

HC
G217p

PIONEERS OF THE UPPER OTTAWA

AND

THE HUMORS OF THE VALLEY

SOUTH HULL AND AYLMER EDITION

BY

bert
ANSON A. GARD

AUTHOR OF

THE YANKEE IN QUEBEC; UNCLE SAM IN QUEBEC; THE WANDERING
YANKEE; HOW TO SEE MONTREAL; THE NEW CANADA;
THE HUB AND THE SPOKES; MY FRIEND BILL;
ETC., ETC.

PUBLISHED BY
THE EMERSON PRESS
OTTAWA, CANADA

1906

304479
4 . 10 . 3

INTRODUCTION.

"You are doing what we should have done twenty years ago, before the old pioneers were gone." This was said by one of the most noted men of the Valley. At the time he spoke, I did not know how truly he spoke. When I began to hunt out the data of the early days, I was met by the oft repeated: "If you had only been here before grandfather died! Why, he could have told you just what you want to know!" With "Grandfather" dead, it has been a tedious task, but then the descendants of "Granpa" have been so delightful that time has not seemed long, and when I have finished and gone to another country, I am sure that my mind will ever return to these "Children of the Pioneers," for they have been kind to me.

I do not give this work as perfect—I was not here "twenty years ago," and have had to glean from their memories (some of which have proved little short of marvellous) and so have done what I could to preserve the records for succeeding generations. I do not give it as a perfect work, since in some instances, my only source of information was memories which were *not* marvellous, and as no written records had been kept, in these instances, I have been compelled to rely upon the best obtainable. As many will know, I have spared neither time nor effort in my search.

That many errors will have been recorded I do not doubt, but the errors are the reason of each family being more careful in the keeping of their family data. I have recorded as the facts have been given me. In subsequent editions, if subsequent editions there be, I shall be greatly pleased to correct anything not correct herein. Do not find fault—any one can do that, if not a thing else—but send corrections, if you would have accuracy to go down to the future.

I cannot pass without paying a just tribute to the memories of many a one who has helped me in this work, whose work on

earth is done. No one can realize how fast the old are going, unless that one has come in contact with them as I have. I began my search, now (July, 1906) almost a year ago. Since that time the following dear old people—who gave me kindly information—have all gone to their reward: Mrs. John Nesbitt, Joseph Neill, George Simmons, Samuel Benedict, N. E. Cormier, Thomas Symmes and Alex. Lavigne, while many others of whom I have written have passed over to the great majority.

The growth and changes of a community are so marked that even during the printing of a book, after the manuscript has been handed to the printer, one would need to follow the edition with an immediate other to be up-to-date.

Aylmer has—since the “end”—a long needed drug store, “The White,” and another tailor, Wm. Fitzsimmons, and some new factories in sight. The name of Aylmer’s fourth lawyer, Hector Chauvin, was missed in the setting up.

On page 85, Part III, I predicted that Sir Wilfrid Laurier, “supported by all who have at heart the good of the Nation,” would do a certain thing. The vote has since passed—passed between the printing and the binding of this book—and the work will soon begin, and the rest of the prediction will come true.

DEDICATION.

To the People of South Hull and Aylmer, whose generous hospitality I have richly enjoyed, during the past year, do I most heartily dedicate this work, telling of the past and present of their country.

I would include in this dedication, another one who though not a Canadian, yet whose interest in his adopted land has made possible much of my work in Canada. When I would have grown heart tired, his kindly "Go on" has ever given me renewed encouragement for further effort, and if my stories and descriptions of this beautiful country bring others to see and know of it, much must be credited to this young man, whose four years' energy has left its mark across the continent in vast works in manufactory of the building material of the future. It is therefore a pleasure to include, in the Dedication, the name of Joseph S. Irvin.

MY PATRONS.

If any merit be found within this book, I make no claim to it. The credit must all be given to the friends who have so kindly made it possible for me to record and publish the gathered information. With the small field in which to expect to find readers of a local book, it would have been an impossibility to produce a work of this expensive nature without the assistance of those interested, To the Patrons, whose names I record with hearty thanks, is due this work. The succeeding generations, as well as the reader of the present, must ever thank them. They will forget the writer, but the sons and daughters of these Patrons will be more pleased to see, upon this list, the name of "grandfather" than had "grandfather left them a few more dollars.

LIST OF PATRONS.

Wm. Allen.

Colonel H. Allan Bate, Birks Manufacturing Jewellers, James Baillie, Wm. George and Walter Benedict, A. E. Beaudry.

S. S. Cushman, P. Clark, J. Cardinal, Mrs. Frank L. Carpenter, Mrs. F. L. Childs, Captain John Curry.

E. B. Devlin, M.P., G. L. Dumouchel.

Mayor Samuel H. Edey, Moses C. Edey, Richard Edey, Edna M. Edey, Johnston Edgerly.

I. A. Farquharson, Harry and Wm. Flynn, T. P. Foran, Joseph Fulford.

Dr. C. E. Graham, Frank Grimes, W. E. Gowling.

Mrs. A. M. Holt, Colonel W. G. Hurdman, Dr. H. P. Hudson, Mrs. John Huckell.

Joseph S. Irvin.

L. B. C. Kutz, Alonzo Klock, James B. Klock, M.P., Edwy Kenny.

Hon. Frank R. Latchford, Frank Leamy, Charles Leamy, Thomas Lindsay, Samuel G. Lindsay, Mrs. T. E. Lord.

Mrs. James Maxwell, Wm. Maxwell, Mrs. Robert Maxwell, Napoleon Mathe, Miss Minnie McLean, Hector and Archibald

McLean, Alex Moffatt, W. G. Mulligan, Frank Murtagh, George McKay, J. M. McDougall, H. W. Mohr, Charles Moore.

Mrs. Joseph Neill, J. K. Neill.

Henry Olmsted, Charles Olmsted.

James K. Paisley, Miss Eva Parker, Daniel Pink.

Dr. Edward L. Quirk.

Robert Radmore, Edward J. Rainboth, Robert and Thomas Ritchie, Colonel S. Maynard Rogers.

R. H. Sayer, Mayor Thomas D. Sayer, René de Salaberry, Judge Joseph T. St. Julien, Edward S. Skead, Herbert Simmons, Wm. A. Stanger, Mrs. T. W. Symmes, Mrs. Thomas Symmes, Harry Symmes.

W. R. Taylor, W. J. Topley.

John Wright, Orange Wright, Albert E. Wright, Church P. Wright, Alice Wright, Christopher Wright, Dr. J. J. E. Woods.

SPECIAL PATRONS.

For Robert Kenny, Pioneer—Samuel H. Edey.

For Samuel Edey, Pioneer—Samuel H. Edey and Luther Edey, Jr.

For Frank Maxwell, Pioneer—Samuel H. Edey.

For Methodist Church—Miss Edna Edey.

For Presbyterian Church—Miss Minnie McLean.

For Anglican Church—R. H. Sayer, Thomas D. Sayer, George McKay, Thomas Ritchie.

For Catholic Church—Father A. A. Labelle, Father Emery, René de Salaberry, Napoleon Devlin, John Jacques, P. Chart-rand, Mother Superior of Convent.

For Joseph Wyman, Pioneer—Moses C. Edey, Richard Edey, H. W. Mohr.

For Philemon Wright—Mrs. T. E. Lord, Dr. C. E. Graham.

For Benjamin Hooper Wright, Pioneer—Miss Alice Wright, Mrs. Robert Maxwell, Albert E. Wright, John Wright, Orange Wright, J. R. McCauley, George W. Goudie, Dr. N. W. Cleary, Christopher Wright.

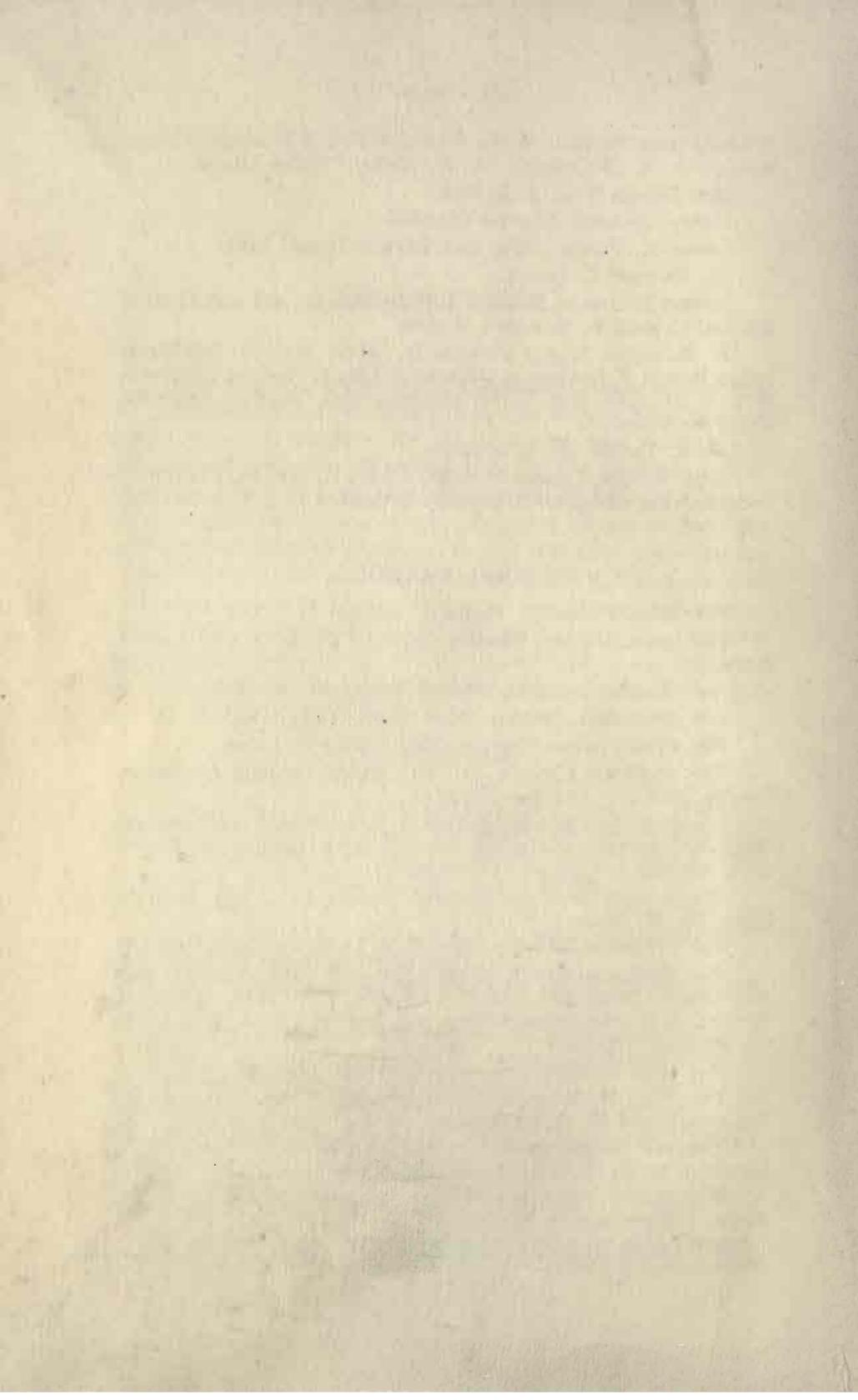
For John Wright, Pioneer—Church P. Wright.

For Wm. H. McConnell—Wm. George, Robert and Conrad McConnell and W. A. Sutherland.

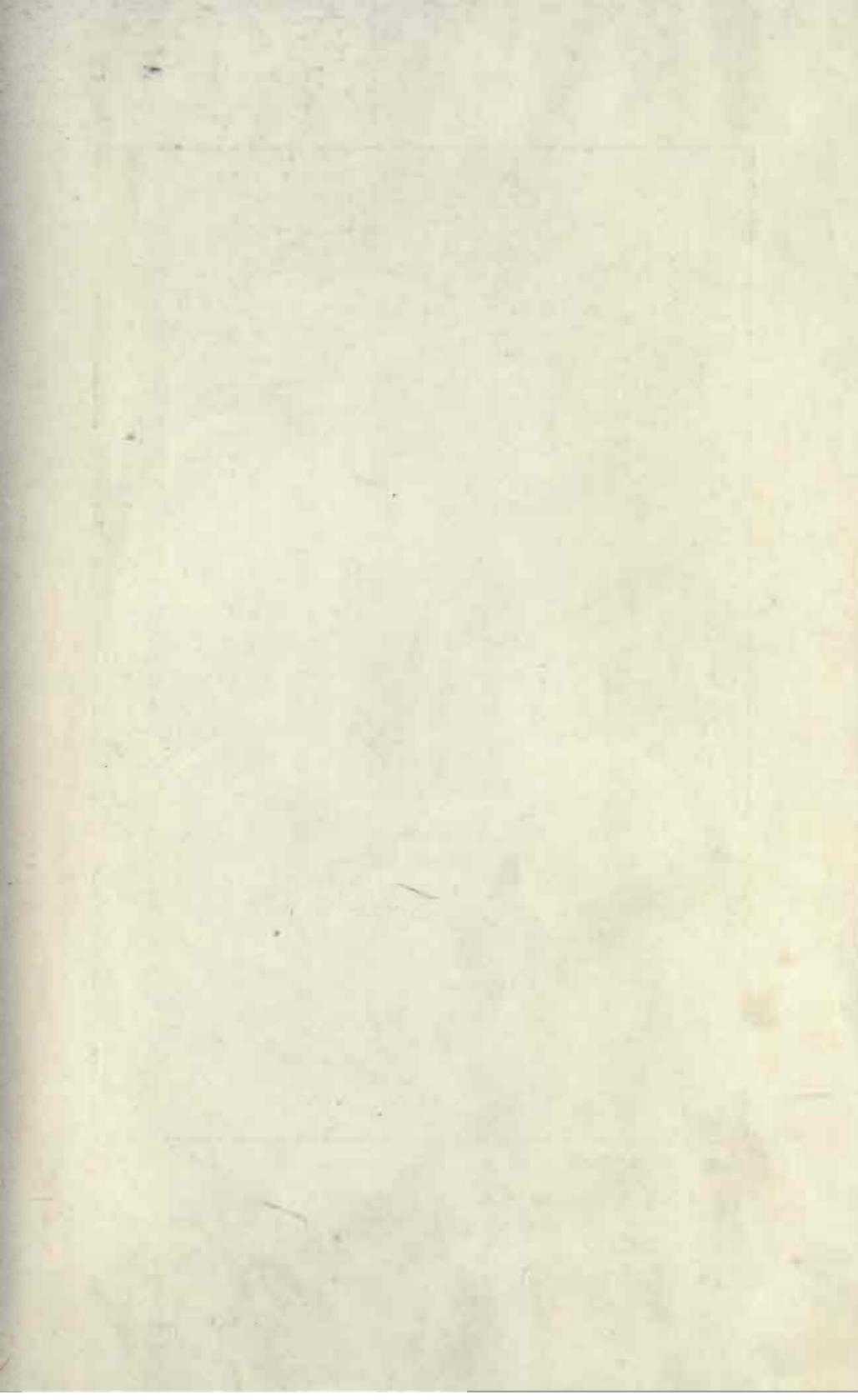
For the Mountain Road District—W. E. Gowling, F. X. Larose, Church P. Wright and Harry Symmes.

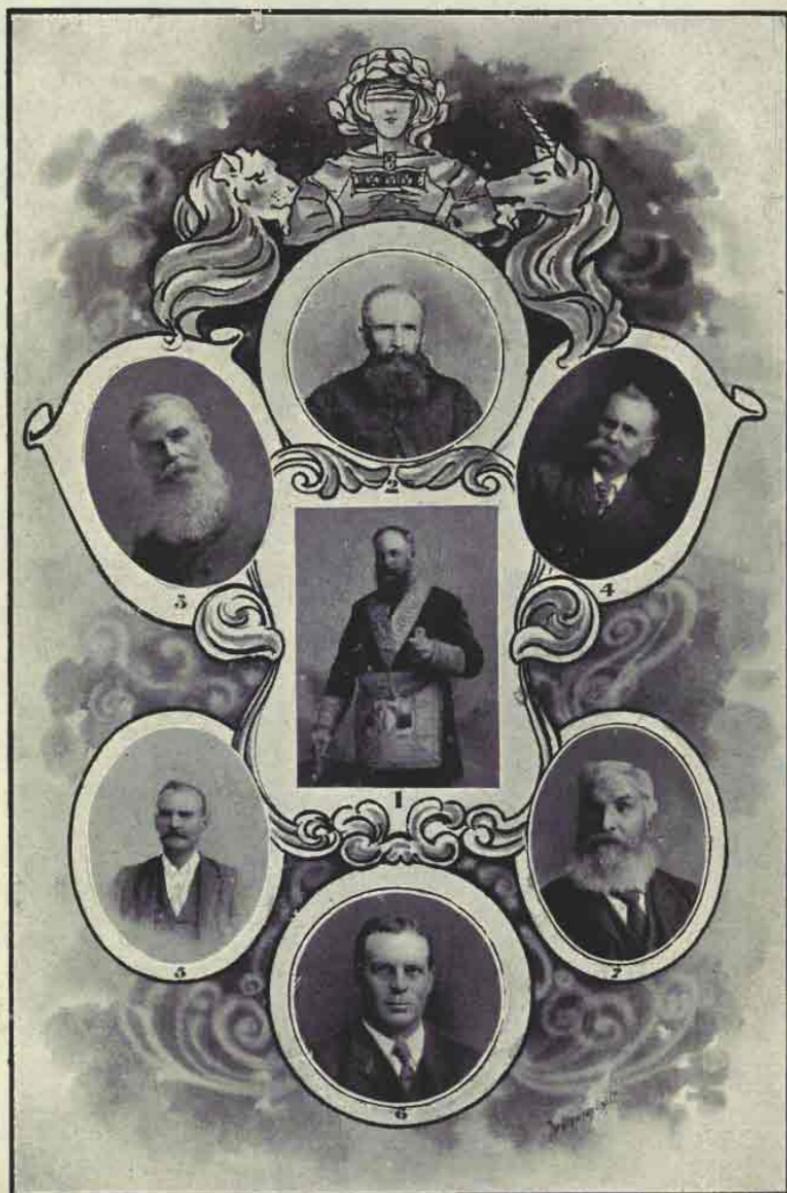
For James Finlayson Taylor, Pioneer—Moses C. Edey, Richard Edey and H. W. Mohr.

For South Hull—The Council.



PART I.





SOUTH HULL COUNCIL.

- | | |
|--------------------------|--------------------|
| 1. MAYOR SAMUEL H. EDEY. | 4. WM. MCCONNELL. |
| 2. CAPTAIN JOHN CURRIE. | 5. JOSEPH FULFORD. |
| 3. WM. ALLEN. | 6. WM. MAXWELL. |
| 7. SQUIRE JAMES BAILLIE. | |

SOUTH HULL.

THE HULL OF 'EM.

"Rube, can you get the run of things political here in the Township of Hull?" asked the Colonel, one day when first we started in to solve the municipal mysteries of the Township.

"Not yet, Colonel, not yet. Every time we come over we find a new Municipality."

This ran on for several months, but finally (I guess it is "Finally," but will not give it as a statement to be bet on, as a large wager) we found that there are: Hull City, in the south-east corner; Aylmer, near the south-west corner; East Hull, in the north-west corner, around Cantley; West Hull, about Chelsea; and South Hull, almost any old place between. Of course there is no particular need of all this subdividing of a small Township, or at least we thought there was no need. We thought that there was no need, until we met the politicians of Hull, and then the wonder was how that they could all find places with only five municipalities to officer. And again the wonder was how that at election time they could find enough lay citizens to do the voting to make it legal. We have

TIM CAMPBELL AND THE CONSTITUTION.

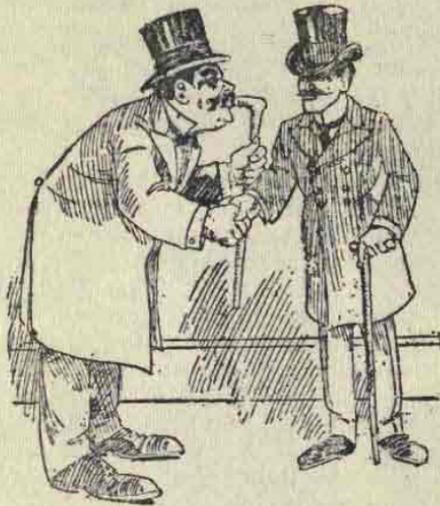
since been led to think of Tim Campbell's comment on the Constitution. Some one once asked Tim: "Tim, old man, is that constitutional? Is it legal?"

"To Hull with the constitution! What's the constitution among friends!"

At the time Tim said that I didn't know that he knew his geography well enough to know that there was such a place as Hull. I know I didn't at that date. But now I see that he not only knew this Township, but he must have known that here small things don't bother the politicians, and the rest of the people are so few that they don't count anyhow. Yes, there was a whole lot more in Tim's head than we used to give him credit for. Poor old Tim is dead, but I find that his philosophy still lives on here in Hull—Township.

I might be wrong in speaking of these good people as politicians. You must remember, dear reader (I say "dear reader," so that we can get up close and have a real confidential chat about things political) that there are nearly as many kinds of politics

as there are ways of GETTING A CART HORSE OUT OF A SEWER, which number of ways, you know, is always governed by the size of the crowd. There are politicians for the "boodle" there is in it, others for the high honor, more for the aid to business, still more to assist your brother-in-law to pick off some nice plums. Some go into politics for the "junkettings" with champagne, frillings and things on the side, still others for trips at the city's expense, to some capital in a foreign land, ostensibly to buy books



Junketing with Champagne-Frillings and things on the side.

for a library, but in reality to try a new means of spending the people's money and to give a bit of polish to the messenger sent with a marked catalog, showing the books, which any bookstore-keeper in the place could have better ordered, since he would know a book when he saw it. Of course this would not be politically proper, in fact there would not be any politics in it at all—so little "graft" that I am doubtful if the possible donor of the library would feel that the politicians fully appreciated

HULL POLITICIANS UNIQUE.

his gift. There are many other varieties of politicians who go into politics for several hundred other reasons, but not one of all these sorts and kinds would fit the variety found in some of these municipalities here in Hull Township. Of course I run a great risk of losing my high reputation as a stickler for truth, under all and every circumstance, and yet I must run this risk and shall. You may have your own way and believe me or not as you choose, but I am going to tell you of this absolutely unique species they have here. **THEY WORK FOR NOTHING AND ARE IN POLITICS TO**

SAVE MONEY FOR THE PEOPLE. Don't believe it! I knew you wouldn't. Things unique are indeed hard to believe, but I can prove what I say. I could name and may name a municipality in this Township that only pays 3 mills

MAYOR AND COUNCIL PAY FOR THE BAIT.

on one fourth valuation. The Mayor and his Council when they go fishing even pay for their own bait—and the Colonel pronounces the "Bait" a most excellent brand. He should know as he is "a gentleman, a scholar and a good judge of — bait," and we were both along, on one of the Mayor and Council's fishing excursions. To be sure we didn't catch any fish, but enjoyed the outing just the same. We didn't catch a fish, nor did we bring any of the bait back, but we did have lots of fun, and we will go again at any time that the South Hull Council says the word.

SOUTH HULL.

This part of the Township may be said to have been settled before the present City of Hull, since farming was to the early pioneers of paramount interest, and this was then as now the farming land. All along the "Britannia Road" (now the Aylmer Road), was laid out in farms and here was done the first clearing. The "Britannia" farm was in this municipality, and most of "Columbia" was also within what is now South Hull.

Come with the Colonel and me for a leisurely walk out into South Hull municipality. We will take the beautiful Aylmer Road, which leaves Hull City from the west, along the grand old Ottawa River, which is in view almost the whole way to the historic village of Aylmer. There will be so much of real interest that I am sure you will not grow tired.

ALONG THE AYLMER ROAD.

When Philemon Wright came to Hull almost his first business was to see that he could get out of town if he wished. He began by making a road to the west. In 1832, when Joseph Bouchette visited Hull he found a fine road running to Aylmer which had started two years before. He speaks particularly of it. "It is called," said he "The Britannia Road." He then went on to describe how it was built, which showed the manner in which Philemon did things, which was most thorough. It did

not run as it does now, as Colonel Coutlee says he can remember seeing the old line that varied quite considerable from the present, and yet it was practically the same as now. The most difference was, that then it ran much farther south at the point where is now the St. Paul's Catholic Cemetery, east of Aylmer. That part was then a swamp.

In 1849 a company began macadamizing it throughout its full length from Hull to Aylmer, some eight miles. It was finished in 1850. It was let out in mile contracts, the farmers hauling the stone from off their farms for the macadam. When the company was reorganized, a few years since, the stock was "watered," to make up for this ease of construction, "for," said the reorganizers, "the farmers would have had to haul the stone and rock off their fields anyhow, and it would not do to count the actual cost then. What it would cost now is what we must look at."

This "went," and the road company was reorganized, and is a good investment, "dampened" as it was.

RUBE AND THE COLONEL VISIT THE OLD LAND- MARKS.

One bright day last summer, the Colonel and I started out to visit the country along this old road. All day long, as we trudged on, we could not but think that we were passing over almost sacred ground. We took our time, stopping ever and anon to contemplate the places once occupied by the very first who saw this beautiful land. Where are they now? The question was easy of answer, for almost at the very outset of our walk, there to the left, after passing the toll-gate at the built-up edge of Hull City, we came to an ancient cemetery. We go in and read the names of those who lived and moved along the very road where now we pass, a century later than some of those who lie therein. Some of the names are new to us by reason of their very age. Families who then were here, have all gone and only in this silent city do we see that they had ever been of Hull.

TETREAUVILLE,

a collection of crudely built houses stands along the road, beyond the "1820" stone at the foot of the hill.

Part of this land was entered by Samuel Benedict and is yet owned by some of his descendants.

It was to this locality that the great lumberers, the Moores, came, after they had spent some time in Templeton.

Their lands extended to the river to the south and west.

"RIVERVIEW."

That beautiful mansion, in the park-like grounds to the right, was once the home of David Moore, who built it in 1865. It is now owned by the well known and popular man, Edward S. Skead, son of the Hon. Senator James Skead, and son-in-law of David Moore.

HON. JAMES SKEAD.

As we were in no hurry, I thought to tell the Colonel of this noble character—James Skead—who came to Canada in 1832, when a boy of 16 years of age. His life is so full of all that goes to make a true man that it is a regret that I must confine it to a passing note, and yet I cannot pass without speaking of him.

He was born in Moresby Hall, Cumberland, England. He was the eldest son of Wm. Skead of Whitehaven. His mother was Mary Selkirk, daughter of the Rev. James Selkirk of the Church of England, Whitehaven.

He came to Bytown in 1832, and in 1842 he married Rosena Mackey, daughter of James Mackey, of Mackey's Island, County Downs, Ireland.

He went into the lumber and timber trade, of which he was one of the pioneers, and but for the unfortunate turn in the business, later in his life, he might have reaped the fortune which he laid for the men who profited by his misfortune. I will not go into the details of the means some of them used, to turn his misfortune to their own gain. Knowing the meagre spirit of one of them, it was no surprise to hear told of the trickery resorted to. But then, what odds it, the family have millions, and the world calls them It, so let it go at that.

DESERVED HONORS.

They may have the money, but they cannot detract from the man. Few in Canada have stood so high in the point of honors conferred as did James Skead, nor filled more places of trust than he.

In 1867, when Confederation was accomplished, he was called to the Senate by royal proclamation. Early in 1881 he resigned, but in December of that same year he was reappointed.

Here are some of the things of which he was President: Ottawa Board of Trade, Ottawa Agricultural Society, Ottawa Liberal-Conservative Association, Agriculture Insurance Company, Upper Ottawa Steamboat Company, Dominion Board of Trade, Agricultural and Arts Association of Ontario, Ottawa St. George's Society, etc. In 1876 this Society presented him

with a handsome gold cross of St. George for his hearty services in promoting the affairs of the Association.

In 1874 he was elected President of the Provincial Liberal-Conservative Association, which met in Toronto.

He was Vice-President of the Canada Central Railway Company, and also Vice-President of the Montreal and Ottawa City Junction Railway Company.

He was Director of the following: Ottawa Association of Manufacturers, Madawaska River Improvement Company, Caughnawaga Ship Canal Company, etc.

He was once an Ottawa Alderman when that position was an honor, and commanded big men.

At our Centennial Exposition in 1876, at Philadelphia, he was appointed a judge in the timber department.

He had considerable parliamentary experience, having represented Rideau Division in the Legislative Council of old Canada from 1862 up to the date of union.

When the Prince of Wales was here in 1860 no one had so much to do with his entertainment as had James Skead. He practically managed the whole, if one may judge from the newspaper account of that notable event.

The above is but a meagre resume of the things that show the prominence of this great Canadian. Nor were the honors sought by him. His ability commanded them, and he did credit to the positions he filled.

He was broad minded and liberal. Nor was his liberality confined to his mind alone. I have seen men so liberal minded that they would give you *everything*—"in their *mind*," and let you starve for something more substantial. Not so with James Skead. His books showed, after his death, in 1884, that he had given in public and private ways more than \$150,000. Ye gods and little fishes! when one thinks of the awful strain it is upon some of the "would be's" to part with a dollar for anything save for their own personal benefit, and then compare them to this man; one cannot but stand in wonderment at the contrast! It is said that he never refused to do his part in anything that was of a public nature. He gave as soon as he saw the need, and did not wait until the one, having the interest in hand, had grown heart-sick trying to work up a sentiment. Nor did he give as gives the millionaire, because he had no need of his money. He gave because his heart prompted the giving, which meant far more than parting with what he could not use.

When I find such a man as this I stop by the roadside to talk of him. Of such as he, I can ever find space, and regret that I am not at work on a volume. Such men are so scarce that one can afford to devote to the few a goodly portion of one's story.

Next beyond "Riverview," is seen to the right M. Murphy's farm, once a part of the Skead property.

THE OLD MOUSEAU HOTEL,

just beyond the western limit of Hull City (the line crosses the pike almost at the hotel) is to be seen an old hotel built as far back as 1840.

"BRITANNIA FARM."

Ruggles Wright had a farm of 1,500 acres along this road. It began at the line just east of Mouseau's and ran to the Allen farm, a mile or more to the west. It has long since been subdivided and is held by very many owners. The first is S. N. Slater's, next is Mrs. McVeity's, better known as "Mrs. Slinn," an Ottawa baker. The first was once the home of Wetheral Wright, son of Ruggles, the second was built by Edward V., another of Ruggles' sons. Fred Moore, son of David, also owned it for a time.

Across to the left is the cottage of Arthur McConnell. Next, to the right, is the Ottawa Golf Club House and grounds. Thomas Mackerel lives opposite the Golf grounds.

The place with the Lodge at the entrance of the lane is the property of the late John Ashworth, once a prominent figure.

Just beyond the Golf grounds is the old Ruggles Wright farm house. This is all that is left in the family of the once great farm.

The beautiful home seen through the arch of trees, to the left, was once that of Wm. McKay Wright, son-in-law of the Hon. James Skead. It is now the property of Mrs. Bessy, daughter of the late E. B. Eddy.

ARCH TO THE PRINCE OF WALES.

When King Edward was here in 1860, as the Prince of Wales, McKay Wright and all of the neighbors built one of the prettiest rustic arches, in front of this residence, that was put up in honor of the Prince, during his memorable visit in Canada.

Said one who had to do with the arch: "James Latchford, father of the Honorable Frank Latchford, had charge of the building of it. We worked all the night before to have it ready for the Prince, who was to pass up the road to take the boat at Aylmer, for his trip up the river to the Chats Falls. In the morning, when it was finished, we stood 'round waiting. When he came, he stopped, and thanked us in such a kindly manner that we felt fully repaid for our all night's work. The arch was really very pretty. The young ladies quite filled the Prince's carriage with flowers, gathered from the woods.

"Those who helped on the arch, under Mr. Latchford, were Jerry Moylan, James Cregan and his sons, one of whom, Patrick, is a fireman at No. 1 Fire Station in Ottawa. There were, of course, others, but forty-five years have passed since then and I cannot recall them now. The arch was designed by John Archibald, a noted landscape gardener. The old man is still

living. He may be found keeping the toll-gate on the Chelsea pike, just at the lane leading down to the International Portland Cement Works. A fine genial old gentleman as you would ask to meet." (And so I later found him to be). It was from George Routliffe that I got the above. George was the pilot who ran the timber raft on which the Prince had made his trip through the Slide, at the Chaudiere, a day or two before. George has a small farm, to the right, joining the Wm. Allen farm. This latter was entered by the pioneer of the name—John Allen. It was taken up in 1806. It is still in the family, being owned and occupied by Wm., a son of Ruggles, and grandson of the original John. While the rich owners of property in the days when Wm. Allen was young and starting, have sold their farms to go into "Something better" and failed to "make good", he has stayed by the farm and has long since added to his acres until he has one of the best areas on the road. The original Allen farm extended to the Bellview Cemetery. There began the old Gideon Olmstead 300 acre tract, which has long since been subdivided into a large number of little holdings, some of which was bought by Mr. Allen, thus extending his farm to the west of the Cemetery.

BELLVIEW CEMETERY.

The Bellview Cemetery is well worthy a passing note. Herein lie many of the great ones of the old days. Get over, or *under*, as you prefer, the nailed up stiles, and read the names on the old monuments, and if you know the pioneers of this country you will find many that are very familiar.

First of importance is the name of Gideon Olmstead. It was he who gave the original Acre. He gave it with but a single proviso: "Free to all but one. No Rollins must ever be buried herein." Poor Rollins, who lived on a farm a short distance to the west, took this so to heart that he sold out and returned to the States.

Here are to be seen the names of many another who left their mark on the country's record of progress. See them here: Klock, Bell, Grimes, McConnell, Ritchie, Hill, Kenny, Moore, Benedict, Bolton, Maxwell, McAllister, Chamberlain, Heath, McCook, Edey, Wright, Wilson, Roberts, Breckenridge, Powell and in the newer part many a name of those who have since added to the country's progress.

"The Newer Part" was laid out—many more acres—by one of the subsequent inheritors, and extends to the west. While it is new, and contains a number of fine monuments, it has none of the interest of the old. We found a real pleasure in wading around the old among the briars, weeds, and *holes*, that we could not find in the lawn-like beauty of the new. True, the "Briars, Weeds and Holes" were *not* any reason for added pleasure, and as we groped our way from grave to grave, we did

wonder a little why the living have so little care for the dead of the far past. The sorrowing heart for the recent dead may often dictate a monument fit for a king, but when that heart grows cold by passing years, the weeds may grow and flourish and no thought be given to the graves they cover. True again: "It matters not, as I've oft been told, where the body shall lie when the heart grows cold," so really, what does it matter anyhow! At best, it is all sentiment, and sentiment seldom reaches beyond the second generation, especially so if it has to be cashed.

THE OLMSTEAD FARM.

As above, the Gideon Olmstead farm of 300 acres has been subdivided into many holdings, most of which contain from 30 to 33 acres. Wm. Conroy, son of Robert, owns the new part of the Cemetery, with the few acres adjoining. This was once known as the Thomas Roberts land.

Opposite Bellview we find Conrad McConnell, and adjoining on the west, Mrs. Noble Henderson has just "Left the old house for the new."

Mrs. Robert Stewart owns the next and opposite, and on the south side is the farm of Mrs. A. Armstrong.

"ELM-TREE HOTEL," NOW "BALVENNIE GARDENS."

We next come to the once noted old hostelry, known as the Elm-Tree Hotel, kept by George Halsted, who married Gideon Olmstead's youngest daughter, Esther. Many of the older inhabitants remember this hotel—famous in its day for good cheer. It is now owned by Mr. I. A. Farquharson, who has named it the "Balvennie Gardens," for his early home in Scotland. He is here demonstrating what may be done in the way of high class gardening. When he purchased the place, only a few years ago, it was all "farmed out," but he has made of it what its name indicates, a veritable garden. His product commands the very highest value.

Edward Rainboth joins on the west of Balvennie Gardens. This was the Rollins' farm, later owned by Surveyor Snow. Mrs. John Foran owns the 30 acres just across the road, on the north side.

McCONNELL LANE.

Here we come to the McConnell Lane, running down to the original McConnell farm, toward the river. This is now owned by A. and J. Armstrong.

Beyond the McConnell Lane, to the left, is the old Robert Stewart farm, entered by H. M. Fulford. It is now owned by Samuel Stewart.

"GREEN PARK."

The pretty home of Mr. T. P. Foran, the well known Attorney, is seen to the right, through a beautiful park-like grove of pines. It is well named for it is truly a "Green Park." The fine old house sets far back, and is most picturesque.

James Routliffe occupies the farm house by the roadside.

This farm was also entered by H. M. Fulford, one of the very early pioneers.

CANADIAN SCHOOL HOUSES.
A REMINISCENCE.

That jail-like stone building—low and "squatly"—across on the north side of the road beyond Foran's is *not* a jail, but it is only what all school houses used to seem to me. All school houses in the country, here, are built after one pattern, a one-story square box with a little shut-in vestibule, for a snow "stomping ground" for the children, before entering the main room. They are usually of frame. I have never been inside of one of them. My memory of country school houses would not permit of it. That memory calls up only a picture of a place to be "thrashed—thrashed, then thrashed again, three times a day," sung to the tune of "There is a happy land, far, far away" and in this particular adaption the farther away the better. I guess, however, that the teachers of to-day are not the set of idiots they used to be when they thought the only way to impart knowledge was through our hides. The only consolation I now have is to "roast" every teacher who has to use the "strap." I've said it before and will simply quote from "Gard": "The teacher who has to whip has missed his (too often *her*) calling. He should go out into the back woods and maul rails." There! That makes up for at least fifty of my monthly portion of "The dear old school days." And they *were* "Old—school." The *new* I am told are better. They cannot be worse.

Later: The Colonel and I have visited many a school house since the above was written and he has made me admit that there are *exceptions*.

"TAKEN BY THE INDIANS."

At the next house, but one, after passing Mr. Foran's, we ran right into a real Indian story before we knew it. We had often heard how that a Mrs. J. Delaney had been captured by Chief Big Bear, during the Riel Rebellion of 1885, but had never thought to meet the "captured one," herself. When we found, sitting under the shade of the lawn trees, a pleasant spoken lady, who told us that she was Mrs. J. Delaney, we could not for the moment realize that we were to hear from her own lips the story of "That Massacre and capture at Frog Lake, in the North-West Territory."

"Yes," said Mrs. Delaney, "I was one of the two women taken by Chief Big Bear at the Massacre of Frog Lake in 1885. Mrs. Gowanlock, the wife of a mill-wright, was the other. Both our husbands were shot dead before our eyes. Nine others were killed at the same time. We were taken by Big Bear's band to their camp, but suffered no indignity, as we were both ransomed by the Crees, among whom my husband had long been Instructor. The Cree who ransomed me, paid Big Bear two horses. I might say here that the Crees were friendly Indians and were taken prisoners at the same time with us. We were all held until rescued two months after by volunteers from Battleford and brought down to Fort Pitt. 'Big Bear' and his band were originally from Canada but went into the States, from which they were run out just about the time Riel was collecting his army. He (Big Bear) was promised much if he would join the Rebels. It was learned that Riel told him: 'Join us and when we have killed all the white men of this country, there will no others dare to come up here and then we can have things as they were before. The buffalo will come again, and we can hunt as in the old days, before the white man drove us away and killed all our game.' This influenced the young Indians, who, at once, by trickery, got from the Crees and the few whites, all of the guns and ammunition, then fell upon the Post and as I said killed the eleven white men, among whom were two priests (Fathers Faford and Marchand)."

Mrs. Delaney is a daughter of J. Marshall Fulford and granddaughter of the pioneer above mentioned, H. M. Fulford. She is also a granddaughter of Truman Waller, another pioneer of note.

Truman Waller entered the farm west of the school house which is now owned by David Stewart. The farm house has burned down since we passed along, that summer day.

The Hurdman Homestead is the old stone house near the corner of the Deschenes road. It, too, was entered by Truman Waller.

THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Before reaching the old Hurdman house there may be seen a large elm tree, to the north side of the road. Just back of where it stands, in the jog in the land, stood the first Presbyterian Church in this country. It was built in the twenties. There was also, here, a school house. No vestige of either may be seen save a pile of stone.

Mr. Robert A. J. McConnell owns and occupies the Hurdman homestead.

On the south side are the ruins of an old house once the home of two noted men—Ithamar H. Day, of the Deschenes Mills. His son became the well known Judge Day. Sheriff Coutlee was the other. He later removed to the old

stone house seen just to the west of the Deschenes cross road, up to which road we have now reached in our walk. This is sometimes called the Mountain road, but incorrectly so. It but leads to that road, some four miles to the north, at which it (the Deschenes road) ends.

This was once a sort of a Centre. Here the neighbors used to come to old Moses Miron's blacksmith shop to get their horses shod, their sleds fixed and to exchange news and tell stories. All is silent now, the fire is out and the old doors of the shop are shut forever—for Moses is dead.

I might repeat some of the good stories told of the old shop, how some of the *economical* neighbors used here to congregate, to indulge in Moses' good "cheer," thus eking out the meagre supply at home. I *might*, I say, but I *won't*.

The house on the north-west corner is that of John Gillan, late of England. He made a wise selection of his little farm, for property all about this locality must grow in value in the very near future.

"THE GLEBE."

Just beyond the little corner of houses, we come—on the same side of the road—to what was once "the Glebe." It was the home of Canon John Johnston, who long remained a notable character of this country, for nearly 100 miles up the Ottawa. For more than forty years he was the Rector of St. James' Church, in Hull City, (1842 to 1883), besides looking after many other places. He was long the Chaplain of the Dominion Senate. You can see the ruins of his old house over there beneath the shade of those elms. The land now forms a part of the famous dairy farm of Patrick Clark.

DAIRYING MADE AN HONORABLE OCCUPATION.

It is worthy of more than a passing notice—this Dairy farm of Clark's. It was once the property of Robert Conroy. Mr. Clark came from Quyon, where he had long followed merchantizing, to take up dairying. In the three years since taking it, he has brought it up to a high state of cultivation, and has already built up a business that is not only recognized in Canada, but it is one of the show places for visitors from abroad. When the famous novelist, Rider Haggard, was in Ottawa, he, with a large party, including a number of the Cabinet Ministers and other prominent, were brought out by Governor General, Lord Grey, to see it, as the most up-to-date Dairy Farm in Canada.

A famous lecturer, on visiting the establishment, said: "I have seen some of the most noted dairy farms in the world, and I must say that I find that you have here a system unsurpassed by any of them."

When the Convention of Dairymen from Canada and the United States was held in Ottawa, the delegates, on seeing the perfection of Mr. Clark's system of handling his business, were compelled to admit that they had been fully repaid for coming to Ottawa, and that it was an education in itself. "Mr. Clark," said the enthusiast, "all the experimental farms and all the lecturers going about over your country cannot do the good that a visit to this farm could do."

Mr. Clark says that his object is not so much to make money for money's sake, but the good he can do by teaching the proper way of handling dairy products. "The mortality among children is often appalling," said he one day, in speaking on his one great theme, "and when I think of the good that could be done by teaching the world the necessity of clean milk, I forget all about money. If I can do my little part in making the handlers of milk realize that they owe it to their fellow beings, to use the most absolute cleanliness, then I shall have been repaid for time and expense."

Each milker must wear an apron—which is washed every day—and although a pail of unstrained milk, right from the cow, contains not a single dreg, yet it must be strained through four thicknesses of cloth. "It's lots of trouble, Mr. Clark," we say. "I do not count trouble. It is cleanliness I aim at, and that is what I must have. And yet, under my system it is very soon not looked upon, by the men, as trouble, in fact they soon get so used to it that it would be *trouble* to them to do it the old careless way."

Mr. Clark is so enthusiastic, that one cannot talk with him without feeling that he is making the business a far more honorable occupation than ordinary merchandizing. I had always looked down on the occupation ever since I used to have the "milking" to do on the old Ohio farm, but after hearing Mr. Clark discourse on the subject, I could not but feel that he has brought it up to an honorable place among occupations. I wonder will any careless dairyman see this and stop long enough to say: "I guess Clark is right. I believe I'll try it myself." If so, then I too will have done a little good in stopping to tell you about Clark's Jerseys.

"THE MAPLES."

On the old Richard McConnell homestead, next, to the right, we find one of the most enterprising men along the whole line from Hull to Aylmer. This is Mr. Frank Murtagh, late of Pontiac, where he was born.

He, like Mr. Clark, is a new comer, having purchased this famous old farm but three years ago. Like Mr. Clark he is a man "chock full of go." His live stock is the best in the country. His blooded cattle and horses take premiums wherever they are exhibited, and are known far and wide. The same with his fine

sheep and hogs. Nothing short of the best in each and every line will satisfy Frank Murtagh.

That new house, to the left, among the trees, next beyond Mr. Murtagh's, is the home of Joseph Marshall Fulford, grandson of the pioneer, H. M. Fulford, who entered much land along the road. This farm of 125 acres was once the property of Surveyor John A. Snow, and before him Canon John Johnston, of "The Glebe," adjoining to the east.

Joseph M. Fulford is a member of the South Hull Council, and a prominent citizen of the Township.

"FONTAINE VAL."

Judge Aimé Lafontaine (made a judge in Aylmer in 1859) had his country home joining Mr. Fulford, on the west. The farm is now owned and occupied by Miss Lafontaine, daughter of the Judge.

Madame Cauchon also resides at "Fontaine Val." Her husband was Hon. Joseph Cauchon, Minister of Public Works in the sixties. He was later the Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba, where he died.

Adjoining, to the west, is

"SHAMROCK FARM."

which belongs to Frank Grimes, grandson of the pioneer, Wm. Grimes. It formerly was owned by Joseph McGoey, a successful contractor, who built one of the finest houses on the road, as may be seen in the "Illustrated Homes of the Aylmer Road." McGoey was a nephew of the pioneer, Thomas McGoey, who married a Wright. This farm contains 120 acres and extends south to the Ottawa River.

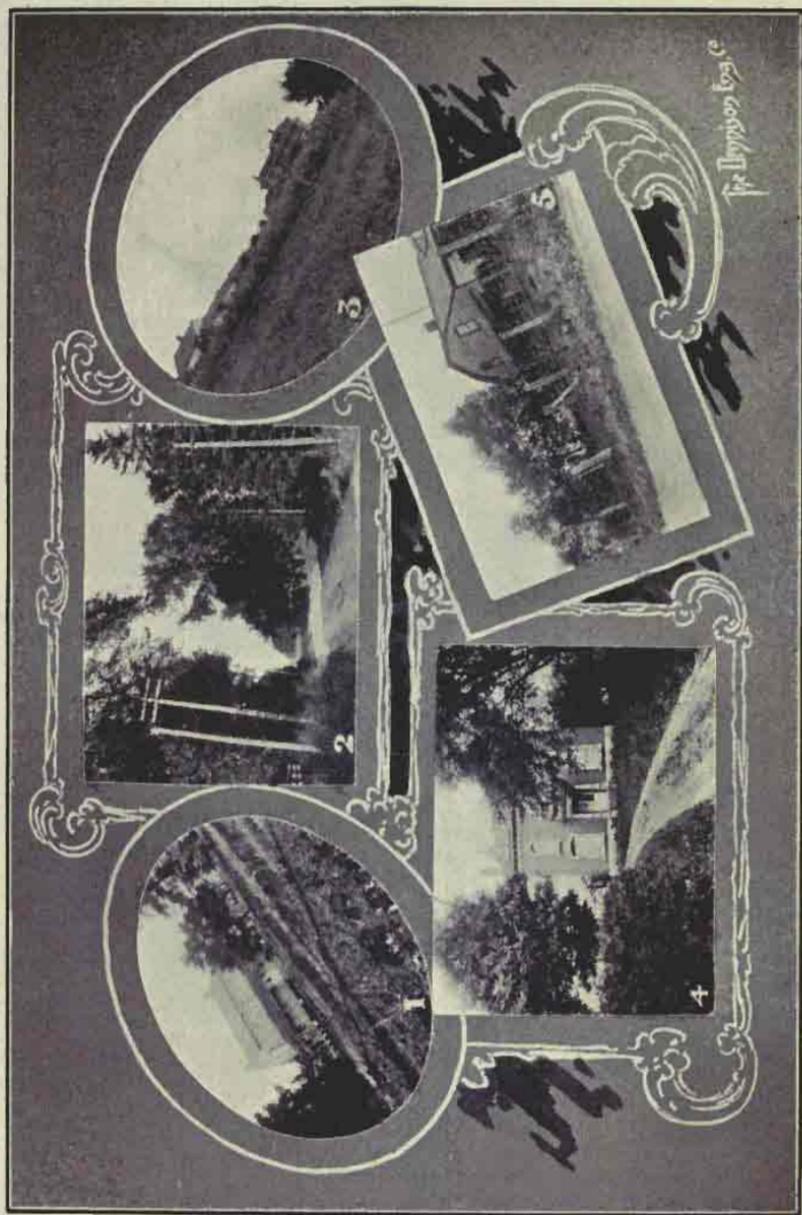
On the north side, opposite, was once the farm and home of Noah Holt, long with Philemon Wright. He was not, as is claimed, any relation to Moses Holt, but of another family. This land, now vacant, belongs to Henry Aylen of Ottawa.

THE OLD METHODIST CHURCH.

An old landmark of the road, as well as of the country, is yet to be seen in the First Methodist Church on the Ottawa. It stands on the north side of the road, not far west from Frank Grimes' home. It was built of stone, and rough plastered. It is now owned and occupied as a residence by Denis O'Halleran. It was built about 1826.

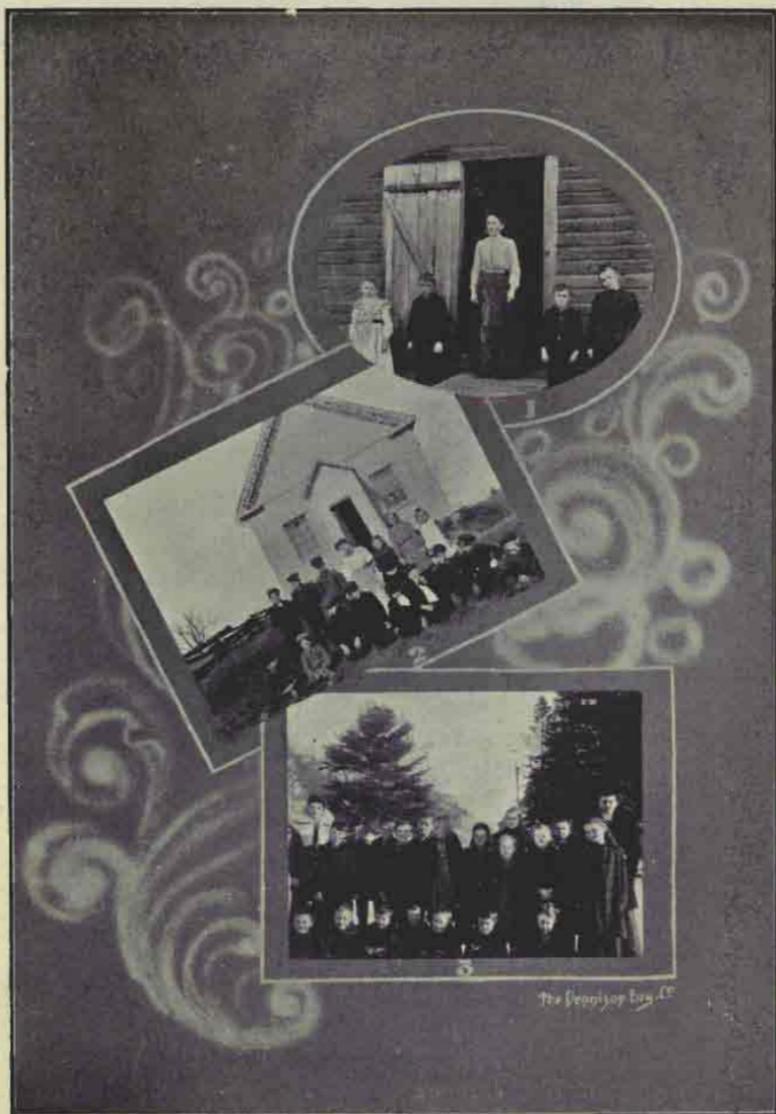
The next house to the right is the old homestead of the pioneer, Wm. Grimes. His daughter, Miss Miriam, nearing 82, still occupies it. Thomas Caldwell owns the farm.

Miss Miriam is one of the most cheerful ladies we met on the whole road, although, from an accident, unable to move from her room. She has a most remarkable memory and has been a



SCENES AND RESIDENCES ON AYLMER ROAD.

1. T. P. FORAN.
2. SCENE NEAR DESCHENES ROAD.
3. THOMAS RITCHIE.
4. FRANK GRIMES.
5. I. A. FARQUHARSON.



SCHOOLS.

1. SIMMONS—CATHOLIC.
2. WRIGHT'S—SEPARATE.
3. "HOLLOW" GRIMES—CATHOLIC.

great aid in furnishing dates of things old and forgotten by the present generation.

This farm extends to the west to the Edey road, to the right.

Going back on the south side to Frank Grimes' place, the old Joseph Lebel farm begins. It has been subdivided into a number of holdings. The first 25 acres belongs to A. Scoby, and is now occupied by Mrs. Hamilton McVeigh of Eardley; the next 75 acres, running to the river, is the property of James Rivington, late of Hintonburg. (It was in Joseph Lebel's house where was held the first Catholic service in this locality). This brings us to the road leading down to the Fraser Mills. There is a one-acre lot with a house just at the corner of this road. It is the home of, and owned by, Mrs. Joseph Lompré.

THE RITCHIE BROTHERS' FARM.

Beginning at the Fraser road, mentioned just above, and running to the Aylmer line, which begins at the little toll-gate, you may see, to the left—south side—what is possibly the finest farm on the whole distance from Hull to Aylmer. It was once owned by John Egan, who had it brought up to a high state of cultivation. It was entered by Joseph Wyman. It is now the property of the Ritchie Brothers, Robert and Thomas, successful lumberers, with large limits up the river and mills in Aylmer. Just now they are finishing one of the finest houses on the road. It stands far down toward the Electric Line.

The little house at the corner of the Edey road, is the home of Joseph Dawza, one of the oldest men along the way. He came in 1857, and has resided here ever since. He tells with much animation of "The morning the Prince passed along on his way to Aylmer."

ST. PAUL'S CATHOLIC CEMETERY

comes next, to the right. It contains fifteen acres and has been laid out with much care. It was purchased in 1872. There are many fine monuments to be seen, on which are names of more than local interest. Here is buried John Foran, the father of the poet, J. K. Foran and the well known Attorney, Thomas P. Foran. The monument to the memory of the mother of the two Members of Parliament, Charles and E. B. Devlin—is here. The old postmaster, John R. Woods, who for 64 years gave out the mail at Aylmer, and Hull City's Postmaster, J. Kerr, both lie buried in St. Paul's. Another prominent character, J. Murphy, the Village Jailer, father of the well known Captain Murphy, was buried here. As we go about we read the familiar names of Glenn, O'Connor, Haldane, Rainboth, McDermott, Quirk, Bourgeau, Mullarky, and many more of whom we have heard while hunting out the records of the town.

The old home of one of the early families of the Valley is next seen, to the right. Richard Chamberlain, son of Pioneer Benjamin, once lived here. The farm of 54 acres is the property of James Leach, late of Eardley.

"FLORAETTE COTTAGE"

is the last to be seen on the right, before reaching the Aylmer line at the toll-gate. It is the pretty home of Mrs. Bolton Magrath. It contains 33 acres. It, too, is well named. The older part of the house, built by Joseph Holt, is thought to be one of the first built in this locality.

Later: The farm has since been sold to Mr. Lusk from Eardley.

This brings us to the end of our walk, for here, at the little toll-gate, South Hull ends and the Town of Aylmer begins.

ALONG THE MOUNTAIN ROAD.

"Which way to-day, Rube?" asked the Colonel, as he saw me getting ready for a trip.

"This time for the whole length of the Mountain Road, or so much of it as is in South Hull."

"To the Eardley line? Why, that's a long walk. I hear it's twelve or fourteen miles."

"Yes; but, Colonel, they do say that the farther up the finer the scenery, so what matter the distance; besides, what is twelve or fifty miles when we can loaf leisurely along, dropping in for a chat with the sort of people that inhabit South Hull?"

"Just as you say, Rube, just as you say, I'm along"; and as we never have any preparation to make we were soon on our way across to Hull City, then out the Gatineau Road to the old Brigham farm beyond the first toll-gate, where we turn west out the Mountain Road, which begins here.

It's only a common country road—not a pike, just road, which in the summer time is a charming drive, they say. "They say," for Canada has not yet made it possible for authors to *know*, and they must get the information second hand. I used to wonder why poor old Thoreau had to walk while writing his great books on Canada. I *know* now, and don't wonder. But when one gets used to it, one likes it. Some time it may be different and then one may work faster. It may be that they don't think. Some time they may think and then—well, we shall not wait, as it's getting on toward noon, and we must "do" the Mountain Road to-day and to-morrow.

To the right and left is a part of the Brigham farm—a very little part, and others own all but the "little." Two members of the Philemon Wright family own the two small pieces.

THE SCOTT LANDSCAPE GARDENS.

Once might have been seen on the next farm, to the right, the finest bit of landscape gardening in this part of Canada. It was the former home of the Hon. R. W. Scott, now Secretary of State. Here were want to gather the noted visitors of other countries. It was, besides, one of the show places of the Capital;

but when Mr. Scott sold it, it was turned into the practical and while even yet it is far beyond any place around, it is not what it was in his day. The home and surroundings are the property of A. Stewart, and the farm belongs to James Armstrong.

The houses across the way are occupied by George Olles and Fred Halliday.

"THE MINTO FARM."

"Colonel," said I, as we passed the Scott place, "there, across the field to the left, is one of the old landmarks of the early days. That is the former home of Benjamin Hooper Wright, a nephew of Philemon, who came out not long after the founder came with his colonists. The old house you see is Hooper's first home, save for a short time spent in the 'shack' he occupied while getting this one ready for occupancy."

"Rube, is this the place where the Mintos used to come to dine after skeeing down the Fairy Lake hill, which is near by?"

"Yes, this is the 'Minto Farm,' named by Her Excellency, Lady Minto. It is occupied by a granddaughter of Hooper—Miss Alice Wright. It is owned by Charles C., brother of Alice. But few of this large family are left, at least in this part of Canada. Out of fifteen children only two of Hooper's family are alive, John Coulbourn Wright, born in 1840; and one daughter, Abigail. He is now living in Renfrew, and she in Sault Ste. Marie.

"HOOPER WRIGHT," OR NO. 4 SCHOOL.

"Over there, to the right, on the corner of the Mine road, is the Hooper Wright school house. The first building was put up in 1832 by Samuel Benedict, Sr., and Wright. It was a log house. It was burned in the fifties. Before this, or in 1848, Hooper Wright and his sons took the contract of building a larger school as the old one was too small. As the finances of the School Board were not in such a condition as to warrant their sitting up o' nights to guard them, the Wrights agreed to wait and to this day have kept their word, as they were never paid. As a sort of an aside, Colonel, and not to break in on the present School Board meeting, I may say that Hull Township used to have a way of getting school houses on a unique plan. If funds were at a low ebb, it never bothered the Board. They would have a new school house put up, and when finished they would find that the work was so *'very bad and defective,'* that they could not think of being so rash as to pay for it. Smith built the Stewart school, on the Aylmer Road, and the Board were so scared at the imminent danger of its falling down and crushing the dear little children of the neighborhood, at a time when children were so scarce and even at a premium, that they simply could not be persuaded to settle for it. They *'just knew*

it would fall,' but it's there yet—and poor old Smith's still waiting.

"Colonel, go over and ask the teacher to bring out her pupils and pose them for a "snap-shot." And he didn't have to be told the second time. I always let the Colonel do with the ladies. He likes it.

To the questions, "What's your name? And yours? Yours? And yours? we found among the pretty little ones many a name that was familiar one hundred years ago in this very locality. "Speaking of names," said the Colonel, "this school is especially fortunate. It will have a *Holiday* all winter." This was cruel in Horatius to so play on the fair teacher's name.

"FAIRY LAKE."

Almost opposite the school, down the hill to the south, you may see the famous lake called by some "Fairy," and by others the "Haunted Lake." It is worth going down to look at. In another part of this volume may be seen "The Legend of the Lake," which may add interest to your going.

The old Dr. Peter Church property is the next. It once was owned by Hooper Wright. It is now tenanted by Dorsino St. Pierre, whose father or some of his family have worked for the Churches for more than forty years.

BENEDICT HOMESTEAD.

The homestead of Samuel Benedict, the pioneer of the name, follows, on the right and left, and all about the T in the road. To the right is the farm of Thomas Benedict, a great-grandson of Samuel. To the left is the portion long since set off to Moses Benedict, whose widow and family yet own it. In the immediate front of the "T" there, through the orchard, may be seen the vine-covered house which Samuel built just one hundred years ago. It is in a fairly good condition yet. Other buildings stand round about which are also very old.

There must have been much land in the Benedict entry, as we find John McAllister, another descendant, upon the next farm, which once was a part of the original. The old farmhouse, now occupied by Joseph Nesbitt, late of Nepean, is also a very old landmark.

To the right is another of the Olmstead entries. It is now owned by Pollion Charlebois, the Ottawa ice man, whose tenant is Calis Paradis, an old French sailor, who was for fourteen years

CALIS AND HIS MERMAID.

on the sea. It would be hard to lose Calis, as he carries his name indelibly marked upon his arm, watched over by a mermaid. "When I joined the ranks it was compulsory to have our names picked into our arms. They could thus detect us if

we preferred to remain in port." Paradis was five times shipwrecked, and yet "old as I am, I sometimes long for the sea."

Mr. Charlebois has nearly one thousand fruit trees. Apples especially do well along this road, by reason of the protection of the mountain which just here is not over a quarter of a mile to the right, or north.

Opposite Charlebois' is the Archibald Kennedy farm, once a part of the Benedict land.

Mr. Kennedy is of Goulbourn ancestry, his father going to that township in 1822. Mrs. Kennedy is of the soldier family of Cates, who came over to America for the war of 1776. It is in the blood, as four brothers Cate took part in that war, on the British side. Two of her sons have inherited the military trend. Wm. A., before going to the west, was a member of the Bearer Section of the G. G. F. G., while Hibbert is a member of the Forty-third.

Just after leaving the Kennedy's we look straight ahead toward the west along the Fifth Concession, but here we veer to the right, to keep the Mountain Road, which turns north of west at this point.

The land on either side was the old Banister farm, and is now owned by a grandson of Banister's, Wm. Dawson. It was from Mr. Dawson that the Ottawa Commission purchased the valuable sienite quarry, the rock from which is for the Commission's park and driveway work in the city.

Roger and George Sparks own the next 200 acres, their farm extending along both sides of the road.

The beautiful farm to which we now come was entered by Peter White, and in 1833 purchased by Emanuel Radmore, and is owned by his son Robert, who had much to add to our chapter of the 1870 forest fire, in which he lost everything but a composite suit of clothes, the description of which reminded the Colonel of the one Jim Paten fixed up for me the day he took me on my first toboggan ride and described in "The Wandering Yankee," only difference was that Jim found two things alike—the moccasins; while Robert's suit, in which he had to go to Ottawa for a new outfit, consisted of a top boot and a gollash for foot gear, a pair of riding breeches, his wedding coat and a coon-skin cap, which outfit, for August weather he found quite as warm as it was picturesque. "But I was mighty glad I had as much," said Robert, reminiscently.

To the north of Radmore's, on the opposite side of the road, is the old Samuel Pink farm of 300 acres. It is now owned and occupied by Charles, a son of Samuel, the pioneer.

We now come to a body of rough land, seemingly fit only for the mining of the mica found thereon, and worked by the Kent brothers. It is the Morris land.

The gradual angling of the road as it follows the northwesterly trend of the mountain, brings us here to the Sixth Conces-

sion road, which has only recently been cut through from here to the cemetery on the Simmons-Moffatt line road, or, as it is known where it crosses the Aylmer pike, the Deschenes Road.

After the Morris land, which, as before said, is wild and unfit for farming, we find the old Joseph Badham farm, entered by him in 1816. It is now occupied by Fred'k Hawkins, the son-in-law of the owner, Robert Scarff, of March.

The original Charles Pink farm is next, to the west. It is occupied by the owner, Joseph McClellan.

Henry Moffatt owns the original James Pink land. The three brothers Pink—James, Charles and Samuel, as has been seen, took up, or bought farms right along the foot of the mountain. It would seem a wonder that they did not choose where now reside the most of their descendants, along Range Five; but be it remembered that it is only recently that this land was looked upon as of value, it being low and wet; while the land at the foot of the mountain was as it is now, high and fit. This farm of Henry Moffatt's extends to the end of our first day's tramp, for here we are at the above-mentioned Simmons-Moffatt line road, on the very corner of which, and the Mountain Road, is the pretty and most hospitable home of Alex. and James Moffatt, brothers of Henry and sons of Timothy Moffatt.

I say "ends here," for once inside the house we are cordially informed that we are to remain Moffatt guests for the night. You will see our good fortune when you have finished reading.

(The stories told that night will be found in Part three, for they are of more than local interest.)

RUBE AND THE COLONEL CONTINUE ON ALONG THE MOUNTAIN ROAD.

When the Colonel and I looked out of the window this, the morning of October 31, we saw the first skift of snow of the season. It was very light and all gone before noon.

We were soon on our way, after another reminder of when I used to do the cooking out in Kansas. If the boys take the wise advice of the Colonel, given as a parting wish, two others will be doing the cooking when next we stop at "Moffatt Hall," up there on the Mountain Road.

THE TABERNACLE.

The old loghouse we pass just after we start—there, to the right—along the road, is the first school house in this country, at least it is the oldest standing. It was built in 1830. It was once used as a church as well as a school, and even yet is known as the old Tabernacle. We pass the farms of the Crilleys, Heatherington and Ambrose Richards; and from the road just in front of the last named we look to the west over

"THE FERTILE VALLEY"

along the Seventh Concession Road, the like of which, for farming land, we had not seen even in South Hull. It is one broad expanse of rich soil, level as a floor, and extends as far as we can see. Here are the farms of Ambrose Richards, Tiberius Symmes, Church Wright (both of Aylmer), Gilman Moore, John Mulligan, Charles Ferris, Narcisse Levine, Mathew Daly, James Bailie (Town Councillor for this corner of the municipality), Wm. Lusk, and Benjamin Payne. As is so often the case, this land was once thought to be too wet and low to work, but is now worthy the name I have given to it.

The Seventh Concession road leaves the Mountain Road almost at a right angle, for here the latter turns abruptly to the north, in its effort to hug the mountain in its winding. So near is the mountain that its foot is at the very roadside. Up to the last turn at Richard's, the road had often been encroaching upon the mountain's foot, but from here to the western limit of the township it remains upon the level.

Just here one begins to stop smiling at the people for calling a range of hills—mountains; for as we stop to look up at the almost perpendicular cliffs, we are awed into the admission that the people have a right to their claim, and our "Hill" must come down as their "Mountains" rise.

Just before we reach the stone house to the left, we cross an insignificant-looking mountain stream, which purls its way along down a break in the rocks. When, however, we learn that it is the outlet of the beautiful Kingsmere Lake, we accord it a place of significance even beyond its possible merits. The turn in the mountain brings us to within a short mile and half of the lake itself, which we had not thought to be within many miles.

We come to the old stone homestead of the pioneer, John Haworth, who came and settled here in 1816. It is now owned by Francis X. Larose of Hull City, a descendant of F. X. Larose, Sr., who was one of the very first Frenchmen to come to the township. He came in 1839.

Here is another instance where the men of money were asleep. This farm of 350 acres was long in the market and was finally given to F. X. for less than \$25 an acre. I say "given," as the 10,000 cords of wood alone is worth far more, not to mention a mica mine on the mountain portion. All through this country are to be found just such "snaps," and yet the capitalist never seems to hear of them until some one else has bought them, then they come around and offer far beyond the price at which they might have had them. Already F. X. has been offered his payment for the whole for less than half the land, and that part the rough mountain land.

KINGSMERE MOUNTAIN.

Just after we leave Mr. Larose's hospitable home, we pass on to the north and are soon in an avenue of cedars, through which we see in the near front the grand old Kingsmere Mountain. Never before had this seemed to us like its name, but there it stands, bold and high. How high? We cannot guess, but this we realize—it is beautiful in its majesty.

Almost at its foot the road turns abruptly to the west, while the road to Old Chelsea—three miles away—turns up through the hills to the east.

Here, to the right, is the farm and home of Michael Mulvihill. Its original owner was old man Lario, after whom the mountain was called and long bore his name, and even yet to the older people "Lario's Hill" sounds far more euphonious than "Kingsmere Mountain."

We are now in West Hull, as the Eighth Concession—the division line between South and West Hull—is just to the south of the turn. The roughness of the land at the point where the Concession crosses the Mountain Road, made it advisable to build a winding way further west to reach the Concession road (it will be seen by my frequent mention that nearly all concession lines have a road. Some of them do not go all the way, but, where possible, they are built, so that all farms have their outlet upon roads kept in order by the townships. This and the schools, with an occasional bridge, is about all the purposes for which taxes are levied. If it were not for making this parenthesis too long, I'd tell you how that the town councils have been so averse to levying taxes for bridges, for instance, that they have been known to spend \$500 in fighting the building of a \$200 bridge, and then build the bridge after all. I'd tell you this, I say, but 'twould make the parenthesis too long), which from the turn is never far from the mountain, it being the last line south of the mountain.

As I said, we are now in West Hull, but the country is too beautiful and the people too hospitable for me not to include them on to the Eardley line, but a few miles further to the west. The people and country would seem naturally to belong to South rather than to West Hull, although the Chelsea parish does extend and include the Catholic citizens in this section.

Philip Mulvihill owns the next farm, a short distance west of his son Michael. The widow of Martin Welsh comes next, on the farm taken up by Martin's father, Patrick, nearly three-quarters of a century ago.

"Oh, look, Rubel!" was the Colonel's exclamation, just after we had passed Mrs. Welsh's home, as he pointed to the bold face of the mountain to the immediate right. And the admiration was with reason, as here before us was by far the finest view of all the "faces" of nature we had seen on our trip.

The land runs almost flat to the very foot of the mountain, all along whose sides the trees cling among the cliffs and benches, making the scene indeed pleasing. All at once the abruptness of the conformation turns into a gradual slope, which is parklike in its beauty, for evergreens, interspersed among the beeches, oaks, maples and other hardwoods, make of it a charming view.

Next is Wm. Ryan's farm of 150 acres, which runs from Mrs. Welsh's to Mill Creek, a small stream which comes down from the heights and flows westerly and enters the Ottawa beyond Breckenridge, up in Eardley.

We found William in the field plowing. He did seem the happiest man along the whole way. A crusty old bachelor we met shortly after, said: "Oh! never mind, when he wakes up and realizes what he has gone and done he won't be so hilarious." But Bill did seem to have quite recovered and was still smiling, while the old bachelor could not have whistled even had he tried ever so hard.

HOW TO REACH THE TOP.

Starting at Ryan's is a road which runs, 'tis said, to the very top of the mountain, where the government has placed one of its many marking monuments. The view from there, we were told, is beyond words for description. We mean later to go up and see for ourselves. There is so much up here to see that it makes one long for time to visit them all, but that were impossible, for every time one finds a spot of loveliness there are beyond and away things even more charming to visit, and so one must be content to see but a part.

THE HOLLER SCHOOL.

Just across the creek we came to the Holler School, although it was *quiet* enough when we passed. Miss Theressa Clark of Quyon is the teacher.

Anthony Grimes' farm begins here and runs to the west and south. He is the third Grimes we have found in this and the Aylmer Road section. Three and all of a different family. He is from near old Quebec.

THE PRETTIEST FACE SEEN BY THE WAY.

Almost as soon as we leave the Grimes' an entirely new phase of the mountain presents itself, being more extended and with nearly every feature of the other points of beauty combined in one long expanse.

When this view presented itself I could not but exclaim: "Colonel, to think that we have been in and around Ottawa for more than two years and yet no one has told us of this Mountain Road, and we so near it and so often! It just makes me feel like scolding at these Canadians for being so silent about all the grandeur by which they are surrounded!"

"Now, see here, Rube, don't go to scolding. The Canadians are not to blame. They live in so much that is pleasing to the eye, and having grown up amidst it, that they do not think to remark it to strangers."

CANADIANS OCCASIONALLY MENTION ATHLETICS.

"Well, Colonel, all that may be true, but when I see this I cannot conceive how they could help but speak of it. You may have noted that, however much they have seen of athletics, yet you must also have noted that they do occasionally mention the subject. Why, I have even heard them talk about athletics, and at times even dwell on the subject, especially during twelve months at the height of the season."

"Rube, now that you mention it, I think I have too."

RUBE MEANS TO TELL IT HIMSELF.

"One thing is certain, Colonel, even if we have not known of this before I shall do my little part in telling what will be missed by not seeing what we have seen during this two days' tramp," and that is a fact.

The old Charles Crilley farm comes next. It is now owned by the widow of Thomas Burke.

Here we are at the very last farm in the township, as here, just beyond Thomas Kelly's line, we find ourselves in Eardley.

A NIGHT AT MIC DUFFY'S.

It is almost dark and no hotel within nine miles. We have fully tested the hospitality of South Hull, and will hardly have occasion of testing that of West Hull, and later *may* have to test that of Eardley. Why not now? And up we go to Mic Duffy's, the second house just up the road. Well, we had been hearing of Mic for the past month and could not believe all the good things said of him, but next morning we both voted Mic and his hospitable wife a place close to the top of the list.

They are both philosophers. After gaining a competency they have sold the farm, and: "We mean to take life easy. What's the use of working all one's days? There are but two of us, and we might just as well have the benefit of our labor as to leave it for others to have fun spending it." That's wisdom for you!

PICKED BY THE WAYSIDE.

AMONG THE EARLY.

In 1816 Ruggles Wright was sent to England and the Continent by his father, Philemon, to learn how things were done over there. It is said that while the trip cost the old gentleman something like \$15,000, he was quite pleased with what "the boy" brought back in the way of information and fine live stock. Ruggles proved so good an immigration agent that he induced a number of young Englishmen to come with him to Canada. Among the number were several who settled in South Hull.

While all of the names may not have been preserved, it would seem that those in the following abstract were of the number.

ABSTRACT OF A REPORT OF A COMMITTEE ON LAND GRANTS.

Mr. Wm. Simmons has some valuable old papers, in which I found the names of those to whom lots of 100 acres were granted on June 16, 1819, when the Duke of Richmond was Governor-General. It reads: "Abstract of a report of a committee of the whole Council, dated 12th June, 1819, on the petition of Benjamin Simmons, John Snow" (father of the noted old surveyor who lived on the Aylmer Road, where now resides Edw. Rainboth), "Calvin Radmore, George Routliffe, and Joseph Badham, for lands in the townships of Eardley and Hull. Approved by His Grace, Governor in Chief, in council 16th June, 1819.

"The Committee humbly recommend that the petitioners may obtain a grant of 100 acres each in the townships of Hull or Eardley, as prayed for.

"Certified.

"H. W. Ryland."

LANDS SELECTED.

The next paper contained the names of those who made selections and some of the lots selected.

"Benjamin Simmons, lot 17, R. 5; Calvin Radmore, lot 15, R. 3; John Snow, lot 18, R. 5; Joseph Badham, lot 15, R. 6; George Routliffe, lot 16, R. 4; Charles Thomas, lot 14, R. 5; Francis Howell; John Cook; Richard Austin; John Rogers; John Brellion; James Cleton and John Framholt."

Several of the lots selected could not be learned, but from Mr. Simmons and others I learned much of interest as to the locations. Richard Austin took a lot along the Gatineau, just west of where is now the great International Cement Works at the west edge of Hull City. John Rogers took a lot which is now a part of the property known as the John Haworth farm, owned by F. X. Larose, along the Mountain Road.

\$40,000 FOR A PAIR OF BOOTS.

One of the best stories of all was found in the selection made by John Brellion, better known by the old people as "John Brill." John took lot 20 in the 6th range, now owned by Ambrose Richards. It is told by his son that his father, growing tired of his selection, traded it off for a pair of high top-boots. This would seem possible, since the land was once owned by a famous old shoe-maker of Aylmer. On a part of this lot is the famous mica mine of the Laurentides Company, who paid for it \$40,000. This may not be quite correct, as a part of the mine was on another lot adjoining, but I won't spoil the story by telling of the other lot. No one will question the fact that the boots were *high top-boots*.

HAWORTH SAVED THE TREE.

Another good story is told of John Rogers, who took up, as above, the lot afterward a part of the Haworth farm. Like Brellion, Rogers got tired of the selection, and as he had no kith or kin (it is told that he was like Topsy, he "just growed," having been of a strolling play company) he came one day to John Haworth and said: "Mr. Haworth, I'm going away, and I want you to look after the farm. Just use it as your own. I make but one condition. You must leave that big pine tree (pointing to a big pine) standing. I am saving it for my coffin." He went over to Aylmer and fell into the Deschenes Lake and was drowned. My informant said he never heard if Haworth cut the tree for coffin purposes, but thought that he never did. A number of claimants came later to try to prove that Rogers was their "long lost brother," but Haworth was "too many" for them and kept the farm, coffin-tree and all. These law-suits were the beginning of a number of others connected with this property, but "that's another story" and might touch upon "the Skeleton in the closet," and that is not the purpose of this book. I have often thought of the "rattling among the dry bones" one could make if one just started in on the "rattling" business. He'd do a *rattling* business and no mistake.

MICA.

I mentioned mica. It would seem that the mountains hereabouts are full of this valuable mineral. In olden times the children used to gather it in their play. They called it "Isin-

glass." Grama Link said, in speaking of her school days, well on to a century ago: "We used to roam around among the hills hunting for this mica, which we knew as *isenglass*. The hills seemed full of it. We'd make large collections of it for our 'play-houses.' We'd make windows of it, never once thinking that one day it would become the great value it now is. People don't know of the vast wealth that is hidden away in these mountains. They have not begun to scrape the edges of the wealth therein." I wonder is "Grama" right in her assertion? One thing is certain, there is here great bodies of mica and of a high grade. It is yet mined in the most primitive way, save by some of the companies who are beginning to use some system, but more collect it on the hit-or-miss-plan, like too many things are done where a system would bring great results.

NOTES FROM AN OLD DIARY KEPT BY JAMES FINLAYSON TAYLOR IN 1822-23.

I found an old diary in the possession of the family of Nelson Edey, which was kept by the noted Registrar, J. F. Taylor. It is so full of interesting data of ye olde days that it might be printed in full, for every page contains things worth reading. I culled from it many items here first mentioned:

First Sunday School started through one Osgoode.

East and West School houses spoken of as of more than recent existence. The "East" cannot be located, but I feel quite confident that the "West" was located on the Hurdman farm, just east of the Deschenes cross-road. See this from the diary: "It was so cold to-day that we had to stop in at Olmsted's (before reaching the West School house) to warm." This would indicate that the old school house was further up the Aylmer Road than Olmsted's residence, which was not far from the Bellview Cemetery. As we know that there was a very early school house used also for a church, it must have been the one at Hurdman's.

Asa Meech, first preacher mentioned. He was most active in all good works. His wife and three children were drowned in Brewery Creek, where it crosses the Aylmer Road in Hull. This occurred in the spring of 1822.

First Benevolent Society started Sunday, November 24, 1822.

Rev. Osgoode sends a box of books for the Sunday School, December 5, 1822.

EARLY MASONRY.

Masonry is first mentioned under date of November 6, 1822. "Attended Masonic meeting at which these four candidates were initiated: J. Hudson, G. Church, E. Heath, and M. Holt." As is so often noted in the old writings, only the initials are mentioned, or again, perhaps the old pioneer had to come down to us as "Mr." Now, the above four must have been in their order of mention: Josephus, Gardner and Evert, all of Chelsea, and Moses, of Aylmer or vicinity (the village itself not having been started by Charles Symmes until 1830).

They held another meeting in Hull, December 10, 1822, at which are mentioned the officers elected, also of interest as showing the men of note in that time. Charles Symmes was made Master; Nathaniel Chamberlain, Senior Warden. Other officers: T. Buck, Thomas Brigham, Ruggles Wright, N. Frost and S. K. Rollins. At this meeting, Hudson, Church and Heath were made Fellowcraft members.

FIRST CORONER'S JURY.

They found occasion and held the first coroner's inquest in December of 1822. Here are the names of the Jury, to show who were the men of note in that early day, for so important an event as impanelling a jury to determine the cause of a man's death who had been found in the river, required the best intellect in the colony, and by the following it will be seen that the best sat in that panel on that December day, eighty-four years ago. But to the men:—Rev. Asa Meech, Tiberius Wright, Ruggles Wright, Thomas Brigham, Jas. F. Taylor, Harvey Parker, Sr., Benjamin Hooper Wright, Robert Klock, Sr., Steadman Bebee, H. Esterbrook, Charles Symmes and J. C. Eaton.

"CAN'T WIN A GIRL BY STRENGTH OF ARM ALONE."

First teacher mentioned was a son of Asa Meech, who "taught the West School." Thomas Buck was also an early teacher. By Taylor it would appear that this same Thomas was deeply enamoured of a certain preacher's daughter. Taylor carries the love affair to the end of his diary, and then leaves us to guess if he won out. In looking over the family record of this same preacher, I see that poor Thomas failed to have his name recorded. Tom must have been the "limit," to have failed to win out in a family of twenty-two children. James lets us into how he had advised Thomas to conduct his love affair with the preachers's daughter: "Tom," said I to him, one morning after he had been to see Miss —, "you make a mistake; you can't

hope to win by strength of arm alone. She told you 'No'; that's nothing, they all say 'No' at first, and especially if one proposes on the first meeting. Don't be in a hurry—you can't hive bees or win a pretty girl if you get either of 'em flustered. Take your time, Tom, take your time." As James Finlayson won three, he surely was authority before he was through.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN THE MORNING.

March 17, 1823, is the first date on which St. Patrick's Day is mentioned as having been celebrated. Taylor's comment next day was that, "The boys *wet their whistles* so freely yesterday that they are not much use to-day." This whistle-wetting seems to have been a custom common to more than the celebrators of St. Patrick's Day.

SINGING SCHOOL TEACHERS.

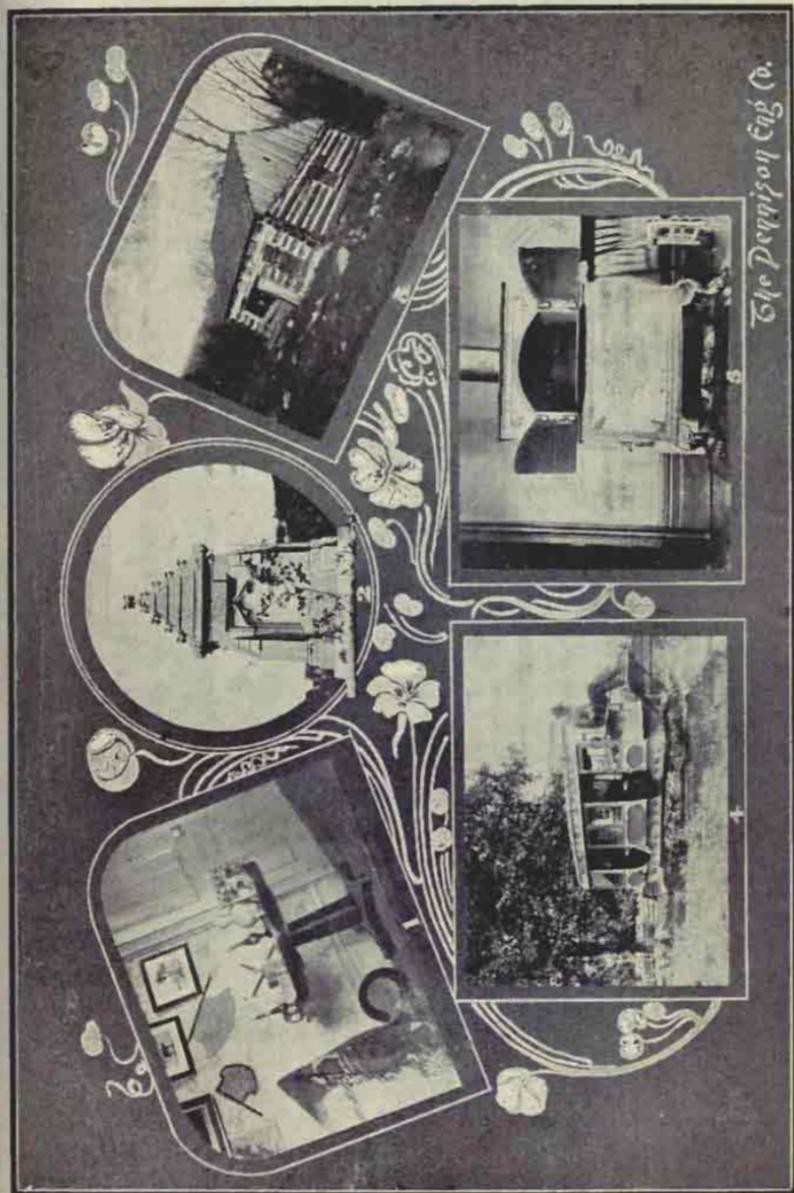
Taylor mentions Captain H. Esterbrook, but only casually. He was a bit too prominent to pass but casually. From Mr. Luther Edey I learned that the old captain was one of the first singing school teachers in the colony. He lived at the corner of the Deschenes road and the Third Concession, where now resides Dawson Benedict. He was a carpenter. That was in the days when "A mon wus a mon for a' that," and not at a time when a nonentity too often supersedes the man.

Other singing school teachers remembered by some of the old folk: Ben Holt, Professor Workman, "A. B. C." Campbell, Mr. Lasher, and—Yow, a jolly, good-natured fellow, whom some of the older ones remember well. Mr. Edey tells of how at the close of one of Yow's terms that he told the class, "Now, tomorrow night I want you to all put on your best gig and tipper, as Mr. Yow and Mrs. Yow and all the young lambs will be here."

MAYORS OF SOUTH HULL.

South Hull was made a separate municipality in 1879. The first mayor was Wm. McKay Wright, son of Ruggles Wright. He was also a Member of Parliament, and withal a very popular resident of the municipality. He served two years as mayor, from September 1, 1879, to February 7, 1881. Claudius Maxwell, son of Frank Maxwell, served as mayor from February 7, 1881, to February 7, 1887.

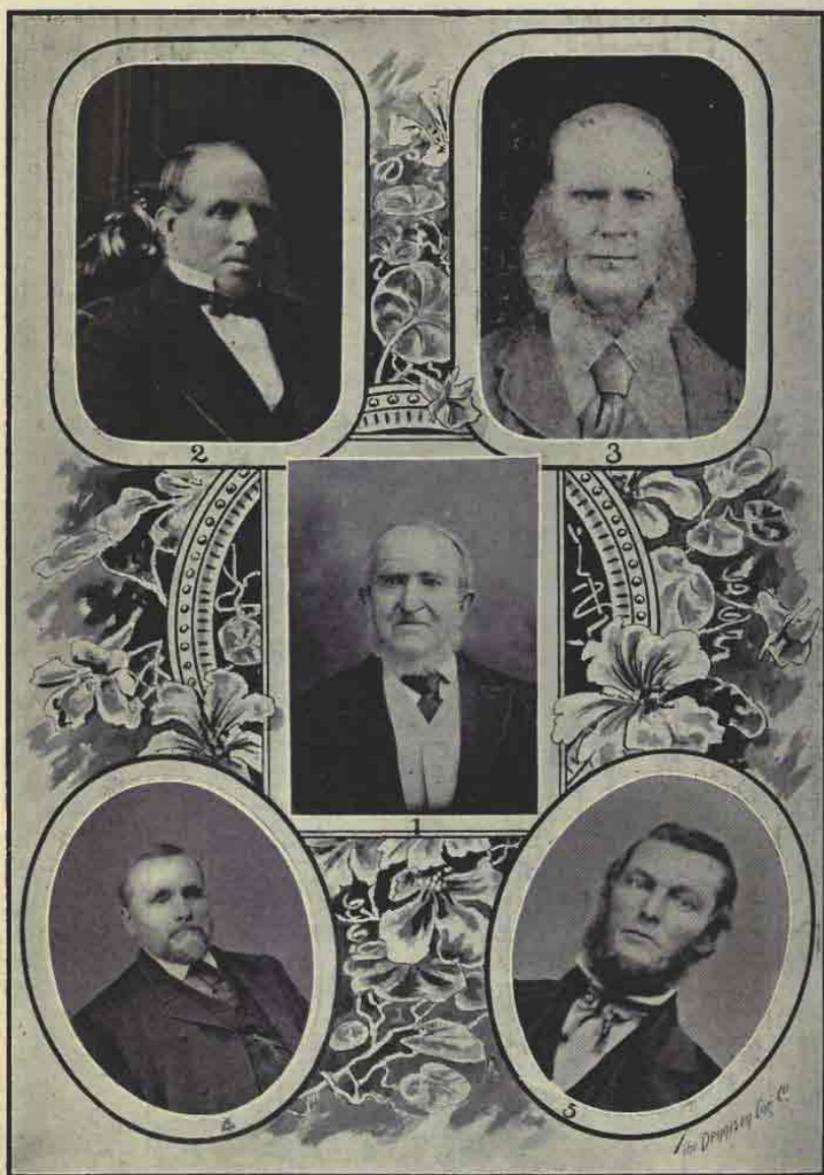
Wm. Simmons, son of Benjamin Simmons, served as mayor from February 7, 1887, to February 1, 1892. He is still living, the only one of the old mayors.



RELICS OF OTHER DAYS

1. TABLE FROM WHICH THE PRINCE OF WALES ATE ON HIS WAY TO CHATS FALLS, 1860.
2. JOHN EGAN MONUMENT.
3. THE OLD TABERNACLE.
4. THE KLOCK STAGE COACH.
5. STOVE OF 1843—R. RADMORE.

The Peppizon Eng Co.

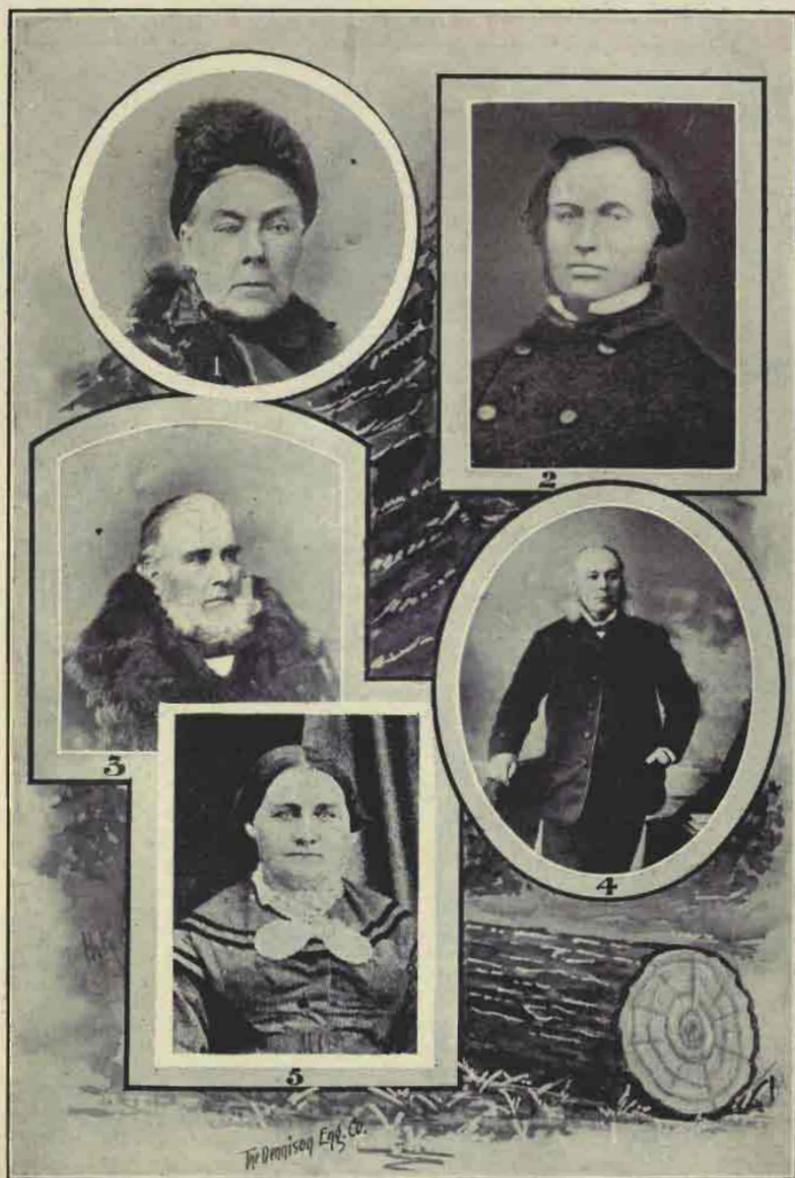


1. JAMES LATCHFORD.
2. JOHN FORAN.
3. WM. H. MCCONNELL.
4. RICHARD OLMSTED.
5. JOHN HURDMAN.



KLOCK FAMILY.

1. MRS. ROBERT KLOCK—THE MOTHER.
2. JAMES KLOCK.
3. "HEIDELBURG" STOCK FARM—THE HOMESTEAD.
4. UNION HOTEL.
5. MRS. NANCY KLOCK SMITH.
6. R. H. KLOCK.



1. MRS. ANDREW LEAMY—NEE WRIGHT.
2. ANDREW LEAMY.
3. HONORABLE JAMES SKEAD.
4. DAVID MOORE.
5. MRS. WM. H. MCCONNELL—NEE MOORE.

Robert H. Conroy, son of Robert Conroy, served from February 1, 1892, to the time of his death in 1904. The term expired February 6, 1905, at which time Samuel H. Edey, son of Luther Edey, was elected, and is the present incumbent, having been a member of the council for twenty-six years, or since the formation of the municipality.

David Stewart, son of Robert Stewart, has been continuously the secretary-treasurer.

TOWN COUNCIL.

Mayor—Samuel Edey.

Councillors—Wm. Allen, John Currie, James Baillie, Wm. H. McConnell, Joseph Fulford, and Wm. Maxwell.

Secretary-Treasurer—David Stewart.

When one sees, in a country district, men of the calibre and ability of the above Council, one cannot but wonder why some of the cities have to be loaded down with a set of officers, whose only qualification is the ability they have in finding out intricate ways of leading the people's wealth from the city's safe to their own pockets.

These men meet and transact business in a business way, while I have listened to the aldermen of cities and been reminded of schoolboys in a play court. The reason of this is doubtless that the position of alderman is too often sought after by men who have failed in their own business, and as a last resort ask the people of the city to let them run the affairs of the city, with all its hundreds of thousands of wealth. They ask and the busy business men sit by and watch their aldermen grow rich with no visible means of support. I am speaking of the Aldermen at home, up here in Canada—well, I shall let Canadians finish that sentence for themselves, since my province is not to criticise the bad, but to commend the good, I see.

FOREST FIRE OF 1870.

The summer of 1870 will long be remembered by the people of the Ottawa Valley as the *hottest* one of all the summers that have been seen since they started seeing things. And if the stories the Colonel has brought in from South Hull be samples of what they saw that summer, it must indeed have been a hot one. But I shall ask the Colonel to give you some samples.

THE STORIES THE COLONEL HEARD ABOUT THE FIRE.

"Colonel, what was it they told you out in the Simmons District about that great forest fire?"

☞ "What did they tell me? Better ask what they didn't tell me. I used to think that old man Dante was a good one, but he was in quite a separate class from some of the relaters I met out around where that great fire started on August 17, 1870. It must, indeed, been simply awful, if it was at all as they described it to me. Now, Rube, I am going to give you some of the stories exactly as they were told. Don't say a word, for it is not I who am telling them. I am only repeating them as I took them down."

"Oh, go on. Don't preface so much, Colonel, I understand. You would not state anything but facts for a small farm."

HAD ROASTED APPLES ALL WINTER.

"'Well, sir, stranger,' said an old gentleman at the table, just after we had started in on a good South Hull dinner, 'speaking of that fire, why, it was that hot that the apples roasted on the trees a half mile away from the edge. At first we thought this a total loss of the fruit, but, bless you, it turned out a great saving, for all we had to do was to pick and barrel them apples, and all winter long we had roast apples and cream for breakfast, and cream and roast apples for dinner, and didn't once have to bother wasting wood to bake 'em for supper. I never, before that winter, had had enough baked fruit, but I was real glad when long toward spring we finished the last barrel, and havn't hankered for baked apples since.'"

THE PANTS AND THE MELTED SILVER.

"'Pap, tell the Colonel about the time Ma threw your pants in the well to save 'em,'" said one of the boys on the other side of the table.

"'In this same fire of the summer of 1870,' the old gentleman continued, as he took his cue from the boy, who doubtless had heard the same story a thou—well, several times, at least. 'Yes, as I was saying, when we seen the fire coming, just a-licking up everything in its reach, and then reaching for more, we started to try to save things. But what was the use? Everything was lost as fast as we saved it. Ma, there (pointing over to his patient wife), was the coolest head in the whole lot of us. She up and took my Sunday pants and flung 'em into the well out there. But what do you think, Colonel, after the fire was all over, and I went down after them pants, I found nothing but some wool ashes, and the well as dry as Joe Ritter in a prohibition town. Then I bethought me of a lot of silver money I'd had in the pocket of the pants. Well, sir, Colonel, there wasn't a blamed thing but a heap of little silver globules, melted—every

dime a little globule. I tell you, Colonel, it was pretty discouraging to see money melt away like that, and I hope never again to pass through another such experience."

"Did you believe that story, Colonel?" I asked, as he finished relating the old gentleman's narration. "Believe it? Well, I didn't want to, Rube, and I don't think I should have believed it, had the old man not sent his boy up-stairs for the 'globules,' which he said he'd been saving all these thirty-six years to verify the story."

THE MONTREAL EDITOR IN THE FIRE AND HOW HE PLAYED OSTRICH.

"Is that all, Colonel? Did you get any more *Facts* about that fire?"

"All? Why, I havn't started to tell the things they told me. You know the South Hull editor we used to know over in Montreal? Well, they told me how that he was then at home on vacation, and how that the morning of the fire he had started out hunting. He had pretty fair luck, they said, and had bagged a dozen brace of partridge, before he noticed the fire coming,—but I will let him tell it. This wasn't told to me by the one who had told of the baked apples and the silver globules. No; I gave them all a chance at me with their stories about that fire of 1870. 'You see,' said he, 'Dave was so intent on his hunting, that the fire was almost on him before he seen it. But if you know Dave, you know that he is quick as a flash on schemes, and in less time than I can tell you he had started to dig a hole with the butt-end of his gun, and before the fire had reached him he had excavated a place big enough to get his head and shoulders down, and in this way he could breathe and live through the ordeal; but, Colonel, imagine Dave's surprise and chagrin to find that every brace of his birds had been burned too crisp to eat—just spoiled—the whole lot of them. But Dave was so thankful that he had come out unscathed, that he afterwards said, 'Oh, darn the birds, I can bag some more.' Dave always was a philosopher, ever since he was a small boy. What's that, Colonel?' he stopped to ask, when I wanted to know if he could conduct me to the hole where Dave had stuck his head while the fire was raging and burning up his birds, but he said that time, 'the great leveler,' had so effaced the hole that there was now only a slight depression left, and that it wasn't worth while to go over to see it. I was sorry he wouldn't show me, as I should like to have taken a photograph of the 'depression,' if nothing more. But, Rube, the best, or worst, story of the lot was—"

"Stop, Colonel, if you have anything worse or better, no matter which, I guess you'd better save it, as I don't feel well to-day, and to hear such 'hot stuff' one must needs be in prime health."

"Now, see here, Rube, I do believe that you think that I didn't hear all this. If that's it, you've got to get ready and go

out with me this very afternoon. You shall see or rather *hear* for yourself, for I will not have you doubt me for a minute longer than it will take to get there," and he gave me no rest until we had started.

What did I hear? Well, now, dear readers, be lenient,—think a minute. For thirty-six years these good people have been telling about that fire, and if their stories have grown in *interest* and other things, you must think of the number of times they have been told in this more than a third of a century. Think, I say, and do not ask me to tell you what I heard. I will, however, for the sake of your good opinion of the Colonel, tell you this, that he still has my confidence in his truthfulness. He did hear the stories almost as he related what they told him.

THE FACTS WITHOUT THE STORIES.

On August 17, 1870, a fire started in the Hurdman Woods, a mile or so west of Simmons, and inside of two hours (they say less than an hour) it had swept bare a strip two miles wide clear across the mountain to and beyond Ironsides, a distance of over four miles. Not a house, save Cook's and Woodburn's, in the vicinity was left—all burned. The very earth in places was burned where there was any vegetable mould. How a living thing escaped is the wonder, and yet but two people lost their lives. An old man and an old woman were suffocated. The daughter of the former saw the danger and, quickly gathering her children and father, started for the Mountain Road, reaching which she turned to the east, but by this time the fire, coming from the west, had so gained upon them that they were soon caught by the suffocating heat. The father fell from the buggy, but the brave daughter got out and lifted him, now unconscious, back, and again tried to beat the fire, but the race was too uneven. All about swept the hot, blinding smoke, and yet she raced on and on, her strength fast leaving her, and yet she would not give up. Again her father fell from the buggy, but this time to his death, for his daughter had no strength to lift him back; and had not her noble horse carried her to safety unguided, she, too, with her little ones, would have met the same fate as her father.

In the case of the woman, when the fire was raging all about, she returned to her house to save some animals and was caught by the flames, and before her sons could rescue her she was suffocated.

Large numbers of domestic animals were destroyed, sheep in places were piled deep, while many wild animals were afterward found, among them a large black bear that had been driven from the mountain, to the north.

When one looks over the area burned and thinks of the awfulness of what must have been the situation, one can very read-

ily overlook all desire on the part of those with fertile minds to tell of that terrible day in August. One would even pardon them had they indeed thought that the "u" had been burned out of their township and left an "e" as a residue.

Fortunately the following winter was a very mild one. The people lived in shacks, securing the material as best they could. The government furnished tents to the more needy, to those who could not get material for the shacks. Much money was subscribed by a generous people, and the sufferers from the fire passed the long winter in comparative comfort. To now look over this same country with seeming prosperity on every side; with the mountain to the north covered with dense forests, the foliage of which just now is turning from green to a thousand shades of yellow and red, one would not think that all, as far as one could see around, was once as bare as a western prairie. But then, that was, after all, a long while ago, and naught seems to be left to remind and bring back that fire of 1870 save the memories of some who passed through it, and you must judge for yourselves what the fire itself was, if the memories are at all accurate photographers of the original pictures.

SCHOOLS.

There are six school houses in South Hull, four Public and two Separate.

No. 1 is the "Stewart" on the Aylmer Road. As nearly as I could find it was built in the early thirties. The first building was taken down and rebuilt in 1872 by one Smith, who is still waiting for his pay, owing to the excuse that the building was insecure and liable to fall. It is not likely to fall for a matter of fifty years yet, so poor Smith will have given a good test of permanency.

From this famous old school have gone out many whose names are only a memory. Of these might be mentioned the Harty boys, the Conners, the Shepherds, the Quiggs, the Hughes, the Hawkins, the Holsteds—not one of all these families live in this section. Here, too, went the Stewarts, the Allens, the McConnells, the Latchfords, the Olmsteds, the Snows, the Rainboths, the Forans, the Fulfords, the Hurdmans, the Coutlees, the Routliffes, the Myrons, and others who still live here or in the locality about Ottawa.

Many of the boys have become locally prominent, others nationally so.

Miss Lucy Stewart is the present teacher.

No. 2 is the "Simmons," and is located at the corner of the Deschenes and the Fifth Concession roads. It was built in 1868 and burned in the 1870 fire, and rebuilt shortly after.

Miss Violet Ewart is the present teacher.

No. 3 is "The Brick School," located in the Perry settlement, at the corner of the Fifth Concession road and the side road past the Breckenridge, Maxwell and Ferris farms. It was built in 1880.

The present teacher is Miss Myrtle Vipond.

I would that the teachers of not only all Canada, but my own country as well, could take a look into and around this little school house on an out-of-the-way cross-roads—it would be an object lesson worthy of imitation. Miss Vipond has, by giving entertainments, raised enough money to beautify the interior, plant beds of flowers in the yard and make of her little school a pleasure to look upon.

No. 4 is the "Hooper Wright School" located at the junction of the Mountain and Iron Mines roads. It was built in 1832 by Hooper Wright and Samuel Benedict, Sr. It was burnt in the early fifties. In 1848, while it was still standing, it was found to be too small, so Hooper Wright and some of his sons agreed to build a new one. "Can't afford it," said the School Board. "We'll wait for our pay," said the Wrights. "Nuff said," exclaimed the Board. The house was built and the Wrights were as good as their word, and have been waiting ever since. Big difference between the old and the new Boards—the new ones pay as they go. The Colonel says possibly this is owing to the fact that builders have got wise—no matter, the new pay as they go.

The present teacher is Miss Beatrice Holiday.

There is a Catholic School near Simmons post-office. It was built in 18—. Owing to there not being many of this denomination in the locality, the school is not large.

Miss Julia Cashman of Cantley is the present teacher.

The school at Deschenes village has the largest attendance in the municipality. Here both English and French are taught by Miss Lavina Gravelle. The house was built in 18—.

The Colonel and I made frequent visits to the various schools and found the children remarkably bright and quick, and in their recitations did great credit to their teachers, who, the Colonel says, are a very superior lot of young ladies, and I never question the Colonel's opinion where the ladies are the subject.

There is another school which I must needs mention, although not in the municipality, and yet in the district about which I have written. It is "The Hollow School," on the Mountain Road, beyond the line of South and West Hull, and in the Anthony Grimes vicinity. It is well attended, being the only one for miles around. It was built in 18—.

Miss Tessie Clarke is the present teacher.

WHERE WAS THE FIRST SCHOOL HOUSE OF THE WRIGHT COLONY?

It has long been a question, "Where did the Colony of 1800 locate the first school house?"

The first mention of the subject I found in a diary kept in 1822 by Jas. Finlayson Taylor. He, in that diary, mentions "the East and West school houses." He speaks of them in such a matter-of-fact way that we must conclude that even at that date they were old. He says that they were used for church services before the first church was built. St. James, in Hull or Wright Village, was that church, built in 1824. Where was the "West School House?" It must have been on the Aylmer, or as then called, "Britannia" road. Let us look for an old school house which had also been used for a church or for church services. Luther Edey is now eighty-five years old. His first school was on the Aylmer Road, not far east (700 feet) of where the Deschenes road crosses the pike. It was on the north side of the road on the Waller, later Hurdman, lot. This old house, Mr. Edey says, was used for church as well as for school. Later, the Presbyterians built a church on this same lot and very near to the old school house. John Currie was baptised in this church in 1831. All this would show the early date of this Hurdman school house. Was it the "West" mentioned by Taylor? Was it one of the first two if not the very first school building of the Wright Colony? Who can tell?

Later—The "East School" was on the Aylmer Road, about opposite the Hull cemetery. One of the older Hurdmans used to tell about going to church in this old house. "I mind," said he, "of how a preacher was one Sunday telling about foreordination. 'What's going to happen is going to happen, and you can't stop it.' After the sermon, which took the old fellow about three hours, we boys were tired beyond reason, as we had to sit up straight on benches without any backs, and some of them so high that our feet could not reach the floor. Yes, we were tired out and some of the boys suggested a game of ball, or some other game. 'Play!' exclaimed a good old deacon. 'Play! If you do you'll go to the "bad place" sure!'"

"'Oh, come off!' answered back one of the boys; 'what's the difference. The preacher says we're going to Heaven or Hell anyhow, so what's the odds; a game to rest our legs won't send us to Hell, especially if we're bound to go to Heaven in spite of ourselves. Come on, boys!' And if I remember aright, we 'come on,' for we were very tired."

THE OLD TABERNACLE.

The old log-house beside the Mountain Road, just to the west of the Moffatt brothers, was built in 1830, making it the oldest school and church building, still standing, in the valley of the Ottawa.

By much inquiry among the oldest residents I find the following list of teachers who taught in it. There were doubtless others, but their very names are forgotten, there having been no record kept. Miss Holden seems to have been the first. Woodis Johnson was possibly the next. David Turner is remembered by Mrs. Thomas Link, who was a daughter of Alex. Moffatt. "He was," says this eighty-seven-year old lady, "an Englishman who came out very early, bringing with him his fancy knee pants and buckle shoes. It looked odd to see so much style in the country of homespun clothed people.

"When I was about five years old," said Mr. Wm. Simmons, "which was in 1841, John Mason was my first teacher. Then followed, but possibly not in the order I give, Robert Robertson, Wm. Arnold, Wm. Patterson, Adam Robinson; then there was Mrs. Motherwell, who afterward married Wm. Halfpenny, a well-to-do man, who educated Thomas Motherwell, the son, who became an Anglican minister."

Other teachers, remembered by many of the older ones:—Isabelle Link, Mary Greenlee, Miss Pringle, Anna Jane McCauley, and Miss McLaughlin. Mary Currie taught in 1859, and Joseph Moss in 1860. The last one, so far as I could learn, was Euphemia Cuthbertson. Emanuel Radmore went to school to her in 1879.

The Simmons School, No. 2, was built in 1869, but was burnt in the fire of 1870. It was rebuilt some time after. There would seem to be a discrepancy in dates, but Radmore is certain that he went to the Tabernacle in 1879.

TAUGHT THE KIDS TO DANCE.

Some of the teachers taught the children more than their A B C's. One of the "school marms" (I won't give her name, lest her grandchildren think I speak lightly of "Dear Grandma") used to while away the hours by teaching them to dance. Of course, she did not have any set rules for the "steps." The children could choose their own, but they had to be very lively steps—sort of a jig, else they would burn their shoes. I should have explained that the platform on which the kids had to dance was the hot stove. These lessons served the double purpose of punishment and the acquiring of active movement of the feet of

the little ones. The Colonel said, the night of the Surprise Party, mentioned elsewhere, that he did wonder where those old boys had acquired so much of grace, but quite understood the reason when told of their early training in the "Stove Dance" of the Tabernacle.

Many of the early preachers officiated in the old building. Among them were Richard McConnell, a local preacher; Rev. John Gourlay, and even some of the teachers filled the pulpit on Sundays. It was a Union Church, as many denominations were represented among the early expounders of the gospel.

The old house is now used as a farm implement cover. It is even yet in a fairly good state of preservation, and should be left to fall by time, since it will ever be a reminder of the fathers and mothers who came to hew out homes in the wilderness.

THE "RAISING" OF THE TABERNACLE.

One day, long after writing the foregoing, I chanced to speak of this old house to a man past his allotted time, who said: "Would you know the men who 'raised' the Tabernacle? I will tell you, for I so often heard my father speak of them that I well remember their names; in fact, I knew them all, for my memory goes back a long ways. Here they are: Benjamin Simmons, John Simmons, the brother who went into Carleton but came here in his old days, died, and was buried in the Pink Cemetery; Wm. and John Cook, George Routliffe, James Wilson, Jack Hall, Alex. Moffatt, 'Neil Currie and John Haworth.

"When they all collected, in the morning of the 'Raising,' it was found that the whisky had been forgotten. Now, you must remember that a 'raising' without whisky was something entirely unknown in those days, so that not a timber could be touched until a messenger was sent over to Aylmer, or, as then called, 'Symmes Landing,' for a good supply. When it came the work began, and by night was all ready for the finishing touches, with every log in place.

"Mrs. Alex. Moffatt furnished the dinner and supper for the raisers. The supper was accounted especially good. It consisted of a great platter of pancakes and bowls of maple syrup.

"The question came up as to the name for the building. Various names were suggested, but when John Haworth proposed 'The Tabernacle,' it was at once agreed upon, and 'The Tabernacle' it has been ever since."

A PREDICTION.

The time will be when this old house will be the Mecca of many an inquisitive tourist, who will drive miles to see anything in the locality of his tours that is out of the ordinary. That this old relic is out of the ordinary need not be said, since it is the oldest place of education in the whole Ottawa Valley.

SLED-MAKING TAUGHT, OR CANADA'S FIRST
KINDERGARTEN.

"I learned how to make sleds in my first school," said a one-time pupil at the Tabernacle. "The teacher wasn't much on book-learning, but she did know all the tricks of the kindergarten. If the truth were known, she was the first kindergarten teacher in Canada. Long before that new-fangled mode of teaching was inaugurated in the cities, this old Tabernacle was the seat of learning how to make little sleds by the boys, and paper-cutting nicknacks by the girls. This teacher would hurry us through our reading lesson, and then for the rest of the day we just set 'round and whittled and cut and talked to our heart's content. I never did learn so much—in sled-making—as I did that winter. This may seem to have been a waste of time, but do you know that what I learned then has stood me in better stead than anything I ever learned of any other teacher," and I guess he was right. There are a whole lot of people who go through life with a smattering of things which they cannot use, who would have been far better fitted if they had learned how to make sleds when they were boys.

THE SURPRISE PARTY; OR, HOW THE COLONEL LOST
THE HAT.

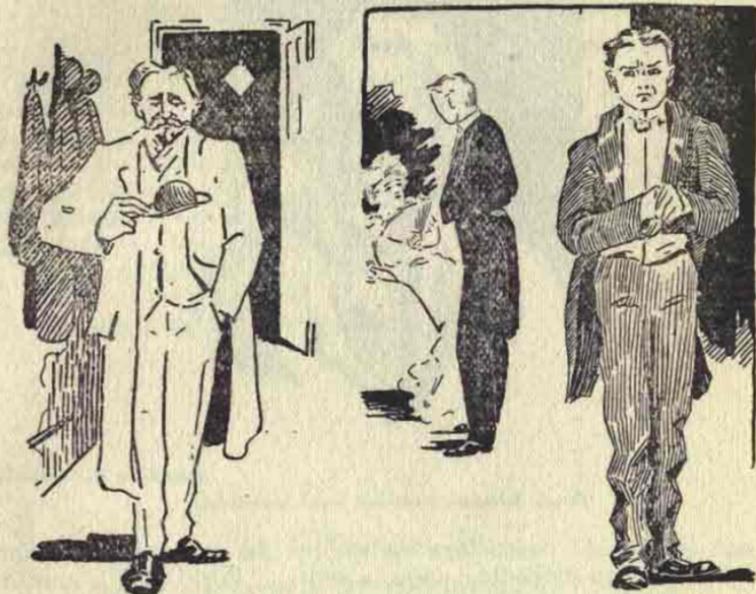
The Colonel wants to know if I will ever forget the Surprise Party we happened in on one night during our tour of South Hull. I say, "*happened* in on," for we didn't know a thing about its coming off—until nearly a week before, and neither did the Surprised Ones. We were all there, however, and all on time, and now I say to the Colonel in answer to his inquiry, "No, Colonel; I shall never forget that party, and am sure that you will not. What was it that most surprised you at that party?"

"What surprised me the most? Why, to see out there, along the Mountain—right out in the country, the pretty manners of the ladies. Really, Rube, from dress and manners, one might have taken them as right from the city. This might not be said of the gentlemen of the party, however."

"Why do you say that, Colonel? You surprise me."

"I'll tell you why. Did you notice they were not continually running up to the dressing-room to smoke a cigarette, and then coming down-stairs to give that cigarette—in instalments—to

their dancing partners, like you know they do in the city, to the disgust of the dear girls, who dare not say a word or the boys won't play? Oh, no, they had too much consideration for the ladies. But then, you see, they were *Country Boys*, and country boys somehow have great consideration for the dear girls." I quite agreed with the Colonel when I saw the turn of his criticism.



By Gaisford.

The Colonel contemplates the little hat the other fellow left in place of his.

Some of the boys "didn't have no fun" at the party.

'What surprised me next to that, Rube, was when I came downstairs in the morning (we had stayed all night with the host) and found the hat the other fellow had left in place of mine. It was a gratification, however, to know that the 'other fellow' was not a South Hull man, or at least not one of the Pioneer stock."

"Well?" said I, wondering what Sherlock Holmes philosophy he meant to spring on my innocent mind.

"No, Rube, the fellow who took my hat was never born in South Hull. His head was too small."

I shall never forget how the Colonel looked in that little hat. He refused to come back to Ottawa until after dark, and then came into Sim's, the back way, to get a new one.

Great night, that—and yet I heard one of the boys say that he "didn't have no fun." I have often wondered why, for nearly every one around seemed to be enjoying life to the full.

BETSEY JOHNSON



Drawn by R. Gaisford.

Betsey Johnson, from her latest photograph.

is one of the old characters known by the present generation and by the two preceding ones as well. "For," said a man of seventy, "I knew old Betsey when I was a boy, and she seemed an old woman then."

"Betsey" is a full-blood Iroquois Indian, who for generations has lived in the Simmons-Currie neighborhood, out toward the mountain and up in the Gatineau country. She married first, one Lawrence, or Larrah, and after he had grown old and died, she married Johnston, and in turn, he grew old and died leaving her to battle on alone, which she did and is doing by the assistance of kind neighbors, South Hull Council, and now by the charity of the St. Charles Home in Ottawa.

She lived for years in the Bush, making and selling baskets. When Larrah died she went up the Gatineau, where she remained for a quarter of a century. She came back and lived in a shack, which later burned, after which the neighbor boys built her a small shed on the Misses Currie's farm, near the Fifth Concession road.

The Council and the neighbors were kind in giving provisions and clothes, but seldom money, as Betsey had a way of trading off the money for what she called her "Life Preserver." She is said to be going on two hundred years old, and may yet live to

a ripe old age, unless perchance she dies prematurely from the pernicious drink habit contracted during her first century.

She had two sons, one of whom went to Egypt with the Voyageurs in 1884. One is said to be living in the Oka Reservation, down the Ottawa. It is claimed that the sons are related to Chief Joseph of the Okas.

THE COLONEL'S VIEWS ON TEMPERANCE.

When the Colonel read the above "Betsey sketch," he said: "Rube, here would be a good place for a sermon on the awfulness of drink. It would indeed be a good text for a sermon to the young. Just to think, had the dear old lady led a temperate life she might have died at a *respectable* age and not be having to live on and on like the Wandering Jew, far beyond her usefulness. Yes, strong drink is an awful thing, and should be *put down*." And the Colonel said, as he started for the door, "I'm going out to do it."

"Do what?" I asked.

"Going out to *put some down*," said he.

ITHAMAR DAY.

Ithamar Day was a prominent figure in the early times. But little is known of him. He came from the States and lived on the Aylmer Road at the Deschenes Road crossing. He and the noted Captain LeBreton were close friends. The Captain lived at Britannia, just across the lake. They paid frequent visits, coming and going by canoe.

Ithamar went to the North-West, where there is a river named for him. The grave of his wife, who was Laura Dewey, is to be seen in the old Bellview cemetery, on the Aylmer Road. She was of the family, since made so famous by the hero of Manilla—Admiral George Dewey.

Ithamar's son, Charles Dewey Day, became a noted judge. He was born in about 1806. He married a Miss Holmes. He studied with Judge Gale, and in 1827 was called to the bar in Montreal. In 1837 he was created a Q. C. and appointed a Deputy Judge Advocate to try the state prisoners after the Papineau Rebellion in 1837 and 1838. He received the thanks, in general orders, of His Excellency Sir John Colborne, then Governor General, and Commander of the Army. In 1838 he was a member of the special Government on the suspension of the Constitution, and remained such up to 1840. In 1841, at the

union of the two Canadas, he was elected to the Canadian Parliament for the County of Ottawa. He became a member of the Government, holding the office of Solicitor General, for Lower Canada. In 1842 he was raised to the judiciary as a puisne of the Q.B. In 1850 he became a puisne Judge of the Superior Court.

The above from Henry J. Morgan, the great authority on "Who's Who."

All that is left of this once noted family, to connect it with the past, is the lonely grave in Bellview. Over that grave is a simple stone, on which I saw to-day, the inscription: "To the memory of Laura Day, who died September 13th, 1843, aged 65." And then a simple line below: "'I know that my Redeemer liveth,' in which faith she died." There was nothing to indicate who she was, and but for Morgan I might have passed it, as I had so often done before while wandering around amongst the weeds and briars of this neglected old grave-yard. How few there be, of the present generation, who fully appreciate what this indefatigable writer is doing for Canada! Some even—who are too small for him to note, in passing, speak unkindly of him, but time will right all that—when *they* are even less known than they are now.

JUDGE CHARLES DEWEY DAYS ELECTION.

Later: One day I chanced to speak to Mrs. Charles Purcell about the Ithamar Day family. She not only remembered them well, but told of Charles Day's election in 1841. An election of to-day would have nothing of interest, save to the voter who either wanted to see his man in, or to get a bit of his man's wealth—for his vote. But this was not a present election,—it was that of *another* day. Let's sit down while this fine old lady with memories of long ago, tells of how an election was carried on in 1841.

"I mind it well," she began, "I have forgotten those of a later time, but this being the first after the two provinces went together, was of great note to the people around our home on the Aylmer Road. It was a great event, for one of the neighbor boys was running for parliament. The Days you know, lived down there past the Deschenes Road—not far from father's (Wm. Grimes was her father). You know how that in those times an election was kept up till the votes were all in—and often lasted a whole week. It wasn't hard to get out the vote then. And why not? The candidate not only paid the expense of coming, but kept the voters in eating and drinking as well, while they were at the poll. Some of the old people would never have had an outing but for an election. Well, they came on this occasion from far up the river and from down the Ottawa as well, and father said it did seem that they were coming from the very Height of Land itself. I mind as well as if it was yesterday, of

seeing a lot of the up-river Methodists who had come down to vote and were staying in Aylmer over Sunday. I mind hearing them say: 'We jist sed we'd break off fur to-day an' not drink a thing, but would go to church instid, an' here we are,' and there they were at the old stone church, just east of fathers'. They were there, and sober too. You smile when I mention drinking! Why, bless you, it was so common in those days that no one thought anything of it to see the good old fellows (*from up the river*) take what they called a 'Night cap'—some of them took so many and kept it up so late that it was morning before their last 'night cap' had been swallowed.

"But about Charlie Day. He was elected, but it broke up the old man, and he didn't stay long after but went to Montreal or to the North-West—I really forget where he did go. He had two daughters, I mind. The family were Church of England, and used to go to Canon Johnston's. My but the old man was careful of them. We used to think of the girls as dolls—so daintily were they treated. He'd drive them to church in his carriage—everybody then walked and it seemed odd to us. They were very fine people but 'toney'—till after the election and then they hadn't much left.

"Who did Charlie Day run against? I really forget—it's so long ago, but I think it may have been McGoey, but I am not certain. It might have been Papineau—no, I will not even try to guess. All we cared about was to see Charlie get in, and he got in—but it broke the old man, and when his wife died a short year or two after he went away."

Mrs. Purcell, like her sister, Miss Miriam Grimes, has a great memory of the early times. To them, you and I are greatly indebted for many of the things that might have been forgotten but for them.

THE HORSES WERE GOOD EATERS.

Apropos of ye olde time elections. Once when D—— was running for parliament, at a time when it was either against the law or custom to "treat," he got in to Aylmer one night about dark. The 'boys' were looking for him and a goodly crowd had gathered to welcome him to town. As I said it was either against the law or custom to treat, but the landlord was no novice. He knew that D—— was a generous candidate, and if allowed would do the proper thing by the 'boys,' so he called all hands in, and all hands came in and kept it up, the good landlord sparing nothing as he was a wise landlord, as well as a good one. In the morning D—— called for his bill. "Let's see" said M. with a wise smile, "there was a ton of hay and twenty bushels of oats—Yes—I guess that's all. Them horses of yours are great eaters."

"Yes," said D—— with a smile that quite matched the one which M. had just perpetrated, "yes, them horses are terrible when they start in on hay and oats." This, as he cheerfully paid

the bill, and drove on for the next "feed." He was elected by a big majority.

When I read this to "Uncle David" he explained some of the election laws and rules of the old times.

"An election was kept running until all voters were in and voted. If, however, two hours should elapse from the time the last vote was cast until the next voter came in, the election was declared closed—but the minority candidate always saw to it that he had voters in reserve, so that the polls were open until all were in—even if it took a month.

"Treating of electors was allowable up to 1875. After that it was against the law—but, as you have shown above, the wise landlord knew how to overcome so little a thing as law."

DESCHENES VILLAGE.

About half way between Hull City and Aylmer on the Hull Electric Trolley Line is an old village called Deschenes. Here many years ago the Conroys had a mill-flouring mill. It still stands. It is now owned by The Capital Power Co. The Electric Co. have here their repair shops, also their power house. The Eddy Co. get their power from the Capital Co.

We were pleased to find in Deschenes one of the most interesting public schools in the township. The Colonel was especially delighted with the sixty-five bright children. I think this was owing to the fact that they were not only patient with his talk to them but they even smiled at some of his early school reminiscences. Miss Albani Gravelle, of Aylmer, is their teacher. Said to be very capable.

SOME OF THE EARLY CITIZENS.

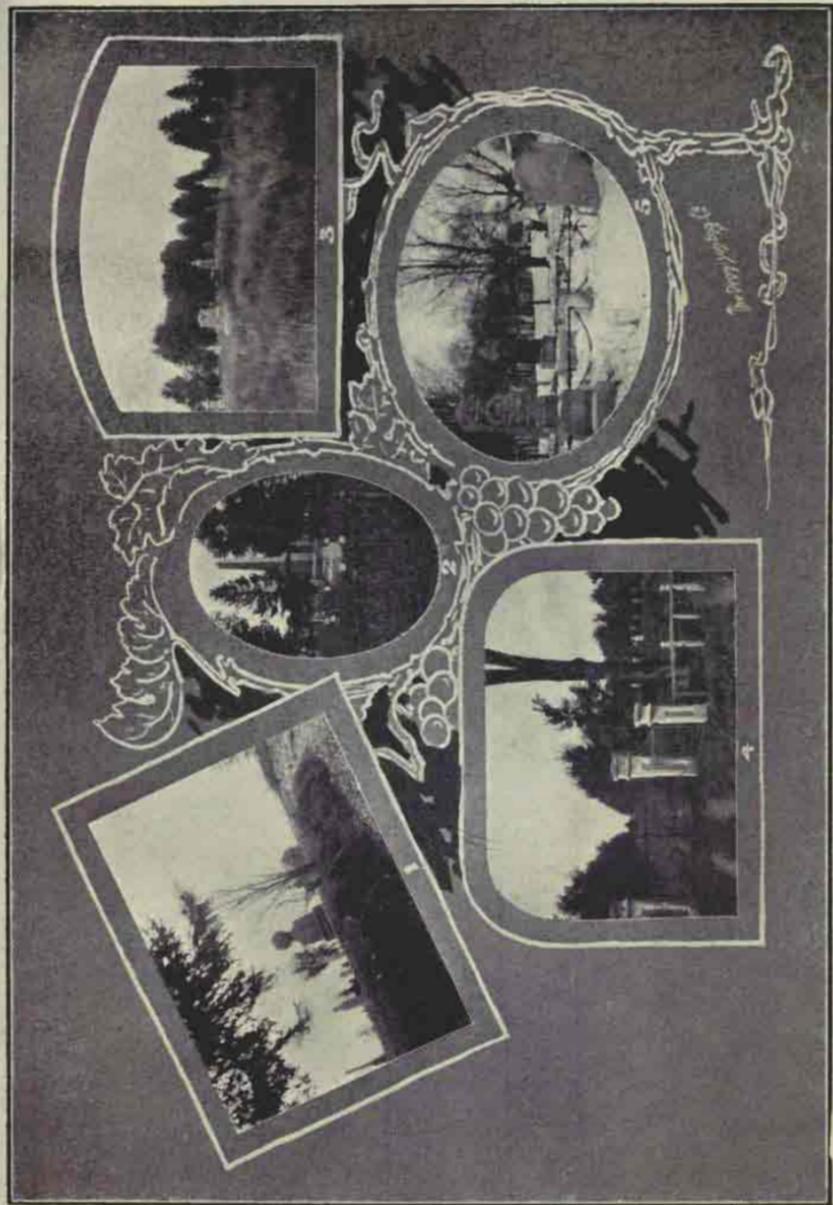
There are none of those who first came to the village still living in the place. It was started, as I said, a long while ago, but "went back," but in about 1880 started up again.

Among those who came at that time are: James O'Meara, came from Ireland in 1879. He married Margaret Cleary.

Valentine Routliffe, son of George—pioneer, came in 1880. He married Sarah J., daughter of the late George Simmons.

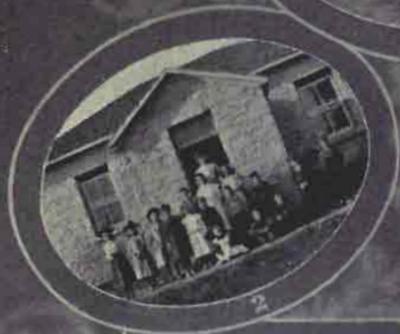
Calix Duval, came from Aylmer in 1881. He married Julia Noel, of the same place.

Moses Rezembal, came from Papineauville in 1881. He married Cecile Guertin, of Aylmer.



MONUMENTS.

1. THE LINDSAY—BELLEVIEW CEMETERY.
2. THE KLOCK—BELLEVIEW CEMETERY.
3. RICHARD OLMSTED—BELLEVIEW CEMETERY.
4. ENTRANCE TO ST. PAUL'S CATHOLIC CEMETERY.
5. THOMAS WRIGHT, REID AND SHEFFIELD, OLD CHELSEA.

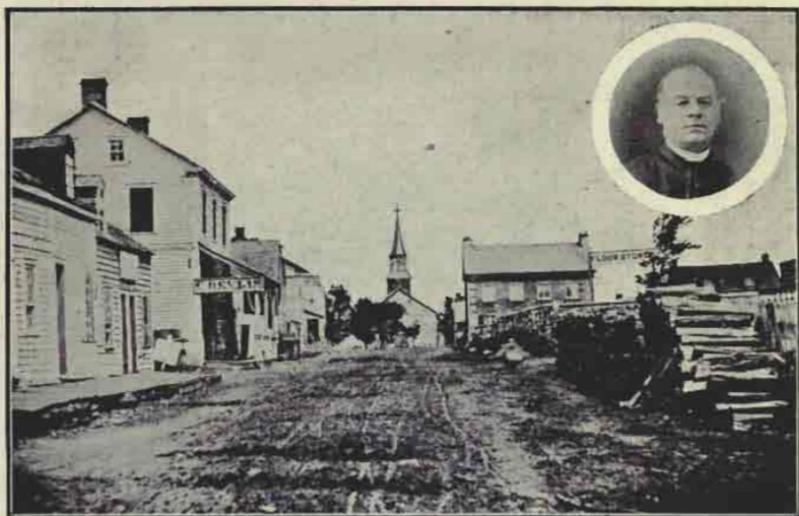


1. SIMMONS,

SCHOOLS.

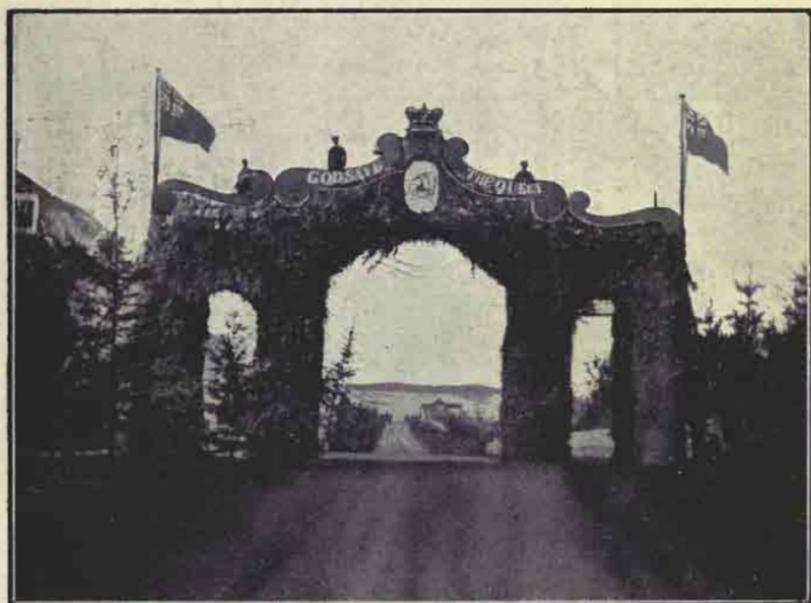
2. STEWART.

3. "BRICK."

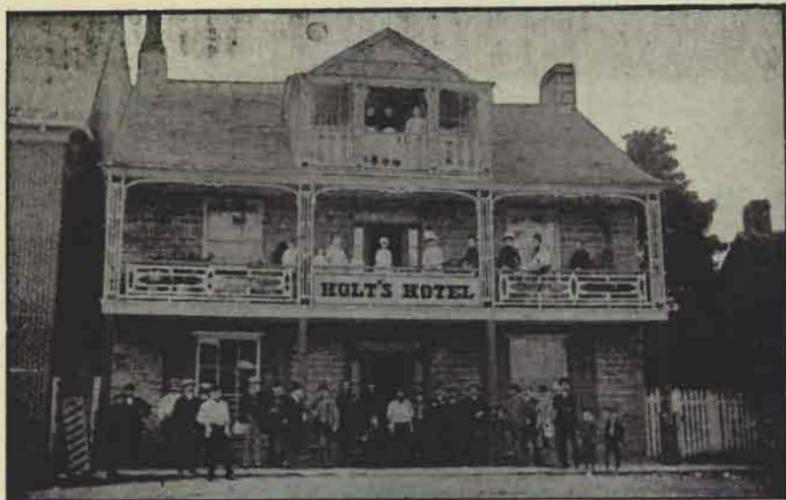


FIRST CATHOLIC CHURCH.

FIRST PRIEST.



ARCH ERECTED IN AYLMER IN HONOR OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.—1860.



THE FAMOUS OLD HOLT HOUSE.

SOME OF THE GROUP: MR. AND MRS. MOSES HOLT AND A. M. HOLT, NOW DECEASED. MRS. A. M. HOLT, MISS EVA HOLT, MISS MAUD OGLVY, DR. JAS. AYLEN, S. W. BRADLEY, MARK HALDANE, PETER LAMIRANDE, MRS. MCMAHON, MRS. MASON, ETC.



GROUP ON THE "ANN SISSON," 1873.

- | | |
|-------------------------|------------------------|
| 1. CAPT. JOSEPH BOCKUS. | 6. THOS. SMITH. |
| 2. R. S. CASSELS. | 7. WM. HUTCHINS. |
| 3. (?) | 8. CAPT. ALEX. LEITCH. |
| 4. D. K. COWLEY. | 9. THOS. DRAPER. |
| 5. CAPT. MULLIGAN. | 10. PATRICK KELLY. |

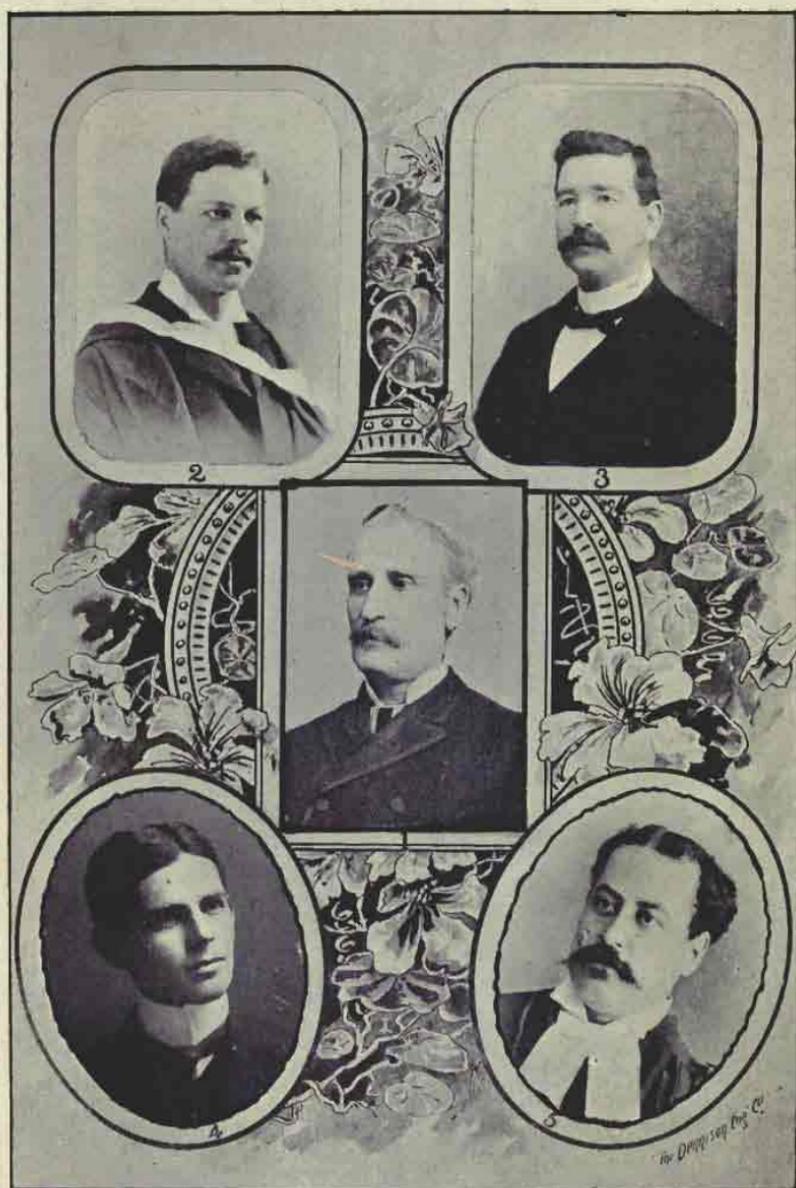
Alphonse Larue, came from Buckingham in 1881. He married Mary Timmons, of Aylmer.

Edward Madaire, came from Aylmer in 1881. He married Mary Minoire, of Aylmer.

O. Laframboise, came from Hull City in 1881. He married Mary Brault, of St. Scholastique.

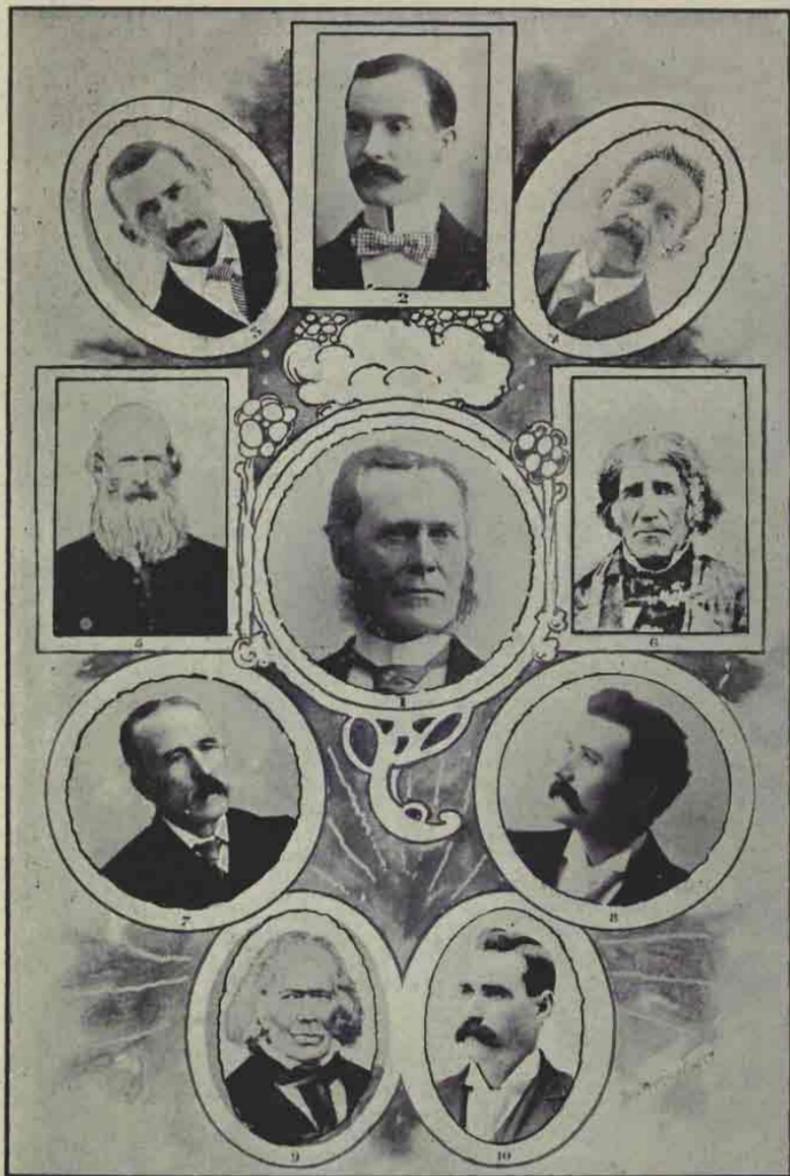
H. Delisle, came from Levis in 1885. He married Harriet Forgues, of Levis.

PART II.

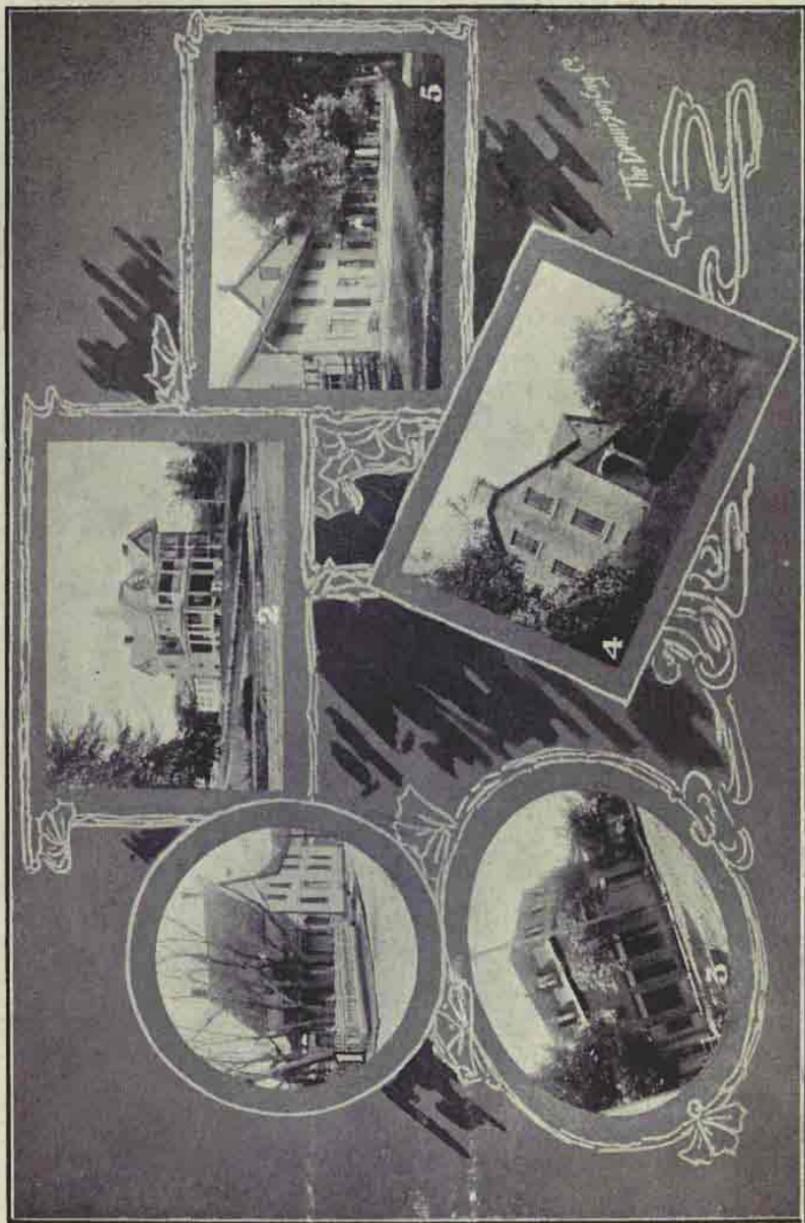


1. JUDGE JOSEPH T. St. JULIEN.
3. DR. EDWARD L. QUIRK.
5. RÉNÉ DE SALABERRY.

2. DR. H. P. HUDSON.
4. ARTHUR C. GUNN,
MGR. CROWN BANK.



- | | |
|--|-----------------------|
| 1. A. S. WOODBURN. | 2. SAMUEL G. LINDSAY. |
| 3. CHURCH P. WRIGHT. | 4. A. E. BEAUDRY. |
| 5. JOSEPH NEILL. | 6. SIMON HILL. |
| 7. CAPTAIN AMBROISE GOULET. | |
| 8. WM. A. STANGER, ALL-ROUND ATHLETE OF THE GATINEAU VALLEY. | |
| 9. SAMUEL BENEDICT. | |
| 10. R. A. MILLIONS, EDITOR AYLMEYER REVIEW. | |

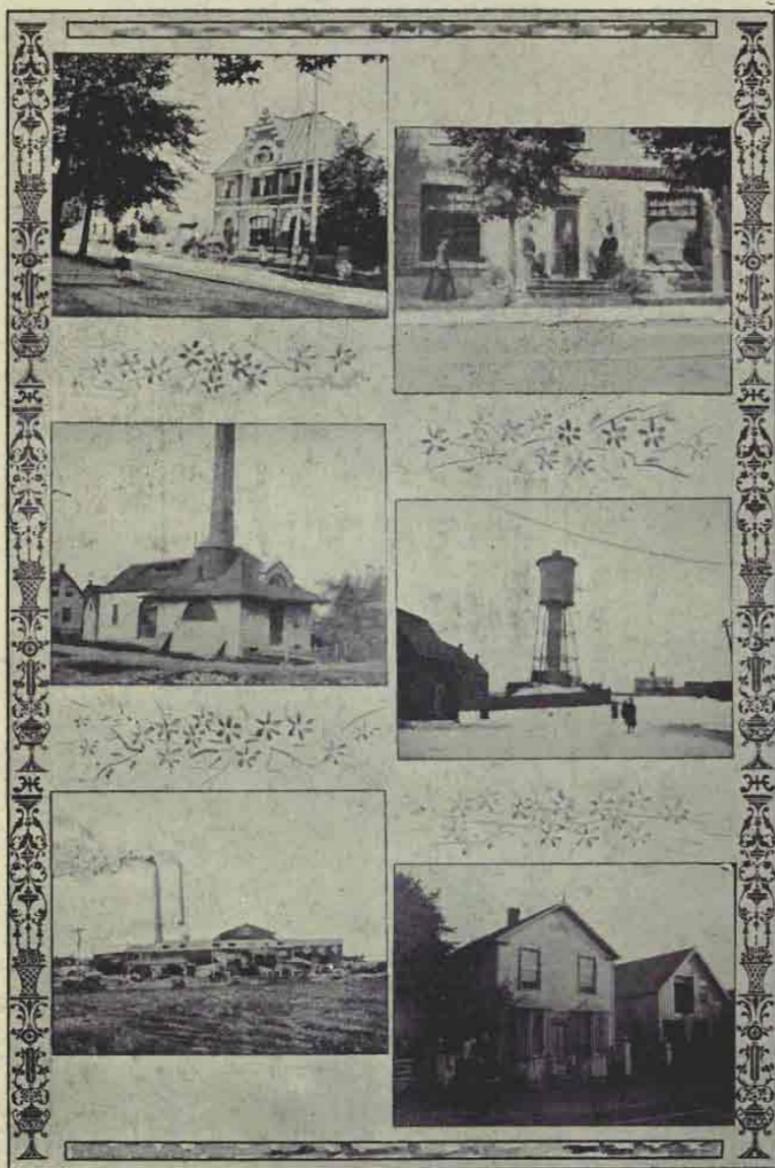


1. ROBERT RITCHIE.
2. GEORGE MCKAY.

AYLMER RESIDENCES.

3. MAYOR, THOMAS D. SAYER
4. EDWY KENNY.

5. R. H. SAYER.



1. POST OFFICE AND CROWN BANK.
JOHN WATT'S RESEIDENCE TO LEFT OF P.O.
2. WATER WORKS AND TOWER.
3. R. AND T. RITCHIE'S MILLS
AND JOHN SMITH'S RESIDENCE AND SHOP.



ALBANI AND HER FIRST PIANO.



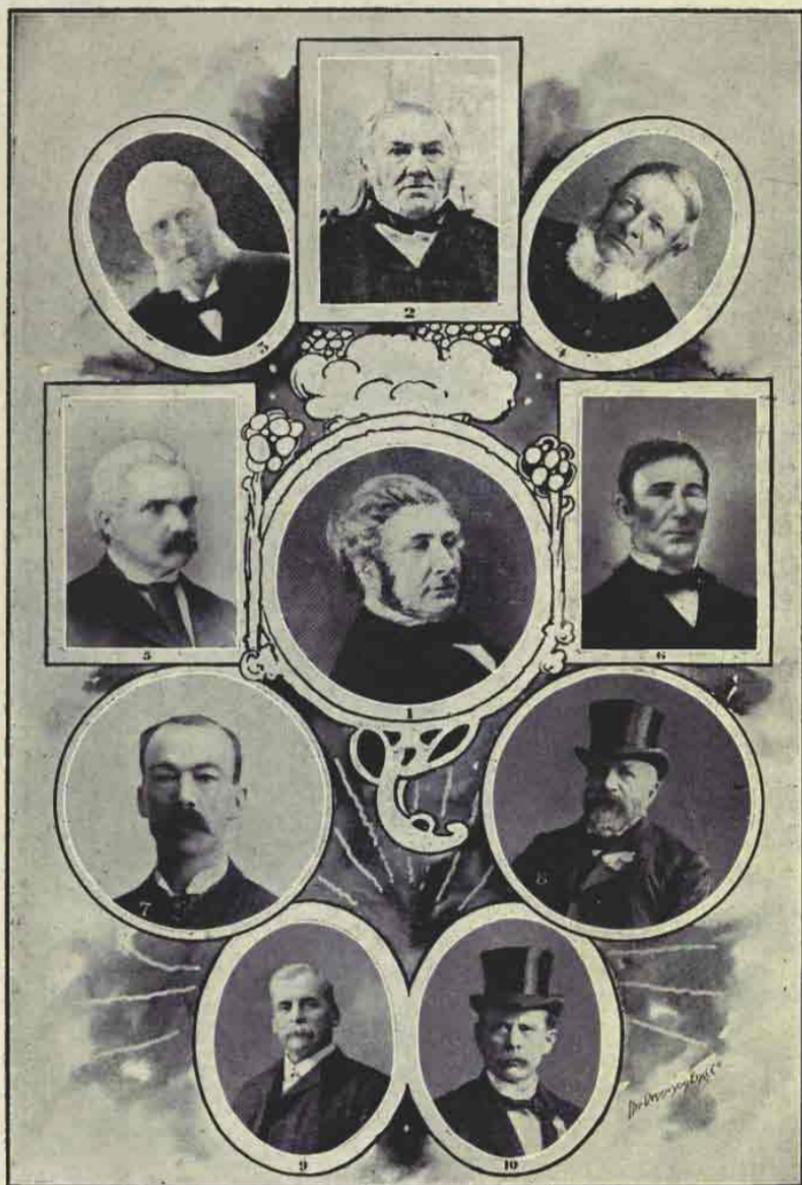
ERMA: "HELEN DON'T BE SKEERED, MAJOR, HE WON'T BITE,
HE JUST GROWLS.



RUBE SINGING (?).

"DON'T MAKE THAT AWFUL NOISE, UNCLE RUBE. IT HURTS
MY EARS."

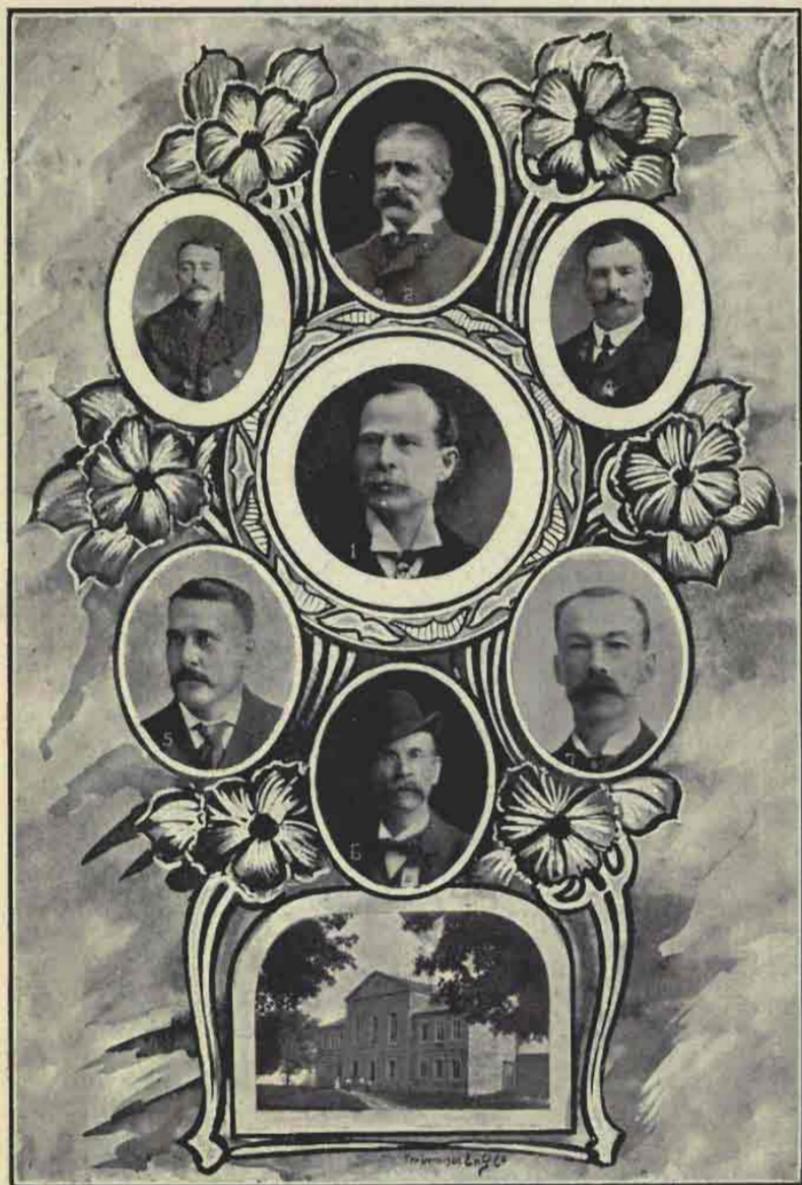
PAGE 13.



MAYORS OF AYLMER SINCE 1847.

1. JOHN EGAN.
2. CHARLES SYMMES.
3. WM. MCLEAN.
4. HARVEY PARKER.
5. CHARLES DEVLIN.

6. JAMES MULLIGAN.
7. THOMAS RITCHIE.
8. THOMAS SYMMES.
9. DR. J. J. E. WOODS.
10. THOMAS D. SAYER.



AYLMER OFFICERS.

- | | |
|---------------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1. THOMAS D. SAYER, MAYOR. | 2. G. L. DUMOUCHEL, SECY. |
| 3. JOSEPH CARDINAL, COUNCILLOR. | 4. NAPOLEON MATHÉ, COUN. |
| 5. E. PERRIER, CHIEF OF POLICE. | 6. J. J. GODWIN, FIRE CHIEF. |
| 7. THOMAS RITCHIE, COUNCILLOR. | |

AYLMER.



The above is the Coat of Arms of the Aylmer family. The village was named in the early thirties in honor of Lord Aylmer, Governor-General of Lower Canada, from 1832 to 1836.

At present the title is most honorably borne by The Right Honorable Lord Aylmer, Brigadier-General, Inspector-General, Department of Militia and Defence, in Canada, nephew of the early Governor.

Aylmer is nine miles from Ottawa. It is across the Ottawa River and on the north shore or bank of the river. You cross over either on the Interprovincial or Alexandria Bridge, near the Canal locks; or go out Wellington Street, along the car track anglings and cross over the Chaudiere Bridge. In either case you are in the City of Hull, and Aylmer is eight, possibly not over seven miles west out a pike called

THE BYTOWN, HULL AND AYLMER ROAD.

This information is not for the benefit of the native who already knows, but many are like the Colonel and I were when we first came and would have been glad to be told exactly what I am writing.

Up here the people have gotten into such a habit of coming up to this, the finest suburb around the Capital, that they might forget, and think that you knew the place as well as they do, and you in turn might go away without finding it. I say, "finding it," for in and about Ottawa they have a way of letting the "tenderfoot" find his way about as best he can. They never think to point out anything you don't find for yourself. The result is that you might come and go away without seeing that which might have delighted you very much.

The fact is that these dear people have so very much of real interest in and about Ottawa that is worth seeing, and they themselves get so used to seeing this beauty that they forget to speak of the sights. They are like the man out at Chelsea. They know and are surprised that you do not know.

One day at Chelsea, up the Gatineau River, nine miles west of Ottawa on the railway from Union Station, I was watching some men sawing wood with a little old, and dilapidated farm-engine. I was waiting around while the good landlady was getting dinner. A fellow sidled up and told me that it was a nice day. He didn't ask me if it "wasn't a nice day." No, he simply made the bold statement that it was, and without getting my unbiassed opinion on the subject, asked me if I knew that *he* now owned "the Engine"? When I had to be honest and admit that I did not know it, he seemed surprised to think that I hadn't heard of it. "Why, yes; I've hed 'er morne a month. Haint yer herd ov it? 'Twus in ther papers. Yes, I bot 'er ov Jones. *What, don't know Jones?* Why, he's alurs lived right 'roun' here. Everbody knows old Sam Jones. He married ther widder Iklebarger, whose first venture got run down by the up-freight on the Pontiac, the very yere it started. It wus new, an' Ikle wusn't used ter frates on a down grade. His widder wus awful cut up over it, an' felt so all-fired hart broken thet she up an' took old Jonesey three weeks after, sort o' to make up fer ther loss, she sed. She sude ther line an' ther case is runnin' yit. Ole Jonesey is carryin' it on. He sayz he'll beat 'em if it takes ther widder's farm. He seems ter feel worse about it even then she duz. He sez thet things 'ud bin far different ef et hedn't happened. Yes, I bot 'er over a month ago."

"What, the widow?" I asked, in my innocence.

"Naw, ther engin. She's a good one, they all say."

"What, the engine?"

"Naw, ther widder I'm tellin' yer about. They do say thet she clear broke Jonesey frum drinkin'. En to think yer didn't

know that I own 'er, or that he hes hed 'er leven year come next thrashin'. Where've yer lived anyhow?" Well, sir, that Chelsea man made me feel almost ashamed of myself to think that I didn't know his "'leven-year-old." We may smile at his innocence, but

WE ALL HAVE ENGINES.

There is more than ordinary reason for the people of these parts thinking that every one else should know of the charms of which they are surrounded. They have grown up amid beauty that we would go far to see, and have become so used to it that they do not think it worth mentioning or to point it out to the stranger. Go into almost any section about Ottawa and you will find the picturesque. This is especially true of this Aylmer locality.

THE OTTAWA A RIVER-LAKE.

Try, if you can, you who have never seen the Ottawa, and see if you can conceive of a River-Lake. That is what the Ottawa might be called. For hundreds of miles it is a succession of beautiful lakes connected by a rapid tumbling river. Some of these lakes are wide and long, with high tree-covered banks that one never grows tired of looking upon.

LAKE DESCHENES

is especially fine. It begins and ends with falls—the Chats at the west, where the Ottawa pours over or through fourteen openings into the Lake, and leaves it again, more than thirty miles below, over the great Chaudiere Falls at the Capital. But to the Lake itself I must devote an especial chapter.

On this Lake, at its widest part, is situated the pretty town of Aylmer, with its shaded streets lined with houses that run from the quaint-with-age to the beauty of modern architecture.

It is an old town, having started before Ottawa was laid out. It is not only old, but it has an interesting history by reason of the great men it has produced. Some towns are but a collection of houses; their people live out their generation and, going their way, leave nothing behind to show that they had ever been. Men of Aylmer have made and left their mark, and in many parts of the world their influence is being felt to-day in a way that must leave a better world when they go hence.

The great Christian Endeavor Clark was born here, and from here he went forth to organize the millions who follow in his lead for good; the voice of Albani has gladdened the music-loving of all lands; it was in Aylmer where first that voice was heard in its childish sweetness; the mind that is guiding the building of the bridge with the greatest span ever attempted, received its first impulse in this village by the Lake; one of the most successful merchants in Canada, with a prospect of becom-

ing second to none in the Dominion was an Aylmer boy. I might go on and point to that young Aylmer Member of Parliament in London, who fears not to meet on the forum the old and trained statesmen of the Empire, but I need not do so. The few must instance the many, as the "few" would be the "many" of thousands of towns far larger than Aylmer.

I speak thus of the town of which I am writing, that those who know not of Aylmer may see the why of my enthusiasm.

ORIGIN.

In 1816 a young man of eighteen years of age looked upon the situation here presented, and said, "Here will I build me a home." That young man was Charles Symmes. He not only built for himself a home, but founded the home of many another, as he was "the Father of Aylmer."

In 1832, when the "Lady Colbourne," the first steamer, began running between here and the head of the Lake, at Chats Falls, the place at once reached the dignity of a name and was called

"SYMMES' LANDING."

It later was given the name of a popular Governor-General, and ever since has been Aylmer; and as may be seen above it has ever been an honor both to its founder and to Lord Aylmer, for whom it was named.

When all the traffic of the upper Ottawa passed by boats alone, this was a busy centre, since all boats started from here owing,—as I have elsewhere said, for the benefit of those who do not know—to the fact that the Rapids between here and Hull City prevent navigation further down the river than Aylmer.

The many hotels were always crowded by those coming by stage from Ottawa and Hull to take the boat or on their return from a winter in the woods.

"GROUND RENT PLAN."

At first Symmes leased his lots on the "Ground Rent" plan. It is said that he was the most lenient of landlords and seldom pressed his tenants, and would take in payment work on other parts of his farm. He must have been most exemplary and kind, as there is naught but good said of him.

A CENTRE OF GREAT LUMBERERS.

In the old days Aylmer had some of the greatest lumbermen in all Canada. Here and near by lived the pioneers of the lumber industry of the Ottawa.

It begins to look as though Aylmer will again be the lumber centre it was in the middle of the past century. With the Ritchie Brothers' mill in the town and that of the Fraser Brothers near by, things are very prosperous. The result is seen on all

sides. The place is taking on new life, and the prefix of "deserted" would be a misnomer. Much credit must be given to the two great lumber firms whose mills are giving employment to hundreds of workmen.

BITS OF AYLMER HISTORY.

Charles Symmes laid out Aylmer in 1830. It ran along until in Lord Elgin's time it was incorporated a Village.

Lord Elgin issued a proclamation which was placed upon the door of the Catholic Church by James F. Taylor, July 29th, 1847. Moses Edey, Peter Aylen and André Ranger were along to see that Taylor did the *tacking* in a proper manner. On Monday, August 30th, following, a meeting was held in Robert Conroy's Hotel (the British Hotel), to elect Councillors. Gardner Church, who was a Hull Township Councillor, was chosen Chairman and James F. Taylor was made Secretary.

Following were the Councillors selected and elected by acclamation: John Egan, Charles Symmes, James Wadsworth, John Foran, Moses Edey and Francis Beaudry. At a subsequent meeting on September 13th, Robert Conroy was added. John Egan was made the first Mayor.

Other town officers were: Robert Shuter, Inspector; Peter Aylen, Harvey Parker and James Blackburn, Assessors; Thomas R. Symmes, Collector; Surveyor of Streets, John Gordon; Overseers of Streets, James Baillie, George Bolton and Samuel Bancroft; Pound Keepers, Charles McCarthy and Wm. Dodd, the old school teacher.

BOUNDARY LINES.

If Aylmer had grown up to its boundaries it would to-day be a city of the first class, as see the extent of country taken in. "Beginning on the north bank of the Grand or Ottawa River, in that part of the said river called Lake Deschenes or Chaudiere, in the limit between lots 19 and 20, in range 1: thence north between the said lots, to the north-easternmost corner of lot 20 in the 2nd range; thence west on the line between ranges 2 and 3 to the north-east corner of lot 21 in range 2; thence north between lots 20 and 21 in the 3rd range to the line between ranges 3 and 4; thence west along the said line between 3 and 4 to the north-west corner of lot 25 in range 3; thence south between lots 25 and 26 in range 3 to the bank of the said river as it winds and turns to

the point or place of beginning. The said village comprehending all of the lots within the boundaries described." In all it took in 17 lots which, if full, would be over 3,000 acres, but the turnings of the river would make it some less. It certainly was ambitious to say the least.

AYLMER'S MAYORS AND THEIR TERMS.

Aylmer was started by Charles Symmes in 1830, but was not incorporated until 1847. There have been, since that date seventeen mayors, as follows:—

John Egan.....	from Sept. 21	1847 to 1855	Died 1857.
Charles Symmes.....	" July 25	1855 " 1862	Died 1868.
Harvey Parker	" Jan. 20	1862 " 1866	
Robert Conroy	" Jan. 15	1866 " 1868	Died 1868.
Wm. McLean.....	" May 4	1868 " 1872	Still living.
Alex. Bourgeau	" Feb. 5	1872 " 1873	
Charles Devlin.....	" Feb. 3	1873 " 1878	Still living.
T. B. Prentiss.....	" Feb. 4	1878 " 1879	
John Gordon.....	" Feb. 3	1879 " 1880	Died 1891.
Alex. Bourgeau	" Feb. 2	1880 " 1881	Second Term.
James Mulligan	" Feb. 7	1881 " 1882	
W. J. Conroy	" Sept. 4	1882 " 1884	Still living.
N. E. Cormier.....	" Feb. 4	1884 " 1890	Still living.
Charles Devlin.....	" Feb. 3	1890 " 1891	Second Term.

INCORPORATED INTO A TOWN IN 1890.

W. J. Conroy	"	1891 " 1892	Second Term.
Thomas Ritchie	" Feb. 1	1892 " 1898	Still living.
Dr. J. J. E. Woods ..	" Jan. 31	1898 " 1900	Still living.
George C. Rainboth .	" Jan. 22	1900 " 1902	Still living.
Thomas Symmes.....	" Feb. 3	1902 " 1904	Died 1905.
Thomas D. Sayer.....	" Jan. 28	1904, still in the office, 1906.	

THE EARDLEY ROAD, PUBLIC SQUARE, FIRST CENSUS, ETC.

In 1848 the Eardley Road was laid out from the Public Square to the Eardley Township line. It was called Eardley Street.

The Public Square was laid out by Alex. Block in 1843.

The first census was taken of Aylmer in 1848. Robert Shuter and John Murphy first census takers.

In 1851 Charles Symmes and Harvey Parker were the moving Councillors in asking of the Governor to be permitted to have Semi-Annual Fairs in Aylmer.

ENTERTAINMENT OF THE PRINCE OF WALES IN 1860.

Aylmer had the honor of helping entertain the Prince of Wales when, on his memorable tour of 1860, he passed through the village on his way up to Arnprior. It was during Mayor Charles Symmes incumbancy of the office that this occurred. A few items from the old book may be of interest at this time forty-six years after.

"August 20th, 1860. At a special meeting of the Council the following Committee was appointed to draft an address of welcome to the Prince of Wales, who is to pass through Aylmer in a few days. Moved by Robert Ritchie and seconded by Wm. McLean, that Robert Conroy, Robert A. Young and Charles Devlin, with the Mayor, be that Committee.

In those days they were not afraid to expend a few dollars for the honor of the village, and so they taxed themselves \$250.00 to pay for the entertainment.

The Committee to carry through the reception was made up of the following gentlemen: Robert Conroy, Charles Devlin, Robert Ritchie, Wm. McLean, of the Council; and Wm. Hill, James Baillie, Wm. Kenney, Wm. Davis and Francis Roi, of the citizens.

Wm. McLean read the address, doing it in a most approved style. I did not find the address, but below is the Prince's reply, which Mr. McLean has carefully kept all these years.

THE PRINCE'S ADDRESS.

To the Mayor and Council of Aylmer,

GENTLEMEN,

Your expression of loyalty and attachment to the Queen will be most gratifying to Her Majesty.

I thank you sincerely for your kind welcome to myself and beg to assure you that my visit to Canada will be remembered by me with unquestionable pleasure, more especially this interesting tour up the Ottawa River.

ARTHUR.

All this took but a little time as the royal party was much hurried, but it has for forty-six years been a source of much pleasure to the good people of Aylmer, to remember the kind words and manner of the boy prince who now is King. Mr. McLean says of him: "He was one of the most charming young men I have ever met. He was very kind in his manner and most appreciative for the slightest favor."

MEMENTOS OF THE PRINCE'S VISIT.

The medal struck to commemorate the Prince's visit was found by Z. Chartier, near where one of the two arches erected in honor of H. R. H. visit, and by him kindly loaned for this cut.

The picture of the beautiful arch that stood near Conroy's hotel will be seen herewith. It was kindly presented to the author by Wm. J. Topley & Son, to whose excellent work you and I have been so much indebted in this and other books.

AYLMER TOWN COUNCIL.

Mayor—Thomas D. Sayer.

Council—Thomas Ritchie, C. Nesbitt, N. Mathe, J. Watt, T. Mulion and Joseph Cardinal.

Secretary-Treasurer—G. L. Dumouchel.

Chief of Police, Street Commissioner, Health Officer, Tax Collector and Poo Bah in general—Elie Perrier.

Fire Chief—J. J. Godwin.

Auditor—J. B. Smith.

Assessors, or as called here, Valuators—James Klock, Elie Beaudry and Alex. Whelan.

AYLMER A COURT TOWN.

Aylmer was once a court town. The first courts were held in improvised court houses. The first, so far as I could learn, was on the west side of the "Square." It was burned in about 1842. The next was in a house on the east side, just opposite. The first Court House, built for the purpose, was begun in May of 1851, and on May 21st, 1852, the first court was held. This with the jail, was burned on January 9th, 1869. It was rebuilt not long after. In my Ottawa book I gave the burning as in 1865, which was an error on the part of my informant. This is from data furnished by Miss Florence Ayles, from records by a member of the family, who kept a diary of the principle occurrences of Aylmer.

"THE BLACK HOLE."

Aylmer was not always the law-abiding, peaceful town along the Ottawa. In ye olde dayse a "hot time" was not an unusual condition, especially so at elections, and as they often lasted a whole week the "times" were often "hot" for fair. The questions then seem to have been far more serious to the people than they are now. The Colonel says they were "burning questions." He might have referred to them as *differences*, as to those questions. But that's all past and peace and harmony now reign at elections, as well as throughout the rest of the year.

In the adjustment of the questions of the day the adjusters were not at all particular as to the means used in the adjusting, and by night the "lock-up" was often quite crowded. There being but one room in "the Black Hole" (as the boys used to call it from its lack of windows), there must have been quite an assortment of chaos and other things by the time the door was opened. This building remodelled, is now a comfortable dwelling-house, having been used as jail, printing-office, law office, etc., etc.

Not only at election time was "The Black Hole" called into use. Aylmer being on the line of the Shanty and Rivermen, on their way up and down, used to stop long enough to let the citizens know that they were in town, and the citizens in turn would entertain them for a day or two in this "Hostlery." Now the Chief of Police might go fishing a month at a time if it were not for his having to attend to his chief of policing, tax-collecting, street commissionering, looking after the health and Poo-bahing the town in general. It is indeed well that "The Black Hole" has gone out of commission, else Elie might be kept busy.

The thrilling stories one might collect of those old days, would fill a number of entertaining volumes.

AYLMER DIRECTORY OF 1851.

In 1851 John Lovell of Montreal issued a directory in which I find the following about Aylmer and its business people.

The village was started in 1830 by Charles Symmes. It was incorporated in 1847. In this (1851) year it had 1,000 inhabitants—many times the size of Hull.

Doctors—Brock Carter and Peter Church. Rev. Mr. Hughes, Catholic priest, and Rev. J. C. Johnston, Anglican Church, looked after the spiritual interests of the village.

Lawyers or Advocates—George S. Carter, Thomas G. Fenwick, Peter Aylen (spelled Ayln), and Aimé Lafontain. Notaries—R. A. Young and Andrew Larue.

Surveyors—J. J. Roney, John Snow, Joseph Masson, John Newman, and Alfred Driscoll.

Hotel-keepers—Robert Conroy kept the British Hotel; George Bolton, Robert Klock (spelled Clock), James Conroy, Dryden Smith, and J. B. Trombeault.

Lumber Dealers—Robert Conroy, John Egan and Co., James Wadsworth, M. Coughlin, John Foran, and Charles C. Symmes.

Merchants—Robert Conroy, John Egan, Henry Chepmell, John Foran, Mark Haldane, James Thompson, and J. R. Woods, who was also postmaster.

Harness makers—John O'Keefe, Andrew Ronge and J. Topley. Carriage maker—Wm. Kenney, still living at eighty-six.

T. Watson was publishing the Ottawa Argus at that time. He was also the one printer in the directory. Asa Parker ran the seed store, and James F. Taylor was in as County Registrar.

The people were clothed by tailors—Michael Cullen, Richard White and John Conner.

Their bread was supplied them by—R. Conroy and James Freeman; while their tinsmithing was looked after by John Berry, Mark Cuzner and Henry Murphy.

As in contrast with Hull, one must think that Hull was then the little village, as aside from the Wrights—Ruggles, Alonzo and Joshua—there were but six other names, Wm. Battison, the inn-keeper; Alex. M. Dale, lumber agent for the Hamiltons; Sexton Washburn, the axe-maker; — Gunn, inn-keeper; H. McLaughlin, postmaster and general store-keeper; and S. H. Waggoner ran the grist mill.

This old Directory was loaned me by ex-Alderman G. W. Shouldis of Ottawa, it having been handed down to him by his father, a Bytown pioneer. The book contains nearly all the towns of the Provinces of Quebec and Ontario. It is bound in a way that would put to blush the directory-makers of to-day.

THE AYLMER PRESS.

The first newspaper in Aylmer was started on Wednesday, December 5th, 1849. It was called The Ottawa Argus. It was published by Henry R. Symmes and Thomas Watson.

In those days they believed in "devoting" their work to as many objects as possible, in order, no doubt, that they would not run out of subjects. The Argus, therefore, was "Devoted to Agriculture, Commerce, Education, Foreign and Domestic Intelligence, The Arts, Science, Amusements, and so forth and so forth," *ad infinitum*. In all their many subjects they make no mention of furnishing any *News*. They must have been overloaded, as in 1854 The Argus was superseded by The Times, and doubtless profiting by the failure of its predecessor it didn't agree to be "Devoted" to anything in particular, and as a result, it ran for a great many years.

Some of the old citizens will recognize names culled from The Argus' business directory: "F. E. Fenwick, Attorney at Law; A. Larue, Notary Public; George de Boucherville, Attorney at Law; James F. Taylor, Registrar; John J. Rooney, Provincial Surveyor; R. A. Young, Notary Public; J. A. Macon, Land Surveyor; A. Driscoll, Civil Engineer; John Snow, Provincial Land Surveyor." In those days there did not seem to be the professional rule among doctors against advertising that maintains to-day, as we find the cards of good old Dr. P. H. Church, and the eccentric Bytownian "Old Van Courtlandt."

Is this Uncle David's card? "James Klock hereby notifies the public, etc. that he has leased the Sandpoint Hotel." This is only a part of the "Ad." His present views on prohibition would not stand for the rest of it.

Other names familiar: Ithamer H. Day, of the Deschenes Mills; James Blackburn, M. Coughlin, Peter Ayles, James Petrie, etc., etc.

The Aylmer Times was "Printed by George Nolan, Market Square, for Wm. Allen, Proprietor and Publisher." He had the right conception of how to run a newspaper on a paying basis, as see: "Terms, \$1. per year, if paid in advance, otherwise, \$2. per annum." Its advertising support was the best. One must think that Allen was a druggist as well as a newspaper man, and that most of his stock in trade was *pills*. Allen had more kinds of pills than would stock two modern drug stores. The patent medicine men must have been short of money and prescribed for Allen something like this: "For that tired (waiting for cash) feeling, take pills."

One feature of the paper was the "Unclaimed Letters" list. By it one would think that Aylmer had been a city.

BUILDING OF THE AYLMEY TURNPIKE.

"Road Notices" show that the Aylmer Road was begun in 1849 and finished in 1850. No mention is made of the President of the Company, but we find that Judge Aimé La Fontaine was Treasurer, R. A. Young was Secretary and James D. Slater was the Surveyor.

GATINEAU TURNPIKE.

We see that a meeting was held in 1861 for the purpose of talking over the Macadamizing of the Gatineau Road from Hull City to North Wakefield, 24½ mile; Thomas McGoey was Chairman and Wm. Hamilton was Secretary of the meeting.

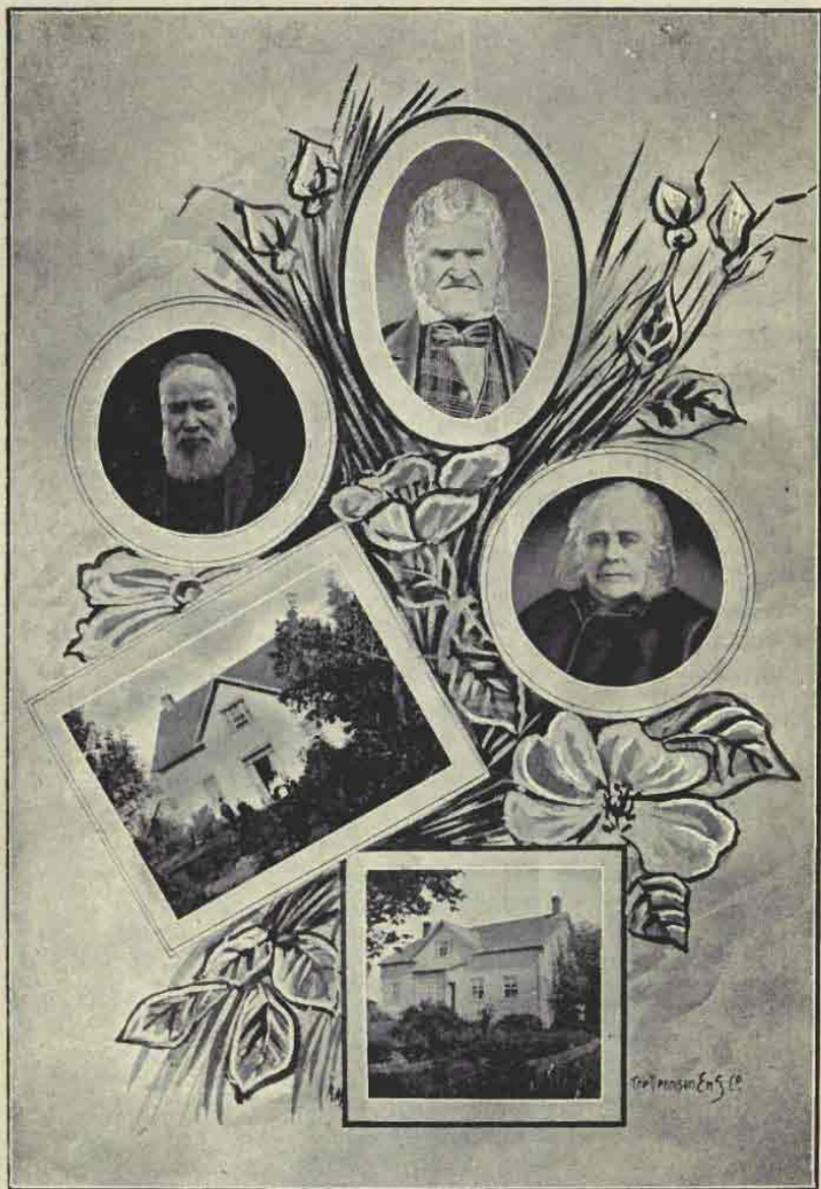
The names mentioned of those present were some of the great men of that day. Besides the two officers there were: Allan Gilmour, T. C. Brigham, Richard Grimes, Alex. Workman, T. Reid, H. J. Friel, James (spelled) McLaren, J. Mather, A. M. Dole, Edw. McGillivray, John A. Snow, Robert Allen and D. Sinclair. In a later Times of that same year we find that bids were called for, for material, which would indicate that the work must have proceeded at once.

These old papers had been laid away by one of the Edeys and found by Mrs. Luther Edey, to whom you and I are indebted for many things of Aylmer, South Hull and Eardley interest.

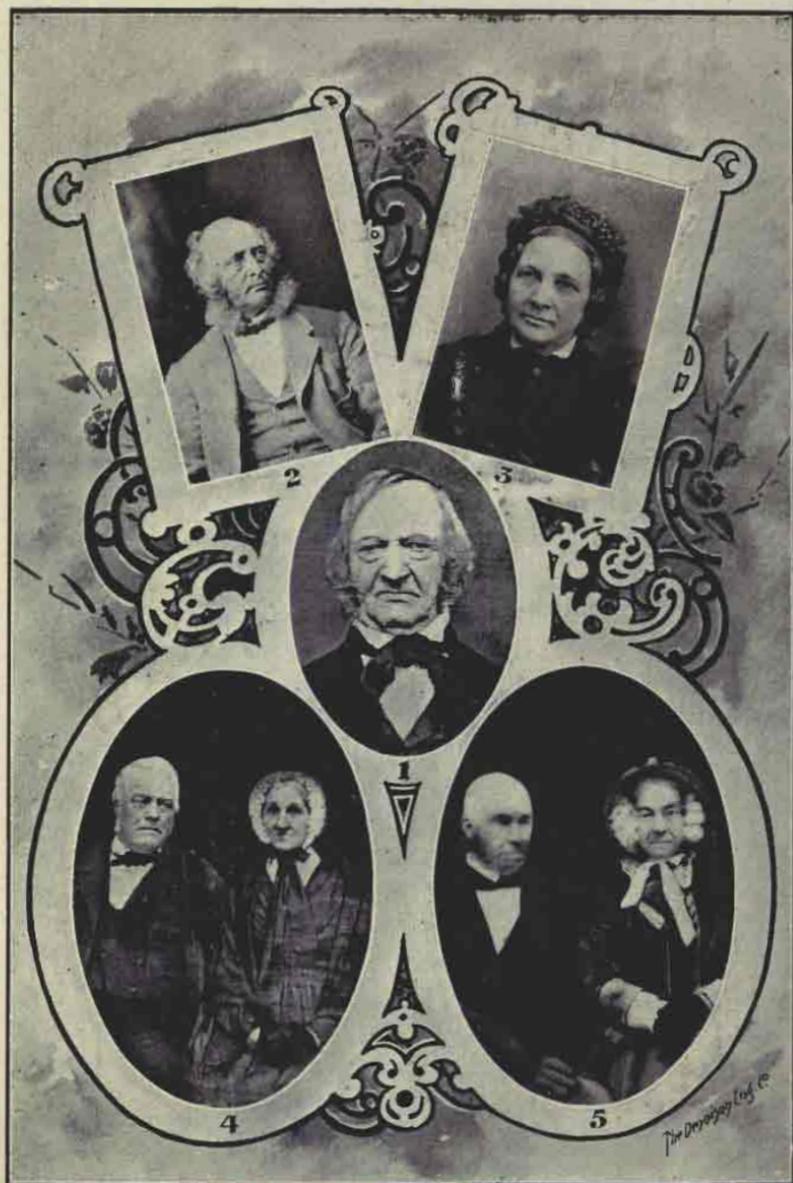
THE OLD AND THE NEW.

You have hurriedly gleaned through the newspapers of the Aylmer of the past. Now take a glance at the press of to-day. The Aylmer Review, published by Mr. R. A. Millions, is worthy the fullest support of the people of the Ottawa Valley. It is a four page paper—clean type and is full of good readable matter.

The citizens of a town should look to their newspaper, second to no other institution in the community. The law keeps the schools going, churches must go on, out of the personal respect of the people, if, for no other reason, but too often the very thing that lets it be known, to the outside world, that you even have an existence at all, is left to get on as best it may. Lots 'o people think they are doing the editor of a paper a great favor if they subscribe and pay him in a few vegetables, after they have kept him waiting a year. They seem to forget that he is not wholly a vegetarian. It takes some cash as well as turnips to keep the town paper strong and healthy. If viewed as the people of a community should view their home paper, it would be seen that it is often of as much interest to themselves as to the editor that they patronize with their subscriptions and their advertisements, and give all the moral support possible. It is not the editor alone who makes a good, live weekly, the people must do their part. Don't criticise. Look upon your home paper as a part of the family and guard its interests as of the family. That is how to make a journal that will be commended by the outside world. Make your news distributor a credit to your town and this same outside world will think better of your home.



SAMUEL EDEY, SR.
LUTHER EDEY. ROBERT KENNY.
RESIDENCE OF MAYOR S. H. EDEY.
HOMESTEAD OF LUTHER EDEY.



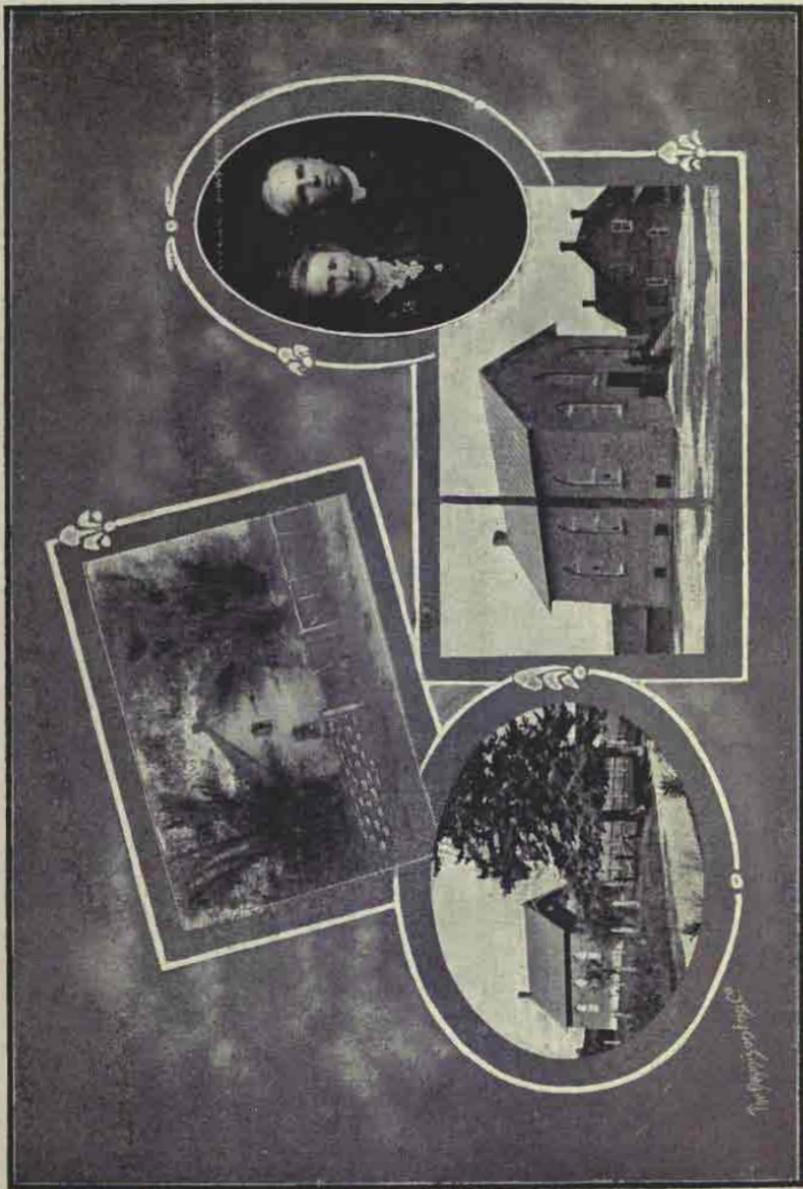
1. JOSEPH WYMAN, SR.

2. JOSEPH WYMAN, JR.

3. MRS. JOHN CAMPBELL—NEE ABIGAIL WYMAN.

4. MR. AND MRS. MOSES EDEY.

5. MR. AND MRS. JAS. F. TAYLOR.

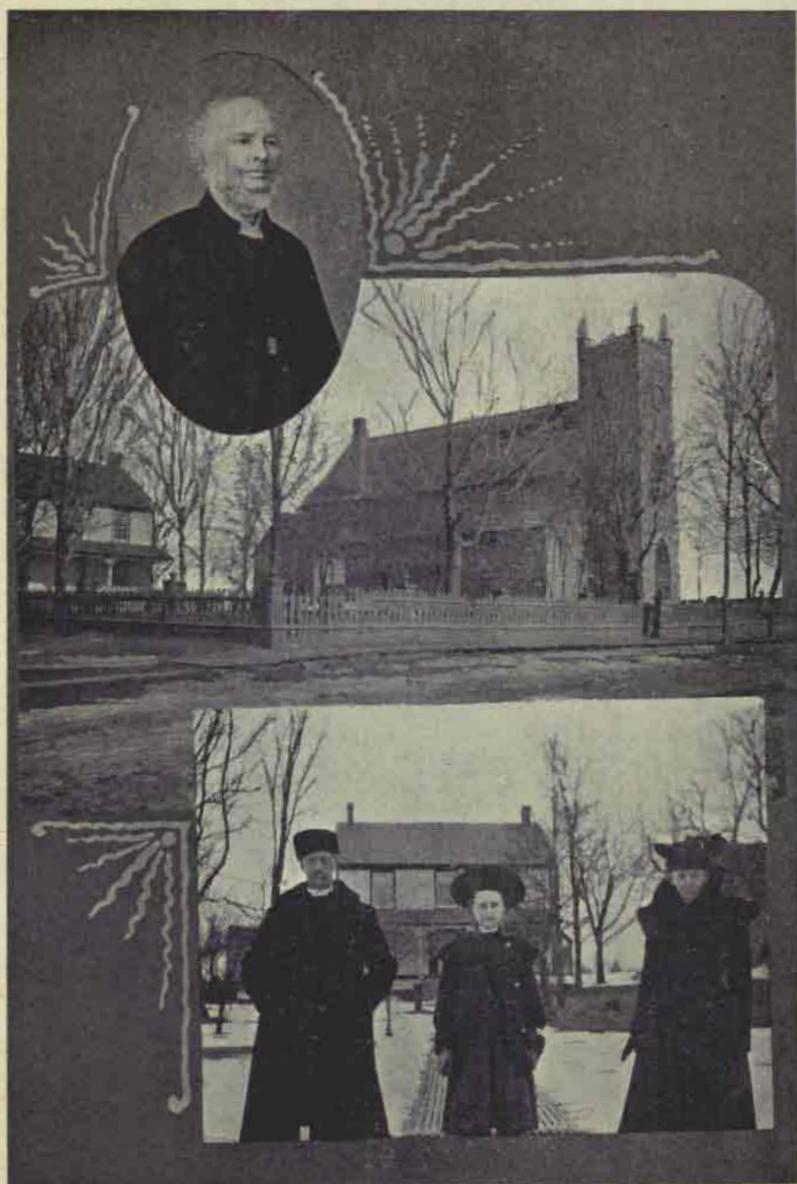


METHODIST CHURCHES.
PRESENT AYLMER CHURCH.
REV. AND MRS. A. B. JOHNSTON.

"MOUNTAIN VIEW."

FIRST CHURCH.

The Press and Ink Co.



ANGLICAN CHURCH.
CANON JOHNSTON, FIRST RECTOR.
REV. R. F. TAYLOR, PRESENT RECTOR, AND FAMILY.

EDITOR MILLIONS.

The Editor of the Review is of English parentage, though himself born in Canada, at Almonte. He is from a race of fighting English—some of his ancestry having fought at Waterloo, at Alma, Balaklava, Inkerman and Sebastapol.

Mr. Millions is a great temperance advocate and makes a claim which the Colonel says he knows is true, because R. A. says it is—"But oh the fun he has missed." The "claim" is that: "I never tasted Alcohol drink in my life."

"This editor must be awful lonesome."

"Why so Colonel?" I asked.

"What! Ask why so, when you spend half your time in Aylmer?" I do wonder what the Colonel meant by the question. He's always asking odd questions, though.

DR. CUYLER AND THE ESSENCE.

"Rube, I'll wager that if he were placed in old Dr. Cuyler's seat at that dinner table, that he'd act the Cuyler part to perfection."

"Now you're talking riddles again, Colonel."

"What! Never heard how that great old temperance advocate was one day sitting at a dinner in Brooklyn, and how after he had been given two 'helpings' of brandied peaches, he said, when he was asked for the third time to 'have some more of the peaches,' 'No, I don't wish any more of the peaches, but I would like a little more of the *essence*.' Never heard that about the old Doctor? Yes, he'd like a little more, 'For,' said he, as he passed his plate, 'it's certainly good, and seems to put one in such a contented humor.'

I can't understand why it is that the Colonel is always having a "go" at temperance advocates. He came in one day with what he called "a bran new one."

PROHIBITION STORY.

"Rube," said he, "I've got a new one this time. A Liberal and a Conservative were walking down street one day when a fellow hove in sight who seemed to want the whole side-walk. "I'll bet," said the Conservative, "that fellow is a Liberal."

"Done," said the Liberal, "I'll take you. Now ask him as he comes up."

"Here, my good man," began the Conservative, "we have a little wager on you. I bet that you are a Liberal. Am I not right?"

"Skuze me, Sir, you've lost. May ha vull zhe syptoms, but I ain't er Lib. I'm Prohibition lecturer, way frum home."

But what has all this got to do with the Press of Aylmer? Nothing, so we'll just call it off.

SOME OLD HOTELS.

Charles Symmes built and kept the first hotel. It is the large stone house still seen at the west end of Main street, near the wharf. It is now owned by R. and T. Ritchie, and used as dwellings. This was built in the early thirties. It was later kept by Dominick Fox.

The Union Hotel was run by R. H. and James Klock, who ran a stage line between Ottawa and Aylmer. This old stone building is still in the Klock family, and is now occupied by René de Salaberry.

The Holt House, still a hotel and still in the family. It has never lost its prestige, being yet possibly the best dollar-a-day house in the Ottawa Valley. It was built by John Foran and occupied, in the early forties, as a store.

George Bolton ran the Bolton House. It stood on the corner just east of the Crown Bank. It was burned some years ago.

The Conroy House was long occupied and run by Robert Conroy. Its palmiest days were when Matthew Ritchie was ye goode host. It was in those days much frequented by the elite of Ottawa. It is now the British Hotel and run by Mrs. Frank Satchell. The Crown Bank has had a part of it beautifully fitted up as a branch bank.

The McCarthy House is now the residence of Town Councillor John Watt, and stands just to the east of the post office.

HOW BOLTON'S OLD GREY PLAYED GHOST. §

Many good stories are told in which these old hotels were the scenes. One night, so goes one of these stories, a party of convivals were engaged at "Authors," or some other game of cards. The hour grew late, as the hours were want to grow when the old Aylmerans sat down to a little game of "Draw," but they played on regardless of the fact that just across the street Bolton's old gray was breathing his last, after some thirty years service. Now be it remembered that Aylmer was not then the staid village of the good present and had within its gates many who enjoyed a practical joke more even than they did preaching. Thus prefaced I must tell you of another party. A lot of young fellows were at Bolton's when the old gray got through breathing his last. "Now for some fun," said one of the leaders, "let's scare the crowd across the way. There's ——— and ——— and ——— and a more superstitious trio don't hang out on the river. Let's take old Dobbin over and let him play ghost," and at it they went. There were enough of them to drag the horse across the street and lean him up against the door of the McCarthy.

By this time the superstitious ones hearing a series of strange groans began losing interest in the game. "What's that?"

asked —— "I can't imagine," said —— "Go see," said —— "Go yourself, if you want to know. It sounds like the very devil. I wonder if it might be him. Whew listen. It's gittin' worse." The one brave of the four said: "Come on, I'll find out," and at that he went to the door, while the others hung together at his heels, as he opened it. In tumbled old Dobbin and out of the back door flew the trio, while the whilom brave one stood paralyzed at sight of what he, for the moment thought was a sure enough ghost.

It was many a long day before the players heard the last of "Bolton's Gray Ghost."

Besides these there were other hostleries remembered by some of the older people. There was Valois, whose hotel was where Geo. Mulligan now resides. J. B. Tombeault's hotel was across from the present British on the Conroy property. One Patterson kept a hotel on Court street, near Main.

CHURCH HISTORY.

THE FIRST METHODIST CHURCH IN BYTOWN.

One day I chanced to drop in at the Purcells, just across the line in Eardley, where I found the old minutes of the first start of Methodism in Hull.

Here are some of the gleanings from the old book: The Hull circuit was organized September 4th, 1826. (Hull, here, means the township, as well as the village, which was then but a small place, hardly large enough to designate village.)

About all that will be of any interest, in this late day, will be the names of those who were instrumental in the organization and carrying on of the church. The names will be given by the years when first I found them mentioned.

1827: Rev. Philander Smith, Rev. George Bissell, John Maitland, a local preacher, John Dale and Thomas Buck, exhorters; James Wilson and Archibald McGee, leaders; Hugh Ronan, John Dole.

Of course James Finlayson Taylor was the Secretary, since his name appears in that position in all gatherings—religious and secular.

On July 27th, 1827, this resolution appears: "A resolution was passed to build a church in the new village at the mouth of the Rideau," now the Capital of Canada. The members of this Committee were: Thomas Buck, Jas. F. Taylor, and Corporal Joseph Coombs. This church, or as they called it, chapel, was located on what is now Rideau Street, just east of Friel Street. At this time there was being built a chapel in Hull. It may be

seen to this day, on the Aylmer Road, next house to the right, beyond Frank Grimes' pretty home. It is now used as a residence by D. O'Halleran.

Other names mentioned at the October meeting, of '27: Rev. Joel James, Ira Honeywell (who was first to take up land and build on the Nepean side of the Ottawa, out beyond what is now Hintonburg. He came in 1810, built a shack, returned to Kingston and came the next spring with a new wife, to help clear the wilderness. These Honeywell facts I gathered while hunting out for "The Bytown Pioneers," which I must leave for one braver than I to write), John Allen, Wm. Dodd (the old school teacher, whose coming I had failed to find until I ran across these minutes).

1828 names: Revs. Sawyer and George Pool, Moses and Samuel Edey, Benjamin Simmons, Robert McConnell, Rev. Madden and Rev. B. Losee.

1829: Rev. R. Jones, Rev. Wm. Brown and Jas. Mathews.

MONEY WAS MONEY IN THOSE DAYS.

Note this as indicative of the hardships of those early times. At a meeting held July 20th, 1829, appears this minute: "The chapel debt of Hull was taken up and it was found that £4.7.6. remained due the joiner who finished the inside work. As he was very urgent for his pay, it was concluded to borrow a sum sufficient to pay him." The amount was loaned by the following: Moses Edey, J. F. Taylor, Wm. Dodd, B. Holibert and Wm. Grimes.

1830: Edward Watson, Revs. F. Metcalf and J. C. Davidson, John Burrows and Andrew Thompson.

1831: J. Ingly. Bytown names in '31: Benjamin Rathwell and John Graves.

1832: Rev. Anson Green, Rev. Lewis Warner and John Crilly.

CIRCUITS DIVIDED IN 1832.

In 1832 it was concluded that Bytown was able to look after its own chapel, so Hull drew away and let Bytown attend to its own and it has been doing it pretty well ever since.

1833 names: Rev. John Carrol and Rev. Wm. McFadden.

1834 names: Samuel Grimes, Richard McConnell, Revs. Steven Brownwell, Ezra Healy, V. B. Howard, George Farr and I. Fromholt.

1835: Rev. J. Playter.

1836: Rev. George W. Philo.

1837: Wm. Hamilton, Rev. Thomas Harmon, R. Sully and — Colloch.

1838: — Frazier and — Harwood.

1839: Rev. George Goodson.

This brings us down to 1840, when other church societies were beginning to work.

THE ACORN AND THE SCION.

Another bit of information: The greatest Methodist Church in the Capital—"The Dominion"—was an offspring of that little stone church on the Aylmer Road. "Great Oaks from little acorns grow." The "Acorn," in this case, is now the home of a Catholic farmer, while the scion has become one of the most famous churches in Canada.

1840—Wm. Thompson, Rev. J. McIntyre and Richmond McClutchy.

1841—John Gordon and Thos. Caplin.

1842—Rev. Beynon, Rev. Williams, Timothy Parker, Henry Hurdman and Joseph Heatherington.

They used to have their little neighborly quarrels, as this year I note that "Brother Wm. Copeland" was accused by "Sister Irwin," of "Calumny," against her 'old folks at home.' The Committee took up the case and decided that he was guilty of "Calumny," and "must 'fess up in class meeting." They afterward decided that the verdict was too severe, so they let him off by depriving him of "his official standing"—whatever that was.

While on this subject I might speak of later interesting incidents of this organization, in which one of the old ministers was accused of taking too much Time and other things, etc. I might speak of them, I say, but I won't, although I would like to tell how that a "pillar," meeting this same old minister, on one occasion, refused to speak to him. "Good morning!" said the good Vandusen. No response. "Good morning, I say!" "I won't speak to you!" came back the "pillar." "Oh, won't you!" said Van, "If you did, it would'nt be the first time an ass spake to a prophet." Yes, I would like to mention this bit of repartee, but some might object, so I must refrain its mention.

1843—Rev. Henry Shaler.

1844—Elder Bevitt. The name of the famous old Elder James Musgrove appears, this year. He was known far and near—a good man and an able teacher. One of his sons is still in Ottawa—the well known druggist on Bank St. at Nepean.

1845—Here appears the first and only Wright as a preacher—Aron Wright, son of Thomas, and nephew of John and Benjamin Hooper Wright. He was a local preacher, and lived out south-west of Chelsea. The preacher stationed here for that year was Rev. Reynolds.

The old Secretaries had a way of calling a man "Brother," "Mister," or almost anything but by his first name, which accounts for so many blanks in this chapter of ye early church records.

WOOD AND HAY PRODUCED BY RESOLUTION.

They had a way of getting wood and hay for the preacher and his horse that was certainly unique. If the preacher needed wood or his horse hay or oats, the church Board simply resolved that Brother Edey or Brother Grimes or Brother Kenny, or some other, must bring in the required wood or feed and the good brothers always responded. So that though the preacher might be left poor in purse, he never had to go cold or hungry, or his horse left unfed.

1846—next Rev. F. Coleman.

1847— “ Rev. Wm. Hewitt.

1848— “ Rev. James Elliott, who stayed until

1850—when Rev. James Greene took charge.

1851—A Committee was appointed to see Ruggles Wright about getting a lot in Aylmer, for a church. Ruggles must have asked too much, as nothing of it is further mentioned—but this resolution appears this year: “Resolved that the ground offered by Mrs. Heath, in Aylmer, for the sum of Ten Pounds be accepted.” It was where the present church stands.

Rev. D. McDowell was in charge this year (1851).

1852—Rev. A. Hurlbent.

First mention of “Aylmer Circuit,” previous to that it was “Hull Circuit.” A committee of three was appointed to circulate a paper for a church in Aylmer. Moses Edey for Aylmer, Robert Sully for Chelsea and Robert Kenny for Bytown.

1853—May 7th. Trustees appointed to build a church in Aylmer: J. F. Taylor, Moses Edey, S. Grimes and Richard McConnell.

1854—Rev. M. McGill in charge. Robert Kenny sent as a lay delegate to Kingston to represent Aylmer. It is claimed that no better speaker appeared at that meeting of delegates from the two provinces, than this able man from Aylmer.

1855—Rev. R. Robinson.

1856—Rev. S. Huntington, with Rev. L. Cleworth, assistant.

1858—Rev. C. W. Scales, with Rev. E. E. Sweet and later Rev. W. W. Ross, assistants.

A new church was built this year over beyond Chelsea, in the Hamilton settlement.

1859—No mention is made of the Aylmer church being completed, but in its May 7th, 1859, minutes, I find that the meeting was held in the new Wesleyan Church.

THE \$ FIRST MENTIONED.

The \$ first appears in the August 13th, 1859, minutes. Up to that time it was the £ mark.

1860—The Circuit reduced to Aylmer, Eardley, the Tabernacle and Chelsea.

The Hamilton and Templeton appointments went respectively to the Gatineau Mission and to Ottawa.

1861—Rev. J. E. Sanderson.

1862—Rev. Jas. Armstrong.

1864—Rev. J. H. Johnson.

1866—Rev. J. B. Armstrong.

1869—Rev. J. Killgour.

1870—Rev. C. Vandusen, one of the most original of the whole number of ministers. Many interesting things are told of the good man.

1871—In the May minutes, I find the first mention of the women taking any part in church affairs. Miss Sarah Symmes, Miss Ellen Bailey and Miss Smith are appointed a Committee to collect for the minister's salary. They found the ladies of Aylmer so proficient that they have ever since called upon them in difficult cases.

1872—Rev. J. Wakefield.

1873—Rev. Joseph W. Sparling. He is now Principal of Winnipeg College. A very able man.

1875—The Brick Church built in Eardley.

1876—Rev. E. Robson, who had long been in British Columbia, returned and is still there.

1879—Rev. R. M. Hammond.

1881—Rev. W. W. Ryan.

1884—Rev. Wm. Timberlake.

Robert Kenny resigned as Recording Steward, which office he had held for more than a half century. He was succeeded by Charles Purcell, who filled the office up to the time of his death in 1899, when he was succeeded by his son, James H., who still holds the office.

1887—Rev. Wm. Service.

1890—Rev. Wm. Craig.

1891—Rev. J. Wilson.

1894—Rev. Geo. McRitchie.

1897—Rev. G. I. Campbell.

1901—Rev. J. E. Lidstone.

1904—Rev. A. B. Johnston, its present incumbent.

Among the local preachers there have been some able men—such as Samuel Grimes, John Maitland, Ezra Farr, Aron Wright, Claudius Maxwell, &c.

There are very much data in this old book, data enough to make a large volume, but the gleanings are all I have space for.

SOME OF THE FAMILIES WHO HAVE BUILT AND SUPPORTED
THE CHURCHES.

The Kennys, Edeys, Hurdmans, Grimes, Purcells, McEaghrens, Taylors, some of the McConnells, Topleys, Wrights, Maxwells, Beebes, Neills, Maxams, Stewarts, Smiths, some of the Symmes, John Murphy, Hudsons, Simmons, Curries, Cooks, Munharveys, Ferris, Allens, and later Rainbows, Prices, James Sayer, R. A. Million, &c., &c.

The present pastor is Rev. A. B. Johnston, who also has charge of the Church at Simmons, besides superintending the churches of Eardley. He has been a successful church builder, since his entry into the ministry in 1890. His first was at Westmeath, on the Ottawa. His next work was in the Sudbury District, where he built churches at Copper Cliff, the first church at Blind River and assisted in building the one at Chelmsford. During his pastorate at Sudbury he was instrumental in bringing three mission churches into being more than self-supporting. While there he was chairman of the District. He is not only a church worker, but a great Sunday School man.

The next to establish itself in this part of the Valley, and in fact to start in Aylmer, was

ST. PAUL CATHOLIC CHURCH.

The history of the Catholic Church in Aylmer begins with the very origin of the settlement itself. Even before the settlement, Rev. J. D. Raupe, on his way up the Ottawa, planted here a cross, thus marking it as a site for a church.

In 1838 the famous missionary, Father Brady, started out from Montreal on his 200 mile tour along the river, reaching far above here. It was only a short time after Father Brady's visit, that a petition was sent to the Bishop of Montreal asking permission to erect here a chapel. Rev. M. Phelan was sent up to give orders on the subject. The petition was sent on March 5th, 1838. It was signed by four trustees—James Smith, Peter Aylen, Agapit Lesperance and Joseph Lebel.

WHERE THE FIRST CATHOLIC SERVICE WAS HELD.

I might say, in passing, that the first Catholic service, in this locality, was held in the house of this same Joseph Lebel, who then lived on the Lebel farm, near Frank Grimes' home, on the Aylmer Road—almost opposite the first Methodist Church, which, as elsewhere mentioned, is still standing.

Shortly after the sending of the petition, a church was begun, but in 1839 work was stopped for a time, but on October 2nd,

1840, it was completed and blessed by Bishop Bourget and Rev. Father Desautels installed as first resident priest. He remained from 1840 to 1848. In 1841 he introduced the devotion of the scapular and blessed the Catholic cemetery.

This cemetery was used up to 1872 when a new one was laid out on the Aylmer Road, a short distance east of the town. Most of those therein buried were removed to the new, and yet many of the dead whose friends have removed from Aylmer, still occupy this old neglected ground.

Father Desautels returned to Montreal and later was appointed pastor of Rigaud. Bishop Guigues named M. Hughes to take the parish, October 21st, 1848. In 1855 M. Hughes was released from Aylmer and took charge of Chelsea, alone, up to that time the two places being served by the same pastor. He was succeeded by Father Lynch, from Pembroke. He did not remain long, but went to the United States.

Father Farrell Hand, from Plantagenet, was the next to come, in 1857. He died in 1858. At about this time we find in the archives, the names of Fathers, the famous Reboul, Trudeau, Taberet (founder of the Ottawa University), Palliver, Burtin, O.M.I., Jouvant and Dr. Madden, as visiting priests.

On March 23rd, 1858, Dr. Madden was named pastor, but he remained only a few weeks and went to the States.

FATHER MICHEL.

We now come to Father Michel, the most popular priest, who up to that time, had been in Aylmer. He was a man loved by all, irrespective of classes or creeds, and remarkable alike for his goodness and clever executive ability. He came on September 12th, 1858, and remained for fifteen years, to 1873.

Father Hughes had begun the erection of a stone church in 1854, the corner stone being laid in August, but the lack of money stopped the work. Father Michel took it up at once and in 1862 the Bishop of Ottawa blessed the completed building. This church was built by Wm. Davis, father of the Davis Brothers, W. H. and M. P., who later became the most noted contractors in Canada. This little village church was their first contract of any pretensions. The surviving brother—M. P.— is now building the great bridge across the St. Lawrence, just above Quebec.

In 1863-4 Father Michel built a vast vestry, which surpassed in beauty, the church itself. He was not only a builder, but a financier as well, as may be seen by the debt of the parish being, in 1865, but \$1,600. He next began the building of a convent, to be under the control of the Grey Nuns of Ottawa. It had hardly been completed when, in 1867, it was burned, the walls alone remaining. The burden was thought to be too heavy to be carried by the parish, so instead of rebuilding he sold to the Grey Nuns, (1868), who at once set about erecting the present fine

structure, which stands to-day, a credit to Aylmer and a pride to Wright County. The convent was finished in 1872. It is unsurpassed by anything of the kind in the province for efficiency. As may be seen elsewhere, it is now largely attended by pupils from far and wide, many coming here from the States, owing to the beauty of situation, and healthfulness.

In 1867 Father Michel started a boys' school. He called three Brothers of St. Viateur's congregation, to come and take charge of it. It was opened with 140 pupils. It was under the direction of Rev. Brother C. Fournier, who later became a prominent priest in the congregation. For a number of years the school was closed, but a few years since it was set going again by Father Labelle, under charge of the same Brothers, with Brother J. E. Belair as superior, and is more successful than ever before.

In 1867 the interior of the church was much beautified and a new bell blessed.

As above mentioned, Father Michel's work in Aylmer was ended in 1873, but he left the parish free of debt. He went to Buckingham, where he continued his work as a builder. He was instrumental in the building of a hospital, built a Brothers' school, a church and a presbytery. He is now living a well earned retired life in the St. Charles Home in Ottawa.

He was succeeded by M. Brunet, pastor of L'Original.

He built the present rectory in 1876-7, at a cost of \$5,448. He permuted (March 26th, 1877) with Father M. Agnel, pastor of Portage du Fort. Rev. Agnel remained until October 3rd, 1885. He went to France in 1882. During his absence the parish was in charge, first, of Rev. B. C. O'Hara, and later of Rev. E. St. Paul.

After 1885 Rev. P. Beauchamp took charge of the parish. He remained until October 12th, 1892, when he was succeeded by Father A. A. Labelle, pastor of Grenville.

FATHER LABELLE.

Few priests have had to pass through the trying ordeal that this young man has been called upon to face. In 1891—the year before he was called to Aylmer—the church was burned. That he was the right man in the right place was very soon learned. He set about rebuilding, without delay. Roy & Gauthier, of Montreal, presented plans for a magnificent church. They were accepted and in two years, lacking a day, after his coming, a \$30,000. edifice was blessed—October 11th, 1894—by the Archbishop of Ottawa. Archbishop Fabre, of Montreal, sang mass. Sixty priests assisted in the ceremony. Two sermons were preached—one by a former Aylmeran, Father O. B. Devlin, the other by Rev. Alexis. After mass two addresses were read to His Grace Archbishop Duhamel—one in French by G. L. Doumouchel, N.P., the other in English by another Aylmeran, Charles Devlin.

On June 29th, 1904, this beautiful church was destroyed by fire. Fortunately there was insurance to the amount of \$30,000. on the building, which was promptly paid in full by the Phoenix Insurance Company of Hartford, Conn.

Father Labelle with his indomitable spirit set about re-building, and on September 2nd, the contract was awarded to L. J. Fauteux and Company. Work was begun at once, and pushed with such energy that in less than a year the completed building was blessed.

On July 16th, 1905, there was held the ceremony of the (1,500 pounds) bell, made specially and imported from France. On this occasion Archbishop Duhamel was in charge. The English sermon was preached by Father O. B. Devlin, the same who had preached the sermon at the inauguration of the last church. The sermon in French was preached by Rev. H. Chartrand, of Billings' Bridge. The offering on this occasion was \$750.

A few days later, on July 24th, was held the ceremony of the blessing and inauguration of the church, by Archbishop Duhamel. The first High mass was celebrated by Rev. F. X. Chouinard, C.S.V. The sermon in French and English was by Rev. John Bourgeois, S.J., son of the late Judge Bourgeois, formerly of Aylmer. Forty clergymen were present on this occasion. Two addresses were read to the Archbishop. E. B. Devlin, M.P., delivered the one in English; the one in French was presented by G. L. Dumouchel, N.P.

While the church was building the Reverend Sisters kindly gave the Convent chapel for services.

It has been said that there is no more beautiful church in the province than this—the interior being especially chaste in design. It was built with such care that it must long stand a monument, alike to Father Labelle and the patient, unselfish parishioners, who have stood by him throughout the trying ordeal.

The Acting Wardens are: Frank Murtagh, Dr. Edw. Quirk and Ant. Perrier.

CHRIST CHURCH—ANGLICAN.

The Anglican Church of Aylmer was started in 1843. The year previous Canon John B. G. Johnston had been appointed to St. James, of Hull, and to Aylmer. As usual, Charles Symmes gave the site for the church, and with such men as John Egan, Robert Conroy, James Blackburn, R. A. Young, James Baillie, Thomas Josey, Richard Norman, and a few others, the work was soon under way. It was not more than fair that such workers as Mrs. R. A. Young, Mrs. Richard Norman, and other women,

should be given credit for the part they took in the building and securing funds. Later Alfred Driscoll, the Thistles, etc., did their share.

Canon Johnston must have been in charge up to 1864, as there is no mention of any other, until Rev. Francis Codd came in that year and remained till 1867, when he was superseded by Rev. Percy W. Smith, a brother of Canon Smith, now of St. James in Hull City. He remained till 1876, when the noted worker, Rev. G. C. Robinson, came. Under his charge the church was remodeled, and on June 8th, 1882, the corner stone of the new chancel was laid. It was not completed when Rural Dean Robinson's labors came to an end. The carpenters cleared the building for his funeral. He had given his best efforts to the work and had hoped to see it finished, but it was willed otherwise. Rev. W. H. Naylor took charge of the opening services, which were held in 1883. Rev. Naylor and the Dean were great friends. In 1883 the Rev. T. E. Cunningham, M.A., took charge, and remained until 1891, when he was relieved by Rev. Samuel Moore, who stayed but a few months, when Rev. H. L. A. Almon, B.D., took up the work, and was here up to 1893, when Rev. E. P. Judge was chosen. He remained until August 29th, 1896, when the present incumbent, Rev. R. F. Taylor, was appointed. He is a man of peculiar accomplishments, and seems to fit the place perfectly. He is not alone a good speaker, but a fine reader, and has musical abilities rarely found in the pulpit. He is, moreover, a pastor, with a care for his people. He has built up his congregation beyond any of his predecessors. Then, what is a still further fact, there is not a man, woman or child in Aylmer, but who knows that the Rev. R. F. Taylor is in town. This means more than one would think at the first glance. Too many preachers are such, one day in the week, while during the other six, they are never seen, or if seen, you look upon them as "preacher," and that is all. A man must be human, as well as good, to succeed in any calling. That the Rev. Mr. Taylor is human I have never heard questioned, and the Rev. Mr. Taylor has made, and is making, a success in his calling.

While this church was started in 1843, and continued right along as a branch of St. James in Hull, it was not dedicated or consecrated until May 17th, 1859, 16 years later. The parsonage was built in 1868, under the pastorate of Rev. Percy W. Smith.

The present pretty and unique tower was only completed in 1905, the money for its completion having been collected by the efforts of Mrs. R. H. Sayer and Miss Mamie Klock, assisted by the Ladies' Guild of the church.

PRESBYTERIANS.

From all I could find, the first Presbyterian Church built in this part of Canada, stood at a point on the north side of the Aylmer pike, 235 yards east of the Deschenes cross-road. It stood just back of the large elm tree that may be seen a short distance east of the old Hurdman stone house.

The site was given by Truman Waller, the original owner of the lot (15). No written data is obtainable, but John Curry was baptized there in 1831.

The land was sold to the Hurdmans, when the church was demolished. John is the man of whose remarkable memory I have made mention, but John's memory had not yet gotten in working order at the time, as he was then a small boy in long dresses. As the St. James' Anglican of Hull, was the first in the whole district, and as it was built in 1823-4, this one must have been built between that and 1831.

When the old house, which was of stone, was demolished, the society came to Aylmer and used first a common school house, and later the town hall, which was given rent free, by the owner, who, it is needless to say, was Charles Symmes, who seemed to have a mania for giving things *free*.

Gourlay says that the pulpit and pews from the old Aylmer road church were first used in the Symmes' Hall, and later taken to the basement of the Methodist church where, for a time the two societies worshipped, each holding service at different hours.

The ministers in charge, since Gourlay left in 1875, have been: Rev. James Carswell; Rev. George Jamieson, from 1881 to 1888; Rev. David Millar, 1888 to 1890; Rev. Alex. Magee, 1890 to 1894; Rev. M. H. Scott, of Hull City, looked after this congregation as well as his own, from 1894 to 1896; Rev. John McNicol took it in 1896 and preached here until 1902, when Rev. A. E. Mitchell, of the Erskine church, of Ottawa, filled an interim.

REV. D. J. CRAIG,

the present incumbent, took charge but was not fully inducted until 1905. During the time he was attending the Montreal College. While Mr. Craig had not been in the regular ministry, he has been preaching for the past ten years. His first charge was at Bearbrook and Navan. He was two years in the missionary work. He was four years at Casselman and South Indian.

There is to be seen in this Aylmer church a beautiful memorial window, placed there by the great founder and leader of the Christian Endeavor Society, the Rev. Francis Clark, in honor and memory of his good mother, Mrs. Charles Symmes.

THE OLD CHURCH A MUSTERING PLACE.

Later: Since the above was in print I have learned that the old church on the Aylmer road was not used after 1836. About that time there seems to have been rumors of war and here was want to gather the yeomanry of all the surrounding country, for annual muster. Old Enoch Holt would go about crying: "Come all ye—Come all ye—Annual muster June 29th at the Old Church—Come all ye!" My informant said it only needed the invitation—they'd gather from near and far, some used to say—not so much to muster, but to sample Captain Tiberius Wright's keg of—refreshment, which they knew would be on tap.

"This muster day was kept up to and four or five years beyond the 1837-38 Papineau Rebellion." I asked the names of some of the volunteers. "A number volunteered but none of them went any further than putting their names to the roll—none of them were called. Charles Wright was a lieutenant, and Richard McConnell was a Captain. One of the Radmores and Wm. Kernahan were also something or other—but I forget their offices.

"The preachers were first Rev. Montague and after '30 Rev. Nichols." Montague must have come back, if only to preach the last sermon ever delivered in the old house. His text was prophetic: "And your house shall become desolate."

The stone of the church was used for macadam on the road in front.

The picture of this house was drawn by Moses Edey, the noted Ottawa architect. It was drawn from description given by a number of the aged men of the country, who remember it well. When drawn it was submitted to them without their knowing what it was meant for and with one accord their verdict was: "It's the Old House, as from a photograph. It could not be better." This is doubtless the first time it was ever pictured—pictured for the first time—more than a half-century after it lay in ruins.

CHURCH TABLETS.

JOHN EGAN.

In the Aylmer churches are some very interesting tablets to the memory of some of the prominent of old. In the Anglican Church are two. The first is: "Sacred to the memory of John Egan, the late M.P.P. for the County of Pontiac. Born on Nov. 11th, 1811, at Lissavahaun Aughrim, County Galway, Ireland. Died at Quebec, July 11th, 1857, aged 46." Then follows this beautiful tribute: "A kind husband, an affectionate father, and a

sincere friend. He employed the fruits of his commercial success in acts of the noblest generosity. It may be truly said: 'the poor man never asked his assistance in vain.' As a public man his honor and patriotic spirit were held in the highest respect, and by all who knew him his memory will ever be held in affectionate remembrance."

To the reader who knows not of this man, it may seem to have the ring of the fulsome writer, with but the ordinary reason for the words. I cannot but feel that they are true words. In all my research I find that John Egan was worthy each and every word of that tribute. Yea, even worthy the monument that *once* stood in Aylmer—the gift of his loving friends and neighbors. That monument is gone, but the hand of the frugal can never remove from Aylmer the love borne this noble character.

ROBERT CONROY AND WIFE.

On the opposite wall of this same church is seen another tablet to a man whose name will remain in the hearts of the people as long as the words stand in the graven marble. "Sacred to the memory of Robert Conroy, born 1811, died 1868. Also his wife, Mary McConnell, born 1816, died 1887.

"Placed here by members of Christ Church Congregation, as a memorial of their zeal and generosity, in furthering the interests of this Church."

ROBERT KLOCK AND WIFE.

On the west wall of the Presbyterian Church is to be seen a beautiful brass tablet richly embossed. "In Memoriam, Robert H. Klock, born in Hull (Township), P.Q., January 9th, 1824, died in Aylmer, P.Q., March 31st, 1891, and his wife Sarah A. Murphy, born in Trenton, Ontario, February 4th, 1829, died in Aylmer, P.Q., December 5th, 1884.

"A loving tribute of Their Children."

CHARLES CAREY SYMMES, WIFE AND SON.

In this same Church is a most unique and beautiful memorial window, on which may be seen: "In memory of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Carey Symmes, and their son Charles Henry Symmes. 'The Memory of the Just is Blessed.' Erected by their youngest son and brother."

This 'Youngest son and brother' is the Rev. Francis E. Clark, the founder of the Christian Endeavor Society, of whom I have been pleased to make frequent mention.

SCHOOLS OF AYLMER.

An old school house, which stood on a part of the Academy grounds, was the earliest school building of which I could get any record. In 1854 it was spoken of as very old, and when a thing was considered unfit by reason of age in those days, that thing had served its full time, so doubtless that was the very first erected for school purposes.

THE ACADEMY.

In May of 1854 a meeting was called to discuss the school question. The present Academy was the outcome of that meeting. An Incorporated Company, including most of the great Aylmerans of that day, built the walls of the present building. "Walls," as three years ago it was remodeled and only the walls were used.

It was too great an undertaking for a few to carry through with any degree of haste and it was not completed until in the early sixties.

This was the Committee appointed at that first meeting. I give it as showing the prominent men of that time: T. B. Prentiss, Robert Kenny, John Gordon, R. A. Young, Richard McConnell, Wm. I. Allan, Harvey Parker, jr., Rev. J. L. Gourlay, and Charles Symmes. £42 were subscribed at that meeting, and later the Government gave them a grant of £100 a year for a number of years.

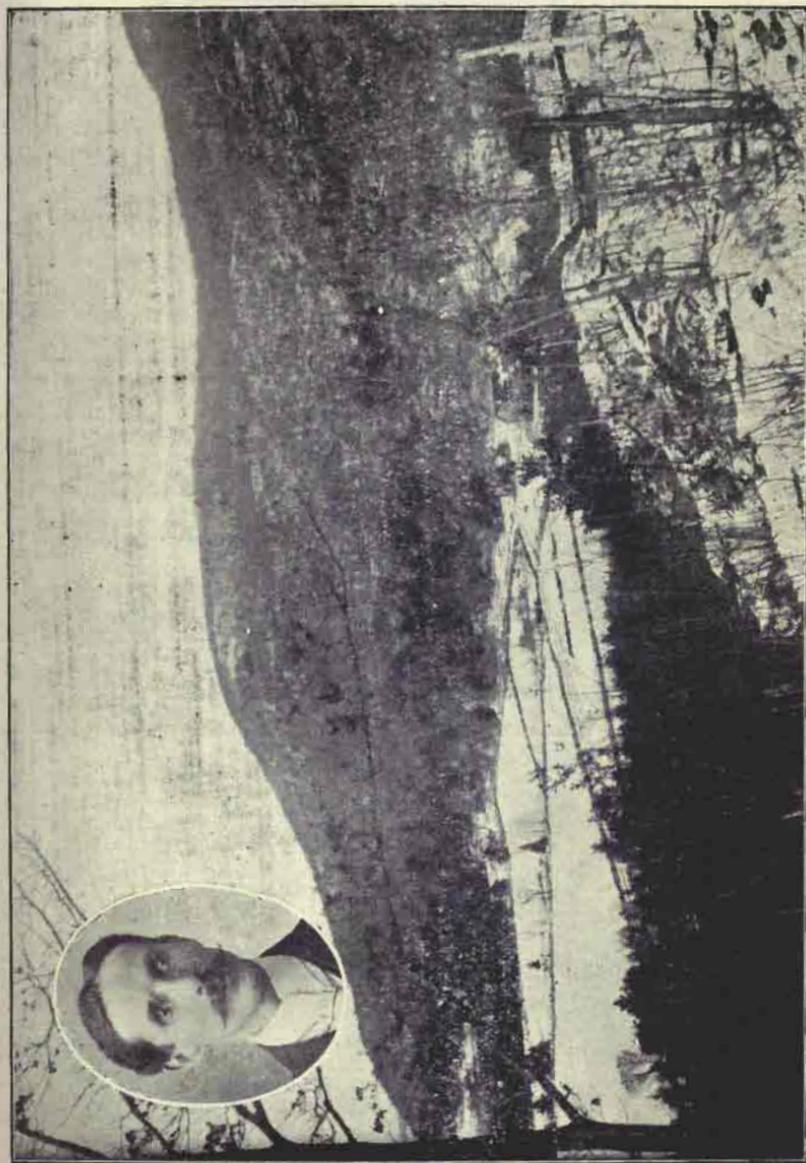
Others, whose names appear along about that time, and a little later, in connection with the project were these: R. H. Klock, Peter Aylen, sr., Charles and John Wright, Samuel Bell, John Egan, Mrs. Simon Heath, C. H. Church, Paul Lucas, John Clawson, John Topley (father of the noted Ottawa photographer), Bolton McGrath, Richard Norman, Robert Conroy, H. Driscoll, Wm. McLean and Alonzo Wright.

School began in 1885, in a rented building, with R. Sheldon, Principal, and C. H. Church, Assistant. Latin, Greek and French were taught, as well as mathematics and the sciences. I speak of this as showing what was taught in villages in Canada fifty years ago. Some of the old Academy teachers: R. Sheldon, C. H. Church, I. McIntyre, John Lohead.

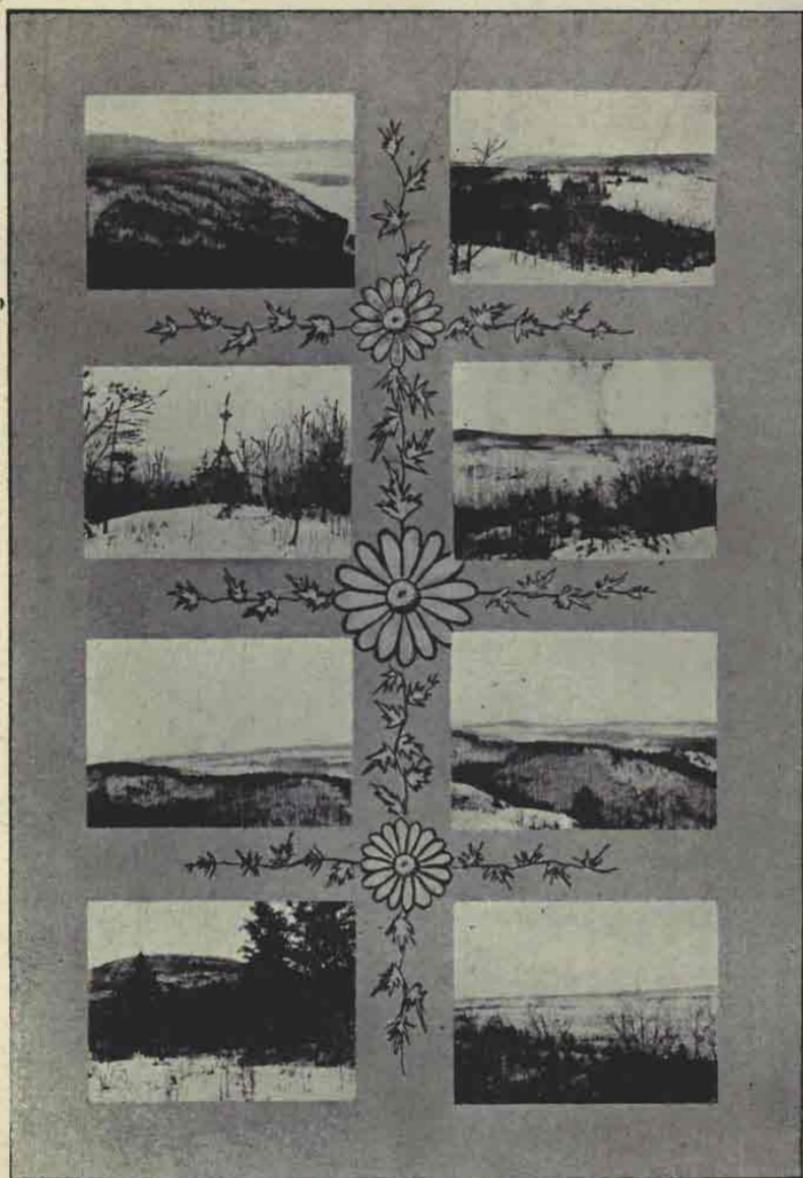
PRESENT SEPARATE SCHOOL BOARD.

Thomas Ritchie, Colbourne Nesbitt and Edw. Kenny, with John McLean as Secretary-Treasurer.

Teachers: Miss Edna Edey, Principal; Miss Bertha Mac-Cuaig, Miss Bertha Sayer and Miss Gertrude Chamberlain.

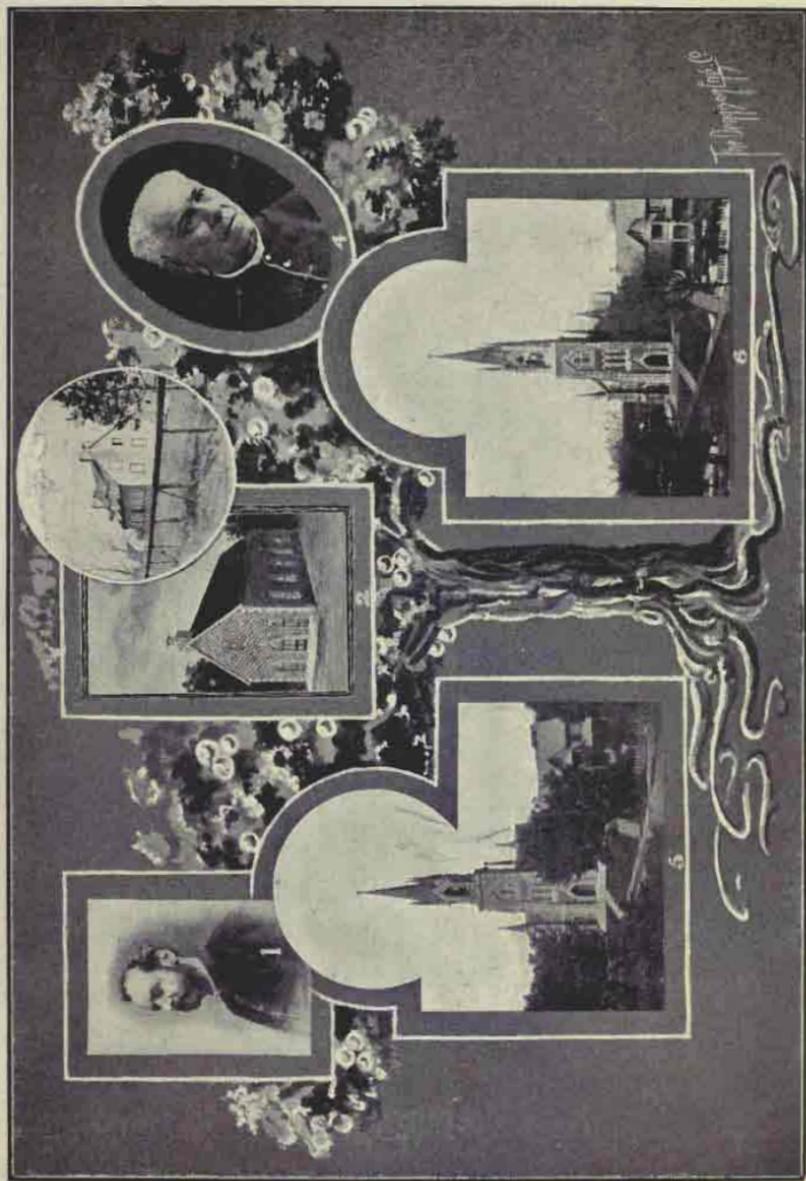


VIEW ALONG THE MOUNTAIN ROAD.
CUT PRESENTED BY W. E. GOWLING, PRINCIPAL OF THE OTTAWA BUSINESS COLLEGE.



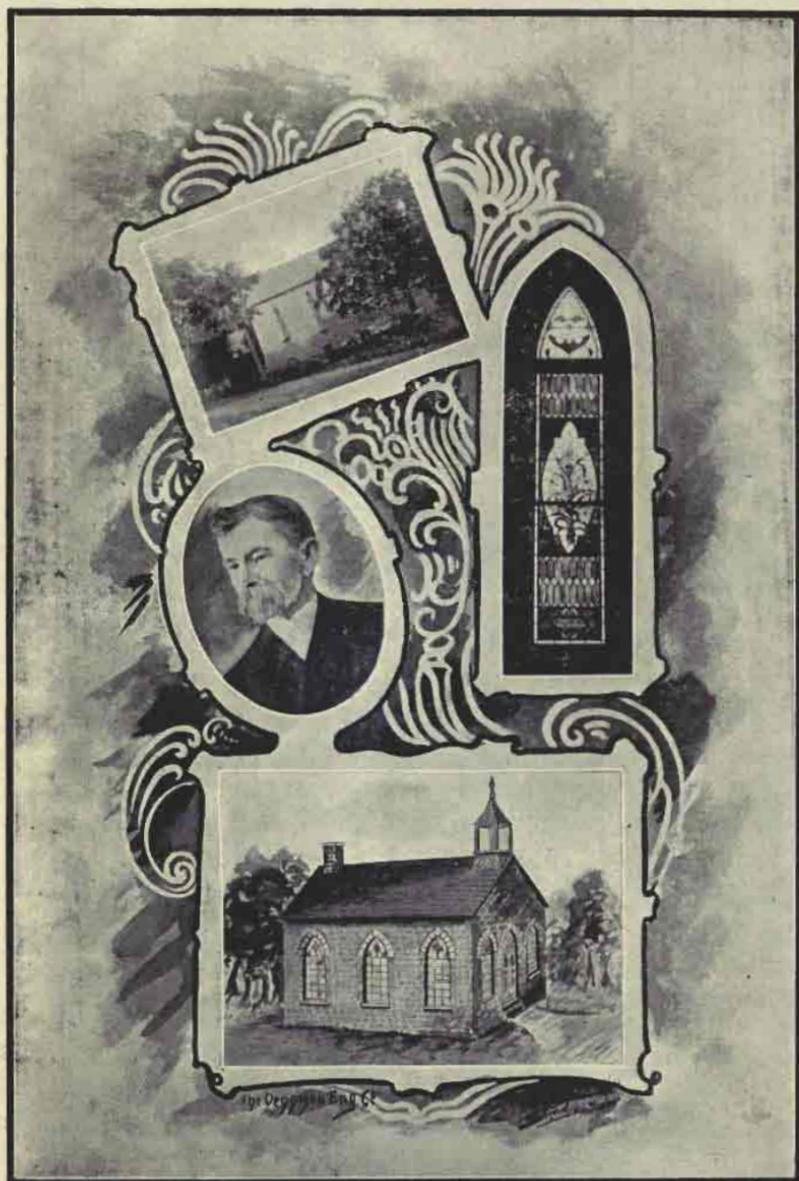
VIEWS ALONG THE MOUNTAIN ROAD.

CUT PRESENTED BY PATRONS: CHURCH P. WRIGHT, W. E. GOWLING,
HARRY SYMMES AND F. X. LAROSE.



ST. PAUL CATHOLIC CHURCH.

- | | |
|---|--------------------|
| 1. FATHER A. A. LABELLE. | 2. SECOND CHURCH. |
| 3. THE LABEL HOUSE WHERE FIRST MASS WAS CELEBRATED. | 4. FATHER MICHEL. |
| 5. THIRD CHURCH. | 6. PRESENT CHURCH. |



AYLMER-PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

REV. D. CRAIG, PASTOR.

CHARLES SYMMES MEMORIAL WINDOW.

THE BOTTOM IS THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN THE VALLEY,
BUILT 1827—TORN DOWN 1850.

THE CONVENT OF OUR LADY OF MERCY.

In 1864, Father F. Michel, then parish priest at St. Paul's Catholic Church, bethought him to build a school with city advantages without the cramped environment of the city. He took into consideration the healthfulness and beauty of this lake village and at once set about building what is called Academy of Our Lady of Mercy, and in 1866 the completed building was opened and has grown until now it has pupils from all parts of the country, some coming from the States.

The first Superior was a sister of the Hon. Laflamme, and also sister of Lady Jette, wife of Lieut.-Gov. Sir Louis Jette. It is claimed at the time she was one of the most accomplished women in Canada, being a musician of rare ability. Sister Gabriel was connected with the school at an early date as she is now, forty years later. She has not been connected continuously, as for years she was at the Rideau Street school in Ottawa. Others who at about that time or in the early seventies connected, were Sisters Raphael, St. Thomas, St. Charles, Dougherty, and Celestine. There was also a sister of the noted Judge Curran of Montreal identified with the school in its early start.

In 1870 there was here a Sister among the teachers who remained but a short while, then went to Buffalo, New York. After many years she has returned to the village by the Lake. That teacher of 1870 is now the most estimable Lady Superior, Sister Howley, under whose wise guidance the school is meeting with marked success.

It was vacation time when I called. A number of the little girls from a long distance were remaining through the summer. There is so much of interest to entertain them that they seemed to be enjoying life to the full. They had just come in from their bath at the bathing beach of the Victoria, a nearby hotel, the school having the privileges of the beach and spacious grounds of this beautiful and spacious hostelry. I am ever meeting with those from my own country in most unexpected places. Among those little girls who were returning from the beach that day was Alice Fitzgerald, the daughter of the brave Pittsburg detective, who lost his life while attempting to arrest the Biddle brothers that snowy morning a year or two ago. She said: "I do love Canada. Everybody here in Aylmer is so nice and kind to me. Oh, what fun we do have over to the Victoria grounds. They just let us play any place and never once say 'don't.' What jolly fun we have at the beach! Why, it isn't a bit dangerous, and we can wade way, way out without getting over our heads once. My, I do like it up here. The little Aylmer girls are just splendid, and the teachers are awful nice." And at that she romped away for "more fun."

THE BROTHERS' SCHOOL.

As may be seen above, Father Michel started to build a boys' school in 1867: It is now, as above, under the charge of the Brothers.

Brother J. E. Belair has as his assistants, Brothers Philip Roy, G. Clement Gagnon, J. A. Patry, and Sisters St. Jean l'Evangeliste, St. Placide and St. Aglaée. The School Board or Commissioners are Rev. A. A. Labelle, President, Ferdinand Beaupré, Leon Chartier (Secy.), Dr. Edward Quirk and Geo. Mulligan.

AYLMER AND SOUTH HULL PROFESSION CENTRES.

I wonder if there are many sections which have turned out so many professional men as Aylmer and the vicinity? It is said that for many years there was no time when there were not from five to ten young men here at McGill and other colleges.

Read over the list as a proof of the assertion that more professional men came from this part of the Valley than from any other locality of like size in Canada.

THE MINISTRY.

Father Edward J. Devine, whose "Across Widest America" is one of the most engrossing stories. It is of a trip from Cape Spear, the furthest easterly point on the continent, through Canada to Cape Prince of Wales, the furthest westerly point in Alaska, ever written of the sections through which he passed. It is full of most valuable information, and told in a way that is simply charming.

Father Creagan will be remembered by many an Aylmeran, whilst Fathers O. B. Devlin and John Bourgois are remembered by all.

Rev. Francis E. Clark, the head and originator of the Christian Endeavor Society, was born in Aylmer and needs no words of mine to tell of the remotest corners of the world who he is.

Rev. John Baillie, a once famous athlete, became a Presbyterian minister.

Rev. Thomas Smith, another Aylmer boy, became a Methodist minister.

I might include Rev. Asa Gordon in this list, as 'tis said that he was once an Aylmeran.

LAWYERS.

The legal profession was enriched by many an Aylmer and South Hull native, as see the list of those from here who have and are gracing the bar of Canada. Frank Latchford, K.C., who has been Attorney-General of Ontario; T. P. Foran, M.A., B.C.L., K.C.; J. K. Foran, D.C.L., now connected with the government; W. R. Kenney; E. B. Devlin, B.C.L., now member of Parliament for Wright in the Dominion House; Joseph Devlin; John Aylen (also a physician); Peter Aylen; Henry Aylen, B.C.L., K.C.; James McGill Roney, L.L.B.; Quisick Roney, L.L.B.; Robert H. Conroy, B.C.L.; Ruggles Church, B.C.L. (also a physician); Thomas Symmes, Wm. Symmes, Arthur McConnell, B.C.L.; Louis Coutlee, B.C.L., K.C., now in the Government; Errol M. McDougall, Irvin Allen.

PHYSICIANS AND DENTISTS.

But the list of doctors cannot but make one think that the Aylmer boys looked upon this good old world as sick indeed, for see. And see, too, what I will wager is not equalled on the continent, a family with *eleven* of its members in the healing profession. I refer to the famous old Doctor Peter Howard Church family. This noted old doctor, known throughout the Valley, came when Aylmer was just starting. He left sons, who in turn have left sons who entered the profession. From first to last they were: Ruggles (as mentioned above, he was also a successful lawyer), Collar, Howard, Athol, Fred'k W. (the only one of the name now in the profession in Aylmer), J. R., Erskine, Mills, Howard, Jr., and Harold.

Peter, James, John, Ernest and Walter Aylen; Robert H. and W. H. Klock; John and Robert Neill; Charles Symmes; Edward Quirk (one of the three physicians in Aylmer at the present time); Edmond Woods; E. A. and Joseph Mulligan; Robert, Frank and Alonzo Martin; Harold L. Watt; George Cuzner; Frank McNab; Hilliard Coutlee; the Hurdman boys—Frank, Horace and Allan G; and Douglas Gordon, now in New York City.

SURVEYORS.

A large number of successful surveyors and civil engineers have gone out into many parts of the world from this town and vicinity. Some of them have become very wealthy. Of the number four were of one family—the Rainboths, George, Ed-

ward, John and Joseph; John and Charles Aylen; James McArthur; Noel Ogilvy; Joseph E. Woods; Howard and Charles Symmes; Alfred Driscoll; Charles Coutlee; Samuel Allen.

IN LITERATURE.

A number of the boys have entered into the literary field and done successful work. Father Edward J. Devine, mentioned above; Joseph K. Foran, whose muse has been most prolific. J. K. is also one of the most charming lecturers in the country; David Currie's pen ("Rusticus") is one of the readiest in the editorial field; while the Rev. Francis Clark has become world famous.

The above is a showing that many a great city might well be proud to claim. Besides the foregoing there have gone out from here many successful educationalists. Withal, Aylmer and its surroundings have—almost from the first—taken a deep interest in higher education and from this little centre, not only Canada, but my own country, has benefitted by reason of the men who first saw the light of day in this village by the lake.

The Honorable Frank R. Latchford, who from a farmer boy on the Aylmer Road, worked himself up to the office of Attorney-General of Ontario, in speaking of the many successful professional men from Aylmer, gives great credit to Bolton Magrath, a one-time famous teacher in Aylmer. "Many of us revere his name, for to him do we owe more than we could tell," said Mr. Latchford. "He was the most thorough teacher I ever knew. He had the rare ability to bring out all that there was in a boy. He inspired him to do his best. He was a wonderfully clever mathematician. Of course, you have heard how he left Ireland when a young man, and went to London, where he got a position as a calculator for the Greenwich Astronomical Almanac.

"You have doubtless remarked the large number of surveyors from Aylmer. Well, most of them may thank Bolton Magrath for their start in life. The interest he took in the boys was wonderful. If any of them were to go to Quebec to pass their examination, this old teacher would spend nights with them perfecting their papers. I will warrant that not another set of papers ever went to Quebec as those that went from Aylmer. No wonder we boys love to think of him in after life. He was our friend when we were boys," and his voice rang with genuine enthusiasm in memory of his old teacher.

How true the words of Charles Magrath, who in once speaking of his father, said: "He devoted his life to educational work wherein there was practically no remuneration." No remuneration, and yet the good he did will never be fully calculated, for the good lives on. It is not always the monetary remuneration that counts. Many a man in this valley went through life abun-

dantly paid for his work, and left a fortune behind him. Where is now either fortune or memory! The one is squandered and, in instances, I have been requested to "forget him!"

AN EARLY TEACHER.

An old Aylmer teacher whom the men and women of eighty now delight to talk about as their first teacher, was one Dodd, whose first name no one of them can remember. Said Mr. Luther Edey, who carries well his 85 years, "We do not remember his first name. It was always '*Mister Dodd*,' no one ever presuming to call him anything else. He was a great old man, even in that day. At least we all thought him great for he knew enough to teach, and in that day it was a wonderful thing to be able to read. You have no doubt found that many a one now boasts of their smart old grandmother when, in fact, she could not even read, and had to make her mark, when she had to sign a paper. But that is not telling you of *Mister Dodd*."

WITH NELSON AT TRAFALGAR.

"He was with Nelson in most of his battles. It was not, however, of his own accord. He was impressed by one Captain Trowbridge, who would only take Irish"—"Yes, but uncle, how could he be sure a fellow was Irish?" "There is the joke of the thing," laughed uncle Luther. "Mister Dodd used to tell us how that the old Captain had a little box of common garden peas which he'd bring out when he wanted to detect the nationality of a sailor. 'What's thim?' he'd ask, showing the peas. If the fellow said 'Peas, he did'nt want him, but if he said 'Paze,' with the broad accent on the a, he'd take him without any further question."

"Mr. Dodd was with Nelson at his death, that is he was at the Nile fight, but in Trowbridge's ship."

"SHOOT AND YOU'LL SEE THE COLOR OF GOOD IRISH BLOOD."

"He was a brave old fellow. Once a man who lived on the Taylor farm, at the west edge of Aylmer, got shooting mad at him for putting his horses into the pound. I should have told you that Mr. Dodd was pound-keeper as well as teacher. He—the farmer, whose name was Bencraft—sent first for the horses and then came himself. I was there when he came. He was very angry. Said he, as he came up boiling, 'I want them horses and if you don't let them out I'll shoot you,' at the same time producing a pistol. Mr. Dodd just threw open his shirt, baring his breast and stepped out to the road and said: 'Shoot, and you'll see the color of good old Irish blood.'

"I cannot remember all who attended school at Mr. Dodd's,

but there were the Maxwells, Holts, Ferrises, Parkers, and a lot of the old families."

When he died, Mr. Edey did not remember. "It was a long time ago. He was buried in Bellview, on the Aylmer pike. No one took the care to even mark his grave with a board, and years after when some of his old pupils would have put a monument to his memory, his grave could not be found. In those early days we didn't have any more sentiment than some of the rich of these times. Not, however, for the same reason. It was then a hustle day and night for bread, while now some of them are so busy adding to the 'old man's' dollars that they can't spare any of *his* money to show any honor to his memory."

Later: His name was William and he died in about 1848.

SOME OF THE OLD CHARACTERS OF AYLMER.

Every town has its characters, whose very names call up pleasant memories. It may be for their kindness, or more often for their humor. One of the names will call up a smile from many an old Aylmeran. Old John McGovern, whose wit was ever on tap, was that character.

"OI DIDN'T KNOW WHUTCH WAY YE WER GOIN', BUT THOT IT WAS TUTHER WAY."

He used to work for John Egan. Soon after he came from where they didn't ride horseback as much as they did in Aylmer in those days, he was sent one morning to put the saddle on a riding horse. To Egan's surprise, when he came out of the house to mount the steed, he found John standing, holding the animal, with the saddle turned "hind furninsts." "Ha, ha," said Egan, "John, see, you have the saddle on the wrong way." John with his ready wit, got out of the error very neatly, by saying: "Ye didn't till me whutch way ye wer goin', but oi thot it wus tuther way, so oi saddled 'im fur that drection."

McGovern was a loyal Canadian. He went, for a number of years, to another country. When he got back he was all crippled up with "rumatiz." Some one in greeting him and

commiserating him in his affliction, and expecting to find the old wit gone, with his health, was greeted, by the same old John, with: "Ah me, sorry th day oi lift Canady, the land of th' free, and th' home of oll sinseable folk. Oi used aften to sit an' wurry fur th' beaverland, and wunder fur what oi had bin thransported fur annahow."

One who knew him well said of his ability to entertain: "John McGovern could keep a 'wake' awake better than any man I ever saw. He fairly bubbled over with wit and humor. I have spent many a day with him in the lumber camp. He was always the very life of whatever crowd he was in."

JOE LeCLAIRE, THE STRONG MAN.

The same man who told of McGovern's wit spoke of Joe LeClaire, "Aylmer's strong man." "Joe," said he, "was a powerful man. I have known him to load a wagon with pork, with no one to help, lifting barrel after barrel, alone, throwing them one after another, with all ease. He came along about 1850, and died only recently."

"JOHN BULL."

John Perrier, or better known by "John Bull," is another Aylmer landmark, for many now grown. He and his good wife, without chick or child, in the old days used to "run" a little candy store. "Uncle David" says that I am in error, that "John" was too short and thick and stout to "run" anything, "but his candy was the best and sweetest in all Aylmer. His 'stick' candy was the pride of all our hearts, and especially so for our 'sweet-hearts.' The boy that could buy the most 'sticks' of John was the favorite among the little girls. My Eyes, what a difference now. In those old days, one stick of John's candy would go twice as far as two pounds of Burns' best. It is the same in other things. The girls have all grown away from 'Stick' candy, and the boys can't afford any other brand, and so the poor girls, too many of them, have to worry through life without even that old variety." Uncle David was right, but then it don't make so much difference with the dear girls now, since many of them are even more capable than the boys and are far better off, and can buy their own candy, choosing their own brand.

"Colonel, I've often wondered why it is that the sweets of youth so often lose their savor and become the bitterness of age."

"What now, Rube, are you running into philosophy over John Bull's candy?"

"No, not to any extent, but honest now, Colonel, other things taste even better than they did when we were young, but candy does not, and why?"

"Memory, Rube, memory. It's not the candy, but the old days, and the old joys that the candy taste brings back, and

the very name of 'John Bull' calls up, to the Aylmeran and Aylmeranesses a something far sweeter than John's candy."

"Not at all, Colonel, not at all. Do you mind what the spinster said the other day when we were talking about this very candy of John's? Do you mind her answer?"

"No, I forget just her words. How was it your machine ground it out, you remember you ran the answer into some sort of a jingle."

"Here it is on this scrap of paper." And then I read this to him.

SOME OTHER KIDS.

I asked a spinster why, and she answered with a sigh:

"The sweets may be as sweet as they were then,
But for me they've lost their flavor, and of myrrh they seem to
savor,

Since, in my youth, I answered 'No' to all the 'bids'.
I answered 'No,' to Harry, likewise to Tom and Dick,
And now all three are buying sweets for other Kids."

At this the Colonel declared that he remembered about it all very distinctly, and that: "It wasn't exactly that way Rube. She didn't say for 'Other Kids.' She said 'For other's Kids,' and that is a whole lot of difference."

"Well, have it as you will." I always think it easier to agree than to controvert with one so obstinate as Colonel Horatius. But really this candy question ran in my mind for several days, and I went round asking "why?" until I ran across the Practical man, the fellow, you know, who has no more sentiment than a last year's swallow's nest. "Why? That's easy. You want to know why candy now is not as sweet as it was when you were young? Glucose, Rube. Glucose wasn't invented then and that's the why."

I can't agree with him. It's memory, and that's the why. But a word more about "John Bull." His wife was Dutch and he was French. When they first met and were married (which was three weeks after they met), neither could understand a single word of the other's language and it is said that all their courting was by proxy, or at least through an interpreter.

The old man lived to be 100, or as he himself claimed, 102 years of age.

MRS. JOHNSON AND HER 'TOFFEY.'

Mrs. Johnson was still another whom the grown up children remember, for she too was a dispenser of sweets. She was also Dutch and was often much beset by the "Little Tivils" who used to annoy her. Her life was often made a burden by the apple men who'd sell her, as she would say: "So vue in te parrel, und sutch leetle vuns ad te pottum." The "Sweetish man," as

she called the one from whom she bought her supply of candy, seemed to be the only friend upon whom she could depend, for "He nevur vunce dried du sheets me, put vuz ever time honest, und mine frent."

Not only in Aylmer, but all throughout the valley, might be selected characters, the recounting of whose doings and sayings would fill a book with good material, but these few must suffice for the time, as there are too many other matters for the meagre space I have set out to fill, and so must leave others to recount the Humors of The Valley.

AYLMER SOCIETIES.

MASONRY.

Previous to 1860 the Masons of Aylmer belonged to the old Hull Lodge, established even before 1820, and in 1822 was in a very prosperous condition. It was on September 14th, 1860, that the Aylmer Lodge, No. 138, G.R.Q., was dedicated. It was a notable event in the history of the village. Brothers were there from all over the country and especially was Ottawa well represented. Some of the notable visitors were the following: W. B. McL. Moore, Thomas Story (still living), A. M. Nicholson, Peter Kemp, St. John Crooks, from England, James Salmon, George Clark, Wm. Wadsworth (brother of the noted James), A. Brough, Joshua Smith, Benjamin Moore, D. M. Rattery, living at 82, in Portage du Fort, W. Egret, James Wilson and R. P. Harris.

Some of the noted old Aylmer members, nearly all of whom are now dead, but their memories are still fresh in the minds of the present generation: T. G. Fenwick, Robert Stewart, Wm. Kenney (still living in Aylmer, aged 87), John McCook, John Gordon, Wm. Allen, Rev. John Gourlay, R. H. Klock, Wm. C. Clark, Thomas Turner, Wm. Hill, son of Simon who went to Australia, Joseph Brown, Joseph Sicord, T. B. Prentiss, Robert Conroy, Peter Aylen, Charles Symmes, Alfred Driscoll, L. R. Church, Alex. Leach, W. H. Dickson, still living in Ottawa, John Delisle, James F. Taylor, Dr. P. H. Church, Benjamin Chamberlin, Capt. McLean, of Eardley.

Taken in after 1861—Charles Hudson, James Agret, Charles Wright, W. C. McGuire, Alpha Colton, Josephus Mohr, of Onslow, George Nolan, Peter Calligan, George McConnell, jr., John Coghlan, Dr. James Aylen, George Ostrout, W. A. Murphy, Rev. (?) John Johnston, Dr. Charles Howard Church, Peter McLaren, James Brady, Malcomb McFee, Robert Ritchie, R. H. Sayer (1864), Thomas Taylor, John Mercer, James Conroy, Andrew Leamy, jr., Ralph Tate, Henry C. Symmes, C.W. Deegan, George Watson, Matthew Ritchie, A. M. Holt, A. McCormick, John Johnston, C. A. Fortier, David Hart, John Gowie, Rev. Percy W. Smith, W. J. McAghren, W. J. Conroy, E. A. Cate, Samuel Stewart and Dr. John Aylen.

1868 A NOTABLE YEAR.

Three of the most notable Aylmer Masons died in 1868. Robert Conroy in April, Charles Symmes in August, and Peter Aylen in October.

Of all the above there are left but R. H. Sayer, Dr. Jas. Aylen, W. J. McAghren, Wm. Kenney, D. M. Rattery—and possibly one or two others.

I speak thus at length of Masonry, since it includes so many of the men who have figured in, not only Aylmer, but in the whole valley of the Ottawa. Men, were those above, to whom must be accorded the great works of the long ago. They were a live coterie—those old fellows—and had a bit of fun as they went along. One St. John's Day they had weeks of controversy as to how they would celebrate the occasion. "Which shall it be" they asked, "a dinner, a sermon or a ball?" An oration and a ball, carried, but at the next meeting this was reconsidered—and for aught I could learn they didn't have any of them, but they did have a lively time getting themselves back into a good humor again—they had to make one of the Brothers Master, before he'd consent to "play." I guess the old fellows were as human as they of to-day.

The Lodge is now the King Solomon, No. 69, G.R.Q.

As this book is to be a record for the future, I shall give the officers of the various Societies of Aylmer.

Those of the Masonic Order are: A. E. Beaudry, Master. Other Officers: W. D. Stewart, F. R. Flatters, Samuel H. Edey, J. J. Godwin, Samuel J. Lindsay, W. D. McLellan and James K. Neill.

ST. JEAN BAPTISTE.

The Society of St. Jean Baptiste was organized in Aylmer on June 9th, 1884, the principal movers were Antoine Mousette, G. L. Dumouchel and a large number of others.

Chaplain, Rev. A. A. Labelle; President, Benjamin Lambert; 1st Vice-President, Joseph Gravel; 2nd Vice-President, George Lavigne; Secretary, Leon Chartier. Other officers: Louis Lam-

bert, Arthur Malherbe, Frank Rockbrune, George Lortie, Dr. J. Isabelle, Leon Loyer, Joseph Fortin, Joseph Rioux and Teles. Muloin.

Visiting Committee: J. B. Rockbrune, sr., Joseph Graveline, Ephraim Guimond, George Lavigne, sr., Oliver Laframboise, Moise Reginibal and Hermas Legault.

**OFFICERS OF DES ARTISANS CANADIENS FRANCAIS,
SUCCESSION No. 221.**

Chaplain, Rev. A. A. Labelle; Representative of the Executive, B. Lambert; President, Leon Chartier; 1st Vice-President, Louis Lambert; 2nd Vice-President, Elie Perrier; Secretary-Treasurer, L. F. Beaupré; Medical Examiner, Dr. J. Isabelle. Auditors: George Lavigne, Edouard St. Jule and Arthur Lavigne. Conductors: George Vieu and J. B. Boucher.

INDEPENDENT ORDER OF FORESTERS.

On June 3rd, 1893, this Order was started in Aylmer, and now has a membership of 129. Its Officers are: S. F. E. Ritchie, J. O. Sayer, John Smith, Thomas Jones, J. J. Godwin, Cuthbert White, Albert Price.

**CATHOLIC ORDER OF FORESTERS,
ST. PAUL COURT, No. 655.**

Rev. A. A. Labelle, Chaplain; Chief Ranger, Wm. Lochnan; Secretary, Leon Chartier. Other Officers: Peter Beaupré, J. Cleary, Edouard Godbout, Arthur Malherbe, Dr. E. L. Quirk, G. E. Dumouchel, Benjamin Lambert and W. J. Murphy.

CANADIAN ORDER OF FORESTERS.

This Order was started in Aylmer in 1895. It is Court Ottawa, County Lodge No. 438.

Robert H. Edey, Chief Ranger. Other Officers: Narcisse Lablanc, Charles Bourgeau, Joseph Graveline, S. F. E. Ritchie, Wm. Lusignan, Charles Boucher, J. R. Lortie, Dr. Fred'k W. Church and Dr. H. P. Hudson.

COMPANION COURT OF I. O. F.

The Aylmer ladies being averse to allowing the men to have all the Lodge Nights, started a Companion Court of the Independent Order of Foresters and have become very active in their work.

The Chief Rangeress is Mrs. Jane Middleton. Other Officers are: Mrs. Catherine Paterson, Miss Myra Dowell-Godwin, Miss Lillie Whalen, Mrs. Elizabeth Breckenridge, Miss Edna Edey, Miss Caroline Sayer, Mrs. Nellie Garner, Mrs. Alice Milks, Mrs. J. Pack, Mrs. Mary Moore and Mrs. Josephine Moore. Besides the officers the Court has some eight members.

ORANGE LODGE DUNDONALD 1912.

An Orange Lodge was started in Aylmer in 1905, by Samuel Edey and a number of others. Its Officers are: Joseph McMillen, Master. Others: Frank Moore, Samuel H. Edey, Edward Davis, Gilmore Woodburn, Robert McVeigh, Morton Ormond, Wm. McVeity and Cuthbert White.

The ladies of Aylmer are very active in Society work. Not so much the "Pink Tea" variety, as that which brings more than pleasureable results. At least the aim is for the good of others, rather than for their own pastime.

In Aylmer the first to be mentioned would naturally be

THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

since here was born the man who set going this great organization, reaching now into every land under the flags of civilization.

The local Officers of this Society are: President, Rev. D. J. Craig. Others: Miss Lola McLean, Mrs. Church Kenney, Miss Florence Lindsay, Mrs. D. J. Craig and Miss C. Lindsay.

EPWORTH LEAGUE OF CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

Dr. H. P. Hudson is the President of the Epworth League and Rev. A. B. Johnston is the Honorary President. Other Officers: Miss M. J. Wright, Miss Edna M. Edey, Mrs. H. P. Hudson, C. White, Miss Bertha Hillman, Miss C. Sayer and Mrs. A. B. Johnson.

W. C. T. U.

Mrs. David Stewart, a very clever speaker, is the President of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. Other Officers: Miss Eva Parker, Mrs. D. J. Craig, Mrs. Church Kenney and Miss M. J. Wright.

THE FIRST.

There is ever an interest in looking back over the records of the starting point of a place, and especially if "Grandad's" name is among those who figured among the first, unless perchance "Grandad" was hanged, and then it is preferable that he be the *last*, if hanged at all, which of course is still more preferable, however much he may have deserved it. By the kind memory of some of the oldest citizens I have been able to give a partial list of the first in many lines of those who did their part in Early Aylmer, up to the middle of the century.

STORE-KEEPERS.

Captain Blackburn, and his son-in-law Henry Chepmell, Henry Symmes, Charles Symmes, father of Francis Symmes (whose name was changed to Francis Clark, on the death of his parents, Clark being his mother's maiden name. He became the great Rev. Clark, founder of the Christian Endeavor Society), and Ephram Parker, brother of Harvey, were among the earliest to open stores. The last named built the stone house, on Front Street, now the home of the Lindsays.

The big lumberers had stores in connection with the furnishing of their own supplies. Thus we find that John Egan, John Foran and Robert Conroy all had stores in the village. If I should forget Mrs. Shuter and her little store, some of ye olde fellows would say that my old citizens had been very forgetful of one of the characters among the old merchants—dealers in dry goods and goods not so ^{dry} "dry," (and still dependent upon the "drouth" of her customers.)

BLACKSMITHS.

They who first "Made the Sparks Fly" in Aylmer were: Andrew Spearman, M. Donahue, Mooney Brothers, and James Walker, who went to Eardley and then to British Columbia, John Campbell, who later went to Arnprior, and started a hotel—the Campbell House, which is the oldest on the Canada Atlantic. Mrs. Campbell is still living at 83. She was a Wyman, a niece of Mrs. Philemon Wright.

CLOTHIERS.

Richard White, Martin Cullen, John Conners and one McConville looked after the clothing of the new colony.

BAKERS.

Long before the Sayers Brothers came to town, old "Waterloo" Rogerson looked after the village bread. He was a soldier and in the famous battle of 1815 and had a medal which he was ever want to show, and to talk of, until the boys gave him the name of "Waterloo," of which he was very pleased.

A brother of Captain Blackburn, was also a baker as was one Morris.

LUMBERERS.

They who gave the town the greatest prominence were the lumberers. Among them were some men of very great worth, men whose equals have hardly yet come into the field. There were James Wadsworth, George Bolton, John Egan, Peter Aylen, R. H. and James Klock, John Foran, Robert Conroy, Simon Hill, Henry and Charles Symmes, and others of lesser note.

In connection with lumber might be mentioned the famous old river pilots, Narcisse Perrault, (built the Thomas Ritchie dwelling, corner Charles and Court Sts.) and one Racine, who ran many a raft through all sorts of wild water from Aylmer to Quebec.

DOCTORS. "THEY HAD SUFFERED ENOUGH."

The old doctors of those days were a part of the place. All of its doing and very being was interwoven with their lives so intimately that the common people would look to them as advisors as well as health preservers.

There were two doctors whose names are yet household, especially that of Peter Church, who came, "away back at the start." No less than ten of the name, of this family, have been McGill Graduates.

The other doctor was De Cell. He later went to Hull. It is told of him that when he died he left a will, one codicil of which read: "Burn all my account books, and collect nothing from my patients, for the dear people have suffered enough already."

FATHER DESAUTELS.

Father Joseph Desautels was the first Reverend to be located in Aylmer. As may be seen in the history of the churches, he was the first priest of St. Paul's Catholic Church. He was here from 1840 to 1848. When he left Aylmer it was to start the College at Rigaud, which has become one of the noted institutions of Ontario. From Rigaud he went to Varennes, and while there was made Monseigneur Desautels.

He was born at Chambly, P.Q., in 1814, and died in Salem, Mass., in 1881.

He was a brother of Mrs. J. R. Woods.

AYLMER'S FUTURE.

They do say that it is not safe to deal in "futures," but when they are "a sure thing" it is safe to "go long" on as much as you can afford. Now that this beautiful little town is to be sewerred and given the conveniences of the city, they of the city will seek here a home as some of them are already doing in anticipation of the coming improvements. I can best illustrate the difference in living in city or town in Canada (it is more marked than it is down home) by giving a conversation with a late city man recently come to Aylmer. "Actual living expenses are less here, but the great difference is in the taxes. My house here is taxed at 10 mills, and at but \$3,500 valuation. I have friends living in Ottawa in homes for which I would not exchange this, who are paying more than double the rate and on a \$12,000 valuation. The aim of our Council and assessors is to keep down taxes to actual needs—in the city they seem to hunt out new ways to spend the money of the people. Of late, however, Ottawa is improving and keeping down to what it can afford." "Reason?" broke in the Colonel, who had been an interested listener, and the Aylmeran only smiled and said: "Government by injunction keeps a city from *spending* more than it can *af-Forde*"—and he seemed to think he had said a wise say, but neither of us could discover the point.

Aylmer already has both electric lights and water and when sewerred it will be an ideal home town. Rising, as it does, on a gentle slope, through and far back to the north, it can be drained to advantage. I have rarely seen a situation so admirably adapted and the wonder is that it had not been sewerred long ago.

QUEEN'S PARK.

Just beyond the Cedars is Queen's Park, one of the most charming of all of Ottawa's many resorts. It is a natural picnic ground, and here the children of the Capital are to be found all throughout the summer. It has its merry-go-round, its "shoot-the-shutes," while hardly a spot in the whole 80 acres but one may find a picnic spot. On all gala days, holidays, and frequently throughout the week the bands of the various Ottawa regiments discourse most excellent music. It is a "Coney Island," without Coney's rough element.

It is a delightful trolley outing, and reached by the Hull Electric, whose property it is. If by chance the stranger should

see this, and ask how to reach it from Ottawa, I need but say: Get on the car at the Dufferin Bridge, just near the post office, and stay on until you get to Queen's Park, where you will have to stop, since the trolley goes no further. Much of the way is along the border of the beautiful lake—which the Ottawa River is, beginning almost at the city itself and running up to the west for more than thirty miles.

IT'S RESIDENTIAL PART.

In the Park is another of Ottawa's pretty summer home places. This—like Echo Bay and The Cedars, just below—is built up with neat cottages, and here may be found many of the substantial people of the Valley and Capital.

Beginning, just at the edge of the pleasure part of the Park, we find Mr. W. H. Cluff, City Auditor, and then following on up to "The Elms," we pass, in succession, the homes of C. Parker, R. McGiffin, George Dewar, Leslie Jarvis, George Millen, the General Manager of the E. B. Eddy Co., J. P. Dickson, Secy.-Treasurer Canadian Railway Accident Insurance Co., H. W. Cooper, G. W. Hunt, Dr. Wm. R. Green, and E. B. Godwin, whose home is "The Elms," one of the prettiest locations of all. This brings us to and just beyond the Eardley Township line. Eardley wishes us to "Go right on through, we don't want no books," so our next will probably be on the enterprising townships in and about Quyon and Shawville.

HOTEL VICTORIA.

Just at the edge of the built-up part of Aylmer (to the west), there to the right from the trolley, you see one of the best known Summer Hotels in the country. It is the famous Victoria; and since that prince of hotel men, James K. Paisley, has purchased it from the St. Jacques estate and refitted it in the manner in which he does things, it is bound to become even more widely known than ever. It is but one of three Summer Hotels which the proprietor of the Grand Union of Ottawa has under his management—the other two being the Sans Souci of Moon River and the Belvedere of Parry Sound.

As showing the popularity of this Aylmer resort, there may be seen on the register the names of guests from every part of the Dominion. There's "Uncle Wm." Ross, so long a member of the Dominion House, but now a Senator. He is from Halifax, N.S., while we find Mr. James Seeley, of the Secret Service, from Victoria, B.C. Hugh Guthrie, the genial M.P. from Perth, is here, as is Frederick F. Pardee, M.P., son of a once well-known father, the late Hon. F. B. Pardee of Sarnia. M. McCarthy (M.P. for Calgary), son of the well known Judge McCarthy of the County of Dufferin, and E. Norman Smith, the successful young Managing Director of the Ottawa Free Press, are here for the summer, as is Major Moodie, of the now famous "Arctic" expedition.

As another instance of courtesy toward our country: When the Victoria was opened, a short time ago, there floated two large and very beautiful flags, from either side of the wide entrance. One was the Union Jack, the other the *Stars and Stripes*. Can't wonder that I give to this noted hostelry so much attention in passing! I would that as much courtesy were shown to the emblem of these kindly people as they show to ours, and they are not one whit less loyal to their own in that courtesy.

In the pictures of the Victoria, on the next page, may be seen some prominent guests and visitors of this noted hostelry. Among the number are Members of Parliament: Dr. Chisholm, Staples, Blain, Clements, Christie, Bennett, and Dr. Schaffner, while the photographs were taken by the redoubtable Colonel Samuel Hughes, M.P., whose delightful hobby is photography, with the result that some of the very finest views in various parts of the Dominion had not been seen but for the Colonel. Others prominent in the pictures are: Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Hall, Lew Stone, of the Crown Lithographing Company, and James K. Paisley, not to mention the dear little girls who wanted to "dit in de pitcher" too.

ECHO BAY AND THE CEDARS.

Just above the Victoria, and still a part of the town, along the Lake bank, are two of the most popular summer resorts about Ottawa. The first is known as Echo Bay. The other and much older is The Cedars.

To the passing stranger they would seem but as one, since they follow the Lake with no break or division. Here may be found, from early summer to the late fall, some of the best known people of the Capital.

Should you chance to wander along the shore you will find the beautiful homes of S. L. Kyle and Stewart McClenaghan at the east; and, following on to the west, you will pass in order the pretty cottages of E. L. Horwood, the famous architect of the Carnegie Library in Ottawa; D. E. Johnson, the well-known merchant and patron of games and sports; Joseph Woods, surveyor; L. S. Larose, in the Government; J. F. Hambly, with the Queen City Oil Company; J. J. Allen, the well-known druggist; M. G. Dickison, capitalist, owns the two next cottages; E. A. Olver, manager of the Queen City Oil Company; F. G. Waite, in the Geological Survey; F. X. Plant, manager of the Harris Lumber Company; ex-Alderman J. M. Lavoie; George Ambridge; and Wm. Gullick, with Thomas Birkett, the well known hardware merchant.

W. C. May's cottage is the first in "The Cedars," then follow Charles Watt, George H. Rogers, Dr. George Mathewman, J. L. Garland, M. W. Merrill, and Wm. McGilvray.

It was fifteen years ago when Mr. Merrill and Mr. McGilvray, two well-known members of the old Bytown pioneer stock, saw in this lake front the possibilities of the beauty which has since been developed. They were first to build and not until a few years ago was their judgment fully appreciated; but now nearly every available lot has been taken and either built upon or will be in the near future.

What with their sail boats, canoes, and naphtha launches, they spend the summer far more enjoyably than do those who go long distances to the sea shore or to the mountains.

It is reached by the Hull Electric trolley, the palatial cars of which pass every few minutes on their way to Queen's Park, but a short distance beyond.

From the car but little is seen other than a dense growth of pretty cedars that line the lake bank for a half mile or more. From the lake front is seen a beautiful transformation, for here is presented a long line of cottages, some of which are of very neat design, and all facing the water. They make a pretty picture—the water, cottages and the cedars—and bespeak the comfort of the lake-side dwellers.

THE CEDARS AN INDIAN CAMPING GROUND.

This locality is historical ground. It is a part of the old Moses Edey farm, and was once a famous camping ground for the Indians as they passed up and down the river. It is an ideal spot, beautiful and picturesque. The Indians were wont to come here as late as in the sixties or possibly later. The Light House Island, out in the Lake, a mile to the southwest, was their burial-place.

AN INDIAN CUSTOM. WAS IT INHUMAN?

Old Moses Edey was once awakened by a loud moaning near his house on this farm. He got up and, arousing two of his sons, went out to see the cause. They finally found a squaw—very old and decrepit. They took her into the house. Imagine their feelings on seeing the poor old woman, with both her eyes entirely shut by a pitchy glue. It took a long while to remove it so that she could see at all. Now, as to the why of this inhuman treatment. It seems that it was the custom of some of the tribes, when they would get rid of their old men and women, that on leaving a camp they would give a half a blanket, leave enough food for a few days, close up the eyes of the victim with pitch, and then leave him or her to die, if not rescued by those less heartless.

Badly as she had been used—this old squaw,—she insisted that she knew where the tribe had gone and that she must follow up the river till she overtook them—not to be revenged, but for the love she still bore her people.

CUT HER OWN FLESH FOR BAIT TO SAVE HER SON.

I once heard or read a beautiful story of an Indian mother out on a lake in the far Northwest, who, on being caught in a terrible snowstorm and being lost from her tribe, thought out a plan to save the life of her papoose. She had no food to sustain her own life and thus give life to her baby, but in desperation she cut her own flesh and used it as bait to fish through a hole in the ice of the lake. She was finally rescued. The boy grew up and became a noted chief, but when she grew old, this son, for whom she would have gladly given her own life, tied her to a tree and went off with his tribe, leaving her to die alone.

Civilized man shudders at the thought of such inhumanity, and yet how many instances do we all know of where some old father or old mother has been left by the sons and daughters to eke out existence alone, while the children have struck camp and left not so much as the half a blanket and the few days' rations. In this day of selfishness the old are too often looked upon as in the way,—the mother who would have gladly given her own flesh to save the life of her child is later left by that child tied to the tree. But I was speaking of "The Cedars," and will not preach.

ANTIQUITIES OF LAKE DESCHENES.

All along this part of Lake Deschenes is full of indications of the early people who lived here—possibly ages before the first white man saw these beautiful waters. Aylmer's noted scientist, Mr. T. W. Edwin Sowter, has given years of study to the Lake, with the result that he has made it famous throughout the scientific world, for the many relics he has discovered or encouraged others to hunt out. He has written largely of these relics "Archaeology of Lake Deschenes," being the most important as bearing upon this particular locality.

Look out there, a mile to the south of Victoria Club house—out there from Aylmer Park, and you will see Light House Island. It was the burial place of the red men who once inhabited, or made this section one of their principal stopping places as they went up and down the Ottawa—then the Grand River.

It would take too much space to tell of the Indian relics found by Mr. Sowter, by Mayor Samuel H. Edey, Jacob Smith, of the Interior Department, Joseph Leclair, Dr. R. W. Neill, Aldos and David Parizeau, Charles Breckenridge, Frank Boucher, the Light House Keeper and many others. Great caches of bullets have been found, indicating that not only the ancients but modern warriors have resorted here. The relic found by Dr. Neill was the most interesting of all. It was a segment of a human vertebrae, in which was transfixed a bone arrowhead.

Light House Island was but one of many burial places, as Mr. Sowter tells of those at Blueberry Point, Sand Hills, Conroy's Island, at the Chats, although the principal one was on "Light House."

In his paper—to be found in Vol. 13, No. 10, of "The Ottawa Naturalist," and well worthy a perusal, if not a deep study—Mr. Sowter gives about 40 illustrations of relics found hereabouts. Some of them are very old, while many of them must have been those of civilized man, for what would the Indian have had to do with that stone relic, marked in plain English—"JPOT?" I forgot to ask Dr. Ami, the great authority on such things, what this might have meant. The Colonel says he thinks that he has heard a term used, for which these letters might stand, but he is not certain, so you had better ask the Doctor.

You who live far away may see from the variety of scenery—the beauty of the present and the relics of the past—what an interesting Lake is this on whose shore is situate the country of which I am writing. No written words, however, can picture the real interest of the country itself—the country and its kindly people. You must see and know and then you cannot but thank us for telling you of them.

AYLMER RIFLE ASSOCIATION.

In the Autumn of 1905 there was organized a Rifle Association in Aylmer, to which a number of the Forty-Third Regiment of Ottawa belong. Mayor Samuel H. Edey and a few others of the old time militia are also members. W. R. Taylor, (Lieut. of the 43rd), manager of the Hull Electric, is Captain and Dr. H. P. Hudson is Secretary. The Committee of Management are: W. R. Taylor, Dr. H. P. Hudson, L. F. Edey, H. H. Moore, Fred Wilson and W. R. Latimer.

In winter the Association shoot on the frozen lake and in summer at the Dominion Rifle Range in Ottawa.

"THE AYLMER-GARD TROPHY."

It was seeing the proficiency of the Associations and rifle clubs that suggested the giving of a cup to be competed for by various teams of five throughout the Dominion.

It is the faith I have in the permanence of the peace that must forever exist between our two countries that has made me feel no hesitancy in doing a little part in making of these clubs and associations riflemen par excellence. We may sometime shoot at a common enemy, but never at each other, and I'd have these neighbor boys as good shots as possible.

It was a happy coincidence that the cup was named the "Aylmer-Gard Trophy," (the double name was the work of the Trustees)—named for one of the true men among the titled—Lord Aylmer, for whose uncle (Lord Aylmer) the town of which I have written, was named, in the thirties, when he was in Canada as Governor General.

The cup is to be made by the famous jewelers, the Birks, of Montreal, whose Ottawa manager—Charles Olmsted—is a South Hull boy—another coincidence. The cup is to be after a special design, and to be made well worth the competition.

By good fortune three of the most popular military men of the Capital, and well known throughout the Dominion, have kindly consented to act as Trustees of the Trophy. They are Colonel A. Percy Sherwood, C.M.G., A.D.C., Commissioner of Dominion Police, for five years Commander of the Forty-Third Regiment, and now Brigadier of Infantry, No. 4 District; Colonel H. Allan Bate, Chevalier of the Order of Leopold, Consul General for Paraguay, also Consul General for Belgium, and

Commander of the Governor General's Foot Guards; and Major E. W. B. Morrison, D.S.O. (Distinguished Service Order), Commander of the Twenty-Third Field Battery and Editor of the Ottawa Citizen. He earned his "D.S.O." by one of the bravest acts, during the South African War. Being surrounded by Boers, and with but a handful of men, he saved the guns (cannon), of which he had charge—retreating and fighting off the enemy, over miles of hills until assistance came. Instead of a "D.S.O." his should have been a "V.C." Apropos of this, one of these guns, old "No. 5" is still to be seen in the Drill Hall, in Ottawa. It is worthy of remark that more honors were conferred by reason of the "saving" of this particular gun than were conferred by reason of any other act of bravery during that war—if it was ever exceeded. There were three "V.C's." and one "D.S.O." awarded.

DESCRIPTION OF TROPHY.

On one side of the cup will be: "Aylmer-Gard Trophy," with the Aylmer Coat of Arms, and on the other side the names of donors and Trustees.

It is delicately beautiful and is a credit to the greatest jewelers of Canada, whose extensive establishment in Montreal is not equalled in the world. Its floor space—counting the great storage basement—would cover more than two acres of ground. This will be a surprise to the reader who looks upon Canada as a place where the wild Indians chase the wilder wolves and bears, while the natives look out from their shanties with their bets placed equally on the two "wilds."

The truth of the matter is that this great Northland is fast growing into a Nation with a big N, and building up giant manufacturing that rival the world—The Birks being but an illustration.

THE ARTISTS AND THEIR WORK.

It is ever a pleasure to do that which is unique—to do that which no other has ever done. It is especially a pleasure when one may give to one's friends the credit of the doing. That this book is absolutely unlike any ever published, on so small a locality, is so from the fact of its being illustrated by the large number of artists who have contributed work for it. Many artists have done illustrating for other books, but never before has a volume appeared on a country district of like area, written on the doings and incidents of the people of that district, and then illustrated by so many artists.

I am sure that you, dear reader, will be as grateful to them as I have been, and shall ever be, for their kindness in their contributed work. And you will thank me for telling you of them and giving you their faces, that you may know of them and see what manner of people they are. Some of them are already world famous—others are young.

Artists, like preachers, are "called." Few of the successful have set out deliberately to learn art. It must come naturally else it is not at all. R. F. Outcault was once asked: "How did you come to take up picture-making?" "How? Why, I got 'broke' and had to do something, and by accident I found that I could draw and went at it. I didn't know that I could until I had to, and now it's only a habit. It was natural, and no trouble, for everything just 'comes'," and the whole world is glad that R. F. went 'broke'.

In the following brief sketches I shall tell you of these kind friends. I shall give them alphabetically—you must place them as you choose.

MALCOLM T. BRICE.

Malcolm T. Brice was born in Wheeling, West Virginia. He was educated at the Lindsay Military Academy, in his home city, and at the Washington Jefferson University, Washington, Pennsylvania. Although but a young man, he has held the post of United States Vice Consul, at Belfast, Ireland—held it in three administrations—part of Cleveland's, all of McKinley's and part of Roosevelt's.

He began his newspaper career on the Wheeling Register, with his uncle, James B. Taney, the proprietor of this, one of the

leading Democratic papers of the South, ranking with Henry Watterson's Louisville Courier-Journal.

He studied a little when young, and later attended the Government Art School in Belfast.

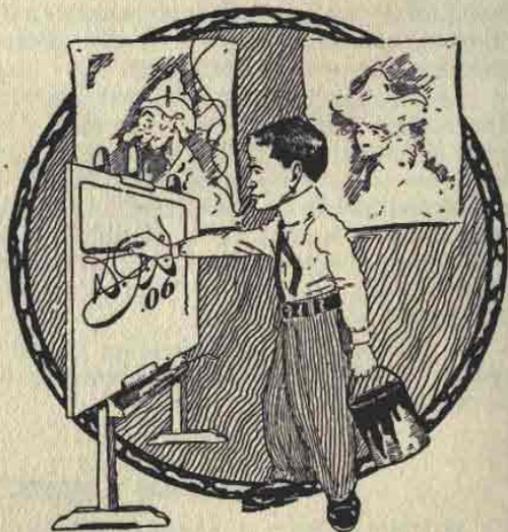
He is a ready sketcher, and his conception of the humorous side of life is very keen.

He is now with the Ottawa Free Press, on which he has—besides his cartoon work—the sporting department, which is a very wide field on a Canadian newspaper—a wide field and a very laborious one.

"I am very pleased with Ottawa. It is a beautiful city and is destined to become one of the finest Capitals on the Continent—a veritable "Washington of Canada." This appreciation is fully reciprocated by the Ottawans who have met and know Malcolm, for as one said of him: "He is a credit to your country, and I do not wonder that he so long held that position in Belfast." It is a delight to hear one's countrymen spoken of in such kindly terms, but the subject of my sketch is fully worthy of the words.

DONALD DOYLE.

Many an artist is good because there is another better, from whom to get original ideas. The trouble, however, in this instance, is that the ideas belong to the other fellow, and the "good" would be but nil were it not for this same o.f. We have in Donald Doyle one who works out ideas all his own. He originates. His "Doyle Girl" is a type of beauty



Doyle's Working Ghost.

as distinct as any of the world artists. I have had many conceptions worked out, of the style of men my two characters—Rube and the Colonel are. "What manner of men are they?" has often been asked. Not being an artist myself, I said nothing, and just let others picture them after their own conception. But Donald comes along and by a few strokes of his pen gives you

these two happy-go-luckies, as accurately as though he had gone to school with them two whole winters and then camped with them the following summers. Now "the long and the short" of the matter is that, hereafter, I shall adopt the "Doyle" characters, so now, whenever you meet them just think of this Ottawa boy who has ideas and conceptions of his own.



"Who said this was a sad old world?" Doyle's conception of "Rube and the Colonel."

His one fault is modesty, a failing so characteristic of artists, but Donald has it in a more virulent form than even "Reggie" himself, which verges on the limit. When I wanted to get his "obituary," he said: "Just say that I was born in Ottawa, and have done nothing *notorious*, and let it go at that." But fortunately others know him better even than he knows himself, on the principle that a "good fellow" always has many historians.

Donald was educated at the Separate Schools of the city, and at the Ottawa University. As to the value of his work, it has long appeared in both Canadian and States magazines, and did he devote himself to his pen he might very soon do nothing else. He excels in character sketches, as note the old horse trader. His whole face says: "*Conscience hain't got nothin' to do with a hoss trade,*" while little Irma tells "Uncle Rube": "*Don't make that noise, it hurts my ears.*"

Said one who knows him well: "Doyle is the best informed on the artists of the world, of any one I ever met. He is a deep

student in classic literature. Ask of him a question upon almost any subject which has required deep research and he will give you a quick concise answer. He is the best of companions, being well informed and ever willing to ride *your* hobbies. Most men are only interesting when riding their own—and then interesting only to *themselves*. This will account for his popularity among all who know him.



Page 8, Part III.

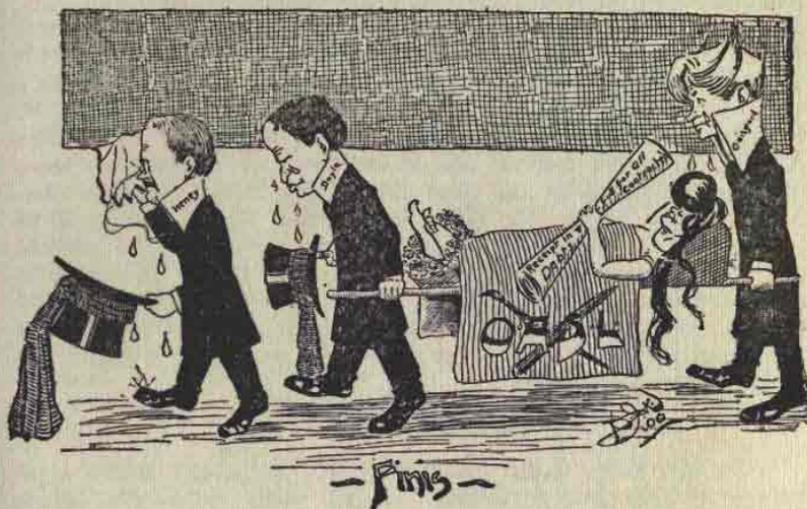
"Thar hain't no conciense in a hoss trade!"

"Much is due to him the *effort* to popularize art in Ottawa. He took great interest in the Art League, and was one of the last of the mourners. Yes, he is modest, but that is a merit. Too many find out their own surpassing ability, long before the world has discovered it—and sad to relate, this crude, practical old world sometimes *never* finds it out, which is seldom fully appreciated by the auto-discoverer, who goes through life as ignorant of that fact as he is of the rest of the things he *don't* know."

It was to me a pleasure to hear these words—they were most flattering to my own conception of the young man's ability.

The above friend, in speaking of Donald's many gifts, said: "He is not only good on character sketching, but a bit like the Colonel, he could see humor at a funeral;" Guess he had in mind his clever cartoon on the death and burial of the late lamented O.A.S.L., (Ottawa Art Students' League), whose three last mourners are so accurately depicted. The three sat up with the patient to the last, doing all in their power to keep her alive, but the pasture was too barren and she died, but they saw that she

had an honorable "obsequy." As the boys say: "She died owin' no man nothin'."



True to the end.

MOSES C. EDEY.

Moses C. Edey, the son of Richard, and the grandson of Moses, the pioneer of the family, was born in Onslow. He was educated at the country school near his home, and in the Art School in Ottawa. He was one of the six or eight pupils who, under the instruction of the noted old teacher of Industrial Designing—G. F. Stocker—took the only Diploma given for that branch at Antwerp, Belgium, in 1885. The teacher had these pupils draw designs in various branches of the art, and, notwithstanding the incredulous smiles of the Ottawans, who looked upon his ambitious appreciation of his class, as little short of foolish—to hope to receive even "Honorable mention"—sent his collection to the Exposition, and carried off, as above, the only Diploma given. It was a proud day for both teacher and pupils—even the city assumed "airs" by reason of the honor. When I saw the beautiful designs in wrought iron, done by Mr. Edey, for this competition, I could not but see why the Diploma had come to Ottawa. The work took a Diploma at London, England, the following year.

To become one of the best architects of the country was but a sequence for one so gifted with a natural trend for designing the unique. Much of Mr. Edey's work is seen in Ottawa and all throughout the Valley. Some of the best specimens are the

McLeod Street Methodist Church, the great Lindsay Block, the Garland building, the Aberdeen Pavillion and the model stock barns in the Exposition grounds, besides many of the finer residences throughout the city—the homes of Dr. Ami, Dr. Robinson, Colonel H. Allan Bate, etc. are his work. The Model Barns are so called from the fact that many other of the Agricultural Fair Associations have copied from his designs. Shawville's most beautiful residences are from his plans—those of G. F. Hodgins and James Cuthbertson, being especially fine. The Agricultural Buildings of the Shawville Fair Association were planned by Mr. Edey, as were the Monroe Block, and the residences of Mr. R. Booth, Thos. Mackie and Mayor Delahaye, of Pembroke. Possibly his most beautiful design is the marble home of Mr. George E. Reid, of Portage du Fort. It would be remarked in a great city for its architecture. He also designed the iron band stand on the Commission Driveway. It is one of the most chaste I have ever seen. It was built by another Aylmer man, J. R. Smith.

MOSES' DESIGNS.

To Mr. Edey I am much indebted for many stories and things of interest, pertaining to the early days—his fertile imagination suggesting points of real value, in a book of this nature. I am not only indebted to him for the designing of "The First Departmental Store in the Valley of the Ottawa," but for the suggestion of the picture. What a thought! At this store must have sat, many a time, all of these old characters of whom we read, as being here in the very first of the Colony. It is no stretch of the imagination to see sitting around the stove of a winter's day or night, the brave ancestors of these people. To make of the picture one of the most unique of all the work of my fifteen artists, I have had several of them draw their conception—each of a certain old character then in the Colony. Here must often have been seen Nathaniel Chamberlain, Moses and Samuel Edey, Harvey Parker, Dudley Moore, Jonathan McConnell, Truman Waller, Samuel and Ezra Benedict, Gideon Olmsted, Ephraim Chamberlain, Simon Heath and the rest of the fifty who were hereabouts, in 1801 to 1809.

REGINALD GAISFORD.

Reginald Gaisford was born in London, England, and at the age of seven brought his family to Canada. "I'd have brought them sooner had I known of this land of beauty," which speaks volumes for Reggie's love of Canada. It also indicates that he is not the typical Englishman, who thinks that the sun shines upon but one perfect country, and that country old England itself.

He was educated at the Public Schools of Ottawa, acquiring the love of athletic sports of the typical native, while imbibing knowledge. Taking a great interest in aquatics, he is a member of the Britannia Boating Club and the Ottawa Canoe Club. It was but natural that he should be found in the "water line," as he is. There is no one better informed in the project of connecting the Great Lakes with the sea, via the Georgian Bay Canal, in which project he is a veritable walking encyclopedia.

He has exceptional ability as a draughtsman—one of the best in his line. He is an expert shorthand writer, while he has few equals as a typewriter, having taught it for some time, with much success. A fine tenor voice has added to his popularity among his legion of friends.

Like many another, picture-making is but a pastime with him, and yet there is not a young man in the Capital who takes so much interest in trying to work up an art sentiment as Reginald Gaisford. He has been instrumental in the organization of two Leagues, whose aim was to bring out and foster art in its various branches, and had his efforts been seconded as they would have been had he, instead, organized a team to play a game of shinny, in Lower Town, there would today be in Ottawa an Art League worthy the Capital of the Dominion. As may be seen, there is much talent here, which, if encouraged by the men who have the means, it would rebound to the good name of the city. Some day this may be. It will be though when the men of means look at something else than their account in the bank, which at present would seem to be the only thing in sight.

He is more of an illustrator than a cartoonist, and yet his humor may be seen in much of his work. He excels in accuracy, in the bringing out of the features of his subject, and if he would devote time would excel in both the serious and the humorous.

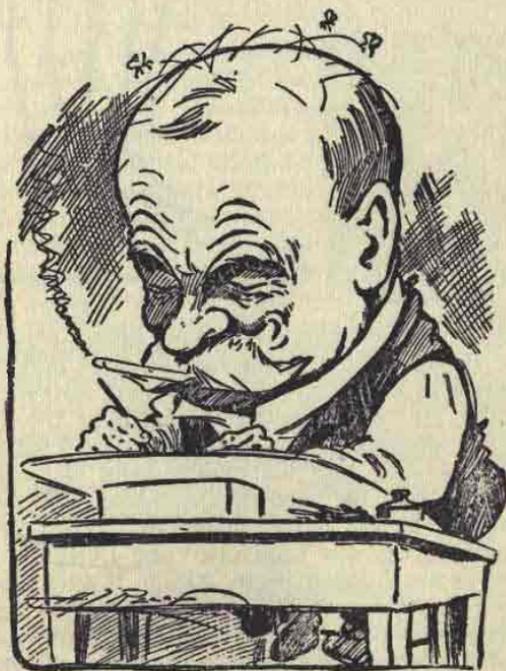


"Reggie," as seen from Gaisford's mirror.

"He has a marked sense of humor," says one who knows him best, "but it is of the English type, which does all its bubbling inside. The rest of us may be fairly breaking with laughter, while Reggie simply smiles, when in fact he may be enjoying the fun of the thing even more than we. Odd the different ways different nationalities enjoy fun! I've often been out with him sketching—of which he never tires—and nothing of a humorous nature escapes his notice, making him an ideal companion in the fields and lakes. He is not the typical Englishman, in that he has no love of hunting and shooting—no love of killing just for sport." He said much else which but added to my appreciation of the young man from Lunnon.

The "Marriages" and "Deaths" pages at the end of this book are the work of this clever artist. The originality of their design is most pleasing.

HENRI JULIEN.

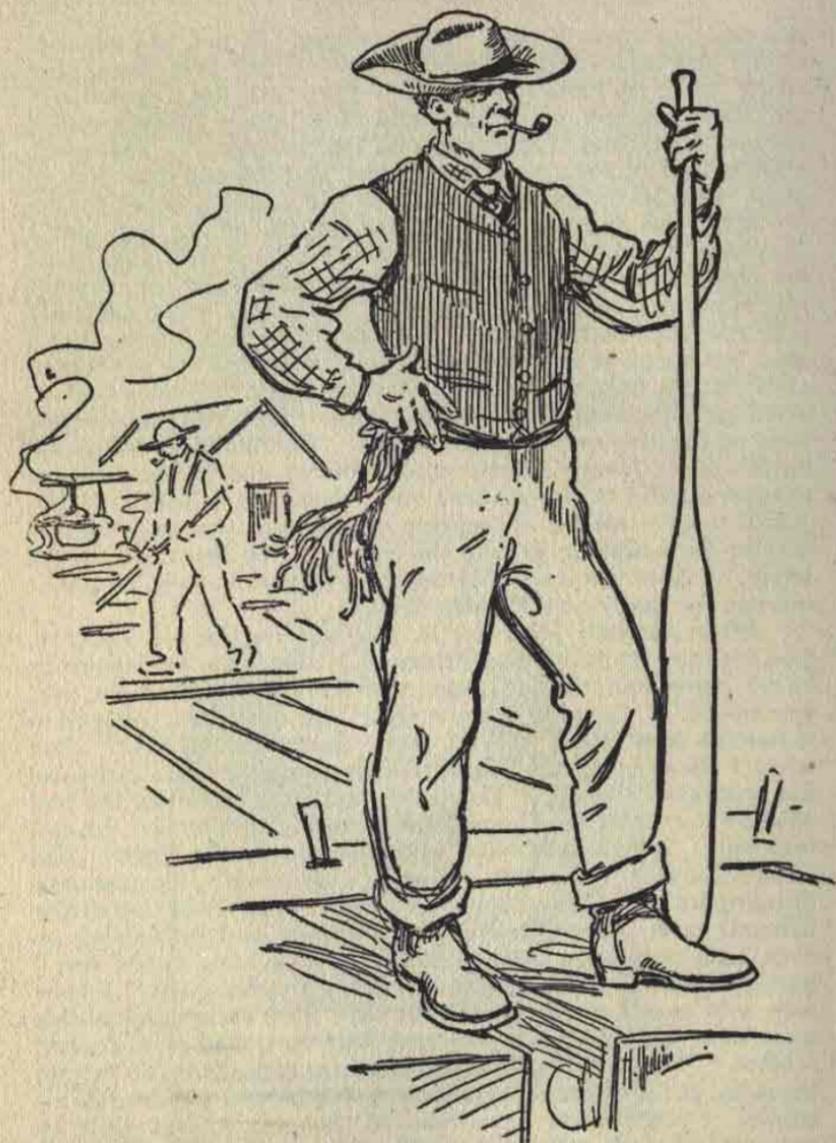


Henri Julien. By A. G. Racey.

I once wrote the life of the man at the head of this sketch. I wrote it graphically from material furnished by one whom I

was positive knew of what he was telling. If you will get that sketch and read it over carefully, you will see everything that Henri Julien *isn't* and *hasn't* done. There was not a sentence of that sketch correct, save that I said that "Henri Julien is one of the best Black and White artists on the continent." This much I *knew*, and did not need ask of the Munchausen who was so ready with his *misinformation*. He had Henri a noted soldier (he *hates* war and everything pertaining to it); he had him a champion "Barbott" fisher (he couldn't *catch a cold* if he fished for a week); he had Henri a noted horse-back rider (he couldn't ride a wooden horse); he—but why enumerate what Annanias told about his friend Henri! His work is so well known that I need not speak of him and you will all recognize the artist who stands at the head of the class in his line. His "Bytown Coons" attracted wide attention a few years ago. That was the cleverest work of the kind ever done in Canada. He illustrated Benjamin Sulte's life of Joseph Montferrand (Mofero), and to illustrate my chapter on this noted old time river character, I asked of Mr. Julien to give me his conception of Joe, and you may see the why of Joe's holding so long the title of "The Best Man on the River." Note the lines of strength—every pen stroke counts—not one too many—not one too few!

When Captain John Currie, who ran on the old Phoenix, (the steamer on which the Prince of Wales came to Ottawa in 1860), more than fifty years ago, saw this pen sketch of Joe, and was asked: "Captain, who is this?" he answered, without a moment's hesitation: "Well, well, that's Joe Mofero." But when I showed him the daguerreotype (page 55, part 3) he did not recognize it at all. "The Julien picture is more like the real Joe as I knew him, and he used often to be on my boat. I mind him well. He was the most powerful man I ever knew. The stories about him are not one whit overdrawn. He was once bringing up on my boat some 80 men to take down one of the Gilmour rafts. These men got to drinking and rushing up on deck took possession of the boat. Joe was lying down, but I quickly called him. He came out like a roaring giant. I have seen wild beasts when roused, but they were as nothing to this man. He was not only powerful, but as quick as a trained athlete. He began to pile those men into one corner, as though throwing sacks of chaff. They were not even as children in his hands. I could never have believed that any mortal could be possessed of such terrible strength. Those whom he could not reach ran to their quarters, and I had no more trouble on that trip. Oh, yes, this is as I have seen him many a time, standing at the front of his raft. He was a great fellow to pose. He knew his strength, but with all was not a bad man, unless roused, and then—well toward the last no one seemed to care to rouse him. No wonder the French are proud of his very name. He was all that they ever claimed for him."



Joe Mofero. By Henri Julien.

Page 65. Part III.

The Captain's comment is a high compliment to Henri's skill with the pen. It also shows what a wonderful memory for faces the Captain has, to detect in a sketch, a man whom he had not seen for more than a half century.



HOMESTEAD AND DESCENDANTS OF BENJAMIN HOOPER WRIGHT.

- | | |
|--|---------------------------|
| 1. JOHN WRIGHT. | 4. ORANGE WRIGHT. |
| 2. CHRISTOPHER WRIGHT. | 5. ALBERT WRIGHT. |
| 3. MRS. LOUISE CLEARY. | 6. ROY WRIGHT, BORN 1895. |
| 7. BERTYLE L. GOUDIE, BORN 1904. HE IS OF THE TENTH GENERATION
FROM JOHN, THE PIONEER—1630. | |

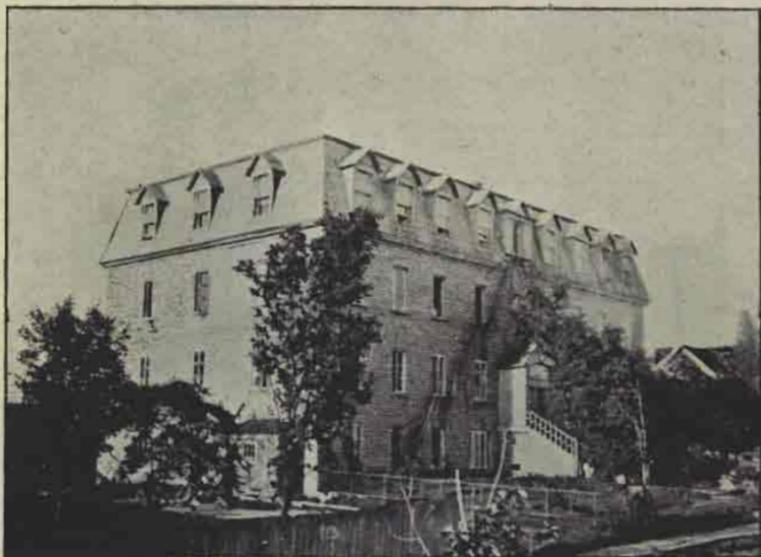


TEACHERS OF THE ACADEMY.

EDNA M. EDEY, GERTRUDE CHAMBERLIN, BERTHA MCCUAIG, BERTHA SAYER.



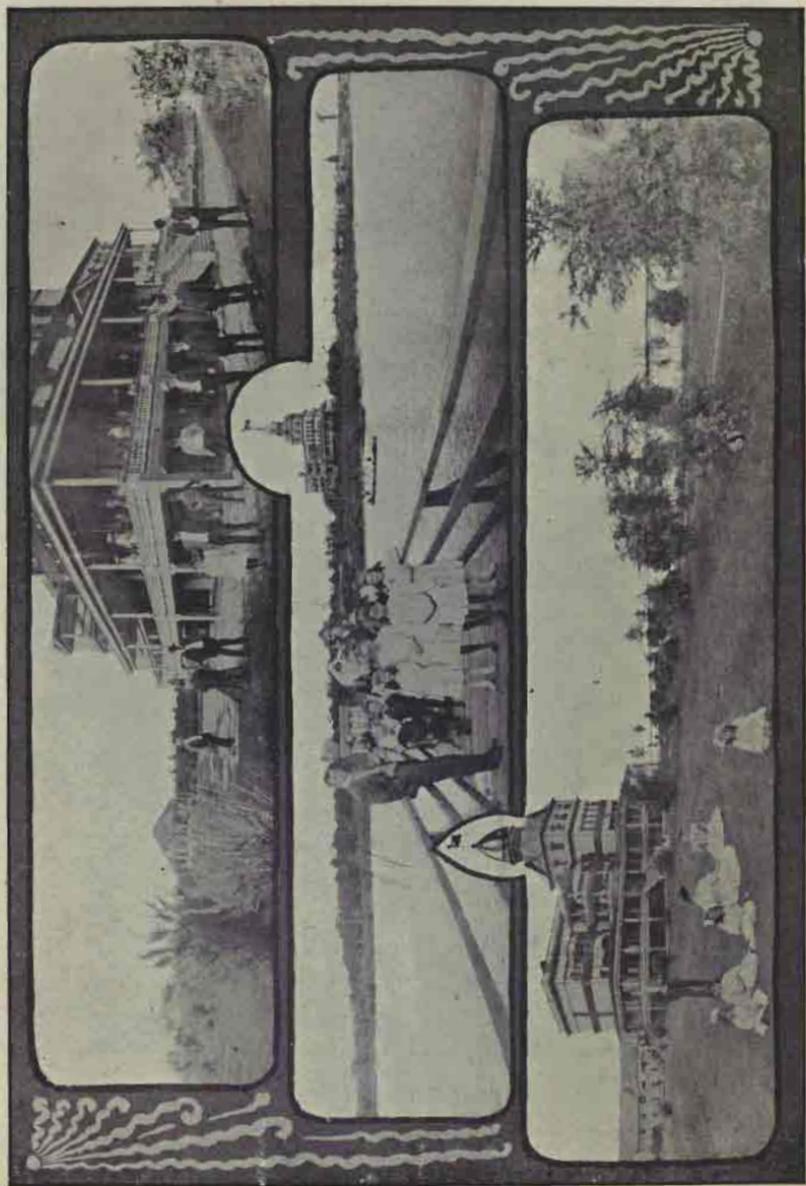
CHILDREN OF THE AYLMER ACADEMY.



AYLMER CONVENT.

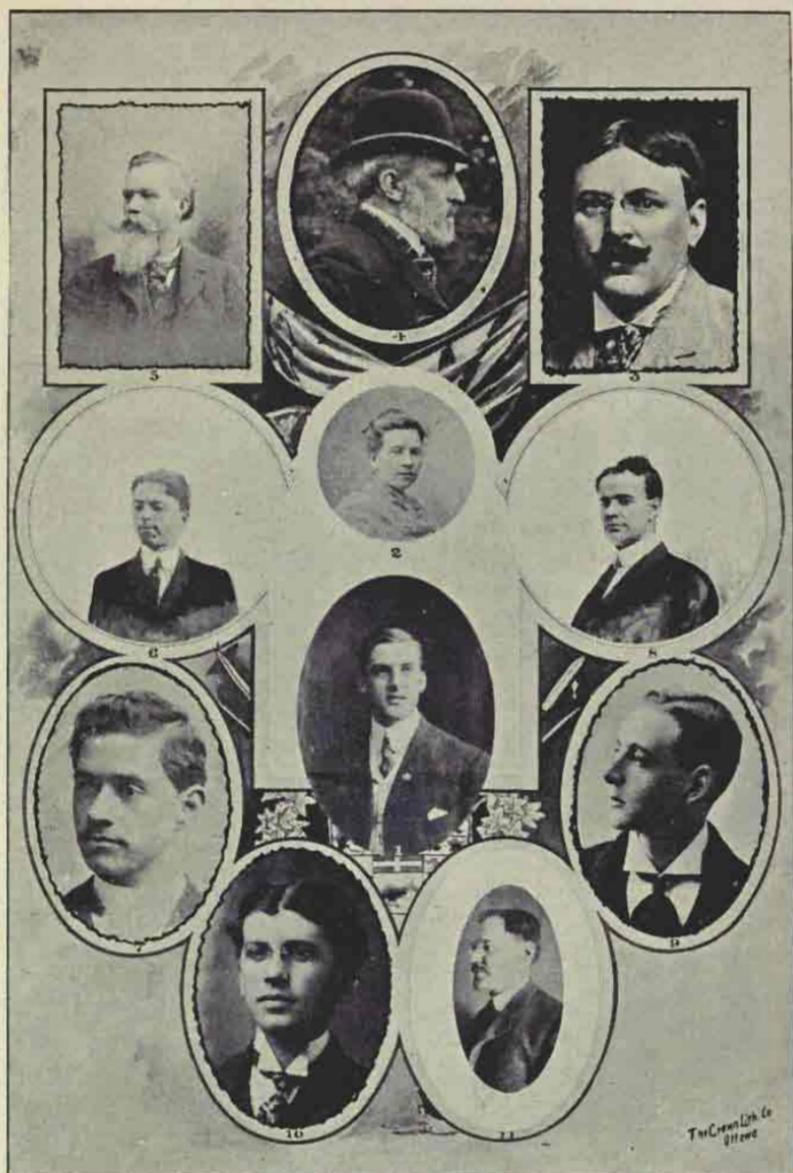


BROTHERS' SCHOOL.



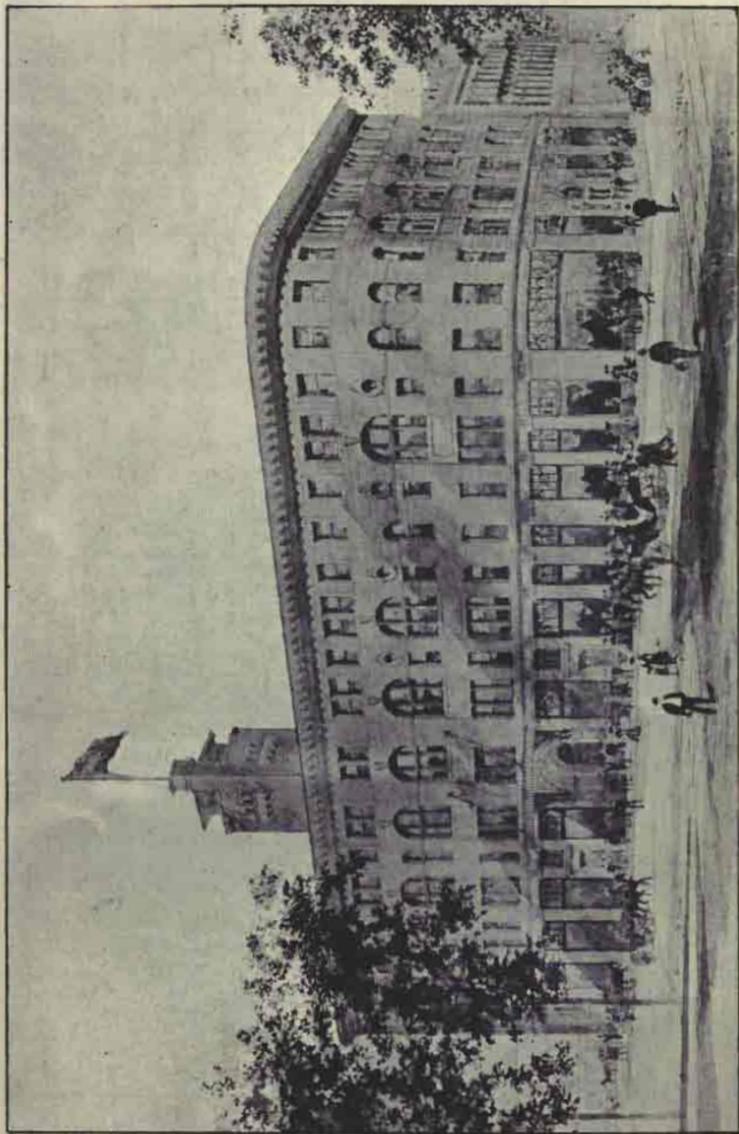
VIEWS OF HOTEL VICTORIA.

PHOTOS BY COL. SAM. HUGHES, M.P.
Page 47—Part II.



SOME OF THE ARTISTS WHO HAVE ILLUSTRATED THIS BOOK.

- | | |
|------------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. LOU SKUCE. | 6. MALCOLM T. BRICE. |
| 2. MISS MINNIE McLEAN. | 7. CHARLES R. THICKE. |
| 3. R. F. OUTCAULT. | 8. DONALD DOYLE. |
| 4. H. H. VICKERS. | 9. STANLEY SHEPHERD. |
| 5. MOSES C. EDEY. | 10. DANIEL McRITCHIE. |
| 11. J. ARNOLD THOMSON. | |



THE BIRKS MANUFACTORY, MONTREAL, CAN.

THE LARGEST JEWELRY ESTABLISHMENT IN THE WORLD.

DIMENSIONS:—200 FEET ON PHILLIPS SQUARE, 90 FEET ON ST. CATHERINE STREET, 90 FEET ON CATHCART STREET. HEIGHT OF TOWER, 125 FEET, AND FLOOR SPACE 72,000 FEET. THEY HAVE BESIDES THIS THE LARGEST RETAIL JEWELRY STORES IN OTTAWA, TORONTO AND WINNIPEG.

THE "AYLMER-GARD" TROPHY WAS DESIGNED AND MADE BY THE BIRKS.



1. TROPHY WITH AYLMER COAT OF ARMS.
2. LORD AYLMER.
3. COL. A. PERCY SHERWOOD.
4. COL. H. ALLAN BATE.
5. ANSON A. GARD.
6. MAJOR E. W. B. MORRISON.

Henri Julien's loyalty to Canada has made him refuse most fabulous offers from both the United States and Australia. With Henri it is "The Maple Leaf Forever." He is now, and has long been with the Montreal Star, and resides in Montreal in winter, and in his palatial residence, up Ste. Agathe way, in the summer.

MISS MINNIE McLEAN.

Miss Minnie McLean is one of three talented daughters of Wm. McLean, once Mayor of Aylmer. She is not only a natural artist, but has had the exceptional advantages of having the great Vickers as her teacher. In speaking of Miss McLean, this "Master with the rare brush" delights in the credit his Aylmer pupil has given to his instruction. In her painting of Fairy Lake (from which a fine reproduction was made, and to be seen on page 106, Part 3), she has brought out the beauties of this weird bit of water. She excels in animal painting and is now giving most attention to sheep and cattle work.

Miss McLean is musical, as well as artistic. For some time she was organist at the Presbyterian Church in which she is an active worker.

She is the sister of Miss Jennie McLean, a Missionary to Persia, of whose work much in praise has been written. Another sister, Louisa, is a trained nurse in New York City.

DANIEL McRITCHIE.

They do have a way of asking: "Who's he?" when you mention some one of literary or artistic attainments, but somehow, when you speak of Daniel McRitchie, or simply "McRitchie," they know right off that you refer to that clever young artist from Cape Breton, who has been but a short time on the Ottawa Evening Journal. But then his name is seen on so much that is good and chuck full of bright original ideas that he has compelled recognition. His political cartoons tell their story so forcibly that they would be recognized even without a word of caption. He is another natural artist: "I always liked to draw, and cannot remember when I couldn't do something with a pen or pencil. I have never taken a lesson." You've heard some young lady say that, in speaking of her dancing, and you didn't hesitate a moment to believe her, but it's different with Dan, for one somehow gets the impression that to excel, one must have instruction of some trained teacher of art. The Colonel says that he knows people who'd never be able to draw a *little red waggon*, with all the teachers in town, so when we see so much real worth we cannot but wonder that it could all be "just natcherl."

Daniel McRitchie hasn't much of a "Life", he's just young. He left his home out there on the Cape and went to Boston, when he was a boy. He went into business, but his love of art drew

him into its own channel, and the drag of business was given over for his present fascinating work.

He grasps an idea instantly. I had but given him the bare outlines of the story behind his picture on page 28, Part III, when he said: "I see it!"—and he did, for the "Old Ottawan's Story" is told at a glance, almost without words.

As they say: "Mack's lettin' 'em know on the Hill, that he's in town." They don't always care, but Mack has 'em guessin'. They don't care, but still the wonder is: "What has that McRitchie got to-day?"

An artist of his ability, and natural gift of pleasing the public, is a valuable accession to any newspaper, and he is making the Journal very popular among the readers with a vein of humor.



To Mr. Anson A. Gard
with the kindest regards
of Buster Brown and his daddy
R. F. Outeault

RICHARD FELTON OUTCAULT.

was born in Lancaster, Ohio, January 14th, 1863. He graduated at McMicken University, Cincinnati, Ohio. He married Mary J. Martin of Lancaster, in 1890. He started as a comic artist in 1895. His first success was "Hogan's Alley," in the New York World. The next, and up to "Buster Brown," his greatest success was "The Yellow Kid." This appeared in the New York Journal in 1896-7. "Pore Lil Mose" ran for a time, but in 1902 the greatest of all his work was begun—and by the way, the greatest of its kind ever conceived. I hardly need say that it was "Buster Brown," since all the world know "Buster and Tige" as though of their own household. All have learned to love them, not alone for their innocent mischief, but for "Buster's" moral "Resolutions." This conception was nothing short of an inspiration. It is enjoyed by the old, as well as the young, by the staid, as well as the mirth loving. "Buster" has become a veritable personality, a living, moving—very much so—human boy, while "Tige" has wagged himself into every heart, for his sound "Dog Sense."

"R. F." had long promised me a picture, but like too many artists, his promise did not equal his pen, but when I wrote him: "Send me something for the children of the Ottawa Valley," the next mail brought the sketch "Buster and Tige," which I am sure all of the children, both old and young, will greatly enjoy, and thank the artist for his favor. When I mentioned "Children," Dick's heart was touched. That talismanic word brooked no delay. He loves children, but no one who has followed his work need be told that, since every stroke of his pen marks his child-love.

From a financial standpoint, R. F. Outcault is the most successful comic artist who ever lived. His annual income is said to be little short of fabulous.

He resides at Flushing, Long Island, a short distance from New York City.

ARTHUR GEORGE RACEY.

I wonder will the readers of this book appreciate fully the real value of the favors they are receiving, not in the printed portion, but in the fact that among the illustrators are the works of such masters as Outcault, the greatest in his line, followed by that prince of caricaturists, A. G. Racey. I wonder, I say, will the readers think of this? Those who know the work of the two men will, and when the rest of you know of them, you must. It is not what they have here done for the book, but that they have stopped long enough to do anything for it, since their pencils are commanded wherever the best in their line of work is needed.

Outcault is an Ohio man; A. G. Racey is from the famous old city of Quebec, where he was born in 1870—the son of Dr. John Racey.

While he has never taken a lesson, one of his old school fellows once said of him: "Arthur may never have taken a lesson in art, yet in school he never did do anything but teach himself. He'd sit all day and draw, with often the old bald-headed teacher as his model. The old man caught him one day just as his picture was finished. I don't know what happened, but they both went out of the room, and when they returned, Arthur was looking more serious than I'd ever seen him before, and at recess he confided in me and said he guessed he'd give up art—but he fortunately reconsidered—*when it quit hurting.*"



A. G. Racey. By Matthews.

His first work was accepted by Grip, which he did much to make popular. He was with the Montreal Witness for a considerable time, making of that old reliable paper a very entertaining sheet while he was with it. He was on the Metropolitan, of Montreal, and did work for many other Canadian and American papers and magazines—his pictures being accepted wherever sent. London Punch, always casting about for the best, selected

him as their Canadian Artist. He is now on the Montreal Star, in which his cartoons are always a feature.

That by which he is best known is his wonderfully clever "The Englishman in Canada." This was gotten out in large magazine form and had a great sale. There is possibly nothing that ever appeared which so disallusioned the minds of the world about "Cold Canada—The Wilderness Land" as did these clever pictures. If you have never seen those convulsively funny cartoons, don't be content until you have found a copy of them.



Page 11, Part III,

The Old Quaker's Balky Horse. By A. G. Racey,

Like a few artists, Racey is also a very clever lecturer. His very seriousness is funny. His best lecture, possibly, is "Fun and Politics," and there is fun a heap in it.

He married Miss Isabelle Daly, a relative of Sir John A. Macdonald, and lives in Montreal.

STANLEY SHEPHERD.

Stanley Shepherd was born in Ottawa, May 7th, 1875. He is a grandson of the famous old axe maker, Saxton Washburn, of Hull. He was educated in the Hull Model School and in Ottawa, later going to a school in Toronto. In 1893 he took up the study of electricity with the Chaudiere Electric Co., which



"We're for the By-law."



"We're agin it—you bet!"

line he has since followed. Going to New York City, in 1900, he took a position with the New York Edison Illuminating Co. as Construction Superintendent, and was engaged on some of the great work of that company. He recently returned to Ottawa where he has entered into business for himself.

Art with Stanley is a pastime. When I asked him to contribute he replied: "Not as an artist, but for the interest I take in the country about which you are writing, I am willing to do a little toward the work. Then possibly some embryo artist of that country, seeing my effort, may be encouraged, on the ground that: 'I can do better than that myself.'" Stanley is too modest for his ability. In his conception of "Which one gets him?" he couldn't have gotten it better had he been there and sketched the scene, while his "Waiting for the group," is full of merit.

"FOR AND AGAINST THE BY-LAW."

The South Hull Council asked the people of the Township if they thought whiskey was a necessity, dispensed from so-called hotels. The day on which the test was made, I asked Stanley to draw me two pictures and caption them "For" and "Against." How well he did it may be seen on the next page. The faces are from life—not fancy. One of the "Against the By-law" was so afraid that you might not know which side he was on, that he may be seen holding out a bottle. Was that necessary? Look at the picture.

THOMAS LEWIS SKUCE.

Were I to leave this young man attached to the above name, no one of his host of admirers would know of whom I was writing, since everybody knows "The Racey of Ottawa," as "Lou" Skuce. That's all, just "Lou," "the cleverest artist of his age in Canada," as a good judge sizes him. That's a broad claim, but look for yourselves at the many of his pictures, throughout this book, and then take into consideration that he is but nineteen years old, and you cannot but admit that it's not so broad after all.

"Artists are born, not made," is a true saying. Lou inherited art. His mother, who was of the pioneer family of Bolger, was in her young days the cleverest painter in the city, and her son has her gift, only in another branch of art. It's as natural for Lou to draw as it is for him to breathe. One to see his sketches would at once get the impression that he fairly bubbles over with humor, and yet he could no more tell a funny story than the Colonel could be serious at a funeral. No, Lou has to have a pencil in his hand before he can do any bubbling, and then he sees every point of humor in the subject, so much so, in fact, that one day needing an illustration rather than a cartoon,

and he being the only artist who could do it at once, I was loath to let him try, but I did, and then I saw another side of the boy. He did the work so accurately that I could readily have believed that a staid old man with never a thought of any but the serious had done the picture, showing his double gift.

CHAMPION OARSMAN.

He is an all-round athlete, having won many foot races and taken part in many a paddling race. He is a member of the famous Britannia Boating Club, and belongs to the first crew of the War Canoe, and has been on the crew for five years, during which time the boys have won championships in both Canadian and American waters. He is also of the Senior Four, of which he is stroke. This Four has never been beaten in Ottawa and has won championship races in the waters of our two countries.

A HERO AT FIFTEEN.

His rowing has stood him in good stead. When but a boy of fifteen, he was at the old Britannia Boat House one day, when he saw a lady and gentleman—(or rather a woman and a cad, for they never thanked him) in a boat drifting down towards the Rapids, and but one oar with which to save themselves. Lou was in a Single Racer, but seeing the danger of the couple, put out after them. He caught them in time to save them from going into the whirling Rapids, from which nothing could have prevented their being drowned. He took one in at either end of his little canoe and started to paddle back to safety. But the current was so fierce that it took him a full half hour of hard work to land, and was so exhausted that he was well nigh giving up. The two got out, walked away as though nothing was due the brave lad. At another time, being out in a boat with three others, was caught in a storm (the one which blew down the Fraser Mill, not far away). The boat capsized. Two of the boys could not swim so they were left, sitting on the upturned boat while he and a companion started for the Britannia shore, full two miles away, where their thought was to get another boat and go back for their companions, but in the meantime two other boatmen seeing the accident, put out and took the two scared lads off the upturned boat. For this the rescuers were given medals by the Humane Society.

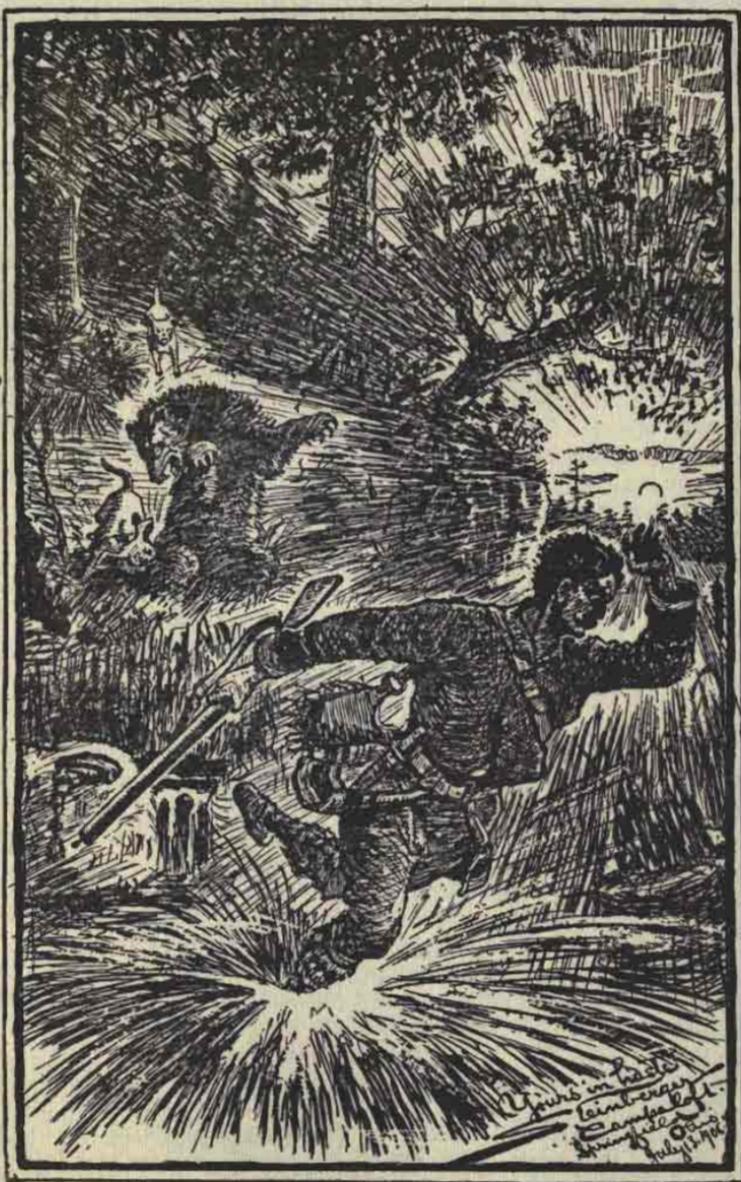
Lou is a boy with many accomplishments, for one so young. He has an excellent baritone voice and is most generous in helping at entertainments. He is "A Rapid Sketch Artist," his quick work on the stage always delighting his audience. When the Elks give their Annual, for the benefit of some good cause, Lou is invaluable in the "make-ups" of the various artists.

It is ever a pleasure to make a "Find" and to tell the public about my good fortune. That in Lou I have made a real "Find,"

the near future will most surely tell. Now remember, I'm going to say to you, when the world is talking of this boy, "I Told You So!"

ORIN STEINBERGER.

How proud we are of the home boys who make a success of life. Until success comes, however, the boy who lives on a farm and don't take his part in the farm work is set down as n.g. That is the rule, but somehow it was different with Orin Steinberger. We never expected of him any share in the rough part. He was so delicate, everybody said, and so, all of his time was just frittered away, drawing pictures, painting things, and then he could go in to Springfield and spend a week at a time at "Uncle Jacob's." My, how we did use to envy him and wish that we too were delicate and could draw and paint and fritter our time away. We couldn't do any of these things. No, we were just strong and healthy and could only work, and while away the dreary hours envying Orin. When he grew up he started out into the world to find that, which his Ohio home could not give him, i.e. a sound constitution. He went into many lands, visiting the great cities, and, as we thought, having all the sweets of life. His art stood him in good stead, and he found work for his pencil in New York, Boston, or wherever he sojourned. For a long while the Youth's Companion was made even brighter by reason of his ready conception and ability to draw and sketch. Later, some of the great publishers saw, in him, true genius and asked of him illustrations for the books which have become world famous. But all the while he sought in vain for that elixir for which he had gone out into the world to find, and failing, came back home. Consumption, everybody said, would soon claim him as its victim. That was years ago. To-day Orin is one of the most robust men in all our country-side. Like the boy who went out into the world to find a gold mine, and after seeking in all lands—seeking in vain—he returned and found, way back there, in the rough hills, the gold for which he had wasted years seeking. One day while roaming through the woods, on the back part of the old farm—in the section of our country called "The Oak Hills" that overlooks two great valleys—Orin came to a large oak tree. It ran far up and almost at the very top, branched out in cup-like shape, making it, as the artist thought, an ideal place for a "nest." He set about and by means of ropes and ladders he there constructed the most unique studio in all the world. He built here a well timbered and floored house, and lives in it, receiving and entertaining guests who come long distances to visit him—as he is very popular—some coming from as far as New York city, for the fame of "Camp-aloft," as he calls it, has gone into all lands. His guests reach it by means of an ingeniously constructed set of ropes. The guest sits securely in a chair, and is quickly drawn up the seventy-five feet with less



Page 45, Part III.

THE BEAR, THE FRENCHMAN AND THE HOUNDS.

This picture, made by Orin Steinberger, the famous illustrator, in his tree-top studio, "Camp-a-loft," 75 feet above ground, in "Oak Hills," Ohio, near birthplace of the Author.

effort than going up a step of a stairway. Orin himself more often climbs up by means of a smaller nearby tree. Here he has lived, worked and grown strong and healthy.

It is said that the view from "Camp-aloft" is most beautiful. Looking to the east is seen the rich "Buck Creek" valley, while to the west—toward my own Ohio home, three miles away—across the "Mad River" valley, is a most entrancing view from his outlook.

Orin is not only a brush artist, but his pen sketches are beautiful bits of word painting. See this gem as a sample. He was reviewing a book, a friend had written, when he said: "I like the happy-go-lucky style of his books, and the rollicking way he spins along. It knocks the sombre out of life like a brush fire in a clearing at night, and the legends break through the silence following the cheery laughs, like the call of a whippoorwill from the neighboring woods." I have rarely seen a prettier bit than this—so much in so little space.

When casting about for illustrators for this volume, I bethought me of my neighbor, and asked him to illustrate one of the stories. He chose "*The Bear, the Frenchman and the Hounds*," (see opposite page) and how well he did it, but a glance of an artistic eye can readily see. View it in any light and it is ever a picture, and I am very proud of it, and more so because of its coming from home.

CHARLES RAYMOND THICKE.

"If you have anything that requires unlimited patience to do, give it to Charlie Thicke," said the boys when planning out the various illustrations for this volume. "He," said they, "can get more beauty out of even the most common-place than we could out of the best story you have to illustrate." I went at once to see Charlie. I don't know but that he chose the "common-place", but when he saw "*The Legend of the Lake*," he paid me the compliment of choosing it, and I feel that his conception of the thought will go far to redeem the poem itself. And with the assistance of the great Vickers, and his "Best Pupil," Miss McLean, I feel quite safe in trusting that I'll be forgiven for it, just for the beautiful illustrations it has given to you. The delicacy of Charlie's page is really most pleasing. See, he has thrown around the two parts of the picture a crude Indian necklace—a broken necklace, like the young life of the broken-hearted maiden, who casts herself into the Lake, on hearing of the death of her two lovers. Then the faint outlines of the three spirits are artistically brought out, while the whole tells the story as though in written words.

It is a coincidence that two of Aylmer's artists should have chosen the same subject for illustration, as Mr. Thicke is also a former Aylmer resident. He was born in London, England, and came to Aylmer when a child in 1875. As may be seen in the

Geneological Part, Charlie's father was long manager for the Conroy Estate.

He has been in the Interior Department for 16 years, where he has intricate map making, and other work requiring the most delicate accuracy.

He married Miss Jane Savage, of Ottawa, and resides at Riverside Park, just above the city, along the Ottawa. His home, "The Oaks," is one of the finest of the many pretty homes in that beautiful suburb.

He was educated in the Public Schools of Ottawa. Like most of those who have so kindly given us their work, he has taken no lessons in art, but fell into it naturally. When we think that true art is to please, it matters not how it is acquired, whether by following some other's teaching or worked out for one's self. One must have it in one's self else all the teaching of an academy could not impart the true.



Drawn from Medal by Charles R. Thicke.

J. ARNOLD THOMSON.

He even started drawing his Hobby Horse and ever since that The Horse has been J. Arnold Thomson's hobby. When he grows tired of house-building on paper his pencil is at work on finding out how many different attitudes he can get that hobby into. In looking over his "scraps", as he calls them, one cannot but think that he has already found them all, but J. Arnold says that there are several hundred which he has not yet mastered. Forbes, the painter of King Edward, on seeing one of his horses, wanted to know from whom he had copied. "From no one," and picking up a pencil that lay on the desk, he then and there drew an even better "attitude" than the one he had just shown to the artist, who at once advised him to go into the "horse-trade," but J. Arnold finds that drawing houses for the Dominion Public Works Department warrants a surer income, and so "plays the ponies" only as a pastime.

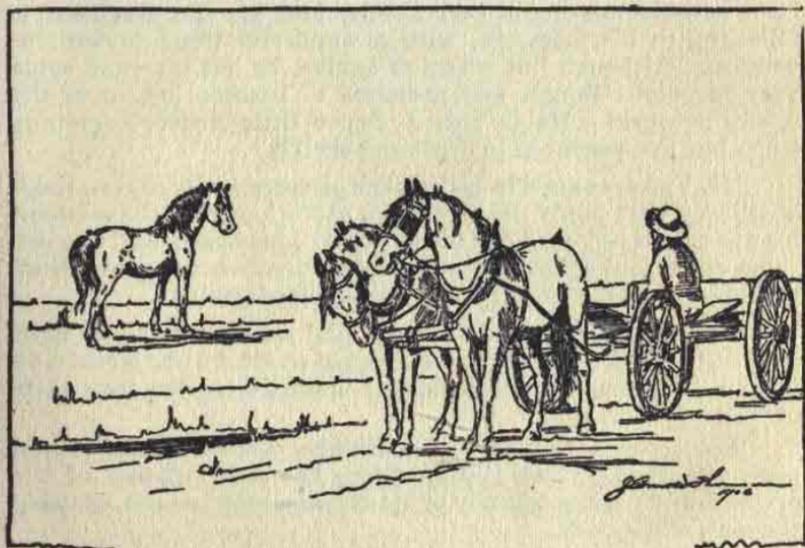
I wanted Uncle Zeb's balky horse shown as "Brown" first saw him. "Thomson can do it," said the boys, and had Brown seen the sketch before buying, Uncle Zeb would have had that horse yet. His eye and whole attitude is that of the animal that prefers grass to work.

But to the artist himself. He is the son of the Rev. John Thomson, M.A., who for thirty-five years has been pastor of Knox Presbyterian Church, of Ayr, Ont., where J. Arnold was born and partly educated, going later to the Collegiate Institute in Galt.

He is a well known baritone singer, having done much concert work and for some time was a member of the famous St. Andrew's choir of Ottawa.

He married Miss Eleanor Fetherstonhaugh of Ottawa.

He has been with the Public Works Department since 1904.



Page 11. Part III.

Brown sees the Quaker's Balky Horse. "I shure got to own that ar boss," says Brown.

HENRY HAROLD VICKERS.

In "The Hub and the Spokes" I predicted that "Ottawa will some day wake up to the fact that she has within her borders an artist whose fame will yet add honors to his adopted city." That prediction has already proved true, but possibly too late, for it would seem that another great Canadian city has also waked up to the fact that she must have him "within her borders," and is bidding for his coming. This "Artist with the rare brush"

is attracting attention all over, not only his own country, but the owners of great galleries in the States are calling for his work to such an extent that had he many brushes, and hands to wield them, he could not supply all the demands upon his time. Civic pride should not allow men of his surpassing ability to be taken, by "the city that wants everything"—and usually gets what she wants, for she appreciates genius. The rich Ottawans have a duty to their city—a duty which they owe to those less fortunate. "It's mine, for I made it," is not true. Many of them did *not* make it—since a *gift* is not earned value. But of Henry Harold Vickers I am writing, and not of the rich Ottawans—or that branch of them who would get all and give nothing back to the unsordid interests of their city.

Dudley, in Worcestershire, England, was the birthplace of Mr. Vickers. He inherited art, and has improved upon the inheritance. On both his father's and his mother's side, has been artistic worth for generations, and his son Reginald is following in his footsteps, with a wonderful trend toward invention. Although but a boy of twelve, he has invented some very ingenious things, and promises to become known in the scientific world. He is also a clever little artist—beginning when but five years old to draw and sketch.

Mr. Vickers excels in his smaller pictures. There is in them a delicacy that holds the observer's attention from the moment his eye catches sight of one of the gems of his brush, and one can come again and again and never grow tired—never grow tired looking, for in the work is seen the touch of genius.

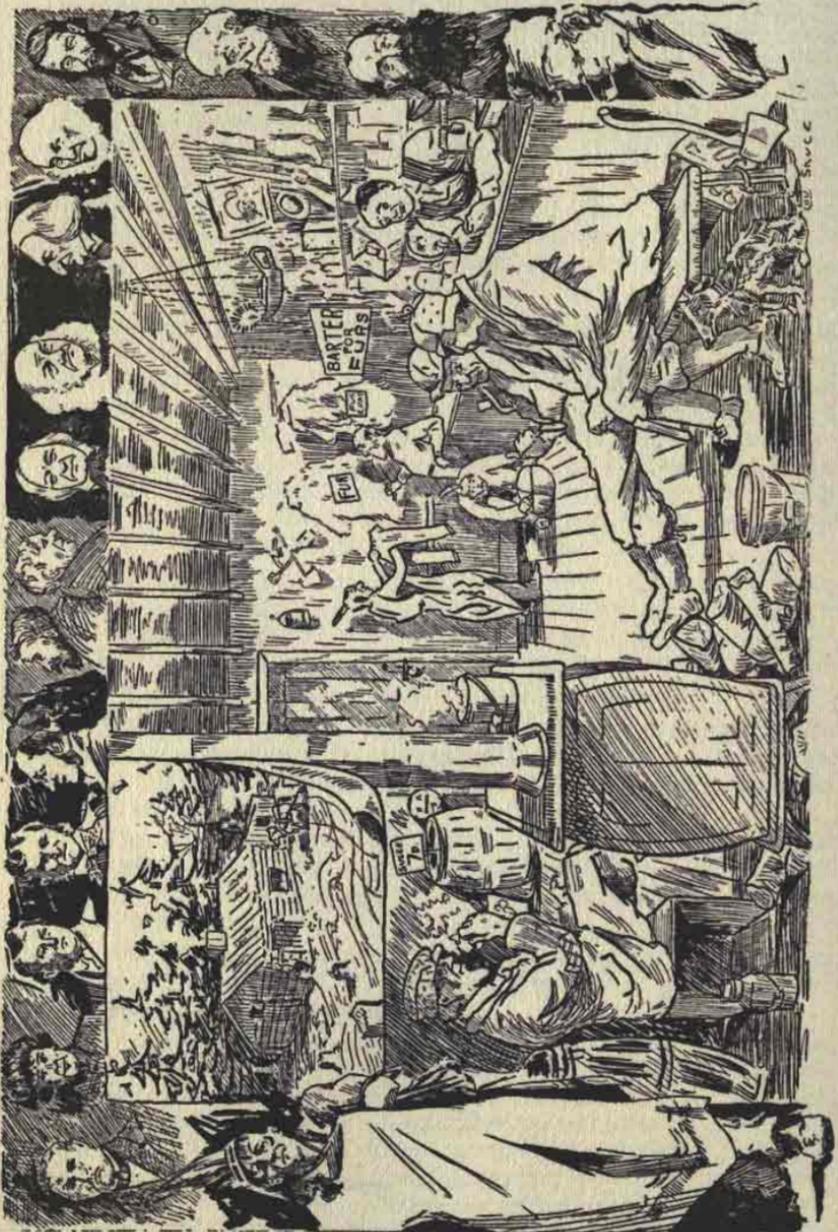
Like many another, this artist had a long and bitter fight against the fate that witholds reward of merit, but he worked on until a "Vickers," in any gallery is indicative of the good taste of the collector.

The reproduction of his "Through Beaver Meadow," on page 107 Part 3, but faintly shows the rich coloring of the original, and yet the delicacy of his drawing may be seen, showing the style of his work.

This picture makes me emphasize the rare good fortune of the possessor of a copy of this book—I repeat it, "good fortune, by reason of the artistic features."

I cannot close this sketch in fitter words than to repeat a sentence used in the above mentioned book: "It is a pleasure to predict that the time will come, when the work of this artist will command prices which would now be looked upon as beyond reason." Even already those words are coming true. His pictures are being sought after, far beyond his ability to produce them. It is rarely seen wherein an artist excels in both landscape and in animal painting, but note the excellence of both in all of his pictures where both appear. I have often looked upon

the spot from which the artist has taken the picture which is here reproduced. It is true to life, in every feature, even to the lazy cows, that stand around, knowing that it was evening and that they should have been on their way home a half hour ago. There is in his work a restfulness that adds to their value—a restfulness, for they are true to nature with nothing thrown in for effect, and the possessor of a "Vickers" feels that he has something real.



THE FIRST DEPARTMENTAL STORE IN THE OTTAWA VALLEY.

The picture in center, drawn by Lou Skuce. The portraits by Vickers, Shephard, Galsford, Doyle and McRitchie.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY FOR AYLMER, 1906

- Baker**—R. H. Sayer.
- Bank**—Crown Bank of Canada, Arthur Gunn, Manager.
- Barbers**—A. Broucher, Alex. Trottier.
- Blacksmiths**—George Levigne and Son, John Smith, John Watt.
- Carpenters and Builders**—F. Beaupré, sr.; F. Beaupré, jr.; E. Beaudry, sr.; M. Beaudry; A. Dubois; D. Longpré; Fred'k Parker; C. Routliffe; F. Roy; S. St. Jule.
- Cattle Dealers**—Wm. McLean, sr.; Wm. McLean, jr.; George Mulligan.
- Central Telephone Office**—Miss Rose Perrault, Manager.
- Dentist**—Robert Martin.
- Dressmakers**—Mrs. L. Bourgeau; Miss H. Gravelle; Miss C. Hanna; Miss Winnie Kavanagh, Miss Lagoie, Miss Rose Lavergne; Misses Josephine and Georgiana Morin; Mrs. J. Perrault; Mrs. Francis Roy; Mrs. W. Shepherd.
- Florist**—R. H. Wright.
- Fruits**—C. Dubois, A. Danis.
- Grocers**—John Beaton; Mrs. A. Beaudry; F. Boucher; C. Cardinal; J. Cardinal; Mrs. N. E. Cormier; Michael Duffy; Richard Fogarty; Joseph Gravelle; Mrs. T. Guertin; Napoleon Mathe; P. Martel; Joseph Noel; U. Quintal; Francis Soulier, T. Therien, M. Whalen.
- Harness-Maker**—J. J. Godwin.
- Hotels and Proprietors**—British—Mrs. F. Satchell; Dominion—Orin Rielly; Holt House—Mrs. A. M. Holt; Klondyke—Mrs. A. Delorme; Victoria—James Paisley; Windsor—Joseph Lebel.
- Lawyers**—E. B. Devlin, M.P.; J. M. McDougall; René de Salabery.
- Livery**—Wm. Gibson.
- Masons and Plasterers**—F. Beaupré; P. Beaupré; C. Bourgeau; J. Lablanc; E. Parizeau; G. Quintal.
- Meat Dealers**—J. Davis; Wm. Gibson; F. Soulier; S. Soulier; Church P. Wright.
- Merchants**—Ambers and Co., Dry Goods; A. Cyr, Dry Goods; C. Devlin and Son, General Store; Church P. Wright, General Store.

Millinery—Mrs. A. Cyr.

Music Teachers—Misses Minnie Chartier; Gertie Harris; Susan Klock; Ada Krupp; Minnie Morgan; Mary J. McArthur; Marjorie Petrie; Besides music is taught in the Convent by most capable teachers.

Newspaper—Aylmer Review, R.A. Millions, Editor and Proprietor.

Painters—A. Beaudry; E. Beaudry, jr.; P. Beaudry; A. Faucher; G. E. Jones.

Physicians—Jas. Aylen; F. W. Church; H. P. Hudson; Edw. Quirk; J. J. E. Woods.

Saw Mills—W. & J. Baillie; J. B. Fraser Co.; Geo. Lavigne & Son; R. & T. Ritchie.

Shoemakers—James Kelly, John Rockbrun.

Tailor—E. Donegan.

Tinsmith—Alex. Gravelle.

Wood and Coal—Church P. Wright.

Surveyors and Civil Engineers—George Rainboth, Edw. Rainboth, John Rainboth.

PART III.

PART III

HUMORS OF THE VALLEY.

ONE NIGHT'S ENTERTAINMENT.

SOME OF THE STORIES TOLD THAT OCTOBER NIGHT AT MOFFATT HALL, ALONG THE MOUNTAIN ROAD.

I was carried back to the time when I lived in Kansas, with the Jackson boys—Hy, Ky and Si, or possibly more naturally reminded of that snow storm in which I was caught, along in the '80's, down in old Virginia. Ever tell you of the good fortune that guided me to the little cross-roads corner grocery store? No? Well, I was then hunting up walnut timber, before I had learned to "let well enough alone," and went to New York City to teach 'em how to handle lumber proper. Yes, it was down there in the Valley of Virginia, up around White Post, that one day, when the snow was falling "in torrents," I overtook a man walking. In those buggy-driving days I made it a rule never to pass a foot-man without at least offering him a "lift." I offered Jim R—— a "lift."

RUBE GIVES JIM A LIFT.

"Jump in, stranger," says I; "jump in and you won't be walking," and Jim R—— got in, and we drove the mile to the little cross-roads corner grocery store. "Here we are," says he—and there we were, in front of a little log building which Jim said was his and Jack Laws' store. "Now, you are going to stop with us until the storm is over if it snows a month." And when a Virginian says that, you may risk your last dollar that he means it all. Ah! the genuine hospitality of the true Virginian! To me it will never be forgotten—that year in the Valley of Virginia! "That year," for it was a twelve-month of hospitality. Down there they don't seem to have a cold dislike of being "decent" toward a stranger. South Hull comes the nearest to Virginia in hospitality of any place we have yet found in Canada. Pardon this aside. I did stop with them, and during a three-days' snow we put in the time in a way that left no idle moments. Both Jim and Jack were capital story tellers, and, as Jack said, there was nothing to do but eat and talk, and that was the three days' program. They were both bachelors and kept their own "Hall"—and as the Colonel would have said had he been there, it wasn't a "dry hall" either. Jack Laws had

been a Mosby guerilla. Up to then I had always looked upon that band as the very limit of all that was bad, but I have from that time to this had a kind place for at least one of the number.

When, on this night at the foot of the mountain in far-away Canada, the story-telling began, I was more vividly reminded of those three days in the Valley of Virginia than I have ever been since. But why preface when there is so much of present interest to relate!

The supper dishes had hardly been put away when some of the Moffatt neighbors began coming in, "to spend the evening with the boys," as they said. E'er long some one started a story, and you know how soon is heard "That reminds me,"—and the night was far advanced when the last story had been told and the light put out in "Moffatt Hall," up there at the foot of the Mountain.

One after another had told his story when the Colonel said: "Rube, tell us the story of

HOW UNCLE JIM KLOCK SOLD THE BAYS TO E. B. EDDY."

"All right, Colonel," said I, and then I up and told them one of the best of the many good stories we have been hearing on the great Eddy. All through the Valley of the Ottawa, the name of Eddy is household, and everybody has a good word for this wonderful man. "Wonderful" for the many things he has accomplished. But here is the story as I heard it from Uncle Jim's own lips. The points are his, the "frills" may be a bit different, being told in the second person.

We read things in fiction and wonder if they could have happened anyhow. One of the very best stories in one of the most successful novels in modern times not only could have happened, but it did happen, almost as Westcott told it in his great book. But it did not happen in New York State. Three miles back of Aylmer once lived the very counterpart of the David Harum, described by the novelist. Of U. E. Loyalist stock, his ancestors transplanted from "away down East," he might well be taken for a typical Yankee once removed.

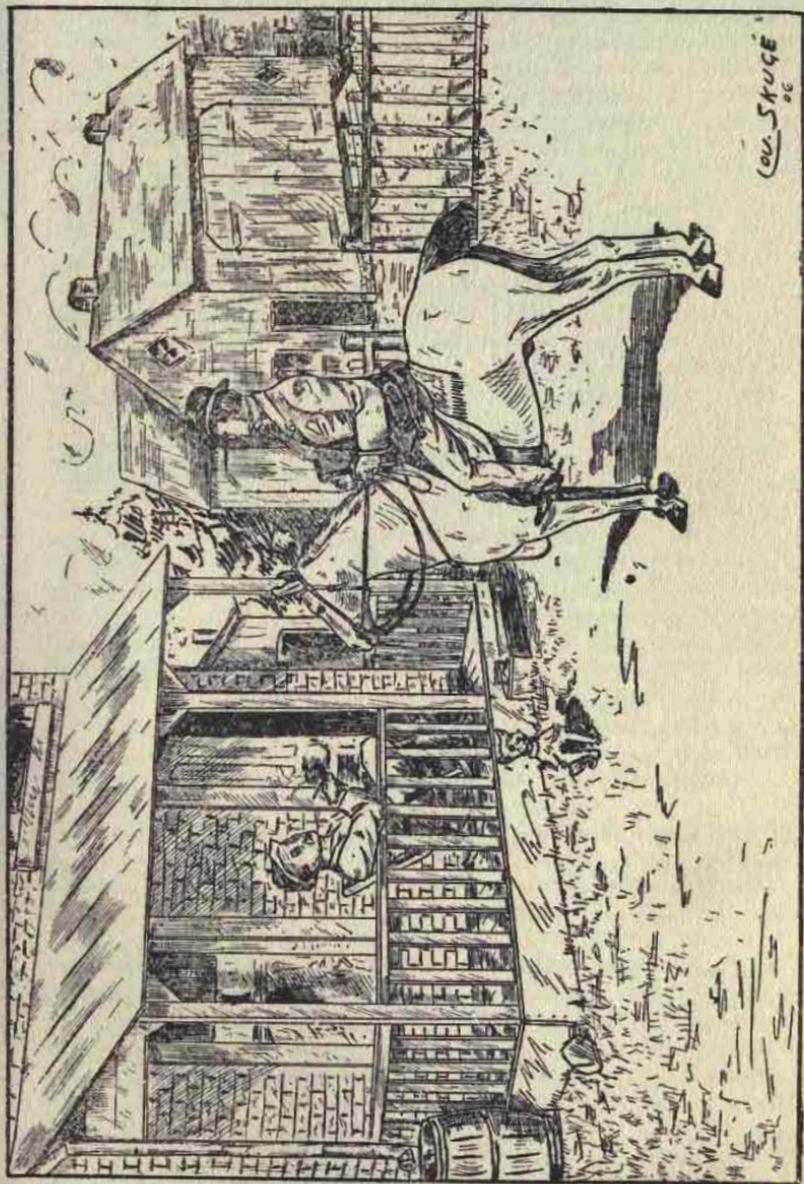
Not far away there lived a friend of this David. All the week he was so busy getting rich that he had no time to visit or to ride save of a Sunday morning before church. He, too, was of Yankee stock *not* once removed. He was the real—and of the Miles Standish family. And now for the real story of

THAT SUNDAY MORNING HORSE TRADE

which went far toward making Westcott's novel so famous.

"Good morning, Jim. Fine morning," said Ezra, as he rode up to where "David" sat smoking a genuine "cob."

"Good morning, Ezra. Yes, fine morning. Going to meet-in', Ezra?"



See page 4.

"Ezra, I never trade or sell horses on Sunday. 'T aint right, and no good comes of it!"

"Yes; just on my way, and thought I'd ride round to see how you're gettin' on. What's the crop prospects?"

"Only fair, only fair to middlin'; late spring set 'em back, but sunshine will bring 'em round all right. How's matches?"

"Trade's light and sulphur's high, but I'm scratchin' along and think I'll make a strike yet. Speakin' of matches, Jim, I hear you have two fine bays. While over I'd like to look at them. Where are they?"

"Out there in the shed, two first stalls just after you go through the gate," said Jim, never offering to go out and show the pair, but just sat and smoked on. Ezra rode out to the shed stable, saw the horses, which greatly pleased him, as they were very fine and just what he wanted, then came back to where Jim was still smoking, never having moved from his seat, from which vantage, however, he could watch Ezra's movements as he examined the team.

"Pretty good pair," said Ezra, "only a leetle light for my business."

"Why, Ezra, they're just what you need for your *light* business," and Jim's eyes twinkled at his little joke, which he rarely indulged in on the Sabbath, as he was very strict.

"What do you want for them, Jim?"

"Ezra, this is Sunday, and I never trade or sell horses on Sunday, 'tain't right, and you know it, Ezra. 'Tain't right and no good comes of it."

"Well, now, see here, Jim, suppose it wa'nt Sunday and I happened along and said, 'Jim, what do you ask for the bays?' what would you say?"

"Oh, well, in that case I'd say, 'Ezra, you may have them for \$450'."

"Then I'd say, 'Too high by \$50.' What would you say to that?"

"Well, if all this was a-happenin' on Monday morning, I'd say to you, 'Ezra, the bays are yours.'"

"Good morning, Jim. I must be going or I'll be late to meetin'."

"Good morning, Ezra. I'm not going to meetin' this mornin'. I'm not feelin' right peert—have a little twinge of rheumatiz," and the two friends parted. Ezra sent for the bays next day and always declared, "They're worth the money."

This is a true story. It happened possibly before the writer of "David Harum" was born. The two men, Ezra and Jim, are yet living. One of them is almost as widely known as the famous book itself.

Later—Ezra has died since this was written.

I often sit and talk with "David" and enjoy his reminiscences of the early days, when Aylmer was one of the livest towns on the river, and had a set of business men who would be great even in this day of great ones.

When it came my turn again, I could not think of anything better than another one of "Aylmer's David Harum," as we now call Uncle Jim, for his many good horse stories. The next was:—

"NOBODY KNOWS A HORSE."

Talking one day to David about horses and horse-trading, he began, sort o' between puffs: "Nobody knows a horse. You may live right next farm to one that ain't worth a dollar and a half, and his owner will give out the impression that his old plug is the finest thing in horse flesh that comes down the pike, and yet be all 'gone,' and no one know a thing about it."

"Now, see here, David," said the Colonel, "that's a broad assertion. In this day of 'vets.' it's mighty easy to find out all about an animal. All you need do is to put a 'V' in the hands of a 'Vet.' and say, 'Is that ar plug of Brown's sound?' and you'll never have to buy 'a pig in a poke,' or, in this case, a 'horse.'"

"That's where you are clear off, and to illustrate I'll tell you about one of my nabars who lived next farm to one of your vets.—a regular college-bred one at that. He'd studied every part of the horse, cut 'im to pieces and annyized 'im from tip to tip, and yet knew nothing about a horse when it came to buying one for himself. You see, this nabor I'm telling you of owned as high a stepper as there was in the whole country. He could 'go like the wind' for a mile or two, and then would not be any good for a week after. As they say, 'he was all gone inside.' Well, this Vet., who lived on the next farm, got to noticing Brown's fine goer and one day met Brown on the road.

"'Hullo, Brown,' said he, 'rather fine nag you've got there.'

"'Yes, fair,' said the wily horseman. 'He's a good stepper. Nuthin' in these parts can give him the dust fur a mile.'

"'Want to sell him?' asked the Vet.

"'No; wouldn't part with him,' said Brown, who, like every other horse-owner, the more anxious he is to sell the less anxious he seems to part with his steed of 'great value.' The Vet. at this got down from his wagon and carefully 'looked' the animal over, and said 'I'll make it \$100.'

"'A hundred?' said Brown. 'What do you take me for, anyway—a sheep-dealer?' and off he drove 'like the wind,' leaving the Vet. standing in the road like a foolish man. Well, sir, that settled the case. It wasn't two hours till the Vet. was over to Brown's with his 'wad,' determined to have that horse if he had to go up to the even two hundred. Brown saw him coming, and he hurriedly covered 'Rosenante' with a beautiful blanket, the kind used for fine trotters of the five thousand dollar class, and then stood looking at the animal as the Vet. drove up—stood contemplating as though the beast was the very apple of his eye. He seemed not even to see his visitor, who began at once he came into the stable, with: 'Now, look here,

Brown, you don't need that horse, and in my much driving about over the country I can use him, and I'll raise the offer \$50, and that's all he's worth. Come, Brown, be fair, what do you say?"

"That offer is more like it. It may be a whole lot more than he is worth. In fact, it *is* more than he is worth, but you see, when a fellow gets to liking an animal he gets sort o' set and places more value on him than he should. Now, that's my case. I don't believe he is worth \$75, and yet if you offered me \$175 I'd want time to think it over."

"Well, I'll give you \$175 spot cash."

"Make it \$185 and you may take him as he wears hair."

"Done, and here's the money."

"Count it out and take him. I don't need to guarantee him to you, and won't you take him as he wears hair or leave him where he is."

"Out came the Vet.'s wad and the horse changed owners. Brown generously threw in the fine blanket, which inside of a week the Vet. declared was all he got for his money."

"No, Colonel, there ain't nobody who really knows a horse. And, again, there ain't nobody who has any conscience when it comes to selling or trading one. I have seen men who would think it a mortal sin to steal a ten-cent piece, who'd beat their own fathers out of a hundred dollars in a horse deal. We are fearfully and wonderfully made when it comes to the horse. Got a match, Colonel, I've gone and talked my pipe clean out." I have often thought how much real good horse-sense in every word of what David had said.

When I had finished the story, all hands refused to follow in their turn and demanded another of "them Harums," and I had to go right on with another, which they seemed so much to enjoy that I'm going to try it on you. If you get tired of them, just skip 'em and go on up the Mountain Road.

DIDN'T KNOW HIS OWN HORSE.

David didn't know he had an "audience" the day he told the Colonel and me about Brown and the Vet., but he hadn't more than finished the story when a member of Parliament, who was sitting on a bench near by (we were in Queen's Park, a popular resort for poor, tired, *overworked* members of Parliament), *blandly* spoke up and said: "I beg pardon, but your story reminds me of a Presbyterian preacher out in my 'Riding.' Now, while your Vet. didn't know his neighbor's horse, this preacher I'm telling you about didn't even know his own horse, after driving him for five years."

"Hold on there, hold on," broke in David. "Don't drive too fast, stranger, or you may break the gears. Didn't know his own horse?"

"No; not after driving him all those years."

"Let's have the story," said David, and the member began.

"Well, this preacher out home used to pride himself on his knowledge of horses. 'I was raised with 'em,' he used to say; 'raised with 'em and know 'em like a book.' He didn't say what kind of a book, but I guess it wasn't his testament, for he was a pretty fair preacher. This pride of horse knowledge, however all stopped the day he traded with Jack, a *gentle* sort of a horse-trader out home, in Kincarden. And that brings me up to the story. The good man thought that he was tired of his old Dobbin, and hearing that Jack was to be at the village hotel on one of his trading rounds, drove down. Jack saw him coming and placed himself careless like, against a post of the hotel porch, and stood there whittling a shingle as the preacher drove up. 'Hullo, Jack, got anything to trade?'

"'Dunno,' said Jack, as though to trade horses was to do the other fellow a very great and special favor. 'I may have something that will suit you, but good horses are very scarce. That ar war to South Africa is a-taking 'em off fastern they can grow. I got one this morning. Picked it up for an officer in the Strathconas. I wouldn't like to disappoint the officer, but if you make it worth while I might be induced to risk getting another for him. Sam,' said Jack to the stable boy, who stood round with all the rest of the hotel help and one half of the village folk, for you must know that a horse-trader is a man who always has a big following,—more popular than an athlete in Ottawa, and that is the limit. 'Sam,' says he, 'bring out the thorbred I bought this morning.' In less than two minutes Sam had the 'thorbred' harnessed, ready to put to the preacher's buggy, which was done in a jiffy, and away went preacher and horse-trader round the block and down the pike to the creek. 'Pretty good goer,' said the preacher, as they got back to the hotel; 'how'll you trade?'—'I am almost afraid to risk it, as that officer is a good friend of mine and I wouldn't like to disappoint him, but I guess I'll have to. Give me \$15 to boot and you can drive him home.'—'Done,' said the good man, and the fifteen was paid.

"The preacher wasn't out of his head when Jack took Sam to one side and said, said he to Sam: 'Sam, if ever you clipped a horse quick, get at it and clip this one on record time. Now scat!' and Sam scatted, for Jack was noted for paying well when any one did anything for him on record time. When two hours later, that preacher got back to the hotel, as Jack said afterward that he knew he would, there stood hitched to his trotting buggy as trim an animal as had been seen in the village for many a day.

"'Jack,' began the preacher a half-block away, as he came sailing in, 'this horse won't suit. He shies, won't stand, his wind is bad—he's *all* bad, but a trade's a trade. I don't cry like most preachers when they get the worst of a deal, and tickled to death when they beat the other fellow. No, it was a fair

trade. "My eyes were my buyer," as they say, and if they fooled me I won't cry. Have you anything else to trade?"

"Well, I never like to take advantage of the "cloth"; how'd you like to have your own old horse back again?"

"Oh, hang the "cloth" and my old horse with it. I neither want the one back, nor want you to treat me other than you would a brother horse-trader, for, as I said, "My eyes are my buyer."

"Jump in the buggy," said Jack; 'I'm going down the pike a mile to see some horses that I am buying for the army, and one of them may suit you,' and away they went, for old Dobbin, without his shaggy coat, seemed to have taken a new lease of life, and a few well-administered cuts from Jack's whip only added to that lease. When they got to the farm where Jack was to look at the horses, he said, 'Now, while I run in, you hold the horse. I won't be long.'

The preacher got out, looked the horse over, walked away, leaving him stand unhitched, took out a newspaper and let the wind blow it past the animal, who paid no attention to it. In short, while Jack was away the good man did everything he could to scare the beast; but it was no use, he just wouldn't scare, so that by the time the trader got back he was all but in love with the animal.

"This is a pretty good one you've got here, Jack. Why didn't you show me this one this morning?"

"I couldn't. I didn't own him then. I got him after you drove up to the hotel,' which was the truth.

"I like this horse, Jack. He seems like an old friend; how'll you trade?"

"Oh, I couldn't think of it. He'll suit that Strathcona officer even better than the other, and I just have to keep him.'

"Now, see here, Jack, it is not right to give a preference to war. Think of it, Jack, think of it. Here you are, a peaceful man, preferring to sell a horse to go to war where the poor innocent animal may be slain, when you can sell him to the "cloth," which you seem so much to respect. Yes, I say, Jack, think of what you're doing.'

"Hold on; Hold on, there. I never looked on it in that light before. You have opened my eyes to the awfulness of the thing. That Strathcona officer can just go and be hanged. He can't have this horse now for any money, and if you make me anything like a fair offer I will trade. Come, what do you say?"

"I'll give you an even dicker.'

"What? Even? I don't believe you want him at all. Oh, no; not on your life. You'll have to pay me \$15 to boot or I shall even yet be tempted to sell to the Strathcona.'

"I'll trade. Here's your \$15, for to be honest, I have taken a great liking to this animal. He just seems like an old friend.' And, after hitching him in to his own buggy, he drove off as

happy as if he had been paid a ten dollar marriage fee; but imagine his feelings when his hired man met him at the gate at home with, 'Hullo; you've had 'im clipped. My eyes, he looks fine. I'd hardly knowed 'im.' But the good man's eyes had been his buyer and he never cried, neither was he ever after heard to boast of his 'horse sense.' No, gentlemen, a man don't always know his own horse."

"I refuse to tell another one," said I, when I had finished the last.

"Oh, yes, Rube; give just one more. Tell that one of Jackson's. You know the one about the old Quaker and his balky horse."—"Yes, yes, Rube," came the chorus around the stove at Moffatt's Hall, and I gave in and told of:

THE QUAKER AND HIS BALKY HORSE.

"Speaking of there being no conscience in a horse deal reminds me of the old Quaker out in Elgin," began Jackson, another M.P., that day in the Park. "Everybody thinks of a Quaker as the very soul of honor, and I guess that in everything but in a horse deal he is the most honest of all our people; but when it comes to the horse, I'd not trust him any quicker than I would an alderman on a committee to put up a Fat Cattle show building, with big contracts to give out. But, then, to my particular Quaker. He had just bought a horse, a fine looker, but wouldn't pull a twelve-ounce pound unless hitched behind it. He'd balk, back and bite, kick, prance and paw, but wouldn't pull. No; he just wouldn't pull, but the Quaker never mentioned the fact to a soul. The day he bought him, he tried the horse single, double and tandem; but in no case would he draw in any direction but backward. Fortunately for himself, no one had seen his failure, as his boys and hired men were off that day to an Orange picnic. He just turned the beast out to pasture and never tried him again. About a month after, one of the neighbors, seeing this fine steed in the pasture, along the road, dropped in to see the Quaker.

"Good morning, Uncle Zeb. I see you have a new horse out there. Had'm long?"

"Oh, 'bout a month. Did thee notice his fine points?"

"Yes, Uncle Zeb; he's certainly a good looker. Will he pull?"

"*Will he pull?* Nabor, to see that ar steed pull would do thy heart a world of good. To see him in a swamp hitched to a load of wood, and to see his muscles swell out, as he drew that wood like two horses, would be a greater joy to thee than a winning racer coming under the wire at the County Fair would be to his wicked owner. *Pull?* I never owned a horse that pulled like him."

"How much will buy him?" asked the neighbor, now all worked up by Uncle Zeb's enthusiasm.

"Well, I really don't know what to ask thee, as I know so little about values. What will thee give? Thee deals more in horses than I, and should know values."

"I'll make it an even hundred."

"If thee will say twenty-five more, then thee can drive him away."

"Done, and here is your money," said the neighbor, delighted at his bargain.

"About four o'clock next day neighbor Brown came over to Uncle Zeb's in a two-horse wagon, with the beast hitched on behind, with a cable rope big enough to hang an elephant. He found Uncle Zeb out in the barn yard, looking at a fine four-year-old he had just bought with a part of Brown's one-twenty-five.

"Uncle Zeb," began Brown, almost too mad to be civil, 'here's your durned old "puller." Why, he wouldn't draw the cork out of an empty bottle of cider.'

"Well, who said he would? I never told thee or anybody he'd pull."

"*You didn't!* Now, see here, Uncle Zeb, didn't you say "It would do thy heart a world of good to see him hitched to a load of wood in a swamp and watch him pull it out just like two horses?" Well, I went down to the swamp, just like you said, and when I got a fair load on I tried to get him to pull it out and, durn him, he just wouldn't move one inch. He wouldn't even try. No, Uncle Zeb; he wouldn't try, and you a-sayin' that it would do me a world o' good to see him pull."

"Well, wouldn't it? Come, nabor, light off and have some fresh cider we made to-day. How dost thou like my four-year-old there?" said Uncle Zeb, pointing to the colt he had been contemplating as Brown drove up. 'How dost thou like him? Got him for seventy-five of your dollars. He'll pull; I tried him first before I bought, which is a good rule,—good rule, nabor Brown. Always try 'em first. What! ain't goin' ter light off?' But Brown was too made to talk, and started up his team to drag his purchase back home.

"He came next day to beg Uncle Zeb not to mention it, but it was too good to keep, and Brown never heard the last of how he bought Uncle Zeb's 'puller,' and the two Members got up and walked over to the merry-go-round.

And then I was tired. Mayhap you, too, are tired.

Now that these stories are finding their way into pages, I cannot but think of the changes since they were told that night. E. B. Eddy has closed his account, and left his great works to be carried on by others. Many another of the pioneers have gone since that night—pioneers who gave us so much of value that I shall ever hold them in kindly remembrance.

The following chat relates to two mornings after the "night's entertainment:"

RUBE AND THE COLONEL GET LOST ON THE LINE.

Next morning we wondered if it would never get daylight, or if the sun would never get up, as our watches showed that it was late. When, however, we did arise and looked out of the window, we saw the reason of the phenomenon. The mountain to the east had shut out the light and it was near eight o'clock before the big red globe showed its face above the high ridge. It was beautiful to see the shadows creep away, driven out by the great ball of light over the mountain.

After breakfast, which was enlivened by more of Mic's stories, we bid good-bye, and with the hearty "Come again" delighting our ears, we started to find our way across the line dividing Hull and Eardley townships. Say, did you ever try this feat? No? Well, let me advise you. Go round by Bryson or Portage du Fort, any old way rather than try to find your way across on this line dividing Hull and Eardley townships. It's not a line—it's a whole country, broad and deep. Deep, for it's nothing but continuous canyon. It's uphill and down, through brush, over creeks, wire fences to crawl over or under. And, say, I guess the Colonel and I are lost. We sit here on a log contemplating the situation. We try to look around, but find the only unobstructed way is straight up toward the clouds which threaten rain or snow every minute, and—there it's beginning now.

But for all this we have plodded along as happy as the day. I must have been whistling, for the Colonel remarks, "Rube, you'll never get shot in the woods for a deer."

RUBE HAS STOPPED SINGING IN TOWN.

"Why so, Colonel?" I ask.

"Because you're always whistling when in the country."

"It's the only chance I have, Colonel. The only chance I have to sing or whistle is when out in the woods, for if I did it in the 'madding crowd' I might indeed get shot, and not for a deer at that. I do sometimes try to sing in town. I did it the other day in Aylmer. I was out walking with one of my sweethearts—little Irma. I began to sing soft and low like, and, as I thought at the time, very sweetly, for I was happy. I am always happy when out with my little sweethearts. I began to sing, I say, when Irma looked up into my face with that sweet innocent way of hers and said, 'Uncle Rube, please don't make that noise, it hurts my ears!'

"I haven't sung in town since, and when I get out here in the woods I whistle, for I must do something musical when I'm happy."

THE MOUNTAIN GETS TURNED AROUND.

Were you ever lost in the woods? And did you get up on some kopje and look over toward a mountain you'd been traveling with for two days, and find that in one short morning it had turned completely around and was in the south, when you had left it in the magnetic north? Did you, I say? Well, then, you know how it is. That mountain of ours got turned 'round every time we found a new kopje to climb up and look. Just here we come to another little creek.

"Rube," says the Colonel, as he stops to look at the thing, "did you ever see so many little creeks in such a short space of time; why, this is the fourteenth we have found this morning."

"Yes; and," says I, "do you note that every one is going in an opposite direction from the last?" Later we found we'd been crossing the same creek in our circle.

THE NATIVE AND THE HULL ROAD.

When, long toward noon, we got out of the woods, creeks and canyons, and struck a little road, hardly more than a cow-path, we met a native, whom we asked, "Beg pardon, but what path's this we are on?"

"This? Why, this is the Hull road."

"It is? Why, it looks like only a part of it," said the Colonel.

"No," said the native; "it's the *hull* of it," and then laughed so heartily that he must have thought we'd not been hearing the old place *punished* for the past two years.

"I ought to know," he continued, "for I've always lived right here," but he did not need to have told us that.

IT RAINS, AND RUBE HAS PLEASANT MEMORIES.

It began pouring rain, and when I whistled a bit more joyously the Colonel said: "Why, Rube, you seem happy. How can you be so cheerful and it pouring rain like this?"

"Colonel," said I, cutting the tune right square in the middle, "I'm happiest when it rains, and the harder it pours the brighter all nature seems to me," and I took up the melody (?) where I'd left off, but he persisted and wanted to know how that was possible.

"Pleasant memories, Colonel, pleasant memories."

"Well?" and he waited for the why.

"You see, it was this way. I used to work on a farm when a boy, and when it rained I could sit in the barn and watch it pour, and think of how that we couldn't hoe or plow or sow or reap; and all I had to do was to sit there and rest—just rest; and, Colonel, I always did so like to rest that the memories of those rainy hours to this day call up such sweet, contented, happy feelings that I just have to whistle and watch it pour."

BUTCHERING DAYS.

Looking across the fields we saw first a smoke and, looking closer, we saw that a farmer was butchering hogs for his winter's meat. "Ah, Colonel," said I, "there are more pleasant memories."

"And how so?" asked Horatius.

"Ah, me! It recalls the days I didn't have to go to school. Butchering days on the old farm! Sweet memories! Long before daylight we had to be up to build the fires and fill the kettles with water. It was conceded that I was the best boy in the whole country—on Butchering Days—until it was too late for school, and then—well, I let the others carry the wood and bring the water, for I was too busy frying 'melts' on a stick or blowing up home-made footballs. Let's go over, Colonel. It's been many a long day since I saw this branch of farm work and I would see it again, and be reminded of those freedom days, when I helped butcher and stayed at home from school," and we went over.

THRESHING DAYS.

Further along we came to where some of the Lusks or Ferrises or—no matter now, we may never know, nor do I care.

"See, Rube, there's more of your pleasant memories. Let's go over and watch them thresh."

"No, Colonel, cut that out. I don't want to see anything that reminds me of the dusty days when I would have to work twelve hours and at night wish I could die, so that I would not have to do it all over again next day. This was the threshing of grain. We will not go over, for I might be reminded of that other sort of *thrashing* that did so used to go *against* the grain," and we didn't go over.

RUBE AND THE COLONEL FINALLY FIND THE LINE.

After wandering around up in the mud of Eardley township, we finally were set right and put upon the Line Road, and were told how that the reason we had lost our way was that, while the two ends of the division road are open, a long stretch of it has always been too rough for road making, and has never been opened.

"Yes," said the Colonel, when the native explained the matter; "yes, we saw that it was not open, and have spent the whole forenoon on the stretch, and will wait till the next generation comes along with a bit of enterprise and opens the road, before we try to cross again."

BACK TO AYLMEER.

It was long after dark before we reached Aylmer, having spent the whole day coming—in the proper way—nine miles.

We did not mind it, for I gained much genealogical data for my Eardley Book, if book it ever becomes. If not, have we not had a delightful time collecting the data?

I have possibly made this chapter of the Mountain Road a bit long, but what matter; some parts of it will interest all and no part of it but will interest some, and one must write for all.

RUBE TELLS OF HIS COLLEGE DAYS.

You ask if I ever went to college. Of course I did. Yes; I was once a real college student—only once, though—just once, and then I somehow stopped and went back to farming. I almost forget how it happened, as it was in my very young life. One day father came down into the cornfield—down there, by that high fence hedge that divided our farm from Neff's, just south of us. I didn't hear him coming, as I was deeply interested in Owen Meredith's *Lucile*. I lay there reading, not thinking of anything so serious as father's coming, when all at once he spoke, and then I forgot about the poem. He had a gentle voice at times, but he must have spoken rather above his ordinary tone, for it at once woke up Tom, the one-eyed mule, who had gone down into the field that morning with me to help plow. I didn't wonder that Tom woke up, why, it even startled me at first, it was so sudden like.

"Rube," said father, "do you like farming?"

"Oh, yes, I dearly love it—all but the work."

"So I have often thought," and then he started in to talk seriously. "Rube, I am afraid you will never amount to anything. I am afraid you will be a ne'er-do-well. 'Mother' and I have been talking the matter over and have concluded to send you away to college, since you seem to be good for nothing else."

"Do I have to work there?" I asked, now all attention.

"Oh, no," said she; "that is, as a general rule, you won't have to. Few of them do."

"Well," said I cheerfully, "you can tell ma that no argument will be necessary to convince me that college is the place for her boy,"—and I guess that's how it happened.

From that hour until I got on to the train for Delaware, Ohio, I was the only real thing in all the countryside about Tremont City. I felt that I was It—with a large I. Why, even Bill Wilson, who had been to New York with a load of hogs, was no circumstance to me. Up to that time Bill was the only boy in all that community who had any real right to swagger, but now I could go right by him in the crowd and snap my fingers at him, for I was going to college, to be gone three whole months!

I was now the one boy with any sort of prominence for at least three miles around.

Well, I packed up this "prominence," along with my "store clothes," and the next thing I knew I was on the train. Then I began to realize the step I was taking. Here I was on the cars, on my way from the dear old home. *Fifty miles*, and to be gone *three months*. The thought was almost too much for me, but I had started and would not turn back, and the next thing I knew I was a real college student. At the very first the Principal, or, as we call him down there, the President, gave me to know that he meant to conduct the school under rules that he had made up for that special purpose. Now this was, to say the least, a bit of a surprise to me, as I had a full set of my own, which I had intended to spring on him as soon as we got better acquainted; but he ran his rules in on me before I had had time to get even sociable, and I had to bring mine back home unpacked, and have never since had any chance to use them, and to this day they are as good as new.

RUBE TOOK TO IT FROM THE VERY START.

Father was right when he said it would not be work. Why, it came so natural to me from the very start that I was quite surprised at myself, it was so easy. Inside of a week I could take any position in which I was placed, and the other boys all envied me. Pearl Hedges used often to say, "I don't see how you do it." Of course, while I could take any position in which the captain put me, yet I always preferred the pitcher's box, and still it wasn't long till I could catch nearly as well; while in the field there wasn't a boy in the nine that could beat me on the "running catch," and as for batting I hardly ever played a game that I did not make a home run and sometimes two or three. Our nine beat all the other classes, and then we widened our field and took in all comers until we had a reputation to be proud of.

Oh, yes, I was a college student for a whole term. I liked it so well that I could have gone right on, in fact, the boys said they just wouldn't know how to get on without me. Yes, I liked it so well that I could have gone right on to the end and then begun over again, which I would doubtless had to do.

I may never know just why I did not return, but I have often thought that the sealed letter that the President gave me to hand to father had something to do with it, for as soon as he read it he said, "I hear, Rube, that you have become the champion pitcher in the college."

"Yes," said I, proud-like, but I wondered how *he* knew.

"Well," said pa, "I am really delighted to hear it, as you are home in good time for 'haying.'" And that was the end of my college life. I often think it was well for me that it turned out

as it did, for somehow it has been hard enough to get on without a college education, and I don't know what I should have done with that to contend with.

RUBE WASN'T MISSED.

Don't believe I ever told you of my home-coming from college. No, I'm sure I never mentioned it. I could not speak of it for many years, but I don't care now, as it has been so long ago. Well, I must tell you, and it may call up like memories in your own mind, for you have all gone through boy-land and have had the same high opinion of "mama's pet."

The railroad did not then run through the old farm as it does now, and I had to walk a mile and a half from the station—old Tremont Station, on the Sandusky Road. When I got to the "River Bridge" I could have "cut across," but no, that would never do, I must go 'round through the village just to let the neighbors see that I was back home once more after my long absence. I had often sat in my lonely room in far-off Delaware—*fifty miles away*—and wondered what the neighbors were saying about me anyhow. I just knew that I must be the subject of many a conversation, as the ladies gathered "round the quilt," as they talked and stitched; or at the singing school, the whispered wonder, "what is Rube doing to-night?" from the young folks. Yes, I was the one subject of discussion during the three long months I was away.

As I neared the edge of the village I saw old Uncle Sam Bear coming along in that swinging gait of his. His head was down and he did not see me until I was almost up to him. Finally, as he looked up, I guess I must have "strutted" a bit as I began, with head high and chest thrown out, proud-like, "Well, uncle, I'm back again!" He looked at me in a surprised manner, and I was sure then that he hardly had words to express his welcome, but he finally spoke: "Back again? From where? I didn't know you were away! I hadn't missed you!" and he went on down the creek, while I "cut across" home, not having the heart to meet any of the rest of the neighbors. "Hadn't missed me. Didn't know I was away!" Since then I have often watched the boys grow smaller as they grew larger—and I was one of the boys.

THE WORLD'S ESTIMATE OF A MAN.

The world's estimate of a man is seldom better, or rather is seldom more accurate, than is that of his birth-place. If he rise in the world, the world may only look at the result without analysing the man at all; but the home folks know the real man himself, and the children of the next generation can give you

his character to a nicety. If he rise in the world, and he has merited it, there are none who delight more over his good fortune than these same home folks. But woe to him who has not merited it, they never forgive him for it. In short, you may fool the world, but you can't fool the old neighbors.

When I wanted to know of the real men who had been of Aylmer, I did not go out and ask the world about them. I just sat down with a crowd of the "Home Whittlers" and let them talk, occasionally directing the conversation toward the man I would know about. And thus ran the "estimates" one day, the Colonel and I merely directing listeners. These are the

MENTAL JOTTINGS, OR THE SMOKERS' ESTIMATE OF THE BOYS.

"Yes, we've had some pretty big men grow up here in Aylmer. I guess about as big as any place of its size in Canada. They were the *real* sort and not just the kind that the world gets stuck on without knowing them. They were men as was men, and weighed sixteen ounces to the pound. Some of them left sons who are a credit to their names, while others raised a set of regular cads, who went away and got ashamed of their birth-place, which, you know, is the limit of caddishness. Oh, yes, they've got money, but what's money if you're *measley mean*," and he reached for another match while he was clearing his throat to add his mite in the "estimates."

"Do you mind," he began, "the time the 'Emerald' steam-boat started? Let's see, that was along in '46. Great day, that! John Egan was the principal mover in the company. John was a man that Aylmer has been proud of ever since. The name will live with John.

"Big difference between Egan and some of the men who have figured in the Valley of the Ottawa." I knew from the way he said it that we were going to get an interesting "estimate," and so it proved.

"I like money as well's the next one, but I'll be durned 'f I'd like to get it same's the one who started as an ox-driver and died worth so many millions that he couldn't take time to count 'em."

"How did he get so much?" asked the Colonel.

"How'd he get it? Why, he fust got it any old way he could—within the law. He'd go partners with young fellows, and after they had spent all they had he'd just 'lay down' and let the property be sold out and then buy it in. That man left a trail of broken hearts all up and down the river. Some of 'em got over it, but others could not stand it and went off and drowned themselves, either in drink or the river. That man would sell out his best friend and think no more of it than he would to get money in an honorable way. I guess, from all accounts, that it never did him much good."

WAS READY FOR MONEY TO THE LAST.

"I wonder if he was the one," broke in the smoker who wanted to know, "about whom the servant tells—the miser, who, as he lay dying, saw a friend through the door into the hall beyond to whom he had loaned a sum of money?"

"Don't know; but let's have the story. I'll give you part of my time."

"Oh, there's not much to it. When he saw the friend through the door, so the servant tells, he tried to raise himself on his elbow and motioning to his friend, saying—oh, so feebly: "You've brought me the money, at last, have you? Bring it in; I can take it. Yes—I—can—take—it!" That was almost the last thing he ever said. Died with the money greed strong to the end."

"I wonder, too," chimed in the man on the sardine box, "if he was the rich miser who was so berated by another millionaire, to whom he was lamenting his ill health, when he was invited to go with a party to a health resort? 'No matter,' the calling millionaire said, 'you'll never get well here. Come; go with us to ——— Springs.' 'Can't afford it,' said the miser; 'I can't afford your three and four dollar a day hotels like you can.' This so angered the caller that he said a whole lot of things, and said them so strong that the miser never forgave him, and the liberal millionaire often said he didn't care a ———, well, he said he didn't care; and I don't think he did, for he is so free and kind with his money that he can't abide a miser, especially one of those who have millions and grind everybody else to squeeze out some more of it."

The Colonel and I wondered what sort of a man this miser could be about whom the smokers had so much of ill to say. We were still wondering, when the next one asked:

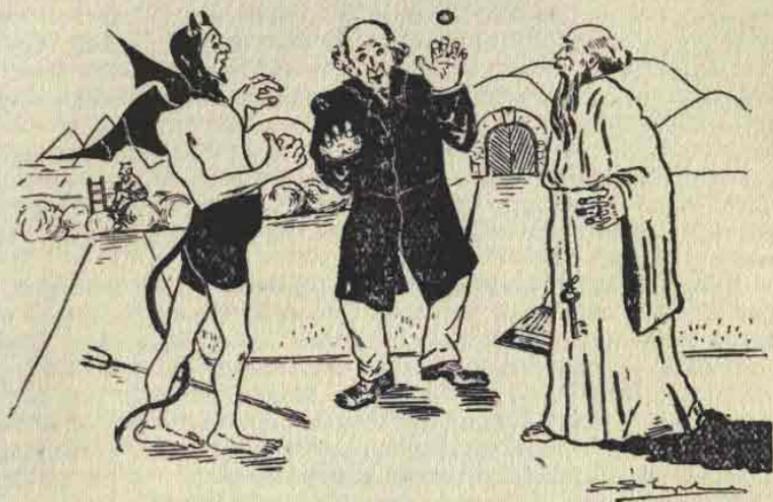
"YOU DON'T BELONG HERE!"

"Is he the one they tell about who, when he got through, he went to see St. Peter, who told him that he didn't belong up there, and he sent him to His Majesty below?" asked the man over in the corner.

"I'm not sayin' who he was," said the narrator; "I'm just telling you about a man who loved money and who got it—a heap of it."

"Come tell us your story," said I to the man in the corner. I wanted to know. I always like to hear the end.

"Well," he began, after he had refilled his pipe and hitched up a little closer to the stove, "I can't vouch for it, but they do say that when this miser I have in mind went up to the gate asking admission, St. Peter said, 'You don't belong here.' 'Where do I belong, then, if not here?' 'Must belong at the other gate,' said St. Peter. At 'the other gate' His Majesty de-



Which one got him ?



Neither!

See page 20.

clared that *he* didn't want him. 'Too mean for me,' and was walking away when the miser said: 'Hold on, I must belong some place. One of you have got to take me in.' 'Well,' said His Majesty, 'we'll toss a penny for you,' but when the penny was tossed the miser's old love of money came back and the penny never landed, for he made a grab for it and, as of old, he got it; now he is said to be dropping, like a will-o'-the-wisp, through space. No, I can't vouch for it; but it's a story they do tell about him, and all who knew him say that the thing would fit the case," and then he hitched back to his old place by the counter and left room for the next.

Parenthetically, the Colonel says I'll be criticized for repeating this story, but I tell him that I do so dislike the man who is unfair toward his fellows that I'd 'roast' even his memory, and would ask the cartoonist to assist in doing it. I am like the story teller mentioned above—I love money, but I do love fairness above all else. The man whose sole aim in life is gold is too often successful, but in getting it he gets naught else, and dying he leaves nothing behind but an unkind memory. I say to the Colonel, "Let 'em criticize to their heart's content."

"That man's name," began the fellow over by the sugar-barrel, "don't seem to stand very high, even with all his money." Then, turning to the Colonel and me, asked: "Did you ever hear the name of Clark—Christian Endeavor Clark?"

"Did we ever hear of him? Why, man, who hasn't heard of him? He is one of the best known men in the world."

"Well, he was an Aylmer boy—raised right here amongst us. He is an illustration of what we used to grow. I guess he's doin' a power of good, and when he gets through we won't have to leave his name out of the story when talkin' of him, an' he didn't do it with money either." And so went 'round the "estimates" that day, of the boys who started in Aylmer and along the river.

Ever and anon some one would mention a name, and the crowd of smokers would chime in with, "He's all right!" or else there was silence when some unpopular "boy" was mentioned.

When such names as Captain Murphy, Tom Lindsay, Charlie Devlin, M.P., the Symmes boys, W. J. Topley, the Foran boys, James Klock, M.P., the Woods boys, Charlie Magrath, Jim McArthur, Edward Devine, the Rainboth boys, were mentioned, up went the chorus of approval.

EARLY MILITIA.

From the old-time characters and their characteristics, the smokers drifted off on to the first militia companies of South Hull and Aylmer, with an occasional mention of the "Eardley Bull Dogs," mentioned in my next book.

"I wasn't but thirteen when I joined the Company of 1863. I was a big boy of my age," began the man on the nail-keg;

"yes, I was five feet five and weighed 160. I mind the names of most of the company, but not all of them, as 'twas a good while ago. I may get my dates mixed, as I was in so many of the companies clear up to 1878, possibly '77; but no matter, it was a long time—in years, but a mighty short time, as I now look back on the fun we had. Captain Wm. Campbell was the top of the '63 Company; 1st Lieutenant, Robert Ritchie, father of Bob and Tom; John Murphy was 2nd Lieutenant. Tom Lucas, Symmes Bolton, and I forget the other sergeants. I won't try to give the names of the other officers—Bob Stewart, I mind, was the Piper, and a rattling good one he was, too. Let's see, the boys in the rear ranks were—or some of them—Tom, Sam and Howard Lucas; the Aylwin boys—Eph, Tom, Charlie and Jim; Wm. Baillie; Ned Lavergne, Geo. E. Sayer, brother of the Mayor; Bob McCook; Bill Heney; Edw. Lipton—'Roarin' Ned'; Ludgar Marchand; Bill and Terry McGuire; John Rocque, the shoemaker, who is still peggin' away down street; Sam and Frank Edey—Sam's still living and as quiet and retiring a nature as he was in the old times; "Charlie the Tailor"; Bob Short; Mart Cullen; Adolph Larue; Jim Lanahan; Dick Blewett; Little and Big Tom Smith, and a lot of 'em who have been gone so long that I clean forget their names.

"This company didn't last long, and in 1866, when the Fenians came up to take Canada, we had to get up another company in short order—didn't have any trouble for the boys felt it their duty to go to the front and save the country. My eyes, but the boys did come in fast to 'list. I'll never forget those stirring times. Captain Richard Chamberlain and Lieutenant—afterward Captain R. S. Lawler, and no matter the officers—the boys were pretty much the same crowd as the company of '63.

"I'll ever mind the morning we left for the seat of war. Of course, we had no notion where the 'seat' was located, but that didn't matter, we meant to *set down* on it, even if right in the enemy's own country. We enlisted for no particular time. We meant to fight it out if it took years. We were as brave and determined a body of men as you ever saw—that is, as long as the women folks were about—and they *were* about, weeping to see their brave sons, husbands and lovers preparing to go off to the war. 'Oh, dear, dear, you may never return,' I can yet hear them say between tears and kisses—I got several myself, which quite compensated the going. Well, we were finally ready. We were drawn up in full marching order and then rode down to Hull in busses, stages and spring carts—*Aylmer* 'spring carts,' *not* the Eardley variety. As we waved good-bye to the assembled maids and matrons, and looked—as some of us feared—upon the dear old town for the last time, our hearts sank in our bosoms and the tears welled in our eyes; but still we did not weep, for we were now soldiers and felt that we must be brave and face the worst, even though it should be death on the gory

field of battle. No; we'd not weep. We even sang—some war-songs which we had learned from a one-legged soldier who used to loaf around Holt's. When we reached Hull we disembarked from the carryalls and then in a sort of every-fellow-for-himself-line we marched over to the capital of our country—Bob Stewart playing a stirring war tune the while.

"WE DON'T KNOW NAWTHIN'."

"We attracted no little attention, as we straggled across town. Nobody noticed a little officer, in gold lace, and sporting a 'strut' peculiarly his own, as we passed him by, but he noticed us and yelled out: 'Halt Squadron.' We didn't know that we were a squadron until that minute, but we halted, sort 'o in instalments, and by the time we all got stopped, he said: 'Don't you know enough to salute a superior officer?' We were all so frightened that nobody could answer till Bob Breckenridge—I think it was Bob—stammered back: "Please little officer, we don't know nawthin'"—Poor Bob never heard the last of that.

"Imagine our surprise when the little man told us to go back home as the war was all over. 'Yes,' said a real rude boy, on the side-walk, 'the war is over. The Feenyans heard you Aylmer fellers were coming and ran as tight as they could across the line. Now run home and do the milkin' and tend to th' chores, like good boys.' Now what do you think of that to be said to brave men full of war feelins? But that was all we could do, for we could'nt fight without any one to fight with. Really, though you never in your born days saw a braver lot of men than we were—*after* that little officer told us the war was over. We could have wept, if that had brought the Fenians back to let us fight 'em, but it wouldn't, so we came back to our homes, to be fêted and feasted by our mothers, wives and sweet-hearts—back to our homes—those who had them; the rest dropped in to Holt's to recount the stirring incidents of the day.

HAVEN'T BEEN MEDALED, LANDED OR PENSIONED YET.

"For a long while it was: "Before" and "After" we went to War in 1866. It was an epoch in our town's history.

"Some of the boys applied for medals, others for land, and still more of 'em for pensions, but an ungrateful government has in no way yet recognized our services. Now, Colonel, if this had happened in your country, we'd had land, pensions, medals and all the other frills of national appreciation."

The Colonel looked surprised as he said: "You seem pretty well up, on the way we do it down there."

"Ain't I right?"

"Guess you are Bill," admitted the Colonel.

HE HAD NO MILK.

"Sam, tell us about the time you boys went to Laprairie, to drill," said the fellow over by the peanut sack.

"Oh come off, I can't tell a story." From the 'Oh! Ohs!' that went up we were convinced that the best story teller in the crowd had been sitting silent all this time, and so it proved.

"Well, I don't mind if you can stand it," said Sam, taking his chair a bit closer to the stove, sort 'o to get into the circle. "I don't mind if you care to hear it over. Besides, it may be new to you," looking toward the Colonel and me.

"It was in '70 when a lot of us from around here and more from Eardley—Them Eardley Bull Dogs, we called them, for their scrapping qualities—went down to Laprairie for annual drill. Now I'm not goin' into any details, as drill is drill an' all the same wherever you go, but I must tell you about an incident, on the way from Caughnawaga, across from Lachine. Well, we got off the train at Lachine and went 'cross to the Indian town from which we had to march down the St. Lawrence to Laprairie. When we got about half way down the river we felt all but famished for a good cold drink of milk. I guess we thought of milk, as the only thing in sight that indicated the possibility of a drink of any sort was a farm house—might o' been different had it been a tavern, but it was only a farm house and milk was suggested. We all went over—fifty or more of us.

"The farmer was a Frenchman. He hadn't seen us coming and we took him by surprise. The boys put me forward as I was the biggest of the lot. My French was never good, but I knew I'd have to use it good or bad, so I knocked at the door and as politely as possible asked: 'Donnez moi du lait, pour ce, sil vous plait.' (at the same time offering him a two-dollar bill. "Turning again to us Sam explained that he had said: "Give me some milk, for this, if you please.")

"Je n'ai pas de lait, Monsieur. Je n'ai pas de lait." ("I have no milk, Mr. I have no milk.")

One after another of the boys came up and offered him money—none of them offering him less than a dollar bill, as we were so nearly famished that we'd lost appreciation of money value, but to every one he answered the same: 'Je n'ai pas de lait, Monsieur, Je n'ai pas de lait.'

In the meantime our skirmish line had scented out the milk house just around the corner, and quicker than I'm telling this, the poor fellow was speaking the truth, for the boys had found whole pans of rich milk—the thick cream floating on the top.

"As the last of the fifty—almost too full for utterance—waved the farmer a 'Ta ta, old man, *vous avez raison*. Vous n'avez pas de lait.' ('Right you are old man. You have no milk.')

I learned later of some of the other Aylmer and South Hull

militia. There were Robert H. Conroy, Thomas Moore, Duncan Dewar, Richard Hawkins, J. C. Smith, Nicholas Anninger, A. B. Wylie, Narcisse Durin, Wm. McConnell.

REMINISCENCES OF THE OLD OTTAWAN.

Seeing an old Ottawan in the party of smokers, I asked: "Here, don't you know something about the Aylmer of long ago?"

"Yes, I know enough to fill a book, about Aylmer and the valley all the way up the river. I know enough if I could only recall the things. It is so long ago that I used first to come out here that I have nearly lost count of the years.

"Havn't heard any of you speak of the time Aylmer was a Court town. Ah, those were the good old days when we had interesting times. I mind a number of the old lawyers. There was the firm of Colman, Wright (McKay) and Lawler. Poor Colman, the leader of the bar, went to a dinner one night and died very suddenly shortly after. He must be buried up in the old Catholic cemetery. I was up there this afternoon, but I could find not so much as a board to mark the grave of this once prominent man. There was John Delisle, who married Miss Maudsley, the Egan's governess. T. J. Walsh was another prominent lawyer. He was Crown Attorney and later a partner of the famous D'Arcy McGee who was shot in Ottawa in 1868. Poor D'Arcy, I knew him well—wonderfully clever, but misunderstood by the very men who wanted him out of the way.

"There was a great lawyer who used to come over from Montreal—Henry Driscoll, Q.C. His son Alfred became a prominent surveyor, here in Aylmer.

"I mind Judge C. B. Rouleau who went out to the North-West where he died. He was for a long time Superintendent of the Catholic Schools, and afterward became stipendary magistrate for the District of Ottawa.

HOW LAWLER AND CAPTAIN POWELL WHIPPED THE RAFTSMEN.

"Some of you mentioned Captain B. S. Lawler. Did you ever hear how that a lot of drunken raftsmen waylaid him and Captain Powell, 25th Regiment, K.O.B.? Never heard it? Well, these two were once coming out from Hull in a buggy, when as they were passing Bellview cemetery, down the pike, the raftsmen stopped their horse and ordered them to get out and get out quick! They obeyed orders. They being soldiers were used to obeying orders. They were possibly better used to giving them. At any rate they got out, when they were at once set upon by the men. Some of you must remember Lawler, and if you do, I hardly need to finish my story. The two Captains had no sooner gotten out till they met that crowd blow for blow, and

reaching a pile of rocks that lay near by, they made those raftsmen think that a whole battery had let loose on them and they all got off as fast as their legs would carry them. After that, raftsmen fought shy of the two Captains.

THE LANDLORD WOULD EAT HIM ALIVE.

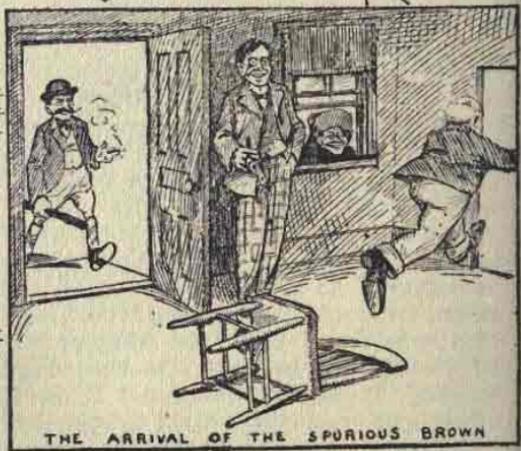
"A very funny incident occurred along about the time when I first used to come out here. There was a famous old landlord who was want to hunt and fish out of season. Thinking to have a rise out of him, as he himself was fond of a practical joke, I wrote him a letter and signed the name of the then Minister of the Interior, or whoever had charge of fishing and hunting. I wrote, stating that 'I have heard that you are breaking the fishing and hunting law, and must look into the matter at once. I shall send a Commissioner out to Aylmer, and upon his findings I shall act. If he finds that the rumor is correct I assure you I shall give you the benefit of the law to the fullest extent.'

"I carried the letter with me, having put on it an old stamp, to look as though it had gone regularly through the mail. I made the excuse that the letter had been handed me to give to him. I found him at the edge of town, coming in from taking his old horse out to pasture. He had with him a boy who has since made his mark in the world, though he then cared only for fun.

"When I handed him the letter he made the excuse that he had no glasses, and asked me to read it; I did so, with the comment: 'Say, man, you're going to see trouble and a whole lot of it. Why, see, here's minister ——'s name. He's going to make it interesting for you for fishing and hunting out of season.' Well, the way that landlord did storm about was a caution to the timid. What he wouldn't do to that commissioner wasn't worth doing. 'Let him come! Just let him show his face in Aylmer and a sorry sight that face will be before he leaves town. The idea of his coming out here to investigate! I'll 'investigate' to his heart's content.' He then wanted to know whom I thought the minister would send. I told him I thought that possibly it might be Magnus Brown. 'I'll Brown him. I'll *do* him up brown.' He then wanted to know if I knew Brown. I did, and described P. S. Hamilton, a famous old newspaper man from Nova Scotia, who being in Ottawa had promised to drive out to Aylmer in the evening. I was almost scared for poor Hamilton, but I knew that I could explain before the landlord had quite killed him, so I just let it go. Sure enough Hamilton came out, along about dusk. As he drove up to the hotel the landlord saw him get out. 'Say,' says I, by gum, there's Brown.' Well, boys you never saw a man look more surprised than that landlord. I was sure he'd start for poor Hamilton, and proceed to 'eat him' as he had declared he'd



I'LL BROWN HIM
(SAID THE LANDLORD



do. He did start and he started quick, but it was for the back door. As he rushed past his clerk he yelled: 'Jack, look after things I've got an important engagement,' and nobody saw him till noon next day. I don't believe he ever did quite forgive me for that joke, but it was said that after that he did all his hunting and fishing in season. 'What?' Oh, I see. No, it wasn't Moses, but don't make any more guesses as I'll not tell on him. He always treated me too well for that.

"I might keep on here for a week as the more I talk the more of the old incidents come to mind. You know this was once the most famous old town along the river. It might be claimed by all the towns along the whole river for the man from Eardley, Onslow, Bristol, Clarendon, and for that matter all the way up, could feel as much at home in Aylmer as in Quyon, or Portage du Fort—Shawville is too new to be included, but is hewing out a place for herself all the same even if she is new."

A FAMOUS EDUCATOR.

Later on when some one brought up the subject of the old schools of Aylmer, this same Ottawan had much to say of Bolton Magrath. Said he: "Of all the old teachers of the Ottawa Valley none ever stood so near the top as Bolton Magrath. He was a man who would have been great in the highest university in our country. As a mathematician he was unequalled. He indulged in dry humor, at times. I mind hearing a teacher

"WHO BANGED YOUR HAIR?"

who taught in one school, up in Bristol, for as much as twenty years, telling about Bolton's visits as Inspector. (He was long an Inspector of Schools). 'He was talking to my pupils one day on astronomy,' said this teacher. 'The children were greatly interested and so was I. I must preface a bit. At about that time it was the fashion to wear our hair banged, I may have been a little 'giddy' as to style and was following the fashion with, what I thought was a good case of 'bang.' As Magrath warmed up to his subject I forgot all else. 'Now children I must tell you about how far away some of the stars are. Suppose we take an observation this month—ninety-five millions from the sun—and in six months from now we take another observation, ninety-five million miles on the other side of the sun. (Undertone, to me; 'For pity sake who under the sun banged your hair?') And here, with a base of one hundred and eighty millions of miles ('It looks horrid, let it grow out at once') we find that star so far away that it is practically ('Mind, don't let it ever happen again') straight up from both observations.' In his parentheticals to me, 'said this teacher,' he never changed a line of his face, but went on talking, without a break. I let my hair grow out and never banged it again.'

"I am told Rube that you are to have much to say about the professional men who have gone out from this part of the valley. I tell you, you can't say too much on that subject. I've never known a place in Canada—and I've seen lots of them—where so many had been turned out as from this lake village. It should be an incentive to all the young men of the present day," and as he started back to his place by the salt barrel, he simply said: "I wonder if it is?"

The last speaker was one of the most prominent men in his line in Canada. I wish I might give his name, but he is modest, and does not wish it. His words are reproduced almost verbatim. Did I give his name it would be recognized by many an old Aylmeran who remembers of his frequent visits to their town.

I might fill my book with the talks the Colonel and I listened to around that old stove.

THE FELLOW WHO DIDN'T BELIEVE IN THE MYTHS.

"Oh, yes," said I one day, when on the subject of Fire, I was asked if I didn't meet with many sorts of men with many sorts of opinions; "yes, but the one with the most rabid of the lot is the fellow who don't believe in the Bible. He is the limit, unless it be the other fellow who says he believes it, and then starts in to tear it to pieces to show what a smart one he is. Not long ago I was up the valley—on the other side of the river,—when late one evening I dropped into a hotel. There he sat, tilted back, with his feet against the post in the middle of the office or general loafing-room, and was telling the crowd what a set of idiots those people were who believed in the exploded myths found in the old Book. 'Why,' he was saying as I came in, 'nobody with any mentality believes in those old whale stories. In this day and generation men have grown out and beyond those things. Even the children have more sense. That stuff would have done for the old women of the past generation, before people got to thinking for themselves. Nobody with a mind of their own takes any stock in those things now.' I couldn't help thinking of what mother used to tell us children. She used to get us all around her knee and then read these very myths. She said she believed them, and said they were true, and I never once caught Ma in an untruth in my life; and when she said it was so it just *was* so, and I didn't care what any of them said

when she had once passed on it; and when this smart man was airing what he didn't know, I wanted to tell him what that 'old woman,' as he called her, out there in Ohio told me. I wanted to tell him, but he wouldn't let me. No, he wouldn't stop talking to listen. Did you ever try to 'butt in' on one of those hotel-office talkers when he once get started, with his feet against the post in the middle of the floor? If you have, then you know how futile the attempt. He looked at me, but never once stopped. As is usual, the more you cross 'em the more rabid they get. It wasn't but a minute till he got to blaspheme. 'Why,' said he, 'the very being they pretend to worship wasn't even a respectable man. I heard one of the biggest men in this country say so. He said that this being didn't even have a known father,' and then I did get in a question. 'Who is that big man?' I asked, and he told me, and I just couldn't help saying, 'If all reports be true, that man ought to know how 'tis himself' for he'd mentioned the name of a millionaire who'd given up every thing for the money, even breaking an engagement and promising never to marry, and has kept his word, and here he was being quoted as an authority as against the Book itself.

"Well, he went on that way in his vituperations, until I couldn't stand it, and then proceeded to *make* him listen. 'What if it ain't true, and you go clear through life believing it, and then at the end you find it is all a myth, what have you lost by believing it? Does it make you less capable? Does it make you less respected? Does it make your word less trusted? Does it make you a worse friend to humanity? Does it cause you to do less good in the world?' and he just couldn't answer, but let me go on. 'Suppose, on the other hand,' I continued, 'that you go through life as you seem to be going, disbelieving the whole thing, and crying out against it as though you were being personally injured because the myths (?) were ever written; suppose, I say, you go through life fighting at the 'old women' for their innocent faith, and then at the very end, when it is too late, to stop and change tickets, you find that it was all true, then I ask where in hell are you? All this reminds me of Little Willie and the shell,' and I up and told him a story as illustrative of the point."

"What was the story?" you ask. Well, if you don't mind, I'll tell you what I told that smart one at the hotel that night, and he listened and so did the crowd.

LITTLE WILLIE AND THE SHELL.

"All this reminds me," I began, "of little Wille, down in the Valley of Virginia. You may know or you may not know that after the Rebellion the people living around the battlefields, of which there were so many in that beautiful and historic valley, used to go out and gather in the scraps of iron that strewed the

fields. They would find exploded shells, shells again as sound as the day they were placed into the cannon to be hurled at the advancing foe—their own brothers, mayhap,—and then in baskets pick up the stray minnie-balls upon the surface. In the end the back-yards of some of the villagers looked like a small arsenal, with their conglomerate of war relics. Little Willie's Pa had his pile of shells. He was careful to note that none of them had any powder left in them. The neighbors would gather around in Willie's back-yard and discuss the pile. They all pronounced them an empty lot, even the wise ones who'd gather in the hotel and expatiate upon the utter emptiness of those shells of Willie's Pa, said that there was simply nothing in them, and the reckless man who dared warn Willie to look out and be careful was laughed at, for had it not gone forth that the hotel loafer had pronounced on them and said, 'It's all moonshine, they're empty.' Of course he had, and that settles it.

"Well, all this ran on for months until one day Willie, now emboldened by the wise (?) ones he'd heard talking around the hotels, went out into the back-yard and, with the knife that his Uncle Jim had given him, began to investigate, when all at once the blamed thing went off and scattered poor Little Willie all over that town. You never in your lives saw such a scattered boy as was little Willie. In fact, there wasn't any little Willie. They haven't found him all yet, but there is not a man in that whole township down in the Valley of Virginia, but to this day believes firmly that that shell in the back-yard was loaded, and then we all went to bed, for it was nearly one o'clock; and now I wonder will any of that crowd at the hotel up the river stop and ask, 'Is it safe to fool with empty shells?'"

SANDY AND 'IS 'INS (HENS), ALSO THE WOEFUL BASTIE.

Sandy hadn't been in South Hull long enough to become thoroughly acquainted with the various animals—and their various *smills* (smells)—that liked chicken, when one night he was waked by a great commotion in his hen-house. Now, Sandy was a frugal man, as some of us Scotch are known to be, and if there was any chicken to be eaten, he proposed that he and the preacher would do it; so at the first squawk he was up and out with a club, making for the 'in 'ouse. But I will let Sandy tell it for himself: "I wint out and saw a woeful bastie amang me 'ins. I tuk a club and het the woeful bastie a woeful welt, and of all the smills I iver smilt that banged thim ah!"

THE PHILOSOPHER.

He wasn't a tramp and yet he was tramping. He was tired—said he was born that way, and had never recovered, if one may recover what one never had. He was old and grey. His long white whiskers bespoke age, and yet his intellect was keen and his eye bright. He had gathered a whole lot of philosophy, or as he put it: "I go along through life at so easy, leisurely a pace, that I don't have to gather anything. It just sort 'o sticks to me as I pass on. Yes, I've seen a whole lot of things, in a whole lot of countries, and run across a whole lot 'o men and things; and countries, and men, and things I've seen are all the same wherever I go—just like looking into a kaleidoscope. All change, but the same old bits of glass shaken up together and reflected!

IN THE LAND OF THE CANNIBAL.

"Where have I found the best? Where have I found the worst? Hard to tell. I've been through the country of the Cannibal. There they eat their enemies, and sometimes each other—the survival of the fittest! It's soon over and the people don't look upon it as wicked. They have never been told that it was wicked. They do worse things in other lands—worse because they know better. The Cannibal kills and eats his enemy, and that's all. Others I've run across, do knowingly what a heathen Cannibal would not do. 'What things?' Ah me, too many things for me to tell, as I'm in a hurry and have to be on my way—to-morrow. A Cannibal would not spend his week life robbing his fellow men at the rate of 15 to 50%, because his fellow men were in need, and then go into the pulpit on Sunday, and tell these same fellow men that they must turn from the error of their ways or they will go where it is tropical all the year 'round, The Cannibal *loves* his enemy, but he would not rob his own, under the guise of goodness. He might kill and eat his victim, and take his belongings, but he'd do it without pretense.

PRETENSE.

"I hate pretense, and yet the civilized world is full of it. I've seen a city church crowded to the doors with its fashionable members, who listen to a high-salaried preacher, and then file out and leave the few faithful Christians to partake of the sacrament which marks the true. They are members only because it is not fashionable to be rated as pagans. Pretense, all pretense, and yet they would be grossly offended if called other than Christian.

WHO ARE BEST?

"Who are the best—the churchmen or the men of the world?" asked the Colonel who, like Raselais, is ever seeking for the best in life.

"Who are the best? It's all owing to the man. I've seen some of the meanest, most selfish, most despicable of creatures, who pretended to follow all of the tenets of the churchmen who spend their lives in making their fellows see life at the worst.

Then, again, I have seen men who make no profession of goodness, whose every turn brings happiness to others. They *live* the life the "good" pretend to follow. Yes, Colonel, it's all owing to the man.

I cry not against the church, but against the little creatures too often found therein. They are narrow and ever cry down the one who does not see through their beclouded spectacles.

I have found good in all classes and creeds—I have found ill among them all as well.

I am happy to be able to say that the world is growing better, broader and less selfish. See how quickly the whole world responds when misfortune strikes any part of it," and he instanced the terrible disaster which had that very week befallen San Francisco.

"POISON."

"I've been in heathen lands and watched their customs, but I've never seen the depth of degradation reached in our own. I have never seen a pagan start in deliberately to debauch his manhood by poison. Now don't misunderstand me. I am like the Colonel, there. I am fond of a certain amount of 'poison'. It is not that. It's all right, a certain quantity of it, but when it unfits one for anything else, it is all wrong—wrong to one's self—wrong to the world of which we are a part. But then I shall not preach. I'm not good enough for that, but it's wrong all the same and the heathen does not do it."

"GO HOME AND SWEAR AT YOUR MOTHER, YOUR WIFE AND THE CHILDREN."

Some one near by, listening to the old fellow reel off his philosophy, seemed to want to attract his attention. He used the means so common among men of a low order of being, and began using some large swear words. He rolled them out as though they were sweet morsels, and then looked to see if his efforts at attracting had been effective. Were they effective? Oh, yes. Even more so than the low fellow had expected. He thought, as they nearly all do, that he would seem of more importance. The old philosopher turned, looked him over, as though to get his full size, and then began speaking. "Young man," said he, "you look like a decent sort, but don't do that!

If you must swear; if you can't talk without it, don't talk at all, but still if it is absolutely necessary that you should use these words to express your simple little thoughts, why go home and swear at your mother, your wife and your children. There you can cuss to your heart's content, for they know your good qualities, and can overlook your bad ones, but when you swear before strangers, they not knowing your good qualities, must of necessity judge you by the only words they have heard you speak. Ten to one the stranger will do as I do, *i.e.*, set you down as a low fellow. Now if you will stop and think of the utter silliness of the thing you won't do it again. It's different when you are driving a nail, and hit the wrong one, or are putting up the stove in the fall, and can't make the pipes fit. In either case, if I'd happen along and hear you talk as you were a bit ago, I would not say a word, but to sit 'round the corner grocery store, and try to make yourself look big, is foolish. It's not only foolish, but it is even claimed that it is wicked, and being wicked, I have 'fore now thought less of the churches that the swearers belong to. That's all."

At this the swearer got very angry and retorted: "I want you to understand that I am a *gentleman!*"

"Not by the rule—not by the rule," said the philosopher, quite unruffled by the other's emphatic manner. "No, not by the rule: a *gentleman* never has to tell it himself."

The effect was like magic. The words of the old man must have struck deep, for as long as I knew the young man I never heard him swear again. Nor was that all. The thing seemed to affect the whole crowd of listeners, many of whom had before that day been blatent, foul-worded talkers, but after that there was a marked difference in the English they used, most of them admitting that they could express themselves quite as forcibly as in the old words. Of course it did not affect all of them. Some had sworn so long that they still preferred to be looked upon as low fellows—thinking themselves of more importance by reason of their blatent oaths.

THE PHILOSOPHER HITS THE STINGY GOOD.

He seemed to have run the whole gamut. He had a measure for all. It was not alone the swearer but the professing good whom he sized up and weighed. Speaking of a man whom he had met, he said:

"That man's religion is honest."

"Why so?" asked the Colonel.

"It is honest. It never *strikes below the belt*. His heart may be converted, but his pocket-book will never *experience a change*. He reminds

HIS RELIGION HAD ONLY COST HIM A DIME.

me of an old fellow I once knew in Kalamazoo. He was boasting of how cheap it was to belong to church. Said he: 'I've belonged to church now for nigh onto forty years and it has only cost me a dime, and it wouldn't have cost me that, but I went to a festival one night and ate a dish of ice cream before I knew it wasn't free.' I don't find fault with the good, but I do find a whole lot of fault with the measley mean good. It's not always the free giver who may be rated good. I knew a man in Oshkosh who gave to the church one-tenth of all his income and I never knew a man who had fewer friends. All the milk of human kindness in his heart had long ago turned to whey, and yet he kept on giving his one-tenth, and weighing his fellow men in his poor worn out scale."

"MONEY FOR MONEY'S SAKE BRINGS NO HAPPINESS."

The old fellow talked on. He talked of many things of vital interest. He had a great antipathy to riches for riches' sake. "Money, wealth," said he, is either a blessing or it is a curse. A blessing if rightly used, but a curse when worshipped. At best it is of little good beyond our needs. It dwarfs our character. It makes us selfish and unkind toward our fellows. Its love crowds out our better impulses, and beyond our needs it gives to us little of happiness. Many spend their whole life in piling up a fortune and then die without having had any of the real joys of life. They have no time for enjoyment, while accumulating, and when their fortunes have been made, they have lost the powers of enjoying anything but looking upon the wealth they cannot spend. They must, in the end, leave it, often to be a curse to the succeeding generation, who would not use a dollar of it to perpetuate the memory of him who left it. This succeeding generation would even take to themselves great importance by reason of the money they could never have earned, if thrown upon their own efforts.

A MAN GROWS RICH BY LOSS.

"Some men will never become rich until they lose their last dollar."

"What?" exclaimed the Colonel. "How can a man grow rich by loss?"

"Easy enough." I knew a man in Oskaloosa, who was comparatively poor until he lost all he had, and then turned in and became the richest man in town. The reason of it was that his little dollar had been so big in his eye that it hid in perspective the thousands that lay beyond. After that whenever his money began to look too big, he'd give a lot of it away, and as usual he'd find some more behind it."

INFALLIBLE RULE TO GET RICH.

"Uncle," broke in the Colonel, "what is the one sure way to get rich? You certainly must have found out in your much coming and going through the world."

"Yes, my boy, I have, and here is that one sure rule. It never fails, if the one following it has any sense at all. It is not original with me—the rule. It's older than I, but I've watched it so long that it seems my own thought. *Rise early, work late, don't eat anything that you can sell, and don't give anything away worth a copper, and if you don't live a despised, miserable life, die rich and go to the Devil, you may sue me for damages.* That's the one sure way of getting a whole lot of money that you can never enjoy.

"I don't mean by this that no others grow rich, for they do, but they are of a different mental caliber. They enjoy their money. They enjoy it because others are benefitted. Carnegie has given away more than Croesus ever dreamed of, in his wildest moments, and yet he admits that he never truly enjoyed wealth until he got to giving it away. I heard him say, once, when talking about the fun he was having sowing the gold he had piled together, that his life now was a veritable Heaven, and his face fairly beamed as he said it."

HONESTY NOT ALWAYS THE BEST POLICY.

It was as good as a play to see the Colonel try to get the old man to evolve just one more bit of philosophy. It reminded me of an Ottawa audience at a concert trying to get two concerts for the one admittance, and he was just about as successful with his *encores*. The old man would stop, and would have bowed himself out, but that had required an effort and he said he was opposed to effort. The Colonel would tempt him with: "Just this one thing more Uncle"—the old men like to be called "Uncle," and for that are often tempted. The Colonel would ask such as this: "Uncle, have you always found, in your peregrinations, that 'Honesty is the best policy?' That would start the old man, who would straighten up, and with a wise look, reply: "No, Colonel, honesty is not *always* the best policy. A good deal depends on the community you're living in. Better be honest on principle—but keep your eye on the neighbors."

THE TRUE MAN, AND THE CREATURE WITH AIRS.

"The true man is he who assumes nothing and does his part toward making his fellows happier and better. He never does or says that which wilfully hurts him who is trying to do the best he can. He may point out the wrong, but must not spend his life fault-finding.

"The most despicable man is the one who assumes airs, by reason of holding a position in which he was placed by "pull"

rather than merit, and yet the world is full of this creature. He looks down upon the man who has brains enough to run a business of his own—looks down upon the men of the country whose labor makes it possible for him to eat. But here I am preaching—preaching without being ordained, and that I have no right to do. And yet from seeing so many peoples, in so many lands, I cannot but speak of what I see and note as I go along."

"IT SAVES THE LIVES OF MANY TURKEYS."

The old man stopped, and said that he must be going on his way, but the Colonel would have more of his philosophy, and turned the conversation to modern electioneering for an office. "It's always the little man," said the philosopher, "who starts an untrue story about his opponent. The man of ability never does that. He has enough brains to know that an untrue story, in the end, hurts the one starting it, more than the one about whom it is told. The man of worth always relies upon his ability rather than upon a false statement about his opponent.

"The wise man always invites his friends to a celebrating dinner *after* the votes have been counted. It often saves the lives of many turkeys, and a world of embarrassment.

"The wise candidate never cries when he is defeated. He thanks his supporters and jollies the fellows who voted against him, often winning them for the next election by his manly nature. He meets them with a kindly "How-d-do?" on the street, and ten to one he'll win them as his friends, and especially so when the man and not party alliance is the question. I've gone through many a campaign, and I've never found these simple rules count against the aspirant. He may not always win the office but invariably he wins many friends."

IT PAID TO TRUST JOSH.

One hears many a good story if thrown much among the people of the valley. Stories which should have long ago been given to the world. They are often told us casually about some man of the neighborhood—told as though they were but ordinary, while, instead, they are very gems,—gems because they are human. Here is a Gatineau story, told to us by an old man in casually speaking of a neighbor whom the Colonel had referred to as "careful" (the Gatineau word for "close" in money matters).

"No, Colonel, you don't know Josh. He's got a heart as big as all out doors, an' always had a big heart! Ever hear 'bout the time he first came up the river? Haven't? Well, I'll tell the story, for it's a good un, and shows what he has been from boy to man. He was only then a poor boy. He stopped at a hotel in Old Chelsea on his way up with a large party of other rivermen. In those days the hotel was a "Tavern," of which the town had so many, as the travel was great in those times, for everything had to be brought up by wagons and sleds.

"This particular night was no exception. The crowd at the tavern where Josh had stopped, was a very lively crowd and all hands had been standing 'treat,' till it came Josh's turn. The young man appreciating the situation, told the landlord that he had only enough money to pay his way for the night, but if he would trust him the treat that he would 'set 'em up' all 'round and pay him when he came down the river next time.

"The landlord refused to trust him, and emphasized the fact in so loud a manner that everybody in the house was 'on,' to the great embarrassment of the boy. 'Here,' spoke up one of the men, as he held out a handful of silver. 'Here, me boy, help yourself. Take what you need and welcome.' —'What's your name and where do you live?' asked Josh. 'No matter, help yourself and welcome.'—'It does matter. I'm no pauper and will repay you; what's your name and address?' Both were given and Josh stood treat, but not in *that* tavern, for, stung by the landlord's refusal to trust him, he said, 'Boys, we'll go across street to the tavern over there.' They went, leaving the angry landlord alone for the rest of the evening, for every man in the house appreciated the situation.

"Years passed on. The debt was paid very shortly after. That is, the money borrowed that night was returned, but Josh never considered the debt paid. He came up the river, grew rich—very rich. He, among his many other acquirements, owned a hotel of his own, and John Joyce (for he it was who had trusted the boy), as long as he lived, was never allowed to pay a cent at that hotel, no matter if he passed every day. Nor was that all. John grew old and died, and years went on. He left a grandson, and that grandson was given employment by the rich man. The grandson took smallpox, and after every possible thing had been done for the boy he died. Josh paid all the expenses, and then handed over to the boy's mother his wages in full."

The old man stopped without even a comment. He knew that there was no need to ask the Colonel if his opinion was changed, and the Colonel says, "I guess that Josh's not as 'careful' as I thought."

JACK TOLEN.

"Have you met Jack Tolen?" he asked, the day the Colonel and I went up the Mountain Road.

"No," said the Colonel; "we have not yet had that—shall I say—pleasure."

"Yes," he said, "if you would meet one of the characters of the mountain. John is certainly one of our characters worth your while. He is a shrewd trader, is Jack, and withal a merry man and full of his jokes. One day he was passing my place when he called over to me, working in the field:

TOLEN AND HIS PIG.

"Hav' ye herd th' news?"

"'No,' says I.

"'Ye haven't?' says he.

"'No,' says I, all attention, for the earnestness of Jack made me wonder what great news he had for me. 'What is it?' says I.

"'Oh, bad sess, the peg (pig) is ded.'

"'What pig?' says I.

"'The wan Oi've bin groin' fer th' wenter's mate. Oh, bad sess, he's ded an' Oi'm broke entoirely.'

"'Come, Jack,' says I, 'tell me how it did happen.'

"'Well, 'twar this like. Tuther day Mary cam to th' dure an' yelled at me wurkin' en th' feeld beyant th' rode furninst th' house, an' seys, seys she, "Cum quick, Jack, th' peg is wallerin' an' a-groanin', an' a-staggerin'. An' shure, whin Oi wint up, he war a-wallerin' an' a-groanin' an' a-staggerin' th' same's Mary hed sed. Seys Oi t' Mary, seys Oi, "Oi'll queck fur Bell Yung, th' peg dactur," an' aff Oi wint like Oi war shot frum a gunn, an' brot Bell. Whin he saw th' peg, he seys, seys he, "John, he hes th' blind staggers"—whatever thet is—"an' Oi'll hev to cut his pole," an' out wuth his pinknife, as sharp as a two-ided rashur, an' he shlit th' pore peg atwuxt th' ears wuth th' knife, an' he thin up an' spilt salt an' pippin in th' schlit, an' th' pore peg turned over an' dide, an' fhat do you think o' that fur a peg dactur in Bell Yung?"

"I wanted to sympathize with the poor fellow, but his description of the death of his pig was too much for me and I laughed instead, which so angered John that he drove off without another word.

"John has great notions about the dressing of some of the women. Tolen says: 'It do take as much t' driss sam wimmen as it do t' rig out a man-o'-war, an' ef ye don't driss sam more ov thim thay can bate two man-o'-war foightin' about et.' No

one who has seen 'Mary' could guess how John was so well informed on the dressing of the fair ones.

"Poor Jack trusted too much to others and let slip a good-sized fortune in his confidence."

Thus we hear of the characters of the valley and mountain. One might fill a book with the stories.

PETER AND HIS IMPROVISED WAGON.

In ye olde days almost anything would have to do for drawing grain to market. If they had a shop-made wagon they were lucky. Peter — didn't happen to *be* lucky, but that made no odds to Peter, since he was a born genius. He up and made one of his own. It wasn't a pretty wagon, but it would haul oats, and that was what Peter had made it for. As he took out no patent, I will describe it for you.

The wheels were four narrow blocks sawed from the end of a large hardwood log. Axle-trees were run through, a coupling-pole connecting the whole together, then the tongue was put in and a board bed "knocked" together. Peter was now ready to haul oats.

When he got to Bytown with his oddity he attracted no little attention, and created much amusement for the loafers.

As he passed in front of a wagon-maker shop, the "boss," his men and the crowd of loafers, all ran out to jeer and laugh at Peter and his wagon. Peter went on without so much as looking toward them. "Wag on, ye tongues," he whisp'ring said, "ye'll paint these wheels, likewise the bed."

When he had unloaded his oats, he drove to a far part of the town and put horses and wagon into a stable, then leisurely walked back to the wagon-maker's shop. The crowd was still there, as crowds didn't move about much in those times, as there were few places to move to.

When he came up not one of them recognized him as the man at whom they had so recently jeered. Acting very "green and gawky," he wanted to know: "Say, what do y' charge here ter paint er wagging?"

"What do I charge? Why, y' fool, it's all owin' to the wagon. Where is y'r wagon? Bring it around."

"Hain't time. 'F yer want ther job, come along an' see it."

All hands, including the loafers, started off with Peter. He led them a merry chase, but they finally reached the stable and there, out in the yard, was Peter's wheels—"likewise the bed."

"There she stands. How much fer ther job?" but the whole crowd turned and went back, saying all sorts o' things, but nothin' exactly to the point. After that Peter could pass that shop a dozen times a day and not elicit a single comment from either "boss" or loafer.

Peter, I should have said, was once a well-known South Hull man.

THE SNOWS OF YE OLDE TIME.

I used to hear so much of the snows of Canada that when I came up here and found that there was but little more than we often have in the States, I could not but think that they had been giving us down home a lot of fairy stories, but in talking with the old people I find that the stories were really true. Said one of the old men who had been born and had always lived here: "We don't have snow any more. The little skifts that fall now are nothing. Why, if you had seen the deep snows of forty or fifty years ago, then you might talk of snow as was snow. Down the Aylmer Pike it was that deep you couldn't see the fences. I can't describe it, but it did get that deep that 'long 'fore Spring the 'cow-holes' were so far below the surface that we used often to come up to two fellows at the bottom tradin' horses, and we hadn't seen a thing of them til we wuz almost on top of 'em."

"Cow-holes," said the Colonel; "what's cow-holes?"

"Don't know what a cow-hole is? Why, I thought everybody knowed them. I guess you'd call 'em a 'Thank y' mam,' one of the places in the road where the snow is worn down into a sort of a deep hole. Sort o' pitch holes, y' know. Well, they did get awful deep. Naw, it don't snow at all any more."

I guess he was right. Here it is almost Christmas and only to-day, December 21st, has it begun to snow enough to bother the street cars even a little. Canada can no longer be called "The Lady of the Snows." My eyes, how mad that poem of Kipling's did make Canada! Every child knew of it and talked of it. They never pay any attention to anything except that which is said against their country. Things said in praise of Canada is never seen. I guess it is because that there is so much said in praise that they don't have any time to note it all.)

NOT A FISH STORY—BUT A TRUTH.

Speaking of Queen's Park calls to mind Tom Sayer's "Jubilee fish," which was the greatest fish ever caught in Deschenes Lake. It weighed when first the mayor caught it, 130 pounds, but that was in 1897, and is now weighing, when told by the village relater, 197 pounds. This, of course, is pardonable in the villager, as figures are so readily confused, especially in a fish story, since a man does so hate to lose anything in the weight while telling the story. 105 were the actual pounds which the mayor's fish drew down on the scales the day the Queen was celebrating the sixtieth year of prosperous rule, but when it is now told the year gets mixed with the weight—hence the 197.

You may know what a big fish this fish of the mayor's was when I tell you that the man in charge of the "Jubilee" made \$17 and odd cents during the month of its captivity by just letting little boys ride it at five cents per. A saddle, you see, was made for it, and it was compelled to earn its keep by carrying about the pier small boys, who enjoyed the fun immensely. The riding of donkeys or the merry-go-round was no circumstance to the riding of old "Jubilee" out there at Queen's Park.

This, as I intimated, was kept up for a month, when some meanly inclined person stole the fish. Many stories were told as to who did it, but the real man has never been found. Some said that it was Captain Chartier, who took old "Jube" to draw the G. B. Greene up the Lake to save steam; but I know the captain and I look upon the accusation as little short of libel, for he couldn't catch a fish even if it was tied up to the pier with a cable rope. No, Chartier never did it. Some said it was Haycock, others that it was Blythe who had taken it as an aid on race day; but when I saw their yachts cut through the water I knew then that no fish could have been any aid to them. It must ever be a mystery, and yet a question, "Who stole the Mayor's fish?"

THEY STILL TREAT.

"Colonel," said I, one day, just after we had been looking over Gourlay's ramblings, up and down the Valley, "the good old gentleman did not always get his statements as well fortified as he should. Now, see this, for instance: 'Treating was once a most pernicious habit in Aylmer, but is now all but discontinued.' What do you think of that?"

"What do I think? Why, that the preachers only see one side of things. But, speaking of 'treating,' Rube, is it the custom in Aylmer? I didn't know it had any such custom as that,"

and the Colonel at once took a special interest in Aylmer. That was shortly after I had found this village, and I never thereafter had any trouble in getting the Colonel to go along out. "Now, I may be all wrong about the habit, Horatius, but last Sunday I overheard a very animated conversation between two men in the hallway of the hotel at which I stop. 'Are you a friend of Joe Boyle, the footballer?' asked one of the other. 'Yes, and a mighty good friend of his'n,' said No. 2; 'why'er you askin'? 'An' did you say t' Joe Boyle that you'd like t' meet me, an' if y' did that you'd lick Hades out o' me? Did y' say that t' Joe Boyle? Come now, don't crawl?' and I was really frightened for Joe's friend, for the other seemed ready to fight at the slightest admission from him, but, like Joe, he was not a 'backer,' and he up and said, says he: 'See here, 'f you want t' know the real facts in t' case, I'll state 'em in short order. I'm a friend of Joe Boyle's, see! and I said to Joe, "Joe," says I, "do you know Pete Cardle?" (that's you). "Do you know that big 'bluff'" (meanen you, Pete). "Do you know him? Well, I'd like t' meet 'im 'en if I did I'd thrash Hades out o' him." That's what I said to Joe Boyle, see!

"'En did you mean it?' 'Yes, I meant it, every word of it.' Well, let's go an' have something,' said Pete, and an hour after I could have wagered my last dime that they had had 'something.' That is why, Colonel, that I think that Gourlay was wrong when he said that 'treating' in Aylmer has been discontinued."

"I'LL YUST MARK YOURS OFF."

"That reminds me, Rube, of the story that's going the rounds up here, of the little Dutch tailor. What, haven't heard it? Well, the way they tell it is about a little Dutch tailor, one evening, after his day's work, was leaning over, making long chalk marks on his work table, when a good old Irish lady came in for Mike's coat, which she had taken down in the morning to have pressed for Sunday. When she saw how intent the little man was with his marking, she was interested and wanted to know, 'Phat ye doin', Dutchey?'

"'Don' yer zee I'm makin' marks mit shalk on mine dable?'

"'Yis, Oi saa; but phat ahr ye makin' marks ahn yer table far?'

"'I'm markin' toun all der vellers I can lick.'

"'Far whose is the lang mark at th' tap o' th' lish tthere?' asked Mary.

"'Dot longish mark ad der dop vas ver yer old man Mike.'

"'Whoop!' says the good old Irish lady. 'Moike, is it? Whoop! Ha! ha!' and she was gone to tell Mike of the conceit of the little Dutch tailor. The information sent Mike on the run, and he never stopped until he was in front of the man with the chalk.

"Mary tills me that ye say thot ye cahn lick me an' thet ye hev me marked at th' tap o' th' lisht, thare ahn th' tap o' th' table.'

"Yah, Mike, dot ish gorrect. Dot ish vat I dole Merry, yer vife.'

"Whoop, ye can't lick me!' and Mike began rolling up his sleeves and moistening his hands—in the usual way, but before anything serious happened little Dutchy said: 'Holt on, Mike, holt on; ahr yer shure vot I can't lick yer?'

"Yis, Oi'm moighty shure av it. Ye cuddent leck one souide o' me.'

"Wal,' says the little tailor, 'ef yer shure, Mike, ve vill yust marg you oud,' and with one brush Mike's long mark left the top of the list."

THE OLD INDIAN TRAIL.

Speaking of the trail by which the Indians used to cut off the long way around the bend of the Ottawa, Hon. F. R. Latchford said: "In order to get ahead of the voyageurs as they came up the river in their canoes, the Indian runners took a trail across country, leaving the river at a point where Hull City now stands. They bore north-westerly until they reached the Mountain this side of the Eardley line and then followed its foot across Eardley and thence to the river again, thus gaining many leagues over the canoes. By this means they could let their tribe know of the approach of the voyageurs, as they came up or down the river. At first it was to prepare their tribe for a hostile reception of the white man, and later to meet them for barter and trade in furs. Parts of this trail may be seen to this day."

THE BEAR, THE FRENCHMAN AND THE HOUNDS.

"Did you ever see that spring on the side hill, near the Hull Meadows, just west of the Aylmer Road?" asked Mr. Latchford. "One day a Frenchman was out partridge-hunting, when he stopped at this spring for a drink and to rest a bit. Imagine his surprise when he got up from the spring to see, on the other side, a great bear standing almost in reach. It is hard to tell which of the two was the more surprised, for neither had seen the other till that moment. Both would have gone quietly off, at first, but did not seem to know how to retire gracefully. There they stood eyeing each other. As neither would go first, the situa-

tion became very embarrassing—especially so to the Frenchman, whose side of the story was the only one we ever got. The bear finally began to show fight. This so frightened Frenchy that he fired off his gun, as he afterward said, 'Not for hit 'im, but to make 'im scare, an' left me run away. I no care for fight. I veel no like fight. Ze bear too big for dat. Ven I shoot ze gun up in ze tree too high for hit 'im, he get ver' mad and mak' just like 'e come over vere I vas stand. I guess 'e vas come too, but jes 'bout dat tam I see dem beeg 'ounds o' Ned Wright come over ze hill like two steam-engines off ze track. My, 'ow dem 'ounds deed come over dat hill. Day jump on dat bear un scare 'im so much 'e forgot 'bout me. I never stop vun leetle meenit, but jes run an 'never look back one tam, veel I vuz in ze house vit de door cloz un stay all day in ze shantee. I never so scare seence dat tam.' The hounds were Rambler, a monster, and Ranger, the most beautiful dog I ever saw. They were later poisoned by eating meat prepared for foxes."

RUBE PUTS ON THE SKATES, WITH BAD RESULTS TO RUBE.

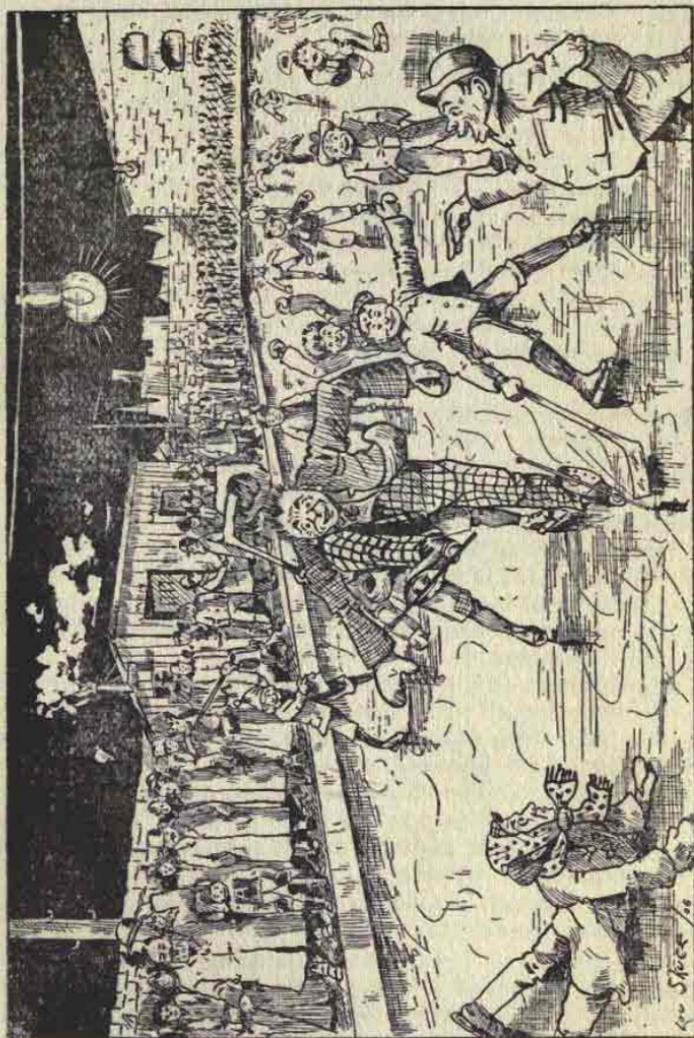
I forget just how it came about, but I think it must have been suggested to my mind by hearing occasional mention of ice sports; at any rate, I said to the Colonel one afternoon out in Aylmer: "Say, Colonel," says I, "I mean to get into these games and sports. A man is nothing if he can't 'shiny on his own side,' and I mean to do it and begin at once."

"I'd advise you to confine yourself to the pen. You know it has been said that 'The pen is mightier than the sword.'"

"Yes, but nobody ever said that 'the pen is mightier than Hockey in Canada.' Why, Colonel, I know a town up the Ottawa—of course, on the other side of the river—that put up a \$15,000 rink, that wouldn't subscribe one dollar for a book telling of its beauty—and it *is* a beautiful place."

"What town is that, Rube?" he asked, and I told him, but he continued by denying my assertion. "You are wrong. Wasn't ——— from there, and didn't he offer to put up a dollar?"

"Yes, and even put it up, but you went and sent it back, telling him that he might need the money to buy a timber limit. But he was not a resident when he subscribed the money. He had got rich enough to retire and had left town. No, I'm right.



Rube giving an Exhibition of Fancy Skating.

See page 46.

I know a town, and for that matter a number of them, where the only man who counts for anything is the fellow who can send the 'puck' spinning through the wickets, and I'm going to throw up this writing business and get into sports. You must remember, Colonel, I used to be an 'all 'round,' and could do my stunts with the best of them."

"Yes; but think of how long ago that was. And remember, too, that was only in the 'shinny' days! The sports up here have become a perfected science, and you're too old to ever learn the intricacies of the games. Besides, Rube, look at the skates they use now. Why, your old short skate with the front points all turned up are altogether different from the sort they use here. I'll bet you couldn't even stand up on a pair of these long sled runners they use, much less skate, and I'd advise you to keep on with your pen. Keep on writing, and the next generation may thank you for your work even if this one prefers hockey to books, and old records and things. Whatever you do, don't try those sled-skates!"

I have wished a number of times that I had minded the Colonel. But I didn't. No; I was wilful, and that very night, at the Aylmer rink, I borrowed a pair of "sleds" from a Deschenes boy. Yes, I *borrowed* a pair—lucky that I hadn't bought a pair, else I'd had skates on my *hands* yet. Now, my dear friends—*old* friends, if you have ever skated on the short, turned-up variety of skates,—the kind we used to have down there on the creek at the edge of town,—don't, on coming to Canada, be foolish enough to try the new-fangled sort they have here. Why, they are a cross between skees, snow-shoes and a toboggan—only more treacherous and misleading than all three combined. You think you are going all right, just like you used to in the old days, but you're not. You're *going* all right, all right; but before you know just what is happening, something has happened and you sit down to try to study out what that something was. Then, again, if you can't skate you are such a "show" that the girls all get off on the side of the rink to watch you, leaving you alone with the small boys. The man, woman, child or preacher who can't skate is so much of an exception that he don't count in the make up. Not only skate, but skate well.

At first the small boys helped me along. They were very kind, and it is even now a regret to think how I did knock their feet from under them in my frantic effort to keep straight up. So long as they kept hold of me I could get on, but toward the last their patience and good nature both gave out at about the same time. At this point Lou Skuce "caught" me, as may be seen in the illustration. He "caught," but didn't hold me from falling, when that bad boy from Deschenes struck the only skate that I was using at the time. Yes, this rude boy punched the skate with his hockey stick and then for the next few minutes

I thought I was out at the Experimental Farm, going through the new observatory. If Dr. Saunders can show you as many stars as I saw that night in the Aylmer rink, I'd advise you to go by all means. Some of the constellations were especially fine—so variegated in coloring!

I haven't been on skates since, and quite agree with the Colonel that I'd better let the boys go on alone with their games and sports while I hunt out the records of ye olde dayes.

HOCKAPHOBIA.

When the man with the figures up his sleeve, saw the above and noted that town that wouldn't pay a dollar for a book and spent thousands for a rink, he said: "Why Rube, that's nothing. Let me talk *figgers* to you for just one minute. I know a city so daft on hockey that they talk it at prayer meeting, and is the whole subject of conversation at the evening gatherings of the people. The schools can't hold the pupils unless they have a rink in the back yard, while in every home with boys, and a few feet of room beside the house, the hockey rink is a requisite for anything like peace in the household.

"Now for the *figgers*. In that city is the head-quarters of the Bible Society. Last year it had seven men out selling and giving away Bibles. These patient men travelled 9,582 miles. They visited 208 lumber camps, with 10,389 men. Now follow. These devoted workers sold in the whole twelve months, \$1,619 worth of books. Don't stop—come right across the street from this Bible Society building, in the city which I should have told you had, all told, given \$770. for the Bible work during the year—and you will see a sight to put into your books. Listen—don't lose a single figure—IN LESS THAN THREE HOURS, in this other building across the street, there were sold between THIRTY-FIVE HUNDRED and FOUR THOUSAND DOLLARS WORTH OF HOCKEY TICKETS, for a single night's enjoyment. And what is more, some who could not spare the time to wait their turn to get a ticket, or who had neglected to go after one later in the day, paid two to five dollars for a ticket.

"I might comment, Rube, but I guess it is not necessary, eh?"

"Hardly, but how do you account for this?"

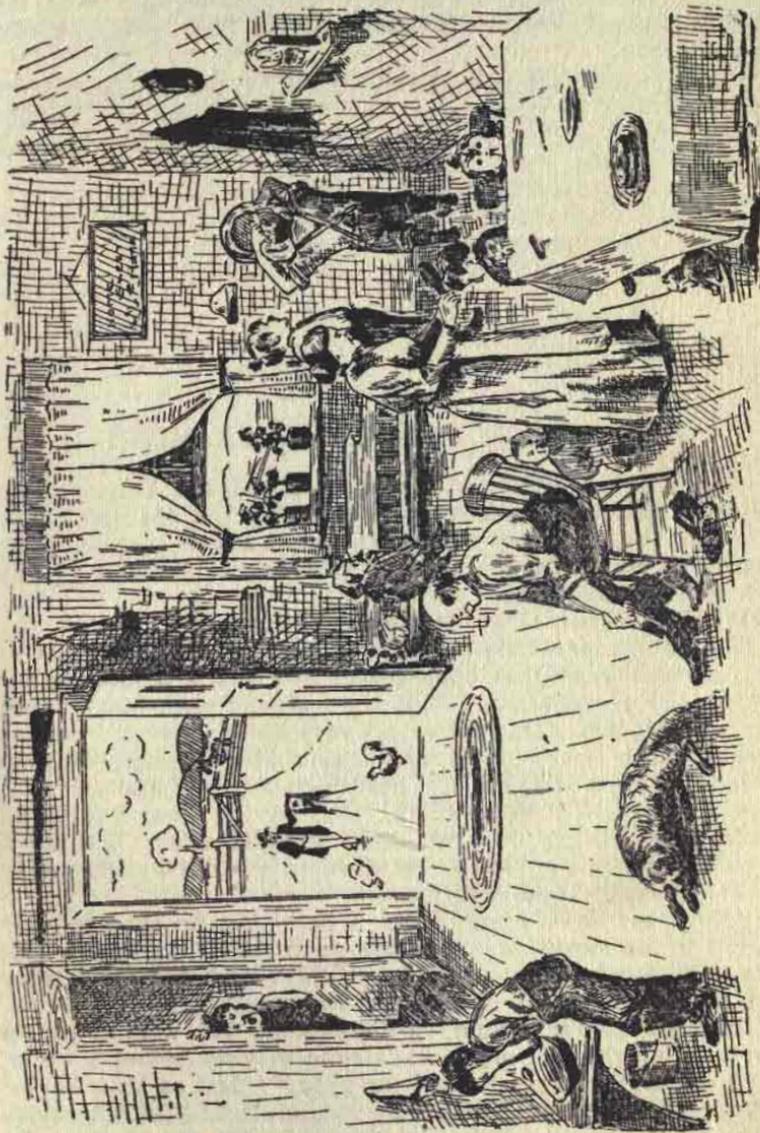
"It's a disease, a disease, Rube, that once it strikes a town or city runs through the whole community, like the measles or whooping cough, and yet with the wide difference that it does not run its course like either. Once it attacks the body politic it gets into the blood like rheumatism and stays. It is called *hockaphobia*. When once it becomes chronic it drives out all desire for anything of a mental nature. The victim is averse to literature, art, or anything that appeals to the higher

life—as averse to the mental or heart sentiment as a mad dog to water. It will cause the victim to spend his last dollar on his favorite team, and go hungry for bread. Usually one goes to a drugstore for that which will do him good, but had you seen the disheveled victims that came out of the drugstore across the street, that morning, you'd have wondered what had made them risk their lives in the mob of wild ticket-buyers. A bargain counter rush was as different as the difference in the strength of man as against that of woman. They poured in one side, with whole clothes and came out on the other, in *hole* clothes—collars hanging, ties dangling, hats battered, but happy in the possession of the coveted card that entitled the holder to a place in the mob of the evening. Now mind, Rube, I'm not trying to change things. I'm no reformer. I'm too wise to waste a word on trying to do the impossible. I've only been telling you that your illustration of that town spending thousands for a rink, when it wouldn't spend a dollar on books, is not to be put down as the exception. No, Rube, it's not the exception, but the rule. It's in the blood and has come to stay. Come to stay, and literature, art and all things mental must bide their time—must bide their time!" and he walked out leaving me to think that my "rink" story was a very feeble illustration.

He further instanced how the runner may win the race at Marathon, and recognition at home, while the sage may work a lifetime in vain. "This is the age of feet, not head, and I'd advise you Rube not to become discouraged in your first effort at athletics." I may take his advice later, but now as I eat my meals off the mantelpiece, I take very little interest in things athletic.

GETTING READY FOR THE GROUP.

One of the pleasures of our tramps here and there about the country is the taking of occasional family groups, with our camera, which we ever carry, lest some especially fine view escape us. To the family it is an event—to us a common-place. And yet not always so. To watch the preparation is ever an interest—sometimes an entertainment. I shall not soon forget, one fine morning, coming along a road through Fertile Valley. Being asked if I would "take" the family, consented, as the "taking" was to be but temporary—there were *eight*, and I could never have agreed to a permanent taking. This time it was an entertainment. The preparation having to be made in one room, was in plain view—and here is the view. Old grandfather, in the centre of the room, finding tacks in the wrong part of his boots, yells out: "Who's been putting tacks in my boot?" Narcisse, at the washstand, wants to know of the patient wife: "Delia, where's the towel? I got soap in my eyes!" The little boy on the stairs, calls: "Mother, where's my pants?" while Johnny, growing tired, asks: "Mother, make Jim let me have the



See page 50.

Getting ready for the group.

By S. Sheppard.

comb!" And so it ran on, compensating me for patiently waiting at the door. Shepherd has reproduced the scene, in a Hogarth fashion, dog, cat and all. But no picture could reproduce the real interest the family took in that "getting ready for the group."

It is the little things that make the life of the wanderer quite enjoyable, and in after years I shall never think of "Fertile Valley," that I shall not call to mind the pleasures I had among its happy people.

HOW TAYLOR BECAME THE CHAMPION.

J. F. Taylor, afterward Registrar of Ottawa County, was Philemon Wright's book-keeper. One day the old gentleman came into the office very much annoyed at a man who had been abusive to him. Taylor, noticing this, asked: "Will I go out and 'lace him up' a bit?"

Wright's answer was a simple nod of "Yes."

The young man quietly removed his coat, went out and—well, after that Wright's book-keeper had such a reputation for "lacing the obstreperous" that they always gave him a wide berth. One, however, who wasn't very well acquainted in that locality, came to the office one pleasant afternoon for the purpose, as he said, of "thrashin' that durn Taylor," and asking if he was anywhere about. "Yes," said Taylor, "but I think he is very busy adding up a column of muskrat skins. I think if you will only wait around a few minutes he will be at leisure to get the 'thrashin' you have for him."

"Now, see here, young feller, I haint got no time to wait around for no muskrats. You jist go an' tell that Taylor I'm here to wipe up the floor with him. Skat, and skat quick after him, for I'm chuck full of fight and can't wait."

"Oh, I beg your pardon. I didn't know you were in such a hurry. Thought you might have time to visit 'round a while, but I see that you are pushed for time." And at that Taylor laid down his pen, walked leisurely around, locked the office door lest the "lacer" might change his mind, and then telling the office boy to run quick for Dr. DeCell, turned in and gave the fellow such a thrashing that the Dr. was really needed by the time he reached the office. After that the most obstreperous did all their "obstrepering" outside of Taylor's vicinity.

BOTH FIGHTING FOR THE SAME CANDIDATE.

That day I went out to see old Mr. Luther Edey, who is still living on the same farm, at the edge of Aylmer, where he was born eighty-five years ago, I asked him of this J. F. Taylor, as I do like to hear about those good old men who were "such fighters when they were young." It calls up pleasant memories of—but no matter now, it's Taylor I'm telling you about.

"J. F. Taylor? Oh, yes, I knew him well. Everybody 'round these parts knew Taylor." And the old gentleman began to brighten up as though the memory of those other days was a pleasant one. I could see that something amusing was running through Mr. Luther Edey's mind, and sat anticipating that "something."

"Of course," he began, "you have heard that when this Taylor was a young man, that he wasn't the good Methodist he afterward became, and that he had such a reputation of being able to look after himself that no one cared to try to do him any unnecessary injury." We told him we had heard about his prowess, and then related the stories we had heard, and asked if they were true. He at once recalled both of the foregoing, and said that they were practically the same as he had heard more than a half century ago, and that they were no doubt true stories.

"Here is one that I saw myself. Taylor used to be clerk at elections in those days. They think they have all the politics now, but they don't by a long shot. Why, I've seen more quarreling and often downright fighting then at some of the elections than you will ever see now. To say a thing against a man's candidate was a challenge for a fight right off, and the fight was no child's play either. I remember one day at the polls—and here's where Taylor comes in—two men got to fighting over their candidate. It was first 'You're another,' and then they got at it like the two Kilkenny cats, and the way the fur was flying when Taylor showed up was a caution. He ran out and was between them quicker than I can tell it. "Here, here, if you don't stop this I'll thrash the two of you!" They stopped, for they knew Taylor. But the fun of it was that they were both fighting for the same candidate without knowing it until they were separated, when they went back to working for their man. They never heard the end of that fight, but remained fast friends as long as they lived.

"Taylor became one of the most active Methodists in this whole country. He was the first Registrar of Ottawa County.

"But, speaking of fighting, have you heard mention of the Shiners? They were the boys who did fighting a-plenty in the early days," and then we knew that another story was about due."

A SHINER CUSTOM.

"Now, these Shiners were always up to some trick or other, but withal a hospitable lot. One of their customs was, when they met you, no matter where, you had to either drink or fight. One day I was in Bytown with father, who was not only a Methodist of the strictest sort, but was also a temperance man, which you must know did not then, as now, always follow."

"I beg pardon, Mr. Edey," broke in the Colonel, "I did not quite catch the last part of your remark, but go on. You were speaking about that Shiner custom."

"Well, as I was saying, father and I were in Bytown one day when a Shiner, noted for his prowess and his *hospitality*, caught father by the arm and said, 'Now, Mr. Edey, you are going in and have a drink with me,' and started for a nearby tavern. This aroused father's blood, and, forgetting the Shiner's reputation, he let drive and landed heavily. Everybody around—and by this time there was a crowd following—looked for one Edey less, but the bully seemed to be quite satisfied to excuse father from drinking that day, and none of the rest of them ever asked him afterward."

I did not wonder when I learned that the father was even a more powerful man than the son and grandsons.

When the Colonel heard Mr. Edey tell this story, he wanted to know, "Was that custom of asking you to drink a general one, Mr. Edey?"

"I think it was," said the old gentleman. The Colonel did not say anything further at the time, but a few minutes later he remarked. "I tell you, Rube, the Shiners weren't a bad lot after all."

"They at least would have had no occasion to fight with you, eh, Colonel?"

But he made no answer.

THE LAWYER SAT DOWN.

Wm. Kenney tells a good story of how on one occasion, when Taylor was acting judge, a lawyer, known for his many words, was told to stop and sit down. He persisted in talking ahead. Said Mr. Kenney, who was present: "The 'Judge' left his seat, walked up to Peter, and in a voice that could have been heard in the next township, said, 'Peter, sit down,' but Peter talked on. Taylor was very quick and, to make it short, I will simply say that Peter sat down. The fact of there being no chair in his immediate vicinity did not seem to make any difference,—he just sat on the floor, it being the only seat around."

To Taylor's diary I am indebted to much of interest in the early twenties.

THE FIGHTERS OF THE RIVER.

The great historian, Benjamin Sulte, has written much about the early times, when the whole Ottawa River was a battle ground. At first, Indians against the Voyageurs; next, the rival fur companies against each other, and much later, the men of the various lumber firms did battle for personal supremacy. One to hold the claim of being "*The best man on the River*" had to meet all comers, and many the hard fought battle has been credited to some of these early fighters.

Most of them have been forgotten, and their deeds gone unrecorded. The period when personal prowess was supreme in all this part of Canada, or say, from the Upper Ottawa to Quebec City, was from 1826 to 1848. During that time there was little of law, and personal force ruled the river. As I say, most of the men of valor—"Knights of the River," as Sulte would term them—have passed away and nothing but vague tradition is left to tell that they ever lived, but this historian has saved the record of one of the "Knights", as a sample of the class. The man of whom Sulte wrote, in about 1885, (while there were a number of the old rivermen living from whom the historian got the stories) was the famous



JOE MONTFERRAND

(pronounced *Mojero*). In a book of 126 pages, illustrated by Julien, and published by Beauchemin and Valois, of Montreal,

some of the deeds of this giant among the rivermen are recorded in a most entertaining form. To read the stories, brings to mind, how, long years ago, the "Fenton Boys" used to come down from "The Swamp," to Tremont, to get thrashed by the "Ritter Boys." It never seemed to make any difference how often Joe and Bill licked 'em, they'd come again—get "loaded" and at it they would go to get it some more. That's how these stories of Joe Mofero read, only that when Joe got through with his man there wasn't enough left of him to *come* again. One must conclude that either Sulte's hero was a very Samson, or else the narrators saw the deeds of Joseph, as through the large end of a magnifying glass, and time had made seem greater the mighty man.

Joseph Montferrand was born in 1802 and died in 1864. He began to run the river as a raft foreman, in about 1825. He was with a number of the old lumber firms, most of whose names have been forgotten, save by the few who still live to recall those stirring times. The names of the firms are forgotten but that of their foreman is fresh in many of the minds of the younger generation, who listened, and remember, the stories told of Joe. He is said never to have been "whipped," and yet I have heard tell of so many, who "thrashed Joe Mofero," that I wonder did he ever whip anybody. I wonder did it ever occur to you that the greatest fighter is he whose every antagonist is dead? "Dead men can't defend a title," is a truth which is too often forgotten by those who boast of how they bested some famous one now gone.

SOME OF JOE'S ENCOUNTERS.

I might fill a book with Joe's encounters, but I won't. And yet a few of them as illustrative of the spirit of the times may not be amiss, since I write of the pioneers and their days.

JOE THROWS BILL COLLINS INTO THE FIRE.

Bill Collins was a Montreal bully. Said he'd like to meet "that Mofero." One day hearing that Joe was in town and knowing the particular saloon that he most frequented, went there, hid behind the counter, and when Joe came in and was lifting his glass to drink, knocked it from his hand. Mofero simply reached over the bar, grabbed Collins, lifted him over bodily and threw him into the great fire-place on the other side of the saloon, from which his friends pulled him else he had been badly burned. After that he let Joe drink at his leisure.

"HOLD ON, I'M NOT DEAD!"

This was along about 1832, which year the cholera was raging throughout many parts of Canada. In Montreal it was so awful that men died in the fields and in the streets, and had to be buried as fast as possible. No ceremony when a man

dropped. The burying corps simply threw the dead into a trench and covered them over. One day the corps were on their rounds when they spied a man lying in a field. He was picked up and carried to the trench and was about to be "chucked in," when he yelled out: "Hold on! Shay zare, I'm vull but I an't ded yet." It was Bill Collins on one of his drunks.

MART HENNESSY.

One day a crowd caught Joe in a saloon, when they all got at him at once. "Hold", said Joe, "stop, let me out or I'll use my feet." They knew that this meant serious results, as his kick was far more dangerous than the kick of the proverbial mule, and they let him out. Mart Hennessy was of the crowd. Mart followed Joe into the street, but only to receive a bad licking. Now, long years after, the friends of Mart claim that he whipped Joe. It was not claimed at the time. Joe said that he felt the effects of this fight more than he did any he ever had, so that there may have been some truth in the Hennessy claim of victory.

JOE LEAVES HIS CARD ON THE CEILING.

Once, in Buckingham, Joe wanted to treat the crowd, but not having any money, was trusted by the good land-lady. The next time he came he not only paid the score, but left his card on the ceiling. "Here, landlady, I will leave my card," said he, "it will do you no harm and may bring you good luck," and at that, being wonderfully athletic, he kicked the low ceiling and left the marks of his boot-heel, so plain, that for years after it was to be seen by the curious voyageur. Colonel Joseph Aumond said he went many miles out of his way to see that "card." It proved true. It *did* bring the landlady good luck.

THE FIGHT AT THE BRIDGE.

Possibly Joe's most famous fight was at the Chaudiere Falls bridge. Judging from Julien's picture of that occurrence it must have been an awful sight to see a giant in combat with a mob so big that the artist hadn't room for them all in his picture. I couldn't read Sulte's description, as 'tis in French, but I can read Julien's pen-work. There stands the giant at bay. The mob are attacking him with clubs and stones. Joe scorns so futile a missile as a street stone or so trifling a thing as a club, against one of Julien's mobs. No. These would be useless, so he has picked up one of the mob, grasping him by the two feet, and stands there swinging him bodily, mowing down the oncomers as though he were cradling wheat. Each swing of his man brings down a swath, until his assailants lay piled around him. Yes, tis' a sight that would turn Hercules green with envy. It must have been a true story, for, is it not all in the picture?

Get the book for the rest of the stories. I have not room for them all, however briefly I might tell them. You will know it by the cover, on which is this picture of Joe, taken from an old ambrotype, in the possession of one of Joseph's relatives. The boxing gloves were not in it—they grew in Henri's imagination—which we all know is most vivid.

As may be seen, he was a man of powerful build, being over six feet in stature and well proportioned. He later retired, and passed his days in Montreal. He was most fastidious in his dress, even to the "high hat," and his prowess made him a universal favorite, giving him entree into the best circles—the "best," in those days, thinking more of a man for his manhood than for his ability to shine at "Pink Teas." The little Cad of to-day, would have cut a sorry figure then.

Not alone for his prowess, but for his family, was he received by the "best." His grandfather came to Canada with Montcalm. His father was long with the North-West Fur Company. Like son, like father. He too was a giant in strength, never having taken second place to any man in the valor of his day.

His mother was Marie Louise Couvrette, of the family of Ethier, de L'Assumption.

The French are justly proud of Joseph Montferrand.

NAVIGATION OF THE OTTAWA.

The Lady Coulbourn was the first steamer on the Deschenes Lake, from Aylmer to the Chats Falls. It was launched October 29th, 1832.

The Union Forwarding Company was the first company of importance. In 1846 this Company started two iron steamers, the Emerald and the Oregon. The former ran from Aylmer to Pontiac—at the Chats—and the latter from the lower end of Chats Lake to Portage du Fort. The Emerald was launched with much ceremony. Mrs. John Allen, who it is claimed was the first woman to set foot on Hull soil when the Wright Colony landed in 1800, was chosen to break the bottle of champagne at the christening.

Some of the early officers were: Thomas A. Cummings was the first Captain and held that position for nearly 30 years, M. Hilliard, Walter and Robert Findlay were also Captains of the line on the two boats. John McLean for 20 years was engineer of the Emerald. He is still living in Aylmer. John Murphy



The Colonel is very fond of
the "Doyle Girl."



Can't blame him, eh?

was 29 years book-keeper for the Company. M. McLaughlin, R. Bourque, the Duggans, the Mulligans (sons of one of the brothers are now the Mulligan Brothers who are landlords of the Russell House in Ottawa). Yuel, and others, some of whose descendants are now prominent in the country, were on the staff of the Company. The capitalist, Captain John L. Murphy, made the start of his fortune on the lakes and finally bought out the Union Forwarding. He in turn sold to the Upper Ottawa Improvement Company.

When the various railroads started to carry the traffic up the Ottawa the river trade was at an end, so far as freight and passengers were connected. There was nothing now left but the towing of logs down the slow moving waters of the river. Later, one of the Improvement Company's boats, the G. B. Greene, is run twice a week during the excursion season.

THE LITTLE TRAM RAILWAY

was an institution in the old days. This was a little road three miles long, and ran from Pontiac to where the Chats Lake boats started for Portage du Fort, at the upper, or head of Chats Lake. It was a novel process, the transferring of freight and passengers over this road. At Pontiac the passengers would have to walk up a stairs of 80 steps, while the freight had to be elevated by means of a derrick, or hoist. This hoist was run by capstan horse-power. Some of the old boys still remember the horse "Old Bob" that wound up the capstan.

When all was up, there were several cars to carry the "load" to the upper landing, three miles above. These cars were drawn by horses hitched tandem. It was the first road in this part of the country, and one of the first in Canada.

"REVERSE HER THE OTHER WAY."

When the Lady Coulbourne started, the running of a steamboat was a new thing to all hands from Captain to deckhand. An old gentleman, still living in Aylmer, says it used to be great sport to go down to the wharf and listen to the Captain give orders. One of these orders was a standing jest among the boys for many a day after. Old Pappa, the Pilot, was very dull and would provoke the Captain to strong words at times, with his stupidity. He would call out: "Pappa, Pappa,—— yer owld sowl, 'varse 'er, 'varse 'er, 'varse 'er the other way.'"

Later: Just as we go to press, Mr. W. J. Lynch, of the Dominion Patent office, to whom I am indebted for many favors, hands me a little pamphlet. I look and find it to be "Union Forwarding Company's Travellers' Guide." I scan it over and learn what I had so often sought to know, but which no memory could give to me, save in a rambling way. I can but give the barest facts, as follows: It was issued in 1873, the Company

having been incorporated in 1859. At that time they had 14 steamers plying the Ottawa River from Aylmer to Deux Rivieres. These boats with their Captains were:

Aylmer to Pontiac:(better known now as the Chats Falls): Jessie Cassels, Chaudiere, Emerald, with Captains Findlay, Smith and Mulligan.

From the Chats to Portage du Fort: The Prince Arthur, Alliance, Oregon and Snow Bird, with Captains Murphy, Toner, Hilliard and Edmunds.

From Bryson's to Chapeaux: Sir John Young, with Captain Beattie.

From Cobden to Pembroke: The Jason Gould, with Captain Pegg.

From Pembroke to Des Joachims: The John Egan, Forest Queen and Pembroke, with Captains Duggan, Munroe and Reid.

From Tait's Landing to Rocher Captaine: The Kippawa, Captain Mulligan.

From Rocher Captaine to Deux Rivieres: The Deux Rivieres, with Captain Greene.

The Capital Stock of the Company was \$2,500,000.

Its Directors were: President, R. S. Cassels; Vice-President, C. O. Kelley. Directors: Hon. John Hamilton, Henry McKay, Gilbert Scott, Daniel Cowley, W. R. Thistle and T. H. Thompson. Secretary-Treasurer: Henry Chepmell.

FORGOTTEN MEN AND FIRMS.

The very names of men and firms whose advertisements are seen in the little book are nearly all forgotten, save by a few of the older people of Ottawa. A very few are still in business. The rest are gone, or dead. Of the names familiar, I give them here: "Birkett and Grant." This was James Birkett, brother of Thomas, who is to-day at the head of the largest hardware house in this part of Canada. He bought out the old firm. "R. W. Shepherd," then President of the Ottawa River Navigation Co. is still the genial head of that Company. "Notman Studio, Wm. J. Topley, Proprietor." That name is still to be seen over the door of the best photographic gallery in Ottawa, with the added words: "and Son." "Wm. Young, Watch Maker," tells us what the old chief of the Ottawa Fire Dept. was in 1873. "S. Rogers," is succeeded by that prince of good fellows, Colonel S. Maynard Rogers. "Holt's Express Line," gives us to know, in the ad., that if a passenger left Pembroke one morning and fooled no time away, that he might hope to reach Montreal next day, if the engines kept in good working order. This line was then run by A. M. Holt, whose family are to be found still in charge of the famous old Holt's Hotel in Aylmer.

When I showed the relic to Mr. George Orme, and he read: "J. L. Orme and Son, sole agents for all the popular pianos of the



RUBE AND THE COLONEL AT THE LAKE.

By Doyle.

"Colonel, will we risk a sail? Will it be safe?"

"Yes, me boy. If the boat upsets I can wade out, and you can float."

day," he smiled and grew reminiscent. "Not one of these pianos are now sold in Canada. Even the names seem strange to me. 'Estey Organs,' that name alone is to be found on a musical instrument, the rest have long been superseded. 'Union Forwarding Company,' how that brings back the old times. Many a time have I gone up the river by this the only means of reaching that upper country, save by driving. We'd buy a ticket at the office, which was where the Crown Lithographing Co. now have their offices on Wellington Street. We'd go to Aylmer, by Moses Holt's stage line, and at Aylmer take the boat for Pembroke. We'd start from Ottawa at 7 a.m. and if we didn't get stuck in Mud Lake we'd get to Pembroke some time between midnight and the next morning. When the water was low the speed of the boat through Mud Lake depended a good deal on the willingness of the passengers to help 'pole.' 'Mud Lake.' I havn't thought of it for many a long day. It was such a tedious trip that father used often to drive all the way rather than go by the river. We once sent a piano by sleigh up to Fort William, on the Allumette, beyond Pembroke. Fort William was then—38 years ago—a Hudson's Bay Post, with one Watts as Factor"

Great changes since then! J. L. Orme is gone, and his son George is at the head of the business, which has grown to be one of the greatest in the Dominion, with a large manufacturing plant of its own, and with a store hardly equalled on the continent in perfect appointment.

BY F. W. A. S. 1884



BEFORE.

"To go or not to go, that is the question."

BILL'S FIRST CIRCUS.

HE circus is no modern institution by any means. "We used to have 'em when I was a boy," said an old man of nearly ninety one day, when I was asking about the amusements of this country in ye olde dayes. "Come, Uncle," said I, "tell us about 'em. What were they like then? Tell us about the first time you went to the Circus." I use a capital in spelling it. First Circuses are always spelled with a capital—indicative of the *time* the boy had in attending his.

When I asked Uncle Bill to tell about his "First," he smiled as he began: "I may forget everything else, but I'll never forget that day. Father was awful strict and looked upon the thing as of the very 'Old Boy' himself. A horse race was awful, but the circus was the limit. Well, every fellow has to have his first and I had mine. Father had kept me away until I was a fairly big boy. I was big enough, I mind, to be ashamed to admit that I had never seen the inside of a tent; that I had never watched a clown, or seen the fat lady or the bearded woman. When this particular 'first' was billed to be in Aylmer early one summer, I made up my mind that I'd see it, 'lickin' or no lickin'.' My cousins were all going, for their father was not so strict as mine. All the neighbor boys and girls were going too. One of my cousins asked me, before father, if I wasn't going. 'What!' exclaimed father, 'Bill go to the Circus? No, Bill will hoe potatoes that day out in the back clearing. I am ashamed of you to think you'd suggest such a thing.' That cousin used often to tell how scared he was at mentioning circus to father.

"The eventful day came. Away early, the boys and girls were coming in to Aylmer from the Mountain, from the Hull road, from along the river—from every place. Every place but from our farm. 'Take your hoe, Bill, and get at them potatoes in the back clearing,' but, fortunately, he sent me out alone. Now, remember, if a boy once gets Circus in his head, all the fathers from here to Portage du Fort can't make him stay in the back clearing and hoe potatoes. I had prepared for the event. But in those days there wasn't much preparation to be made. I hadn't any store clothes, and for that matter very few of any sort, but I knew I'd have to have something a bit out of the 'every-day' suit—shirt, pants and hat, and yet the only thing available was a calf-skin vest, sort of an heirloom which had been brought over from the States, when the family came into Canada. Nobody seemed to know how long it had been in the family, and I didn't think of asking, as I carried it out the night before and hid it behind a stump in the back clearing.

"I went off, like a dutiful son, hoe across my shouder and whistling a merry tune, for my heart was light in anticipation. When I got to the clearing I tried real hard to hoe potatoes. I couldn't see the vines. I tried to keep my mind on my work, but it was all in vain. Don't know but I might have kept at it, and gone home to dinner still a dutiful son, had not the band announced the coming of the Circus procession from Hull. That music! Never before in all my life, nor since, did music sound so sweet as that Circus band made as it came along toward Aylmer.

"I couldn't stand it. I threw down my hoe, ran to the stump, grabbed up the calf-skin vest, and rushed down to the Circus. But when I got there it occurred to me for the first time that I hadn't a cent of money. How to get in was now my only worry;

but, given a desire, the lack of money has seldom kept a boy out of seeing his first Circus. I got in. When once the clown began his fun, everybody's attention was so taken up that a barefoot boy, in a calf-skin vest, topped out with a crownless hat, wasn't seen crawling under the far side of the tent. Yes, I got in, and that, too, in time to see it all. The boys had often tried to tell me about the wonderful things that were to be seen in a Circus, but they had as well tried to tell a blind man about the beauties of the sun as try to give one-hundredth part of what I saw that day so long ago. So long ago, and yet I can see it all as though it were but yesterday. The clown was the funniest man I had ever before heard. It was all real to me. It was as though I had been suddenly dropped into a new and strange world. The ladies danced about on one foot, and rode horses as though they were but a part of the horse itself. They jumped through papered hoops, swung from trapeze bars, till I was sure they would fall and be killed before my very eyes. When the man went into the lion's cage I turned my head, for I didn't want to look on while the beast was eating him alive. I didn't know that the lion was old and toothless. I wasn't up on the age of wild animals then, and my young heart went out in utter fear for the brave man's life. But he wasn't hurt, and the people went wilder than the poor old lion himself, when at last the trainer came out whole.



Bill gets there all the same—

And rides the mule.

“At first I shrunk away from the gaze of the crowd, but later, in my intense interest, I got right down in front,—got right down where the clown was doing his talking. I had heard the old folks say that the clown always knew beforehand what he was going to say, but after that day I know better. He couldn't

have known, and you will say so when I tell you what he said. 'Hay, Rube, where did you get that vest?' and he came up and looked me all over, just like I had been the animal that had worn it originally. 'I ain't Rube,' I said to him, ashamed like to be talking back at so great a man as a real live clown, but I wasn't going to be called no nicknames right there before everybody. 'Hay, Rube,' he said again, 'I'll give you a half-pound if you ride my mule. Come, is it a bargain?' 'I'm no mule rider,' said I, with everybody yelling like mad for me to 'Ride 'im, Bill!' They all called me by name, for in those days everybody knew everybody else for miles around. Just then up comes the man with the mule, and before I knew what I was doing I was climbing on to get that half-pound, for I'd never in my life



AFTER.

"I'll give you Circus!"

calf. 'Well,' said I, 'you needn't bawl so about it, if he did,' and then everybody laughed at him and he didn't like it one bit.

"After the Circus was over, the people got round me and gave me such a handshaking that I felt for all the world like a real live politician who had won out after a week's election. I up and took all my cousins and some of the other young folks and treated them to red lemonade (oh, yes, we had red lemonade in those days, same as now) and ginger cakes—the big round kind, with scalloped edges. I was that popular I can even to this day feel the thrills as they chased each other up and down.

"This was all right as long as the excitement was on, but the

had so much money. Before I was clear on, my cousin Betsey came running like she was wild, and yelling at me, 'Don't, Bill. Don't, he'll kill you sure, and then what will your father say when you go home, and he a-thinkin' you're in the back clearing hoeing potatoes!' But I was after that half-pound and had lost all sense of what might happen if I got killed and went home, to be thrashed within an inch of my life. I got on and rode that mule twice around the ring, he never once trying to throw me off, even if the clown did try his best to excite him to action. Well, sir, you never heard yelling to beat the noise the people in the Circus made as I got off and told the clown that I wanted my half-pound. He gave it, and said his old mule must have taken me for a real

minute it was over and I started for the back clearing to hoe potatoes, then my conscience began to get in its work. I thought it was my conscience, but next day, after father had finished licking me, and the thing quit hurting, I found that conscience hadn't a blamed thing to do with it, as I was just as happy as ever to think of the fun I'd had, and from that day to this I have never regretted running off from the back clearing to go to my First Circus." And the old man seemed as happy as the boy of fourteen about whom he had been telling me.

THE HOG WITH A PEDIGREE, OR THE MAN-WHO-DIDN'T-KNOW-HIMSELF.

Did it ever occur to you how much more interest some men take in the pedigree of their animals, than they do in their own? I was forcibly reminded of this, one day, when the Colonel and I were loafing along the road, several miles from Kalamazoo, some steen years ago. Seeing a man contemplating a big hog that stood in a pen, looking up at him most reproachfully for being so securely imprisoned, we went over to help the farmer contemplate, and to see the why of all this interest.

"Good Morning, my good man," said I in order to set the conversation going.

"Good morning yourself, and several of them," he returned, real sociable like, and then without any preliminaries, started in to expatiate on the fine points of the "slab-sided" beast that grunted his "good morning" too, as we came up.

"What yer think o' that?" nodding toward the hog. We hardly knew into what words to frame a reply. We didn't want to offend by giving him a truthful opinion, and so risked a "Pretty big fellow!"

"Yes, and what's more, he's got ther best pedigree in all these here parts. Haint nuthin' in ther hul country thet'll tetch 'im."

"Yes?" I smiled, seeming pleased like.

"Pedigree! Why man he's all pedigree, all the way back fur ginnerashuns."

"Yes?" again I said, encouragingly.

"He's pedigreed to beat the band on muster day! Just listen till I run 'im back fur ye. He was sired by Gad-about, who was by Roamer, who was by Rootabago, whose father was Never-at-homeski, who could claim, as sire, the famous prize winner, Smokehouse, the son of God-o'-War, the offspring of Wait-in-Gold, by Melikinoski, who was imported by the great Rushin importers, Shoveloff Brothers and Co., from Moscovski. Now what-ah-ye think o' thatski?"

"Well, I'm surprised to think that he ever lived to tell it," and then sort o' to let him know that I too knew a bit about the pedigree business, I asked, "You've told us of his sires. Who was he dammed by?" You should have seen him look! Here was a fellow who could talk hog to him. He was that pleased that he smiled, took a fresh 'Chaw', and started in.

"Now yer shoutin'. Who was he 'dammed' by? Say, young man, you've been in the hog business yerself, eh? Glad ter meet yer. Whar'd y' raise 'em? 'Down in Ohio?' My Stars, yer a long way frum home! But I wus tellin' yer 'bout his dams. The first one he ever had was Zulu Belle, by Fairy Queen, the daughter of Madame Root-er-die, by Lady Elderberry, the prize of Grace Hamilton. Say, that hog was dammed by so many, and his breedin' that *high* that a ten rail pen wouldn't keep 'im at home, and then when he gets out, he's damned by all the nabors fur ten miles around. 'Premiums?' Why thet hog takes 'em all, wherever I show 'im, in every county hereabouts. Why, I've got a room papered with red ribbons, brung in by this very animal."

As we looked at him, we couldn't think but that the judges, at those fairs, had seen the pedigree, rather than the hog. But then, again, we couldn't help thinking that those judges were like so many people we know. They look at some little "runt" of a man, with a titled ancestry, and then fall down and worship, not the "runt," but the ancestry.

HE DIDN'T KNOW GRAN-PA. "IT'S CASH THAT COUNTS."

Being in a hurry and not at all interested in his torn-eared hog, (he explained that, "Some o' the durned nabors hed bin doggin' of 'im"), we turned the subject to his own "pedigree," and asked: "Who was your grandfather?" We knew as far back as his father, and did not need to ask.

"Who wuz my gran-dad? Lor' I dunno. He's bin ded so long thet I clean furgit, 'f I ever knowed. He wuz some old duffer thet cum over frum Ireland, ur Scotland, ur England, 'tenny rate he cum ercross thocean, long toards ther first. No, I cain't think whut his name wuz, but did y' ever see sich a big hog, in all yer born days?" We looked straight into his face and said: "No, we have seen some pretty big hogs, but never so big a one before," and he seemed real pleased and went right on. "He's got every pint thet counts in ther show. I've refused a hundred fur 'im more'n a dozen times. It's ther cash thet counts. Ther cash every time."

"SOME ARE LIKE THE CALF—THEY FORGET THE MOTHER AS SOON AS WEANED."

I may have been a bit severe, and even rude, but I couldn't help saying, when I saw how little care he had for his own origin: "I guess you go on the principle, like the calf or the pig, *forget*

the mother as soon as weaned. Is not that true?" and he said: "Thet's erbout ther size of it!" We have seen, in our walk through life, several of him since. One even said: "Oh, they're gone. I can't make any money wastin' time on what you call 'their memory.'" And he posed as one of the people in his community, and had grown rich on the *sentiment* of others. On the other hand, I have found men who would talk so lovingly of their old father and mother, yea, of the dear ones, for generations back, that the occasional heartless offspring, of some noble father, did not make me lose faith in the men of the age.

HER SON'S GOOD ANGEL.

"Everybody for miles around loved her," began the practical man, in speaking of a woman about whom I had asked him. "I shall never forget the day of her funeral," he continued. "Nobody seemed to have charge of receiving the hosts of friends who were coming from all the surrounding country, so I took it upon myself to seat as many as possible in the large parlor where was to be held the services. The room was nearly full, when a poorly-clad old Irish woman came to the door. I stepped forward, for she seemed to hesitate. 'Come in, mother,' said I, as reassuringly as I could. And I led her to where lay all that was mortal of the good woman. At first she seemed out of place and she felt it. Her bonnet was old and worn, her shawl was patched and faded. In short, she was the most 'old-fashioned' body I had seen in many a day. She leaned over the coffin, and for a minute or more was silent, but straightening up, with tears streaming down her cheeks, she said aloud: 'Oh, misther, ye are a sstranger to me, and Oi'm a sstranger to ye, but Oi cain't hilp saying the little prayer,' and turning again, with her old wrinkled hand above the form of the departed, breathed forth: 'May the good Lord rist her soul, for she was one of the bist of the airth!' Then to me: 'Oi must till it to ye. Oi must till how—long years ago, wan of me suns—poor buy is did now—was passin' this way. He had bin ahn a long thramp. His shoes were worn, till his fate were ahn the bare ground; he hed no hat—it was losht in crossin' a swift crick, an Oi guiss the poor buy was himself all worn an hungry. This good woman tuk him in. She didn't seem to notis the rags an' the gone het an' shoes, but just tuk him in. It was late in the avnin—me buy used aftin to sit be the hour an' till it awl over an' over to me, an' Oi niver growin' tired lishning of how she tuk him in. She gave him a warrum

supper an' a clane bid to slape in, an' in ther marnin' she gave him a warrum brickfast, an' thin she sid to me buy: "Here ahr shoes far ye, an Oi've found ahn ould het an' a pair of throwers thet may fet ye, an' she gev thim to him, an' he came home to me the heppiest buy ye iver saw, all ther toime a-tillin' me about the angil thet he hed seen. He dedn't shtay wud me long afther thet. He was thet worn an' thired fram ther awful thramp thet he tuk sick an' leved but a munth. But, oh, misther, ef ye cud hev herd him a prayin' to the good Lord to bliss this angil, ye wud not wunder thet I shud hav walked more then twinty moiles to get a luk at her ded face. Oi know thet me prayer is hurd, far God will rist her soul, far it's the loikes of hur thet he luvs. An' now Oi must go, far Oi hev seen me buy's good angil.'

"When she stopped," went on the practical man, "there was not a dry eye in the large room. Nobody now saw the worn bonnet, the patched and faded shawl of the old-fashioned woman. They had all forgotten that she was old-fashioned and travel-stained. She no longer seemed out of place among the richly dressed, for no one saw the richly dressed—all eyes were upon the lone figure who had come 'twinty moiles to get a luk at her ded face—the dead face of her son's angel.

"There was later preached a good sermon over the dear woman, but I will warrant not one of us remembers a word of it, whilst not a single word spoken by the poor old Irish woman will ever be forgotten by any of the number who heard her as she stood before the coffin that day."

THE OTHER STORY.

The "Practical Man" tells another story—a story of another life, at the end of which there were no tears, no regrets when the life went out. Said he: "I attended another funeral at a place some 128 miles from Montreal. It was cold and heartless. Even the family stood with dry eyes as the earth was covering all that was mortal of a man whose life had been that of a typical miser. As the last spadeful had been heaped and patted, a man standing at my side said: 'He'll have a hard time getting his twenty per cent. down there.' In the one case there was such a rivalry in telling of the kindness done, that I could not but know that the departed had been a Good Angel to more than to the poor Irish lad, whose old mother had 'walked more than twinty moiles to get a luk at her did face,' whilst in the other there was naught but unkindness spoken, and to this day there is but unkindness remembered of him whose one aim was money. His one aim was money. He had no heart for wife or children—it even being said that he ate alone. For him was prepared a selfish meal, the family having to subsist upon the roughest food.

"It is told of him, as illustrative of the meagreness of his table, that once giving a dinner in celebration of an office of

honor to which he had been elected, that his wife, on seeing a bunch of celery and thinking it a bouquet, said, 'Why don't you have red flowers?'—'Why!' he exclaimed, 'don't you know that this is the Alderman's flower?'

"The wealth he left has grown until it overtops that of all other families in and around, and yet the same meagre life is led—not a penny is squandered save that which goes for strong drink. To see them you'd think them the poorest in their community.

"The name of the 'Good Angel' was Mrs. Richard Edey of Bristol. 'The name of the other?' Ah, me, I cannot give it. I can give but the story. But both are true pictures of the two lives."

When the Practical Man had ended, I could not but feel, "What's the good of all the money in the world if you're 'measly' mean?"

THE MAN AT THE TOLL-GATE; OR, "THE MAN WHO WAS."

How often we meet with the man who *was* rich and successful at one period of his life, and thereby hangs the story. Keeping the little toll-gate at the very edge of Aylmer, where ended our morning trip, the day the Colonel and I walked out the Aylmer Road from Hull City, there is a man who was rich and successful. He was at one time a member of the world-famous Coldstream Guards Band, long before a single member of the present band was born. He was once a successful music dealer. "He went security for a friend and"—but you know the rest of the story. The friend (?) got the money, and—well, the old gentleman is keeping the toll-gate on the Aylmer Road.

I speak of him as a gentleman. I do so advisedly. Too many judge a man by his occupation. I judge him by his worth, and not by position or by his bank account. There are far more boors keeping big bank accounts than there are keeping toll-gates.

When the Coldstream Band was in Ottawa, September 25, 1903, this old musician called and made himself known, and they were all delighted to see him and gave him a royal welcome. He was to them as one coming back from a past and long-forgotten age. They did not ask, "What are you now?" No, they looked upon him as "the man who *was*," and that was enough.

He pays a high tribute to J. Mackenzie Rogan: "The old band was as good as the present, but we had no such a leader."

His last engagement in London was under the great Michael Costa, once teacher in the Royal family.

By reason of his long musical connections in England, he was always recognized by the visiting nobility when they came to Canada. Princess Louise, when in Quebec, was always very gracious toward him, as were the Dukes, Albany and Connaught.

After purchasing his discharge from the Coldstream Guards, he came to Quebec and went into business. He was very successful and in a few years was counted rich. Unlike so many of the rich of to-day, he was public spirited. Seeing the need of a bandstand on Dufferin Terrace, overlooking the St. Lawrence in old Quebec, he built the stand. Seeing (or would have seen, if it hadn't been so dark) the need of lighting the terrace on concert nights, he first lighted it with gas and later by electricity. All this he paid for himself, but was later partially reimbursed by others among the public spirited. Fortunate is the town or city with men of public spirit—most desolate and deserted without them! One can be too kind—Mr. Morgan was too kind. He endorsed and in one turn lost over \$30,000. When once a fortune starts to get rid of a fellow, it don't take it long to do it. *I know*, for a big one once tried it on me.

Mr. Morgan took part in the great Handel Festivals of 1857 and 1859, held in the Crystal Palace, London. He was one of the few, out of 3000 musicians who were presented medals. He keeps and prizes those two bronze trophies beyond gold.

He was one of the guard of honor when Queen Victoria fired the first gun at the opening of the Wimbledon Range.

He has played under Meyerbeer, Mendelssohn, and many other of the great leaders. He played before all the crowned Heads of Europe of that day.

What compensation this memory of other days! We may be robbed of wealth. Our friends may all forget us, but the memory of other days will ever cling and make happy the declining years of even "The man who was."

HULL'S THIRD.

The day the Colonel and I started out the Mountain Road, we were passing in sight of the great cement works, over to the right, when Horatius said something about the man who started them. "Rube," said he, "you've been making a study of Hull and its founders and refounders, what are you going to say about this man? It strikes me that he should have a place close up

toward the top." Well, when I got to thinking it over I grew more and more enthusiastic the longer I thought about him, and when I grow enthusiastic you can always tell it, for I start in to talk and don't stop till I get through talking. We sat down, as I never could talk, standing. That's why I can't make a speech; although I did say to Racey, one day: "Racey," said I, "I made a speech the other night. I talked for a good half hour, and it didn't seem ten minutes." "Did you find out how long it seemed to the audience?" Now what do you think of that! And he a good friend of mine! But as I said, we sat down, and I began:

"You have watched the growth of the man who first came to Hull—the man Wright, who set going the colony which has developed into a long list of municipalities; you have been told of the early lumbermen who have made of the Valley of the Ottawa a great thoroughfare for the timber of the mighty forests, an industry set going by the man Wright; you have been told by him of the ups-and-downs of the early settlers—of the hardships they endured and the successes they accomplished; you have followed, from year to year, throughout the past half century, that other man, Eddy, whose marvelous successes have been the wonder of more than his adopted country; you have seen him, time after time, rise like the Phoenix, when the world looked upon him as utterly destroyed. You have, I say, followed these founders of this future great city and locality, but their work has taken a century for accomplishment. It is a question if others could have done so much as they, or done it so well, against the difficulties with which they had to contend. But there is another who must share with Wright, Eddy and the early lumberers, the credit of Hull's place among the great manufacturing cities of Canada when its final history is written. This young man came unheralded, and in three years from the day he first set foot upon Hull soil has built and set going the greatest plant of its kind in the world—greatest of its kind by reason of the completeness, and destined, by reason of its vast supply of material and the unique situation of that material, to surpass anything of the kind in output." Hear! Here! Go on Rube! Tell me all about him.

"That young man is Joseph S. Irvin, and the plant is

THE INTERNATIONAL PORTLAND CEMENT COMPANY,

situated in the city and extending over the line into South Hull municipality.

"It is ever of public interest to know of the career of the man who succeeds, the failures never count, and the world passes them by unnoted.

"I have told you of the careers of the men, Wright and Eddy, I shall tell you of Joseph Irvin, for he is destined to become of far more than of local, or even provincial, note—but of national

interest, since he is extending his field into that country that in the near future must be one of the most talked of in all the world—the mighty West, that is growing by metes and bounds.

THE CAREER OF JOSEPH S. IRVIN.

“He was a farmer boy” has been said of some of the greatest men of all times. Joseph S. Irvin was born on an Illinois farm, May 6, 1862. Belle Plains, in Marshall County, was his childhood home village. Later the family went to Bloomington, Illinois. He was the fifth son of Colonel Joseph Irvin of the 77th Illinois Volunteers. He remained upon the farm until he was seventeen years of age, when he accepted a position with Scott, Arnold & Company of Bloomington, Illinois, as salesman. At nineteen he went as travelling salesman for the Plano Harvesting Machine Company of Chicago. The following year, even before Mr. Irvin was old enough to vote, W. H. Jones, the president of the Company, promoted him to the position of general manager for the State of Michigan, and placed him in charge of their branch house at Jackson, Michigan, a place held by him for seven years. This gave him the unique distinction of being the youngest general manager of territory in this business in the United States.

“At the end of this time the great McCormick Reaper Company of Chicago, seeing in the young man one of marvelous ability, offered him a position which he accepted, and remained with them until 1898, when he resigned and became associated with Jackson and Detroit capitalists, where he at once distinguished himself in the organization of the Peninsular Portland Cement Company, whose plant at Cement City, Michigan, is said to be a model and one of the most successful in America. At the first annual meeting of this company, Mr. Irvin was unanimously elected a member of the Board of Directors. He again distinguished himself in the organization of the Southern States Portland Cement Company of Atlanta, Georgia. He was made its first president. While still retaining his interests in the above companies, he resigned from the Boards to take up this Hull City Company, of which he is the Managing Director.”

“In what does his success lie?” asked the Colonel.

Mr. Irvin's success lies in his thorough mastery of everything he enters. He is never satisfied with less than a perfect knowledge of every detail of the business with which he is connected. And, again, his quick grasp of all the details of an enterprise is nothing short of marvelous. But, possibly, the one great reason is the happy faculty of surrounding himself with men of undoubted standing and tried ability. His absolute honesty of purpose at once gains the utmost confidence of every man with whom he has to deal. I once asked a man of wide experience, “Why is it that Mr. Irvin can carry through these

great works, often against odds that would daunt the oldest business minds?" Said he in reply: "In the first place, he never touches a business proposition that is not feasible, and when he once takes hold he can show that business in such an easy, plain way, that the capitalists can see its feasibility. Then, again, he never assumes to know it all, but is willing to listen to any suggestion from even the most humble workman. His manner is always courteous, and to do business with him is a pleasure. I might enumerate many other reasons but the one great reason is this—*He succeeds*, and the world, as you know, will ever follow the successful."

"Have you heard the outcome of his trip to Europe, where I think you told me he had gone to organize a company for the West?"

"Hav'nt you heard the result of that trip? Why, he not only succeeded in organizing one of the greatest enterprises of its kind, but so impressed the men with whom he came in contact while negotiating the matter that only the other day he received a cable that he had been unanimously elected to the Board of Directors of one of the strongest financial syndicates in the world, with members in London, Paris, Berlin, Montreal and New York. This in recognition of his great organizing ability.

"The company he floated is already at work building its plant at Exshaw, Alberta. It is THE WESTERN CANADA CEMENT AND COAL COMPANY, LIMITED. He is its Managing Director, which means nothing short of its becoming the greatest of its kind in the world. Why? They have a whole mountain of material and a man fully capable of bringing out of that material all that is possible, and then when we think of the locality of the plant and the vast needs for building material of that locality we can readily see that the success of the company is assured even before a barrel of cement is turned out.

"Yes, Colonel, it is mighty easy to grow enthusiastic over this third Hull man from that little Illinois village, but I must stop, as up the road, there on the top of the hill to the right among those pretty pines, once lived another successful man. Successful, however, in another way—in a political way." I referred to

THE HONOURABLE R. W. SCOTT.

Of him I shall speak to you direct, since I have already told the Colonel,—told him of his local connection—the political he already knew. You too may know, but I'll repeat it as 'tis of more than local interest.

The Honourable R. W. Scott, now Secretary of State for the Dominion, came to South Hull, or Hull, as it was then, in 1858, and purchased the north half of lot 5, R. 4, just beyond the north limit of Hull City, and a short distance west of the Chelsea Road.

Hon. Scott had been a prominent figure in Bytown and Ottawa long before this date, having started into politics in 1849, and was Mayor of Bytown in 1852. For more than sixty years he has been a factor in both local and National interests. That which will possibly live longest in the memory of the Nation, is the Scott Temperance Act, of which he is the father.

Before he came to Hull he had taken great interest in horticulture, and had beautified his Ottawa grounds, up on what is now Sandy Hill, but these becoming too cramped he came to the country and made of this land the finest place in all the country around the Capital. It was here that he was want to bring the notables of other lands, when here visiting Ottawa. He was the first to go into horticulture for both beauty and use, and his park-like grounds were the pride of all the country-side. Much is due to him for the interest since taken in fruit-growing in the Valley.

John C. Archibald, the famous old time gardener it was who had charge of laying out the grounds. How well he did it may be seen to this day, although the present owner is fast turning beauty into the more practical, and some of the rare trees are being cut down to make room for potatoes.

Mr. Scott is one of the landmarks of the country. He remembers the great men of the Valley, with whom he associated a half century ago, and has followed on down. Speaking of the dwellers of the Ottawa river, he said: "They were great men. There was among them a rivalry of generosity. In all things pertaining to the public good they were ever ready to do their part, almost to prodigality—such as James Skead, John Egan, Robert Conroy, Col. Joseph Aumond, and I might mention a score of others who seemed to ever have their hand in their pocket for some purpose where the public was interested."

"Mr. Scott," I asked, "were they more liberal than these of to-day?" He made no reply but went on reminiscently—"Yes, they were great men, those old pioneers of the Ottawa—great men and were ever working for the good of the Valley."

INTERNATIONAL COURTESY.

I find much courtesy towards the United States, here in Canada. It is very rare that anything but kindness is expressed toward our country. Occasionally some little editor, running short of matter, has a fling at us, much as the news-gatherer of one village would have against some neighboring town, but it is not serious, and does not offend.

The Colonel and I did hear a visiting preacher, one night in Aylmer, who was not fair and the Colonel told him so, but as he promised not to be so harsh next time and as we afterwards found him a splendid fellow, we quite forgave him and hold it not against him. He was speaking on Sunday Alliance. Said he in part: "Now take our great neighbor to the South. Why there is there no semblance of keeping the Sabbath. I was in one of their cities, and the only man who shuts up his shop, was a Japanese merchant. The rest were wide open, and if possible did more business than upon a week day." The Colonel asked him afterward what was the name of the city, and he said: "Old Orchard Beach." "That's not fair," said the Colonel, "to instance a city, which is in Canada, or was once and, by rights, should be still. Take a better illustration—New York, for instance, is the very heart and centre of our business world and on a Sunday, you may look down Wall street, from Broadway to East River, and you will not see a single person—and, during Republican rule, you will even find the back doors of the saloons closed. No, Mr. S——, you are not fair," and he concluded that the Colonel was right. This is but an instance, but on the quiet, just 'tween ourselves, they do observe Sunday a bit better than we do, in some of our towns and cities.

There is another point that I must note, and tell you about. I mentioned it in "The Hub and the Spokes" (a book which in a fit of mental aberration I once wrote). That point is the courtesy shown toward the Stars and Stripes. There is *never* any disrespect shown our emblem. What is more, it is not infrequent, that on their gala days, our flag is much in evidence, and not a breath—save that of Heaven—is breathed against it.

I instanced the twenty-one of our country's flag that I counted in the Victoria Yacht Club House, at Queen's Park, just beyond Aylmer—almost as many as there were Union Jacks. They were placed there in honor of the visitors from our country. It does not show less respect to one's own flag to show courtesy and respect toward that of a friendly neighbor, and yet some of our "Foreign element" do not view this subject as I am pleased to do. We are one in all that makes for the betterment of the world, and these little international courtesies should be encouraged, and I shall ever take an active interest in such encouragement.

When our people get to know Canada as I know it, the bond

of true friendship must form and cement into a lasting friendship. It is a pleasure to speak thus of a country whose people have made me love that country because of the kindness shown toward my own.

ANDREW CARNEGIE.

If, to any one man, credit is due the kindly feeling toward the States, that credit belongs to Andrew Carnegie, and yet I do not think that this should be due him as being an accorded citizen of the United States, since he is proving, by his every act, that he would be accorded citizenship to the whole world, and not alone to a little part of it. That he has a kindly feeling toward all is shown by his great desire to see all mankind at peace. Again, his libraries and schools are as open to Canada as they are to the States, and readers and pupils from the furthest land are as welcome as are those of Canada. He would have the whole world one in heart—political lines seem not to be taken into account in his dealings with his fellows. Nor will his work end when he is gone, his plans are so laid that his many benefactions will run on doing good, through time.

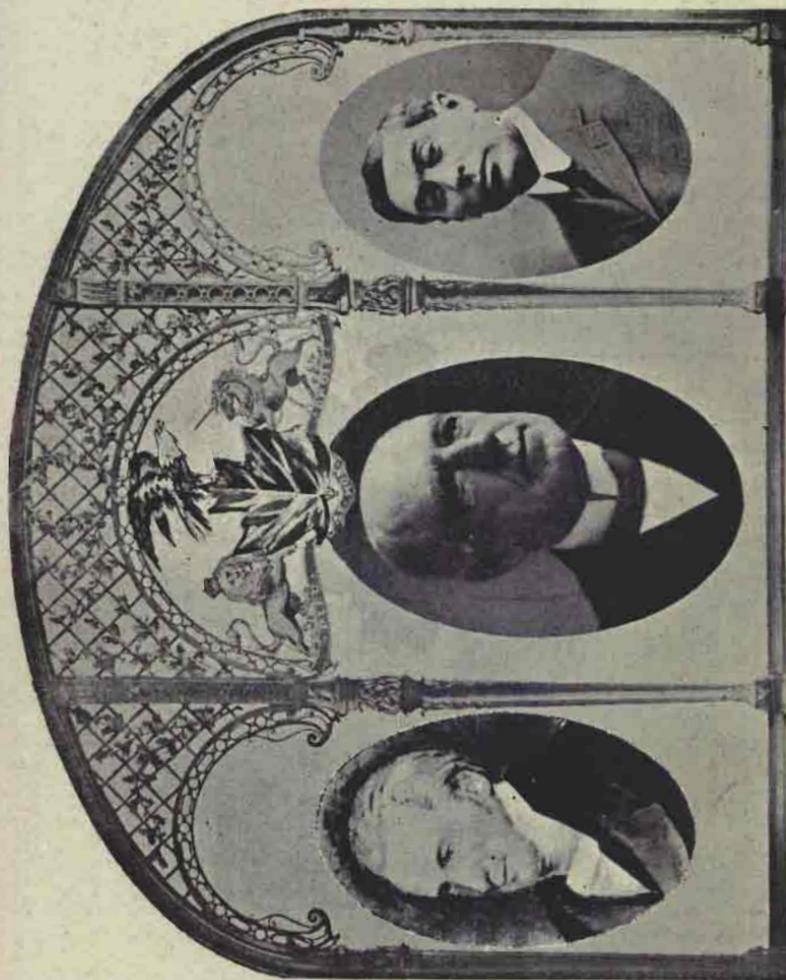
THREE MEN OF WAR.

I once heard General Sherman say, in a short talk, before the Ohio Society, in New York, "Gentlemen, did it ever occur to you, that from one part of one State, came General Grant; just east of his birth place, came General Sheridan; and only a short distance away, I who took some part in the late war, was born? In one small section of one of our 45 States came we three, who were in at the close, and that State was Ohio."

He said it not boastfully. Sherman never boasted. He simply *did*, and let the others boast.

THREE MEN OF PEACE.

As I was speaking of Carnegie, just above, I bethought me of General Sherman's talk. I will change this only as to names and locality and ask: Did it ever occur to you, that from one little part of Scotland, a country three-fourths the size of Ohio—in area—and one-fourth in fertility, came another of the world's great three? Sixty-nine, seventy-nine and eighty-five years ago, there were born three Scotch lads, who were destined to do work that tends all to peace, as the other three were destined for war. From Morayshire, in the Highlands, came Lord Strathcona; eighty miles to the south, in the Lowlands—in Fife—came Sir Sandford Fleming; and but thirteen miles away, came another "Fifer," whose music is sounding round the world—Andrew Carnegie. I need not recite their deeds—few there be who are ignorant of them, and in the end all will know of them, for their works shall live on.



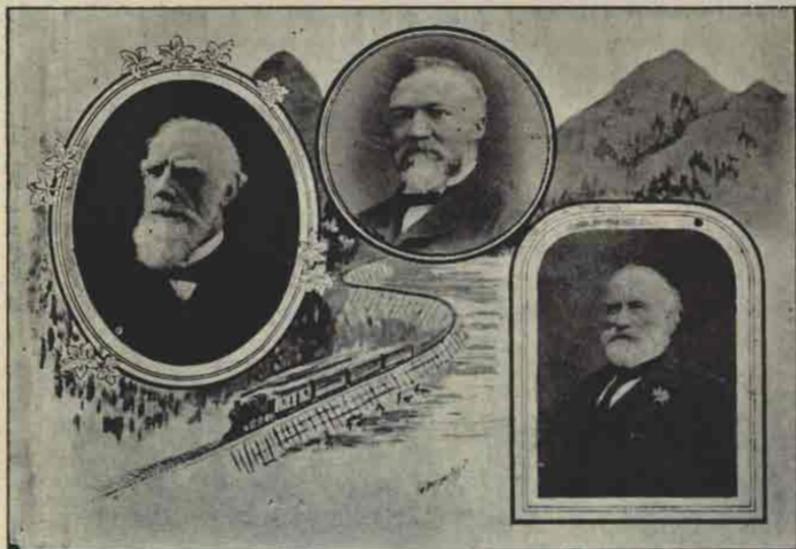
THREE FAMOUS ENGLISH-CANADIAN-YANKEES.
FOUNDERS AND BUILDERS OF HULL.

Page 72, Part III.

PHILEMON WRIGHT.
1800.

E. B. EDDY.
1854.

JOSEPH S. IRWIN.
1901.



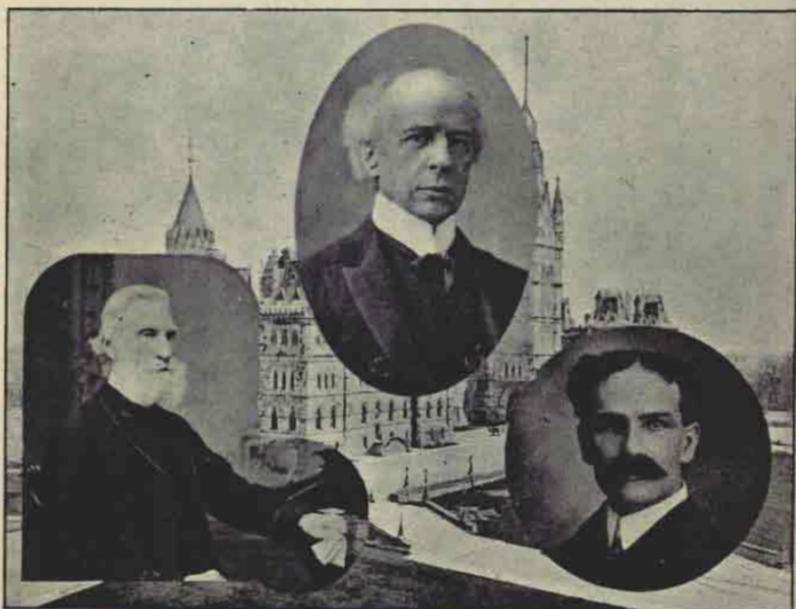
THREE MEN OF PEACE.

Page 77, Part III.

LORD STRATHCONA.

ANDREW CARNEGIE.

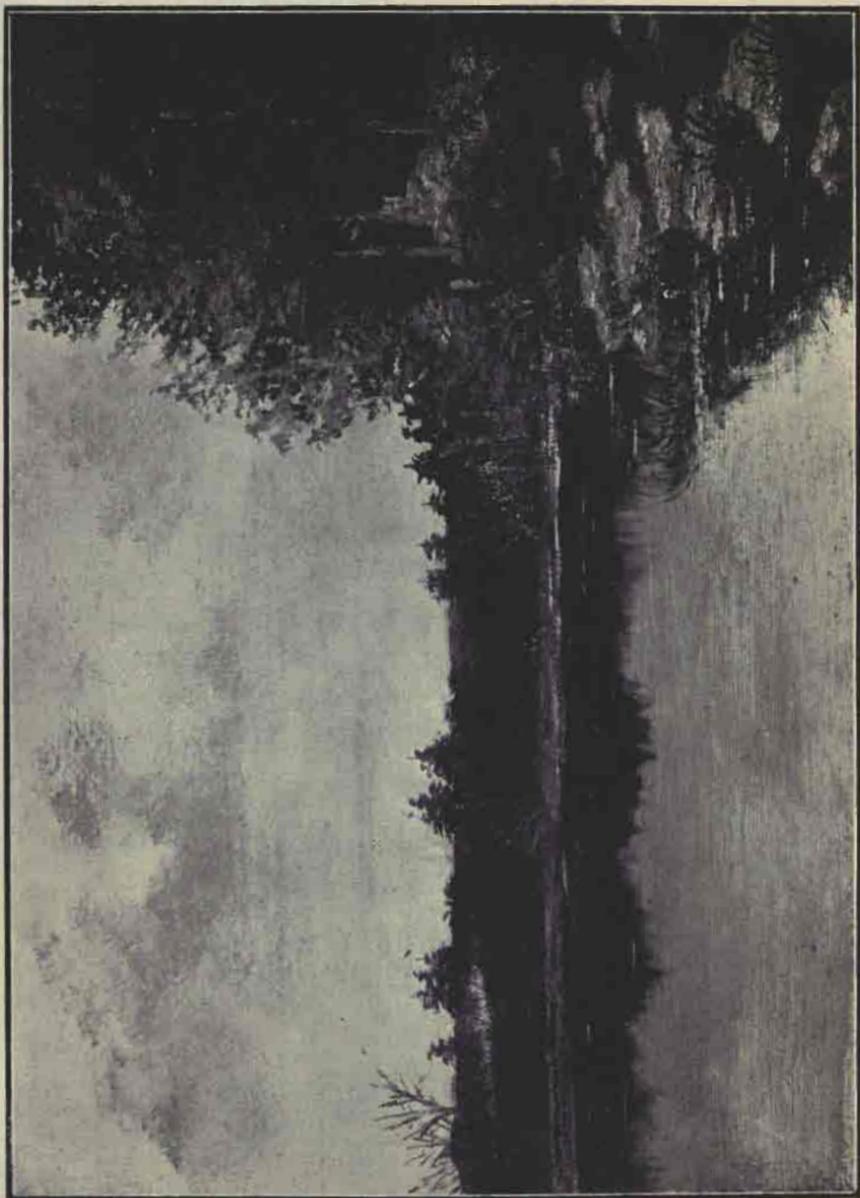
SIR SANDFORD FLEMING.



PREMIER SIR WILFRID LAURIER.

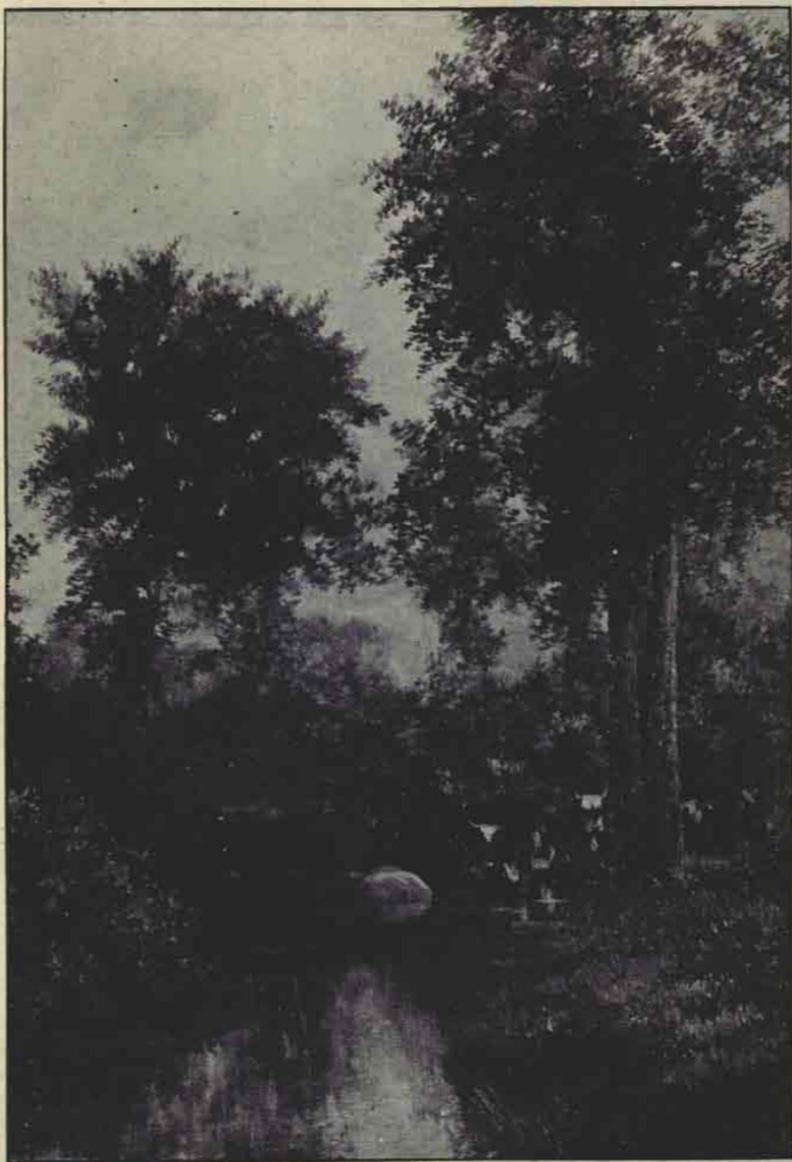
HON. R. W. SCOTT, SECY. OF STATE—ONCE OF SOUTH HULL.

E. B. DEVLIN, M.P. FOR WRIGHT COUNTY.



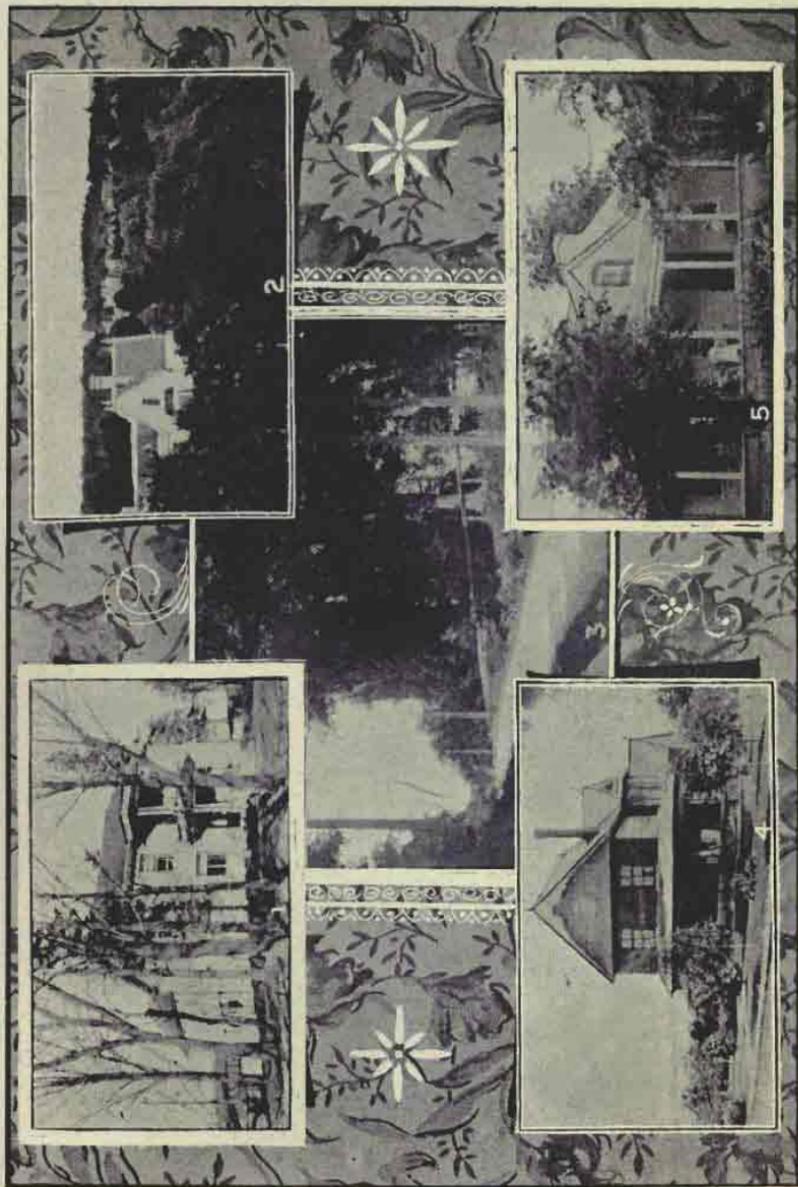
FAIRY LAKE.

FROM A PAINTING BY MISS MINNIE McLEAN.



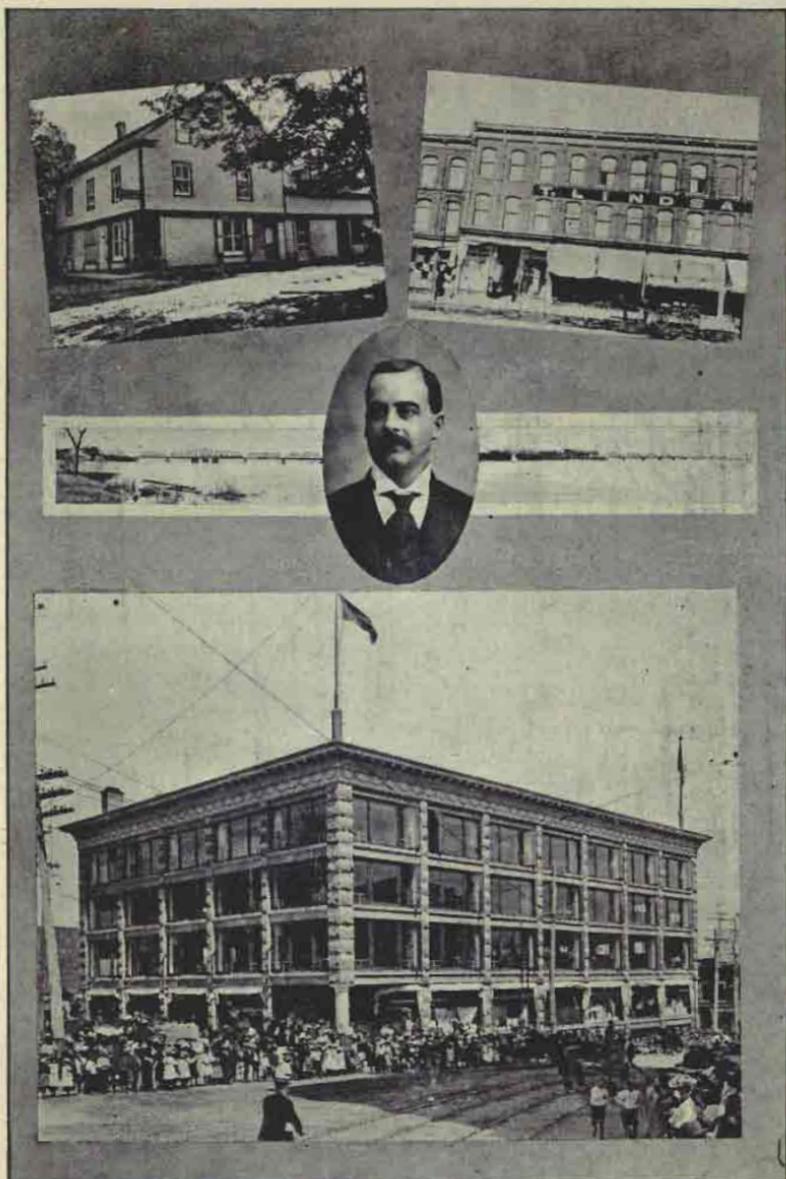
"THROUGH BEAVER MEADOW."
FROM A PAINTING BY H. H. VICKERS.

Page 105, Part III.



AYLMER AND SOUTH HULL RESIDENCES.

1. "MOUNT PLEASANT" "BON AIR."—JOHNSTON EDGERLY.
2. "RIVERVIEW."—HOME OF EDWARD S. SKEAD.
3. SITE OF "THE WHITE HOUSE," WHERE LIVED PHILEMON WRIGHT.
4. W. R. TAYLOR.
5. "SPRUCE LAWN"—EDWARD J. RAINBOTH.



THE RISE OF AN AYLMER BOY.
 THOMAS LINDSAY.

1. WHERE HE STARTED TO CLERK.
2. WHERE THE AWNING IS UP—HIS FIRST STORE.
3. FIRST "EDITION" OF HIS GREAT OTTAWA STORE—15 YEARS AFTER.

Another thought in speaking of these men. The men of war are all three dead, while the three men of peace live on. Is it prophetic that war must cease, that peace must reign? Who can tell!

"BORN TOGETHER, BUT WAITED THREE SCORE AND TEN YEARS TO MEET FOR THE FIRST TIME."

One of the most pleasing scenes that I have ever witnessed was the first meeting of Sir Sandford Fleming and Andrew Carnegie. It was at a dinner given by the former, on the occasion of Mr. Carnegie coming to Ottawa to open the library for which he had given \$100,000 to build. When the last course was finished, Sir Sandford arose, and after presenting Mr. Carnegie with the "Sheep-skin" that made of him an L.L.D. of Queen's University, of which Sir Sandford is chancellor, and which honor came as a well planned surprise, the two old men instinctively threw each an arm around the other, and stood silent for a moment. Sir Sandford, the elder, first broke the silence. "My dear boy," he began, "this is a happy moment. Just to think, born within a few miles of each other, in that land whose memory we can never forget, and yet almost three score and ten years must pass before we meet for the first time, and that in the Capital of another country."

In a moment the great Andrew Carnegie was the Scotch lad again, and bursting forth, exclaimed: "Talk of Heaven. I am having a Heaven all the time, and this is one of the sweetest moments!" Everybody stood spell-bound at the scene. We thought not of the man whose millions are being sown broadcast over the world, but of the Scotch lad who stood there talking of Heaven on earth. It was indeed beautiful to see, and not one of all who stood around that table will ever forget it.

THOMAS LINDSAY.

Thomas Lindsay started a poor boy and by his own unaided efforts has become the most successful merchant in the Capital and is fast climbing to the very top among the great merchants of the Dominion.

He was born in Aylmer—the son of Archibald Lindsay, and grandson of Adam Lindsay, the pioneer of the family in Canada.

When he was but twelve years old he ran the sawing in his father's mill in Aylmer, cutting 40,000 feet per day.

Having been born with a desire above manual labor he thought to go into merchandizing, which he did by way of a clerkship in Duncan Dewar's little store on the corner of Charles and Court streets in his home village. The boys in town, knowing his love of freedom, all said: "Tom will stay about two days," but instead he surprised them all by getting right down to business and sticking to it for two years. At the end of the two years he saw the need of a business education and took a full course in the old Mosgrove Business College, after which he went for a year with Bryson & Graham, in Ottawa. He was so apt that he was very soon doing all the buying for his department.

During the year he had made so many friends among the wholesale dealers of the country, who had watched his marvellous business ability, that when he set up for himself they were glad to give him all possible assistance. His little store was at 273 Wellington Street. From this one room he added store after store until he had all of the rooms in the block clear to Kent street. Of course everybody predicted that Tom Lindsay would not keep up the pace, but he never stopped until what was once the largest business on Wellington street became too small for his, and in 1904 there was built the finest and largest Departmental house in this part of the country. And still his business grows. It is no part of wisdom or foresight to predict that inside of two years, what is now looked upon as a great building will be found far too small, for a man who has built from nothing up to what we see, will keep on, until he is at the head of the greatest business in his line in Canada. And especially will this prediction prove true since some of the shrewdest men in Ottawa have recently joined him in the Thomas Lindsay Company, Limited. The Directorate being: Hon. N. A. Belcourt, K.C., M.P., P.C., President; Hon. W. C. Edwards, Capitalist-lumberman, member of the Dominion Senate; Mr. Emmanuel Tasse; Mr. Newell Bate; Mr. Thomas Lindsay, Managing Director; and Mr. George A. Wanless, Secretary-Treasurer.

He is broad-minded and a man of large conceptions—always willing to do his part in everything that tends to the upbuilding of his country and city. When I was hesitating as to the possibility of bringing out a book on a purely local basis, this man came forward and said: "Go ahead. I want to see the Valley of the Ottawa brought out and featured. I want that the old records, and the names of the old pioneers of this country should be saved. I want this done, for the love I have for my birth-place." There was not a word said about himself or his business, and what I have here written, is only in appreciation of him as a man of public spirit. I cannot but contrast him and his

act with another merchant with whom I once had an interview. This other was the best "jollier" I ever met. He promised nothing but intimated so much that I gave pictures of his two stores, and featured prominently a hunting club of which he was then president—he correcting the manuscript, and seeing that he was given proper prominence. I did all this, for his "jollies" had made me feel that he was—as he gave me to think—the "whole thing." But when my book came out he would not take even one copy. "I didn't promise to do anything, did I?" All that could be said was—"No, Good Day."

You have doubtless all heard of the blind millionaire of New York, the late Charles Broadway Rouss, who offered a million dollars to anyone who could bring back his sight. One of his good qualities was that he always had a place in his great store for a Virginian—his birth state. It is the same with Tom Lindsay. He always has a place for an Aylmeran, many of whom can thank him for their start in life. The man who never forgets the old home or the old friends is all right. Tom Lindsay is all right, and none know it better than the people of the beautiful Valley of the Ottawa.

THE CROWN BANK OF CANADA.

A SUCCESSFUL YOUNG BANK MANAGER.

As an illustration of the trite saying, "It's the man that makes the place," less than two years ago one of the Canadian banks, casting about for a location to add to its already large number of branches, selected Aylmer. It even made the officials of other banks smile at what they thought the lack of wisdom on the part of the president of this particular bank to think of starting so near the Capital, with all its old established banks and branches. But a part of the famous old British Hotel was beautifully fitted up, and a young man—boyish in looks and open, honest manner—was placed in charge as manager. Almost from the very day he started, he gathered in depositors for miles, all up and down the Valley, and now has hundreds of the well-to-do not only as depositors, but as his friends. This young man is Arthur Gunn. He came a stranger from London, Ontario, and within a few months has firmly established a live and very successful banking institution, where few thought it a possible thing. Yes, "it's the man and not the place."

MADAME ALBANI GYE.

There once lived in Aylmer a little girl whose name has since become a household word in all of the civilized world. That little girl was then Marie Louise Cecile Emma Lajeunesse. It became Albani, and is now Madame Albani Gye, since her marriage, in 1878, to Ernest Gye, the well known impresaire. She was the daughter of Joseph Lajeunesse, of the ancient family of St. Louis, and was born at Chambly, P.Q.

We might ask Morgan of how she made her first public appearance, in Montreal, when she was but 7 years old, or how at 15 she went to Saratoga Springs to become organist, under the auspices of Vicar-General Conroy, later Bishop of Albany, and of how 3 years after she left America to go to Paris, where she was at once advised to proceed to Milan, Italy, to the great Lamperti. We might, I say, ask Morgan to tell us the marvellous story of this little girl's successes, almost from the moment that that great master of music heard her voice, but it is not so much of the world's prima-donna, as of the little girl, whom Aylmer has ever been proud to claim, even though but for a short while, that I would tell you. And yet, some may ask to know of the steps taken by the little girl to reach the proud place where Kings, Emperors, Queens—yea all the world are found paying homage.

When Emma Lajeunesse sang for Lamberti, used as he was to the best voices of the world, he stood in wonderment, and like the philosopher of old exclaimed: "Eureka!" Hers was the voice which he had long hoped to find. He at once advised that she choose an Italian name, and suggested that of Albani. "You must have," said the great master, "an Italian name. Why not take that of Albani? It is the name of an old and almost extinct family, the surviving member being an aged Cardinal, and he is so pious and so much a recluse that he will never hear of anything so worldly as grand opera; and besides if he does hear it, you will make the name so famous that he will be glad and proud of it." This will be to many a surprise, as they have long thought that the name was chosen in honor of Albany, the city.

No, it is not the purpose of this brief sketch to tell how she climbed from obscurity to fame, almost in one bound, but of her childhood, since it is so intimately connected with the place of which I am writing.

How long she lived in Aylmer is a question which no one seems to remember. Albani herself has forgotten, for, as she said, the day she so graciously granted an interview to Mayor Sayer and the writer: "It is so long ago, and when I was so

young, that I cannot remember," and turning to the Mayor, who had gone to pay her the respect of his town, she charmingly said: "Tell me of my former home and its people. Oh how I would love to go out and sing for them, but I cannot. My time is so limited. I am making my farewell visit to my native land, and I cannot tarry by the way however much I would love to do so. I am to take part in the May Festival in London. One does not have half the time to do the things that one would so love to do as we pass through this world." fee.

Her manner was so gracious and so gentle that it was easy to believe the beautiful stories of her childhood. One who had been a fellow pupil of the once famous music master, Louis Fecht, speaking of Emma Lajeunesse, said: "She was so sweet in disposition that we all loved her dearly, and have ever watched her course as she rose from height to height in the world of music." I asked of this one, some of the names of the pupils who with herself had taken lessons of Fecht, at the same time with the little girl. "I can recall but few of them," said she, as she began, reminiscently to name the few. "There were, Miss Hannah Mills, who became the well known Mrs. A. S. Woodburn of Ottawa, one of the Misses Supple of Pembroke, Miss Maria Conroy, who became Mrs. John Nelson, and then there was one of the Stewart girls—sister of McLeod. There were many others but I cannot recall their names."

Parenthetically, I visited the desolate grave of poor Louis Fecht, in the deserted old grave-yard on Sandy Hill, just back of the Protestant hospital, on Rideau street, in Ottawa, and found the monument, "Erected by his pupils and friends, in appreciation of his worth as a man, and his talent as a musician." He died Nov. 1st, 1861. This monument should be removed to Beechwood, by the friends of his memory. It stands on the very edge of the old yard, and the sand is fast working away from under its base and if not looked after must soon fall.

Many of the Aylmer people remember her, and all speak of her in the same loving way. They too have followed all the way along her upward career. To them it is not "Albani". It is "Marie Louise," then, now, and always. She may have become the idol of Queens, but to them she is still "Our Little Marie."

The picture which is here produced is autographed to the author, and is prized beyond that from titled queen.

The picture of the little piano is from a sketch of the instrument which may yet be seen in Aylmer. It is kept, not for its music—that is all departed, but because it was the great Albani's first.

To write of one so worthy is a real joy, with but a single regret, and that, that I cannot write of her more at length, and yet my words—though never so many, could not add a line to the story of her life, so well is it already known to the world.

A HISTORICAL HOUSE.

In the town of Aylmer there is a house so fraught with historical interest that it cannot be reckoned among the things local, since he who built it, and lived in it for seventeen years, was not a man alone of Aylmer, but of the whole valley of the great Ottawa, of which he was once looked upon as "The King." In his day, John Egan was identified with every movement that looked to the betterment of the people of the Ottawa—from the furthest settlement in the far off north to its mingling with the great St. Lawrence to the South east. Coming to this part of Canada, a poor boy, in a comparatively few years he was the owner of more miles of limits than any one man since, save that wonder of the world's lumbermen, John R. Booth, and had he lived he would have become the greatest the world had ever known.

In 1840 he built in Aylmer this house which was then looked upon as a veritable palace in the wilderness. Here he was want to entertain the great of all lands, who came to the Washington of Canada to visit the beautiful valley. It was here that, in 1856, he gave a banquet to the first Governor General who had ever passed up the Ottawa. Sir Edmund Head and Lady Head, on their way to take the first canoe trip ever taken by the titled, up this river, stopped over night at Egan's.

They were royally entertained by this prince of entertainers. An old man, in describing it to me said: "There was never before anything to equal it in this country, and I have never since seen the hospitality of that night eclipsed. Nor were the doors thrown open to the rich and great, alone, but the poor of the village were given such a welcome that they were made to feel that it was their Governor General too, and were feasted as the vassals of knights of old."

Next morning Sir Edmund and Lady Head left the village, on the "Emerald" steamboat, which Egan had launched ten years before. They left amid the roar of cannon, and shouts of patriotic Canadians, who had come in from miles around, to shout their "God Speed" to their Governor. All along the lake had collected the people to see the steamer pass on its way to the Chats Falls, where the party went over the little tram railway to the waiting steamer on the Chats lake above. At Portage du Fort they were met by another great man of the River—Usbourne, who gave them another royal welcome. Here began the canoe trip. Usbourne and the good people of Portage du Fort, shortly after, erected a beautiful marble monument, in honor of this memorable event. "To Lady Head, the first titled Lady who ever passed up the Ottawa in a canoe." This monument may be seen, at where was then the steamer landing, but now out of sight, behind some old sheds.

THE GEORGIAN BAY CANAL.

The Egan house was sold to W. J. Conroy, and until recently it has been occupied by him. Again it has become the residence of a man identified with the river—a man at the head of a company that is destined to make of the Ottawa what John Egan ever predicted it would become, i.e. a National Thoroughfare. That man is Johnston Edgerly, who as manager of the Georgian Bay Canal, has recently located in this historic village by the lake.

Is this one proud dream of John Egan's about to become a realization? Will this great thoroughfare, connecting, by a short route, the great lakes with the Atlantic ocean, be built by these people who have so recently awakened to the mighty possibilities of their country? I cannot but answer YES! YES, in large capitals. What Egan dreamed will be made a reality, through Sir Wilfrid Laurier, supported by all who have

SIR WILFRID IS AMBITIOUS.

at heart the good of the nation. Sir Wilfrid is ambitious. Not alone for the name he will leave posterity, but ambitious for the name of Canada. He is bound to leave to his country, two of the greatest accomplishments ever credited to a nation of many times Canada's six millions of people! When he lays down the wand that he will have so long waved over this prosperous land, two gigantic undertakings will have been completed by his government—a railway from ocean to ocean, carrying the grain of what was a wilderness when he first took up that magic wand, and a waterway, bearing on its bosom the commerce of the mighty lakes of the interior.

Sir Wilfrid is ambitious. Napoleon was ambitious, but between the two there is the wide difference, that while the one thought alone of personal glory, and left a trail of despoiled countries, and died of a broken heart, after having lived in vain, the other is working to place the land of his birth far up among the great Nations of the world. And that he is doing this we need but to glance back over the few years of his rule, and these few are but the dawning of the near future when the locomotive and the steamer shall have opened up the land and waterways of the Dominion.



THE PARSON AND THE CALF.

In all communities there is some old parson whose personality is such that his impress is left in the minds of the people long after he has gone. Such a one was a Methodist preacher—Vandusen by name. He was in Aylmer in the early seventies. He was a fine old man but eccentric. He used to drive about in a two-wheeled rig—a cross between a calache and a gig.

One day while driving down the Eardley road, some three or four miles west of Aylmer, some boys caught a calf, tied a tin can to its tail, and as Van drove up—the boys being hid behind an old house along the roadside—they let little "bossy" loose. The race that followed is told to this day, as one of the most novel and exciting events of that quiet country side. Some of those country boys are now among the great business men of a far Western City.

Van won out which may be the reason of his not becoming angry at the boys.

VAN AND THE BLACK SQUIRRELS.

The parson was seldom caught unawares the second time. He was once in California, in a mining district. While there, and being fond of the gun, he went hunting. He brought in to his boarding house a fine lot of black squirrels, which he prepared and had baked for dinner. All sat 'round the table, near the head of which set the heaping plate of squirrels. The hungry miners could hardly wait until the parson had finished asking the blessing—in fact they *didn't* wait, for as he looked up, not a squirrel was left. He made as though he did not notice the trick, but took an extra helping of the bacon and beans.

COULDN'T FOOL HIM TWICE.

Next day he went hunting again, and was quite as successful as before. He prepared the squirrels, had them baked and set at *his* end of the table. Before beginning the blessing, he took the precaution to strike his long-tined fork through the bunch, and proceeded to ask that all men be made honest and considerate of their fellows. But when he had finished, and helped himself to squirrel, there was no proof manifest of consideration for *his* fellows.

THE ART CRITIC.

We saw him at the opening night of the Royal Canadian Art Association, there on O'Connor street, in Ottawa. I was going to say we just happened to see him, but that would have been incorrect. We *had* to see him, for he was there, and the way he went about, critically examining all of the pictures, actually *commanded* attention. Everybody saw him, they couldn't have helped it. He would walk up to a picture, and with his little eye-glass examine it from all sides, and then start over and examine its technique—I guess technique is the word, but no matter, it's the young man I want to tell you about. He was tall and in evening dress—his own, for it fitted him to perfection. I thought at first that he was an attache of some Foreign Government, but on second thought I knew that this conclusion was wrong—his clothes fitted him too well.

Wherever he went he was in the center of a bevy of girls. They seemed to think that he was "just too sweet for anything," and they would look at him as though they'd trade off their "happy home," for the mere asking.

I wanted to talk to him and have him tell me something about the paintings, but I could never have hoped to have one so high up in the world stoop to talk to a simple book-writer. But imagine my surprise, later in the evening, to have him address me of his own free will. He began, off hand, as though I were one of his own: "Bloomin' beastly show, doncherknow! I wondah if they call this high aht?" I didn't think so, I told him "I only had to pay a quarter," said I and he looked almost pained at my stupidity. "Oh deah, I didn' mean that, weally, although I must say, I am supvised to have a nashunal affah charge anything. It should be free, since the govument sub-sedizes the thing foh the encouragement of aht among the common people, and y' know the common people won't pay to see a thing that ain't athletic, an' so y' see aht is not encouraged. Look wound an' see how many there ah heah who came to see the pictures. Few, veyey few. They came to be seen, wathuh. "I am so used to high aht that all this pahlls on me, doncherknow. Just befo I sailed, my dear friend, Lord Dusenberry commishund me to pu'chase anything I saw that I admired, for his gallahwy, but he wouldn't hahv ennah thing heah in his kitchun, fah his sehvants, weally. It is all so provincial, doncherknow. I feah that I shall not like ennah thing in this beastly bloomin' country. I am so used to the best of this wuld, with taste so high that I cannot enduah the common in life." Oh how sorry I did feel for the young man. I had been admiring

the pictures, and the people, and had thought of everything as all right, but I now saw that my tastes were of a common order. They must have been for had not the young man called them "bloomin' beastly," and *he* ought to know, for he said he was so used to the high in all things.

He didn't stay long. He said, "It's too plebian for me, doncherknow, I must go back to my quatahs," and he went out. I was sure that his "quatahs" must be at the Grand Union, for nothing short of the very best the Capital afforded would have been too good for one with such high tastes.

I thought of the young man all the rest of the evening. "Who is he?" I kept wondering. I would answer my own repeated question, by setting him down as a millionaire friend of Lord Dusenberry, come to look the country over and ending up by his buying it for a hunting preserve.

But imagine my surprise next morning, on going down past a ten cent lunch counter, to see this friend of Lord Dusenberry's disposing of his plate of beans with as much relish as any Bohemian, who had spent his last dollar writing books on the liberality of some foreign Capital. I told the Colonel, afterwards: "It don't do to judge a man by his evening dress. It may be all that he has left."

RUBE AND THE COLONEL AMONG THE WITCHES OF EARDLEY.

"Rube," once said a famous lady, who had travelled in Newfoundland, "you should visit that quaint island at the mouth of the St. Lawrence river. I once spent several months there and cannot remember any place so full of that which would interest a writer. Why, they actually believe in witchcraft yet."

"You cannot mean it?" said I.

"Yes, and if burning were fashionable in this enlightened age, they would tie 'em to the stake and make a merry holiday."

I only smiled, and took her assertion as a jolly. But imagine my surprise on going into the Township of Eardley, less than twenty miles from the capital of Canada, to find firm believers in the stories of two centuries ago. But to be more explicit. The Colonel and I, on visiting this municipality, were almost convinced that the people have thought they have reason to believe the power of one person to bewitch cows, horses, and other animals.

SOME OF THE WITCH STORIES OF EARDLEY.

Here are a few of the witch stories with which we were entertained, on a recent visit. I give them as they were told, with all the frills and intricacies of the old time style. They brought back memories of how we were half scared to death by the hired men on the old Ohio farm, who used to gather us kids about them of a night and tell how that in "The Owld Country" the witches bewitched the cows, and did such supernatural and uncanny things, that we would spend the rest of the night in a horrible state of fright.

COULDN'T GET ANY BUTTER.

A farmer for a long while had failed to get any butter from his churnings, try as he could. He would have the family take turns at the old dasher but none of them could make the butter "come."

"Why don't you send for the witch doctor? Your cows are bewitched," said a neighbor. The farmer, who was an educated person, hooted at the suggestion, but, "for the fun of it," as he said, "I will send and see what he can do." He sent, so the story goes, and after that his butter "come" regular. Had it ended at that, no harm would have come of the incident, but the "doctor"—spare the mark—that he might prove his

power, told the farmer that the one who had bewitched his cows would, within eight days, come to borrow something. A most exemplary neighbor ran out of beans and not having time to send to the store for a "mess" came over to borrow. Well, did you ever, in your born days! Who would have thought that this person would have done such a thing!" Yes, this "person" was the witch, for had not the witch doctor said: "The one who bewitched your cows will come to borrow something within eight days?" And, intelligent, and, in a measure, educated, as this farmer was, he then and there broke off the friendship of a life time on so frail a clue as the saying of a man, who, if he had been a woman would have been designated as an "Old Hag."

It is said that borrowing of beans is quite unknown in Eardley, since this incident.

THE CHURN, THE CHAIN, THE COLTER AND THE STOVE.

Another farmer had failed to get any butter. He sent for the witch doctor. Now it seems this one belonged to a certain school of the profession (?) with headquarters somewhere in the Lower Provinces. He had long wanted to visit headquarters, and so when he turned up to see why in thunder the farmer could not get his butter to "come," he looked very wise, and after a long series of incantations finally admitted that this particular witch was too powerful for him, and that he could not "lay" him without he had first gone to a far country to get a new batch of power. "Where is that country, and how can you get the requisite power to 'lay' the witch who has so long deprived us of our butter?"

"It is far away, and it will require that I go personally to visit the country, and I cannot go as I havn't the price."

"How much will it take?" asked the butterless man, now all excited at the thought that one so powerful had a spell over his "bossies."

"It will take nearly \$30, and I havn't thirty cents in my clothes, so I just can't think of making the long journey. What's that? You'll put it up, if you can borrow it? Ah, in that case I can go. I can go and when I return I could 'lay' the old boy himself, as I will bring such power back with me."

This all happened before "borrowing" had gone out of style in Eardley, and the \$30 was gotten from a neighbor, and the "doctor" got to make his long hoped for visit. But listen to the sequel, as told us in as much earnestness as though the relater were telling that he owned the best farm on the "Ridge," and that his beans were the best he had raised for years.

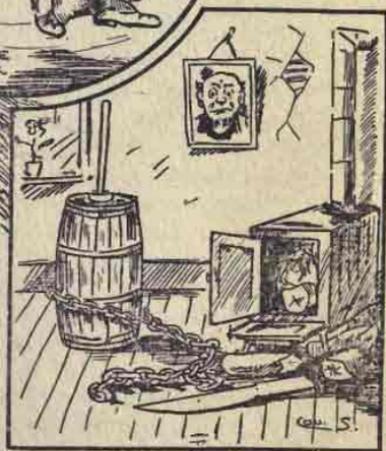
The "doctor" finally returned, bringing with him "a batch that would beat the divil." "Now to work," said he rolling up his sleeves. "First put the churn in the middle of the floor, next



"DOCTOR
Who do you
think has
bewitched our
Cows?"



The COLONEL
has a
Pressing
Engagement
two Miles
down the road.



The Churn,
The Chain,
the Colter
and the Stove.
"They'll fix him."

get a log-chain which tie around the churn. To the other end of the chain fasten securely the iron colter of a plow. All this done, put the colter into the stove in which you have previously built a roaring fire, and then sit down and wait results. The man who has been doing all these evil things to you will come running over like one possessed and try to get into the house but whatever you do don't let him in or the spell will not be broken." All this was done, the man came a running and tried to get in. He failed. They kept him out and the butter "come" thereafter. Now there, what do you think of that? Is it any wonder that there are so many believers in the "Monroe Doctoring," out in Eardley? These samples will have to suffice, as I have not the space to give you the many other instances of Eardley Witch-Craft. You may not believe me when I tell you that this "doctor" makes a living "Laying" witches but if you question it go and see for yourself.

Eardley seems to have more than its share of the uncanny. It not only has a full supply of witches but it has its ghosts as well. It even has a hill for them to exercise on. This has been designated Ghost Hill, so that you won't get it mixed up with the other hills, so numerous in Eardley. It is on the Eardley road, about three miles west of the Hull Township Line, or seven miles west of Aylmer. (It was twenty miles the day the Colonel and I walked out and thirty coming back, in a pouring rain storm.) The view is superb, overlooking the beautiful Deschenes lake almost at the foot of the Hill. It shows that even ghosts have a good eye for the beautiful, but then for that matter, even a ghost could hardly find other than the Beautiful in Eardley, which is one series of views from the mountain at the north to the Lake at the southern edge.

"Rube, let's stay all night," said the Colonel, "we may never again find a Ghost Hill, a hill given over entirely to them."

"Yes, but Colonel," said I, "what if we do stay, you would be too cowardly to investigate, and our staying would all be to no purpose." I knew that the Colonel would not take this dare, and was looking for just what he answered back.

"Yes," said he, "if you will stay I will agree to go alone, and clear over the hill to the very foot."

"Agreed," said I, and we stayed. We found a kind farmer not far from the west end of the Hill, who not only kept us for the night but regaled us with ghost stories until I could see the hair around the edges of the Colonel's head trying to stand on end.

"Oh, yes," said the farmer, "there have been some pretty strange things occur 'round the Hill. Men without any heads have often been seen o' dark nights."

"That's nothing," said I, "why, not a day passes but I see men who have no heads, while a lot of them have to get along

with the 'wooden' variety of 'think-boxes.' No, men without heads are greatly in the majority, and you don't have to come to Ghost Hill to find them either."

THE INVISIBLE HORSEMAN AND THE PREACHER.

"Oh, yes, you may make light of these headless men, but they were seen here." I tried to turn it off, as he saw I did not like it that I should make *light* of his heads.

"And not only headless men have been seen," he went on, "but a preacher was going along one frosty morning, when the ice was just forming in the puddles of water on the road, when he happened to look around and a horse was almost on him. He jumped out of the way to let the horse and his rider pass, but when a moment after, he looked again there was neither horse nor rider nor tracks to be seen anywhere about. He was greatly——what's that you say?"

"Oh, I only inquired," said the Colonel, "what particular brand your preachers, up here in Eardley, prefer and use mostly." That was the limit, the farmer would not tell us a single ghost story more after that, but I finally got him to one side to tell him how that the Colonel had agreed to investigate. "He must be a good deal braver than most of Colonels if he'll go along that road this dark night after the ghost stories he had to listen to" said the farmer. "Yes," said I, "but he is a brave man. He once belonged to the Militia and you know that they are far and away braver than the kind that go to war. If you don't believe that assertion just watch one of them on parade. Why, their very daring manner would make an ordinary enemy throw all sorts of fits. Oh, no, the war Colonels are not in the same class with the Militia variety. But then I must start the Colonel out on his ghost investigation. I had noticed the farmer's hired men, two of them, sitting around listening to the stories. They'd "nudge" each other occasionally, at the most hair-raising parts of the stories. I missed them as soon as the farmer stopped his story telling but did not think anything of it, at the time.

THE COLONEL AND THE HEADLESS MAN.

"Come, Colonel, it's time for you to start out on your investigation," said I, when I saw that we were not to have any more stories.

"Now look here, Rube," said he, not offering to start, "I don't believe in any of this foolishness. The idea of ghosts! Why, it's all silly!"

"Yes, but you know you said that if I would stay over night that you would investigate. Of course there never was a ghost. It's just as you say, utter foolishness, but that is not the question. You said you'd investigate and you're afraid

to go out along that hill alone and you know it!" I knew that this would put him on his metal, and it did.

"Afraid! I'll show you," and like a shot he was out of the house and going down the road like a prize hen at the county fair. Well, just to see how far he'd go and what he'd do when he got there I followed, at a safe distance. All went well until he had gone clear over the Hill and turned to come back, when I heard him talking to someone or to something. He was not over fifty feet from where I lay, in the grass, along the fence, when I saw what to all appearances, was a man. No, not all, for the thing had no head. It had arms, and shoulders, but the body ended right there. The Colonel was almost upon it when he caught sight of the uncanny object. I was sure he'd run, but he did not. "Ho there, who or what are you? Ghost or headless man give an account of yourself, or I shall shoot." I was now scared myself, not for fear, but I knew that the Colonel in his fright might shoot, and if it were any person trying to scare him it would go bad for the scarer, as the Colonel is a dead shot. "Do—not—shoot," came a sepulchral voice, as though from the breast of the thing. "Do—not—shoot. If—you—do—it—will—be—your—finish." Bang! went the Colonel's revolver. I thought to see the thing fall or run away, but it never moved. "You—were—warned—not—to—shoot. Now—fly—before—it—is—too—late." Say, if you ever saw a man go as the Colonel went at that, I never did. He told me next day that he didn't stop for two miles. And being in the opposite direction from the farmer's where we were to stop, he had to find another place for the night.

I must confess that I was a bit paralyzed myself, and would have up and run, but my feet were so asleep that I could not make them move properly, so I just lay still till the blood would get into better circulation. In less time than it takes to tell it, those two hired hands were rolling in the grass, not fifty feet away from me. Rolling, and laughing fit to injure themselves. I saw then the whole thing, and making myself known to them, helped them to enjoy the joke. And now I must tell you how they had done it. I'd never thought of such a thing. I've heard of ventriloquism, throwing the voice and all that but this was new. They had fixed up the headless dummy, making it in such a way as that it could not be thrown over even if struck with a heavy stone. Then for the voice, they had a long garden hose fixed so that one end came out of the breast of the dummy and into the other end they could talk and be in no danger of the Colonel's revolver. They talked only a word at a time, for two reasons, the one that it could be made more uncanny and that by no accident the talker would have his words miscarry. It was so good that I wanted to go right back to the house and tell our host, but the men said if I did that the farmer would "sack" them, busy as he was, "for," said they, "he don't

want his belief in ghosts shattered, or in any way tampered with. I promised and this will possibly be the first he will know of

WHY THE COLONEL DIDN'T GET BACK THAT NIGHT.

The Colonel turned up next day, along toward noon. He said that after he left the house the night before, that he had an uncontrollable desire to see the country down the pike a mile or two, and that after he had seen it the hour was a little late so he stayed all night at another kind farmer's house. "Yes," said I, "but Colonel, how could you see the country in the dark?"

"Well, you see, Rube, I went so fast that I was like a meteor, I made my own light."

When I finally told him a week later, he wanted to go back, and interview the hired hands, but I persuaded him that hired hands who could "do" him so neatly, should not be "interviewed" by the "Done" or "Doe." He said I was right, that any one who could so successfully play ghost should not have his headless body injured.

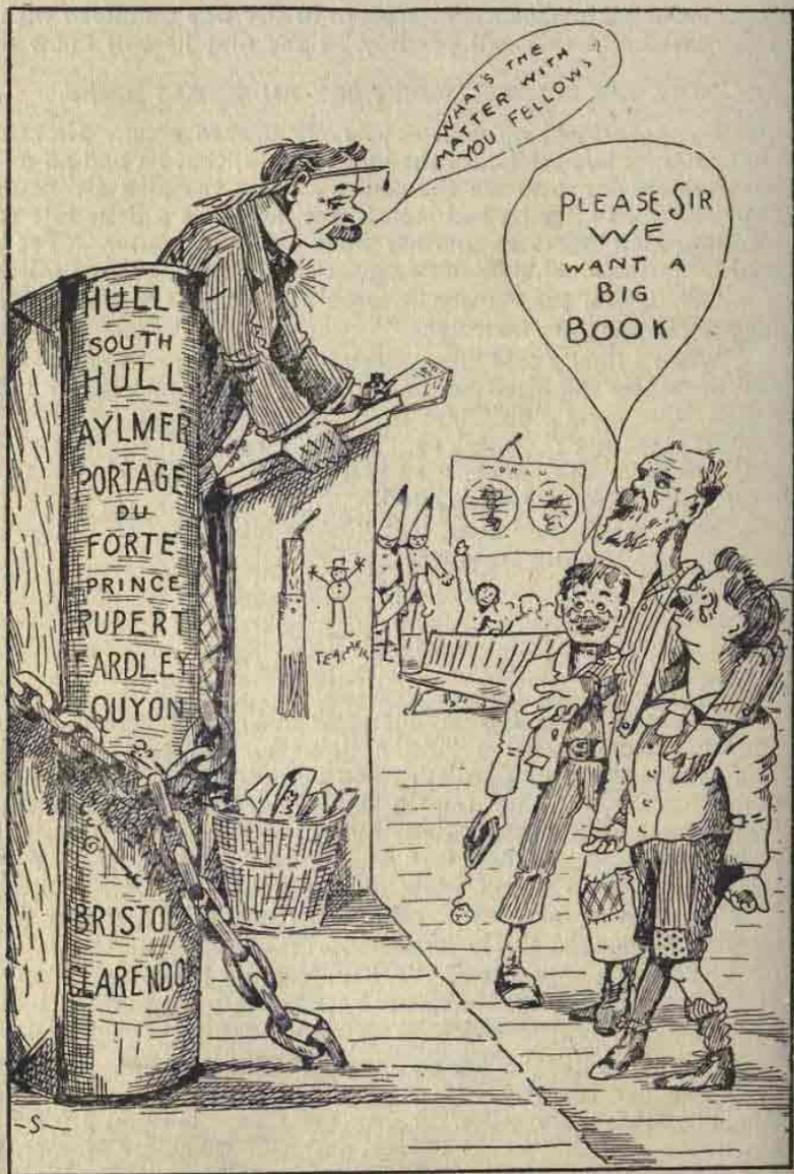
But then I must stop, lest "From Hull To The Harbor" be all "Witches and Ghosts of Eardley."

When an Upper Eardley man saw this sketch, he said, a bit tropical under the *choler*: "Rube, 'taint fair! People will think this applies to all of Eardley, when it's only a little part of it, down there where they raise a small hades and things among themselves. We have nothing to do with their superstitious beliefs, and few of their own neighbors have, either, so why include the whole of our beautiful and enlightened township?"

"Is that a fact? Why, from the enthusiasm of my informant I thought the belief general."

"Not by a —— sight." Say, if you'd heard that blank, you'd have been scared! Never heard an Upper Eardley man fill blanks, did you? Well, take my word for it he is no amateur.

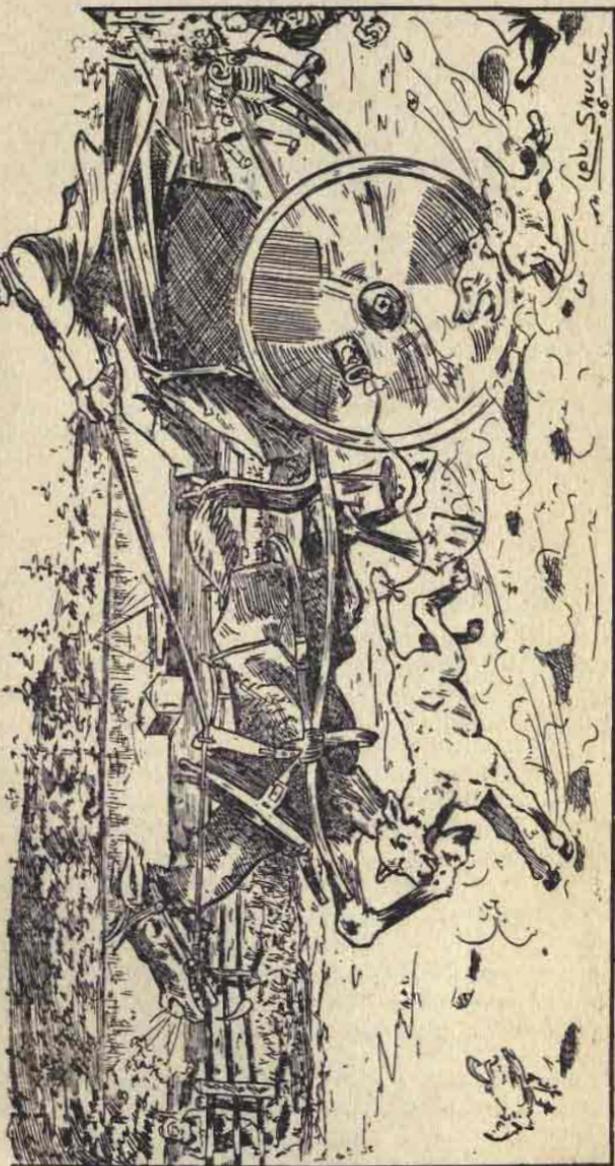
I find that Eardley has no monopoly of the uncanny. I met a Wakefielder, recently, who could go one or two better than our Eardley witch-story teller. I may some time tell you a few of the hair-raisers told to the Colonel and me. They are *peaches*, I assure you, beforehand. And the best or worst of it, the Wakefielder actually said she believed 'em.



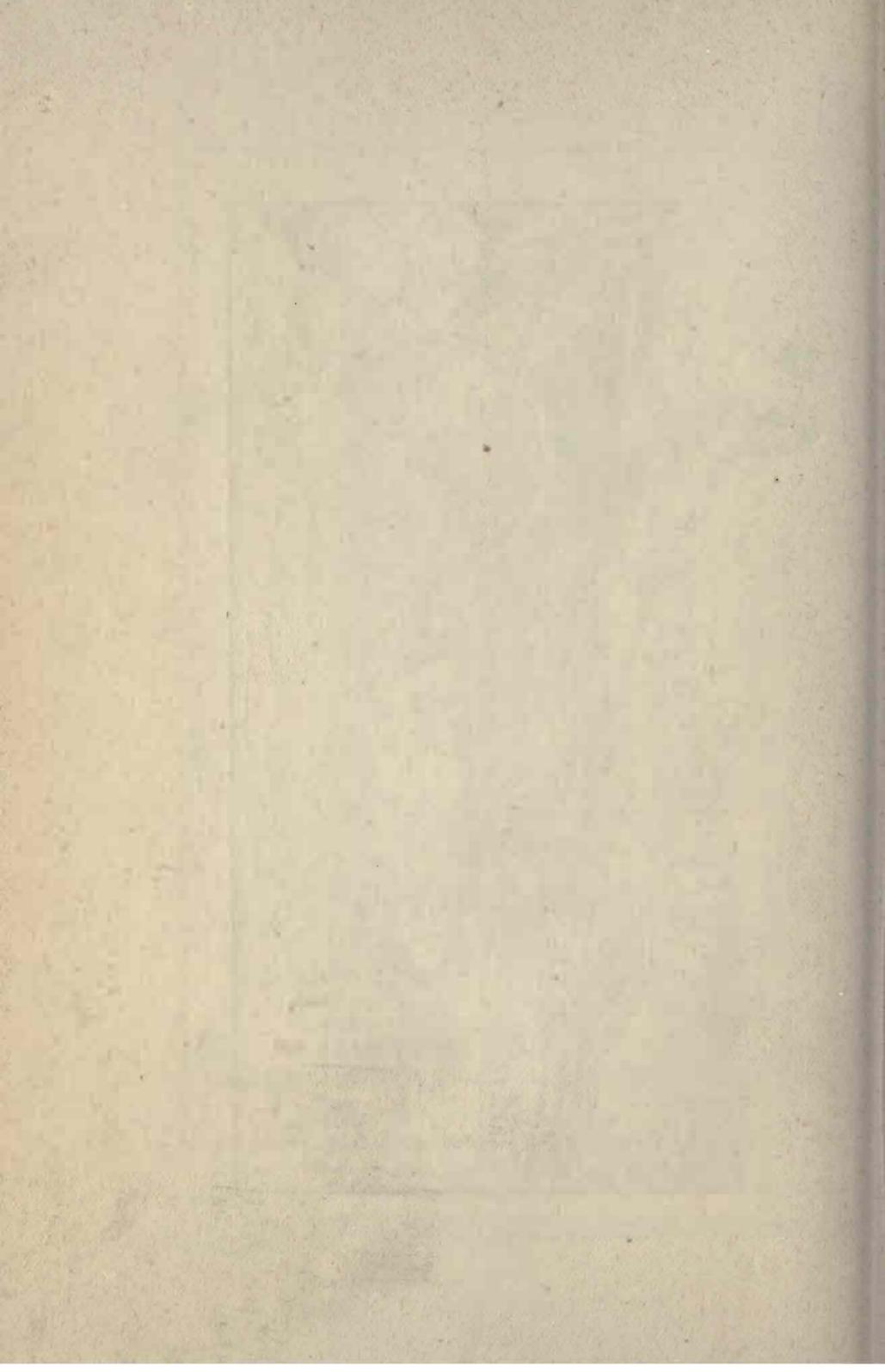
Teacher: "What's the matter with you boys?"

Trio: "We want a BIG book, and if Rube and the Colonel don't give it, they can't slide on OUR cellar door!"

Boy from Shawville: "Teacher, if Rube and the Colonel will come up the river, they can slide on OUR cellar door, play in our back yard, throw nails in our pump, chew our wax, and feel our loose tooth."



The Parson and the Calf.



IN LIGHTER VEIN.

"One must write for all sorts of readers," said I to the Colonel when he asked, "What, are you going to give those old things?" "Those old Things" may be of interest to some, and the reader who likes a bit of poetry now and then, can always be trusted as having a good heart. I like people with a good heart. I may not show appreciation, however, in giving the following, but I give the lines as being local, if nothing more.

"OLD GRIMES IS DEAD."

Long years ago, down in Ohio, they used to sing a song about Old Father Grimes. It went to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne." While it may not have had any poetical merit, it yet was very cleverly constructed. Note how that the first two lines of each verse refer to the heart and mental qualities of "That Good Old Man"; while the last two deal with his clothes or his person. I little thought ever to find the home of the old gentleman, nor do I know that I have found it, but am told that it was written of a man once prominent in the Valley of the Ottawa. As there are no less than three families of the name hereabouts, the claim might be true. There being three, no one of them can object to its reproduction on the grounds of personality.

It is claimed to have been written by "Jimmy the Poet," but if so, his real name was A. G. Greene.

I tried in many ways to find the words, but for a long while failed, till one day, passing a farm house along the Mountain Road, I chanced to mention the old song, when I was told to "stop at the third house to the right" and I'd find it; and there, in a Toronto College song book, were the words I had failed to find even by advertisement. I give the song, as some one may find in it a reminder of the long ago:

Old Grimes is dead, that good old man,
We ne'er shall see him more;
He used to wear a long blue coat,
All buttoned down before.

"Old Grimes is Dead."

His heart was open as the day,
His feelings all were true;
His hair was some inclined to grey,
He wore it in a queue.

Whene'er he heard the voice of pain,
His breast with pity burned;
The large round head upon his cane,
From ivory was turned.

Kind words he ever had for all,
He knew no base design;
His eyes were dark and rather small,
His nose was aquiline.

He lived at peace with all mankind,
In friendship he was true;
His coat had pocket holes behind,
His pantaloons were blue.

Unharm'd, the sin which earth pollutes,
He passed securely o'er;
And never wore a pair of boots,
For thirty years or more.

But Old Grimes is now at rest,
Nor fears misfortune's frown;
He wore a double-breasted vest—
The stripes ran up and down.

He modest merit sought to find,
And give it its dessert;
He had no malice in his mind,
No ruffles on his shirt.

His neighbors he did not abuse,
Was sociable and gay;
He wore nor lefts nor rights for shoes,
And changed them every day.

His knowledge hid from public gaze,
He did not bring to view;
He made a noise, town-meeting days,
As many people do.

Thus undisturbed by anxious cares,
His peaceful moments ran;
And everybody said he was
A fine old gentleman.

In seeking for the words I ran across a number of versions, but all were worse than the original. One verse, however was "not too bad," as they say up here. It follows the original line, "All buttoned down before."

" Altho' he's dead his daughters live,
 In fashion plates we find 'em;
 They're wearing still the old man's coat,
 All buttoned down behind 'em."

The song had a chorus, consisting of two words, "Old Grimes," but they were sung over and over until you were dizzy with the repetition.

A HULL SONG OF THE LONG AGO.

I one day chanced to hear an old "Come-all-ye" being hummed by a man who had lived in South Hull. I asked what it was. "It is," said he, "a song written many years ago by a Hull school teacher, on the drowning of three young men, who attempted to run a boat over the Chaudiere Falls. I learned it when a little boy, and have remembered the words ever since, as they made such an impression on my young mind. Ask some of the old people out there and they may give you the facts. Some one will remember about the sensation the drowning occasioned." He gave me the words from memory. If his memory was right, the Hull school teacher was more particular about the facts than he was about his poetry.

By way of explanation, I learned from Mr. James Moore, the nephew of the "Benjamin Moore" in the song, that "these four young men," in a bantering way proposed to do what had never before been attempted, *i. e.*, to run a boat or canoe over the Chaudiere Falls, which were in early times far more dangerous, by reason of the greater volume of water, than now. "Benjamin," said Mr. James Moore, "was my father, David's brother. James McConnell, who 'swam safe to shore,' was one of the three original brothers McConnell. He married my father's sister, Sarah Moore. The 'little boy' who saw the accident was an Indian whom father had brought with him from Quebec on one of his rafting trips. His name was David Wabby. I do not remember who the young men, 'William Wright and likewise Asa Young' were, but think they were not of the Hull Young or Wright families. My father had many men working for him, and they must have been some of these, else I should have heard more of them. I well remember the old song which for many years after was sung by the people. I have not heard it for forty or more years, but now that you read them the words all come back to me, and the very memory makes them seem even

good poetry. My mother sang that song to us when I was a little boy, and that was a long, long time ago,—a long—long time ago,—when I was only a little boy." The old gentleman stopped and seemed to lose himself in memory of the time when "Mother sang that song to us, when I was a little boy." It was long, for he is seventy-six years old.

I give here the song—not for the critics, but for the people whose mothers sang to them the words. They won't think of the construction of the lines. Their minds will pass over all of its faults, and dwell alone upon the memories it recalls.

"WHERE THE FOAMING WATERS ROAR."

When I think on my various thoughts, my meditations rise,
When I think on poor mortal man that dwells beneath the skies,
Viewing the works of nature, by water and by land,
When I think on the various ways God brings us to our end.

It was on the Grand River, near the falls called the Chaudiere,
That four young men got in a boat and for them they did steer,
Intending for to run them o'er, their course they did pursue,
Their boat ran with swift motion and from it they were threw.

Benjamin Moore and Wm. Wright, likewise Asa Young,
Those three young men were drowned, and from their boat were
flung;
But James McConnell was preserved, for he swam safe to shore,
Down by those islands where the foaming waters roar.

A little boy who, standing by, this dreadful sight did see,
And home to Benjamin's parents with the news did quickly flee.
The father and the mother, the sisters and brothers two,
With mournful cries came running down to see if it were true.

When they saw their son was drowned and buried in the deep,
Tears of affection they did shed, and bitterly did weep,
Crying, "Cease your cruel waters, and hush my child to rest,
What is your troubled motion, to what lies in my breast!

"Why should we say, 'In nature there's nothing made in vain,'
For beneath the foaming waters, where the hideous rocks remain,
The waters thrown by violence and whirlpools many too,—
Why did you venture there, my son, or try for to go through?"

For six long days they sought them beneath the foaming tide,
And nothing of their bodies in any shape could find,
Till nine long days were passed and gone, their floating corpse
they spied,
That once were like the lilies fair that bowed their heads and died.

Come old and young, come rich and poor, and bear it in your mind,

And be prepared to meet your Lord and unto death resigned;
Be you e'er so fair and blooming, and death so far away,
It soon will overtake you and fall its easy prey.

Later.—One cold, snowy day, almost when my book was ready for the press, I called to see Henry Olmsted, along the Iron Mines Road, to have him to correct some data, as he has a marvellous memory for the things forgotten by the mass of the people.

A WONDERFUL TALE.

"This work you are doing," said Mr. Olmsted, "will prove of great benefit in years to come, when the rising generation have forgotten this. I often think of a man who once came to see my father. It must have been twenty-five years ago," and then followed what I had tried, in various ways to find, i. e., the identity and story of the "Wm. Wright," mentioned above, as having been drowned.

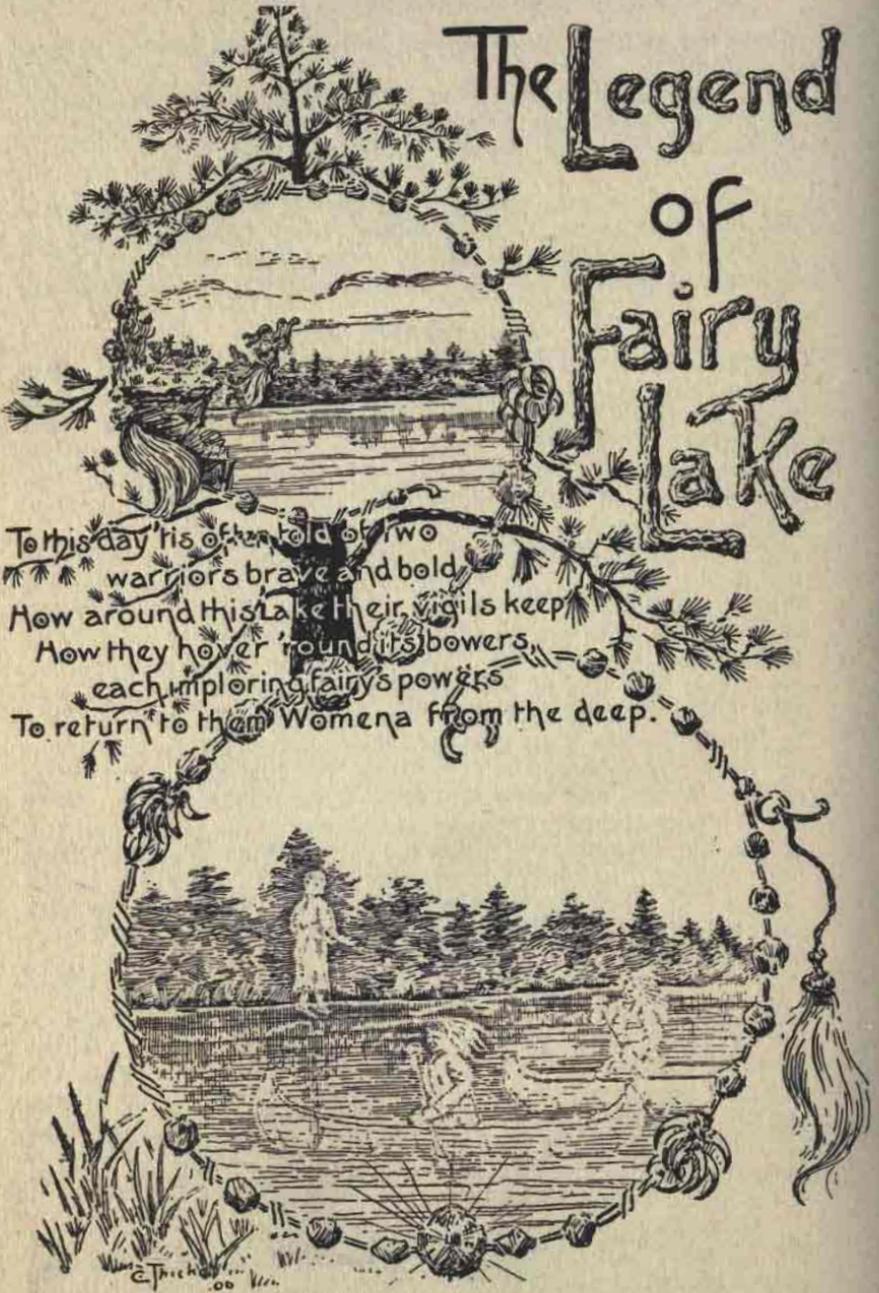
"Yes; it must have been that long ago. I have forgotten the man's name, but he was from a place down east, near the borders of Maine. He had come, he said, to find trace of one Wm. Wright, who was said to have been drowned in the Ottawa River many years before. Well, to make a long story short, my father and one of his brothers told what they knew, and then the man, who had with him an Ottawa lawyer, went up to Eardley to see 'Lias Moore (son of Dudley the Second), who not only remembered the occurrence, but had been an intimate of Wm. Wright and knew him well—knew all about him. With the evidence gathered the man went home. We had almost forgotten the circumstance, when my father received a letter from the stranger. Imagine our surprise to read: 'I write to thank you and Mr. 'Lias Moore for your kindness in furnishing me with the evidence of Wm. Wright's death. After a long trial I have come into almost one million and a half of property, and it was your evidence that settled the matter.' It was like an Aladin tale. The young man had run off from home and, coming into the wilderness of the Ottawa, was lost to his family. In all the years he had been mourned, but the family had no clue, as the boy had never written to them. Only by chance (who knows, the old song itself, which you have just mentioned, may have set them hunting) did they hear that a 'Wm. Wright' had once been drowned in the Ottawa. The man came and—the above is the story. He paid well for the information."

Although I did not get any of that One and a Half, yet when Mr. Olmsted told me this story, I was as delighted as if I had indeed shared in a part of the fortune.

The old song with its story is now all cleared, but "*Who was Asa Young*" Can any of you tell?

The Legend of Fairy Lake

To this day 'tis often told of two
warriors brave and bold,
How around this lake their vigils keep,
How they hover round its bowers,
each imploring fairy's powers
To return to them Womena from the deep.



FAIRY LAKE.

There is a very pretty little lake, near the line between Hull City and South Hull, which has many names. Rev. Amos Ansley, the first rector of St. James' Episcopal Church in Hull, once lived near this lake, and by some it is known by his name, by others it is called Fairy; by others, it is called the Haunted Lake; and, still others, Wright's Lake,—which is right? Call it "Fairy," and let it go at that. It's too small to bear all of them.

A beautiful legend is told of an Indian maiden who had two lovers who were both slain in battle. On hearing of their death she throws herself into this lake. Their spirits return and ever seek for her. For her fickleness in not choosing when she might, she is doomed to be ever with them without the power of making herself known to them. I asked the muse of the lake to tell me the story, and the following is the crude answer to my request.

THE LEGEND OF HAUNTED LAKE.

When this forest-covered land held a people wild and strange,
There abode among these tribesmen chieftains two,
Who were brave beyond compare—either'd entered lion's lair,
If the maiden they both loved had bid him do.

Now, this dusky maiden's sire was a chieftain brave and wise,
Who had ruled his people long with iron hand;
She to him her heart laid bare and asked him then and there
What test to name for these two braves ones of his band.

"Come, Womena, sit beside me till the story I relate
Of the wrongs done to our people long ago,
By a band of cruel fighters—a tribe of fiendish smiters,
Who fell upon our grandsires long ago.

"We were once a peaceful nation—a quiet loving nation,
And dwelt in love and peace with all around;
Till one day on us there fell this tribe of which I tell,
And drove us from our fathers' hunting ground.

"They slew our bravest men, captive took our maidens then,
And left our tribe a scattered, broken band;
From that moment we became a peace tribe but in name,
Till now we are the warriors of the land.

"The enemy are coming once again, I must marshall all my bravest men,
And drive these cruel tribesmen from our shore.
I will make your lovers leaders, make fighters of love's pleaders,
Then honored names they'll bear for evermore.

"If perchance but one return, his hand you ne'er must spurn,
But take that hand for honors it has won."
"But, oh," quoth then Womena, "if my fate like poor Lorena,
Should be to travel through this world alone.

"My heart would surely break and my life I fain would take
In this deep 'round which many happy days we've spent;
I could ne'er go on alone, for no memory could atone,
And too late for fickleness, to repent."

Just here a messenger comes hurriedly to tell the old Chief-
tain that the enemy are sighted, and the hordes of young warriors,
in full war paint, are sweeping over the hills from the little river
(the Rideau), and that they will soon reach the Great Kettle
(Chaudiere Falls), and unless checked must cross over into the
hunting-grounds of his tribe (Hull and the Gatineau Valley).

The father leaves Womena weeping, and quickly marshals
his fighting men and all rush wildly down over the hills of what
is now Hull City, and then begins one of the most sanguinary
battles ever fought along the Grand River (the Ottawa). But
we will let the Muse of the Lake tell the story.

By the Falls there raged the battle, 'mid the roar and angry
rattle
Of the feathered arrows, winged for death—
Raged all day the fiercest fighting, each the other madly smiting,
Till a thousand braves lay dying or in death.

With the dead there lay the lovers, with the stars their only
covers;
With their faces upward turned, with a smile.
They lay dead, as though but thinking (with the stars above
them blinking),
Of the maiden who sat waiting all the while.

Of the maiden by the lake, who sat grieving for their sake,
As she feared to know her lovers' fate,
Who longed and yet who feared, for both lovers were endeared,
Till her heart cried out in anguish, "Oh, too late!"

When her father came at last, 'twas her waning hopes to blast,
And his words fell chill and cruel on her heart—

His words fell chill and cold, when her lovers' deeds he told,
For no words could e'er return them to her heart.

"Come, Womena, sit beside me, till the story I relate,
How your lovers fell in battle by my side:
How each fell a-fighting, their bravery inciting
Our warriors 'mid the surge of battle tide."

"Go," said she, "no words can cheer me, for—dear sire, forgive
me—
My days are done. I can no longer stay,
For silent the woods—all nature's hushed for me!
Forgive! Forgive! Away! Away! Away!"

With a bound, like frightened doe, into the lake, far, far below,
She sank in its bosom and lay with a smile—
She lay as though but thinking (with the stars above her blink-
ing)
Of her lovers two who were waiting the while.

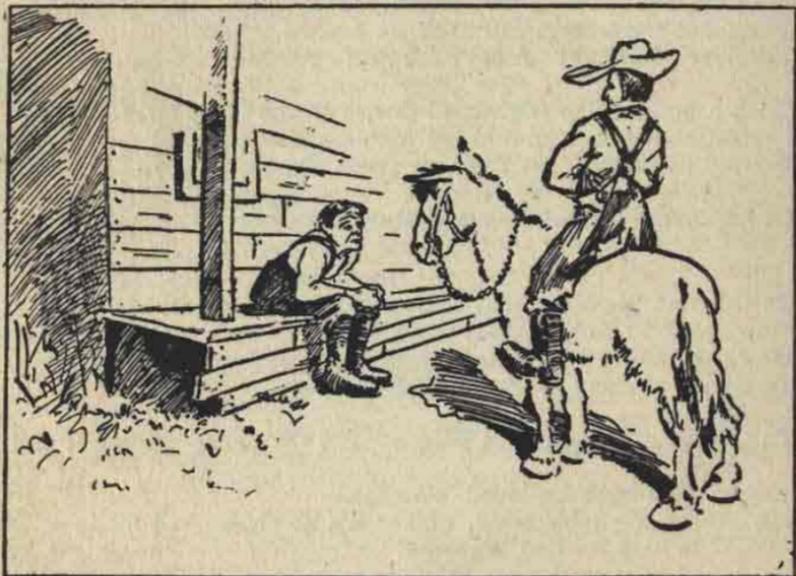
To this day 'tis often told of two warriors brave and bold,
How around this lake their vigils keep,
How they hover 'round its bowers, each imploring fairy's powers,
To return to them Womena from the deep.

They have ever sought in vain, sought they here 'mid sleet and
rain,
Sought they both for loved Womena—
For Womena—fickle maid, who in life no choice had made—
Sought in vain for lost Womena.

She a Fairy hovers near, with no power left her to cheer—
With a power to see and know her lovers twain,
She may know yet be unknown—all that power from her has
flown,
And her love for them must ever be in vain.

Thus the fate of fickle maiden, with its train of ages laden,
With its ills of which she ne'er had thought.
Had she chosen wisely then, it were better for both men,
And she'd suffer not the ills so dearly bought.

Let the maidens of to-day stop a moment on their way,
As they pass along the banks of Fairy Lake,
Let them stop upon its brink—stop a moment just to think
Of the Fickle Maid who haunts Hull's Fairy Lake.



By Malcolm T. Brice

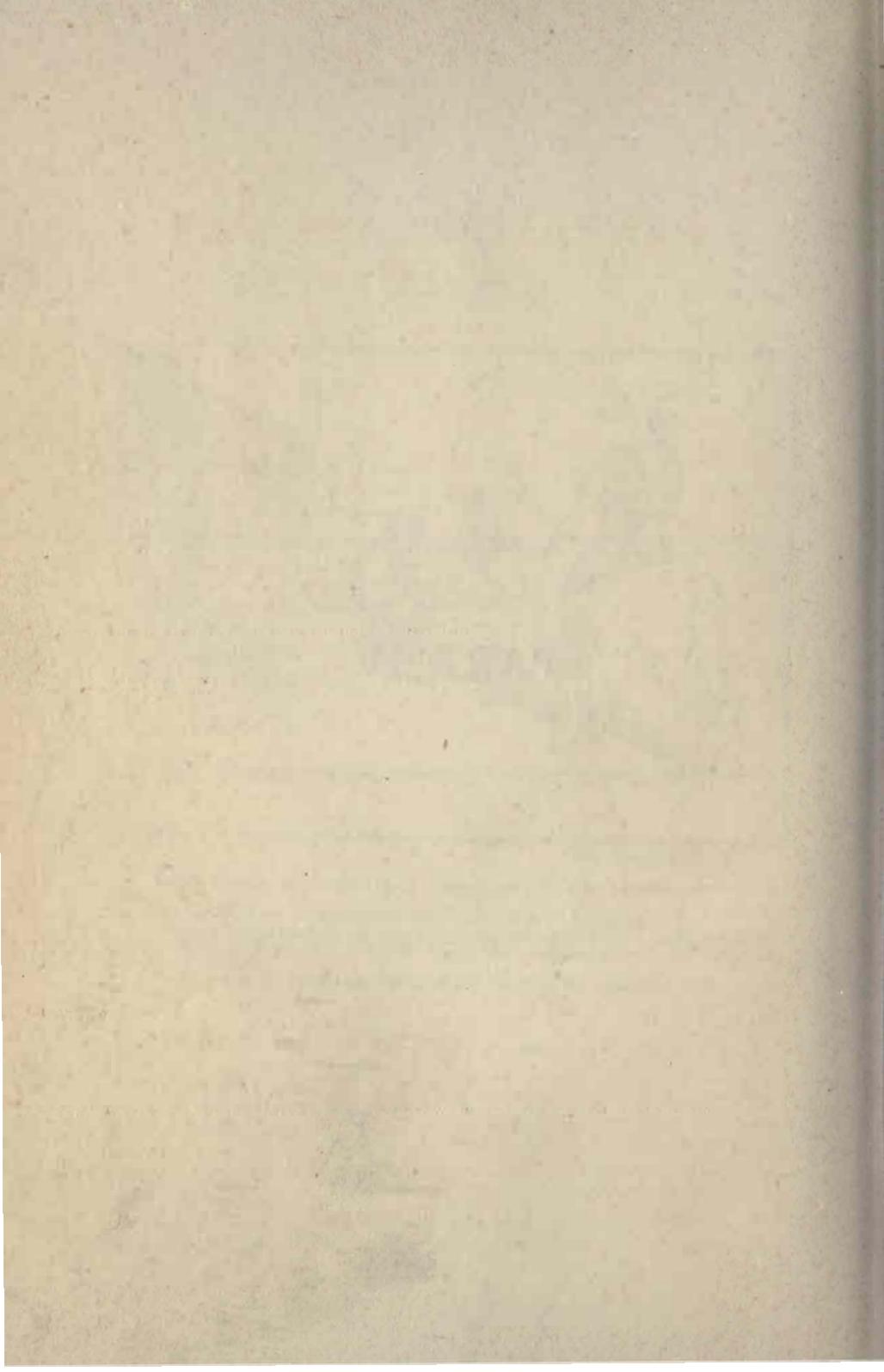
Farmer Brown (he on mule-back): "Howdy, Sam! Whut yer think of that Rube writer?"

Sam (of Eardley): "Never hearn tell o' him. Who's he, anyhow?"

"Why, dontcher know? He's bin ritened up the geology of all our famblies down the Valley. What yer think, he's got me desended from a long line o' Dukes and Dukebers. I'm bigger'n I thot!"

"Lor', I dunno. I cain't tell what to think! I cain't tell whutch is right—him or Darwin!"

PART IV.



GENEALOGY OF THE VALLEY.

FOREWORD TO THE GENEALOGICAL RECORDS OF SOUTH HULL AND AYLMER.

In the following pages I have tried to give as accurately as was possible to gather, the genealogy of the pioneer of each family in the districts of South Hull and Aylmer, with an occasional family gathered incidentally from other districts. No one can conceive how hard this work has been. I first got out posters and had them distributed about the country and town, asking all families to furnish me with their genealogy, but I did not receive a single reply, neither from requests through the town paper. At first the importance of saving the family records of a community was not fully appreciated, or it was thought that "any time will do," and the sending was postponed. I was compelled to visit every locality and almost every house. When it was fully understood, I was given the kindest assistance.

As I have said in the Introduction: If there is any credit for this volume, the credit belongs wholly to the Patrons, who have made it possible to publish the work, which grew so large that to have issued it without the assistance of these kind friends would have been impossible. If therefore, I have devoted more time to hunting out their records—often requiring months of work—it will be seen to be most reasonable that I should have done so, and yet there was not that bargaining for "space" of the book, written wholly for the money to be made from it. The Patrons have kindly aided in making this work possible, and I, in honest appreciation, have tried to return to them a just effort. And yet I have aimed to give the records and data of all families as accurately as possible. That errors may have crept in I do not doubt, but like the pianist out west, I raise above, the placard: "Don't shoot—I'm doin' ther best I can!"

I may have missed some of the pioneer families, but if so, 'twas not for lack of effort to find them all. If I can bring about an interest in gathering and saving the records of the communities of which I write, my work will not then have been in vain. If those who were missed will send their record, I will gladly insert it in the next edition.

I wonder if the people of any community think of the real importance of saving the records, preserving the old landmarks,

and keeping sacred the things that bind the present with the past? They may hold weekly meetings, and say and do those things which if they were not done and said, would not make one iota of difference, one month away, while few think of marking down the things which, in the future, they would give much to know about. Some one has said, on this very subject—and that "some one" a woman—"It is doubtful if one in ten of the women whose ancestors struck the first white man's ax into the original forests, knows any of their history or even their names. Yet hundreds of these same women spend their leisure time embroidering kitchen aprons or crocheting fool truck out of cotton and wool and going gossiping among their neighbors." Of course this does not apply up here.

That particular woman lived down in Ohio, where the women sometimes "go gossiping and embroidering fool truck out of cotton and wool."

HELP PRESERVE THE RECORDS.

That particular woman said something else that would be well for the woman of any country to take seriously—take seriously and act upon it. Listen, while I let her talk to you for a few sentences: "The women and children of every community on the continent ought to help preserve its local pioneer history. In every neighborhood the women, to begin, should form a historical society. Its members should visit the oldest inhabitants and take down from them, for record, every word they can recall, of the white man's beginnings in a given locality. Then the women should meet and read to one another the information gained and a careful record should be kept. Every historical spot should be marked and taken care of. Hunt out and preserve every trace of Indian and pioneer history." She said much else, but if I should repeat it you might say that I am throwing things at the church Associations, Guilds and Leagues, who meet regularly to do nothing of lasting value. Again, it would bring together the women of these Associations, Guilds and Leagues, and make them know that there is *some* good outside of their particular church. I find so much of real good in everybody, that I would have no divisions among the people, who often seem to think that: "In our set, sect or creed lies all that is worth while."

DO SOMETHING AND DON'T MIND THE GRASS.

Some one else has said: "*Do* something. No matter how little it be, do it, if it be of good for your fellow beings. Don't mind what the world may say. This old world of ours is chock full of people whose only aim in life is to find fault with the honest efforts of real workers. They can do nothing themselves and spend their lives throwing *grass* at you. Don't mind the grass,

it more often blows back into the idle thrower's own face. *Do* something, and when you are gone, this old world will be a little better just because you have been here. Don't go on living, with the one impression, that because you stay tied down at home 'mindin' your own business,' that you will have lived for a purpose. The occasions for doing some little kindness are ever presenting themselves. Do them. Do them and ten to one you will get more real happiness out of the act than the one for whom it was done. And above all, never say an unkind thing of your fellows. They may need it ever so much, but the mere saying will do your own heart more real harm than had you left the wrong for themselves to settle for."

KINDNESS THE RULE IN THE VALLEY OF THE OTTAWA.

I have seen so much of kindness among these people of the Valley that the words of this "Some One" would hardly seem fitting advice here. In both country and town kindness is the one rule. Out along the Mountain, an old citizen was badly hurt. A neighbor seeing the accident, went hurriedly home, miles away, got a spring wagon, placed soft bedding therein, drove back and gently laid his neighbor in the wagon and took him to his home. I have thought well of that man ever since. It was only a little act of kindness, and possibly the only one the man will ever have occasion to show to that neighbor, but that one was enough to prove his goodness of heart.

A serious accident occurred in which many from Aylmer were badly injured. I shall never forget the gentle care with which the maimed were treated by the village surgeons and citizens. The deft hand of the beautiful trained nurse bound up the wounds of poor little Charlie, the Chinese boy, with as much gentleness, as she did the richest of the injured. Yea, kindness is the rule in the valley of the Ottawa.

But to conclude this too lengthy "Foreword." If I have made any one of you take a more hearty interest in the pioneers who have made easier your own lives, then I shall not have tramped up and down the roads and byroads of your beautiful country in vain.

"THE SKELETONS OF THE CLOSET."

Some one has suggested that it may be the province of the writer to hunt out and "air" the "skeletons of the closets." Not so. It is not our wish to say a single word that will bring up any but the most kindly feelings in the family circle. It is the pleasant memory—not the unkind—that we wish to present to our readers. The past is a sealed volume—or that part of it which the most exacting could ask to have remain sealed.



Chorus of Family Skeletons: "Run, boys! here comes Rube and the Colonel!"
Rube: "Hold on, boys! hold on! We know you all, but we'll not 'give you away'!"

GENEALOGY OF THE VALLEY.

A

Algar, Michael, formerly with Robert Conroy, came late and bought of L. M. Coutlee. He married Catherine Laughhey. Children: John, m. Margaret Blake; Michael was killed by the cars in Duluth; Thomas, Ada, Kate, Bernice and Roland, unm.

Allen, John, was one of the earliest settlers. He married (1794) Lavina Wyman, a sister of Mrs. Philemon Wright. John, nr.; Christopher, m. Miss Gow; Wm., unm.; Ruggles, m. Mary, daughter of George Routliffe, in 1837; Lavina, m. Zenos Olmstead, a son of the pioneer, Gideon; Abigail, m. John Nesbitt; and Hannah, unm.

Nearly all are gone from here but the family of Ruggles, some of whom are prominent farmers along the Aylmer Road. His children: Wm., a member of the South Hull Council, married Leonore Edith, the youngest sister of David Moore, the great lumberer, with whom Mr. Allen was long connected. Douglas, m. Emma, granddaughter of Hooper Wright; Dalhousie, m. Caroline McConnell, daughter of Wm.; Hannah, m. George Bartlett; Ruggles, m. Mrs. John Cameron, nee Anna Steele; Mulvina, m. David Clark; and Alonzo, m. Minnie, daughter of Wm. Simmons.

"THE FIRST LADY OF THE LAND."

Mrs. Wyman Allen lived to be a very old lady. She was accounted the first woman to land in Hull on that bleak March day 105 years ago. In 1846 when the question arose who should christen the Emerald, the first iron steamboat on the Deschenes Lake, at Aylmer, John Egan bethought him of "Granma Allen," as she was affectionately known, and at once she was sent for, and did the honors as became "The first lady of the land," which literally she was.

Amlin, Honore, or Henry Amlen, has been in Aylmer since 1865. He married Deleor Reno, and just saved the "King's record" by one daughter, Miss Clara.

Andrews, David, came from Dorchestershire, England, to Aylmer in 1860. He married Hannah Adams. Children: Henry, m. Marjorie McVickers; Eliza, m. Delormie Edey; Louisa, m. Alex. McCallum; Wm., m. Sarah Service; Edward, m. Barbara McLean; and George, m. Elizabeth Therien.

Notes—Henry and Wm. are wealthy land owners near Brandon, Manitoba. David died in 1879, aged 53.

Arbuckle, Samuel, from Russell County, came into South Hull in 1894. He is of a pioneer family, his father having come early to Russell. He married Margaret Minions, of Eastman Springs. Children: Herbert, Percy, Jennie, Eddy, James and Margaret. He resides on the Bessey farm on the Aylmer Road.

Archibald, John C., came in 1849. He married Maria Hackett. Children: Harriat L., m. Thomas Langdon; Frederick C., m. Katherine Kennedy; Eliza L., m. Edw. Cowan; Mabel, m. Edw. P. Nye; Wm., m. Jennie Halladay; Mary E., m. Henry Connough; and Joshua, m. Anna Moran.

Mr. Archibald, as to be seen elsewhere, was once a noted landscape gardener. It was he who laid out the once famous grounds of the Hon. R. W. Scott, just to the west of Hull City. Much, in fact most of the beauty of these grounds has been turned into the more practical use of raising vegetables. Rare trees have been cut down—trees that the Hon. Scott had brought from abroad to enhance the beauty of the grounds, and—but then some prefer the practical. As mentioned in the Aylmer Road Chapter, it was Mr. Archibald who designed the beautiful arch built for the Prince of Wales in 1860, at McKay Wright's home (now Mrs. Bessey's) near the present Golf Grounds.

Armstrong, James, came from Ireland to South Hull in 1865, and settled on one of the McConnell farms, not far east of Deschenes. He married Deborah Armstrong (no relation). Children: Adam, m. Sarah, daughter of George Routliffe; Margaret, James, Elizabeth, and Emma, unm.

Adam Armstrong, a nephew of James, came to South Hull in 1870, and bought a part of the Gideon Olmstead farm on the Aylmer Road. He married Eliza Maxwell, who was, like the Frank Maxwell family, connected with the titled. In her case it was with a titled American—President McKinley. Children: John R., m. Anna Olmstead; Andrew, Isabelle, Wm. and Mary.

Aylen, Peter, came to Canada in 1815. He was born in 1799 and died 1868. He married Ellen Ferris in 1821. His children were: Peter, a lawyer, m. Elizabeth, daughter of Charles Symmes; John, both lawyer and doctor, m. Saloma Prentiss; James, a doctor, m. Celestine Bolton; and Ellen, unm. James is the only one living.

"He was rich," after a man is gone, carries with it but little weight, but "He was kind," lasts as long as memory. It was told me, by one now old, how that "when we children would see Peter Aylen coming along the road, after school, we would all run to get on his wagon, if summer, or if in winter, on his sled. He would take us all as long as there was any room. Why, he didn't mind, even if some of us climbed upon his old horse. He always loved children, and none of us have ever forgotten him." That memory is a legacy that even a stranger may share. It covers all the rest, and is better than a legacy of gold.

Ayotte, Gilbert, came from Stanislas, P.Q., to Aylmer in 1874. He married Laise Nault. Children: Glay, m. Narcisse Guertin; Clofide, m. Joseph Chatheny; Millie, m. Damosse Brunet; Arthime, unm.; Elies, m. Jean Garneau; Alfred, m. Mary Brunet (sister); Xavier, m. Margaret McLaghlin; and Ziphera, unm.

NOTES: M. Ayotte died in 1904, aged 79. Madame Ayotte is still living at 82, well and active. They had been married 57 years when Gilbert died. This old lady can read and write without glasses. "Ziph" says he can do neither *with* glasses.

Aylwin, Wm., came to Hull at the age of 14, in 1810. Like so many others of the pioneers he worked for Wright. He liked the family so well that he chose the old gentleman's granddaughter, Abigail Chamberlain (daughter of Mary Wright Chamberlain). He later went to Eardley and finally settled near Aylmer, in the Edey settlement. His sons were: Thomas, Ephraim, Charles, William and James. They nearly all went to the States and later removed to the Northwest, and now reside near Edmonton. His daughters were: Mrs. Lennox Brigham (this brought the Wright family together, as both were descendants of Philemon Wright), Mrs. Norman Reid, Mrs. Samuel Lucas, of Edmonton, and Mrs. Wm. McConnell, who resides on the old homestead. Eliza died young,

B

Badham, Joseph, came in 1816. He was one of the six Englishmen who came together and took up land in Hull. He entered lot 16, R. 6. He married Phoebe Holt, an aunt of Moses Holt. Children: Enoch, nr.; Elizabeth, m. — Moore; Wm., m. Miss Richards; Joseph, m. Miss Craig; Phoebe, m. Richard Routliffe; and George married the widow Fanner and went to the States. NOTE: He was kind to children. Those five words give the man's character.

Baillie, James, was born in Motherwell, Scotland, in 1819, and is yet fairly well. In 1849 he came to Bytown and the following year came to Aylmer, where he has been since connected with the interests of the town. He was long a member of the village council.

In 1838, before leaving Scotland, he was married to Elizabeth Gow, of Glasgow. Children: Isabelle, m. Amos Blanchard; Donald, m. (1) Mary Hogge, (2) Emma Hogge, (sisters); Helen, m. John Hall; Wm., engaged with his brother James, in the turning and sawmill business, in Aylmer, unm.; John, m. Eleanor McIntosh; Elizabeth, m. Rev. Alex. McClelland, D.D.; Jennie, m. Rev. T. A. Nelson; and James, m. Jessie McIntosh, from the Eastern Townships.

Baillie, 'Squire James, came from Renfrewshire, Scotland, in 1857. For a number of years he lived on the Aylmer Road, and later purchased lot 27, R. 7, up in what is now "Fertile Valley," by reason of its rich lands. He married Catherine McIntyre. Children: Fannie, unm.; Harriet Agnes, m. Mathias Daly; John, unm.; Sarah L., m. Albert Ormond; Martha, m. Henry, son of John Lusk, of Eardley, in Alberta; and Henry, m. Lila Brady, of Eardley.

NOTES: The 'Squire has been for twelve years a member of the South Hull Council; for some time a Director of the Agriculture Society of Aylmer; and has also been Assessor for the Township. He was made a Magistrate in 1902. He is one of the successful farmers of the Valley. He literally *hewed* out a home as the land was in a wilderness.

This Baillie farm was first entered by two men whose names are forgotten. They are only remembered as "Buck" and "Bright," as though they had been a yoke of oxen. Unlike oxen, however, they could not work in the same yoke and so disagreed. They divided the land into two parts—the "east" and the "west" half. But after dividing it they could not again agree. They both wanted the "east" half, and as they both could not have it, they threw up the whole and left. One Stevens—George?—bought the location ticket. The story goes that he or a subsequent holder, mortgaged the farm to buy a cook stove and lost the farm in paying for the stove. This may seem a story to be seasoned with salt, but one does hear many a story of quite the same nature, and they are given as facts. One told—and I found it to be a truth—is how one of the old money-grabbers let a farmer have a barrel of flour on credit. It ended in the farmer losing his farm, which is now worth \$8,000—lost it for a trifle.

'Squire Baillie bought the place from the Egan estate. Bought it on time, and has not only paid for it, but paid for a cook stove too. All in the management!

Bannister, Robert, came in 1835, and took up lot 11, R. 5, which Major Reynolds of the Sappers and Miners had originally entered, but had abandoned. He married Martha McClellan, and to them was born a daughter—Jane, who married Nicholas Dawson. The farm is now owned by her son Wm.

Barnes, Archibald, came from Papineauville to South Hull in 1901. His ancestors came from Boston in the early forties. He married Josephine Albert. Small children: Emma and James.

Baudoine, Julien, came to South Hull from L'Assumption, P.Q., in 1834. He first lived on the Deschenes road, north of the Aylmer Road. He later went to Masham. He married Angel Galerneau, a step-daughter of Thomas Mouseau, pioneer. Children: Julien, m. Miss Monroe; Edward, m. Lucy Valliant; Xavier, m. Clytodid Brasseur; George, m. Adele Legros; Joseph, m. Miss Fortier; Angel, m. Pierre Brousseau; Adaline, m. Emil Legros; Denise, m. Louis Longpré; Mary, m. Gideon Munier; Filonise, m. Oliver Gouvremont; and Philemone, m. Joseph Robert.

Beaton, J., one of the most enterprising merchants in Aylmer, is a recent arrival, having come in 1895. He came from Rockland, down the Ottawa. He married Catherine Cameron, from Grenville. They have one child, a little boy—Robert A. C. K.

Belanger, Joseph, came from St. Jerome, P.Q., in 1848. He married Lillian Paquin. Children: Arthemise, m. John O'Connell; John, m. Harriat, daughter of James Maxwell, who came to South Hull in 1880; Joseph, unm; Josephine, m. Gideon Grignan; Jules, m. Lucy Laporte; Paul, m. Kate Cassidy; Margaret, m. Victor Thibeau; Alex. unm, and Victor, m. Exilier Dupuis.

Beaudry, Amable, came to Aylmer in 1846 from L'Assumption, P.Q. He married (1) Henrietta Perrault, (2) Victoria Rondeau. Children: Amabele, m. Mary Bourgeau; Edmond, m. Delphine Roy, (King); Marie, m. Louis Z. Charbonneau; Eli, m. Clara Ferron; and Michael, m. Marie Lompré.

Eli Beaudry is the proud possessor of Madame Albani's first piano, as mentioned elsewhere. It came into his possession through his wife, Clara Ferron. This old instrument is one of the sights of the village.

Beaupré, Peter, came to Aylmer in about 1850. He married Julia Chartran. Children: Fred'k, m. Josephine Dozois; Peter, m. Delion Charlebois; Israel, m. Mary A. Villion; Joseph, m. (1) Julia Charlebois, (2) Mary J. Mouseau; Frank, m. Elizabeth Keyes; Louisa, m. Peter Martel; Delphine, m. Charles Dozois, (brother); and Josephine, unm.

Benedict, Samuel, came from New York State in 1801, and took up 600 acres of land along what is now the Mountain Road, and on the line between Hull City and South Hull. He had married before coming, but there is no record of his wife's name. He built first a shack, but in 1805—just one hundred years ago, he built what was then looked upon as a very fine residence. It may be seen where the road branches to the south beyond the Wright school house—seen, there, through the orchard.

Children: David, m. Jennie McAllister; Samuel, m. Eleanor Shatford; Ezra, married in New York, but I could find no name; Rachael, m. Wm. Grimes; Hannah, m. Benjamin Chamberlain; and Miriam returned to New York and no record remains.

Children of David: John, m. Mary A. McAllister; Samuel, m. the widow of Charles Cain; David, m. Jane Wadsworth, a sister of the noted James Wadsworth; and Clarissa, m. Robert Stewart.

Children of Samuel, the second: Samuel, m. Fannie Maxwell; Moses, m. Eleanor Benedict; Joseph, m. Maria Hicks; Mary, m. John Ferris; Eunice, m. Henry Farrer; Lucy, m. Joseph Heatherington; and Sarah, m. James Maxwell.

Ezra was married when he came. A son was born shortly after they reached here. He is claimed to have been the first boy born in the Colony. "As old Square Wright was then the whole thing in the Colony, the boy was named Square," said a member of the family. "Why was Philemon called *Square*?" I asked. "I guess you misunderstood me," said the member. I meant to say *Squire* Wright or *Esquire*, as he was, among every thing else, the Magistrate. No, you misunderstood me, I said *Squire*. Ezra had two other sons, Cromwell and I think Daniel. The daughter was Hannah. They drove over from New York with a fine team,

once, I should have said, or you may know, that Ezra only stayed a short time up here and then went back to some place in New York State, where they had lived before. I remember them—the three boys—as fine big men, and I guess they were very well to do. I have never heard anything about them since they were up, and that was a very long time ago. The other son may have been Michael, it has been that long ago that one forgets, but I'm sure of the *Square* and Cromwell. Square for old *Square* Wright, and 'Crom' for Oliver."

NOTES: A number of the third generation are still living. Some of them are far advanced. Most of the living are children of Samuel, the second. Mary, who married John Ferris is '90 and several times a great grandmother. Samuel died this (1906) year, aged 84. Eunice, Lucy and Sarah are also living. The widows of Moses and Joseph are also living.

Blake, David, married Bridget Magher. Children; Jeremiah, m. Nancy Flynn; Michael, m. (1) Catherine Russell, (2) Miss Albert; John, m. Miss Cosgrove; Philemon, Patrick and David went to the States.

Blake, John, came from the County Tipperary in 1835. He settled on lot 3, R. 4, in South Hull. He married Margaret Cosgrove, of Gloucester. Children: Anna, m. John Conroy, of Montreal; Catherine, m. Frank Scannell, of Manitoba; Patrick, m. Ellen Murphy, of Eganville, Martha, m. John, son of the well known old-time blacksmith at the Deschenes Road crossing on the Aylmer Road, Moses Miron; Hannah, m. Thomas Natress; Elizabeth, m. Frank, son of H. M. Pulford; and Wm., m. Margaret Kealey.

NOTES: Mr. Blake died in 1892, aged 71. The sons, Patrick and Wm., live on the old homestead.

Boucher, Peter, came to Aylmer in the fifties. Children: Rosalee, m. Peter Boulanger; Peter, m. Miss Lamache; Louis, m. (1) Mary Martin, (2) Elizabeth, daughter of Ephraim Olmstead; Stephen, m. Julia Lamache, (sisters); Mary A., m. Charles Etno; Amelia, m. Owen Macann; Benjamin, m. Anna Robinson; and Ellen, m. George Leon.

Bourgeau, Alex, twice Mayor of Aylmer, came in 1846. He married Sophia Noel. Children; Sophia, m. N. E. Cormier; Alex., m. Miss Bruneau; Louise, m. Louis Bergerer; Lima, m. Theophile Viau; Joseph, m. Rosina O'Hagan; Lea, Emma, Alfred, Aimee and Wilfrid, unm.

Bourgeau, Denis, long with the Wrights, came to Aylmer in 1856. He lived to be nearly 100 years old, and at that great age he was bright and fairly active up to the last. He married Lucy Obuchon, who is living and active at 94. Children: Francis, now Postmaster of Aylmer, m. Ellen Sheen; Denis, m. Sophia Lamirande; Peter, m. (1) Olive Seymour, (2) Rose Blue; Mary, m. Amabele Beaudry; Wm., m. Marceline Glode; Isidore, m. Catherine Lipton; Joseph, unm.; Benjamin, m. Artimes Pauquette; Alex., w.t.s.; Delia, m. Arthur Ladebeauche; Charles, m. Josephine Marcialle; and Adele, m. Wm. Souliere.

Bourgeau, F., came in 1853. His children are: Mrs. M. Galvin, of Arnprior; Mrs. J. B. Laflamme; Mrs. I. Hebert; Daniel, m. daughter of an Ottawa ex-Mayor—Oliver Durocher (1892-'93); Anna and Evelyn.

Bourgeau, Midor, came to Aylmer in 1850. He married (1) Lucy Donet, (2) DeLine Leveque. Children: Midor, m. Mary Auchambault; Francis, or "Pete," m. Miss Rielly; Antime, m. Josephine Lagessy; Sarah, unm.; Emma, m. Israel Herbert; and Addie, m. David Parizeau.

Brackenburg, George, came from Prescott to Aylmer in 1883. He married Hattie Hawley.

Breckenridge, Hugh, came from Scotland in about 1822, and settled on lot 25, R. 5, in South Hull. He married Jane Ferguson, also of Scotland. Children: Andrew, m. Mary, daughter of Levi Moore; Hannah, m. Emmitt, son of Noah Holt; Elizabeth, m. John Perry. Elizabeth died and Perry married Jane, her sister. Robert, m. Susan Beebe; John, m. Susanna Payne. The last named lives on the homestead.

Burke, Thomas, came from Ireland in 1860. He lumbered for a number of years and then came to the Mountain Road. He married Anna Murphy. Children: Hanastacha, m. Patrick Murphy; Mary, m. Frank Mulvihill; Martin, Bridget, Patrick, Thomas, John and Wm., unm.

C

Cafferty, Anthony, came from Ireland to the locality of Meech's Lake in 1855. He married Margaret Gallespie. Children: James, m. Catherine O'Rielly; Mary, m. Wm. Allen; Thomas, m. Sarah Knox; Anna, m. Hugh McGuire; Helen, m. Daniel Shehan; John, m. Julia Haley; and Elizabeth, m. David Kelly.

Campbell, John, came from Vankleek Hill to Aylmer in about 1848. He went to Onslow, where he married Abigail, daughter of Joseph Wyman. In 1853 he removed to Arnprior, where he opened the Campbell House, which for more than a half century has been conducted by himself and family. It is now under the most excellent management of his eldest son Archibald.

For family record see "Wyman".

He died in 1868 aged 45. Mrs. Campbell is living at 83, well and active, both in mind and body.

Notes: Mr. Campbell was at first a blacksmith, and was for a time with the noted old axe maker, Saxton Washburn of Hull.

Cardinal, Joseph, was born at Perth and came to Aylmer in 1886, where he has become one of the substantial citizens, having been elected to the Town Council, at the late election (1906), by a big majority over his popular cousin, Captain Leon Chartier, after a hotly contested campaign. He married Lavina, daughter of Timothy Guertin. They have a family of six children: Ida, who is an accomplished pianist; Edmond, a violinist and singer; Eva, Lavina, Mary, Jean and Leora.

Cardinal, Calix, brother of Joseph, came to Aylmer in 1886. He married Olive Guertin. Children, all young: Lillian, Clarice, Regina, Loretta and Milda.

Cassidy, James, came from Ireland in 1830. He married Ellen Corrigan. He got a part of the Colonel Duchenev land in the Fourth. Children: Sarah, unm.; Ellen, m. Daniel Stevenson; and Bridget, m. Austin Corrigan.

Chamberlain. Among the noted families of the early Hull colony was that of Nathaniel Chamberlain. It is not certain that Nathaniel ever reached this country. He either died on the way from the States or shortly after, but his widow with her four sons and five daughters reached here very shortly after the colony had started, or in about 1806.

The children married into some of the most prominent families in the country. Ephraim, m. Mary, daughter of Philemon Wright; Benjamin, m. Elizabeth Chase; Edmund, m. Jane, sister of Moses and Samuel Edey; Richard, "He went away," was all that I could learn of him. The five daughters became: Mrs. Tiberius Wright; Mrs. Ruggles Wright; Elizabeth, m. Moses Edey; Mrs. Harvey Parker; and Mrs. Simon Heath.

It was from a daughter of Mrs. Heath that I learned the above facts. This daughter was "Grandma" Nesbitt, who died at her son—Colbourne Nesbitt's at the great age of 93. It was only a few days previous to her death, that I took down, from her lips, the record of those who came a hundred years before. Her mind was clear almost to the end. She was one of the very last among the early families.

She was the first of nine old people to die since this book was started, a few months ago. They are going almost too fast for my story of the valley and its pioneers.

Chamberlain, Benjamin, came from the States about 1805. He married (1) Hannah Benedict, daughter of pioneer Samuel. Children: Mahitable, m. Ira Mason, from the States; Nathaniel, m. Mary A. Sherman, from the States. (2) Elizabeth Chase. Children by this marriage: Hannah, m. ? Hays; "Polly," m. Hiram Johnson; "Betsy," m. Moses, son of Moses Edey; Louisa was burned to death at Westmeath; Azonath, m. George Clark; Richard, m. (1) Nancy, the daughter of George McConnel—pioneer—(2) Elizabeth, daughter of Robert Ritchie, sr.; Abigail died young; Benjamin and Horace, nr.

Chartier, Michael, came from St. Andrews in 1850. Settled in Aylmer. He married Presbel Larose. Children: Cyrile, m. Mary Rock; Zephirile, m. Julia Hinds; Leon, m. Sophia Parizeau; Frank, m. Octavio Valin; Aurelia, m. Francis Gravelle; Vitalie, m. Michael Vien; Hermaline, m. Timothy Guertin; Melina, m. John Daly; Octavia, m. Jessie Lavigne.

NOTES: Captain Leon, of Aylmer,—School Commissioner—and John, the popular captain of the steamer G. B. Greene, on the Deschenes Lake, are sons of Leon.

Others of Michael's grandchildren are: George, with Ritchie Brothers; Frank, on the Grand Trunk Survey; Joseph, a hotelkeeper in Sudbury; Edward went to the States.

Several families of **Chartand** live in Aylmer, the first of them being Joseph, who came in 1850. He married Bazilda Gravelle. Children: Moses, m. Josephine Fortin; Amelia, m. Thelma Rivet; John, m. Lavina Leclaire; Elizabeth, unm; Arthur, m. (1) Olivia Dozois, (2) Georgiana Gagnon; Rachel, m. Tellesphore Provost; and Jane, m. John Durion.

Chartrand, John B., came to Aylmer from St. Rose, via St. Andrew's and later Portage du Fort, reaching here in 1875. He married, first, Mary Thibeault, by whom he had seven children: Marie, m. Eustache Pauquet; Michael, m. Nancy Derby; Matilda, m. Peter Gravelle; Julia, m. Peter Beaupré; Elizabeth, m. Archibald Asselin; Ferdinand, unm.; and Clara, m. Antime Croteau. His second wife was Mary Thibert, by whom he had six children: Anna, m. Ernest Longloi; Locadie, m. Francis Gravelle; Zoé, m. Louis Saumier; Sarah, m. Alex. Parsil; Napoleon, m. Julia Dubois and Octavia, m. Joseph Leblanc.

The third, **Chartrand**, John, came to Aylmer from Billing's Bridge in 1883. He married Catherine Whelan. Children: Patrick J.; Theresa A.; Francis C. and Anna M. He died in 1900.

Church, Peter, was the first physician in South Hull. He came in about 1830. He married Sylvia Merrick. Children: Collar, m. Susan Hodgins; L. Ruggles, m. Jennie Bell; and Howard, m. Fannie Morrison. Ten of the Church's have been McGill M.D's.

Coghlan, Andrew, came to Aylmer in 1867. He married Maria Lawler, a relative of the noted Captain R. S. Lawler. Children: Bridget, m. Michael Curran; Catherine, m. Alex. Morin; Mary, m. Angus Sutherland; Andrew, m. Clara Dumond; Elizabeth, m. Michael McDermott, of the Public Works Dept.; Thomas, unm.; John, unm., killed in 1895; Edward, m. Mary McDonald; Louisa, m. W. J. Byers; Eva, m. Wm. J. Chisholm; Daniel, drowned; and Frank, unm.

NOTES: Andrew, jr., took part in the Riel Rebellion. For 11 years he was not heard from, and thought to be dead, but one day they received a telegram: "I'll be home to-night." There was great rejoicing in the Coghlan family that night. He with a number of the family are in the Northwest—in Edmonton and B. C.

Conroy, Robert, came to Aylmer in the thirties. He married Mary, the daughter of Wm., one of the three pioneer brothers McConnel. Children: James, m. Emily McConnel; Robert H., unm.; Wm. J., m.

Maria McDonald; Nellie, m. Alfred Driscoll; Maria, m. John Nelson; Charlotte, m. Arthur Perkins; Mary, m. John Dennis; and Ida, m. James Shanley.

NOTES: Robert Conroy was one of the most noted lumberers of the valley. He was very prominent in all things of public interest. He was long a member of the Town Council, and Mayor from 1866 up to his death in 1868. His son, Robert H., was Mayor of South Hull for many years, and like his father was Mayor up to the time of his death in 1904. Wm. J. was also Mayor of Aylmer, from 1882 to 1884, and again from 1891 to 1892.

James Shanley was a nephew of the Shanleys who built the Hoosac tunnel.

Cook, Wm., came in 1816 and settled on part of lot 18, R. 5. He married Elizabeth Radmore, but had no children.

John Cook, his brother, settled on the other part 18, R. 5. He married Georgiana Rule. Children: Wm., m. Minerva E. A. Simmons (daughter of George); John, m. Amelia Balk; Arthur, m. Hannah Allen (daughter of the pioneer, John); Isabelle, m. John Woodburn; Anna, m. Wm. Simmons; Mary, m. (1) John McCallum, (2) John Mee, (3) and for the third, she chose Charles Newman. As a strange coincidence, another daughter was married three times—the only instance in the municipality where two in the same family were so successful—some of the South Hull girls were missed in the division, entirely—an unfair deal! The other daughter, Grace, must also have been a good *Cook*, as she became (1) Mrs. Thomas Rogers, (2) Mrs. James McConnell and (3) Mrs. Alfred Merrifield. The last daughter, Eleanor, m. James Miller.

Cormier, Narcisse E., came from Manchester, New Hampshire. He was several years Mayor, Member of Parliament, and held many other offices. He was Provincial Game Warden when he died. His first wife was Agnes, the daughter of Alex. Bourgeau. By this marriage there were children: Narcisse E., m. Felonise Rajotte; Milda, m. George Bond; and Emma, unm.

His recent marriage to Mrs. M. L. Chabotte, nee Mary L. Rielly, brought back from Chicago a former Aylmer lady.

Later: Mr. Cormier died (1906) since the above was written.

Cormier, Ovide, brother of N. E. Cormier, came to Aylmer from the Eastern Townships in 1871. He married Monique Rajotte, of Aylmer. They have four children: Ovide, Albina, Regina and Aline.

Coutlee, L. M., was long a prominent figure in the County of Ottawa (now Wright) for which he was years, Sheriff—the first one. He died in 1900 at the good old age of 89. He left no money, but his name will be remembered when many a Valley millionaire will have been forgotten. Wherever I go the old Sheriff is lovingly spoken of, by rich as well as poor, and especially by the poor, for he was ever doing some kindness for them. His house, now a ruin of its ancient comfort, stands on the Aylmer Road, near where the Deschenes Road crosses the pike. He married Miss Clegg, of Ottawa.

Cowley, Daniel, came from London, England, to Aylmer in 1836. He married Mary McJennett, of Bristol. Children: Harriat, m. Archibald Smirle; Dr. Thomas, unm.; Mailes, m. Eliza Eaton; John, Jane, James and Mary A., unm.; Dr. Daniel, m. Harriat Wallace; Robert, m. Catherine Harvey; and Jennet and Martha, unm.

NOTES: Mr Cowley was long connected with the Ottawa River boats. He was at first the Captain of the old "George Buchanan," the first of the Chats Lake steamers. He was long a Captain on the boats of the Union Forwarding Company, of which he was later a Director. He died in 1897, aged 80. Mrs. Cowley is at present residing in Aylmer.

Craig, Rev. D. J., in charge of the Presbyterian Church, came from Bristol in 1902. He married May Workman. Children: Harold G., unm. and Louila, m. D. C. Bingham, of Powassan, Ont.

NOTES: Wm. Craig, father of Rev. D. J., came from Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1834. He came first to Sorel, and later settled in Bristol. He married Janet McJennett, of that township. Harold has just graduated a physician.

Crilley, John, came in 1824, and took up lot 18, R. 6. When late in life, and after all the South Hull girls had lost hope, John took to wife the widow Bullen. They had one son, Daniel, who married Minnie Coyle.

Bernard Crilley came from Ireland in 1830, and bought 50 acres off lot 16, R. 6. He married Bridget Mullen. Children: Catherine, m. John Hall; John, m. ?; Hugh, m. Miss McLaughlin; Henry, m. Frances Kernahan; Michael, drowned; Lavina, unm.

Crilley, Charles, came to Hull in 1819. He was with the Wrights for many years. He came first to the bottom land, but found it too wet to cultivate, and went back among the hills. Later he returned and took up 600 acres along the Mountain Road, on part of which two of his grandchildren now reside—Wm. J. Crilley and Mrs. Anthony Grimes. He married Julia Birmingham. Children: John T., m. Margaret Heenan; James, unm.; Henry, m. Frances Kernehan; Mary, m. John Murphy; Charles, m. Johanna Shea; Catherine, m. Michael Hogan; George, m. (1) Honora Shea (sister), (2) in the States, which means "All trace of him is lost."

Cumming, Captain Thomas Alex., was, of all the old boatmen of the Ottawa, the most prominent. To this day he is remembered better than any other. He was born at Three Rivers, P.Q., and came to Aylmer in 1848, the year after the incorporation of it as a village. He commanded the "Emerald," the first iron steamboat on the Deschenes. It was 12 years later when he had the honor of taking the Prince of Wales, on the Emerald, from Aylmer to the Chats, or as then "Pontiac."

He was married in Kingston, July 14th, 1851, to Catherine Chambers. Their wedding trip was up or down the Rideau Canal, to Bytown, which took them three days. Children: Kate H. D., m. Lewis H. Thompson, Ottawa; Frances E., m. J. K. J. Henry, Ottawa; Ellen A., m. John Stephens, of Montreal; and Frank W. C., now in the Interior Department.

The Captain died Dec. 11th, 1866. Mrs. Cumming died April 18th, 1897. All of the children are living.

Cushman. In 1863 there came to Aylmer, from L'Original, Ont., a boy of 14 (to clerk in the store of T. B. Prentiss) whose ancestry may be traced back nearly three centuries, to the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, at Plymouth Rock. Furthermore, it was this boy's ancestor who was responsible for the coming of the old Mayflower, with its 100 staunch Pilgrims. That ancestor was Robert Cushman, and the boy is Sturgiss Salmon Cushman, now Vice-president of the great E. B. Eddy Company.

It was Robert Cushman, (born in 1580 and died 1625) who fitted out the Mayflower and sent it across with the pioneers who left their names indelibly engraven into the history of the whole of the American continent, since we find them in every state and territory of the United States, and in Canada those names are borne by some of the best of the land.

Sturgiss S. Cushman married Achsah M. Bullard, of Swanton, Vermont. They have two children, Elsa and George, unm.

NOTES: From the carefully collected records of the Cushman family I have been enabled to trace this branch back to 1580, to the birth of Robert, the founder of the name in America. Coming down from Robert, the line passes as follows: Robert's son was Thomas, b. 1608, m. Mary Allerton; Thomas' son was Eleazar, or Elkanah, b. 1651, d. 1727, m.

(1) Elizabeth Cole, (2) Martha Cooke; John, b. 1690, m. Joanna Pratt; Charles, b. —, d. 1791, m. Mary Harvey; Charles, m. Desiah Branch; Fred'k, b. 1758, d. 1852, m. Alice Caswell, 1784; Salmon, b. 1785, d. 1849, m. Phoebe Strong, in 1806; Sturgiss Morehouse, b. 1820, d. 1865, m. Margaret A. Marston. These last named were the father and mother of the subject of this sketch.

E. B. EDDY AND S. S. CUSHMAN

were both of Pilgrim lineage, the former from the Captain Miles Standish line—made famous by Longfellow.

After leaving Aylmer, Mr. Cushman went to Hull City, where he clerked for his uncle—the old-time merchant, post-master and mayor, George J. Marston. In 1867 he began, in a small way with E. B. Eddy, and by his close attention to business duties, worked himself up to the place, next to the top in that mammoth establishment.

Mr. Cushman is an active worker in the Presbyterian Church, a high mason and one of Hull's most prominent citizens.

Currie, Neil, came to Hull in 1828. He settled on lot 15, R. 5. He married Flora Currie. Children: Mary, whose remarkable memory was so phenomenal that people used to visit her when a child to hear her repeat whole chapters of the Bible. It is said that, given a verse in almost any part of the Bible she could at once repeat the next from memory. She, as well as Flora and Elizabeth, was single; John, m. Isabelle Pink; David, (on the editorial staff of the Montreal Witness) m. Nancy Davis; Peter, m. Ella Cluff; Alex, m. Lucy Hicks; and Daniel went to the States.

The son John, or as he was long known, Captain John Currie, is one of the most prominent men in the Municipality. In his early days he was a steamboat captain on the Ottawa and St. Lawrence, being for years with the famous old M. K. Dickenson. He followed the rivers for sixteen years. He helped build the great Victoria Bridge at Montreal. He was in the Town Council for six years before South Hull Municipality was formed, and for fifteen years he has been a member of the South Hull Council, without a break. His home, on the Mountain Road, is one of the prettiest in the Municipality. To his marvellous memory I am indebted for the dates of the coming of the early pioneers. Without a note or a reference he sat and gave dates as though reading from a book, and so accurate that I have found almost no discrepancies. As to names I found Mr. and Mrs. George Simmons of great assistance.

Cuzner, Mark, came from Somersetshire, England, to Aylmer at an early date. He married Johanna Stokes from Limerick, Ireland. Children: Mary A., m. Thomas Sayer, present Mayor of Aylmer; W. J., m. (1) Lettie Joynt, (2) Amanda Stockdale, widow of Colonel Eggleston; Caroline, m. R. H. Sayer, the well known Aylmer merchant; Mark R., now in Winnipeg, m. Miss Ferguson; and Jennie, now in Iron Mountain, Michigan, m. D. M. Laing.

D

Daly, Michael, came from Dublin in 1840. He married Mrs. Edw. Timmons, nee Peggy Flynn. Children: John, m. Malina Chartier; Patrick, unm.; Mary A., m. Maxime Minard; Ellen, m. John Perrault; and Catherine, m. Paul Bourgois.

Daly, Bryan, came from Ireland in 1833. Children: Peter, drowned in the Bonnechure River; Mary, m. Patrick Higgins; Philip, m. Mary A. Haley; Bridget, m. Wm. Murphy; John, m. Miss Farrell; Mathias, m. Agnes Bailey; and Elizabeth, m. ——— Murray.

Daly, Bernard, came from Ireland to Ottawa in 1832. He lived with the Josey family in Eardley for some years and in 1840 came to South Hull. He settled on lot 19, R.5, where he died in 1876. He married Ellen ———?. Children: Peter, drowned; Mary A., m. Patrick Higgins; Elizabeth, m. Wm. Murray; Philip, m. Mary A. Haley; Bridget, m. Wm. Murphy; John, w.t.s.; and Mathias, m. Harriat Agnes, daughter of Squire James Baillie.

Davies, J. S., son of Admiral Davies of the British Navy, came to Aylmer in 1864. He married Louise de Coté. They had but one son, David.

Delmore, Albert, son of James, of Eardley, came to South Hull in 1894. He married Sarah, daughter of John Duncan, of Eardley. They have four young children: John A., Duncan, Ellen J. and Myrtel.

They are on the old James Doyle farm on the Eardley Road, just west of Aylmer.

Derby, John, of Boston, Mass., was one of the very first comers. There were but two houses where is now the town of Aylmer. His children: Edw., Emily, Nancy, Captain Joseph who went to sea, Franklin and John Thomas, who still resides here at 75.

Devlin, Charles, came to Aylmer in 1851. He has for more than half a century been one of the substantial citizens, not alone of Aylmer, but of the County, for which he was five years a Warden. Nor was he an officer in the commonly accepted term only, but he did it a service which to this day tells for good. It is said that he saved the County, (then Ottawa), \$200,000. This directly, while indirectly several other cities and counties were saved many times that amount. His vote would have turned this money into the treasury of the old Northern Railway Company, and for which vote it is said that he withstood an offer of \$30,000.

He was 23 years a Councilman, and twice Mayor. He has been an active worker in the Liberal party, once running for a seat in parliament, but was not so successful as his sons, Charles and Emanuel, both of whom are now in parliament, the former in London, for Galway, Ireland, and the latter in Ottawa for this County of Wright.

He has been, during all this time, a general merchant in Aylmer. He has been an active worker in the Catholic church. Mrs. Devlin, now deceased, was remarkable for her charity, always looking after the poor of the parish.

His children: Charles Ramsay, m. Blanche, daughter of Major de Montigny, of St. Scholastique, P.Q.; James, deceased; F. J., Napoleon, Joseph and Emanuel; and Mary and Louise.

Donais, Edward, came to Aylmer in 1846. He married Agale Mettier. Children: Alphonse, m. Deline Layer; and Margaret, m. Arthur Whelan.

Dorion, Edward, came from St. Andrew's to Aylmer in 1850. He married Mary McGilvray. Children: Edward N., m. Louisa Lavine; John, m. Jane Chartran; Francis, m. Margaret Belanger; Lavina, m. Leon Bourgeau; Adaline, m. Ozos Proulx; and Caroline, m. Gideon Terrien.

Dozois, Louis, came to Aylmer in 1854. Married Matilda Gebeau. Children: Matilda, m. Fred'k Lemeronde; Philomena, m. Lezime Lafontaine; Louise, m. Antoine Lafontaine; Olive, m. Robert Chartran; Margaret, m. David Belisle; Jennie, m. Ragis Allen; Demise, m. Moise Soulier; Charles, m. Delphine Beaupré; and George, m. Ida May Ross.

Draper, Michael, came from county Langford, Ireland. He first went to Brooklyn, N.Y. In 1848, when 22 years of age he came to Aylmer, where he died in 1890, aged 64. He married (1) Mary Fahey, (2) Ellen Hoolahan.

Patrick was the only child of the first wife. He married Agnes Mahony. By the second marriage there were: Thomas, m. Corinne Vanasse; and John, m. Lulu, daughter of Robert Stewart.

Notes: Michael was for 25 years with the Union Forwarding Company. He was a son of Thomas Draper, one of the very first settlers in Bytown. His sister Margaret was the second child born in the future Capital, Mary Ann O'Connor being the first. She became Mrs. Alex. Grant, and is still living in Montreal.

The son, Patrick, is the widely known Labor Man—known in the States as well as in Canada. He is a foreman in the Government Printing Bureau. He was once clerk for Sheriff Coutlee. John is also in the Printing Bureau. Thomas, like his brother, was with Sheriff Coutlee—the last one that noted old officer ever had. He is now with G. H. Perley.

Another son of the pioneer Thomas, and also Thomas by name, is the well known Captain Draper, of Pembroke.

Dubeault, Ferdinand, came from Riviere du Loup to Aylmer in 1862. He married Felonise, daughter of Peter Soulier. Children: Louise, m. Napoleon Mathe; Moses, m. Christina Boucher; Edmond, Tarsile Perron; and Georgina, unm.

Dubois, Baptiste, came to Aylmer in 1865. Only Alex, a son, remains of the family. He married Virginia Cheat of Carleton.

Dubois, Charles, came from St. Andrew's to Aylmer, in 1850. He married Catherine Roy. Children: Julia, m. Peter Galarneau; Mary, m. Clemile Clement; J. Baptiste, m. Adile Parizeau; Antoine, m. Denise Quintal; Louise, m. Peter Vien; Joseph, m. Delime Noel; Sophia, unm.; Charles, m. Adel Dier; Louis, m. (1) Mary Kelly; (2) Miss Tremblay.

Dubois, Louis, came to Aylmer from L'Original in 1850. He married Ades Sophey. Children: John, dec; Josephine, unm; Louisa, m. Paul Leon; Fannie, m. Alex. Whalen; Amelia, m. Isadore Leveque; Louis N., m. Elizabeth O'Hagan; Almozine, m. James Harkin; Joseph, m. Amelia Longpré and Charles, m. Elizabeth Denault.

Mr. Dubois died in 1881, aged 75.

Duchesnay, Colonel, an old English officer, never lived in the township, but he drew 600 acres in the fourth range and held it for a time, eventually selling it off to David Blake, James Cassidy, Charles Wright and others.

Dugan, Patrick, an old Sapper and Miner took up lot 19, R. 5, but never came to occupy it.

Duncan, Robert, was among the first to settle on the Eardley road, a few miles west of Aylmer, even before this village was started. It is not known the date of his coming. In 1858 he came to a road, since called for him the "Duncan" road, near the great Laurentian Brick works of the Parley Brothers. He purchased a part of the Benedict entry. He married Mary McInall. He died in 1900 at the great age of 95. Children: Wm. J., m. Ann Russell; David, m. Eleanor, daughter of Moses Benedict; Samuel, unm.; Ann, m. John Hill; Isaac, unm.; Elizabeth, m. James Thomas; Robert, m. Margaret Coghlan; James, unm; George, m. ?; and Alex. m. Agnes Scott.

Dunton, George, came from Vermont in 1819. He came to the Aylmer Road, or where it is now. Here he married Jane, the daughter of Henry Marshall Fulford. He remained in this locality until 1851, when he removed to Eardley. Children: Freman G. and John, unm.; Howard, m. Ida Atkinson; Susan, m. Ambrose Richards; Louiza, m. George Wright, now on the John Haworth farm; Naomi, unm.; and Sarah, m. Ambrose Richards, jr.

E

Edey. Two brothers Edey came to Hull from Randolph, Vermont—Moses in 1805 and Samuel in 1806. Moses took up land on the Eardley Road just beyond what afterward became the village of Aylmer. He married Elizabeth, the daughter of Nathaniel Chamberlain. Children: Edmund, m. Hannah Wyman, daughter of Joseph, who was a brother of Mrs. Philemon Wright; Elizabeth, m. James Finlayson Taylor, of frequent mention; Moses, m. Elizabeth, daughter of Benjamin Chamberlain; Richard, m. Mary Wyman, (sisters); Harriat, m. Thomas R. Symmes; Emily, died young; Nelson, m. Margaret Taylor; Elliott, m. Elizabeth Burke; Amelia, unm.; and Delorme, m. Eliza Andrews.

NOTES: All of the children are dead but Amelia. M. C. Edey, the noted architect of Ottawa is a son of Richard. Lucy Edey, now Mrs. Luther Edey, was a daughter of Richard. She had the unique distinction of having taught for twenty years, continuously, in one public school. That was School No. 1, in South Onslow. Richard, of Bristol, a mining expert, and with interests in many mines, is also a son of Richard, sr.

Edey, Samuel, (born 1786, died 1868), located on R. 2, lot 19, adjoining what is now Aylmer, the village being bounded on the east and west by the two brothers. He married (1) Abigail, daughter of Thomas Wright, who was the brother of Philemon and father of Benj. Hooper and John, (2) Elizabeth, a sister of Abigail. She was the widow of Abram Booth. His third wife was Sarah Bloss.

Children: The first few were Samuels, but all died young; Jane, m. Ralph Kenny, brother of Robert, the pioneer; Abigail, m. Henry McNally, whose son Henry is now the well known Mayor of Aylwin, up the Gatineau; Luther, m. Mary A., daughter of Frank Maxwell, the pioneer; Lydia, m. Hugh Blair; and Mary, m. Andrew Pritchard, son of James, of the Gatineau.

NOTES: Samuel Edey, the Mayor of South Hull, is a son of Luther. He is familiarly known throughout the Valley as "Sam." He has been connected with municipal affairs for more than a quarter of a century, and few in the Valley will equal him in matters municipal. He is high up in Masonry, having been Junior Grand Warden of the Grand Lodge of Quebec.

SAM DISCOURSES ON THE FRENCH-CANADIANS.

It is as entertaining as a story book to listen to Sam's experiences in the lumber camps of the far north woods. "I have often been," said he, in one of his reminiscences of the forest, "for months with the French-Canadian shantymen, and a more genial lot of fellows I have never camped with. They are always happy, ready with a song or story, and make the time pass so delightfully that I never tired of being with them." And then he said, of the French-Canadian, that which I have often heard remarked before, "I do not believe there is a happier people on the face of the earth, or more willing to do a kindly turn. And what, (as no doubt you have often remarked, in your wanderings throughout the Province of Quebec), is most commendable in those of the country districts, is this: they seldom build beyond their means, and never for simple show. The

result is that they are far happier in a cottage that is paid for than many another people living in mortgage covered palaces, that are so sure to create heart burnings, and jealousies among neighbors. Yes, the genuine French-Canadians are a happy people."

A PUBLIC SPIRITED CITIZEN.

There are few, if any, in the Valley, more public spirited than Sam Edey. To him much is due the success of the Agricultural Fair held annually in Aylmer. Both Samuel and Mrs. Edey take many prizes at these Fairs. The Crown Bank of Aylmer offers, each year, a valuable silver cup for the best herd of cattle. It was this year awarded to Sam, who says that the farmers of the County of Wright will have to give great attention to the improvement of their cattle else he will get in the habit of taking it annually. This season he offered to compete with any of the adjoining counties. This friendly competition is doing great good in bringing up the standard of all kinds of live-stock.

If, in after years, this volume should prove a source of interest to those whose family records are here preserved, they will have much to thank Sam, for the preservation, for when, by reason of the risk attendant upon a local book, I would have given over the task, this man's cheery "Go ahead, our people will support your efforts," gave heart to continue.

Sam is a philosopher, in a way. "I'll never be rich," says he, "nor do I wish to be, since I see the sort that money makes of men, often cold, calculating, selfish—unwilling ever to do a thing that will not bring to themselves direct benefit. I don't refer to the broad rich, but to the little narrow fellows, and most of 'em are—well, not broad." Again he referred to the French. "The Frenchman is the true philosopher. He raises a family regardless of size—and with him the larger the better. He seldom hoards up for a rainy day, for says Jon Batiste: 'What ze use, I nevaire can all ze rain keep off, an ef ze roof she leak ze kidz she can change ze place an go whare she is dry.' And 'Jon Batiste' is right, for few of us can leave enough to make all of our children a lazy easy-going lot, and had better follow the Frenchman's plan and hoard not up, at the expense of present comfort, and especially if the hoarding make of us grinders of our fellows, as it invariably does. I'd rather be fair than rich."

The Colonel never grew tired listening to Sam. "Rube," he'd often say, "Sam has the correct view of life," and the Colonel was a good judge of the "Correct."

Luther Edey is living with his son Luther, in the old Samuel Edey homestead. He is 86, and fairly well for that age.

Jane, a sister of Moses and Samuel Edey, came to Canada with Samuel. They, with their mother, came in the dead of winter all the way from Vermont in a sled drawn by an ox. Some of the family claim that they were not so poor, and that they had *two* oxen. What's the odds! An ox more or less makes little difference a century afterward.

Jane married Edmund Chamberlain, son of Nathaniel.

The Edeys have become connected with nearly every prominent family in this part of the Valley.

Moses died at the age of 74 and Samuel at 82.

F

Farquharson, I. A., came from Scotland, (Banfshire) to Ottawa in 1875. He lived for a time in Gloucester, and later moved to the Aylmer Road, where he purchased the famous old Elm Tree Hotel property, which was a part of the Gideon Olmstead farm. He married Elizabeth Miller, a sister of Alex. Miller, who built so many of the later steamboats that ran on the Deschenes Lake. Children: John, m. Isabelle Richards, and is now living in Caron, Assa., N.W.T.; George, m. Rebecca Nesbitt, and now in Cranbrook, B.C.; Isabelle, m. John Joynt; Campbell, Birdie, Elizabeth, Jessie and James K.

Ferris, Maxwell, came to South Hull in 1819. The family first went to New York City from Ireland. He married Jane, daughter of Frank Maxwell. Children: Elizabeth, m. Isaac, son of pioneer Joseph Lusk; Helen, m. Samuel Ferris; Robert, m. Eleanor, daughter of Emanuel Radmore; David, m. Amelia Lusk; Wm., m. Sarah Powell; Jane, m. Robert Radmore, one of South Hull's most prominent men; Fannie, unm., John, m. Eleanor Pink; Maxwell, m. Mary Lusk; and Mary, m. Benjamin Payne.

John, a brother of Maxwell Ferris, came to South Hull in 1826. He married Mary, daughter of Samuel Benedict. Children: Eleanor, m. Robert Dowd; Samuel, m. Helen Ferris; Fannie, m. Wm. C. Radmore; Wm., m. Cynthia, daughter of Charles and sister of Church Wright; Mary, m. Wm. Porter; Eliza, Helen, Lucy, Jane, and John, unm.

There was one sister, Dolly Ferris, who married Timothy Tabor.

NOTES: Members of the second generation have gone over into Eardley, where they are among the substantial farmers of the township.

Mary, the widow of John, is still living, at the age of 90. She and John lived together for 65 years. He died in 1897, at the age of 89.

Ferron, Narcisse, came to Aylmer from St. Paul l'Ermite, P.Q., in 1843. He purchased lots from Charles Symmes, and descendants of the family are still occupying them, never having been out of the family. He married Julia Robichoux, of his home town. Children: Telmon, went to Cleveland, Ohio; Clara, m. Elie Beaudry; Josephine and Charles, unm.

ALBANI'S FIRST PIANO.

NOTES: Narcisse was a friend of John B. Lajueneuse, who once lived in Aylmer. John B. Lajueneuse was the father of the world famous singer, Albani. Aylmer can well be proud of this great songster, who as a little girl lived here—sang and played around with the village children, no one ever seeing in her the world favorite which she has become. Her father was a poor music teacher—poor, so far as money wealth went, but rich in what his child has become to the lovers of perfection in voice. When the family moved away Mr. Ferron purchased Albani's little piano—her first. It may yet be seen in the home of Elie Beaudry, who married Clara Ferron, as seen in the foregoing record. It is old and broken-wired, with no music left in it, and yet by association it retains a charm which no perfect instrument, newly turned out from the factory of an Orme, could have—for it was Albani's first.

Flatters, Joseph, came from Lincolnshire, England, to Aylmer in 1873. He married Frances Hester. Children: John H., m. Emily Truman; Wm., m. Jennie McDowell; Nellie, m. Fred'k Garver; Arthur E., now in Winnipeg, unm.; Catherine A., m. Harvey Moore; Elizabeth A., m. Robert Blakeley; Fred'k R., m. Maria Henderson; Annie M., m. Richard T. Brewer; Ella, unm.; and Josephine T., m. Wm., son of James Moore.

NOTE: Mr. Flatters was once a bailiff in Aylmer. He died from being shot while arresting a man, in 1885. The man was caught, tried and sent up for a long term. He came out reformed and later became a preacher.

Flynn, Martin, came from Ireland—County Mayo—in 1847. He came to Chelsea and for thirty years was with the Gilmours. He married (1850) Rosanna Greenan of County Cavin, Ireland.

Children: **JOHN**, a well known architect, now in Reading, Penn., m. Mary Malloy; **JAMES**, m. Eliza Berrigan; **MICHAEL**, a saw mill owner in Philomoth, Oregon, unm; **MARTIN**, deceased, m. Mary Ryan; **PATRICK**, long with the C.P.R., and now with the Rockefeller railroad interests, m. Anna Dean; Rosanna, now in Ottawa, m. Thomas Kearns; **JOSEPH**, m. Bridget McEvoy; Harry, the widely known and very popular hotel man, mine owner and capitalist of Maniwaki, m. (1) Bridget O'Connor, (2) Mrs. Denis Brennan, nee Catherine Lynch; **PETER**, a railroad foreman, at Vanosta, P.Q., m. Catherine Hardgrove; and **WM. P.**, mine manager for his brother Harry, m. Rosanna Dunlop, of Cascades.

Quite a remarkable family—all have been successful, and some of them far beyond the ordinary term. This is especially true of Harry, whose success has been phenomenal. It is said that no matter what he touches, it turns, Midas-like, into gold. Some call it luck. The wiser ones call it good judgment. E. B. Eddy once said: "Luck? There is no such thing as luck. Don't trust to luck. Go and do it!" This is Harry Flynn's motto. He goes and does it, and for a young man there is possibly no one on the Gatineau who has done so well. Again, this is a remarkable family. Many an old pioneer whose name stood for all that was solid and trustworthy has left sons whose worth is nil—whose only claim is that the ancestor of the family was somebody in his time. Mr. Flynn left a lot of sons who are making a name for themselves—respected throughout the valley.

Fogarty, Richard, is one of the oldest settlers of Aylmer. He came here from Quebec in 1843, and is still doing business at the old stand. He is another who remembers the town as a cedar bush, "and with so few houses that you'd have to have an active imagination to call it even a village. But in 1847, when it was incorporated, you'd have thought from the country taken in that they expected it to rival Montreal, or Toronto—then a small town down on Lake Ontario, at first called York. There wasn't much business around here when I came, but the Conroys, Klocks, Egans, Wadsworths and some more of them soon got at work and in a few years Aylmer was a regular city for hustle and rush. Why in those days—say in the fifties—it was busier almost than Ottawa, or as then called, Bytown. Good times will come again if we get all the factories we're looking for," and the old gentleman grew quite enthusiastic in anticipation.

He married Lydia, daughter of Edward Ryan. They have no children.

Foran, John, came from Ireland in 1829. He married (1) Mary L. Fulford, daughter of the pioneer Henry Marshall Fulford, (2) Catherine Frances Kearney, who is still living in Aylmer. She is a remarkably intelligent lady of 87. Children: John, unm.; T. P., m. (1) Isabelle McDonald, (2) Mary Gerenish Hay; the four daughters became Mrs. Richard White, Mrs. Wm. Murray, Mrs. Dr. David O'Brien and Mrs. Louis Gadbois; and the last son, J. K., m. Louise Davis.

NOTES: John Foran was one of the old-time men of Aylmer. To say this is to speak a volume. He was interested in everything that meant progress for his town. He was long identified with municipal affairs, being in the early Councils for a number of years.

He was long engaged in lumbering, and at the death of John Egan, in 1857, he, with James Doyle, took charge of the business, and to them much is due the saving of what has become a great fortune.

Thomas P., so well known that to speak of "T.P." indicates to the people of the Ottawa Valley, one of the best known lawyers in this part of Canada, while "J.K." calls to mind the famous poet, of whom Aylmer is proud to claim as one of her sons.

The Forans were originally French, and with thousands of others came over to Ireland. Here the ancestor of John took up farming. John was born in the house where five generations of Forans had dwelt. The homestead, or estate, was "Deer Park," in the County of Tipperary.

Fulford, Henry Marshall, came from Connecticut in 1812, and settled on the Aylmer Road, on the farm now owned by T. P. Foran, his grandson. He married Amanda, daughter of Truman Waller. Children: Olive, m. Robert Mather; Jane, m. George Dunton; Louiza, m. John Foran; Marshall, m. Bridget Ryan; Sarah, m. James Harney; and Henry was drowned.

"A MARRYING BEE."

When Mr. Fulford was married, in about 1816, there were no ministers here, neither was it easy to get married in the Lower Canada, or in Upper Canada for that matter, as even magistrates were scarce, so when it was known that 'Squire Leroy was coming up the river, from "Away down below," on a *marrying trip*, the young folk for miles around would form what might be called "a marrying bee," and this large party of young men and maidens, would go across the river where they would meet the Squire and be married.

When Mr. Fulford was married he and his bride-to-be formed two of such a party.

G

Gebeau, Peter, came from St. Andrew's in 1844. He married Mary Lapierre. Children: Angel, m. Joseph Archambault; and Louis, m. Susan Gatwa.

Glenn, Michael, came from Ireland in 1842. He was long connected with Egan, and was so much a part of the great lumberman's affairs that to this day he is remembered as "John Agen's man." Children: John, m. Ann Cassidy; James, m. Margaret Conners; Hugh, m.—?; Mary, m. Martin McDermott; Charles, m. Margaret Kelly; and Bridget, unm.

Godwin, J. J., came from Ottawa to Aylmer in 1870. He married Jane Needham of Pakenham. Children: Albert H., m. Sarah, daughter of James Sayer; and Catherine, m. A. E. Patison.

NOTES: Mr. Godwin was the second Master of the Aylmer Masonic Lodge. He has been Fire Chief for the past sixteen years. In the early seventies he was for three years in the Garrison Artillery. He is now the Treasurer of the Masonic Lodge and also holds the same office in the Independent Order of Foresters.

Goulet, Captain Ambroise, came to Aylmer, from Quebec, in 1868. He married Odel Pallarout. By this marriage there were four children, but I did not learn their names, save Albert, who is a captain on one of the St. Lawrence steamers. Mrs. Goulet died in 1896. She is remembered by the people of Aylmer as one of the kindest of women, always doing for the poor.

In 1905 the captain married Alice Laura Moore, and is now in charge of the Government Dredging Plant on the Temiskaming.

Notes: When the captain came to Aylmer he was at first chief engineer on the Monitor and later captain and engineer of the same steamer. In 1880 he went into steamboating for himself, building, that year the Castor, and the next year purchased the old Chaudiere, which had long been running on the Deschenes, under the Union Forwarding Co. It may not be generally known, but this boat is still running on the Lake, rebuilt and rechristened the "Albert". Until I learned this I thought that all of the Union Forwarding Co's boats had entirely disappeared.

The captain remembers as his staunch friends, the Conroy Brothers and E. B. Eddy, for which firms he did work for many years. Of E. B. Eddy, the captain speaks in most kindly terms, for once when his capital was not very large, Mr. Eddy loaned him \$6,000 on his simple note of hand. It speaks well for Mr. Eddy's kindness, but a good deal more for the Captain's honesty, as Eddy was a careful man, as well as kind.

Many will remember the interest taken by the captain in the schools of Aylmer, and to him much is due for the success of the public school.

Few there are who have been away so long who are more pleasantly spoken of than Capt. Ambrose Goulet and his benevolent wife. Those who know, say that Mrs. Goulet ever found in the Captain an enthusiastic second in all her good deeds.

Gravelle. In 1850, and 1852, there came to Aylmer four brothers Gravelle, from below Montreal. They were in the employ of the old lumberers—Egan, Conroy, Klock, etc.

The eldest, Francis, was the first to come. He reached here in 1850, and at nearly 80, he is hale and active—the only one living. He married Orillia Chartier. Children: Orillia, m. Oliver Guertin; Francis, m. Locadi Chartran; Leon, m. Orillia St. Claire; Louiza, m. Stephen Lemaire; Emily, m. Xavier St. Claire, (brothers); Joseph, m. Clara Riopelle; Josephine, m. Peter Lacoste; Edw., m. Olivine Beron; Israel, m. Philomise Duval; Louis, m. Rena Rio; and Hedwige, unm.

NOTE: All the family are living but the mother.

Edw. Gravelle, the second brother, came to Aylmer in 1852. He married Margaret Noel, whose family had come to Aylmer in 1850. Children: Emily, m. Paul Desjardins; Edw., m. Lea Vigne; Isabelle, unm.; Alex., m. Azilda Ayotte; Matilda, m. Jeffrey Allen; Fred, Tellesphore, Albina, Narcisse, Arthur, and Edward, all unm.

Louis Gravelle, the third, came to Aylmer in 1852. He married Louiza Chaurette. Children: Bernard, w.t.s.; Mary, unm.; Agnes, married in the west and no record; Sophia, m. (1) Louis Cameron, (2) ? Rechabelle; Harriat, unm.; Emma, m. John Pauquette; Elise, George, Nellie and Zephra, unm.

Charles Gravelle, the fourth and last brother, came to Aylmer in 1852. He married Laura Delauria. They had but one child, a son, now in Montreal.

Graveline, Peter, came in 1847. He married Matilda Chartran. Children: Peter, m. Louise Larevier; Joseph, m. Isalda Leblanc; Matilda, m. Fred Casey; Josephine, m. Baziel Quennell; Antoine, m. Elizabeth Oben; Napoleon, m. Lucy Bellisle; and Edmond, m. Ellen J. Deneau.

Grimes, Wm., came from New Hampshire in 1801. He married Rachael, daughter of Samuel Benedict, sr. He settled on the Aylmer Road, not far east of Aylmer. Children: Samuel, who was a Methodist preacher, m. Sarah Shadford; James, m. Jane McConnell; Wm., who died at 81, unm.; Mary, m. Gilbert Wilcox; Elizabeth, m. Robert Kenny of frequent mention; Rachael and Miriam, unm.; and Triphina, m. Charles Purcell, whose son-in-law, Wm. A. Merrifield, has become a prominent figure in American politics, through his long friendship with President Roosevelt, begun when they "rached it" together on the western plains.

To the daughter, Miriam, an invalid, I am indebted for much of interest pertaining to the early days. Her memory is most remarkable, and her cheerfulness unbounding, even though she has not been able to leave her room for years.

Grimes, Anthony, came from near old Quebec. He married Catherine J. Crilley. They have one daughter—Anna—and an adopted daughter, both unm.

"Old Grimes is dead that good old man," but if we "Ne'er shall see him more," we certainly have to admit that he left a good many reminders

on going. This family is the third of the name in a small locality and no two of them related.

Grimes, Michael, (who died at nearly 100) came from Ireland in 1835. He cleared and settled land back in the mountains, which later was abandoned and is now gone back to forest. He later went to Booth's Hill. He married Catherine Ryan. Children: John, m. Ellen Mulvihill; Michael, m. Anna O'Meara; Mary, m. Philip Mulvihill (brother); Richard, m. Mary Padden; Anna, m. John Dunn, of Chelsea.

John's son John is now the proprietor of the Windsor Hotel in Ottawa. Another son of John went to the Klondyke.

Grondin, J. O., prothonotary of the Superior Court, came from Quebec to Pontiac in 1886, and to Aylmer in 1893. He married Dorothy Fortin, also of Quebec. They have one child, Miss Anna.

Guertin, Timothy, came from St. Andrew's in 1850, when so many from that place came up the Ottawa to Aylmer, and from whom have sprung a great generation, going out again from Aylmer, when work grew scarce, into many

THE FRENCH KEEP IN TOUCH WITH EACH OTHER.

parts of Canada and the States. I might remark here, incidentally, that the French sons who went to the States have kept in touch with "The old folks at home," better than have those of any other nationality. When the sons of any other nationality leave home, it is the rare exception when the family can give any record of them, especially as to the names of their wives. The boys simply go away and forget. Is this heartlessness or simply carelessness?

But now back to Timothy. He married Miss Delorme. Children: Delphice, m. Miss Dory; Timothy, m. Hermeline Chartier; Joseph, unm; Narcisse, m. Glycer Ayotte; Oliver, m. Orille Gravelle; Marcelline, m. John Valin; and Edmire, m. (1) George Couturier (2) Louis Le Gault.

H

Halliday, Fred'k, came from Ottawa to the Mountain Road, and settled on a part of the old Thomas Brigham Estate, not far west of the Chelsea turnpike. He is of an early Bytown family. He married Hannah Gardner, of Cantley. They have no children.

Hammond, James, came to Aylmer in 1901, from Quyon. He married Mary A. Murray. They have three small children: Edna, George and Arthur. He has recently purchased a part of the Parker farm just at the edge of Aylmer.

Haworth, John, was one of the prominent farmers along the Mountain Road, in the Seventh Concession, but now the very name is gone save the post office of Haworth, in Eardley. He married Mrs. George Rule. She was Isabelle Thompson of the once noted family in Nepean, where her brothers Wm., John and Andrew were among the most prominent in the country. Children: Wm., unm.; Isabelle, m. Robert Merrifield, son of Alex.; Agnes, m. (1) John McInness, (2) Thomas Hickey; Eleanor, m. George Radmore, son of Calvin; Andrew, Elizabeth and John, all unm.

All are now dead but Mrs. Thomas Hickey, who resides in Ottawa.

Haycock, R. H., son of Edward, who, as "Jones and Haycock", built the departmental blocks of the Capital buildings. He has resided in Aylmer, during the summer, for 19 years past. He married Mary Helen,

daughter of Judge Aimée LaFontaine, so well remembered by the older people. Children: Mazie M., m. ex-speaker of the Dominion, N. A. Belcourt; R. F., m. Mary I. Barr, of Lindsay; O. B., the noted all 'round athlete; Katherine A., Josepte P., Aimée F., and Oswald L.

Heatherington, Joseph, came from England in 1823. He married Charlotte Clements. Children: Joseph, m. Lucy Benedict, daughter of Samuel the 2nd; John, m. Harriat, daughter of Rev. Asa Meech; Mary, m. John Kenny; Henry, unm.; Isaac, m. (1) Elizabeth Munharvey, (2) Nancy Olmstead; and Wesley, m. Mary A. Moss, and is now living at the old homestead, on the Mountain Road, where he was born 73 years ago, never having left it.

Henderson, Noble, came from St. Catherine, P.Q., and settled on a part of the Gideon Olmstead farm on the Aylmer Road. He came in 1875. Married Mary A. McCune. Children: Maria, m. Fred'k Flatters; John, unm.; Mary, m. Robert Radmore, jr.; George T., m. Mary Benedict; Ida, m. Charles, son of Daniel Pink; David, Noble, Olive, Wilbert, Alex., Robert McCune, Lucy A., and Rebecca M., unm.

Higgins, Thomas, came from Ireland. Of the family I could find no definite record, save that a son married Mary A. Daly. Robert, John, Thomas, Bridget and Catharine were the other children, but of them I found but names.

Hill, Simon, was among the well known lumberers in the old days. He came from Coleraine, County Derry, Ireland, in 1824, first to the States and to Aylmer in 1828, settling on lot 22, range 2, just north of town. The old stone homestead, built in 1832, is still standing—one of the oldest, if not the oldest stone house in the country. He married Nancy A. Hunter, from Ireland. Children: Wm., who went first to New Zealand, and later to Byron's Bay, New South Wales, Australia, married Ann Taylor; Elizabeth, m. Joseph Neill; and Simon, who went west with the "Fairbairne Gang," during the gold craze, in British Columbia. He never married.

NOTE. In the "Fairbairne Gang," as it was called were: Simon Hill, Edmund Symmes, Archibald Lindsay, father of Thomas, the famous Ottawa Merchant Prince; Horace Church, of Chelsea; Sam Allen and Jim Reid. They went with the avowed purpose of becoming millionaires. (Those who had financial friends at home, returned, and others remained to "grow up with the country.")

Hodges, Wm. Kemp, came from Birmingham, England, first to Montreal in 1832, and to Aylmer in 1850. He married Charlotte Collins, of Kent, England. Children: Charlotte E., m. Wm. Allen, the publisher of the old Aylmer Times; Wm. H., unm.; Mary A., m. George Nolan, printer of the Aylmer Times; Caroline, m. George Moore, son of David, sr.; Harriat, m. George Rutherford; and James C., m. Esther Serviss. James C. is living in Deschenes, and besides Mrs. Nolan in Ottawa, is the only one in the locality.

NOTES. Mrs. Hodges died in 1876, aged 74. Three sons of Wm. followed their father's profession, and are publishing the well known Carleton Place Herald. They are Wm., Thomas and Samuel. James C. remembers the visit of the Prince of Wales to Aylmer. He was one of the three boys seen standing on the arch, erected to the Prince's honor.

Holt. The name of Holt became one of the best known in all the Valley, by reason of Moses, the pioneer of the name, keeping one of the very early hotels along the river. Moses came from Lowell, Mass., in about 1814, at the close of the war of 1812-14, between Canada and the States. He married Abigail Killburn, of Plum Hollow, Carleton. Children: Moses, (born Nov. 10th, 1822), married Sarah Moore, daughter of the original David and sister of the famous lumberer, David; Charles, (born

1827), m. Fannie Lett, and is living in Ross, Ont.; Charlotte, (born 1825), m. (1) Tiberius Colton, (2) Alex. McDougall, and is living in Pembroke; Abigail, (born 1843), m. Robert Tate, and is living at Des Joachims; Nancy, (born 1840), m. Benjamin, son of Job Moore, and is also at the Des Joachims.

Moses Holt, jr., is worthy of more than a record note. He is living in Aylmer at 83 years of age. He is fairly active and well. He is an old land mark, sort of a connecting link between the early stage days and the swift moving trolley of the present. In the old stage days he and his father ran a line between here and Bytown—later Ottawa. Children: Alfred M., m. Loretta Bradley; Emiline, m. John Murphy; Harriat, m. (1) J. R. Supple, (2) R. G. Scott; Charlotte, m. John C. Ogilvie. The last named is the only one living. She resides in Pembroke.

Later: February 28th, 1906. Moses Holt was buried to-day. He died two days ago. With thousands of others I had known him intimately and cannot pass without speaking of him. For more than two years I have seen him almost every week. Often when making an inquiry about some old pioneer family of the past, the one of whom I was asking it, would say: "See Uncle Moses, he will know if any one." Sometimes he would remember, but toward the last his memory began going, and he could look back through the years but vaguely. At times he was clear and would recall many an interesting bit of the old days. Only last Sunday—the very day he left for the hospital for the operation which resulted in his death, I asked him of an old riverman, of forty years or more ago, and he not only recalled him, but gave interesting bits of reminiscence about him. There never was a man in all this country who was personally known to so many people as Moses Holt—so many people over a wide range. Wherever Aylmer was known, Moses Holt was remembered. A man once registered in a Paris hotel as from Aylmer, P.Q. A stranger stepped up to him, on seeing "Aylmer" on the register, and asked: "I see you are from Aylmer. Do you know Moses Holt?"

He had a personality, once known was never forgotten. He had one great fault. Without that he had been a very rich man. He was too liberal. He was like John Poupore, if his friends needed the money in his pocket, more than he did, the friends got the money, and Moses hunted up some more, only to be given away to the next impecunious friend.

He was the eldest of a family of six, and is the first break, the rest are all living, the youngest being sixty-three. Of his own family all are dead but one.

In a book of this nature where there are so many to note, but little space may be given to each, and yet I was so indebted to my old friend that I feel it a pleasant duty to give this parting tribute to his memory.

Many young men could trace their start in life from Moses Holt. Among the number was F. X. St. Jacques, who died last year, leaving a large fortune. He was once chore boy at the Holt House. Abe Wiley, now a wealthy landlord in Fifield, Wisconsin, was another of Moses' boys, as was also Mat Conners, now in Hurley, Wisconsin, where he is a successful hotel-keeper. These are but a few of those who began with our old friend Moses.

Howard, T. A., came to Aylmer from Montreal in 1870 and for 30 years ran the Aylmer drug store—corner of Main and Court. He married Anna, the daughter of William H. Fredingburgh "King of the Rideau" of Westfort, Ont. Of seven children, only two are living, G. V. W. now in Winnipeg, with the Canadian Bank of Commerce, and L. F. or, as everybody calls him "Lawrie" now on the G. T. R. Survey.

NOTES: Mr. Howard is a son of a pioneer Methodist preacher, and is himself a local preacher.

The old father was a man who believed in doing something. One day while riding, up along the Eardley road, he got off his horse and stuck his riding switch into the ground. It was but a simple act and

took only a moments time but to-day a great willow tree gives shade to the weary traveller passing along that road. That tree is a living monument to him long after he has gone. Come, *do* something, but plant a tree—somebody will bless you for the act.

Hudson is a name familiar in the records of the "first settlers" of Hull. Wm. was the father of the two sons, Josephus and Wm., who first came to the country, Wm., sr., coming later. When a young man, Wm. came up from Concord, Conn., to Eaton, in the Eastern Townships. He married (1) Anna Moss, (2) Abigail Ricker, who was a Chamberlain, and mother of Lois Ricker, whom Tiberius Wright took for his second wife. He is buried in the old Chelsea graveyard. Josephus came to Chelsea in 1820.

His son Josephus married Didama Church, daughter of Jerad and sister of Gardner Church. Children: Josephus, unm.; Bartlett, m. Amanda S. Fulsom; Anna M., m. Nicholas Link; Lydia, m. Washington, son of Elisha Sheffield; John, m. (1) Jane Link, (2) Amelia, daughter of Samuel Grimes; Hibbard, m. Margaret Holland; and Rufus, m. Mary Yates.

NOTE: Dr. H. P. Hudson is a son of John and Amelia. He is located in Aylmer where he is most popular and a very successful practitioner.

Wm. Hudson, jr., married Jane Campbell. He remained in and around Chelsea until his 12 children were grown and then went to Lowell, Mass. I was not successful in finding data of the family, since they have been so long gone from here that no one could give me even the names of the family.

Wm., sr., a lieutenant in the war of 1812, was born in Marlborough, Mass., in 1770. Anna, his wife, of the same place, born 1774. Their son Josephus was born, 1800, at Newport, Lower Canada; son William born 1807.

Hurdman, Charles, came in 1818, and after stopping a while in Hull Village, he, with his brother Henry, also took up lots 21, 22 and 27 in range 5. He located on lot 15, R. 2, on the Aylmer Road, north of Deschenes. His sons were Wm. H., who married Sarah Smith; Charles, who married Sally Wright, daughter of John; John, who married Eliza Fraser; George, who married Agnes Fraser; and Robert, who married Grace Fraser. He had one daughter, Mrs. Robert Fraser, of Cumberland, the only survivor of the family.

The sons became very prominent in lumbering, and the Hurdman Brothers were the first to use horses for getting out timber from the woods. Up to that time oxen had been used in all this forest country. They were also first to use double log sleds. Up to that time one sled had been used and the logs traileed.

COLONEL W. C. HURDMAN.

NOTES: Of this once numerous family there are but few left hereabouts. Prominent among the military of the country is Colonel W. C. Hurdman, son of John. He has been connected with military affairs since in 1874 he joined the Governor General's Foot Guards. He started in the ranks and left a sergeant. He next became a member of the Princess Louise Dragoons, under the late Captain John Stewart. Having a trend toward the artillery branch, in which he has been so successful, he went into the Ottawa Field Battery. When the South African war broke out he organized the Brigade Division of the Field Artillery, and commanded it until reaching Cape Town, when he turned it over to the Field Commander. He is now in command of the Eighth Artillery Brigade. In 1905 he took a special course in the Woolwich (England) Arsenal and qualified in military carriage and stores.

HENRY HURDMAN, OF EARDLEY,

a brother of Charles—pioneer—went to Eardley. He was Henry, whose son Henry is one of the prominent farmers of that township. He is in his

nintieth year, hale and active. He married Martha, daughter of Thomas Josey—pioneer—who married Rosina, daughter of the first settler of the township—the noted Nathan Merrifield.

I

Irish, John, came to Aylmer in 1860. He married Arabelle, daughter of George Routliffe. Children: Wm., m. Margaret Morin; John, m. Miss Green; George, unm.; Joseph, m. Margaret Murphy; Alfred, Charles and Florence, unm.

Henry Irish, brother of John, came to Aylmer in 1868. He married Mary A., daughter of Dryden Smith. Children: Mary E., m. Wm. Shepherd; Robert T., Jennie L., Elsie B., Alma H., and Clarence H., unm.

J

Jacques, John, came from Sunderland, County Durham, England, in 1884. He married Alice O'Hagen, from Belfast, Ireland. He has been with the C.P.R. ever since his arrival in Aylmer. John is a methodical railroad man, keeping an account of the miles travelled during all the years he ran between Ottawa and Aylmer, which miles foot up to 750,000.

When Queen's Park was laid out he was given charge, and has looked after it since that time.

Johnston, Rev. A. B., the present Pastor of the Aylmer Methodist Church, came from Hawkesbury, Ont. He came in 1904. He married Nellie Purdy, of Collins' Bay, Ont. Children: Winnie, Jessie, Florence and Purdy L.

Later: Since the above was written, Winnifred, the eldest of this interesting family, has passed away. If her reward is in keeping with her sweet young life on earth, it must indeed be one of perfect joy.

K

Kelly, Patrick, came to Aylmer, from Quyon, in 1866. He married Bridget O'Connor. Children: Thomas, m. Miss Winter; Theresa, m. Geo. Holtz; John, unm.; Jennie, unm.; Wm., unm.; Joseph, unm.; Bertha, m. A. B. Jackson; Florence, unm.; Edw., unm. His picture may be seen in the "Anna Sisson Group," No. 10. He is one of the two in that group still living.

Kelly, Thomas, came to Bytown in 1850, and later came to the Mountain Road. He married Catherine Dwyer. Children: Thomas, unm.; Anna, m. James Kernahan; Ellen, m. John Stapleton; Margaret, m. James Kogan; Catherine, m. Frank Rackenall; Mary, m. James Fahey; David, m. Elizabeth; James, unm.

Kelly, Thomas, came from Ireland in 1859. He first came to New York where he remained a year and then up to Canada, settling in Aylmer. In 1870 he purchased a farm in lot 15, R. 4. He married Mary A. McClusky. Children: Michael P., m. Anna Anderson; Catherine, m. Paul Keely; Richard, Mary A., Rosella, (with the American Bank Note Co. of Ottawa) and Theresa.

Kelly, Wm., came from Queens, Ireland, in 1837. He married Catherine Doran, in his own country. They with their family of little ones started for the far away land, happy in anticipation of making here a home, but three days after they had left old Ireland the mother died, leaving the care of the children to the bereaved father. Children: Thomas, w.t.s.; Edward, m. Margaret Garvey, and later went to Onslow; Wm., m. Mary Garvey (sisters); Elizabeth, m. Hugh Glenn; Mary, m. Charles Welsh; Daniel, went to Prescott; and Catherine, m. ——— Lawler, whose son is the well known priest, Father Lawler. Some of the family are living in Edmonton, Alberta.

Kenney, Wm., came with his parents from County Kilkenny, Ireland, in 1826. He came first to Bytown, just named that year. In 1841 he came to Aylmer. He was the first wagon-maker in all this part of the country. He married Margaret Bell. Children: Wm. R., m. Mary J. Mercer; James, m. Salina Hall; S. Church, m. Judith, daughter of Andrew Pritchard, of N. Wakefield; Inkerman, m. Emma Murphy; Margaret, m. David McLean; and Mary, m. Alex. Proulx.

NOTES: Mr. Kenney was one of the early town council. He was one of the village committee to welcome the Prince of Wales, when he passed through Aylmer. He carried the village address to the Prince, meeting the Royal party down the Aylmer Road. He was one of the builders of the arch, on which many of the old citizens gave a hand. "Not many of us left," said Mr. Kenney, reminiscently.

Kenny, John, came from Ireland in 1845. He married Mary Hetherington. Children: Charlotte, m. Jesse Maxson, and lives on the Eardley Road just west of Aylmer, in the Edey Settlement; Emily, m. Edw. Davis; Elizabeth, nr.; Wm., nr.; and Mary C., m. Richard Graves.

Kenny, Robert, came from Ireland to Aylmer in 1830. He was born in 1808 and died at the age of 87. His wife, Elizabeth, was the daughter of Wm. Grimes, the pioneer. She was born in 1811 and died at 87—the same age as her husband. They lived to see their Golden Wedding Day, which was celebrated by their family and friends. Children: Wm., m. Caroline Cross; Thomas, m. Laura, daughter of Richard McConnell; Edwy, m. Isabelle, daughter of Wm. Hurdman, of Eardley; Jane, m. David Stewart; Elizabeth, m. Samuel Edey, son of Luther Edey; Marietta, m. Samuel Stewart; and Miriam, m. Henry Cross (brother).

Mr. Kenny was one of the old lumberers, having at times as many as 70 teams at work. He was one of the first to take an interest in improved stock. He paid as high as \$200 for a single ram, which in those days was a large sum of money.

He took an active interest in public affairs, and was rated a good speaker, which made him in much demand at election time, which in that day lasted often a whole week. He was an active Church worker and a good singer. He must have been far more than ordinary as Gourlay speaks well of him and Gourlay was not given to speak well of a Methodist.

Kernahan, Wm., came from Ireland in 1826. He settled on lot 16, R. 5. He married Rosanna Smith. Children: Margaret, m. James Mulligan, the head of the well known Aylmer family of Mulligan; Mary, m. Absalom Pollard; Frances, m. Henry Crilley; Thomas, m. Harriat Cooper; Catherine, Wm., Rosanna, and James all unm.

Kidder, Richard, came from the States to Hull in about 1810. He settled later on the farm, a part of which is now Queen's Park. I could not learn the name of his wife. Children: Calvin, m. ——— Moore; Leonard, m. (1) ——— Arnaud, (2) Ann Filburn, and known by all as "Ann Kidder; Albert, m. Julia Arnaud (sisters); and "Seney," who married a man the nearest to whose name any one could tell was "Monge."

Few of the name are left in this part of the country. Calvin, in Hull City; Albert, jr., in Eardley; and Richard, jr., now on the old Peter Aylen farm just west of Aylmer.

THE HEIRLESS KINGS.

King, Wm., came to Aylmer in 1850. He married (1) Zoa Donet, (2) Lucy Boune, the widow of Amable Glode.

All are now dead but Lucy. No children by any of the many marriages—and yet all were French. (Just a word to Teddy: "This is the one exception in the Ottawa Valley.")

Klock, Robert, a native of Herkimer County, New York, came to Canada in 1812. He was born in 1792 and died 1849—died from being thrown from a horse. Like so many who came to Hull, he worked for Philemon Wright and later for Ruggles. When Ruggles set going a line of boats on the Ottawa, Robert was made Captain of one of them. In those days this was the means of getting freight and passengers up and down the river. He was a most practical "Old Captain," and from him sprung two sons who were, for fifty years or more, well and honorably known, all up and down the Ottawa. He married Eliza Bell, from County Monahan, Ireland. They had three children, Robert H., Nancy and James. Nancy and James are yet living, the former at nearly 80 and James at 76, Robert H. having died in 1891.

Later: Nancy Klock died since the foregoing was in type (1906).

Here is an instance where sons became greater than the father. I have seen a number of great fathers who left sons who were not of much credit to the "Old Man"—one in mind, the most remarkable man in the country, is now represented by a veritable cad, the very opposite of his great father whom every man, woman and child respected and honored, while of the son they go out of the way to speak unkindly of him. He is rich, but what is riches if the old neighbors call you "measley mean" as this son of a great father is called, by reason of his inordinate love of money.

Robert H. was always known by his initials. To this day, to repeat those two letters in Aylmer is quite enough to call to the minds of the old people the figure of this notable citizen. He married Sarah Ann Murphy from Trenton, Ont. Children: James, an ex-Member of Parliament, who now resides at Mattawa, m. Alice McDougall; Robert A., of Montreal, m. (1) Florence McDougall (sisters) (2) Ethel, daughter of Col. Pope; Wm. H., a well known Ottawa physician, who died in 1902, m. Lucy B. Bangs; Alonzo, who lives on the old homestead, "Heidelberg" stock farm, two or more miles directly north of Aylmer, m. Maggie E. R. Smith; Nancy, now residing at Amherst Island, Lake Ontario, m. Rev. Jas. Cumberland; Mary Bell, m. Dr. John Ruggles Church, of the noted old Church family of many physicians, descended from pioneer Dr. Peter Church; Florence and Samuel B. died young.

R. H. Klock belonged to the once famous coterie of pioneer lumberers, and moreover was one of the foremost of the number. He began with his brother James on the farm mentioned above. Farming was too slow for them and they came to Aylmer, then the liveliest town in the Valley. Here they purchased the Union Hotel, which they kept for 32 years. They also ran a stage line between Aylmer and Ottawa, in the days when all communication up and down the river was through Aylmer. In 1851 they began getting out lumber for Charles Symmes, the father of Christian Endeavor Frank Symmes Clark. They next bought a limit on the Coloungue River, and got out logs for E. B. Eddy, J. R. Booth and others. They sold this limit and purchased at Rocky Farm, now Klock's Mills, ten miles south of Mattawa. In 1881 the brothers dissolved partnership—James retiring from the firm. R. H. then joined with his sons, James and Robert and formed the company of R. H. Klock and Sons, which is now conducted by James, of whom it might well be said "Like Father, like Son," for a more manly man never lived in this country—universally respected for his genial manner.

R. H. TELLS HOW MOSES WHIPPED THE THREE.

R. H. Klock had a vein of humor which came out in the telling of a story. Said the noted Ottawa architect, Moses Edey, in telling the Colonel and me about Mr. Klock: "R. H. could tell a story well. Meeting me, one day, here in Ottawa, he slapped me on the back, and said: 'If you were the man your old grandfather was you might be proud. Did you ever hear how he thrashed three men who attacked him in Aylmer? Never heard it? Well I saw him do it. It was one twelfth of July. He had come down from the farm above town. He had just been to the store for a scythe snath, a rake, a hoe and I don't remember his load, but he had them all tied together with a yellow handkerchief. He had not much more than started out home when three fellows met him with: 'Here old man take down that flag,' 'Now boys go on and behave' said your grandfather, 'I don't want any trouble.' 'Take her down,' said the leader, 'or you'll have trouble, and a heap of it too.' At that the leader made a pass at the old man, whom you may remember was left handed. Well, sir, I never saw anything so slick before or since. As the fellow made the pass, Moses' left shot up and caught him under the chin and he dropped as if a catapult missile had struck him. Quick as a flash he caught the second one who also went down. The third started to run, but was too slow, as the old man whirled and with a trip threw him headlong. As he fell Moses gave him three kicks which I warrant were sore reminders for many a day. By this time the other two were up and running for the bush. Without any show of having done a thing, the old man picked up his load and walked on home without so much as turning to see where the fellows had gone who wanted him to 'take down that flag.' Yes, Moses my boy, if you were half the man your old grandfather was you might be proud,' and at that R. H. went on up the street. Talk about the old time men, I tell you R. H. Klock was one of them."

James Klock, the other brother, married Susanna S. Bolton, daughter of George Bolton, one of the successful lumberers of the early days. James was so much identified with R. H. that to speak of one was to tell of both. While R. H. attended to the office, James looked after the getting out of the timber. He is better remembered by those who had to do with the "Bush," and there are a good many of the old fellows who "Shantied with Jim," and they do speak of him in the kindest of terms.

They were lifelong Conservatives. R. H. was a warm personal friend of Sir John A. Macdonald.

Children of James: R. H. the well known Shawville physician, m. Margaret Thompson; Margaret, m. Dr. Frederick Church; Nancy, unm.; Geo. B., m. Frances Roach; Jas. H., unm.; Susan, unm.; F. W., unm.; Daisy, unm.

Nancy Klock, the sister, married Thomas Smith, of Huntley. She is still living at nearly 80. Children: Eliza, m. Sylvester Lasher; Jane E., m. Peter Black, and now resides in Troy, N.Y.; Henry, in Mass., m. (1) Miss Nesbitt, (2) Eliza Nesbitt (sisters); Nancy, m. Arthur Gowan; Thomas, now on the old homestead in Huntley, unm.; Robert, in Manitoba, m. Miss McCallum; Wm., also at Oak Lake, Man., m. Jane Kennedy; Alma, m. James Armstrong; and Margaret, m. James McIlroy. All of the children are living. Later: For Nancy, see above.

NOTES: The Klocks are originally German from the country of which Heidelberg is the capital.

After the "Thirty Years' War" the whole country was in such a state of destitution that the surrounding nations came to the rescue and helped the brave people who had so long withstood the desperate attacks upon their country. Many came to America, and settled in the States of Penn. and New York. They seem not to have had the choice of residence, but were placed on the outskirts of the settled portions of the two states, thus acting as a buffet against the Indians. The Klocks went to New

York. The chief settlements were made between 1709 and 1714. In 1723 the Palatines (the name by which these Germans were known) who had come to Schoharie County, grew discontented and moved away. Some went to Susquehanna, County Penn., others to the Mohawk Valley. The Klocks were in the latter lot. They went into Herkimer County. The leader of this company was Hartmann Windecker.

The name became very widely diffused throughout that state and many of the family have become prominent in the affairs of the country to which the ravages of war at home had sent them.

I am indebted to Jephtha R. Sims for the above. In his "Frontiersmen" he has written largely of the men who hewed out and made possible the homes of America.

L

Lablanc, August, came from L'Original to Aylmer in 1887. Married Malinda Lyon. Children: Rosina, m. Fred Labbranch; Delphice, m. Josephine Russon; Josephine, m. Xavier Glandon; August, m. Jennie Donah; Laura, Delia and Emond, unm.

He has a medal of which he is very proud. It was given him for helping to induce the Fenians to go home and behave themselves.

Laduseur, Antoine, came from below St. Andrews, P.Q., to Aylmer in 1853. He married (1) Louisa Beauchamp, (2) Amelia Savoir de Bartlette. Children: Antoine, unm.; Felix, m. Miss Chenier; Olizime, m. John B. Rockbrune; Exifere, m. John Pauquet; and Matilda, m. Joseph Malbaf.

Labrose, Louis, came from St. Jerome, P.Q., to Aylmer in the sixties. He married Amelia, daughter of Francis Perrier. Children: Archibald, m. Mary Matutte; and James H., m. Rose Brown.

Among the noted old judges who sat on the bench when Aylmer was a court town there is possibly none so well remembered as is **Judge Aimée LaFontaine**, who was raised to the bench in 1859. He resided at Fontaine Val, two miles east of Aylmer, on the pike.

He married Miss McDonald, of the famous Scotch clan McDonald. Children: Mary Helen, m. R. H. Haycock, and Miss Josepte, who resides at the homestead, Fontaine Val.

A daughter of Mrs. Haycock, (Miss Mazie M.) became the wife of ex-Speaker N. A. Belcourt.

Larose, Francis X., who now owns the famous old John Haworth farm on the Mountain Road, came up three years ago from Hull City, where his father F. X. was one of the three first families to settle, in 1839. He married Soffi Dussant. Children: John, m. Clarissa Souriel; Joseph, m. Eugenia Beaudoin; Domina, m. Lavina Desarmeau; and Josephine, m. Joseph Geauthier.

LAND VALUES.

The price paid by Mr. Larose for this 350 acre farm is another instance of Canadians being asleep in the face of things going for nothing. Less than \$25 an acre was paid for what would be cheap at three times that figure. They seem to wait until a place is sold and then they wake up and see the mistake. Already Mr. Larose, having discovered mica in four places, refused what he paid for the 150 acres of the rough land, leaving the 200 acres of good farm land with the fine old stone house, all free, but in his wisdom he refused the offer, and yet this land was long in the market at no takers. This was nearly as bad as the sale, mentioned elsewhere, where 1,600 acres sold for \$70,000. and inside of a year \$125,000. was offered and refused. Again I must say, "and wisely," for it would be cheap at a quarter of a million.

Latchford, James, came from the County Limerick, Ireland, to South Hull in 1846. For many years he was the superintendent of the famous Britannia Farm of Ruggles Wright, on the Aylmer Road. He brought this farm up to a very high state of cultivation. He was one of the first scientific farmers in the country.

He married Mary Young of the County Tipperary, Ireland. They left two children. The Honorable Francis R. who married Frances Agnes O'Brien, and Eliza, unmarried.

NOTES: His son Frank, as he is known throughout Canada, has become one of the best known men in the Province of Ontario. He is a most successful lawyer, a cultured gentleman and an able statesman. For five years he represented South Renfrew. His ability was at once recognized and a place given him in the provincial cabinet, first as Minister of Public Works and then as Attorney General. His growing practice in the Capital has caused him to give up political life to attend to law alone.

I am much indebted to the Hon. Latchford, whose memory of the early days of Hull's second founding, has furnished me with much of general interest.

Lavergne, John, came from Chatham to Aylmer in 1865. He married Rosalee Noel. Children: Mary, m. Moise Pauquet; John, m. Maria Welsh; and Edward, m. Bridget Welsh (sisters).

Leach, James, recently from Eardley, came to the old Richard Chamberlain farm on the Aylmer Road. He married Anna Grant. They have two small children: Dalton and Roy.

Mr. Leach is of an old pioneer family, his grandfather—Wm.—coming to Carleton Place in 1819 from Ireland.

Leamy, Andrew, came to Hull in 1830, with his mother, two brothers and two sisters. He married (1833) Erexina, the third daughter of Philemon Wright, the eldest son of Philemon, the founder of Hull. Children: Louis N., was killed in his father's saw mill in 1852; Andrew, the B. C. judge, m. Margaret Ahearn, sister of Thomas the Ottawa capitalist; Mary, m. Andrew McCready; James, m. Anna Quigg; John, m. Mary Moran; Walter, m. Catherine Battison; Francis A., m. Elisa, daughter of E. J. O'Neill, late Commissioner of Dominion Police; Sarah E. and Anna, unm.; Napoleon, m. ———?; Ellen E. and Charles, unm.

NOTES: This pioneer among lumbermen, was one of the first to establish a saw mill, which he did on a lake at the north edge of the City, near where now stands the immense plant of the International Portland Cement Company. This is still called Leamy's Lake.

It is told of him, as showing his strength and endurance, that when repairs were needed for the mill, that he would mount a horse and carry the part—often of heavy iron—to Montreal, get it mended and without stopping to rest, would ride back to Hull, making a journey of 240 miles through a wild country, under most tiring conditions.

I recently met an old resident of the Township, who remembered many of the pioneers. He was one of those rare beings who seemed to remember only the good qualities of the men he had known—most men show their own significance by remembering only the ill of their fellows. In speaking of those old time workers, he would relate incidents of kind deeds done by them that placed them in high estimation. "Another kind-hearted man," said he, "was Andy Leamy. I've known him to be driving along the road with a load of supplies for his lumber camp, and passing the hovel of a family in need, throw off a barrel of flour and pass on as though he thought nothing of it. Andy didn't make much pretense of being a saint, but he did a whole lot of good all the same." Many a modern millionaire will leave far less of kindness to be remembered by their children! That one sentence, when all is over, is worth far more than dollars, "He'd throw off a barrel of flour and pass on as though he thought nothing of it."

Andrew Leamy, sr., died in 1868.

Judge Andrew Leamy died in 1905.

Mary McCreedy died in 1865. She had one child, Andrew D'arcy. He was named for his god-father Thomas D'Arcy McGee.

John died in September, 1905.

Walter was drowned in a far northern lake in December, 1904.

Lebel, Joseph, came from Riviere du Loup to Hull in 1820. This date is arrived at by Damasse Bourgeois, his grandson, remembering to have heard him often speak of that old mile stone which stands at the edge of Tetreauville, on the south side of the Aylmer Road. You who know remember that this stone bears the date "1820."

"My grandfather," said Damasse, "Used often to say as I rode with him past that stone: 'It was put up the year I came. I was with Ruggles Wright at first. I helped to put that up.'"

Joseph married (in 1832) Felonise, daughter of Thomas Mousseau. She was one of 22 children. They had but one child, a daughter Felonise, who married first, Damasse Bourgeois. By this marriage there were three children: Lavinia, Damasse and Sylvia. Her second marriage see under "D" Louis Duhamel.

NOTES: We find Joseph Lebel on the Aylmer Road, in the thirties. He owned and lived on the farm known as the "Bell farm," in the Grimes settlement. As elsewhere mentioned, it was in his house where was held the first Catholic service in Hull. He was one of the four petitioners for a Catholic church in Aylmer. This was in 1838.

Louis Lebel, a brother of Joseph, came to Aylmer in 1846. He married Sophia Marino. Children: Joseph, m. Fannie Martel; Emma, m. Wm. Shepherd; Matilda, m. Alphonse Loxon; and Lavina, m. John Charrier.

Leclair, Frederick, came from Quebec to Aylmer in 1850. He married Amelia Mercier. Children: Joseph, m. Mary St. Pierre; Wm., m. Gilomine Noel; Lavina, m. John Chartrand; John now is with the Government, and located in Dawson city; and Peter, also in Dawson, both unnm.

Frederick was better known as "Joe Leclair, the Strong Man", as he was said to be the strongest man in the valley.

Levigne, Alex., came from Montreal to South Hull in 1841, when he was but 18 years old. He is now hale and active at 82, with hardly a grey hair ("No, he is not." The Colonel wants to know if he is bald-headed). He married Julia Bouthiette, a cousin of Archbishop Duhamel. She died in 1895, at the age of 78. Children: George, m. Angel Vien; Olizine, m. Bridget Murray; Mary, m. (1) Frank Blais, (2) Thomas Gravelle, of Hull City; Margaret, m. Oliver Lebrun; and Narcisse, m. Delia Bourgeois, of Bardley.

Alex. was long with the Klock brothers, in the shanties. He was a noted hewer.

Lindsay, Archibald, son of the pioneer Adam Lindsay, who settled in Onslow, near Quyon, in 1840, came to Aylmer in 1852. He started an axe factory—the first in Aylmer and one of the first in the Valley. He later went into the lumber business. He married Elizabeth Murphy, of Kingston. Children: James, John and Sarah, unnm.; Lydia, m. Schuyler Frair; Thomas, the most successful merchant in Ottawa, m. Mary J. Hanson; Cordelia, unnm.; Samuel, m. Jessie Black; and Florence and Ethel, unnm.

Samuel Lindsay, son of Archibald, is one of the enterprising young men of Aylmer. He is one of the managers of his brother Thomas's great establishment in Ottawa. He was educated at the old Academy, which has sent out so many bright young men of the Valley.

Samuel takes great interest in everything of an athletic nature. In fishing and hunting he is an expert caster of the fly, and has few equals with the gun. His camp contains every requisite. His boathouse at the lakeside is most complete. It has everything but a naphtha launch, and that will be added this summer.

He is a popular member of many Societies, being a Mason, an Odd-fellow, and affiliated with a number of others. This shows the manner of a man—a genial, sociable nature.

He has travelled a great deal, having seen much of his own country, as well as many parts of the States.

When but a boy he used to run his father's mill engine, and became so expert that he yet holds a first class certificate as an engineer.

Longpré. Prominent among the early French settlers of South Hull were the Longpré and Souliere families. Both came in the later thirties. Narcisse Longpré, who was born just 100 years ago, is still living and fairly active, visiting among his children, in and about the old homestead and in Aylmer, near by. His children; Mrs. John Lebeque, Mrs. Clement Souliere, Mrs. Peter Souliere, Mrs. Cirile Souliere (three sisters Longpré to three brothers Souliere), Mrs. Michael Beaudray, Mrs. J. Dubois, Mrs. Alfred Courtois, Mrs. Thomas Malody, and one brother Narcisse who married Anna Auchambault.

Lortie, George, came from Quebec to Aylmer in 1869. He married (1) Margaret Roy, (2) Azilda Allen. Children of the first family: Emery, unm.; Edmond, unm.; Gallimine, m. Calix McCrae; Troffley, m. Glefier Allen (sister of the second wife. George is thus brother-in-law to his son Troff); Joseph, unm.; Lavina, m. Edward Lagois; Emile, unm. Besides these seven there were two more who died before naming.

Children of the second marriage, all of whom are young: Tellesphore, Anna, Leonel, Victor, Leon, Evon, Blanch, Bertha, Azelda, Irene, George and Mary Jane.

All told, George Lortie, from Quebec, must be credited with 21 children which ought to go far to prove to Teddy that while Race Suicide may threaten our country, it is not liable to become prevalent in Aylmer.

Loye, Benjamin, came to Aylmer in 1850. He married Amelia Desambo. Children: Amelia, m. Edw. Derby; Touchus, m. Thomas Sarby (brothers); Addie, m. John James; Lena, m. Alphonse Donet; Lavina, m. Joseph Blondé; Alzia, m. Savare St. Jule; Attila, m. Louis Quinn; Napoleon, m. (1) Louise Clement, (2) Margaret Sonier.

M

Madaire, Adolphus, or as sometimes written—incorrectly—Madore, is one of the oldest citizens of Aylmer. He came in the early thirties, with his father. He married Louiza Pauquette. Both are living, having seen their fiftieth anniversary of marriage. Children: Paul, m. Mary Aubin; Clara, m. Captain Louis Kelaire; Edw., m. Margaret McKay; and Joseph, m. Mary Rafter.

NOTE: Mr. Madaire was long in the employ of John Egan. He remembers the Aylmer Road when it ran much south of its present location. "It was, in those days, so bad that three barrels of pork was a good load for two horses, and the Symmes-Conroy line of stages (the first line between Hull and Aylmer) required four horses to draw a coach.

Madden, George, came to the Valley in 1845. He came first from Ireland to March, and in 1850 to Onslow. He married Margaret McAndrew, also of Ireland, County Nyo. Children: Patrick and George, both unm., now in Duluth, Minn.; Thomas, also in Duluth, m. Mary A. McEwan;

and Hester A., m. Thomas A. Whelan. The last named is living on the sixth concession and is the only one of the children in this country, hence the family is included in South Hull. Mother Madden is still living at 80, well and active. She is with her daughter.

Martel, Peter, came from St. Scholastique, P.Q., in 1852. He married Mrs. Lauzon, nee Angel Pilon. Children: Dieudonné, m. Ozina Therien; Stephanie, m. Joseph Lebel; Angel, m. Francois Therien (brothers); Locadie, m. Napoleon Glandon; Pierre, m. Louisa Beupré; and Delima, m. Amable Beaudry, jr.

Martin, Wm., came from Ireland in 1840. First to Bytown and in 1858 came to Aylmer. He married Elizabeth McKinnon, of Pontiac. Children: Eliza Bell, m. J. Plunkett; Anna, unm.; Mary, m. R.H. Driscoll; Jessie, unm.; Frank W., now at McGill, unm.; Archibald, who for the past seven years has been in the Klondyke, and now the Manager of the Boyle Concession, at Dawson, unm.; Samuel R., the well known dentist, unm.; and Alonzo J., now at dental college in Toronto, unm.

Mathe, Charles, came from Quebec in 1850. He settled at North Wakefield. He married Pauline Legrand. Children: Pauline, m. Xavier Perriard; Azeline, m. Elvene Cotte; Charles, m. Mlle. Perriard; Zele, m. Hiacinthe Madore; Napoleon, the well known merchant of Aylmer, Councillor and officer of many societies, m. Louiza Dubault; Alphonse, m. (1) Alfred Dusseault, (2) Joseph Dusseault; Philomena, m. Louis Bond; and Josephine, m. Alphonse Lamothe.

NOTE: Napoleon has lived in Aylmer for 22 years, where he has been honored by the people of that town in many ways. He has been for four years a Councillor by acclamation, and is starting on another two years term, he has been president of the St. Jean Baptiste Society, he was three years Warden of the St. Paul Catholic Church, he has been five years Treasurer of the St. Joseph Society, of Ottawa, and for three years a Trustee of the Catholic Order of Foresters. He is also an officer of the Artizan Society. This bespeaks for Mr. Mathe a high confidence in both his ability and his honesty. He is, moreover, one of Aylmer's successful merchants.

Maxwell. There was a large connection of Maxwells came out from Ireland, in the middle of the last century. They were of the same family and from the County Cavin.

Francis, always known as "Frank," was the first to come to Hull. He came much earlier than his nephews, as we find him here in 1824. He took up lot 28, R. 4, which is the extreme western lot of the Township.

He was a first cousin of Lord Lisgar—Sir John Young—the second Governor General after Confederation (he was appointed Feb. 2nd, 1869). He acknowledged the relationship by visiting Frank in his home.

Maxwell married Helen Bouroughs, a relative of Lord Beresford. The Maxwell Crest was a deer's head, while the Bourough's Crest was the boar's head. Neither of them ever affected the crest. "By the time we got the potatoes planted and the clearings enlarged we didn't have any time for flaunting our crests." Then Frank would say with a smile, "The backwoods of Canada were so full of deer's heads that we didn't feel it worth while to *boar* the neighbors with ours." I merely give this as an illustration of the way some of the old pioneers used to *play* with the language of their fathers.

Children: Jane, m. Maxwell Ferris; Mary A., m. Luther Edey, son of Samuel; Claudius, m. Anna, daughter of Owen Perry; Wm., unm., he went to California; and Helen, unm.

EARLY IMMIGRATION AGENTS' YARNS.

This is saying much, and may not be believed, but the early Immigration Agents could beat those of to-day in their inducements to come to

Canada. As an inducement they'd tell how that "All you have to do to get sugar is to go out and chop it out of a tree," and this to people who had to pay East India prices for the little sugar they got, was a big offer. They judged other advantages by the *sugared* story.

FOLLOWED ONLY BLAZED ROADS.

Grama Maxwell used often to tell her little grandchildren about "When we first came to Canada." "Why, children," she'd say, "we didn't have nice roads, as you now have. Instead, if we wanted to go to some neighbors, one or five miles away we would have to follow what was called a blazed trail, which was made by cutting the bark of the trees, along a straight line. And the way they would make the line anyways straight was for some one to go to the point aimed at and blow a horn while the other fellow followed and chopped the bark, or if we'd start to make a 'road' to a neighbor's, each neighbor would blow a horn or shoot a gun till the direction was well known."

"Yes, but grama," the kids would say, "how'd they drive a buggy or a wagon through the woods with only marks on the trees?"

"Wagons and buggies? Why children we never saw either, or in fact any sort of wheeled vehicle until we had been here a long while. At first the men used to have to carry things on their backs until they could afford a horse, and then there would be only a path for it through the woods. Of course the Britannia Road was made up from Hull to Eardley, but that was only along the river and did us no good if we were not going down to the Wright Village, as Hull was then known. Old Squire Wright, as Philemon was always called, was the great man, and everything was connected with him. He was a great help to the people, even if he did make them pay a pretty good price for what he sold them."

Her story of those old times is the story of all the early pioneers of the Ottawa Valley.

Henry Maxwell, married (1) Martha Bennett, (2) ————?. Children of first wife: Jane A., unm.; Frances, m. John Munharvey; Hannah, unm., and the only one of all the family who is still living. Children of second wife: Martha, m. Christopher, son of Hooper Wright; and one son, who died young.

Wm. Maxwell came in 1850. He settled in Aylmer. He married Margaret Davidson. Children: Frances, m. Charles Thomas; Wm., m. Inice Curran; and Jessie, m. Alex. Carmichael, now in Calgary, Alberta.

Francis Maxwell also came out in 1850. He did not remain long, but went up to Thorne, where some of his family still reside. He married Margaret McDowell. Children: Elizabeth, m. ———? Harrison; Frank, m. Eliza Conley; James, unm.; Samuel, m. ———? Conley; Thomas, m. Bell ———?; Mary A., m. ———? Mulligan; Margaret, m. Newberry Quartz (?); and Emma, m. ———? Cole.

As will be noted there are a number of ? marks. I was not able to find the names in full, so soon do other relatives forget when separated for a long time.

James, the fourth and last brother, and too the only one living, came over in 1852. He married Sarah, daughter of Samuel Benedict, who was the son of pioneer Samuel, one of the earliest in the country. He did not locate at once, but first visited the States. On his return he settled on lot 7, R. 5, on the Iron Mines Road, to the west of the Benedict neighborhood, where he has become one of the substantial farmers of the township. Children: Elizabeth, unm.; Robert, m. Louise Wright, the granddaughter of Benjamin Hooper Wright; Wm., m. Eleanor Angus; Sarah, m. David A. Dowd, brother of "H.S.," the head of the great Milling Company; and Jane, unm.

There was another **James Maxwell**, nephew of Frank and cousin to the four brothers Maxwell. He came much later than the others (1880), and

settled west of his cousin James, and where now resides Henry Olmstead, who married his (James) daughter Fannie. He married his cousin Jane—sister of the four brothers, mentioned above. Children: Jane, returned to Ireland and was last heard of as in England; Elizabeth, m. ———? Mullen; Fannie, m. Henry, son of David Olmstead; John, unm.; Harriat, m. John Belanger; Wm., unm.; James, m. Minnie Hartley; and Mary, m. Patrick Nash.

McArthur, James, came in 1850. He was a Dominion Land Surveyor, It is said that he was the first surveyor to go to Manitoba. His children were; James J., m. Jannette Haldane; J. W.; Mrs. Edw. J. Rainboth; Mrs. Thomas A. Early; Mrs. J. M. Perrier; Misses Catherine and Mary. The three last named still occupy the old homestead on Front Street in Aylmer.

McCaghren, James, (called McCann) came to Hull from Belfast, Ireland, in 1820-22. He married Mary Barclay. Children: Wm. J., m. Mary Simmons; Sarah Jane, unm.; James and Hugh went to California many years ago and have grown rich. They both remained single; Mary A., m. John Duncan; Charles, unm.; and Elizabeth, m. John Fairbairn.

Of all the boys who ever left this section for the States no two have been so kind to those of the old home as have James and Hugh. While so many forget, these two sons have ever been mindful of those "Back Home." This is so much of an exception that I must be pardoned for remarking it.

NOTES: Mr. McCaghren was the first purser on the Lady Colbourn—the first steamboat on the Deschenes Lake (1832). He lived to the age of 96, and then died from the effects of an accident.

During the Fenian Raid of 1866, Wm. John was one of Canada's defenders, for which he received a medal, which he prizes very highly.

McClellan, Hugh, came in 1820, and bought land of Colonel Duchaney. He was the first toll-keeper at the original bridge that crossed the Ottawa River at Bytown. This was the one built, or started, in 1826 and fell in 1836. Children: Samuel, unm.; Joseph, unm.; John, m. Jane Hedlay; Martha, m. Robert Bannister; and Jane, m. Samuel Adair.

McClellan, Samuel, came from Ireland in the early twenties of the past century. He helped to clear Sussex Street in Bytown. He married Nancy ———? They had but two children: Joseph, m. Susana Scarff; and Hugh, m. Elizabeth Scarff, a distant relative of Joseph's wife.

McConnell. Another of the famous old families were the McConnells. There were three brothers whom we find among the very earliest in this country. They took up much land around where is now the village of Deschenes. They were Wm., James and George.

Wm. McConnell married Charlotte Andrews. Children: Jonathan, m. Sarah Irish; Job, m. Elizabeth Jones; Wm., m. Olive Moore; Alfred, m. Margaret Irish. The daughters were: Mrs. Alfred Tuffs, Mrs. Edw. Burke; Mary, m. Robert Conroy; and Mrs. David Brown.

James McConnell married Sarah, daughter of Dudley Moore. Children: James, m. Eliza A. Smith; Robert, m. Charlotte Worrell; Charles was drowned with a number of other young men, at the Chaudiere, which event was commemorated by a local poet, in a song of the "Comeallye" type, which to this day is sung by some of the old people. Next was Alex., unm.; Richard, m. Miss Smith (sisters); Benjamin, m. (1) Miss McArthur, (2) Miss Melvane; Rinaldo married a daughter of the famous old preacher, Rev. Asa Meech (she is still living and one of the finest types of women we have met with in Canada). The daughters were: Mrs. Albert Smith and Mrs. Louis Gurdepy.

George McConnell married Clarissa, daughter of Moses Holt, sr. Children: George, m. Mrs. Simpson; Lyman, m. Miss Caloran. The daughters were: Nancy, m. Benjamin Chamberlain and Mrs. ———? Dowler.

(It will be noted that some of the first names have been left out. It was not possible to learn them).

McDonald, John, came in 1845. He married Johannah Sheehan. Children: Mary, m. Nicholas Morrissy; and Ellen, m. Napoleon Durocher.

McDougall, J. M., came to Aylmer from Three Rivers in 1882. He married (1) Corinne, daughter of the Honorable Joseph Edward Tourcotte, and sister of the Honorable Arthur Tourcotte, both Speakers in their time, of the Provincial Parliament at Quebec, (2) Lavina Shepherd, of Aylmer.

He has one son—Erroll M., who has already won a place among the rising young lawyers of the Province. He was, by his legal attainments and brilliant oratory, accounted worthy the McDonald Scholarship at McGill, which entitled him to travel and continue his studies in Paris and other points in France.

Mr. McDougall is the most prominent Conservative in the County. He has carried the banner of his party through a number of campaigns, and that too when the "carrying" meant defeat, for Wright is Liberal all the way up to the Divide of Land. Twice were his opponents Aylmer boys—Charles and Emanuel Devlin, and the third L. N. Champagne (now judge). In each campaign, however, it was a gratification to him to know that he was keeping his party together and bringing down the majority below what any other in the county could have done.

He is one of the most successful attorneys in the county, being retained in nearly all important cases.

NOTES: "Mr. McDougall is the son of the late Hon. Wm. McDougall, a puisne Judge of the Superior Court of Quebec. His mother was Agnes Henderson. He was born at Three Rivers in 1858; was educated in the seminary in that city and graduated B.C.L. at McGill in 1877. He was called to the bar in 1879; practised at first with his father in his native city; and was created a Q.C. by the Earl of Derby in 1893." From Henry J. Morgan's Men of the Time.

McKay, George, one of Aylmer's substantial citizens, although but a recent arrival, is showing the sort of enterprise that is to make of this well located town the prettiest suburban place near the Capital.

George is not a pioneer, but the son of a pioneer. His father, W. H. McKay, came to Onslow from Arnprior in 1865. At Arnprior he was long connected with the McLaughlins. He came to Quyon, first with Walton Smith, but later started for himself in the old Lindsay mill just above Quyon.

He married Mary Morrison, of St. Andrews. Children: Wm., now a prosperous resident of Brainard, Minn., m. Rebecca Fenn; James, m. Christina Richards; Barbara, m. Albert Sterns; George, the subject of this sketch, m. Margaret, daughter of J. S. J. Watson, of Rockingham; Mary, unm.; Edward, m. Anna Campbell; Richard, m. Grace Herndon; John, m. Clara Howe; Charles, m. Louisa White; and Louisa, m. Wm. Martin.

NOTES: Most of the children are in the States. George has long been connected with the Dowd Milling Company.

McLean, Wm., arrived in Aylmer in 1851. He came from near the Chateauguay River and not far from where was once run a famous foot race between a few of us Yankees and some of the folks up here in Canada. We came out away ahead as our men at that race proved A 1 sprinters. The Indians and the others were simply not "in it" that day, they just couldn't keep up with us.

Mr. McLean for forty years ran a store, dealt in horses and other stock and was prominent in municipal affairs. He was Mayor of Aylmer in '68. It was he who delivered the address to the Prince of Wales when he passed through Aylmer in 1860, as may be seen elsewhere. He has yet the address the Prince made, in return "To the Mayor and Council of Aylmer." As a memento of that trip Mr. McLean has the table used by the Prince

(on the steamer up to the Chats) as a dining table. It is doubtful if there is another councillor living, who addressed the Prince on that tour. Mr. McLean is able to go about at 80. He married Margaret Thompson.

A NOTED MISSIONARY.

Miss Jane Florence McLean was for years a missionary in Persia, and has many most interesting souvenirs of that strange country. She is a lady of remarkable talent, engaging manners and wonderful executive ability. She was teacher, physician and preacher, while in Persia. She is a daughter of Wm. whose other children are Misses Minnie, an artist of ability, and Miss Mary. The late Mrs. R. W. Stewart was another. George, now of New York, m. Mary McLeod, and W. A. of Aylmer, who married Bessie Crockett.

McLean, John, brother of Wm., came from Ireland when he was two years old. The family came first to Montreal in 1828, and later went to Chateauguay. In 1846 John came to the Deschenes to take charge of the engines of the old Emerald, launched that year.

He married Mary E. Hall, of Shirley, Mass. Children: Emma L., m. Thomas Ritchie, the successful lumberman of Aylmer; John M., unm.; Frank W., now in Washington, D.C., m. Grace Boole; Florence M., m. Professor J. A. Dresser; and Anna W., m. W. H. Graham, of Ottawa. All living but Florence and Anna.

McVeigh, Hamilton, came from Ireland to Smith's Falls in 1834. Later he went to Eardley, and in 1903 he came to South Hull, where he settled on a part of the Joseph Lebel farm on the Aylmer Road. He died here in 1905. He married Margaret Lovett. Children: Sarah, m. Robert P. Lusk, who died in February, 1906; Robert, Margaret, Anna, Joseph and Wm., unm.

McVeity, Wm. J., came from Leitrim, Ireland, to Aylmer, in 1880. He married Eliza J. Long. Children: Jane, Elizabeth, Mary, Florence, Wm., Lucy, Alex. and Hamilton.

Meagher, John, came from Tipperary, Ireland, to Aylmer in the early forties. He married Anna Carey of his country. Children: Catherine, m. John Ryan; John, m. Mary A. Hickson; and Bridget, m. James Young, of Oconto City, Wisconsin.

Meldrum, Thomas, came to South Hull, from Bristol, in 1880, and purchased a part of the Benedict farm. He married Isabelle Wilson, of Owen Sound. Children: Ellen, m. James Stewart; Margaret, John, George E., May, Herbert, Buell and Isabelle.

Merrifield, Nathan, came to Hull in about 1803, and went to Eardley in 1806, being the first settler in the township. He took up lot 4, R. 3, near the river. He married Martha Stafford. Children: Adaline, m. (1) Dominick Burke, (2) Owen Perry; Henry, m. Sarah Ingly; Nathan, unm.; Rosanna, m. Thomas Josey; Alex., m. Eliza Harding; Elizabeth, m. Robert Lusk, son of Joseph, the pioneer; Barnabas, m. Clarissa, daughter of Roger Moore, and went to Salt Lake City, where he went into the house furnishing business; Justice P., m. Deborah Lusk (sister); and Stafford, m. Elmira Watts, of Burritt's Rapids.

NOTES: On a monument on the old Merrifield farm (where is a family burying ground) may be seen: "Nathan Merrifield, died 1826, aged 18 years." Just beside it is the headstone to the pioneer. From it I learned that: "Nathan Merrifield was born in 1756, and died 1826." He was 70 years of age when he was drowned. His wife Martha, was born in 1781 and died in 1851.

There were said to have been a number of others buried in this ground, but the three above are all that have marked graves.

Middleton, Alfred, came from Norfolk, England, reaching Aylmer in 1884. He married Jane Garner of that same country. Children: John, and Wm., unm.; Harriat, m. T. G. Wilson; Fred'k, Ethel, Lillie, Flora and James, unm.

Mrs. Middleton is active in the Forestry Order, being at the head of the Companion Court I.O.F.

Miller, Alex. came to Aylmer, from Pembroke, in the sixties. He married (1) Ellen Murphy, (2) Mary Smith, daughter of the noted "Black and Bright" Smith, of Aylmer. Children: Harriat, m. Stephen Van Camp; Alex., went to Manitoba; Mary E., m. Richard Sutton, Q.C., B.A., B.S.C., and now in Regina, Assa.; Agnes, m. P. Conway; Thomas and John, unm.; Alice, m. James Anderson, C.E.; and Wm., who went west.

NOTES: Alex. Miller was the builder of many of the later steamboats on the lakes of the upper Ottawa. The Jessie Cassels, whose wreck may yet be seen to the left of the Aylmer wharf, was one of his building. He died in 1889. His sister, Mrs. I. A. Farquharson, lives on the old "Elm Tree" hotel farm, on the Aylmer Road.

Miron, Moses, came from Thurso, P.Q., to Deschenes in 1850. He married Emily Bryant. Children: Moses, went to Kentucky; Millissa, m. Thomas Bellott, for fourteen years with the Free Press, and now in the Printing Bureau; Emma, m. Thomas Brown; John, now with the Hull Electric, m. Martha, daughter of John Blake; Frank, now in Edmonton, unm.; Thomas, in Winnipeg, unm.; Joseph, with Hudson Bay Company, m. a Missionary's daughter; George, Wm. and Sydney, all in Edmonton; Catherine, in Winnipeg, m. ———?; and Ida, unm.

NOTES: Moses, sr., went to Edmonton in 1886. He died in 1903, aged 72. He was blacksmith for Sheriff Coutlee when he owned the Deschenes mills. Later he ran the old smithy at the Aylmer and Deschenes crossroads. He was one of the famous old characters, and many interesting stories are told of him by the boys of that day—"boys" of then—now the Old Men. There is always something about a blacksmith which makes one think of childhood when we stood round and watched the sparks fly, while in the kindness of his heart he'd let us blow the bellows at noon and "recess."

Moffatt, Alex., a sea-faring man, came to Canada in 1822. He was mate of the ship on which he and his family crossed. It took them six weeks to come over.

GRANDMOTHER LINK'S STORY.

His daughter, Jane, who became the wife of Thos. Link, is still living at 87. She was but four years old, and yet she remembers the long ocean voyage. "It took six weeks to come," said Grandma Link, "What most impressed my young mind was to see them throw people into the water, tied up in a long white sack, with shot tied to their feet. I thought it was awful to treat anyone that way. I don't believe I shall ever forget how it seemed to me.

"When we got to Quebec we left the ship and came up to Montreal in what they called bateaus. From Montreal we went to a place called Lachine now. I don't know if it was called that then. Here we took the same kind of boats and came to where Ottawa is now. It wasn't anything then. We landed at Hull, as father used afterward to tell us. Oh, but it was wild out here then. There were some people living in the country, but it was all a woods with only little patches cleared.

"That was a long while ago. I have seen nearly all of my brothers and sisters grow up and pass away. I am the only one left of a large family, except James and Margaret, the two youngest, and yet it does not seem long since we all played together over there along the foot of the mountain. I am well for one of my age, and see how I can thread a needle," and at that she threaded a fine-eyed needle as quickly as many another

not half her age. It was a real pleasure to listen to her stories of over three-quarters of a century ago.

Alex. Moffatt married Isabelle Pink, a daughter of Charles Pink, the father of the three pioneer brothers who came out at the same time (1822) with Moffatt. Children of Alex. and Isabelle: Timothy, m. Susanna Hurdman, daughter of Henry, the pioneer of Eardley; Jane, m. Thomas Link; Alex., m. Mary Halfpenny; Mary, m. Wm. Hurdman (brother); Charles, m. Agnes Gillespie; Robert, m. Jessie Angus; James, m. Isabelle Pink, daughter of Samuel, pioneer; and Margaret, m. Robert Bain.

The family of Timothy is the only one of the children living in South Hull, and only a part of his family are here. They are Alex. and James who own and occupy the old home place. Henry, who married Anna Woodburn, lives near by. Mary, who married Samuel Elliott, and lives in Ontario; and Margaret, who married Thomas Benedict. The very name is left with Henry to continue, in the locality. This is hardly fair to poor brother Henry.

Jane married Thos. Link, of Chelsea. James lives at Wakefield, he married Isabelle Pink. The other three sons of Alex. Moffatt, pioneer, went over to Carleton County and bought three farms, joining, near Merrivale. Children of Alex. and Mary: James, Alex., Ellen and Isabelle.

Children of Charles and Agnes: Charles, Robert, Thomas, George, Margaret, Jemima, Agnes and Mary.

Children of Robert and Jessie: Alex., Thomas, Timothy, Robert, Andrew, Jennie, Isabelle and Jessie.

Children of Margaret and Robert Bain: Robert, Alex., John, Charles, Timothy, James, Rev. George, David, Jennie, Isabelle, and Elizabeth.

Children of Mary and Wm. Hurdman: Isabelle, m. Edwy Kenny; Elizabeth, Margaret, Emma, m. J. Williams; Mima, m. J. E. Godwin.

MAN-O'-WAR'S-MAN.

Robert Moffatt, a brother of Alex., was an old British Man-o'-war-man. He was on the Bellerophon when it took Napoleon from France to England, after the battle of Waterloo. He married but had no children. He lived to be 90.

Moore. Very early in the starting of the Hull settlement came a family from the State of Vermont, and after coming first to Sherbrooke locality, they came up and some of them stopped in Templeton Township.

This was the noted Moore family, who were destined to play so active a part in the lumber industry of the Ottawa Valley. The children must have been well grown when they came, since we find the sons Job and David in a successful business before 1831, in which year Job died.

Dudley was the father, but I could find no mention of the mother's name. The children were: Sarah, m. James McConnell, one of the three pioneer brothers McConnell, who figured so extensively in the early interests of the country; Dyer married Lois Bebe, sister of Steadman Bebe, and went to Port Hope. He returned to the homestead on the Aylmer Road near where is the present Edw. Skead great stone mansion, and there with the family of his brother David, he died in 1854, at the advanced age of 83; Dudley, m. Sarah Molton, and later went to Eardley, on the Eardley Road where now resides his grandson Thomas Moore; Roger also went to Eardley, to the locality of the Breckonridge station. Benjamin, the son mentioned elsewhere as having drowned "With Wm. Wright and likewise Asa Young," at the Chaudiere. James McConnell mentioned above, as having married Sarah Moore, was the one in the song as having been "preserved, for he swam safe to shore"; Martin, m. Eunice, a daughter of Truman Waller, of the Aylmer Road, and went to Clarendon Township; Job, m. Sarah Prentiss. He was the original lumberer of the family. He lived in the same part with the other brothers along the river in the Skead locality. He died in 1831; David, m. Deborah Prentiss, a sister of Job's

wife. He was born in 1793 and died in 1849. As will be seen he was the father of the David who made the name so well known in the lumber world.

RECORD OF THE SECOND GENERATION.

Sarah Moore, daughter of Dudley, jr., will be found mentioned in the James McConnell record.

Dyer Moore, no record, further than given above.

Dudley, son of Dudley, the pioneer Moore, married Polly Molton, a cousin of Abe Lincoln, and went to Eardley, on land owned by the Moore firm of lumberers. (At one time they owned a vast area of timber limits all through the Valley). Children: Abigail, m. Alex. Powell; Eli, m. Elizabeth McCormick; Levi, m. Phoebe Mulligan, and lived on the lot (No. 1, R. 2) on which his father died in 1850, and which is now owned and occupied by Thomas, his (Levi's) son; Sarah, m. Garrison Milks; Leonard, m. Susan Gainsford; Elias, m. Isabelle McEwan; and David, m. Susan Baxter. David later went to Salt Lake City where he contracted the marrying habit and added nine more wives to the family. You will hardly be interested in knowing their names so I shall just leave them out.

Roger Moore also went to Eardley and settled in the vicinity of what is now Breckonridge Station, on the Pontiac. He married "Squire Sally," so called by reason of her shrewd ability in settling controversies among the *women* of the community—"an arduous task?" Possibly. That was the only name I could find for her, since none of the descendants can remember "Gramma's" name. Later: Her name was Sarah Hicks. Children: Elizabeth, m. Calvin Kidder; Joseph, m. Lecty Ingly; Clarissa, m. Barnabas Merrifield; Olive, m. Ambrose Richards; Thomas Benjamin, m. (1) Elizabeth Agert, (2) Emily Watts, the widow of S. P. Osgood; Laura, m. Lamab Boulanger; Sophia's choice I could not find recorded in the minds of even the "oldest inhabitant", further than he was a Frenchman; David, m. (1) Lucy Woods, (2) Margaret Blakely. He is now living at Bear Lake, a few miles north of Campbell's Bay, where he is extensively engaged in lumbering and farming; Louise, m. Philip Lefevre; and Sarah, m. Chesterman.

Benjamin Moore, the fourth son of Dudley, sr., was drowned, as mentioned above.

Martin, m. ———? Waller, and went to Clarendon.

Job Moore, who up to that time was the great member of the family, by reason of his being the head of the firm of Moore Brothers. He married Sarah Prentiss. Children: Job, m. Harriat (?) Lemironde, and went to Rolph Township, up the Ottawa; John, m. Elmyra Roma, and went to Des Joachims; Benjamin, m. Nancy Holt, sister of Moses, of Aylmer. He also went to Des Joachims; Isaac, m. Ellen Cutler, and lived and died in Ottawa; Maria, m. John Hollinger, a school teacher, and went to Renfrew; and Thompson, m. Ellen Cain, and went to Eardley, where he is still living—the only member of the family alive. Later: Mary A., another daughter, m. Jas. Gilbous and lives near Wolf Lake. She is 83.

David Moore, the youngest son of Dudley, sr., married Deborah Prentiss. He and Job were the "Moore Brothers." Children: Mary, m. Alonzo Lee, lived in South Hull and died in Ottawa; Elizabeth, m. Frank Gagnon; Sarah, m. Moses Holt, of Aylmer. (He is still living at 83); David, m. Catherine Cutler. This was the best known of all. He was born in 1820 and died in 1886. His mansion, built by the famous Thomas, is to be seen on the Aylmer Road, in the western part of Hull City. Olive, m. Wm., son of Wm. McConnell, pioneer; Emery, unm.; James, m. Cecelia Pellitier, and is still living at 76, in South Hull on the fifth range, lot 23. Here is another proof that Teddy need not lose hope of the world's running short of people. James is the father of 17 children, only one of whom is not living. They are all strong and fine specimens of man and womanhood. Most of them are grown and several of them married.

George, m. Caroline Hodges, a school teacher. They went to Saganaw, Michigan, where he is still living. Harriat, m. the late Judge Wm. Mosgrove, of Ottawa; Eleanor, m. Charles Meech, son of the famous Rev. Asa Meech—one of the first preachers in this part of the country; Amelia, unm., living in Aylmer; and Edith L., m. Wm. Allen, of the Aylmer Road.

FROM AXE TO WEALTH

The story of the starting of the Moore firm will illustrate the way the early lumberers had to work to get a business going. It was not all smooth sailing, hardships had to be met and overcome, and only the men who could meet and contend with every condition finally succeeded.

The firm was originally Job and David Moore, sr., two brothers. This from an old man, who knew of their start, will best tell of that start: "In their first operations they each took an axe, and with two or three men (on Lake Deschenes near Bytown), with a yoke of oxen, one cow, one bag of Indian meal, one bag of flour, butter and a small quantity of meat. They made a few cribs of timber, rafted them and took them to Quebec, and by hard work and perseverance became very extensive lumberers. Job having died in 1831, the business was continued by David, sr., son and nephew, up to 1849, when David, sr., died. The firm then dissolved and David, jr., took the business and accumulated a great fortune."

The nephews mentioned were: Job, jr., went to Rolph Township; Thompson went to Eardley; Isaac to Bytown; Benjamin and John also went into Rolph, along the Alouette, not far from Des Joachims. They were all lumberers, but none of them became a "David," whose success was very great for that day.

Moore data from an old Bible in the possession of Mrs. Wm. Allen, daughter of David Moore, sr. It is the record of Job, the son of Dudley Moore, the pioneer of the family.

"Job, son of Dudley Moore, born May 24th, 1791, died August 3rd, 1831. Sarah Prentiss, his wife, born April 4th, 1801, died January 26th, 1831. Children: Job, born June 7th, 1818; John, born August 31st, 1819; Thompson, born February 6th, 1821; Isaac, born January 15th, 1823; (m. Ellen Cutler); Benjamin, born April 28th, 1825 (m. Nancy Holt, daughter of Moses, sr.); Maria, born January 11th, 1827 (m. Charles Hollinger); and George, born May 25th, 1829, and died a year to the day, later.

Mrs. Allen also has the record of David Moore, sr. It is as follows:

"David, son of Dudley Moore, pioneer, was born April 4th, 1793. Mary Prentiss, his wife, was born June 24th, 1799. Children: Mary, born July 12th, 1818; Elizabeth, born April 10th, 1820; David, born January 15th, 1826; Emery, born April 14th, 1828; James, born February 7th, 1830; George, born May 10th, 1835; Then follow the rest of the children with no record of their ages. They were: Eleanor, Harriat, Amelia and Leonore Edith (Mrs. Wm. Allen, to whom I am indebted for the foregoing records).

Morgan, James, came to Aylmer from England. He married Mary A. Burns. Children: Joseph, unm.; Mary, m. Robert Fitzsimmons (not the fighter "Bob"); James, m. Donald Malo; and Margaret, m. Joseph Metcalf.

Morin, Alexis, came from Quebec to Bytown in 1831. Both he and his wife—Mary Gognon—died of cholera almost as soon as they had reached the little town, and the family was looked after by the eldest son Alexis, who married Mrs. Louis Barrette, nee Mary Robichos. The other children were: Charles, m. Harriat Fournier; Lucy, m. J. Desarmeau; Mary, m. Narcisse Longpré; Julia, m. (1) Robert Mulligan, (2) ——— McCulloch; Elizabeth, m. Joseph Gibson; Clemance, m. Edward Leblanc; Caddie, m. Peter Erneau (or Arnaud?); and Lezime and Narcisse, unm.

NOTE: The above record was given me by Mrs. Clemance Leblanc, a very interesting old lady of nearly 80. She has framed her first communion card. I mention this fact for a reason. Its date is October 3rd, 1840, which leads me to believe that this aged woman was possibly the first child to commune in the first church built in Aylmer, which church was blest on the previous day, October 2nd, 1840. She was partly reared by Charles Symmes, going to live with the family when she was but four years old. She speaks most kindly of the founder of the village.

Edw. Leblanc, son of this old lady, possibly holds the record for the number of miles of stage driving. He drove for Moses Holt six years, between Aylmer and Ottawa, and for Hugh Reilly (present County Treasurer of Carleton) between Ottawa and Richmond for seventeen years. It figures out that Ed. must have driven a little over one quarter of a million miles. He was not only driver, but the people along the Richmond Road used to have him do their banking for them, often entrusting him with hundreds of dollars. He has been with Thomas Lindsay for the past seven years.

Moss, Joseph, will be remembered by some of those who attended school in the old Tabernacle, forty-five years ago, or in the Stewart school where he taught in 1863. He came from Manchester, England. He married Elizabeth Lee. Children: Sarah, m. Peter Leather. She did not come to Canada; Joshua, a miner, now at Brush Creek, Butte County, California, unm.; Elizabeth, unm.; Joseph, m. (1) Eliza Rutledge, (2) Elizabeth Short. He is at Dinton, Alberta; James, unm.; and Mrs. Wesley Hetherington.

Mouseau, Thomas, came from L'Assomption, P.Q., in 1830. He came to where is now the Ritchie farm at the edge of Aylmer. He married a remarkable woman—remarkable as being the mother of 22 children. She had first married one Gallerneau by whom she had three children: Pierre, Charles and Angel. Mouseau children, so far as I could find the names of the nineteen were: Thomas, who built (1840) the "Mouseau Hotel," which still stands at the edge of Hull City, just west of Edward Skead's, married Margaret Bourgois; Louis, m. Adalaid Baulieu; George, m. Isabelle Gravelle; Filonise, m. the noted Joseph Lebel; Josephine, m. Agapit Lesperance; Orilia, m. Augustus Lorange. Of the other sixteen I could find no record.

NOTES: Agapit Lesperance built the house, afterward owned and occupied by the late Sheriff Coutlee, near the Deschenes cross-roads. He built it for a hotel. He was one of the four petitioners for the first Catholic church in Aylmer. Joseph Lebel, another son-in-law, was also one of the petitioners.

Louis Mouseau went up to what is now known as Mouseau's Lake in Masham. He later went to Deschenes Village.

Muloin, Telesphore, one of Aylmer's present council, came from St. Paul Larmite, P.Q. He married Louisa Timmons. Children: George T., Telesphore, Alma and Darie, all young.

Mullarkey, Patrick, came to Aylmer from Wexford, Ireland, in 1850. He married Julia O'Brien from Limerick, Ireland. Children: Denis, m. Marty A. Harty; J. P., m. Emma Austin; Mary A., m. John Kennedy; and Cecelia, m. Peter Martin.

NOTES: Both Mr. and Mrs. Mullarkey are still living at 86 and 84 respectively.

J. P. from a poor village boy has become one of the successful railroad builders and managers in Canada.

Mulligan, James, came to Aylmer in 1854. He married Margaret Kernahan. Children: Wm. G., m. Mary Irwin McDermott, of Eganville; Mary E., m. Charles Mousette; Robert C., bachelor, now in Vancouver, B.C.

James H., of Dawson City, Yukon, m. Margaret M. Finley, the noted elocutionist of Ottawa; Thomas F. of Oclair, Wisconsin, nr.; John P., m. Dorothy Gibson; Catherine F., m. Frank K. Hind; Edw. A., a well known physician, of River Desire, P.O., m. Caroline, daughter of R. H. Sayer; Joseph L., of Vancouver, nr.; Margaret M. and Frances E. maidens.

James Mulligan, like Samuel Bell and other of the old successful Aylmerans came with little or no money and died very wealthy. He was for twenty years connected with municipal affairs and twice mayor. Like Bell, he was a merchant trader, and nearly everything he touched turned into money. His son George (Wm. G.) has taken his place, and although but a young man is one of the most successful in the valley of the Ottawa. He is prominent in municipal and church affairs.

Mr. Mulligan was Mayor of Aylmer, 1881-82.

Mullen, Jeremiah, (whose father, Jerves Mullen came to Richmond with the soldiers of the old 100th Regiment, in 1818), came from Goulbourne to North Wakefield in 1835, and later to Aylmer. He married Mary Chamberlain, daughter of Edmond Chamberlain, who married Jane Edey. Children: Edmond, drowned; Jerves, m. Charlotte Waddell; and James, m. Eliza Graves. He was for many years Constable in the old regime. He died in 1905 at 82.

Mulvihill, Philip, on the Mountain Road, just across the South Hull line, married Mary Grimes. Children: Julia, m. Wm. J. Crilley; Michael, m. Julia Murphy, whose home on the Kingsmere Road, near the lake of that name, is a well known summer house for many Ottawans; John m., Gertrude Murphy; Francis, m. Mary Burke; Catherine, m. John Dean; Richard, unm.; Theresa, m. Wm. Ryan; Mary, unm.; and Philip, an adopted son, unm.

John, the father of Philip, came to Bytown in 1828 and clerked a long while for Colonel Burke, of the old Hundredth Regiment.

Munharvey, Robert, came from Ireland in 1830 and settled on lot 14, R. 5. He married Charlotte Roe. Children: Maria, m. John Allen, of Chelsea; Sarah, m. Wm. Tammon; John, m. (1) Mary Real, (2) Fannie, daughter of Henry; Harriat, unm.; Robert, m. Sarah A. Olmstead, daughter of David; Elizabeth, m. Isaac Heatherington; Charlotte, m. James Davis; and Margaret and Lucinda, unm.

Murphy, John, known as "The Penman," by reason of his being the most adept writer in the Valley. He was long with the Union Forwarding Company. He came from Dublin, Ireland, in about 1828. He first came to Quebec with his father and a large family of brothers—five—and one sister. The brothers, in a way were among the most noted in Bytown, in the early days when main strength counted. Among them were Simon and Mathew, stories of whose prowess would fill a book.

John became a noted linguist and violinist, aside from his ability with the pen. He could speak the Indian language, which stood him in good in trading with the various tribes who came down the Ottawa with their furs. He was a long while with the father of Judge Day, the builder of the Deschenes mills. He married (1) Esther Ebert, (2) Abigail Draper, who lived to be 91, dying in 1903. Children: Harriat, m. Wm. H. Dickson; Wm. H., m. Mary Johnson; (second marriage) Emma J., m. Thomas Darling; and Edmund, unm.

Murphy, Mathew, came from Ireland to Bytown in 1828, and to South Hull, in 1868. He lived on the McConnell farm, along the river, not far east of Deschenes. He married Elizabeth C. Ebert. Children: Wm. H., m. Mary J. Ramsay; Eliza, m. Reuben McEwen; James C., m. Fannie, daughter of John McConnell; Louisa, m. Charles W. Hall; Caroline, unm.; Edward A., m. Margaret Starr, and John A., m. Margaret Milne.

A DARING DEED.

Notes: Mathew was one of the family known as the "Murphy Brothers." They were among the most noted in all the country for their deeds of daring. It is told of Mathew, and a true story it is, that in 1838, being in Queenston and seeing a great crowd around Brock's monument, went over to find that a man was attempting to climb the lightning rod, in order to put up the flag. By an explosion, some time before, the steps and whole inside had been blown out so that it was impossible to ascend save by the rod on the outside. The man giving up, Mathew offered to put up the flag, and amid the greatest excitement ever known in these parts he did it. It was heralded over the continent as one of the most daring of deeds, as it was. Another brother, Simon, well known in the Valley as the "Iron Man," for his deeds of prowess in the early days, is the subject of a sketch by W. Pitman Lett in his "Reminiscences of Old Bytown."

Murphy, Wm., came from Ireland to Montreal when ten years old, in 1853. He came to South Hull, when grown, and purchased the old Wm. Pierce farm on the Sixth Concession. He married Bridget, daughter of Bernard Daly. Children: Ella E., John W. and James, all unm.

Murphy, J., came from Quebec in about 1840. In 1852 he was appointed first Governor of the county jail, and held that position up to the time of his death in 1875. He was very prominent in his day. Children: James, a law student, left college to join the Southern side of the Rebellion in the States in the early sixties, in which he was killed.

The well known and popular capitalist, Captain J. L. Murphy, of Ottawa, was his next son. Two of his daughters became Mrs. Captain Alexis Rajotte, and Mrs. J. M. Murphy; and Mary, unm.

N

Neill, Joseph, came to Eardley from Drumcroon, Ireland, in 1849. He married Elizabeth, the daughter of the well known Aylmer lumberman, Simon Hill. Children: Dr. John, m. Bertha Stewart; Dr. Robert W., now surgeon in the Stony Mountain, Manitoba, Penitentiary, m. Abigail Stitt, of County Renfrew; and Joseph, m. Emma M. Garton, of Aylmer.

Mr. Neill died in 1905, aged 89. I was indebted to him for much of interest, pertaining to the history of the fifty years ago.

Noel, Clement, came to Aylmer in 1850. He married Emily Renaud. Children: Julia, m. Calix Duval; Emily, m. Joseph Renaud; Narcisse, m. Lavina Lapage; Leonore, m. David Lavine; and J. A., m. Carrie Bourgeau.

Mr. and Mrs. Noel have been married 52 years, and both are hale and active, and may be here to celebrate their Jubilee wedding.

O

O'Connor, Thomas, came from Limerick, Ireland, in 1836. He lived on the Aylmer Road, about where is now the Bessey Farm. He married Hannah Coffey. Children: Bridget, m. Patrick Kelley; Margaret, m. James Glenn; Mary A., m. George Harris (her daughter Gertrude is the well known young Pianist) Thomas, m. Hannah Hickson; and Matthew, m. Catherine Hickson (sisters)

O'Donnell, Thomas, came to Boston from England, in 1854, and to Aylmer in 1858. He married Julia Welsh. Children: Mary Anna, m. Philip Nault; James, m. Mary A. Lawler; Ellen, m. John S. Lochnan;

Theresa, m. Charles O'Neill; Thomas, unm.; John, m. Josephine Lochnan (sister); and Mary Margaret m. Denis McMahan.

NOTES: Mr. O'Donnell was connected with Count Dalton of Lower Ormond, in Ireland. It is claimed that he is the heir to a vast fortune in that country, but at the age of 82 he says no fortune could tempt him to go back after it.

O'Halleran, Denis, came from Fitzroy to South Hull in 1886. He is residing in the historical old Methodist Church, on the Aylmer Road. This was the first in all this country. He married Ellen McEwan. Children: Mamie, Aileen, Johanna and John.

Olles, G. H., came from New Carlisle, N.B., to the Mountain Road in 1878, and settled on a part of the Thomas Brigham farm at the edge of Hull City. He married Susanna Smith, of Hope Town, N.B. Children: Joseph G., Mary G. and Arthur S., all unm.

Mr. Olles is a contractor.

Olmsteads. That a great family may soon be so forgotten that its own members lose track of the connection of its several branches, is illustrated in the Olmsteads. For more than a month I sought a correct genealogy of its members and was finally successful.

In about 1795 Gideon, Richard, Jabus and Elizabeth Olmstead came from either Mass. or Conn. to Burritt's Rapids, on the Rideau River, in Marlboro' Township, Carleton County, Ont. The family were originally from Wales. After the death of their father and mother, in the States, Job, another brother, joined the brothers and sister here.

Gideon (born in 1768, died May 14th, 1837) came to Hull Township and took up land on the Aylmer (then "Britannia") Road. His wife was Esther Andrews. They had children: Sarah, Zenas, Gideon, Abram, Jabus, Daniel, Henry, David, Nancy, and Esther.

(1) Gideon, m. Ann Tabor, and had children: Mary A., (m. James Coombs); Charles, (m. Delaney Campbell, also an Olmstead); Esther, Hannah, Eleanor, Jane, and Augusta. Most of the sisters are living in Janeville.

(2) David, m. Elizabeth Saunders, and had children: Esther, (m. George Stevens); Ephraim, (m. Fannie Bennett); Elizabeth, (m. Thomas Aylwin); Jane, (m. Alex. Glenn); Henry, (m. Fannie Maxwell); Cerina, (m. Richard Row); Calvin, (bachelor); and Sarah, (m. Robert Munharvey).

(3) Zenas, m. Lavina, daughter of John Allen, and had children: Mahala, (m. Edw. Tabor); Lavina, (m. David Hughes); Harriat, (m. (1) —? Conroy, (2) Geo. (?) Sheldon); Maria, (m. (1) Chas. Thomas, (2) —? Hamilton); Richard, (m. (1) Sarah, daughter of Hull Wright, (2) Jessie McRae); Sarah, (m. Joseph Wyman); and Wyman, (m. Almira Halstead).

(4) Abram, m. Anna Foster, and had children: Nancy, (m. John Birch); Solomon (m. Mary A. Hawkins); Mary, (m. John Cowan); Esther, (m. John Nelson); Richard, (m. Sarah Taylor); Sarah, (m. John White); Foster, (m. Esther Nelson); George, (m. Anna Henderson); Abram, (m. Miss Golightly); and Gideon *went* lightly, by remaining a bachelor, as the Colonel would say.

(5) Esther, m. George Halstead. They had three children: Sarah, Wm. and Caroline. They all married, but I could only learn the name of the wife of Wm. and my informant was not certain of that, but thought it was Miss O'Hara.

(6) Daniel left no children.

(7) Henry, m. Miss Humphry. Children: Wm., Amos, and one daughter. I could learn nothing of any of them.

(8) Jabus, no record, further than that he married Hilda Humphry.

(9) Sarah, m. (1) Philemon, son of Philemon Wright (see the Wright family for record), (2) Nicholas Sparks, founder of Ottawa.

(10) Nancy was the first wife of Finlayson Taylor and had children: Margaret, (m. Nelson Edey); James, (a bachelor, killed on the electric road above Aylmer); and Gideon, (m. (1) Miss Parker, (2) ?

NOTES: All of the other original brothers and sister Elizabeth, (who married Daniel Bullis) had large families, nearly all of whom have gone from the country where the brothers first settled. Many have gone to the States, where they have scattered the name into every part of the Union. Only a few of Gideon's descendants have remained hereabouts. Henry, the son of David is now living on lot 10, R. 6, in West Hull. He is one of the well known men of his country. He was instrumental in getting a school for Iron Mines, and for nine years was School Commissioner. He was for years Assessor, or as here termed—Appraiser. He is at present Rural Inspector. He has a remarkable memory for the incidents of the early days, and can tell a good story.

Sarah, (daughter of David), who married Robert Munharvey, is in South Hull. Cerina, (daughter of David), who married Richard Row, is in Ottawa.

Several of the daughters of Gideon, jr., are living in New Edinburgh.

Howard, son of Richard, is in South Hull.

Charles, son of Richard, who now owns the old homestead of his father, on the Third Concession in South Hull, is the manager of the great jewelry house of the Birks in Ottawa.

Edith, (Mrs. Wm. Benedict), daughter of Richard, is living on the Iron Mines Road in West Hull.

Charles and Edward, sons of Ephraim, are living in Hull City.

Mr. and Mrs. ——— Ormond died in Aylmer in the forties, leaving three sons and a daughter. Two of the sons were adopted by Wm. Grimes, the third by Samuel Grimes, and the daughter by a family in Aylmer.

Ormond, Robert, married Sarah, daughter of Albert Kidder. Children: Albert, m. Minnie, daughter of 'Squire James Baillie; Margaret E., m. Fred'k, son of Timothy Parker; Daniel, H. m. Nellie, daughter of Ambrose Richards, jr.; Robert M., m. Lila, daughter of Benjamin Richards; Sarah A., m. Cuthbert, son of Wm. Routliffe; and James F., m. Lillie Findlay.

Daniel Ormond married Frances Hudson, a descendant of Josephus Hudson—pioneer. Children: Horace, m. Miss Smith; the rest unm. Harriat, Robert, Frances, Daniel, Alice, and Lottie.

They went first to Pembroke and then to the North-West. They are now in Portage la Prairie, Man.

From a group seen of this family, one cannot but feel that old Wm. Grimes's heart would swell with pride could he but look upon the children of the boy he had befriended long years ago.

I did not get the record of John Ormond and the sister.

P

Parizeau, Charles, came in 1830 from the States. He married Elizabeth Taire. Children: Charles, m. Louise Quintal; Sophia, m. Leon Chartier; Angeline, m. John Vien; and Margaret, m. Xavier Parizeau.

Parker, Harvey, came with Philemon Wright, in 1800, so far as can be learned. He remained in the country but a short time until he came to where is now Aylmer and took up land adjoining that of Charles Symmes, on which Symmes land is the most of the village. He married Azenath, the daughter of Nathaniel Chamberlain, early in 1805. Children: Marietta, born in 1805, m. the Rollins who first owned the Edward Rainboth farm on the Aylmer Road. When Gideon Olmstead refused him burial rights in Bellview cemetery, he sold out to Surveyor Snow, and went to the States. He said: "I will never live in a land where I can't die—and be buried beside my friends."

Timothy, born in 1806, m. Almira Heath; Polly, or Mary, born in 1808, died young; Mehitable, born in 1810, m. Andrew Thompson; Emeline, 1812, was Richard McConnell's first wife; Harvey, 1814, m. (1) Helen Lafurgy, (2) Sarah Leggo, sister of the well known Ottawa dentist; Ephraim, 1817, unm.; Harriat, 1819, died young.

The widow of Harvey, jr., is still living on the old homestead. The descendants of this old pioneer are scattered from Canada to Los Angeles, California, where is residing a son of Harvey, jr.

NOTES: Harvey, the pioneer, was born in 1770, and died in 1858. Azenath, his wife, was born in 1785, and died in 1821.

Harvey, jr., was active in municipal affairs. He was Aylmer's third Mayor, being in the office from 1862 to 1866. He took great interest in church and school matters. It was during his incumbency as mayor that the side-walks of the village were laid. See the irony of fate. He gave the village walks, and yet his own family had to wait till long after his death to get a side-walk out to their home at the edge of town—it having only recently been laid.

Patterson, Wm., long with the Union Forwarding Co., came from the north of Ireland in the forties. He married Nancy Smith. Children: Wm., m. Rose Smith, of the Gatineau; Richard went to the States. He joined the Northern army and was killed in the Southern Rebellion; Andrew, m. ———?; Thomas, m. Almarine Litle.

Thomas Patterson, son of Wm., clerked with Robert Conroy, in Aylmer. He married Almarine Litle. Children: Thomas B., m. Catherine Lacey; and Alma, m. John, son of ex-Premier McKenzie Bowell.

Perrault, Joseph, of a very old Canadian family, came from Joliet, P.Q., to Bytown in 1845, and to Aylmer in 1850. He married Josephine Robitoin, of another very old family, which runs back hundreds of years, and is numbered by thousands. Children: Sophia, m. (1) Joseph Abaire, (2) Narcisse Carpenter; Joseph, m. Margaret Leclair; Narcisse, m. Miss Laurant; Francis, m. Mary Charboneau; Peter, m. Margaret Laboutier; Adaline, m. Narcisse Thebault; Theophile, w.t.s.; Alfred, m. Hester Lauzon; John B., m. Ellen Daly; Thomas, m. Octavia Glandon; and Gilbert, m. Rosalee Lacour.

NOTES: All dead but Alfred and Gilbert. Joseph, sr., was with John Egan when he first came to Aylmer. The famous old river pilot, Narcisse Perrault, was a cousin of Joseph, sr.

Francis Perrault was the first to come to Canada. He came to Quebec in 1715. He was a successful merchant. From his family of thirteen children sprung the great number of the name throughout Canada. Francis Joseph Perrault was of this family. He was famous as a writer, and lived to be ninety, dying in 1830.

Perrier, Benjamin, came from near Lachine, to establish a family that would make even the heart of "Teddy" rejoice. Benjamin did not believe in "Race Suicide," if his family of twenty is an indication of his belief. Of the twenty there are twelve following in his steps, with families of six, ten, and on up to fourteen, and few of the original family of any great age.

Children: Antime, m. Glefire Brunet, (the spelling is not mine); Delimos, m. John Brunet; Ciprien, m. Octive Renaud; Camile, m. Bell Brady; Alphonse, m. Flora St. Pierre; Delpice, m. Clarice Quinel; Noe, m. Gallimine Perrault; Eli, m. Adaline Perrault, (sisters); Alfred, m. Margaret Renaud, (sister); Louise (said to have been one of the most beautiful girls in Eardley), m. Patrick Duffy; Alphege and Evariste, unm.

The son Eli is the Poo Bah of Aylmer. Antime is a St. Paul Church warden, and has long taken an active interest in the schools of the town.

Perry, Owen, came to Hull from Wales in 1820. He married Adaline Merrifield. She was the widow of Dominick Burke, a lumberer who was

drowned. Children: John, m. (1) Elizabeth Breckonridge, (2) Jane Breckonridge (sisters); Anna, m. Claudius, son of Frank Maxwell; Mary, m. Robert Lusk; Thomas, m. Hannah Jackson; and Maria, m. John Warren.

NOTES: Owen and Adaline were married August 21st, 1834. Their son Thomas, who lives on the homestead, (lot 26, R. 5), has the marriage license. It is an interesting old document. It was issued or granted by: "Sir John Colbourne, Knight Commander, &c., Governor General of Lower Canada." They were married by James Radfield—"Missionary in March and Huntley." The witnesses were Barnabas Merrifield and Hannah Moore.



From the Perry marriage license. Note the excellence of the "cuts" of that time—1834.

Petrie, John, from Scotland—first to New Brunswick, where he was engaged in lumbering, but his mills being destroyed by fire, he came to the Gilmours, at Chelsea. In 1855 he came to Aylmer. He once owned the great Ritchie mills. His first wife was ?. His children by the first wife were: John, unm.; Jane, m. J. R. Hamilton; Isabelle, m. Wm. Craig; Wm. R., Alex. and Elizabeth, unm. The second wife was Jane Roberts, who was Mrs. John McAlpin. Children: Fannie, m. Thomas Thomkins; Mary, Jemima and Margaret, unm.; and Jessie, m. Rev. Thomas E. Cunningham.

Pink. Three brothers Pink came from Ireland to Hull among the very early ones.

James Pink came in 1822 and took up lot 15, R. 6. He married Nancy Elliott and had one child, Hugh, who married Anna Sample.

Charles Pink also came in 1822, but returned to Ireland. He married Catherine McGechan, and sensibly concluding that Canada was a better place to raise a family, came again, in 1830, and bought land near his brother James. Children: Samuel, m. Eliza Hewitt; Mary, m. Francis Larimer; Charles, m. Agnes Sample, and it is claimed that she proved a very good one; Isabelle, m. John Currie; and Daniel, m. Elizabeth Radmore.

Samuel Pink, the third, came the same year (1822), but following in the footsteps of Charles, also went back to Ireland for "The Girl he left behind him." Her name was Mary Elliott. He and Mary came to Hull in 1831 and bought land near his brothers. Children: Ruth, m. James Elliott; Charles, who lives on the home farm, m. Elizabeth Strachan; Wm. Henry, unm., went to the States and fought all through the Rebellion and is now in the Soldier's Home in Michigan; Alex., m. Isabelle Link; Robert, m. Miss Ralston; Isabelle, m. James Moffatt; Elizabeth, m. George Simmons, (to this happy old couple am I indebted for much valuable data in my search for the early times); and Mary J., m. Thomas Hurdman.

NOTES: The son, Alex., was the most noted rifleman in the Valley. He was once a member of the Bisley team. He has many trophies won by his marksmanship.

Prentiss, T. B., came from Vermont in 1831, first to Hull City, and in 1834 went to Chelsea. In 1854 he came to Aylmer. He married (1) Saloma Brigham, (2) Hannah Folsom Weymouth, a relative of Mrs. Grover Cleveland. She is living at 91 years. Children: Howard was the only child of the first marriage. George, m. Jennie Yaple; Mrs. John Aylen; T. D., m. Elizabeth Sutherland; and Hannah J., unm.

Mr. Prentiss was one of the early merchants of the Village. He was Mayor in 1878-79.

Purcell, Robert, came to Hull from County Carey, Ireland, in about 1825. He married (1) Miss Ramsey, (2) Abigail Chase. Children by first marriage: Wm., m. Elizabeth Van Patten; Charles, m. Tryphena, daughter of pioneer Wm. Grimes; and Maria, m. Archibald Thompson.

Long before railroads were built to the West, Wm. and a number of the neighbors, of whom the noted old Captain Esterbrooke was one, drove out to Illinois—settling at Farmingdale, near Springfield, where he is still living and well-to-do, at the age of 86.

Charles went to Renfrew County. Later he returned to the Eardley line, where his widow and part of the family still reside—their home being one of the most hospitable in the country. Charles was always prominent in church work, being long Recording Steward in the Methodist church of Aylmer. He died in 1899, at the age of 77. One of his daughters married A. W. Merrifield, an early friend of President Roosevelt, they having ranched together before Teddy was thought of as the great man he became.

Archibald Thompson and his wife, Maria, went to Pembroke, where he became Clerk of the Court and Registrar. He died in 1901 very weak.

Q

Quintal. In a way Gilbert Quintal and his family are unique in the Valley. He is now 84 years old, his wife 78, they were married 62 years ago and both are living and active. They came to Aylmer in 1850. Mrs. Quintal was Louisa Mayotte. Of 13 children but six are living: Louisa, m. Charles Ferriseau; Denise (deceased), m. Antoine Dubois; Emily, m. Peter Oben; Constance, m. Edw. Valier; Mary, m. Frank Ledisier; Ludgier, m. Rose Pauquette; and Gilbert, m. Rose Guertin.

Peter Quintal, a brother of Gilbert, came to Aylmer in 1850. He married Elizabeth, another of the Mayotte sisters. Children: Julia, m. Xavier Lamarche; Peter, m. Josephine Laviolette; Nelson, m. Delina Rational; and Fred, m. Oziline Amna.

Quinn, John, came to Aylmer from Ireland in 1862. He married (1) ———? (2) Julia Archambault. Children: John, m. ———?; Jessie, m. Phileau Erno; Theressa, m. Nelson Rouseau; Catherine, m. Verice Rio; Nellie, m. James Routliffe; and Michael and Lillian, unm.

Alfred Quinn came in 1858. Children: Joseph, Antoine, Edward, George, Eli, Louisa and Clement, who married Emma Gibson. The rest are single, so far as is known, most of them having gone to the States.

Quirk, Wm., came to Aylmer from Ireland. He came via the States and reached here in 1853. He married Bridget Langton. Children: Catherine, unm.; Bridget, m. Professor T. J. Lyons, a graduate of music-college at Leipsic, Germany; John, unm.; and Dr. Edw. L., unm., graduate of McGill.

Dr. Edw. L. is a member of the Medical Council of Quebec. He is Governor of the Council for Pontiac, and one of twelve examiners. He is the Chief Warden of St. Paul's Catholic Church of Aylmer, and one of the Civil Commissioners for the Diocese of Ottawa, also one of the Aylmer School Commissioners. Some one, in speaking of him said: "Dr. Quirk is a city physician in a village," which quite describes him, as to ability.

R

Radmore, Calvin, came out from England with Ruggles Wright, along with the other Englishmen, mentioned elsewhere, in 1816. He settled on lot 15, R. 3, not far from the Aylmer and Deschenes crossroads. He married (1) Miss Thompson, sister of the well known John and Wm. Thompson, of Nepean, (2) Margaret Saunders. Children: George, m. Mrs. Drydon Smith; Jennett, m. James Fulford; Jane, m. Peter Christie; Eleanor, m. (1) Wm. Paterson, (2) George Link; Charlotte, m. Philip Radmore; and Elizabeth, m. Allan Cameron.

All of the children are dead but Eleanor and Charlotte. The farm is owned by Robert Radmore, a nephew.

Emanuel Radmore, brother of Calvin, came in 1826. He bought lot 13, R. 5, on the Mountain Road. It is now the well known Robert Radmore farm, it being one of the numerous farms of his successful son. He married Jane Moffatt, sister of Alex. Children: Elizabeth, m. Daniel Pink; Robert, m. (1) Jane Ferris, (2) Mary A. Link; Wm., m. Fannie Ferris; Grace, m. James Hurdman; and Eleanor, m. Robert Ferris.

He died January 10th, 1880, aged 80.

Calvin and Emanuel had a sister, who came out later. She was Elizabeth who married (1) Wm. Cook, (2) Wm. H. Thomas, (3) Robert Russell.

Mr. Robert Radmore, son of Emanuel, is one of the well known farmers of the Valley. He, with his immediate family, own a line of farms from the mountain almost to the Aylmer Road. I mention elsewhere his experience in the forest fire of 1870, when so much of the country was burned. The incidents of that hot time would fill a book. This family ran to the creek and remained all night. Robert got separated, in his attempt to save things at the house, and did not find his wife and children until morning. He feared that all and everything was gone—so raging the fire. While lying in the creek he heard a rooster crow. "Never in my life, before or since" said Robert, "have I been so happy on hearing the crow of a rooster, as I was that morning. There was no answering call for I guess he was the only one left. We didn't have roast apples all winter, but we might have had roast duck, if our refrigerator had been in working order, for every one of a large flock was roasted with the heat. All of our buildings were burned but the milk-house, which we saved with meat brine and milk, as no water could be had. Yes, that was the hottest time I have ever gone through, and hope never to see the like again." This milk house had to answer for his dwelling, and not only for his own family, but for some of the neighbors for a time, until they could get material for rebuilding. Old Roger Sparks came over the next morning and said: "I'm just as I started. I owe nothing, and I've got nothing—everything burned. "We felt quite happy," continued Mr. Radmore, "for while our neighbors had nothing *we* had a milk-house."

George Radmore, the third brother, came with Emanuel, married Sally Lusk, a relative of Joseph, pioneer, of Eardley. He lived on a part of the farm now owned by Robert, his nephew. He left no children.

Michael Radmore, the fourth brother, came with Emanuel, but returned to England. He came again in 1859, and settled in Montcalm County, below Montreal, where he died. His son Philip came to his uncle Calvin's, in South Hull. He married Charlotte, Calvin's daughter, and lived on the Radmore farm until 1894, when he left to go to Ottawa, where he still resides.

In the latter part of the eighteenth century there came over from Germany the progenitor of one of Aylmer's prominent families, **George Rainboth** by name. He settled in Argenteuil County, P.Q. Among his sons was one bearing his own name, and in turn his son George came to Aylmer in 1845. He married Emily O'Dougherty from Perth. They lived in what had been the McCarthy House, which stood where is now Councillor John Watt's home. It burned in the latter nineties.

Children: George, m. Mary Corrigan; Edward, m. Elizabeth, daughter of James McArthur, one of the first surveyors of Manitoba; John, m. Georgiana Perrier; Ruby, m. B. G. Street, whose ancestor, old Captain Street came to March in 1818; Mary, m. James Toney, of Perth; Alfred, J., m. Mabel, daughter of Robert Stewart; and Frank, now in Phoenix, Arizona.

Notes: Nearly all of the sons are surveyors, contractors or civil engineers. George, once Mayor of Aylmer, is now running the International line between Canada and Vermont—a re-survey of the line. Edward who owns "Spruce Lawn," the beautiful old home of the Rollins', later the Snow place on the Aylmer Road. He is a civil engineer, and at present in charge of that part of the Georgian Bay Canal line, between the mouth of the Gatineau and Des Joachims, at the head of Lake Allumette. To him much is due the Water Works of Aylmer, and his plans were used in laying out the system. His plans for the sewerage system are now before the Council.

John is a civil engineer and railway contractor. A. J. is with his brother George, on the International line.

Rainbow, Wm., came from England. He first went to Brazil, returned to England, and in 1875 he came to South Hull, settling on the Eardley Road a short distance west of Aylmer. He married Rebecca Hayden, also of England. They had but one child, a daughter, Adelaide, who married Austin Price.

NOTES: Rainbow was for a number of years foreman for the Conroys. Both he and his wife died in 1905, but six weeks apart. They were each in their 80th year, there being but six days difference in their ages.

Whilst they were living, there were—in the family—four generations, of the number, three great grandchildren.

A REMARKABLE FACT.

Two of the children of the fourth generation had three great grandmothers, two great grandfathers, two grandmothers, and two grandfathers.

This family should have no trouble in passing for life insurance!

Rajotte, Oliver, came from Sorel to Aylmer in 1855. He married Edwidge Samartin. Children: Oliver, now on Sudbury police, unm.; Paul, m. Miss Rheau; Narcisse, m. ———?; Louisa, m. ——— Villeneuve; and Mary, m. ——— Menuier.

Narcisse Rajotte, brother of Oliver, came to Aylmer in 1856. He married Angel Boucher. Children: Angel, unm.; Lavina, m. Michael Guertin; Louisa, m. (1) Peter Mantel, (2) Leon Madore; Constance, unm.; Narcisse, m. Mrs. Harris, nee Mary A. Plaunte; Monique, m. Ovide Cormier; Mary, m. Alex. Trottier; Josephine, m. Joseph Villeneuve; Azilda, m. Joseph J. Perrault; and Filonise, m. Narcisse Cormier, jr.

Captain Alexis Rajotte, a relative of Oliver and Narcisse, came to Aylmer from Sorel in 1856. He married Elizabeth Murphy, sister of Captain J. L. Murphy, capitalist. Children: Lena, m. Robert Shipman; John L., went to California; Joseph, unm.; Alice, m. Michael Sheardon; Dr. Fabre, now in San Francisco, unm.; Wilhemina, m. ——— Lapierre; and Edmond and Francis, unm.

Louis Rajotte, from Sorel, came to Aylmer in 1858. He married Miss Marion, of Pembroke. Children: Gladis, now a nurse in New York, unm.; Louis and three others made up the family. I could not learn the names. Two of the sons are now in Dawson City.

Timothé Rajotte, brother of Alexis and Louis, came to Aylmer in 1859. He married (1) Ellen Farley, (2) Anna Montgomery. Children: all by second marriage, and young: Gladis V., Nellie J. and Wm. H.

Ramsay, James, came to South Hull, from West Cumberland, England, in 1883. He purchased the east half of lot 23, R. 5, where he still

resides. He married Mary J., daughter of Samuel Ferris. Children (young): Helen A., Mary J., Mabel V., Samuel H., Margaret A., Cecil R., and Myrtle B.

Reilly, P. J., came to Aylmer from Ireland in 1855. He married Mary, sister of James Mulligan. Children: Eleanor, unm.; James, m. Anna Hamilton; Sarah, m. P. L. White; Thomas, m. Florence, daughter of Richard Chamberlain; Mary L., m. (1) M. L. Charbott, (2) N. E. Cormier; and G. H., unm.

Richard, Alex., (pronounced Rishor) came to Hull City from Malone, New York, in 1865. He shortly after removed to a farm on the Chelsea Road, just beyond the city limits. Here he has built up a large brick business. He married Virginia Dourocher. They have four children: the eldest just reaching manhood. They are: Alex., Angeline, Alma and Yevonne.

NOTE: Richard is a member of the South Hull Council and is very popular in the Township.

The family of Richard is the most remarkable in the Valley, if not unique in Canada. Alex., sr., is living in Hull City at the age of 94. He has three sisters and two brothers over 80, and one brother 74. The youngest of the family died at 72, while in 1902 a sister died at the age of 103.

Alex., sr., was in the Papineau Rebellion of 1837-8, and was banished to the United States, where he remained for many years.

Richards, Ambrose, now living on the Mountain Road in the Moffatt settlement, is a grandson of Job Moore, the noted lumberer. He married Susan Dunton. He long resided in Eardley, where he was born in 1843. Children: George, Edw., Henry, John, Donald, Howard, unm.; Jennie, m. C. C. Allen, grandson of John Allen, the pioneer; Maud, m. Thomas Fleury; Nellie, m. Henry Ormond; Theresa, m. Herbert Price; Catherine, m. George Waterton; Beatrice, m. John Allen (brother); and May, m. Alex. Waterson (brother).

The Richards farm was the old John Gordon (of Aylmer note, father of the well known Ottawa lawyer) property.

Riley, George, came from England to Aylmer in 1885. He married Margaret Ramsey. Children: Margaret, Mary, Fannie, Daisy and Janet. He now resides on the Perrier farm just west of Aylmer.

Ritchie, Robert, came to Aylmer in 1840. He married Mary McCullough. Children: Ann Jane, m. Dr. Daniel Beatty; Sarah, m. Dr. Thomas R. Palmer; Elizabeth, m. Richard Chamberlain; Mary, m. C. W. Deegan; Isabella, single; Richard, m. (1) Frances Grout, (2) Anna, daughter of Henry Hurdman; Robert, m. Lucy Rollston; Thomas, m. Emma, daughter of John McLean; Agnes H., m. P. G. Nash; Edna F., died young; Samuel F. E., m. Agnes E. Darby; and Joseph, m.——?

Mr. Ritchie was at the battle of the Windmill, at Prescott. It was he who battered in the door with a sledge hammer. As the door flew open he encountered a man with a scythe blade, and but for the top frame of the door, this particular family of Ritchie had never been known in Aylmer. The man struck at Mr. Ritchie with full force, but the frame caught the blow, and no harm was done. History does not record the fate of the other fellow.

He came to Aylmer in 1850. He always took an active interest in municipal affairs, being many times in the Town Council. In politics, like the father, the sons are active Conservatives.

The two sons, Robert and Thomas, are bringing back to Aylmer its old prestige as a lumber centre. Beginning in a small way in about 1896, they have gone rapidly forward until they are now ranked amongst enterprising mill men of the River. They recently purchased a limit of 170 square miles on the Petewawa River, and keep about 200 men the year round—in the mill in summer and in the woods in the winter. There is no

mill in Canada with the same facilities that will exceed its cut of fifteen million feet of lumber.

Thomas has long been connected with municipal matters, being many years in the Town Council, and from 1892 to 1898 was Mayor. He is at present a member of the Council. He is active in church and school affairs, being a member of the Protestant School Board.

The villagers delight in speaking of the good qualities of mother Ritchie, who was noted for her kindness of heart. It is told of her, when her sons were one season, questioning the advisability of getting out a cut of timber—lumber being so very low in price—that she said: "Go boys, you may not make any money but you will give work to the poor men who sorely need employment to support their families." She was ever thinking of others, and what she might do for them. It is such as she who will be remembered long after the leaders of society and fashion will have been forgotten. It is such as she who must make the world better.

Rivet, Louis, came from Bytown in 1852. He married Delphine Perron. Children: Josephine, m. Oliver Granier; Louise, unm.; Telmon, m. Amelia Chartran; Wilfrid, w.t.s.; Samuel, now in Vancouver, m. Minnie McEvey; Isaldo, m. Joseph Brazeau; and Valmour, unm.

Rivington, Joseph, was born in Carp. When 15 years old he came for a year to the Aylmer Road, where he lived with Robert Roberts. Nearly fifty years after he returned in 1901 and purchased a part of the Joseph Lebell farm. He married Anna J. Shore, a daughter of one of the old pioneers of Goulbourne. Children: Carrie, James G. and Wm. H.

NOTE: As elsewhere mentioned it was in the house where now Mr. Rivington resides, that was celebrated the first mass, by the early Catholics. To Mr. Rivington I am indebted for much old data of the Road. From him I learned the date when the three young men were drowned at the Chaudiere Falls—"Benjamin Moore and Wm. Wright—likewise Asa Young." "It must have been in about 1843," said Mr. Rivington "as I used often to hear the people talking of this occurrence, and they spoke of it as being about 12 or 14 years before I came. They were the first, or near the first, buried in Bellview cemetery, which was right near where Mr. Roberts lived. I remember how the people for miles up and down used to sing the old song about the drowning." I had long tried to find this date but had not found any one who could remember it, until I met Mr. Rivington.

Roberts, Thomas M., came from North Wales in 1826. He went to Huntley, and in 1834 came to Aylmer. He married (1) a widow, Mrs. Sparrow, (2) Ellen Erskine. Children by first wife: Jane, m. John Fraser; and Margaret, unm., now in Mold, North Wales. Children by second wife: Robert A., m. Mary J. Burns; John, unm.; Anna, m. George A. Collins; Thomas M., m. Mary Jones; and Nellie, unm.

Thomas M., jr., went to Clinton, Missouri, many years ago, where for 30 of these years he has been with the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railroad, in charge of the Clinton station.

This is the Roberts family that once owned the farm on the Aylmer Road where now is the Conroy part of Bellview Cemetery.

Rockbrune, John, better known by the name of "Rock," came from St. Andrews, P.Q. He came first to Bytown, and in 1855 to Aylmer. He married Olizime Laduseur. Children: Emily, m. Prida Blanchet; George, m. Frances Robataille; Elizabeth, m. Albert Kidder; Louisa, m. Arthur Langevin; John, m. Louisa Deneau; Joseph, unm.; Angel, m. Alex. Burns; Frank, m. Amo Bruneau; and Moses, m. Anestine Ayotte.

NOTES: In 1854 two Rifle Companies were organized in Bytown. They were known as No. 1 and No. 2 Rifles, but called, by the boys, "The Sleepies" and "Dwyer's Devils." Captain George Patterson was at the head of the English speaking company and Joseph B. Turgeon, with

Dr. Beaubien as Assistant, was at the head of the other, or French speaking volunteers. Neither of the two latter could drill the men so the company was turned over to Tim Dwyer, a retired Sergeant of the line. Tim had charge of the drilling of both companies. He had no trouble with the "Sleepies", so long as he could keep them awake, but with the French boys he had a time trying to make them understand. They could catch but one command, and as Tim soon lost all hope of making them understand another, he used that on all occasions. That one command was: "Stip 'round ye Divils," and they "Stipped."

I mention this here, as John Rockbrune was a member of "Dwyer's Divils," and later when he came to Aylmer, was of much service in the organization of the early militia company of the village. Tim Dwyer used to come out and help Captain Campbell teach the boys to "Stip." John's year's training stood him in good stead when he got here.

Very few of the old company are left, but John says: "I'm pegging away, same's I was a half century ago."

Rousseau, Joseph, came to Aylmer in 1855. He married Deleor Reno, who, at his death, became Mrs. Henry Amlen. Children: Lea, m. Michael Grendon; Nelson, m. Theresa Quinn; and Josephine, m. Delphos Leblanc.

Routliffe, George, another of the Englishmen who came in 1816. He settled on lot 16, R. 4. He married Alidia Prentiss. Children: Mary, m. Ruggles Allen (1837); Wm. m. Elizabeth Babb; Elizabeth, m. Edw. Ryan; Deborah, m. —? Chugg; George, m. Amelia Babb; James, m. Melissa Spearman, the daughter of the first Aylmer blacksmith; Richard, m. Phoebe Badham; Arabelle, m. John Irish; Sarah, m. Edmond Bartlett; Victoria, m. George Reid; Albert, m. Arabella Robinson; Valentine and Valory, twins. The former, m. Irene, daughter of George Simmons, the latter, m. Hugh McCagg of Pontiac; Alice, m. Cornelius McCagg (brothers); and one daughter died young. This is a remarkable family, in that, of the fifteen children, of six sons and nine daughters, the sons are all living and the daughters are all dead.

Roy, Joseph, (King) came to Aylmer from East Templeton in 1861. He married Delina Renaud. Children: Delima, m. Joseph Fortin; Azilda, m. Ovide Leveque; Joseph, m. Anna Amna; and Edmond and Radolph, unnm.

Ryan, Edward, one of the early wagon-makers, came to Aylmer from Ireland in 1849. He married Elizabeth, daughter of George Routliffe. Children: John, m. Catherine Meagher; Edward, m. —?; Lydia, m. Richard Fogarty; and Margaret, m. G. H. McKinley, of Clayton, N. Y.

Wm. Ryan came from Ireland to Hull in 1855. He married Charlotte O'Neill. Children: Mary, m. Thomas Young; Ellen, m. Michael Dunn; Susan, m. John Welsh; James, unnm.; Wm., m. Theresa Mulvihill; and Robert and James, unnm.

S

Sayer, R. H., came from Ogdensburg, New York, in 1860. He married (1) Caroline Watt, (2) Caroline Cuzner. Children: Caroline, m. Edw. A. Mulligan, the well known physician of Maniwaki; and Nettie, m. F. W. Allen.

Mr Sayer is one of the substantial business men of the Valley, largely interested in the Dowd Milling Company. He is a lover of a good horse, which indicates sterling qualities. He has bred some of the best in the country.

The stranger in town is always given the *wrong* side of the character of all the rest of the citizens. If one have a wrong side some one is sure

to point it out. The *pointer* thinks the stranger wants to know all the ill, when in fact he would rather know only the good. Here is a man whom everybody in town seems to take a pleasure in even going out of the way to say pretty things about. I asked, one day, "Why?" Said one: "He's always doing things for people, that's why people like him." There is a whole sermon in that, and I may take a day off some time and preach it to you. Too many leave out the "*things for*" in the above sentence, and go through life "*doing*" people, and while they may roll together a lot of money, they are not content. But I'll not give you the sermon now, even though I have a good *sayer* for a text.

Later on his brother James came. He married Louise Fletcher. Children: Wm., m. Alice Fenn; Nellie, m. Professor A. M. Grimes; Sarah, m. Albert Godwin; and Caroline, unm.

Thomas Sayer, another brother of R. H., came in 1868. He married Mary A., a daughter of the well known Bytown pioneer, Mark Cuzner, and sister to Mrs. R. H. Sayer. Children: Wm. J., m. Catherine Wilson of Shawville; Mark, Bertha, now a teacher in the Academy, and Jennett, unm.

Mr. Sayer, now the Mayor of Aylmer, has long been identified with the best interests of the town since its incorporation in 1890, which year he was chosen, by acclamation, as a Councillor, which office he filled from 1890 up to 1904, which year he was elected Mayor. He is a man who *does*. He is one who has a mind of his own and knows how and when to act.

He was instrumental in getting electric lights and waterworks into the town. He is now agitating sewerage, but will not succeed. This would be too radical advance in his time. Too many people might want to come to build in Aylmer if so wise a move be made, and wise moves should be made very slowly. Rashness in forward movements is thought not to be proper—not proper for this generation. It will, of course, be done some time. It will have to be, else Fraserville may outstrip it as a suburb to the Capital.

Mr. Sayer did his part toward bringing the Hull Electric Road to Aylmer, and on to Queen's Park—two miles up the lake.

In October of 1905 Mr. Sayer was appointed a Justice of the Peace. This is a wise appointment. Thomas will make a good J. P. as he will be fair in his judgments and will render judgment with no resentment.

A J. P. is a provincial appointment, and once made, stands on good behavior, so that the Mayor's life address will be "Squire Sayer."

The Mayor is largely engaged in mica mines, having an interest in one of the most promising mines in the Ottawa Valley.

His one aim seems to be the upbuilding of Aylmer. In everything that tends to the advancement of the town he is most active. Socially, he is the life of any gathering of the young people, and since Aylmer is becoming noted for its social functions, the Mayor is 'right at home' in forwarding the events.

Just now he is putting forth all efforts in bringing manufacturing companies to this town of ideal sites, for such industries as require lumber and good rail facilities.

Shehan, Daniel, came in 1850. Children: Johannah, m. John McDonald; Jeremiah, m. Margaret McDonald; Daniel, m. Ellen Conners; and Ellen, m. Francis Bourgeau.

Shepherd, Wm., came to Aylmer from England in 1836. He married Ellen Brady. Children: Joseph, m. Sarah Hamilton, of Fitzroy; Wm., m. Emma, daughter of Louis Lebell; and Eliza, m. Alphonse Terrien.]

Simmons, Benjamin, came from England with Ruggles Wright, in 1816, along with the others, mentioned elsewhere. He died January 4th, 1837. He married Gertrude, the daughter of Joshua Losee, a U. E. Loyalist. "Losee, the Circuit Rider," one of the very first Methodist preachers in this part of Canada was a cousin. Children: Sarah, unm.;

Benjamin Alonzo, unm. He went to Australia; George, m. Elizabeth, daughter of Samuel Pink, pioneer; Elizabeth, m. Arthur Smart, of Clarendon; and Wm., m. Anna E., daughter of John Cook, pioneer. Wm. has always been a prominent figure in South Hull, having been Mayor from 1887 to 1892, and long one of the Council.

Smith, Dryden, came from England to Aylmer in 1841. He married Mary A. McCrum. Children: Thomas M., m. Mary A. Hawkins; and Mary A., m. Henry Irish.

Smith, James, came to the Eardley Road, to the near west of Aylmer, in the early thirties. The date of his coming I could not learn, but I find his name among the four who, in 1838, signed the petition for the first Catholic Church in Aylmer. He married Christina McCollum. His children were: Michael, James, John, Mathias, Peter and one daughter, Jane, who married Andrew Keon. I did not learn the names of the wives of the sons. Mr. Frank Murtagh married a granddaughter of Andrew Keon.

Smith, John Bacon, came from Newfoundland. He married May Church, of Quebec. Children: Dollie, Fred'k, Irene and Wm.

Mr. Smith has been with R. & T. Ritchie, as bookkeeper, for a number of years, but has recently gone to British Columbia.

Smith, Thomas, came from Belfast, Ireland, in 1840. He first came to Lachine, and after going to other places finally settled in Aylmer.

He married Elizabeth Robinson. Children: Thomas, m. (1) Jennie (2) Victoria Poole, Elliott; Edward, unm.; Joseph, m. Catherine McGuire; John, m. Margret Craig; James, now in Luther, Michigan, m. Margaret Gormully; Mary, m. Alex. Miller; Sarah, m. Robert Doneghay; Elizabeth, unm.; and Agnes, m. John Story.

NOTE: All are living but Edward, who died at 28.

Mr. Smith was a once famous blacksmith, or as he used to say: "I'm both a black and bright smith." He used to do all the smithing for the thirteen steamboats that plied on the Deschenes Lake.

He was an active church worker, having been twenty years a Trustee in the Methodist Church.

Souliere, Peter, came at about the same time with Longpré and settled to the east of Aylmer. He came from Montreal. Children: Cerile, m. Delemos Longpré; Peter, m. Elizabeth Longpré; Clement, m. Julia Longpré; Mrs. Joseph Charlebois; Mrs. Charles Dubeault; Mrs. Alfred Quinn; Frank, the Aylmer grocer, married Caroline Whelan; Wm., m. Adele Bourgeau; Moses, m. Deuis Dozois; and Aurelia, single.

Spearman, Andrew, an early blacksmith, came in 1831. His children were: Mary, John, Andrew, Jane, Mrs. James Routliffe and Wm., m. Emma Bullis.

St. Jean, Joseph, came to Aylmer in 1873. He married Margaret Fortin, of Eardley. Children: Joseph, m. Almira Richer; Wm., m. Elizabeth Dubois; Rosa, and Delphine, unm.; Philius, m. Louise Bonais.

St. Julien, Judge Joseph T., one of Aylmer's most prominent citizens, was born in L'Original, Ontario. He started as a farmer boy, and by his unaided efforts worked his way through, first the Rigaud College and then the University of Ottawa. This he did by working on a farm, teaching school and by other means, until he had gained his first object, an education. Law was his second ambition, which having attained, he began practice in Montreal, but later came to Ottawa and passed for Ontario. He settled in Hull and in 1833, when he was made Judge, he removed to Aylmer. His Division comprises Ottawa, Terbonne and Pontiac—holding court in as many as thirteen places throughout the District.

He married, first, Marie Louise Papineau, a relative of the famous Joseph. The one child to live was Augustine, who became the wife of F. A. Labelle, the well known Notary of Hull City, and brother of Father

A. A. Labelle, of Pt. Paul's, Aylmer. In 1884 he married as his second wife, Rosa, the daughter of John Poupore, the kindest man who ever lived in the Valley of the Ottawa. Margaret Eva is their one child.

I never tire of sounding the praises of John Poupore. I need but the excuse. I am ever hearing reason of the praise, and but herald it that his memory, in a little part, may be kept fresh. No wonder he died poor, so far as this world's material wealth goes, but the good he did will ever be a richer inheritance than millions in gold, to his descendants.

St. Pierre, Wm., came in 1864. He or some of his family have been with the Peter Church family for more than forty years. Children: Angel, m. Ephraim Cote; Joseph, m. Casildé Corriere; Edmire, m. Peter Valée; Selema, m. Oliver Gendron; Rosale, m. John Lortie; Michael, m. Delemos Touclouff; Abram, w.t.s.; Flora, m. Alphonse Perrier; Amedee, d. y.; Holympe, drowned; and Dorsina, m. Hosa nna Leblanc, and is yet with the Church family, in charge of the Church farm in the Benedict settlement. The old mother, at 79, is with Dorsino.

Stevenson, Daniel, came to South Hull from Quebec. He married Ellen, daughter of James Cassidy, and now resides on the Cassidy farm on the Deschenes Road, near the fourth concessi on. He had but one son, James, who married Anna Welsh, daughter of Martin, of the Mountain Road.

Stewart, Robert, came in 1828 and settled on lot 14, R. 2, now owned and occupied by his son Samuel. He married Jane, the only daughter of David Benedict, and granddaughter of Samuel, the pioneer, who came in 1801. His children were: David, m. Jane, daughter of Robert Kenny; Samuel, m. (1) Jennie Radmore, (2) Mary, another daughter of Robert Kenny; Robert, m. Elizabeth Smith, of Quebec, a cousin of the well known Colonel Robert Brown, of the Princess Louise Dragoons, of Ottawa; Jennie, m. Joseph Dowd, whose son "H. S." is at the head of the great Dowd Milling Company; Lucy, m. Charles Wright, of Aylmer; Maria, m. Wm. B. McAllister; and Clarissa, m. Hector McLean, many times Mayor of Eardley, and possibly the most popular who has lived in the township since its start.

Sullivan, Thomas, came from Wexford, Ireland, to Aylmer in 1855. He married Julia O'Leary. Children: Mary, now in Alpina, Michigan; Julia, m. Bidwell Waters, in Alpina; Daniel, m. Elizabeth Earle; and James, (also in Alpina), unm.

Mrs. Sullivan died in 1898, aged 98.

Sutherland, David, came from Ramsay, Ont., to Aylmer in 1865. He married (1) Hannah J., daughter of Wm. McConnell, (2) Eleanor A. McConnell, a sister of his first wife. Children: Wm. A., one of the popular young men with the Hull Electric; and Jeanie A., both unm.

Mr. Sutherland was for nineteen years with E. B. Eddy and the Upper Ottawa Improvement Company, when he became disabled. He is now residing in Hull City.

Symmes. There is possibly no family in the Ottawa Valley whose ancestry can be traced so far back as can that of the Symmes. It is often said that it is not safe to trace the tree too far back, lest there be something found hanging to one of the limbs, but in this instance every twig was as clean and smooth three centuries ago as to-day, and that is paying a compliment to the twig of ye olde days.

The first Symmes whose name has come down to us was Wm., born nearly four hundred years ago. His son in turn was also Wm.

The pioneer to come to America was the Rev. Zechariah, son of Wm., jr. He was born at Canterbury, England, on April 5th, 1599. He came to Boston in 1634, landing on September 18th. He preached in Charlestown for 37 years, and was a remarkable character aside from his ability as a preacher.

SYMMES LINE FROM ZECHARIAH TO CHARLES,
FOUNDER OF AYLMEY.

Captain Wm., son of Zechariah, baptized January 10th, 1626.

Wm., born 1678. He married Ruth Connors.

John, born 1720. Married Abigail Dix.

Captain John, born 1755. Married Elizabeth Wright, sister of Philemon and Thomas. She was born in 1757, being two years older than Thomas.

This brings us to their son Charles, the founder, who was born April 4th, 1798. He married Hannah Ricker, April 6th, 1824, she was from Bath, New Hampshire.

Charles was the youngest son of Captain John Symmes, who was in his time a most prominent character. He was first an officer in the American Revolution, and afterward a wealthy mill owner, and connected with many industries. Charles came to Hull in 1816, and later to Aylmer.

Children of Charles and Hannah: Abigail (b. 1826), m. Henry Richardson Symmes, her cousin; Elizabeth (b. 1829), m. Peter Aylen; Sarah Jane (b. 1831), m. Richard W. Cruice; John Thomas (b. 1836), m. Harriat Grimes; Thomas John (twin, b. 1836), m. Mary Weymouth; Edmund (1838), unm; and Tiberius Wright (1842), m. Lila Ritchie.

Besides the family of Charles, the Founder, there have three other Symmes lived in Aylmer, and were long identified with the village. Of the three not a member of one of their families is left. All are gone to various parts of Canada or returned to the States,

The following I culled from the Symmes book—the book from which I have gathered much valuable information about other of the early pioneers—the Symmes being connected with many of them.

Thomas Russell Symmes, a nephew of Charles, the pioneer. He was born in 1812, and came from Mass. when a young man. He married Harriat, a daughter of Moses Edey. Children: Elizabeth, Sarah, Thomas, Russell, Albert, Jane and Edey.

Charles Carey Symmes, son of Deacon John, was born in 1814. He came to Aylmer in 1830, when he was a boy of 16. In 1840 he married Lydia Fletcher Clark, of Tewksbury, Mass. He died of cholera at Three Rivers, P.Q., August 4th, 1854. Children: Charles H., Edward C., and the last, Francis Edward, became the founder of the Christian Endeavor Society. He married Harriet Abbott, of Andover, Mass.

Mrs. Symmes was a noted educationist, and a very superior woman. She conducted a school after her husband's death. This school was, for a time where now resides T. A. Howard, on Main Street, but the place best known and remembered by the old people was Cherry Cottage, just at the edge of Aylmer, to the north.

After her death, March 26th, 1859, her brother, the Rev. Edward W. Clark, adopted Frank, the only one of the children that lived beyond his mother. His name was changed to Francis Edward Clark. Of him the whole world knows.

Henry Richardson Symmes, a brother of Charles Carey, was born in 1818. He came to Aylmer, and March 25th, 1842, he married his cousin, Abigail, daughter of Charles, pioneer. Children: Henry C. (b. 1843), m. Jennie T. Brown; John A. (b. 1845), m. Fannie Clark; Mary E., unm; Hannah P.; Luther R.; Margaret M. (1858,) m. Charles Morse; Kate; and Agnes A. (1866), m. Hugh McCulloch and lives in Galt, Ont.

As the Symmes book was written in 1873, I can give only a partial record.

In 1858 Henry left Aylmer and went to Three Rivers, where he long resided as Superintendent of Public Works, on the St. Maurice River.

de Salaberry. There has recently come to Aylmer a man whose ancestral tree is the oldest in Canada, and possibly dates farther back than any other on the continent. It extends back to the Kings of Navarre, when in 825 A.D. the son of Garcia the first son of "Semon" duc of Vasconie, was proclaimed King, or Prince of Navarre. Four kings followed in succession. The branches of the tree bear the names—from age to age—of the Dukes of Gascony; En Ezi (first Viscount of Sault); Viscount of Sault, to Fort-Aner, who in 1072 became Viscount of Bayonne and Labourd, Signor and Baron of de Sault and Chalosse. The next branch, in 1210, we find the line carried by Pierre Arnaud, son of Arnaud, Baron de Sault and St. Pee. This line ran on through three houses, to Raymond de Sault, son of Pierre Arnaud, in 1233, when the head of the house was d'Irumberry. Through nine successions we come, in 1422, to Pierre d'Irumberry, Knight Baron Signor of d'Irumberry and de Salaberry. Nine more successions bring the family down to (1659) Martin d'Irumberry de Salaberry, Signor of Irumberry and de Salaberry, who was the father of Michel d'Irumberry de Salaberry, Captain of the French man-of-war, Le Chariot Royal. Michel was born in 1690. He was the head of the family in Canada. He came over in 1735. He was the father of the Honorable Colonel Louis Ignace d'Irumberry de Salaberry. We now come to one of the most prominent figures in Canadian history—the man who did much toward preventing annexation, by scaring off—with a handful of French farmers and a few hundreds of Indians—our General Wade Hampton, from taking Montreal, which he would have done had he not run away, at the battle of the Chateauguay, since his force was so greatly superior to that of Colonel Charles Michel d'Irumberry de Salaberry. Canada has justly honored his name for his bravery and shrewdness at that battle. His son was Lt.-Colonel Charles deSalaberry, father of the subject of this sketch, René de Salaberry, late of Chambly, P.Q.

Mr. de Salaberry, with his thousand or more years of honorable ancestry, makes not half the pretence that many a man whose father had started a simple chore boy.

NOTES: Colonel Louis Ignace de Salaberry was Major of the first French Canadian Regiment in Canada, under English rule. This regiment was commanded by the Baron of Longueuil, who resigning, was succeeded by Major de Salaberry, who, later was made Commanding Officer of all Quebec militia. He defended St. Johns, P.Q., and Fort Chambly against the American troops in 1776. He was twice wounded. He was made a member of the Legislative Council. He was an intimate friend of the Duke of Kent (father of Queen Victoria), who gave commissions to his five sons. These sons distinguished themselves in the building of the British Nation of the nineteenth century. Four of the five were killed—two in Spain and two in the West Indies. The one who came back became the hero of Chateauguay—the Hon. Charles Michel de Salaberry, C.B.

It was Michel Q., founder of the family in Canada, who in an early naval engagement blew up his ship, rather than surrender it to the enemy, who were then his later friends, the English. He was rescued by Indians from drowning, and reached Quebec, through the forest. He was ordered back to France where, at La Rochelle, he died in 1760.

Of this once numerous family, there are but three left in Canada—the subject of this sketch and two cousins.

René de Salaberry was educated at L'Assomption College. He took degrees at Laval University—Montreal and Quebec. He was admitted to the bar in 1896. He began practice in Joliet District and is now in the Ottawa District since 1901. He is becoming one of the most successful practitioners in the District, having carried through cases which had attracted wide attention. He married Miss R. Faribault in 1894. Their children are: Louise, Bernard and John.

T

Taylor. James Finlayson Taylor's life might fill a volume of itself, and in that volume would be little but what was interesting, but there are too many such characters in the Valley to devote more than a passing note, since in the end—who'd pay the printer? In Taylor's case I am quite willing to do so since I am greatly indebted to him for many things about which, but for him, I would not have known. What he has told may be found in various parts of this book. Then what he has told is of more than of interest to the family, which reminds me of a very generous lady who said: "Rube, you should put my father's picture in your book."

"Why so?" I asked in surprise.

"Yes, and if you will I will loan you his photograph if you promise to not injure it and return it, and pay for the cut yourself."

"Yes, but why should I do all this?"

"Why? Have you forgotten all the information I gave you—about father?"

This was quite equalled by a rich lady who said one day: "Rube, you should put Granma's picture in your book. She's so old."

Granma being a dear old lady, I said: "Yes, it would be nice to have her in. You pay for the cut and I'll put it in."

"Aw, that's different. I don't believe Granma wants in," and Gramma's not to be, so don't look for her. (Neither of these ladies are in need of a 'nerve' tonic as they are quite healthy).

But this is not telling you about James Finlayson Taylor, who came from Ireland, some time before 1815. He came first to Hull Village and worked for Philemon Wright. He was a blacksmith when he came, but being educated beyond nearly all others of the Colony, Wright soon had him in his office looking after the books. He was, as elsewhere mentioned, always chosen secretary at meetings of every sort. He was the moving spirit in everything of an uplifting nature—Church, Sunday School meetings of all public gatherings, where a secretary was required.

He married (1) Mary Wright, daughter of Philemon and widow of Ephraim Chamberlain, (2) Nancy Olmstead, daughter of Gideon, (3) Elizabeth Edey, daughter of Moses.

He was born 1796 and died in 1868. He was buried in the Edey burying ground just outside the west line of Aylmer.

His children were all by his second wife: James, unm. He was killed by being run over by the car, near "The Cedars"; Gideon, m. Margaret Cuthbert; Robert, went to California, and of him I have no record; and Margaret, m. Nelson Edey, son of Moses.

Taylor, W. R., the Manager of the Hull Electric Railway is a son of the late well known A. H. Taylor, Appraiser of Customs, who came from Scotland when a young man, and who was Agent of the Grand Trunk Railway for 32 years in Ottawa.

W. R. married Florence, daughter of the late Thos Nelson, of Ottawa, a lineal descendant of the Hero of Trafalgar, Admiral Lord Nelson. Children: (all small), Harvey, Florence, Gordon and Bessie.

Mr. Taylor has been for nine years with the Hull Electric, bringing the service up to great perfection. He was formerly for ten years, with the Missouri Pacific, and stationed in St. Louis. He resides in Aylmer, his pretty home being at the trolley turn at Main Street.

Mr. Taylor is prominent in Masonry, being 2 years Master of King Solomon Lodge, Aylmer; a member of Ottawa Lodge of Perfection, 14°; and of Murray Chapter Rose Croix, 18°. He is also a Lieutenant in the 43rd Regt., D.C.O.R. He is a Presbyterian—a member of St. Andrew's in Ottawa.

Rev. R. F. Taylor, at present the Rector of Christ Church—Anglican—of Aylmer, came from Kingston, Ontario, in 1894. He married Emily

Booth, a relative of the great Edwin Booth. She is the daughter of the famous electrical inventor, Richard Booth, who laid the first electric cable across Niagara Falls. This had been looked upon as a physical impossibility. He was the inventor of the glass insulator and many other things of value. The noted old teacher of Montreal, Thomas Duncan, was also a relative of Mrs. Taylor.

They have one child—a brilliant *Ruby* if one may judge from her being the originator of the bit of humor that went the rounds of the papers, some time since. Her father and a guest were talking about a program for some meeting. As a bit of preface I might say that the family servant, at the time, was given to hysteria, and Ruby had heard the ailment much talked of.

"I would suggest," began the guest, "that we discuss something historical."

"Better *cuss* something *hysterical*. She needs it," said Little Ruby who was sent from the room, instantler, but her joke went the rounds, reaching even to the other side.

Thibeau, Alphonse, came from Montebello, in 1870. He married Amelia Chaullette. Children: Elizabeth, m. Philomom Daoust; Heloise, unm.; Victor, m. Margaret, daughter of Joseph Belanger; and Leon, unm.

Thicke, Wm. H., came to Aylmer from London, England, in 1873. He married Catherine Raymond. Children: Kate M., m. Arthur Philips, (Toronto); Wm. H., unm.; Stanley Edw., m. Isabelle Cowie, of Perth, Ont. Philip J., m. Florence ———?; Charles R., m. Jean Savage, of Ottawa; and Harry S., m. Charlotte Kelley, of Toronto.

NOTES: Mr. Thicke was manager of the Robert Conroy Estate—in charge of mills, stores, farms, limits, etc. He died in 1904, aged 76.

Wm. H., jr., is the well known Ottawa singer. Charles R. is a lithographic artist, in the Topographical Department of the Interior. His cleverness may be seen by his sketches in this book. His conception of the story and his illuminated page for the Legend of Fairy Lake is especially fine. It was only a coincidence that two of Aylmer's artists should have illustrated the "Legend of the Lake." That they have done it well is most pleasing. As elsewhere mentioned, the picture of the lake is from an oil painting, by Miss Minnie McLean, painted for the author.

Harry is also in the same Department of the Interior. Stanley and Philip are in New Liskeard.

Thomas, Charles, came in 1818, and took up lot 14, R. 5, but did not stay long. He went over to Renfrew.

Thompson, James, came to Aylmer in 1845. He married Jane Haldane. Children: James H., once the famous lacrosse player, and one of the players in the first Ottawa team organized, in about 1864. He is now with H. N. Bate & Sons' in Ottawa. He married Anna Proderick; Mary E., m. W. H. Aumond; George G., m. Josephine Stockdale; John W., m. Elizabeth Davis, sister of the Davis Brothers (M.P. and the late W. H.), contractors; Lewis H., m. Catherine Cummings, daughter of the noted old Captain who ran the Emerald so many years; Jessie, m. Gordon B. Kingan; and Anna, m. James Paton, one of the best known men in Montreal.

Not until seeking this record did I learn of the recent death of Mr.

A LOVING TRIBUTE TO JAMES PATON.

Paton. It seemed to me a personal loss. He was one of the very few who in Montreal had a regard for the visiting stranger. He showed more prominent the intricacies of the toboggan slide than any man in the city. Mark Twain took his first toboggan ride with "Jim" Paton, as did dozens of others. It was with him, or rather, he was there to see "Rube" take *his* first ride, which ended in results that may be seen in our Montreal volume.

There was a geniality about James Paton which endeared him to any one who ever met him. This may not be in place, in a family record, to speak as I do, but it is the only place I may have of expressing my love for this genial man's memory, and I cannot forego the deserved tribute, nor would you had you ever known Dear Jim Paton, as he was affectionately known by tens of thousands.

Timmons, Edward, was among the first to come to the site of Aylmer, possibly as early as 1830. He married Peggy Flynn (who after his death became Mrs. Michael Daly). Children: Noah, m. Harriat Minard; Edw., drowned; Joseph, m. Isabelle Lacroix; George, m. Anna Guertin; and Margaret, m. Frank Desermeau.

Topley, John, came from Dublin to Montreal in 1840, and to Aylmer in 1850. He married Anna Delia Harrison, of St. John, Quebec. Children: Wm. J., m. de Courcy McDonogh; H. N., m. Margaret Tasse; Anna Delia, m. Philip Thomas; John G., m. (1) Emma Russell, (2) Elizabeth Perry; and Esther, unm.

Mr. Topley was very active in the town's interest, and especially so in educational and church work. He died in 1863, aged 45.

His son, Wm. J., is the widely known Ottawa photographer. He and his son are honored by being "Photographers, by appointment, to His Excellency the Marquis of Lorne, and Her Royal Highness, the Princess Louise."

It has long been the custom of Royalty, when visiting in Ottawa, to visit this famous gallery, recently remodelled and modernized. The Duke of Albany, Prince Leopold, is probably the only one who broke the rule, and he is said to have regretted that his three hours' stay in the city would not allow him time to follow the Royal precedent.

The picture of the beautiful arch, that was put up in honor of the Prince of Wales' visit to Aylmer, was taken by Mrs. Topley, as an amateur. I am sure that many an old Aylmeran will, on seeing this picture, which I had reproduced, feel grateful to her for thus preserving this moment of that historic occasion. It shows the forest-lined main street of the village, as it looked 46 years ago. It is the finding of such old pictures as this, that makes us bless the "Amateur."

Trottier, Joseph, came from St. Benois to the Calumet Island in 1841, when that part of the country was more inhabited by the Indians than by the whites, but they were very peaceable, and gave no trouble.

He was married by Father Groex, to Honisime Richer. Children: Joseph, m. Elizabeth Gribbon; Ada, m. Louis Leslie; and Alex., who has for 26 years resided in Aylmer, m. Mary Rajotte.

W

Waller, Truman, came very early to the Aylmer Road, adjoining the Deschenes Road crossing. His children were: ———?, m. ——— Draper; ———?, m. Noah Holt; ———?, m. Calvert Haskins; Amanda, m. H. M. Fulford; ———?, m. Truman Ebert; and Laird, the man who cleared the country of wolves, or at least did so much toward it, married Abigail Moore, daughter of Dudley.

NOTES: When Mr. Waller first got here he had but a yoke of oxen to do his hauling, and farm work. Once running short of flour and not being able to get a supply any nearer than Hawkesbury, he started on the long journey down the Ottawa. He expected to be away a week, but being caught in a snow storm, he was gone four weeks. During the last two weeks the family had to subsist on corn, which they pounded up as best they could. That trip may now be made in a few hours.

I could find none of the name left in this portion of the country. There are descendants, but none could remove those many question marks.

Watson, John, came from Scotland in 1818, and took up lot 21, R. 6. He married **Christianna McCallum**. Children: **John**, m. **Miss McCallum**; **Christianna**, m. **James Wilson**; and **Nancy**, m. **John Kogan**.

The son **John** is still on the old homestead. He is nearly 90.

Watt, John, came to Aylmer from March. He married **Ann McCloy**, of Ottawa. Children: **Dr. Harold, Norman**, (now in Dawson City); **Garnet**, (also in Dawson); **Pearl, Meda** and **Florence**.

Mr. **Watt** is an active church worker, being a Deacon in the Presbyterian Church. He is interested in municipal affairs. He is on his second term as a member of the Town Council. He resides in the historic old **McCarthy House**—one of the first built in the village.

Welch, James, came to Aylmer from Ireland in 1852. He married **Anna Dewan**, also from Ireland. Children: **Julia**, m. **Thomas O'Donnell**; and **Mary**, m. **Joseph Cadieux**, of the **Cadieux** family made famous by the poet, **Louis Frechette**.

Welsh, Charles, came to Aylmer from Queens, Ireland, in 1837. He married **Mary Kelly**, daughter of **Wm. Kelly**. Children: **Bridget**, m. **Edward Lavergne**; and **Maria**, m. **John Lavergne** (brothers).

NOTES: When he came to this country the roads could hardly be called by that name. He worked for a long time for **John Egan**. He was an expert powder man and was on the improvements along the Ottawa blasting out channels for the passage of logs. He died in 1883, aged 70.

Welsh, Patrick, came from Ireland in 1835. He first settled on the mountain and then down on the mountain, lot 24, R. 8, in West Hull. He married **Ann Flannery**. Children: **Martin**, m. **Mary L. Fulford**, of the Aylmer Road, who, now a widow, owns and occupies it with her family; **Catherine**, m. **James Barrett**; **Mary**, m. **John Bradley**; **Margaret**, m. **John Hogan**; **Bridget**, m. **Michael Tierney**; **John**, m. **Ellen Roach**; **Anna**, m. **Louis Chennier**; **Wm.**, d.y.; and **Edw.**, m. **Mary Roach** (sister).

Whalen, James, came in 1846. Children: **Elizabeth**, m. **Henry Conners**; **Patrick**, m. **Maria Gibbons**; **Michael**, m. **Margaret McGrath**; and **Mary A.**, m. **Edw. Lipton**.

Patrick Whalen came from Ireland in 1851. First to Carleton County and later to the Eardley Road, west of Aylmer, not far from Queen's Park, where he yet resides. This was the old **Noah Holt** farm. He married **Catherine McGraw**. Children: **Bridget**, m. **Patrick McEwan**; **Thomas**, m. **Esther Madden**; **Catherine**, m. **Chatreau**; **Patrick**, m. (1) **Sarah Ryan**, (2) **Nellie Devine**; **Mary**, unm.; **Margaret**, m. **Wm. Lipton**; **Elizabeth**, unm.; **Ellen**, unm.; and **Michael**, m. **Sarah Harris**.

Whelan, John Thomas, came from Quebec City to Aylmer in 1876. He married **Amelia Larose**. Children: **J. T.**, the well known capitalist, now deceased, m. **Josephine Madaire**; **Amelia**, m. **Charles Bedard**; **Philomena**, m. (1) **James Miller**, (2) **A. Benchant**; **Edward**, m. **Anna Devlin**; **Alfred**, m. **Anna Boucher**; **Alex.**, m. **Frances Dubois**; **Arthur**, m. **Margaret Donais**; and **Caroline**, m. **F. Souliere**, a successful Aylmer merchant.

NOTES: **Alfred** resides in Wyandotte, Michigan. **Edward** is in Pembroke.

White, Lanty, came from South March to South Hull, where he located on the old **Wadsworth** farm, now the **James McEachren** farm. He married (1) **Sarah J. Downey**, (2) **Rachel McInall**. Children: all unm., **Robert H.**, **Wm. E.**, **Mary J.**, **Lanty** and **Isabelle**, of the first marriage. Of the second: **Elizabeth F.**, **Rachel A.** and **Emma**.

Mr. **White** has recently gone to the North-West, to **Invermay, Assa**. He is but one of hundreds now going to that wonderful land of abundance.

Peter White came over from Nepean Township in 1817 and took up lot 13, R. 5. He married a daughter of **Wm. Thompson**, also of Nepean.

He did not remain long, but went to Pembroke where his son Peter became a great lumberer and a number of terms Member of Parliament. He was Speaker of the House when his party, the Conservative, was last in power. He is again Member for Renfrew, having defeated the late Thomas Mackey, in 1904. Later: Just deceased (1906).

Woodburn, John, came from Ireland in 1840. He married Isabelle, daughter of John Cook. He was with John Haworth for a time, but later settled on lot 18, R. 5. Children: Gilmour, m. Margaret Rogers; Mary G., m. Thomas Rutledge; Anna J., m. Henry Moffatt, son of Timothy; Wm., m. Isabelle Rogers; Horatius was drowned in the Gatineau; Margaret I., Reginald and Gertrude, all died unm.

WOODBURN.

In 1839 there came to live on the Mountain Road, a short distance west of where the Deschenes-Moffatt road ends, a family, a son of which was destined to become so much to Bytown and to Ottawa. The family was that of James Woodburn, from near Belfast, Ireland, of a family whose ancestor had come first to Scotland, from Malta, as the body-guard of a great lord. From Scotland one branch went over into the North of Ireland, and from it came James, Richard, and some others, but it is of James I speak, as once a resident of South Hull.

He married Martha Mayne.

Children: Mary A., m. James Duffy; Elizabeth, m. (1) Robert Fair, (2) Richard Allen; James, m. Annie Peden; Thomas, m. Mary Powers; Wm., m. Alice Allen; George, m. Miss McFee; Robert, unm.; and last to be named, though not last as to age, comes the man who was so important a factor in Bytown and to Ottawa. This was Alex. S. Woodburn—known better by his initials, "A. S. Woodburn." He married Hannah Mills of Bytown. His children were: Sidney Alex., and Robert F., both deceased; Annie, m. Maynard S. Rogers, the well known and very popular Colonel of the Forty-Third Regiment of Ottawa; Lillian F., m. Charles M. Sparks, grandson of the founder of Bytown; Mabel, m. Allen R. Buckman, son of Captain Edward Buckman, a former U.S. Consul to Canada; and Naida, m. Hector Carruthers, holding an important position in the Survey Branch of the Government.

Mr. A. S. Woodburn was of such great assistance to me in furnishing information for "The Hub and The Spokes," that I would here give to him space worthy his memory, but that were impossible, and leave any pages for the rest of the work.

Mr. Woodburn was identified with every movement of any note, for the advancement of Ottawa. He was one of the first among the military, and when he died, in 1904, he was one of the three remaining of the "Old Guard." They are all gone now. He was the first to interest the people in the Agricultural Society, and was its Secretary. He was very active in the interest of the Old Men's Home, of which he was also Secretary. In short, A. S. Woodburn was among the first in every move for the good of his city. He was long connected with the press of the Capital, at first with others and in 1875 started the Evening Journal, now one of the great papers of the country. He saved many of the records of the city and valley, which but for him had been lost. He seemed ever to be doing for the future, and should his vast collection of data ever be published, it would be of great value to both country and city. Men of the Valley have grown rich, lived and passed away, whose very memory has long since been forgotten by the people. They left nothing but the money which has long passed from the hands of those who received it. A. S. Woodburn left no money—his life was spent for others rather than for himself, but when the selfish millionaire shall have been forgotten, there will yet remain a kindly remembrance of this man, whose life was devoted to the people.

Woods, John R., came here in 1840. At first he ran a general store. In it was the village post-office. He was postmaster longer than any other in Canada, being postmaster for 64 years. He died in 1894.

He married Zoe Desautels, sister of Monsignor Desautels, Aylmer's first priest. Children: Louise, became a sister among the Grey Nuns; Dr. J. J. E., m. Corinne, daughter of Judge Bourgeois; Aurelia, m. G. L. Dumouchel, son of the Hon. Senator Dumouchel; Guillemina, unm.; Azilda, m. August Labelle, of L'Original; Joseph, now in Frank, Alberta, unm.; and Emma, m. S. M. Genest.

NOTES: All of the children are living. Mr Woods was for twenty years in the Aylmer Council. It was during his incumbency, when Harvey Parker was Mayor, that the first sidewalks were laid.

Dr. J. J. E. Woods is another of the old coterie of which the town is justly proud. He was educated in schools in Aylmer, the Ottawa University and finished in the Classics at Montreal College. He graduated M.D., C.M. at McGill in 1875. He practised medicine in Aylmer continuously for 25 years, up to 1900. He was Mayor of the town from 1899 to 1900 and refused a re-election. He was appointed Inspector of Public Offices, Jails and Asylums, for the Province of Quebec, October, 1900, succeeding the late Dr. John Ayles, of Aylmer. As seen above, he married Corinne Albina Bourgeois, daughter of the late Honorable J. B. Bourgeois, Judge of the Superior Court, for the District of Ottawa.

The Dr. has an interesting family of two sons and four daughters.

WRIGHT GENEALOGY.

The family of Wright is one of the oldest of which we have anything like a correct record. The pioneer, "Deacon John," with his sons John and Joseph, came to America in 1630, if not earlier. In 1640 we find him taking an active part in the organization of the town of Woburn, ten miles northerly from Boston. His name appears in many of the town records of that historic place. The son Joseph was the ancestor of Thomas and Philemon. The date of his birth is not given in the records to which I had access, but his son James, the sixth child, was born March 10th, 1677. James married Elizabeth——? Their son Thomas was born in Woburn, November 12th, 1709. In those days they had a way of giving only the first name of the wife, so that Thomas' wife, Palianee, had to come down to posterity with but the single name. Their first child, born in 1757, was Elizabeth, and became the wife of Captain John Symmes, the father of Charles Symmes, founder of Aylmer. The second child was Thomas, the head of the branch of which I am writing. He was born January 13th, 1759. His marriage to Mary Sprague, is given at the first of the record. The next child was the great one of all the name—Philemon—the Founder, born 1760.

No mention of Thomas' death is given, save in an old Bible, in the possession of Mrs. Charles Wright, I found "Thomas died 1801." It is not clear which is meant, the son or the father, but later I visited the graveyard in Old Chelsea, and there I found "Thomas Wright, born Jan. 13th, 1759, died 1801," then I knew it was the grave of the sire from which had sprung this large family. It is said that his was the first death in the Colony. The monument over his grave is the oldest that I have found in my much search among the many old cemeteries in the district, and the first of which I have found any mention.

Thomas Wright.

Wright, Thomas, elder brother of Philemon, the founder of the Colony, came to Hull from Woburn, Mass., in 1800. The exact date of his coming is not known, but on March 6th of that year we find him and his family in Montreal, on their way to the county of Ottawa. He married Mary Sprague, of Cambridge, near Woburn, June 13th, 1783. From

papers in the possession of Alice Wright, his great-granddaughter, I find the names of his children, and the ages of himself, wife and children in 1800. These were as follows: "Thomas Wright, aged 41; Mary, his wife, aged 41. Children: Thomas, aged 16; John, 14; Polly, or Mary, 12; Benjamin Hooper, 11; Elizabeth, 9; Lucy, 7; and Abigail, 5." These must be correct as they are sworn to before Daniel Robinson, J.P.

On that same date he takes the oath of allegiance to King George, and makes application for lands for himself, his wife and his children.

He could not have lived long after coming to Hull, as he died in the following year, (1801), as we know by his tomb-stone, in the Chelsea grave-yard where he was buried.

Children of Thomas and Mary Sprague Wright.

THOMAS was married to Elizabeth Walker in 1815. Children: Elizabeth (b. 1816), m. Ephraim Chamberlain; Thomas (b. 1818), m. Palianee Mosher; Aaron (b. 1821), m. Jane Birtch; Philemon (b. 1823), m. Miss McMaster; Abigail (b. 1826), m. Wm. Mosher; John (b. 1828), m. Maria Fishbeck; Charlotte (b. 1830), m. (1) ? Baldwin, (2) ? Earl; Nancy (b. 1833) nr; Olive (b. 1837), m. John Charter.

The son Aaron was a Methodist preacher, as is also his son Samuel. They are the only Wrights who entered the ministry.

JOHN was married to Sibel Cummings in Hull, March 15th, 1814. Their children were: Nathaniel, m. Christina Ferguson; John, m. Mary E. Tucker; Franklin, m. (1) Rocksy Landon, (2) Hannah Hilman; Charles, m. (1) Mary P. Whitcomb, (2) Lucy Stewart; James, m. Adaline Smith and went to Riverside, California; Dr. Stephen, m. Caroline Knapp; Sabrianna, m. John Tucker (brother); Sarah, m. Charles, son of Charles Hurdman; Mary, m. Wm. Sully, of the Gatineau; Alfred, m. Harriet ? , lives at Riverside, Cal.; and Oliver went to the States, where he was a soldier in the Northern Army during the war of the Rebellion. Alfred's wife is a noted artist.

Notes on John's family: In nearly all families there is one who seems to take the lead in a business way. Among the descendants of John Wright, there are a number fairly prominent in business, but of all there is no one who takes the interest in public affairs that is taken by Church, the son of Charles. He is not only a successful business man, but is ever, unselfishly willing to do his part in matters wherein other than the dollar plays a part.

He was educated at the Albert College, Belleville. Here he took an active interest in athletics—being for two years the captain of the champion football team of the college.

He has travelled much in Europe and has the happy faculty of seeing things in a retentive manner—giving others the pleasure of his sight seeing. Some years ago he purchased the store which had long been run by the noted old citizen, T. B. Prentiss, adding other lines as his business grew. He married Fannie, daughter of Isaac Lusk, of Eardley. He has six children.

Mary married Elisha Sheffield, from Rhode Island. Children: Mary, m. Thomas Graham, of Huntley; Dorcas, m. (1) Dougherty, (2) Maclaren; Catherine, m. David Ricker, brother of Lois, (Mrs. T. Wright); Elisha, m. Catherine Dunlap; Joseph, m. Mary Morris; Harriet, m. George Hudson; Charlotte, m. Hazen Gray; Catherine, number 2, m. Elijah Smith; and Washington, m. Lydia Hudson.

Notes: The son Elisha is living, a short distance to the south of Old Chelsea, at the great age of 90—blind and deaf, but strong and in fair health, for one so aged. In him is exemplified the effects of force of habit. When combing his hair he will stand before the looking glass, as though he could see as in other days.

Benjamin Hooper.

Benjamin Hooper, the most prominent of all of Thomas' children, by reason of the active interest he ever took in public matters, was born March 29th, 1790, and died in 1851, being killed by a fall from a horse. He married Sarah Cole (1814), from Argenteuil County, P.Q. She was born October 16th, 1794, and died in 1852.

They had fifteen children: Rebecca (b. 1815), m. (1) R. J. Hutchens (2) Caleb Brooks, jr.; Benjamin, (b. 1816), m. Miss Allen, daughter of John Allen, pioneer; Emily (b. 1819), m. James McConville; Orange (b. 1821), m. Lucy, daughter of Joseph Wyman, of Woburn, Mass.; Christopher (b. 1822), m. (1) his brother Willard's widow, who was Sarah Graham of Bytown, (2) Martha, daughter of Henry Maxwell; Amos Ansley (b. 1824) no definite record. He went to the States but returned for a short time during the building of the Canal at the Chats Falls, on which he had a contract with A. McDonald; Vernalden (b. 1826), died in infancy; Willard (b. 1828), m. Sarah Graham, who, at the death of Willard became Christopher's wife, as above; Sarah (b. 1830), m. James Maxwell, no relation to the South Hull family. He was a Chelsea hotel keeper; Mary Maria (b. 1832), m. Daniel McCarthy or McCarthur, who kept the hotel in Bytown, now the Geological Museum, on Sussex street; Curtiss (b. 1833), m. Leticia Hackett; Louisa (b. 1836), m. Cornelius Cleary of Bristol; Horace A. (b. 1838), m. Sarah Price, of Horton; John Colbourne (b. 1840), m. (1) Elizabeth F. Nichol, (2) Anna Eleanor Mattice, of Toronto; and Abigail Wyman (b. 1842), m. Hugh McTavish.

To Albert E. Wright, son of Curtis, much is due the O.R.C. (Order of Railway Conductors). He is its Sec'y-Treasurer, and practically the head of the Order. He married Emma M. Simpson of Ashton, Jan. 24th, 1894. They have one child, Roy, born Jan. 10th, 1895.

He has been with the C.P.R. for over 20 years. It was to his encouraging initiative that I spent months hunting out the Wright genealogy. I am also indebted to other of Hooper Wright's descendants, as will be seen in the list of Patrons.

Elizabeth married (1) Aaron or Abram Booth, (2) she became the second wife of Samuel Edey (for record see "Edey.")

Lucy married Thomas Reid of Kirk's Ferry. Children—all sons—three of whom married three sisters from Caledonia Springs: Freeman, m. Ann Stephens; Benjamin, m. Jessie Stephens; Thomas, m. Elizabeth Stephens; Norman, m. Mary, daughter of Wm. Aylwin; James, m. Cynthia Chamberlain; Wm. m. Margaret Elder; and George, m. (1) Sarah Forman, daughter of Wm. Forman, of Green's Point, P.Q., (2) Martha, daughter of Dr. Grange of Napanee, Ont.

Thomas Reid was born in Tipperary, Ireland, in 1805. He and Lucy were married in 1825. He died Jan. 10th, 1874, aged 69. Lucy died Oct. 13th, 1883, aged 88.

Abigail the seventh and last child was born in 1795. She was the first wife of Samuel Edey. For record, see "Edey."

PHILEMON WRIGHT, THE FOUNDER OF HULL.

We see here the full exemplification of the saying, "And the first shall be last." By reason of the alphabetical arrangement the first to spy out this land of which I have written, falls last in the naming. But Philemon Wright would have been first no matter where placed. To write of him fully, would require a volume, and yet another, and both large books, since his history is so interwoven with the first half of the past century of Hull, and for that matter the old county of Ottawa, that to write of one would be to tell of the two. All of the history, known of this part of the country, is embodied in the interview which Philemon Wright gave before the Quebec Assembly, in 1820. He went minutely into the first years of the Colony, beginning with the reason of his coming to where is now Hull. He had found here that for which he had sought

over many parts of this and the adjoining province, and finding it, brought with him, men from his native town—Woburn, Mass.—to prove that he had wisely selected. Would that I had the space, in this volume, to even casually touch upon the doings of that Colony. Not a day, from the time the little band of twenty-five souls landed, that snowy March 7th, 1800, but would be fraught with intense interest. It would be a recital of the hardships endured and overcome by a band of determined men and women, with a leader who knew how to carve out of a wilderness, homes for his people.

In reading of his life, in those early days, I could not but contrast it with that of Chief McNab, who came 23 years later, and took up the township of McNab, in which Arnprior, the flourishing little city, is located. The contrast was very marked. Both received from the government much land, but while Wright looked out for the interests of his people, and was beloved by them, McNab was hated and despised by the colonists he brought with him from Scotland. In 1829, McTaggart, a well known writer of that day, wrote thus of Wright: "He was a father to his people, looking after their interests with a jealous care." On the other hand, if we may believe Alex. Fraser, his cotemporary, Chief McNab was a veritable tyrant, using his countrymen for his own benefit, grinding from them all that he could possibly grind, first by chicanery, and then by means of the most galling lawsuits, tried before his paid administrators of, so called justice.

Wright thought out plans for giving work to the colonists, establishing mills for various industries, and in all ways doing what he could to advance the community. McNab, on the other hand, thought out plans for enriching himself, at the expense of those whom he should have given kindly aid. Both received benefits—only Wright shared them. McNab neither shared nor—in the end—benefitted by these gifts from the government. Wright lived happily and in peace, and at the ripe old age of 79, with those he loved about him, died, wealthy, respected and beloved by all, while McNab, hated, his very memory despised, died alone, in a foreign land (France), old (82) and in poverty—died a pensioner of the wife whom he had discarded forty-one years previously. He died poor and neglected when he had unequalled opportunity of ending his days in affluence—respected by the people whom he had instead, so defrauded, that they hated his very name.

In a volume of this nature I cannot go into the details of a life, however much of interest it might be to the colony of which I write, and especially so when to do it justice would require my whole book. I may some time write of this great character and if I do you will find few pages that bear not an interest worthy the perusal.

Philemon Wright was born in Woburn, Mass., September 3rd, 1760. He was the son of Thomas, born 1709, whose father was James, born in 1677. James was the son of Joseph, who was born in England, as we find him and his brother John, coming over with their father, "Deacon John," in about 1630.

Philemon's mother was Elizabeth Chandler, daughter of Philemon and Elizabeth Chandler. She was the second wife of Thomas, whose first was one Palianee—last name not given—By the first marriage there were born: Palianee and Sarah, of whom there is no record. The wife died in 1748, and Thomas married again in about 1755. Their first child was Elizabeth, born in 1757. She became the wife of Captain John Symmes, whose son Charles, became the founder of Aylmer. The second was Thomas, born in 1759. He became the head of the other branch of the family, of which see the record. It has often been asked what was the relationship of Philemon, John of Aylmer, and Hooper also of Hull. The two latter were nephews of Philemon.

GENEALOGY OF PHILEMON WRIGHT.

Philemon Wright married Abigail Wyman (see Wyman record), also a noted Woburn family. This was 1782, at Burlington, Mass. Abigail died in 1829, and Philemon died in 1839. They lie buried in the Hull Cemetery.

To them were born seven children as follows, in the order of their birth: (1) Philemon, (2) Abigail, (3) Tiberius, (4) Mary, (5) Ruggles, (6) Christopher, and (7) Christiana.

(1) PHILEMON WRIGHT.

Philemon Wright, jr., married Sarah Olmstead in 1808. He died in 1821. His widow married Nicholas Sparks, the founder of Ottawa, in 1826. To Philemon and Sarah were born: Pamela, who married Thomas McGoey; Philemon, who married Miss Swallow; Horatio, who married ? ; Hull, who married (1) Susan Morehead and (2) Mary Sully, sister to the wife of the famous lumberman, James Maclaren; Cezarina, who married Jas. P. Pierce, of Alumette Island, near Pembroke; Wellington, who married Abigail Swallow; Erexina, who married Andrew Leamy; Sarah, who married (1) Wm. Colter and (2) John Boucher.

(2) ABIGAIL WRIGHT.

Abigail Wright, married Thomas Brigham, and to them were born: Thomas C., who married Sarah Smith; Charles Lenox, who married Louisa Aylwin (a Wright descendant); Christopher, who married Alicia Morrison (also a Wright descendant); Wright, who was a bachelor; Abigail, who married Alex. Powell; and Emma, who married John S. Hall, of Montreal.

(3) TIBERIUS WRIGHT.

Tiberius Wright, who married (1) Nancy Chamberlain, in 1810, and (2) Lois Ricker in 1819. The children of the two marriages were: Alonzo, one of the most remarkable men of his day. He was for years member of Parliament. He was known as "The King of the Gatineau." He married Mary Sparks, daughter of Nicholas Sparks, The Founder; George F., who married Mary Foley; Joshua R., who went to Australia, after which all trace of him was lost; Alphonso, who married Jessie Hackett. His son Joshua is the well known Colonel of the Forty Third Regiment of Ottawa, which regiment he commanded for a number of years; Nancy Louise, who married Judge John Scott, the first mayor of Bytown. At her death she left a large estate known as "The Scott Estate" which includes a large portion of Hull City; William, a bachelor; Tiberius, still living. He married Elizabeth Morrison; and Philemon, a bachelor.

(4) MARY WRIGHT.

Mary Wright married Ephraim Chamberlain and to them were born: Abigail, who married Wm. Aylwin; Mary, who married Christopher Webb; and Christiana, who married Geo. Jacob Marston. When Chamberlain died Mary married Jas. Finlayson Taylor.

(5) RUGGLES WRIGHT.

Ruggles, who next to his father, was one of the most prominent men of the Valley, by reason of his many interests. He married (1) Hannah Chamberlain, and (2) Rosina McDowall. By the two marriages there were born: Ruggles, who married Fannie Russell; George Dalhousie, who married Georgiana Harrison (1846); Charles B. (whose son, C. M., is now Sheriff of Wright county) married Susan Cunningham; Hannah, who married J. M. Currier, M.P.; Edw. V., who married Frances A. Marston. He is living in Ottawa; Philemon Wetheral, who married Elizabeth Slater; Wm. McKay, also once a prominent member of Parliament, married Mary Skead, daughter of the Hon. James Skead, and sister of the well known Edward Skead; and Rosina, who married J. P. Lawless,

long the manager of the Bank of British North America. Mr. and Mrs. Lawless are living in Ottawa. The famous athlete Captain W. T. Lawless, now of South Africa, is their son.

(6) CHRISTOPHER WRIGHT.

Christopher Wright, who married (1) Miss Holt, and (2) Deborah Armstrong. Children by the second marriage: Christopher C., who died young; James George, who married Sarah Kingsbury; Philemon H., who married Margaret Kingsbury (sisters); Christopher C., who married Hannah Latimer of Chelsea, near which both are yet living on the original Christopher's farm. There was one more child, Abigail, but she died young. It will be remarked that on the death of one child another, if another, is given the same name.

(7) CHRISTIANA WRIGHT.

Christiana Wright married Jacob Morrison. To them were born Alicia, who married Christopher Brigham (also of Wright descent); Christiana, familiarly known as "Jennie," spinster; and George, a bachelor.

This brings the family of the famous old Founder down to the third generation. To go further would require a volume all (W) right, alright, but those interested must carry it on for themselves with the foregoing data to go by. The above is correct, as it was carefully gathered from each separate line. As far as I could learn no record has been kept, including the various branches. This necessitated much interviewing, but then, as a whole, they are an agreeable people to meet and we have quite enjoyed the task.

THE WYMANS.

The record of the Wymans in America started with John and Francis Wyman, two brothers who came over from England to Woburn in 1640. They must have come before that time, but that is the first mention of them as being two of the 32 who signed the "Town orders for Woburn, agreed upon by the Commissioners at their first meeting, December 18th, 1640."

John married Sarah Nutt, Nov. 5th, 1644. She was the daughter of Myles Nutt, who came from England with his family some time before that date. Their children were: Samuel, John, Sarah, Solomon, David, Elizabeth, Bathsheba, Jonathan, Seth and Jacob.

JONATHAN the 8th son of John and Sarah is the next in line. He was born July 13th, 1661. He married Abigail Fowle, daughter of Lieut. James Fowle on July 29th, 1689. His wife, Abigail, died the same year. For his second wife he married a more hardy Fowle—Hannah, the daughter of Peter Fowle. The date of the marriage was July 31st, 1690. He died Dec. 15th, 1736.

To them were born: Abigail, Hannah, Mary, Elizabeth, JONATHAN, Sarah, and Zachary, who was a soldier in the French war of 1748.

JONATHAN, son of Jonathan and Hannah, was born September 13th, 1704, or as another says, Dec. 7th, 1706, and died 1786.

He married Martha Thompson. Their children were: Martha, JONATHAN, Ezra, Abigail, John, Hannah and Sarah.

JONATHAN, son of Jonathan and Martha, was born October 7th, 1734, and died November 18th, 1774. He married Abigail Wright.

Their children were of the generation that came to Canada, as see the familiar names of ABIGAIL, Mary, Jonathan, Marjory, Joshua, LAVINA, LYDIA, and JOSEPH.

As this family is of interest to the Canadian branch I give it as fully as I could gather.

Abigail, m. Philemon Wright, May 16th, 1782. Mary, m. Benjamin Fowle, July 26th, 1781. Jonathan, m. Ruby Richardson, February 21st, 1788. Marjory, m. Samuel Choate, (of the same family of Choates to which the great Joseph—late Ambassador to England—belongs)

May 15th, 1793. Joshua, m. Hephsebah Munroe, April 24th, 1791. Lavina, m. John Allen, November 29th, 1794. Lydia, m. Caleb Brooks, December 24th, 1796. Joseph, m. (1) Hannah Stone, (2) Susanna Simonds.

The name was formerly Weyman and is of German origin, but the family is thought to have been long in England.

Joseph Wyman, by the family records came to Canada in 1830, but from J. F. Taylor's oft mentioned diary, I find that he was here in 1823. When he came to settle, in 1830, he took up land just to the north of the Cement works, on the Gatineau. His family did not come until 1835. His only son Joseph went up into Onslow and took up land. He sold out his farm on the river and went up to Onslow, where he died April 7th, 1853, aged 84.

He was twice married, (1) Hannah Stone, (2) Susanna Simonds, a descendent of a Mayflower Pilgrim, of 1620.

Children: Susanna Simonds, unm.; Joseph, m. Sarah, daughter of Zenas Olmstead; Hannah, m. Edmund, son of Moses Edey; Mary, m. Richard Edey, (brothers); Abigail, m. John Campbell; and Lucy, m. Orange, son of B. Hooper Wright.

Children of the second generation: Joseph and Sarah—none; Hannah and Edmund Edey: Henry, m. Miss Forbes; Charles, m. (1) ?

(2) Frances Hilliard; Edmund, m. Henrietta Atkinson; Parmilla, m. Hugh McLaughlin, of Arnprior.

Mary and Richard Edey: Joseph, m. Jane Lough; Moses C., m. Mary Whillins; Richard, m. Matilda Walker; Susanna W., m. Wm. McKechnie; Elizabeth, m. Edgerton Mohr; Lucy, m. Luther, son of Luther Edey.

Abigail and John Campbell: Three first died young; Parmilla, m. David Craig; Lucy, m. A. Rustlin; Archibald, m. Azelia J. deLaudecies; and Joseph, unm.

Lucy and Orange Wright: Orange, m. Eliza J. Smith and Marshall W., m. Theresa McKay.

Notes: Susanna Simonds, Joseph Wyman's second wife was a daughter of Luther and Bathsheba Simonds, as seen on her monument in the Anglican Church cemetery, in Quyon. From it is seen that she was born in 1783, and died September 18th, 1851. Joseph, jr., was also buried there. He was born in Woburn in 1810, and died Nov. 18th, 1901, aged 91.

The family have numerous relics of the Mayflower. The Colonel says that he knows that they are authentic, FOR HE SAW THEM, which of course is conclusive.

Susanna was related to the famous Count Rumford, who started plain Ben Thompson.

Abigail Wyman Campbell is the only one of the children living. She is now 83 years old and as active in mind and body as many another of 50 years. She and John started hotel keeping in the "Campbell House," Arnprior, in about 1853. It is still run by the family—Archibald, a son, is the good landlord.

Some families start out in life handicapped, whilst others run on for generations, always keeping to the front, wherever their lot be cast. The Wymans are of the latter class. Not only in Canada but they are to be found in the front ranks all throughout America, where they have become a great family both as to numbers and ability.

A FEW ON THE SIDE.

CAPTAIN DONALD CHARLES McLEAN

was, doubtless, the most remarkable man who lived in Eardley. He was one who would have been prominent in any land, since his natural ability, united with his wide experience would have made him such.

He came from the County of Argenteuil. He was long connected with the Hudson Bay Company, and later became a Factor, and trusted with much of its most important work. It is told of him that he once made the trip from Hudson Bay to Montreal on snow-shoes. He made the journey in 90 days. 13 men started, and but three came through. This was in 1813 or 1814.

In the Papineau Rebellion he organized the Argenteuil Cavalry Company, of which he was captain, which title he always bore.

His children were: Alex., a bachelor; John Warren, m. Margaret Bolton; Anna, m. Henry W. McCann, (once Member of Parliament for the County of Prescott); Donald C., m. Mary Reside; Wm. H., m. Caroline Bolton (sisters); Catherine, m. Charles, the nephew of Wm. Stewart, M.P.; Hector, M. m. (1) Martha A. McAllister, (2) Clarissa, daughter of Robert Stewart, of the Aylmer Road; Alex. (two of the sons were Alex.) and Laughlin went to Wisconsin and I could get no record of their marriages; Bowden, m. Harriet Edwards (now in Dawson); and Archibald, m. (1) Elizabeth Findlay, (2) Emma, daughter of Joseph Lusk, jr.

The son Hector M., who now spells the name Maclean, lives in Ottawa. He has always been like his father, a leader among men. For 17 years he was Mayor of Eardley, five years Warden of the County, and on going to Quyon, he at once entered into active work in the municipal affairs, being elected to council and later became mayor. He built the flouring mill now owned by the Dowd Milling Company. He returned to Eardley in 1897 and served 3 more years as mayor.

In 1891 he ran for Member of Parliament, but was defeated by a small majority in a three-cornered contest.

Archibald resides in the beautiful old homestead along the Eardley Road. He is largely engaged in lumbering on the Temiskaming. He has possibly travelled over a wider range of the continent than any other in the Valley. His home is one of the most hospitable that we have found in this land of hospitality.

The Captain's father and several brothers once lived in Eardley, along the river, but later went to Prince Edward Island.

The Chamberlain family was one of the very early ones of the Hull settlement. As soon as Philemon started in to build up the Colony he found that one of the first requisites was to have mills to grind the grain and to saw the timber, so he brought over from the Lowell, Mass., country a number of millwrights, chief among whom were four brothers Chamberlain: John, Josiah, Thomas and Leonard. They must have come between 1801 and 1803.

John later took up Lot 13, Range 10, at Eaton Chute, on the Gatineau River. He married Mary Bloss. Son, Charles who married (1) Hannah Kirk and (2) a Miss Stevenson. His four daughters were: Mrs. Welles Evans, Mrs. Rodolphus Morehouse, Mrs. Marshall Brooks and Mrs. Gardner Church. He (John) was drowned in the Cascades.

Josiah Chamberlain located on Lot 12, R. 10, next to his brother on the river. He married Sophiah Frost. His sons were: George, who married Nancy Chamberlain; Edwin who married Nancy Hamilton; Josiah, married Mary Rigley, of Dayton, Ohio; Charles, who married (1) the widow of Lenox Brigham, (2) Emma Blair; John, married Angella Allan; Mills, married Eliza Doxey; and Albert, married Jennie Doxey. His daughters are Mrs. James Reid and Mrs. George Chitty.

Thomas, the third of the original brothers, went to Dayton, Ohio, and became very wealthy.

Leonard, the fourth brother, returned to Mass.

Brooks. There were two brothers, John and Caleb Brooks, came from Medford, Mass., to Hull in 1822. Caleb went to Low in 1838, being the first to settle in this Township.

His mother was Lydia Wyman, sister of Joseph and Abigail—Philemon Wright's wife. Caleb was born in 1800 and died March 7th, 1899—ninety-nine years to the day from when the Colony was started.

His first wife was a Miss Starr, his second was Ann Maria Dexter, from Vermont. Children by the first marriage were: George, Elizabeth, and Caleb. Elizabeth, m. Wm. Maxwell; and Caleb, m. (1) the widow of R. J. Hutcheons, who was Rebecca, eldest daughter of B. Hooper Wright, (2) the widow of Hull Wright, who was Mary Sully. All of these are dead.

Children of the second marriage: Marshall, m. Hannah Chamberlain; Ann, m. Wm. McPherson; Mathew, m. Charlotte Orr; John, m. Harriat Bagsley; Abigail, m. Angus Cameron; Oscar, m. Ellen Dunning; Wm., m. Dorothy McDonald; Lavina, m. James Chilcott; George, m. Isabelle Wilson; Sereno, m. Sarah Kirk.

John Brooks married Sarah, the daughter of Gabriel Dunlap. Children of John and Sarah: Catherine, m. John Cameron, and lives near New Chelsea; Mary, m. John Kirk; Marshall, unm.; Lydia A., unm.; Charles Lenox, m. Marjorie Matchet; and John A. and Rebecca, unm.

Caleb came in 1834, and John in 1835.

Gabriel Dunlap came from Ireland in 1830. He married Catherine Hoben. Some of the family never came over. Children who came to Canada: Wm., m. Bridget Daly; Gabriel, m. Margaret Daly; Sarah, m. John Brooks; Catherine, m. Elisha Sheffield, jr.; and Elizabeth, m. Thomas Berry.

JAMES PRITCHARD.

James Pritchard came to North Wakefield in 1833. President Roosevelt could not possibly have had James in mind when he referred to "Race Suicide," since with his hundred or two descendents he stands well up toward the head of the big family men, and he was not French either. He was Irish, of a sturdy old family. He died at 98.

His children were: John, m. Jane Stinson; James, m. Eliza Stinson (sisters); Mary, m. Joseph Irwin; Ann, m. Thomas Stevenson; Thomas, m. Elvira Hamilton; Andrew, m. Mary Edey; Sidney, m. Robert Magee; Abram B., m. Agnes Clyde; and Joseph, now, if living, is 86, and residing in Lowell, Mass. He married Rosina Campbell.

NOTES: Residing in Aylmer are two prominent descendents of James Pritchard, Mrs. Church Kenney and the wife of Town Councillor Colbourn Nesbitt. Representatives of this family are to be found in many lands.

LINK.

Francis Link came from England with Ruggles Wright. He married Jane Shouldice. He settled at Chelsea. Children: Thomas, m. Jane, daughter of Alex. Moffatt; Crawford, m. Elizabeth Wellington; Mary, m. Seth Cates; Francis, m. Mary Barton; Susanna, unm.; George, m. Mrs.

Wm. Peterson; Nicholas, m. Anna Hudson; Jane, m. John Hudson, (brother); and John, drowned.

ROBERT KENNEDY.

Robert Kennedy, who married Sarah Jane Graham, came to Masham in 1841. He was an active Presbyterian. He was the first Sunday School Superintendent and the third elder on the Gatineau. His sons were: Thomas, John, Robert, Hugh and Samuel.

His wife, "Granma Kennedy," as everybody affectionately called her, died last year (1904) at the great age of almost 100 years. She was one of the brightest old persons I have ever met. Her Irish wit and quick answers were characteristic up to the last. One day in badinage I said to her:

"Granma, I could just fall in love with you!"

"Sure that's nothing, I've had three propositions recently." It was like going back into a primitive age to hear her talk. The two or three days the Colonel and I spent with the Kennedy's will be remembered as among the most enjoyable of our Canadian outings. "Granma" lived with her son Robert on the old home farm.

STANGER.

John Stanger came from the Orkney Islands, Scotland, when he was 13 years old. He came over in the employ of the Hudson Bay Company, with whom he continued for 14 years, when, in 1857 he came to Aylwin, on the Gatineau. He married Ellen Shaw from Ireland. He died in 1905, aged 75.

Children: Susan, m. Wm. Litle; Jennie, m. Thomas Link, of Chelsea; Mary, m. Archibald Wilson; Elizabeth, m. Cornelius Teeple; James, m. Susan Leslie; Henry, m. Ellen McClinton; and George, unkm.

NOTE: John Stanger once came from Hudson Bay across country, to Maniwaki, piloted by Indians. He was possibly the first white man who made this trip.

James Stanger, an elder brother of John, was also with the Hudson Bay Company. He came to Aylwin in 1858. He married Anna Tallock, from Scotland. Children: John, m. Anna Armstrong; Jemima, unkm.; Catherine, m. John Minnie; Maria, m. Duncan McArthur; Anna, m. George Coyle, now in Chicago; Thomas, unkm.; Colin, m. Mary Freeland; Wm., once the most famous all-round athlete in the Gatineau Valley, m. Edith Rossworm, of Chicago; David, m. Cora Rossworm (sisters); Charles, of Port Arthur, unkm.; Jessie, unkm.; now in New York; Benna, m. in New York; and George, m., now with the Armour Company, in Galesburg, Illinois.

Mr. Stanger is living and active at 80.

LARMOUR.

Wm. Larmour came from Belfast, Ireland, in 1830 and settled on Lot 19, R. 16, in Hull Township. He married Margaret Pink, sister of Charles, Samuel, James and Mrs. Alex. Moffatt, of South Hull. Children: David, went to New York City; Francis, m. (1) Mary Pink, (2) Martha Reid; Isabelle, m. Edward Thompson; and Agnes, m. Thomas Maxwell, son of Wm.

James went to Australia with John McLaren, and returning was killed at the Bruce Copper Mines, in Ontario.

MOFFATT.

James Moffatt, a well known surveyor, son of Alex., of South Hull, came to Wakefield in 1864. He married Isabella Pink.

Children: Margaret, m. Robert Moffatt; Robert, unm.; Ellen, unm.; Charles, m. Elizabeth Stevenson; Eleanor, George, Timothy, Cyrus, Fred'k and Phoebe, all unm.

Nearly all of the grown children are in the North-west, most of them in Manitoba, about which country they are great enthusiasts.

ROBERT SULLY.

Robert Sully seems to have been the first to settle in North Hull. He was there in 1828. His sons were: Wm., John, James, Robert and Thomas.

The Bear, the Boys and the Berries.

One day, a long time ago, "Tom" Sully and "Ras" Earle were out berrying, when, as they picked, "Tom" asked: "Say, 'Ras, what would you do if a real live bear should happen along about this time?"

"What would I do? What would I do? I'd give that bear the chase of his life, and don't you forget it!" He hadn't much more than made the boast when a "real live bear" put in an appearance. It was his berrying day too. The boys and the bear saw each other at about the same time. The scream that "Ras" "let out" at the sight of the beast was so awful that the bear fairly flew in one direction as the boys went in the other. As they reached the top of a hill a half mile away, they stopped to look for the bear which they were sure was right at their heels. Instead, they could see him just rising another hill a mile away. At this "Ras" straightened up and said, "My eyes! how I must have scared him! I told you, Tom, I'd give him the chase of his life. I'll bet he lets our patch alone after this." And that bear *did* let that particular patch alone — and so did "Tom" Sully and "Ras" Earle.

Besides the five sons, Robert Sully had two daughters, one of whom married Hull Wright and the other became Mrs. James Maclaren.

SMITH.

John P. Smith, born in Huntley, came to the Gatineau to settle in 1869. He had been here before with the Gilmours. He married Anna McPhee. Children: Elizabeth, m. James Maxwell, grandson of Wm., the pioneer, but no relation to the Hull family; Edith, m. John Mason; Wm., m. Essie Glasco, of Winchester, Ont.; John, unm.; Rufus, unm.; Effie, m. J. H. Ramburg, of Maniwaki; Isaac, m. Christina O'Sullivan, of Low; Donald, Hector and James, unm.

REID.

In about 1855 five brothers and one sister Reid came to Aylwin from the north of Ireland. They were practically first to settle in the locality of Aylwin.

Benjamin Reid married Anna Boyd. Children: John, manager for Alex. Maclaren, of Wakefield, m. Eliza Clendenning; Robert, with Thomas Lindsay, in Ottawa, m. Tomima Edmond; Mary A. m. Fred'k Huband; George, merchant in Gracefield, m. Fedelia Syneck; Alonzo, with McKenzie & Mann, unm.; Marshall, with the G. T. P., unm.; and Benjamin, m. Matilda McAfee.

Robert Reid married Margaret Baird, of Fitzroy. One child, Miss Margaret.

John Reid married Martha Boyd. One child, John, m. Elizabeth Draper.

James Reid married Sarah Alexander, of Fitzroy. Children: Eliza J., m. the famous poet, essayist, historian, journalist, and withal noted orator, Nicholas Flood Davin, whose beautiful monument stands in Beechwood Cemetery, in Ottawa, erected there through the efforts of Dr. Henry J. Morgan. Few in the Dominion held the proud place of the great Davin. Mrs. Davin now resides in Detroit, Mich. The other

children were: Wm., unm.; Louisa, m. J. Campbell; Jessie, m. George McAfee; Ira, Graham, Ellen and Weldon, unm.

Wm. Reid, the fifth and last of the brothers, married Mary J. Carruthers, of Huntley. Children: Anna M., m. Dr. C. M. Gordon; Christopher R., m. ———?; Atcheson N., unm.; and Basil, the successful book dealer and stationer on Bank Street, Ottawa.

Rachael Reid, the one sister, married John Begley and went to the far Northwest. Children—of whose marriages I found no record—Wm., Robert, John, James and Mary A.

NOTES: All of the six are dead. The five brothers lie buried in the Aylwin Cemetery. Only James' widow, of all the wives, is yet living.

SAMUEL BINGHAM.

Samuel Bingham was born in Ottawa in 1846. He was drowned in the Gatineau River June 17th, 1905. He married Miss Helen Brannigan. They had six children—only two of them are living—Misses Helena and Carmel.

KING OF THE GATINEAU.

While not a resident of the country of which I am writing, yet there was no one who had so much to do with the beautiful river in whose raging waters he met his death. He was justly called "The King of the Gatineau," by reason of his long connection with the river. There is no citizen of the Valley whose name should be so much honored. Others have piled up fortunes far beyond the one which he left, but no one of them left so much to charities as did Samuel Bingham. While his faith was Roman Catholic, he showed his broadness and sweetness of heart by leaving bequests to Protestant and Catholic alike—no distinction, each sharing in his kindness. Just now two school buildings are being erected on the Gatineau not far from Blue Sea Lake—one for Protestant and the other for Catholic children. They will stand not far from where a number of his rivermen were drowned. These schools are to be monuments to their memory. However much he did, the very city for which he did work while living, and whose institutions he so generously remembered when he was distributing his wealth, has allowed the anniversary of his death to come and go without so much as a bare mention. Is that city unappreciative? It should build to him a monument, but instead, it has torn down his very name from the Play Ground which he did so much to make for the children, and nothing is left to mark the Park as his, which he so beautified. I have often wondered why so many men of wealth died leaving nothing to their city. I do not wonder now—the wonder would be that any other should follow the precedent of this generous character.

I would say more were it my province so to do, for knowing this noble man as I did, my heart burns to think that his memory is not more honored. And yet I cannot think that the citizens of that city would be so unappreciative. It must be that they do not give thought to the matter. Our own little world is so big that we have no place for larger and more generous thought.

When Mrs. Bingham and her daughters were in Rome, recently, they were given audience by the Pope, who, on learning that they were widow and daughters of this generous character, was most gracious to them, presenting them with his autographed picture, and in other ways showing his appreciation of this noble citizen.

Samuel Bingham's is another Canadian name that I have marked as worthy of more than the passing notes in a book of generalities. My final tributes may count but little to the readers of those tributes, but they will please my own heart and I shall be selfish enough to some day give them to the world, even though I be but the one reader.

ADDENDA.

As soon as you have finished writing a book, and have it all printed, ready for the binder, then it is that your friends begin telling you a lot of most valuable information which you should have included in order. They have had the information all the while, but: "I forgot to mention it." You can't blame them as 'tis a fate that no one can tell the why of its being.

"Have you the early Militia of Hull and Templeton?" Of course I say "No, I never heard of it." "No? Well see Miss Fannie Wright, daughter of Edward V., and grand daughter of Ruggles, and she can give you all the data." I go at once, telling the printer, for the 'steenth time to, "wait an hour or two as I have just one more item." Of course he "says things," but by the time one gets to the end of one's book one is so used to hearing "things" said, that he don't mind it but takes it as a part of the game, and then goes off for the "information."

NAMES OF THE MILITIAMEN OF HULL AND TEMPLETON, IN 1821.

Here are the names of the militiamen of 1821. As early as 1808 Philemon Wright was Captain of a militia company, but then as this new company included almost all of the same names, with many additional ones of note, I shall give only the latest company.

Philemon Wright was Captain, and his son, Philemon, was Lieutenant (the latter's death is given in the roster as occurring when he was 39 years old and on November 30, 1821). John Allen was Ensign. Thomas Brigham, Christopher C. Wright and Joshua Wyman were Sergeants.

The names of the privates were: Robert Klock, Jas. F. Taylor, Wm. Elder, Samuel K. Rollins, Charles Hurdman, John Snow, Calvin Radmore, Wm. Jones, James Dunn, Joseph Clemow, Francis Moore, Wm. Smith, H. Esterbrooke, David Heatherington, Edward Hurd, David and John Benedict, John Underhand, David Moore, Job Moore, Joseph Rice, James McConnell, Fry Holt, Wm. McConnell, George Routhy (George Routliffe?), Robert McConaghey, Wm. Cunningham, Robert Balmer, Hale Fulsom, Abram and David Olmsted, David Gardner, John and Christopher Allen, Thomas Ames, Laird Waller, Thos.

Wright, Abijah Leonard, Samuel Edey, Wm. Grimes, Benjamin Chamberlain, Abijah Blanchard, Solomon Langdon, Samuel Benedict, Benjamin H. Wright, Nathaniel Chamberlain, Paul Wolf, Joseph Badham, Thomas Buck, Hiram Vawn, Joseph F. Booth, Richard Austin, Anthony Parker, Baptiste Focha, Charles Walker, Isaac Walker, Elisha Gilson, Wm. Dodd, Robert Munharvey, Wm. Eppington, James Goodin, James, Robert and Grims Green, Francis Clemow, Daniel McKay, Henry Olmsted, Elisha Sheffield, Joel Wilson, Steven Sargent, Josiah Chamberlain, John C. Eaton, Jacob and Augustus Romen, John Balonge, Paskel Barb, John Hawes, Haunts Peterson, Martin Bozena, James Chuse, John Tomey, Asa Hide, Charles Crilley, Peter, Antoine, Joseph, and Louis Duhey, Thomas, Leonard, and John Chamberlain, Martin Ebert, John Borroughs (was this Burrows, the once owner of Ottawa?), Cornelius McKay, Charles Valen, Francis and Martin Sazena, Peter Blamson, James McCoy, Wm. Jeffs, Grove Chamberlain, Peter Baracuum, Joseph Sociere, John Bradley, Baptiste Bruley, Francis Sarette, Francis Barnaby, James Stevenson, Joseph Dora, Thomas Derrie, David David, James McCann, Joseph and Baptiste Deleryea, Francis Neddo (Nadeau?), Thomas and James Berry, Alvin Spaulding, Francis Varneu, Francis Bazama, Paul Baleel, Calvin Porter, Henry Sauter, Wm. McGee, Thomas Thompson, Edmund Chamberlain, Dudley Moore, Truman Waller, Charles Symmes.

There were a few other names, but they were so dim that I could not make them out.

Captain Philemon Wright sends these names in as his report. He then proceeds to give us a fairly good ENGLISH "bull", by saying: "As there are no muskets belonging to this Company, I hardly think, it proper to return the NUMBER of guns."

The annual drill or muster was held in the spring or early summer, "At the head of the Grand or Chaudiere Green," which is where now is the little park, or square, in front of the E. B. Eddy office. It then extended down to the river.

PHILEMON WRIGHT'S FIRST ACCOUNT BOOK.

How fortunate! While copying the militiamen, I noticed an old account book among the pile of papers, and I ask: "What book is this?" "That? Oh, yes; that's my great-grandfather's first account book," and there on the inside cover, I find: "This is my first account book. Philemon Wright, 1801."

I run over page after page and find what was a veritable gold mine of information. All through my search for dates, even the families could not always give them, save by what they had heard, with occasional accurate written records. Here were the names of the people who had traded at the only store

in the Colony and of course all of the colonists had to trade with Wright, and here were their names. Can't wonder at the joy I experienced at sight of this valuable find, eh!

NAMES OF THE EARLIEST.

I shall give the names as they appear from 1801 to 1809. Most of them began in the first year showing practically all who came with Wright the year previous.

Nathaniel Chamberlain is the very first name. The family thought he had come in 1806, and were not certain that he had ever reached here, but this is conclusive. Harvey Parker, follows next. Here come names that are new by reason of their very age, as they appear in no other records: Samuel Young, Sally Dumroy,—Thomas, Theodore Davis, Eder Waller (he may have been father to Truman, who was well known and the name appears often, but "Eder," is not known in any of the records to which I have had access), Isaac Thompson, Henry Kendrick, Wm. Eaton, Allen Upham, Isaac Remie, Myjah Dunning. Next we come to Dudley Moore, a most familiar name. He was here in 1802. As in the Moore record, he was the head of the great old family of lumbermen. His son, Roger, is also mentioned as a customer. The name of Jonathan McConnell follows. I wonder was he the head of the McConnell family, who figured so largely in the early history of the Valley? He must have been, as shortly after comes the name of James McConnell, of whom we know, as one of the three brothers McConnell. Then follow the other strange names of Luther Colton, *Mr.* May, Ansel Thomas, *Mr.* Johnson, Bezin Westover, and London Oxford. The next name answers an oft-asked question: "When did Moses Edey come?" The family say: 1806. Here we find him trading at the "Corner Grocery Store," in 1805. Daniel Wyman was here the same year. This is the only place I have met with Daniel. Of what family was he? More strange names follow: Samuel Marsh, Israel Young, Abram Persall (Purcell?) Daniel Bullis, Jonathan Simonds and Joseph Fessendon. Now we find that Truman Waller was here in 1803, as were Joseph Burt and Amassa Polley—the two last named being strange. Ezra Benedict we see was also a 1803 customer. Gideon Olmstead must have come in 1804, from Burritt's Rapids, as he is buying salt pork at Wright's that year for the first time. Asa Townsend, Andrew Warner, John Love, Silas Watson and John Turner—all new. The head (?) of the well known Ebert family, Martin Ebert, is here in 1806, as was the stranger Matthew Lower. New names in 1807, Robert Norton, Ephraim Chamberlain (so well known) and the stranger, Joseph Bushaw. In 1808 only two new names appear—Robert Chambers and Fred'k Whitmark. Both strangers to my records. In 1809, the last year of the accounts,

in the book, we find a very honorable old name, and the only one for that year, not met with before. It was the name of Simon Heath, father of Mrs. Nesbitt, who died last year at the great age of 93.

I have had a picture of what the artists, Lou Skuce, Donald Doyle, M. H. Vickers, R. Gaisford, Stanley Shepherd and D. McRitchie, have conceived of how this

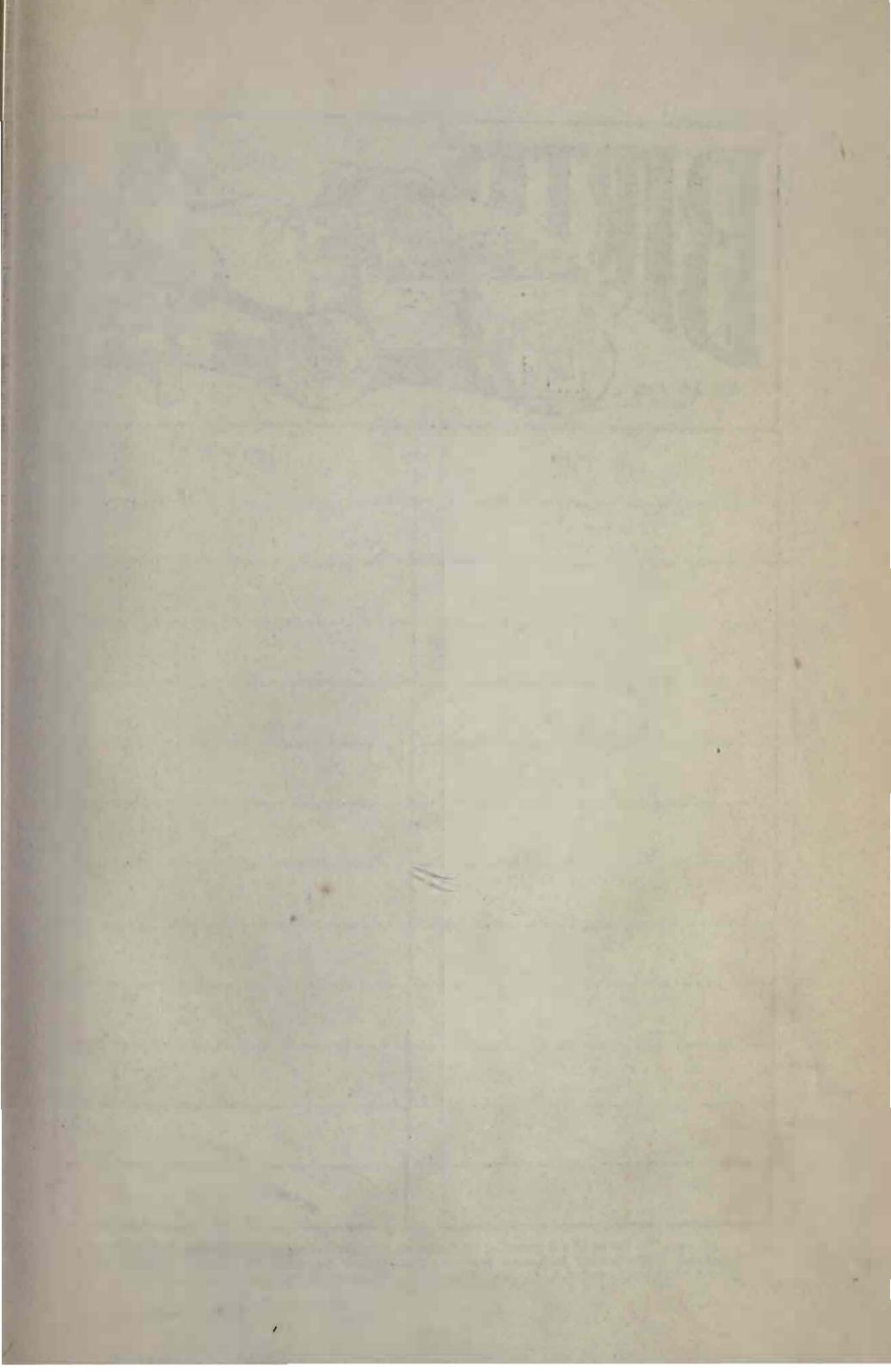
FIRST DEPARTMENTAL STORE

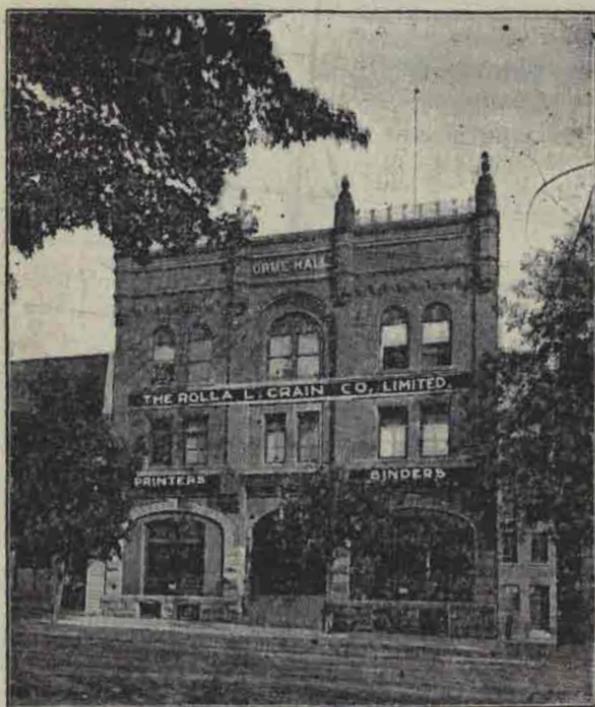
in the Ottawa Valley looked like, and pictures of some of the old customers.

There was much else of real interest among those old papers, but I cannot induce John to "Wait just a minute!"



Rube and the Colonel off for Quyon and Shawville.





Where "The Humors of the Valley" became a Book.

54

353