The Heritage Gazette of the Trent Valley

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The Heritage Gazette of the Trent Valley

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IN THIS ISSUE

COVER ART:

"A Safe and Sane Hallowe'en" was the heading on the cartoon that ran in the *Evening Examiner* on Saturday, 30 October, 1909. In the early 1900s *Examiner* editorials and articles bemoaned the shenanigans of young men and boys who ruled the streets on Hallowe'en nights. The paper encouraged them instead to attend parties or participate in parades. The *Examiner* cartoonist, who signed his work "GRUE" had another solution, as suggested by this drawing.

Diane Robnik Collection

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The Heritage Gazette of the Trent Valley is published by the Trent Valley Archives, for its members.

We welcome articles relating to local and family history, and to archives, or to the methods by which one may pursue these. Reviews of books or institutions are encouraged. We also include information about the activities of our various committees and projects.

The information and opinions expressed are those of the contributors and not necessarily those of the Trent Valley Archives.

A message from the president

Congratulations are in order for the marvellous accomplishments of our Board, staff and volunteers this summer. The Russell collection is ready for appraisal and returning to its keeper, the Cobourg Library. In case you are unaware, TVA has an extensive policy of "outreach" work that we perform for other organizations that do not have either staff or archival expertise to catalogue and prepare archival material for storage. As this particular collection holds a great deal of interesting information about the Millbrook/Cavan area, we have invited their Historical Society to a private viewing of the material.

Laura Monkman, our summer student has embarked upon her new challenge of pursuing a degree at the University of Toronto. We welcome our new staff member Brooke Pratt, who is very busy preparing a library finding aid for the genealogy section. She is also participating in replying to the many inquiries we receive each week, and is showing significant talent in the area of "Super Sleuth".

Over 60 pages of finding aids for the archival holdings have been added to the website. The following is a list of titles.

- Chronology of Peterborough 1819 to 1999
- Guide to TVA Archival Holdings
- "Electric City" photo collection. Over 600 photographs gathered for the book in 1981
- Early Land Patents in Douro Township
- Peterborough County Taverns 1884
- F H Dobbin's Chronology of Peterborough Railways & Industries
- Index of Biographies from the History of the County Peterborough Ontario by Dr. C. Pelham Mulvany - Published 1884
- Osborne Photograph collection - by date
- Osborne Photograph collection - by name
- Peterborough Newspapers in TVA collection

Many thanks to all that have helped make 2003 the most successful year we have ever had. It also marks the fifth year since we moved to the Fairview location.

Have a very Happy Holiday season, and we look forward to working hard in 2004 to keep up the momentum.

Susan Kyle

Trent Valley Archives will be closed for the holidays from Dec. 23 to Jan. 6

Neil Hill

Peterborough and Hallowe'en didn't mix

Halloween was a night festival when all seemed to be overturned. The natural order reversed itself; the dead walked; the glamorous looked horrific; and the ordinary became extraordinary. Fairies, witches, gnomes, elves and other night spirits wandered abroad bringing mischief, terror and confusion in their wakes. It was an annual holiday of magic and mystery; today, it is celebrated more widely than ever.

Let's take a step into Peterborough's past and see how the *Peterborough Examiner* covered Hallowe'en from the 1890s to the 1920s.

by Diane Robnik

By the 1890s, Hallowe'en had lost most of its religious significance as the eve of All Saints day. However, the children played games; others spouted clever poems, verses and rhymes; and young ladies performed divination exercises. The 1895 *Peterborough Examiner* lamented the passing of the traditional, and chastised how boys of that day celebrated Hallowe'en.

"Tonight is Hallowe'en — the eve of All Saint's Day. This night is surrounded with a great amount of superstition which has degenerated into horseplay and often more malicious than mischievous pranks. The modern boys link no religious association with his observance of the night. Instead of invoking spirits and performing spells and incantations with the parings of apples... they are making a dark onslaught on cabbage gardens and committing raids on removable gates. Hallowe'en is generally regarded as a relic of pagan days and the small boy acts as though it was his special mission to verify correctness of this theory..."[Examiner, 31 October 1895]

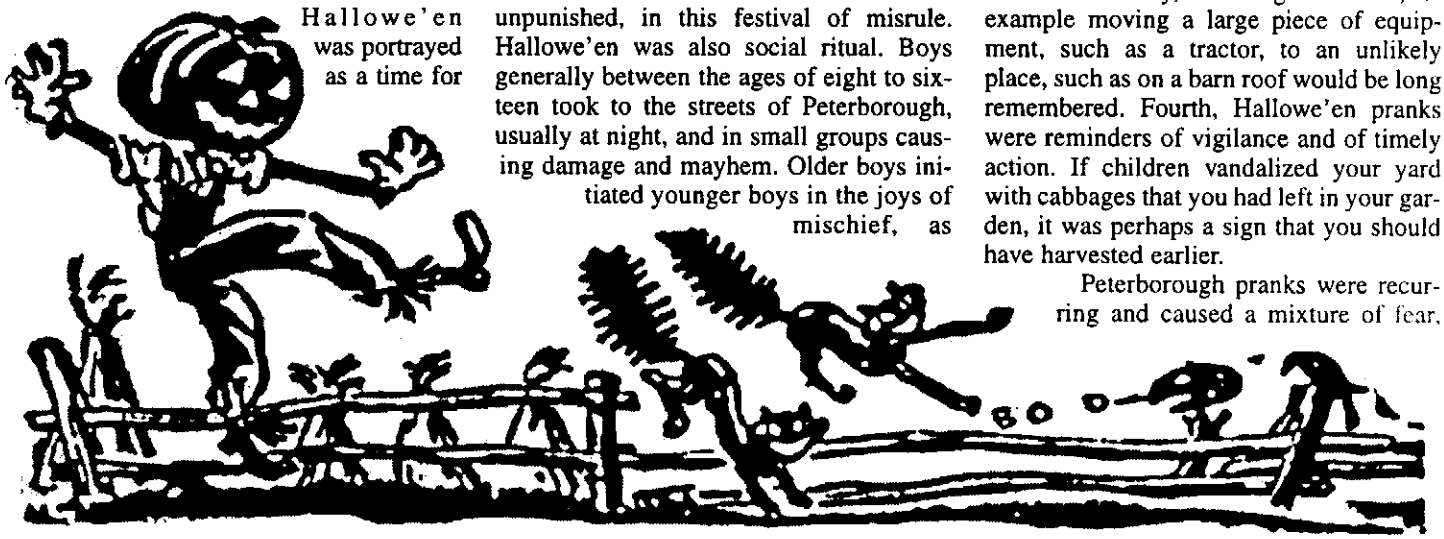
In the 1890s, Hallowe'en was portrayed as a time for games and parties. Several major themes concerning vandalism can be detected in the *Examiner* stories. Newspapers drew attention to the destructive pranks and vandalism, nearly always the work of boys. At times, the newspapers regretted that girls had been causing mayhem as well. Second, the most aggressive incidents were generally only seen in two areas. Third, the Peterborough police force became more active over the years, possibly to prevent potential property damage, or to prevent criticism from notable citizens.

There were two major efforts to counter the bad effects of Hallowe'en. Young females were encouraged to stay off the streets, and instead attend parties and masquerades. In 1925, the *Peterborough Examiner* sponsored a Hallowe'en parade designed to reduce destructive acts by young boys and to bring all Peterborough's citizens together on Hallowe'en night. This event, indeed, changed how Hallowe'en was celebrated in Peterborough.

Hallowe'en was regarded as a small boys holiday. It was one night when all seemed possible. Time stood still, the weather was not too cold and mischief was unpunished, in this festival of misrule. Hallowe'en was also social ritual. Boys generally between the ages of eight to sixteen took to the streets of Peterborough, usually at night, and in small groups causing damage and mayhem. Older boys initiated younger boys in the joys of mischief, as the pranks of one generation passed to the next, perhaps improved by new opportunities and new inventions. According to the 1894 *Examiner*, "Last night was a celebration of an antique custom. The outbreak this year of the spirit of mischief last night in town was particularly active, and a complete chronicle of the pranks of the night would make a lengthy chapter." The pranks did not cause serious damage to personal property, but the newspaper attempted to list every act of vandalism.

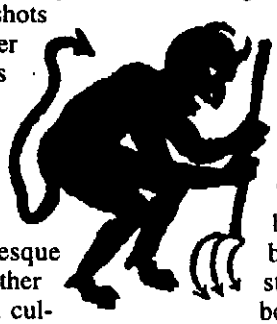
This "mischief-causing" was associated with Hallowe'en in Canada and the United States, but not in Britain. Jack Santino's book on festivals of death suggested four reasons why Hallowe'en pranks were so popular. First, some pranks were silly, not mean, causing no real damage and only making work and inconvenience for others. Second, some pranks were viewed as traditional, such as making a noise outside a house to irritate the owner to come out whereby another trick could be sprung. Third, some clever and audacious pranks, especially in college and rural settings, were meant to amaze an entire community, including the victim; for example moving a large piece of equipment, such as a tractor, to an unlikely place, such as on a barn roof would be long remembered. Fourth, Hallowe'en pranks were reminders of vigilance and of timely action. If children vandalized your yard with cabbages that you had left in your garden, it was perhaps a sign that you should have harvested earlier.

Peterborough pranks were recurring and caused a mixture of fear,



laughter and annoyance. Young boys usually removed store signs and placed them strategically or inconveniently on top of other buildings or in roadways. They tore down sheds, stole gates and fences, broke shutters, and occasionally windows. They used peashooters against pedestrians. Vegetables decorated stores and other public places downtown. For example, in 1892, a group of boys braved the rain to scatter cabbages, beets and other vegetables indiscriminately around town. In front of the town hall, where a pane of glass was broken, they also placed two empty barrels across Simcoe street from each other and placed a long pole reaching clear across the barrels; on this, they placed their vegetables. The street vendors searched for them in the morning, while traffic waited for the street to clear. The town hall was often the target of such pranks. In 1894, a courthouse bench was run up the top of the Union School flagstaff. In 1904, signs and windows of stores all along George Street were hit when some boys literally "painted the town red."

In 1905, mischievous celebrators evidently catching the "spirit" of Hallowe'en and recognizing the bibulous tendencies of journalists, left a large barrel tank of alcohol at the front door of the newspaper office. In 1911, two boys thought it humorous to alter a "Help Wanted" sign to "Wife Wanted" and then place it on a Chinese laundry. The vandalism occasionally caused serious injuries. In 1898 some boys throwing stones bruised the face of William Close who was protecting his home. The Examiner noted the tragic case of an eighteen year old Meaford prankster who was killed by rifle shots from a retired bachelor farmer who was annoyed with boys assembling on his property. The earliest mention of boys dressing up for Hallowe'en occurred in 1911 when reporters noted young men wearing grotesque masks. It is not clear whether this was intended to hide a culprit's face from the police.



The social class of boy vandals and their victims is also difficult to determine. Newspapers did not routinely mention the names of the pranksters. Most pranks occurred downtown on George and Water Streets. Vandalism downtown included broken store windows, stolen signs, damage at the town hall or courthouse, or tampering with street lights and telegraph poles. Telephone poles and street lights also offered a place to hide stolen signs and furniture. A few rocks removed any chance for the bright lights of downtown to be a deterrent. It is possible that lower class boys wished to embarrass middle-class storeowners and town officials. In 1889, boys traveling down Water Street poured a shower of mud over a carriage of young ladies and gentlemen on their way to a party. In this instance, the police caught working/lower class boys who had upset a carriage of high class party-goers. In 1906, after Police Chief Roszel issued a stern warning that vandalism would not be tolerated, Mayor Best awoke to find his 160 feet front yard fence had been torn down, boards, posts and all. The police beat these young male pranksters.

In the residential areas, the targets were often the town's wealthiest citizens. The natural darkness made it easy to ring doorbells and steal porch furniture. Peashooters were handy for hitting windows. In 1894, two boys moved Mr.Braund's cutter from his Albert Street barn to the roof of a vacant Chamberlain Street house a block and a half away. Fence posts and gates were frequently removed; most Peterborough citizens did not want to take in their gates year after year. In 1894, the lot in the rear of the Grand Trunk storehouses was filled with gates, and annoyed and inconvenienced homeowners were seen at an early hour looking for their particular gate. Gate-snatching was the ideal Hallowe'en trick: easily executed, not physically harmful, but certain to draw strong reactions the following morning, no matter how often repeated. The boys evidently thought gate owners should be storing their gate on Hallowe'en. Professor Keith Walden, noting that fences were frequent targets for pranks in Toronto, suggested that young boys saw fences as physical boundaries which could be overstepped; Hallowe'en was about boundaries disappearing in both the spiritual and temporal worlds. The police increased police patrols at Hallowe'en, but the only true deterrent to vandalism was poor weather. On Hallowe'en nights, such as in 1895, when it rained, there was less destruction, no police complaints, and empty streets.

Due to the overwhelming concern of town citizens, the Peterborough police created a special force in the late 1890s which was on duty only for Hallowe'en night. They patrolled the streets and arrested anyone seen destroying private property. Fun and harmless acts were to be tolerated and even appreciated, but more damaging aggression was prohibited and could result in a young boy spending his Hallowe'en night in the police station. In 1901 the *Examiner* read: "Tonight is Hallowe'en and the small boy will no doubt be up to his usual tricks. The police do not mind the young people enjoying themselves, but any attempt at disorderly conduct will be firmly dealt with. The chief intends to keep a sharp look out for any boys or young men who may carry their pranks too far." Here is evidence that the police did warn young boys before Hallowe'en night, and that officers were to be on duty to keep an eye on mischievous behaviour. The next day, a message from the Chief of Police was also placed in the newspaper declaring the holiday officially over, in the hopes that the destruction would cease as well. One example was found in 1902. "The chief wishes to tell the boys now that Hallowe'en is over, they had better put their peashooters away for the present otherwise they may get into trouble."

In the late nineteenth century there were the usual five or so police officers which were regularly on duty Hallowe'en night. This was increased in 1904, to thirteen officers on the "special force" and by 1906, this had increased to fifty. What had accounted for this huge increase? Perhaps the answer lay in the newspaper's coverage of Hallowe'en in Toronto in 1902. Hundreds of students took possession of the streets for several hours and it was noted as the "wildest Hallowe'en" the Toronto police had seen in years. Many people were injured and there was considerable amounts of damage done to private property. Seven men were arrested and damages were reported to exceed one thousand dollars. This article could have been included in the *Examiner* in an effort to scare Peterborough residents or to give a message to police that something drastic needed to be done in order to reduce vandalism in Peterborough before it got out of hand. Arrests became more and more com-

mon, and other acts such as masquerading in women's clothing were also not tolerated as was noted in 1894 when two men who masqueraded down George Street were quickly brought into the police station. Interestingly enough, in 1906 police noted that two women who were dressed as men and parading down George Street - apparently no action was taken against them.

By the turn of the century the residents of Peterborough simply had enough of Hallowe'en and wanted the holiday to be cancelled, or at least the destruction of property stopped. Women were usually more frightened, whether they were in their houses while boys were shooting peas at their windows, or they were nervous walking downtown seeing plotting boys in large groups. This was seen in 1912 when two young ladies in fancy costume were observed carrying sticks with pins on the end for anyone who "got fresh." Men, on the other hand, were far more annoyed and tended to "get even." Year after year, they woke to discover missing gates and fences or front steps, and soon decided that they had enough. In 1895, the police even urged Peterborough citizens to take in their gates in order to spoil the fun of the youngsters, and many did, which was noted in the newspaper. Indeed, this made the town look very odd as there were virtually no gates outside. Ironically, the weather on that particular Hallowe'en was rainy, and most likely nothing would have been taken anyway. Some citizens even took matters into their hands playing tricks upon the tricksters. In 1906, one man placed a thick coat of tar at the front of his house to prevent his front steps from being carried off once again; indeed, the culprits were quickly caught. A man in 1924 rigged his chicken coop so that a trip wire would cause buckets of water to fall on Hallowe'en pranksters.

In 1903, the police put forth a stronger message. The police chief strongly distinguished between harmless fun and the destruction of property. "They must differentiate innocent mischief from malicious injury to property. Hanging a butcher's cart in a church steeple is fun, but there is no fun in destroying the hinges of a widow's gate and putting her to an expense." He added that, "Malicious injury to property is an offence under the criminal code, punishable by a serious term of imprisonment." Hallowe'en pranks may be acceptable for rural communities, but Peterborough had "outgrown" such primitive ways of "observing the vigil of Hallowe'en." Uprooting cabbages, unhinging gates, and similar "rustic horseplay" might have been fine a half century earlier while Peterborough was still in its village stage. Boys should let the holiday pass but seemed to want to have their fun, regardless of good taste and civic dignity.

By 1906, Chief of Police Roszel had extra officers on duty for Hallowe'en and agreed to a large *Examiner* editorial supporting the no-tolerance rule.

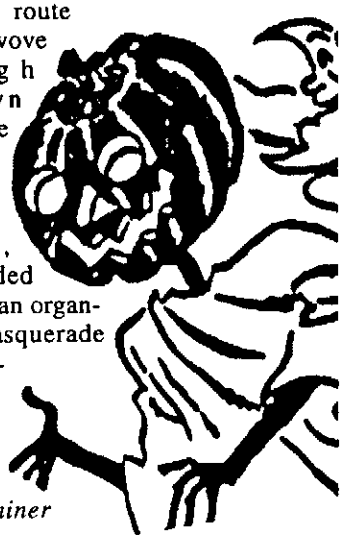
Tonight is Hallowe'en, renowned in the days when townspeople believed in bogeymen and fairies and other spirits of the night. Then the fireside was the central attraction for the evening, but custom has changed or rather expanded. Now, the one feature of Hallowe'en, and an objectable one at that, is the destruction of property by the youths. Chief Roszel wishes to say that harmless fun will be overlooked, but that there are fifty special policemen for those who carry off gates and other acts of vandalism. In years gone by, Hallowe'en was accompanied by the wanton destruction of property, but the law has asserted itself and this custom is being generally overcome. Disorderly conduct will be sufficient to cause an arrest. Thus, youth are given a last warning not to act as ruffians unless they wish lodgings in the police cells.

Clearly, the police, hiring fifty policemen for the night, were taking a harsher view than even three years earlier. They also seemed determined to define the fine distinction between "harmless fun" and "disorderly conduct." While boys may have assembled themselves into groups to perform simple pranks, their presence, it seemed, was enough to cause anxiety for the police. The police were keeping their word. In 1907, five boys who removed the gate and tore down the fence of D.H.Burritt were arrested and eventually fined two dollars. The *Examiner* noted, "Hallowe'en had been taken back by the police."

The Peterborough Collegiate Institute was vandalized in 1912. Obscene words were written all over the door and walls, and the word, "hallowe'en" was painted in large green letters over the main entrance of the school. The boys, students of the school, who apparently wanted school to be cancelled, used plaster of paris to fill up all the door locks, and painted symbols of skulls and crossbones everywhere. The police when asked to comment remarked that, "the whole thing must have been perpetrated by boys or a gang of boys who had no regard for persons or decency." Although the school was able to open the following day, all the locks had to be replaced.

In 1913, a mother went to the police station to demand the release of her son who had been arrested on Hallowe'en night. The police refused to let her pay the fifty dollar vandalism; an officer told her "You should have kept him in the house." She said her son Harold had left the house for only a couple minutes and must have fallen in with a bad crowd; the officer said her son would be fine until morning.

By the 1920s, there were fewer Hallowe'en pranks, and those mostly in residential areas. The police had cars which permitted quicker response to incidents. Perhaps more important, the Hallowe'en parade became a popular downtown fixture by 1925. People found the parades entertaining, noisy and fun. Both boys and girls paraded in costumes and carnival bands played. In 1929, the Examiner reported accurately that in four years of parades, there had been less destruction in most areas; in the downtown, vandalism virtually disappeared. Apparently the boys were kept busy either participating or watching. Also, the parading police officers were highly visible, and so many people downtown "en masse" deterred vandals. The crowds gathered early and stayed late. Most stood on the pavement but many sat in parked cars. The parade was a "sane and happy" way to celebrate Hallowe'en. The popular costume contest was a source of amusement and entertainment, and many watching the parade were also in costume; watching was as important as parading. The parade route which wove through downtown began at the Armoury around eight o'clock, and ended there with an organized masquerade party lasting until eleven in the evening. The *Examiner*



noted that "Everyone hurried over to the armouries there to trip the light fantastic to the music as dispensed in a right blightsome style by the band of the Peterborough Rangers." It was also noted that, "En route vagrant troubadours serenaded girls who were boys, and girls openly flirted with boys who were girls. It was a jolly mix-up. Nobody knew who was who, and neither did they care. All were partners in fun and the whole affair passed off without a single marring note." Attitudes had changed dramatically. In earlier years, Peterborough residents would have frowned on males who dressed as females and vice versa. However, in the 1920s, cross- dressing for Hallowe'en seemed humourous and acceptable. Hallowe'en was less "scary' and "mysterious" now that everyone got together and had a good time. As the parade changed Hallowe'en, the young boys had lost their holiday of misrule.

THE GIRLS OF HALLOWE'EN

Where were the girls while the boys ruled the streets at Hallowe'en? Even as Hallowe'en was a "prankish boy's delight", it offered much for the "fun-loving girl." Until the twentieth century, females, rarely seen in the streets on Hallowe'en, generally attended indoor social events such as community dances held in the halls of city lodges and churches, or at the YWCA — The Young Women's Christian Association. These well-advertised events attracted some boys, and were sometimes held the night before Hallowe'en; on Hallowe'en night, girls would be at home rather than consorting with boys. However, these events were primarily for girls. In 1903, a Hallowe'en social at the YWCA featured story telling and games. Some of the stories were told by young boys telling of pranks played in previous years.

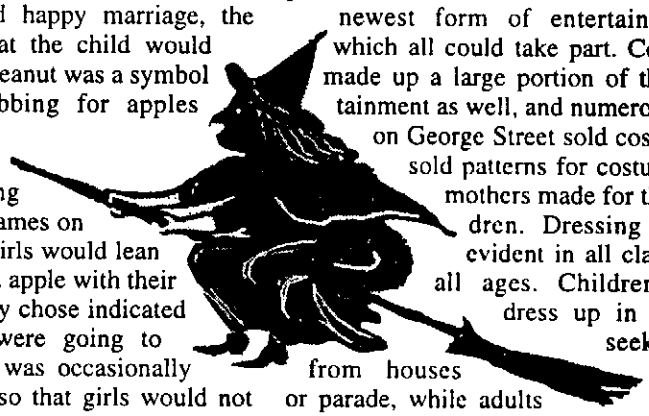
At most Hallowe'en events preceding the turn of the century there would be up to 150 girls in attendance, and close to 300 in the two decades following. Such large numbers could account for the scarcity of girls in the streets. Interestingly, only one article was found which described females taking part in an act of vandalism. However, this does not necessarily mean that they were not participating in them. In 1888, three girls stole a sign from a confectioner's store on George Street and were witnessed by police who hid and watched, finding the whole event extremely amusing and cute. This was a very different reaction from the serious and stern attitude the police took with young boys. As years went by, girls seemed to be congregating more with young boys on the streets, although not taking part in damaging property. In 1911, the newspaper reported that between Dalhousie and Chamberlain Street, small groups of girls and boys were ringing doorbells and hitting townspeople with peas. The girls were dressed in male clothing. In speculation, it is possible that girls had been disguising themselves in such a manner in previous years in order to participate in boy's activities.

The masquerade parties that females attended seemed to hold the traditional values of Hallowe'en. Most of these parties had dancing, singing, taffy-pulls, bobbing-for-apples, poetry-reading, indoor games and the telling of ghost stories. Here, girls of all ages — most accompanied by their mothers — would dress up in costume. For these costumed girls, Hallowe'en was viewed more as a social event in which one could visit with their neighbours and partake in innocent merry-making than being either a night of mystery or of mischief. Of course, the costumes were the cause of much of the evening's talk and contests judging the skill of construction and the originality of design were held. These contests generated much competition between the participants who annually attempted to out do each other. Refreshments were served, especially the traditional favourites: apples, nuts, and candy. Although candy was handed out to young girls during these socials, trick-or-treating was not mentioned in the *Examiner* until the 1920s.

Girls as well, held private Hallowe'en parties which were advertised in the newspaper and became very popular after 1900. It was believed that if the Hallowe'en hostess kept in mind the incredible power of suggestion, she could, by her decorations, create any atmosphere she desired for her party. Dimmed lights and occasional drafts were used to suggest the invocation of spooks and spirits. For the guests these conjurings were the occult and scary side of Hallowe'en. Vivid orange and smiling pumpkins with gaping teeth, scarlet apples and nuts all symbolized the prankish goblins who sallied back and forth on All Saints Eve for their annual frolic. In an article dated 1905 there is an example of a typical Hallowe'en party. It stated, "Last evening the home of Mrs.Symons of 291 Reid Street was the scene of a hallowe'en party. At the witching hour of 8pm the boarders assembled in the drawing room which was decorated with pumpkins and candles etc." In most cases, all the guests who were invited were listed in the article, and only rarely did boys attend.

The YWCA sponsored Hallowe'en parties for children, as shown in this photo taken by the Roy Studio in 1917. *Trent Valley Archives, Electric City Collection 3.238*

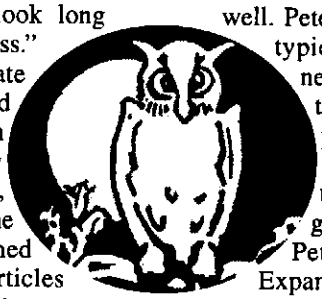
Traditional divination games which involved apples were a traditional choice. The sight of apple parings in the streets in 1894, suggested that divination games were still in existence, the custom of the holiday was to pare an apple being careful not to break the peeling. Then one threw it across one's left shoulder while chanting, "I pare this p'ppin round and round again, my lover's name to flourish on the plain! I fling unbroken parings o'er my head! Upon the floor my lovers name to read.' The parings on the ground would form the initial of the child's future partner. Parties would have apple-paring bees in which children competed to have the longest paring, and Hallowe'en sports such as burning nuts before a fire. One of these games in 1898 involved a bowl of applesauce inside of which were an almond, peanut, chestnut, and walnut. Everyone had to eat the mixture with spoons until each nut was found; each symbolized a different fortune: the almond symbolized wealth, the walnut symbolized happy marriage, the chestnut meant that the child would travel far, and the peanut was a symbol of bad luck. Bobbing for apples involved filling a tub half full with water and placing apples with boys names on the stems inside. Girls would lean over and remove an apple with their teeth, the name they chose indicated which boy they were going to marry. This game was occasionally played with forks so that girls would not mess their hair. Carving pumpkins and even turnips were also popular.



Reciting Hallowe'en verse was also performed by young ladies who chanted poetry in the hopes of finding a future husband. Two such poems were published in the newspaper in 1901:

If I a shooting star can see,
And before it falls count 1,2,3,
I'll find my love in the nearest tree
For I hunt him and he hunts me.
Little girls also sang around the barn:
Three times around the barn we go,
In order our true loves to know,
Unless old maids we're going to be,
Some bright young chap we'll surely see.

Another game involved young girls jumping over candlesticks in their long skirts. Whichever candle did not go out with the breeze of her long skirts, would be the man she would marry. Mirror divinations were popular as well. This game involved a young lady looking into a looking glass in the hopes of seeing her future husband, "On Hallowe'en night you must look in the glass/ If you look long enough your true love will pass."

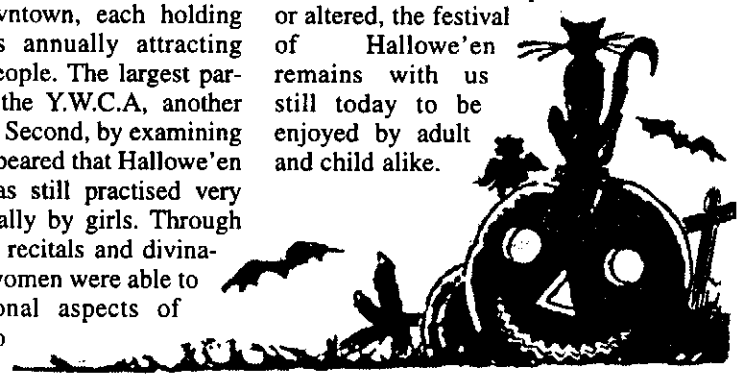


These examples illustrate how the *Examiner* helped shape Hallowe'en through their articles. Because many women read the paper, changes in the practices of the holiday were accomplished through its suggestions. Articles defining the proper Hallowe'en protocol were published and to a great degree created the standardized and popular Hallowe'en celebration. The paper included everything from proper attire, decor, and food to what activities were appropriate. As these celebrations were very traditional, much of the papers advice was recycled annually.

By the 1920s parades and informal parties on Hallowe'en seemed to be the newest form of entertainment in which all could take part. Costuming made up a large portion of the entertainment as well, and numerous stores on George Street sold costumes or sold patterns for costumes that mothers made for their children. Dressing up was evident in all classes and all ages. Children would dress up in order to seek candy from houses or parade, while adults would masquerade for parties and dances. Boys dressing as girls and vice versa was extremely popular during this time.

Upon examining how Hallowe'en was celebrated in the town of Peterborough, one can get a sense of what life was like between the years 1890-1929. First, it tells us that the town of Peterborough was a church-oriented society. There were four main churches downtown, each holding Hallowe'en socials annually attracting large numbers of people. The largest parties were held by the Y.W.C.A, another religious institution. Second, by examining the newspaper, it appeared that Hallowe'en in Peterborough was still practised very traditionally, especially by girls. Through their dances, songs, recitals and divination games, young women were able to pass these traditional aspects of Hallowe'en down to their children. Third, the *Examiner* illustrated that the boys of Peterborough held their own annual Hallowe'en"tradition" of mis-rule as well. Peterborough boys were no less typical than other boys from neighbouring towns who participated in destructive pranks on Hallowe'en night as seen in Toronto. Fourthly, this research displayed the growing fear of the Peterborough police force. Expanding from thirteen officers to fifty in three years had a significant impact on those who lived in the town and those who wanted to vandalize on Hallowe'en night. Undoubtedly, as Peterborough was still small in population, fifty policemen would be evident in the streets. This change illustrated the growing fears and frustrations of citizens as well, as they longed for the Hallowe'en pranks to cease and be replaced with "safer" indoor games and trick-or-treating.

Finally, as a historian, we see the shift in the celebration of Hallowe'en once the *Examiner* established the Hallowe'en Parade in 1925. The parade, which was created in an effort to reduce the vandalism occurring in the downtown district, changed the holiday significantly. Hallowe'en was no longer the young boys holiday — the mischievous, scary, and mysterious holiday that it had been for decades previously. Instead, it had changed into a "fun time for all! A community event. The number of Hallowe'en parties seemed to decline; vandalism was almost non-existent, and whatever "rules" were in place before the parade, such as cross-dressing, were relaxed. I firmly believe that the creation of this parade was to change Hallowe'en to be an "acceptable" holiday for children, and more importantly, for adults. The most important aspect though was that the holiday persevered, and that while certain practices were lost or altered, the festival of Hallowe'en remains with us still today to be enjoyed by adult and child alike.



Another Visit to Elm Street

by Gina Martin

I have always believed that one's roots are never far away. They shape our childhood and bring us the memories and values that later we hold so dearly. Somehow, as we get older, our past becomes ever more important and often provides us with security, comfort and a great many good feelings as we think back to "the good old days". For me, this was most evident at a recent Christmas when my husband and kids and I attended a family gathering at the home of my father, Tony Basciano. Amidst the myriad of aunts, uncles, cousins, nieces and nephews there lay a family treasure as well as a very under rated and all but forgotten part of Peterborough's past. As with many of our gatherings the conversation soon turned to the stories of Elm Street, the tiny Peterborough avenue where my grandfather, and indeed a number of other early Italian immigrants to this city, first took his family upon their arrival from Italy. It was a street that would eventually have great warmth and character and, as the memories began to flow from the living room, I realized that not only was our family lore being recanted yet again but so was an aspect of Peterborough's social history. Very interesting is the background of Elm Street and its story needs telling beyond the family parties. Located on land formerly owned by 19th century resident Daniel Hopkins, Elm Street was originally a short street between Park Street and Monaghan Road. The Romaine Map of 1875 shows a few small houses on the south side owned primarily by Irish families. Shortly thereafter, development began on the north side with many more houses appearing by the late 1880s. The small and modest homes of Elm Street contrasted directly with those of the affluent Weller Street situated immediately to the south. The close proximity of Elm Street to the wealthier part of Peterborough made for some interesting times as the social thinking of the period gave rise to misconceptions about the street which, in the early years, my family called home.

For years many Peterborough residents referred to Elm Street as Little Italy or Spaghetti Road. Some people now argue that this was absurd given the fact that many of Peterborough's Italian families did not live there and that the majority of the street was either Irish or English. But most residents of Elm Street agreed that it was the dozen or so Italian families at the west end of the street who characterized the area and provided the atmosphere. And while there were certainly other areas of town that were home to Italian immigration, even those Italians who were not residents of Elm Street could identify with her Italian flavour and became friends with her inhabitants. My father remembers countless Italian guests sitting in his father's home on Elm Street, many of them visitors from other areas of Peterborough.

Most of the Italian families who would eventually reside on the street had come from the Abruzzo area of Italy with little wealth and a great desire to make it on their own in a new country. Upon their arrival they spoke minimal or no English and their road to learning the language was a "learn as you go" experience. My father recalls attending school at St. Peter's where the priest immediately sat him at the back of the classroom. As the months went on and his English improved Dad was allowed to move a little closer to the front of the class so that he could better participate in the lessons. Like my father, all the Italian boys on Elm Street attended St. Peter's while the girls went to St. Mary's Convent School. Residents from both sides of the equation recall that the "battle lines" were quickly drawn between the Catholic Italian and Irish kids of Elm Street and the Protestants of the Weller area who attended Queen Mary School. Often there were rumours in the St. Peter's schoolyard that the Orangemen would march down Elm Street on the eve of the Orange Parade or that Catholic kids had better run home after school to avoid physical confrontation with the Protestants. I laugh when I think of this as I remember attending St. Alphonsus School in the 1960s and hearing the boys discussing their plan of attack for an organized snowball fight after school. They vowed to teach the Protestants from Keith Wightman School across the street a lesson. I guess some things don't change! But I digress.

In 1894 came the Minicolas who were the first Italian family on the street followed a short time later by the Caccavellas and the Vitarellis. Before long the Pepes, Campanaros, Marroccos, Cupolis and Bascianos had joined the crowd at the west end of the street and by the mid 1930s the Italian presence on Elm Street was in full swing.

As life on Elm Street began to flourish so too did all the unfortunate misconceptions that would dog the street for years. One such misconception was the notion that Elm Street was filled with "lazy immigrants". Nothing could have been further from the truth. Elm Street boasted many hard working Italians who came here with little and, through their own efforts, carved out a very fine life. Alfred and Lucy Pepe for many years ran a grocery store originally opened by Lucy's father at their home at #519 that quickly became a main attraction on the street. Other members of the Pepe family eventually worked at the store with the lush vegetable garden in back. Gus DeLaire opened a barber shop at 467 Elm Street where residents went for a haircut, a shave or simply to pass the time. Many of the other Italian men on Elm Street would later find work at the Quaker Oats including Michael and Fred Caccavella who would both be injured in the Quaker fire of 1916. Other residents worked at the Canadian General Electric and the Westclox. Still others were in the hotel business. Many of the Elm Street youngsters earned their keep picking vegetables from the family gardens and selling them door to door in wagons. "Lazy" was simply not part of the equation for Elm Street residents.

Another misconception was the idea that Elm Street was filled with unsavory individuals, going hand in hand with the additional absurdity that Elm Street was the city's "red light district". These ideas came about strictly due to the negative views often held by the elite toward immigrants. Unfortunately this way of thinking was a largely accepted part of many societies. Of course one rumour would snowball into another and before long the image of Elm Street was more than tarnished. The truth is that Elm Street was home to many kind and upstanding people who later made many notable achievements. But the social stigma was there no matter how undeserved.

On Elm Street, the only events perhaps considered negative were what my dad calls "the summer garden raiding gang". All the Italians on the street kept wonderful gardens filled with prize quality vegetables. Occasionally some of the boys on the street, in dire

need of passing the summer evenings, would raid the gardens and escape to safety while laughing about their ventures. Of course Dad would NEVER admit to taking part in this. He claims that it was not worth the effort since the culprit would nearly always be caught and would have to face the wrath of his Italian mother! That was not the worst part though. Once mother was through with you every Italian mother on the street would take her turn at reprimanding the guilty party. The theft of one tomato could land you in hot water for the rest of the summer. Such was life on Elm Street.

Elm Street was a classic neighbourhood with great camaraderie. On many evenings numerous residents, Italian or otherwise, gathered in the kitchen of my grandfather's home to witness his expertise at story telling. Jugs of homemade wine would suddenly appear as everyone swapped stories of "the old country" or perhaps their experiences in the First World War. If someone had the luck to be going to Italy for a visit there would be a lineup of residents placing their orders for items from back home. All the Italians on the street made wine that was put down in oak barrels brought over from Italy. I remember seeing such barrels in my grandfather's basement and later in my own. My mother, with United Empire Loyalist background which makes her anything but Italian, has fond memories of this aspect of Elm Street. Mrs. Marrocco once told her that while the men were experts at wine-making, occasionally one of the large barrels would turn to vinegar. This caused great grief to the men, but the women on the street would be silently overjoyed since there would be enough wine vinegar to meet the culinary needs for the winter. She recalled a four year drought when not a single barrel turned to vinegar. What rotten luck! The wine and its production was always a source of conversation and gave many of the residents a medium for getting together. Indeed it was difficult to make one's way up the street at Christmas time without invitations into every home for a drink of wine honouring the Season. Such was the warmth of Elm Street.

The Basciano Family in 1929. Michele and his wife Angela (Marrocco) and children (left to right) Eric, Andy, Tony and Ernie

In the early 1950s, all the social misconceptions got the better of Elm Street and her residents. As Peterborough grew, Elm Street was extended west beyond Monaghan Road. The new extension, called Hopkins Avenue after the previously mentioned Daniel Hopkins, went deeper into the wealthier west end community whose residents preferred not to be presumed connected with the immigrants of Elm Street. City Council began a review of street names in the growing city and some names were subsequently changed. This provided an opportunity for a quiet movement with a goal to persuade Council to change the name of Elm Street to Hopkins Avenue. Of course the official reason given was to provide name continuity since, for a time, both names existed on their respective sides of the street. But, for many, it was the social view of immigrants at the heart of the name change and everyone knew it as neighbourhood meetings were held to address "the problem". Sadly, the name of Elm Street disappeared in 1953 and Hopkins Avenue was born. It will never be known how much sway the negative social aspect had on City Council's decision to rename Elm Street. But the sting of the name change has permanently remained with many of her former residents.

It is unfortunate that the social thinking prevalent at the time made near enemies of these two communities who lived so closely. Had the wealthier side mingled with Elm Street folks they would have found themselves in quite good company. Francis Marrocco, my father's first cousin, went on to become Bishop of the Peterborough Diocese after years of a fine priesthood in Toronto where a high school is now named in his honour. The athletic Vitarelli boys set many records in lacrosse and hockey and are now members of the Peterborough Sports Hall of Fame. The Minicolas were wonderful musicians with Joe Minicola serving for many years as choirmaster at St. Peter's. There was Provincial Court Judge Sam Murphy, Alderman Ed Curtin and Deputy Fire Chief Ed Hynes. Mike Basciano was a respected businessman who was a co-founder of the Peterborough Roadrunners. And of course Elm Street more than did her part during war time with multiple members of many families serving in World War Two. My father was the first person on the street to sign up and, like others, came home with a chest full of medals for his country. My grandfather received a knighthood from the Italian government for his service and bravery during the First World War and was given the title of Sir. There is no question that good people lived on Elm Street.

One of the best legacies of Elm Street is that so many former residents consider their best years were spent there. That feeling prompted a reunion in May 1987 for 160 former residents, their children and grandchildren. It was an evening of warmth and laughter that could only happen as a result of pride and a wealth of great memories.

Not long ago City Council promptly turned down a request to restore the name of Elm Street. This was not surprising. Those who live there now have only known Hopkins Avenue and naturally would not like it changed to a name that means nothing to them. Those of us connected with the era though will always refer to it and know it in our hearts as Elm Street. For us the heart is all that really matters.

Recently I drove my children down the old street to show them where Grandpa grew up. Although "Little Italy" has long left I immediately felt a familiarity with the street I have heard about all of my life. We saw the old house at 549 and stopped for a moment outside 519 where Pepe's store once bustled. As we drove off I could hear my four year old daughter in back telling her sister that this was where Grandpa used to "play". As I listened to the conversation I smiled and realized that the legacy of Elm Street is moving on to yet another generation. And what a legacy it is.

[Editor's note: A version of this article appeared earlier in *Prime Time*. Several articles about Elm Street have appeared in *Heritage Gazette of the Trent Valley.*]

Trent Valley Archives, Don Courneyea Collection ~ *Peterborough Examiner*, 6-7 October 1925

Northwest Rebellion of 1885: *Alderman Crowe Tells Reminiscences*

Alderman Joseph Crowe, shares his personal experiences as a member of the company from Peterborough that formed part of one of the regiments that went to the West in 1885 to aid in the suppression of the North West Rebellion of that year.

I

When the rebellion broke out orders arrived that the 57th Regiment were requested to send a company of 42 men officered, which would be one captain, two lieutenants, 45 all told.

The names of those who went, with place of residence is as follows:

Peterborough – Sergt Miles, Pte. W. Reynolds, Pte. Wm. Cook, Pte. Wm. Despard, Pte. Silas Parkes, Pte. Wm. Brown, Pte. John Beach, Pte. Jas. Hannah, Pte. A. Crowter, Pte. Geo. Crowter, Pte. Jack Roberts, Pte. Thos. Billings, Pte. Edd. Dailey, Pte. Bell, Pte. Matheson.

Ashburnham – Pte. T. Graham, Pte. Jos. Crowe, Pte. Segt. Tyler, Pte. George Tanner, Pte. Alf. Rogers, Pte. John Cochrane, Pte. Burt Downer.

Keene – Pte. Marsh Weir, Pte. Wm. Wedlock, Pte. Duncan McIntyre, Pte. Jas. McFee, Pte. Ross, Sergt Marks, Pte. Angus Phillips.

Norwood – Capt. Burke, Lieut. Brennan, Corp. Hendron, Pte. M. Leery, Pte. H. Hill, Pte. Woods, Pte. H. Hogan, Pte. Jessie Cummings.

Hastings – Pte. Jos. Thomson, Pte. Mat. Breckenridge, Pte. M. Lynch, Pte. T. Anderson, Pte. M. H. Biggs.

Our first fall-in sounded on the 28th of March and we marched to the C.P.R. station to give the Toronto troops a send-off as they passed through, en route for the scene of action. On the 31st of March orders were received to be prepared to leave on April 1st. The bugle sounded the fall-in on that morning at 6 a.m. and many of us had no trouble in getting up, as few of us went to bed but the writer was just a shade late, but caught on at the corner of Simcoe and George streets, marching down to the G.T.R. station. The citizens were out en masse and the band was out in full force, the writer being a member. The music sounded beautiful so early in the morning. We finally got started, going out via Auburn and Ashburnham. We had refreshments at the latter place, which had a reputation in those days of being very generous to the boys in red, as our Colonel was one of their number. It was common occurrence for the ladies to serve refreshments to all three companies when we had a march-out those nights. All aboard and we were off for Kingston, where we were to form a part of as fine a regiment as ever donned a uniform in this or any country. This regiment contained companies from the following places: 15th Regiment of Belleville; 40th of Northumberland; 45th, of Lindsay; 46th, two companies; 47th of Frontenac; 49th of Hastings County; 57th of Peterborough County; 7 companies in all. All wore the red coat, except the 49th which were a purple corps. The right strength was about 400 men, rank and file. Now each company takes precedence according to their numbers. Belleville City ... 15th, they were called A Company; next was 40th, B Company; 45th Lindsay, C Company and so on so you can easily see where the 57th stood, though through no fault of theirs. But, as the 49th wore black coats, they placed them in the rear, which gave us the privilege of not being last.

An Incident

The train was soon on its way, and we took a long look at the disappearing city, when an incident happened which is worth recording. The locomotive blew loud and long, as if something were on the track. Every window was soon hoisted and heads were crowded to look out to see what the matter was. A drove of cattle were alongside the track and one of them had fallen into a large culvert. We could just see her about one foot higher than the ties on the track. The train soon came to a stop and several went out to see the cow taken out of the culvert. There was a deal of arguing as to how the animal could be taken out, some suggesting lifting her bodily out, but enough could not get a hold to do the trick, but Alf. Rogers sized up the situation and at once took up a position and got the best hold there was on the animal. He got her by the tail and he raised that cow half way out of where she was. When the soldiers saw how he lifted her they soon got down and lifted the beast to a place of safety.

At Kingston

We arrived in Kingston and quartered in Lee De Pont Barracks. We were quickly ordered to fall in to be inspected by some officials, and to arrange for clothing, etc. The clothing we had on was as poor a fit as you could imagine, and some of the men never drilled before, and knew nothing of order or discipline, one place also to make matters worse, the men of them had been smelling the cork and the result was that quite a few had to be put in the guard room for the night. We were next day issued with brand new uniforms from head to foot. The shoes were of red leather. We had following: A scarf or muffler, and leggings made of strips of cloth about 4 inches wide which we circled around our pants, up to the knees, which gave the men a natty appearance. Each man was served out with the knapsack with a canteen on top of it; a new rifle. It was a mistake to issue Glengarry caps, for a trip of this kind as they were of very little use as far as protection from the elements went. An oil cloth blanket, a very large overcoat which was folded very neatly on the back of the knapsack. This knapsack when the whole equipment was in it and overcoat strapped on it weighed about 25 pounds.

Looked Like Prison

The barracks at Kingston reminded us of a large prison. We were placed in a very large room on the hard floor. The men were hard to control, owing to a great number of them never being under military rule, and order was out of the question. I remember an officer going to his rounds at lights out and he received a severe blow from a boot which some one threw in the dark at him, which called for an investigation, which

made none the wiser. But no officer came looking for any more trouble while we were here.

The rations were fair but the most of the men were not accustomed to soldier diet. The canteen did a rushing business. The canteen is the bar or liquor refreshment booth of the barracks. This place appeared to me as if some men never left it for the six days that we were here. The quenching of their thirst seemed to be all that troubled them. We were in receipt of orders to proceed at shortest notice to march out. But a heavy snow storm set in for four days, blocking all the railway trains. It was the sixth of April before we got away. We entrained on the Kingston-Pembroke road and were off for the West. No excitement was in evidence in that city as they had no love for the soldier. We arrived at Mattawa on the C.P.R. next morning at five o'clock for breakfast. This place appeared to be a barren one and very cold. We were to get breakfast here, but only about 100 were successful, the remainder could eat snow or boughs of trees. All aboard again for a short time which gave us a chance to fill up and get acquainted with a food or biscuit called hard tack. The name was very appropriate; it certainly was hard. It was composed of flour and water and a little salt. These biscuits were about circular, six inches in diameter and one-half inch thick. This formed our staple food. We ate them with a relish at first and thought they were all right but we soon tired of them and it would be through sheer hunger that we would eat them. The canned beef was also relished at first. We soon reached the end of the new road which was being built in sections all along the north shore of Lake Superior. We were soon to be initiated into our first taste of hardship, and real soldier life. Now to fully understand the circumstances from this point on our journey until we reached Fort William it will be necessary to state that owing to the serious turn affairs had taken and reports coming in constantly of the Indian rising and of the defeat of the mounted police at Batoche, made the hurrying of troops to the scene as quickly as possible, the whole cry.

The troops who were in advance of us were the Governor-General's Foot Guards of Ottawa, Queen's Own and Royal Grenadiers of Toronto, the 9th Voltigeurs of Quebec and the 65th Victoria Rifles of Montreal. The 65th were only one day ahead of us. This left no time for the construction camps to cook a supply ahead for us. Imagine a small shanty about 30 ft. square with a cook or two inside who found it hard enough to provide for those ahead, only to find that another crowd was on them. Those regiments who had four or five days between them did not fare badly as we did following so close on the Frenchmen who practically left nothing, only a bad name. The men were very pronounced in their condemnation of military tactics and would assemble on top of the roof of the shanties and deliver speeches of high order what they would do when they got back again. But the "hard tack" would be the substitute that would put them in good humor. We would occasionally strike a piece of railroad for 10 miles or so, then get off and walk the gap to the next piece. Eventually, horses and sleighs secured by the government from the contractors on the road, conveyed our knapsacks and blankets to the next stopping place.

I remember the first night we spent in the woods. It was a cold, clear, starry night. We gathered logs and brush together which made a large pot fire, usually in as new a place as possible. All gathered around and many smoked the pipe of peace, but the greater number were out for war and kept looking for its everywhere. Then, as it became late, the men being tired, made an attempt to go to sleep by spreading their rubber blanket on the crystallized snow.

For in that part of the country the snow was turned to hail as large as peas and very hard to walk in, being from three to four feet deep it was impossible to make a beaten path in it. They placed their woollen blanket on it with another over them, and lay down all in a heap with feet to the fire; I slept very little. Some slept sound, only to be awakened when the rubber blanket had slid down the raise or incline with its occupant towards the fire. But with some of them with their feet inside their shoes became so hot that they would jump up more asleep than awake and tear down the laces in their shoes to get them off. In some cases the soles of the shoes formed into large cracks.

Some officers having thermometers with them stated that they registered ten degrees below zero. It was the coldest night that we had to sleep out on the trip. Another night we arrived at Jack Fish Bay, and took our quarters in a sunken schooner, everyone crawling through a hole in the stern. She appeared to be a vessel that had stranded, being half full of ice. But with a plentiful supply of hay we soon made ourselves comfortable inside. There was one great fear among us as well we thought of it. Fire! Should any thoughtless person strike a match and drop it in the hay not a man could have got out of that hulk. Now as all were aware of the danger any person attempting to smoke would at once have been harshly dealt with. A peculiar thing about it, not an officer thought of the danger, but it was the men who took the precaution. It was certainly a step well taken as it was a large fire trap. There were a couple of holes in the deck, but they were too high to get out at without a ladder. The whole regiment with the exception of the officers found quarters for the night. The space allotted to each man was about eighteen square inches, but some slung their blankets from the deck, and caused some amusement as just as soon as they get nicely asleep some one would cut them down, head first, amid a shower of oaths from both parties, above and below.

It was very dark in that hull but, after many a row over space, the men began to quiet down. There were numerous songs ung and stories told, but some individual struck up an appropriate song entitled "Texas Rangers" which was sung with as good a voice as I ever heard. It was a splendid song well sung. One part of it I remember was the chorus thus:

We saw those Indians coming
We heard them give the yell.
My feeling at the moment
No longer tongue could tell.
Our captain, he commanding,
Spoke up because he thought it right
Before you reach next station
Brave boys you'll have to fight.

That song had about twenty verses in it and was well received, and before it was finished everybody that could sing joined in the chorus. That song put the climax on the singing for the night, and all slept soundly until morning, when each took a couple of hard tack (biscuits) in our hands and started on the longest march across that portion of the route, 26 miles across a bay on Lake Superior. The walking was very bad owing to the snow that had fallen lately, becoming soft and slushy.

The Belleville boys had rubber boots, issues to them by that city when they were leaving. And we envied them, we had very short shoes, but at the end of the journey a greater number of them had scalded feet. All our feet were as if they were parboiled, but they seemed to suffer most.

END OF WALK

When we got to the end of our journey on foot we boarded a train of flat cars and rode about five miles, then took shelter in abandoned shanties and were soon fast asleep in our wet clothing, all completely tired out, and very hungry. This hard work was beginning to tell on the men.

Next morning a number had sore throats and powders were freely used.

More hard tack and corn beef and snow water. Then we rode 20 miles on railway flat cars on which we huddled close together to keep warm.

Breakfast over we took the trail again, part of thetime we would be on land then cut across a bay on the ice and so on until night came on, when we espied a light, it appeared to be the headlight of a locomotive and it soon spread abroad that that was our train, waiting for us, with coaches attached to carry us into Fort William.

Judging, as we did, from that size of the head light that the train could not be any more than four or five miles away. All felt that we could easily make it in an hour or so. So with that end in view, you may talk of fast walking. Those Belleville chaps struck up a terrific pace as they were in the lead. Quite a few succumbed to the task and fell behind to be picked up by the teams following. We walked fully five hours before we reached that train, and instead of the headlight as we at first thought, the fire was made by having an immense log heap burning, and the few miles proved to be twenty or more, but the walking was of the best on a thin crust of snow on ice. Needless to say we got into those cars without delay and were soon dead to all about us. We knew nothing of distance by rail until we reached Port Arthur, as Fort William in those days was nowhere on the map. Port Arthur proved to be a very small place. We stopped to have breakfast and were soon on our way to Winnipeg. Very few but slept all the way, night and day alike.

Winnipeg reached, we received orders to disembark and go into camp there. When on the way to do so we got orders to entrain further west, but before doing so received a good breakfast, the first for over two weeks. Winnipeg was not much of a city then, it having passed through the land boom and was practically in a comatose state.

The regiment was photographed at the station, although quite a number were absent, your humble servant being one of them, and came near missing the train with many others. Here we dropped three men: Private J. Kelly, M. Weir and T. Anderson, who were pronounced not fit to go any further.

All aboard for Swift Current, 510 miles west of Winnipeg and passed through a nice lot of country and reached Brandon, where we were met by the citizens of that place and treated to the very best.

Now, remember, this was no easy matter for Brandon to serve lunch to a regiment and those people had catered to the regiments in advance, in the same sumptuous manner. A number of our Brandon friends came from Millbrook and vicinity. They wished us God speed and amid waving of hats and handkerchiefs we were off for Swift Current, where we went under canvas for the first time as a regiment.

We were tolled off so many men to a tent. In the tent half I was in we were 13 in all, supposed to be an unlucky number, but we all survived. The names of the thirteen were: Sergt. Miles, Ptes. McFee, Ross, Thomson, Breckenridge, Parks, Brown, Beach, Graham, Reynolds, Daly, Crowe and Bell. They proved to be a very agreeable lot of fellows, considering that we were all practically strangers to each other. But there is something peculiar about tent life. I know of no place you can study human nature and get such a good idea of the personal characteristics of the man than just to rough it together, crowded in small space with limited means. It is there you can soon arrive at what is most prominent in a man's nature. We gradually became well acquainted with each other and began to pick our chums, two by two. It was my lot to have a very nice fellow, Daly by name from Napanee, a brother of Wilfred A. Daly, who was a highly respected resident of our city for a few years. I can assure you we had very little room to spare and were too crowded to be cold. It was quite cool all the time we were here, even having quite a snow fall about the 26th of April.

Wheat was up about one inch and produced a green shade on the fields. We stayed five or six days here and got a chance to get rested.

Swift Current had two or three general stores and a hotel, and a C.P.R. roundhouse for the end of the division and the Government experimental farm. The farming country was poor owing to an alkali bed. However, the stores did a thriving business. We principally did trading. We would trade all the hard tack and canned beef we could get our hands on, for various kinds of delicacies. We also scoured the country for milk, eggs and butter. I only remember of one cow, two hens and a rooster being there. The residents of this vicinity began to take advantage of the demand for delicacies and wanted exorbitant prices: for instance, 25 cents for a quart of milk. That one cow brought in more revenue than a whole herd of thoroughbreds.

When we went up for a quart of milk the lady who owned the cow would say she did not know if she could oblige us, but she would see, and no matter how often we went she would be able to supply us with something with a likeness to milk. Several times I secured the quantity, but there was a great chance for a milk inspector to get a conviction, for the milk was over half water. I concluded that the poor cow must be fed on ice. The stores came near being looted, as they carried it too far. They actually wanted 25 cents for a small loaf of bread. But they were glad to be reasonable when we left. No troops but the Midland Battalion had been this far west on the C.P.R. Here the right half of the battalion got orders to proceed to the front on the line of battle, as very discouraging reports were coming in. This left four companies behind and a great deal of kicking was done by them.

The right half marched across to the South Saskatchewan River and took the steamboat down to Batoche. The boat being small, it could not take all of us. It was too bad to break up the Battalion but, we were assured that we would be right after them in a day or so.

The next place entrained for was Maple Creek, 100 miles further west, which proved to be a beautiful place. The Dixon Bros of this city had a general store, which was the only one. The Mounted Police have a large barracks here. We all had a very splendid time here for eight days when we moved back to Swift Current and then took the trails.

Next, orders were received to entrain to follow our right half who were in advance now about ten days. We walked across to the South Saskatchewan, about twenty-five miles. It was a fine large river from one mile to three miles wide, with a current seven miles an hour. It was full of sand bars and islands. Through the ages the river wore the bed away until it was twelve hundred feet below the prairie.

While here we constructed a dozen barges which are large, flat boats with a large oar at each end to guide it by. These barges were an important factor in transportation, but proved to be a bad thing for us, for we had a great deal of hardship on this trip through them.

Other regiments all travelled by steamboats, but it was up to us to get there on water either to swim, walk or float, so we decided to float. There were twelve of these barges built which would carry from ten to twenty-five tons a piece.

We put up our tents and began to realize that we would soon be on "easy street or water," as the saying is. We kept wondering when we would get orders to set sail and enjoy a trip down that magnificent river. We had gone so far as to have all plans arranged as to who was to be captain, pilot, oarsmen, etc. We thought that the boats were built to carry us alone down to Batoche.

But our anticipation received a shock when one morning teams and wagons began to arrive by the dozen, all loaded heavily with supplies, such as hay, oats, flour, pork, hard-tack, canned meats and a great number of boxes. In fact all the supplies sent out by the different cities, towns and villages of Ontario who had sent their quota to the front. Toronto sent three car loads to their two regiments, and all other regiments fared equally as well. One well-known lady (now deceased) of this city sent a suit of underwear for every local man. These supplies included everything that was good, and was of the best that could be procured to make the boys comfortable. We learned to our sorrow that all this had to go on the barges, and we were elected to put it on.

We also were deprived of the men who knew the river and who were engaged to pilot us. As some difficulty arose as to remuneration, it proved a difficult job for us.

We were divided off, about eighteen men to a barge, under the command of Col. Deacon, of Lindsay, who had about two hundred under him. We were quite reconciled and willing to show that we could man a barge or boat just as well as did the men of who Col. Wolseley on the Red River expedition in 1870 had said were the best material that were produced for all-around conditions.

The orders were issued that all barges were to keep together, and all were to go down the river with a current seven miles an hour. We were supposed to wait for each other. The first barge only went a short distance when it ran aground. Inside of two hours every barge was stuck for a short or long term. Tom Billings, our pilot, said he knew all about channels of rivers, only he wanted a chance to demonstrate. So Tom made good only to keep away from where any other barge was stuck. Finally he ran us into a bay where we had to get out into the water and pull the barge with twenty tons of merchandise back half a mile to get to the channel. Unnecessary to say Tom lost his position and his fame as a navigator for the remainder of the trip. Someone else would take charge until he ran foul and so on down the line.

I can safely say that as far as we were concerned, we saw none of the other barges after the first day and did not know whether they were ahead or behind. We were all lost to each other. It was well that the Indians were at their reserves, as they could have easily picked us off from the banks of the river.

When night would overtake us we usually tied up to the bank but on one occasion we ran aground on a sand bar, and could not get off. So we had to stay for the night on the boat.

That night no man slept. The cause of it was that we heard breaking of limbs and falling of trees, splashing of water and in fact thought we heard whispering. Some had to be restrained from firing at what their imagination led them to believe was the enemy stealing toward them. Every man felt that his scalp was getting loose as the hair was in a standing position many times during the long weary hours of night. The work on shore still went on until day break, when all was silence and scarcely any hiding, for an enemy was in sight. We became suspicious that perhaps it was a myth. Some of the men determined to find what was going on and swam over only to find that beavers had been busy making dams during the night.

When they arrived back and reported what they had discovered all felt like staying another night so as to get even with them.

A bad feature in loading these barges was that no provision was made should we get separated, so only by chance did we have a variety of eatables. We had tons of pork, a few bags of flour, hay and oats, several tons of supplies belong to the Royal Grenadiers of Toronto. Lots of hard tack, but no tea or sugar which would have been counted a luxury. This hardtack proposition we were sick of, so some one had an idea and secured some baking powder. which we could get no one to explain why they sent it out, and mixed it into some flour and heat it up, then fried some pork and dropped the batter into the pan. When we first tried it the pan was not large enough, but we soon got on to it.

As soon as Lieut. Brennan tasted these pancakes we could not cook them fast enough for him. It was lucky for the Government that all the men had not the appetite that he had. We finally cut him out and started in to look out for our own end of the game. But owing to having no vegetables and bad water, scurvy was beginning to make itself known. It was due to eating so much salt pork without a change.

Our greatest difficulty was to keep in the channel, on account of so many sand bars or shifting islands. We had very often to get out into the cold water and pull and shove and often unload part of our cargo on to the nearest dry spot before we could get it off.

The longer we were fast the deeper it would go. So we had to keep moving or we would sink in the quick sand. The men had to get out so often, and only having one pair of pants, it proved better judgement to go in without them and keep them dry for when they came out as the water was cold and very murky; it was anything but an easy task for, as soon as the barge got loose the current being strong, it was hard to hold until we loaded up again. This produced a lot of grumbling and dissatisfaction, often wishing we had never taken the shilling. It is a well-known fact that soldiers generally are "grumblers and does it," as the old saying is. I was one of the first that rebelled against taking those cold baths, and refused to go in any more. I did not have to wait long until I had company. Lieutenant Brennan was alert to the situation and at once summoned us up into a corner of the boat and at once read the riot act on the militia act, stating how we by our action were liable to be tried by court martial, and no doubt would be shot for a criminal offence.

However, it had the desired effect, and out we had to get amid the jeers and laughter of the rest. The river got better as we went lower down besides, we were getting experts at choosing the channel and were beginning to make quite a distance each day. When night would come we would pull in to shore, keep very quiet, make a fire and cook pancakes and pork, go to sleep on the barge, and would be as fresh in the morning as ever.

There were no fish in this river on account of the water being so murky.

We very often came across wild geese on those sand islands where they make their nests and hatch their eggs. We were in hopes of getting the eggs to cook, but we were too late to be able to make use of them.

I was surprised to see the geese, how slow they were to raise themselves off the ground. They would fly fully a quarter of a mile before they would be fifty feet off the ground in height.

We got stormbound once, and had to lay to for a day, when three of us took advantage of the opportunity to spy the land. We took our rifles along with us to be ready for any emergency. We were about a mile from camp when we noticed several ducks down on a pond. We were very anxious to get a shot so we crawled along a buffalo path. (These buffalo paths were fully 18 inches deep and were nearly all leading towards the water.) Soon we were within a short distance of them.

Each one picked his duck and counted one, two, three and fired. There was a flutter, a short fly around. We all believed we had wounded our game for they made no effort to fly even when we rushed down close to them. We loaded up again and fired. This time the ducks disappeared for a few minutes and would be up again. We soon got tired of shooting at them, and we were bound to get those ducks, no matter how. They were to be taken dead or alive.

So we could see nothing else for it but undress and take the water for them. We were sure they would either have to drown or take the land for it. In the latter case we would have an easy prey and would only have to drive them into camp. The battle began fast and furious, for when we would them in close quarters they would dive, and we actually could actually see them hanging on to the grass by their beaks at the bottom.

Those ponds were numerous and very shallow, not any more than from one to four feet deep.

After keeping this up for about an hour Silas Parks came to our rescue by telling us to withdraw, as we were only wasting our time, ammunition and energy, as those ducks were known as hell divers, that a bullet would glance off them and it was impossible to shoot them.

We had to acknowledge defeat and admit that whoever called them that name had some experience similar to ours. We arrived at the camp very tired after our experience.

Next day we were on board our barge again, tugging at the oars to guide it from running aground or ashore. When we espied another duck just ahead of us and eager to get even I picked up my rifle, slipped a cartridge into it, took a rest on the side of the boat and fired.

That was was the last shot made to my knowledge, in the Northwest uprising. The duck was mine. It gave a little flutter and began to float.

Lieutenant Brennan started in to reprimand me when his attention was drawn to the fact that I had shot the duck. He felt pleased to have such a marksman on board and rather complimented me instead.

An accident very nearly happened over this incident. Corporal Hendron being anxious to display his swimming abilities, undressed, sprang into the water and swam to get the duck, but as we passed it a considerable distance, he had quite a struggle. The swift current was against him and he had to make for land, because of his exhausted condition. All hands could see that he was in difficulty and would need aid at once. Several were stripped and ready to go to his assistance, when Lieut. Brennan forbade any man to do so, as he would under take the dangerous task if it were necessary. We hurriedly pulled our barge ashore and ran up the river to the rescue. By this time Hendron had managed to get ashore, more dead than alive. He had taken cramps and was carried on board where he received a thorough rubbing down and in a day or two was all right again.

Now, as we were several days together on water with all kinds of experiences, we became more familiar with each other, acting much in the same manner as would a family. Everybody was sober quite a while by this time, as no liquors were allowed to sold outside the Province of Manitoba in those days. It afforded an opportunity for each one to study each other in a true light and wonderfully well it was done.

The man whom you would regard as despotic, selfish, etc. at first, proved to be the opposite, and vice versa, in many cases. Soldier life is a great field to study human nature.

We arrived at Clark's Crossing, where is situate the first house to be met with on our trip down this river. Here we purchased milk, bread and butter, paying 25 cents a quart for milk, and the same for a small loaf of bread. We also secured some fine cattle, which were killed, making the first fresh meat that we had issued to us during the trip.

We learned that our barges had passed down the river a couple of days ahead of us. So we lost no time but were soon on our way once more, rejoicing. The rest of the journey was pretty fair sailing as the river narrowed, consequently deeper water. We were about two days making Saskatoon from this point. We had no idea of such a place whatever being on this river. but noticed an object which seemed to be a man moving stealthily among scrubby bushes on shore. This caused every man to crane his neck to ascertain if there were any of the enemy lurking around. When Lieut. Brennan whispered to Ptes. Wm. Reynolds, Browne and myself to each slip a cartridge in our rifles and drop down in a position to be ready should there be any signs of fight. But there was no reason to be alarmed, for before he had gone a mile or so, we saw that we were approaching a village of tents which of course we thought must be Batoche, the place which we looked upon as being the terminus of our voyage.

But when we pulled in we were received and given a warm reception by all soldiers. We were also surprised to learn that Batoche was forty miles further down the river, and that the fight had been fought two days before and that the wounded of the enemy – who were taken prisoners – along with our wounded were in these tents to the number of about ten in all. One wounded man to each tent. We also learned that we were the last of the twelve barges that left together, to get down the river, but it was very satisfactory to learn that we were the only crew that carried their load to its destination. Distance covered, 350 miles; time elapsed, 11 days. The others discarded tons of their cargo, some even running down with half their load.

We went no further down the river for the 49th Rifles and 57th got orders to cross the river with our barges, and all the transport that had previously arrived was over there waiting for our arrival which we had to carry up a steep bank and load on to fully one hundred and fifty teams who carried it across a point of land which lay between the two rivers. The distance was short not more than fifteen miles, to Telegraph Cooley on the North Saskatchewan river, which is a much larger body of water than the south. We stacked the supplies and waited for ten or

twelve days for a steamboat to take us up the river to Battleford, where the Queen's Own Rifles, the 10th Royal Grenadiers and the six companies of the Midland Battalion had been dispatched after the Battle of Batoche. Every day, we were expecting the arrival of our boat for to convey us, and the supplies forwarded. But we were disappointed for we had to wait ten days here and amused ourselves as best we could on a million acre farm. We had noticed a brand new keg, labelled Hospital Stores and many anxious eyes were cast at it with remarks which would appeal to the ordinary individual such as – "Is it wine, brandy or squirrel whiskey," but how to get it was the problem to solve. There was caucus after caucus and groups of three and four would be seen talking in an undertone and it was easy to surmise that the keg was the cause of it all. It must be remembered that always a strong guard was mounted to protect all supplies and patrolled on beat night and day, as all the supplies sent out by the friends of the men at home were under our care, and to be delivered in proper order. The guard carried ball ammunition. They knew what their duty was and would not fail to do it. So one very dark night a couple of men of the 49th ran the risk successfully. They went down a steep bank to the river then one crawled up very cautiously while the guard was up at the other end of the beat. He felt for his prize, seized it and let it roll down the bank into the river while he laid quiet. His chum made good down below, floating with it for some distance to safety. The guard heard the noise and raised an alarm, and called "guards turn out" but as there was no sound of anything about, everything quieted down. Next morning they came into our tent and told us of their experience and success. So we arranged to go with them. They led us down to where they had hid it, but no keg was to be found and, maybe, there was not a big row. A few of us never let up until we located it and when found, never left it out of our sight until we had it fully a mile from the camp, each one carrying it turn about.

The names of those who distinguished themselves on this memorable occasion and were known afterwards as the forlorn hope, were Edward Daly, Michael Seery, Wm Brown and the writer. The keg and ourselves being considered at a safe distance, the charge was made, drove in the centre, hung, as as we had a canteen or tin along, began to pour out the nectar. Sampling it, it was pronounced good enough for us.

We at once hid it, and took up a position on an elevation where we could watch the advance of the enemy, as we expected that they would be on our trail without delay, as the men at the camp would be quick to suspect what was up when we were absent.

However, we pledged each other that we would only wet our lips a couple of times, which would mean have it last us a long time; in fact we looked ahead for it to last the remainder of the trip. By the way, I had a flute which I brought along so we could have some music, but the boys insisted on me that it would sound much better if it were wet often, and as I was appointed grog boss I had the privilege, so I wet several times and produced inspiring music for all. Now, anything else that happened only appears as a dream to me. I dimly remember seeing Daly and Seery engaged in a tug of war with each other's shirts, Brown laughing, applauding and urging on the contest. While I rolled down the hill to the bottom, a distance of fifty feet, where I remained in an unconscious state until the enemy had located us and awakened me. When I realized what was up I could see Tom Billings running for all he was worth down a ravine.

I appeared to the only one left of the party so I took up the chase, which led in the direction of the camp, and I arrived there at nightfall.

The rumor was rampant that we were to be courtmartialed next morning. But we heard nothing further of it.

A day or two later, we decided to take another chance, so Thomas Graham, Edward Daly, Wm. Reynolds, Wm. Brown and myself agreed to go over to a farmer's house, about three miles distant, taking some canned meat and hard tack to trade if he had any of those qualities.

As we approached, we noticed that the farmer and hired man (who were working near his house) were watching us closely, and when, they realized we were in uniform we were received most cordially. Both quit work immediately and brought us to the house.

We were assured everything was ours. He told us he had sent his wife home for fear of the Indians. He lost no time in telling us all about her good qualities, how he got her, that she was a school marm and he loved her very dearly, even going so far in his devotions as to bring from a small room her apparel. The shoes she wore were the cause of remark: "How small her feet must be." Some one of the party made bold enough to remark that it was really too bad she was not home, as we would have been delighted to have made her acquaintance.

We all made ourselves at home on the invitation extended us. I told the farmer that I could cook. The others volunteered to put in a few days in helping him. He appeared to be pleased, we gave up our canned meat, etc., to him.

I took on the responsibility of the household, and got busy with a churning that was ready, which netted about 10 pounds of butter, which we didn't do a thing with. The others made no effort to go to work that day, the farmer staying in with his guests.

On invitation we stayed all night. although the farmer would have been just as well pleased if we had not accepted. As he drew our attention to the circumstances he was in, scarce of room, and not much provisions on hand, and no place within two hundred miles to get more. That we would have to put up with what we could get for one night.

That night was spent with Daly at the organ and Browne singing "I am waiting my darling for thee." Slept well on couches, beds and shake down. Morning came, I got breakfast ready and became familiar with the provisions which proved to be in more abundance than we were led to believe. The farmer led the way to work, but alas, he was alone. The others failing to live up to contract, and would not leave me or the organ alone: dinner time arrived and they had the nerve to go out and to call him and his man to dinner. While at dinner it was apparent to all that the farmer had undergone a change in his manner, scarcely speaking.

II

We assured him that we would be good to him if he were to come over to our camp, by giving him a quantity of oats and hay. He was aware that we had immense quantities of it over there. So it was not hard by making promises to get him to let us stay another night and get him in fairly good humor. We stayed until we practically ate all that was better than we had, drank all the milk, and in general ran the whole place. The next day the fellows put the climax on our visit. They took the collie dog and tied a large tin to its bushy tail and let

it go. Unnecessary to say, that dog started over the prairie, passing the farmer in the field. We could just see a small speck this side of the Arctic circle somewhat. The farmer started for the house, and we started for the camp amid a shower of oaths. We arrived at the camp and were at once arrested as deserters and put in a guard tent. Next day were summoned once more to appear before the Colonel, who reminded us of how serious a charge it was to go outside the lines, and was the same as desertion: but Col. Deacon was in the best of humor and discharged us with a warning.

A little pilfering was done besides the taking of the key from that pile of goods before mentioned. I remember one dark night my sleeping partner rushed into the tent, tumbled over everybody, lifted the curtain at my head and threw something out which rolled down the bank. The guard saw him and gave the alarm, calling "Guard turn out." The Col. was out in an instant, calling, "Bugler, bugler why don't you blow the fall in? Blow the fall in at once." The bugler could not find his bugle, and the few who mustered at the call disgusted the Colonel. However, he made all hands get out and ordered a diligent search to be made with the usual result that they could find nothing. He was very angry, and Capt. Burke always had to take his medicine for all that went wrong.

The Colonel and Captain Burke would fight on sight, having had several arguments which generally ended in Capt. Burke's submission.

On one occasion, while on the barge going down the river, it was stated that while in a state of excitement in an argument over the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava, the Colonel grabbed the Captain's plate, knife and fork and deliberately threw them overboard. It was while in such a state that he called Captain Burke and his men, Ali Baba and his 40 thieves.

The North Saskatchewan is a larger river than the south branch and takes its rise away in the Rocky Mountains. We saw it rise nine feet in a very short time.

We stayed at this place a couple of weeks before the boat hove in sight to carry us west to Battleford. She had been engaged bringing up troops to Fort Pitt. The boat was a large flat bottomed stern-wheeler with boilers in the bow, engines in the stern. We were soon busy loading up our transport or what was left for we had sent over half of it overland to Battleford, by farmers' teams to supply the regiments there. This left us with just what belonged to the six companies of the Midland regiment who were at Fort Pitt, a place 100 miles west of Battleford.

Arriving at the latter place we disembarked for a few hours, received orders to proceed on our journey to Fort Pitt, all the regiments having concentrated there. H Battery, General Middleton and staff also.

When we hove insight the troops were all on the bank of the river to greet us. But when withing speaking distance to our surprise, some one yelled out – "Here is Colonel and his forty thieves." It was really too bad that such a remark had been made, as those troops had already had their feelings aroused against us which the foregoing will go to give the reason for such.

It appears that when these regiments got their supplies that many of their boxes had been tampered with.

Their men all knew long before what had been sent them as they had received their mail from home and instead of what they expected found stones, sods and clay in them; some had only half what was sent. It was one of the meanest transactions that we had to contend with. Of course these men thought we were the guilty parties and this remark, coming from men of our own party, did not make matters any better. However, an investigation was held with the result that we were exonerated of all blame, for it was proven that the farmers who portaged those goods along the route actually at night buried them in spots so that on their return trip home they could recover it.

This gave rise to many heated arguments and was very poor encouragement for us who labored hard, handling and guarding and practically losing nothing while under our charge. Then to get served with abuse for our pains.

Fort Pitt was a Hudson Bay post. It was here that several mounted policemen were shot by "Big Bear's" braves. They were of the Blackfeet tribe. It appears that a posse of police were away on duty, but on returning came innocently upon Indians lying in ambush, who opened fire on them, killing several whose remains the Indians mutilated horribly. We saw their newly made graves with a rough board cross erected to their memory.

This is as far as the Toronto regiments went. The Midland Regiment once again were formed together, with Col. Williams at its head. The regiment presented a great change in appearance from what they looked two months previous. One would scarcely recognize each other. We had caps made from the bags which held the oats. Our boots were in bad shape. The hair on our faces were sunburnt and our hair cutting parlors were lacking of tonsorial artists. We were a hard looking lot, roughing it.

We soon got orders to embark for Frog Lake, forty miles farther on, and inland about 60 miles. We arrived to find what was a missionary settlement, consisting of a church, a couple of stores, and several houses, were now in ruins having been burned by the Indians who murdered some of the inhabitants, leaving desolation in their wake. The Indians, after their depredations had been accomplished, withdrew, taking the war path for it going east.

We stayed here a week, and amused ourselves fishing in a very unique way. Some genius arranged a plan to catch the finny tribe by building a dam across a small creek running out of one lake into another. He left a space of four or five feet in the centre, where were laid a number of small poles horizontally, so as the water would strain through them, then laid boughs of trees and stones, all around the four sides except the space where the water ran on the slide. It worked like a charm for to our surprise in the morning, this would be found loaded down with splendid fish called pike and pickerel, more than we could use from day to day for the time that we were here.

Now, this was the turning back part of our journey, as orders were issued to prepare to go back as Big Bear had been captured by the Mounted Police, a few miles north of Battleford, and the war or uprising was over.

We made no delay to get out of this part, as it was full of muskegs or marshes, also well wooded with small timber. The flies and mosquitoes were very troublesome, and seemed not to hesitate to take holy. They would simply go at one like a bee, whether it was because they were used to doing so on the Indians, and took us for the same.

We were soon back to Fort Pitt, and went into camp for a few days. The sun was getting pretty hot and we took shelter during the hottest part of the day. But frequently quite a few were not feeling well, owing to its influence. Here also our gallant Colonel Williams took sick, and was taken on board the boat. Everything was done for him that the surgeons of the regiment could do, but he died only being sick

a few days. Sunstroke was the primary cause along with anxiety. All our enjoyment after this sad, sudden event was at an end, for, I might say, the rest of the journey.

It was surprising to see how all went about in a serious, thoughtful manner, as if looking for something. The men felt the loss of their leader very keenly. He was a man we all felt proud of being a soldier, every inch of him, Canada producing few his equal. That is a tribute that all the men he came in contact with while in the field on this occasion, pay to him.

This sad occurrence changed matters considerably. Next, orders were issued to embark for Battleford.

Here the Midland, Queen's Own, 10th Royal Grenadiers, A and B Batteries, and the Mounted Police, all formed up in funeral order and marched from the boat to the police barracks with the remains of our leader on a gun carriage. The Queen's Own Bugle Band played the "Dead March in Saul." It was very impressive. Orders were issued for the regiment to prepare to leave for home on the shortest notice.

Col. Williams' body was sent overland by trail to the nearest C.P.R. station.

We were soon on board a flat bottomed boat and rushed with all possible speed, going a different route altogether to what we had traversed before, taking an all-water route to Selkirk. It proved to be the best for us as we had no guard to mount, no work to do, but take in the beautiful scenery about us. It is quite a distance from Battleford to Prince Albert.

Here we got off to get a glance at the ferocious monster, Big Bear. But we were much disappointed in him as he sat on a box inside a log hut. He was no taller than five feet six inches, very slight and about fifty years of age. He did not like to see us looking at him and turned his head to one side.

Just below here the North and South Saskatchewan join and make one of the largest rivers on the continent. Sometimes we would encounter sand bars on the worst part; but we had pilots on board who taught us something that would have stood to us on those barges. Those pilots would stand on each side of the boat at the bow and call the depth of the water so that the man at the wheel could hear them. Those men were half breeds, and seemed to talk backwards. For instance, they would call out, "six foot water, three foot water," which was sufficient for the vessel to float on, but when he called out "one feet" the boys would laugh. Then again we would hear "bottom water no." These soundings were taken with a long pole which they shoved into the water.

Prince Albert was barely on the map those days, but today it has its railway and is a most progressive place.

By the way, I have learned that one of our company, a Peterborough man had the honor of being its Mayor. I refer to William Cook, a son of John Cook, who for years was employed by the Dickson lumber company of this city.

We made several stops on our way down to Selkirk, but they were of short duration, and all of Hudson Bay posts. At the one at the head of lake Winnipegosis, we tried our hand at fishing, securing some large hooks here on which we tied red flannel throwing into the lake from shore, in which manner we were successful in landing some very nice fish. Some may say that that is a fish story, but however, I will vouch for the truth of it. At this stop on our journey we were transferred to a better boat, as the one we had come so far on was not safe on a large lake. This boat could not carry us all, but towed a large barge in its wake down to Selkirk. It took us quite a number of days to reach there. We were received by the best citizens of that place, also quite a number came over from Winnipeg, by special trains, the distance being sixteen miles.

Long rows of tables were made for the occasion in a nice shady park. Every table had its waiters and it certainly kept them busy for an hour at least. Kegs of lager ornamented the tables every few yards, and as everyone seemed to be working freely they were soon empty.

The result was we had to have many special policemen appointed to round up the town and bring the men back to the boat as all of the soldiers were in a more or less demoralized state, this being the first opportunity that afforded itself in four months to get all we could to eat and drink, and as the saying is, we didn't do a thing with, especially the kegs.

Trains were soon got ready and we were on our way to Port Arthur, here to take the steamboat down to Owen Sound. This trip was fully enjoyed by us, the tables being supplied with the very best.

When we came to the American Soo, we were told to stay down in the hold of the ship where we were told to remain out of sight until we were locked through, as the authorities could not pass men with rifles who were not citizens, through their country. So we passed through without delay.

We arrived at Owen Sound on Sunday morning in time for breakfast at the different hotels. The Grand Trunk had two trams with two engines on each train, to carry us to Toronto. The first train proceeded but a short distance when one of the engines blew out a cylinder head, which delayed us a couple of hours, but those trains lost no time once they got started.

Every city, town or hamlet was gathered at the stations along the route, and in many instances it was amusing to see the people running across the fields with the country band following up in the rear, only to see us fly past when they would recognize that they were late and we would not wait. Then they would start and cheer. We made no stops except for the locomotive to be supplied with water. It was too bad to disappoint the citizens as they had made preparations for us expecting us to stop. But we just flew past, arriving in Toronto at three o'clock p.m.

It was here we recognized what it meant to be soldiers who tried to do their duty. Toronto is without doubt the most patriotic, enthusiastic, sympathetic and generous city that we have in Canada and she proved herself such on our arrival.

They expected us much earlier in the day. It was a beautiful day. All the city appeared to be out in their best. The mass of people that gathered to give us a reception would be hard to estimate. Many came in from the surrounding towns and cities the day before so as to be on hand to swell the numbers. Every window, verandah, house top, shed, car and lumber pile had its capacity. The streets were roped at all crossings along the entire route. We marched from the union station to the Albion hotel on George street, a distance of a mile or so, led by the bands of the city. Toronto has had many large crowds of people, but never had one with more enthusiasm and where it was shown with such expression the cause was apparent.

We were the first home direct from active service, clothed in the uniforms that were issued to us on the start, with the exception of the caps which we discarded. We made ourselves the caps from bags which contained the oats, and they looked so neat that even the officers wore them – and they became regulation. Many had purchased themselves boots. We also had a belt made which hung across the breast for putting our ammunition in, which was capable of carrying thirty rounds. We were a husky lot, all sunburnt, with our faded

red coats. We received expressions of sympathy from many on account of losing our Colonel, whom the whole of Toronto respected.

It was difficult for us to ward off even the ladies who persisted in gathering amongst and around us, pulling the buttons off our tunics, or anything in the shape of what would do as a souvenir. They would exchange their jewellery for any simple relic.

We were marched to the Albion hotel for dinner, then entrained for Port Hope, arriving that night. We immediately fell in and marched to the park which is on a hill. Many of us did not put up a tent that night, but lay down on the grass, without any covering, and were soon fast asleep. It rained some during the night but, strange to say, we did not know of it until morning. Our clothes were quite wet but they soon dried on us. We were reinforced by the arrival of several regiments or battalions from the surrounding counties for the funeral of our leader. It was quite a contrast between the bright new uniforms of the incoming regiments and our own, and just as much in the appearance of the regiments. They looked quite pale and delicate, while we looked the opposite.

The funeral march was tiresome, tedious and long, we being under arms for five hours or more, and was the largest that did honors and conveyed a citizen of that place, many shedding tears along the route. Each man of the Midland carried mourning tied on his arm, while the different bands played the funeral dirge. It was very impressive.

Many of the raw recruits succumbed to the trying ordeal, and fell out, the heat of the day being very oppressive, but not a man of the Midland showed any signs of fatigue. So much for roughing it and the experience gained during the past four months.

It was in Port Hope we performed our last duty as a regiment. Here we disbanded and took our different routes home.

It was a great pity that the regiment was not photographed, as each man would have been proud to take a look at one of the finest regiments that ever was formed in Canada.

We were soon on our way to Peterboro and arrived in due time. The old familiar town went fairly wild, being up to the mark in doing herself justice with regard to giving us a reception. We will always feel grateful to our city and her citizens for their kindness and welcome accorded to us.

The mayor gave us the freedom of the town; the citizens or council (I don't know which) gave each a ten-dollar gold piece as a souvenir, which most of us found hard to keep.

The pace was too hard to keep up; we soon quieted down.

Only four remained in the West – Privates Alfred Rogers, Tytler, Tanner and Cook, the Government giving each man who served west of Winnipeg a grant of land of 160 acres on condition that he remain or pay for the settlement duties to be done. This, along with the free grant given to any intending settlers, would make the amount 320 acres, and only four of our number accepted.

The rest of us applied for scrip. Its face value to the Government was eighty dollars. But we, not owing the Government, sold for what we could realize. About the highest price paid for such was $66, but many sold as low as $25.

We travelled further and saw more country and active service along with hardship, than any other regiment (and all in just four months), who left for the West on this occasion.

THE END

DEATH CLAIMS JOSEPH CROWE 77th BIRTHDAY

In Northwest Rebellion and City Ex-Alderman

On his seventy-seventh birthday, Joseph Crowe, former alderman of this city, in which he had been a resident for three-quarters of a century, died suddenly at his home, 376 Brock Street, on Sunday.

Born at Scott's House, Monaghan County, Ireland on April 3, 1861, son of Charles Crowe and his wife, Margaret Jane Hall, Mr Crowe came to Peterborough as a child with his parents in 1862, and had lived here continuously for seventy-five years. Eldest of the family of seven sons, he was the last survivor, one brother predeceasing him less than a year ago in the United States.

Joseph Crowe (1861-1938)

Mr and Mrs Charles Crowe and their children were one of the thirteen families originally comprising St Luke's parish in Ashburnham of which Rev Mark Burnham was the first rector. Joseph Crowe received his early education in the old school across the river under Miss Stratton and John Wood, who is still remembered by older citizens as the father of E.R. Wood of Toronto. As a youth, Mr Crowe served an apprenticeship as an iron moulder with the Peter Hamilton Company, later was engaged with the William Hamilton Company, with whom he was employed for forty-eight years.

On First City Council

Mr Crowe was always interested in the general affairs of the community, and that sense of the duty of citizenship induced him to offer his service as an alderman. He was elected to the City Council in 1905, when Peterborough was incorporated as a city, and was later re-elected in 1919, continuing as an alderman for nine consecutive years. He was a member of Peterborough Library Board. The Northwest Rebellion broke out when he was a young man, and in 1885 he enlisted in the Midland Battalion under Colonel Williams of Port Hope. His interest in music and in the militia was a phase of his life that made him a member of the 57th Regimental Band for more than thirty years, earning for him the Northwest and long service medals.

Another of his attachments was reflected in his life-long support of the cause of labor. As a member of the Moulders Union, he was appointed to the Peterborough Trades and Labor Council at its inception thirty-two years ago, and was always a sincere, constructive and moderate advocate of improved conditions of workingmen. He was a veteran member of Peterborough Lodge No. 111, Independent Order of Oddfellows, and an Anglican all his life, he was a member of All Saints' Church up to the time of his death, a sudden summons on Sunday morning.

Joseph Crowe is survived by his wife, who was Mary Olive Cottingham, and his daughters: Mrs Paul S. Epperson of Oconomonac, Wis., Mrs Arthur A. W. Clydesdale, and Mrs Arthur G. Metheral of Peterborough, Mrs Ronald McCondach of Chester, England, and one son, Howard W. Crowe, of Toronto.

The funeral will take place Tuesday afternoon at 2.30 o'clock from the family residence, 376 Brock Street, to the Little Lake Cemetery. The service will be conducted by Rev. Canon Paterson.

Peterborough Examiner, 4 April 1938

The 1899 *Morning Times* list of eligible bachelors – and what they were worth

The *Times* has made a sort of census of the Peterborough Anti-Benedict Association. The following list is a partial result of the canvas. The facts are vouched for, having been gleaned by personal knowledge of the subjects. Each and every one comes fittingly under the head of eligible bachelors. This is the first installment only, more will follow, until every eligible bachelor in Peterborough has exposed. There are some "catches" here.

Davidson, Dickson - 26 years old; $30,000. This young man is a druggist and would make an excellent husband. He effects a partiality for the Scotchman's game, curling, and his one fault arises out of that - he sometimes stays out late at night. Matrimony would doubtless remedy this.

Dawson, Edward - 36 years old; $5,000. A very steady young man is Mr. Dawson, who follows telegraphy as a profession. It has been a matter of some conjecture why he has never been married, as he holds the "key" to the situation. Mr. Dawson is an accomplished musician and singer, and music is very essential to happiness.

Butcher, J.W. - 37 years of age; $18,000. Here is a "plum". Mr. Butcher is a successful merchant, and possesses many admirable qualities of heart and mind. He would make a splendid "Hubby", and has the highest recommendation of this Journal.

Clatworthy, James - 58 years of age; $30,000; gentleman. Mr. Clatworthy is a confirmed bachelor, and has no doubt grown fixed in his likes, dislikes and habits. It is doubtful if he will ever give ear to the sweet temptings of the gentler sex. However, he would make a good husband, and deserves a place on this list.

Stratton, W.A. - 36 years of age; $25,000. Mr. Stratton is a successful lawyer, and enjoys a large practice. He does considerable conveyancing. He is good-looking, courteous and popular with both sexes. He is considered a good "catch."

Bennett, J.W. - 34 years of age; $10,000. Mr. Bennett is a substantial all-around good fellow, and is deserving of a better lot than single blessedness. He is a barrister of no mean ability. He is secretary of St. Paul's Church. He's a bargain.

Lundy, John James - 56 years of age; $500,000. Mr. Lundy is a "home" man in the strictest sense of the term. For a number of years he was mayor of Peterborough. He is genial, kind and good natured, and is very good looking. One of the most desirable catches to be made.

Allen, Harry M. - 43 years old; if a day; $20,000. A genial and well liked gentleman is Mr. Allen. By profession he is a traveler and no Knight of the Grip is more popular than he. He is rather Bohemian in his ways, but a strong-minded would soon bring him to time. The "boys" would all like to see him get married, but are afraid that when he does take that step, he will do it on the sly, and give them no chance to demonstrate their approval.

Morrow, W.G. - 30 years of age; $50,000. Mr. Morrow is an exemplary young man, possessing sterling qualities. He is secretary of the Board of Education and as well holds several responsible positions. He is an acknowledged financier and business man. The young lady of his choice will indeed be a most fortunate individual. It is sincerely to be desired that to a Peterborough young lady will fall this good fortune.

Brown, Charles N. - 33 years old; $10,000. Here is an all-around good fellow. Mr. Brown is in the flour and feed business on Simcoe St. The "boys" don't consider any of their gatherings complete without the presence of this gentleman. Mr. Brown is a good comedian, an excellent elocutionist and an author of no mean merit. He is also the composer of that touching and beautiful lyrical inspiration, "Climb up that Hill, Children", which was sung by the Peterborough minstrels, and which, when it first came out, created quite a furor in musical circles. Charley would make a model husband.

Wasson, Ernest - 26 years of age; (wears his moustache a la Bologne) $2000. This is a nice, good natured, obliging young man who would make a kindly husband. Mr. Wasson is supervisor of watch springs in the jewellery establishment of W.A. Sanderson, George St. He is a great favourite with the ladies and enjoys both their respect and confidence to a considerable extent. He is a connoisseur in engagement rings, and the girl of his choice will doubtless be the recipient of a handsome emblematical symbol of the betrothal, which, if it hasn't already taken place, is likely to before many moons.

Burnham, J. Hampden - 37 years of age; $25,000. Mr. Burnham is one of the rising young men of Peterborough, destined to shine in prominent diplomatic ranks. He is a gifted barrister, and has won the laurels of B.A, L.L.B. He is an author of considerable merit. It is the duty of such men as Mr. Burnham to marry. Handsome, intelligent and brainy men were never created to eke enjoyment out of single blessedness. Mr. Burnham is the secretary and principal factor in the Children's Aid Society. He possesses an admiral fondness for children, and in all sincerity, he would, without a doubt, make a kindly and responsible parent.

Rogers, George - 44 years of age; $20,000. A confirmed bachelor is this gentleman. He is a barrister of considerable reputation and a thorough man of business. There is not the shadow of a doubt that Mr. Rogers would make an excellent husband. His temperance principles are sound. Any man who can stay out a camping trip without confidential intercourse with the wicker bottle, even when persuaded by his companions, can never be accused of lack of spinal vertebrae. If Mr. Rogers is as sound on all other questions, and the assumption is in that direction, he is a rare character, and would make a good husband.

Lech, William Jr- 35 years of age; if an hour; $10,000. This well known furrier is unmarried. He is a good business man, has excellent habits, and is the making of a good husband.

This article will be continued from day to day until every unmarried man in Peterborough and surrounding villages will have had his innings, after which we will consider the advisability of publishing a list of old as well as young maids.

The Morning Times,
Friday 29 December, 1899

Hamilton's Store Sells Out Bank Purchases Old Building

Phil Calder, *Examiner* Staff Writer
Peterborough Examiner, 9 September 1953

One of Peterborough's oldest retail businesses, the Hamilton grocery store on Simcoe St. facing the city parking lot, is selling out its stock of merchandise. Although sales of the property has not been completed, negotiations started with a prospective buyer several months ago. Legal steps necessary for transfer of the property were taken and it is expected that the site will be taken over by the local branch of a chartered bank within the next few weeks. It is hoped to have the stock sold by September 20 so that the premises can be vacated before the end of the month. Alterations planned by the new owner will probably be started then.

To learn of the sale of Hamilton's grocery store is something like reading the obituary notice of an apparently robust Victorian gentleman who had persisted in wearing chin whiskers long after the invention of the electric shaver.

And just like the old gentleman whom everyone could depend on to remain true to the elegance and values of an age of propriety, the passing of the store will create a void which can never be filled.

FACED MARKET

For about a century, Peterborough's oldest grocery store stood on Simcoe St. facing the market. Finally, when the market stalls with their piles of butter and eggs and fowl gave way to monotonous lines of parking meters, Hamilton's seemed to rebuke the hustling traffic like a stately dowager's reproof of her granddaughter's favorite dance band.

Probably the chief impression of Hamilton's is that anyone who buys groceries there is a customer and not a consumer. Instead of looking both ways to make sure you don't get bowled over by a wheeled shopping basket before you reach for a tin of baby food, you can sit down on a stool before the long walnut counters and have your pick of a baffling variety of rare and exotic delicacies, as well as such mundane articles as flower pots, oil lamp chimneys and butter crocks.

MUSHROOM KETCHUP

There are mushroom ketchup and garlic powder, truffles and tarragon vinegar from France, tea from Japan, China, India and Ceylon, lime and ginger marmalade and half a dozen brands of biscuits from Scotland, black currant syrup from Australia, ginger wine from Ireland, calf's foot and bramble jelly from England and olive oil from Italy. But it's the pungent aroma of spices that strikes you after the exhaust fumes in the street. Allspice, nutmeg, cloves, black and white pepper, cassia buds, mustard, cinnamon and whole mixed spices of green bay leaves and bright red chili fill the air with a rich fragrance.

Add to this the rich aroma of freshly-ground coffee and you have an idea of the distinctive atmosphere that pervades Hamilton's store. But you would have to multiply them all by nearly a hundred years before you would obtain the essential quality of abundant good living that recalls an age that is past.

Erected in 1858, the building dates back to the days when farmers used to bring tubs of butter and slabs of maple sugar to Peterborough and trade them for groceries.

CROWN GRANT

The store is situated in what was originally a half acre of land granted under a Crown patent to Richard Birdsall on April 23, 1826. Two years later Birdsall sold the land to John Brown, of Port Hope, who opened a store at Simcoe and Water Sts. Which was subsequently occupied by Nicholls and Hall.

According to Dr Thomas W. Poole in the sketch of the early days of Peterborough which he wrote in 1857, this site was occupied by Robert Patterson in a boot and shoe store at the time he was writing.

In the meantime, Brown had sold the entire block of land, known as Lot No. 2 [n Simcoe e George] on an old town plan, to Robert Nicholls for 300 pounds on July 29, 1833.

Robert Nicholls, whose name is perpetuated in many local institutions to which he [and his wife, Charlotte] generously subscribed, later turned over his extensive properties to Charles H. Morgan, of Cobourg in trust for the Bank of Montreal in return for his appointment as manager of the bank's local agency. This was on July 20, 1844, the date which marks the beginning of business by any chartered bank in Peterborough, although Dr Poole says the year was 1843 and adds that it was the only bank in Peterborough until 1852.

LASTED TWO YEARS

"The business during the first few years was very meagre – the principal ledger being a book of diminutive proportions," he says. Accordingly, Mr Nicholls gave up the agency and in 1846, in partnership with James Hall, opened the Colborne District Savings Bank, "which appears to have been more advantageous to the public than to its proprietors and managers, and it was finally closed in 1848, according to Dr. Poole.

Ten years later, in 1856, Nicholls and Hall erected the present building and established a dry goods and grocery business with a separate store for each of the two lines of goods. The dry goods department was located in the eastern section of the building where the Elim Tabernacle now stands. The same year, on September 18, Mr Nicholls obtained a quit claim from Mr Morgan, acting for the Bank of Montreal, on all the lands which he had handed over in trust in return for the local agency.

After earlier financial struggles, these were years of growing prosperity for Nicholls and Hall but in 1861,just three years after it was built, the store came within an ace of being destroyed by a fire which swept nearly the entire square bounded by Georgr, Simcoe, Water and Hunter Sts. A few shops on the north-west corner, the shops belonging to Nicholls and Hall, and one or two others on the block were all that escaped the flames, according to Dr Poole.

CANNING PLANT

Nicholls and Hall ran the business for 20 years until 1878 when the stock and good will were sold to Thomas W. Robinson who formed the Metropolitan Grocery and Provision Warehouse Company. Mr Robinson conducted the business until April 14, 1893, when he sold it to William H. Hamilton for $4,500, retaining the "benches, vats and machinery comprising the canning plant now in the warehouse connected with the said premises," in the words of the bill of sale.

In the meantime, however, the property was retained by Mr Nicholls until his death on November 7, 1883. In his will, he appointed his wife, Charlotte, sole executrix and devized his real estate, including the store, to her. Mrs Nicholls, who died May 6, 1890, devized this and other property to the trustees of her will,

Richard Hall and Charles McGill, with power to sell.

Two years later, in 1892, the store was sold for $12,000 to Mr Hamilton, who with his brothers Percy and Frank, operated it until his death on September 3, 1923. The three brothers were sons of William Hamilton, whose brother Peter, father of former mayor James Hamilton, owned the farm implement industry at the corner of George and King Sts.

Thefamily lived for many years in the house on the west side of Rubidge St., between Hunter and Brock Sts, which was originally the home of the same Robert Nicholls who had owned the store. The house was later enlarged and is now the Masonic Temple.

In his will, William Hamilton had devized his real estate to his mother, Mary Ellen Hamilton, who predeceased him, however, and so the property passed to his two brothers, Percy and Frank, and his sister Margaret, a Collegiate teacher who died in March of this year. A second sister, Edith, who died earlier, virtually instituted public health nursing in Peterborough.

LAST OF THE FAMILY

Percy Hamilton died on August 3, 1932, and Frank exactly seven years later to the day on August 3, 1939. The store was conveyed by the executors of Frank's estate to his sister Margaret, the last surviving member of the family.

When the last of the Hamilton brothers had gone from the scene it looked as though the store's unique tradition of high quality merchandise and service might come to an end. But Duncan F. Drummond offered to purchase the business on one condition – that Miss Amy Bowles would remain as manager.

When Amy Bowles left business college in the spring of 1911 she applied to William Hamilton for a job. She remained with the store ever since and how she seems as much a part of the institution as the tall ledger desk in the tiny office in a corner at the rear of the store where, by the light from the two pink- shaded globes, whe enter each day sales in the frayed record book.

Glancing down the long rows of shelves towards the front door, almost 100 feet away, Miss Bowles recalls the day when Mr Drummond died, a couple of years ago.

"He never would sell it,"she said the other day. "He wanted it kept the way it was. But now it seems I have no choice."

STILL BUSY

It's not for any lack of business that Hamilton's was being sold, she explained. But she knew she couldn't carry on much longer and young people didn't seem interested in working in the old-fashioned type of business that Hamilton's represented.

There were other people who worked week-ends, chiefly because they loved the store. There were Maude Fife and Ralph Beatty and there was George Bedford who taught school out at Cavan.

Miss Bowles' two chief assistants are Miss Lillian McGregor and Andy Pearson. One of the things that makes Mr Pearson particularly indispensable in Miss Bowles' eyes is the fact that he operates the machine that cracks the wheat for the customers' porridge, coarse or fine, however they wish.

THIRD FLOOR MACHINE

The machine is located in a lofty room on the third floor where one can see better than almost anywhere else in the store some of the features that link it with the past.

Along the east wall near the 20 foot ceiling is a long shaft containing a row of pulleys. Coming from the pulleys are the straps which are connected with straps which are connected with a variety of machines, most of which are no longer operated.

For instance, there's the coffee roasting machine with its two rotating drums which a clerk from the store had to watch continuously to make sure the coffee was roasted just right – not too much and not too little. This has not been used since 1935.

At the rear is another machine for cleaning raisins and currants in the days before they were cleaned and packaged. Alongside is a fanning mill for cleaning seed. The store used to buy its own alfalfa and clover seed from the farmers but now it handles nothing but No. 1 seed.

On the second floor, where most of the packaged goods are stored, is a machine for blending tea. It consists of a wooden box measuring about three feet each way with a revolving drum inside.

Today Hamilton's blends only English Breakfast tea but Miss Bowles remembers when all the tea was imported and blended right in the store. In fact, there was a time when the store did all its own importing. Today most of the imported commodities are handled through brokers in the larger cities.

The importing business was a complex one. For example, on a shipment of biscuits there were separate duties on the tins and boxes, as well as on sweetened and unsweetened biscuits. It was Miss Bowles' duty to go to the customs house whenever a shipment arrived and oversee the payment of duties.

IMPORTED IN BULK

Much of the importing was done in bulk and right up until the beginning of the Second World War, Hamilton's used to import large casks of fancy molasses from Barbados. The casks were placed in the basement and pumped up in the store by hand for each order. The only reminders of this now are three holes in the floor behind the counter where the pipes carrying the molasses entered the store.

In days gone by, Hamilton's not only imported goods for sale in the store but for other merchants as well. Records dated as far back as 1895 show that as many as 125 barrels of sugar at one time were bought from H.B. Eckert in Toronto and distributed to ten other merchants in Peterborough.

The store itself, while large – 25 feet by 100 feet, framed in timbers [gives] an idea of the extent of all these operations. Behind it stands the three storeyed stone warehouse 31 feet by 10 feet, framed in timbers a foot square.

In the cold, dank basement of the warehouse are the huge potato bins and the shelves where the big round cheeses are cured. They weigh between 80 and 90 pounds and sometimes as many as 40 of them are cured at one time. This entails turning them over to prevent the oil collecting in one place.

DELIVERY SLEIGH

The ground floor of the warehouse is notable for the strong smell of bone fertilizer and seed onions lying in bins about the floor. A nostalgic reminder at the rear of this section is the old red sleigh used during the winter when the store used to make its own deliveries.

On the top floor are rows of enormous bins where the store used to keep seed corn in the spring. There are also rows of cans containing oatmeal and black rice.

Much of the floor space in the warehouse is empty, however, and this helps to explain the anomaly of the scene in the store itself where rows of canned goods stand next to glass cases full of seeds in bulk and where packaged foods vie for attention with the big lacquered cans decorated with Japanese scenes that used to hold eight different kinds of tea. Wickerware baskets from Poland,

China and Czechoslovakia stand side by side with brightly-colored tins of biscuits.

In short, the store is a vivid history lesson of the changes in merchandising methods that have taken place in this century. In the old days, Hamilton's performed most of the functions that are now carried on at wholesale houses and factories. It cleaned seeds, raising and currants, blended tea and roasted coffee.

PERSONAL SERVICE LOST

Whatever gains have been made in modern methods of selling groceries, however, the loss in terms of personal service cannot be denied.

Although Hamilton's doesn't have a fresh fruit and vegetable department, if a customer phones an order which includes any of these items, Miss Bowles goes out and buys them somewhere else. Sometimes customers going to their summer cottages buy as much as $150 worth of groceries to take with them. Miss Bowles indicated the "long day books" where every order is entered in full.

"Very often if someone is going to Stony Lake they simply phone us and ask for the same order as the year before," she said, "and all we have to do is look it up in the long day book."

Opening the bulky iron safe with the faded picture of Queen Victoria on the front of the cash drawer, Miss Bowles took out a large book, its binding worn thin and its pages yellow with age. In it are entries of each day's sales from 1891 right up until this year. There were only two or three blank pages left.

"You see," Miss Bowles said, "the book's nearly finished. We couldn't carry on much longer, could we?"

[This article was accompanied in the *Examiner* by photographs of Andy Pearson at the coffee grinder, Miss Amy Bowles with some receipts, and an interior view of the grocery store.]

WAS A COLLAR MAKER – IS NOW PROPRIETOR OF GOOD BUSINESS

G. A. GOHEEN USED TO FOLLOW FORMER TRADE WHILE PARTNER MANAGED GROCERY STORE

HAS A MODERN STORE ON RUBIDGE STREET AND HAS BUILT UP LARGE TRADE – SOME OF HIS METHODS

THE FALL NUMBER OF THE CANADIAN GROCER CONTAINS AN INTERESTING ACCOUNT OF G. A. GOHEEN'S SUCCESS AS A GROCER. HIS STORE IS LOCATED ON THE SOUTH EAST CORNER OF RUBIDGE AND DALHOUSIE STREETS. THE ARTICLE IS AS FOLLOWS.

Working at his trade as a collar maker for four years while joint proprietor of a grocery store; taking charge of the helm himself in 1905 and last year doing a business of $23,000 – that in brief is the laconic history of the business career of Geo. A. Goheen, one of the leading merchants of Peterborough, Ont., up to the present time.

Taking Clerks Into His Confidence

In 1901 Mr Goheen began business in Peterborough and in partnership with C. S. Curran. The latter managed the business while Mr. Goheen worked at his trade – that of a collar maker, and a first class one at that.

Four years later, in 1906, Mr. Curran retired from the business and Mr Goheen forsook the needle and the collar and confined his energies to the business of which he had been an "associate," but not an "active member" for the four years previous.

He assumed the reins and by his industry and natural business abilities soon elevated his business to a higher plane. In one year's time, the large increase in trade made it necessary for the proprietor to secure larger premises. So plans were prepared and the contract let for the erection of the present establishment, 40 feet by 40 feet in dimensions. Mr Goheen moved into the new store in October 1906.

His place of business is some distance from the main centre although not by any means on the outskirts of the city. It is between the two in a splendid residential section. Not only does he handle groceries but many other lines, including flour and feed, tinware, boots and shoes, fruit, chinaware and confectionary.

Has Faith In His Clerks

He began business with only one clerk and now he has a staff of five and sometimes one or two extra are necessary on Saturdays and other busy days. Mr Goheen is a student of the clerk question. He treats his employees courteously and teaches them all about the stock he handles, and in fact, takes them into his confidence in regard to invoices and business dealings. He believes that in order to give the best results, they should become acquainted as much as possible with the details of the business.

By his own example, he teaches his clerks the value of service. He makes it a point to see and speak to every customer who enters the store, while he is there. He wants to become personally acquainted with all who deal with him. Customers appreciate this consideration. When they see that a merchant takes an interest in them and tries to give them the best possible service, they take a greater interest in him and in his store. A lady very often has a favourite clerk with whom she always likes to deal, but nevertheless if the proprietor of the business acts as if she were not there she would likely resent the inattention and possibly decline to trade further with him.

Mr Goheen's method is proof against this. He see to it that no customer receives inattention and in this way provides a good sound means of "holding what he has" in addition to his methods of reaching out for more.

The Discount Counts Up

Buying is said to be one of the paramount features of the operation of a small business. An unsuccessful buyer – one who pays more than he should or buys without taking advantage of the cash discounts – cannot very well make rapid headway.

Mr Goheen makes it a point tosave all he can from discounts. No account is allowed to run beyond the allotted time, so that with this practically "found" money, he has a sure and easy means of increasing his profits. When he began in 1901, the turn over was about $75 per week, an average of $3,800 per year; last year it was over $23,000 and the discounts helped considerably.

Mr Goheen only deals in reliable goods – those with quality. He finds that by so doing his customers have little grounds for complaint and he has much greater satisfaction. He does a mixed cash and credit business, but in the latter case he looks carefully after the doubtful ones. This is where too many merchants lose. In their mad rush for trade practically every individual is given credit – but this principle is wrong.

In one day the Goheen staff has waited on as many as 400 customers. The cash register shows it and, by the way, Mr Goheen claims to be the possessor of the only electrically operated cash register in Peterborough. His store equipment is up to date.

Taking these facts into consideration, is it any wonder the business has gone and is yet going forward? Mr Goheen is contemplating adding still more room to his establishment in order to take in other lines and to extend his business still further.

Peterborough Examiner, 23 October 1909

The Unsolved Mystery of David Scully

In 1894, Peterborough was saddened by the death of David Scully, a friendly 66 -year-old Scot who lived nearby in Otonabee Township. A year later emotions rode high after an exhumation, an extradition and a sensational trial looking into a possible arson and murder that led to his demise.

By Patricia Marchen

PART ONE ~ THE FIRE

In the wee hours of February 23, 1894, 11 year-old Annie Gray woke to a smoke-filled room she was sharing with her two young sisters. She shouted to her mother who was sleeping in another ground floor room with Annie's two brothers. Her mother lit a lamp, only to trip and knock it over in the confusion, breaking the glass and doffing the light. In the brief moment of visibility they could see no fire, but lots of smoke. In the dark they opened the bedroom door to the kitchen and were confronted by flames. Turning back inside they headed for the window, only to find it frozen shut. 10-year-old Tommie suggested his mother use the sharp axe his father kept behind the bureau. Hessie Gray, 33 years old and seven months pregnant, grabbed the axe, smashed out the window and helped her five children out, tossing some pillows and the few clothes she could grab before she got herself out to safety.

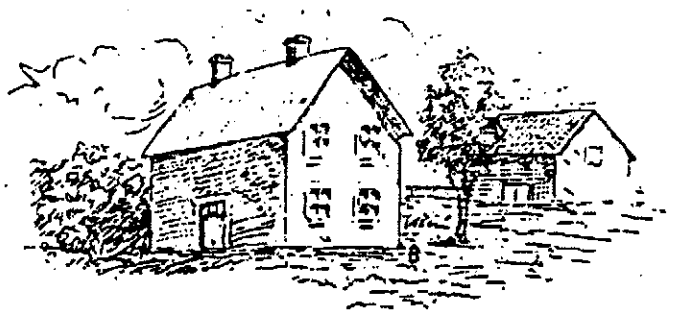
The head of the household Thomas Torrance Gray was away, but upstairs in the burning building was their elderly tenant, David Scully. Once outside, the children shouted for him, but there was no response.

It was cold, and there was snow on the ground. The children put on what clothes their mother had saved. She took off her own stockings for a barefoot daughter, and instructed them to go the the neighbours, either the Lavelles, just south of them, or the McGregors, a quarter mile to the west. Dressed only in her chemise, she went to the barn for some buffalo robes, then headed for the Lavelles, changed her mind at the bridge and went to the McGregors.

Their neighbourhood was within walking distance of the Town of Peterborough, at the junction of Keene Road and the Norwood Road in Otonabee Township. The Gray house was just a few feet from the road. Across it, about 200 yards away, was the home of their closest neighbour, Zaccheus Burnham and his family. Later Annie said she didn't go to the Burnhams because of the way she was dressed, and because the Burnhams were rich.

William J. McGregor's wife Mary was Hessie's sister (their maiden name was Newton). The McGregors awoke when the children arrived and banged on their windows. William didn't change his clothes, but immediately headed for the Gray house, meeting Hessie on the way, carrying the bundle of buffalo robes. She told him Scully was still in the house.

When McGregor arrived at the fire he kicked in the door. Flames came out and he saw the staircase on fire. He ran around the building and saw smoke coming through the cornice. He headed to the Burnhams for help, meeting Hessie at the gate. He told her where he was going when she asked, and she told him not to go. He went anyway, waking up Mark Burnham, who in turn woke his father Zaccheus, who dressed and was at the fire within eight minutes.



The Destroyed Gray Dwelling—"B" Indicates Where David Scollie's Body was Found.

Mary McGregor arrived on the scene. Later she reported that the first thing her sister Hessie said was something about her good house and good barn. From across the road Mr. McGregor could hear his wife screaming "Save Scully! Save Scully!" Hessie asked her, "What do you want to save Scully for?"

Mrs. McGregor said she couldn't get near the front door or windows for the fire.

McGregor returned. By the time the Burnhams arrived, it was too late. The house was burned on the east side, but the west side hadn't burned yet. However, it was impossible to get too close and they had no ladder. Scully was supposed to be in the southwest upstairs room and they assumed he was dead.

Zaccheus later told authorities that if Hessie had come to them directly they probably could have saved him. He couldn't say why Hessie didn't. They were on friendly, but not visiting terms.

By daylight the house was a pile of ashes and debris, as high as a man.

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David Scully was described as a friendly, quiet, frugal man who was stout and healthy with a long white beard. Born in Scotland, he moved to Canada in his 20s and lived with relatives in Otonabee Township. He bought 50 acres near Allandale (now Lang) in 1870. In March 1880 he paid $520 to John and Patrick Garrity for the ten acre property he would die on 14 years later.

He was a familiar figure on the streets of Peterborough. Part of his daily routine was to go to the police court every morning, with the "regularity of the magistrate".

Articles in the *Peterborough Review* and the *Daily Examiner* spell his name "Scollie", as does his gravestone in Little Lake Cemetery, but land records and deeds at the Trent Valley Archives show he signed his name "Scully".

One such document is an agreement between Scully and Thomas Torrance Gray, drawn up on 7 April, 1888 by William Armstrong Stratton, Barrister and Solicitor.

The document was described by a neighbour as "the nail that sealed his coffin."

In it, the Grays promised to board, lodge and suitably care for David Scully, provide reasonable care if he got sick, and a decent interment when he died. One dollar in financial consideration was to be paid to Scully to seal the deal. In return he would leave them his ten acre lot, the buildings on it, some farm equipment and a nine-year-old black mare named Jenny. The Grays would have actual possession of the property and use of the chattels until he died.

There is some indication that they argued about finances. McGregor said that once around 1891 he arrived at the house to hear adults talking loudly. When he entered, Scully was standing in the middle of the room with a slate and pencil.

The date coincides with a newspaper report that said just a year after the agreement was made, the Grays wanted out of it. They'd realized that Scully was able-bodied and vigourous, and thought he may not die for a very long time, perhaps 15 to 20 years. They didn't think the farm would pay half his keep. Scully was willing to cancel the agreement and pay a reasonable sum for boarding him up to that time, provided they deed the farm back to him.

The Grays demanded $1300. Scully thought it was exorbitant, and wouldn't pay. A lawyer was brought in, but recommended to the Grays that they stick to their agreement.

Shortly after, a flower pot from the second storey of the house dropped on Scully's head. The Grays said one of their children knocked it off the window sill by accident. Neighbours accepted the explanation and nursed him back to health, though they thought it odd that Hessie didn't tend to him herself.

If Gray was hurting financially, it could have been because of the mortgages he had on the property. Between the time Scully signed the agreement in April 1888 and when Gray sold the property in July 1894, the land record book shows that Gray had mortgaged the property three times with four different women.

The first was for $200 in October 1890, the next for $300 in June 1893, and for $400 in May 1894, after Scully was dead.

Scully took a risk in return for no obvious benefit when he sign a postponement of charge. In this document he signed away his first rights to the property, in order for mortgage holder Margaret L. O'Sullivan to have first priority. The document, also on file at the Trent Valley Archives, read:

> In consideration of the mortgage money being advanced from M.L. O'Sullivan to Thomas T. Gray, I hereby consent to such mortgage and agree with her that the mortgage dated the 15th day of June 1893 and registered shall be a first lien and charge upon the lands therein mentioned ... and shall have priority over my claims on said lands and shall rank first above the lien or charge which I have or shall hereafter have upon said lands for moneys, board lodging and all other charges which I now have or shall have against said lands.

It was witnessed by the Grays' lawyer W.A.Stratton and signed on 17 June 1893.

Scully would have been left without a home if Gray defaulted on the mortgage.

The Grays tore down Scully's log home around 1891 and replaced it with a two-storey rough cast house just a few feet from the Keene Road, at a point where it runs from east to west. A barn stood not far behind it. The house was rebuilt by Gray shortly after the fire and is still standing, now within the Peterborough city limits. The intersection has changed considerably over the years. Now the name of the street with the rustic-looking home has the oddly incongruous name of Technology Drive.

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There was no doubt that Scully loved the Gray children. An investigator later felt that his companionship with young Tommy

Instrument & Number	Date	Registry Date	Grantors	Grantees	Amount
2285 Bargain & Sale	3 Mar 1880	3 Mar 1880	John & Pat Garrity	David Scully	$520
4209 Agreement	7 April 1888	11 April 1888	David Scully	Thos. Torrance Gray	Subject to maintenance
4594 Mortgage	7 Oct 1890	8 Oct. 1890	Thos. T Gray & wife	Martha L. Kidd	$200
4902 Assumption of 4594	3 Aug. 1892	4 Aug 1892	Martha L. Kidd	Margt. L. O'Sullivan	$204.[67]
5031 Mortgage	15 June 1893	17 June 1893	Thos. Gray & wife	Margt. L. O'Sullivan	$300
5033 Postponement of charge	17 June 1893	4 July 1893	David Scully	Margt. L. O'Sullivan	—
5039 Discharge of 4594	4 July 1893	10 July 1893	Margt. L. O'Sullivan	Thos. T. Gray	
[23 February, 1894 - Death of David Scully]					
5165 Mortgage	11 Apr. 1894	11 Apr. 1894	Thomas Gray & wife	Agnes Fairweather	$300
5179 Discharge of 5031	20 Mar. 1894	7 May 1894	Margt. L. O'Sullivan	Thos. T. Gray	
5181 Mortgage	11 May 1894	11 May 1894	Thos. Gray & wife	Jane E. Davidson	$400
5198 Discharge of 5181	9 July 1894	10 July 1894	Jane E. Davidson	Thos. T. Gray	
5199 Bargain & Sale	7 July 1894	10 July 1894	Thomas T Gray & wife	Michael Fitzgerald	$1000
5245 Discharge of 5165	3 Nov. 1894	8 Dec. 1894	Agnes Fairweather	Thos. T. Gray	

The above records are taken from Trent Valley Archives Fonds - Land abstract register for Otonabee , volume 167, page 260. They show the transactions for Scully's property, from the time he bought it from the Garritys until the final mortgage discharge. Except for the mortgage documents, the instruments are on file at the Trent Valley Archives..

gave Thomas Sr. the idea for the agreement that would leave him with Scully's land. Scully, with no children of his own, may have been concerned about his future. He often had Hessie Gray do his washing and cleaning.

During the five years they lived under the same roof, neighbours noted that although Scully appeared well-cared for, there were some tense times between the adults. Hessie's sister Mary McGregor later told the court of Mrs. Gray's dissatisfaction.


THOMAS GRAY.

She said that on Saturday 11 November 1893 Hessie told her that she and Scully had some words, that she was tired of him and was going to try to get rid of him that winter. Mary asked how she would do it. Hessie replied that she would watch her chance some dark night up Fitzgerald's lane and shoot him. Mary told her sister she would never get to heaven, and that murder "never lied". She was also concerned that a neighbour would be blamed for the killing. Hessie said she didn't care who would be blamed, and "before she would be bothered with him for another winter she would chop the head off him," and that she'd burn down the house so no one would know how he died. She said it would be the last winter he lived. On an earlier occasion when Hessie complained about him she threatened to "poison the old brute".

The last time Mary McGregor saw David Scully alive was on Wednesday, 21 February on the road from Peterborough. Two days later he was dead.

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It isn't difficult to imagine how much work there was to do for a woman with five young children, a husband, an older man to care for, farm chores, and no electricity or running water, particularly in the cold winter months. In February 1894 Thomas Gray, who worked as a labourer and plasterer, announced that as "things were slow" and he hadn't had a vacation in several years, he was going to Madoc for two weeks to visit his brother. He left his seven-month pregnant wife and family for his vacation on Thursday, 22 February. Hours later, the fire was ripping through his house and his wife and children were scrambling for safety.

By daylight several neighbours were on hand. David Scully's body had to be recovered. James Graham Weir, who lived about a mile-and-a-half to the south heard about the fire and arrived around 7 a.m. Zaccheus Burnham pointed to the spot where they believed the body was. They threw water on the spot and Weir dug a trench around the area until he struck the floor.

When the body was removed it was covered with about eight inches of plaster, lathe, and bits of board. It was on a straw mattress which hadn't burned under the body. Blankets were tucked in around Scully, and under the blankets his arms were crossed on his chest.

One foot was charred but the rest of the body and the clothes he was wearing made it through the fire, with one exception.

Scully's head was missing.

There was no obvious reason for the head to be unattached from the body. Weir's first impression was that it looked like it had been severed, but there was no blood to be seen.

Zaccheus Burnham helped to take out the body. He noticed that when the clothes were removed the hairs that covered the victim's chest right up to his neck were unsinged. Burnham couldn't see how the fire could have tempered differently at the head than at any other part of the body, which was uniformly covered with plaster and debris.

The body had been moved to the barn when undertaker Daniel Belleghem arrived. He scoured the remains of the burned out building, not expecting to find a complete skull, but at least some teeth or bones. He found none. He tried to question young Annie Gray about the fire, but Hessie intervened. She suggested that Scully had taken sleeping drops and had fallen asleep while reading. She blamed the fire on him, although it was evident to those who witnessed it that the upstairs was the last to catch fire.


HESSIE GRAY.

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In the October before the fire, Gray bought insurance from the Sun Life Insurance company. The policy covered the dwelling for $300 and the household furniture for $200. McGregor said there wasn't $50 worth of furniture in the house. Although the Grays claimed they had lost everything, a few days after the fire Hessie turned up wearing her good dress, saying it was in the barn, with her husband's good boots. Her sewing machine had been away for repairs.

A coroners inquest was called to determine the cause of the fire "in order to investigate the veracity or falsity of certain rumours which have been floating about since the sad tragedy of that cold February morning, suggesting foul play, cruel neglect, mysterious death, etc." The jury, made of 12 local men, viewed the body at the Little Lake Cemetery vault. It was described as "blackened and charred, with the feet burned to the crisp", but they saw no marks of violence or anything else suspicious. They determined he died in his sleep and that the death was accidental.

The coroner, Dr. R.W. Bell took the opportunity to cast aspersions on Mr. McGregor, saying "the first party to arrive on the scene did not do all that might have been done to rescue the perishing individual."

Thomas Gray rebuilt the house shortly after, and sold it to Michael Fitzgerald on 7 July 1894 for $1,000. One day his wife drove him to the Cavanville station where he caught the train and headed south, leaving quietly so as to avoid creditors. His wife and family joined him later. They wrote to friends in Peterborough, saying they'd bought ten acres in Ocala, Florida.

Gray's sudden quiet departure didn't help to suppress rumours, and a year later the attorney-general of Ontario ordered an investigation. Chief Provincial Detective John Wilson Murray arrived in Peterborough in late May of 1895.

Detective Murray examined the site of Scully's death and questioned witnesses and neighbours. He brought in pathologists Dr. Caven and Dr. Primrose of the University of Toronto. Scully's body was exhumed and examined in a building at the Little Lake Cemetery.

Early in June, charges of arson and murder were laid against the Grays. Murray had the extradition papers drawn up and boarded a train for Florida, where he planned to picked up the Grays.

CONTINUED IN NEXT ISSUE

Peterborough - Canadian Encyclopedia

Professor Elwood Jones, archivist at Trent Valley Archives, was asked to update the entry on Peterborough for the new web-version of the Canadian Encyclopedia, available at www.canadianencyclopedia.com. It is reprinted here with the permission of the Canadian Encyclopedia 2000 and Historica Foundation of Canada.

Peterborough, Ont, City, pop 71,446 (2001c), 69,742 (1996c), 68,379 (1991c), 61,049 (1986c), area 58.61 km2, inc 1905, is situated on the Otonabee River, about 40 km north of Lake Ontario and 110 km northeast of Toronto. The seat of Peterborough County, it is the largest city on the TRENT-SEVERN WATERWAY and the regional centre for the KAWARTHA LAKES cottage country.

SETTLEMENT AND DEVELOPMENT

Founded in 1825, Peterborough was named the following year for Peterborough, New Hampshire, and intended as a compliment for Peter ROBINSON, who directed the settlement of a large number of Irish immigrants in the area. Its history has been tied to the waterways and forests, and to its proximity to Toronto. The site, Nogojiwanong, at one end of the long portage to Lake Chemung, was well travelled by the Mississauga and their forebears, and was visited by Samuel de CHAMPLAIN in 1615. Under European settlement, Peterborough quickly emerged as the administrative centre for the region north of Rice Lake, particularly with the Robinson settlement and the creation of the Colborne District in 1842. It was incorporated as a town 1850. The development of Red Fife WHEAT in the area was an important contribution to Canada's agriculture, but timber was the main source of wealth for more than half a century. By the 1870s Peterborough was Ontario's principal timber producer, shipping over 236 000 m≥ to American wholesalers annually. The subsequent development of hydroelectricity along the Trent system (before NIAGARA FALLS), together with generous municipal bonuses and concessions, attracted large manufacturers, including Edison Electric (later Canadian General Electric) and Quaker Oats. The city remains a major manufacturing centre, with the addition of such companies as Fisher Gauge. However, since the 1960s major companies have closed their operations. The proportion of the workforce in manufacturing has declined, but the diversity of employers has increased. TRENT UNIVERSITY and Sir Sandford Fleming College have made the city a major educational centre. Associated with the city have been literary figures such as Catharine Parr TRAILL, Robertson DAVIES and Margaret LAURENCE; the capitalists Sir Joseph FLAVELLE and George A. COX; engineer, Sir Sandford FLEMING; and Lester B. PEARSON, who attended school here.

CITYSCAPE

Peterborough is nestled in the Otonabee River valley but intermingled with the rolling hills of a major drumlin field. Its 19th-century prosperity shows in two impressive blocks of pre-Confederation buildings, which include locally quarried stone buildings from the 1830s and several stately residences. The city sprawls over lands formerly in Smith, Douro, Otonabee and North Monaghan townships. Although some annexations occurred in the 1870s, the bulk of annexation has occurred since World War II. The axis of residential growth in the 1960s was north and west; more recently, the major growth has been west and south. The canal and marshlands long defined the eastern limits of the city, but notable subdivisions have spread to the east as well.

The engineering marvels of the world's highest lift lock on the Trent-Severn Waterway, the Centennial Fountain, and the architecturally acclaimed Trent University reflect continuing change. By contrast, the nearby petroglyphs and SERPENT MOUNDS date back at least a thousand years.

POPULATION

Peterborough's population doubled every two decades before World War I thanks to the lumber economy and manufacturing, and the 1904 annexation of Ashburnham (pop 2000), as the city grew from 4,611 (1871c) to 18,360 (1911c). The modest growth since then has been more rapid than elsewhere in eastern Ontario (except Ottawa) because of manufacturing expansion through the 1960s and the more recent opportunities in education, tourism and commerce. The city's unique quality is its demographic averageness – by religion, occupation and ethnicity – making it a bellwether riding provincially and federally and a favourite site for consumer market testing. This has changed somewhat since as average family income has declined below provincial and national averages and the proportion of the population over the age of 60 is higher. However, the diversity of the workforce remains.

ECONOMY AND TRANSPORTATION

In addition to manufacturing, the economic impact of educational institutions, insurance companies, shopping plazas and tourist attractions has been strong. Mixed agriculture remains a feature of the area. Peterborough is on the Trans-Canada Highway and has multi-lane highway access to Toronto. The city is tied to Toronto by express bus service, but lost its dayliner service in 1993; there remains hope that it will be restored. Peterborough had train service as early as 1854, and was a major hub of railways from the 1870s to the 1920s. Since the mid-1950s, railway trackage has decreased, and there is no functioning railway station. The former Canadian Pacific Railway station, built in 1884 when Peterborough was a major stop on the Montreal to Toronto line, has been restored as the home of the local chamber of commerce.

GOVERNMENT AND POLITICS

The city's municipal history has been marked by fiscal restraint since the railway failures of the 1850s. For 80 years after 1861, a Town Trust Commission managed its finances. Peterborough has usually favoured a ward system and has resisted provincial efforts to abandon the township/county system for regional government. Since the turn of the 20th century, the constituency has been Conservative but in swing elections has generally swung with the party changes federally and provincially. With the shift to 3-year elections, the city s council has nursed some long terms for politicians, notably Jack Doris and Sylvia Sutherland.

Continued on next page

The Green Photographers of Peterborough

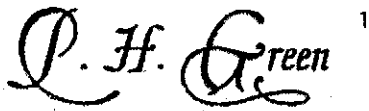
by Fraser Dunford

A photograph in the 2003 May issue of *The Heritage Gazette*, about the arrival in Peterborough of photographer J. W. Green and Son, sparked an interest in writing more about Peterborough's Green Photographers.

Peterborough had three photographers named Green: John, Peter, and Garnet. I don't know whether the three were related – I have not seen any evidence that they were. One, Peter, was a major photographer whose work is widely available. The others are a bit harder to find, but not scarce.

Peter H. Green

Peter was the first Green in Peterborough (1888 - 1896), was here the longest, and was the most prolific. He had been in Guelph previously (1882 - 1883). Every mark of his that I have seen (and I have identified 22 of them) says "P. H. Green". He started out at 426 George St. but in 1889 or 1890 he moved to 140 Hunter St – a famous address in Peterborough's photography history for when he sold in 1896 it was to R. M. Roy who founded Roy studio.



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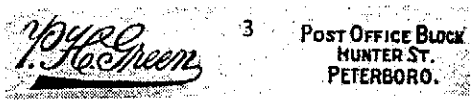

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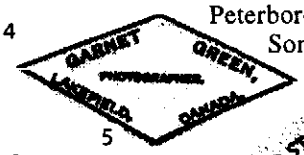

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Garnet Green

Garnet was in Peterborough and Lakefield from 1897 to 1900. He seems to have never worked anywhere else, at least not under his name. The Peterborough address was 270 Charlotte St. His marks are the scarcest of the three Greens (fig. 4, fig. 5).

John W. Green

John operated a studio in Arnprior, Ontario from 1895 to 1899, when he moved to Peterborough. I don't know whether his son Melvin was involved throughout that time (the Arnprior name was simply J. W. Green), but he certainly was by 1899 and the Peterborough firm was known as J. W. Green and Son. It operated from 1899 to 1905. After that they disappear from the Ontario records. I know of only one mark of theirs (fig. 6) but I have seen it many times. There are also a number of marks for "Green and Son" which are probably theirs (fig. 7 and 8), and at least two marks for simply "Green" which, from similarity of appearance are probably theirs (fig. 9 compared to fig. 8). The Peterborough studio was on Hunter St as was Peter Green's, but any mark not clearly Peter's is likely J. W. Green's.

7

Photographers' Marks

Since a photographer is an artist, it is important that his most significant identifying symbol – his mark on the photograph – be artistically pleasing. Some of the marks were more beautiful than the photographs! Some photographers had a great many marks, often with only subtle differences, indicating a very substantial amount of business. Collecting them requires all the skills of, say, stamp collecting, plus the skills of a detective for there are no catalogues. Anyone working in this area is tilling virgin ground. Likely each mark was used only for a short time so, if we had the knowledge, we should be able to date photographs from the mark.

A NOTE ON SOURCES – Some dates and non-Peterborough information comes from Glen C. Philips two volume set *The Ontario Photographers List*. Addresses and some dates come from the author's own research.

Peterborough - The authorized description, cont.

CULTURAL LIFE

Peterborough's vigorous cultural life features several successful writers, book publishers, a symphony orchestra, a theatre guild, the Fourth Line Theatre and other and professional companies, public and private art galleries, several heritage and historical organizations, including Hutchison House Museum and the Peterborough Centennial Museum and Archives. Major community efforts have led to the city's acquisition of a major collection of photographs (the three-generation Roy Studio) and the restoration of the landmark, Market Hall (1889). Long recognized as the home of the Canadian and Peterborough CANOE, the city is now home to the Canadian Canoe Museum. It has a winter carnival (Snofest) and its Festival of Lights, is a summer-long music and water festival by Little Lake. Peterborough's amateur teams have won national titles in junior hockey, lacrosse and synchronized swimming. The city hosted the 1980 and 1986 Ontario Summer Games and the 1998 Ontario Winter Games. The Peterborough Sports Hall of Fame is situated at the recently renovated Memorial Centre, home to junior hockey's Peterborough Petes since 1954. The city has developed several walking and cycling trails along its former rail connections and in historic and scenic Little Lake Cemetery (1851).

News from the Archives

We've been making great progress on our collections, adding new descriptions, guides and lists to the website. Our holdings will be featured in different ways in the *Heritage Gazette of the Trent Valley* and in changing exhibits on our web page. Our normal policy remains in effect: material of lasting value that has appeared in the *Heritage Gazette* is placed on the web page one year after publication. However, the popularity of our outstanding classified version of the 1888 Peterborough directory has prompted us to add other major productions from our editorial team.

The website only contains a hint of our vast holdings, and recent additions now make us the first place to go for information about the people and history linked to Peterborough, Lakefield and Victoria County. As well, our library holdings have been growing and are being made more accessible by librarian Brooke Pratt, who is with Trent Valley Archives courtesy of Industry Canada. Our holdings cover all parts of east central Ontario, and provide insights into the wider world and connections of people connected to the area.

Osborne Photographic Fonds: The portraits in the Osborne photographic fonds, taken from 1971-1989, are now available to researchers. Osborne Photography operated from the corner of George and McDonnel Streets, Peterborough, for two decades. Al Osbourne was a very classy professional photographer specializing in "clean look" photography. Laura Monkman arranged the collection and prepared a very useful index. We will soon be listing the many pictures related to businesses, nursing classes, and other group photos and will prepare a web exhibit of the collection as well. This is the gem of our photographic collections.

Martha Ann Kidd fonds: Martha Ann Kidd is Peterborough's leading figure in historical and heritage restoration from the 1960s to the present and has recently donated her correspondence, historical stories, research notes and photographs of Peterborough architectural sites to the Trent Valley Archives. Many volunteers, including Martha, have been working on the papers. We hope to have them organized and listed by the end of the year. The TVA staff has been able to access very useful information from the first day. As is the practice of archives, we are retaining *respect des fonds*. As Martha was able to find things so easily, it would be foolish to disrupt her filing practices.

Martha was a close observer of the heritage field as it developed in the 1970s, and did much to transfer its insights to Peterborough. She was well-trained at the Art Institute of the University of Chicago, from which she received her M.A. She worked as an artist, notably in designing patterns. She was an able assistant and co-author with her husband Ken Kidd on his work with the Blackfeet of Alberta, with the archaeological interpretation of Ste. Marie among the Hurons, and of the continent-wide trading of beads. Although she had worked with the Old Buildings Committee of the Peterborough Historical Society in the 1960s, her energies in heritage were solidified by the passage of the Ontario Heritage Act of 1975. She played key roles, especially as the chair of the Peterborough Architectural Conservation Advisory Committee, in identifying Peterborough's heritage buildings and in sharing her findings in newspaper articles. She has been justly and highly honoured for her work in heritage.

The core of the collection is the research files for each house in the original boundaries of Peterborough. These are arranged alphabetically by street and side of the street and add considerable detail to her two landmark books on Peterborough architecture. As well, we have materials related to the Canadian Inventory of Historical Buildings, primarily for Ashburnham, as well as copies of significant historical documents such as newspaper articles to 1860, directories and assessment rolls to 1920, and land records information for Ashburnham.

The collection is rich in photographs. Martha has gathered copies of some of the best photographs relating to Peterborough and the area. She supervised searches for photographs, and some people donated copies to her. She also organized the photography of heritage buildings in Peterborough and the neighbouring townships.

The papers include many aspects of her career, and include copies of her articles and her two major books on Peterborough buildings. The finding aid will be published in a future issue of the *Heritage Gazette*.

Peterborough Newspapers: Trent Valley Archives has recently received many Peterborough and surrounding area newspapers. We gratefully acknowledge the Peterborough Centennial Museum and Archives which donated many papers as part of their deaccession policy. They include a large run of the *Peterborough Review*, 1939-1970s, the *Peterborough Sun*, *Common Press*, and *Peterborough New Paper*; occasional issues of the *Daily Review, Evening Review, Morning Times* and *Peterborough Examiner*; and a mixture of older periodicals and incidental newspapers that provide insights into other areas. Finding aids are available.

Thanks to Martha Kidd for donating the complete run of *Prime Time*, as well as a separate collection of her articles, *Historical Sketches of Peterborough*, which were central features of each issue of the monthly paper.

Charlie Barrons: We have accumulated a wonderful collection of Havelock/Belmont/Methuen township history given to us by Charlie Barrons, a longtime resident. Mining information from the Cordova and Blairton Mines are also included with his papers. Oral historian Sharon Milroy conducted the taped interview.

Peterborough Exhibition fonds: Frank Schoales and other volunteers are listing the research collections related to the Peterborough Exhibition. The materials were gathered for the production of Elwood Jones, *Winners: 150 Years of the Peterborough Exhibition* (1995) and include information on a wide range of subjects, including the history of Morrow Park, information on grandstand acts, provincial policies related to exhibitions and agricultural societies, prize lists and detailed reports for representative years, as well as information on show business, circuses, and local organization of the exhibition.

Peterborough County Land Records: Don Willcock and Alice Mackenzie have made great progress in organizing the instruments in the Peterborough County Land Records. We hope to complete the arrangement and description of this vast collection, already one of our most popular research sources, by the end of the year. We will continue to develop ways to increase the access to the records, but are really pleased that already we can approach most areas by lot and concession, by township, and chronologically.

Don Courneyea Collection: Brigitte Klatt has been spending two days a week entering headlines into a searchable database of the Don Courneyea collection of *Examiner* newspaper clippings. She has already entered 2400 headlines from 1920 to 1928, featuring an eclectic selection of headlines such as "Lakefield Teacher Miss Duff Forced to Resign" and "Garret Spencer's Pool Room Raided".

News, Views & Reviews

Consultation on Centennial Museum

The Peterborough Centennial Museum and Archives has hired a consultant, Lundholm Architects of Toronto, to help develop a proposal for expansion on its current site. There has long been a need for larger galleries, more curatorial storage, facilities to support the Museum Studies program, and more archival research, storage and work space. The Balsillie Collection of Roy Studio images has added impetus to some of these proposed changes. The architect has never seen a more jam-packed museum.

The Trent Valley Archives supports any improvement in the PCMA's facilities. We hope, as well, that the city embraces the importance of maintaining a top-quality museum facility in Peterborough. With better facilities, salary and other operating costs will naturally rise. However, the community needs to support its history in several ways, and this is an essential place to begin.

We were surprised that the public process of the consultants seems to suggest a rather narrow scenario. We wondered, for example, if this was a good opportunity to develop a more ambitious expansion, catching the vision of the early 1960s when we briefly believed there was a need for a top-rate county/city museum. Similarly, there might be opportunity to consolidate archives across the county. Others wondered if we might not make creative use of older buildings in higher traffic areas to serve as museum galleries, research stops or heritage promotion venues. Should the museum abandon its hilltop location? Such questions have remained pertinent for forty years.

Canadian Canoe Museum

The Canadian Canoe Museum has closed its doors to visitors while it rearranges its finances. This was a shock to the museum community, as the Canadian Canoe Museum has been widely recognized as a success story. We have been impressed by the solid leadership which allowed the museum to acquire the large canoe collection amassed by Kirk Wipper. Then it was able to acquire the former factory of Outboard Marine, a move that provided plenty of space and close access to the corner of Monaghan and Lansdowne, one of the premier corners in the city, and immediately across from the Evinrude Centre. They negotiated a commercial agreement with the Hudson's Bay Company, and they won various large grants that allowed them to make major renovations in the main building, to start an impressive educational program, and to support several demonstrations of canoe-building by leading artisans. Most recently they had welcomed a new director who brought terrific links to the business community.

The City of Peterborough, in co-operation with the bank, has allowed for up to $50,000 for a consultant to develop a new business plan. Everybody is optimistic and hope that the Canadian Canoe Museum will be up and operating by spring.

The problems have underlined a clear weakness of government granting systems. Bureaucrats underestimate the extra burdens created by meeting conditions that are built into the applications and the grants. It is also possible that they overestimated the admissions revenue, and organizations depending on tourist dollars have found 2003 to be difficult.

Government grants are tricky terrain for charitable organizations. The federal government applies strategies developed for enticing provincial governments to change priorities: matching grants, incentives, seed money for programs, and capital infrastructure grants work. From the federal government perspectives taxpayers are cajoled into supporting programs that they would otherwise have refused to undertake in order to ensure that their government gets its fair share of federal money which is lavished on other provinces. However, charitable organizations do not have access to taxes or long- term loans that apparently will never be repaid. Those organizations with easy access to corporate grants might be the exception. Most charitable organizations depend on volunteers and gifts freely offered. It is difficult enough to pursue the projects to which you are committed. The government grants commit you to other projects that force new priorities. They often create fresh or enlarged overhead expenses such as new staff positions, increased operating costs from longer hours, and put pressure on the resources of time and money.

The Canadian Canoe Museum also needs the help of ordinary people who value all that it has done. Donations may be sent to the Canadian Canoe Museum, 907 Monaghan Avenue, Peterborough, Ontario. The gift shop has reopened for the Christmas season.

Peterborough's Market Hall Clock

The refurbished Market Hall Clock was unveiled on 24 September 2003. The project cost nearly $300,000 and was only brought to fruition by the super efforts of volunteers led by George Mitchell, aided by Ken Doherty, the city heritage manager, and by the architect, Ken Trevalyan. The clock dates from the 1880s, and was moved from the Bradburn Opera next door to the Market Hall tower in early 1890. Erik Hanson, then with Trevalyan Architects, said the clock tower's wood frame is cream, and the trim and corner brackets, bronze; these tints match the original paint chips. The finial was replaced a few years ago. The roof of the cupola is lead coated copper, and spikes were added to discourage pigeons. We sometimes take these definers of space and ambition for granted and within living memory, the tower has been threatened with demolition. It is really great to have the tower back, marking what is still the most important intersection in downtown Peterborough.

Adam Scott book nears publication

Robert Scott Dunford's long-awaited book, *Adam Scott: Master Millwright, 1796-1838* nears publication. Bob, a former board member of the Trent Valley Archives, has worked diligently on the book for some time, and we are all excited for him. This has not been an easy task, as there are no Adam Scott archival papers. He has had to piece the story together from fragments of information, from earlier histories such as those of Howard Pammett, and more recent work. He has had to learn about the people, the tasks and the buildings. He has had some exciting moments and we know he will share these in the new book. Some Adam Scott descendants, such as Bruce Baker and Bob's father, Walter, have died quite recently, and the completion of the book takes on added meaning. The book is being published by the Smith

Ennismore Historical Society, and the pre-publication price of $30 per copy is available from Bernice Harris, SEHS, Box 41, Bridgenorth ON K0L 1H0; phone 1-705-742-7390 for details.

Doors Open 2003

We are happy to report that Doors Open continues to be a welcome opportunity to visit heritage buildings not normally open to an inquiring clientele. This year, 4 October, Doors Open Peterborough's heritage attractions were topped by special features such as historic caskets and embalming demonstrations at the Comstock Funeral Home. Comstock's began as a furniture and funeral business in Victorian times. Sites for next year are already being considered and will be firm by mid-January to take advantage of province-wide promotion efforts. Congratulations to the excellent committee that guided this fine success.

Anson House Auxiliary

After 44 years the Anson House Auxiliary held their final tea and bazaar on 1 October. For the occasion, the members wore vintage costumes from the Peterborough Theatre Guild. The colourful picture appeared in the *Peterborough Examiner*, 16 October 2003. The archival records of Anson House are in the Trent Valley Archives. Its long history from 1862 has been well-told in a delightful 2001 book researched by senior history students at Trent University. The Auxiliary dates from 1959, but the work of women at Anson House and its predecessors dates from its origins. The Auxiliary will merge with the Marycrest Auxiliary as the two homes for the aged become St Joseph's at Fleming.

Memorial Centre

The Peterborough Memorial Centre has been refurbished and after some false starts hosted the Peterborough Petes for a home opener. There are different ways to assess the success of the venture. It is a treasured part of Peterborough's history even if the building is pedestrian architecture. The Peterborough Petes are justly the most revered franchise in junior hockey, despite only one Memorial Cup. As well, the building houses the Peterborough and District Sports Hall of Fame, and often plays critical roles in the success of the annual Peterborough Exhibition. Everyone has some special memories that are tied

News, Views & Reviews

with this essential public building.

There have been some concerns with how well the memories were handled. David Bierk's portrait of the queen has returned from brief storage. There are also plans to revitalize the memorials to those who gave their lives in past wars: the building was, after all, named for them.

The *Peterborough Examiner*, 15 October, included lots of pictures on the Memorial Centre, and memory pieces by Mike Davies and Ed Arnold.

City of Kawartha Lakes

Municipal voters in the City of Kawartha Lakes voted, 10 November, in favour of deamalgamation, and elected a mayor who thinks that is the direction to go. There seems a wide consensus against replacing good names like Victoria County with tourism slogans. Some feel uncomfortable treating a large rural and cottage country area with the tag "city." The new premier, the Hon. Dalton McGuinty, had said he would honour the results of the plebescite, and many will be watching to see what happens and whether it suggests opportunities for rethinking other controversial amalgamations of the 1990s. After the various local governments had not reached a consensus, two local governments invited the provincial government to suggest the plan. Professor Harry Kitchen of Trent University, a one-man commission with sweeping powers and bravado, recommended creating one government in the boundaries of the old county of Victoria, and giving it a fresh and appealing name. There was no ratification process, and the government implemented the report over many well-articulated objections. Our major concern was over the loss of history that comes when old names are shoved aside, and people are left without meaningful points of reference. Voters were upset over the grand spending and soaring taxes in some areas, the apparent inequities in taxation, and the distancing of government from the voters. Harry Kitchen believes the new structure was not given enough time to develop new civic cultures. It takes about ten years for that to happen judging from developments in Toronto. When there was wide objection to the name, it was pointed out that the old names could be retained for navigational, commercial and postal purposes. Evidently, people wanted some semblance of local power, as well.

Smart money suggests the county will not revert to 17 governments, and that one of the new areas will have the name Victoria. Professor Kitchen thought people would be confused because Canada has Victoria BC. It turned out far more confusion came from using the name Kawartha Lakes as if it were a monopoly possession of the new government. When big changes are set forth, it is wise to show sensitivity about what ordinary people see on a daily basis. We look forward to seeing what creative solutions will emerge in the coming year.

Frank Schoales

One of our great volunteers, Frank Schoales, "who has a memory sharp for details," was profiled by Jack Marchen in the *Peterborough Examiner*, 15 September. Frank was with CHEX radio from its first broadcast in 1942 until 1987. The Davies family, owners of the *Examiner* and the *Kingston Whig-Standard*, started two stations with call-signs reflecting the newspaper connections, CHEX and CKWS. Frank's sound archives are in the Trent Valley Archives, and have been featured on special occasions. These recordings include the funeral service for firefighters in 1951 and other special local events as well as speeches by Louis St Laurent, Harry Truman, F D Roosevelt, and some syndicated shows of the 1940s and 1950s.

Tony Basciano

Tony Basciano, a Peterborough barber from 1946 to 2000, was profiled in the *Peterborough Examiner*, 22 September. He is featured in Gina Martin's charming recollections of Elm Street published elsewhere in this issue of the *Heritage Gazette of the Trent Valley*. As a soldier in World War II, he visited his natal town in Italy, Rocco San Giovanni on the Adriatic, from which his family emigrated in the early 1920s. He notes that Farley Mowat's *The Regiment* tells of many wartime exploits of the Hasty Ps. He shares poignant memories of that wartime family reunion.

News, Views & Reviews

Ontario History

Ontario History, the twice-a-year journal of the Ontario Historical Society, has a new editor, and a new look. The current issue, volume 95, no 2, features colour on the cover (back and front), copious illustrations, and a full plate of solid articles and book reviews. The journal aspires to be the historical magazine of choice for people everywhere in Ontario, and Rae Fleming, the new editor, brings a nice, balanced respect for popular writing and for academic writing. Lori Chamber and John Weaver write about how women could use the legal system to get protection from abusive husbands in Victorian Ontario. Bernadine Dodge, the archivist at Trent University, makes effective use of the court records of Northumberland and Durham, to tell various and fascinating readings of the 1859 murder trial of Dr William King. There are hints of family, religious and medical rivalries, but Dodge also wants to place the trial in a fuzzy bigger picture. John Court has written a solidly researched story of a park that, had it been built, would have been on the University of Toronto campus. David Bain tells the story, with both warning and legacy, of Queen's Park from its 1860s beginnings as Canada's first urban park. The issue concludes with reviews of ten recent books connected to aspects of Ontario's history. Several of the contributors to this issue will be familiar to readers of the *Heritage Gazette of the Trent Valley*. Congratulations to all those involved in its success.

AASLH History News

Carol Kammen, the resident historian at this bright magazine of the American Association for State and Local History, writes a monthly column of sage advice from a professional, academic historian (at the University of Michigan) reaching out to people rescuing history at the local level. In the Autumn issue she combines two recent experiences. The first is of an interesting document of notes of a speech by Mrs May Corban at a woman's suffrage conference in Bangor, Maine. She believes this document, which has wide interest as well as local interest, should find an archival home near Bangor, Maine. She was troubled by the second experience. A newly appointed town historian decided to clean out the library in his office of books that did not seem at first glance to relate to his community. Kammen's comment is "not so fast." Earlier historians have made the connections with the books in the collection, and local historians need to remember the importance of context. Stories in your town can be connected to experiences down the road, and the small books and pamphlets are a most likely source of information. Local historians need to set history in a wider and meaningful context. This precisely reflects the experience at the Trent Valley Archives where we have had to consider whether to limit the libraries of local historians in our collection. We have taken the Kammen view: "not so fast." Eventually, we may have to cull books, but not before assessing the richness of our library of 20,000 books.

Little Lake Cemetery Walking Tour

Our Little Lake Cemetery historical walking tour was a huge success, bringing out over 100 people in the dreary rain on 2 November. Trent Valley Archives wishes to thank everyone who supported their fundraiser which focused on interesting and unusual gravesites of lesser known Peterborough citizens, including David Scully, mentioned in the Gazette this month. The research for the tours was completed at the Archives and with the help of the staff at Little Lake Cemetery. The tours were organized and led by Pat Marchen and Diane Robnik. Thanks to Brooke Pratt who was in charge of our ticket sales. Because the event raised such interest, Trent Valley Archives hopes to hold more tours in the future, possibly in the summer coinciding with the Festival of Lights.

TVA Italian Heritage dinner

Mark your calendars for another special TVA event. This time it's a **Spaghetti Dinner and Silent Auction**, Saturday, 24 January at the Legion. If you recall the delicacies made by board member Gina Martin made for our summer Open House, you'll be pleased to know she'll be doing the same for this special dinner. Tickets are just $15 per person and will be limited to 220. You don't have to be Italian, you just have to like to have fun. If you have something interesting to auction off, we'd like to hear from you. All proceeds will go to running the Trent Valley Archives.

Queries

Goodfellow
Looking for information on the death of George Goodfellow, born 26 June 1834, South Monaghan Township, Northumberland. Son of Andrew and Isabel Goodfellow, brother of Robert, William, Archibald, Elspeth, James, Andrew, Ellen and Jane. Last known to be living with his son, according to 1881 Census. May have gone west. Contact Keith Goodfellow 408 Munro Park Drive Peterborough, ON K9L 1L3.

Bible Christians
Author Sher Letooze is working on The Bible Christian Project with a team in England. She already has details on the BC Chapels in the former Durham County, and is looking for information on Peterborough County Bible Christians, their chapels and cemeteries. Contact her through Trent Valley Archives. Eventually, they hope to have a road show that will tour Ontario, PEI, Devon and Cornwall.

Mills
Diane Robnik, TVA assistant archivist, is compiling a database of local mills. This work in progress has already proved itself useful, as many researchers have millers in their families. She is searching for pictures of mills to accompany the document. Contact her at TVA.

Wall of Honour
The Wall of Honour has over 9,000 names of local service men and woman who served in WWI, WWII and the Korean War. The criteria are: born, enlisted, or lived in Peterborough County during the time periods, or moved to the county after discharge. You can visit the virtual wall at www.wallofhonour.com. A permanent wall will be built in Confederation Park. Contact David Edgerton at (705) 745-1324 (exyension 219), or e-mail dredgerton@wallofhonour.com. The site has a very useful link to view attestation papers from WWI.

Recent Acquisitions

Now in the Trent Valley Archives reading library:

Greenbank: Country Matters in 19th Century Ontario by W.H. Graham

By Grace Co-Workers (building the Anglican Diocese of Toronto 1780 - 1989) edited by Alan L. Hayes

Peterborough Golf & Country Club 1897 – 1997 by Elwood Jones

Anson House: A Refuge and a Home edited by Elwood Jones

Peterborough – The Electric City by Elwood Jones and Bruce Dyer

Kawartha Heritage –Proceedings from the Kawartha Conference 1981 by A.O.C. Cole & Jean Murray Cole

Plaqued Historic Sites in Peterborough and Area by Robert Bowley

The First 50 Years – Peterborough and the OHA by M.H. (Lefty) Reid

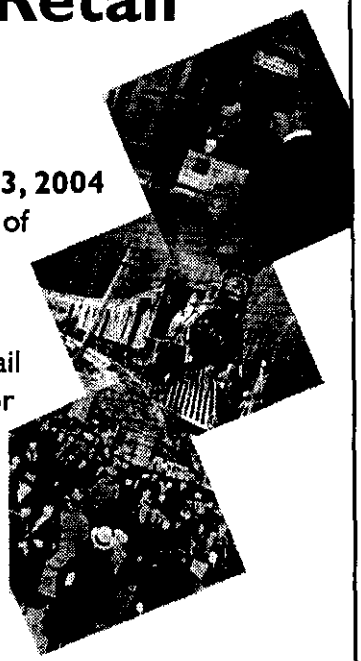
In Search of Irish Darlings by Gail Darling

Mail, Rail, Retail

Connecting Canadians

Nov 21, 2003 to May 23, 2004
at the Canadian Museum of Civilization/Canadian Postal Museum

The post, railway and retail business all played a major role in Canada's history. The combination of all three helped to develop and modernize Canada.



In partnership with Canada Post, Canadian Pacific Railway and the Hudson's Bay Company

New Books of Local Interest

In Search of Irish Darlings by Gail Darling is now available for $30 by phoning the author at (416) 486-1145, or Ron Darling at (705) 486-1145, or e-mail gaildarling2001@yahoo.ca The book researches the Darling name in Ireland and captures the story of John, James, Robert and William Darling who left County Fermanagh in the 1830s, bound for Canada West. The lives of their 32 children are chronicled. Other family names in the book are: Crowe, Adlam, Armstrong, Barr, Batten, Bell, Bennett, Bird, Bolton, Bound, Blewett, Carveth, Cragg, Cudmore, Dawkins, Davet, Davis, Drain, Dunford, Edwards, Ferguson, Forbes, Frauts, Freeburn, Galvin, Grant, Greystock, Hampton, Heard, Hollingsworth, Hunter, Irwin, Ketcheson, Kidd, Know, Koepfgen, LaPine, Lennox, Little, Lonsberry, Matthews, McClure, McCracken, Millage, Moore, Morden, Morin, Morton, Mudge, Northey, Oakes, Payne, Playford, Reid, Richardson, Selkirk, Singleton, Taylot, Tighe, Tedford, Trimble, Wannamaker, Wasson, Wilson and White.

Adam Scott, Master Millwright 1796 - 1838 is about Peterborough's first miller, by his ancestor Robert Scott Dunford. Published by the Smith-Ennismore Historical Society, it also features the early history of Peterborough, local townships, people, events and interpretations. A pre-publication price of $30 is offered until Christmas. Contact Bernice Harris, Publications SEHS, P.Po. Box 41Bridgenorth, ON K0L 1H0 or call (705) 742-7390.

Docks of the Bays, about Kasshabog Lake history, has its own website: www.kasshabobook.cjb.net. Written by Marina Puffer-Butland and Bev McLeod, the authors are taking orders for the book, and are looking for more folks with information to include. Follow the links from the web site or contact TVA.