. He was a cautious politician and, during his long career as a member of Parliament, he never indited a letter so far as known to any of his constituents on a public matter. They might write him, regarding appointments, patronage, public improvements, etc., but no answer would be forthcoming through the post. When Mr. Kendrey met any correspondents he would gladly confer with them but never would he acknowledge their graphic communications.

I enquired of him one day why he adopted this peculiar attitude and he naively replied, "Well, you see, letters, especially political ones, have a way of turning up at odd moments and facing you. I have known some of my M.P. friends to get in an awkward position by this means. Now, when you talk to a man your word is as good as his and you know that no accusations of broken promises or false pretences can be sustained against you when your friend (or enemy, as the case may be) has nothing from you in black and white."

Among pleasant reminiscences of the early days of the nineties were the excursions of the Olympic Orchestra. Generally this was the first of the season's trips up the lakes. Billie Lech was one of the old standbys of this well known local musical organization. On these outings of the Kawartha waters many business men enjoyed their initial holiday for the season. These Olympic sails, while they lasted, were features of the good old summer time that will not fade from the pages of memory.

One or two other instances of the good old days! Peterborough in the early nineties had two telephone systems. The town had a fight on with the Bell Co. over rates, service, etc., and not obtaining satisfaction, several local capitalists banded themselves together and organized the Ontario Telephone Co. Local pride and patriotism was appealed to and the fight went on for some time but the Ontario Co. was handicapped in that it was at times necessary to get important information and had no service installed in the railway stations. Nearly every office and store had two telephones. The arrangement was an unmitigated nuisance. Most of the telephones were on the wall and when there was a ring, it was difficult to tell which of the instruments sounded. Unless you waited for a repeat call and watched you were almost sure to pick up the receiver of the wrong phone. This meant delay and often tested one's temper.

The fight was waged merrily until finally the rival concerns got together. About 1895 the Ontario Co. was bought out by the Bell and then everything went along peacefully until a score or more years ago a machine phone company made its appearance in three towns in Ontario – Lindsay, Brantford and Peterborough. That organization installed instruments free but the service was only local. The pioneer mechanism was too complicated to give the satisfaction or performance promised and, after a fruitless opposition, another telephone organization withdrew from the Peterborough arena.

The Old Picnics

Crowds used to go out to the summer picnics of Rev. Father Keilty of Douro township and Rev. Father Fitzpatrick of Ennismore. Chemong was a great summer resort and the hotel did a flourishing business. The railroad then ran to Bridgenorth and occasionally excursions would be run there and a steamer taken for a trip up to Bobcaygeon or around the Kawartha Lakes.



George Street Methodist Church had an unfinished tower between 1875 and 1891.

Rev. Dr. W.R. Young was then pastor of George Street Methodist (now United church), Rev. Dr. Torrance was minister of St. Paul's – and Rev. J.G. Potter (now of Montreal) held forth at St. Andrew's. Rev. Dr. Young's son, Rev. W. Harold Young, a score or more years later, also became spiritual director at George Street church. I remember Rev. Dr. Young sauntering into the newspaper office one day and enjoying a chuckle, all by himself. Asked the cause of his merriment, he replied with gusto that he had been out in Smith township that afternoon to perform a marriage ceremony. Thirty years ago one seldom thought of sending a carriage for the minister to take him to the function as generally he provided his own conveyance. Dr. Young had gone to Fred Jones livery stable and hired a rig. After the marital-rite the best man handed the reverend gentleman an envelope which was not opened by the recipient until his return to Peterborough. After he had turned in the horse and

buggy at the livery stable he broke the sealed packet to find that the envelope contained \$2.

"And," said Dr. Young, "that is just what I paid the livery man. So you see," he added, "I am not out any money, simply my time."

During my first year in Peterborough, the Y.M.C.A., now a flourishing institution, was opened upstairs on George Street just opposite the present Examiner office. Miss Barker (now Mrs. H.P. Kennedy, Toronto) was the first secretary. Her father was pastor of the Gilmour Memorial Baptist church. The Y.M.C.A. had two rooms on the east side of George Street, midway between Hunter and Simcoe. R.J. Colville, familiarly known as "Dad," was the secretary. He afterwards came to Toronto and was with the West End Y.M.C.A. for many years I remember being at the shop [Sam Ray's tobacco store] one day when a green, backward visitor blew in. Going up to Fred Ray, brother of the proprietor, he rather awkwardly inquired the price of cigars. Fred replied that

they had them all the way from two for a nickel up to twenty-five cents apiece.

"Let me have a look at those fellows selling for a quarter," piped the visitor. He took one up and inspected it long and critically. "Now show me your two for five." Out came another box and, for several minutes, the caller seemed to be weighing the pros and cons of quality vs price and price vs quality. Finally, with a reluctant drawl he placed a nickel on the counter and said, "I'll take the two for five," and out he went. To this day no one has ever uncovered why he desired to wander into the realm of gazing at costly smokes.

Peterborough must be a healthy home for the business man. If one demands corroboration of this assertion all that he has to do is to take one good square glance at the sprightly Col. J.W. Miller, now 85 years young. Benjamin Shortly, now in his 84th year, a veteran in the harness and travelling goods business for over 60 years, with the horse at the door; F.H. Dobbin, now 80, growing more youthful as the years slide by....

V HOW TO BE A CITY EDITOR

M.J. (Hutch) Hutchinson

Peterborough Examiner, city editor, 1903-1907

Director of advertising, MacLeans

I'm not, strictly speaking, a Peterborough "Old Boy" – that is to say, I was not born either in Peterborough city nor in any of the townships comprising Peterborough county. I did, however, spend four very strenuous, eventful and happy years in Peterborough as city editor of the Examiner, during the period from 1903 to 1907. In connection with the Centennial celebration, I, along with other former Peterborough newspaper men, have been honored with a request for an article dealing with some of the instances of my newspaper work in the famous Lift-Lock City.



General Post Office

Perhaps this story might appropriately open with a hitherto unuttered confession of the subterfuge under which I secured my position as city editor of this paper. I was working in Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., at the time, and saw an advertisement in the Toronto "Globe" for a city editor. I had never been a city editor; in fact I had not even been a reporter, the extent of my previous newspaper work having been as a country correspondent furnishing perhaps two "sticks" a week to the Bowmanville "Statesman", and the writing of an occasional story for the Sault Ste. Marie "News", published at Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., but also circulating quite largely in the Canadian Sault. Having applied for the job on the Examiner, and realizing my unfitness for its duties, I decided that my presence on the spot was essential if I was to cinch it. Consequently, without waiting to learn as to whether my application had been accepted, I took a train and landed in Peterborough bright and early one Monday morning in May, 1903. I walked into the Examiner office and encountered the late Mr. Jamieson, who, at that time, was business manager. Introducing myself, I said I had come to take the job of city editor.. His reply was "Well, it didn't take you long, because we only wired you on Saturday to come." As a matter of fact, I had left the Sault before the wire was sent.

Any success which may have attended my work on the Examiner was due largely to the splendid coaching and sympathetic help which I received from the late Mr. F.R. Yokome, then and for many years before and afterwards the much respected editor of the Examiner. In all my newspaper experience, I have never known anyone more patient or more genuinely kind than this true gentleman.

It was my good fortune to have associated with me in the rather rapidly changing reportorial staff, a number of clever and sincere boys who have since made conspicuous success in newspaper or other fields.

Dick Choate, now telegraph editor of the Toronto Globe, started his newspaper work on the Examiner during my connection with the paper. Since then, he has travelled almost the breadth of the continent and has worked on papers in many cities. Further reference to his work on the Examiner will be made later. He was succeeded by Bert Huston, a most conscientious news digger and a glutton for work. Later on I was responsible for Bert's leaving the Examiner to go with the MacLean Publishing Company, with which organization he is still connected in an executive capacity.

Harold A. Littledale was another reporter who started his career under me, and who, after going to the Buffalo Courier, landed in New York as a feature writer on the Herald and later on the Times. No assignment was too hard for Harold to tackle. Persistency was his middle name.

Norman Jolliffe graduated from the Review staff to that of the Examiner, and certainly musical events and sports were in good hands while Norman was on the paper. He forsook newspaper work, and is now numbered among the successful Canadian musicians in New York, being soloist in one of the best churches in the city, and a successful teacher.

Always Enthusiastic Sport.

Fred Craig, the present editor, also came to us from the Review. His specialty was – and I understand still is – sports. Fred loved the excitement of baseball and hockey particularly, but he always had a regular weekly assignment during the summer when he went up to Stoney Lake for the week-end and came back Monday morning with literally hundreds of personal items. We were never short of copy when Fred returned from his trips to Stoney Lake.

Timmie Yokome was also a product of the Examiner staff. His specialty was theatricals, and this inclination, in evidence so early in his life, led to a position on the New York "Clipper," perhaps the best-known theatrical paper in America.

I well recall the circumstances under which Tim Little[?] started his newspaper work. His father kept a store in Garden Hill, and Tim was determined to become a newspaper man. He applied for a position on our staff, but there being no opening, he was so anxious to become a reporter that he offered to work for nothing and pay his own board, an offer which was accepted, and for some months he was a member of our staff on that basis. If I remember correctly, his first salary was \$4 a week. He, too, has had a successful newspaper career, having worked on Toronto papers, also in Montreal, Woodstock and Belleville, in addition to having been given a commission and having served his country faithfully during the "Great War." His experience was surely an outstanding example of the value of adherence to an idea. He knew exactly what he wanted to be, and was willing to make whatever sacrifices were necessary in the meanwhile.

We had no society editors on any of the Peterborough papers during my regime, and were at times sorely perplexed when we had to describe a fashionable wedding and tell all about the women's dresses. Incidentally, there was much more to that garment in those days than at the present time – in the way of quantity, at any rate. The general procedure was for Van, of the Review, and myself to visit the home the day before the wedding, and get from the bride-to-be and her mother a complete description of the trousseau. Then that evening, after each having written his own introduction, we would duplicate the description of the bride's costume and also those of the brides-maids and the mothers of the contracting parties. I would use the typewriter, and Van would dictate, and reports of scores of weddings of prominent Peterborough people appeared in the daily papers of that time as a result of this form of collaboration.

R. Fair's Large Ad.

In those days the front page of the Peterborough Examiner carried advertising. The space which was, for many years, occupied by Robt. Fair and Company was held by Mr. Fair to be perhaps his most valued business asset apart from his good name, and when there was any suggestion of taking the advertising off the front page, it raised such a storm in the business office that we gave it up. As a compromise, however, I think I started the first second (or duplicate) front page. It was devoid of all advertising, and we surely spread ourselves on Saturdays when we ran this full page of reading matter with headings as nearly like the then vogue of the big city papers as possible. We used to save up stories during the week so that they could appear on that page of the Saturday paper. Albert Martin, who was then the foreman of the composing room, I found to be very sympathetic with my efforts to produce a snappy looking paper, and he went to no end of trouble to co-operate with me.

Saturday morning was always an anxious time for me. The late Hon. J.R. Stratton came home from his duties as Provincial Secretary each Friday night, and was driven to the office behind a spanking team of bay horses about ten o'clock the next morning. If we had made any particularly bad breaks in the paper during the week, we then heard about them. The late Mr. Stratton was, however, a very real friend to me, and I am glad to be able, in the paper he owned during his lifetime, to pay this tribute to him. He wanted us to get out a really good paper, and was quite willing that we should spend money to do it.

In those days, a "scoop" meant more, I think, than it does today. We were always in dread lest the Review would get one on us, and were correspondingly elated when we beat them out. I recall one such instance. It had always been the custom to have the story of the 12th of July parade appear in the issue of the day following the parade, the latter being held around noon and generally considered too late to get the report into that day's paper. One year, however, I conceived the idea that we ought to publish the news "while it was news," so far as the Orange parade was concerned, so with Harry Theobald

(who was always good on Orange parade stories), I went down the line of the parade, getting the name of each lodge, its location and the name of the master. We then rushed back to the office and got the story in that afternoon's issue of the Examiner. I am afraid I was not very popular with some of the members of the Review staff for a few days afterwards.

The suggestion has been made that in this article some reference should be made to outstanding incidents in the writer's newspaper work in Peterborough. I could narrate many, but two or three will have to suffice.

Raiding Turkey Flock.

One relates to a political meeting which was held in Otonabee. Sam Moore, of the Review, and I, jointly hired a horse and buggy from Meagher's livery, and taking Ernie Best, then running a very successful hardware business on Hunter street, we attended the meeting, which was addressed by J.H. Burnham, and was, naturally, a Conservative meeting. On our way back to town in the bright moonlight of an October night, we noticed a flock of turkeys roosting on the top of a rail fence. The brilliant idea occurred to one of the trio that a roast turkey treat for the boys would be a good stunt. Ernie Best seized one of the turkeys firmly by the legs, one of our handkerchiefs was used to tie the legs together, and we took the bird back to Peterborough under the seat of the buggy. Repairing to the basement of Best's hardware store, the turkey was decapitated and the carcass taken to Harry Long's restaurant. The following night it was served to about a dozen kindred spirits.

Ernie Best went into the Y.M.C.A. work later, was in charge of all Canadian Y.M.C.A. activities in France during the war, with the rank of Major, and now, holding the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, is on the staff of McGill University. I imagine he has long since sent conscience money to the owner of the turkey.

Horse and Buggy Scoop

The older residents of Peterborough will remember the famous Hill murder case in North Dummer. Some young chaps were out for a drive one night. They had with them a military rifle which one of the boys, a veteran of the Boer War, had brought back with him as a souvenir. They were rather hilarious as they drove along the peaceful countryside – so much that two small children sleeping in an upstairs room got out of bed to see what was the cause of the disturbance. One of the boys in the buggy, without criminal intent, it was afterwards believed, leveled the rifle at the open window and shot a seven-year-old boy through the heart. Word came to Peterborough by telephone early the next morning, which happened to be a Friday. Dick Choate and I adopting the only then known means of rapid transportation, engaged a horse and buggy and started on the 25 mile trip to Dummer to get the facts. We got them, including the only picture in existence of the dead boy. On our way back, we met McRae and another reporter from the Review. There followed that night the most strenuous period I think I have ever gone through in newspaper work. Dick Choate spent the entire night making chalk-plate pictures of the scene of the fatality, and I wrote the story. I believe it occupied about six

columns of single leaded matter. Neither of us went to bed at all; we snatched perhaps half an hour's sleep on one of the tables on the second floor of the Examiner office, and started in to produce Saturday's paper, as usual, at 8 o'clock Saturday morning. To us, it was an enterprising piece of newspaper work. There were, of course, no automobiles in those days. We drove 50 miles as fast as our horse would take us, and I presume the only reason we were first on the scene was that we happened to have a faster steed.

With the Militia in Ottawa.

The third incident, and with it this article concludes, deals with a visit which was paid by the 57th battalion under Lt. Col. R. Max Dennistoun, to Ottawa, in the summer of, I think, 1906. I was not a member of the regiment, but one man from each paper was taken along on these trips to recount the activities of the battalion, and I may say that we used rare discretion, I now believe, in omitting to publish the real incidents connected with the trip. We landed in Ottawa early on a very hot Sunday morning, and when I went to dress, I found that the only pair of boots left in the pullman were a size too small. I had no alternative, however, but to wear them, and I had to walk, as did the regiment itself of course, from the old C.P.R. station, near Booth's mills, to the camp grounds, near the armouries, on the bank of the canal. It was a harrowing experience for me, and when we arrived at camp I was greatly relieved when T.E. Bradburn, then a member of the Ontario legislature for West Peterborough, announced that he would like to find the fellow that stole his boots, because the ones he got were much too big for him. An exchange, mutually satisfactory, was soon effected. I recall that on that visit Sam Moore was the representative of the Review, and he and I were assigned a tent to ourselves. Sam had just bought a new pair of tan shoes. Ernie Best, then a lieutenant in the 57th battalion, was always ready for some excitement and suggested that in the night I should pass our under the tent one of Sam's new tan boots, which I did. In the morning, to the latter's surprise, he found that he had one tan and one black boot. It happened to be a holiday in Ottawa, and it was with considerable difficulty that Sam was able to get the other boot blackened to match the one that had changed color during the night.

Newspaper work in Peterborough during the period to which I have referred meant long hours and much smaller remuneration, I imagine, than at the present time. I started on the paper at \$10 per week, and was getting \$16 when I left. I remember discussing matrimony with a girl in Peterborough, who, fortunately for her, turned me down, but she made the statement that she could live on \$600 a year, which at that time was within my limit. We were always at our desks at 8 o'clock in the morning and never away from the office until after midnight, excepting, perhaps, on Saturday night.

The Examiner office, in those days at any rate, was the rendezvous of a fine lot of young fellows interested in sport. After every hockey, baseball or lacrosse game they gathered in the office to talk it over, mainly. I imagine, because Rollie Glover was always a participant in lacrosse and hockey games, and the contests on the

crease, or ice, were refought. Fred Whitcroft was always in the party as were Chris Graham, Bill Cavanagh, Bill Crowley, and others. When they got tired and went home, I had to stay and write the story of the same so that there would be copy for the machines the next morning at 7 o'clock.

When I left Peterborough in 1907 to go with the MacLean Publishing Company in Toronto, the Press Club gave me and dinner a presented me with a pair of Persian lamb gauntlets and an address, the latter

artistically illustrated and cleverly composed by Mr. F.H. Dobbin. The gauntlets have long since become moth eaten, but the address and the memory are still in perfect preservation.

Yes, those were strenuous but happy days in Peterborough, and I am delighted to have the opportunity of coming back and revisiting the scenes of the above and many other experiences during my four years sojourn here.

VI BERT HUSTON LOST A SCOOP

*Bert T. Huston
Examiner, 1906-1908,
MacLeans*

Whenever two or three Peterborough old boys get together in Toronto memories of the times spent in boyhood or business life in and around the old town are recalled and recounted and often, no doubt, greatly elaborated upon. It seems self evident that the conversation should concentrate on the incidents that happened when, as barefoot boys, we roamed around the farm or, as grown ups, in the roll of "cub" reporter or something else on the Examiner or the Review, we mingled with the social, police court, political, sporting, aldermanic and literary lights of the city. So now, when called upon to tell the "folks at home" why we are anxious to get back to help celebrate the Peterborough Centennial and to once again visit the scenes of our earlier and perhaps less strenuous days, it is only natural that these memories should re-occur. Anyway that is how the writer feels about it and it is my intention in this article to recall a few of the outstanding incidents – outstanding at least to me – that occurred during the few years spent at the reporter's desk.

I was born in Otonabee, attended public school there, went to the Peterborough Collegiate and the Model School at Norwood; taught school at Warsaw and Young's Point as well as in Otonabee, and clerked in a store at McCracken's Landing; so my County geographical education was fair, regardless of how little was known about the outside world; anyway to me, in those days Peterborough County was pretty much the universe and horse and buggy the mode of seeing it. Even today there is no place on earth to beat it. Residence in so many sections is a good thing for anyone engaged in newspaper work because it widens his circle of friends resulting in that many more news-supply avenues.

When I joined the Examiner staff, early in 1906, our beloved late friend F.R. Yokome was editor and M.J. "Hutch" Hutchinson at the city editor's desk. "Dick" Choate had just left for the Montreal Herald after a brief but distinguished career on the Examiner. My duty was to follow him and it was no easy task. My first assignment was to write a story on the shooting of a silver grey fox by some Apsley nimrod. The pelt was on exhibition in one of the stores and, simple though the task would now appear, I recall it took me nearly all

forenoon to set it down in what looked to me like composition form. At that as I recall it, "Hutch" practically rewrote the story in approved newspaper parlance. Anyway there were a few words of mine left when the paper came off that day and I was fairly proud of my efforts.

Referring again to the city editor of the Examiner in those days, it was always a wonder the way he remembered the telephone numbers of everybody in town, especially those of the ladies. But he showed no partiality, and the 'phone numbers of ministers' residences came to him just as readily as those of the hotels, police station, the city hall, hockey arena and undertakers. As a memory test it was marvellous to me.

For many years (even after I left Peterborough in 1908) I revelled in the thought that there were no thieves among newspaper men. But my faith in that belief has been shaken, and here is now it happened. While on the Examiner I used to play a little football as a member of the famous "Quaker" team (Jack Sullivan, Percy Fitzgerald, Ben Simpson, et al). After attending a game one Saturday afternoon, I wrote the story of it for Monday's Examiner. Walking up George street that morning, serene in the knowledge that in my pocket was sufficient manuscript to keep Walter Peters' Linotype running for a few minutes at least, at the corner of George and Hunter streets, G.B. Van Blaricon, editor of the Review, loomed up largely with an armful of mail from the post office. In his vest pocket he had a long pair of scissors and although I didn't see any paste pot, it seemed to me evident where he had secured his next week's supply of editorials. After a few moment's conversation we went our respective ways; but on reaching the Examiner the discovery was made to my chagrin, that the report of the game which was to occupy a column or more, was missing. When I left Otonabee about daylight that morning, it was in the outside pocket of my coat and I was sure it was in the same place when I reached the corner of George and Hunter. After discovering my loss however, it occurred to me that "Van's" magnetic personality might have drawn it out. However there was nothing to do but to write a new report from memory. There was a short lunch hour for me that day. Ten years later "Van" confessed.

Launching of the "Bessie Butler"

About twenty-two years ago the "Bessie Butler" was launched over on the canal. The duty of seeing that the christening was properly recorded for all time to come was assigned to the writer. The elite of the city was there. The actual breaking of the bottle on the end of the long ribbon was, as I recollect, in the hands of Miss McClelland, daughter of the then Superintendent of the Trent Canal. But as fate would have it, the bottle proved to be so stout (or maybe it was supported by something strong within) that it would not break. It required one, two, three, energetic raps against the hull before the liquid was destined to baptize the new boat; but long before that it had slid down the greasy skids and was resting gracefully on the waters of the canal. Arriving back at the office the incident was mentioned to the late Mr. Yokome who immediately, as was his wont, suggested as a heading for the story, "Bessie Butler Scorns the Booze." And that was the caption under which the article appeared that day.

The Relics from the Cave

During the dog days in July and August, it was sometimes difficult to get together sufficient snappy stories for the Saturday edition and magazine section so, at times, it was necessary for us all to stretch our imaginations. Among my recollections in this respect in a story based on some old Indian relics associated with a cave a short distance beyond the village of Warsaw, which is also famous for its Quarry Lake, Mill Dam and Potash Kettle. A few years before, accompanied by Hal Choate, then in the general store business in Warsaw but now operating a hardware store in East City, I visited the cave – dark, slimy and eerie with its bats clinging to the sides and earth-worms eking out a lonesome existence with no knowledge of the great bright outdoors. In the Choate store at Warsaw we had one day located a quantity of Indian stone hammers and "tommyhocks" which had been picked up years before in Dummer, when the red men roamed the forest trails and paddled their canoes on the Indian River. These relics we gathered into a sack and again visited the cave. They were allowed to repose on the soil of the interior of the cave for a few minutes and then brought into the Examiner office. The story in the Saturday edition

recorded how they were picked up in an underground passage of the great grotto, and stated they were then on exhibition in the reportorial office. That evening before the ink was dry on the last copy in the press room, there began a steady stream of humanity to view the long lost weapons of our famous original inhabitants. We hope that, considering over twenty years have elapsed since then, forgiveness is ours.

The Scoop Deluxe

It has been suggested that we tell of some of the important "scoops" secured while in the newspaper work in Peterborough. It wasn't my fortune to have very many with Van, McRae and Sawle of the Review to contend with. This story of a near-murder is mentioned merely because the old Oriental Hotel was right on the front door step of our Hunter street contemporary. A man named Thorndyke or something like that, had stabbed a fellow "member of the bar" almost to death. Happening into the police station before our paper closed, my good friend Detective Newhall, now Chief of Police, gave me the details. The Examiner came out an hour later with a column and a half story while the Review hadn't a line about it. As this is the only "scoop" I can recall it is fairly evident there were no more.

The Typographical Error

Everyone knows how simple it is to have typographical errors in a daily paper where the news perforce must go through with a bang. One amusing case that appeared in the old Morning Times comes to memory. The reporter had been to one of the churches the night before to report the sermon. The choir soloist had sung "My Faith Looks up to Thee" but the Times version of it was "My Faithful, It's Up to Thee."

With so many pleasant reminiscences of newspaper life in Peterborough as evidenced by the above recorded incidents, is it any wonder that I am planning to revisit the scenes of other days and to renew acquaintances with so many old associates and sympathetic friends? So I propose to join the throng of other Torontonians present to help celebrate in fitting fashion the great centennial of the HOME TOWN.

VII THE BUSINESS OF NEWSPAPERS

Chester J. Frowde.

Peterborough Review 1910-1913, 1916

Ottawa Journal

What a rich and prized treasure house of memories I have of Peterborough. As a newspaperman, I am not expected to have any sentiment, but personally, I cannot think of the old home town without almost wistful memories of its old associations, friends and favorite haunts.

It is ten or eleven years, I cannot recall exactly – since I last visited Peterborough. I ought to be ashamed of myself. Just why I have not been back often is hard to

explain, but primarily it is probably because there are no kith or kin there now.

When I left Peterborough in 1916 to make my home elsewhere I was employed as reporter on the old Peterborough Review. For a few months previous to my departure, a couple of associates on the Review, and myself, had foolishly believed we could rehabilitate that historical newspaper and imagined ourselves businessmen enough to accomplish that feat. Needless to say, we failed for newspapermen are notoriously poor

businessmen and later I learned that I was the only one of the three to actually put up any real hard-earned money – I think it was \$50 – but it seemed like a fortune to me at the time. The others who went in on the deal will probably get a great laugh out of it now, if they by chance see this. They were C. Kerr Stewart, now part-owner of the Midland Press and a man named Mr. Middleton. I cannot recall his initials but he was a bookkeeper of *The Review* at the time.

Having first seen the light of day in Peterborough, having attended what was then the old West Ward school, now long disappeared, and later the South Central school, the Collegiate Institute, and having worked at various jobs in Peterborough – without distinguishing myself in any – I feel that I can truthfully class myself as a Peterborough old boy. In April 1910 my good friend F.H. Dobbin, offered me a reportorial position on *The Review* at \$5 a week, and I was glad to accept for having always had a hankering for newspaper work, it seemed to me what I was seeking.

The next few years I did general assignments on the paper, including calling on my good friend S.R. Armstrong, city clerk, calling on the chief of police who

was then Daniel Thompson, Detective Sam Newhall, and all the old members of the police force of those days.

F.R. Yokome, the old newspaperman, was then editor of *The Peterborough Examiner* and his son Croyland Yokome, was copy editor of the *Review*. Fred Craig, later known as “Josh,” was sports editor of *The Examiner* as they call them now, and both Yokome and Craig were, to my inexperienced eyes, ideal newspapermen and still are as far as that goes. There was no better man on a story than “Toyt” Yokome, as he was nicknamed, or any better sport writer than “Josh” Craig. Then there were others who ranked equally high in my estimation, like Harry Theobald, Charlie Curtis, Percy Crane, Jim Malloy, Ernest McKeeley, who died some years ago. Poor Ernie, how we like to sit in the big easy chairs of the Empress hotel, then just up, smoke fat cigars and think we were real newspapermen. McKeeley was a prolific writer, and a corking good newspaperman.

About the year 1913, I got the urge to hit out for more money and landed a position in Saskatoon where I remained two years, returning to the Peterborough *Review* in 1916 but leaving again for Sudbury and later Ottawa, where I have been located since....

VIII PETERBOROUGH REVIEW 1912

*J. Lewis Milligan
Peterborough Review, editor 1912
Ontario Department of Mines*

Peterborough was my first journalistic home in Canada, and I was naturally attracted by Mr. John R. Heron's invitation to spend a day or so in the city during Old Home Week.

I have many pleasant memories of my sojourn seventeen years ago in Peterborough as editor of *The Daily Review*, now, alas, no more. I hasten to explain I was not responsible for the death of the paper, unless it died of a broken heart at my department but it took about two years to explain after I left.

I understand, however, that *The Review* did not really die by its united amalgamated merger or absorbed by *The Examiner*. If *The Examiner* did actually absorb *The Review*, it must have suffered acutely from indigestion. In the old days, my brother-scribe, the late F.R. Yokome of kindly memory, must have spent many wakeful nights worrying over the trenchant invectives hurled at his head from the editorial chair of *The Review*. I recall and confess to my shame how I used to take a devilish delight in the thought of making the old gentleman feel uncomfortable. I would launch great volleys of censured sarcasm and satire against his political positions, and pour vats of scorn upon the journalistic standing of his paper – as compared with that of *The Review*.

These attacks, however, did not appear to affect Mr. Yokome's health or disturb his gentle disposition, for whenever I met him he seemed quite happy, and we were always on the best of personal terms. When I left Peterborough he wrote a most generous editorial note regarding my work on *The Review*, which included the

following passage, which I quote for his sake rather than my own.

“For personal and fraternal reasons, *The Examiner* regrets the severance of Mr. Milligan's relations with our contemporary. He is a good man and a good newspaper man, a good writer and his work has given tone to the editorial character of this journal, which his successor, whoever he may be, will do well if he maintain.”

I have kept the clipping from which the above is taken, in my private wallet all these years, and I have endeavored to live up to my old friend's estimation of me. My memory of Mr. Yokome is one of a gentleman, in the best British sense of that term.

Another personage who holds a prominent place in my recollections of my connection with *The Review*, is Mr. F.H. Dobbin, who, I am pleased to say, is still in the old home town. It was Mr. Dobbin who engaged me as editor of *The Review*, of which at that time, he was the proprietor managing director and everything else of importance. My first encounter with Mr. Dobbin was a memorable one. Indeed, every meeting with Dobbin is an encounter. I do not mean that he is a pugnacious fellow, but when you meet him, especially for the first time, you come under a searching physiological, psychological and almost a theological examination. He has a way of sizing you up and penetrating beneath any veneer or camouflage. The process is reassuring to the innocent, but very disconcerting to the guilty.

I came to Peterborough with a letter of introduction from Mr. Owen Herity, at that time editor of *The Belleville Daily Ontario*. I soon discovered that what Mr.

Dobbin wanted was an editor and not a mere showman. He at once put me to the test. He challenged me to sit down there and then write half dozen editorials as examples of what I could do. I accepted the challenge, did my stunt and departed. Two weeks later, I received an offer from Mr. Dobbin, which I accepted. I owe it to

Mr. Dobbin for giving me my first real opportunity as a newspaperman in Canada. Shrewdness, blended with urbanity and a sparkling wit, are the distinguishing characteristics of my old chief, F.H. Dobbin. Long may he linger on the stage to enliven and adorn this little drama of life.

IX REUNION WILL GIVE THRILLS

Percy Crane

*Former reporter on the Peterborough Examiner, and Review
MacLean Publishing Co., Toronto.*

"Old friends, old scenes, old times, old manners, old books, old wine."

Surely the author of these words (Goldsmith I believe it is) would have reveled in just such a happy occasion as is being planned in Peterborough during the first week of July. Do they not epitomize more than anything else one can think of this great re-union of Peterborough old boys and girls?

The good people of Peterborough, following months of preparation, are making it possible for old friends to get together in old scenes and live over, once again, old times.

"Old Home Week." These are magnetic words whether they apply to Peterborough as they do at this particular time, or to the smallest, most obscure and unknown hamlet in the whole land. Everyone is proud of his own home town, and the magnetism of "Old Home Week" is just this. It draws one back to scenes of one's earliest life – to first pals, to first 'gals' too if you like, and to first impressions of life.

"Old Home Week for old boys and girls." Didn't you experience a real thrill when you received that invitation from good old Peterborough to return once again and participate for one whole week, in all the pleasures and pastimes that are being planned for our enjoyment? From past knowledge of Peterborough and its ability to do things well, time will not hang heavy on one's hands, and from all accounts I have been reading the Examiner very closely for weeks past, there will not be a dull moment.

Why one only has to reminisce a bit, and here is one time when reminiscing may be forgiven, to recall some of the celebrations that Peterborough has made memorable. The good old Kalithumpian parades that used to mark the observance of the 24th of May, and sometimes Dominion Day were big events in bygone days. They were spirited and enthusiastic occasions and

successful because everyone participated in the fun provided.

How Peterborough used to welcome its returning victors in the hockey world! Why the town fairly rocked with excited cheers of welcome, and who can forget that momentous occasion when Davey Hartley the walker was accorded rousing recognition of his triumph over the Port Hope barber in that never-to-be-forgotten walk from Port Hope to Toronto. Peterborough welcomes her returning sons and daughters in its own inimitable way and this forthcoming celebration, in the words of a theatrical Press agent, promises to eclipse all others.

A few days ago I received a letter requesting, as my contribution to a Toronto issue of the Peterborough Examiner, an article anywhere from 500 to 5,000 words. The request came from one who, in the early days of my reporting experience on the old Peterborough Review, I would not dare to refuse. I refer to Mr. G.B. VanBlaricom, now editor of the Canadian Lumberman. "Van" certainly had a way of initiating the new "cubs," and being sick, sore and disgusted with the job of reporting at the end of the first week, only his determination and interest, made my refusal to continue absolutely impossible.

Those early days chasing the dead line and the police court and doing the church socials in the evenings, were filled with new and exciting experiences, but how the days lagged when quietness of an all pervading kind seemed to have struck the town and there just wasn't any news to be had.

Dear old Charley McGinty – a police officer who was always very kind to reporters. I can hear him even now saying in those nasal tones that were so peculiar to him "Nothin' doin' today, young fella." They struck terror to your very soul for you knew that on your return to your office, the only item you could write was one for the news nuggets, as the briefs were then called.....

X IT ISN'T NEWS TO TELL WHAT IS OBVIOUS

William F. Duggan

*Peterborough Examiner (1925-6)
The Border Cities Star, Windsor.*

During my brief career as a newspaper man, I have at various times been called upon to record the impressions and opinions of the great and the near-great,

but never has any gentleman from the press requested an interview from me.

True, I have never been jailed on any interesting charge, nor been in a serious accident. I have not preached any revolutionary sermons, presented myself for the Legislature, nor joined and aspired to office in fraternal organizations. In fact, now that I have reflected, I can't think of anything noteworthy that I have accomplished but, none the less, I have the faculties essential for receiving and imparting views on this and that which should be all that is necessary.

But it isn't. To break into the news you must be somebody of importance or do something in an unusual way. Years ago some newspaper editor queered the works for mediocrity when he sprung that one about the man biting the dog and I have concluded that rather than resort to such methods, I would remain in obscurity even at the cost of withholding my trite comments from a waiting world.

So now, just when I had resigned myself to a life in the background, along comes the Examiner managing editor requesting me to say something, anything, reminiscent of Peterborough and my association with that city. Permit me to confess that I, like many an otherwise good banquet lecturer, am totally unprepared. I have forgotten my notes and left my music at home. Besides, I have had no practice.

These folks who see their names in the paper day after day are accustomed to it. They have had years of practice. When a reporter goes to see them they know how to look at him in that intense, searching fashion and shout "I have nothing to say about anything!" whereat they proceed to talk rapidly and incoherently about everything between the present fashions for women and the scandalous way the government restricts their liquor.

But, aside from all that, I feel a natural hesitancy, a reluctance to intrude for, strictly speaking, I am not a Peterborough old boy. I wasn't born here. I do claim though that I spent some three years here; three years which I shall regard as the best of my life. During that

time I had experiences which will leave me with nothing but pleasant memories. ...



The Fire Hall on Aylmer Street was a good place to check for stories.

I have gone to Normal school here, played on one of the best ball teams in the world here and have worked in many of the city's leading industrial establishments, although I must confess that I was generally fired before my employers discovered my true worth. Not that I hold it against them. They have probably realized long before this that they made a mistake in depriving themselves of my services.

It was on the Examiner that I cut my newspaper eye-teeth. It was there that I became initiated into the noblest and most accursed profession in which man can engage. It was there that I learned to hurl myself out of bed after a two-hour sleep and busy myself in tramping along my beat in search of material for my facile pen. There were calls to be made at the undertakers to discover who had passed away, then on to the fire-hall to learn if the "flaming monster" had tried to break loose during the night. The police station was another port of call where I used to sit, pencil in hand, ...

XI I WANT TO MAKE WHOOPEE

C.H.L. Reid

(Formerly of the Examiner staff, now editor of "Baker and Confectioner," Toronto)

Having been asked to write something for your special edition in connection with Peterborough Old Boys' Reunion, I can think of nothing more fitting than to give some of my own reasons why I intend to take at least a day or two off to visit again in the city where I spent more than five of the best years of my life – five years and more of the happy, irresponsible period of my early twenties.

I want to join in the Old Boys Reunion festivities because I hope to meet again some of the good old scouts who fought and fished, courted and canoed, skated and schemed, boosted and booed, knocked and kicked around the Lift Lock City in the opening years of the present century. I want to live again with them some of the days - and nights - spent on the old Otonabee, Rice Lake, Chemong and Stoney Lake. I want to review some of the famous hockey games with Belleville, Lindsay

and Port Hope and some of the games where All-Star teams were brought in in an effort to defeat the famous Peterborough boys. I want some one to tell me they have ever seen more enthusiasm created by a walking contest than was seen in Peterborough on the occasion when a score of men tried to see who could cover the most laps in Brock street rink in a week. I would like someone to tell me why the defeat of Dave Belland by Walter Knox in a hundred yards dash at the Exhibition Grounds on a Thanksgiving Day caused a riot among the cash customers. I want someone to tell me who it was knocked out a Lindsay boxer in the first thirty seconds of a go in the old Grand Opera House, about February, 1904.

I would like to ramble again in beautiful Jackson Park; if it were winter I should like to go down the toboggan slide again; I'd like to play tennis again on

Nicholls Oval; swim in the Y.M.C.A. tank; fish off the locks pier; feast on huckleberries at Stoney Lake; picnic at Chemong; swim at Inverlea.

I want to hear again the Peterborough Regimental Band playing in Victoria Park. I want to hear Archdeacon Davidson preach in St. John's Church. I'd like to hear Max Dennistoun teaching the Bible Class. I want to visit the Y.M.C.A. and learn what kind of a Debating Society, Strangers' Fellowship Club, Camera Club and Tennis Club they now have.

I would like to go through some of the manufacturing plants – the great C.G.E.; see how they

make wax paper at the Nashua plant; see what it is they "separate" at the DeLaval place; see what makes the clocks tick over at Westclox; see how they make carpets, builders' hardware, harness, woollen goods, etc., at the various plants.

I want to buy a cigar from Bruce Patterson. I want to get Archie Campbell or Jimmy Lewis to give me a shave. I want Chris Graham to tell that one about the Irishman and the Scotchman. I want to hear J. Hampton Burnham orate. I want to hear Jimmy Brown sing and above all I want to have F.H. Dobbin admit that the eight-hour day for printers has been a success.

1910 DIARY OF A.J. GRANT

Dennis Carter-Edwards editor

The extracts of the diary of Alexander Joseph Grant, superintending engineer of the Trent-Severn Waterway are a continuing series that highlights the personal and professional life of this prominent Peterborough resident. The year 1910 was a particular difficult for the Grant family as major health problems plagued members of the family. The diaries also document Grant's involvement with the construction work along the Waterway. He maintains a rigorous travel schedule visiting stations from Trenton to Lake Simcoe, punctuated by trips for Departmental business to Ottawa and personal outings to Toronto. Alexander and his wife took an extended holiday to the Maritimes during which Grant contracted typhoid which disrupted their plans. In between these activities, the Grants continued to enjoy the social life of the community, carried out renovations on their home on Gilmour Avenue and struggled to find and keep good help. Grant concludes his diary with a summary of the past year's weather.



Mr and Mrs A. J. Grant
Peterborough Centennial Museum and Archives 2000-012-001597-1 Balsillie Collection of Roy Studio Images

- 1 Jan Maude, Alex, Helen & myself spent the day in the Oriental Hotel where we have been staying since the middle of December, as we have no maid.
- 3 Jan Local option defeated here today by the narrow margin of 91 votes on 3/5 majority
- 8 Jan Took Alex to see Uncle Tom's Cabin which was well staged
- 15 Jan Miss Dockrill (nurse) left this forenoon, she has been a week with Maude. After dinner out driving with Jones team. Maude called on Mrs. James Stratton who has been in bed since Xmas.
- 17 Jan Maude took Alex to St. Michael's Hospital where he was operated on this afternoon by Dr. Goldsmith for adenoids. They were very bad, so much so that the little fellow had to have his tonsils cut out.
- 19 Jan Alex at St. Michael's Hospital is getting better, ate some today & sat up chatting. Went to curling rink after tea for an hour & while there, pitched five stones, the first I ever threw
- 31 Jan Alex returned to Miss Hall's school
- 1 Feb Maude went into St. Luke's Hospital Ottawa to be operated on for prolapsus
- 3 Feb Alex & I at 9.30 Mass . . . We had our throats blessed afterwards as this is the feast of St. Blasse Mr. Brophy & myself went to see Dockstader's Minstrels
- 5 Feb M.J. Butler retired from the Dept of Railways & Canals today as Deputy Minister & chief engineer
- 9 Feb Went to St. Luke's hospital at 10 am where I found Maude in Room 1 Ward A, feeling much better. Spent the day with her. She came in to the Hospital on the 1st Feb. Dr. Prevost is to perform her operation tomorrow. She feels very quiet over its near approach

& is glad that she has at last made up her mind to have it done. The wee girl is brave patient.

10 Feb Dr. Prevost operated on Maude at 10.15. She walked up to the operating room with Dr. Jim Shillington – as bright & happy as possible. She came out of the Ether about 1 pm & I remained with her from 2.30 until 10 pm when she fell into a quiet sleep under the effects of 1/8 gr morphine.

13 Feb After breakfast went over to the Hospital & spent the day up to 8 pm with Maude. She is getting along nicely & today can move a little in bed without a great deal of pain.

23 Feb Went to Toronto to see Gerrell re plans for launch, & to see C. Genl Electric Co re tender for electric equipment Lindsay Bdge

24 Feb Letters from Maude. . . . yesterday they allowed her to put her feet on the floor when she felt a feeling of strength & relief not experienced for 6 years. I do sincerely hope the wee girl will feel in body & mind rest in the future that she has sadly missed for years.

2 Mar Put deeds of Gilmour St. property in Safe Deposit Vaults Peterboro branch B. of Montreal

22 Mar Called on Dr. Eastwood & got medicine for my cold in head & throat. Frank has been since yesterday trying to get fire going in furnace at house. Some of the pipes along cellar floor were frozen & burst.

31 Mar Frank had fire on in the furnace & a girl Margaret Murpaw came to us this evening to work, very lucky to get her as maids are very scarce

1 Apr Archibald began taking out old plumbing in house & putting in new

4 Apr Afternoon with Frank working at house where we are changing the plumbing

8 Apr Archibald finished this morning about 10 am changing plumbing of house. Plasterer finished repairing plaster in Bath room & Kitchen at 10.30 am. Frank & myself worked until 10 pm removing paper on walls of bath[room] & cleaning up place

26 Apr Jones & myself saw Hunter re enlargement of post office building Peterboro for use of Trent Canal staff

4 May This is Alex's 6th birthday. He had sixteen invited boys & girls & they had a whale of a time playing croquet, etc, etc. which was wound up after tea by fireworks on the lawn. After they went home Maude, Miss Hall, Mrs Sherwood & myself had a game of bridge

19 May Halley's Comet was closed to the earth today but did no damage, & moreover lost its tail, & generally disappointed the astronomical world in consequence. I did not see the comet until the night of the 25th when it apparently had grown a new tail

20 May Public Holiday King Edward VII buried in St. George's Chapel, Windsor R.I.P.

27 May office all day Preparing parliamentary estimate for 1911-12. Have asked for \$2,800,000. Maude & myself went to the complimentary concert to Miss Livina H___ which was very good.

1 Jun Maude out playing golf. She joined the club last week.

3 June Maude & I left for Belleville . . . This is the 7th anniversary of our wedding day. So we are out for a jaunt & a spoon, the bride is spoonier than she was 7 years ago, and ready for another honeymoon.

17 Jun Blewett yacht took me up to Buckhorn. Dam here is ok. New lock master's house is just finished. Maude, children & Lilly & several others with me.

18 Jun Inspected Gravel pit below Young's point. We had dinner at South Beach Hotel & called at Juniper Island on way back to Burleigh.

28 Jun Took Alex & Maude to see Hoag's circus after dinner. Maude out at Golf links in the afternoon

7 Jul Maude & myself left for Toronto per 8.30 am G.T.R. train to take steamer for Chicoutimi Mrs. Frank Radden is to remain in the house to look after Alex & Helen while we are away. . . . took the Steamer Toronto for Prescott. This is Maude's first trip on Lake Ontario & down the river to Montreal.

9 Jul Arrived at 8 am at Quebec & left about 9 am per steamer Tadousac for Chicoutimi. Sail down the river was glorious & we enjoyed it immensely . . . meals good & we had a nice state room

12 Jul Reached Dalhousie {N.B.} at noon & drove down to the ____ Hotel. . . . Took Maude down here to show her the spot where her husband landed in Canada on or about 2nd September with Mother, Jessie & Jessie Fraser. Father was out in Canada then about three years.

17 Jul bathing & taking photos. We walked along shore to the south, & Maude saw jelly fish for 1st time. Stopped off at Metapedia & after supper, Maude & myself walked over to the old house of my childhood's days which is now fast falling to ruin owing to foundation of crib work under it rotting. We got inside & walked through all the rooms trodden by Father, Mother & Jessie & we boys for several years. What a flood of childish recollections came back as we stood in Mother & Jessie's rooms. May they rest in peace. Maude was very interested & pleased to see & wander about the dear old house, which has practically been vacant for 34 years.

21 Jul Reached here {Riviere du Loup} at 12 o'clock last night

22 Jul Went in bathing & got cold & went to bed with chills & fever

24 Jul Bed all day with fever. Maude drove over to town & got some whiskey & quinine

26 July Maude decided early this morning that we leave & get up to Montreal before I get worse.

27 Jul Dr. Forbes came in early with Dr. C.A. Peters who took charge of me as everything points to typhoid. Maude is tired & anxious. Remained at the Corona {hotel} all day awaiting developments as to whether I will be able to go home or have to go to the Hospital here.

28 Jul Dr. Peters decided I had better go to the hospital here, so after dinner Maude took me down to the General Hospital, which is to be my resting place for the month. I got a very good room, No.5 is the private medical ward & had a little Scottish lass Miss French for nurse.

29 Jul The Dr. decided today definitely that I had typhoid fever so on the water wagon I was placed.

7 Aug The fever is gradually running its course. Maude comes in early every morning & leaves about 9 pm. She is getting very tired but has ceased to be anxious as I am now on a fair way to recovery. The pneumonia symptoms have passed, & the typhoid is running its course, being a mild attack.

10 Aug Maude in to see me early as she left at 8.15 am. . . . I am getting along nicely, & everything indicates a good recovery, but it will [be] 3 weeks or so before I leave the hospital

19 Aug Dr. Peters had a letter dated 17th instant from Dr. Cameron saying Maude is sick with ptomaine poisoning [sic]. Hope the wifie isn't going to be very sick. She has had a hard time of it the last 3 weeks. Trouble never comes singly. We certainly have had our share of sickness this year.

26 Aug Maude went home today from St. Joseph's hospital where she has been for 10 day with an acute attack of ptomaine poisoning. The little girl has had a hard time of it this summer. Mrs Wm Sherwood has been looking after the children & the home for her

31 Aug General hospital all day which I left a[t] 8 pm after being in it from the 28 July McLachlan Campbellford here today re work etc. He met Maude at the CPR. at 7 pm. She came down to go to Ste. Agathe with me. She also is only out of St. Joseph's hospital Peterboro since Friday last, & is not looking well nor is she very strong

13 Sep At Bonaventure Station we examined the United States Catholic Extension Society Chapel car "St Anthony" First one of the kind I ever saw. It was sent to Montreal for exhibition during the Eucharistic Congress.

23 Sep House all day, cut lawn (rear) & odd jobs about house. Archibald is repairing closet tank. Maude & myself went to J.R. Stratton for card party. Jones drove us up & back.

28 Sep Forenoon at home, chores Walter Hall, carpenter from Byersville repaired roof this forenoon After dinner in office correspondence etc. M [Duggan?] City Commissioner in re power on river for city. Recommended he renew lease of Dam 8 for city. Maude & I went to hear Bohemian Girl by the [Aborn?] Co.

30 Sep Maude & I had dinner at Oriental after which I went home Jones team drove me & Alex to Station at 4.30 . . . Alex & I stayed at the Iroquois Hotel {Toronto} & after Alex went to bed I went to Massey Hall to hear T.P. O'Connor lecture on Home Rule for Ireland. He is out here just now on behalf of the United Irish League.

5 Oct At 2.30 pm Maude & myself went to St. John's Church to see Edith Aylmer married to Mr. Cross, Bank of Commerce. We went to the house afterwards with other guests

10 Oct Peterboro office all day. Began attending evening sermons of Missions given this week by Father Gillies, Paulist priest of New York, in St. Peter's Cathedral

11 Oct Peterboro House all day. Working outside concrete basins for down spouts of rain gutters, etc. Maude began French course given by Mr. Frontenac

18 Oct Went to Lindsay at 7.10 am where I met Ritchie & Davy & inspected the lock & dam & bridge recently finished by Ritchie. The lock & its grounds look very well & also the new piers of the Wellington St. Bdge.

26 Oct Maude had collier's vacuum cleaner for Thurs \$7. cleaning carpets

31 Oct Alex & Lilly out from 7 to 9.30 with a bunch of children at Halloween pranks. This year is really Sandy's first Halloween. He had lots of fun with a false face, ringing door bells. etc.

10 Nov Went to first dinner of Can Club this season

12 Nov Maude up town all day with other ladies helping children's aid collect funds "Tag day"

15 Nov McLachlan came up from Campbellford this morning & leaves tonight for Ottawa to begin his duties there as Hydraulic engineer for the Dept. He has been with me since May 1907 & I am sorry to lose him, as he is a capable & very energetic fellow. I give him 2 year or less to tire of the office at Ottawa, where his personal liberty and brains will not find their proper scope. he & myself walked up to Smith St. & had a look at the new bridge & beginning of the Auburn Power house by Seymour Co.

2 Dec At C Club dinner. Lt. Col. McQueen Toronto lectured on Canada

2 Dec After tea went to annual meeting of Peterboro Club

12 Dec office all day Maude & myself had dinner at St. Joseph's bazaar held in Market

15 Dec Went to C. Club dinner Faulkner of Toronto University addressed the club

16 Dec Left for Ottawa last night . . . A delegation of 800 farmers waited on the Govt today 500 of whom were said to be from the Western Provinces. They were an imposing body as they marched up to the Parliament Buildings.

22 Dec office all day preparing report on the case of The King vs. Eastwood at Buckhorn Maude Alex & myself out at the Toboggan slide

25 Dec Maude & myself at 10 o'clock Mass Dinner at Mrs. Goodwill's at 1.30 o'clock. Alex at Mrs. Mathews at 4 o'clock for Jamie's Xmas tree

30 Dec office all day Sent Strauss a revised Spec for G.T.R. bdge at Campbellford for his approval

31 Dec Home all day About 18 inches snow on the ground. Excellent sleighing

The spring of this year was very early. The snow & ice in the city streets & in the country was practically all gone by the middle of March when the weather became very warm & the city streets at Easter were dusty & as dry as in mid summer. The first week of Aril was like July weather. It continued warm up towards end of April when it turned chilly & raw & remained so all May, during which Month there was very little growth, so that at the end of May vegetation was no further advanced than any ordinary year when weather conditions were normal. Middle of June was very hot.

KNOX GINGER BEER

John Marsh

It all began with a bottle. So begin many tales of alcoholism and family breakdown. But this is rather the story of meandering research into the history of ginger beer manufacturing in Peterborough. I spied the bottle in question at Antiques at the Barn near Fowlers Corners. It was an old earthenware bottle labeled "Knox, Ginger Beer, Peterboro." I was particularly intrigued by it because some of my ancestors in England were named Knox. It is not an uncommon name and is well known in the Peterborough area. There are 13 Knoxes in the current telephone book, there is Knox United Church, and some residents will recall Knox Jewelers. It is quite unlikely that I am related to any local people named Knox but I could not help wondering. I also wondered why one sees so many old ginger beer bottles. Had I \$170 to spend on this antique bottle, and had I room to begin a bottle collection, I would have bought it. However, I am content to let it inspire me to research the history of ginger beer production in Peterborough.



Shortly after seeing the bottle, I was at an antique show in Lakefield and met a colleague who had grown up in Peterborough. So I asked him if he had heard of the Knox ginger beer company. He recalled that there had been a bottling plant that might have been the Knox ginger beer plant on the west side of Park Street at McDonnell, by Jackson Creek. It seemed logical that a drink company would be located near a creek to provide water. The existence of a bottling plant at this location was confirmed by an expert on beer. Indeed he recalled that after it was demolished the site was scoured by bottle hunters. However, he thought the plant was owned

by a company called Verner rather than Knox. The Jackson Creek Retirement Residence is now on this site.

I began to wonder if the bottle, like many others I have seen, actually originated in Peterborough, England. An internet search revealed no such company in England. However, I did discover that ginger beer was first produced in the 1700s and in nineteenth century England many cities had almost as many companies producing ginger beer as regular beer. It seemed hard to believe that so many people would want to drink ginger beer. Then I found out that at that time it was usually an alcoholic drink, with as much as 11% alcohol.

By 1790 ginger beer was being sold in Canada and the USA. Much of this was imported from England. This was possible because of the development of stoneware bottles with a superior glaze called Improved Bristol Glaze. The bottles were filled with the alcoholic beverage and carbon dioxide in solution, both of which were preservatives. They were then corked and wired to maintain the pressure. According to an article by Donald Yates, in the newsletter of the Federation of Historical Bottle Collectors, ginger beer reached a peak of popularity in 1935 when Canada had over 1000 ginger beer breweries. Ginger beer was usually cloudy in appearance so was bottled in opaque stoneware bottles. Basic stoneware bottles were used from 1790 to 1890. They were usually quart size with a family rather than a company name impressed on them. From 1880 smaller 8 ounce bottles with a transfer label were used until about 1940. According to a website hosted by Antique Bottle Collectors Haven, "stone ginger beer bottles faded in the 1920's, as the appallingly poor health standards became more obvious. Buyers started questioning the sediments at the bottoms of the bottles and wanted their wares in glassware, and wanted it to look fresh and clean, not just feel that way when they drank it! As well, refrigeration was becoming more the norm, and the benefit of stoneware for keeping liquids cool just wasn't so necessary anymore."

The bottle I had discovered was a transfer type and on the bottom was the inscription "Barrowfield Potteries, Glasgow." To gain more information on these potteries I searched the internet and came across the Scottish Pottery Society. Its website indicated that since 1700 there have been at least 55 potteries in Scotland. To get more information, I contacted Douglas Leishman of that Society who informed me that the Barrowfield Potteries were founded before 1856 and closed in 1929. He also noted that at its height the company had 18 kilns and made 1530 dozen bottles. Again I began to wonder if the Knox company was in Peterborough, England.

Similarly intrigued, my friend Marilyn Miller, an avid Ebayer, checked to see if there were any ginger beer bottles for sale on Ebay. There were quite a few and fortunately one that was illustrated was labeled "D. Knox, Ginger Beer, Peterboro, Ont." Subsequently, I came across an illustration of a quart glass bottle embossed with a lion and the inscription "D. Knox,

Peterboro, Ont. Trade Mark Registered.” So the company was definitely located in Peterborough, Canada.

Upon discussing this at the Trent Valley Archives (TVA), Diane Robnik informed me that, in arranging TVA’s historical pub crawl, she saw an old Knox bottle at the Red Dog. Then, Elwood Jones, as always well informed on Peterborough’s history, said he believed the Knox bottling plant was on Queen Street. This was confirmed in various old business directories for Peterborough. (A resource I should have looked at in the first place!) The Directory for 1905-6 indicated a “Soda Water Manufacturer” with “David Knox, John D. Knox, manager.” The manufacturing was located at 22 Queen Street, and David Knox and Isabel Knox lived next door at 26 Queen Street. Perhaps, given the name for the business, they had by this time given up producing ginger beer. However, the Directory did record two ginger beer manufacturers: William Croft at 259 Reid Street and James Charles at 391 Sherbrooke Street. The Knox soda water business was listed in the Directory for 1907 as being at the same location. However, on going downtown I could not find 22 and 26 Queen Street, so was still unsure exactly where the plant and Knox home were located on the street.

The 1908 Directory advertised “Knox Soda Aerated and Mineral Water Mfrs,” and showed that, as a result of property renumbering, the address of the plant was now 384 Queen Street, and the residence now 390 Queen Street. The residence was still occupied by David and Isabella (previously Isabel) Knox, and also Carrie I. Knox, a stenographer.

An historic fire insurance plan of Peterborough that we have at TVA indicates that there was still a “soda

water factory” at 384 Queen Street in 1915, as does the fire insurance plan for 1929. The fire plans and revised street address enabled me to locate the site of the plant on the east side of Queen Street, where Fontaines Source for Sports shop is now. The building used for this business may well have been the bottling plant, but I have yet to confirm this and when it ceased production. The Knox family home at 390 Queen Street is now Charlotte Anne’s restaurant. I think I will go there and have a ginger ale!

I have written this very incomplete history of ginger beer manufacturing in Peterborough to reveal the wonderfully serendipitous nature of much historical research and to encourage any readers knowing more about our local ginger beer industry to assist me in producing a more complete history of this fascinating industry.

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FOUR FUNERALS AND A WEDDING: FRANCES STEWART ON THE TRAGEDIES OF 1847 AND THE WEDDING OF 1848

Excerpts from E. S. Dunlop, Our Forest Homes being Extracts From the Correspondence of the late Frances Stewart (Montreal, Gazette Printing and Publishing, 1902) 211-231. This is the second edition of the work. The correspondence is now in the Trent University Archives, but I have not compared the manuscript letters, at this point.

Her daughter, Ellen, arranged the letters in a chronological order, but did not necessarily include all letters. She usually names the recipients. We have included all the letters as published.

During 1847, sickness hit every family, and it was a year of more deaths than usual, primarily because of the virulent fever, usually called typhus fever at the time, that followed the vector of the immigrants from Ireland. This is the year most associated as a year of the Irish Famine.

Peterborough had been a destination for Irish migration since 1825 but in the bigger picture of North American immigration, 1847 was the beginning of the fabled Irish famine migration that was particularly heavy for the next four or five years.

In the following excerpts we have marked the pages from the second edition of Our Forest Home in square brackets.

TO MRS. WALLER, ALLENSTOWN.

May 5: -- “The accounts of the famine in Ireland are most heartrending. What a state that poor place is in. [211] I really fear the whole air of the country will be polluted by the masses of putrefying bodies of animals and decayed vegetables. The pestilence may not be confined to those who have suffered from bad food or no food. I often wish that all I love were out of it and here; but then I begin to recollect how very irksome Canadian life would seem to those who have been accustomed to elegance, ease and refinement; how insupportable it would be to those who have lived in a round of amusements, or enjoyed intellectual or scientific society. What a desolate wilderness it would seem to those who have enjoyed the privilege of Christian intercourse with the religious part of society at home, for alas, we have but little of that here. When I think of all of those things, I begin to find I am selfish for wishing anyone to come. And yet does it not seem a contradiction to say that positively and truly I am happy here as anybody need wish or expect to be in this world. I will even go further and say that I do think I am much happier than most people that I know. In the first place I never have anything to do that is in the least fatiguing, for my

dear, kind, thoughtful husband never could bear to see me exert myself and has always endeavoured to save me from the necessity of doing anything that would hurt me. And now my dear good children never allow me to do anything but some trifling part of the household department, and needlework or knitting. As for society or amusement, I have lost all relish for parties or anything of that sort. I am never at a loss for variety, for every hour there is so much going forward that the [212] change is constant. As for religious companionship, I have dear Mrs. Fowlis who is a treasure to us all, and occasionally Mr. and Mrs. Roger refresh us delightfully. Then we have your letters and Mrs. Wilson's, etc., besides the books of which we read a portion every day, sometimes very small, but no day passes without some serious or improving reading. So we have everything to make us happy. Nothing to do with politics, gossip or fashion, or keeping up appearances, which really in many instances causes much trouble and plague. We always attend to being tidily and becomingly dressed, and have a clean, neatly-laid table with a plentiful supply of good wholesome food. We have oatmeal now, which for many years we could not procure, but there are now two good oatmills, one our own property. We have also Indian meal and both are liked. We have a substantial breakfast for the boys as soon after six o'clock as all can be assembled after the horses, cattle, pigs and fowls are attended to. First Mr Stewart reads a portion of Scripture and prayer; after this the steaming porridge, smiling potatoes, cold meat, eggs, toast, bread and butter and two large jugs of milk, besides the teapot, are placed on the table. All set to work with much energy according to taste or fancy. After this everybody goes to their different employments. B. and K. settle all up. I sit at my reading or knitting for a little while. The routine of work, though simple, is not at all monotonous now. I often wonder how Mr. Stewart can go on keeping all in order as he does in so many departments, thinking of such an extraordinary [213] variety of different matters; but he never slackens nor tires, though he often looks weary and anxious.

"This is an unusually backward season, everything is some weeks later than it ought to be. The ground was, till lately, covered with deep snow, so that ploughing could not be done in low-lying ground, consequently we shall have but half the quantity of wheat sown that otherwise we would put in; however, we shall have enough for our own use, though none to sell I fear, which is a loss, having been too low a price for any profit last year.

"This is a lovely day, warm and bright, the birds and insects and everything seeming to rejoice. Vegetation has commenced and is making rapid progress, the lilacs bursting into leaf, the grass is growing green, and fruit trees changing from the stiff wintry gray to the reddish tinge which soon turns to green.

"We have had great difficulty getting into town for some time back; the bridge was rickety and dangerous all through the winter and at last it gave way to the increasing force of the river which always rises in spring. Off it went one day; fortunately no one was on it. Edward had just crossed and heard it cracking and smashing as he moved off.

"I am happy to say all my children and grandchildren are well. I have just heard that A. and her child were at the other

side of the river, but the boat was away, so they could not get across. E. came to see us the other day; her heart seems with us still, though she has a sweet little home. Little M. is growing more and more engaging every day. E. says she has sense beyond her years. Poor Willie has had [214] several attacks of ague; quinine stops it after some preliminary medicine. There is much fever and ague still in the country, which is a great trouble. Many are prevented attending to their spring work which is a serious loss.



Hutchison House Museum was the former home of Dr John Hutchison and his family. (Electric City Collection)

"Poor Dr. Hutchison has had another attack of apoplexy, his life hangs by a thread."

This was a remarkable year in any respects, affecting both town and county; incidents of many kinds marked its advance. The famine in Ireland caused a deep feeling of sympathy for the poor people there. My father took an active part in influencing his friends in Peterboro' and the neighbourhood to raise money to send home to their countrymen. In February and March the leading citizens came forward willingly in the good cause and the sum of £364 was collected. The railroad from Port Hope was chartered and a good deal talked about. Many people were prejudiced against railways in those days and thought our old roads were best, or at least good enough.

A large immigration from Ireland this year, of many poor people almost in a state of starvation and bringing with them a malignant form of typhoid fever, was the cause of much anxiety and trouble. A temporary hospital was established on the Little Lake, then a good distance from the inhabited part of the town and those who were sick were isolated till restored. My father did all he could for their condition with the help of the people of the town, but owing to his anxious disposition signs of debility began to show themselves in him early in summer. He had [215] much care and anxiety too for his sister, Mrs Fowlis, whose declining state plainly showed she would not be long with them. His daily walk was from Auburn to the Park Cottage, (the house he had given to her and her widowed daughter and two children "for as long as they required it.") where they held sweet converse.

TO MISS WILSON

June: -- "About the end of May dear Mrs Fowlis was seized with ague, which changed to intermittent fever. On the 13th June she rallied and our hopes revived. Mr. Stewart and Mrs.

Reid were with their dear sister constantly, I often read to her portions of her favourite books; the Bible was her constant desire. All her symptoms were alarming and Dr. Hay was constantly with her. There were days of pain and anxious watching. Then a rapid and unexpected change came. Mr. Stewart read the 23rd Psalm and the 34th, and then Wesley's hymn, 'Oh for a thousand tongues to sing.' She had prayer and singing constantly. On the 16th she was so low that we knew her release was close at hand and it came at half-past nine. Her sister closed her dearly-loved eyes. The remaining brother and sister sat talking much about the past. This was our first trial and affliction in long years."

"The funeral took place on the 18th, a solemn and melancholy time. A few friends assembled at the little cottage surrounded by the beautiful maple and beech trees in the early and tender leaf. The coffin was placed on tressels under a spreading beech grove [216] close to the hall door. The solemn service was conducted by the Rev. Mr. Taylor of the Church of England and Mr. Roger of the Presbyterian Church, whose prayer for the bereaved family gave great comfort. Those present who came to show the last token of respect were the Rev. Mr. Taylor, Rev. Mr. Roger, Dr. Hutchison, Dr. Hay, Mr. Cunningham and some others, as well as our own large connexion with the tenants and Mr. Stewart's servants; all formed a mournful procession which followed the body to the grave in the sweet spot where little Bessy was laid in 1823, allotted at that time by Mr. Stewart for this sacred purpose. From this time we felt the blank severely, none more so than the dear bereaved brother. He did not sorrow without hope; he knew here eternal peace and happiness were secure and spoke as if expecting soon to follow her. He took his sorrow to his Saviour; his Bible was his daily study; the Psalms his favourite part of Scripture."

TO MRS. KIRKPATRICK.

July 7: -- "You have doubtless heard of our loss. No one can tell what a loss, for she was like an angel of light sent amongst us to draw us nearer to our Saviour and from this world. She was indeed a blessing to all during the short space she was with us; and her influence will, I trust, remain long, long engraven on our hearts. We are only now feeling the reality of it, for at first it seemed like a dream.

"This is the first great sorrow we have had, but I fear it must be the beginning of more. We have [217] cause for thankfulness that she had come to us from the States and that we were all with her to hear her last words and to witness such a scene. Blessed are those who die in the Lord; and the death of a saint whose soul is in perfect peace is a glorious and happy sight." Later on in the same letter, when speaking of family cares and pleasures, she writes: --

"There was a fine show of wild beast lately at Cobourg, under the management of the famous Van Amburgh, and Mr. Stewart allowed all the boys their holidays that they might go and see them. So there was great planning and settling which would be the best way of going and getting across Rice Lake. But when the time came there was so much work to be done of urgent consequence, that William and Frank said they could not enjoy leaving home with the consciousness that they were neglecting it, for three days at this season are of

more value than a fortnight would be at another time, so they declared that they would not go. However, John and George went, accompanied by their cousins Robert and George Strickland. They walked to the Indian village at Rice Lake which is twelve miles from this, then they got an Indian to put them over the lake in a canoe and they landed close to Col. Brown's cottage. His youngest son was just starting for Cobourg in a buggy (if you know what that is), and offered a seat to one of the boys, John gladly accepted and got on very snugly to Cobourg. George went to Mr. Faulkner's near Rice Lake and then on to Cobourg next day in their wagon (Mr. Faulkner is a brother of that Mr. Faulkner of Manchester who traveled with you and [218] dear Aunt Sutton long ago from the north of Dublin, and who helped you when you had the upset). Well, the Stricklands went to the Traills who are their aunt and uncle, so they are separated. John was well off; at Cobourg he met with out friend Mr. Chatterton, who took him to his own house to see Mrs. C---, and when there they would not let him go, but kindly insisted on his staying there, and so he saw all the procession coming into the town; he met with some other friends at the exhibition who took him to their place three miles from Cobourg, then they drove him to Rice Lake the next day. George stayed at Col. Brown's and has not yet returned, but John and the Stricklands walked home the evening after, they just got in here as we were preparing for bed, near eleven o'clock."

TO MRS. WALLER.

Aug. 9: -- "This has been a time of deep anxiety and alarm. The typhus fever and dysentery have reached even this remote place. Wherever those wretched immigrants came they brought with them sickness and death. Some of the members of the board of health have already fallen under its malignant influence, and also our dear, long-tried friend Dr. Hutchison. His illness was short, and from the first his life was despaired of. His constitution has been much injured from long exposure in the arduous discharge of his duties to the immigrants, and he had had an attack of apoplexy some time before which made the complaint more fatal and hopeless. His poor wife, who had little help, never left his bed-side; E. R--- was the only person who would venture to put the shroud on him. The panic was so great that neither man nor woman could be got to undertake this. Mrs. Hutchison and E--- were left alone with the large young family; in this deeply trying time something had to be done without delay. E. R---, with a degree of resolution almost superhuman, threw the shroud over the body and put the arms into the sleeves. The funeral had to take place without delay. No bad results followed this painful task which these two loving friends had to fulfil for the dead. We have had great anxiety about A's baby, Fanny, who became seriously ill with symptoms of water on the brain, it reduced the dear child very much. Two doctors are laid up with typhus fever. A few days ago Dr. Hay calculated that he had ridden 140 miles within twenty-four hours. He can hardly get rest, and keeps his two horses constantly going.

"I hope the industry of our dear children will in time make us more independent. They are very young to undertake the work and perseverance necessary to make this farm profitable. Their father feels it very much. Crosses and

perplexities we must have, as well as sickness, decay and sorrow, but when we are able to flee for hope, comfort and strength to the fountainhead, ever open, ready and overflowing for us to take and be refreshed, we may in all cases have a sure and unfailing remedy. We have had a large share of trial for the last few months; we cannot see where it may end or when, but meantime we have a little rest. Little Fan seems to be recovering, and our dear William [220] has recovered at a surprising rate. To-day he has walked about a little and put some things in order; three days ago he was unable to raise himself from his bed without help, but wine and quinine with chicken broth and other restoratives have had a wonderful effect."

TO MISS BEAUFORT. (Death of Mr. Stewart)

Sept. 21 : -- "I am sure my dearly loved and loving friend will be anxious about me. I must not let this mail o without bearing some intelligence o your poor desolate and afflicting child. I know that Dr. Hay at once gave you the first sad news of my bereavement; my heart is desolate and lonely, but I cannot be so in reality when I am surrounded by my dear children, all trying who can show me most tender love and consolation and attention, and when every one who ever knew us writes with such kindness. But afflicted I must be, for no one can know how severe my loss is. Thank God I have been and am, supported, and can see such unbounded love and mercy mixed in the bitter cup. It would be rebellious indeed to allow any repinings to arise in my breast, and the height of selfishness to sorrow without rejoicing, for we must all feel certain that his soul, which had been repining for a long time past, has now attained the Heaven where all troubles cease, and where sighing and sorrow are unknown; that he is now enjoying a peace which passeth understanding. And oh, what a change from the years of anguish and misery he had and [221] possibly would have had for some time to come. I have long prayed that his poor tortured mind should be relieved, but oh, how little did I foresee the full and complete relief and release that was near, or the depth of misery left for us here. But still I feel that the hand of the Lord has smitten us, and all is well, all is mercy; and we must now look forward and press forward to the mark set before us of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.

"At first his illness was intermittent fever (which this year has been more formidable than any other). About the fifth day it became steady fever. He had no headache or pains in his back or limbs, but after Thursday the fever increased; his tongue showed a more serious illness; his mind in general was quite clear and calm, but the restlessness was most exhausting. All usual remedies were tried. The following week he appeared better, his tongue cleaner, but on the second Wednesday the fever returned, the thirst terrible. Towards daybreak on Thursday he grew restless and chilly. I sent for the doctor who had only left us a few hours before. Twitches came on in his limbs. Dr. Hay was very anxious and sent for Dr. Best who did not think the symptoms so bad and ordered calomel and hippo; but he gradually grew worse. He plainly knew he was going to leave us, looking often at me saying, 'Happy! Happy! Happy!' The doctor only left us when he was obliged to go. On Friday he spoke much to us all when able,

but his throat and tongue were dry, he could hardly articulate; we could only hear by putting our heads close to his mouth. He expressed the most perfect [222] resignation; his most earnest desire was for the safety of the souls of all around him. He spoke repeatedly to each one and had us read and pray with and for him; he constantly prayed and enjoyed extempore prayer most as it was the utterance of the heart at the time. Mr. Taylor came twice and Mr. Roger often on his way to and from visiting Anna McDougall. Mr. Benson, an old friend, prayed beside him. He could not keep his attention fixed for more than a few minutes at a time, but joined his voice in the prayer when it applied to himself or anyone for whom he felt particular interest.

"On Friday night he gave William and John advice and instruction, and placed them under E--- B---'s care, and asked him to be a friend and adviser to his boys, this E--- promised with tears, and the dear one said, 'I mean religious as well as moral.' Many wonderful, impressive and touching expressions did we hear, he seemed hovering on the brink of eternity from Thursday till nine o'clock Monday the 6th September, when the spirit fled. They were days never to be forgotten; never did any of us witness such scenes; they were awful, for the spirit seemed more in heaven than on earth, but glorious and rejoicing too. I had often heard and read of triumphant deaths, but this was indeed victorious. He made Ellen, Bessie and Edward sing hymns frequently, and took more pleasure in that than anything. Mr. Reid often prayed at his bedside, and read to him. On Saturday night he spoke to Dr. Hay and Edward of many things, gave solemn directions about his funeral, and made Dr. Hay write all down. [223] All belonging to this world seemed nothing during this time. When we were watching his soul passing into eternity we were elevated above this life. On Sunday morning he was exhausted and the restlessness continuing he asked them to sing his soul into heaven. He slept heavily for some hours, then I took hold of his hand which seemed to arouse him; a rush of heat came on, he seemed to revive, his voice became stronger and clearer; he again said 'How happy I am in my Saviour's atonement, and I long to be with Him; and added, 'and to be with my dear sister.' He gave Edward and Bessie a Bible that Bessie had given him before and urged them to read it frequently, in private as well as in family reading. But hearing hymns sung was his greatest pleasure and comfort; in this way he passed his last Sabbath on earth. Dr. Hay, Charles Dunlop and Robert Brown set up with him. They all made me lie down as I was worn out, not having lain down for a fortnight, at first from asthma and then I could not leave him. I slept so soundly I did not hear Ellen get up at two o'clock; she shut the door and I never wakened till four. I then ran to the top of the stairs and heard Dr. Hay praying. I dressed and as I went down I heard his voice unusually loud and clear. 'Oh my Saviour, come for me.' This was the last time I heard him speak. Bessie forced me into the parlour to take a cup of coffee. When I came out he was sleeping and he never awoke; he opened his eyes once, turned himself and looked at me, but the eyes were dim and had a strange look in them; his breathing was quite regular till it gradually stopped. [224] "I have been quite well except asthma, caused by the damp, foggy nights. I have been obliged to be about so much. My

great pleasure is to think and write of those sweet days of the dying saint, and to think of him now where he is. But oh, the want!"

TO MRS. KIRKPATRICK.

Sept. : -- "I can do nothing but think of my loved departed. His mind for the past year had been rapidly weaning from every tie and care that could draw his thoughts to earth. The original softness and mildness of his disposition which had suffered from cares, distresses and disappointments for many years back, had been greatly restored. He was so loving, so kind and tender-hearted; such a parent, and fond and kind husband; such a true devoted Christian. Oh, he was indeed ripe and ready for the great change. I told you in my last that dear Bessie was not engaged to any one. I cannot now say so, as her hand and that of this truly worthy, excellent, young man, Edward, were joined by her dear father on Saturday evening, September the 4th, and they received his blessing as "man and wife;" he desired they should be married in reasonable time. He gave the Bible to us and made E---, B--- and I put a hand on it and promise it should be read by them. Such a scene would overcome a hard heart.

"My dear boys have been ill for a long time, all are deeply affected, five are now ill. William has fever which returns every evening, and pains in his limbs; Frank has had anguish fever hanging over him; Charlie [225] and Henry shake every day in spite of quinine, so that George is the only one who is well. Our poor farm is not getting on, the boys ploughed as long as they were able; it makes them so anxious, but I have no fear, the Lord has never forsaken me, and if we have but little we may easily content ourselves, for many around us are worse off. There is o family I know of that has not been visited by sickness or death.

"After death my beloved husband looked so composed and lovely, so like what he was thirty years ago, all the wrinkles of age and care were gone. He was sixty-one last June. I hardly know what we shall do, but my trust is in the Lord and I cannot fear. My dear children are all kind and good, and determined to do all they can for me, and my sons-in-law as kind as possible. Dear Dr. Hay, no one could possibly show more tender affection than he has done. Dear, gentle Anna has spent this day with me."

TO M. NOBLE.

Oct. 5: --- "Only two months ago I wrote about sickness and death in other families, how little did I know it was hanging over our own home! Oh, how overwhelmed I should have been had I known the calamity that awaited me! It is well we do not know or we should be unable to perform our daily duties. We do see enough, however, to show us that our time will come when we least expect it. My ever-dear husband for months past seemed so much withdrawn from the world, and though he always gave much thought [226] and attention to the arrangement of his affairs lately, it often struck me that he wished to have all settled, to have all things done more for the sake of his family than for any employment or benefit to himself. He had a great deal to try him just lately, but seemed to be endued with strength of mind and calmness beyond himself, unlike the miserable restlessness which had on

former occasions too much overpowered him at times. He constantly said, 'I must submit and trust in Him who sees fit to send me this bitter, bitter trial. God never sends more than He will enable us to bear.' I am often vexed at my own weakness when I sink into low spirits, or allow myself to grieve. Oh, I have nothing to grieve for on his account, and why should I grieve for myself. I must rouse myself and bring into action faculties and energy which have been lying dormant and asleep for years and years back, which seem as if they had never been mine. My friends are all sympathizing and tender, my dear children do all they can in loving kindness, my sons-in-law equally so. I have every solace I can expect or wish for. My boxes came at a very sad time, in the middle of the dear invalid's illness. For the first time we opened our treasures without his assistance; it was melancholy, though we had no idea then what the termination of his illness would be, nor did we think he was in danger at that time; I could not feel the usual pleasure. The next day he had himself taken up and dressed, and sat in an easy chair to have his bed made. He got the boys to carry him in the chair into the parlour. He lay on the sofa most of the day and made me show him all the things which [227] he examined. I then read out your letter, but he was very weak and languid and had to rest between. My boys are all provided for, having valuable property left to them. George has chosen the profession of a civil engineer and has already commenced working. He is fond of study and a truly excellent lad."

TO MRS. WALLER.

Dec. 1: -- "Each day brings me just cause for thankfulness. The pain must come when I feel the loss of the dear companion and object of my love and devotion for so many years. Yet it passes off when I recollect he has gone to a happy home and is waiting there to welcome us all, and I am waiting here for the time when I shall join him never more to part. I sometimes try to conceive the meeting of all who were attached on earth.

"The death of Judge McKyes happened soon after that of my dear husband. He will be a loss to the neighborhood. He and dear Mr. Stewart often had arguments about his High Church opinions. He thought we were all almost dissenters. However, I heard he actually had sent for Mr. Roger. Oh, how the approach of death draws us closer to real Christians, without considering whether they are High Church or dissenters. Dear Mr. Roger paid us visits in our affliction, as I requested he would, Mr. Taylor feeling afraid of infection. My beloved husband made the request, which displeased Mr. Taylor, who, I regret to say wrote in a very hasty and very intemperate way before the funeral, which hurt me a good [228] deal. But I believe it was occasioned by his warm attachment. About a month afterwards I wrote him an answer, which I hoped might make him understand but he has never taken any notice of it. He has often sent me word he was coming to see me, but he never came. I am fond of Mr. Taylor and esteem him for many good qualities, but he is not a minister of the Gospel of Christ. He was much annoyed also at our having a private funeral. It is the custom to have printed invitations sent out and put up to give notice. But Mr. Stewart always disapproved of that, and made both his sons and me

promise that nothing of that kind should be done. When his time came, and on his death-bed, his directions were distinctly given: "To be laid in the little private family burying ground here, but not to invite strangers, nor have scarfs or hat bands, which he always disliked." Mr. Taylor wanted to send notices to people at a distance, as he said, 'One whose name was identified with the affairs of the district and county should not be laid down without having the honour and respect that could be paid to his name and memory, etc.' I begged it might not be so, feeling his last wishes to be sacred. I heard that some were vexed at not being invited. If all had come that would, or that felt respect for his memory, it would have been every man and woman in the Township of Douro. Mr. Taylor and Mr. Roger were both here. Mr. Taylor read the church service, the same as at Mrs. Fowlis's, only that instead of singing Mr. Roger gave a short exhortation which I came from my room to hear. And then the procession moved up the shrubby walk to the last narrow [229] home amidst sorrowing, sincere friends and the family. Mr. Taylor came to my room afterwards and read prayers for me; he was so agitated he could hardly get through.

"Our affairs at present are a heavy trial. I do not see how we can avoid having the property sold. But I trust and leave it now to the Lord's will. I am sure He will direct all for the best, and I will wait. I have many times done so and always have found that some means was given to get through. Now I do not feel afraid or uneasy. If we lost the property my boys can work their own ways as many others are doing here. My daughters are happily provided for; the two little boys can do as much as will support them. And I have no fear but that some opening will be set before them. If I have my sight and health Kate and I can do something for our own support. If I am disabled I am sure that my children will take care of me. This season has been very expensive, crops missing and sickness in the family. The poor boys were too weak to do their usual work. William is going to draw wheat to Cobourg for the merchants here; indeed he is a wonder."

TO MR. MITCHELL

Jan. 11: -- "If you did not hear at once from me of the severe blow which fell on us, it was not from want of affection. Till within the last four days we had no apprehension of danger. For the first week of his illness we expected his recovery after the complaint had taken its usual course, and never apprehended [230] so lamentable and calamitous a termination. In the

middle of the second week a serious change took place and symptoms of typhus fever appeared, under which his strength gave way with alarming rapidity. He lived for three days in a state I cannot describe, his pulse was almost gone, often stopped altogether, his articulation was so difficult that we scarcely understood his words, his voice so weak we were obliged to put our ears to his mouth to catch the words. Restoratives were given with a feather to moisten his fevered tongue. Yet his mind was in the most tranquil state. He delighted in scripture reading, hymn-singing and constantly requested whoever was with him to 'pray', assuring all that he was 'happy,' repeatedly he hoped that all might be as happy as he was. He was completely raised above this world, and suffered little pain, feverish restlessness was the most trying. I well know the warmth of love which my beloved husband had for his sister Lydia, and the warm esteem he had for you.

"We have all returned to our usual occupations which had been sadly broken in upon by affliction and sickness. Dear



St John's Anglican Church, Peterborough (shown here about 1875) had been built with the help of the Stewarts, and they called on its minister, the Rev R. J. C. Taylor for the family wedding. (St John's Parish Archives).

Mrs. Reid is very well, she comes sometimes to see me and I go to her, but I am very much tied down at home. Mr. Reid is also very well. We are now the last remnant of the old stock."

TO MRS. KIRKPATRICK.

May 31: -- "The day Bessie and Edward chose to be married on was my birthday, May 24th. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. Taylor. We had merely [231] our own family and some of the connections here, wishing to be quiet At best it must be melancholy under my present circumstances and, of course, missing the presence of the beloved and tender parent who had given away our elder daughters and who had always given the bride the first tender embrace. But although not with us in person I trust his spirit watched over us and witnessed the ceremony he had directed should be performed 'in a reasonable time after,' when he so solemnly joined their hands together. Dr. Hay performed the part of her father on the occasion and gave my darling child away. All my children with the exception of William who was confined to bed with intermittent fever, were present. The little bride looked simple, innocent and composed, and had more self-possession than I expected, for I knew here heart was full. She was

dressed in a neat, simple manner; a pale lavender of very soft material; on her shoulders a soft blonde scarf; her hair hung in ringlets round her face and neck, having been cut off after her illness. Immediately after the ceremony tea was brought in; Anna and Ellen presided at the tea-table at one end of the room; the boys handed it about as the company sat in groups in different parts of the parlor. In the middle was a table with plain and fruit cakes all made by Bessie and Ann Faulkner her bridesmaid, Anna Hay helped also. The brides-cake was excellent, nicely iced and ornamented. At nine o'clock we had some good singing and music. Mr. and Mrs. Taylor are very musical. Mrs. Taylor played on the piano which is the wonder of everyone, it sounds so well; the poor old thing it [232] goes out of and into tune of its own accord. I never allow common tuners who come here to touch it, so it has not been tuned for six years. Sometimes it gets a little asthmatic like myself in damp weather. At eleven o'clock we had a little supper; cold fowl, ham, lamb and salad, also cake and fruit. The bride and bridegroom's healths were drunk; the gentlemen having glasses of punch, the ladies wine. Near one o'clock they started home; a lovely moon shone out above the trees. Old Ann McIntosh went with them...."

FOUR FUNERALS AND A WEDDING: COMMENTARY

Elwood Jones

There are several observations to be drawn from the letters written by Frances Stewart during the year 1847.

1. The famine migration brought death in its wake. It was not just immigrants who died of the fever, but it often affected those that helped at the other end.
2. "Poor Dr. Hutchison has had another attack of apoplexy, his life hangs by a thread." We learn this in May 1847, and this was undoubtedly a factor in his death later that summer while doctoring immigrants. When Dr Hutchison died 1 August 1847, the Peterborough Despatch, 5 August 1847, said he died of typhus fever contracted at the fever sheds. He was buried in the town burial ground, and his body was removed from there to Toronto's Necropolis in 1873.
3. E. S. Dunlop's description of the immigration from Ireland follows the May letter by Frances Stewart, and represents an 1890s reconstruction of the events. Of particular interest are three points. First, the citizens of the town raised money to assist the famine immigrants. The money was raised on the assumption the aid would be given in Ireland and Scotland, but when it was learned that people there expected the immigrants to get supplies in the new world, the money was spent locally to assist the emigrants. Some of this money went to establishing a temporary hospital or immigration shed at what was known as Hospital Point, located on Little Lake near Del Crary Park. The newspapers were good at covering this story and the subscription list was published in the Heritage Gazette of the Trent Valley a few years ago.

Second, Dunlop suggests that her father's health problems that led to his death in September by concerns for the Irish immigrants and a worry about the declining health of his sister, Mrs. Fowlis. Thomas A. Stewart had given Park

Cottage to his sister and her family for as long as they needed it. She was survived by a widowed daughter and two children. We have already learned that Frances Stewart valued the friendship of Mrs. Fowlis who was evidently quite learned and a sparkling conversationalist.

Third, she notes a prejudice against railroads, which she sees tied to the belief that the roads were "good enough." This suggests that many citizens were preoccupied with the cost of public projects, and would not spend money on projects if what currently existed was "good enough." Several public projects in the 1850s were discussed and the general public response was fiscal restraint. These public discussions were about cemeteries, schools, and expenditures of local government related, for example, to facilities and equipment for police and fire and a town hall.

4. Mrs. Fowlis died 16 June 1847, and the funeral, conducted by two ministers (Mr Taylor and Mr Roger) was held at Park Cottage and she was buried in the private burial ground at Auburn previously used in 1823. Thomas A. Stewart had a philosophical preference for the private burial ground as opposed to the general burial ground less than five miles away. These 1847 excerpts provide considerable insight into the religious views of the Stewarts, who were Anglican but believed the Presbyterian minister was more "Christian."

Frances Stewart's description of events allows us to see what was considered important in preparing for death, in the funeral service and in grieving afterwards. We see specific mention of prayers, Psalm 23 ("The Lord is my shepherd I shall not want") and Psalm 34, and hymns, specifically the 1739 Charles Wesley hymn, "Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing." The funeral procession is very interesting, and we note

that it included the tenants and the servants as well as the family of Thomas A. Stewart. Dr Hutchison and Dr Hay were both present to pay their final respects. The grieving Thomas A. Stewart turned to daily Bible study, mostly in the Psalms.

Frances Stewart notes that the death of Mrs. Fowlis was "the first great sorrow we have had." We get a sense in the first letter in this 1847 series that the Stewarts had rather simple expectations. We can see that in her mind 1847 was an unusual year, and that death was not as constant as we sometimes imagine.

5. Death appears to have been high for immigrants, but once settled the death rate was not considered high. In the census of 1852-53, the death rate for 1851 was calculated as one question asked was whether a death had occurred in the previous 12 months. In that 12 month period, there were 137 deaths for the County of Peterborough, of which 80 were males. The population for Peterborough county was 15,237, and so the death rate was about 9 per 1,000 population. For the whole Upper Canada, the death rate was 8.2 per 1,000 population. It is clear that death rates are higher in cities and places along the main immigration routes. The more rural and longer settled places tended to have lower death rates.

By making a template of population growth from 1825 to 1851 based on an assumption of steady growth between census years, I calculated that across the period to 1851, there were about 1,757 deaths in Peterborough county. Of these, 153 occurred in the town. However, if we shift the distribution to reflect the 1851 census that death rates in the town might be 50% higher, then we would have 225 deaths in the town, and about 1,625 in the rest of the county. If we assume that a fourth of the deaths outside the town were close enough that burials would have occurred in the town, then the number of burials in the old burial ground would have been perhaps as high as 625. However, the proportion of county burials seemed closer to that of the town, and would suggest the number of burials in the old burial ground might be as low as 450.

One way to test this is to look at the figures for St John's Anglican Church. The parish was larger than the county. There were 288 burials listed in the extant burial registers at St John's, generally covering 1837 to 1851. About 46% of the entries were for people from Peterborough, and about 43% were in the adjacent townships of Smith, Douro, Monaghan and Otonabee. The remaining 11% were mostly in the townships that became Victoria county. More than one-third of the burials were for children 10 years and under, and fully 70% of the burials from St. John's were for people under 40. However, we do not know if all the burials were to the town burial grounds.

It is reasonable to assume that they were, for the list of burials does not include names such as Mrs. Fowlis and Thomas A. Stewart, who we know were buried in the private plot at Auburn. So if that assumption is right, and we assume another 50 burials occurred in the first 12 years of the Anglican parish then we have about 350 burials, for what would be about one-fourth the population of the town and immediate vicinity. There could have been 1,000 burials in the Protestant portion of the burial ground.

What does it mean to say that the burial ground was overcrowded? We know that there were six acres of burial grounds, three for the Protestant side. It would be possible on

efficiently laid out grounds to bury about 3,000 bodies per acre. This assumes allowing 12 square feet per grave, and about 15% of the grounds for pathways between rows. So from a technical point of view the grounds were not full.

However, there could have been a perception of overcrowding. People noticed that sometimes when one grave was dug, they uncovered bones from another grave. According to contemporary references, there was no caretaker, and people looked after arranging the burials. The grounds were not well-maintained and consequently there were trees everywhere. Many areas were impossible to use because tree roots interfered with digging.

The archaeologist for the 2005 archaeological dig conducted by Archaeologists, Inc. concluded that their geophysical inquiry found 146 interment anomalies in an area 15 metres by 120 metres. It would have been possible to bury 1000 people in that area. The archaeologist argued that the method was prone to underestimation because bodies might be buried two deep. He also suggested that some remains could be under the sidewalks which could not be checked by this method. However, more reasonably, the figure could be an overestimate, something he does not suggest. We might be seeing remnants from bodies that were removed but in which all the bones were not gathered. Even so, it looks as if the sample area was never used to capacity, unless we believe that the removal of bodies was more complete than previously imagined. At least, 146 anomalies do not point necessarily to an overcrowded burial ground.

6. In the letter of August 9, Frances Stewart discusses the health of the community. She ties the incidence of typhus fever and dysentery to wherever the immigrants have gone. Members of the board of health have been affected; most notably, Dr Hutchison has died. Hutchison earlier had apoplexy and had long hours of exposure to the immigrants. She captures well the fear and anxiety of the population as she describes the fear of putting a shroud on Dr Hutchison's body. This is an excellent description of how the disease affected a typical family, and how they made sense of tragedy.

7. Frances Stewart's description of Thomas A. Stewart's death and the surrounding circumstances and consequences cannot be better expressed. Among other things, we get to see the different approaches of two medical opinions, and two clerical views. We see the uplifting experience of prayer and song. These were days, as Frances Stewart said, not to be forgotten.

8. In a letter of December 1 she talks of the death of Judge McKyes, who died just after her husband did. She describes him as a High Church Anglican who called for Mr Roger, the Presbyterian minister, as he was dying. In the subsequent discussion of the Rev. Mr. Taylor, we learn many things. Of particular note, Taylor disagreed with the Stewart family on funerals. He opposed the private funeral, which they had, and the burying of Stewart in the private burial ground. He also believed that printed invitations to the funeral should have been widely sent; Mr. Stewart had wanted nothing of the kind. Both Taylor and Roger read the funeral service, although this is not noted in the burial register of St John's Church.

The letters of Frances Stewart, as chosen by her daughter, captured an interesting thread of living and dying in a year that was for this family the worst encounter with death in 25 years living in Douro, right near the town of Peterborough.

QUERIES

Diane Robnik



TRENT VALLEY ARCHIVES

Bowden

The archivist for the parish of St John's Anglican Church Peterborough confirmed the baptism of Gerald Bowden is recorded in the parish register. It

confirms the information supplied by the researcher, but adds interesting details.

Child's Name: Bowden, Christopher Gerald

Parents' Name: Charles Henry & Dorothea Alice

Quality, Trade or Profession: Accountant

Abode: Peterborough

Date of Birth: Nov 25, 1929

Date of Baptism: Jan 1, 1930

Sponsors: Henry Edward Mount-Stephen, Monica Edna

Bowden, R. C. Blagrove

Officiating Minister: R. C. Blagrove

Ref: St John's Archives, 11-11

1. The rector, R. C. Blagrove, was rarely a sponsor for a baptism, and this suggests he may have been the intermediary in arranging the adoption.

2. Henry Edward Mount-Stephen is probably connected to George Stephen, 1st Baron Mount-Stephen, most famous as president of the Canadian Pacific Railway in the 1880s and as a philanthropist in Montreal in the 1890s. In 1910, Baron Mount Stephen gave \$300,000 to the Barnardo Homes, the pre-eminent orphanage in England and which had a depot for orphan girls in Peterborough Ontario. His Canadian affairs were handled by his sister Elsie and her husband Robert Meighen. Mount Stephen's only child was adopted, and Alice Stephen married Sir Henry Stafford Northcote, only Baron Northcote (d. 1911) who served as Governor of Bombay and Governor-General of Australia. Dame Lady Alice Northcote died 1 June 1934 without issue.

3. I have been unable to identify Henry Edward Mount Stephen in this connection. However, there was a Sir Henry Stafford Northcote (1901-1970) who was a director of General Life Assurance. He was the son of the Rev John Stafford Northcote and Hilda Cardew Farrar, who was the daughter of the chaplain to Queen Victoria.

4. The Bowden name is also rare in Peterborough. William Arthur Bowden, listed in H. J. Morgan, Men and Women of The Time (1912), was a civil engineer who served in the Canadian Department of Railways and Canals from 1908, and was chief engineer from 1910. Miss Helen E. S. Bowden was an organist in Jersey City, NJ, but had studied in Montreal; she was the daughter of a John B. Bowden, probably of Montreal. I have not identified Monica Edna Bowden, but think the connection will be here.

5. Re-reading the entry from St John's it is possible that the sponsors are Henry Edward and Monica Edna Bowden; Mount Stephen is an addition. If it refers to place rather than name, it might be a misread for Mount Royal. I looked at the street directory for Montreal and found there are Bowdens in Mount Royal, but I cannot from that source confirm with certainty.

Does anyone have pertinent details about any of the points raised above?

THE 'TRIMMEST' STEAM YACHT ON THE LAKES

Examiner, 26 June 1894

Messrs Moffat & Kinch Have Launched a Beautiful Little Craft – It Can be Chartered for Private Excursion Parties

The "Idle Hour", a trim little steam launch, belonging to the firm of Messrs. Moffat & Kinch ... at Chemong and if satisfactory arrangements are completed, will connect the railway terminus with the park throughout the summer months, meeting the different trains and conveying the passengers across the intervening distance.

The new boat is admirably adapted for the purpose for which it is built, being something over 30 feet in length and five feet in width. It has a seating capacity for thirty persons, but is sufficiently buoyant to carry many more. The hull is of cedar and was constructed by the Canadian Canoe Company. The pretty canopy top is finished off in butternut and white pine and the inside is upholstered in crimson plush, and altogether the launch is a most tidy little craft.

The machinery was put in by the proprietors, Messrs. Moffat & Kinch, and should prove a great advertisement for them, as it is of the best possible class. A Paines' patent boiler has been put in and the engine is of the plain slide valve variety. The screw is a two bladed, 26-inch wheel, and it is thought that ten miles an hour will be easily made by the yacht, as the engine is capable of carrying 120 pounds of steam and is of about six horse power. It has already passed government inspection. Final inspection will be made in a day or two by the government officials, after which the yacht will be open for charter for private excursions.

Richard Tatley in his helpful Steamboating on the Trent-Severn (Belleville, Mika, 1978) 106 comments: "In 1894 the *Idle Hour*, a little wooden launch of 1.65 tons, newly-built at Peterborough, started a shuttle service between Chemong station and Chemong Park, and otherwise ran cruises and fishing trips for parties not exceeding twenty-four." He says the service did not last long. The railway between Peterborough and Chemong only operated from 1889 to 1896.

Helen Rutherford Willcox, Chemong Park Story, 36, says the *Idle Hour* was launched 9 May 1893. She says it was built by the Canadian Canoe Company, that only Captains MacDonald and Harbottle were at the helm. The owners were two machinists, Robert Moffatt and Alfred Kinch.

Does anyone know anything more about the *Idle Hour*?

Aqua Sled

Over Christmas we had an inquiry about a short toboggan built by the Peterborough Canoe Company. We have copies of most catalogues of this company in the Gerry Stephenson fonds, and these proved most valuable. The toboggan was in the catalogue for the early 1950s, and was clearly called an aqua sled. This was a version of water ski, and might be called a water board. It appears water skiing was introduced into the Peterborough Canoe Company line-up after World War II, possibly reflecting a craze inspired by Cypress Gardens in Florida. It was a surprising find, the more so as a snow storm was raging outside.

Van Horne stations

Gordon Young who supplied the information for our feature on Van Horne railway stations, in the November issue, notes two errors. First, the credits were missing for two pictures. Glenn Saffer was the source for the Claremont and Cavan station photos. As well, we should have credited Ed Carlsen, Asst. Archivist, Jackson County Historical Society for the photo of the Lakefield, Minnesota station. Second, Van Horne's name should have been mentioned as being appointed General Superintendent with the parent company, Chicago and Alton.

Susan Pendleton Lee

Does anyone have any information that would link Susan Pendleton Lee, wife of General Edwin Gray Lee, to the families of the Bensons or to William Arnot (Arnott), the Peterborough baker who became the first police chief? Elwood Jones has argued in one of his columns in the Peterborough Examiner, that Mrs Lee was the only wife of a General Lee who could have visited Peterborough in 1863. However, the Review obituary for Arnot says she was married to William Arnot, and we have been unable to confirm that observation. Susan Pendleton Lee was high profile, and was the author of two history books in the 1890s. There is a significant collection of Lee family archives in the Public Library in Arlington, Virginia, but at this point they need to be carefully read.

EMILY AND ENNISMORE PETITION 1852

Diocese of Kingston Archives, C I 4 ED3

The Humble Petition of the Roman Catholic Inhabitants of Emily east of Pigeon Creek, and part of Ennismore, To the Rt. Revd. Patrick Phelan Bishop of Carraha, &c,

Most humbly sheweth that Petitioners preconceive, that it is in contemplation by some of the Inhabitants of Ennismore to petition your Lordship for to have the present burial ground on Mudlake Shore, to be the only burial place for Catholics in this part of the Mission, and to have your Petitioners join them in purchasing said Burial Ground with about fourteen acres that goes with it, which, as we learn, is now offered for sale, Petitioners beg leave to be understood, that they by no means want to interfere with the burial ground at Mudlake in any way shape or form, but, let those who feel disposed continue to bury their dead there at their pleasure, But as the Catholic Cemetery in Peterboro (where many of their deceased friends are interred,) is about to be closed on them by the Corporation, they are necessitated to look out for a new place of burial,

Therefore they most humbly and respectfully implore, that your Lordship will most graciously please to take their case into your most serious consideration, and look on them with a merciful and propitious eye, and grant them redress, by allowing them a Burial Ground at Ennismore Church. We do not want to infringe on the Church lot, We are willing to purchase a place for that purpose contiguous to it. Should your Lordship and our much revered priest think proper to allow us part of said Church lot for that purpose, and if it should be, that your Lordship would think proper to have the Priest's residence in a most eligible site on the Boundary line of the two Townships that comprise his mission if needed, and a Deed of the same. --- The motives we have for thus troubling your Lordship are various, but principally this, When we go there to Mass on viewing the graves where the mortal remains of our once cherished friends lie deposited, nature and compassion will attract us thither to offer our poor prayers to the throne of mercy on their behalf and those of the faithful departed in general, which perhaps many would be unmindful of doing, had not the objects before them reminded them of compassion and their own mortality, this is the paramount reason that we think, at the Church would be the fittest place for the Burial Ground. --- Petitioners therefore most humbly beg leave to reiterate their request, that you Lordship will graciously, please to grant your Concurrence and by so doing your Lordship will confer an additional favour on Petitioners who shall incessantly pray for your Lordships Spiritual and temporal welfare. --

Dated at Ennismore this 29th day of January 1852.

James Brenan
Barthw. Leonard
Patrick Leonard
Jerry Carew
Michl Carew
Michael Crough
Patk. Carew
Jeremiah Gorman
John Carew
Michael Heneuf
Jeremiah Leonard
Thos Flaherty
James Hickey
Timy. Carabine

Patrick Frehey
John Frehey
Partk. Sheridan
John Twemy
Maruice Twemy
James Cunningham
Walter Ellard
Timh. Carroll
Dennis Carroll
William Doran
Patrick Hickey
Jas Flaherty
Danl. Boyle
Lawrence Doran

John Collins
Dennis Sullivan
Redmond McGrath
Thos. McCarthy
Jas. Miles
Patrick Barrett
Patk. O'Donell
Martin McCauliffe
Michael McCauliff
John Carrol Senr.
John Carrol Junr
Widow Carew
John Bryan
Thomas Bryan

Widow Herr
Edwd Sullivan
Thomas Perdue
James Geary
Widow Collins
Edmond ODonnell
Patt Killin
Danl Doran
Michael Fivemy
James McDonnell
Philip Durre
John Dory
Donald Dory
John McGrath

MEMORIES OF GROWING UP IN THE 1930S

II. HIGH SCHOOL YEARS

John W. Patterson

author of World War II: an Airman Remembers

We were only settled in our new home for a few days when the time came for me to take a lunch and trudge the four and one-half miles (7.2 kilometers) to the continuation school in Bobcaygeon. At about the same time, Harold left with a team of horses to work in a small logging camp as a cook and general helper, and Frank had already enrolled in a small one-room school two miles (3.2 kilometers) away. Harold's life in the bush was hard. With no prior cooking experience he was given the task of cooking for ten men. He was to do the best he could. There was no one there to guide him or give encouragement. Choice of food was limited to meat and potatoes for supper and porridge in the mornings-not even bacon and eggs. Fortunately for Harold he found a tattered cook-book and, through reading it was able to bake raisin pie. That's what the men got for dessert day in and day out. There were no canned foods, no fresh vegetables, and no baked goods other than Harold's raisin pie. And the bread they got from a neighbouring farm. Because the depression was still very much in evidence the men, all local farmers, accepted the food without complaint. They took their lunch with them in the woods, just sandwiches most of the time. Maybe they brewed some tea. I don't know. Harold not only had to do all the cooking but after the breakfast dishes were cleared and washed, he was expected to work in the woods until it was time to return to the bunkhouse to prepare the supper. For the main course, Harold, who had no butchering experience, would hack off a chunk of meat from the hindquarter of beef that hung in a tree.

The men slept on straw. The only light- a gas lamp- was extinguished by nine. There was no recreation. Harold read stories in pulp magazines that were the only reading material available. For sill the work Harold did he was paid \$20 a month. I expect all this money, except for a few dollars, was given to my parents to enable them to meet the farm rental payments.

For a while I rode to school on horseback and I guess I made quite an impression on some of the kids because I had a western saddle and wore a cowboy hat. Later, following the first snowfall, I used a horse and cutter that one of the neighbours lent me but when my horse became lame, I resorted to "Shank's Pony". We could not afford to have the horse shod. Anyway, walking was not too bad. For the most part I enjoyed the walk except in the dead of winter when the cold and the deep snow for two and a half miles to the main road detracted from any pleasure I might otherwise have experienced. To keep my hands warm I placed oven-warmed small potatoes inside my mitts. Fortunately, occasionally when I reached the main road, a farmer on his way to town would pick me up. . Any hardship I experienced in the winter was more than compensated by the resplendent colors and the fragrant odors of autumn.

Later, when living in other parts of Canada, one of my most vivid memories of Ontario were maple trees splashed with color along the side of the concession road. I was not the only student to have to walk a long distance to school. There were others, some of them used to walk with me part of the way on the main road. I missed very few days of school, none that I recall because of weather. During my last year I cycled to school in May and June on a bike I had purchased from a neighbour for \$2.50. It was a far cry from the ten speed bikes kids have nowadays, part of the rear fender was missing so on rainy days I would arrive at school with a strip of mud up my back.



Bobcaygeon from the air. (Grace Barker)

Obviously, I liked going to school. I did, however, miss having friends I could visit on holidays or weekends, whenever I could get away from the farm chores in the west as children, we visited our friends often. We were always welcome and they were welcome at our home but in Ontario it was different. The people, while they were friendly, did not exchange visits as frequently as in the west. I remember not long after arriving in Bobcaygeon, on a Sunday, I drove with horse and cutter to visit a classmate on a farm about five miles distant. While they were hospitable, I sensed they were very surprised that I had called on them. I made very few visits after that experience; no one ever came to see me. It was hard to take after living in the west where doors were always open to unexpected guests. For the first 12 months or so I missed my western friends very much.

At school I never excelled at sports. Few of my schoolmates did. We did not have the time. I remember wanting very much to be on the hockey team and so when

tryouts took place later in the year of our arrival after the winter had set in and the Bobcaygeon indoor rink had been frozen; I was there on the ice with the other aspirants. Not surprisingly, I was not chosen. I had just begun to skate. Perhaps it was just as well because had I been chosen, there was no way I could have attended practice sessions. As it was, for the tryout after school I had to depend on the Kettles for supper.

My first day at school was not easy. Fortunately, there was one particular boy who seemed to understand the difficulties faced by new students. The Bobcaygeon Continuation School was the first high school that I had attended. Although it was not a big school, having only some sixty pupils and three classrooms not including the laboratory, it was much different than the one room prairie school. The children were different too. They were more sophisticated and those who lived in the village were, for the most part, better dressed than my public school classmates had been in the west. Nonetheless, I did not feel very concerned about my jeans and flannelette shirts because most of the other farm boys were dressed similarly. I guess they must have fit reasonably well because I do not recall being snubbed or ostracized. I sometimes envied the boys who lived in town because they had more opportunities to associate with one another after school and on weekends. While I was attracted to a few of the girls from the village, I kept my feelings to myself. There was not much dating between high school children for a number of reasons including lack of money, time and places of entertainment, and the attitude of boys to co-ed activities. We were less well informed about the feminine mystique than are high school boys today, there was no peer pressure to have a girlfriend, we were not concerned, later when the time came, like our fathers, we would get married and have kids. There were exceptions. There were two couples who always were together, holding hands on their way to and from school and helping each other with their homework. It was all to no avail. After graduation they went their separate ways I did not have a particular friend at school but I did have many, some casual and a few quite close. The boys who had watched us unload the freight cars soon became friends and one of the sons of the doctor whose flowerbed we had damaged eventually became a close friend. Two of the boys, who shared my walk to school, became my best friends. While I was not the ring-leader among my friends, I participated in their pranks. Our three teachers for the most part put up with our antics good naturedly but occasionally they would become upset. One time we made a bomb that we set off near the barn. It did not do any damage but it made quite a bang, loud enough to be brought to the attention of the principal who gave us a dressing down. Another time, during the noon hour, we were caught after breaking in to the laboratory after manipulating the lock. We had hoped to locate copies of a chemistry test we expected that afternoon. This was no prank. It was a serious breach of school regulations. We were lucky not to have been expelled from school. Although I had not instigated the break-in, the principal

was particularly hard on me. Being older than my two accomplices he said I should have set a better example.

While I was a student at the Continuation School, there were no scholastic awards. Except for two girls whose exam marks were always very high, we just managed to scrape by. Home life, for those of us who lived on farms, was not conducive to study. There were always the chores to do and the only place to study was at the kitchen table in the light of a kerosene lamp along with other members of the family who shared the lamp with you. Usually by 9.30 I was in bed.

During my school years, on two separate occasions, I spent some time with neighbours who needed help with farm chores. One of our neighbours cut his hand and suffered from blood poisoning and he was unable to do some of his chores, particularly milking. So, for a dollar a week, I helped him out for a couple of months until his hand finally healed. One Saturday, while helping him put up a new fence, for a few brief moments I thought that I had killed him. I was standing in a wheelbarrow pounding in a fence post that he was holding when the head of the sledgehammer, as I swung it down to hit the top of the post, came off and instead of hitting the top of the post, struck his head. For a few seconds he just stood there bent over, I thought he was going to drop but then he straightened himself, shook his head a bit, looked at me a bit strangely, picked up the head of the sledge and the handle, looked at it and said "we better fix this." Another neighbour, a widow whose grown son was leaving to work temporarily for Simpson's in Toronto during the Christmas period, hired me to help her while her son was away. Other than to assist her two daughters, who were schoolmates, to do the chores I was not asked. To do other work except to kill chickens occasionally whenever the widow thought we should have chicken for dinner, which was more often than I care to remember. I did not relish killing the chickens but someone had to and I was the only man around. Looking back I don't recall having any problems boarding with and working for our neighbours. Fortunately the farms of these neighbours were closer to Bobcaygeon than ours so that I did not have quite as far to walk.

When I returned to school in the fall of 1939, I found to my chagrin, I could not take any course in fifth form that meant I could only take five as those were all that I had to complete in fourth form. It seemed a bit much for me to walk nine miles a day only to be able to take five courses. I complained to the principal but he gave me no encouragement. Perhaps the teachers did not want to take on added work. So I staged a one-student rebellion. At noon, on Friday a few days after school had recommenced, while the teachers were at lunch, I expressed my thoughts openly on the bulletin board for everyone to read. "Unless some subjects were taught in fifth form, I would not come back to school. It was not fair to ask me to walk nine miles a day for five subjects." My notice got a lot of attention, within a week a special meeting of the school board was called and Dad was invited to attend. A few days following the meeting I was back in school with two additional courses in fifth form. Although the principal rebuked me

for the method I had chosen to make my point, neither he nor the other teachers expressed any resentment to me afterwards. In their hearts I think they realized that I was justified in feeling the way I did. I was not the only student who benefited from the extra courses; a number of my classmates took advantage of the opportunity to take them.

My reaction to summer holidays was mixed. I liked the change but I also missed my classmates. It was a time to make a little money, some of which I would keep with the remainder being used to help my Mother cope. When I was not helping Dad, usually I would work for neighboring farmers, or if I was lucky, on the road gang. Although the work on the road gang was very hard for a teenager, I preferred it because the pay at \$2 per day was double that which I could get working on a farm and we never worked more than eight hours a day. Coffee breaks were for the future. We worked from eight to five with an hour for lunch. After eating our sandwich lunch most of us would find a shady spot and would snooze until the piercing whistle brought us to our feet to begin another four hours of hot back-breaking labour. Sometimes, if we were lucky, a truck would break down and we would have a respite for a short while until the next truck arrived. We worked in a gravel pit feeding a stone crusher with several teams of horses and scrapers. My job was to follow the teams and dump the scrapers as they were pulled over the chute above the oscillating jaws of the crusher whose appetite was never appeased. For a teenager the scrapers were heavy and occasionally I was not able to dump them at the crucial moment and the team would have to be taken around again, much to the annoyance of the foreman whose eyes seemed to be always on me.

There were times during the summer when I felt I should try to make a break- to give up school and get a permanent job. They were the times I would take off from the farm to hitchhike to what I hoped would be greener pastures. One summer I hitchhiked to Toronto and went from factory to factory looking for work. One of the factories I visited was Patterson Chocolates. I had thought I would be lucky there but I wasn't. Another summer I hitched rides to Sudbury where I joined a long line of men waiting to be interviewed for jobs with INCO (International Nickel Company). When I finally reached the hiring office two doctors asked a few questions but as soon as I told them my age, they said I was too young. I was lucky, really because, had I been given employment, the whole course of my life likely would have been much different than it turned out to be and possibly less rewarding.

On a beautiful summer's day in 1939, with little notice to my parents, I hopped on my bike and headed for Toronto to see the King and Queen.

TRENT VALLEY ARCHIVES LIBRARY GOES DEWEY

Carol Sucee

The library of Trent Valley Archives has grown considerably over time. It, like the Archives itself, contains invaluable information relating to local history and family histories.

When first discussing the creation of an on-line catalogue for the library I thought it was a perfect moment to discuss the re-organization of the collection. I felt the size of the library had long overgrown what archivist Elwood Jones teasingly refers to as the "Harvard" system. Principally, I found it difficult to browse the collection and found most people relied on the memory of the staff to know what the collection contained and where it resided. As the collection is sure to expand as we catalogue donated, private collections it would become more cumbersome and difficult for users. I felt we could do better.

After some discussion we decided to catalogue the library using the Dewey Decimal System. It is a system that anyone who has been to their public library will recognize. It is easy to understand and yet provides a detailed breakdown to allow all books on a certain area to be together on the shelf. That is to say that all the books on the history of Peterborough or Lindsay (now the City of Kawartha Lakes) or even Hastings will be identified using a unique number for that place. Also, Dewey allows for specific topics to be identified. To use the area of local history as an example, there are books on the history of individual churches in Peterborough or the history of architecture in Peterborough. There are specific numbers for these.

We have included a Reference section which will house all the materials on how to do genealogical research and the family histories that have been donated to us. The one change I made was in the Biography section. If the person was known for a certain attribute, then I put the book in that subject area. For example, a biography of a doctor would be placed in the Medical section and not in the biographies. This is to keep with the intention of having subject areas together on the shelf. You will still find books in the Biography section, but just those which I cannot easily fit into a particular subject area. At the end of this article I will provide a more detailed description of the Dewey Decimal System.

The on-line catalogue will allow users to see exactly what we do have without relying on the memory of others. This re-organization will facilitate browsing for users. It always takes some adjusting to get comfortable with a new system but I feel confident it will be worth the effort.

DEWEY DECIMAL SYSTEM

000 Generalities

Here you will find Journalism, publishing, media

100 Philosophy & Psychology

We will use this section for ghost stories.

200 Religion

Church histories will be found here.

300 Social Sciences

Political science, Economics, Law, Public administration, Military science, Social programs & services, Education, Commerce, Folklore

Immigration and Emigration are also found in this section.

400 Language

500 Natural Sciences & Math

Earth sciences, Life sciences, Plants, Animals

600 Technology & Applied Sciences

Medicine, Engineering, Agriculture, Chemical engineering, Manufacturing, Building

example: Agricultural exhibitions and gardening are found in this area

700 Arts, Sports, Recreation

Architecture, Arts - Drawing, Painting, Music, Graphic Arts, Photography, Sports

800 Literature & Rhetoric

We have an interesting collection of Irish literature.

900 Geography, History, Biography

example : 971 Canadian history; 971.367 Local Peterborough history

HISTORY OF THE TVA LIBRARY

Elwood Jones

The link between archives and libraries is very close. Archives are usually rare because they are unpublished materials. But without archives, our library shelves would be pretty barren and unreliable. But in doing family research and writing about local history, we rely heavily on books to get our bearings. We need to know what is known, or get ideas about where to look next. Some sources were published in books, and such books can save us trips to distant archives. From the outset we treated newspapers as archival, but in many places, newspapers are housed in libraries.

Even with the great advances of the internet, it is still true that for local history and local families, you should start in the library. Then you should go through the most orderly transcribed sources. After all the genealogical resources have been exhausted, there is still much to glean from our archival sources.



TRENT VALLEY ARCHIVES

We never developed a formal library policy, but we decided that the policy would flow from whatever we kept from the donations we received. We received three significant historical libraries in the early

1990s. Marianne MacKenzie had a crew working at the former St Peter's Elementary School music room. We sorted through libraries from Howard Pammett, J. Alex Edmison and his wife, and Archie Tolmie.

We discovered that there was virtually no overlap between these collections, and similarly little overlap with my personal collection. The total of these libraries totaled about 20,000 books. In addition, we received books that had been deaccessioned by a local museum, and donations from dozens of our members. The latter donations are the centre of our working reading room library that Carol Sucee has organized.

We have been fortunate. Carol grew up in Peterborough but is a professional librarian whose training has taken her to Peru and to libraries less remote. Carol loves books, and she loves order.

It is true that the Harvard system prevailed. When I was working at the Public Archives of Canada (forerunner of the Library Archives of Canada), I undertook to find out what happened to the M Series. I discovered that the Public Archives had used every shelving system ever devised, and that the earliest systems used the least shelf space possible.

This insight is back of the organization used at the Trent Valley Archives, where space has always been at a premium. We put the first fonds on the first shelf, and then the second fonds follows next. Our fonds, defined as archival materials coming from a single source, have ranged in size from one document to several thousand documents. But each fonds is given the next highest number, and we are now at 230. That means we have received archival materials from 230 different sources.

The Harvard library began in the seventeenth century on a single shelf. As they got more books they added more shelves. The books were organized, in effect, in the order in which they were received. All the expansion space was at the end. The more that books are divided by categories, the more likely that new accessions will be shelved with books in the same category. This means libraries have to leave space in all these places. If they do not allow enough room, then lots of books get reshelfed.

At TVA we did a bit of a compromise. We put books on the shelf much as we would in our own libraries. Several of us offered ideas on what that might mean. Then we made the books fit the shelves and we numbered them much like might have happened at Harvard in the eighteenth century. The first number was for the shelf and the second was for the spot on the shelf. We allowed some expansion space at the end of shelves.

As Carol Sucee quite rightly notes we outgrew this system. When we received several hundred books from friends we had no easy way to integrate them. In effect our shelves had become categories.

Carol is bringing order to the shelves, and we are very grateful. She has moved the books many times, but it is looking good, and we have a system for integrating titles. We have one of the best historical and genealogical research libraries in the area, with over 25,000 titles. Many of our titles are not present in other local libraries.

Some of the curiosities in our library exist because we receive books from donors. We rarely buy books, although we have bought new titles that are explicitly in our traditional collection policy. As well, we buy books on canoes and canoe history to complement the Stephenson collection.

No library will have everything. The two largest libraries in the world have an overlap of titles, as one would expect. But three quarters of the titles in the Library of Congress are not in the British Library; and vice versa. It will be easier for us to find a good home for books that are donated to us. Let us know if you would like to make donations of books or cash.

AT THE SOUTH CORNERS OF HUNTER AND WATER, 1872 TO 1900

Ivan Bateman

This is a study of the evidence concerning the identity, ownership and uses of buildings centred on the south west corner of Hunter and Water streets in Peterborough. Some data refers to the south east corner and as there can arise confusion as to which of the above corners are referred to, I have included information that may clarify the matter.

The survey description of the south west corner is Lot 2 s Hunter e G (south of Hunter and East of George) and includes buildings facing Hunter street and Water street. This area was destroyed by fire 11 August 1861. As F. H. Dobbin reported in his history of the Peterborough Fire Brigade, and Elwood Jones has reported in his *Fighting Fires in Peterborough*, the great fire of Peterborough destroyed 31 businesses in the block bounded by Hunter, Water, Simcoe and George, all but the south-east corner of the block, at Simcoe and Water.

By the 1870 assessment, the new Stewart House stood on the southwest corner of Hunter and Water [2 s Hunter eG].

Hamilton Uin Hotel keeper J.F Dennistoun Agt. \$4,000

In the 1871 *County of Peterborough directory*:

Ontario House T. Cavanagh Hunter
Stewart House, Hamilton Uin corner Hunter & Water .

In Dobbin's history of the Fire Brigade, there was a fire April 26, 1872 which destroyed Chambers store, causing "heavy loss", at the corner of Water and Hunter streets.

In the 1875 county atlas, the following are listed at 2 s Hunter eG:

| | | | |
|----------------------|------|---------|-------------|
| Chamberlain, William | 1850 | Canada | Hotelkeeper |
| Lemay, Francis | 1858 | | Merchant |
| Lundy, William | 1828 | Ireland | Gentleman |
| Pengelly, James | 1854 | England | Saddler |

In the same atlas, the following are located at the south-east corner [1 s Hunter eW]

| | | | |
|---------------------|------|----------|---------------|
| Barncott, Thomas | 1871 | England | Marble Cutter |
| Brownlee, George | 1844 | Scotland | Gentleman |
| Burnham, John | 1842 | Canada | Barrister |
| Chambers, Samuel R | 1848 | Canada | Merchant |
| Chambers, Samuel R. | 1870 | Canada | Grocery store |
| Chambers, Thomas | 1839 | Ireland | Hotelkeeper |
| Chambers, Thomas J. | 1848 | Canada | Merchant |
| Chambers, Wm. | 1840 | Canada | Merchant |
| Morgan, Alfred P. | 1842 | Canada | Hotelkeeper |
| Noble, James | 1835 | Canada | Accountant |

The atlas indicates that the Chambers fire destroyed property on the east side of Water street. The west side of Water St north of the Mechanics' Institute had stables but otherwise was not redeveloped. The other persons listed in pt 2 s Hunter eG were occupying new buildings to the west of the Stewart House, facing on Hunter Street. In the 1876 town directory, these were still Cavanagh and Uin. In the 1880 assessment roll, Tim Cavanagh was running a hotel on property owned by William Cluxton and assessed at \$6,600. Mr. Cavanagh seems to have moved east on Hunter St. from the Ontario House to the Stewart House.

The 1881 Canadian census shows Chamberlin, William b 1852 Ireland Hotel Keeper (and family of 3 persons) and Kennealy, William b 1855 Ontario Hotel keeper (and wife + 9 lodgers). They cannot have been in the same property at the time of the census because they were listed separately and several pages apart on the census return. T. Cavanagh is not listed in the 1881 census.

In the 1882 *Goad Fire Insurance Map*, the Stewart House occupies approx. 47 feet frontage on Hunter St. and 64 feet frontage on Water St. Driving shed and driveways occupy remaining frontage of 127 feet on Water St. up to the old Mechanics' Institute building. This latter frontage is occupied by the present building contemporary with the former CIBC building.

The Peterborough Evening Review, 18 September 1882 reported a fire on the south west corner of Hunter and Water.

"Another Block Burned"

"On Saturday evening at 7 o'clock a fire broke out in the biscuit and confectionary factory of Hall Bros. on Water street which resulted in another destructive conflagration, destroying that fine block which stood on the corner of Water and Hunter streets and was owned by Mr. George Dunsford....

"There was a considerable interval before getting a stream of water onto the fire. There was a delay at the engine house through losing a strap from the harness in taking the horses to the shed, and after the engine was placed on the bridge at Hunter street and had commenced pumping, the hose burst. It was 29 minutes before the water from one branch was brought to bear on the flames and by that time the fire had made considerable headway.....

"Behind the block there were several wooden sheds, into which the fire caught, but it was checked by a gallant pail brigade who drenched the sheds and kept the fire back.

"The fire..... spread over the whole block which was occupied in addition the Messrs. Hall, by Mr. J. L. Brown who has a groceries store in the corner of the block, and Mr. A.P. Morgan, whose hotel was on Hunter street. This building was totally consumed and only a portion of the wall was left standing. Mr. Brownlee's house was also wholly destroyed. Loss \$14,000 to \$15,000.

“While the fire was burning in Hall’s biscuit factory and in Brown’s grocery, Mr. Cavanagh’s hotel the Stewart House, was in danger of being ignited also. Water was thrown on it from buckets and two hand engines were used in throwing streams on the building, by which means the danger was averted.”



The intersection of Hunter and Water at the time when the Post office was being built. This is the best known photo of the block being discussed in this article. It is the view from St John’s Church, about 1875. (St John’s Parish Archives)

Dobbin mistakenly identified George Dunsford as the owner of the block on the west side of Water street. Dunsford was rebuilding the Morgan House on the south-east corner. See the *Evening Review*, 11 November 1882: “Mr. George Dunsford is also re-erecting his block on the corner of Water and Hunter streets, which was destroyed by fire. It will be for an hotel and stores, and will restore that building to its former good appearance. Cost \$8,000. Mr. Dunsford’s block on the corner of Hunter and Water streets is being put up rapidly”. According to the 1881 census Mr. George Dunsford, barrister, was living at the Morgan House (hotel) and Mr. Alfred P. Morgan was listed as the hotel keeper. Gina Martin has confirmed this information in the property deeds and in the assessment.

During the 1880s, tavern licenses were held by T. Cavanagh and Wm. Kennealy. Hall’s Biscuit Works relocated in February 1883 to Simcoe Street next to the William Helm foundry. Timothy Cavanagh was a tenant in the 1885 assessment roll, as a hotel keeper at 2 s Hunter eG, owned by G. A. Cox and assessed at \$9,000.

According to the *Evening Review*, 1 May 1886, George A. Cox has plans to redevelop the whole lot at 2 s Hunter e George.

“The Toronto Real Estate Investment Company that recently purchased the Stewart House block from Mr. George A. Cox have decided to overhaul the old block and build up the vacancy on Water street. The plans which have been prepared by Mr. John E. Belcher and which are now in his office show a magnificent block of buildings. The Hunter street property from Water street to the Union block will be thoroughly remodelled so as to be in conformity with the new structure on Water street. The block will have a total length of 307 feet 6 inches, a frontage of 192 feet on Water street and a frontage of 115 feet 6 inches on Hunter street. The present Stewart House will be converted into stores.

“The first flat shows a course of elegant fronted stores from the Union block, Hunter street to the Mechanics Institute building, Water street. The fronts will be all plate glass, separated by an ornamental iron framework. There will be 9 additional stores on Water street. The second flat windows are all to be ornamented with heavy carved caps and the third flat windows with beautifully finished archivolt. The roof will be a slated mansard one in the French classic style.

“At the Water street terminus of the block, at the corner, and at the Hunter street terminus, high towers elegantly finished with cresting etc. will form the finishing touches on what is to be undoubtedly the largest and most beautiful block of mercantile buildings in Peterborough.”

In the 1888-1889 directory, William Kennealy is listed at the Stewart House, 399 Water Street, and A. P. Morgan is shown as the proprietor of the Morgan House at 123 Hunter. Both south side corners of Hunter and Water still had hotels.

The *Review*, 6 July 1894 reported activity on the south-west corner. “Men are at work today removing the foundation of the building which stood at the south west corner of Hunter and Water streets. The excavation is being prepared for the foundation of the large four storey block which will be erected for the Bank of Commerce. The new building is designed to make it an ornament to the town. There will be a store on each street and probably one store built in an L shape with an entrance on each street.” William Kennealy was working for Henry Calcutt in 1894. The new Bank of Commerce building opened 15 July 1895,

and the bank moved from the block at the south-west corner of Brock and George it had occupied since 1873. The first Bank of Commerce, in 1870, had been in the Croft House, on the north-east corner of Hunter and Water.

The first records of occupants of a new building (381 - 391 Water St.) immediately south of the Bank of Commerce occur in the 1895-97 Vernon Directory. The 1897 Union Directory shows a few changes and additions to tenants in this building. The buildings west and south of the new bank are quite similar and seem to have been built between 1895 and 1897.

The Stewart House, built about 1870, was relatively new when demolished in 1893 for the new Bank of Commerce building.

Editor's note: We are grateful to Ivan Bateman for this splendid sleuthing which he undertook as he was interpreting an old photograph of the Stewart House. These two important corners are now clearly identified in this early period.

NEWS, VIEWS AND REVIEWS



TRENT VALLEY ARCHIVES

567 Carnegie Avenue, Peterborough ON K9L 1N1
www.trentvalleyarchives.com 705-745-4404

Trent Valley Archives fall season 2008

The Trent Valley Archives had several fresh events that added sparkle to the local scene. Steve Guthrie launched a new industrial tour in the Perry Street area. Bruce Fitzpatrick ran a highly successful bike tour fashioned around Peterborough's fabulous trailways. We had a new version of the Hallowe'en ghost walks that was well-received. The Christmas stories event was a great success, and the audience filled the space at Showplace. Fresh versions of these events will likely take place in the coming year. We plan to develop a new Little Lake Cemetery tour, and to run new editions of the Eerie Ashburnham and Scandals and Scoundrels, both immensely popular in the past.

We received some very significant additions to our archival holdings during the fall. We have received further accruals to the Stan McBride fonds. We also have received a significant small fonds on the Archer family over three generations. The Montgomery Aerial Services fonds will be very useful once we have processed it for it contains thousands of aerial photographs from the 1960s to the 1980s covering most of the Trent Valley. The Hazel Wilson fonds contains considerable information about the YWCA from the 1930s to the 1980s, and about George Street United Church. Hazel Wilson was an intrepid traveller and she took lots of pictures and prepared talks about the YWCA around the world. We have received some papers from John Turner MPP. We received dozens of new donations and the diversity is terrific.

Carol Sucee has made good headway on cataloguing the library, and I think people will be surprised at the richness of our book holdings. Don Willcock and Alice MacKenzie have made considerable progress on creating a nominal index to the county land records and we have had many occasions to be grateful for this exceptional finding aid to our largest collection. We have had some interesting researchers, both by email and in person, and we especially welcome new researchers from Fleming and from Trent University who have made good use of our holdings.

Our holdings have been used quite effectively by Examiner columnists Elwood Jones and Andrew Elliott, who have been assisted by Diane Robnik and volunteers at TVA. Their popular columns began two years ago, and many people have learned about Trent Valley Archives and its resources while sampling Peterborough history.

Wall of Honour

After a long period of activity behind the scenes, City Council announced a new design for a Wall of Honour that it believes satisfies the earlier objections. The proposed Wall of Honour would be erected on the footprint of the area cleared for the 1928 Walter Allward War Memorial in Confederation Park. Landscape architect Brian Basterfield's new design features twelve black granite boulders arranged in a semi-circle on the west side of the war memorial. Each of the boulders, six feet high and five feet wide, would have a stainless steel plaque with imbedded black enamel lettering, on the side away from the memorial. Each plaque would have about 900 names. There are still some approvals required, and some concerns to meet, but at least one councillor expressed hope that the Wall of Honour could be erected before Remembrance Day 2009.

Archives Association of Ontario

The annual conference of the AAO will be held at York University, 3 to 5 June 2009, and is open to anybody interested in archives. The program will celebrate the diversity of the archival profession, and the broad range of activities that it takes to run an archives. Our members know something of this diversity just by watching what Diane does over the year. The job is never dull, and no two days are the same. Apart from organizing archival collections, she is a fundraiser, tour guide, production manager, budget manager, historian, and promoter. Apparently other archives pursue diverse objects, too. During the spring, York University will

be marking its 50th anniversary, and it is expected that the Archives of Ontario will move into a new building on the campus of York University this spring as well. It should be an interesting conference. Let Diane or Elwood know if you are interested in attending.

Congratulations

Marlyne Fisher-Heasman had a book launch for her Omemee book at Coronation Hall in Omemee. Lots of people showed up to see the new book, and doubtless many people received the book for a Christmas present. It was a glorious moment for the author. The book is attractive in layout, and informative in content. Some people who pass through Omemee on a regular basis will now have good reason to linger. There is a surprising amount of local history that is retrievable when you know where to look. The book, published by the Trent Valley Archives, lets you imagine past scenes in the village. It is designed to be carried by walkers as they move from one place to the next. People can use the book at whatever pace they wish, and they can break the tour into about five different ones. It will be interesting to see if it inspires new approaches to walking the streets of Omemee.

Roland and Gertrude Rubman founded Roland's Steakhouse in Peterborough in 1958, and it remains a terrific restaurant in all seasons. Ed Arnold's story in the Examiner in November mentioned Rubman's extensive background in Germany, and his experience as chef at Chateau Frontenac, the Queen Elizabeth Hotel in Montreal. Peter Brugger, who has managed the restaurant for 20 years, had managed a very busy restaurant in Innsbruck. Ronald Robinson has been a cook at Roland's for 41 years. There are some remarkable stories tied to the restaurant, and many diners, too, have great memories of Roland's. Congratulations.

The Otonabee Region Conservation Authority marked 40 years in various ways. It has amazing impact locally, and over the years it has been appreciated even more.

Christmas bouquets

Peterborough Examiner, December 2008

Wally Macht, President, and the Board of Directors at the Trent Valley Archives, Peterborough's vibrant heritage organization, send a special Christmas bouquet to Diane Robnik, our versatile assistant archivist who presides over all our activities from research and administration to producer of our fundraising events. Otherwise, ours is an organization of volunteers, who all deserve Christmas bouquets for their great efforts in all seasons. They make the Trent Valley Archives an ambient place to do research on local and family history. Thanks to Don Willcock, Alice MacKenzie and Gina Martin, our land records specialists; to Carol Sucee, our librarian; Andre Dorfman, our lead genealogist; Chris Minicola and Susan Kyle, our computer gurus; Louis Taylor, our tasteful printed materials designer; Jeannette Cooper, our super accountant; and Basia Baklinski, our resident conservator. Keith Dinsdale is our maintenance specialist, with help from Steve Gavard. Our lawn and garden care was in the capable hands of Derry and Marg Wilford. Lisa Weagle and John Marsh help Diane with book sales through local outlets. Elwood Jones is our archivist and editor of the *Heritage*

Gazette of the Trent Valley. Bruce Fitzpatrick was our incredible number one special events fundraiser, leading the way on the famed pub tours, and on the new bike tour and the Christmas Stories special. He participated from conception to delivery with good humour and good sense. Our Christmas Stories special would have been impossible without the generous support of community voices and we would like to thank each of them for their dedication, cleverness and superb delivery. Danny Bronson and Rachael Jewell provided the music, Peter Blodgett was our Santa Claus. Our voices included Bill Baird, Laura Lauzon, Graham Hart, John Badham and Krysti Allison-Baklinski. Steve Guthrie designed and led the new industrial tour. Karen Carter-Edwards and Toni Sinclair ran the spring genealogical fair. Several people including Pat Marchen and Clifford Couch helped us to transcribe the 45 year diary of John Graham Weir whose farm was near the present-day Burnham Mansion. Anne Nighswander, Diane Ferguson and Dorothy Sharpe helped us with several typing assignments. Others helped us organizing thousands of photographs, and in bringing in new collections. We are also grateful to the support of the local media, especially CHEX-TV (Teresa Kaszuba), Wolf, Kruz and the Peterborough Examiner. Thanks too for the special financial support from Carl Doughty, Dave Mitchell and many others. We are a charitable organization dependent upon the efforts and support of our volunteers and supporters, and we extend best wishes of the season to all those who helped.

Microfilm Project

The Trent Valley Archives initiated a project to obtain the microfilm of Peterborough newspapers to 1920, and last year we made a good start on this project. Diane Robnik has begun indexing the Peterborough Examiner and has already reached 1878. Her work has greatly assisted several projects undertaken by our members, and answered queries in ways that were previously impossible. We have identified people who lived in town and had fairly busy businesses but are otherwise not in our accessible historical records. Elwood Jones and Ivan Bateman have used the newspapers for several projects. We sent out letters in December inviting members and friends to support this project in phase 2, and we asked people to buy as many reels as they wished, each costing \$75. If you would like more information or missed getting the mailing, contact the office at 705-745-4404.

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We are always looking for volunteers. We have received quite a few archival donations in the past year, and we need to develop finding aids for them. If you would like to learn about the inner workings of archives, this would be a good opportunity. Ask Elwood or Diane for details.

NOTICE OF ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING 23 APRIL 2009



TRENT VALLEY ARCHIVES

The annual general meeting of the Trent Valley Archives will be held in the chapel of the Princess Gardens, Peterborough Square, Thursday, 23 April 2009, beginning at 7:30 pm.

The evening begins with a short business meeting to consider all the usual motions for an annual meeting. Suggestions for members of the Board of Directors can be directed to Wally Macht, Andre Dorfman, John Marsh, Elwood Jones or Diane Robnik.

"WHEN PETERBOROUGH HAD A BRIDGE WORKS: DISCOVERING WILLIAM HARTILL-LAW, PROMOTER AND ENTREPRENEUR."

The highlight of the evening is what follows. Our guest speaker, Ivan Bateman, will talk about his experience of doing archival research at the Trent Valley Archives and elsewhere. People have been impressed with his two-part article on W. H. Law and the Central Steel Works which appeared in the Heritage Gazette of the Trent Valley in August and November 2008. Ivan was assiduous in pursuing leads. As a result he uncovered information about Peterborough's past that had been long forgotten. He also uncovered a family tree, to which he is unrelated, of a family that stretched from England to Canada, USA and Australia. This will be an illustrated lecture, and it will be a real treat to experience Ivan's enthusiasm and share his discoveries.

PETERBOROUGH TO HOST ONTARIO HERITAGE CONFERENCE IN MAY

Several local heritage organizations will be welcoming delegates from all over the province to the Ontario Heritage Conference this spring. Peterborough has been chosen to host the conference from 29 to 31 May. The Peterborough Architectural Conservation Advisory Committee (PACAC) and the Peterborough Chapter of the Architectural Conservancy of Ontario (ACO) are the sponsoring organizations. The Peterborough Historical Society and the Trent Valley Archives have promised their support in organizing what looks to be the best-ever historical conference held in Peterborough. The Peterborough groups have chosen the conference theme of "*Heritage in Creative Communities*". It is anticipated that the Ontario Minister of Culture, the Hon. Aileen Carroll, will attend the conference.

Full details on the conference can be obtained from the conference website. There are special rates for early registration. It is hoped that the conference will appeal to a wider public, and especially be attractive to people from the Peterborough area. The local committee has invited high quality people well-known for their exciting ideas on a future

for communities that build imaginatively upon their assets. It seems that the definition of "creative community" includes a wealth of ideas including about arts, culture, heritage, green spaces, urban planning, and the creation of meaningful jobs.



Wally Macht, standing, opened the press conference to announce the upcoming heritage conference, 15 December 2008. On the left are Mayor Paul Ayotte, Michael Townsend and Martha Kidd. On the right are T.H.B. Symons, honorary chair of the conference, Dean Del Mastro MP, and Jeff Leal, MPP. The reporters from CHEX-TV and the Peterborough Examiner are along the far wall. There were about 30 people in attendance.

The *Toronto Star* ran a feature a couple of months ago about Richard Florida's ideas, one of the advocates of building "creative communities." Florida argues that in a post-industrial society, communities need to recruit people who make things happen. The entrepreneurs of the future will be well-educated people with a sense of vision, creativity, and opportunity. He is more interested in people than in buildings. But we also know that old buildings can be reused to great effect as we have noticed recently in Peterborough where Mike Skinner is making a future for Operitel in the former headquarters of Fisher Gauge. Well-educated people with vision will adapt old buildings to suit new opportunities.

The committee considered some local examples that illustrate the concept of the creative community. Lakefield conceived, implemented and developed a speed racing oval that was designed to meet provincial needs. The best example in Peterborough is the DNA cluster developed at Trent University. Jim Balsillie's efforts to tie RIM to universities in Waterloo is a good example of being imaginative and his plan for a school of international policy built in the former Seagram's warehouse is a good example of taking advantage of a community's past in order to build an imaginative future. Balsillie is from Peterborough.

Peterborough may indeed be the test case for the new creative community. We will have a huge stock of buildings that need to be recycled. We also have a well-educated community, rivaled in eastern Ontario by only Kingston and Ottawa.

Elwood Jones is on the local committee for the conference. Wally Macht is chair of the media relations, and the conference had a media launch on 15 January. We have

promised to use the Heritage Gazette for sharing information. We also hope that many of our members will attend the conference and enjoy its fascinating speakers and terrific opportunities to enjoy local fare.

The conference will feature three major theme speakers. As we go to press, two of these speakers will be James Kuntsler and Avi Friedman. We have recruited several experts to discuss the ideas presented with the theme speakers. As well, a central feature on the Saturday will be Peterborough itself. We plan to highlight six to ten sites that illustrate particular aspects of the creative community, either in success achieved or promise missed. At these sites we will need local people to act as facilitators.

On the Sunday, delegates will attend the AGMs of the Architectural Conservancy of Ontario and the Committee of Heritage Organizations, the major sponsors of the conference. We expect that many delegates will find time on Sunday to enjoy some of our museums and special events.

If you would like to help in any way, please contact Elwood Jones at ejones55@cogeco.ca. You may also keep up to date on the conference planning and register for the conference on the website. We also hope you will talk to your friends, and get them to join you at this exciting conference.

For full details visit www.heritageconference.ca and hcc09@nexicom.net



TRENT VALLEY ARCHIVES

Founded 1989

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ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING
THURSDAY, 23 APRIL 2009, 7:30 PM
PRINCESS GARDENS, PETERBOROUGH ON

IVAN BATEMAN
"WHEN PETERBOROUGH HAD A BRIDGE WORKS:
DISCOVERING WILLIAM HARTILL-LAW. PROMOTER
AND ENTREPRENEUR"

BE SEEING YOU.

We would like to take this opportunity to thank all those who have supported us in so many ways. Together we have put together a terrific organization that is making a difference. It takes effort to preserve our history, but together we can do it. Thanks especially to those who supported our financial campaign. We need your support and are grateful whenever it comes. Donations may be sent anytime to Trent Valley Archives, 567 Carnegie Avenue, Peterborough, Ontario, K9L 1N1. Thank you.

This is our new colour advertisement prepared for the tourist season.

TRENT VALLEY ARCHIVES

LOCAL & FAMILY RESEARCH • HISTORIC TOURS • BOOKS

Visiting Peterborough? Take a walk on its wild side with a ghost tour, pub crawl or cemetery walk. Our research facilities will help you climb your family tree and engage you in the area's social history. Many of our events are 'kid friendly' so visit our website or give us a call to find out what's happening when you're here.

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