
**NIAGARA REMINISCENCES
TOWN OF NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE**

THE MASTERS PAPERS - 1978

JOSEPH E. MASTERS

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Note: What amounted to 340 pages in the Joseph E. Masters Manuscript, by division into sections amounts to 559 pages in these books. Plus 47 pages Table of Contents; plus 137 pages of illustrations & pictures for a total of 743 pages. Pictures initialed TNL belong to the Town of Niagara Library. All other information & pictures are copyrighted and cannot be used without the permission of the persons holding the copyright.

Maggie Parnall, 1997

INTRODUCTION

THE JOSEPH E. MASTERS PAPERS

Joseph Masters was formerly the Town Clerk of Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ontario. He lived as a boy in the Dock Area and had his schooling in the Old Elementary School on Platoff St. beginning in 1878, during Janet Carnochan's last year as Public School Principal. Miss Carnochan was succeeded by Mr. George "Daddy" Cork, who had the reputation among the youngsters as being "cross". His High School Days were passed in what is now part of our Museum. Here he again encountered Miss Carnochan, of whom he writes with real affection.

Here then is a man who could report on the "Old Town" as it was, its characters, among whom he grew up, its customs, joys and sorrows.

The Masters Papers are typewritten copies of articles entitled "Niagara Reminiscences" and "Neighborhood Notes." These articles appeared as a series in the Niagara "Advance" between 1949 and 1955. There are 340 pages, closely typed, single spaced, with no gap between the paragraphs and estimated at approximately 243,000 words.

This valuable firsthand account of events came to us through the courtesy of several people. The papers were given to Mr. Douglas Young, owner and publisher of the Advance by Mr. Joseph Masters. Mrs. Ivy Young, now of Kincardine, Ontario who passed them to Mr. Alec Massie who in turn passed them on to his brother-in-law, Mr. Paul Woodruff of St. Davids. This latter gentleman realizing their importance and need for preservation, contacted our past-president Mr. John Field, and generously donated the Masters Papers to the Niagara Historical Society.

We are greatly indebted to these persons for their astuteness in realizing the importance of these papers, and their generosity in making them available to us.

OBITUARY

PROMINENT CITIZEN, MR. JOSEPH E. MASTERS PASSED AWAY SUNDAY

Niagara Advance Issue Aug. 11, 1955. Pg. 1, Cont'd Pg. 4

One of Niagara's best known and highly respected citizens, Mr. Joseph Edward Masters, passed away Sunday, August 7th at Niagara Hospital. He was 84 years of age. Mr. Masters had been confined to the hospital for about two weeks but was apparently making good recovery from his illness. However, while he slept he was stricken with a heart attack, and passed away peacefully. In his passing Niagara loses one of its finest citizens.

A life-long resident of this town, Mr. Masters was born here August 14, 1871, a son of the late Joseph and Margaret Masters. He received his education at the local public and high schools and in his younger days assisted his father in his fishing business and in operating a ferry between here and Youngstown, N.Y.

The late Mr. Masters was a very staunch member of St. Mark's Anglican Church. In 1899 he became Superintendent of the Sunday school and served in that capacity for 40 years. He was a member of the choir for more than half a century and for a period acted as the choirmaster.

Deeply interested in municipal affairs, Mr. Masters served on the Public School Board in 1904 and from 1905 to 1912 he was on the High School Board., having filled the office of chairman for a term. He was first elected to the Town Council in 1913 and in 1915, became Reeve, serving in this capacity for six years and in 1919 was Warden of Lincoln county Council. In 1922 he was reelected, to the council and in 1932 served as Mayor of the town.

In politics Mr. Masters was a Liberal of strong convictions. He was president of the Lincoln Riding Liberal Association. For several years and in 1919 was Liberal candidate in the Provincial Election.

Among the many other groups in which he served and frequently in various offices were the Upper Canada Bible Society; the Niagara Boy Scouts Group Committee; the Public Library Board, the Historical society; the Niagara Rifle Association, the 19th Regiment and the Independent Order of Foresters.

Mr. Masters was for three years the secretary of the Niagara Hydro Commission. Then in February 1929 he was appointed Town Clerk and Treasurer, which office he capably conducted until his retirement in 1944.

His first wife, the former Mable Clare Thornton predeceased him in 1940. He is survived by his second wife, the former Mrs. Winnifred A. Hughes of Toronto; also a daughter Mrs. Harold G. Jarvis of Inglewood N.Y.; a step-daughter, Mrs. J. M. Scott of Marksham; a brother Mr. A.E.

Masters of Niagara and four grandchildren. To the bereaved family heartfelt sympathy is extended by a host of friends.

Funeral Held Wednesday.

Funeral services for the late Mr. J.E. Masters were held at Mark's Anglican Church on Wednesday afternoon conducted the Rector, the Rev. CNP. Blagrove. The rector presented a stirring eulogy of the deceased as follows: "The Bishop of Niagara has asked me to express his deepest regret at not being able to be here this afternoon, and has suggested that I might be his representative.

In his lifetime Joseph Masters held the highest and most responsible offices in the gift of his community; and his interest in the administration of it never flagged. None have ever known so well, nor was so able to recall every activity of every branch of that complex system grown up under the Common Law by which we order and improve the essential services of our daily lives. Joseph Masters was the ideal type of those who have adopted and guarded the old ways in a new land, the old ways which are one of Britain's greatest legacies to the world: Local government responsive and responsibility to local needs.

His greatest natural gifts and his will to use them have made a lasting contribution to the history of Niagara.

He has sung her songs, in prose, in a volume unequalled and with a brightness and colour which only specific details of names and dates from the storehouse of his fabulous memory could give.

The noblest memorial a man can have, since it has not only a local but an eternal reference in his own share in the Christian religion for fifty-one years Joseph Masters was never without one or more indeed up to six at once of the important offices and functions which a layman is called to perform for the Glory of God in His Church.

Because of these things as well as because of his great personal qualities which have borne their own witness through the years we do not mourn beyond what is natural and right for us to do for a friend, but we give high praise and hearty thanks to Almighty God who having set His servant in our midst for his measure of years has called him now, as our hope is into the inheritance of the saints in light.

Interment was made in the adjoining cemetery, the casket bearers being Messrs., James Connolly, John Stevens, William Greaves Jr. Henry Sherlock, Fred Curtis and Goring Ball. A large array of floral tributes was testimony to the high esteem in which the late Mr. Masters was held.

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1993 - Historic Niagara-on-the-Lake published by the Niagara Falls Review.

1994 - Visitors Guide - Historic Niagara-on-the-Lake, published by The Niagara Falls Review

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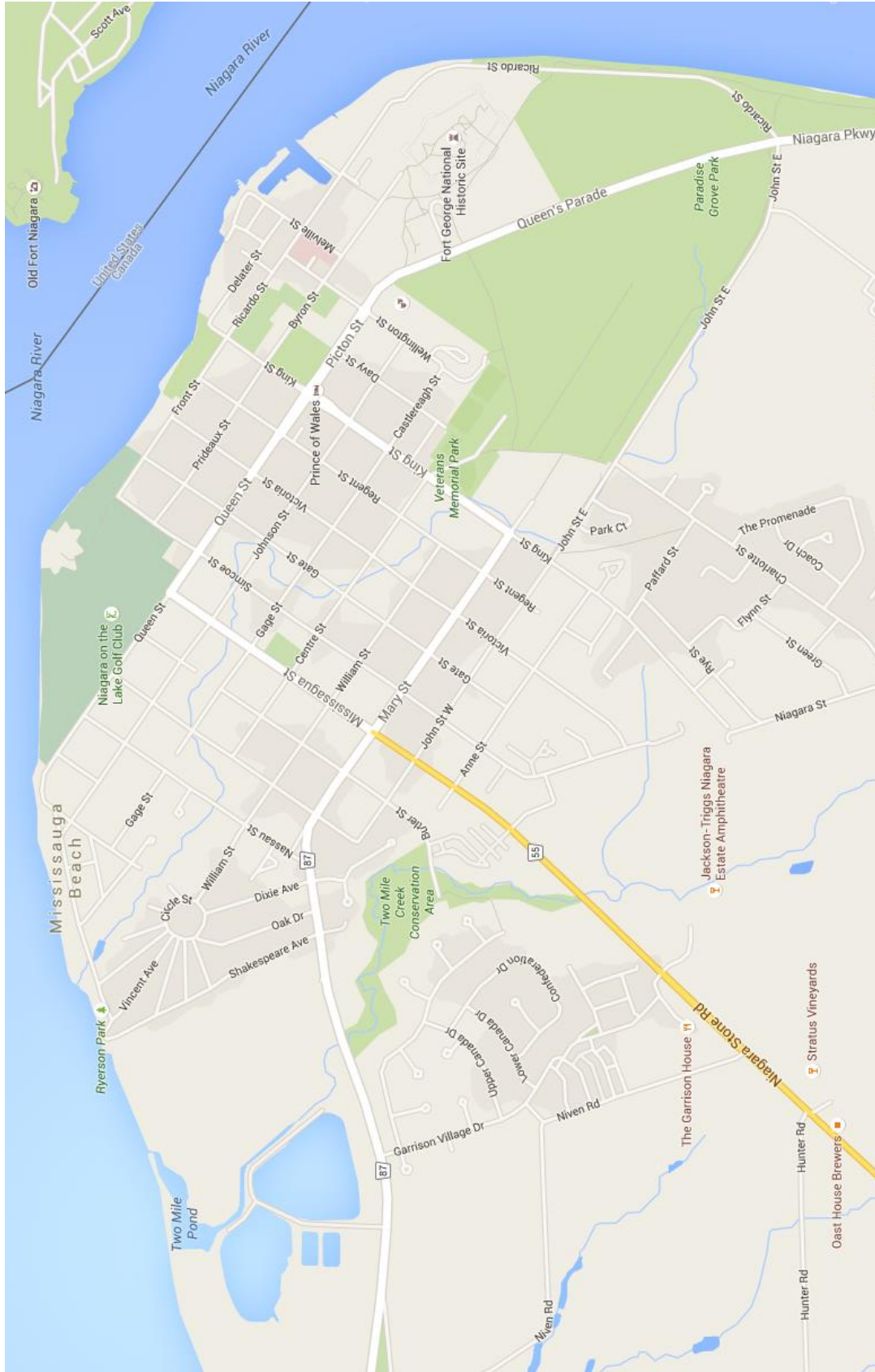


Figure 1

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TOWN OF NIAGARA

By Joseph E. Masters

OUR NAME

I think I have mentioned the name of our Town. It appears to have been called a number of different names, but it appears that the name Newark was its first official name. This would have been given by Governor Simcoe. You may not know that many of the place names in our part of Ontario were selected by Simcoe. If you look at a map of England, you will find such names as Lincoln and in Lincoln County you will find such names as Grantham, Louth, Clinton, Grimsby, Gainsborough, and Welland, just to mention a few. However, the name of Niagara was given to us in 1798 and we were formally incorporated under that name by Act of Parliament, that Act being 8th Victoria, Chapter 62, March 29th, 1845, as the Town of Niagara and no Act has ever been passed changing it. It is true that Niagara-on-the-Lake is largely used, but that is only the Post Office designation to avoid confusion after the Falls had changed their name, but the official name of our Town is still the "TOWN OF NIAGARA."

NIAGARA

This article was printed in the "Lions" Booklet for use at the Carnival, July 2 to 4th, 1953. This Niagara of ours has much to commend it, not only to us who live here, but to all the people who come here as visitors and in fact to people everywhere. It has a charm that appeals to most people. It has been referred to by people from the old land as "a little bit of old England." Like a plant, it had to be planted and cared for. Someone must have had an idea. Of course, the Town fairly reeks of history and while some of us are fairly familiar with the main facts of that history, it does no harm to put down in black and white, some of the events of that history and to discuss them.

One must remember that in the seventeen hundreds, the Continent of North America was divided among Great Britain, France and Spain. We had had a somewhat lengthy tussle with France and Canada had come under the Union Jack, there to remain to this day. While Great Britain was busy elsewhere, the people of the Atlantic Coast to the south of Canada decided that they wanted to paddle their own canoe, so the Revolutionary War ensued.

JOHN BUTLER

Our particular spot on earth was then a wilderness, peopled by various tribes of Indians. There was nothing hereabouts but the Fort on the east side of the Niagara River, which we had taken from the French. During the progress of the Revolutionary War, I have mentioned, there came a man named John Butler, who had been in government employ for years, mostly in dealing with the Indians. Western New York was owned and peopled by the Indians of the Six Nations. In case you have forgotten, the tribes that made up the Six Nations were the Mohawks, Cayugas, Oneidas, Onandegas, Senecas and Tuscarora's. It was important to keep these people on our side and John Butler was well-known and trusted by those Indians, so was destined to play an important part in and about our District. He was given the task of raising among the refugees, who came to our parts, a fighting corps which came to be known as Butler's Rangers which John Butler commanded, and which were based at Fort Niagara.

BUTLER'S BARRACKS

Butler found that there was no accommodation for his men at Fort Niagara, so he came across the river and built barracks to house his Rangers and a number of refugees. After the War of 1812, those same barracks were moved out of the range of the guns of Fort Niagara, and there they stand to this day, a monument to John Butler who conceived the idea of settlement in the Wilderness of Upper Canada. This led to a steady stream of people from the rebel states to various parts of Canada and our District got its share of these good people.

LAND SETTLEMENT

Of course, problems arose regarding land settlement and eventually a Land Board was formed to deal with the apportionment of the land, which by the way, had been purchased from the Mississauga Indians. The British authorities always treated the Indians fairly and honorably and it paid dividends for us in the War of 1812.

TOWN OF NIAGARA SITE

John Butler was a member of this Land Board and in 1790, the Board recommended that a Town be laid out and various sites were suggested. The one chosen was the present site of the Town and was laid out by D. W. Smith. This gentleman afterwards had quite an elaborate house on what is now the Town Square. So we have mementoes of these two men, Butler and Smith. Butler had his house on Mississauga Street and his Barracks on the Common, while Smith's is the original Town site with its wide, straight streets.



Butlers Barracks, 1778¹

Named after Butlers Rangers. Only four buildings survive: Men's quarters, Storehouse, Two story frame workshop, low-verandah cottage, the commissaries Quarters, Located at King & Mary St.²

#29 House Tour

¹ Incorrectly dated, these buildings were built after the war of 1812.

² Correctly referred as: The Soldier's Two Story Barracks (1817/1818); The Commissariat Store and Office (1839), The Junior Commissariat Officer's Quarters (1817), The Gun shed (1821),

PROFILE OF JOHN BUTLER

John Butler, born at New London, Connecticut in 1728 (the eldest son of John Butler, an Irish Officer), educated at Connecticut, became Captain in the Indian Department under Sir William Johnson in 1755 and distinguished himself at the disastrous battle of Crown Point in that year. He served under Abercrombie at Ticonderoga and Bradstreet at Fort Frontenac, and then went with Johnson to Fort Niagara as second in command of the Indian forces.

In 1760, he went with Amherst to Montreal as second in command of the Indians; and thereafter was engaged in connection with the Indians for the remainder of his life, his knowledge of several Indian languages rendering him an invaluable agent.

He took the Loyalists side in the American Revolution and raised the celebrated corps, "Butler's Rangers," whose activities and successes were marked. His son, Walter, was equally active; and sometimes certain of his actions have been credited (or rather debited) to his father.

Settling at Niagara after the War, he continued in the service of the Crown until his death in May, 1796, and was interred in the Family Burying Ground near Niagara.

"A fat man below the middle stature, yet active; through the rough visage of the warrior showing a rather agreeable than forbidding aspect. Care sat upon his brow. Speaking quickly, he repeated his words when excited. Decision, firmness, courage were undoubted characteristics of the man." So wrote one who owed him no love - Miner, the local historian of Wyoming.

"History / of / Wyoming/ in a series of Letters / from / Charles Miner / to his son / William Penn Minor/ Philadelphia / published by J. Crissy, NO.4 Minor Street / 1845" - the description is given at p. 236. This local history seems to have been written in good faith; but much gossip is set down as sober history. A copy is in the Riddell Canadian Library, Osgoode Hall, Toronto; the book is not common. Many wholly groundless charges were made against Butler, as against most loyal officers by the Revolutionists.

A fairly full and (I think) wholly accurate account of Butler and his services will be found in Lieutenant-Colonel Cruickshank's "Butler's Rangers," published by the Lundy's Lane Historical Society. Robertson's "Freemasonry in Canada," Vol. 1, P. 470, has also a short account of him.

TOWN INCORPORATION

The Town of Niagara was incorporated in March 1845, by Act of the Dominion Parliament as "THE TOWN OF NIAGARA". It was governed until 1850 by a Board of Police. In that year, a general Act of Incorporation known as the "Baldwin Act" was passed. Under this Act, we became entitled to a Mayor and a Reeve. We had five wards, each electing five Councilors and from the members of Council the Mayor, the Reeve and the Deputy Reeve were elected. Our District was known for a long time as the District of Nassau and Niagara Township was known as Township No. 1.

JOHN GRAVES SIMCOE

Then, in 1792, came John Graves Simcoe, as Governor of Upper Canada and he was a very busy man. He called our Town Newark and our County became Lincoln. Most of the place names in the District were taken from places in Lincolnshire in England, Simcoe's home.

FIRST PARLIAMENT

John Graves Simcoe opened the First Parliament of Upper Canada and Newark has the honour of being the Capital of what afterwards became the Province of Ontario. Here were the Courts and the Lawyers; here was the Government Land Board; here the Indian Tribes came to receive their government money. The house on King Street, now the home of Mrs. Parker, is the particular spot where this was done. It was then the home of Daniel Claus who was Superintendent of Indian Affairs.

THE FIRST AGRICULTURAL FAIR

The First Agricultural Fair was held here. It was a Provincial Fair and Niagara was a convenient and accessible spot. One must remember that there were few roads then and much of the travel had to be done by water. The great Annual Fair held in Toronto is the successor of our Fair. When you next attend that great Exhibition, please call to mind that its inception was in no other place than the little Town of Niagara.

THE MOVING OF THE CAPITAL TO YORK

Our Governor, Simcoe, conceived the idea that Niagara was too close to the Yankees. He had an idea that if put the width of Lake Ontario between them and our Capital, we would be safe. There was a small settlement over there with a fairly well-sheltered harbor, so he moved it over there and called it York. As far as safety was concerned, the Yankees managed to put it to the torch during their attempts to conquer Canada.

FORT GEORGE & FORT NIAGARA

When Simcoe first came on the scene, we still held Fort Niagara and he was responsible for the building of Fort George and the removal of the Garrison from the east side of the Niagara River to the west side. The removal was made in 1796 and our American friends held quite a celebration in 1896, they having been given peaceful possession of Fort Niagara. They did not conquer it. In fact, we had to conquer it twice, once from the French and once from the Americans and twice we gave it to the Americans.

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY

We had a Public Library in 1800, the first in the Province, and while it was interrupted by those pesky Yanks in 1813, who burnt about everything that would burn in our Town, we still have a Library that we can be proud of. I am proud of having had a hand in carrying it on for many years and while *few* of the old timers are here now, I am sure that it does and will continue to flourish under present and future management.

THE FIRST MASONIC LODGE

Here we have the first Masonic Lodge, dating from 1792 and still going strong. Many of the men who have kept Niagara on its *feet* have belonged to this Lodge. When I was young it did not have many members, but it has carried on and now has a large enrollment of men, many of them among our best citizens.

FIRSTS IN OUR TOWN OF NIAGARA

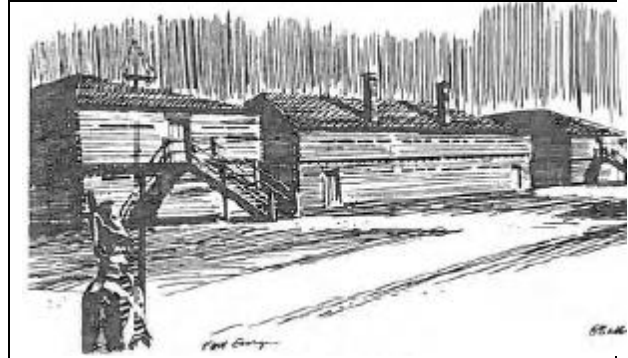
Among the many firsts of which our Town can be proud was an Act to Abolish Slavery. Here was taken the first Census. When settlement first began here, we had the first Grist Mill. We had a Printing Press in 1792 and a Newspaper in 1793. When I was a Schoolboy, we had no printery in Town and there is in the Town Vault, a copy of a Voters' List printed on a little hand press by George Cork who was then principal of our Public School. We had no paper for many years, until Pickwell Brothers came to Town and started the Niagara Times in 1894; the Pickwells were followed by Rev. J.S. Clarke, James Skelton and Hiram Mosher, who gave it up. Later on, Harrison & Miller started the Niagara Advance. They had E.H. Brennan as their Manager and he took over and ran the paper until he was given charge of the Government Beer Warehouse when the Young's purchased the paper and have made a good job of it.

HISTORIC FORT GEORGE

Between 1796 and 1799 Fort George was constructed in Niagara-on-the-Lake to replace Fort Niagara, as the British Army headquarters on the Niagara Frontier.

During the War of 1812, Fort George was destroyed, captured and refortified by the Americans, and then retaken by the British. In August 1812 British troops marched from Fort George to help capture Detroit, in October to repulse an invasion at Queenston Heights, and in December 1813 to capture Niagara. In April 1813 it fell into American hands, and in June 1813 they marched from Fort George to their defeat at Stoney Creek and Beaver Dams. On Dec. 10, 1813 American occupation of the Fort ended.

In July 1814 the British defeated the Americans at the bloody battle of Lundy's Lane. Fort George continued to house British troops after the war, but by the mid-1820's it was abandoned as a military force. Between 1937 and 1940 the historic old stronghold was reconstructed to represent the post as it was before the war of 1812, and was officially opened to the public in 1950. Since 1969 Fort George has been administered by Parks Canada.



Fort George

OUR FIRE BRIGADE

Our Fire Brigade is the oldest around these parts and is in good shape with up-to date equipment and a fine lot of men, altogether a credit to any small town.

OUR TOWN

Small Town did I say. Well, a Town may be small and yet be great, like some of the people of whom we learn. Our Town is great in that it has given so much to our Province and our Country. It is still an attraction to people from all over the continent. Our boys and our girls have gone to defend our liberties and to build up other communities. We still have able and wise business men, who in the Town's past and in the present have made the Town clean and beautiful and good to live in.

NIAGARA FIRE BRIGADE

1952

I suppose that one of the most useful organization in a town, be it large or small, is one for withstanding the ravages of the fire demon. That is especially true of a Town where the majority of buildings are built of wood. There are not many houses in Niagara built of brick or stone, consequently the fire hazard is so much greater.

It is true that we are blessed with wide streets, a fact which helps to keep a fire from leaping across to the opposite side of a street. Nevertheless, the Town has lost Hotels, Stores and Dwellings innumerable in its century and a half of existence since the playful bonfire, which our dear friends to the south made of our Town when we weren't quite so friendly. We then had to start from scratch, not only in building but in organizing to fight fires. From those early days, we have had firemen and firefighting equipment.

It would be worthwhile to visit the Fort George Museum and there inspect some of that old equipment. One small engine there goes back to the beginning of our rebuilding. The larger one, which we irreverently dubbed "The Man killer," dates from 1834 and was in use from that date until the Waterworks were installed in 1891.

In those old days, the Niagara Fire Company consisted of an indeterminate number of men and was officered by a Captain and a First and a Second Lieutenant. It somewhat smacked of a military setup, but one must remember that many of the men had military connections. Another thing to remember was that water was scarce and the firemen had to depend on wells and cisterns for their meager supply of aqua pure.

Then one finds that there was no fire alarm. They had neither bell nor siren at first with which to call the men out. In fact, in 1838, it was proposed to buy 12 rattles for the purpose of giving an alarm of fire, but in May, it was decided to solicit subscriptions from the citizens for funds to buy a bell. This was done and sufficient funds were subscribed to buy the bell. Negotiations were entered into with the Trustees of the Market for permission to place the bell on top of the market building. I should like to point out that the bell was not bought or installed by the Town Council, but by the Fire Company, a quite independent body. Nor did the Town Council control the Market or the Market House. This house, by the way, is what is now known as the "Small Hall" and is much older than the large Hall.

In 1847, the Town Hall was built as the County Courthouse for the United Counties of Lincoln, Welland and Haldimand and on the removal of the County Seat to St. Catharine's, it became the Town Hall of the Town of Niagara.

In those old days, men were not so grabby for dollars and up to the time of the installation of the Waterworks, men gave their services freely to the Community. They seem to have given not only their services, but supplied their own equipment. Old men and young, laborers and merchants and professional men manned the engines. Many items appear of the engines being taken to the river for practice. Small sums of money were paid for people to bring pails of water. I well remember when the big fire was raging in 1886; all the teams in Town were used to bring barrels of water from the River. This water was dumped into a large cistern that was under the sidewalk in front of the Town Hall and from thence pumped by a Fire Engine onto the fire across the street.

The men were well organized and well led. They elected their own Officers and were altogether a separate and independent body. For some years, there was another organization known as "The Hook and Ladder Company" which carried on a separate existence from 1875 to 1880, when they gave up and went out of existence.

For many years, the Chief Constable of the Town was also Fire Chief. I do know that in my time, Bob Reid did about everything but feed the baby.

When the Waterworks were installed in 1891, the Fire Brigade was entirely reorganized. The Company was then called the Niagara Hose Company. The Town Council appointed the Chief and Assistant Chief. The Company was divided into Section "A" and Section "B", each section being office red by a Captain elected by and from the section to which he belonged. Hose reels were bought, one for each section and these were drawn by hand and a job it was to lug them through mud and mire whenever there was a fire. A wagon was presented to the Firemen by a summer resident and this could be drawn by a horse.

In 1939, the Centenary of the First Ringing of the Fire Bell was observed and quite a nice ceremony was held. One feature of it was the reading of extractions from the Minutes of the Fire Company wherein was recorded the various actions leading up to the buying and installing of the Bell. These were read by A. E. Masters, the secretary of the Company. I do not find in any of the minutes, any record of the Bell every being transferred to the ownership or custody of the Town Council and as far as I can determine, the Bell is still the property of the Fire Brigade. I suppose it just took place by consent and custom, and nobody has raised any objection. I might mention here that a Mr. Moncrief, a summer resident and a Buffalo man, gave the Firemen the wagon I have referred to.

Changes were occurring as times and equipment changed. With the Steam Plant at the Waterworks, a Steam Siren Whistle was installed and used, but when the Water Plant was

electrified, that was done away with and an Electric Siren was procured and mounted on top of the Bell Tower, and it served until after the Second Great War.

A Wartime Siren had been installed as a warning of a blackout during that War and after the War; it was decided to arrange to keep it as it was more powerful than the one in use. Besides that, there were two sirens on the United States side of the River, of the same tone as our small one and it was sometimes rather hard to tell which one was blowing.

In 1923, after much deliberation, it was decided to buy a fire truck and an International Chassis was bought and fitted with Bickle equipment at a total cost of \$2,887.25. Then in 1929, a pumper was installed on the truck. Then in 1942, a new Ford Chassis was purchased at a cost of \$2,100.00 and the old truck was converted into a ladder truck. In 1951, the oldest truck was finally discarded and a new truck was purchased. So now, our Firemen are "Thoroughly furnished to all good work." They have good hose, fog nozzles and everything to make their lives happy.

The Fire Hall was built in 1911 and was largely paid for by the Firemen themselves and it serves to house the trucks and equipment and to furnish a comfortable Club house for the men. And now we have, added to the duties of the Firemen, the answering of calls for Public Ambulance, which is installed in the Fire Hall.

All in all, the Firemen are a most useful and competent body of men.

The present Staff of Officers is composed of young men who know their business and are always ready for service of all kinds when called upon. The following is the list for 1952.

| | |
|---------------------------|---------------------|
| Chief | Donald Sherlock |
| Assistant Chief..... | Chief J. A. Bradley |
| Capt. "A" Company | Harry Sherlock |
| Lieutenant "A" Co..... | Jack Redhead |
| Capt. "B" Company | Douglas H. Reid |
| Lieutenant "B" Co. | Horace Awde |
| Secretary-Treasurer | William Bishop. |

It is nice to know that the Present Chief of the Brigade and both the Company Captains are all grandsons of Robert Reid who served so many years as Chief.

THE MANKILLER

Various objects, animals and inanimate have been dubbed "man killer" from time to time. Sometimes it has been a lion or a boar or a bull elephant, or perhaps one of the serpent family. I have even heard a bucksaw so described. But no, none of your guesses so far is right.

This particular man killer was first seen in our Town about the year 1834, so I am told and so far has had a longer life than any of the "critters" aforementioned. Its habitat was under a grim stone building, whence it emerged only on certain occasions and never at any set time. Its appearances were, as you may imagine, accompanied by much tumult and shouting, it being a very rare specimen of its kind. It was, of course, an object of awe and veneration to a small boy, but it was never known to harm a boy. Grown men were not afraid of the man killer, although they did not particularly like it. They bore with it however, although its activities became very boring after a time. In fact, they became quite familiar with it, yet familiarity did not breed contempt. No siree! Well, have you guessed, or do you give up? You do. Well here it is. It was "THE FIRE ENGINE". Gosh, I think I hear its labored and methodical "chug, chug, chug," a sinister, yet thrilling, pulsating sound as a dozen or more of men, sweating and swearing (under their breath of course) with grim determination, pumped and pumped.

It was no job for a boy or even a short man and the men had to be relieved after a comparatively short spell at the brakes as its arms were called. I suppose most of us have seen railway trackmen pumping a handcar. It is pretty strenuous, but it has the advantage that one does not have to reach up very high and on the down strokes, you could put your weight into the job. The Man killer's arms were much higher and if you had to pump the darn thing from about waist high to well over your head, you'd find it pretty emarvating. I like that word, don't you? If you don't happen to know what it means, get out your dictionary, or if you want to be practical, get a good heavy stick of wood and see how long you can move it up and down at some length, without getting a kink in your back.

But, alas and alack, there was not always enough water available to satisfy the rapacious appetite of the Man killer, whereat the poor beast was wont to beat an inglorious retreat to its lair, not to emerge again until dragged forth by grim men, men whose motto it was "When Duty Calls, We Fly To Save." Now don't get excited, they didn't have flying machines in those days. I have watched them many a time and oft, and the only thing I ever saw fly was the mud from their boots as they went plod, plod, plod, along a muddy road. Say, those expeditions were a sight to behold - long ropes with grips for the hands - all the men (and some boys, of course) leading, the Man killer following behind. What a sight that was. Gordon Sinclair is always bellyaching about some of the wealthy burgs around Toronto having no paid Fire Brigades. We

didn't have one either, but we did have and still have men who had an interest in their Community and who gave their services gladly.

There was one occasion, I am sorry to say, when the man killer was a failure, a complete flop. I suppose you have heard of "the big fire," I say big, for it was big for a small town. Six buildings were destroyed right on Queen Street, across from the Town Hall. That was in 1886. The buildings occupied the site of Daley's Store, the Imperial Bank building and Dealy's drug store. Beginning where Daley's store now stands, there was a three store (not story) building occupied by the Misses Petley, Milliners; Robert Fuller, Furniture; and Paddy Lynch, Harness Shop. Then came a little place called "the Hole in the Wall" where an old clock tinker, whose name I do not recall, but who was commonly called "Clickety Clock," plied his trade. Then came the Lewis Ross Barber Shop, next the Ross residence where the Ross girls did Dressmaking, next William Senior, Stationer and lastly, Fred Best's Butcher shop.

They were all frame buildings and all were completely demolished. There was a large cistern under the sidewalk in front of the Town Hall and here the man killer was placed, and while the men labored manfully and persistently, the water did not flow, and so, slowly and sadly, the man killer was withdrawn from the scene. A telegram was dispatched to the Falls and presently a special train arrived with a Steam Fire Engine. This was quickly put to work and all available teams were put to work hauling water in barrels from the River at the foot of King St. to the cistern. What a hustle and bustle there was, horses dashing, water splashing, men shouting. It was not long after that, that the fire was finally quenched, in time to save the rest of the stores. After things had quieted down, an inspection was made of the man killer and it was found that someone had inadvertently [?] put a large wooden plug in the suction hose of the man killer. Hence, its impotence. Enough said about that.

The Mankiller was perhaps at its best when the Lakeview House was set on fire by a spark from the Railway Locomotive, then kept by Mrs. H. Long. I remember being on Paffard's corner (now Field's) when Bill Murray's team came galloping up King St., with Bill standing up in the wagon, lashing his horses and yelling at the top of his voice, "Mrs. Long's house is on fire. Mrs. Long's house is on fire." Wow, did we move. You could have drunk tea off our coattails. Yeh, boys wore coats then. We scurried down the railway tracks to the Wharf and arrived at the scene of the fire ahead of the man killer and its attendant neolytes. The roof of the Hotel was blazing merrily. But did the old man killer do itself proud. Panting after its fast run, it was firmly planted on the wharf, where a convenient hole was found through which the suction hose was put and soon a bountiful supply of the "aqua pure" of the noble Niagara was coursing through the innards of Mr. man killer and all too soon for our goggling eyes, the flames died out, the tumult

and the shouting died, the Captains and the Kings departed as did the Man killer to its accustomed haunts and once more all was peaceful and serene.

However, there was still a *wee* bit of enjoyment for the kids. The south-easterly wind carried blazing shingles for quite a distance and started two other fires. One of these was in the roof of the kitchen of Charlie Bolton's new house on King St., which was not then quite finished. This fire was quickly put out, the only damage being a small hole burned in the roof.

The other fire was in the roof of the large building at the Steel Works, which stood along Ball St. at Delatre. There was a catwalk along the ridge of the building and on it were placed water barrels at intervals, but of course there was no water in the barrels when it was wanted, the building not having been in use for some years. Harry Wilson managed to get up on the roof and finding no water to use on the fire which was only a small one yet, Harry peeled off his coat and he plied it manfully. I think I see him flailing away for dear life. Yes, and by gum, he put the fire out and descended from his lofty perch "pride in his port, defiance in his eye." But alas poor Harry, his good gold watch was in the pocket of his coat. The scene can better be imagined than described.

The man killer prowls no more. It now reposes within the confines of Fort George and it doesn't look so impressive in its present surroundings. It served its purpose and now dwells in an aura of innocuous deructude. So let us say R.I.P. to an old and tried friend and servant, the man killer.

SEWAGE

Another question which has occupied the attention of our local legislators has been and still is that of sewage. Long ago, a sewer was built along a portion of King Street and for many years, it was our only sewer. One must remember that the surface of King Street has very materially altered since our Town first came into being.

Between Prideaux Street and Front Street, there was a hill and you will notice that the land on each side of the street is quite high. This hill was removed when the Railway filled up their trestle from Ricardo to the Dock. The Railway built the brick sewer that I have referred to and a few years ago, a Railway Engineer was here to inspect the stone culverts at the Wilderness and at Prideaux Street. There was really not much use of building sewers before we had Waterworks, consequently people had to depend on outdoor toilets, but since the coming of the Waterworks, quite a bit of sewage construction has been done.

Sewage for the schools was one of the problems facing our Town Fathers and the Military Authorities also became very much interested and they have done quite a bit, which also benefits the Town at large. The westerly and southerly parts of the Town will have to be taken care of in that respect and a proper settling basin will have to be constructed, which cannot be done for five cents.

I anticipate that the Chautauqua territory will be taken into the Town before long, as that is its logical destiny. We are hooked up now for water and electric lights and certainly in a business way, it is an integral part of the Town. In this connection, not many will now remember that we got our first electric light from Chautauqua, before we installed the Heisler System, which preceded our being served by the Hydro.

SIDEWALKS

We don't see any wooden sidewalks any more. Of course, in the early days of our Town, lumber was cheap and so was labor and while the wooden walks were a great improvement over walking in the mud or dust of the roads, they left something to be desired in the way of comfort in walking.

The four by four scantlings upon which they were laid had a pernicious habit of rotting and planks would come loose and many a heartfelt imprecation I have heard uttered with deep feeling when an unwary pedestrian tripped, an occurrence which was detrimental to ones shins and clothing, to say nothing of one's feelings. The cost of lumber was soaring and the quality obtainable was deteriorating and concrete began to be used.

I remember, however, two or three old men who used to be employed to look about for necessary repairs. They would be furnished with a wheelbarrow, with a supply of planks cut to the required length and a supply of the old-fashioned square iron nails, and a heavy hammer and they leisurely perambulated about the streets. Time didn't mean much to them and their pay pretty well corresponded with their pace, so everything was lovely.

It seems to me that John Thornton laid our first concrete walk on Queen Street. Well remember the first wholesale effort at laying permanent walks. A contract was entered into with Langley & Cook of Niagara Falls and most of our walks were done in 1910 and 1911. I must say that the quality of the walks laid down in 1911 was much better than those done the previous year. Bob Reid was the overseer of the work the second year, while a professional engineer was boss the first year. Since that time, a block here and there has been done and we get good value for our money, but many of the first walks laid are sadly in need of repair or replacement.

THE AUCTION BELL

July 8th 1947

A small town is a homely place, a sort of large family circle. It has its manners and customs which become a sort of daily round and common task and which are so much a part of its daily life that they pass unnoticed except by those who are not familiar with them. One who has grown old in a small Town is prone to hark back to those manners and customs with mingled feelings, feelings of regret at their passing and feelings of thankfulness that they have passed and been succeeded by something better.

To understand and appreciate some of these ancient customs, one must know something of the times in which they existed. For instance, when I was a boy in this Town, there were no paved roads, no cement walks, no telephone, no electric light, no waterworks, no motor cars, trucks or busses, no public press, no motor boats, no flying machines. Everybody knew every other body. We saw the Train come in, we attended the distribution of the Mail whether we expected any mail or not, we liked to hear old Bob Warren leisurely inform us (without looking, very often), "No, nothing for you." We went to Church, we went to Sunday school, we hoed the garden, we bucked wood, we were in the house by dark, and we had to report on whom we were playing with. There were no picture shows; possibly we might go to a concert once a year. What, you may ask, did we do for recreation. We made our own amusements. Homes were homes and not just places to eat and sleep. Of course, we fought and squabbled, but families were families. We went places together, school and church, and we were home at night and not roaming the streets.

Occasionally, there were Auction Sales. There still are. As I have already said, there was no public press, consequently no printing unless one went out of Town. There was one exception to this, however, as Daddy Cork, the Public School Principal had a little press on which he once printed the financial statement of the Town. So it came to pass that other means of publicity had to be found and there came into use, "The Auction Bell" Now this Bell was not the Town Bell to whose ringing tones the people rose and ate and went to work or ceased to toil, until it was muffled by being hitched to the Town Clock. No, it was the dinner bell at Long's Hotel, and many a time I have heard it pealing out its call to dinner. When lustily swung and when the wind was right, its sound carried far and wide. Bill Long was the keeper of the hotel and a fine man was he, known and respected by people all over the land. Bill was the "Auctioneer." On the day on which a sale was to be held, someone, man or boy, was detailed to patrol the streets, bell in hand, loudly proclaiming when and at whose house a sale was to be held. Picture it: "Marching along, the bell keeping time to the step of the marching feet, a dingily ding, a dingily ding." a sight and a sound to thrill a small boy's heart. Did you ever notice how small boys and

dogs throng after and about a band. Well, a bell served much the same purpose when I was a boy.

Two incidents stick out in my memory about the Auction Bell. There lived, at one time at the Dock, a character locally known as "Jimmy Tay." Now Jimmy worked for some time for Squire Clement who kept a general store where Librock's store now is and who lived in the house now owned and occupied by James Connolly. I might as well tell you how Jimmy Tay got his name, because it all hangs together. Jimmy's remuneration, by the way and according to his own telling when he went to work at Clement's, was to be "sivin dollars a month and ate me, or twelve dollars and ate mesilf." Now Jimmy was an un-observant fellow and one day, soon after going to work at Clement's, he asked Johnny Clement, the boss's son what this tay was that people were getting. Johnny asked him if he never had tea in Ireland and Jimmy said "no," so Johnny gave him half a pound of tea to try it. Some days afterwards, Johnny asked Jimmy how he and his sister Moll like the tea. "Oh," said Jimmy, "We didn't care much for the tay, but we liked the broth." They had soaked the tealeaves and tried to eat them with pepper and salt. They liked the broth. So Jimmy became Jimmy Tay. It came about in the course of time that the business ended and a sale was to be held, and who more fitted to do the bell ringing than Jimmy Tay. If you had seen and heard Jimmy and the bell, up and down the streets proclaiming at the top of his voice "Oction Sale at Mither Kilmint's, Oction sale at Mither Kilmint's", a dingily ding, a dingily ding, with a tail of a couple of dozen kids behind him, loudly imitating poor Jimmy, you would have enjoyed it as much as did the kids. It annoyed Jimmy, of course and he would break off every few minutes to yell at the kids, "Go long now, ye dam brats," which didn't hurt the kid's feelings even a little.

The other incident was not quite so funny, although we kids in Town got quite a kick out of it. A boy named Will McBride was the perpetrator of this prank. While patrolling with the bell, he passed the school while it was in session, I say passed. He didn't. He sat out on the corner and rang the darned bell till Daddy Cork blew up and sent for Bill Curtis who was then Chief Constable, to remove the nuisance. Well, the Auction Bell rings no more. A quaint custom, useful and interesting, it had its day and ceased to be.

ALONG THE WATERFRONT

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It may be interesting to reminisce a bit about this part of our Town. For me, it is full of memories of people and things, people whom I knew or knew about and things many of which have seen change and decay.

PARADISE GROVE

One of my early recollections is of being conveyed in one of Tommy Elliott's rowboats from his boathouse at the foot of King Street to Paradise Grove where St. Mark's Annual Sunday School Picnic was held. I was only a small shaver then, and to me the ride and the arduous climb up the high bank at the north end of the grove were an adventure. I came to know this spot very well in later years. The Canada Southern Railway held it under many years from the Dominion Government. A spur from the railway into it conveyed many picnic parties to its precincts, mostly from Buffalo. We kids used to take a rowboat there and sometimes made from five to ten dollars in a day taking people for boat rides on the river. In later years, when we owned the Steamer Abino, we had a temporary wharf at the foot of the steps from which we carried passengers to and from town. I remember Mr. Quinn, who used to take the old time "tintypes", and a lot of picnickers had their mugs taken. Occasionally some frisky individual could not resist the impulse to give the old gentleman a boost from behind when his head was concealed and his rear exposure just waiting to be boosted. Fun for the picnicker, but most annoying for the dignified old gentleman.

There was another old gentleman named Wells, who had a merry-go-round" near the river bank for a season or two. He was a typical old Santa Claus in appearance, with a long white beard, snowy hair, a stout build and a deep rumbling voice. While he looked as old as the hills, he was frankly in the market for a wife. There were certain attributes which the said wife would have to have, however; she had to be a "wedda," she must be young and she must have money. History doesn't relate whether he was successful or not, as he removed himself and his instrument elsewhere.

Half a dozen men plied between the grove and town with busses. Among them Jim Brady, Jim Cumpson, Tommy May, Mike Green, Jim Humphries and others. Those vehicles were not quite as sumptuous as the modern ones, but they were sufficient for the needs of that day.

NAVY HALL, HALF-MOON BATTERY & NAVY HALL BARRACKS

This grove is wholly within the boundaries of the Town. Beyond it, there used to be a row of summer cottages, known as Warren's Cottages. These were all torn down years ago. On the first point below the grove, there was a battery at one time, known as "the Half-Moon Battery". It is most regrettable that the Park's Commission removed every trace of this ancient fortification when they thoroughly altered the face of the landscape in and about the old fort. This battery was crescent shaped, and at one time had an underground chamber, some of the planks of which used to be visible from the water.

At, or rather below, the next point down was the old Ferry. There was a small wharf there at which the ferry used to land, and across the road was the Ferry House, formerly Ralf Clench's refinery. This house formerly stood close to the river, as did the "Red Barracks" just below it. This at one time housed a guard. It was and still is not Navy Hall, but is dubbed "Navy Hall Barracks" on some old maps. This building was of modern frame construction and was rebuilt by John Carnochan and James Doritty not so many years ago.

The real Navy Hall buildings were of logs, with deep window seats. The late Mrs. Bixby of St. Catharine's was a Clench, a sister of my mother's first husband Richard Clench and of Johnson Clench the late County Clerk. She told me this story of Navy Hall, which she had from an aunt. A Mrs. Bullock: with whom Mrs. Bixby lived with for a time as a girl. Mrs. Bullock lived in Detroit when it was captured by General Brock in 1812 and they were brought to Fort George and housed in Navy Hall. Mrs. Bullock then a small girl was sitting in a window seat when a drunken Indian came along and was about to strike her with his tomahawk when someone saw him and took him away.

Anyone who saw the present building before it was cased in stone would see at once that this could not be the original Navy Hall. I had several discussions with Miss Carnochan on this matter and she finally agreed with me. I had the advantage of knowing and talking with old people well acquainted with waterfront matters.

The stone in St. Mark's graveyard known as "Brock's Stone" was taken from the river where it had rolled, by my father. Jack Rayner and Dan Sherlock, being employed by William Kirby to do the work. I have forgotten whose team they had. The Custom's House which stood beside the Barracks has also been moved and cased in stone. It certainly does not look as it did when I was a kid. There used to be a road down the bank, just below the point, which was used whenever there was a passable ice-jam. These seem to have been common in my younger days. When an

ice-jam occurred, Ned Thompson, the Customs officer, would forsake his office in the Steamship Warehouse, and take up his quarter in the old Customs Building.



Figure 2

Navy Hall

This building does not seem to have been sold, there being no such transfer on record, but it was occupied by an old sailor named Mike Collins. Mike was a short, bow-legged man, his face adorned by the usual sailors beard and the beard in turn often decorated by tobacco juice. Mike's wife died, and he loudly lamented her loss. This didn't prevent his marrying Abby Moran not so long afterwards. Now Abby was a neighbor of ours. She was small and Irish, only had one eye, a waspish tongue and a fiery temper. We knew her pretty well, and I dare say our pranks did nothing to improve that same temper.

One summer day, after she married Mike, a lot of us kids were playing ball near Fort George, close to where the trading post now stands, when we beheld poor old Mike in full flight up the stony hill and in hot pursuit was Abby, brandishing a rolling pin and breathing threats and slaughter at Mike. However, Mike had the heels of her and escaped across the common. It wasn't long till Abby was back home next door to us. Of course, she carried all the lares and penates of which she was capable, among other things, an extra-large wooden washtub. One

day as we were playing nearby, down the street came Mike. He espied the tub, seized upon it with great glee, placed it on his head upside down and set off down the street, homeward bound. All we could see as he departed was the tub bottom surmounting a pair of stumpy legs. He hadn't got far, when out came Abby. "Where's my tub," she cried. Almost at once, she spied the tub, and took off at a top speed, bare-footed. She pounced on the tub, floored poor Mike, and marched home in triumph, leaving Mike rubbing himself ruefully and glaring after his loving spouse.

This property was next occupied by the Cross family, who lived there until the old folks died, when the property was disposed of. Its last owner was Mr. Harris Price, the present owner of King's Landing, next door. It was acquired by the Park's Commission and the Barracks was moved to its original site, dressed up in a stone overcoat, capped with a copper roof, surrounded by a flower garden, and converted into a museum of antiques.

One must remember that this portion of the waterfront from the Old Ferry to the slip was transformed from a marsh to an embankment by the Erie & Niagara Railway. They graded their right of way from the switch at the beginning of the Grove Siding, through the Grove, making a cutting from where the road through the Grove runs, down to the River front, the earth removed from the cutting being used to build a raised embankment from the foot of the hill at the old Ferry point ending at the slip. This embankment was protected by a row of oak piles, driven a foot apart. Inside the piles, rough stones were piled, making what is known as "Rip-rap".

THE WATERWORKS

The lot now known as "King's Landing", was vacant, except for a large pigpen which the Bests had about where the Waterworks now stands. The land, including the site of the Waterworks was owned by Walter Meneilley of Toronto. Meneilley, when I knew him, owned other properties in Town, including that where Mrs. O'Neil now lives, and the Harry Irvine property on Ricardo Street. We were his tenants there, and my three brothers were born there. When I was a boy, he was Inspector of Machinery and lived on Wellington Street in Toronto. The Town bought the Waterworks site from him in 1891, and were warned by the Railway Company not to build on their right of way, which accounts for the distance between the building and the river. Since that time, the Railway seems not to have made any claim to the right of way.

The late J.J. Wright of Toronto, bought the balance of this Meneilley property including the three-cornered lot across Ricardo St. Mr. Wright was Manager of the Toronto Electric Light Co., and had a steam yacht called the Electra, which he used to travel between Niagara and Toronto. For several summers, his family spent their holidays in a large tent on the premises before the house was built. Mr. Wright was quite an amateur organist, and installed a pipe organ for his own use. He had a wharf or pier at which to land his yacht.

I remember that one day; John Redhead and Harry Wilson were rowing up stream manfully on their way to run a sturgeon line. They forgot the darned pier and plunked bow on into it. I don't suppose they were a bit pleased, for they were rudely placed on their backs with their pedal digits raised to the heavens. As to their language, well, we better not say too much. The skiff proved to be in need of immediate repairs, so they perforce returned to the boathouse, mad, sad, and oh so wet.

The Municipal Waterworks Plant was built in 1891, with Mr. James Brown as Engineer. This was a steam plant and served the requirements of the community for many years, until the coming of the Hydro era. There was a tall, brick chimney built by John Thornton the second. The first light system was installed in 1893. This was a 700 volt system, known as the Heisler system. This was one of the first incandescent lamp systems, and the Councilors of the day debated long and earnestly before deciding the matter. J.W. McMillan was the engineer in charge of the plant, with Lorenzo Bissell as his fireman. Later on, Mr. McMillan gave up the position and Mr. Brown was in charge of both plants until his retirement in 1923. Mr. Brown served a long time as a marine engineer on lake boats before taking the town job. For most of his time in the town employ, he was assisted by his son John, who succeeded him on his retirement. Both of these men have given the Town of Niagara good service, both being competent engineers and reliable citizens. John is now Superintendent of the Water Utility. In 1927, the present Hydro substation was built on the Ricardo St. end of the property, and the equipment moved out of Waterworks precincts.

Discover the Pumphouse

For both the first-time and returning visitor, the attractive river-side building and grounds of the non-profit, educational Niagara Pump house Visual Arts Centre offers added insight into why the town is home to a large and thriving arts community. Local and visiting artists provide children and adults with an awareness and appreciation of the visual arts. Four 10- week teaching terms, in addition to weekend seminars and workshops, are conducted by professional artists and crafts people each year.

Located on Ricardo Street at the mouth of the Niagara River, close to historic Navy Hall and a block up river from the Niagara-on-the-Lake Sailing Club, the Pump house, built in 1891, served until 1983 as a pumping station supplying the town with water from the Niagara River.

In its earliest history, the station's steam powered pumps also generated electricity used to power a portion of the town. Restored to its original appearance in 1994 by a group of dedicated local citizens and arts patrons, the interior today provides a variety of bright, open working and studio spaces as well as a gallery, where monthly exhibitions by local artists are open to the public on weekends, and most weekdays - phone ahead to be sure. Included in the facility is a large meeting room used for gatherings and concerts as well as art classes.



Figure 3

For further information please phone (905) 468-5455 or email to pumphouse@niagara.com.

The Niagara Pumphouse Visual Arts Centre has a beautiful view of the Niagara River to inspire artists.

THE NIAGARA PUMPHOUSE

In 1904, the Dominion Government built a lighthouse on the street and opposite the Waterworks Building. This is one of a pair, the other being at the far side of the slip, they being line on the direct course towards the eastern gap at Toronto, both showing red light on the lake side only.

The adjoining lot, now the site of Shepherd's Boat works, belonged to the Milloy family in my early days. I remember posting up a notice of the foreclosure of a mortgage on this property when I was Division Court Bailiff in the early days of 1898. It then came into the possession of E.J. McIntyre. A wharf was built just below the line of Collingwood St., which was the landing place of the Steamer Turbinia when she was running opposition to the Navigation Company's Steamers.

There was an old steamboat called the Gordon Jerry, which used to call here for fruit. She used to call also, at what was known as the "Township Wharf", about half way to Queenston. She also conveyed an odoriferous cargo of manure from Toronto for S.W. Marchmont, who had a large clientele among the farmers of the neighborhood. He owned a smaller boat called the "Maybird" which was towed behind the Jerry. One night, the Maybird went adrift from the Township Wharf, and was picked up by the Fort Niagara Lifesaving Crew and made fast to their wharf. Next day, a lovely warm southwest wind sprang up and the crew sent over a pathetic and urgent message to us to come over and tow the darned thing away. Their poor, weak stomachs couldn't stand the sweet scent and the numerous insects emanating from the ship. So we got up steam and did as requested. Then we had quite a time collecting our tow bill from the ship owner.

Mr. McIntyre later became interested in a projected Electric Railway between Niagara and St. Catharines, and the property was put into the pool. The project fell through, and the lot was owned by the Wilson Lumber people in St. Catharine's and finally returned to the McIntyre family by way of a mortgage and was finally sold to Shepherd's Boats.

There used to be a large pond on this lot, deep enough to cut ice from it in winter, and it afforded a dandy place to skate. No one even thought then of making an artificial pond. There always seemed to be plenty of natural ones. One now misses the cheerful frog chorus that nightly arose from this spot. Like all such ponds, it was the abode of frogs, many large and small. The big ones we used to call "mogogs", and they had a deep resonant tone of their own.

The large room in the Waterworks building was empty for a year or two until the electric plant was installed therein and one night a dance was held there. Apparently some of the dancers, strange to relate, had something in their tea. It was related of one portly gentleman, an ex-Mayor at that, who was winding his way homeward, and the frogs were singing cheerily.

In the midst of the preponderous chorus of "knee deep, knee deep", a deeper voice came in, "kerunk, kerunk, kerunk." The gentleman halted, shook his cane towards the voice, and announced, "You're a liar, and I'm not drunk". He then went his devious way homeward, up the street pursued by the triumphant "kerunk, kerunk, kerunk" of Mr. Mogog. Pond and frogs have gone, Mr. Shepherd having ruthlessly filled in this delightful abode of the frogs, to say nothing of the dear little mosquitoes. Now this lot has a fine residence, a large boat works and there are to be several cottages erected on it.

DOCKS AND SHIPS

The lot between this lot and Nelson Street was part of the dock property, and has lately been acquired by Mr. Shepherd and added to the boat works. All of the land around the slip was owned by the Milloy family in my early days. This included all the land between Melville and Nelson Streets, and as far as Byron Street, excepting the piece occupied by the tannery, now the basket factory. Remembering that all of this low-lying ground was a marsh, you will realize that the slip did not grow of itself. As I remember the slip, it was timbered with square pine logs all around it, kept in place by oak piles. The timbers were spiked together by three-quarter inch drift belts.

The only part not so timbered was the end next to Ricardo Street where were the heavy oak-timbered ways, whereon ships were built and launched in the days of the Niagara Harbor & Dock Company. This Company was given a Crown Grant of the entire water front from King Street to Collingwood Street. Their grant was bounded also by Ricardo Street from King St. to a stone at the corner of the Morrison property at Wellington St. There it crossed Ricardo, and followed the brow of the hill to Collingwood St. With the lapse of time, this Company folded up after building many ships. The last of their ships of which I have any memory was the Steamer City of Toronto, of Niagara owned by the Milloys and sailed by Captain W.A. Milloy, son of Capt. Duncan Milloy, the first of the family of whom we have any record. They used to lay the Steamer City up in the slip during the winter. She was usually tied up just in the rear of the warehouse, where there was a wharf and her boats and furnishing were stored in the warehouse.

I have heard my father speak of the winters when the Chief Justice Robinson plied all winter between Niagara and Toronto and of her running up on a slip ice to break it so as to make her entrance. The City of Toronto was built to replace the Zimmerman, which ship had been burned at the wharf with the loss of the life of Pat Lawless in August of 1863, whose red stone monument may be seen just across the street from my house. The City of Toronto was a very neat ship with a walking-beam engine and two stacks side by side. Her paddle boxes were quite high and she used to make just as good time across the lake as the Cayuga makes now.

The marine basin, which is located at the mouth of the Niagara River, was purchased in December 1978 by the Niagara-on-the-Lake Sailing Club. The privately owned marina supplies the usual services provided by most yacht clubs. Some of these services include winter storage, summer dockage, dry sailing and sailing instruction programs.

The natural harbor, originally owned by the Crown, has passed through several hands over the years including the Cayuga Navigation Co. and the Maid of the Mist Steamboat Co. The property was first used by the Niagara Harbor and Dock Company in 1866 to build boats and provide an important shipping port between Niagara and the other major centers of the time. A railway used to end at the site to service the thriving harbor.

When I was quite small, there was another steamer plying the same route, the Southern Belle, a small steel steamer, very much like the Chicora, only smaller. This boat, formerly called the Rothesay Castle, had been aground and sustained some damage and on being repaired and refitted, her owners deemed it wise to change her name, as prospective passengers did not like to sail on a ship that had been in trouble. About 1877, she was taken off this route and placed on the Hamilton-Toronto run where she continued in use until the Macassa and Modjeska replaced her. Then the Chicora and the Rothesay came on and there was a three-way rivalry for several years. We three kids each adopted one of these boats, mine being the City, Charlie's the Rothesay and Fred's the Chicora and many a childish argument we had as to the relative merits of our boats.

Rousseau's wharf was built in front of Rousseau's Hotel, the Lake View House at this time, to accommodate the Rothesay. After several years of this, the Rothesay was withdrawn, leaving the City and the Chicora to battle for the mastery. The Milloys and their steamer fell on some financial hard times and the boat came into possession of a Captain Daggett who ran her for one year, 1883. By a curious coincidence, she burned outside Muirs' Dry-dock in Port Dalhousie on the 31st of October, about 9 o'clock, while her insurance policy expired at 12. So passed a fine ship. So the Chicora was left alone in the field.

At one time, during the rivalry between these two ships, one could buy a ticket to Toronto for 25 cents. Then came a period of prosperity for the Niagara Navigation Company, owners of the *Chicora*. In 1888, they brought out the *Cibola*, which boat was burned at Lewiston Dock in July of 1905. The *Chippewa* was built in 1892 at Hamilton and was ultimately scrapped by the same firm which built her. I remember seeing the poor old *Cibola* coming drifting down the river, a sorry wreck, still smoking and a bunch of us rowed out to her and rode on her to the river shore above Youngstown where she was towed and hooved along shore by the *Ongiara*. That night, four of us fishermen were engaged by John McKeown, her mate, to pump as much water out as we could to keep her from sinking. John got Harry Wilson to make him a galvanized iron pump about eight feet long. Harry was then in the store where the *Hydro* is now. We rowed alongside the *Cibola* in one of the fish boats and shoved the pump into one of the deadeyes in her side, just above the water line and there we pumped two and two about, until about 8 o'clock in the morning. I suppose there was a certain amount of risk in our position as she might have rolled over on us. However, the *Ongiara* arrived and rigged a steam siphon and blew her as dry as possible and she was towed by a tug to Toronto. The last time I saw her was at Bertram's in Toronto, where her hull lay stripped alongside the new *Corona*, which was built there. The *Cibola*'s machinery including the paddlewheels and the whistle, was installed in the *Corona*.

The *Cayuga* was built about 1906, and *is* now the only boat left of the fleet. The *Corona* was scrapped at Buffalo, and the *Chippewa* at *Hamilton*. While the hull of the *Chicora* *is* now a coal barge plying *into* Toronto from U.S. ports. For a couple of years, 1907 and 1908, I think the Steamer *Turbinia* was on the run in opposition using the McIntyre wharf as a landing place. Now let us get back to the wharf.

THE WHARF

As I first remember *it*, this wharf extended from the lower end of the Warehouses to nearly the line of Melville Street. Bill Milloy had the upper end built up and my brother Charlie and I helped our dad to tow the oak piles across the river from Youngstown with our fish boat, using what fishermen used to call a white ash breeze. The wharf property, including the land in the flats, was acquired by the Niagara Navigation Company from the Milloys under a mortgage and for several years, the late Charles A. Ball was in charge, followed by the late James Aikins, who held the job for many years.

The Railway, for many years, had a plank platform which ran from the westerly end of Rousseau's wharf to the end of the Station building and the space between this platform and the wharf was not filled *in*, but the two were connected by three plank walks. Later on, the Railway filled the space in. The wharf was destroyed a few years ago by an ice jam, and rebuilt as it is at present. The Town had to contribute to the tune of over one thousand dollars to this rebuilding in order to keep the service in operation. I remember the old wharf being filled with baskets of fruit from end to end in the height of the peach season. There were no trucks in those days and all the kids used often to get a job carrying fruit baskets aboard. We were paid a nickel or two and sometimes a ride across the Lake and back. I should like to mention here the names of men who sailed the Steamers of the N.N.Co. out of here as I remember them. I spent upwards of 45 years along the waterfront and so knew them all by sight. I shall take the boats as they came on the route.

The first of the Chicora's masters that I remember was Capt. McCorkadale, followed by McGiffin who became Fleet Commander later on; then Harvey Solmes who had sailed the Empress of India out of Port Dalhousie; then Jimmy Harbottle from the Ongiara. Harbottle died and was succeeded by Bob Clapp who had been a mate; then Charlie Smith; then Billy Malcolm and last of all, Tommy Allen.

The Cibola's masters were McCorkadale, McGiffin and Solmes.

The Chippewa's were McGiffin, Solmes, Smith and Malcolm. Captains Clapp and Solmes died in the same summer, whereupon McGiffin finished the season in the Chippewa and Smith in the Corona.

The Corona was sailed by Solmes, Clapp, Smith, Malcolm, King and Henry Bongard, her last. King left to become Examiner of Masters and Mates, and Bongard finished up his career as Master of the Kingston.

The Cayuga was first sailed by McGiffin, who died in mid-season and was succeeded temporarily by Billy Malcolm. The next year, Smith, being the senior was given the Cayuga and stayed with her until he retired a few years ago, since which time; she has had Capt. Strachan, then Capt. Webster and now Strachan. Of all these sailors, four died in the sailing season and as far as I know, only the last two are still in service, Webster in the Kingston and Strachan in the Cayuga.

The Rousseau wharf was last used regularly by a steamer called the Argyle, running in opposition to the C.S.L. This boat was formerly the Empress of India, and only lasted one

season. Her masters found it hard to make a landing at this wharf when coming downstream. Two different men tried the job, Denny Enright and Jimmy McSherry. Captain Enright said to me one day, "You'd have to have a hinge in the middle of her." Neither of them was a river man, and so did not understand the vagaries of currents and eddies. This wharf, after Johnny Rousseau's death, became the property of Johnson Doyle, a mortgage transaction. He later sold it and the lot at the rear of the hotel to Davy Dick, who did away with the wharf and built a sand bin. This was embellished with a couple of handsome steam shovels. Here Dick's fleet of sand suckers unloaded sand from the river mouth, most of the sand and gravel used in the construction of the Queenston Hydro Plant being conveyed from here by the M.e. Railroad. The sandbin was later removed and the site sold to the present owner, George Allen. I should like here to reminisce about the Boathouses, or Boat Liveries, as they would be called now. There have been several of these. The first one I remember was that of Tommy Elliott at the foot of King Street and the Queen's Royal always had boats for the Boarders' use. Mr. Elliott had other interests, of course, as he did a bit of dragnet fishing and ran his hotel. This place has been in business for well over a hundred years.

I think that John Redhead was about the first who went into the boat business in a wholesale way. Mr. Redhead came here as a young man and had a job in connection with the Steel Works. I remember the first boat he built. It wasn't too good a model but he later improved very much and built a good many on order. He kept a lot for himself and had at one time, between 45 and 50 boats on hire. He was a finished workman and his new boats were beautiful sights. His first boathouse was at the foot of King Street, opposite Elliott's place. Then he built another just below Rousseau's wharf, this location being much more convenient to the boats and trains. For a long time, Skip Davies ran the house at the wharf for him and Jud Taylor ran the other.

Also, for some years, he had a third Boathouse at Chautauqua. I have known him to have 45 boats out on a holiday for a day's fishing. As the business gradually declined, he closed out all but the business at the wharf. At times, there were a dozen to two dozen of us who rowed fishing parties from these and other boathouses. We used to get a dollar and a quarter, sometimes a dollar and a half for a day's work, sometimes from daylight to dark, and sometimes if fishing was good, we might get a tip.

Dick Taylor was one of the regulars at this work and he later went into business for himself. His first boathouse was below Redhead's and he afterwards moved up between the two wharves. He later had the lease of Lakeside Park at Port Dalhousie. Then the Boltens had a boathouse at the foot of King St., theirs being along King St. behind Redhead's. Then after Jack and Charlie separated, Jack had a boathouse and a row of bathing houses on his beach above his residence, while his brother Charlie and Dan Sherlock ran the boathouse at the Queen's Royal.

All of these businesses have gone into the limbo of forgotten things. But while they lasted, many people got a good deal of pleasure out of a quiet evening spent on our beautiful old river. Now, very few of our young people learn how to row a boat, that is, to do so artistically. We took a great deal of pleasure in our rowing and many races were the result of the spirit of competition and the desire to excel. I wonder how many of the town boys could now row a heavy fish boat with its contents of nets and fish from the Eight Mile Creek to the beach as hard as one could dig in, in a race with two other boats and never shed a drop of sweat. We did it.

FISH AND FISHING

And that will serve to introduce our next subject, fish and fishing. There are many different ways of fishing, and as I spent many years in a piscatorial occupation, I may be forgiven for writing at some length on this subject. I suppose the kind of fishing most familiar to kids and grown-ups is the hook and line. And that is the kind that I first saw. In the shore space between Rousseau's wharf and King St., you will find practically all the commercial fishing equipment. From here, for well over 100 years, have gone forth men and boats to reap the harvest of the inland sea, sometimes a very meager harvest at that. The boats used were various scows, mackinaws, skiffs and square sterns. For the benefit of the mere landsman I should like to explain these terms. So then, a scow is flat-bottomed, square at both ends and the bottom rounded up at both ends. These were very common in my early days. In fact, I learned to row in one, first with one oar and then with a pair. A mackinaw is flat-bottomed, its bottom straight or only slightly curved, with square stern and sharp bow. They were sometimes called "flatfoot" or "smoothing iron."

A skiff is sharp at both ends, its bottom rounded, while a square stern is like a skiff, except that its stern is square. All of these boats were equipped with oars, made either of white ash or pine. Mackinaws usually had a centerboard box, and a wooden centerboard made in two pieces. The other boats were finally equipped with iron centerboards which swung from a bolt placed near the foreword end of the box. I think we had the first iron centerboard in my dad's old boat "The Shamrock."

Most of the larger boats were rigged with foresail and mainsail. These were spritsails, the foresail a little the larger and the mainsail equipped with a boom. Rudders were made of wood, either oak or pine. Centerboard boxes were placed two-thirds forwards of the boat's center and

one-third aft. Sailing races were common in those days and my dad was in demand as a skipper, he being an old schooner man.

Among the fishermen I first knew were the Ball brothers. Charlie and Albert; the Allen brothers. Bob and Dick, the Bolton brothers, Jack and Charlie and their father. Ned; Dan Sherlock; the Bobbies, Reid and Taylor; Ned Wooten; the Jack Raynors father and son: Big Jim Cantwell; Uncles Johnny and Alec Keith, Bill Thornton fished with Jack Bolton for a long time. They were brothers-in-law. Bill Kenally, Jimmy Tay. Bill Keith, Ned Q'Melia also fished with Jack at different times. Bill Campbell fished with Bob Allen for a time after Dick quit the fishing. Nobody was paid wages; everybody fished on shares.

A gillnet crew usually was two men. The boat took a quarter of the catch, the net a quarter and the men the balance between them equally. My dad's first partner that I remember, was my uncle Johnny Keith; then he had Bill Campbell for a time and then my brother Charlie and I was his crew. I was ten and he was eight and the gang called us "the Skeeter Crew." After Charlie and I were on our own, we were called "the Stormy Petrels." Jack Bolton had another name for us, "the Norwegians". A later crop was composed of such men as John and Wingy Mills, Patsy Moran, Frank Clench, Fred Perrott, Charlie Currie. Dick Taylor, Tooty Sherwood, Bart Currie and his three sons, Bart, Frank and Perry, Juby Cullen. Greasy Keith and his son Ed. George Nash usually called "Kanaky", Berry Patterson. Eddy Q'Melia, Ed Sherlock, John Bolton Jr., Charlie Bishop, Eddie and Pudge O'Melia.

For a long time, fishermen had to depend on peddlers to dispose of their catch and many a morning we got up long before the peep of dawn in order to have the fish ashore so the peddler could get an early start to market. In the summer, we shipped to Toronto by boat. In later years, Buffalo was our best market and we had local buyers, such as Ned Patterson and Bob Bishop. The latter outlasted the other buyers and for a long time, he owned much of the net equipment. Not all of it of course.

There were three different kinds of commercial fishing; gill-nets, drag-nets and night-lines. These last were used for Sturgeon. These fish were very numerous at one time and not worth much money. I remember seeing 25 big ones laid out on the beach. Caught by Uncle John Alford in a drag net. He sold them for 25 cents each and was glad to get that much for them. The first night-line that Charlie and I fished on our own on the reef at the river mouth was quite successful no one else was fishing night lines as there was no market for sturgeon, but we had a peddler from St. Kitts and he paid us two cents a pound dressed. Spawns were thrown away as there was no sale for them. Later on gill nets were used and I remember Berry Patterson and Bill Ball coming in with a boatload of 67 large ones. The biggest haul made here: In the month

of June on a quiet night, sturgeon could be heard as they jumped and fell back into the water. I remember two occasions when sturgeon jumped into a boat. My father and his partner had one do that up the river, but it lit across the centerboard box and slid on out again. Uncle John Alford had one jump in and he brought it home in triumph. I saw a man named Lyons who was spending the summer here catch a large sturgeon with his walking cane. This was on the shore about where the fog horn now is. The fish was lying in the water with its head near shore when Mr. Lyons came along. He saw the fish and hooked his cane into its gill and yanked it out onto the shore. Charlie Ball, Sr. dressed it for him and it weighed 371bs, dressed. When a sturgeon is dressed with head tail fins and entrails removed it loses about one-half so you see it was no mean feat to hawk out some 75 pounds of live fish with a light cane.

Sturgeons have become very scarce now and are worth a lot of real money when one is landed. Fishermen here blame the use of pound nets for the killing off of this valuable fish. I remember measuring one that I caught; it was 6 ft. 5 inches in length and 36 inches around the middle. We seldom weighed them undressed. so I do not know what it weighed.

As this is not written for fishermen my readers will not mind if I say a little about gillnets. They got their name from the fact that the nets are set along the lake bottom and are like a fence. The innocent fish swimming along the bottom comes in contact with the net and as his head enters the mesh the thread gets behind his gills and he is caught. The thread from which the net is made must be fine so as to be hard for the fish to see and is mostly linen although a good deal of Sea Island cotton is now used. The netting is seamed or hung on heavy cotton twine. The lower or lead line is weighted with lead sinkers strung on the line before the net is seamed to it and placed at intervals usually opposite the corks on the other line. We used to use corks which were about two and a half inches long and either inch and a quarter or inch and a half in diameter. We used to burn a hole through them with a hot iron and many a time that modern song "Smoke gets in your eyes" would have been most appropriate. Now cedar glass or tin are used as they do better in deep water.

When I was small, they used to set most of their nets out of boxes and this practice is still followed to a great extent on the other lakes, but in our neighborhood, most of the nets are set from reels mounted on davits which are attached to the stern of a boat. Nets which are lifted and set back wet are set from boxes. Seines or dragnets are different from gillnets. They are made from cotton twine, not thread and are seamed on rope. At each end of a seine is a stock called a "brail", about four feet long. The center or bag of the net is some ten or twelve feet deep. This type of net is put out in a semi-circle and is attached to the shore by long ropes, the one at the beginning of the drag being called the land line, the other the sea line.

FISHING GROUNDS

When I was a boy, the waterfront from Rousseau's wharf to the Four Mile Point was let out in what were known as ground. Uncle John (his name was really John Alford) had the beach ground. He started his haul at the wharf and hauled in at the foot of Ball Street. The famous Jimmy Tay was his assistant for a long time and later on, Jimmy Gordon helped him. His net was not large, so two men usually handled it, although sometimes if someone had not given the old man a hand, he would have been pulled into the river. Uncle John was English and blew in from Cleveland, apparently estranged from his family. He lived in a shanty on the beach about where Upper's place now is. He was caretaker in the Steelworks and eked out a living by means of his fishing. He afterwards moved to a spot at Whitmore's Lane above the Four Mile Point. He was ultimately burned out there and then occupied one of Elliott's boathouses and was burned out there, after which he departed from our ken.

Tommy Elliott had the next ground, beginning his haul about where the sign is on the Bolton Beach and hauling in at the foot of King Street. The last time I saw him in his right mind, he was standing looking sadly at the wire fence Jack Bolton had put up and which put an end to his hauling. Soon after that, his mind went and he had to be sent away. Elliott also had a ground beyond Fort Mississauga. Hauling out at Hooley's Hollow, where a roadway led from the common to the beach. After Tommy went away. Mrs. Elliott had such men as Bob Reid Sr., Joe Eares, Bill Campbell and Jimmy Hutchison working for her, yes, and Tom Daley.

Tom was quite a card. He was blind of one eye, usually wore a small Scotch tam with one tail, a red kerchief around his neck. He chewed tobacco and held conversations with himself. For instance he fell into the river one day crawled out, shook himself and remarked "Never mind Tom, it was only Daley got wet." If you asked him how he got to town his reply would be "I took a tie ticket." He hailed from some place called "Tall Pines." I never knew its location.

Joe Eares was an old soldier who lived where the Bradley home is on Ricardo St. He was Joe Bradley's grandfather. He was famous for his strawberries. He grew the finest berries I ever saw or tasted. He got his original plants from England and no one could beg, borrow or buy a plant from him and he used to peddle his berries at the wharf, fifteen cents for a quart or two for a quarter.

Bob Reid, the progenitor of the numerous Reid family, lived in a house that used to stand on Prideaux Street, near where Mrs. Rigg now lives. That house is now the residence of Mrs. H.H. Harris, on Simcoe Street, it having been moved there by Charlie Currie.

Bill Campbell was a blacksmith by trade, having served his time as an apprentice at Platt's wagon shop on Johnson Street. Bill however, did quite a lot of fishing with Big Jim Cantwell, Tom Elliott, Bob Allen and my father.

Jimmy Hutchison was very Scotch. He was a short, dumpy man, a ship carpenter by trade. He worked at a shipyard that was situated about where the fog station now is. Jimmy never wore an overcoat. He wore rope slippers that he made himself and canvas pants, also homemade. It was quite common to see his pants with a fresh new front to one leg and a new back portion to the other leg. With his rope slippers and canvas pants and a big straw hat tied down over his lugs and a stout cane in his fist, he was a sight for sore eyes.

There used to be a regulation requiring gillnet fishermen to keep a half mile from a hauling ground during the hauling season. This was not always strictly observed and one day we had some net set within the limit of the Elliott ground at Fort Mississauga as did Jack Boulton. While we were busy lifting our net, the gang (Elliott's) sent Jimmy out with his scow to lift Bolton's net and while he was busy, Jack and his helper appeared on the scene and got pretty close to Jimmy before he saw them. He got rattled and dumped the net he had lifted overboard in a heap. He was too late to escape and was captured by the irate Bolton crew. They took away his oars, made his scow fast to their boat and kept him prisoner while they untangled the mess he had made of their net. All of this delighted the shore gang and when Jimmy's scow was left adrift minus oars, they went out and rescued him, expressing much sympathy, of course.

Jimmy boarded at Elliott's for a long time and he took a great dislike to the fishery overseer from Hamilton who used to put up at Elliott's on his official visits to the Town. Elliott's used to own the lot at the southerly end of Gate Street, now the home of Mr. Cipryk and they had a garden there which Jimmy used to work for them. One day on his way home down the hill, he met the overseer. At the sight of the man he hated, he went for him, bowled him over and if you could have seen a stout man rolling down the hill with Jimmy prodding at him with his garden fork, it would have given you a thrill. No serious harm was done however, but Jimmy left his boarding house and moved to Kennedy's. Jimmy said afterwards, "I hanarna Heelan dirrk wi me, or I'd a fenished im."

The next ground was held by Albert Davey, who had a shanty at Kennedy's Hollow at the end of Queen Street. From here to the Four, each crew consisted of five men. The boats used were mackinaws and four of the men went around on the haul, three of them rowing, the fourth seeing that the net and its buoys and ropes went over the stern in orderly fashion. The fifth man stayed ashore and looked after the land line. On reaching shore, one of the crew would go

to the help of the land line man; two manned the sea line, while the fifth man stood by to clear the net if it got fast.

Wooden windlasses were used to drag the net in and a colored wooden buoy was attached to the center of the net so that one end would not be brought in faster than the other. As no fishing was done on Sunday, it was usual for the crew to leave one man in charge of the shanty while the rest went home. The next ground was at the One Mile Creek, at the mouth of the small pond and was that of Big Jim Cantwell, his shanty being just about where F.A. Gaby built his house. One must remember that this piece of ground has lost some fifty feet of ground since that time from erosion by the lake water.

NIAGARA ASSEMBLY GROUNDS

We might digress from our fishing to reminisce about the Niagara Assembly Grounds which began at Kennedy's Hollow and extended to the fence at the westerly limit of the present Mississauga Beach Park. This area was locally known as the Canadian Chautauqua. The part in the Town on the easterly side of the creek was known as the "Crooks Farm", the other part as the "Oliver Farm."

The first gathering was in 1887, a party of 50 to 60 people who were conveyed to a spot beyond the creek and close to the lake bank, where a meeting was held and some lots auctioned off. They came by boat from Toronto and were rowed to the spot from Redhead's Boathouse. I had the Peake family as my passengers in a large, brand new skiff, the first time it was used. This undertaking had been under consideration for some years, Postmaster Bob Warren being one of the moving spirits. It was a Methodist Church idea and was intended to be modelled after the Chautauqua gatherings in the neighboring New York State. There was a triumvirate of Lake, Peake and Donough who pretty well ran things.

About the first house built there was the Warren one, which stands on the south side of the road, just over the creek. The whole of the grounds was surrounded by an eight foot board fence. The original road ran from the end of Queen Street, along the lake bank and over a bridge near the waterfront. A wharf was built just to the east of the creek entrance and the entrance to the pond was twice dredged. As there were no protecting piers, this dredging proved to be a waste of money. One man named Philip Smith of Buffalo lost his life while working at the wharf building.

On the wharf was a pump plant to supply water to the hotel. This hotel, first called Hotel Chautauqua, later Hotel Strathcona, was a large frame building and stood about astride of the present Niagara Boulevards and about midway between Kennedy's Hollow and the creek. It burned down one Midsummer Day, being utterly destroyed in about twenty minutes. Fortunately, it was mid-afternoon and nearly all of the guests were out, so no lives were lost, but all the belongings of the guests and staff were lost.

There was also a small hotel or boarding house near the westerly limit of the Park, called the Lakeside. This place was managed for years by Mrs. Duckworth and was ultimately taken down. If you look at a map of the Park, you will see that all the streets radiate from a central point. At this point or hub, was a large open air theatre where religious gatherings were held and where weekly concerts were given among the artists being Bill Ramsay and his wife, Tommy Baker and Alf Sturrock.

A railway siding was laid down, the present John Street siding being the beginning of it. A train made regular trips between the steamboat wharf and a platform in the grounds. This carried on until the movement collapsed financially. The unsold part of the property came into the possession of Colonel Mitchell and later that of Haley & Wetherald, who formed the Mississauga Beach Land Co. and it was this firm that laid out the subdivision in the Town part of the property. They sold off the waterfront lots and then fell into a spell of bad luck and lost the most of the unsold land, the Town then selling the Town lots for unpaid taxes.

There was an electric light plant in the grounds when it was a growing concern, the late James Longhurst being the engineer. The large fence, the road, bridge, wharf, hotels, light plant, pump plant, amphitheater, and railway siding have long since vanished like "the baseless fabric of a vision, leaving not a wrack behind."

The next fishing ground was at the Two Mile Creek, where Jack Bolton had his shanty, just where the rifle butts are, except that it was on the sand. At one time, the Two Mile Pond was much bigger than it is now. Now here I want to mention an event unique in the annals of the fishing industry. It was in April of 1854, and men were on the beach between the Two and the Lake, engaged in dragging for whitefish. It was a fine calm day, when a huge wave swept in from the Lake. It was described by men who mentioned the matter, as a tidal wave. Men, nets and all were swept into the Pond. When the wave subsided and nets and gear were salvaged from the Pond, two bodies were found tangled in the nets and ropes, one of them an elderly man named James Forster, the other William Keith, aged 14, a brother of my mother. No one apparently knew the boy was there until his body was found. Jack Bolton had a big mackinaw called "Rough and Ready," which he used for dragging and also sometimes in gillnet fishing.

The next ground extended from the Two to a peculiar looking tree, commonly called the "Pepperidge Tree," and was that of the Ball Brothers, Charlie and Albert, along with my father and my uncle, Johnnie Keith. They were the partners and they had Charlie's son Bill as their helper, a post which I was sometimes called upon to fill. Bill Ball married Minnie Patterson and they left a large family, three of them still living in Town. Charlie Ball was usually referred to as "The Captain." He was a nice, quiet, steady man and he and his wife Maria were my godparents. Albert was a most worthy man, clean living, and a most exemplary character. At one time, he taught Sunday school in the Methodist Church. He and his wife Fanny raised a large family, four sons, all of whom were also fishermen, and six daughters. Only one of the daughters is still living, Mrs. Jim Laughton, but all the boys are still alive, one in Buffalo, the rest here. The boys were all decent fellows and all had nicknames; John being dubbed "Kelow," Bill being usually known as "Taffy," Charlie as "Finnigan" or "the laughing McGee" and Ed as "Buckley." A very nice family.

Big Jim Cantwell had the next ground, extending to the end of the woods, where it adjoined the ground of Bob Allen. Bob had an old "Likeness Car" which he used as a shanty. Between Bob's ground and the Four Mile Point, there were two other grounds, held by Ned Wootten and by Dick Allen.

I remember a man named Green, of New York State, introduced a new fish into Lake Ontario, which were called shad. They were small and bony and they multiplied so rapidly that they became a nuisance. They seemed to die by the thousands and were washed up on the shores, creating a stench. After they came, the shore fishing for whitefish died out and has never been revived, except on a small scale in the river.

In all my time along the waterfront, there never has been a fisherman drowned except two from Youngstown. In 1894, Eddy Welsh and Albert Phillips were drowned when their sailboat was swamped as they were beating out into the Lake to set their nets. This happened off Mississauga Point with a fresh north wind blowing. The third man in the boat, George Phillips, who couldn't swim, stuck to the boat and was washed ashore alive.

I think we have covered the waterfront pretty well. Perhaps at some future time, we may have more to remember, so we say, "So Long for Now."

SAILING

This is one of the grandest, cleanest sports to be found anywhere and one which I always enjoyed. At the mature age of ten years, I began to help my father in a piscatorial capacity. Brother Charles was even more mature at his age of eight long years. We were known around the beach as "the Skeeter Crew." We afterwards had other appellations when we were on our own; the favorite being the "Stormy Petrels." My father from the start of my career used to make me handle the rudder and many a time I was pretty nery, but "mine not to reason why." So I got plenty of valuable experience, so much so that in 45 years of handling boats, I never had an accident. Pure accidents are extremely rare on the water. Those so called are mostly the result of ignorance or carelessness.

When I was a youth, there was quite a fleet of fishing boats, usually equipped with a pair of sprit sails, a centerboard, a rudder, and plenty of good ash oars and the crew usually were two men. We had no motors and when there was no wind, a white ash breeze was our motor and many a weary mile we toiled. Quite a number of our boats were built by Harry Hodgson in Toronto and good ones they were.

There was the Volunteer, owned by Wingy Mills and Greasy Keith; The Bessie, owned by Windy Jim McMillen and fished by Frank Clench and Fred Perrott; the Juanita, owned by Charlie and Albert Ball; the Natalie owned by Jack Bolton; the Ella, owned by Masters Brothers. These were all Hodgson Boats. Then there was the J.C. Rykert, built by Jack Redhead for Bob Bishop and fished by Jesse Mills and Patsy Moran. Then there was the Ida, owned by Bishop and fished by Bill Ball and Ned O'Melia. There was a skiff owned and fished by Berry Patterson and Kelow Ball and a skiff, the Dolly, owned and fished by the Jack Raynors, father and son, the latter usually known as Nig. Big Jim (James Cantwell) had a boat called the Katie. There were others from time to time and many a race was run and rivalry at times was keen.

Jack Bolton had a boarder, Ted Corlett, a musician who used to spend his summers in Niagara. Ted was fond of boats and sailing and was free with his dollars when it came to having a race. In order to help Bolton out, he bought him an extra-large set of sails and Jack thus became "cock of the walk" and he didn't forget to rub it in. The rest of us didn't have the money to spare, to rival his big sails for the sake of winning a race or two, and it certainly irked us to have Jack parading his Natalie with a superior air.

Well, one day Bob Bishop and Jack got into an argument as to the relative merits of the Natalie and the Rykert, and both got so worked up that they finally bet each other twenty-five dollars on a race to be arranged between the two boats. The two craft were pretty evenly matched as

to size, but there was no comparison between the sail spread, so most of us were dubious about the outcome of such a race. However, wily Bob Bishop had something up his sleeve. He quietly slipped off to Toronto and invested his coin of the realm in a set of two sails and a good big jib, the whole thing rather out measuring the sail spread of the Natalie.

The day of the race was set and much depended on the type of wind the clerk of the weather would dish up. We all, at our end of the beach, helped to rig up the new sails. We had to fit out taller masts and a bowsprit, but nobody minded a little extra work in a good cause. The day looked forward to, arrived and the weather man was good to us for once. A nice day it was, with a good fresh breeze, just enough so both boats could carry all sail. Jesse Mills was at the rudder, he being the man who usually handled the Rykert. I had the job of handling the Jib. Of course Mr. Bolton handled his own boat and he was no slouch at the job either. The course was from the wharf around a buoy outside Mississauga Point, then around the spar buoy on the American side, then back to a buoy at the place of starting and twice over the course. The boats were pretty even to the first buoy, but when we squared away for the Yankee side and our big jib got a chance to draw, the old Rykert just romped away. Did we grin? We", you bet we did. We trimmed poor old Jack to a frazzle. Well, that was that.

As time went on, Ted Corlett used to put up a ten dollar prize for a Saturday afternoon race from the Queen's Royal, around the bell buoy and back, but as most of us were not much interested in following Jack Bolton around, we didn't bother about these races. But one afternoon, Jim McMillen came to me and said that there were to be three prizes that day, so he proposed that we take his Bessie, and borrow Balls big sails and get a piece of the money. So we set about it. I sailed the boat, and Jim and Taffy Bill Ball handled the sails. The wind was northeast and rather light. At first, we had a little of the best of it, two boats dropping out and leaving three in the race. The third being a little sloop from Youngstown sailed by Will King. After we got out into the Lake, the Natalie was too good for us and when we arrived at the bell buoy, which we had to pass to leeward, we were about 50 yards behind. Now usually in rounding a buoy to leeward, you stand past it far enough so that you can come about and be sure of clearing the buoy to windward. Now I figured that Jack would do just that, but I also figured that with an easterly wind, such as was then blowing, there would be a current running out past the buoy, so I told my crew to stand by to go about as soon as we cleared the buoy. I was relying on the current to give us the necessary clearance. Well, it worked and we were 40 or 50 yards ahead instead of trailing.

Of course, we knew that he would catch us again, as he had the heels of us, but it was fun just the same. Well, up he came and when he would luff to go to windward to get past, I would also

luff, which was the right procedure and after several attempts to weather us, he got mad and pulled up his helm and away to leeward to get past.

However, this jockeying on our part gave the third boat a chance to catch up and when we arrived at the home buoy, we were just one, two, three rounding the buoy as close as we could possibly be. While we were the last, we didn't mind.

It turned out that there was only one prize after all and we certainly enjoyed annoying the skipper of the Natalie. All in good fun, of course. He had the satisfaction of getting his ten spot and we had showed him that he wasn't the only one who could sail a boat.

ROWING

Having set forth some of my rambling reminiscences spent sailing, it seemed fitting that I should say something about rowing, which is also a fine exercise and by many regarded as a sport. I must confess that many, many times; I failed to see the sporting aspect of it. In my small boy days, there were about the waterfront, many scows and which we often alluded to as "four cornered skiffs." My dad bought a new scow from Jim Brown, its builder. While Jim was a marine engineer, he was also a pretty fair carpenter. On this scow, I learned to row, first with one oar, then with two. When you can row a scow without travelling in circles, you may regard yourself as a rower. In this scow brother Charlie and I spent many an hour fishing for bass or gathering drift wood. In a scow, one did not get dizzy from speed. People were not in such a hurry to go nowhere as is the case today. I remember how tickled I was when one day, Tommy Elliott, who had a boathouse near his home at the foot of King St., very kindly loaned me a small skiff to have a row all to myself. This was my first voyage in a skiff. Perhaps I had better explain that a skiff is a boat that is sharp at both ends. The other usual type of boat is called a square stern, which term should be self-explanatory.

The building and renting of rowboats was quite an important item of business in those days. At one time, there were six boat liveries, as they would be called now. Dick Taylor had one between the two steamboat wharves; John Redhead had one below Rousseau's wharf and one at the foot of King St.; John Bolton had one on his part of the beach, while his brother Charlie shared with him in one at the foot of King St; and Charlie Bolton and Dan Sherlock had the boathouse at the Queen's Royal Hotel grounds. John Redhead built his own boats, besides building boats for others and had at one time as many as forty-five boats in use. Skip Davies ran his house at the Dock for many years and Jud Taylor ran the one at King St. Redhead was a very fine workman and his boats, when new and freshly varnished and trimmed I black walnut or

cherry, were a sight for sore eyes. With changes in travel and changes in forms of pleasure, these businesses gradually petered out, so that now very few people in these parts can row a boat and very few ever even think of having a quiet evening on the water.

Now as for rowing races, I should like to comment on a few of the races I have seen and a few I took part in. The first race I remember having seen and that from a distance, was that rowed on the river by the famous Ned Hanlan against an opponent whose name I have forgotten. I can remember the crowd on the old Steamer Southern Belle, and the old craft listed over so that she was in danger of upsetting. Most of the good oarsmen here were fishermen or had been fishermen at some time and a holiday was not considered complete without rowing races.

These races were not rowed in racing shells but in light skiffs and as these were not of one pattern or size, quite often the boat itself was a deciding factor in victory or defeat. Among Redhead's boats, he had built four boats with a sliding seat. These were about 18 feet long and about four feet beam. They were light built and shallow and easy to row and quite a number of races were rowed in them. One race I remember stands out in my memory, between John Addison and Jess Harrison. There was keen rivalry between these two and they practiced assiduously. John was a husky big fellow and should have been an easy victor, for Jess was a thin, swarthy man, much lighter than John. However, weight is sometimes a handicap rather than an advantage in rowing.

Ned Hanlan was a comparatively small man and defeated plenty of men much larger than himself. It proved so between Jess and John. The distance was about two miles and there was not much to choose between the two men at any time, Jess managing to come in first by a small margin and he admitted that a little more would have finished him, as he was pretty well tuckered out.

Among Redhead's skiffs were two identical ones numbered respectively "One" and "Two". Number One was a little the better of the pair and usually came in ahead in a double-scutt race, for which they were much in demand. For a number of years, two men seemed to stand out in the singles ranks; Jack Wagner of Youngstown and Will Keith of Niagara, a cousin of mine. One Fourth of July, there was to be a Sporting Event at Youngstown, rowing races to be among the attractions. Some considerable time before the event, Jack Wagner bespoke no one from Mr. Redhead for the double scull event, his partner to be his brother Charlie.

On the great day, we were not worrying much about racing and the only Niagara men who thought of entering were Berry Patterson and Wingy Mills, who borrowed a new, light skiff that we owned and wended their way over to Uncle Sam's to take part in the double scull event.

Several of us were sitting in Redhead's boathouse, among those present being Bob Reid, Sr., whose son was then the Chief Constable. Bob was always a bit of an agitator and he started to needle me and my cousin to take a boat and go over and clean up "them Damn Yankees". We didn't rise to the bait, but we tried to put Bob off by saying that there was no suitable boat available. While we were still discussing the matter, Skiff No. Two was brought in by people who had her out fishing. So Bob then accused us of being yellow and he being a persistent cuss, Bill finally said to me, "Will we give her a go?" Well, we had never rowed together but we were both feeling pretty fit, so I agreed to go and away we went.

When Jack Wagner saw us arriving, he set off to get a more substantial partner in the person of his fishing partner, Bob Varsteenburg, but Kelsey (as he was usually called) wasn't having any and the other Niagara pair backed out, so it was Keith and Masters against Wagner Brothers.

The course was from Youngstown wharf, across the river and around a boat anchored opposite the old Ferry wharf, then across to the American side, around a buoy opposite where the St. Vincent Orphanage is now located, and up river to the place of beginning. We were started with our sterns against the wharf and when we got the word go, we dug in and away we went. The Wagners got a little the best of the start and led us by about a boat length to the first mark, but we turned the buoy much shorter than they did and so got the lead and although they dug in, we managed to get a respectable lead before reaching the second mark.

The Wagners lived in a house along the river bank close by and their families were out there rooting for them at the top of their voices. Well, the boys put on a spurt, but Bill said to me, "We've got them, they're done." We won without much more trouble and poor Charlie Wagner just about wept.

Well, after a while, the single scull race was called and the contestants were Keith and Wagner, but here Cousin Willie got a stitch in his side and was beaten. For quite a while afterwards, there was a difference of opinion as to which was the better of the two but it never seemed to be possible to get them together again. My cousin and I rowed several times together afterwards, sometimes we won and sometimes we didn't. I remember one race on our side that had a funny incident right at the start. Two huskies that had been fishermen, but had not been doing much rowing for some time, were young Jack Raynor and Dick Wootten. Always at the start of those races, everybody would dig in to get a position of vantage and when Jack and Dick were just getting under way, they both missed a stroke and went over backwards, much to our delight and that of the onlookers. They got up right away, but being short of wind, they pumped themselves out in short order and were easily beaten I rowed in one race with Charlie Ball as my partner, but we were beaten by C. Sherlock and my brother Fred. I also had my

brother Fred as partner, which race we lost as one of our rivals held onto our boat at the turn in order to let the third team get away from us.

Just one more and then I must close. One summer Chummie Sherlock was running Dick Taylor's boathouse. Now Chummie was a darned good oarsman himself. There were several kids about who fancied themselves as junior oarsmen and they were gabbing about it one day in the boathouse and Chummie, who loved a joke in his quiet way, told them he could beat three of them at once.

So it was arranged that they were to row around the black buoy and back. There was no wager or prize involved, just a race for fun. It seems to me the boys were Garlie Keith, Perry Currie and Jimmie Patterson. They had another kid in the stern to trim the boat. Chummie just kept enough ahead of them to keep them digging and once in a while, he would tell them to come on. He had a good grin over the whole thing as he had attached a small anchor stone to their boat and if you ever tried to tow an anchor with a rowboat, you can imagine the job the kids and their three pairs of oars had. Of course, it was all good fun and the boys had a good workout which didn't do them any harm.

THE DOCK AREA

Having been asked by Miss Creed to assist her in preparing a paper for the Historical Society, and as my share, to devote my effort to that part of the Town known in local parlance as "The Dock", I do so in the hope that it may be of interest to others in days to come.

This part of the Town was formerly a marsh and was outside the original town site and was largely within the area granted by the Crown to the Niagara Harbor and Dock Company and which area was bounded as follows - Beginning at the water's edge at the foot of King Street and proceeding along the southeasterly limit of King St. to Ricardo St.; thence along Ricardo St., one thousand feet to a stone (which stone is at the corner of the Morrison property at Wellington St.); thence across to the southwest side of Ricardo St. and following the brow of the hill to Collingwood St. and along Collingwood St., to the river and along the river shore to the place of beginning.

In this territory, about a mile in length was found a great deal of the enterprise of the Town in its palmy days. Here were two refineries or rectifiers, a brewery, two shipyards, a car factory (railway), an axe factory, coal yards, lumber and planing mills, a pop factory, a soap and candle factory, a barrel factory, an apple evaporator, a tannery, a slaughter house, a lime kiln, a brick

yard, a willow basket business, etc. besides hotels and dwelling houses, wherein were housed the men who were the bone and sinew of this industrial district. Most of these buildings have long since vanished and it is about them I write.

Beginning at the southerly end of the district, at a point once known as "The Old Ferry," where the old river road left the Town, stood three buildings between the road and the river; the first of which was Ratfe Clench's refinery, next the "Red Barracks" and then the Customs house. At the building of the railway embankment, all three were moved back out of the way, Clench's house being later known as "the Ferry House," and the barracks being dubbed by some as Navy Hall. This so called Navy Hall was occupied by a frontier guard and stood on posts seven feet high. The guard kept a boat under the building and a gun was mounted beside it. A supply of wood was kept under it. The late John Abbot told me that he had seen farmers delivering wood there. Nearby was the wharf known as "King's" Landing.

I remember the Ferry House with a huge willow tree in front of it and a large barn tucked comfortable against its west end. Here for a long time, was the landing for the river ferry, the last people to operate the ferry from this point being the Bolton Brothers, John and Charles. I remember seeing a sign on the gate reading "Ferry removed to Milloy's Wharf," and signed "Bolton Bros." A two-plank sidewalk was laid from the ferry up "the Stony Hill" and in a direct line across the common to the corner of Wellington and Picton St. House, tree, barn and sidewalk have all disappeared.

The Red Barracks, after being moved, stood west of the Clench house, and a little further along the road was a small house which was at one time, the home of Ned Bolton, father of John and Charles. This house was later the scene of two tragedies, the former of those being the accidental poisoning to death of Mara Murphy and two sons. The latter tragedy was the burning of the house and the death of its occupants, an old couple named Harvey who were said to be addicted to smoking in bed.

Next we come to the scene of the activities of the Harbor and Dock Company. Beginning at the westerly corner of Nelson and Ricardo St. was a series of buildings, the machine shops, foundry and office of the shipyard. The shops have gone, but the foundry remains although the roof has now fallen in. The office is now the home of W.H. Ball. The Brick Mill, as it came to be called later, has since housed a number of industries, a lumber mill by W.A. Milloy, a feed cutting business by J.W. McMillan and John Caughill, an engine works managed by E.R. Lundy, a garage and repair shop by John Miller and later by A.R. Inskoop. It was also used by the Polish Army as a barracks in 1917 to 1918.

On what is now Nelson St. on the southeast side of the slip, stood a long frame building, probably woodworking, as some ships were launched sideways from this position. Some parts of the old launching cradle still remain in the southerly arm of the slip.

After the winding up of the affairs of the Harbor and Dock Company, a large part of the area west of the slip was taken over by the railway which was built in the 1850's. It was originally planned for the railway to enter the Town by way of the Oak Grove and the waterfront and a deep cutting was made beginning at the present road, through the woods and ending at the foot of the hill at the old ferry, from which point a raised embankment was constructed, protected by a row of oak piles and a stone rip-rap. The present railway line was intended to be temporary and was carried on a long wooden trestle from Ricardo St. to the Wharf. The embankment which replaced the trestle was made from earth taken from King St. above Ricardo St.

I have been able to trace seven buildings on the lot bounded by Melville St., Ricardo St. and the slip as follows: - one on the corner of Melville and Ricardo St. used as a stable; next stood one on Ricardo, nearly opposite the office, a brass foundry; then about 100 feet from Ricardo St. was a large two-story frame building with a bell tower on top and a tall brick chimney beside it. This chimney is said to have been built by John Thornton, the first, my wife's grandfather, who laid all the bricks himself, completing the whole chimney in three weeks. This building was taken down by the Milloys and the timbers used in repairing the adjacent wharf. The bell tower was placed at the top of the hill and is used as a summer house.

Near the angle of the two arms of the slip was a long, frame building of one story, once marked "rough framing". It had double doors the whole length of it on its landward side. Part of it was used for a long time as an icehouse by the McClelland's and at other times W.A. Milloy had a coal business in it, as did later, George W. Miles. It was also the first building occupied by the Delhi Canning Co., managed by W. H. Whitside. Near this building and parallel with it was another whose use I do not know.

Then there were two large two-story frame buildings with their front ends on Ricardo St., one of which still remains and these were known as "painting and finishing shops." A railway siding led from them to the turntable siding of the railway, the one which has been removed was not used in my time except that the lower floor was a curling rink and the upper the scene of many walking matches, which were much in vogue in the 70's and 80's.

The remaining building was the home of "The Niagara Oak Leather and Tanning Co." a great sign to that effect adorning the whole river side of the roof. A row of odoriferous tan vats stood

in between the two buildings. The chief man in this business was the late John Blake and later a Mr. Merritt. The building was next used as a lumber and planing mill by a Mr. Keyes, while the upper story was used for a time as an apple evaporator, first by a Mr. Cox and later by J.J. Devos.

The writer had the pleasure of running a peeling machine for Mr. Devos at the huge salary of seven cents per hour and at the age of seventeen at that. The next use of the building was by the Delhi Canning Co., managed by Mr. Whitside, this firm being afterwards taken over by the Dominion Cannery and managed by John A. Black.

After the building of their new factory, the building lay idle for a time and during the First World War was occupied by the Third Battalion of the Polish Army. Its last and present use was and is as a basket factory. In this connection, I should like to say that I remember the first telephone in the Town. It connected the tannery with the house and Bank of the Mr. Merritt already mentioned. Mr. Merritt lived in the house now owned and occupied by Mr. Walter Reid at the corner of King and Front Streets. Just along Front St., at about the spot where the house of Mrs. Jean McFarlane now stands was a building, part of which was a stable and the part next to the street housed a Bank, this being the same place where the Bank of Upper Canada was situated formerly and which was managed by Thomas McCormack. From the Bank, the telephone wire first rested on the roof of the Martin Doolan house, then occupied by Mrs. Martin Morrison as a boarding house. Among her boarders were the late James B. Secord and an odd character, one Tom Carey, commonly called "Tom Go Slow". The wire's next resting place was the highest building of the Steel Works, then the Railway Engine house, the American Hotel and the Tannery. Bank, Steel Works, and Tannery and telephone have long since departed, but for years the telephone wire lingered, a roosting place for birds and a target for small boy's stones.

The next area we come to is that bounded by Melville, Ricardo, Ball and Delatre Sts. Here were many buildings, most of them gone, a few still remaining. On Delatre St. near Melville, was a rather large dwelling, in which at one time my family lived and in which my sister, Mrs. Archer was born. This house was moved to its present site on Melville St. by the Martin Morrisons and is now owned and occupied by Mrs. Stephen Sherlock.

On the adjacent corner was a small frame dwelling, later used as a barn and still later burned. On the present site of the Sherlock house on Melville St., was a house owned by a Mr. Needham and on the corner of Ricardo was a tavern or boarding house, its first known keeper being Macanally, later by Mrs. Mellen usually called Aunty, then by Mrs. Morrison, Bill Dolson and then Mrs. Mary Sherlock, now deceased.

Next on Ricardo St. were two small houses owned by James Young, in one of which they had a candy shop. The smaller of the two was later used by Mr. W. H. Quinn as a photograph gallery. His family still owns the property. Then on the site of the Kennedy house, was a double dwelling, long since gone. Here the late John Abbott was born and here my half-sister Fanny Clench was born. Next, just past the spring, was the home of Judy Raynor, a soldier's widow. Next was the home of Mrs. Wilson from the north of Ireland, but who prided herself on being Scotch. She had a wee candy shop and kept chickens which might be seen wandering about her shop floor or roosting overhead in her kitchen.

Then came the McBrides. Jack was a painter and had numerous progeny who were the bane of Mrs. Wilson's life as were the Turners on the corner. Bill Turner was a mason and also did not believe in race suicide. Around the corner on Ball St. was a roughcast house not occupied in my time. Near the foot of the hill, was the home of James and Mary O'Brien. James was better known as Jimmy Tay.

All these houses from Young's to O'Brien's have been taken down except for Mrs. Wilson's, which now forms the front part of the Kennedy house, having been purchased and moved by George Goff to its present site. In the area too, was a brewery, at the spring, operated by a Mr. Hemphill, who lived in the corner house where Turners afterward lived. The malt house stood on posts over the spring and is the only one of the brewery buildings left. It was bought by James Kennedy and moved to the foot of the hill where Mr. Kennedy had his carpenter shop. After his death, William Black bought the building and moved it across the street. He converted it into a dwelling and it is now owned by Curtis Gordon. According to Mr. Kennedy, a whole row of small houses stood along Delatre Street, all of which were disposed of by Mr. Kennedy for the Bank of Upper Canada. Near the Kennedy house on Delatre Street, there was also a three-tenement house.

One of the old plans shows a lime kiln in the centre of what is now Ricardo St., then called Clement St., just below Melville, the operator being T. Racey. The house next to the railway, known as Spadina Cottage was once a photograph gallery or as we called it, a "likeness house."

On King St. was a long, low building which was used by the Royal Engineers as a carpenter shop. At the foot of the hill is the Elliott House, for over 100 years, a hotel or boarding house. Across King St. in the Queen's Royal grounds, were two other hotels or taverns. Before the building of the railway, the main road from the wharf was along Lockhart St., which street ran between the Elliott house and the river and through the grounds past the two hotels referred to and up the

hill to the end of Regent St. The two hotels stood on the landward side of the road. In the middle of the end of King Street was a blockhouse, sometimes referred to as the Blue Barracks. In the basement of the house facing Lockhart St. and the river and now owned by the Wright family of Toronto, there was once a soap and candle factory run by S.H. Follett, this business making use of the water from the spring nearby. In two frame buildings facing the spring and Delatre St., there was a pop factory run by J.J. Devoe, who then lived in the house at the corner of King and Front Sts. On the next lot, southerly, stood a small house, once the home of McNamara, the first gillnet fisherman. The late Thomas Burk had a coal and lumber business here, and after his death, the property was purchased by John Bolton. The McNamara house, then occupied by Abbie Moran was torn down and the present house built. In the flats between the Railway and Delatre St., was a group of large buildings known as the Steel Works. These appear to have been bought by the Town from the Harbor and Dock Co., and given to the Steel Works. These works were operated in my time by a man named Kent. Debentures were issued by the Town to the tune of \$50,000 to help Mr. Kent. The business folded up and Mr. Kent went west and for many years thereafter, the Town was paying off those blessed debentures.

The late Senator Plumb seems to have been in charge of the buildings and he had a man named John Alford as caretaker. John Redhead used one of the buildings as a boat building shop for a long period. Finally, the property was purchased by John H. Lewis and D.B. MacDougal. Mr. Lewis bought McDougal's share and wrecked the whole outfit in 1898 and 1899. The only building remaining in existence is the office building which I purchased from Mr. Lewis for \$100.00 for my mother and moved it across Delatre St., to the corner of Ball St., where it is now occupied by my niece with her husband and family, as a dwelling. Near at hand, the late Mr. Henry Ellison had a barrel factory which was burned in 1904. Then came the Railway Engine House, from which a siding led to the turntable. Then there was the Railway Watertank and Pump house. W.H.J. Evans' coal sheds were along the siding between the engine house and the turntable.

Then along the waterfront, were boathouses belonging to John Redhead and R.W.M. Taylor. Then there was Rousseau's wharf in front of the Lake View House. This wharf was built when there was a keen rivalry between the Steamers, City of Toronto, Rothesay and the Cicora sometime in the 1870's. After this rivalry had ceased, the Rothesay having been taken elsewhere and the City of Toronto having gone up in flames at Port Dalhousie, this wharf was only used occasionally for the odd cargo of lumber coming in or the occasional load of barreled apples going out in the fall.

This wharf was finally removed by David Dick, who purchased the property from J.J. Doyle and a sand bin was erected where the Dick fleet of sand suckers unloaded sand from the river mouth,

the sand being mostly used in the building of the Queenston Hydro Plant. All these buildings have been removed as has also the Railway Station and Freight house, which stood facing the Milloy Wharf, now the Canada Steamships' Lines Wharf.

About on the site of the Fog Station, there was at one time, a shipyard owned by a man named Fairchild. One old map shows a pond where the American Hotel now stands, there being a bridge over the pond leading to the wharf. The Hotel then stood on the corner of Melville and Delatre Streets. Near it and fronting on Delatre St. were two small dwellings which were destroyed by fire. Near the Hotel as it now stands, were two dwellings, one of them at one time occupied by the Moody family who made willow baskets and who planted the many willow trees found in the vicinity. This family removed to Toronto and is still in business on Yonge St. The site of these two dwellings was purchased by the Canning Co., who built a large tenement house in the rear, to house their help in the canning season. The tenement and the dwellings were taken down when the cannery was moved to its present location and several cottages now occupy the site.

I should like to mention here that the first coal bin of which I have any knowledge of, stood beside the railway tracks facing the slip and held two carloads of coal. As nearly everybody burned wood in those days, not much coal was needed to supply the Town. Mr. Geddes, the railway agent ran the coal business and after him, W.H.J. Evans entered the coal business and moved to the site mentioned elsewhere.

The only businesses now remaining in this once busy section of the Town are the fishermen, the two hotels, the basket factory, Shepherd's Boat Works and the Steamboat Wharf.

The chief factors in the making and unmaking of this section of the Town appear to have been the coming and going of the Harbor and Dock Co., the building of the Railway, the building of the Welland Canal, the removal of the County Seat and the general change in population and transportation.

It will be seen from this paper, haphazard though it is that this quiet little nook along the waterfront has made a large contribution to the business life of the Town. Through this district passed the great quantities of freight which were portaged past the Falls. In this spot was centered the interest of the pioneer business men whose names are mostly forgotten - Zimmerman, Thompson, Nash, Melville, Short, Heron, Milloy, Lockhart and many others. They were neither saints nor heroes, neither were they wizards of finance, but they were men of

push and initiative who played a major part in the business life of the Town of Niagara in general and of the Dock in particular.

THE RIVER WHARVES

October 28, 1954

One must remember that our Niagara River was once the only means of conveying goods to the great country to the west and consequently these four river towns were places of great importance. As one result of this state of affairs, there were wharves or landing places at intervals along the seven miles of its length between its mouth and the foot of the escarpment, which we know as "the mountain."

In my boyhood days, I came to know these seven miles on both sides very well indeed. So we will move on up the American side from the run already mentioned. About half way to Lewiston, there used to be a wharf at a point called "Mill Point". I don't know what its use was and it has now disappeared. From there to Lewiston, the bank is very steep and nothing in the way of a landing place until the landing at Lewiston is reached. This was the most important shipping point on the east side. In the olden days, there was plenty of wharf space. In my day, the Toronto Steamers landed there. There were two long wharves there and the lower one ultimately fell into the hands of the Niagara Navigation Company who used it until it was destroyed by the ice jam in 1937.

Before the settlement began on our side of the river, Lewiston was probably the most important shipping point on the river. From here, the goods were carried by horse or often drawn vehicles to a point above the Falls. When, however, our side of the river began to be peopled, nearly all the trans-shipping business shifted to our side and important wharves and landing places came into being.

At Queenston, there has since that time, always been a wharf or two there, at one time covering a mile in length. As you probably know, there is still a wharf there, which is the southern terminus of the Steamboat run to and from Toronto. Between Queenston and Niagara, there have been several wharves in my time, most of them destroyed by ice jams. I remember Mr. D. Rumsey of Buffalo built a fine private landing just below Queenston and it was just nicely finished in 1909, when along came the ice and wiped it out.

About halfway down to Niagara, the fruit growers built a wharf for the shipment of fruit at what was called Fields' Bend. For some years, the River Road section shipped most of the fruit from this point.

I remember the old Gordon Jerry landing there. Sometimes she brought a fragrant cargo of manure for the farmers. I remember an old barge thus laden that she left there and in the night, it got adrift. The Fort Niagara Lifesaving crew spied it, floating by in the night and they towed it to their wharf at Fort Niagara. The next day was a hot one with a stiff southwest wind blowing and they sent over prayer to us, for goodness sake, come and take it away. So we got up steam on the Abino and went to their relief. Between smell and flies, life had become not worth saving for that life-saving outfit. We tied the truant barge and its fetid cargo to the wharf at the Waterworks.

This wharf came into being as the result of a movement to get opposition to the Navigation Company. A railway was planned between here and St. Catharines, but it did not materialize. The Steamer Turbinia used the landing place during the time when she plied between here and Toronto. The 1909 ice jam shoved this wharf bodily up onto the bank and that was the last of it.

As far as I can learn, the first wharf at Niagara was at the old Ferry, where the Parks Commission built a new one a few years ago. One must remember that from this place down, there was then nothing but a marsh; consequently there was only this one spot readily accessible to traffic from the roadway. There was a small wharf still there when I was a boy and it was the landing place for the Ferry across the river. The last people to use it were the 801ton Brothers, John and Charles and they moved the Ferry to the mouth of the slip above the Steamboat wharf, where the Ferry now lands.

In 1831, the Niagara Harbor and Dock Company came into being and they secured a grant of all the territory between Ricardo Street and the river and between King St. and Collingwood St. They built a wharf on the site of the present wharf and began to make a slip and fill in the marsh. An old map shows a hotel on the corner of Delatre and Melville St. and a bridge over a pond at the site of the present American Hotel. This wharf property in my early days was owned and used by the Milloy family for their own steamer, City of Toronto. Later on, a wharf was built in front of the Lake View House to accommodate rival steamers. It was long known as Rousseau's Wharf. It was used at various times for many different purposes, including the reception of lumber cargoes. It was finally acquired by David Dick and was removed and replaced by a large sand bin.

At the same time as the building of Rousseau's Wharf, one was built at the Queen's Royal Hotel. It was a narrow one, reaching out beyond the sand bar with a tee across the outer end and was used mostly by yachts.

ON THE WATER

This is the last article that Joseph E. Masters wrote. He went on a holiday, and shortly after died.

One hears so much of late about accidental deaths, many of them in or on the water that I am tempted to reminisce a bit about water matters. I should like first of all to remind you that I spent forty-five years of my life about the lake and river and should therefore know whereof I write.

Let us discuss boats. In my early days about the water, we had several kinds of boats and their propulsion was by oars and sails. There was the flat-bottomed scow, square at both ends, the bottom being rounded up. This was the rough duty boat, unwieldy, but comfortable and safe. I spent many an hour in one with my brothers, fishing or gathering driftwood. Everybody burned wood in those days. Then there was what we called a mackinaw. This was pointed at the bow and square at the stern, although I have seen one sharp at both ends. These boats were flat-bottomed and were handy and useful. They could be rigged for sail and in later years, could be furnished with a gasoline motor. Then we come to the skiffs. These were sharp at both ends and were usually well proportioned. By that, I mean that an eighteen foot skiff would be about four feet beam. A nice, handy boat and much in use at the boathouses. Then there was what we sailed; the square stern, usually twenty-one to twenty-four feet long, about five feet beam, and about three feet deep. These were very seaworthy and we usually rigged them with two spritsails, a centerboard and a removable rudder. Later on, we installed motors in them.

One point I wish to make is that these were all safe, commodious and seaworthy. Furthermore, they were substantially built of good materials. We read of a great many accidents to these modern flimsy built crafts, equipped with a heavy outboard motor. What real pleasure of comfort one can get out of the darn traps, I can't conceive. It is true that they go fast, but if there is any sea at all, even a small one, they go put, put, put, and if anyone aboard moves his gum over to the other side of his jaw, over you go. Then, the racket the darn things kick up is a nuisance to anybody who loves peace and quietness. They are not roomy either, and when people who don't know any better, put too many people in them, it is just too bad.

The average person, who becomes the possessor of one, just does not know anything about boats or how to handle them. We learned from experienced men but a lot of people think that because they can drive a motor car, they can sail a boat. For one thing, a road is not like the water. So many darn fools think it is all right to stand up in them. When you are on your feet in a boat, especially a small one, the least thing will topple you over. In too many cases, over goes the whole kit and caboodle of you with far too many disastrous results.

Canoes are another type of craft that greenhorns should avoid. I saw an article in a paper recently illustrating the proper way to occupy a canoe. You should not stand up in one; in fact, you should not even sit up in one. The proper posture, especially in paddling a canoe, is to kneel on the bottom of the canoe and rest your seat on the thwart. If you have a passenger or passengers, they should be seated on the floor of the canoe and never under any circumstances try to change places in a canoe. Personally, I have always felt that a canoe was only fit to be used on creeks and small ponds.

One does not get a permit to drive a car on our streets and highways without having acquired a knowledge of safety rules, but any darn fool can take people out in a boat without any qualification whatever for ensuring their safety and comfort. They only knew that what they are getting into is called a boat and their only desire is that it will go and go fast. People nowadays are crazy for speed and they have not the sense of relaxation and peace that a quiet row on our beautiful river can give them.

A quiet steam yacht used to be considered something to be desired and appreciated. Now you must have one of those shiny handsome racers such as Shepherd's turn out. In their way, they are fine but the old time steam yacht had them beaten by a mile when it comes to a holiday bout our lake and river. You don't get a lot of speed out of a sailing yacht but you cannot beat them for beauty and grace of movement.

It is rather difficult to find something interesting to dish up for the weekly paper at times, so I thought it might be of some interest to get back to the waterfront for a while. It is too bad that so many lives are lost through drowning and it is remarkable that so few such accidents have happened here. When I think of the thousands of pleasure seekers that we had in days gone by, it seems a miracle that so few have died through drowning around here.

I remember one incident that ended fatally during the time of the Military Camp long ago. A crowd of the men, who had just arrived in camp, went down to the lake just west of Fort Mississauga and went in for a swim. Of course there were all kinds of fooling around in the

water and one chap got out quite a distance and all at once, he began calling for help. There was so much fooling going on that no one paid any attention to his calls, thinking of course, that, like the rest of the crowd, he was just fooling. When the crowd got out of the water and proceeded to dress, one was missing. It does not pay to fool around in the water.

We have been hearing of a couple of incidents of people getting themselves into trouble on our Lake lately through failure of their motive power. They remind me of a chap who was here some years ago. He started in as a fruit farmer on a piece of land between here and St. Catharine's, but he didn't make much of a go of that and having had a bit of naval training in the old country, he bought a boat and entered on a piscatorial career. In those dear dead days, the only means of propulsion of a fish boat was either sailor oars. Our friend was not very partial to the long spells at the oars and when someone produced a gasoline motor, he became interested, so much so, that he purchased an engine from a firm in Toronto. He paid them fifty dollars down, and the balance was to be paid if and when the engine proved satisfactory but if the engine did not do the work satisfactorily, the machine was to be returned and the fifty dollars was to be repaid to the purchaser.

Our hero went forth to the deep one fine day. There were no others near where his nets were set but he set forth bravely and confidently, the motor chugging regularly as if to the manner born. In the sweet bye and bye, buoys were sighted, nets were lifted and everything was peace and joy. But alas and alack, the concerned engine refused to co-operate. Picture our poor friend, his long back bent over the engine, perspiration oozing from his brow as well as from most every part of his frame, panting from his exertions. But all to no avail. He gives up at last and sinks exhausted to a thwart and gazes landward with longing eyes.

The land is far distant and the breeze is blowing him down Lake Ontario to a fate unknown. Such had been his faith in that condemned motor that he had gone forth with only one oars in the boat and no sail. At long last, he was sighted by some fishermen off Wilson, New York and towed to shore. He finally arrived at Niagara Beach, tired, sore and plumb disgusted. He crated the disgraced motor and shipped it back to Toronto, with a more or less polite request for his fifty dollars.

After a time, the money not being forthcoming, he engaged a lawyer in St. Catharine's to collect it for him. This he did and the money came along from Toronto to Niagara. So far, so good. Now this particular lawyer man and our friend were fellow members of an Englishmen's Club in the City of the Saints, and were supposed to be bosom friends. But when our friend got his bill for services rendered, friendship came to an abrupt end. After a time, our hero went away to the Canadian Navy and we knew him no more.

We Niagara fishermen had very few serious accidents, but I sometimes thought we were lucky. One time, Jack Bolton and Bill Thornton had an adventure. Bolton had a fishing ground at the Two Mile Creek and the whitefish were running in the springtime. They had a very successful day and the catch was loaded into a big mackinaw, a sail was set with a gentle breeze blowing off the land. Jack was at the helm, Bill was forward and both being tired, both went to sleep. They awoke in the morning with the sun beaming down and Toronto not far away. Everybody here wondered what had become of them. There was no radio in those days to broadcast their loss. However, they got into Toronto and Jack sold their cargo of fish to good advantage and they set sail for home. They were found by the early risers the following morning, tied up to the wharf, both men snoring soundly. And I mean soundly.

I think that about the most patient and easy going man about the waterfront in my young days was Jim Marshall of Youngstown. He had a ferry privilege from that Port to Niagara and the only conveyance he used was a big, comfortable sailboat. I never knew him to row across. He was the picture of comfort as he sat at ease in the stern of the "Solid Comfort" with the tiller tucked snugly under his arm and his dog "Susie" perched on the bow. Time was nothing to that pair. What would our present day speed demons do with an outfit like that. Like all good ships, the Solid Comfort lived her days and was scrapped. A new and smaller boat replaced her. This, Jim called the "Susie" after his canine crew. At last, Jim passed way, having made his final voyage across the River Styx and his effects were sold by his relatives.

Susie, his boat, not the dog, was purchased by Captain Billy Hoffman who commanded a Company of the 11th U.S. Infantry at Fort Niagara. Our brave Captain was a portly gentleman of German descent and rather fancied himself as a nautical expert. All the fishermen and some others on both sides of the river had sailboats and there were plenty of races. They had, at one time, a regularly constituted Yacht Club at Youngstown and they sponsored weekly races on the Saturday afternoons during the summer season. Hoffman was a member and always entered the Susie, his crewman being a Sergeant Kruhn, a fellow German. He never won a race but he kept on trying. I remember passing by him when I was returning from a trip to Youngstown. A race was on from and to Youngstown and Hoffman was hopelessly outdistanced. The wind was quite light and the straight bow of Hoffman's boat had a barrel stave nicely planted across it. The other boats were already home, so it was no use hailing the bold Captain.

There was another sailboat at Youngstown owned by another Marshall, called 'The Barge'. This boat had figured in a tragedy which cost the lives of two officers and six enlisted men. It seems that they had a metal lifeboat at Fort Niagara. There was a heavy easterly wind blowing with a big sea as is usual with such breezes. This lifeboat was anchored out near the Fort and in some

way one of the watertight tanks became punctured and the boat was waterlogged and went adrift.

The two officers came down with a crew of six men to man the oars of the "Barge." Jim McMillan of our Town was then running a Sutler's store at Fort Niagara and he was going to accompany the rescue party but on being informed by the officer in charge that he, not Jim, was to be in charge. Jim very wisely backed out. One officer did not want to go, but his senior charged him with cowardice so very reluctantly he embarked with the party and secured himself with a piece of rope to a ring belt inside the stern. Onlookers saw them get out onto the reef at the river mouth where the sea was very bad and they saw the boat turn before the wind and presently they upended oars, navy fashion. Of course, the boat lost steerage way and soon over she went. The bodies were later recovered along the Canadian shore and the so-called coward's body was found still fast to the boat. They are buried in the old Fort Cemetery near the river bank.

Another incident comes to mind but without any fatal results. There was a man living here some fifty years ago, who loved the water. He owned a sloop rigged yacht, an old style one and he spent a lot of his spare time on the Lake in all kinds of weather. One day, with a stiff westerly wind blowing, Jack Bolton was coming in from setting or lifting nets and while out several miles from the river mouth, he spied this particular boat lying several miles to windward without any sail showing. She was rolling about and there seemed to be someone or something up in the rigging. Fishermen always had an eye out for anything or anyone in distress, so Jack immediately set out to rescue the owner of the yacht. After an anxious time in getting to the ship in distress, they found this hardy mariner up in the rigging, calmly smoking his pipe and painting the Crosstrees. Well you can imagine the feeling of Jack and his crew and the blessing they would shower on the head of this man.

SCHOOLS & EDUCATION

SCHOOL DAYS

As our old school is on its last legs, I thought it well to hark back to days of yore, and to say something about my early recollections of that venerable place.

Outwardly, the old school looks much the same, except for the fire escape and the lack of a fence about the grounds. Also, there is somewhat fresh paint in evidence. Although I have not been inside the school of late, I do know that it has been considerably altered and I suppose, for the better.

I entered the school, a meek little youngster, about May 1st, 1878 and was put in charge of Miss Belle Flannigan, in the upstairs room on the side next to the Common. My teacher was a tall, handsome woman with charming manners and a rather authoritative air. She was a good teacher, a fine singer and was at that time, the leading soprano in St. Mark's Church Choir which was then located in the end gallery of the Church. Much to our sorrow, she gave up teaching to marry John Carnochan not so long afterwards.

At the time of my entry into the school, Miss Janet Carnochan was the principal and her room was at the end, away from the common downstairs. The other teacher was Miss Cunsy Winterbottom, a dear, fussy lady, who took her job very seriously, much more so than we took her when we got to know her. The three rooms were heated by a big iron box stove in each room. Each was fired with cordwood, cut once. There was no caretaker and two pupils in each room would be delegated to remain after school to sweep and dust and the first arrivals in the morning were expected to light fires. Now, weren't they the good old days?

That mid-summer, Miss Carnochan moved over to the High School as assistant to Mr. Andrews and was succeeded by George Cork. He came with the reputation of being "cross". What used to be the criterion by which we measured teachers. Well, we shall see.

At this time, there was a Roman Catholic School in the Church grounds on Davy Street near Byron St.. We kids from the dock used to travel to school along a lane that then ran along the church fence between where I now live and the churchyard. One of the favorite pastimes of the "Micks" was to pepper the "Protestant Pups," with stones which always seemed to be handy.

After Mr. Cork came on the scene, the separate school was closed and the pupils came to our school where they could be distinguished from us because they all said "haich". With their coming, a fourth teacher was necessary and the extra room was opened and used. This room was upstairs above the principal's room and was furnished with the old-fashioned long pine desks and benches, all guiltless of paint or varnish. Miss Bella Blain taught this room and it being the junior room, I was shifted from Miss Flannigan's room into this one.

Some happenings while I was a disciple of Miss Blain, call for mention. In those days, lead pencils were a rarity and scribblers were non-existent. Harry Doritty, who was in my class, had a lead pencil and the lead pencil disappeared. Complaint was made to Miss Blain and by her to Mr. Cork. A serious crime had been committed and the perpetrator must be found. So, after noon recess, we were paraded in dress order on the floor in two ranks and diligent search was made of our persons and garments; the girls by Miss Blain and the boys by Mr. Cork. No pencil was found and the mystery grew deeper with every passing moment. Further search of the premises must be made and the pencil just simply must be found. So we poor shaking suspected culprits were left standing with bated breath (whatever that means) while the befuddled sleuth pro tam (Mr. Cork) went about the task with a look of grim determination on his fevered brow.

Bravely he neared the back seat on the boys' side. Now the occupants of that seat were large healthy boys who only came to school during the winter because it was not comfortable outdoors and one of the innocent pastimes of boys of their mature years was chewing tobacco. While there was gum to be had in those days, gum was too sissified for big boys. Of course, if you chew tobacco, there had to be a receptacle provided in which to expectorate. School boards do not seem to have been considerate of the comfort of pupils in those days. So, some expedient had to be devised to overcome the lack. But, let us not anticipate. We left Mr. Cork about to prosecute his search. The desks had no lift able tops, just an opening at intervals into which one could put apple cores and other undesirable debris which would otherwise litter up the floor and vex the tidy minds of the boys. Here we go with Daddy Cork. He stoops over the fatal desk, boldly thrusts an arm within, quickly withdraws it and to our horror and his perfectly inexcusable disgust, his coat sleeve is covered to the elbow with horrid slimy TOBACCO JUICE. Only capital letters could do justice to the scene that followed. Nothing daunted but with disgust writ large of his speaking countenance, grimly he grasped the fatal desk, tilted it up and

out flowed a cascade of accumulated moisture and the "PENCIL" in the midst thereof. Let us draw the curtain over the scene.

The scene shifts. Again the back row appears. The Freel boys used to bring apples to school in their bags and one day John complained to Miss Blain that someone was stealing his apples. I was sorry about this because quite often they used to treat me to a nice juicy apple. Miss Blain was a bit shortsighted but she told John to hang his bag on the wall where it would be in plain sight, which John did. But twas all in vain. While everybody was busy, Dick Taylor crawled under the desks, procured the apples from their nook, returned by the same route to the back seat haven where he would be and was only noticed when he bobbed up in his seat and on being noticed by Miss Blain, blandly explained that he was on the floor looking for his pencil. By the time school was out, apples, cores, seeds and all had been consumed utterly. Not a trace was left. On the loss being eventually discovered, John directed suspicion towards the back seat whereat its occupants were virtuously indignant.

That *evening*, John was waylaid in the vicinity of the High School and given a mauling. Nothing serious, of course, but John had purchased some groceries before the encounter, and a pocketful of tea, sugar and rice, etc. indiscriminately mixed is not conducive to peace of mind when one arrives home to deliver the contents of ones *overcoat* pockets. Next morning, four of the boys were summoned before the head for summary punishment. To the amazement of his fellow culprits, Bill Keith volunteered to take the first licking, which licking was well and truly applied to Bill's leg with the pants tightly drawn and with all the might of the master's good right arm. Not only did William not flinch under the punishment, but he actually had the temerity to slide down the bannisters and laugh, actually laugh at the master. He was of course, peremptorily recalled and given a second, yes, and even a third dose and departed grinning. By this time, poor Mr. Cork had lost some of his enthusiasm and the rest, Dick Taylor, Charlie Clockenburg and George Matthews escaped lightly. Of course, an enquiry by the dauntless three was made and it was disclosed that William was the proud wearer of four pairs of pants for the occasion. Those people are all gone, so there is no harm in mentioning their names, the culprits I mean.

In due course, I was promoted back to the tender mercies of Miss Flannigan but shortly afterwards, she resigned to get married and her classes were broken up and although I was not in her senior class, I was again promoted to Miss Winterbottom's room downstairs. After this, rooms were exchanged, the principal taking the room of Miss Flannigan, and the junior class taking Mr. Cork's former room. Miss Winterbottom was a most conscientious and painstaking

teacher, so much so that we were usually kept with our noses in our books until half an hour after the other rooms were dismissed.

One day, Miss Winterbottom was out of the room and we heard her making an appointment with Mr. Cork to go over the register with him at four o'clock. There was a clock in the room placed in one of the windows. So with dire threats as to what would happen in anybody gave him away, Fred Bolton, who was always full of "Old Nick", marched over and put the clock ahead. When the dear lady returned presently, the clock registered four o'clock, so we were dismissed and no fire alarm could have emptied a room faster. Cussy reached home at half past three. Nobody ever appealed, so I suppose the poor old clock got the blame.

Cussy had a short bench, just long enough for two and she had this placed near the door and out from the wall far enough so you couldn't rest your weary back against the said wall and for punishment, she used to stand one on the darned old bench till your legs would just about break. I had an hour of it once. One day she had two girls on it, my sister and Em Elliott, when Fred Bolton kicked the bench out from under them. Between trying to sympathize with the girls and to catch Fred, poor Cussy had a trying time. Fred danced a jig on top of the stove, and managed to get to the corner where his coat was hanging, grabbed it and beat teacher to the door. Florrie Wares tried to hold the door but he gave her a rude buffet which upset her equilibrium and departed in haste for parts unknown, from whence he failed to return until the storm had ceased.

There were two others in the room in my time, who caused much annoyance. These were Clary Walsh and Will McMillan, deskmates. They would loosen the screws in their desk and would move it just enough so that it would creak, creak; creak until the long-suffering teacher would be distracted. She would get someone to tighten up the darn thing, but it would soon let loose again. Finally, she passed the pair up to Mr. Cork to get rid of them. They were always mischievous but did not dare go quite so far with Mr. Cork.

Another boy who was a thorn in the flesh was George Millett. Hardly a day went by without George getting a strapping. Daddy Cork was pretty severe and sometimes would punish without much investigation. I remember however, being called up to his desk and lectured for something at the same time as a girl named Louie Young. At the end of the lecture, he said he would leave it to the room to say whether I should be strapped or not. Upon the question being put, the response was a chorus of "Noos," whereupon I was dismissed. Louie then got her lecture and the same question was put with the result being a response of decided "Yesses" much to Louie's disgust.

One day, Mr. Cork had occasion to descend to Miss Winterbottom's room just beneath us and while teacher was out, most of the scholars were having a whale of a time playing tag and other games about the floor. In the midst of the fun, the whole darn ceiling of the room below went down with a loud noise. Instantly, nobody moved. Everybody was engrossed in his book. Mr. Cork stood in the doorway and surveyed the scene and for once he was speechless. He looked like a dusty miller, white from head to foot. Nobody was injured and nobody was punished. I fancy the dear old man was just stumped when he looked at that peaceful bunch of lambs so deeply interested in education.

Many teachers and a multitude of scholars have taught or been taught in this old school and soon it will resound no more too happy-voiced or cries of woe. And so the story goes.

GOOD BYE HIGH SCHOOL

It seems but a day or two ago that I first entered the portals of the Niagara High School to write the Entrance Examination. I had not yet attained to the eminence of the Senior Fourth under Daddy Cork, when he urged me to try the examination for the experience which I would gain, but not with the expectation of passing at that time.

Being afflicted with an inordinate degree of shyness, I was against the idea, but after I got home, I was practically told to try and had perforce to call on Andrews at his home to procure an application blank and off I went the next morning in fear and trembling to undergo the frightful ordeal.

I well remember the kindly smile of Miss Carnochan when she looked over my shoulder and patted me reassuringly on the back. To be sure, I must have looked innocent and childish, for I was not yet eleven years old. However, I passed with a substantial margin of marks over the required number and entered upon some five years of high school life in that seat of learning, years upon which I look back with much pleasure and satisfaction.

Andrews was a fine man to know, although we kids never fully appreciated his many fine points until years had taught us a little more wisdom than we were possessed of at that period of our lives. Miss Carnochan was a dear lady, shrewd, clever, patient, yet with a firmness of character that stood out in all her many spheres of activity'. These two good people were the staff of the school during the whole of my time there. Teachers in those days were not birds of passage as so many of our modern teachers have proved to be. They stayed put and merged themselves into the community as integral parts of the same.

Miss Carnochan was an active and interested adherent of St. Andrew's Church, taught Sunday school, and was an extremely interested member of the Bible Society, President and Secretary of the Public Library Board for many years. She also found or made time to put Niagara on the map historically, writing many historical sketches, besides her History of Niagara, which is known far and wide. She was such an outstanding person that one finds it hard to find words to do her justice.

Albert Andrews, too, was a useful citizen, besides being a fine scholar and teacher. He was a fine penman, notwithstanding his physical handicap of having only one arm and no thumb on his only hand. He was just brimming over with his love for music and I think I see him now, beating time with hand and foot and head.

He sang in the Methodist choir, taught in the Sunday school and was Superintendent for some years. Besides being a fine teacher, he was a man, kind and fatherly. Many a talk he gave us boys in his kindly way. He never was a nagger or a scold and he often wound up his talks with us with the words "a word to the wise is sufficient." or "If the shoe fits you, wear it." So much for the Teachers. The school itself was not an old building when I attended it. It only had two rooms, the larger one presided over by Mr. Andrews and the smaller by Miss Carnochan. The big room was heated (?) by a small glebe stove, which frequently went out and the other room sported a wood burning box stove. Plenty of days there were, when an overcoat was a necessity. We were not sent home because it was a bit chilly for the little dears. I think we must have been made of tougher fiber than the pampered pets of today. There were no cloakrooms and no running water and no indoor toilets. We managed somehow to struggle along without much repining and as far as I can see, the old school didn't do a bad job for its scholars and for its community. It turned out Lawyers, Clergymen, Doctors, Engineers, Merchants in quite a good a proportion as do the modern schools.

One must remember that there was not the compulsion to attend school until a stated age is reached. Not many attended High School at all and most of those who did attend only did so for a year or two. So I really think that no apologies are needed in behalf of the old school.

I was a Member of the High School Board for seven years and was Chairman in 1908, in which year the school held its Centennial. During the summer of that year, a reunion of former pupils was held, one of the results of which was that the ex-pupils raised the money to build the gymnasium, it being intended as a memorial to Miss Carnochan. Since my day, the school was enlarged by the addition of another room and later by an addition connecting the school with the gymnasium which has also been used as a class room.

May I remark here that the Gymnasium was not built at the expense of the taxpayers, but with money raised and donated by ex-pupils. Where the gymnasium now stands, there used to be a barn, or rather a drive shed and many an hour we boys spent playing tag over the beams. We had ropes rigged up for swinging from one beam to another. Jimmy Hiscott used to drive a sorrel horse hitched to a buggy and the boys for fun would pelt chips at the horse's ribs to see him kick the dashboard of the buggy. Once in a while, someone would light on the horses back when swinging over. It was fun for the boys, but I'm afraid it spoiled the horse.

There was usually a supply of cordwood stored in the shed. We used to play marbles on the earth floor of the shed and we had one boy who never obeyed the rules of any game he was in so he was not in the marble game one day and made himself a nuisance by either kicking the

marbles or grabbing them and running. That was not to be put up with so George was hanged by the gang. No, he didn't die. You see he wore a long woolen muffler which was made for the purpose. Well, there was George, dangling with his toes just touching the ground and he soon repented of his sins and promised to be good and so secured his release. George had not yet learned his lesson so he was again caught, laid in a manger and about half a cord of wood laid on top of the manger.

When School was called, Mr. George was left to ruminate on his fate and about half an hour later; in he came, plentifully adorned with dirt and chips. He spun his woeful yarn about his adventure, he being of course, very much put upon by his cruel tormentors and the rest of us received a very dignified reproof from Pa Andrews and so much indignation was aroused in the breasts of George's family that the eldest boy in the gang had to leave school. I must confess, however, that Omar shed no bitter tears at leaving. Like plenty of boys of today, he only went to school because he had to.

When I first went to school, shiny was the game the boys played. So I just had to get a shiny. My dad had a good heavy cane with a crook on it so it became my shinny. Any stick with a crook on the ground and (no, not on the upper end), served as a shiny. We hadn't any set rules and any number could play, but you had to stay on your own side or you got a whack in the shins, hence the name. We placed two stones at either end of the ground for a goal and we used a black rubber ball somewhat larger than a golf ball. One day, Sawbill Geddes arrived with a new shinny while we were playing. It was really a sapling tree with a root on the end of it. Someone yelled, "Here comes Sawbill with a new shiny," Saw bill with the air of conscious pride, addressed (is that the term?) the ball and said, "Let's see how she goes." He gave the ball a lusty whack and the ball caught Barney Rowland in the mouth and down he went, lips bleeding and his front teeth loose. It was all in the game.

Then we used to play "Duck on the Rock." The rock was a large flat stone and each player had a smaller flat stone. Whoever was "it" had his stone on the rock and the rest kicked or slung his duck in an effort to knock the duck off the rock. It was a rough game but we liked it.

Then, we had a ball game that we called "One, two, three, one", where the players worked in from fielding, all the way to pitching. We only had one base. We thought nothing of trotting two to four times around the old mile track on the common and in the winter; there were always plenty of ponds on the common for skating or sliding.

Any boy or girl who attended the old school received a good grounding in all the subjects that made for success in life and those who went in for one of the professions, got a good start towards the higher branches of learning. The last two winters that I attended the school, I studied shorthand and book-keeping under Mr. Andrews, besides Arithmetic, Algebra and Geometry.

But now, government has decreed that our school must go. I must say that, I as one of those who treasure fond memories of the old school have a feeling of keen loss at the passing of that venerable institution. I should like to close this article by quoting from memory, one of the old songs that we learned from Mr. Andrews. It is called the "Parting Song."

One more song and then we'll sever
 One more clasp of hands and then
 We must part perhaps forever
 Though we hope to meet again.
 Life's great school is now before us
 Though our training here may end,
 May the same kind love be o'er us
 Wheresoe'er our ways may bend.

Sweet the memories that linger
 Round that dear familiar place,
 Memories of song and singer,
 Thoughts that time cannot efface.
 Faithful friends and dear companions
 Those we've known and loved so well.
 Now has come the hour of parting,
 Now we bid you all "farewell."

PLAYING

This may not prove to be very enlightening or instructive, but it may prove to be of some little interest to the younger fry, who, of course, know all there is to know about a great many things. However, I just wished to reminisce a bit about how we amused ourselves in the days of our youth.

I suppose the best of our playing days are those of our school period. As small boys, we played horse, we played tag, we ran and jumped, played leap-frog, etc. One of the games the boys played a lot was pull-away, Pom-pom-pull-away. This game consisted of running across the school yard from fence to fence in a crowd. Whoever was "it" was stationed in the middle of the yard and he had to catch someone on the run, who when caught, would at once become "it". You were not supposed to trip anybody, but as in hockey, accidents will happen. This game gave us plenty of good exercise in running and dodging.

At High School, we had different games. We played Shinny, Duck on the Rock, Foot Ball, and the real Football then called "Association," now "Soccer." We also played some Baseball and Cricket. We used to run around the old mile track on the Common. We also had a game we called "Sheep Pen Down." I suppose every kid knows "I Spy." Well this game was a variation of that ancient game. The way it was played was this - we had a stick, any kind of piece of wood, about as long as a baseball bat. Some boy would throw this stick as fast and as far as he could, and whoever was "it" would have to run after it and bring it "home," and stand it against home, a wall or a fence or a tree. Then he would have to find one of the hidden kids, who had the interval during which the stick was being retrieved in which to hide. Any boy, who could beat "it" home, could knock the stick down and yell "Sheep Pen Down," when the poor "it" would have to do it all over again. If and when he spied someone and beat him home, then the spied one would be "it". We played Beam Tag in the barn at High School, where we had Trapezes rigged up.

At both schools, but more particularly at Public School, we played marbles in season. For some reason unknown to us, Daddy Cork at the Public School used to confiscate the marbles and dump them in the coal stove. Sometimes, they were retrieved from the ashes in a damaged condition, but still usable.

I don't believe the present day kids know how to play marbles. I have seen those throwing marbles against the brick wall of the Bank building and watching where they light. And they think they are playing marbles. Our games were really games. We had varieties of alleys with which to shoot. They *were* considerably larger than marbles and were either multicolored glass

or agate. We never used marbles to shoot with, but at. The commonest game we played was in a square ring about a foot square, formed by a stick or a finger from a line drawn about six feet from the ring which was called the "taw". You *were* not allowed to throw an alley. You had to shoot. A lot of the interest in the game was in being the first to yell out a certain term. For instance, if your opponent was shooting first, you could yell out, "Knuckle down," when he would have to place his knuckles in or on the ground when shooting, which would not give him as much power in his shot. If he, however, beat you to it and yelled "anys at you", he could lift his shooting hand off the ground and shoot his hand forward, thus getting much more power in his shot. If he missed the marbles in the ring and his alley went beyond the ring, you couldn't shoot at his alley, but if his alley stayed in the ring, you could shoot at it and if you knocked it out of the ring, it became yours and any marbles you knocked out of the ring, also became yours.

It was quite permissible to try to rattle your opponent by yelling opprobrious epithets at him while he is about to shoot. I leave the meaning of the aforementioned phraseology to your own imagination, unless you have a dictionary handy. I might say that each player put a marble in the ring, sometimes two, or if more than two *were* playing, usually one each. If you lost your alley, you might buy it back for so many marbles. If it *were* a particularly desirable one, often the victor preferred to keep it, which he was quite entitled to do.

Another game was called "Big Ring". In this, you drew a ring about six *feet* in diameter. The marbles were placed in or near the center, and you could shoot from any point in the perimeter of the circle. In this game, if a marble *were* hit but not knocked out of the ring, you could get at it from the nearest point if you wished. Then we had a game called "Follow the Leader." This you played with alleys only, each hit winning a marble. We sometimes played this all the way home from school, or to school.

Well, that's all for now, except to say that when some villain grabbed your marbles and ran, that was called "Fobbling." We enjoyed marbles; perhaps more than the kids will enjoy being kidded. So long for now.

GAMES

I hope you will not think that I am setting up as an expert on games. It seems to me; however, that a lot could be said on this subject, as fashions and habits in games seems to have changed since some of us played about as kids.

HOCKEY

Perhaps we had better reminisce a bit about Hockey, as it is about to make its bow to the people for another season. Down at the dock. There used to be a building beside the present Basket Factory, which in my time was idle and empty. We had a Curate at St. Marks named Rev. E. Stuart-Jones who was fond of manly sports and he organized a Curling Club, which flourished for some years.

In the course of time, the building was taken down and a rink was erected on part of the Town Pound yard, at the corner of King and Johnson St., where the Bishop store now stands. This rink was not intended to be used as a Hockey rink as hockey had not then been discovered in Niagara. However, Hockey arrived. The rink had been laid out for four rinks for Curling with a double rink in the center and a single one on each side, the sides being separated from the center by a dividing row of posts which supported the roof.

After Hockey came along, one of these divisions was removed, leaving an ice surface on which to play hockey. This surface was long enough, but only about half the width of the modern rink. Hockey was then played for fun. The boys liked it. They were not bothered about a set of rules a mile neither long, nor blue lines and red lines, to say nothing of goal creases and the thousand and one irksome "does" and "don'ts" that make life a burden to the player and puzzle the fans.

The boys were tough, they had to be for they played the whole hour with a break at half time and there were no spares. If you lost a man, why you just played a man short and made the best of things. And they weren't shamateurs either. Nobody gave them a fake job, nor did they sign a contract.

In the days of which I write, there were seven men in a Team, Goal, Point, Cover point, and four Forwards, right, Centre, left and a rover. I remember John Campbell as point, Jack Hartley as cover and Mops Bishop, Grinny Sherlock, Joe Doritty, Dicky Reid, Pluggity Thompson among the forwards. Dicky Reid also played goal as did my brother Fred Masters.

Along in the early 1890's, there was in existence, the Southern Ontario Hockey Association. The group in which Niagara played consisted of Niagara, Niagara Falls, St. Catharine's and Hamilton. Niagara won out in their own group and played off with Paris, winner of another group. Paris had a wide rink and our boys lost there to the tune of 16 to me. In the return match, on Niagara's narrow rink, our boys won by 15 to 1, losing the round by one goal.

In February of 1933, I wrote a letter to Wes McKnight, which letter he read over the radio. Someone had been asking about the origin of the goal net and I took advantage of the enquiry to enlighten Wes and his enquirers about the matter. Here is what I told him. Perhaps I had better quote the letter in full, so here goes.

"Some of us here listened with interest to your reference to a letter from this place enquiring as to where goal nets for hockey were first used and we think we know. About the season of 1894-95, this Town had a hockey team in the Southern Ontario Hockey Association and they were the winners of a group consisting of Niagara, Niagara Falls, St. Catharine's and Hamilton. In the playoff with Paris, the latter place was one goal up on home and home games. There was a good deal of dissatisfaction with the goal umpires, as the open goal posts lent themselves to disputes as to whether goals were valid or not and the Niagara boys, the following year conceived the idea of using a net and you will understand this when you learn that some of the boys were fishermen. The first net was part of an old seine, fastened to the goal posts, the lower edge being frozen into the ice to prevent the puck going under it. This proved so successful that the boys afterwards made a wooden frame to hold the net.

R.W. Reid was in goal for Niagara at the time and he conceived the idea of a wide bladed hockey stick and so spliced an extra piece on his stick. Dickey (as he was known afterwards, played forward very successfully and being an ingenious fellow, he spliced a piece on his stick to make it longer and may claim to have originated both the long stick now in use, and also the goalie's wide bladed stick. The rink here was taken down about 1900 or 1901 and the Town was out of Hockey for some time, but has now been playing Junior and Intermediate Hockey for several years."

Just one or two other references about those early Hockey days. The boys made their own hockey sticks. The seine net referred to above was stowed in our boathouse for years and in the group which cut the pieces out, were my brother Fred Masters, Charlie Bishop, Jack Hartley and one or two more.

I remember a Club in St. Catharine's called "the Owls". Now St. Catharine's has always been jealous of Niagara and rivalry between the two towns has always been keen. On one occasion,

when the Niagara Team entered St. Kitts to play a match, they were greeted by large signs on St. Paul Street bearing the words: "Fresh Fish and Summer Boarders."

On another occasion, they invaded Beamsville and for some unknown reason, the Beamsvillains did their darndest to commit mayhem on our poor innocent boys. Our little dears had to be escorted out of town by the police. "Thim were the good old days."

I used to know the late Harry Stephens of Niagara Falls. Harry was Captain of the Falls team. He used to tell his men "Now boys, don't check em, but if you do, check em hard." The usually did just that. Harry told me the last time I met him, about going along the boards in the Niagara rink, some gentle female grabbed him by the hair and nearly pulled his scalp off. Tut, tut, girls. Naughty, Naughty.

Oh, well. Time marches on. Most of the boys of that day play hockey no more. Some are grandfathers, and some have gone to the great beyond, but they had a lot of fun in the days of old.

More about games later on.

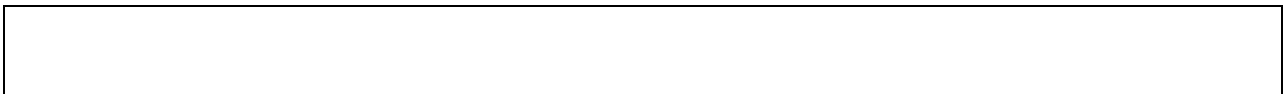




Figure 4

Niagara Hockey team at the turn of the century, when well-known local players were Reid, Thompson, Masters, Bishop, Sherlock, Doritty, and Hartley. The uniforms were orange and black.

Photo courtesy of the Niagara Historical Society.

MAGGIE PARNALL

**4113 – 13th St. Louth, R.R. 1, Jordan
Ontario. L0R 1R0
1 - 905 - 562 - 5765**

NIAGRA'S HOCKEY TEAM

To Whom It May Concern:

Enclosed herewith is the picture of the Niagara Hockey Team at the turn of the Century, when well-known players were Reid, Thompson, Masters, Bishop, Dorrity and Hartley. The uniforms were orange & black. The following information is from "Niagara Reminiscences," by Joseph E. Masters, written for the Newspapers from 1949 to 1955.

R.W. "Dickey" Reid, was Forward on the Team and invented the long hockey stick. "Dickey" conceived the idea of splicing a piece on his stick to give him a longer reach and it worked so well, the longer stick was adopted. At another time, he played goal and while playing that position, he also conceived the idea of a wide bladed goalie's stick now in common use." In 1951, "Dickey Reid is in Fonthill."

Will "Pluggity" Thompson, was a Forward. He was the only Member of this Team who remained in Niagara.

Fred Masters, brother of Joseph who wrote these articles, played the position of Goalie & Forward along with R.W. Reid. He was one of the Team Members who cut out the pieces of the "Seine" Hockey Net in 1895. This Hockey Net was stored in the Masters Boat House in the Off season.

Jack Hartley played the position of Cover. He later moved to British Columbia.

Charlie "Mops" Bishop played the position of Forward and was one of the members of this Team who cut out pieces for the "Seine" Hockey net in 1895.

"Grinny" Sherlock, played Forward. (There were several Sherlock's in the area & I don't know which one this one is, due to the lack of a clue to his first name. -MP).

"Alec, " Joe" Dorrity, played Forward and was also one of the members of the Team who cut out pieces for the "Seine" Hockey net in 1895.

Joseph Master's also mentions John Campbell as a member of this hockey team. He later moved to Toronto. The two men in regular clothing, are probably the Coach & Trainer and I do not know what their names were, unless they are mentioned in the write-up of the Newspaper Account of this Team winning the Niagara, Niagara Falls, St. Catharine's and Hamilton Division of the Hockey League Play-off Games. There should be a write up in the old Newspapers of possibly March of 1895 wherein this Team won their Division of The Southern Ontario Hockey Association and lost the Championship to the Paris, Ontario Team.

This Photograph was obviously taken in a Studio. I believe it to be the winning photo for their Division of the Niagara Hockey League Play-off Games, in 1894-1895 as they seem to have short hockey sticks and the Goalie does not have a wide-bladed Goalie Stick.

The following information was taken from "Niagara Reminiscences", by Joseph E. Masters, wherein he wrote about the members of this Hockey Team.

Under Games: "In the days of which I write, there were seven men in a Team: Goal, Point, Cover point and four Forwards, right, Centre, left and a rover. I remember John Campbell as Point, Jack Hartley as Cover and Mops Bishop, Grinny Sherlock, Joe Doritty, Dicky Reid, Pluggity Thompson among the forwards. Dicky Reid also played goal as did my brother Fred Masters. "

"Along in the early 1890's, there was in existence, the Southern Ontario Hockey Association. The group in which Niagara played, consisted of Niagara, Niagara Falls, St. Catharine's and Hamilton. Niagara won out in their own group and played off with Paris, winner of another group. Paris had a wide rink and our boys lost there to the tune of 16 to 1. In the return match, on Niagara's narrow rink, our boys won by 15 to 1, losing the round by one goal."

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"Just one or two other references about those early Hockey days. The boys made their own hockey sticks. The siene net referred to above was stowed in our Boathouse for years and in the group which cut the pieces out, were my brother, Fred Masters, Charlie Bishop, Jack Hartley and one or two more."

February 1st, 1951
Niagara's Hockey Team

There are not many of our original Hockey Team left. Dicky Reid is in Fonthill, Jack Hartley in British Columbia, John Campbell in Toronto, and Bill Thompson in Niagara. They were all good skaters and many races were staged in the old rink at the comer of King & Johnson Streets. Thompson was about the swiftest of the skaters. Dicky Reid was about the shrewdest of the hockey crown, as when he was playing forward on the team, he invented the long hockey stick. In those days, one went out into the bush and cut down a natural crook, about the length of an ordinary walking cane. Dicky conceived the idea of splicing a piece on his stick to give him a longer reach and it worked so well, that the longer stick was adopted.

Dickey was a versatile fellow and at another time, he played goal and while playing that position, he also conceived the idea of a wide-bladed Goalie's stick now in common use. So you see, Niagara may well be proud of that Hockey Team. One must remember too, that these fellows played sixty long minutes on the ice, with only one rest period in the middle of the game. There were then seven men on the Team: Goal, Point, Cover point, Three Forwards and a Rover.

December 6th, 1951.

We used to have a rink and a Hockey Team. The rink was taken down years ago, (1900-1901) and the players are "all dispersed and wandered, far away, far away." Dicky Reid is in Fonthill, Jack Hartley in British Columbia, John Campbell in Toronto; several have gone to the great beyond. About the only one still with us is Bill Thompson. Bill was a fast skater and used to excel in skating races and in bicycle races. In fact, he was one of our outstanding athletes.

Dicky was always an ingenious fellow. As a Forward on our First Hockey Team, he devised the long stick now generally in use. When I first knew about Hockey, the boys used to go out in the bush and cut sapling to make their sticks, which were only the length of an ordinary walking cane. Later on Dick Reid played in Goal, and conceived the idea of a wider blade for the Goalie's stick. I don't believe I mentioned Charlie Bishop and Alec Doritty, as members of that Hockey Team. That particular Team among them conceived the idea of the goal net now also in common use. The first net was made from part of an old seine that we had stowed away in our Boathouse. I remember quite well that among the party who did this was my brother Fred Masters, who was playing Goal, Charlie Bishop, Jack Hartley and Alec Doritty. (Fred Masters was probably the Goalie in the front row, Centre, with the goalie pads on.)- M.P.

cc. Niagara Historical Society.

Niagara Public Library - Special Collections.

Brian McFarlane - Hockey Hall of Fame, Niagara Falls.

Hockey Hall of Fame, Toronto,

Maggie Parnall.

HISTORICAL LETTERS

Letter 1 - Settlement

Editor: Niagara Advance.

Dear Sir:

I read with some amusement, the letter of Mr. Hall which you quote, and as you have in a way, asked for comment, I am venturing to give some.

In the first place, while Miss Howarth's article was nice to read, there were as you point out, some inaccuracies. Let me say that our Town has had two very eminent and painstaking historians, in the persons of Miss Janet Carnochan and Mr. William Kirby, neither of whom would make a statement without making sure that it was correct. I was a pupil of Miss Carnochan at High School and history was always her pet subject. She and Mr. Kirby were much of the same caliber in that respect and I am quite sure that the historical facts set out in their publications are authentic and true. Miss Howarth was only here for a very short time and did a good job of descriptive writing. But, our historians never claimed that all the firsts which they attributed to our Town, covered the whole of Canada, but simply Upper Canada as it was then called.

Of course, we all know that Quebec and the Maritimes were settled before Upper Canada came into being and we have no wish to exaggerate the importance of our wee Town. But I should like to point out that our Mr. Hall need not have gone off half-cock and called our pretentious claims to a number of firsts "bunk." I should like to remind him that his town only became a Town a few years ago, while our status as an incorporated town dates from 1845. From Niagara went all the roads, while Grimsby was only the "40 Mile Creek." All those towns or settlements west of Niagara were known by the approximate miles from Niagara. We were the Capital and the Centre of the business and legal life of the District. Jordan was known as "The Twenty," Beamsville as "The Thirty" and Grimsby was "The Forty" and so on. Our Mr. Hall is in the position of exhibiting a wee bit of jealousy of the old time fame of the Ancient Capital. But we don't mind. It seems to me, so silly for Mr. Hall to rush into print without making sure that he knows what he is talking about. The late Peter McArthur once wrote a book, the sub-title of which was "Teaching your Grandmother how to suck eggs." Now, I think that should do for Mr. Hall. I am well aware, however, that it may bolster his ego to take any notice of bunkum, but well we have got something off our chest anyway, and if he wants to get his gun and go after us, we'll just have to take it.

Yours humbly,
J.E. Masters.
Undated.

Letter 2 – Butlers Barracks

There are some things about the building standing in what has been called "The Compound" that may be taken as facts. It is pretty well established that the Butler's Barracks buildings were not burned by the Americans, they being outside the limits of the Town, which did not then extend beyond the southeasterly limit of King Street.³

Butler's Barracks formerly stood on the high ground between Fort George and the Town and were, after the war, *moved* to their present site.⁴ I *have* seen an old plan which shows about sixteen buildings within the bounds of the Camp, this being one of them, and on its present site.

It appears to *have* always been designated as the quarters of the Barrack master, or as headquarters. It was always so designated in my time. My grandfather, Joseph Masters, served in the barracks for some six years as a member of the Royal Canadian Rifle Regiment. I *have* his old Army Book and I noticed that J.B. Geale signed his monthly pay returns, first as Lieutenant J.B. Geale, and later as Captain J.B. Geale. I remember Captain Geale very well as he lived in the house now that of the Greene Family nearby. In his latter days, he quarreled with his family and took up his abode in this building, as he then had the position of Camp Caretaker. I called on him here on business.

There is no doubt that from 1816 onwards this building served as Army Headquarters until the regular troops were finally withdrawn.

Then too, this building was for years the Club House of the original Royal Niagara Golf Club, which had an 18-hole golf course on the common. Later on, the Queen's Royal Club was formed and the original club retired.

From about 1876, the building has been Camp Headquarters until now that the Camp is permanently discontinued.

J. E. Masters.
Undated

³ The buildings today known as Butlers Barracks were all built after the American occupation of the town.

⁴ These buildings were never moved, they were built in the locations on which they now and always stood.

Letter 3 - Land Grant

Niagara-on-the-Lake, Feb. 9, 1954

Roy. H. King
Air Force Base, California.

Subject: Original Land Grant for Niagara-on-the-Lake.

Dear Sir:

Your letter of January 5th was referred to me to secure information desired and I herewith forward information which you may take as reliable.

A strip of land, four miles wide, extending from Lake Ontario to Lake Erie was deeded to the Crown by the Indians of various tribes under date of May 7th, 1791. This had been agreed upon some years earlier, but the formal transfer was not made until the date I have quoted. This is from official documents.

Butler's Barracks were built by Col. John Butler during the winter of 1778 and 1779, the first on the west side of the river. At a meeting of the Land Board, June 6th, 1791, instructions were given to Augustus Jones, a surveyor, to lay out a town plot to be called Lenox, which was done. Governor Simcoe came on the scene in 1792 and he called the Town Newark. It had sometimes been known as Butlersburg.

The Town was incorporated in 1845 by Act of the Canadian Parliament as the Town of Niagara, which is still its official title. Its Post Office designation is Niagara-on-the-Lake, to distinguish it from Niagara Falls. The Act of Incorporation was 8th Victoria, Chapter 62, March 29th, 1845.

As far as is known, it is the oldest settlement in this part of the Continent.
I trust that this will satisfy your request.

Sincerely yours
J.E. Masters
Retired Town Clerk & Treasurer,
Box 82, Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ontario.

Letter 4 - Veteran Remuneration

Niagara-on-the-Lake, June 6, 1955

Mr. H. P. Cavers,
M.P. for Lincoln,
Parliament Buildings,
Ottawa, Ontario.

Subject: Request for Veteran Remuneration for Mary Thornton.

Dear Harry:-

I am writing you in behalf of my sister-in-law, Mrs. Mary Thornton. She has been to see me and complains that you have never acknowledged getting a letter from Dr. C. Bruce Rigg to you in her behalf. Dr. Rigg tells her that he wrote to you a second time with no result.

She is the widow of a Veteran of the First World War and has been under medical treatment from Dr. Rigg. Her health being bad, she is not able to do much towards earning a living and if there is any way in which she can receive an allowance of some kind, I should be very glad to hear of it. If you have received Dr. Rigg's letter or letters, I suppose he will have given you her case from a medical point of view.

I should be grateful if you could do something for her.

Very truly yours,

J. E. Masters.
Box 82,
Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ontario.

Letter 5 - Church Services

Niagara, May 30th, 1955.

Rev. C.N.P. Blagrove.

Rector of St. Mark's Church.

Subject: St. Mark's Church Services.

Dear Mr. Blagrove.

You, no doubt, will be somewhat surprised to receive a letter from me, but matters concerning the Church have caused some of us to feel rather regretful at some of the things concerning the services.

I, with others, very much regret your decision to have no more evening services during the summer. I suppose you took this somewhat dramatic step because the attendance had fallen off lately. You may remember my making a remark to you about the unsettled time of that service from time to time. While the occasions on which the change of time was altered were worthy ones, you must realize that some, at least, become unsettled in their Church habits.

Another factor in the falling off in attendance is the form of service to which we have been treated of late. The funereal parade up and down the aisle does not appeal to us, myself included. We are not, and are not likely to be enamored of that style of worship. We miss the hymns and it was always my aim when I had anything to do with the service, to make it so that the congregation could take a part, because after all, they are the people who make the church. Take the service on the last occasion when you had an evening service, what was there for the congregation. Just one hymn and a common, and an experimental attempt at a rendition of the Te Deum by the Junior Choir; certainly not an uplifting service, the sermon exempted, of course.

Whether with or without singing, your processions could be better ordered. That elaborate bowing to the altar on leaving could be modified to advantage. Did you notice the orderly way the Holy Trinity Choir did it. As things go now, the procession is rather undignified by the time the rear portion is on route down the aisle.

As one of the older members of the church, I have felt it wise to give you my views in writing, having had so many years in actual service in the Church. May I say, in conclusion, how much we have like you and your activities since coming to us, but it is our privilege and duty to form our own judgments on the manner and form of our service.

Yours respectfully,
J.E. Masters.

Letter 6 - Anniversary of Grace Church

Niagara, May 11th, 1955.

Rev. George N. Ball, Grace Church, Niagara.

Subject: 160th Anniversary of Grace Church.

Dear Mr. Ball.

I should like to make a suggestion to you, if you would not regard me as an interloper in your Church affairs. The fact is that I was looking over the Miss Carnochan's history and I happened to notice that she, in her account of the early Methodist Church, points out that in 1795, the first Methodist Circuit was established in the Niagara District. This suggested to me that this year, being the one hundred and sixtieth anniversary of that event, it would be quite appropriate for your church to do something by way of marking the occasion.

St. Mark's, St. Andrew's and Grace Church each seems to have been the Mother Church of its denomination in this District, and we should be pardoned for taking pride in that respect. I have always had a warm feeling for your church, for while my family was Anglicans, as a matter of fact, I attended your Sunday school in my early days as well as my own. Ours used to meet at nine in the morning while yours met in the afternoon. I attended when your church was meeting in the third floor hall at the top of the Stewart Building and for a time in the present church. The time of ours was changed to the afternoon. Robert Warren, the Postmaster was Superintendent at that time and my teacher was a Mr. Luscombe who was a railway trackman.

We used to attend evening service in your church quite often, and as a matter of fact, the first time I ever spoke in public was in Grace Church at a meeting of the Epworth League of which I was an associate member. Of course, when I became an active worker in my own church, I was not at liberty to attend elsewhere.

So you will understand my interest in Grace Church and its welfare and my seeming presumption in suggesting an old time get together this year which marks 160 years of valuable work by your church.

Respectfully yours,
J. E. Masters.

Letter 7 - Badge of Office for the Mayor

Niagara, April 15th, 1955.

Mr. William Greaves
Mayor of Niagara.

Subject: Official Badge of Office for the Mayor of Niagara.

Dear Sir:

As you are already aware, I wrote to five different firms in Toronto enquiring about a possible official collar of badge of office for our Mayor and have now received answers from them all, which answers I now tender to you for your consideration.

I should like to point out to you and to the members of your Council, the importance of having suitable regalia for our old and historic town on the occasion of a visit from the Governor-General and the World-wide army of Boy Scouts who will be in our Town this summer.

I have long felt that our Mayor should have some official mark of his office when officiating in public at all times and I would suggest that you place this before Council either in session or individually at your earliest convenience.

Respectfully yours,
J. E. Masters.
Retired Town Clerk.

Letter 8 - Sheriffs of the Niagara District

Niagara-on-the-Lake, April 6th, 1955.

Rev. T. Melville Bailey,
Hamilton, Ontario.

Subject: Sheriffs of the Niagara District.

Dear Sir:

Pursuant to my promise, I send you a complete list of the Sheriffs of this District. The first four of them were Sheriffs of the District of Nassau, which covered considerable territory and extended, I believe, as far as Burlington.

Gilbert Tice, 1788
Walter Butler Sheehan, 1791
Thomas Merritt, 1803
Alexander Hamilton,
Col. William Kingsmill,
Joseph A. Woodruff, 1876
Thomas C. Dawson, 1887
Henry O'Loughlin, 1915
Fred J. Graves, 1933
W. H. C. Villiers, 1947

I am not too sure of the dates of Hamilton and Kingsmill, but Hamilton appears in correspondence in 1837-1838 at the time of the McKenzie Rebellion, and Kingsmill died in 1876.

I hope that this will be of use to you. I beg to remain,

Yours sincerely,
J. E. Masters.
Box. 82, Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ont.

Letter 9 - Sheriffs of Niagara & Sovereigns

Niagara-on-the-Lake, Feb. 18th, 1955.

Subject: Sheriffs of Niagara & Sovereigns of Canada.

Dear Miss O'Loughlin:

Your letter of recent date has given me plenty to think about and to hunt through what material I have at hand. As a result, I should place the list of Sheriffs in the following order:-

Gilbert Tice
Walter Butler Sheehan
Thomas Merritt
Alexander Hamilton
Col. William Kingsmill
Joseph A. Woodruff
Thomas C. Dawson
Henry O'Loughlin
Fred J. Graves
W. H. C. Villiers

You will notice that I have added a name as I found in one of the Historical Society Publications that Alexander Hamilton is Sheriff during 1837-38. I also find Col. Kingsmill mentioned as Sheriff in 1847. So that your dates are rather doubtful, I have no record of the dates of any of the appointments except the first two and I should think that your dates from Dawson down are substantially correct.

As to the change of names from Nassau to Niagara, Hamilton was addressed as Sheriff of Niagara District. The name of the Town was changed from Newark to Niagara in 1799. The change in the County seat was sometime in the 1860's as far as I can ascertain. The County Records should show this.

The Governor-General who would be in office when the last four of the Sheriffs were appointed would be Landsdowne, Connaught, Bessborough, Alexander. The dates of the reigning Sovereigns are:

George 2nd - 1727 - 1760

George 3rd - 1760 - 1820

George 4th - 1820 - 1820

William 4th - 1830 - 1837

Victoria - 1837 - 1901

Edward 7th - 1901 - 1910

George 5th - 1910 - 1936

Edward 8th - 1936 -

George 6th - 1936 -

I think that this about all the information that I have available at present. You might let me know if you are able to ascertain the dates of the appointments of the Sheriffs from Hamilton to Woodruff or any of them. I should like to know if I have been of any help to you.

Yours sincerely,

J.E. Masters.

Letter 10 - Annexing of Grantham Township

Niagara, January 24, 1955.

Warden W. J. Hunter, County Building, St. Catharines, Ontario.

Subject: Annexing of Grantham Township.

Dear Sir:

I should like to congratulate you on your Election as Warden of the County of Lincoln. As one of the oldest living Ex-Wardens, I can share your natural feeling of pride in your new office.

The matter of the future of Grantham Township is causing a lot of talk and worry at present. I should like to make a suggestion to you as the County is vitally interested in the matter. As I see it, Grantham is in a cleft stick. If St. Catharines takes a Centre strip, it will cut the Township in two and ruin it as a separate municipality. If the Township is absorbed or merged into the city, it will be greatly to the detriment of the farming interests in the present township. I understand, too, that Port Dalhousie wants to annex a part of the Township. I would suggest that the remaining eastern part of the Township of Grantham be joined to the Township of Niagara and if thought desirable, the municipality thus formed could be known as Niagara-Grantham Township. As far as the remaining western portion is concerned, it could become part of Louth.

I recognize that any part of Grantham Taken municipally from Lincoln, will be a severe blow to the County and my suggestion, I feel, would be in the interests both of the farming interests in Grantham and in those of the County as a unit. I am particularly interested in the County Road situation as it was under my chairmanship that our road system was adopted.

With best wishes for your success in dealing with this difficult situation, I remain,

Respectfully yours,
J.E. Masters, Ex-Warden of Lincoln, 1919.

Letter 11 - Ship, the Resolute

Niagara-on-the-Lake, January 30th, 1955.

Mr. C. H. JeSnider,
Toronto Telegram.

Subject: The Disaster of the Ship, the Resolute.

Dear Sir:

As a regular reader of your Schooner Days, I was particularly interested in your account of the foundering of the Resolute.

My brother and I were gill-netting out of Port Dalhousie at that time and were putting up at the Austin House, kept by Jack Harrigan. There was at the same time, a young man named P.G. White who was awaiting the coming down the Canal of this same Resolute. He was quite a musical fellow and used to entertain us by playing the piano and singing, his favorite song being: "I'll Take You Home Again, Kathleen."

We left Port for home one afternoon and the Resolute came down that same night and was joined there by White. Imagine our dismay when we learned that White was drowned in the disaster to the Resolute.

I thought it might be of interest to you to hear of that incident.

Sincerely yours,
J. E. Masters,
Box 82, Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ont.

OUR MAIN STREET

OUR MAIN STREET

February, 1948

In view of the fact that there are people lately come among us who do not seem to approve of our Main Street as it presents itself to our view and who wish to return it to the former aspect, it seemed to me a good time to reminisce about the matter and to give moderns some idea of what the street really was like in former days.

Our Main Street is really two streets, called respectively "Queen" and "Picton". This difference came about by reason of the fact that that part of the present town lying southeast of King Street was not included in the original Town plot and on the town limits being extended, different names were given the streets in that part. So our Main Street extends from Wellington Street to the Lake shore at what used to be called "Kennedy's Hollow."

It seemed to me to be a good time to butt in, as it were, with some of my own recollections of what the street was like when I was a boy. Comparisons seem to have been made between this old Capital of Upper Canada and Williamsburg in Virginia. I have seen several cuts of the rebuilt Williamsburg. There they did not restore the Main Street. They practically tore the Town down and rebuilt it at an expenditure of millions of dollars. In view of the fact that our original Town was once completely destroyed and rebuilt, who can say definitely what the Town really looked like. I only want to tell you what it looked like in my early days. My family has been in this Town for over one hundred years, or about two-thirds of the life of the Town. What some of us "old timers" do not recollect about the Town, "we have heard with our ears and our fathers have told us."

As it seems to be only our Main Street that is worrying our improvers, perhaps it would be well to confine my reminiscences to that one street its houses and its people. Now, let it be understood that streets and houses alone do not make a Town, but the people who live and move and have their being in it. They are its life and its soul. So, while we consider our Main Street, let us, as we travel along it, give passing mention to the people who dwelt and who did business on either side of it.

As I first remember the street, it was usually either muddy or dusty, depending on the season of the year. It was not well drained, the sidewalks were wooden, the trees were small, the houses mostly devoid of paint, it was dark at night. It simply was neither quaint nor beautiful, just dowdy.

OUR MAIN STREET - QUEEN ST. & PICTON ST.

Now, for the buildings and the people. We'll take one side at a time. First though, let me say here that the people on this street played a major part in the civic life of the Town. Many of them served in the various municipal bodies and while I dare say they made mistakes, as who does not, they were the ones who did the work.

ALBERT ANDREWS HOUSE

Beginning on the southwest side of the street at Wellington, we find a frame house, once part of the Carnochan property. When I first knew it, it was occupied by Albert Andrews, headmaster of the High School. Pa Andrews, as we called him, was a very talented man, though handicapped by having only one arm and no thumb on his one hand. He wrote a beautiful hand, was just full of music, wore a beard and a long-tailed coat and was really a father to us boys who were his pupils. He was a useful man too, and was for a time Superintendent of the Methodist Sunday school. He certainly was a fine man and a splendid citizen.

This house was afterwards bought by J. DeW. Randall who came here as clerk to Mr. Henry Paffard, and who succeeded Mr. Paffard in the drug business. Mr. Randall was very active in municipal life, serving several terms as Mayor and as Councillor. He was also active in Masonic and Church circles, filling the office of Church warden. He was also Secretary-Treasurer of "Our Western Home." The property is still owned by his daughter.

HART - KEITH HOUSE

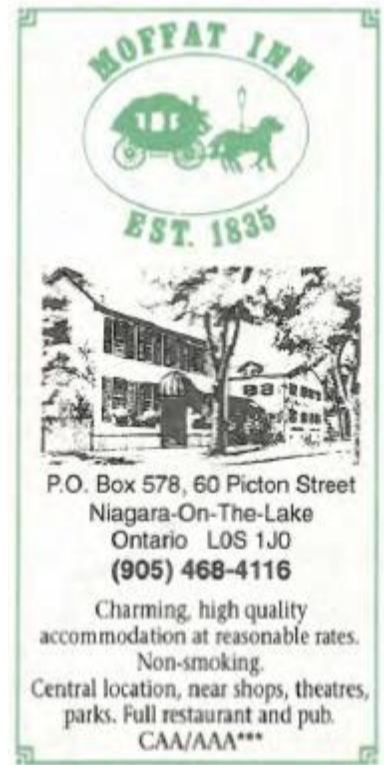
The next lot was, for a long time, a vacant hollow, through which the water from the common drained, but during the 1915 to 1918 War, Tom Hart erected a building wherein he catered to the men from the adjoining camp. After the War, the building was taken down and re-erected on Facer Street in St. Catharines as a Bakery. The lot came into the possession of the Town for taxes and was later purchased by Edward J. Keith, who built a service station on it.

SERVOS - BALL HOUSE

The next house, a frame cottage, now the home of W.J. Ball, was for a long time, the residence of Dan Servos, Town Clerk and Treasurer. He was a fine looking man with nice manners and a genial smile, well-liked by all who knew him. His daughter had a Private School here and in the garden at the rear, her mother perished in a bonfire while burning rubbish.

MOFFATT - DOYLE HOTEL

Then we come to the Doyle Hotel. This was formerly two hotels, the first being known as the Moffatt House, and run by a Mrs. Moffatt. Jimmy Doyle went to work for her as a boy at four dollars per month and afterwards became the successful owner of both hotels. He kept a good family hotel. In person, he was a short man with flat feet, plentifully adorned by bunions. He was kindly and generous and was for a long time, practically the Banker of the community. He left his family comfortably off and died respected. The Moffatt House is now (1950) owned by Peter Berge and is an apartment house. The property became that of his elder son Jay, who during the dark days of hotel-keeping, had the other, or Doyle House, torn down.



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EVANS CANDY SHOP

Next we come to Candy Evans' little shop, which was the mecca for the school children whenever they had a cent to spend. Mr. Evans was a very likeable man, kind to children, who all liked him. The place is now the home of his granddaughter, Mrs. Clara Parker.

CRAWFORD-HERON-LONG - SHERLOCK - BRENNAN-KEMSLEY

Next, once stood a frame building, since torn down, where Sam Crawford did a plumbing and tinsmithing business. Next stood a frame Hotel, once the property of Andrew Heron, a pioneer businessman who seems to have made himself useful in many walks of the Town's life. As I first remember it, this place was run by Bill Long, before he built the brick hotel on the corner of King Street. It was later kept for a few years by Mrs. Mary Sherlock. Later it was acquired by Pat O'Neil, who built a picture theatre on the site during the First Great War. This, in turn, was taken down and replaced by the present building. E. H. Brennan owned it for a time and had his printing business there. It is now owned by Ernest Kemsley and is used as a Restaurant. Mr. Kemsley is a veteran of the First Great War and is at present, caretaker of the schools.

ANDREWS - GORDON BUILDING

Next is a building owned for a long time by Bill Andrews. It consisted of three apartments and after several changes of ownership, is now the property of the Percy Gordons. Mr. Gordon is a Veteran of the 1915-1918 War and was badly injured in the great Halifax explosion.

HALL COTTAGE

Next is a cottage, once the home of John Hall, a customs officer who after his retirement, used to sit for hours on a low post on the railway embankment looking out over the river.

LONG HOTEL

Next is the brick hotel built by Bill Long while I was a schoolboy. Bill's hotel was known all over the country as a fine, clean place, well kept, decently run, with good food, good beds and a country wide clientele. Bill Long was the auctioneer and the dinner bell of the hotel was used to advertise auction sales.

CLEMENT - CLARKE - SKELTON - MOSHIER - CONNOLLY BUILDING

We have now arrived at King St., and over the way was the frame residence of George A. Clement. This was not then a store at all, except that at the rear of it, was a small extension used for various purposes. The late Rev. J. S. Clarke bought the place after the Clements were gone and moved the printing establishment from across the street into it and from this building, he published the Niagara Times, which he had taken over from the Pickwell Bros. James Skelton later ran this business for a time and disposed of it to Hiram Moshier, who moved his printing business to the Harrison Building and the Times Newspaper quietly expired. After this, James Connolly acquired the property and he has quite changed the whole of the ground floor, making it into its present attractive store. Mr. Connolly is a genial, kindly man and has shown a great interest in Church work, serving St. Marks for many years as Churchwarden and Sidesman.

FIREHALL

The Fire hall next door is a comparatively new building, having been paid for largely by the Firemen, themselves.

CLEMENT - LIBROCK STORE

Next we come to what was the Clement store. Here, George A. Clement or Squire Clement as he was usually called sold about everything but dry goods. He was another good citizen, serving nine terms in the Town Council, besides taking an active part in the affairs of St. Mark's Church. He was assisted by his son Johnny, to say nothing of the famous Jimmy Tay. Johnny was a prominent Mason, his only handicap being a stammering tongue. The Clements were followed in this store by Phil Librock. Phil was a quiet sort of chap, who minded his own business, lived a quiet life and died, leaving his son Gerald to carry on the stationary and jewelry business.

FOLLETT - BEST BUILDING

The next building is a rather narrow three-story one, and was for long, the place of business of Steve Follett, who was a busy man, serving twenty-two years in the Town Council, Mayor, Reeve and Councilor, and as Warden of the County, Mr. Follett was a good type of citizen, quiet and dignified in his manner and well thought of by all who knew him. His business was groceries and hardware. He was followed in this store by his son-in-law, Fred Best. Fred was a Butcher as was his father before him. Both of these men served in the Town Council, the father for eleven

years and the son for nearly twenty-one years, he dying in office as Mayor. Fred was a rather short man, a bit bow-legged, and was one of the most astute men to hold office in Niagara. He could be elected any time he wanted to and promise less than anybody I ever heard appealing for support. He surely was popular as he held office for eighteen years consecutively. He had been appointed Caretaker of Fort George a short while before his death.

ALLEN - MATTHEWS - REID STORE

Fred Best's business in the Follett store was rather a failure and it was taken up by Dick Allen who had been his clerk. Dick was a fine man, played in the Band for many years, dearly loved to spin a good yarn and was a genius at pulling the leg of an unsuspecting victim; kind-hearted, neighborly, a good friend, a fond father, an all-round good citizen. His sudden death left a blank in the community which was hard to fill. After Dick's passing, his son-in-law, Fred Matthews had the business but did not keep it long, he selling it out to the present proprietors, H. Reid and Son.

REID BUSINESS

Hedley Reid, the father, was for many years, Manager of one of the Canadian Cannery factories, but lately is helping run the store. His son Douglas is one of the younger business men of the Town and was for some years with the Imperial Bank. The business appears to be prosperous. Doug is very well-liked, is a good business man and quite ready to serve the people in spheres outside his business. He had a good example in his two grandfathers. The one, Bob Reid, held office as Chief Constable and Fire Chief, almost beyond the memory of most of us.

BOB PATTERSON

The other, Bob Patterson, served as a Fireman for many years. He founded the Fishermen's Club, which for many years held an annual Ball, the proceeds of which were devoted to charity. Bob being the dispenser of the funds and many a kindly deed he performed in a quiet way. Good men, both. May I say here that the business in this store had been carried on continuously for well over one hundred years. In the early days of the Town, it was a wholesale house run by people named Wagstaff.

CHRYSLER BUILDING

Next door is a brick building which I first knew as that of Henry Chrysler. He was a quiet man who never made a big splash in the municipal pool, although he did serve in Council for four

years. These three stores have not changed much in outward appearance though all three used to have shutters which were placed at night on closing. The Chrysler store has had modern windows and a corner window added. This building has housed St. John and Ferguson, Drugs and Jewelry, etc., W.J. Campbell, Jr. Drugs; Lee Shuk, Restaurant; and the Ontario Liquor store. Bert St. John was a handsome young man from St. Catharines, who first came here to manage a drug store for Harry Southcott; he afterwards taking over the store and forming a partnership with T.M. Ferguson who was already in the watchmaking and jewelry business. Tom was the son of a Methodist Minister and a most likeable fellow. He ultimately removed elsewhere, but returned a few years ago, and has since been very useful, serving as Councilor and Mayor, and as a member of the Public Library Board. Will Campbell purchased the drug business and having bought the Harrison building across the street, removed his business there. Lee Shuk was a Chinese cook who came here as Chef at O'Neil's Hotel and afterwards conducted a successful restaurant business.

TOWN HALL

The old grey Town Hall looks much the same as ever, except that the dome, which used to surmount it, was removed some years ago, it having been condemned by an architect. The building was erected in 1847 as the Courthouse of the United Counties of Lincoln, Welland and Haldimand. On the removal of the County Seat of Lincoln to St. Catharines, the Town was paid \$8,000.00, which sum was afterwards invested in the building of a Summer Hotel. The building itself was built of Queenston stone and I once came across a statement of materials used in its construction amounting to something over 5,000 pounds sterling. This statement was made up by Mr. Davidson, the Carpenter in charge. John Thornton the first was the Mason on the job.

BISHOP'S GROCERY STORE

To the northwest of the Town Hall are three buildings, two of them frame and the third brick. When I remember it, it was Jack Bishop's grocery store with his butcher shop at the rear with an entrance at the side. Jack was a rather large man with a mustache and a cigar in one corner of his mouth which he chewed more than he smoked.

COURT HOUSE

This building was erected in 1847 as a Court House of the United Counties of Lincoln, Welland and Haldimand. It was constructed of Queenston stone; the mason was John Thorton and the Carpenter in charge was Mr. Davidson. With the moving of the County Seat to St. Catharines in 1862, it became the Town Hall. In 1981, the Town Hall was restored as a Bicentennial project.

JACK BISHOP

Jack Bishop spent twenty-four years in Town Council, one of those years as Mayor and fifteen as Reeve and County Councilor and was Warden of the County in 1888 and part of 1887. He was a good business man, shrewd and level headed and gave the Town good service. His Butcher business, he later moved into the shop next door where it remained until his death. The grocery business was moved to another site by his son Peter Bishop.

DAVEY - CHAPMAN - STEWART BUSINESS

Peter Bishop sold the butcher business was sold to E. Vernon Davey who carried it on for some years. Then Robert Chapman ran the business for one year and after an interval, James Stewart took it over and moved across the street. The first store has since housed a poolroom by Bert Currie, a Bakery, and now the Niagara Advance, a weekly paper published by the Young's.

AVERY - DAVEY - SHERLOCK BUILDING

The other store has been used for various purposes. Ownership of this property has changed hands several times after Jack Bishop's death. Dr. Buell Avery owning it for a short time, using part of the building as an undertaking establishment, the manager being J.M. Robeson. Then Vern Davey owned it, after which it passed to Mrs. M.F.O.J. Snider under a mortgage and Steve Sherlock bought it from her. For quite a long time, Frank Bishop, a brother of Jack, had a Poolroom upstairs. As to the various persons who appear in connection with this building, a brief sketch should suffice. Vern Davey is one of a family who seem to have been pretty well mixed into the business life of the Town. Vern served one year in Town Council and several years as Assessor. He also was a member of the Hydro Commission for some time. Vern was not very successful in his business ventures, but was a nice fellow and popular. After operating a restaurant on the other side of the street, he has taken up residence elsewhere.

CURRIE - YOUNG BUILDING

Bert Currie, who had the Poolroom, was a very nice man who tried his hand at a good many lines of work and while he never amassed a fortune, he was a good citizen. Frank Bishop was a happy-go-lucky chap who died while a comparatively young man. Joe Young and his son Douglas acquired the Niagara Advance from R. H. Brennan and moved it into this building. Joe was a quiet fellow who never took much active part in public affairs and died leaving the business in the hands of his son, who seems to be doing a good job. Doug has been very active in the Boy Scout movement, has been Secretary-Treasurer of the Board of Education for some years and is an all-round good citizen.

WALSH'S HOTEL

The next building was Walsh's Hotel in my early days, kept by James Walsh, a number of whose descendants are still with us. I never knew Mr. Walsh very well personally, but several of his sons were my schoolmates. Herb Walsh was my desk mate at High School for one term. Jim Walsh was a quiet man who minded his own business and kept a good house. After his death, his son Frank (Tuffy) ran it for a time, after which it was operated by Pat Donnelly. Pat first came here to the Lakeview House, which he had for a time, before moving to the Walsh Hotel. Pat was one of the Donnelly family of Biddulf township, who figured as victims of a wholesale killing. Pat being fortunate enough to be away from home at the time. After Donnelly left, Pat O'Neil bought the property and Dicky Reid ran it for him until it ceased to be a hotel.

SHERLOCK - SMITH - BRADLEY & WATT – KOZER

After lying idle in a business way for some time, Steve Sherlock bought it and it still belongs to his family. There are now three businesses in it. The first was Bill Longhurst's Butcher shop when I first remember it. Bill lived on the River Road and while he ran his business, he never took much part in the public life of the Town. Charlie Smith had a Barbershop here for a long time, until he moved across the street to a shop purchased by his son. Charlie was our next door neighbor when we were boys and was a nice quiet chap. Charlie was a Bugler in the old No. 1 Company of the Lincoln Regiment and also a drummer in the Town Band. The shop is now occupied as a Shoe Repair Establishment. The next shop is where the Hotel Bar used to be and has housed various enterprises, among them a Plumbing business by Bradley & Watt and now is a Poolroom, operated by newcomers to the Town. Where the living apartments of the Hotel used to be, there is now a store. This is one of the Superior chain and was begun by a Richard Kozer who posed as a Pole, but owing to some injudicious use of his vocal organs early in the

period or the late war, he deemed it expedient to go elsewhere after disposing of his business to the present proprietors, Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Carnochan. So far as we have gone, I cannot see how any of these buildings could be restored, if such a term could be applicable.

McMILLAN BUILDING

The brick building next on our list has not changed much, at least in my time. This is really two separate buildings, the older being the one next to Regent St. I have seen a picture of that portion of Queen Street, showing only a small frame building in the space next to the Walsh Hotel. This spot was the business home of John McMillan & Son and in my time was run by Dave, son of John. The best memory I have of Dave McMillan was as a singer in St. Mark's Church Choir when the Choir occupied the end gallery of the Church. I only knew Dave by sight. The business ultimately was closed up and Dave and his family moved to Toronto where he and his sons went into a trucking business.

Dave McMillan had one son Will, (among others) who was at school in my time. He and Clary Walsh were next door neighbors and were desk mates as well at Public School. They were the bane of their various teachers' lives. They were not bad; just full of Old Nick.

ARCHER-FERGUSON-SHUK-HENNEGAN- BESTSTORES

After the McMillan's, I remember a lot of different businesses in these two stores. In the one next to Walsh's at various times, were Frank Archer's Shoe Repair and Shoemaking Shop; T.M. Ferguson, Jewelry & Watchmaker, Lee Shuck, Restaurant L.J. Hennegan, Wholesale Confectionery; T.F. Best, Butcher and a restaurant Kept by different people. Frank Archer was an American soldier who married my sister. After leaving the Army, he served for a time on the Washington Police Force and then opened a shoe repair business in Washington, later coming to Niagara to pursue the same business. Like a lot of ex-army men, he had an itching foot and finally disappeared over the horizon. He was killed at the Battle of San Juan Hill in Cuba while serving with Roosevelt's Roughriders. Lee Shuk is a Chinese man who came here as Chef at Pat O'Neil's Hotel and afterwards opened a restaurant. Lee was a likeable little fellow and an excellent cook. After doing business in various locations, he sold out and went away. Leo

Hennegan is a nice quiet fellow whom everybody likes and respects. He served one year in Town Council and has now retired from business.

TINSHOP - LIQUOR STORE -BANK - POOLROOM a HYDRO STORE

The corner store next was the site of many and various enterprises since the McMillan days. Many years ago, the late James Doyle acquired title to the building and after his death; it became the property of his son Harold (Candy) Doyle. It housed a Tin shop, a Liquor Store, a Bank, a Poolroom and now the Hydro Electric Commission. William Turner and Harry Wilson ran the Tin shop. Harry worked for Turner and afterwards had a business of his own. William Turner was a short, stocky man, quiet and unassuming, with a managing wife. He was for some years, Sexton of St. Mark's Church, and held that position when the first six of the present chimes were installed in the belfry of the Church. Turner couldn't play a tune, just a maddening "tin abulation of the bells." His wife used to play an occasional hymn. Henry Wilson was an easy going fellow who didn't make such of success of his business. He served four years in the Town Council and was a member of the Fire Brigade. Of the men who carried on the Liquor Store, they were a Wm. Hall, Dick Allen, John Simpson and of course, Candy Doyle. Mr. Hall lived in the Milling House on Simcoe St. I only knew him by sight but he too served in the Council for three years. John Simpson came here as tenant of the Lakeview House. After keeping it for some years, he sold out and retired. He later lived in and owned the Sherlock house on Melville St; then for some years he lived in the brick house near the old brick mill. While living there, he served two terms in Council, being a member of council when King George V and Queen Mary visited the Town in 1901.

While running the liquor store, John Simpson lived in the brick house on the corner of Johnson and Victoria St. Mr. Simpson was a well-read man and in his earlier days, had been a Sunday School Superintendent. Candy Doyle, the last one to run the Liquor Store, was a happy-go-luck, carefree sort of chap who was everybody's friend. He had a good business which was brought to an end when the Town was dried up as a war measure in 1915. The Bank of Commerce had a branch here for some years, but closed it up after the war was over. Then Candy had a Poolroom in it for some time. In 1926, The Hydro Commission leased it and still do so.

WOODINGTON - MACPHEE - ALBRECHTRON BUILDING

On the next corner, is a large brick building which, in my early years, was owned by Harry Woodington. He had a grocery store in the first of the two stores and in the smaller store was his liquor store. Harry was a good citizen, quite an active member of St. Mark's Church and died rather suddenly, leaving his business to his wife, who carried on the main store for some time

but disposed of the liquor business. For some time, James Macphee had his Bakery and Refreshment business here before moving along the street. Jim was a very useful citizen and did his share of public service, serving ten years in Council in all. Two of them as Councilor, two as Mayor and six as Reeve, being Warden of the County in 1929. Jim was a good business man and quite successful for a time, but finally had to give up. He is now in the employ of the Niagara Parks Commission. He built the Bakery plant now owned and operated by Paul Albrechtron. This building is now the only one remaining in this block of Queen Street of those that existed in my memory.

BILLING - WOODINGTON - FRY - SCHNABEL BUILDINGS

Miss Iona Billing had a thriving shoe business for some years, recently selling out to Mr. Magder. The smaller store has been occupied by Eaton's Order Office for several years. At one time, there was another store alongside this one. As I remember it, it was a dry-goods business by George Woodington, a brother of Harry. It was quite a new building when it was burned and George moved to Winnipeg. The two small frame stores occupied by Fry's Electrical business and Mike Schnabel's Tailor shop were built by Mrs. Bottomley during the First Great War. The latter mentioned one has been used by several men in the shoe repair business, none of whom stayed very long. Mr. Schnabel, who now has the property, has been here for some years and seems to be doing very well at his Tailoring. He is a decent, quiet man who minds his own business.

LYNCH - ARMSTRONG - MACPHEE - MAY BUILDING

Near the Bakeshop, there used to be a frame building which was for years, the Harness Shop of Paddy Lynch. Paddy was a well-known character who had a dry wit and who did a good trade with farmers and teamsters in the days before motor cars and trucks pushed out poor old Dobbin out of the picture.

Paddy was for many years, Assistant Chief of the Fire Brigade. After his death, Windy Armstrong had his Tinshop there for a time and then Jim Macphee purchased the ground and the building was bought by Tommy May and moved to Market Street where it is now the home of Dave Carson.

MRS. SWIFT'S ICE CREAM PARLOUR

The Brick Store next was built for Mrs. Swift by Walter Campbell in the 1890's. Mrs. Swift was the pioneer in the ice-cream business. We used to get a generous helping of ice-cream and a large slice of fine sponge cake for a dime. Both ice cream and cake were her own make and

quite the equal of any of the much advertised products. She was a nice motherly woman who had raised a large family by her first husband Matt Gurvine. James Swift was a dignified, white bearded, gentlemanly man. I first remember him as sexton of St. Mark's Church, seated at the vestry door. Mrs. Swift first had her place of business in the McKenzie Building across the street.

MACPHEE - SLINGERLAND - INSKEEP BUILDING

Jim Macphee built the Bakery building at the rear of this store, but before he took it over, a Mrs. Dales had the store for a short while and then Mr. Haines had it, neither of them staying very long. The late Melburn Slingerland had it and built the garage and repair shop next to it. After his death, this became the property of his son of the same name who later disposed of it to Frank Walker of Virgil. The Slingerlands were Township men, the elder having been for years, Manager of the Larkin Farms. Young Mel ran the business for some years and finally went out of business, since which time, Art Inskeep ran it for some years. Art came here in 1915 and has had his repair shop in five different locations and he has finally sold out. Art served two terms in the Town Council and is a good practical mechanic. Art Wilson, a native of Virgil, now has the business. He is a good business man and seems to be prosperous. The next cottage was built by Mel Slingerland and is his home.

PAFFARD - HEALEY BUILDING

The next cottage was part of the Henry Paffard house on the next corner. The Paffard house was the home of Mr. Paffard, the druggist and perennial Mayor. His daughter Alice was the organist of St. Mark's and while Capt. Bob Dickson was Choirmaster, he undertook to train a boy's choir. Bob soon tired of the job. The only one of the boys left around here besides myself, is Bill Wilkinson. After Mr. Paffard had gone, two ladies, Mrs. Boehme and Mrs. Cheney owned the place. They used to have a multitude of cats and were often spoken of as "the cat women". Then Joe Healey bought the house and after the death of him and his sister, it changed hands and has now been removed to make way for a Service Station. Joe Healey was a farmer from the River Road who became Postmaster. Joe was gentlemanly and efficient, a very likeable fellow. I just wonder where restoration would start on this block.

MCCLELLAND BUILDING

On the westerly corner of Queen and Victoria St., is a store that can boast a continuous history of over 130 years. In my early days, old Bill McClelland (so called to distinguish him from his son) was the head of the business of Butcher and Grocer, assisted by his three sons, young Bill, Bert and Fred, to say nothing of the Dummy. The Dummy drove the ice wagon in the summer season. The business had a reputation for keeping faithful servants in its employ. The business was formerly conducted by Lewis Clement and after that by Peter and Alexander Christie, but the McClelland's have had it for about a whole century. This family took its part in Public Affairs, among them serving 38 years; the old gentleman doing 20 years, young Bill 9 years; Fred, 6 years; Bert 1 year, and Bert Jr., a son of Bert, two years. Young Bill served three of his years as Mayor and two as Reeve. You might say this family has seen most of the ups and downs of the old Town and through it all, have carried on a good business. The main building has not been altered outwardly, but an additional building was erected a good many years ago to house the Butcher business. This is the last business place on the southwest side of the street, the remaining four houses being residences.

HINDLE - MATHEWS - GILROY RESIDENCES

When I first remember them, they were occupied by the families of Sam Hindle, Jim Mathews and Sam Gilroy. Sam and his brother-in-law, Frank Clark were for many years Contractors in the Excavating line. The Hindle house is now owned by Bill Gollop, who has a blacksmith shop at the rear. The next house is owned by members of the Bufton family of Virgil, while the third is the home of Fred Garrett, a painter and decorator. Fred and Bill Gollop are both Veterans of the First Great War and both had sons in the second of the world upheavals.

GIBSON - LANSING - McCONKEY RESIDENCE

The rest of this block was vacant land in my boyhood days but later on Mr. George Gibson built the present fine house and after he died, the late Watts Lansing bought it and lived in it until he died. Mr. Lansing was a member of an American family and he always lived here in my time. He was a man of means and a keen sportsman. His daughter has sold the house to Mr. McConkey, the present Mayor who is entering on his third year in that office. The house is now a guest house and quite popular. The Mayor is an up-to-date progressive business man who seems to take an active interest in the affairs of the Town.

McClelland's
 106 Queen St. West End Store (416) 468-7639
 Selected Cheese and Fine Foods Since 1815
 NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE, ONTARIO



McClelland

Come in and experience the quaint atmosphere of times long past where generations of McClelland's customers shopped before the turn of the century. Unlike the hectic pace of today's supermarkets, one can leisurely browse and select his supplies from a wide variety of domestic and imported cheese, unusual gourmet items from many lands, as well as spices, tea and coffee. We prepare cheese trays, gourmet, gift and fruit baskets. We would appreciate the privilege of serving you.

McClelland BUILDING

On the westerly corner of Queen and Victoria St., is a store that can boast a continuous history of over 130 years. In my early days, old Bill McClelland (so called to distinguish him from his son) was the head of the business of Butcher and Grocer, assisted by his three sons, young Bill, Bert and Fred, to say nothing of the Dummy. The Dummy drove the ice wagon in the summer season. The business had a reputation for keeping faithful servants in its employ. The business was formerly conducted by Lewis Clement and after that by Peter and Alexander Christie, but the McClelland's have had it for about a whole century. This family took its part in Public Affairs, among them serving 38 years; the old gentleman doing 20 years, young Bill 9 years; Fred, 6 years; Bert 1 year, and Bert Jr., a son of Bert, two years. Young Bill served three of his years as Mayor and two as Reeve. You might say this family has seen most of the ups and downs of the old Town and through it all, have carried on a good business. The main building has not been altered outwardly, but an additional building was erected a good many years ago

to house the Butcher business. This is the last business place on the southwest side of the street, the remaining four houses being residences.

HINDLE - MATHEWS - GILROY RESIDENCES

When I first remember them, they were occupied by the families of Sam Hindle, Jim Mathews and Sam Gilroy. Sam and his brother-in-law, Frank Clark was for many years Contractors in the Excavating line. The Hindle house is now owned by Bill Gollop, who has a blacksmith shop at the rear. The next house is owned by members of the Bufton family of Virgil, while the third is the home of Fred Garrett, a painter and decorator. Fred and Bill Gollop are both Veterans of the First Great War and both had sons in the second of the world upheavals.

GIBSON - LANSING - McCONKEY RESIDENCE

The rest of this block was vacant land in my boyhood days but later on Mr. George Gibson built the present fine house and after he died, the late Watts Lansing bought it and lived in it until he died. Mr. Lansing was a member of an American family and he always lived here in my time. He was a man of means and a keen sportsman. His daughter has sold the house to Mr. McConkey, the present Mayor who is entering on his third year in that office. The house is now a guest house and quite popular. The Mayor is an up-to-date progressive business man who seems to take an active interest in the affairs of the Town.

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GARRETT - MUSSEN RESIDENCE

The frontage on the next block between Gate and Simcoe Streets was owned by the late H.A. Garrett, who served twelve years in Council, two of them as Mayor. He was a very dignified old gentleman as I remember him, a good citizen, owned quite a lot of property about the Town. His own residence stood on the corner of Simcoe Street, close to the sidewalk. Mr. J.M. Mussen purchased the property after Mr. Garrett's death and built the present large and ornate dwelling on the site the old house was bought by W.J. Campbell and moved to its present location on the northeast side of the street, near Victoria Street. Mr. Mussen was another who served the Community, being Mayor for three years and serving as Churchwarden of St. Mark's Church for a long term of years. He was very largely responsible for the building of the Memorial Clock Tower after the First World War.

BERNARD - BANNISTER - BENNETT - SCHOOL PROPERTY

The house now owned by Dr. Bannister was built for G.N. and Mrs. Bernard. After his death, it has changed hands several times. The house now owned by Dr. Bennett of Buffalo was part of the Garrett property. The rear part of it was once a school located on the corner of Gate and Johnson Streets.

LANSING - DeGRAFF - STRATHY - THOMAS RESIDENCE

From Simcoe St. to the Lake, there was only one house in my early days, that now owned by L.S. DeGraff. I think this house was built by Watts Lansing and I remember a family named Strathy from Toronto, who lived in it in the summer. For some time, it was owned by E.R. Thomas of Buffalo, an automobile manufacturer. The house has been enlarged and altered since Mr. DeGraff bought it.

LANSING - WESTON - HIGH SCHOOL LOT

The next house was also built by Watts Lansing and he sold it to Mr. Charles Weston of Buffalo, whose family still own and occupy it. This four acre lot was once granted for a High School site, but when the building was actually contemplated, the lot was sold as not desirable and the building was erected on Castlereagh Street.

RUSSELL - FLEISCHMANN - WETTLAUFFER RESIDENCES

In the next block, stand two houses, owned by Taylor Wettlauffer and his father Dr. Conrad Wettlauffer respectively. Taylor's house is comparatively new and was built for him when he married. The other house was built by John Ellison for Mrs. Russell of Toronto. It later was the home of Gus Fleischmann, a Buffalo distiller. Gus was a large, portly man who was deservedly very popular. He always contributed to any public affair that might be carried on. He should be remembered with gratitude by sportsmen as it was he who first bred pheasants in this district. Oliver Taylor looked after them for him and I remember Oliver repeatedly coming down to the beach to get a bucket of maggots from the fish offal. Flies were plentiful in those days and the maggots were regarded as good for young pheasants. After a fairly large flock of the birds was ready, they were turned loose in the country. The property has changed hands several times and the house has been much altered by Dr. Wettlauffer.

MILLER · GODSON · MORGAN · AIGEL TINGERS RESIDENCES

The next block was reserved by the Government for years as a site for a Hospital, but was ultimately disposed of. There are now three houses, owned respectively by the Godsons, the Morgans and the Aigeltingers. Judge Godson is the Ontario Mining Commissioner, while his brother Lionel has been the head of the Ontario Horticultural Society for many years. The Morgan cottage was once the home of Melville Miller who was a partner in business with Bill Harrison.

HUNTER · MORGAN • SALT RESIDENCE

The house in the next block was built by Charles Hunter who was a very successful amateur gardener, who was succeeded by John Morgan, a retired farmer who also made a hobby of gardening. John served two terms in the town council and was quite a good citizen but, as is quite common with retired farmers, was not very progressive. He sold to a Mr. Salt, a Niagara Falls banker and his widow still owns the property.

PENNEY · SPAULING RESIDENCES

The next and last two houses are owned by the Penneys and the Spaulings, both from the U.S., in fact, only two of the houses from Simcoe Street to the Lake, are owned by Canadians, that is the Godsons and the Morgans. That finishes the southwest side of the street and we shall reminisce about the other side and its people later on.

CUSTOMS HOUSE



Figure 5

Ca. 1825 – 126 Queen Street

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH – 73 Picton St.

We now go back to the other end of the road at Wellington Street. The first two blocks are the Roman Catholic Church and the Park. I remember a number of priests who have served in my time - Father Harold, Father Murphy, Father Brennan, Father Lynch, Father Bench, Father Sweeney, Father O'Brien, Father Mogan, Father Redmond and Father Kelly. I only knew the first five of these slightly, but the later ones much better. Father Sweeney was a genial, whole souled man whom everybody liked. Father O'Brien was not here very long and was followed by Father Mogan, a very earnest man, a good business man.

He it was who had the Church and Presbytery stuccoed. Father Redmond followed him. He was a large portly man, who had poor health. He was a friendly fellow, who always had a smile and a greeting for those he men. He also had a keen sense of humor. He once told me of finding a soldier in Highland uniform lying in the ditch near the Churchyard and as it was raining steadily, he thought it best to rouse him and start him for camp, it being about ten o'clock at night. So he got him up and started him for camp, but when he let go of the soldier, he promptly fell down again. But Father persevered until they finally reached the concrete bridge in the middle of the Common. When on the bridge, however, they got tangle-footed and both landed in the swale, whence the Father emerged, wet, muddy and plumb disgusted. He gave up the job of Good

Samaritan then and there and wended his way homeward; hoping none of his flock would see him in his sorry plight. A most likeable man. Father Kelly, who is with us now, is a very fine, friendly sort of man, whom I personally like very much. In my time, the Separate School which used to stand in the Church lot facing on Davy Street was done away with and the building moved away. The old Presbytery was sold to Miss Carnochan and was moved by her to Platoff Street and was her residence until she built the house on Castlereagh Street. The Platoff Street House is now the home of the Will Lavells.

THE PARK

The Park, now called Simcoe Park, was so named by Dick Taylor when he was the lessee. As I first remember it, it was surrounded by a fence and a hedge and the trees were small. People used to smile at our park, but those who planted it had their heads screwed on right. The only fault I find in it is that many of the original trees having died, more, a lot more should be planted to replace them, not the stragglng little things that have been planted on the streets of late, but trees with some growth.

PAFFARD BUSINESSES

Now, we come to Queen Street and the built up part of our Main Street, and as I first remember it, there was a Paffard at either end of the Street, Henry Paffard, Druggist at Queen and the residence of his brother Fred Paffard at the other. There is none of Henry's family here now, but Mrs. Wilkinson is a daughter of Fred, and Bill Wilkinson and Mrs. D'Arcy are grandchildren.

We could devote quite a bit of space to Mr. Paffard due to his devotion to the Town and its people. He seemed to bob up as Mayor every once in a while, putting in altogether twenty-six years in that office. He was a smallish man, with a flat-footed gait that earned him the pseudonym of "Duckfoot," by which name his son Arthur was known at High School when we were schoolmates. Mr. Paffard was for forty years, Treasurer of the Public Library and at one time, donated quite a large sum to pay the arrears of rent due on the premises where it was then housed, one of the houses, by the way, that was later burnt in the big fire. A very good picture of Mr. Paffard hangs in the Public Library. He was a kindly and generous man, a good business man, a good churchman, serving St. Mark's for many years in various ways. His store

outwardly is much as I remember it. It was robbed a good many times in days of yore. If you will take the trouble to examine the rear of the building, you may yet see the heavy shutters which he installed to prevent forcible entry.

The building, prior to its purchase by Mr. Paffard, was the law office of E.C. Campbell, later the County Judge. His picture also hangs in the Library, he having been one of its prominent members, he having been one of its prominent members. The house was back from Queen St. a bit, had a verandah in front of it and was reached by a flight of five or six steps. Mr. Paffard lowered the floor to its present level and extended the building to the street line. Mr. Paffard was assistant to James Harvey, whose place of business was the store now occupied by Peter Marina, his residence being next door, where the restaurant now is. Mr. Paffard moved the business to its present location. Joe Burns was a onetime clerk to Mr. Paffard. J. DeW. Randall succeeded Mr. Paffard in the business, and after his death, A.J. Coyne took over and did business here until the War was over, when he moved to St. Catharines, taking with him all the quaint old containers which used to decorate the shelves. Mr. Coyne served one year in the Council. He, in turn, was succeeded by the present incumbent of the business, E.W. Field, who also served in Council for one year.

E.W. FIELD

Mr. Field is a Veteran of the First World War, a good business man but alas, quite impervious to the charms of the ladies, none of them having yet been able to capture either him or his brother Gene, who is his assistant.

THE TELEPHONE EXCHANGE

The next building, a modern one and not a fit subject for restoration, is the Telephone Exchange, managed by a charming lady, Miss Eleanor Laurence. The first occupant and manager in this building was Joe Doritty, now living in Toronto. The Doritty's were old Niagara family, neighbors of ours when we were kids and we played around together a lot. There were Joe, Charlie and Fred in our family and Charlie, Fred and Joe in that of the Dorittys. We had a good working arrangement between the two sets of boys. If the Dorittys got into a scrape, they blamed it on us and we, in turn, reciprocated and it worked out finely. Jim Doritty, the father was a well-known carpenter and was for a long time, one of the Town Assessors.

LOUIS FRANK - FRED CURTIS BARBERSHOP

The next building was built in the early 1890's by Walter Campbell for Louis Frank, the Barber, who first ran a shop for Mrs. Fanny Ross in the Marino store. Mr. Frank later took over the business and built the present place, where he plied his trade until his death a few years ago. When I first knew Mr. Frank, he was Sergeant Frank of the 12th U.S. Infantry, stationed at Fort Niagara. He was a handsome soldier and sported a fine pair of side whiskers. He never gave up his U.S. Citizenship, minded his own business and served the men of the Town for many years in his professional capacity. The present owner of the business is Fred Curtis who has been barbering for quite a spell. Fred has been a leader in the Boy Scout movement, one of the pioneers in fact, and has rendered good service. He is a man of nice manners and well-liked by the boys. He comes of an old family too. His grandfather was Chief Constable when I was a boy and of course was held in awe by all the kids.

HARVEY - SHERLOCK - PICKWELL - MARINO BUILDINGS

The next two properties were owned by the Sherlocks and continued in that family until their purchase not long ago by Peter Marino. When I first had any knowledge of them, they had a store in the brick and lived in the other which is now a restaurant. These two buildings were formerly belonging to James Harvey, Mr. Paffard's predecessor in the Drug Business. When the fire destroyed the adjoining buildings, Mrs. Sherlock, then a widow, had a business in the brick and after the fire; the Ross Barbershop was in there. After Mr. Frank built his new shop and moved into it, the Pickwell brothers moved their printing establishment into it from the Worden block, now the Steward building. I remember helping them to move their coal stove along the street on a hand sleigh, with the fire still burning in the stove. Then for a time, the Dempsters had a bakery in there, and during the First War, Frank Riley had a fruit store. Frank was not very Irish, in fact he was the same variety of Irish as his successors in the business, who by the way, hailed from Sunny Italy, A.R. DaConza had the business next and now Peter Marino, who came to Town to run the place for DaConza and bought it out. Pete is not of a slim build by any means, but is a good fellow, has a nice store, a nice wife and family. They have plugged along and have got on their feet and are a credit to the Town.

ARMSTRONG - SHERLOCK - DAVEY - SPENCER - SHUK BUILDING

Where the restaurant now is, since being converted into a store, A.J. Armstrong (Windy) had a plumbing business. Then during the First Great War, Charlie Sherlock (Grinny) and his wife opened a restaurant and it has been used for that purpose off and on ever since. Vern Davey had it for some years, then May Spencer, then Lee Shuk and since his time, by various gentlemen of Oriental extraction. Grinny Sherlock was a member of our first Hockey Team and usually wore a grin no matter how hard the going was. The Armstrong referred to was here for several years and then moved to Toronto. Five members of this family served in the First Great War, so we must include them in the list of those who gave honorable service.

COYNE - DEALY - BAKER'S DAIRY BUILDING

The lot, on which Baker's Dairy now stands, was vacant from the time of the big fire, except for temporary structures that were on it in the 1914-1918 War. Arthur Coyne who at one time, had the Field store, returned to buy the lot and erect the diminutive shop which now adorns (?) it. It wasn't as remunerative as A.J. had anticipated, so he soon unloaded it on his Manager, Thomas Dealy. He sold to the Baker's lately and took off for St. Kitts from whence he came. Walter Baker is a Veteran of the First War and has been in the dairy business since his return from overseas. A good, steady citizen with a large family, several of whom served in the late upheaval.

SENIOR'S STATIONARY STORE

This lot, with the sites of the Imperial Bank building and Daley's store were, before the fire so oft referred to in these reminiscences, occupied by the six places which were burnt. Perhaps a few words about their occupants will not be out of place. The one next, Marino's was Fred Best's, about whom we have already written. The next was William Senior's. Here, he sold books and stationary. Mr. Senior was a meek little gentleman who taught boys in St. Mark's away back before the Sunday school was built. He was a mild, but very wise counsellor of the boys whom he tried to direct into the straight and narrow way. A thorough gentleman. Never was one of his pupils, however. He had one son Joe, who sat behind me at High School. He was dubbed Joe Senior and I became perforce, Joe Junior.

THE ROSS FAMILY

Next were the dwelling and Barbershop of Lewis Ross. There was a large family of these Rosses, six girls and two boys. The older girls were dressmakers, plying their trade in the dwelling. The two boys and the two younger girls attended school when I did. They were a musical family, the boys particularly so. Jack, the younger boy, was afterwards bandmaster of the 24th U.S.

Infantry. The family by the way was originally from the sunny south and was of a rather dusky hue. The oldest girl, Fanny married S. B. Rowley, a gem jar manufacturer from Pittsburg. He bought the Campbell House on King Street and moved it to Queen St., converting it into a store, now Daley's. He built a new house, now owned by Mrs. Stevenson and the Bank Building. After his death, his widow disposed of the properties and moved away, as had the rest of her family earlier.

WEBSTER'S CLICKETY CLOCK SHOP

Next to the Ross shop, tucked in between it and the large building adjoining, was a little narrow shop called "the Hole in the Wall," where an old chap whose name was, I think Webster, ended clocks. He was known as "Clickety Clock."

LYNCH - FULLER - PETLEY BUSINESSES

Next was a building with three stores. The first was Paddy Lynch's Harness Shop. We have already met Paddy, so we pass on to Bob Fuller who sold furniture and silverware on commission. He married a neighbor of ours, Florrie Eares, an aunt of Jo Bradley. They moved to Brantford after the fire.

PETLEY - MULLHOLLAND DRY GOODS STORE

Next, the Misses Petley, Millinery and Dry Goods store. These two ladies were grandaunts of Joe Mulholland, and after the fire, they moved to a small store which stood on the site of Tranter's Tonsorial Establishment. Their business is still carried on by the Mulhollands, so it may be regarded as one of the oldest continuing business in the Town.

ROGERS· BISHOP - GOFF - RYAN - HEALEY - STEWART – DALEY

The first occupant of the Daley store after its arrival on Queen St. was Robert Rogers, a tailor who had been at Tom Rowland's for years. Now he set up business for himself as a Custom Tailor. Later on, Bob Bishop had a fish store for some years, followed by George Goff, groceries. George was a carpenter but as his health was poor, he opened a business. After his death, his wife sold the business to William Ryan. The Ryan's were very fine people, Mr. Ryan having been assistant to Robert Warren, the postmaster. When Mr. Warren died, and was succeeded by Joe Healey, Mr. Ryan was out of a job and went into the grocery business. Mr. Ryan was a great walker and on holidays, usually went on a pedestrian jaunt to the Falls or St. Catharines and return. They had one son Gordon, who died on service in the First War. Gordon was one of the nicest, cleanest living boys I have known. Later on, after the Ryan's had gone, Jim Stewart

moved the Butcher business across the street to this store and carried on a very successful business for some years until it passed into the hands of Art Daley, the present owner and occupant. The building itself was owned by the Healey family, prior to its purchase by Mr. Daley. Jim Stewart is a Veteran of the 1914 to 1918 War and is now the owner of the building once known as the Worden Block. Art Daley has not taken any part in public affairs, but is running a good business. He formerly was driver of a bread truck out of St. Catharines.

REID - SANDO - SHERLOCK - DORITTY – WALSH

Next door is George Reid's Paint Shop, and a combined fruit and fish store, run respectively by Nick Arghittu and Ed Sherlock. The building was originally built and operated by Mr. Reid as a picture theatre in the days of the Great War. This building replaced a small store which I remember as housing a stationery and book store by John Sando, before he was appointed to the Customs. The Sando's were business people; John's father being a Butcher, who had a business at different times in the Smith building on the next corner and in the rear part of the Bottomley building. Sando's family have long since left the Town, the only relatives being the Steve Sherlock family. Mrs. Sherlock was a sister of Jack Sando. This wee store was the first home of the Bell Telephone in Town, Jo Doritty being the Manager. Later on, Herb Walsh had the Telegraph Office here. Of the present occupants of this store, Chummy Sherlock ought to be well known, he having spent fifteen years as Chief Constable and Chief of the Fire Brigade. In his earlier days, Ed was engaged in a piscatorial capacity and was quite an oarsman, he having journeyed to Toronto several times to put the Queen City's oarsmen in their place. Chummy has since been in the Hotel business and since his retirement is taking his part in running the Town, this being his third year as Councillor.

THE WORDEN BLOCK

The large building next on our list was, when I first remember it, known as the "Worden Block", it having been at one time owned by a man of that name, who had a sort of Department Store in it. I think he was connected with one of the large enterprises at the Dock and the men were required to buy all their goods from this store. At another time, it was a hotel, called "the Victoria."

BLAIN'S DRY GOODS STORE

But in my time, it was something different. I remember T.P. Blain's dry goods store where Bates' Drug Store now is. Tom Blain served eight years in Council, two of them as Reeve. He was

later appointed Gaoler for the County and moved to St. Catharines. One of his sons was at High School with me and Miss Bella Blain, a sister of Tom's was one of my early teachers at Public School. The Blains lived in the house on the east corner of Regent and Prideaux Sts., now owned by the Greenes. There are none of the family living here now, but Fred Garrett and Mrs. Phyllis Bissell is grandnephew and grandniece of Tom Blain.

HOLAHAN-STEWARTSTORE

In the Centre store, where Reg. Stewart now is, Tom Holahan had a shoe repair business and lived in rooms above his shop. Tom Holahan and his brother Jim were Fenian Rain Veterans and sons of soldiers, their father being in the old 60th Rifles with my grandfather. Several of Tom's sons served in the First Great War. Jack, the oldest son, was in the old 19th Regiment when I was in it. They later moved to Toronto. I do not remember anyone being in the remaining store at that time, but a great many business have been in it since. But first, about the building as a whole.

TEMPERANCE HALL- METHODIST & SALVATION CHURCHES

When I was a kid, there was another story on it, where was a large hall, usually known as "The Temperance Hall" Here the Methodist Church was meeting and holding Sunday School. I don't know just who was responsible but I was required to attend two of them, St. Mark's in the morning, and the Methodist in the afternoon. Postmaster Bob Warren was Superintendent. Later on the Salvation had this Hall for a number of years until they gave up the task of making saints out of us poor sinners.

NIAGARA TIMES & NIAGARA ADVANCE PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT

Jim Stewart decapitated the building and reduced it to its present size. When the Pickwell Bros. founded the "Niagara Times," this was its first home. Harry Southcott of St. Catharines opened a branch drug store in here with Bert St. John as Manager. Bert took over the store and formed a partnership with Tom Ferguson who moved his jewelry business over here, from which place, they moved to the store now the Ontario Liquor Store. Upstairs, Hiram Mosher brought the printing establishment from the Connolly store. Later, down below E. H. Brennan brought the plant of "The Niagara Advance" from the Harrison building, its birthplace. So that three times in my brief time here, there has been a printer in this building.

BILL ZOEGER & BILL HARRISON'S STORE

Now the store is occupied by Bill Zoeger's 50 to \$1.00 Store, a modern up-to-date establishment. Bill is a good head, popular and useful, a Lion and a School Trustee. A man with nice manners and good business ability. Since Tom Holahan's day, there has been a variety of businesses in the middle store. At one time, a man named Jordan had a junk shop in it. Harry Wilson, whom we have already met, had a Tin smithing business. This was the place where Bill Harrison started his present business. Bill was a High School with me. We usually called him Bill Gunn, as he lived on the farm with his grandfather of that name. They were domiciled on Pancake Street. This name was too prosaic for Bill and he managed to get it changed to Progressive Avenue. So now you know where it is. Bill also is famous or otherwise for the Harrison Ditch. Since coming to Town, Bill has not hidden his light under either a bushel or a bush, as he spent nineteen years in Council, eight of them as Mayor and seven of them as Reeve. Bill is a pretty shrewd cuss, not always easy to get along with but withal a strong man and one who has been an asset to the Town. Just one more item about Friend Bill. In 1913, I was standing in front of Mayor Randall's store talking to the Mayor and we were looking down the street which was muddy when he said to me that he would like to see the street paved. I asked him how he proposed to go about it and he asked me if I would support a motion in Council to submit the matter to the voters at the coming election. I assured him of my support and the motion passed Council and went to the people, but was defeated at the election as was Mr. Randall and by the same Bill Harrison. This was Bill's first year as Mayor, he having served three years in Council from 1909 to 1911 inclusive. In 1914, Mr. Harrison called a meeting of the ratepayers on Queen St., and the rest, it was decided to petition Council to pave the street as a local improvement. Q.E.F. There was a Chinese laundry in this middle store for a time and after Jim Stewart left the Butcher store, he had a restaurant here, later disposing of that business to other parties who afterwards moved across the street. Now Reg Stewart, the younger of Jim's boys, has a very nice business in it and seems to be doing all right after a spell in the Army in the late War.

TAIT'S - CAMPBELL - BATES BUILDING

In the store where Jack Bates now is, Taifs from St. Catharines had a branch dry goods store after the Blain's left. Will Campbell bought the place from Harrison after he had moved to his new store and for some considerable time seemed to be doing a flourishing business. After Stewart bought the building, J. Bates came to Town and is doing a very good business. He has offered once or twice for Council, but unsuccessfully.

SANDO'S BUTCHER SHOP & WATTS SHOE SHOP

The next building on the corner has changed more internally than externally can remember many different people in here. In my early days, I can remember the Sandos having a Butcher Shop here and the Watt's Shoe Shop. The Watts were related to the Briggs family, the late Judge Watts being a descendant of this family who moved to the United States many years ago.

KEE - WITHERS - HEALEY - BILLING - SMITH - WILLEY & KIRBY STORE

In later years Sam Kee had the first Chinese Laundry here. Afterwards moving into the center store next door. Here too Jim Withers had a Barbershop for a time. The Withers family came here to run the American Hotel and Jim married Nellie Hindle a sister of Frank and Harry. They later moved away to the Falls. Pete Healey had a Shoe Store in it for a long time. Pete was a brother of Postmaster Joe. Pete always had a good horse which he was proud to drive up and down our Main Street. He was a most likeable fellow with a keen sense of humor. He died a comparatively young man and after his death. Miss I.M. Billing bought the business and carried it on very well until recently when she sold out to Mr. Magder. She did not end her business career in this store but after Eddie Smith bought the Healey Store. She moved over the way to the Bottomley store where Mr. Magder now is then. Eddie's father "Wee Charlie" as his mother used to call him when we were kids moved his Barbershop over and carried on until he died a few years ago. Since his death Willey's photograph business has been located here. This has changed hands and now part of the store is occupied by the William Kirbys father and son in the Real Estate and Conveyancing Business.

BURNS - ROWLAND - INKSATER - CLARKE - LOCKHART BUSINESSES

Across Regent Street is a brick store once the business place of James Lockhart. Dry goods in olden days but when I was a boy T.M. Rowland had a similar business including custom tailoring in which he was succeeded by R.C. Burns. F.J. Rowland. C.W. Inksater and H.W. Clarke. All five of these men served in Town Council.

Tom Rowland was a very astute business man who laid the foundations of his fortune in the days of the U.S. Civil War. He left behind a reputation as a wise councilor. He served five years in Council being Mayor for part of 1883 after the Mayor of that time had moved away from Town. His son, Fred took over the business after Bob Burns moved to Brantford. Fred Rowland was a schoolmate of mine where he was known as Barney. He was a fine type of citizen. Friendly in his manner; a strong steady character besides serving three years in Council. He was for quite a long time a Churchwarden of St. Mark's. After his father's death he moved to

Toronto to take up his father's business. His elder son Harry served in the First Great War and his younger son Walter is now a Lawyer in Toronto. Bob Burns was a fine man one of a musical family. He was Choirmaster of the Methodist Church for years and his sister Salome was a Music Teacher and Organist of the same Church for many years. I knew Bob very well, as we had kindred interests in music. My wife was in his employ as a tailoress before we married and I well remember the long face Bob pulled when he extended his sympathy to me on that occasion. Bob had a glass eye which didn't always stay put. He has lost an optic in a shooting accident in his younger days. The Burn's lived in the Sherlock house on Regent St. now occupied by the Frys.

Bill Inkester put in three years in Council. Bill was a nice, big, easy-going fellow whom everybody liked, a little too easygoing in a business way and he was succeeded by H.W. Clarke, who carried on for some years and then moved away. A good man, a Churchgoer, musical and served two years in Council.

GREAVES MARMALADES & JAMS

After he left, the store was vacant for some time until Bill Greaves bought it and started his marmalade and jam factory in it. Mr. Greaves is a fine chap with quite a family of boys, two of whom served in the late War, one son Roy giving his life. A good family and an asset to the Town. Mr. Greaves has served eleven years in Council and his oldest son Bill Jr. is now in his third year in Council. Occupants of this store have given twenty-seven years of service in Council, besides being useful in other ways.

CHARLIE BRIGGS, COBBLER

Alongside this store, there used to be a small frame store for many years the place of business of Charlie Briggs, Cobbler. Here Waxy (as he was familiarly known) drove pegs, sewed, gossiped, entertained a host of friends and proved himself to be a figure in the life of his community. Charlie loved the Methodist Church and was generous in his contributions to it. Well, Charlie and his shop have passed along, but are not forgotten.

PATTERSON'S BAKERY

The next Brick structure was for long "The Bakery". Ned Patterson was the proprietor when I was a boy and his sons Eddie and Billy were his assistants. Billy drove the wagon and Eddie baked. The trade was small in those days as most housewives baked at home and most of the Baker's bread was not baked in pans but on bricks and delightful bread it was. Billy used to start on his rounds with a horse and small covered wagon about four o'clock in the afternoon and be finished by tea time. Some change has come about since those days, as lone day counted no less than twelve different bakery trucks passing my office window, some from the Falls, but most of them from St. Catharines.

MRS SWIFT'S ICE CREAM BUSINESS

After the Patterson's had gone out of the Bakery Business, Mrs. Swift began her business of making and selling ice-cream here, afterwards moving across the street to her new building where she finished her career.

MacPHEE & GARDINER BAKERY

Later on, Macphee & Gardiner opened a bakery here. Mr. Macphee eventually sold his interest to Mr. Gardiner, who carried on for a time but got into difficulties and Mr. George Caskey came into possession. Then Mr. Macphee came back to Town and bought the business again and ran it very successfully for a long time, first in the Bottomley building and later in the premises where the Bakery still is.

McKENZIE & NOLAN PLUMBING

Then McKenzie and Nolan opened the Plumbing Business, Mr. Nolan retiring from it and McKenzie carrying on. Bill has had his ups and down, but keeps plugging along and doing a pretty fair job.

TURNER - METKE - BOLTON - CAMPBELL BUSINESSES

The property next door has changed owners several times since I first remember it. William Turner had his Tin shop here for some time and after that, the Metkes had it and now it is owned by Mrs. Matilda Bolton. She has had the shop rented from time to time but there has been no business in it for some time. Several Barbers have been performing within its portals. Recently, E.B. Campbell has purchased a part of the property and erected a modern Milk Bar which is quite an addition to the street.

MULHOLLAND BUILDINGS

The Mulholland Buildings next, are all modern and comparatively new. Here they have a modern store and dwelling that present a neat, attractive appearance to the public eye. Joe is quite a clever fellow, with good artistic sense. He serves his Church musically and well, being the possessor of a good voice and plenty of ability at the organ. His father Tom was a schoolmate of mine and also was on the High School Board with me. He was a nice, gentlemanly fellow, well-liked by all who knew him.

TRANTER'S SHOP

Where Tranter's Shop now stands, there used to be a small frame store where the Petley sisters and later the Mulholland's had their business before the new premises were erected. Gus Tranter has been here for a long time now. Gus is a prominent Lion and quite a public spirited fellow. His wife has a hairdressing establishment in connection with the more prosaic barbershop. The one thing I find lacking in both our tonsorial parlors is "the Barbershop Quartette." So, if you hear strange sounds emanating from either of these places, please don't call the Police.

CAMPBELL'S BLACKSMITH SHOP & KEARIN'S BAKERY

Where the Brock Theatre now stands, there used to be two places, the first a small store and the other Campbell's Blacksmith Shop. The store used to be Bob Kearins' Bakery. Bob was a big, bluff, good-natured man. A good baker, doing a small business and doing it well. That an attraction a Blacksmith Shop had for a kid, to hear the clank of the hammer and watch the sparks fly was something modern kids are missing, for with the passing of Dobbin, the picturesque "Village Smithy" has passed away to be replaced by the smelly Service Station which pollutes the air on all the best sites in any town.

THE BROCK THEATRE

The Theatre, first called the "Kitchener," then the "Royal George," and now the "Brock," was built by Mrs. Norris in the days of the First Great War. She had the first picture show in the small hall in the Town Building. These, of course, were the silent pictures and it may be news to some that at one time, we had five of these operating. There was one on the Camp Ground, one on the Clockenberg lot on Davy Street, one on Picton Street, where the Kemsley place is now, besides Reid's Royal George and Mrs. Norris' Kitchener. Mr. Reid's survived them all and

after Mrs. Norris' departure, he purchased the Kitchener and moved his business, including the name there, where he continued until the talkies came in.

The present owners have made it a credit to the district. Mr. Reid served for two years in council and two years in the Hydro Commission. He has for years been painting and decorating the Town and District and was a member of No. 1 Company of the 19th Regiment when I was in it. He is the youngest of the Reid brothers, the others being Bob, the veteran Chief Constable, John, who was caretaker of the High School for years and Walter. Who served eleven years in Council.

CAMPBELL'S BLACKSMITH SHOP

Mr. Campbell was a Fenian War Veteran. An elder of St. Andrew's Church and spent twelve years in Council, besides being Truant Officer for the Schools. One of his sons was a builder who moved out west, one was a druggist whom we have mentioned elsewhere and the youngest, Herb a Carpenter, is serving his fourth year in Council. He lives next door in the house which was formerly the H. A. Garrett house.

THE CENTRE HOUSE - BIDDY MAYO - JIM COLEMAN, BLACKSMITH

Over the way on the opposite corner is a vacant spot, whereon once stood a frame building known as the Centre House, which had been a Hotel or Tavern, but which was inhabited by Biddy Mayo who kept some kind of shebang, the exact nature of which is your guess as well as mine. After Biddy departed, McClelland's used it to store ice. It was later torn down and Jim Coleman built a Blacksmith Shop. This was removed after Jim Coleman's death and Bill Gollop moved the business across the street to his own premises. Jim Coleman came here originally to work for Willard Platt at his Wagon Shop on Johnson Street. After Mr. Platt's death, Jim went into business for himself which he carried on till his death. Jim served one year and part of another in Council, besides being for several years a School Trustee. Jim was quite a straight-laced chap when he came to Town, but rather relaxed after a time. I remember that Jim, my brother Charlie and I took a course of instruction from the Bandmaster in the old Roger's block. Jim had a cornet, Charlie an alto horn and I, a tenor horn. Mr. Roberts had been a Band Sergeant at Fort Niagara and had the Army Sergeants usual command of language. At the conclusion of one band practice he reproved the bandsmen for slackness in very choice language. Well the choice didn't suit Jim, so he quit forthwith. Jim as always rather touchy. Something offended him when he was in Council and he resigned in the middle of the term. Not a bad fellow at all and quite a good citizen.

THE HARRISON BUILDING

Next is Bill Harrison's building, a quite modern frame building, wherein Bill and his three sons deal out lumber and hardware. Bill had a partner at one time, a Melville Millar, who later retired from the business and the Town, going to the Queen City where he became prominent in Golf circles. In this building, the Niagara Advance first appeared. The plant of the old Times had come into the possession of Mr. Harrison when Hiram Mosher gave up. E.H. Brennan was employed to run the paper, he afterwards buying it and moving it elsewhere. This firm, Harrison & Sons is now selling a large variety of goods and it appears to be a going concern.

Now we come to the residence of the Connolly boys, who are the last of a group of families who used to live here, some houses having been removed.

TOMMY MAY'S LIVERY

Then we come to the place where Tommy May had his Livery. Tommy was a little Englishman who came here after serving ten years in the U.S. Army. He married here and raised a family. Tommy was a sort of stinging nettle in and out of Council, where he served nine years all together. He used to keep things stirred up at Nomination Meetings with his blunt attacks on all and sundry. The place now belongs to Arnold Paulson, who deals in and repairs antique furniture.

SANDO DWELLING - ROGER'S BLOCK

We next come to two vacant corners. The first of these was as long as I could remember the site of a frame dwelling, the home of John Sando, whom we have already met. Since the Sando family moved away, the house fell into disrepair and was torn down. Across the way, was a brick building, known as the Roger's Block. The only use I remember to which this place was put in my time, was the holding of religious meetings by the young people of St. Andrew's Church, but upstairs was a large hall which was the home of the Band for a long time. At one time, however, there was a roller skating rink there, run by a man from Youngstown, I think his name was Perry.

BLAKE FAMILY HOME

Next is the Blake Family home, now occupied by the Harrisons and Miss Blake. John Blake I remember very well. At one time, he was largely interested in the Tannery at the Dock and was regarded as a shrewd business man. He served in Council for two years. When I knew him, however, he was not in business and I used to see him on the water quite often, he being an enthusiastic angler.

THE NEWTON HOUSE

Next is a brick house, long the home of the Newton family. I remember Mrs. Newton and her son William very well. William was quite brilliant mentally, but somewhat erratic. He started a paper called the Echo, but it did not last long. We used to enjoy the friendly enmity between him and Billy Smith, a Niagara man who edited the Youngstown paper. Smith had a flair for pulling peoples' legs. Newton afterwards was a free-lance journalist and roamed the world pretty well, returning to Niagara to end his days under a cloud mentally.

THE COTTAGE HOSPITAL - DR. ANDERSON

Next is the Cottage Hospital, the home of Dr. Hedley Anderson, one of God's noblemen. He was a big, kindly man and besides doctoring the whole countryside for a generation, found time to be useful in other ways. He served three years in Council, one of them as Mayor. He was M.O.H. for many years, refusing to accept any remuneration for that office. He also was a Church warden of St. Mark's Church. The hospital was started by and through the efforts of General and Mrs. C.M. Nelles and the late Dr. J. F. Rigg. I



Figure 6

had the pleasure of serving on the Board of Directors for a long period. This institution has been a blessing to the whole community, those of us who have been connected with its management and who have received its care, certainly appreciate it.



Figure 7

Crysler-Rigg House Ca. 1822 "Roselyn Cottage"
187 Queen Street

MACBAIN - LOCHART - PAFFARD RESIDENCES

The next two houses are residences. The first house is now owned by the MacBains of Cleveland, Ohio. In fact, this house has been nearly always occupied by U.S. people, in my time at least. The last, is a large frame house, once the home of James Lockhart, but in my day, that of Fred Paffard, brother of Henry. So we come to the end of our reminiscences spent on our Main Street. I suppose it can be improved, but it could be a lot worse.

SUPPLEMENT TO 'OUR MAIN STREET'

This is a little supplement to "Our Main Street," there being a few additions and corrections that have been brought to my attention. Lee Shuk's restaurant was not in the Doyle Building, but next door where Carnochan's Superior Store now is. I remember Fred Curtis had his barbershop between Dick Kozar and the Hydrosop, in the store now occupied by the "Club Restaurant." Fred moved here from the old Jim Matthews residence beyond McClelland's Store. After Fred left the Doyle Building, there was a Drug Store, a branch of McQuillen's of St. Catharines. The Bottomley Store, on the next corner was willed by Mrs. Bottomley to a cousin,

a Mr. Wright, a lame man whom I never knew very well. He did not long survive Mrs. Bottomley and in turn willed the property to Mrs. Jefferson with whom he had roomed in St. Catharines. Mrs. Jefferson was a wholesome, likeable person and quite a good business woman. She sold the property, the small stores to Mike Schnabel and the main building to Mrs. Trully LeDoux. Her husband served in the late War. He, being a comparative newcomer, is not so well known, but Florence is a native, a granddaughter of Dick Allen. As a wee kid, Florence Brackenreid was cute and had quite a vogue as a child singer. I remember taking part in a concert given for the Troops in 1918 at the Park Theatre. We had Corporal Bob Riley of the Medical Corps in the choir. Now Bob only had one song and his helpful comrades arranged for Florence to sing his song before Bob's turn came to appear. Imagine the glee of the boys at Bob's discomfiture. Florence really sang the song better than Bob, at that, although that was about the poorest place for acoustics in which I ever sang or spoke.

THE IMPERIAL BUILDING

I notice that I did not say much about the Imperial Building's occupants. In the store where the Post Office now is, I remember Billy Miller and Pete Healey. Pete had his Shoe business in the southeasterly half and Miller had his Tailor Shop in the other half. Billy Miller was a nice, quiet sort of fellow, a good Tailor and a useful citizen, serving four years in Council, two of them as Mayor. He moved to Brantford and went overseas in 1915 as Paymaster of the 36th Battalion.

ELECTRICAL POWER

In 1908, W.J. James came to Town to install the present electric light system. Prior to that year, we had a Steam plant, known as the Heisler system. In 1908, a contract was signed with the Ontario Distributing Co., an offshoot of the Ontario Power Co. for a supply of the Falls power to run for ten years and Bill James was the man who supervised the change-over.

Bill James was not a bad workman, but I must say that he had quite a gift for making a big job out of a little one. He occupied this same store, as a Plumbing and Electrical Shop. He was succeeded here by McKenzie & Nolen. Art Nolen retired from the business and Bill McKenzie carried on until he moved to his present store.

THE POST OFFICE

The Post Office under Postmaster Healey, had been in the offices now the Town Clerk's Office, but with the beginning of the Rural Mail Service, more room was required and the move was

made to the present place. After Jo Healey's death, Bert Taylor, a crippled Veteran of the First Great War, was appointed to the position and is still carrying on.

WALKING THROUGH THE STREETS

Introduction

December 2, 1948

I have received many kind words from various people about the articles which I have produced heretofore and I thought something of a more general character might be acceptable to my readers. My family have been residents of this Town for one hundred years, hence I should have and do have an interest in the Town which is quite natural. May I say that the population of the Town has been very much changed in the last few years, so much so that there are not many real old-timers left. So I have a hope that this article of mine may prove interesting and informative to those who are not so much steeped in the atmosphere of the Town as we old timers are.

Some years ago, a lady was in my office and while I was attending to her business, I noticed a gentleman apparently with her. I did not look at him particularly, but when she went out, he remained standing. He said to me, "I guess you don't know me," at which I took a better look and recognized a childhood neighbor whom I had not seen nor heard of in thirty years or more. He had just come into Town on the bus and he said he didn't know the Town when he came to it. He had been living in California for many years. I mention this to show that there has been through the years, a decided change in the appearance of the Town. So let us see something of what it looked like in my youthful days and something about its people and their habits and customs.

I think that most people will agree that every town, big or little, has its own atmosphere, social that is. I would say that one thing that would have struck one in my young days, was that it was friendly Town. Everybody knew everybody, their good points and their bad ones, their poverty or wealth, their talents or their dumbness.

Now, let's see about the appearance of the place. First, it was a Town of small houses. Many families had only one, perhaps two bedrooms where the whole family bunked. Usually, they dined in the kitchen, breakfasted in the kitchen, supped in the kitchen, and sometimes, some of them bunked in the kitchen. I myself, for a time, had a bunk, not a bed, in a small room boarded off the large kitchen and as was quite common in those days. Many a morning I have lain in bed and watched the dear little red bed bugs climbing up the wall. I may say, they never bit me, so I didn't mind. Nothing like getting used to things and putting up with what you cannot help.

Very few of these small houses ever had a coat of paint. Instead of metal eave troughs, they had wooden ones. Anyone could make them, as they simply consisted of two boards nailed together in a V shape and waterproofed with a coat of pitch. There were no indoor toilets so

people got plenty of fresh air. When winter came, a house would be banked up around it with earth. Cellars were earthen excavations. Few of the small houses had a solid foundation; they sat on wooden posts. One must remember that in those days, good white pine lumber was used and even new lumber soon became gray with the weather, but it lasted much better than the modern materials do. We had pine sidewalks. It was quite a usual thing, when the stringers underneath began to decay, to have a loose plank rear up and upset one's gravity and hurt his dignity. Many a good man has had a fall. We had no stoned streets, except the one leading to St. Catharines. This began in front of the Town Hall, rounded the corner at Simcoe Street, thence to Mary and along Mary to Mississauga St. The shade trees that are such a feature of our streets were small with boxes around them. In the summer, we were smothered with dust and in the spring and fall there was plenty of mud.

LIVESTOCK

December 2, 1948

There were some hundreds of cows kept in the Town and these roamed the streets and commons at will. One benefit they did confer was that they kept both Commons and the streets cropped so that the said streets presented a much tidier appearance than they oft times do under modern conditions. However, there were also some disadvantages, one of them being that of swishing into something soft and smelly when a fellow had his best girl out for an evening stroll. I remember some neighbors of ours who kept a cow and one summer evening as the sun was setting redly in the western sky, the son of the family referred to, along with another neighboring kid, came running and whooping down our street firmly grasping the rear attachment of the family cow. She was preceding homewards at a sort of tame gallop, the kids helping to expedite her movements by means of a lath apiece applied smartly to Bossy's rear end. Just as they passed us, poor Bossy could not restrain her feelings any longer. I wish you could have seen and heard and smelled those two kids. They had lathered the cow and she slathered them. Wow! Then again, in hot dry weather, the kine would wander down to the waterside in search of coolness and they sometimes got their horns entangled in the gillnets on the reels. One cow could ruin a reel of net in a few minutes.

Another feature of the landscape was supplied by the flocks of geese that were quite common. We always had such a flock and in summer they were turned out to graze with the cattle. They would come home when day was done and call at the gate to be let in. I have many times seen stalking soberly down our Main Street, a long procession of geese, led by an old gander.

Horses were often turned out too, particularly at night and it was a common sight to see horses, cows and geese mingling and cropping the grass on our open plain. And the mushrooms that were numerous on the same Common. After a good rain in the early fall, it was the mecca for plenty of those who loved their mushrooms. Of course, the grass being short, it was easy to find them. The Town, in those days, fell into four divisions. There was the Dock and the Town, and between the two, there was a great gulf fixed. Also there were Irishtown and Niggertown. When I was on the Dominion Census in 1901, nearly every house in Irishtown had a widow in it. Incidentally, a few years ago, when I was in the Town Office, in going over the books, I counted eighty-six widows in Town and twenty-eight widowers. I guess married life must be more wearing on men than on women. How about it, girls?

IRISHTOWN

December 2, 1948

The widows in, was it Israel or Irishtown, Anyway, there was Mrs. Lynch and Mrs. Fellows, and Mrs. Murphy and Mrs. Mason, Mrs. Eagan, Mrs. Hahassey, Mrs. McMann, Mrs. O'Brien, Mrs. Campbell, Mrs. Manifold and a few more. By the way, Irishtown became too prosaic a name and someone called it High Park. I remember when interviewing dear old Mrs. Lynch, I asked her the name of the street on which she lived. "Sure," she said, "I don't know if it has a name, but I know it aint Irishtown. That's Irishtown over there." pointing to Fellows' house, "an I trows it at em every once in a while. "When I enquired what year she came to Canada, she replied, "Sure, I don't know; it was the year of the Cholera." There is now only one of those Irish families represented in the district, the Fellows. The original Mr. Fellows came from the same town in Ireland as my father's mother, Enniscorthy in the County of Wexford. The ground included in Irishtown belonged to the Hon. Wm. Dickson and was carved up as it is now on being sold.

THE COLORED SECTION OF TOWN

December 2, 1948

The part of the Town to which I have referred to as "Niggertown" was so referred to in my young days, because it was peopled almost entirely by people of African Extraction. There were the Mills, the Rileys, the Bannisters, the Warfields, the Wesleys, the Livingstones and others. This was the district around and above Mary Street. Like the Irish District, the original people

are all gone. I used to hear people trying calculate Betsy Livingstone's age and as near as they could come, she was well over one hundred and twenty years old.

The house on Mississauga St., lately the home of Sam Kenally, was inhabited by two families; the Wesleys and the Warfields. At one time, it was a tavern as they were called in days of yore, and was kept by my mother's father, Noble Keith. Its name being "The Rising Sun."

The colored folks were mostly a quiet, fairly religious group of people. They had their own Church, situated where the deserted graveyard on Mississauga St. now lies neglected. As their numbers dwindled, they gave up their own Church and the building was sold and now is used as a barn on the farm which used to be owned by John Oliver and now is the property of the Currie Brothers. In my early days, the colored folks occupied a group of seats in the Methodist Church, at the rear behind the stove on the right hand side. Mr. Wesley was a short, bluff, little man, his face being adorned by a pair of flowing side whiskers. Mr. Warfield was a tall, very sedate old gentleman. These two quite often took part in the Prayer Meetings in the Church. About the last of these people who once lived in town was William Livingstone, who passed away a few years ago. A good many of these people migrated to St. Catharines.

As far as the population of the southerly part of the Town is concerned, there has been a complete change in racial origin of the inhabitants. All across that end of the Town, there is now a population of Poles, Mennonites and a few of Italian origin. They are all good citizens, industrious and law abiding. I hope none of my readers will think that I am making any comparison between the present dwellers and their predecessors.

OLD SOLDIERS

December 2, 1948

In my early days, the Town was plentifully sprinkled with old soldiers and some of their descendants are still with us. I could not begin to say who all would come into this category, but I can mention a few, among them being the Fellows', the Nisbets, the Holahans, the Hindles, Mrs. Mary McClelland and my own family to mention only a few.

My dad, being a soldier's son, knew them all and of course, we knew them through him. Two of the Irishtown residents that I remember best, were particular cronies of his. They were Dickey Glazebrook and Mike Hahassey. Dickly lived in a small log house on Niagara Street. This house stood on the lot now owned by Wm. Wraith. It faced on Niagara St. and had a fine boxwood

hedge in front of it and a flagstone walk leading up to the door. In the days when St. Mark's had a gallery all around it, we used to sit in the gallery and Dicky had the pew next and if Dad happened to be absent, we kids were well looked after by friend Dicky.

Not far away, sat another old soldier named Jenkins. He used to sit with his back to the wall and he had a decided grease spot on the wall where his head rested. You may not know it, but all those old soldiers used a hair oil quite freely and their hair was parted at the back and brushed forward. This was known as the "Soldier Crop".

Mike Hahassey was a smallish man, very Irish. Mike always grew his own tobacco and cured it himself. He always carried a twist or two of it in his coat pocket. Not many borrowed it as it was pretty strong stuff.

Two of the younger denizens of that district were Pat Flynn and Toby O'Brien. Full of old Nick, fond of playing pranks, they were the life of the neighborhood. Walter Freel was another who lived there, a descendant of one of the earliest settlers of the district.

Many of the houses occupied by these people have from time to time been removed as their owners died off or moved away. During the last few years, other people have come in and houses have been built to shelter them. Along John Street, there are three large houses, which have usually been owned and occupied by people from "over the border." the Greiners, the Lansings, the Bissells, the Rands, the Sheets and they are still owned by subjects of Uncle Sam, if I may so describe them.

THE DOCK AREA

(This article appeared in the Dec. 9th, 1948 edition of the Niagara Advance)

Let's go down to the Dock now. This is the home district for me. Here I was born in a house on Ball Street, which later burned down. It was always a kind of family gathering. Jim McMillan used to describe its denizens as "the Patch Gang." Between us and the Town, there was constant rivalry, sometimes even hostility. There was always a feud between the Fishermen and the Farmers, which frequently resulted in hostilities when both parties had partaken of the cup that cheers.

In a generation before mine, there existed an organization up town, which I have heard called by Doug Secord "the snotty cuff gang." The gang at the dock was not saints, not exactly, but they were not too bad. They were neighborly and stuck together pretty well. More than once, they helped the police to quell fights in the neighborhood and they furnished about one-half of

the volunteer fire brigade. Might I say a little about the families. Down near the end of Ricardo St., lived my Uncle Alec. Keith, Mike Collins, the Bests, the Murphys, the Abbotts and the Addisons. One little house below Fort George was the scene of an accidental poisoning and the fatal burning of two old people. The Best family, you have heard about already and many will remember Jack Abbott, a well-known teamster. Jack drove the Stage between Niagara and St. Catharines for a long time. The Addisons were a large family, the last of whom was Frank who had the Lakeview house for many years. Another Charlie, usually known as Bing, was baggage man for the railway for a long spell. Bing was lame, a nice fellow, not bad looking, chewed tobacco and told some pretty tall tales on occasion. Some of his fellow employees on the railroad sent away somewhere and procured a very handsome, lavishly decorated certificate of membership in a Liar's Club, which they very ostentatiously presented to Bing, much to his disgust. Then, there was Skip Davies who ran Jack Redhead's boathouse. Skip too was lame, but there was nothing lame about his head or his tongue. He made a good job of the boat house and was known far and wide. His last job was in Fred Best's butcher shop.

THE LAKEVIEW HOTEL - THE ROUSSEAU'S

The Rousseau's ran the Lakeview when I was small. The first Masonic Funeral I saw was that of John Rousseau. I knew his son Johnny very well in later years. He never ran the hotel much himself after his father died, but rented it out. I remember when Mrs. Long ran it, the roof was burned and when it was restored, the present upper story was added to it. Johnny was a dapper little man, dark and dignified. My Uncle Alec used to call him "Little Dandycock." Between him and Windy Jim McMillan, there was no love lost. Johnny used to have a little gray pony and carriage and Jim, who was in St. Mark's Choir at one time, had a bit of a song he used to sing for Johnny's edification.

*"It's Bellringer Johnny of the Lakeview grip,
who drove his wee pony without ever a whip.
It was three glasses a day that he had to pay,
Before he could purchase the poor little gray."*

After Mrs. Long, there were several lessees, a Mr. Butler, George May, Hank Bell, Pat Donnelly, John Simpson, Hank Bell again, Frank Addison, Hynes and Miles, Greenwood, and Addison again. While Greenwood was tenant of the place, Johnny Rousseau died and the property came

into Jay Doyle's hands and he sold to Addison who ran the hotel for many years until his death, since which event, it has changed hands several times.

THE AMERICAN HOTEL - THE MCMILLAN'S

Niagara Advance, Dec. 16th, 1948

The McMillan hotel, usually known as "The American," was owned and operated by John McMillan in my younger days. John was quite a business man and had a large establishment in the building at the corner of Queen and Regent Streets, where the Hydro Shop was. John served in Council for nine years and finally died in a hotel room in Toronto where he had gone on business. John had two sons, Jim and Dave. Dave was running the store when I was a kid, but gave it up and went to Toronto where members of his family carry on the Cartage and storage business which he founded. I remember both Dave and Jim as members of St. Mark's Church Choir when it was in the end gallery. Windy Jim, as he was usually called, was a whimsical fellow, full of fun and fond of pranks, like his son Bill. Jim served one year in Council. He ran the hotel for years after his father died, but since his death in 1899, the Hotel has changed hands several times.

Jim and his father had what was called a "sutlers store" at Fort Niagara at one time and Jim had a narrow escape from drowning while engaged in running the store. At the Fort, they had a metal lifeboat which was anchored out near the Fort. A heavy northeaster came up and somehow, one of the air chambers at the end of the boat became punctured and she was seen to be drifting end up out into the Lake. The officer in command ordered a crew out with another boat, which we knew afterwards as "the Barge," to tow the damaged lifeboat in.

Jim McMillan volunteered to go along, but when he found that the officer, who patently knew nothing about handling a boat, was insisting on taking charge, Jim very wisely backed out. The result; two officers and six enlisted men drowned. You may see the monument to them in the old Fort Burying Ground on the bank of the river. One young officer was afraid to venture, as there was a huge sea running but the other taunted him into going. The one, who was afraid, made him fast to a ring bolt in the stern and his body was still there when the boat was picked up at Port Dalhousie. Some of the others were seen clinging to the keel of the upturned boat, the last of them dropping off above the Four Mile Point. Their bodies washed up along the Canadian shore. Grandchildren and great grandchildren of Jim McMillan's are still living in Town.

THE MOODY FAMILY

Niagara Advance, Dec. 16th, 1948

The Moody family lived in one of the houses on Lockhart Street. They were basket makers and planted basket willows all over the flats. They ultimately migrated to Toronto, where they are still doing business on Yonge Street.

THE KENNEDY FAMILY

Niagara Advance, Dec. 16th, 1948

James Kennedy owned quite a bit of property around the Dock. He was a Ship Carpenter and raised a large family, whose descendants are scattered over the U.S.A. Mr. Kennedy was a fine man, a regular attendant at St. Mark's. They used to occupy a corner pew in the gallery and the family attended church and filled the pew. None of them are left in Town although the house on Ricardo St. is owned by a granddaughter who lives in Chicago. I believe Mr. Kennedy was employed at the Shipyard which was located about where the Foghorn is now. This was where Jimmy Hutchinson worked too as my mother has told me of seeing Jimmy working with sleeves rolled up and bare hands when other men wore a coat and mitts.

THE BEACH

Niagara Advance, Dec. 16th, 1948

I remember when the railway along where the horn is now, was quite close to the water's edge. It was the building of Rousseau's wharf that made the beach. The removal of the wharf has had more to do with the erosion of the beach than any other contributing factor, including the high water. I remember a heavy northeaster in April of 1886, with as high water as we have had of late. This blow did a lot of damage along the waterfront. There were two feet of water over the flats and we had to move all our boats, nets, reels, etc. over near where the milway roundhouse used to stand and a bunch of us went home to dinner across the flats in a boat. The seas knocked down Redhead's Boathouse below the Wharf and washed over the railway tracks and filled up the cellar of the Lakeview House.

THE MORRISON'S BOARDING HOUSE

Niagara Advance, Dec. 16th, 1948

The Martin Morrison's kept a Boarding house in the building now occupied by Mrs. Steve Sherlock. It then stood alongside of Ed Ball's house, facing on Ricardo St., with a lane between.

This lane ran from Ricardo to Lockhart St. It was the Morrison's who moved the house to its present site. Mr. Morrison was at one time, an engineer on the Erie & Niagara Railway. His son Jim, became an engineer, living for years at the Falls, where his family still live. After his retirement on pension, he married Mrs. Goff and they lived in the house on Ricardo St. They are all gone now, but were very fine people. The Kennedys were all good Church workers and supporters of St. Mark's Church.

RICARDO STREET

Niagara Advance on Dec. 23, 1948

A great many of the houses at the dock have been moved or altered. It seems to have been the custom in the old days to build houses close to the street line. In my early days, every house on Ricardo St. except one bunch of four, from Melville to King St., was so placed and all have been shifted except the Sherlock house on the corner. The four exceptions were those occupied by the Eares family, the Blacks, the Mills and the Masters. The Smith house used to be known as "the house that was built in a day." The men, who worked at the Car Works in the flats, had a bee. There is a lane between it and the Q'Melia house next door which was open when I first remember it. There was a small house in the rear of the Q'Melia house, fronting on the lane. This lane is shown as open on the Niven plan of the Town. Spadina cottage next to the Railway track at one time, stood near the sidewalk and broadside to it. It stood empty for years and was known as "the likeness house," which is equivalent in modern language to "photograph gallery." It was bought by the late Col. E.H. Thompson, moved back and turned end on to the street. The Q'Melia house used to be owned by Martin Doolin and he rented in the summers to house the colored waiters at the Queen's Royal. Later on the Morrisons kept a Boarding House there and Bing Addison owned and lived in it for some years.

There was a dear, quaint, old lady who lived in the house where Fred Ball and his sister live. She was a Miss Jane Cowan, and when I was small, I ran errands for her and when she died, she left me her Bible, her most precious possession. She was an ardent Methodist and Prayer Meeting was often held in her humble abode. Joe Fellows, a brother of Bill, lived there afterwards. Joe was Section Boss on the Railway. Later on, Will Ball bought it and raised a large family in it. Will was a fisherman, a Captain in the Fire Brigade and Caretaker of the Fire Hall for years. The house next door was owned and occupied for many years by Charlie Ball and his wife Maria, or Rier as he called her. She was a Bissell, a daughter of Alonzo Bissell, many of whose descendants live in the Town and Township. The Balls were a nice, quiet couple and were my godparents. The Captain as he was called around the Beach was caretaker of the Methodist Church for years.

MRS DALY

Niagara Advance on Dec. 23, 1948

Around the corner was a small cottage, sitting back from the street, facing on Ball Street. In the cottage, now owned by the Logan Family, lived an old lady, a Mrs. Daly. She was nearly blind and was burned to death. My sister was passing and saw smoke issuing from the house and she ran to Fellows' house and Joe and Bill broke in the door and found the old lady lying just inside the door, terribly burned and she died shortly after being found.

THE EARES, MILLS, MURPHY AND SMITH FAMILIES

Niagara Advance on Dec. 23, 1948

Up the street, in the Bradley House, lived Joe Eares an old soldier. Joe grew the finest strawberries I ever saw or tasted, in his garden. I used to love to hear Joe chat about his experiences in the Army. He was through an epidemic of yellow fever in the West Indies where his Regiment lost two hundred men and through a cholera epidemic in Toronto, and he escaped without a day's sickness. His wife and Mr. Black, whose family lived next door, were sisters. Alongside of us was the home of the Mills and the Murphy's. Mrs. Murphy had three sons named Mills and one Eddie Murphy. Mr. Murphy was an American soldier and was the Baker at Fort Niagara. He fell overboard and was drowned going home one night. Plenty of old timers would remember Charlie Smith who lived on our other side. Charlie was a mason. He and my dad always cut each other's hair. No barber shop for them. But Charlie's son "Wee Charlie" as his mother called him became a barber. Charlie's son Eddie and his grandson Leslie are with us as is Eddie's Aunt Sarah who lives in the old home on Ricardo Street.

THE ELLIOTT FAMILY

Niagara Advance, Dec. 23, 1948

Down at the beach at the foot of King St., is the Elliott House, formerly known as "The Whale Inn." Here lived Tommy Elliott and his family and the house was known all over for its quiet charm and excellent cookery. When I was a small boy, the fishermen were all at the foot of King St., and it was there that I earned my first coppers turning a reel for Captain Charlie Ball. Poor Tommy lost his mind when he was growing old, and for years, he might be seen staring from a window near the rear of the house, a pathetic figure with a long white beard and hair. The family is all gone now and their remains rest in the kirkyard of old Saint Andrews. They were

our next door neighbors for fourteen years and one could not have better ones, kindly and generous. God rest them.

THE CANTWELL FAMILY

Niagara Advance, Dec. 23, 1948

Nearby was the home of Big Jim Cantwell and his wife Kate. Jim was a big hearty man, a typical son of the "old sod." He prided himself on being a Fenian, although he once had Jack Raynor up before Bill Kirby for calling him such a name. And while he freely admitted in court that he was a Fenian and had damned the Queen, yet a fine of five dollars and costs was levied upon Raynor. Perhaps you may recall the character who said "the Laws a Hass."

Kate was a character too. I remember arriving at their door in a pouring rain when taking the Census in 1901. Their front door was furnished with shutters, firmly tied with fish twine. Poor me out in the rain, Kate peering through the slats and demanding "What do ye want?" She firmly refused to let me in unless I agreed not to take her. Finally, I was reluctantly admitted. In my conversation with Jim, who had known me from a small boy, Kate kept butting in. Finally, Jim boiled over; "For God's Sake, lave me spake, woman." Of course, I had to behave with becoming gravity and at last made my escape.

Whale Inn - 66 King St.

Niagara Advance, Dec. 23, 1948

BURK, MORAN & BOLTON HOUSE

Niagara Advance, Dec. 30, 1948

Nearby, there used to be a small house occupied by Abbie Moran, also Irish. After the death of Tom Burk, this land was purchased by Jack Bolton and the little house was torn down and the present house built. Abbie Moran then moved to the Daly house on Ball Street where she was our neighbor for some years. She had a son Pat, who was fishing partner with Jesse Mills.

JIMMY TAY HOUSE

Niagara Advance, Dec. 30, 1948

Across the street from us was another small house, the residence of the famous Jimmy Tay and his sister Moll. They had twin nephews, Jimmy and Frankie O'Neal. These two boys were nice kids, full of prankish tricks. One St. Patrick's Day, they made a wonderful effigy of the Saint and put it up in the chimney of the Daly house which was empty at the time. They and the rest of us kids enjoyed the spectacle of old Jimmy with a long clothes pole, trying to dislodge the figure and cursing the "damn brats." that put it up. Imagine the glee of Jimmy and Frankie at the whole thing. The family finally went to Buffalo. Young Jimmy married Jemima Cross, a sister of John Cross.

TURNER, MCBRIDE, WILSON, MCDERMOTT & RAYNOR HOUSES

Niagara Advance, Dec. 30, 1948

In a house at the corner of Ricardo and Ball St. lived Bill Turner and his wife Bella. Bill was a very easy going sort of chap and Bella had "a tongue with a tang." She was the daughter of Auntie Mellon who lived at the corner of Melville & Ricardo. They afterwards moved to Youngstown, NY. Next door to them lived Jack McBride and a large family. Jack was a painter, when he did anything, which wasn't often. They went to Detroit from here. They lived at one time in the Reid house on Market Street. Next to them lived Mrs. Wilson, who had a little candy shop. She came from Northern Ireland, from a town called Ballymaladdie and ultimately went back there. Her house is now the front part of the Morrison house. All these houses on that particular lot have been removed, the only house on that property being the Brundrit house, which was built by Jack McDermott, who was the railway engineer for a long spell. Another small house stood beside Mrs. Wilson's, that of the Raynors. Here lived Judy Raynor, the widow of a soldier, with a son and a daughter, Joe and Mary Ellen. Another son, Jack, was my father's pal from boyhood. They were both born in the Army Barracks in Gibraltar. They played together, soldiered together and sailed together.

THE YOUNG & QUINN FAMILIES

Niagara Advance, Jan. 6, 1949

The property now owned and occupied by the Quinns was owned by James Young and his family. Mr. Kennedy told me that he bought this property including the two houses for Fifty-five Dollars for Mr. Young from The Bank of Upper Canada. The Bank was disposing of the assets of

the defunct Harbor and Dock Company. Mr. Quinn, Sr., was a photographer and he had the larger house rebuilt and both moved back from the street line. Young's had a verandah roof over the sidewalk. They had a Candy Shop in the larger house. Mr. Quinn, at the time of his death, was Caretaker of the Public School. As a matter of fact, he died in the School, having overexerted himself, wading through two feet of snow which had fallen. On Sunday, the 28th day of February, 1900, there was a big blow with heavy drifting snow from the east and it was the following Monday morning that Mr. Quinn came to his sudden end. I think it was Will Richardson who first found him lying on the floor of the School.

THE AUNTY MELLON, MORRISON, DOLSON SHERLOCK HOUSE

Niagara Advance, Jan. 6, 1949

Aunty Mellon kept a Boarding house in the corner building. After her death, the Morrison were in there and after them, Bill Dolson. Mrs. Mary Sherlock finally bought the property and since her death, it has become an Apartment house.

THE LUCK – TODD – CORRITTY - MCMILLAN HOUSE

Niagara Advance, Jan. 6, 1949

There was a frame house on a site in the Churchyard at the east corner of the property known as the Luck house, so called after its Owner, who was for years Sexton of St. Mark's. In May of 1886, the vestry of St. Mark's appropriated \$300 to buy the Luck house. This was done and the house was then sold to Jim McMillan who moved it to the Heaslip lot on Ball St., where it replaced the house in which I was born and which had been burned some time previously. I remember two families that lived in the Luck house before it was moved, the Todds and the Jim Doritty's. Steve Todd was a Carpenter and he had a large family of four boys and three girls. His wife was Mary Smith, a sister of Charlie. The family is all "dispersed and wandered," some of them to the Great Beyond. There are none of the Doritty's left here, the last of them having been the wife of Charles Butler. Jim Doritty was a good Carpenter and was also Town Assessor for years. Joe Dorritty was manager of the Bell Telephone Co., for a long time, until he moved to Toronto where he still resides. The Doritties and the Masters played together as neighbors and kids. There were Charlie and Fred and Joe of the Dorittys and Joe and Charlie and Fred of the Masters. We had a comfortable way of excusing ourselves when we got into mischief. We blamed the Doritty's and they blamed us, which was a tacit agreement between the two sets of kids.

St. Mark's Anglican Church

Byron Street- Ca. 1805, 1822, 1843

Niagara Advance, Jan. 6, 1949

The original church was constructed between 1804 and 1810. It was used as a barracks and a hospital during the War of 1812 and gutted in the fire of 1813. It was rebuilt after great struggle in 1822, consecrated in 1828 and enlarged in 1843. In 1892, the box pews were replaced by the present benches and other changes were made. Preservation and redecoration of the interior occurred in 1964. The churchyard dates from the British settlement around 1784. The first minister Rev. Robert Addison arrived in 1792.

The Rectory

17 Byron Street – ca. 1858

Niagara Advance, Jan. 6, 1949

THE LANSING - LIDDICOAT - BARLETT - FELL HOUSE

Niagara Advance, Jan. 6, 1949

I remember Watts Lansing living in the Liddicoat house before it was sold to Captain Barlett. At that time, the Church Lane was open from Ricardo St. to Byron, but when the two acres were sold by the Church, the Lane was closed. Captain Bartlett was a typical old sea dog, short and portly. One could always tell the state of his indulgence in the cup that cheers by the spread of his feet as he navigated the street towards home. Jimmy Tay was the choreman for the Captain. There was a very fine orchard of apples and quinces on the property at that time. The Captain always had a large flock of turkeys. It was common to see them roosting in the pine trees in the Churchyard. After the Captain's death, his wife went to England and died there; she sold the house to the Fells, who occupied the place as a summer home until they all died when the property was willed to St. Marks. Miss Clara Fell was a very fine type of person and took a great interest in St. Mark's Choir and organ. A very fine window in the easterly transept of the Church is in memory of her mother. She also gave the Sunday school the small organ which was used for many years, also as a memorial of her mother. The Sunday School Bell is a memorial to her father who died long after his wife.

There used to be a well-defined path along the top of the hill fronting the Fell property which we kids often used travelling past on the way to School, but the Fells shifted their fence out so

as to close off this path and keep us kids from getting too close, so that now the property actually encroaches on Wellington St. a distance of at least three feet.

THE BARTLETT - ELLISON - CANADIAN LEGION PROPERTY

Niagara Advance, Jan. 13, 1949

The Lot over the way where the Canadian Legion is located also belonged to Captain Bartlett and Mrs. Bartlett willed it to Miss Rosamond Geddes, who sold it to Henry Ellison, who built the brick house on it and where he lived until his death a few years ago. Henry Ellison was one of three brothers, the others being George and John. Henry and George were Masons and John was a Carpenter. My earliest memory of the Ellison brothers was seeing them play in the Town Band. They were all very musical. I often used to hear Henry tooting his base horn over the way. Henry and George married sisters named Cooper. George had no family and Henry left one daughter who lives in St. Catharines. Henry in his later years was a very successful gardener.

THE ELLISON - McELROY - COLLINS - CLEMENT PROPERTY

Niagara Advance, Jan. 13, 1949

George Ellison built the frame house on Wellington Street, now owned by Mrs. Powell. It was owned by a Mrs. McElroy for some years and then by Mrs. Bill Collins, who sold it to its present owners. The acre, of which this lot is a part, was bought from St. Marks by George A. Clement. On this acre at one time, were two cottages, in one of which my wife was born. These cottages were moved off; one of them to Victoria Street, where the late W. J. Campbell lived and the other up the River Road to the McFarland property where it still stands, facing the East-West line. George Ellison bought half an acre from Clement and Henry, the corner lot where my brother now lives. Frank Eborall built the house on it, while he was Sexton of St. Mark's. It was a plum orchard when I first remember it and I have picked plums on it for Ned Patterson, who was a fruit dealer as well as a Baker. It has changed hands several times since Eborall's day.

THE SWIFT - MILLS - TAY - BEAVEN - MASTERS PROPERTY

Niagara Advance, Jan. 13, 1949

My own place was the last sold off the Clement Estate after George A. Clement died. It was formerly a double house and the side next to the Churchyard was the Sexton's residence. James Swift was the Sexton when I first remember him. He was a widower and afterwards married a Mrs. Gurvine and he joined the Roman Catholic Church after marrying her. The Mills family occupied it after that. They were later our next door neighbors on Ricardo St. Jimmy Tay lived in the other half for a time. The Beaven sisters lived in it afterwards for a matter of thirty years or more, before we moved in. The Beavens were the daughters of a Clergyman and were great Church workers. Miss Blanche Beaven taught the infants until she was too old to carry on, in fact she founded the class. She was rather an austere character, while her sister was like the Mary of Christ's time, a much more lovable person. They both did an immense lot of good in a humble way. For years, their house was the Meeting place for the Church ladies where a great lot of sewing was done for Indian children. The younger sister, Mary, died in 1907 and Blanche, 20 years later. For years after Blanche gave up teaching the infants in Sunday school, she gave each child graduating from the class to the main school, a Bible.

THE ABBOTT FAMILY

Niagara Advance, Jan. 13, 1949

After the Separate School on Davy Street was discontinued, the house was occupied for years by a family named Abbott. While they were Roman Catholics, Mr. Abbott was for years, gardener at the Rectory for Dr. McMurray. There were two girls and a boy in the family and they attended Public School while I was a pupil there. They have all been away from here for many years. I think I have covered the Dock part of the Town fairly well in this and my preceding articles. It is the section with which I have been most familiar and my early impressions of the Dock and its people are of course, more full than those of the other sections. (The preceding article is the 7th installment published in the Niagara Advance Jan. 13, 1949) 13. In that part of the Eastern Ward beyond Picton St., I do not intend to say anything about the people or places on Picton Street as they have been dealt with in the Main Street articles.

BLOCKS BOUNDED BY PICTON, WELLINGTON, CASTLEREAGH AND KING

Niagara Advance, Jan. 13, 1949

The four blocks bounded by Picton, Wellington, Castlereagh and King Streets were deeded to James Crooks in exchange for his land near the Lake where Fort Mississauga now is situated. After the War of 1812, it was decided that Fort George did not afford adequate protection to the River mouth, as the Americans had been able to make a successful landing near the end of Queen Street. So it was decided to erect a small Fort at the mouth of the River. Of course, there had to be a clear space around the Fort, so Mr. Crooks was moved to the District we are now discussing.

THE CARNOCHAN - RICHARDSON - CLARK PROPERTY

When I was a boy, there was only one house on Wellington St. that now occupied by the Robert Clark family. This was the home of the Carnochan family, who owned most of the land nearby, including the four acre lot next and the land lying around the two schools. The Carnochans had a lumber yard southwest of their house and there used to be piles of lumber on the street and the Common opposite the house. The house now owned by Billy Richardson was the workshop and when John Carnochan married Belle Flanigan, he converted it into a dwelling and lived in it until he builds the house on the corner of King and Castlereagh Sts. After the death of her parents, Miss Janet Carnochan bought the priest's residence from St. Vincent Church and moved it to its site on Platoff St., and there she lived until she moved to a new house on Castlereagh St., built by her brother for her. It is now the home of her niece, Miss Gertrude Carnochan.

THE CARNOCHAN - WEBSTER HOUSE

Niagara Advance, Jan. 20, 1949

John also built the house on King St., now owned by the Ernest Websters, this being the last one he built and the last one he lived in.

CARNOCHAN - CURTIS - YOUNG - BRADLEY - APPLE FORD - PFAFFS

Niagara Advance, Jan. 20, 1949

He also built the house on Platoff St., now owned by George Curtis and occupied by Doug. Young. Several families have lived in this house, although it is comparatively new. The Joe Bradleys, the George Applefords, George Curtis himself and the Ray Pfaffs.

THE WOOD - CAMPBELL - HAINES PROPERTIES

Niagara Advance, Jan. 20, 1949

Between the two original Carnochan houses on Wellington Street, there are now two others, the first built by the late Arthur Wood who was for some years Sexton and Cemetery Caretaker for St. Marks. Arthur was a smallish man who wore a neat beard. He was English and had been in the Military Tailoring Business in England before coming to Canada.

His wife was one of the most admirable characters I ever met. They had two sons, one of whom was killed in Allenby's campaign in Palestine. The other is a Missionary in the interior of China, with the China Inland Mission. After Arthur and his wife passed away, I sold the place to Charles Campbell of Buffalo, a former Niagara man. I was the executor of Arthur's will. The property now belongs to Murray Haines.

THE PORTER - MAY HOUSE

Niagara Advance, Jan. 20, 1949

The other of these two houses was originally a Camp building, left after the First Great War, bought and moved to its present site and added to by Mr. Tom Porter, and is now owned and occupied by the Stanley May's.

THE WINTHROP - HISCOTT - AYLESWORTH - PERRY PROPERTY

Niagara Advance, Jan. 20, 1949

The further four acre lot used to be a peach orchard and was owned for a time by Farbrace Winthrop. It now has nine houses on it, six of which seem too sprung up like mushrooms. The first of these to be built was the one now owned by Miss Catherine Hiscott. I have forgotten the name of the man, who built this house, but it has been owned and occupied by a Mr. Aylesworth, for a time, Principal of our Public school; then by Eldon Perry, a farmer and after his death, it was purchased by Captain Tom Hiscott. Tom was for years, Captain of No.6, the Virgil Company of the old 19th Lincoln. Tom was a son of the late Major James Hiscott, who was Senior Major of the 19th when I was serving in its ranks, many years ago.

THE STEWART - HAVILAND HOUSE

Niagara Advance, Jan. 20, 1949

The brick house on the other corner, near the old school, was built by Captain Tom Stewart, an old sailor and retired farmer, who later sold out and moved to Port Dalhousie. Mr. H.J. Haviland, a retired Preacher and School Teacher, bought the property. Since his death, the property has

been divided up and sold; there are now nine dwellings on this block, most of them only recently erected.

COGGINS - LONGHURST - SAMSON - HAINES - McCUSKER

Niagara Advance, Jan. 20, 1949

The block around the Schools was largely open ground when I went to School, the only buildings being those fronting on Platoff Street and two on King St. Most of those added have been built by John Carnochan except the Cross house on King Street. The two cottages on Davy Street between the two schools were purchased by a man named Coggins, who moved away to St. Catharines and then by Halstead Longhurst. The other one, next to the Public School was bought by and occupied by John Samson, who later on sold it to the School Board for use as a Junior Room. Now it has been bought by John Haines. Next, the Coggins cottage, now owned and occupied by Arthur McCusker, stands the High School Gymnasium, which was built in 1909 by the former pupils of the school as a Memorial to Miss Janet Carnochan who taught in the school for many years and whose work in historical research is so well known the country over. The High School itself was built in 1875 and has been added to twice and now the march of time and the Provincial solons have pronounced it obsolete and over its doors, it would be pertinent to write Ilchabod," for its glory has indeed departed. Next to the old school is the Historical Museum, towards whose building, Miss Carnochan labored diligently. And next is her last dwelling place, now occupied by her niece, Miss Gertrude Carnochan, a daughter of John and a retired School Teacher.



Figure 8

Malcolmson-Walker House – 16 Platoff St. – ca. 1845



Figure 9

Dover-Daly House – 20 Platoff St. – ca. 1839

JAMES HARTLEY

Niagara Advance, Jan. 27, 1949

Among the men who lived in this block I should like to mention a few who contributed to the service of the Community, among them James Hartley. Jim was a Carpenter and had the long service medal in the Militia. He was a veteran of the Fenian Raid and was for a long time Bugle Major of the old 19th Battalion. I served with him in Camp in 1893. He was caretaker of the Public School for a time before his death. I have often thought of a story he told me about himself. He arrived in this country from England, a raw youth, and was placed with a farmer near Kingston. He arrived there at night and the next morning after breakfast, he was sent by the mistress out to a field to get potatoes for dinner. As he went through the gate into the potato patch, something moved in the field and he beat a hasty retreat without any spuds. The lady asked where the potatoes were and he said there was a beast in the field. His story didn't take and he was bidden to get those potatoes or else. So James went to the woodpile and secured a weapon in the shape of a good, husky stick. Armed with this, he crept cautiously on hands and knees to the beast which did not appear to be awake and when he was near enough, he hit it with a mighty whack and smashed it. It proved to be a pumpkin and Jim said he never was able to live down the killing of that pumpkin as long as he remained in the neighborhood.

Mrs. Hartley was a dressmaker and a good one. She and her daughters, two of them were members of St. Mark's Choir, as was one son John. John now lives in B.C. and one daughter Lily, Mrs. H. Longhurst, lives in Queenston.

THE HARTLEY - GORDON - DAVEY PROPERTIES

Niagara Advance, Jan. 27, 1949

Their old home is now occupied by Mel Gordon. Another well-known man, Albert Davey lived around the corner on King St. Albert was also a Fenian Raid Veteran and in his later years was Provincial Policeman on duty at the Steamboat Wharf. His eldest son, also named Albert is still with us and his youngest daughter, Mrs. Ray Hardison.

FORT GEORGE MILITARY COMMON

Niagara Advance, Jan. 27, 1949

So far, we have dealt altogether with persons and places in the Eastern Ward of the Town. This part was not included in the original plot of the Town, but was added soon after the War of 1812-1814. Within the boundaries of this ward are Fort George and the Military Common. For many years, the Common was the scene of Military Camps, now a thing of the past as far as Niagara is concerned. The four blocks bounded by King, Picton, Wellington and Castlereagh Streets, were deeded to James Crooks in exchange for his holdings near Fort Mississauga. I am not sure of the exact date of the building of this Fort, as I know of a plan drawn by Captain Davidson of the Royal Engineers under the date of 1823, showing the lands to be deeded to Crooks.

Fort George Common has greatly changed in appearance in my time. I remember the old Military Hospital, a large frame building, which stood within a picket fence enclosure. It was burned while I was a kid at Public School. Near the Hospital were various fruit trees and many an apple we had off these trees.

THE OLD PORTAGE & BARRACKS ROADS

Niagara Advance, Jan. 27, 1949

Davidson's Plan does not show a road across the Common from Picton Street any further than that running from Butler's Barracks to the Old Ferry. In fact, there was no road through until the Railway cut was made when the old Portage Road had to be abandoned. The old road from

Butler's Barracks had pretty well disappeared, the end of it winding down a stony hill having been covered up by earth when Fort George was "restored" by the Parks Commission. This same Parks Commission entirely obliterated any remaining trace of "The Half-moon Battery" in their mania for improvement, which I feel tempted to characterize as approaching an act of vandalism.

THE FIRST GOLF COURSE

Niagara Advance, Jan. 27, 1949

The old Common used to be frequented by the Town's herds of cattle, horses, and geese. Here too were many nests of birds, plover, snipe, and killdeer. It was also decorated by many brier bushes. Here too, was the first Golf Course, the headquarters building being used as the Clubhouse. Here we used to play baseball and football, not the present day so-called football. From the end of Wellington Street to the Road down behind Fort George to the Old Ferry was a two plank sidewalk. The number of soldiers' feet that have tramped up the hill from the wharf and over the common is legion. Here too, corn was grown for the Garrison at Fort Niagara before there was a Town. Here too, came Indians in days of yore. Here was fighting in wartime. Mr. Robert Cox told me how his grandfather had told him of helping to man the last gun at the Americans coming along Queen Street after making a successful landing beyond the westerly end of Queen Street. Why this part of our Old Town fairly reeks of historical interest.

UP-TOWN SECTION - EASTERN WARD

THE DORITTY - BISHOP RESIDENCE

February 3rd, 1949

Before leaving the Eastern Ward, I should like to mention a few of the people who lived in the Up-Town Section of the Ward. In the house at the corner of King and Platoff Streets, there lived the Doritty Family. We school kids were often sent to this house for a pail of drinking water from the school, as this house had a good well. John V. Doritty was a Painter and was Captain of

No. 1 Company of the 19th Regiment, while my father was First Lieutenant. Jack and his family moved to Buffalo and the property was acquired by Jack Bishop, one of the Town's leading citizens for many years. Two of his sons still occupy the property. For some years, they had a Canning Factory on the premises, the building in which the business was conducted still standing in the rear of the residence.

THE TAYLOR RESIDENCE

February 3rd, 1949

The Taylor Family had the next property on King Street. Three of the men of this family were well known. Oliver was a Blacksmith and a good one. His last place of residence was the house on Platoff Street now owned by Will Lavelle. Oliver was at one time Provincial Constable, stationed at the Steamboat Wharf and later on, was Fishery Overseer. Jack, or Dobby as he was usually called, was quite a Hunter and Trapper. He was a small man, and would tramp all day. He was a bit lame and one hand was partly disabled. He was out near the Four Mile Pond after ducks, when his gun burst, ripping the side of his face and shattering his hand. Although badly wounded, he managed to walk as far as the One Mile Creek, where he collapsed and was found unconscious by Doc. Crysler. Dobby recovered in St. Catharines Hospital and tramped many a mile afterwards. Dick Taylor, the youngest of the men was quite a man. He had a Boathouse Business for years and at one time was the Lessee of the Town Park, he being the one who called it "Simcoe Park." Dick also was later Lessee of Lakeside Park at Port Dalhousie and made quite a success of the various businesses, although he had very little education.

THE RICHARDSON FAMILY

February 3rd, 1949

In the next house lived the Richardsons. The first of this family that I remember was Red Richardson, an elderly man who went about on crutches. He was a Tailor by trade. His son Bill only passed away a few years ago. Bill was a Carpenter and a good one at that, who plied his trade in and about this Town from early manhood until a short time before his decease. He served three years in Town Council. He was a man with a good sense of humor and was one who always took an interest in public affairs.

His son William the 2nd, bought the building next door and converted it into a dwelling, wherein he spent all of his married life. This building was formerly the barn of Long's Hotel and was the scene of a messy suicide. One of Long's boarders borrowed a shotgun from one of the Taylors and spread his brains all over the interior of the barn where his body was found by the

same Will Richardson, then only a boy. Will was Foreman Carpenter at Niagara Camp during the late War and had much of the oversight of all the construction work there, which work has now gone into the limbo of forgotten things.

THE CLOCKENBURG FAMILY

February 3rd, 1949

On the other side of this block, facing Davy Street lived the Clockenburg Family. John, the first of the name, came from Schleswick-Holstein and was in the Danish Army when the province was gobbled up by the Prussians in 1864. John told me that his Regiment was paraded before King Christian who addressed them and told them that any man who did not wish to fight against the Prussians were at liberty to step out of the ranks, "And", said John, "Ve all stepped out. Ve couldn't fight against de Fadderland." He said the old King cried like a child when they left him. Soon after that, John came to Canada and settled in our Town, where he raised a large family. We find him listed in the Roster of Niagara's No.1 Company of the 19th Lincoln Regiment and among the Veterans of the Fenian Raids. John was a fine figure of a man, sporting a large mustache and side whiskers. I think I see him in his scarlet tunic, proudly wearing his Sergeant's scarlet sash. John was for many years, Caretaker of the Fire Hall. His oldest son, John the 2nd was quite a man, a handy man. He had very little schooling but was a fair Carpenter. He served for a time as Health Inspector and was zealous and efficient in the discharge of his duties. The family is all gone, although I think the oldest is still alive in Buffalo.

11th Installment February 10th, 1949.

None of the land of the Eastern Ward was included in the original Town Survey, which began at the corner of Front and King Streets, which is Lot No.1. This portion of the Town was laid out in half-acre Lots, there being 64 of these, 32 being Dr. Rigg's Lot and 64 at Field's. The rest of the Town Plot was laid out in acre lots, numbering up to 412.

THE MCCORMICK FIRST BANK

February 10th, 1949

Lot No.1 when I first remember it had only one house and a barn on it. Now there are five houses on it. This original house, now the home of Walter Reid, is quite historical, as it was the site of the first Bank, operated by Thomas McCormick. Not so many years ago, the barn had a large gilt-lettered sign "Savings Bank," on its street end. There were quarters for a coachman in

the street end of the barn. Here also, was the one end of the first telephone line, which I have mentioned elsewhere.

Bank of Upper Canada

10 Front Street – ca. 1817

February 10th, 1949

A branch of the Bank of Upper Canada was here for many years. Lot no. 1 – Town of Niagara. Built on the site of the Yellow House, one of the first inns in this area.

THE JARVIS - COLEMAN - SPENCER HOUSE

February 10th, 1949

The part of the lot next on Front Street was bought by Colonel Jarvis of Toronto, who took down the barn and built a one-story cottage on the site. I helped my father-in-law to put in the stone foundation of this cottage in 1901. Later on, the late John Coleman bought it and put a second story on it. After John died, his widow and their adopted daughter ran a Boarding House there for some years. The property is now owned by Miss Mary Spencer.

THE BLACK - TROUNCE HOUSE

February 10th, 1949

The next house was built by William Black, who was caretaker at the Queen's Royal for quite a long time. He served two years in Council. This house is now owned by Mrs. Trounce.

THE GEDDES - SPENCER PROPERTIES

February 10th, 1949

On the King Street side, Miss Rosamond Geddes bought the southwesterly end of the lot and built the house on it. It was the family residence, until Miss Geddes married Harry Maddock and made here home in Philadelphia, where she still resides. Miss Geddes, was for years, Organist of St. Mark's Church. She was also Station Agent for the N.C.R.R. after her father died and who

preceded her as Agent. There is also a small cottage erected late by Miss Spencer and situated between the corner house and the Geddes one.

This description so far covers both Lot 1 and Lot 2. Next along Front Street is a Lot consisting of Lots 3 and 4.

THE DICKSON - GARRETT - CLARKE - JOHNSON HOUSE

February 10th, 1949

When I was a boy, this house stood empty for years and was currently reported to be haunted as were most vacant houses in that age. It was owned at one time by J. Geale Dickson and then by H.A. Garrett, who also owned Lots 1 and 2. Then it was bought by the late Rev. J. S. Clarke, then by Mrs. Johnson who lived in it and dying, willed it to her son Dr. I.R. Johnson, since whose death, it has again changed ownership.

CLOCKENBURG-GRAVISON-ROWLEY-LIBROCK-BROWN-RIGG-WOOD

February 10th, 1949

Along King Street, on Lot 32, there stood at one time, a weather beaten frame building, once known as the "Black Swan Tavern." As I first remember it, it housed two families, the Clockenburgs at the southwesterly end and a Miss Martha Gravison at the other end. After the old lady died and the Clockenburgs moved out, it stood vacant for a long time and was finally burned. It was hinted at the time, that someone wanted to see the new water-works tried out. Any way, it burned. Then in due season, the Town sold the land for unpaid taxes and it was bought by the late S.B. Rowley. Phil Librock bought the northeasterly part of the lot and built the house, now the home of his son. Miss Emma Brown bought the remainder and built the house now owned by Dr. Rigg. After her death, the late Dr. J. F. Rigg bought the place and made some considerable alterations to it. Then he sold part of his lot to Captain Wood who built the next house and lived in it until his decease a few years ago.

12th Installment - February 17, 1949

The late Dr. J.F.Rigg was a genial, wholesome man, well-liked by all his friends. He served as M.O.H. for many years and was a successful medical practitioner. Personally, I felt that I had lost a good friend when he died.

THE COMERS - SHERWOOD - CLEMENT PROPERTY

February 17, 1949

The small cottage next door on Prideaux Street was owned by an old sailor named Comer when I was young and he always, on holidays, had all the marine signal flags strung across the street between his house and the Stone Barracks. His wife was a dear old lady and outlived her husband by many long years. They had a grandson Bert who went away from here as a sailor. After the comers were gone, Joe Sherwood bought the house from Mrs. Hannah Clement's estate and Joe lived in it until he bought the house next door where he now lives.

THE CLAUS FAMILY

February 17, 1949

This house was the home of the Claus family. Kate, the elder of two sisters, was at one time Organist of St. Mark's when the organ and choir were in the end gallery. Nellie, the younger was the leading soprano for some time and had a good voice. Kate later married W. H. J. Evans. They have all long since passed away.

THE FULTON - BEST - THOMSON - CRUMP - RIGG PROPERTY

February 17, 1949

The next house used to be occupied by the Fultons. After these people were gone, Miss Fanny Best bought the house and she and her mother lived in it after they sold the house near the Waterworks. Next it was bought by a cousin, the Rev. H.V. Thomson, a retired clergyman. Mr. Thomson was a useful man, teaching a class of boys in Sunday school and helping the Rector every way he could. After his decease, the late Mr. Crump bought it and since his death it has been acquired by Dr. Jack Rigg.

THE AIKINS - MARSH PROPERTY

February 17, 1949

Next door lived for a generation, James Aikins with whom we have already made acquaintance, so we need not say much about him. This property is now the home of Col. Fred. Marsh, who has just lately made his debut as a Town Councillor. Fred saw service in the late War, and should be a useful man.

THE BLAIN - GREENE - & PAULUS PROPERTIES

February 17, 1949

Around the corner, on Regent Street stands a neglected, forlorn dwelling place, once the home of the Blain Family. I have mentioned Tom Blain in the series on Our Main Street. The family moved to St. Catharines when Tom was appointed Gaoler for the County. Then Mike Greene acquired the place and lived in it until he bought the house on King Street where the family still reside. The small cottage next was a one time the home of John Paulus, who was then caretaker at the Queen's Royal Hotel.

THE JOHN OLIVER FAMILY

February 17, 1949

In the next block to the northwest, there have been four houses added in my time. At the Front Street corner, Lot 5 is the Oliver home. I remember John Oliver very well. He was a farmer on the farm on the Stone Road, just outside the Town and now owned by the Currie Brothers, being his. John served five years in the Town Council and was reckoned a sound man in that office. He had two daughters, the elder of whom was a nurse and was for years in the employ of the Stillman family. She was blinded in a plane accident in France while travelling with her employers. Both the girls taught Sunday school in St. Mark's. The younger was Secretary Treasurer of the Niagara Hydro Commission and assistant to Mr. Lyall in the Town Clerk's office for some ten years. They have now all passed beyond the veil.

THE MUNRO BLACKSMITH SHOP & INSKEEP MACHINE SHOP

February 17, 1949

You may notice a forlorn; down at heels stone building next door on Regent St., It was a Blacksmith Shop in my early days. People named Munro had it. I remember Tom of that ilk, and another whom we only knew as "Dummy." The family lived in the rooms upstairs. One of the families was a prominent merchant on St. Paul Street in St. Catharines and there are still members of the family resident in that city. They were related to the Blain family who lived across the street. Art Inskeep had a Machine Shop in there some years ago but the building is now a ruin. It is now owned by the Greene Family.

THE DAN WATER'S STABLE

February 17, 1949

Next to it there used to be a large Stable, owned and run by Dan Waters, who also owned and lived in the corner house. I remember Dan very well, although he died when I was quite young.

His wife lived many years after her husband. There were two daughters, Minnie and Clara and an adopted daughter Mabel, who married Peter McArthur. Mabel attended High School when I was there and was a member of St. Mark's Choir for a time before her marriage. She and Peter were frequent visitors to her old home until Mrs. Waters passed away.

THE GREENE - CUMIPSON - SHERLOCK - SUMMERS PROPERTY

February 24, 1949

After Mr. Waters died, Mike Greene took over the Stable. The Livery business languished with the coming of the Motor car and ultimately this stable was closed. Mike had gone into partnership with his brother-in-law Bill Cumpson and for a time they ran the two stables, Mike finally going alone in the present location on King Street. Mike and Bob married sisters, Lou and Lil Bishop, and each had a son and a daughter. Mike was a good citizen and served five years in Council. His son Jack carried on the business. The Stable on Regent Street was acquired by Steve Sherlock and he housed cattle in it for some years and it was finally torn down. A cottage now occupies the site and is the home of Walter Summers.

THE SHERLOCK - GREVES PROPERTY

February 24, 1949

Next to it is a house built by Steve Sherlock and now owned and occupied by Mrs. Blanche Greves.

THE POUH ARMY PROPERTY

February 24, 1949

There was quite a large frame structure attached to and forming part of the corner brick house. During the time of the Polish Army in Town, they occupied this place, along with many other vacant buildings in Town. But it has been taken down. Turning back to the Monro Family, I find that James Monro was in Council in 1856 and 1857 while John R. Monro served in 1866-68. The latter it was who was a Merchant in St. Catharines afterwards.

THE DON SHERLOCK PROPERTY

February 24, 1949

Around the corner on Prideaux Street is a tasty dwelling built lately by Don Sherlock, the present Fire Chief and a son of Steve Sherlock.

THE ROSS - KERBY - KER - PURKIS - SMITH - MCGARRY PROPERTY

February 24, 1949

Next is a spacious brick dwelling, now the home of Doctor John McGarry. This is one of the old buildings and was owned by various members of a Ross family who owned it for many years. I think it must have been these people who built the house. Joseph T. Kerby married into this family and lived in the house. Mr. Kerby appears as a member of council in the years 1859 and 1876. He had a newspaper for a time called "The News" and seems to have been a sort of rival of William Kirby, who was a contemporary. In my young days, a Dr. Ker, a retired clergyman was the owner and was succeeded by his niece, Miss Lucy Purkis who lived with the family. Lucy was a dear lady, well read and intelligent, with a heart bigger than her purse. She was my last teacher when I was a pupil in St. Mark's Sunday school. Before her death, Lucy had to sell the house, it being bought by Mrs. Rev. C.H.E. Smith, who thoroughly renovated the place and lately sold it to Dr. McGarry.

DAVIDSON a CAMPBELL - MCGARRY - HARRISON - THOMPSON

February 24, 1949

The next three houses are now owned by Herb Campbell but for many years were the property of the Davidson family, the Centre one being the family home. Mrs. Campbell, Herb's mother was a Davidson. The lot next, the McGarry house, has had two houses erected on it in my time. The first was built by Walter Campbell and later removed to its present site on his father's lot on Regent Street. It is now owned by Don Harrison. The house now occupied by the Thompsons was built later and was for a time, the home of the Rev. Canon Garrett after his retirement as Rector of St. Mark's. After his removal to Toronto, it was occupied by the late Dr. Greenwood.

THE DAVIDSON FAMILY

February 24, 1949

The first of the Davidsons of whom I find any record was the Carpenter in charge of the building of our Town Hall. I have seen a list of materials made up by him amounting to something over five thousand pounds. He had two sons who followed him as builders, Walter and Bob. Walter was the builder of the Imperial Bank building and the home of Mrs. Stevenson, both jobs being done for S. B. Rowley.

THE ANDERSON - EBORALL - WOOD - WALSH PROPERTY

February 24, 1949

The third house of this group was for years, the home of Dr. Anderson, before he moved to the present Hospital building on Queen Street. Frank Eborall, who was Sexton of St. Mark's, lived in it for a time as did the late Arthur J. Wood, another of St. Mark's Sextons. Captain Wood also lived there before he built on King St. It is now occupied by J. F. Walsh, our Hydro Manager. Jerry has been with the Hydro for some twenty years. I was in charge of the Hydro Shop when he came to the Hydro and he has been a good man at his job. He has also been active in the Fire Brigade and the Board of Education.

MISS GUSEY WINTERBOTTOM

February 24, 1949

The corner house was for long years the home of Miss Gusey Winterbottom, who was one of the finest women of her day. She taught school for many years and was otherwise useful in the community. She taught in St. Mark's Sunday school for a generation. After she retired from School teaching, she put in a long spell as Librarian of our Public Library. She lived to a ripe old age, only a few short years of being a centenarian.

THE DAN SHERLOCK PROPERTY

February 24, 1949

The next house, fronting on Victoria Street, was for a long time, the home of Dan Sherlock. Dan and his partner, Charlie Bolton ran the Boathouse at the Queen's Royal and I suppose they were known to thousands of the visitors to that noted hostelry.

BOLTON·MCMURRAY·BAXTER·BALL·MCPHEE·DIETSCH HOUSE

February 24, 1949

The next house has been occupied by many people, among them Charlie Bolton, Mrs. Dr. McMurray and her sister Flora Baxter, Chas. A.F. Ball and James McPhee. It is now owned by Mrs. Dietsch.

THE GEDDES, ANDERSON & ROBE HOME

March 3, 1949

John Tobes house next door was the home of the Geddes family for a long time. Mr. Geddes was Station Agent for the Railway. He was quite a useful man, a good reader and in Dr. McMurray's time, often acted as Lay Reader and Sunday School Superintendent. At one time a family named Anderson lived in it. I remember that soon after the installation of the Fog Horn at the waterfront, Mrs. Anderson told my brother Fred, who was then engineer at the Fog Station, about a visit the family had from a relative, a female who professed to be suffering from nervous trouble. Her remedy consisted of staying in bed with a plentiful supply of whiskey. She seems to have been a ball nuisance to her hostess. However, she arrived on a Saturday and curiously, on Sunday morning, Monday morning, Tuesday morning and Wednesday morning, the Fog horn caroled forth lustily. The visitor demanded of her hostess: "Does that infernal thing blow every day? "Oh, yes", was the bland reply, "the government regulations require it to be blown every day for so many hours." "Well then," said the visitor, "I'm going home." And Mrs. Anderson said wholeheartedly, "Thank God for the Fog Horn." John Tobe, the present owner and occupant of this abode, is one of our most enterprising citizens and takes a great interest in various activities among the men of the Town.

THE OATES - LOVE - MCMAUGH - HARVEY - RICHMOND HOUSE

March 3, 1949

Around the corner, the only house in this block facing on Front Street is a fine old house, one of the old landmarks in this part of the Town. This house was built in the 1820's by Captain Oates, a sailor and has been occupied by quite a number of people that I remember. There was Col. Love, an American Civil War Veteran. The Colonel had no teeth and sported two pipes, each with a circle in the stem. The larger one had the circle resting on his chest, the hooked mouthpiece dangling from his gums. The shorter stemmed one had the circle resting on his chin. He could be seen strolling about, accompanied by a long, tall, yellowish hound dog. At a later day, Capt. Bob McMaugh lived there. The Captain had a small steamer called "Prowett Beyer." with which he plied the river for a time, later returning to St. Catharines where he

belonged. Arthur W. Harvey owned this place for a long time and here his family, two girls and one boy grew up. Arthur was a traveler for a wholesale drug firm for years. He married Miss Effie Milloy, one of a family prominent in business and marine circles for many years. The property was sold to the Richmonds of Buffalo, who still own it.

BURK • SERVOS - WRIGHT D EVANS - CRYSLER • HARDISON

March 3, 1949

Travelling up Victoria Street to Prideaux, we come to a frame house on the corner, now the home of Mrs. Hardison. Here was the home of Thomas Burk. Another man who was prominent in business circles. At one time, he had what was known as a pork factory in the house that was later the home of Mrs. Hannah Servos. Burk bought that building from the Methodist Church and moved it from the Cemetery lot on Gate Street to its present location. I am referring now to Mrs. Wright's house on the corner of Gate and Prideaux Sts. The last business, in which Tom Burk was engaged, was a Coal and Lumber Business on the property now known as the Bolton Beach. We kids used to watch them unloading coal down the railway embankment. I also remember seeing them unloading a schooner with a load of lumber. Among those who occupied this house after Mr. Burk's death was W.H.J. Evans, who had a coal business on the dock and who served six years in Council, but who was never Reeve. He was, however, County Commissioner and was Warden of the County in 1900. He later bought the "Wilderness," and lived there for years. Another who lived in this house was Dr. Frank Crysler, Dentist. Frank married a daughter of Tom Burk. At one time, Frank had his office in the flat over where the liquor store is now situated. This office was reached by means of an outside staircase on the side next to the Town Hall. After Crysler had gone from this mundane sphere, Ray Hardison bought the house and his widow still lives there.

THE GEORGE REID RESIDENCE

March 3, 1949

The next house along Prideaux is a modern frame house, the home of George Reid. George has been in the Painting and Decorating business these many years. He served two years in Council and was a member of the Fire Brigade for many years. I remember him as Color Sergeant of Old No. 1 Company many years ago, when I also sported a red uniform.

HOWARD - CAMPBELL - GRIMSTEAD - BANSLEY - RIDDELL HOUSE

March 3, 1949

The brick house next, now the home of Mrs. Riddell, has housed many families at various times. It used to be a Tavern and was kept by Dicky Howard. I remember the Howards as there were two boys and a girl who were schoolmates of mine. The boys both went to St. Thomas and were Railway Engineers. Then Jimmy Campbell lived there for a long time. Jim was a brother of William J., and the only descendent of his around here is Mrs. Elliker. George Grimstead occupied the house for several years. It was bought by a Dr. Bansley, a Toronto Dentist, who passed away in Toronto, not very long ago.

THE ARMSTRONG - CORUS PROPERTY

March 3, 1949

George Corus' house next, was formerly situated on the Town Lot at the corner of Market and King Streets and was moved to its present site by the A.J. Armstrong family. Armstrong was a Plumber and Tinsmith, who later moved to Toronto. When the building was on its former site, it was known as "The Cave of the Winds." and its occupant was "Windy." Four sons and a daughter of this family served in the First World War. The structure, of which this building formed a part, was at one time a Tavern and was known as the Pacific Block.

THE SHERWOOD - GRIMSTEAD HOUSE

March 3, 1949

The next Lot, No. 37, formerly only had one house on it, that now owned by Ernest Grimstead. I remember it as the home of Stephen Sherwood, a Blacksmith, who was engaged at the Monro Shop on Regent Street. Steve had three sons and a daughter, all of whom have passed away, except Joseph who is still with us. Tom's daughter married Bud McGuire and her children are here, at least several of them are. Joseph, the only one of the name left in town has been a Fisherman and for a long time, was a Member of the Fire Brigade, as were most of the fishermen of his day.

THE GRIMSTEAD FAMILY

March 10, 1949

Ernie Grimstead has owned his house for a long time now. The Grimstead family came here in the 1890's. George, the head of the clan was a Baggage man and Pumpman for the N.C.R.R. and had a large family, only two of whom are still in the Town, Ernest and Russell. George was our neighbor for years and was a very likeable fellow, with a nice wife and family. Besides his railway job, George was a painter and used to do a lot of small jobs for the people around the waterfront. I remember on one occasion, we got George to paint the name on the bows of the "Viola," then in use as a ferry and painted white. I asked George if he was using good paint for the lettering and he assured me it was good "drop black." It was, for two days after the paint was applied, it rained and the darn black paint "dropped" all down over the white, much to the painter's chagrin. George was finally moved to the Falls by the Railway. Ernest is a veteran of the First Great War.

THE DYNES - BALL - BATES - LAUGHTON - WALSH PROPERTIES

Three other houses have been erected on this lot, the one on the corner being owned by Mr. Dynes of St. Catharines. The next one was erected by Charlie Ball, who lived there for years, the property being finally acquired by John Bates. The third house was built by Jim Laughton and was acquired by Herb Walsh in exchange for his Shop and Residence which occupied the site of Reid's Paint Shop. Herb was an old schoolmate of mine and was my desk mate for one term at High School. Herb was a versatile fellow, being at various times, Telegraph Operator, Customs Officer and Bookkeeper. Herb married Nina Bishop, a daughter of John and had a family of six: Herb and Jerry and Jim, Agnes, Ida and Kay, all living in Town except Herb and Kay.

THE BURNS - BISHOP - SHEPPARD - SHERLOCK - FRY PROPERTY

March 10, 1949

The next house was at one time, the residence of R.C. Burns, who had the Dry goods Store on the next corner. Bob was a fine fellow, very musical as were all the Burn's family. He sang base in the Methodist Church Choir and in various other Musical Organizations. He was a most genial, likeable man and was quite a loss to the Town when he moved to Brantford. This property at another time was owned and occupied by Robert Bishop. After Mrs. Bishop died and the family had all flown the nest, the house came into possession of Henry Sheppard, a Queenston man, who later moved to the Northwest.

Chummy Sherlock then bought it and he and his wife had a flower business there for years before he moved to the Dock. Since then the Frys have lived there. Mr. Fry was in the armed forces and since the war has gone into business. Mrs. Bob Bishop, by the way, was a sister of

Bill Long and was a nice amiable woman. Of course, the Town best remembers Ed Sherlock as Chief Constable, which position he filled for some ten or twelve years.

THE QUINN PROPERTY

March 10, 1949

The next house has been the abode of several families in my time. The Quinns lived there for some years. Mr. Quinn being a fine musician, was frequently called upon to get up something musical for entertainments and I was usually in on most of his groups. I remember on one occasion, he asked me to come in and help copy some music. When I arrived, Bill the younger, was sporting a large rag about his jaw. As there was a sort of epidemic of mumps going around, I naturally asked if Willie had the mumps. "No, no", was the reply, "just a swelling on his jaw, a gumball or something." As I had not had mumps, I felt reassured at this answer. So, I was planted at a small table in front of a window and while I worked, dear Willie was breathing down my neck. A lady approached the front door, with her little girl, about Willie's age. The old gentleman saw her coming and without waiting for her to knock, he bustled to the door and said, "Don't let the little girl come near Willie, he has the mumps." Now just imagine my feelings. However, I never did have the mumps.

THE CHRYSLER - REID - CLARK & DOYLE PROPERTIES

March 10, 1949

This property was in the Chrysler family for years, Walter Reid married Emma Crysler and they lived there. Miss Crysler was a very fine woman and taught in the Methodist Sunday School for many years. She also taught in the Western Home. Since her death, Walter sold the house to Mrs. Nancy Clark and it is now owned by her niece. The next house was owned by the Doyles for a long time and has had many occupants.

THE CAMPBELL & MCCLELLAND - LABARRE PROPERTIES

March 10, 1949

The next house was for many years the home of the late W. J. Campbell who had his Blacksmith Shop where the Brock Theatre now stands. The house was moved to its present site from the lot on Wellington Street now owned by my brother. The next house is comparatively new, having been built and occupied by the late W.R. McClelland. After Will's death, his wife transferred the property to her cousin Victor LaBarre, who uses it as a summer house.

STEWART - BAXTER - ALMAS - JERRAULD - FAULKNER

Let us now move to the corner of Regent and Prideaux St`s., where stands a spacious brick residence, now the home of D. B. Faulkner. As far as I can find out, this house was built in 1816 by Alexander Stewart, a Lawyer. When I first I remember it, it was occupied by the Baxter family who had formerly lived in Kingston. I very well remember Mrs. Baxter and her two daughters, Amelia and Flora. These two good women taught in St. Mark's for many years and Amelia married Archdeacon McMurray. After the death of the Archdeacon , the sisters moved to the house on Victoria Street, now owned by Mrs. Dietsch.

Another family of note was the Almas. J.L. Alma was a prominent Lawyer. There is a fine stained glass window in St. Mark's in his memory, the first of its kind placed in the Church. Mrs. Emily Hunter, a granddaughter of the Almas was the last of the family to live in Niagara. After her death a few years ago, the property was sold to the Jerraulds of Buffalo and now belongs to Mr. Faulkner.

THE RICHARDS & CORTLANDT SECORD PROPERTIES

March 10, 1949

The next two houses were owned by J. B. Richards, who never lived here in my time. The smaller house now occupied by the Arnolds, was for many years the home of Cart Secord and his family. I best remember Cart as mate of the Steamer, City of Toronto, under Captain W. A. Milloy. After his death, which occurred at a comparatively early age, his wife did dressmaking there. His son now owns the property but lives in Leamington. Cort Secord Junior is a Railway man and began his career as such on the local train which for many years, plied between Niagara and Buffalo.

SMITH - DORITTY - MCCLELLAND - BISHOP · BALL - MILLER

March 17th, 1949

The larger house now the home of Eddie Smith, has had many occupants in my day. I remember the Jim Doritty's were living there at the time of the big fire of which I have written. One of the boys of this family was prowling about the scene of the fire after it was put out, when he met with an unpleasant accident. One of the privies which then adorned the rear of most premises had been consumed by the fire and its site became obscured by the debris which littered the scene. Our laddie buck, quite inadvertently stepped where the building had been, with very odoriferous results to his person and clothing. I wouldn't dare to tell you his name in case he

might see this account of his mishap and wreak vengeance on poor me for resurrecting this wholesome event. Another family that lived here was Will McClelland. Charlie Bishop and W. H. Ball also dwelt here for a time. Two good ladies, Miss Lou and Miss Mary Miller kept a Boarding House here.

MCKEE-EBORALL-ABOTT-HAHASSEY-COXWELL-GOBERT

March 17th, 1949

The next two houses were the property of Professor McKee, who lived here in my early days. The Professor was the Bandmaster for a long time. The cottage which is now the home of the Goberts, has had many occupants. Frank Eborall lived here for a time while he was Sexton of St. Mark's. The Abbott sisters were here for some years until they married and moved away. The property became the home of the Hahassey sisters for a long time, and afterwards, their nieces, the Misses Coxwell owned it and used it as a summer home. They sold it to Tom Gobert.

MCKEE - SHERWOOD - PATTERSON HOUSE

March 17th, 1949

The other house was for a long time, the home of Sarah McKee, a daughter of the Professor. Joe Sherwood lived here before he bought across the street. Eddie Patterson owned and occupied it for years until he died, when it became the property of his daughter, Mrs. Ed. Richardson, who lately sold it.

EDDIE PATTERSON

March 17th, 1949

Eddie Patterson was one of our best known citizens. When I first knew him, he was a Baker, working for his father in the premises now occupied by the McKenzies. Then he was in the Dairy business in the old Winterbottom house on Seventh Street and in the Whittaker house on Mary (Mississauga) Street. Then for a long spell, he was Baggage man for the Canada Steamships and will be remembered by many people for his gentlemanly manners and unflinching good nature when meeting the public.

THE MASONIC HALL

March 17th, 1949

The Masonic Hall on the corner is one of the oldest buildings in our Town. It used to be known as the Stone Barracks when I was a lad, with its large blocks of grey stone. The Masons' plastered over the stone and built a series of dormer windows on its upper part which they have since removed. My mother went to school in here to Miss Winterbottom and my oldest daughter taught school in here when the old Public School overflowed. Here was the Lodgeroom of the Orangemen of the Home Circle, the Workmen, the Royal Templars. Here, St. Andrew's Church held service while their Church was being renovated. Here the Polish Band was housed during the First World War. The building has been used as a Store, a School, a Coffee House and a Ballroom.

CAPTAIN E. H. THOMPSON & FAMILY

March 17th, 1949

The next house on King Street was the home of Captain E. H. Thompson, who was Captain of No.1 Co. of the old 19th when I was a lad. He later rose to the Command of the Regiment and was buried with full military honors in old St. Mark's. His civilian employment was Custom's Officer at the Dock. He was a genial. Likeable man, well regarded by a wide circle of friends. I well remember the day of this death, Easter Sunday, April 10th, 1887. He was the first Master of the Workmen Lodge. On the day of his death, the Lodge was going to Youngstown to visit the Lodge there and they marched from the Lodgeroom, which was then in the upper flat of what is now Reid's Store to the Wharf. Just after arriving at the Wharf, and while waiting for the boats in which they were to embark, poor Ned Thompson keeled over and died. I was sent over to Youngstown to tell his brother Joe of his death. Curiously, some years later, it was I who brought the news of Joe Thompson's death to Mrs. Thairs, Ned's daughter. Joe and his two sons, Fred and John, both went the same way. Ned Thompson had a son and a daughter. Sam Thompson was Clerk at the Queen's Royal when I first remember him. He afterwards married Lily Winnett, whose father was one of the proprietors of the old Hotel in those days. Sam's widow is living in Town in the person of Mrs. Barnard. They were a fine lot of people. Ned's daughter married Col. Thairs of St. Catharines. When I was in the 19th, Thairs was then Captain and Adjutant of the Regiment, later succeeding to the command. Jack Schmidt bought the house from Mrs. Thairs and lived here for a time.

THOMPSON - SCHMIDT - LIBROCK - AWDE PROPERTY

March 24, 1949

When the Schmidts moved to Hamilton, the house was bought by Gerald Libroch and has been occupied by Horace Awde for some years. Horace is a son of Ab Awde and an employee of the Canadian Cannery. He is a useful member of the Fire Brigade and a very likeable fellow.

THE COXWELL & WRIGHT PROPERTIES

March 24, 1949

A new house has recently been erected alongside of this house, where once stood a store building which was burned before my time. The next house is quite an old one and when I was a boy, it was the home of Red Coxwell, a brother-in-law of Ned Thompson. He and his family moved to Toronto many years ago, and the house was bought by John Wright of Toronto, the grandfather of the John Wright of the present day. I knew the Wright family very well and chummed around with two of the sons. The old gentleman was a Plumber with a business on Yonge Street in Toronto and his four sons all followed him in that trade. John the second bought the Cantwell property at the waterfront after the Cantwells were gone, and it is still owned by members of the family and occupied by the third John Wright, who is well known here and is quite active in many of the community movements.

THE CAMPBELL · DALEY PROPERTY

March 24, 1949

On the next lot, there stood at one time the building which is now Daley's Store. It was the home of Judge E.C. Campbell, whose picture hangs in the Public Library. Field's Store was his Law Office. When I was a kid, the Misses Campbell lived here. I remember they had a brown dog and Bill McMillan and I, on our way to or from school, often used to pull a stick along the board fence to make the canine run and bark, but, alas, one day the gate was open and you ought to have seen two kids beating all speed records down the street. We made sure the darn gate was shut after that harrowing experience: I wonder if Linc Quinn remembers the time he was running past Eddie O'Melia's gate, when Eddie's dog came over the gate in a graceful leap and gathered the seat of Linc's pants into a firm grip. More speed.

THE ROWLEY & SHEPHERD PROPERTY

March 24, 1949

After the Town's big fire, S.B. Rowley bought the Campbell property and moved the house off the lot and built the present house. Rowley was a wealthy man from Pittsburg who married Fanny Ross. After his death, his widow sold out all his property and moved away. Then E. H. Shepherd bought the house and lived in it until his decease. Mr. Shepherd was Police Magistrate during most of his time here and served on the Library Board. He had been a Hotel Keeper in North Bay before coming here. Prior to his going north, he had lived in Niagara Township and served in Township Council. He lived for a time in the Caskey house on Davy Street before going north. He had one son, killed in the First Great War. After Mr. Shepherd's death, the property came into the hands of Mrs. Stevenson who now lives there.

THE SMITH PROPERTY

March 24, 1949

This property formerly extended to Regent Street, but that end of it has been sold and Leslie Smith has built himself a neat cottage on part of it. Leslie has blossomed out into a successful Carpenter. His is the great-grandson of the original Charlie Smith, who was our neighbor on Ricardo St.

THE MARKET BUILDING & THE MARKET SQUARE

March 24, 1949

Jumping across Queen Street, we come to a four acre block, all of the land in which is owned by the Corporation of the Town of Niagara, much of it being occupied by stores and dwellings, the owners of which pay ground rent and taxes to the Town. Through this block, runs Market Street. The rear building of what is now the Town Hall is older than the main building and was the "Market Building." I well remember as a boy seeing the Butchers' stalls on each side of the large pillars. There were doors at either end and one could walk right through. The adjacent square was the Market Square. The Market, like too many things about our Town, is a thing of the past. The two acres which make up Lots 65 and 66 were given by the Government to three trustees to form a Market. While we now have no market, the Corporation has indisputable title to the whole four acres.

THE ANNUAL FALL FAIR

March 24, 1949

Lots 103 and 104 were originally owned by the School Board but were deeded to the Town in exchange for the site of the old Schools lately abandoned as such. These two lots were known as "The Pound Yard." They had no buildings on them. The Annual Fall Fair used to be held there and the whole two acres would be pretty well filled up with Livestock and Poultry. The Fair used to be held on a Friday and we school kids always were given a half-holiday to see the Fair. A cattle, horses and even hogs ran at large in those dear, dead days, it was necessary to have a pound in which to incarcerate such of those animals as needed to be taken in charge.

THE PACIFIC BLOCK & BILLY DIAMOND

March 31st, 1949

On the corner of King and Market Streets, was a building or buildings known as "The Pacific Block." It had at one time been a Hotel or Tavern but as I first remember it, it was inhabited by a rather odd old character named Billy Diamond. Billy once fell down a well and had to be fished out and he used to be kidded as the "140 pound Diamond found in a well." Billy, by the way, was a Carpenter of sorts. He later boarded with the Martin Morrisons when they kept the Boardinghouse at the corner of Ricardo and Melville Streets. I remember buying some of his carpenter tools when he got too old to work. There used to be youths, some of them not so youthful, who delighted in pranks, not always strictly honorable and these birds frequented such places as Diamond's where they played cards and whiled away their evening hours. Smoke houses, chicken coops and even people's cellars were fair game to these youths. One night, they arrived at Billy's with a goose to be cooked. The goose was plucked and cleaned, cut up and put on the boil in a large iron pot. I have not seen one of those old time iron pots in years. The genus must be extinct. However, the gang played cards while the pot sizzled and Billy dozed. Presently, someone inspected the goose and declared it done, so while Billy snored peacefully, the goose was devoured and the bones restored to the pot. When Billy awoke, he discovered that the meat had boiled clean off the bones. However, he said philosophically, "Well, we'll have the broth anyway."

ARMSTRONG - CORUS - ADDISON - HYDRO

March 31st, 1949

In 1913, my first year in the Council, the Niagara, St. Catharines and Toronto Railway wanted to get the site of the Pacific Building for their station. I was delegated by Council to interview Mr.

Armstrong, who had the corner part of the building. I ran into a snag there however; as Windy refused to even consider getting out. The Railway offered a sum of money to each of the three owners of the buildings to vacate and move their buildings off if they wished. Armstrong was the only one who refused the offer, but after the Town had begun legal action to evict him, the lease having expired, he finally accepted and moved his part of the building to Prideaux Street where is now the home of George Corus. Mrs. Ruth Addison's part was moved to a site on Market Street, where it now is the John Bolton house. Along Market Street, there was a row of ice-houses, the last remaining one of these being the barn now occupied by the Hydro. This was the Best Icehouse, the rest of them having fallen into disuse and decay.

FRASIER - MCBRIDE - REID PROPERTY

March 31st, 1949

At the corner of the Market Square, just in the rear of the Town Hall is a building, now the home of Mrs. Mae Reid, that was once a Tavern, kept by the Fraser's, Joe Sherwood's grandparents. The only families I myself remember as living there were the McBrides and Bob Reid who lived there for many years until he moved to Fort George.

THE CARSON - LYNCH - ARMSTRONG PROPERTY

March 31st, 1949

Next to the Bolton House, is the home of Dave Carson. This house once stood on Queen Street where the driveway into the Niagara Bakery is now. It was for many years the Harness shop of Paddy Lynch. After Paddy died, Armstrong had his Plumbing and Tinsmith business there.

JAMES MACPHEE & TOMMY MAY

March 31st, 1949

The building and site *were* purchased by James Macphee in order to obtain a site for the Bakery. The building was then moved to its present site and became the property of Tommy May, who did Shoe repairing there for a time, finally selling to Art Inskeep. Tommy May was one of the best known of our men. I suppose I knew him longer than anyone else in our Town. When I first knew him, he was a Sergeant in the 11th U.S. Infantry at Fort Niagara and was a steady visitor across the Ferry for years. He married Julia Thompson and after leaving the Army, he came here to live. He drove a two-horse bus for years, to and from the Canadian Chautauqua and did a Livery business at his home on Queen Street. When autos came in, Tommy bought a Tin Lizzie and continued his Livery business, ultimately doing away with his

equine equipment. Tommy made his debut as a Counselor at the expense of Fred McClelland, whom he defeated in a by election. After that, Tommy seemed to be able to get elected any time he took the notion to run. He served nine years altogether. Tommy had quite a gift for playing to the Gallery and never was afraid to speak his mind. He was a native of Birmingham, England.

ART INSKEEP

April 7, 1949

Art Inskeep, who took over this property on Market Street from Tommy May, is also an Englishman and was one of the pioneers in the Car Repair Business in our Town. He has been located in the Brick Mill at the Dock; in the stone building on Regent Street and in the building next door; then in the place on Market Street; after that, he had the garage where Art Wilson is now. He bought the Thompson house on Johnson Street; and now is running the new service station at Queen and Victoria Streets. He is another of the many business men who have served in Council, he putting in two years. Art is a good machinist and deserves to succeed.

THE TAVERN, & FRASER · MOORE · REID · ALLEN PROPERTY

April 7, 1949

The house at the next corner was once a Tavern; in fact there were Taverns wherever you looked. The Frasers were in it at one time, but as I first remember it, Tom Moore owned it. Tom as a short, broad, old Scot with quite a burr in his speech. He was a brother of Mrs. Fraser and a great-uncle of Joe Sherwood. The last place I remember Tom living in was Frank Currie's house on Gate St. Tom used to keep a goat, and I remember a ditty the boys used to sing in my High School days. "Oh where, oh where on this midnight air, does this smell so horrid float, the answer came from voices many, and it comes from Tom Moore's goat." However, George Reid and his family lived in this house for quite a while, after which Dick Allen bought it and it is still in his family. We have already met Dick but I was thinking of an incident about Dick and his family of girls that was funny. Everybody knows Punky Sage. Now Punky, when he was little, was a precocious kid. He and some of his cronies were in the neighborhood of McClelland's store one evening, when Dick and his entourage of girls passed. Some of the kids were amused at Dick's harem, but not Punky, who gravely said, "Don't laugh at him boys; he's more to be

pitied than laughed at." I had this yarn from one of the McCielands, so you may be sure it is authentic.

THE BOWLING GREEN

April 7, 1949

In the space where the Carson and the Bolton houses now stand the bowling green used to be, but when these houses were moved in the Bowling Club was allowed to move to their present site for which they pay a nominal rent to Town.

THE BROWN - ZOEGER PROPERTY

April 7, 1949

Facing on Johnson Street, are two neat dwellings, the first of which is the home of Mr. Brown, Chief Engineer and General Superintendent of the Water Utility. The other was built by Mrs. Charles Brown who made her home there until she moved away, since which time, it has belonged to Bill Zoeger. Mrs. Brown was one of my school mates usually known as "Pudge" among her mates. She was a jolly girl and very popular. In later life, she was Secretary-Treasurer of the Board of Education. She was a very useful person in the Community and served St. Mark's as a Chorister and Sunday School Teacher for a long time, besides serving the Public Library in various capacities. Her many friends were sorry to see her leave our old Town.

PETE BISHOP'S STORIE

April 7, 1949

On the corner of Johnson and King St., stands the store of Pete Bishop, where he had done business for more than 30 years. Pete is the youngest son of Jack Bishop and represents a family that has been prominent in the business life of the Town for many a year.

THE CURLING & HOCKEY RINK

April 7, 1949

This corner was formerly the site of the Curling Rink, later used for Hockey. It seems to me that we ought to have a rink, not necessarily with artificial ice. A covered rink is much better for ice and much to be preferred to an open rink with our changeable winters. And we ought to revive the Curling CIL/b. I'm sure the many bowlers in our midst would enjoy "the roaring' game." It is

a fine winter sport and can be played by young or old and even by "the ladies." It seems to me, that some of our public spirited citizens might take up this idea of a rink. We have a lot of youths of both sexes who could put it over, if someone would father the idea.

THE WATER TOWER

April 14, 1949

Nearby, in the Town Lot, stands the Water Tower. The original tank was built on the same foundation in 1891 when our Waterworks System was first installed. Some twenty odd years later, a larger tank than the first one was built. It would be well if the Town Fathers would take serious thought about building a new tank on a different site and of a different type. The logical site for this new tank would be at the corner of Castlereagh and Wellington Streets and connected to the ten-inch main which passes along that way. I have every reason to believe that the fabric of the present tank is very thin in spots along its bottom. I had hoped that the money which was saved during the War would have been devoted to this purpose, but other projects came up and the money had to go for them.

THE DONNELLY FAMILY & GREENE'S LIVERY

April 14, 1949

Next to the Tank is Greene's Livery. This business was formerly located on the Burns jot, further up the street. When I was a schoolboy, Bill Donnelly had it there and he and his family lived in the Burns house. Bill Donnelly, Jr., sat with me in Public School and for a time in High School. Donnelly Sr. was usually called "Senator." He had one peculiarity for which he was noted. It must be remembered that chewing tobacco was in those days much more common than it now appears to be. Borrowing a chew off someone's plug was a common occurrence. Those who knew the Senator, tried to avoid being solicited for a chew from Donnelly as he was known to invariably take a man's plug, coolly pare off the end that had been bitten by its owner, throwaway the part cut off and then cut himself a chew of ample proportions. The Donnelly family migrated to Denver, Colorado. Bill himself bought a farm on the Stone Road and finished his days there. You may notice a rather ugly, flat roofed house west of the Stone Road not far from Town. That is the house that Bill built. I notice that a new house has sprung up beside it.

THE CANADIAN LEGION HOUSE

April 14, 1949

Alongside of the Stable is a house which was placed there by the Canadian Legion. This house was brought from one of the Larkin farms on the River Road. It has since been sold, the Legion moving to the Henry Ellison house, known as "The Pines."

THE N.S. & T STATION

April 14, 1949

The old N.S. & T. Station is now a Chinese Laundry. Fred Matthews owns the building.

THE ICE HOUSES

April 14, 1949

Just one more little anecdote about the row of ice-houses that stood on Market Street before we move over to the other side of Regent Street. These Icehouses, when they *became* empty or nearly empty, were kept locked, but one of them had a means of ingress known to some of the boys. Some boys are more prankish than others.

Playing hooky from school always seems to catch the imagination of some. One such was Fred Bolton . On one occasion, Fred persuaded several of his schoolmates to absent themselves from Gussie Winterbottom's tuition. He led them to an opening under one of the icehouses. Through this hole they crawled, to hide from their enemies. After an interval, Fred suggested that he venture forth to scout for the foe. He emerged from the dark interior to the light of day and after rolling a large stone across the opening, he went blithely on his way, leaving his victims incarcerated in the damp, dark prison, from which they were liberated after some hours spent in durance vile, by a passerby who heard their plaintive cries.

THE BAILEY - CURRIE PROPERTY

April 14, 1949

In the next block, facing on Regent Street, there are now four dwellings, two of them of recent construction. The first one, now the home of the Colin Currie family, was for some time, the home of Matt Bailey. One of Bailey's daughters married Arthur Ward who kept the American Hotel at the Dock. After Bailey's death, Colin Currie bought the place and moved the house over the street where Harty Cliff now lives.

THE BISHOP - BISSELL - TAYLOR HOUSE

April 14, 1949

The next house, now owned by Postmaster Taylor, formerly stood close to the Street and at one time was a Bakery and had a large brick oven in it. As I first remember the place, it and the rest of Lot 102, all belonged to Mrs. Jane Bishop, the widow of Bill Bishop, a brother of Jack and Bob. Bill was a Butcher and migrated to Buffalo, but his widow used to spend her summers in the old house. She had a son Tom who was a boy about Town when I was young. We used to refer to him as "Fatty Tom" to distinguish him from his cousin Tom who is not fat. Tom Bishop served in the 19th Regiment with me. Hans Bissell bought the place from the Bishops and his daughter Mrs. Brock lived there with her father, until she sold out, her father having died.

BISHOP - HOLAHAN - CAMPBELL PROPERTYApril 21st, 1949

On the other end of the Lot near Johnson Street, stood an old stone cottage and Mrs. Bishop used this for a time. Tom Holahan bought part of the lot and built the cottage where his son Art now lives. After Aunt Jane Bishop passed away, Tom and Pete Bishop came into possession of the corner property and the old stone cottage was taken down. Its site was later sold to R.C. Campbell of Niagara Falls, New York, and he built a neat modern cottage. On the remaining part of the lot, facing Johnson Street is an ample building used as an icehouse for a time, then as a Cowbarn. Now it has been remodeled into quite a nice dwelling where lives our Dairyman, Toad Campbell. Toad is a grandson of Jack Bishop and W. J. Campbell, two of our outstanding citizens of a bygone day.

CLARK - HINDLE PROPERTYApril 21st, 1949

Next is a group of three houses, which formerly belonged to a man who for a long time, was in the Contracting business with Sam Hindle, the firm being known as Hindle and Clark. The two nearest are now owned by Tom Clark, a son of Frank. Frank Clark, Jr., lives in the one and does quite a good business in repairing lawn mowers etc.

NISBET & THE FENIAN RAIDSApril 21st, 1949

In the next one, lives Mrs. Mary Nisbet, widow of Walter Nisbet. I have known the Nisbets all my life. John, father of Walter was the son of an English soldier and was himself a veteran of

the Fenian Raid. He told me of one or two of his Fenian Raid experiences. He was only 16 at the time, he and my father-in-law, John Thornton being the babies of No.1. Company. They marched to Fort Erie, in company with the 16th Imperial Regiment, usually known as "The Peacemakers," as they seemed always to arrive on the scene of the hostilities when it was all over, which happened on this occasion. Our John was on guard. The night was dark and still. At or near the end of the guard's beat, a sound was heard by the youthful sentry. He couldn't make out what made the sound and he lingered near the guard tent. The corporal came out and enquired why Jack wasn't walking his beat. Jack told him there was something down there. "Listen" he said. Again the sound, a sort of audible sighing sound. The Corporal too was puzzled so he turned out the guard and armed with a lantern, they cautiously proceeded to the spot from whence the sound seemed to come and found "an old cow" peacefully chewing her cud. Jack never heard the last of that cow from his comrades. Later on in the night, John McMillan and his son Dave arrived from Niagara with a load of food and other supplies for the Niagara boys and sometime during the night, Nisbet was on guard over the wagon. Again, the night's silence was broken by a sound from under the wagon. Jack was leaning on a wheel of the wagon and was feeling decidedly skittish. Among the supplies were a five-gallon jug of whiskey and a two gallon jug of the same. These and some other goods had been stowed under the wagon for the night, no doubt to protect them from the damp. The sound resolved itself into a decided gurgle. Our Jack was too scared to move, but presently, something plucked at the leg of his trousers. On putting his hand down, a tin cup was thrust into it and after partaking of its contents, Jack could have taken on the whole Fenian Army. There was consternation next morning when the two gallon jug was found to be quite empty. Walter Nisbet went to South Africa with the South African Constabulary and there he stayed for 13 years. In 1914, he enlisted in the Canadian Army and did duty with the Frontier Forces, dying in 1915.

THE CLARK - MCGINN PROPERTY

April 21st, 1949

The third of these houses is the home of Mrs. John McGinn who is a daughter of Frank Clark. This John was a fine steady, reliable fellow who was a Track Foreman for the Railway for many years and regarded by his superiors as one of their best men.

THE HEALEY· HAINER· GRANT - WRIGHT PROPERTY

April 21st, 1949

The next house is now the home of Mrs. Andrew Wright. It was for a long time owned by Miss Mary Healey. The Frank Hainers lived in it for quite a long time. Miss Healey sold it to Walter

Grant, a Pole who had a shoe repair business for a time. He and his family went to Poland to take up the business of a relative.

THE CLEMENT · SIMPSON · WRIGHT · LANSING HOUSE

April 21st, 1949

The brick house on the corner, I first remember as the home of John Clement. Here his daughter Lulu had a private school for some years. On the death of her parents, she went to British Columbia, where her brother Will had taken up his career as a Civil Engineer. Will was one of my contemporaries at High School, where he was always called Alec, Alexander being his second name. After the Clements. John Simpson owned and occupied the place. Simpson was then the proprietor of the Liquor Store. John ran the Lake View House for some years, afterwards living in the Steve Sherlock house on Melville St. and then in the brick house in the hollow between Ricardo and Byron Streets, before moving up town. Andy Wright owned and occupied the place and after his death, his wife sold the place to Miss Sarah Lansing who now lives there.

MURPHY FAMILY & CROSS - ABBOTT - DORAN - CLEGG DWELLING

April 25th, 1949

The only dwelling fronting on Victoria Street in this block has housed many people in my time. The Murphy family had it for a long time. Julia Murphy was the last remaining member of this family. She married Thomas Bass and lived in Toronto, where she died some years ago. My recollections of this family are interesting. Julia and her brother John went to Public School in my time. At one time, the family lived in a house below Fort George. While there, several members of the family died from accidental poisoning. At their funeral, I heard the Irish "keen" raised for the first and only time. I was very small at the time. We were living on Ball Street in the house where I was born, and that eerie cry just simply scared the daylights out of me. I never forgot that sound. Julia's mother had an ice-cream parlor in the small store that stood on part of the site of the Brock Theatre and later in the McKenzie store. Julia sold to John Cross and later John Abbott had it. He sold to the Dorans and they to the Cleggs, the present owners.

THE PRESBYTERIAN - METHODIST CHURCH

April 25th, 1949

Perhaps a word or two about the Church building next door would not be out of place, although I have not so far said anything about the others. But this particular Church has a bit of history not generally known. It was formerly the Canadian Presbyterian Church. Many do not know that at one time, there were two of this faith in Town. In my early days, St. Andrew's Church was known as "the Scotch Church." As far as the kids in my neck of the woods were concerned, it was just a bell and a name. The Presbyterians very sensibly got together and this Church building was sold to the Methodists, who had been worshipping in a small frame church which stood on what is now the small graveyard on Gate Street. When I was small, the Methodists were holding their services and Sunday school in the "Temperance Hall," which was the third floor of the Stewart Building before Jamie Stewart cut off its head. I don't just know how it came about, but for a time, I was extra good and attended two Sunday Schools. My own, St. Mark's was held in the morning and the Methodist was in the afternoon. Postmaster Bob Warren was the Methodist Superintendent and we met in the Hall I have mentioned. It was while I was attending there, that the move was made to the present building. Willard Platt was my teacher and after the move, our class was posted in the gallery. In 1897, the Sunday School building was added while T. R. Orme was the Pastor.

THE PAINTER - GILMOUR HOUSE

April 25th, 1949

In the next block, we begin at the corner of Johnson and Victoria St. with what used to be called the Painter house. This house is believed to be one of the oldest in the Town and according to Miss Carnochan, was once inhabited by Government Officials. As I remember it, it was inhabited by members of the Painter family. The wooded parts of the Chautauqua grounds were known as Painter's Bush. Peter Painter went west years ago. Pete Bishop is named after him. Mrs. Gilmour, who owns the place, was formerly Nellie Barron. Her folks lived in the house on John Street now belonging to Irving Gordon. Nellie married Joe Gilmour, whose mother was a Painter. Both Joe and Nellie were attending Public School in my time. Joe had a sister Ida, who became a nun. Ida was about the last one whom you would expect to become a nun as she was full of fun as a girl.

THE WALKER - THONGER PROPERTY

April 25th, 1949

The next house has changed both owners and occupants a good many times. Dr. Norman Walker lived there for a time, later moving to the Falls. Another who lived there was G. F. Thonger. Thonger branched out as an auctioneer and one night, the neighbors though he had

gone looney as he could be seen walking up and down in the house, talking loudly and waving his arms. It was later discovered that he had a sale in prospect and was practicing his oratory for the occasion.

THE THOMPSON HOUSE

April 25th, 1949

The next house was long the residence of William Thompson, a well-known carpenter and mover. The house formerly stood on the Eckersley property and was once used as a school. Mr. Thompson bought it and moved it to its present site. Since Mr. Thompson's death, it has changed hands several times. Art inskeep had it for a time and had his service station there until he sold out.

SCHMIDT - BISSELL HOUSE

April 25th, 1949

The next house is now the home of George Bissell, one of a numerous family. Jack Schmidt, the Tailor had it for a time.

AVERY - ECKERSLEY HOUSE

April 25th, 1949

The Eckersley house on the corner of Regent Street was at one time the residence of Dr. Buell Avery, a Dentist. Dr. Avery was also in the undertaking business and the business which included the sale of furniture, was in the building where the Advance now is. The next owner of this house was John Eckersley, who had been in the Customs Service at Halifax for many years, coming to Niagara on his retirement. Mrs. Eckersley was a descendant of the Ball Family, so it was like coming home for her. John Eckersley was an Englishman who came to Canada when quite young. He was a man of strong opinions, and never backed out of a scrap. It was through his difference with Council over the location of his verandah that the Niven Survey of the Town was brought about. John was a good citizen and took an active interest in public affairs, serving two years in Council. He was Churchwarden of St. Mark's for several years. His younger daughter still lives in the house. A son Laurie served in the First World War.

McCLELLAND - GARRETT - MASTERS - CATHLINE - HAINES - MILLER

AND MATTHEWS PROPERTIES

The next house is the home of Fred McClelland. Fred is the youngest and last remaining son of Wm. W. McClelland who founded the business on Queen Street. Fred put in six years in Council and is one of our outstanding business executives. At one time, John Garrett lived here. There used to be two other houses along the street nearby. We lived in one for a time. This has since been taken down as has the next one also. This one was the home of Peter Cathline, who served in Council for three years. His daughter lived in the house when we were in the neighborhood. After her death, the house was sold and ultimately was bought by James Haines, who removed the house and incorporated the lot in the adjoining property. This adjoining property has a house upon it, which according to my recollection was built by William Miller. Mr. Miller was a Tailor and served four years in Council, two of them as Mayor, afterwards moving to Brantford. He is now living retired in Toronto. James Haines of Toronto purchased the property.

Mr. Haines held an important position with the T. Eaton Co. The place was later purchased by Fred Matthews, the present owner. Fred was in business for some years in the store now owned by Reid & Son, and is now living retired.

DICKSON - ROWLAND - ARNOLD - GRAY - FIELD HOUSE

Around the corner, facing on Gage Street is a large house in which have lived many families; the Geale Dicksons, the Rowlands, Canon Arnold, W. T. Gray and Mrs. Gretchen Field. During the epidemic of influenza which swept the country in 1918, a temporary hospital was opened in this house, during the absence of the Grays in England. The Grays never reopened the house after its use as a hospital but sold it.

PARLIAMENT OAK SCHOOL

Two new cottages have been built on the side of this block facing on Victoria St. In the next block, bounded by Gage, King, Centre and Regent Streets, stands the new Public School, named "Parliament Oak School" It takes its name from the legend that our first Parliament "met under an oak tree that stood near the southerly corner of the Lot. Not even Miss Carnochan is sure about how or why that august body came to hold a session under a tree and in this spot in particular.

SENATOR J. B. PLUMB

However, as I first remember this spot, there was a fine brick three-story dwelling on it, in which lived Senator J. B. Plumb. Plumb was a man who came here from across the line. He had money and embarked on a public career, serving several times in the House of Commons, later going to the Senate and becoming Speaker. He kept fine horses and was quite an aristocratic old chap. I remember as a small boy at school that we were let off of school to go over to Plumb's corner and see the Governor-General, the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise arrive by special train to visit Senator Plumb. I couldn't tell which was which as there was quite a party. All us kids knew about them was a bunch of men in plug hats and long-tailed coats and some very stylishly dressed ladies.

E. W. SYER - JOHN HEVITT - ARTHUR WHITE PROPERTY

24th Installment - May 12th, 1949

After Plumb's death, E.W. Syer bought the property. Mr. Syer was a handsome, elderly gentleman when he first came here. He was quite a dandy in his dress and kept quite a corps of servants. He was English, but had been in business in Chicago for years before coming to Niagara. Mr. Syer had four sons, three of whom served in the Armed Forces. In his latter days, Mr. Syer was not so well off as he had been and went to Toronto for a time, his property here being bought by John Hewitt. It lay empty for some years, being finally acquired by Arthur White of Buffalo, who dwelt there for some years. Mr. White was in the Real Estate business in Buffalo, but during the Depression of the 1929's and 1930's, he too felt the pinch. I had the duty, as Town Treasurer, of selling the place for unpaid taxes and so the property came into the possession of the Municipality. It proved to be a white elephant when it came to selling it. Nobody seemed to want it, although all kinds of organizations came to view it. It was finally decided to remove the building, which was done by a wrecking firm who bought it.

It had been known by those in authority, that the Town would be compelled to build a new public school and I personally had long had this site in mind as the best for this purpose. When this golden opportunity presented itself, it was not difficult to persuade the Councilors to deed the land to the Board of Education. As a Board, the building cost them nothing, whereas the Council was out the large amount of unpaid taxes, less the amount received from the wreckers. There were some who thought the land should have been divided into building lots and sold. Had this been done, the Board would have had some difficulty in getting a site as central and suitable for a school site. Certainly, they would have had to shell out a good many of the people's dollars.

WHITLA - SKELTON - MYERS - HUTTON PROPERTY

There is only one other house on this block, the cottage of Mrs. Hutton. I remember several people who have lived here in times past. There was Captain Whitla, a very fussy retired American Army Officer. On one occasion, the brave Captain was going away by train for the winter and a number of his bosom friends were invited into the Hotel for a parting cup while awaiting the morning train. Behind the bar was Jack O'Neil. Of course, Jack was included in the stirrup cup invitation. Now Jack was a bit of a wag in his quiet way. Just as the party entered the Bar, Jack had poured himself a glass of ginger ale, which he placed under the bar to be partaken of when the customers had departed. In those days, the customer was served with the bottle and glass and poured his own drink. Jack filled a ginger-ale glass with the strong liquor, and while the customers were quaffing their strong waters, he slipped the liquor under the bar and resurrected his ginger-ale. To our brave Captain's amazement, he proceeded to down his supposed big glass of liquor. My Lord, man, you're surely not going to drink all that whiskey. Why you'll kill yourself." "Sure, sure," said Jack, "I drink several of these every day." And down the hatch went the glassful without a blink from Jack. When the Captain returned in the merry month of May, he dove into the hotel to see if Jack were still alive and to tell the truth, he was somewhat disappointed to find the worthy Jack, still alive and kicking.

At another time, an elderly gentleman, William Skelton lived in the house. He was an Englishman by birth, but when I first knew him, he was Engineer at the Pump Station at Fort Niagara, coming here to live after his retirement. He was a Veteran of the American Civil War.

Another who lived here was Jack Myers, one of my dad's old cronies, a Fenian Raid Veteran and for many years, a member of the 12th York Rangers. The last time I saw Jack was at an Armistice Day Parade in Toronto, at St. Paul's Church. The Governor-General Lord Byng was there and Jack was on the spot in this illustrious company, representing the Fenian Raid Veterans on this occasion. We got out of the Church on the Jarvis Street side to see the Parade march away and there was Jack, stepping out like a two-year old behind the music of the pipes, and he was then well up in his 80's. In fact, he collapsed and died in a Parade not so long afterwards. Only death could beat lithe boys of the old brigade."

KING STREET

JOE BURNS

May 19th, 1949.

On the corner of Johnson and King Streets, stands the home of Mrs. Jos. Burns. When I first remember this house, it was the abode of Bill Donelly, the Liveryman, whom I have already mentioned. After the Donelly's left, Joe Burns bought it and lived there until his decease. Joe was a handsome, well-built man, fond of sports. He was a member of the old Curling Club, and later was a famous Bowler. He and Watts Lansing used to play doubles, winning many trophies. When I first remember Joe, he was Clerk in Henry Paffard's Drug Store and later was Bookkeeper for his brother Bob in the Dry Goods Business. In 1898, he was made Town Clerk and Treasurer, succeeding Russell Wilkinson in that office. Joe served two years as a Councilor earlier. In 1910, he became Collector of Customs, being the last man to hold that post in Niagara and from which position, he was superannuated. Joe, like all his family, was musical; he sang in the Methodist Church Choir for years and had some fame as an accomplished whistler.

MANIFOLD - MILES - CAUGHILL HOUSE

The other houses on King Street in this block are comparatively modern, all having been built in my time. The one on the corner of Gage Street was the home of Mrs. Maria Miles, who, as Maria Manifold, was housekeeper for J.B. Plumb for years. After retiring from that position, she built the house, later on marrying Paddy Miles. Paddy was, for a generation, Conductor on the Railway plying between Niagara and Buffalo. Even after Paddy retired, his train was still called "Paddy Miles' Train." After his retirement, he went into the Coal business and his widow carried it on after his death, finally selling to Harvey Caughill.

LESLIE - BURBACK - DOYLE - THOMPSON - WATT PROPERTIES

The house next door was the home, for a time, of a Mr. Leslie, who later moved to Toronto. The owner now is Miss Burbach. Her father was for years, Manager of the Jackson Farm on the River Road. The other house was the home of J.J. Doyle. Jay is the elder son of Jimmy Doyle of Doyle's Hotel, one of the best known hotelmen of his day. Jay later moved to St. Catharines, selling the house to Mrs. E. J. Thompson. This good lady came here from Bowmanville and was very much interested in historical matters and was Curator of the Museum after Miss Carnochan's death. After Mrs. Thompson passed on, Hugh Watt bought the place and lived in it until he moved to Toronto. Hugh had quite a varied career while here. He was the younger son of Dr. Watt who lived in the house now occupied by the Ansley sisters. He farmed for a time on this father's farm and then on a farm of his own. After leaving the farm, he railroaded as a Brakeman on the M.C.R. between Niagara and Buffalo and later he was a Fireman on the locomotive on the same run. Then he put in a time as Chief Constable of the Town. After that, he was a Plumber and

Tinsmith, finally moving to Toronto. His house is now owned and occupied by John Tiffin a retired soldier.

THE FLANIGAN - HOPKINS - KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS HOUSE

In this block, on the Johnson Street side, we come to what used to be the Flanigan house. These good people lived here for many years, the last descendant of the family, being Miss Gertrude Carnochan. There were two daughters in the Flanigan family, Bella and Minnie. Bella married John Carnochan, but Minnie never married. They were both beauties when young, tall and with charming personalities. After Minnie's decease, John Hopkins bought the place and during the late disturbance over the Pond, the Knights of Columbus had it as an Army Hut while the Camp was in operation. Since then, it has changed hands.

THE BARKER'S COTTAGES

Between here and the next corner, there used to stand a row of cottages placed well away from the street. These were known as "The Barker's Cottages," called after John Barker, who built and owned them. This John Barker must have been a good workman, as he is the man who made the two old pulpits in St. Mark's Church. These were formerly picked out in white and gold and presented a much more striking appearance than the present coloring affords. While on this subject, I remember the late Henry Ellison telling me that he himself made the paneling for the Organ in St. Mark's Church.

BISHOP - ELLISON - BILLING - BALL A BARKER COTTAGES

Jim Bishop bought Barker's Cottages and converted them into two very neat dwellings, moved up much closer to Johnson Street. Jim makes his home in the one, while he sold the other to John Ellison. Oliver Billing bought from Mr. Ellison and now Charlie Ball lives in it. Oliver Billing married Charlotte Ball, a sister of Charlie. By the way, the same Charlie had a nickname or two attached to him in ' his days as one of the Dock Rats. Everybody around the Beach acquired an appellation other than that given "By his Godfathers and his Godmothers in his Baptism." Charlie was Finnigan, that is when he wasn't "McGee." In the days of old, when the old Amphitheatre stood in the Chautauqua grounds, Tommy Baker had a song about "The Laughing McGees." Charlie, being a merry, laughing kid, became the "Laughing McGee." I may do an article some time, on some of our Nicknames.

MRS. SENATOR DICKSON

May 26, 1949

The large house on the corner has recently gone in for a face-lifting, but it formerly presented a much more sedate appearance. In it, at one time lived Mrs. Senator Dickson who was quite a gal. I only remember visiting her domicile once, when I was a member of a Church Society that used to call on old or sick church members. I remember once being in Tom Ferguson's shop when he did business in the place where the "Club 19" now is. Mrs. Dickson came in and informed Tom that she was done with that Phil Librock. Well, she had poor Tom haul down about everything on his shelves and finished her shopping and poor Tom, by buying five cents worth of pen nibs, which were to be charged. If you could have seen the look of patient suffering on Tom's face, your heart would have bled for him and the sigh of relief which seemed to come from his boots was certainly heartfelt as the lady took her triumphant departure.

JOHN REDHEAD

The Redhead family acquired the property after Mrs. Dickson, and lived there for many years. John Redhead was a well-known man here for many years. He had his boathouse business and built many nice boats and finished his career as Immigration Inspector at the Dock. John served on the Public School Board for a long time. He was Chairman of the Board when I was on it. He was Assessor of the Town for a time, too, and was altogether quite a useful citizen.

LITTLE - METHODIST PARSONAGE - BURN - RICHES PROPERTY

Along Regent Street, there is now a new house built by Fred Little, another retired soldier. The house next door was a double house for a long time; the one-half next to Little's being the Methodist Parsonage before the Church bought the present Parsonage on Victoria Street. In the other half, the Burns family dwelt for years, the last of them Miss Salome Burns, who was a fine musician and who taught music for years. She was Organist of the Methodist Church and her brothers Bob and Joe both sang in the Choir. They were a very talented family. Tom Riches finally bought the place and members of his family still live there. Tom was a well-known contractor and did a lot of useful work in and about the Town.

THE FOLLETT - COUILLARD HOUSE

The remaining house in this block is now the home of Mrs. Kenny Couillard. Kenny was a veteran of the First World War and a fine chap he was. It was a pleasure to know him. We

collaborated together one winter in a play for the legion and the better I knew him, the more I liked him. The house was built originally for Mrs. Follett, who made her home there until her decease. She was the widow of Steve Follett, the well-known merchant and Mayor of earlier days.

DEVOE-ROE-AWDEPROPERTY

At the corner of Regent and Gage Streets, stands the home of Ab Awde, who has been local Manager of the Canadian Cannery's these many years. He has served on the Board of Education for a long time and has always taken a great interest in Public Affairs. He is altogether a very useful citizen. This house was for years the home of Jerry Devoe, a well-known fruit dealer. Jerry had several marriages to his credit, the last of them being a sister of Jack Nisbet. He was quite musical too. I remember that he came to High School one Friday afternoon and entertained us by playing two Jews Harps. I used to be able to play one and plenty of the boys of my time could do that, but Jerry was the only one that I ever knew who could play two. Jerry's full name, by the way was Jeremiah Jedidiah, which was quite a mouthful. Jerry had at one time, an apple evaporator at the Dock in later years. His last place of residence was the house on the next corner, which he built.

After he moved up the street, the old house was bought by Rev. Mr. Roe, a retired clergyman. Mrs. Roe was a sister of John W. Ball. Miss Kate Roe was the last of this family to live in this house. She finally moved to Toronto and sold the house. Miss Roe taught in St. Mark's Sunday school and sang in the Choir for many years.

THE FOLLETT - SERVOS HOUSE

June 2, 1949

The brick house next was the home of the Folletts for years, Mrs. Follett selling to Alex. Servos after she built the new house. Mr. Servos was a fine citizen, formerly owning the farm in the Township, afterwards known as "The Meadowbrook Farm." His widow still lives in the house.

THE MURPHY - KEITH HOUSE

The cottage next door was the home of Con. Murphy and his wife when I first remember it. Con, or Cud, as he was often called, was often referred to as "The Irish Lord." He used to cut quite a dash on Sundays with a plug hat and a long tailed coat. Hence the nickname. They used

to tell a story about Cud. It seems that Cud was driving a team which ran away and Cornelius landed under the wagon. His old mother saw the mishap and came running to the scene, crying "Oh Cornelius, alanna, are you dead?" "No mother" came the reply from under the wagon "but I'm speechless". "Oh speak again Cornelius alanna." "I can't mother," said Cud. I remember how mad it would make Cud when some kid would pipe up this conversation. Poor Con and his wife came to a sorry end, as they were asphyxiated by coal gas in the house where Ed. Keith now lives.

THE DEVOE - BISSELL - BERNARDS HOUSE

The corner house, now the home of G. M. Bernards, was built by Jerry Devoe. There had been a house on this site which Mr. Devoe moved along Centre Street and in this house on its new site; Bill Bissell lived until his recent death.

THE DOYLE HOUSE

The new house was later acquired by Harold Doyle and here he made his home until ill health forced him to move to St. Catharines. I must make some mention of Candy, and as he will read this, I'd better watch my step. Candy was a most likeable fellow and for years after his father died, he had the Liquor Store until the O.T.A. put him out of business. Everybody liked his cheery manner and ready wit, and he still manages to be cheerful in spite of his poor health.

THE FIELD - LYALL - LALLEY - SENIOR - MCCARTAN PROPERTIES

On the adjacent corner of Victoria and Centre Streets, stands a brick house, now the home of F. T. Lailey. Here at one time, dwelt a Mrs. Murray Field and here too dwelt W. E. Lyall, then Principal of the Public School. Several new houses have lately been erected in this block, but for a long time, the only other dwelling was that now owned by Mr. Tom McCartan. When I first remember this house, it was the home of William Senior who had a shop on Queen Street where the big fire occurred. His son Joe was a classmate of mine at High school where he was known as Joe Senior while I was Joe Junior of course. Joe's mother lived a long time after her husband passed away. She had a relative living with her when I was a kid, named Richard Wynn, usually known as Bunny, a name which he very much resented. Bunny was quite a character. He was a Fenian Raid Veteran and was in the march to Fort Erie with the Niagara Company. His

name appears in Miss Carnochan's book just under my father's. Bunny was not too bright mentally, but was quite a big, brawny fellow who carried a heavy cane which he used to good effect on anyone who annoyed him. During the war in South Africa, some of the local wags convinced Bunny that he was a military genius, and that Queen Victoria had great confidence in his judgment and had instructed General Buller to consult him when in doubt about any move in the war game. Among them, they strung poor Bunny along till the war was over. They even faked up a number of medals which were supposed to have been awarded him for his services to the Army. Bert St. John used to have a photo of Bunny with his array of medals. After the war, they arranged to have King Edward the 7th present him with a gorgeous uniform and frequent bulletins were received as to the state of readiness of the uniform. They finally had to sink the ship that was bringing the uniform over the briny. Bunny, by the way could string off the manual or arms perfectly, but he was the most awkward soldier imaginable when it came to performing the same.

TOM McCARTAN

The present occupant of this house must not be dismissed to summarily. Tom is a Carpenter by occupation, a very good one and a most likeable fellow and very witty. I never knew Tom to be stuck for a rejoinder in any verbal encounter he met with. A typical witty Irishman, he is one of a large family. He was for a time, our Chief Constable.

THE CRAISE - DUNN - CURRIE - MATHER - LAWSON PROPERTIES

Except for the new houses that have sprung up nearby, there was one for a long time, the home of the Jim Craises, now the home of the Dunns. Jim Craise was for a generation, the Secretary of the School Section in which is the Railroad School; called after him "The Craise School" He was a good farmer and a very fine type of citizen. He and his good wife died at almost the same time. As far as I remember, this house and the one just around the corner on Gage Street, were built by Charlie Currie. The latter of these, he sold to a Miss Mather and after her death, it was sold for taxes. Mr. Currie bought it and sold it to the Lawsons.

JAMES B. SECORD

The next house is quite an old one and was at one time lived in by James B. Secord who was for many years, Division Court Clerk and Notary Public. He was also Issuer of Marriage Licenses and it was to this house, that my wife and I went for our License. Jimmy, as he was called, was

Superintendent of St. Mark's Sunday school before me and was Churchwarden for some years. He was a grandson of Laura Secord and he told me that on the day that the present Brock's monument was formally opened, he was locked in the Monument and spent the longest night of his life in its chilly interior, scared stiff and hungry and lonely. Jimmy died in office as S.S. Superintendent in 1899 and I succeeded him and served until 1939, when I had to give it up.

SAMUEL SHEARER

Another prominent man who lived here later on was Samuel Shearer, a retired farmer and who also became Division Court Clerk. Sam was a quiet mannered man and served part of the year 1911 in Council, having been elected to fill a vacancy.

THE RUNDLE - TESTER PROPERTY

The remaining house along here is the home of the Rundles, who have been there for some years. At one time, Alf Tester lived here. Alf went overseas with the 76th Battalion. After his return, the family moved to Toronto.

THE GEALE, MAURER & GREENE PROPERTY

June 9th, 1949

The next block we come to is really two blocks in size, as William Street does not go through it. In the first house, where the Greene family now live, I remember the Geales. For those of us who did not know this family, I wish to explain that the name is pronounced "Gale". Captain Geale was a former British Army Officer and was a fine looking man, wearing a moustache and side whiskers. He had a nice family; his three daughters were Sunday School Teachers in my young days. The family all drifted away from here, the Captain remaining behind and living at the Barracks of which he was Caretaker in his latter days. He had a fine singing voice and it was a treat to hear him. After Geale's day, Louis Maurer owned the place for a time. He married one of the Osmund girls. As he was German, he went to the U.S. during the First War and Mike Greene bought the place.

GEALES' GROVE OR THE WILDERNESS

Lots 235, 236, 237, 238

THE CLAUS FAMILY

The Wilderness, as it is now called, was known as "Geale's Grove and I remember that we had our annual Sunday School Picnic there on one occasion. This is believed to be the place where the Indians came to receive their treat money, the owners for years being members of the Claus Family, who were also Indian Agents for the Crown. In Lots 235,236,237,238, and 96 feet of allowance of William Street between King and Regent Streets. This is unique in that the Street allowance is recorded as "having been closed by the verdict of jury".

THE CLAUS - W.H.J. EVANS & AUSTIN PROPERTY

W.H.J. Evans lived here for a long time. Evans was in the coal business, his bins being at the Dock. He fell on bad days financially and the place was sold to W. R. Austin. After Mr. Austin sold it, it was in the hands of U.S. residents for some years and due to the depression, I had the job of selling it for taxes, later it being redeemed by the Mortgagees and is now back in the possession of the Austin family. Mr. Evans was quite prominent in public affairs and served six years in Council. He never was Reeve, but served some time as County Commissioner and was Warden in 1900. After Mr. Evan's first wife died, he married Kate Claus, a member of the family who built the house.

POWELL - MORSON - LONGHURST - DOYLE - PORTER - BEATTIE

The remaining house in this block is now usually called the "White Inn," so dubbed by Jay Doyle when he owned it. Lest anyone should be led astray by claims that Brock slept here, I should like to point out that the house was not built until 1826 by John Powell. Miss Carnochan is quite definite about this. It is common report that only two houses were left unburnt in 1813, one of them being the Clench house, afterwards accidentally burn.

When was a boy, Or Morson lived here. The Doctor was a little old man, rather irascible, with a fluent vocabulary, if you know what that means. He sported a plug hat and being small in stature, that plug hat was the target for fun loving youths, who delighted in smiting the plug down over the Doctor's eyes, and then extricating him from its depths with much sympathy. Judge Morson of Toronto was his son and the Macreas of Oakville are his grand-children. Jim Longhurst lived here for a time, while running his coal business nearby. Jay Doyle had it and made some changes in it, taking down a portion of it and coloring it white. Then F.D. Porter had it and since his death, it has changed hands several times, being now the property of Fred Beattie. During the First War, it was used as a Hostess House.

GEALE-DICKSON – CURTIS – VANARSDALE - LUTZ & HARRISON

In the block bounded by Centre, Regent, William and Victoria Streets, there was until recently, only one house. At one time, the Geale-Dicksons live here and later it was owned by F. B. Curtis, a Buffalo man. Then Mrs. VanArsdale had it for a long time and since her death the Lutz and Harrisons own and occupy it.

THE CUMPSON HOUSE

Across the street is the Cumpson house, built by Bob Cumpson and where he lived until his death a few years ago. Bob was a man who did his bit for the Community by serving 14 years in Council. He was in the Livery Business for a long time, and was in partnership with his brother-in-law Mike Greene. After retiring from that business, he took over Jim Longhurst's Coal business and carried this on successfully until his retirement a few years before he died.

THE CAUGHILI & MCCARTHY PROPERTIES

June 16th, 1949

Further up the street, Regent Street, is a comparatively new house, built by Harvey Caughill. Harvey was in the Coal business, he having taken over this business from Mrs. Miles. He passed away a few years ago, but the business continued in the family, his brother Herb being the Manager. When Jay Doyle owned the White Inn, he had a survey made of the two acres of which the property consisted and sold the part fronting on Regent Street. On a part of this, Bob McCarthy has built himself a neat cottage in which he makes his home.

F.T. SULLIVAN - WOMEN'S ARMY

The late F. T. Sullivan bought the property next and lived there until his death. He was a very public spirited man and served the Town in many ways. He was a lumber merchant in the U.S. Both he and Mrs. Sullivan were fine people and most useful residents. During the recent war, the Women's Army occupied the house. Since that time it has been sold and turned into an Inn.

MRS STIMSON'S COTTAGE

The Cottage up the street is now the home of Mrs. Stimson who bought it a few years ago and uses it as a Summer home.

THE GEORGE MATTHEWS PROPERTY

Around the corner on Mary Street, is the home of George Matthews. This family has been here as long as I can remember; the father was a well-known teamster. He was a hardy man and I have seen him driving his team, hauling ice from the river in the depth of winter without an overcoat and mitts, when other teamsters were heavily muffled up. George and Harry, Mrs. O'Neil and Mrs. Harry Steele are members of this family. George is about the last of the Company of Teamsters, once a goodly array of men.

THE WALTER THEOBALD PROPERTY

A new house has sprung up on the acre lot next, formerly part of the Sullivan property, the owner having set up business as a tree and gardening expert, in the person of Mr. Walter Theobald.

THE JOE GREENE PROPERTY

On the easterly corner of Mary and Regent Streets is the home of Mrs. Joe Greene, a comparatively modern house. Joe Greene was a man widely known, he having been in public life for many years. Joe spent most of his life on the farm where the Bordeaux Winery is now. He served seven years in Town Council, two of them as Councilor and five as Reeve, with four years as County Commissioner in between. From 1899 to 1906 inclusive, there was no Reeve and Joe served four of those years in County Council. On the change back to electing Reeves in 1907, Joe became Reeve and held the office until his retirement at the end of 1911. He was County warden in 1907. He was a most intelligent man, making few mistakes in his public career. He was witty too. I remember his telling me of one occasion in County Council, when the question of increasing the per diem allowance of members of Council to five dollars was under discussion. One member was vigorously opposing the raise, whereupon Joe remarked that evidently the member didn't think he was worth the increase, whereas he, Joe thought he (Joe) was. Joe married Mary Hunter, a school teacher. Mary's father, Neil Hunter, owned the property and lived in the house now occupied by Harry Matthews. After Mary's marriage to Joe, they built the new house and there they lived. Some years after Mary's death, Joe married again, his second wife also being a very fine woman. I always regarded the Greenses as warm, personal friends.

JACK & HERB CAUGHILL PROPERTIES

June 23, 1949

Up on the other corner of this block is the Caughill homestead. Here lived Jack Caughill, a fine sturdy type of citizen. He was a teamster and a grain thresher and was known all over the district. Next door is a newer house, that of Herb, his son. Herb was in the employ of the Canadian Cannery for years and since his brother's death, he has been managing the coal business. Those were all a good substantial family, respected and respectable.

THE TOM MCCUE & ERNIE PRICE PROPERTY

Next door, the home of the Ernie Prices lived at one time, Thomas McCue. Tom was a typical Irishman and always reminded me of Kipling's Terence Mulvaney. Read "Soldiers Three" if you want to see what I mean. Tom hadn't a very high opinion of his wife's ability to raise children. I remember on one occasion, I was Census Enumerator. Tom was living in one of the Barrack buildings and he invited me in. "Come along, Joe, and I'll show you a Feine Choild." The child, a girl was sleeping in a cradle in a chimney corner. I never forgot Tom's air of pride as he held up the kid's leg for my inspection. "Look at that for a leg," said he. "And me own raisin toe. Ann the darn old fool doesn't know how to raise kids." The girl grew up to be a fine big woman and I had to remember her dad holding her leg up for my inspection, whenever I saw her. Tom wound up his career as a lock Tender on the Canal, moving to St. Catharines. Ernie Price is a Veteran of the First World War, serving in the 176th Battalion.

JAMES CARNOCHAN

Jim Carnochan and his family lived next door on the corner. Jim served in the First War, enlisting in the 256th Battalion. Jim was a nephew of Janet Carnochan, his father being James, a brother of Janet, and living on a farm on the River Road, now the home of the Walkers.

ROY DALGLEISH

Roy Dalglish lives in the next house on Victoria Street. Roy has been with the Caughills since Adam was a baby. He eats and sleeps coal dust and if you don't believe me, ask him.

TOM HOLAHAN PROPERTY

Some people and houses get overlooked. In fact, I met a lady a few days ago and she very gently remarked that I had overlooked their house. So I must, of course, repair the omission. On Regent Street, between Queen & Johnson St. is a nice roughcast cottage, the home of Art Holahan. The house was built by Art's father Tom, who was for years in the contracting business with Frank Bissell and his son John. Later he pursued a piscatorial calling. I have always known this family as Tom's father Jim, was born into the same Regiment as my father and we were always the very best of friends. I have a picture of Jim taken in a car with John Thornton, my wife's father and W. J. Campbell, all Fenian Raid Veterans, the occasion of the picture taking being one of the Patriotic Parades of years ago.

THE BLACK COMMUNITY

I should like to remark here, that we are now in what used to be commonly called "Nigger Town" and all around here were the people of African race and who have now completely disappeared from our Town. Reminiscences are simply recollections and this territory was beyond my scope of wanderings when I was a youngster. So don't expect this to be a complete history of this or any other part of the Town.

THE MILLS - McCARTAN - LEE PROPERTY

The house which used to stand next to Oalgleishes, was long the home of Tom Mills, a colored teamster, a very decent fellow. He teamed coal for W.H.J. Evans for years and was a very strong man. I have seen him lift a barrel of coaloil by the chins and place it in his wagon unassisted. Bill McCartan and his family lived here for some years. Bill raised quite a large family, two of whom are still with us in the persons of Tom and Mrs. Jim McCarthy. Later on, Harry Lee acquired the property and lived here until the house was accidently burned down.

THE THOMAS - OTTAWAY PROPERTY

Around the corner on Mary Street, is a frame cottage for a long time the home of Mrs. Mary Thomas, whose eldest son Reginald was killed in the First Great War. Several of her children are with us still, as well as several grandchildren. Mrs. Walt Sheppard, Mrs. John Cumpson and Mrs. J.F. Walsh are daughters and one son Joe Thomas, all nice people. After Mrs. Thomas passed on, the Harry Ottaways had the place and now it has changed hands again. While Mrs. Thomas lived there, the house was burned and rebuilt and added to and it is now a neat house.

THE HEWGILL - HAINES PROPERTY

July 7, 1949

On the southerly corner of Regent and Mary Streets is a house, now the abode of Charlie Haines. As I first remember it, it was the home of the Hewgill Family. Captain Edwin Hewgill was an old Army Officer and had a large family. One of his daughters, Alice, married H.A. Garrett, one of our Mayors. Another was one of my early Sunday School Teachers, Constance, a very fine woman. One of the sons, Lovelace, was an officer in the old R.N.W. Mounted Police, when the west was virgin territory. He wrote quite an account of his experiences on duty when the C.P.R. was building. I found it very interesting. His son Ted was born in Rat Portage, now Kenora.

THE ROBINSON - HAINES PROPERTY

Various people lived in the house after the Hewgills had gone away and Jimmy Robinson finally bought it and lived there until he passed on at the age of 97 years. I knew the Robinsons well all my life. They lived on two different farms on the River Road and my brother Will lived with them for some years. After they came into Town to live, Mr. Robinson was a faithful attendant and aidesman at St. Mark's. A nice, amiable, soft spoken Englishman and a credit to the Town.

This property, by the way, formerly included the two acres now occupied by the Canadian Cannery. I suppose everybody knows Charlie Haines. He doesn't hide his light under a bushel. A veteran of the First World War, he has been prominent in Legion Circles for a long time.

BEST - SERVOS - SCHMIDT - DAVEY - HARDISON - RUSSELL

On the next corner, facing on King Street, is a brick house now occupied by the Tom Russells. This was in the Best family for years and here lived the famous Fred who served nearly 22 years in Council and died in his last term as Mayor, the only Mayor to die in office. Fred Best had a ready turn of wit and used it on occasion. I remember once, he hired Dave Cumpson to do some fruit tree pruning. Dave was a fair promiser but was not so strong on performance. On being pressed by Fred to be sure to come the next day, he solemnly promised that he'd be on hand the next morning if he were alive. Fred accepted the assurance but alas, David did not appear as promised, so everybody who came into Fred's shop was given the dismal tidings that poor Dave Cumpson was dead. As in all small towns, the news spread and of course, reached Dave's ears, whereupon he rushed to Fred in great indignation. Fred very blandly explained

that he knew Dave was a man of his word and having absolute faith in him, he of course, was convinced that Dave had passed away. Well, he had poor Dave there, so Dave had to eat a square meal of that black bird whose caws are so well known. Different people have owned the place since Fred passed on, among them, Alex Servos, Jack Schmidt, Vern Davey and Ray Hardison. The Tom Russells have lived there for some years. Tom is in the employ of the Cannery.

BEST - FREEL - STEWART - CURD PROPERTY

The frame cottage next door was for years the property of Miss Fanny Best and later belonged to Mrs. Walter Freel. It later became the property of W. G. Stewart who lived there for a time and then sold it to Mrs. Curd who now lives on it.

CANADIAN CANNERS

The two acres on John Street in this block now houses the Canadian Cannery, who built the present factory building and moved their scene of operations from the Dock. This is the third site occupied by the Cannery. The first site of the factory was in a building that stood near the southerly arm of the slip. Here the Delhi Canning Co., started under the management of W. H. Whiteside of Delhi. Next they moved to the building now used as a Basket Factory. The Dominion Cannery then took over and Jack Black was the Manager for years. Besides his work for the Cannery, Jack served eight years in Council. He was well liked by all who knew him and after his leaving the Cannery, he returned to St. Davids, his former home and where he died a few years ago.

WATERS - SKELTON PROPERTY

July 14, 1949

In the next block along King Street, is a house now owned by the Cannery, but my first remembrance of this house is as the home of John Waters. Mr. Waters had some African blood in him, but he was a man very much respected and he served six years in Council and bore the reputation of being a wise councilor. He was a relative of Dan Waters who kept a livery stable for years. John had a son Humphrey Waters who raised chickens. Some rude persons helped themselves to his whole stock of barn pheasants with the exception of a hen and a rooster and they were kind enough to leave a note to the effect that they were leaving these for breeding purposes. In later years, Henry Skelton lived here. His son Jim published the Niagara Times for a while, taking over from the widow of Rev. J. S. Clarke. Jim later moved to Weston where he still

resides. Bella, Jim's sister married D'Arcy Caskey, our late lamented Public Librarian. She now lives with her brother in Weston.

JOHN BISSELL HOUSE

From here to the Town Boundary, houses were few in the Centre Ward. Over in the next block, on the corner of John and Regent Streets is the Bissell home. Here John Bissell lived and his widow after him. His son George now lives here.

N.S. & T. RAILWAY HOUSE

On the opposite corner is a brick house built by the N.S. & T Railway to house electric equipment and they also had a freight shed nearby.

THE CUMMINGS - ROBERTSON PROPERTY

Up at the end of Victoria Street is the home of Jimmy Robertson. Here was the home of the Cummings family in former years. Kate Cummings was the last of the family to live here. She married a railway man, Joe Carver and after her mother died, she sold the place. Jimmy Robertson is the grandson of the original James of that ilk whom came here direct from Scotland with his family. He was usually known as Rickydoo, from a song he used to sing. Rickydoo served four years in council. He finally got a job on the Canal and moved to Port Dalhousie. Our present Jimmie has two fine sons and a nice wife and is a quiet, likeable chap whom everybody likes. At the upper end of King Street, several houses have been built of late years, all occupied by industrious people. This about winds up my Reminiscences of the Centre Ward, although I may have something to say about various persons later on.

RIVER END OF WESTERN WARD

GOVERNMENT RESERVE - QUEEN'S ROYAL HOTEL JUDGE WATTS - ANSELL PROPERTY

July 21st, 1949

So we go down to the river end of the western ward. The waterfront part of this ward was not included in the original numbered part of the Town, but was Military Ground. The part lying between the end of Victoria Street and the end of Gate Streets was part of the Government Reserve and was secured from the Government of the day by Captain Dick, the original owner

of the Queen's Royal Hotel. The first building erected on this part of the former hotel grounds, stood near where the Golf Club is now situated. It was built to serve as a meeting place for a religious gathering that came here annually, a sort of Bible conference, to which came people from all over the Continent. After this ceased to be, the building was used as a dance pavilion for the hotel guests, being moved later to just across the end of Victoria Street. After the hotel was scrapped, Judge Watts turned it into a residence. Judge Watts was Police Court Judge at Niagara Falls, New York. His family came from our Town originally, they having moved to Lockport, N.Y. when I was a kid. They were shoemakers, the Judge's mother being a sister of Charlie Briggs. After the Judge died, his family sold the property to Charles Ansell. Mr. Ansell removed the house and has not yet replaced it.

McGAW - WINNETT; SCHMON - CROY; CARMICHAEL PROPERTIES

Then, the next buildings to be erected were two cottages, one of them owned by Tom McGaw, the other by Henry Winnett. These were the two partners who owned the hotel for years. The one now owned by A. A. Schmon became the property of the eldest of the Winnett girls, now Mrs. Barnard. The other belonged to the McGaws. It was purchased by Peter Croy of Niagara Falls, N.Y. a druggist. He remodelled the house at considerable expense, but becoming a victim of the current depression, he lost the place to the mortgagees, who sold it to H.J. Carmichael, the present owner.

THE GOLF CLUBHOUSE

The present Golf Clubhouse was originally situated at the end of the breakwater and housed a steam pump which supplied river water to the Hotel. After the Town's Waterworks were installed, the pump house was shifted to its present site and used by the guests of the hotel as a club house. Of course, it has been added to and is now the property of the Niagara Golf Club, they having purchased it from the proprietors of the hotel.

THE TOWN EASEMENT TO THE GOLF CLUB

It may interest my readers to know that the Town, as owner of the hotel property has what is known as an easement or right of way through the Schmon and Carmichael properties, which gives you and me the right to walk through these properties whether the owners object or not. There used to be a gravel walk along the top of the river bank from the hotel to the common at

Gate Street and when the hotel proprietors deeded the lots away, they reserved the easement referred to so that the hotel guests should have access to the golf links through the grounds. As the Town now owns the site of the hotel, of course, this easement now belongs to the people.

THE ROYAL NIAGARA GOLF CLUB

I should also like to observe here that the present Golf Club is not the original Royal Niagara Golf Club. This club had its Clubhouse in the headquarters building at the Military Camp Ground. The present Club was formed by the Hotel Company for its guests at a much later date. The old Club finally folded up and the modern one carried on. This Club has what is known as "A License of Occupation," from the government which is terminable at short notice, which means that if and when the Park's Commission takes a notion to improve (7) the Common, the Golf Club would be left without a course.

THE GOODWIN - RODGERS PROPERTY

The first of the properties we have now to consider is Lot 9, the site of a Cottage now the home of Doug Rodgers. When I first knew about this property, it was the home of an old couple named Goodwin. In the course of time, these good people passed on. Mrs. Goodwin lived on after her husband and the family had gone, She left the house to St. Mark's Church and its contents to Mrs. O'Melia. Sam Campbell bought the property from the Church and members of that family lived there until they in turn passed away. Various people occupied it from time to time, until the present owner acquired it. Douglas is a Veteran of the First War and has served five years in Council. While I was serving as Clerk, I regarded Doug Rodgers as one of the best Councillors I have known.

NATIVE WINE

There was a funny incident in connection with the removal of the contents of this house after Mrs. Goodwin died. Ned O'Melia enlisted the services of a bunch of his fellow fishermen to assist in the operation. Among the contents of the cellar were found two kegs filled with native wine, a beverage quite outside the experience of a simple fisherman. Quite innocently, they partook freely of the beverage with rather disastrous results. If you could have seen the gang navigating down the middle of Queen Street heading for Doyle's Hotel, it would have been a sight. Wide as is that spacious thoroughfare, they needed it all, for the going was heavy and the seas high.

THE BALL - ANDERSON PROPERTY

Next door is a house that was the home of Miss Minnie Ball for a long time and here too later lived Nelson Anderson, who was for a long time in charge of our Electric Utility. I had the privilege of working with him for three years and found him a very fine fellow to work with.

THE WINTHROP - SAWN - LEPAN PROPERTY

July 28th, 1949

Next door is the home of Mrs. Winthrop, a very nice lady. I came to know her husband Farbrace very well. He was a nice man to know, but was a bit absent minded at times. Various people have lived in this house. The first I remember was Miss Katie Sawn, who was a well-known musician in her day. Here too lived Col. A. D. LePan who was Commandant of the Polish Army Camp.

CHARLIE CURRIE HOUSE

July 28th, 1949

On the corner of Prideaux Street is a new house built by Charlie Currie. Charlie built or rebuilt a large number of houses in our Town. You find them all over the burg. He was low and painstaking, but had good taste in his planning and building.

CAMPBELL - PORTER - APPLEFORD - CAUGHILL PROPERTY

July 28th, 1949

Next on Prideaux Street is a house, now the home of Lal Caughill, but which was for years, the home of Bill Campbell. This Bill was not Herb's father but a cousin. He, like his cousin, was a Blacksmith, but when I knew him best, he was fishing with my dad. He served his apprenticeship with the Platts on Johnson Street. He had quite a family, one son still living in Buffalo. He had one daughter May, who married George Slingerland and moved to St. Catharines.

I remember one quiet summer evening, Doc Lockwood and I were taking a quiet walk in this neighborhood, when we sat down on the grass and were quietly chatting when we observed May and Ellie Kearins strolling round and round the block. We knew they were waiting for their two swains to appear and when they were out of sight, we secured a piece of clothesline from a nearby yard and tied it between a tree and the fence about a foot high. We then retired to the shade to await developments. Our two ladies did not reappear, but while we waited, someone else came up Prideaux Street. We heard them talking, but couldn't see who they were. We heard them saying "Goodnight" and a girl who lived down the street a bit, hustled along Prideaux St. towards her home. Well, she hit our trap at a half trot and down she went to the accompaniment of some forcible language on her part and of course, we didn't conceal our laughter. I believe she skinned both shins. We are reminded of the old couplet, "For many a shaft at random sent, Finds mark the archer never meant." After Bill Campbell died, John Porter bought the house and remodelled it. After a time, he sold to Bob Appleford and Bob's widow sold to Lal Caughill.

THE LEMON PROPERTY

July 28th, 1949

Next are two new houses which have been built in recent years. The first is the home of the Lemons. Mrs. Lemon is a daughter of Walter Reid, Jr., who is a grandson of the first Bob Reid, whom I best remember as a Member of Elliott's Dragnet Crew at the beach. Old Bob as he was called to distinguish him from his son Bob who was our Chief Constable for so many years, was a smallish man who loved an argument the family lived for a long time in a house that stood about where Mrs. Rigg's house now stands, but which faced on Prideaux Street. This house, if I remember aright, was moved to Gate Street where it is now the home of Mrs. H.H. Harris, Charlie Currie being the one who bought and moved it. At another time, they lived in a house that stood on the Hannah Servos lot, now owned by Mrs. Ivan Wright. Here Walter Reid Sr. was born.

THE RAYNOR RESIDENCE

July 28th, 1949

On the corner of Gate Street, is the Raynor residence. Here lived Jack Raynor and his family. Jack was my Dad's pal from boyhood, both being born in the Army Barracks at Gibraltar within about six months of each other. Natives of Gibraltar were usually known in Army Circles as "Rock Scorpions." They also passed on about six months apart. Jack's daughter Mrs. Bert McClelland now lives here as do her daughter and son-in-law, our Chief Constable and his good

wife. My family and the Raynors were always good friends, my sister Lizzie being named after Mrs. Raynor who was her Godmother. Jack was a veteran of the Fenian Raids and I well remember him as Color Sergeant of Number 1 Company of the old 19th Battalion. While my Dad was Sergeant-Major of the Battalion, Jack had quite a varied career, as Soldier, Sailor and Fisherman. He was for a time in the American Navy, during the Civil War and was wounded at the siege of Vicksburg, on the Mississippi and for which he afterwards received a pension from the American Government. I well remember helping my Dad to convey Jack and Dr. Warren across the river through the ice on several occasions when he was seeking his pension. Jack always took a sort of fatherly interest in me and his advice was of considerable value in shaping my career.

BEALE - HUTTY PROPERTY

August 4th, 1949

On the corner of Front and Gate Streets is a cottage which in its present outward appearance, always makes me think of a shabby woman who has donned a fur coat. As I remember it, it seemed to be a sort of down-at-heels, Patchwork house. Here lived for some years, Captain Percy Beale, a rather eccentric individual. I remember meeting him at the wharf one hot day in summer. Across the front of his linen coat, he tied a broad white ribbon, thereon was inscribed in letters visible to the naked eye "Yes, it is a hot day." He had a skiff that he named "Man of Kent." and in which he loved to row about the river. He and his wife rest in St. Mark's Graveyard. His wife, who outlived him, willed the property to her sister, Miss Hutton, and there she and her brother James lived for many years. James too has joined the company in St. Mark's, while Helena is spending her declining years in a rest home.

THE KIRBY HOUSE

August 4th, 1949

Then we come to the Kirby house, for years the home of the author of "Le Chien D'Or," and other works of just repute. I am quoting from his Memorial Tablet in St. Mark's. Mr. Kirby was a man of outstanding prominence. Originally a newspaper man, he showed great interest in all kinds of public business and organizations. He seems to have been in office in the Library Board for fifty-one years, serving as Secretary, Vice-President, and continuously as President for thirty years. When I first remember him, he was Collector of Customs, being succeeded by John Sands who was promoted to that office on the retirement of Mr. Kirby. He was also an active member of the Historical Society and of St. Mark's Church, which church he attended regularly.

He was a familiar figure on our streets, garbed in a gray shawl and his waist girt about by a sash. This was not an unheard of costume in those days.

KIRBY - MILLER - MASTERS PROPERTY

August 4th, 1949

After Mr. and Mrs. Kirby passed on, the Misses Miller occupied the place for a time and after them, we lived there for four years. John Kirby, son of William owned the place when we lived there and after his death in Toronto, his wife came here to live. The property is now in other hands.

THE HOSTETTER - RUMSEY - HARVEY PROPERTY

August 4th, 1949

Next door, is the home of the James Harveys. Various families have lived here in my time, among them the Hostettters and the Rumseys, but Jim Harvey has been there a long time. Jim was for a long time, a travelling salesman for a large fur company in whose employ he roamed all over the country.

THE OBAN INN & MILLOY FAMILY

August 4th, 1949

On the other corner of Front and Gate Streets, stands the Oban Inn, as named by Bill Milloy. As I first remember the place, it was the home of Mrs. Duncan Milloy and her children; William, Colin and Effie. This was quite an important family in the business life of the Town. Captain Duncan Milloy seems to have been the first of the name in Town. He lived at one time in the White Inn on King Street. He was a sailor and sailed the Steamer, "The City of Toronto," but had passed on before my recollections. He and his two sons, all served in Council, Captain Milloy for two years, Bill for three, and Colin for six. I first remember Bill who was sailing the family Steamer. He was a rather portly man with a rather smug expression of countenance. Jovial and rather easy going, he seems to have pretty well spoiled the family fortunes. In due course, Bill married and went to live in the brick house in the hollow between Byron and Ricardo Streets. Family squabbles led to Bill's being ousted from the management of the business, with Colin taking over. Bill, whose wife had gone away, was by this time, back at home with his mother. They added the present top storey to the house and dubbed it "Oban Inn" after the old home town of the family in Scotland. Here, Bill ran a boarding house until his death, after which event, it became the property of his sister Effie, who had married Arthur Harvey.

THE MILLOY FAMILY - THE OBAN INN - HOLMWOOD PROPERTYAugust 11th, 1949

The family misfortunes had not ceased, for it was lost to the mortgagees who sold it to the Holmwoods, who ran the place very successfully until Mr. Holmwood died, since which time it has again been sold. But to return to the Milloy's, Colin did not run the Wharf very long, the Niagara Navigation Company taking it over under a mortgage. Colin was the Captain of No.1. Company of the 19th and made a fine looking soldier. I served under him. He married and moved to Weiland. Colin was a nice fellow, not brilliant, but a good useful citizen, serving six years in Council. As I remember, Colin had a son who served in the First World War. Bill left no family, but Effie had a son and two daughters, none of them living in Niagara.

'CORNELIA' - SHERLOCK - DERBYSHIRES - COTTAGE HOSPITAL - SALVATION ARMY - CANADIAN LEGION - MURPHY PROPERTY

The next house on Gate Street was named "Cornelia." Here Charlie Sherlock and his wife kept boarders at one time, as did the Derbyshires at a later date. Here too, was the first home of our Cottage Hospital. Here the Canadian Legion had their domicile for a time and the Salvation Army had it during the late War. So you see, this frame building has been put to many uses. Steve Sherlock owned it after his mother died and he sold it to F.J. Murphy of St. Catharines.

LOWE- SERVOS - SECORD – ALLEN – DERBYSHIRE - LALLEYAugust 11th, 1949

Next was the Servos domain. This place had two houses on it, both since demolished. As far as I can trace, it was the home of Dr. Lowe, who was the father of Mrs. Hannah Servos. Hannah's husband was John D. Servos, a son of Col. Peter and Aunt Mary Servos. I remember Peter very well as he was another of my Dad's friends and quite often used to go fishing with us in the bass season. He was sojourning with Dan Servos, a cousin, who lived next to Doyle's Hotel on Picton Street. I do not remember the Servos family living in the old house, as they were in the house across the way. I do remember Jimmy Secord living in one half of the house, and Dick Allen lived in one half for a time. I had the duty of selling the property for taxes a few years ago and O.J. Derbyshire, who owned the next place on Prideaux St. bought it from the Town and he sold it to Chuck Lailey, except the part of the lot next to the Comella.

MR. MCBRIDE & THE FIRST AUTOMOBILE IN NIAGARAAugust 11th, 1949

On this part is a house which formerly stood on Simcoe Street. but which Mr. Derbyshire purchased and moved to its present site. As everybody knows, the former owner has made life a burden for everybody connected with the property ever since in efforts to upset the tax sale. The house which Derbyshire placed on the Lot was originally built for H.H. McBride, who was auditor for the Niagara Navigation Co. Mr. McBride was the proud possessor of the first automobile in these parts. It was a sight for sore eyes, to see his air of pride as he steered the article off the gangway of the boat. If any of you have seen the exhibit of old style cars at the Toronto Fair, you must have seen its counterpart. It has a long tiller, high wheels, hard tyres, no windshield and it was enough to scare horses into convulsive fits as it chugged and rattled and bumped over the earth roads of the day.

THE DERBYSHIRE - WESTON PROPERTIESAugust 11th, 1949

The next two houses on Prideaux Street were the Derbyshires'. The first, a very neat cottage, was built by Jim McCarthy for the Derbyshires. The other and larger one was originally the summer home of the Westons, a Toronto family.

THE BROWN- BISHOP WHITE PROPERTIESAugust 11th, 1949

The next two small cottages were for a long time, owned by the Browns, another Toronto family, who have since disposed of the property. One of them was owned later by Bishop White, who is well known here. The Bishop spent many years in China and was Bishop of Honan until his retirement. After the War, he returned to his old field in China for a time, but is now back in Canada. His wife was formerly a Miss Masters and they are a very nice, friendly pair of persons.

RIGG - DUCKWORTH - MCBRIDE - HARRIS PROPERTIESAugust 25th, 1949

On the corner of Simcoe Street is the home of Mrs. Rigg, whose husband was for many years our M.O.H. and practising physician. Dr. Rigg was always very much interested in our Cottage Hospital. His interest was shared by others and by a fine women's organization. It has become

an invaluable part of our community life. Mrs. Rigg bought her place from the Duckworths who had had a family summer home there since the house was built. The cottage which formerly stood on this site was sold by Mr. McBride and is now situated on Simcoe Street and is the home of Mrs. H.H. Harris. Charlie Currie moved the place and remodelled it into a very attractive cottage.

ORR-ERNST PROPERTY

August 11th, 1949

The next house on Simcoe Street is new and belongs to a Mr. Ernst. The George Orr house now stands on Gate Street.

THE WILKINSON - FOY - PET MAN - ERNST PROPERTY

August 11th, 1949

The next property was formerly all one, being comprised of Lots 14, 15, and 16, with only one house on it, which stood facing on Front Street. The family I best remember as living there were the Russell Wilkinsons. Mrs. Wilkinson, who is still with us is a daughter of Fred Paffard, whom I remember very well. Wilkie was one of the nicest men I have known, and a very gifted man. His handwriting in the Town Records is about the most consistently good that I have encountered. He was Town Clerk and Treasurer for six years and also served as Churchwarden of St. Mark's for some years. He was a jovial, humorous fellow with very nice manners, in short a gentleman, kindly and courteous. After the family moved to New York, John Foy bought the place. John was Manager of the Niagara Navigation Company and made his summer home here until his death, when the property was divided among his daughters. R.O. Petman, who married one of the girls, built and still occupies the house facing on Simcoe Street. The old house was taken down and a new one built a little further from the Oban. This was owned and occupied by two of the daughters: Miss Emily and Mrs. Eddie Foy. On Miss Emily's death, the house was divided and Emily's part was moved nearer to the Oban, to a spot about where the old house stood. This has now been acquired by another Mr. Ernst.

PRESBYTERIAN - METHODIST CHURCH

August 11th, 1949

On the Westerly corner of Prideaux and Gate Streets is a house with a unique bit of history. It was the Methodist Church and stood where the small cemetery is. At one time, there were two Presbyterian Churches in Town. The present United Church was that of the Canadian Presbyterian Church. On the amalgamation of the two, this church was sold to the Methodists. In the Town Office are records from both of the Presbyterian bodies of that time.

BURK - LOWES - SERVOS - WRIGHT PROPERTY

August 11th, 1949

Tom Burk bought the Methodist building and moved it to its present site and in it he set up what was known as a Pork Factory. Later on, the Lowes took over the building under a mortgage so I am informed. In my time, Mrs. Hannah Servos lived in it, and after her death, it was bought by Mrs. Ivan Wright who is its present possessor. Mrs. Servos' husband was John D., a son of Col. Peter and Aunt Mary. Walter Reid tells me that he was born in a small stone house that formerly stood on this property.

THE KUSTES PROPERTY

August 11th, 1949

Next, on Gate Street, is a frame house built by John Kustes of Toronto and used as a summer home. It is now owned by his son William.

THE NASH - WILLETT PROPERTY

August 11th, 1949

Next is another frame house, now occupied by George Willett. For a time, there was a Private Hospital there, during the first World War, kept by a Mrs. Nash.

THE ROGERS BLOCK

August 11th, 1949

On the corner of Gate and Queen Streets, there used to be a brick building, known as the "Rogers Block." It was quite a large building with a large hall upstairs. Here for years, the Band

met. I once had the pleasure of taking a course of lessons on a Tenor Horn from a Sergt. Roberts who was Bandmaster for a time. Roberts had been a Band Sergeant at Fort Niagara, who came here to live on leaving the Army. He lived in the Curtis house on Victoria Street. He also taught St. Mark's Choir for three months, afterwards moving away. In this hall, at one time, there was a roller skating rink, there being a fad for that sport at the time. In a large room on the ground floor, the Christian Endeavour Society of St. Andrew's Church held its meetings for a long time. The building was taken down a long time ago and is now forgotten except by a few of us antedulivians.

September 1st, 1949

Next door is a substantial dwelling, once the home of John Blake, who was one of the important business men of the Town. The particular business in which he participated in my early days was the Tannery at the Dock. He was an enthusiastic angler and kept a small boat in which he pursued the finny tribe during the summers. Those were the days when one used a substantial hickory rod and when one so armed and furnished with a large can of juicy, succulent dew worms, angled for the wily bass or perch with varying success. Here still dwells two estimable women, John's daughters, Miss Gertrude Blake and Mrs. Harrison, both very fine persons and like the Dorcas of old, "filled with good works" We've already met Bill, husband of Annie Blake. I have to be careful of what I say about Bill, as he still dwells among us, and no doubt will scan this and just wonder what that man Masters has to say about him. However, Bill isn't a bad scout and it is not a new thing to see himself in print.

NEWTON - HARRISON PROPERTY

August 11 th, 1949

Next door is a brick house, once the home of the Newtons. I well remember Mrs. Newton, a tall, thin woman, daughter of Sheriff MacDougall of Auld Lang Syne. She had two sons, like the man in the song, Clarence and William. I never knew Clarence personally, as he never lived in the Town in my day, being a prosperous business man in New York, but Bill lived here at times. He was a tall, bony fellow with a rather erratic manner, very excitable. He was at various times, a newspaper man and a pain in the neck for his mother. At one time, he had a paper of his own called "The Echo." which did not last long. As I remember, it was printed at the Falls. There was a keen rivalry between Bill Newton and Billy Smith who ran the Youngstown News. Billy Smith was a Niagara man and he printed a Niagara edition of his paper, a weekly and which had quite a circulation on our side of the border. Billy used to print some of the darndest yarns about

William MacNoodle Dewton and Bill Newton, of course, couldn't do anything about it. Poor Newton went off his trolley in later life and Bill Harrison bought the property.

DR. ANDERSON

August 11 th, 1949

The next house is now the Hospital, but was for many years, the home of Dr. Anderson, one of the outstanding men of his day. The Doctor had not long been practising in Niagara when I arrived, but he served this Community and served it well for a generation. He may not have been as up to date as the new crop of practitioners, but he was good. I remember Dr. Willie Greenwood who spent a year in our Town with Dr. Anderson telling me that he had searched Dr. Anderson's books for thirty years back and found that Dr. Anderson had had an average of eleven cases of typhoid fever a year and that of them he had only lost three cases, and in cases lost, there were complications which is a truly remarkable record. Of course, under modern conditions, typhoid is almost unknown now in our Town but it used to be quite common. The Doctor was a kindly man and a useful citizen. He would never accept any remuneration for his services as M.O.R. which office he filled for many years. He also found time to serve three terms in Council, one of them as Mayor. He was Churchwarden of St. Mark's Church for a time. A splendid type of man and one only too rare. We have other doctors now and good ones too they are, but they will have to go some to beat Dr. Anderson's record.

MACBAIN PROPERTY

August 11 th, 1949

The MacBains own the next house. They have been coming to our Town for many years. I can remember their private car parked on the siding at the Dock many years ago, while Mac spent his days fishing while his good wife kept house in the car. Fine people and a good sample of the best of our summer people. Several people have occupied this house in times past, most of them what might be termed transients.

PAFFARD - CROOKS - BERGE - SILVERTHORN - GOODERHAM

September 8th, 1949

A large house stands by itself nearby, on a lot which I remember was apparently carved out of the Mississauga Reserve. The first occupant of this domain was the late Fred Paffard, a brother of Henry and the father of Mrs. Russell Wilkinson, who is still in our midst with several of her

progeny. I used to see Mr. Paffard around the Town but he died many years ago. He was a wholesale Druggist as I remember. After his death, the property changed hands several times. This lot has no number as other lots in the Town Plan have. One must remember that the land about Fort Mississauga was once the property of one James Crooks and when the Government, after the War of 1812 desired to build a fort to defend the mouth of the river, they exchanged the four blocks bounded by King, Picton, Wellington and Castlereagh Streets for the Crooks land. The original Town Plan was laid out by the Army Engineers, therefore, did not include the Lot we are discussing, so it was given no number. A Mr. H.K. Berge of Buffalo owned the place for a time and built the large wing next to Simcoe Street. Then W.K. Silverthorn owned it. Then it was purchased by Mrs. Robert Gooderham of Toronto and after he death it passed to Mrs. Grant-Suttie, her daughter who has since passed away. Col. Grant-Suttie has lately died too. The Gooderham family did many good deeds while summering here. Mrs. Gooderham built the Nurses' Home at the Hospital and Mrs. Mitchell, her daughter furnished it. These ladies were always generous contributors to St. Mark's Church of which they were regular attendants while they were here.

KEARINS HOUSE

August 11 th, 1949

In this block, bounded by Victoria, Queen, Gate and Prideaux Streets, there are 18 buildings and twelve of these have sprung up in late years. Only two of the houses on the Victoria Street side of the block were there in my early days. These are the Kearins House and the Curtis House. In the first of these dwelt Martin Kearins who had a bakery on the site of the Brock Theatre. This house has changed hands a number of times since the new house was built alongside of it.

CURTIS - GRIMSTEAD PROPERTY

August 11 th, 1949

The Curtis house was for many years the home of Whittaker Curtis. There he conducted his Undertaking Business. Whit was the elder son of William and Fanny Curtis, about whom we shall reminisce later on. Whit left two sons, one of whom is our Tonsorial artist, the other is in the same business as his father, only in St. Catharines. Dwelling in this place now is the portly form of Fat Grimstead. Now I didn't coin this name so don't blame me for using it. Russell, to give him his real patronimic, is a handy fellow and will tackle anything in the contracting line. He sports a grin a mile wide and no matter how mad he makes you, that darn grin of his gets your goat.

THE PETLEY PROPERTY

August 11 th, 1949

There used to be a small house alongside the Curtis house, that was the home of the Petleys. These ladies were dressmakers and milliners. As I first remember them, they were in a building on Queen Street and were burned out in the big fire. After that, they were in a store that stood where Tranter's Barber Shop now stands. Mrs. Mulholland took over the business, being a relative and she and her son Tom made a success of the business, finally building the new place which is very successfully conducted by Tom's widow and his son Joe. They have an establishment that is a credit to the Town. A new house has now replaced the old Petley house. The corner lot, now owned by Jim Elliott, was formerly occupied by an old Hostelry known as "The Centre House." where dwelt Biddy Mayo. Later, after Biddy had departed this life, McCleliands stored ice there. The building was finally taken down and Jim Coleman bought the lot and built the house. Jim came up here to work as a Blacksmith for Willard Platt on Johnson St. Jim set up for himself and built a shop on the lot, facing on Queen Street, next to the Harrison property. Jim was a rather straitlaced fellow when he came here, but he was honest and upright and a good workman. He married Florrie Currie and they had two sons, the elder of whom is Imperial Bank Manager at Jordan.

THE CONNOLLY & MAY HOUSES

September 15th, 1949

In the area where Harrison's store now stands, there used to be quite a collection of small houses. This bunch and the houses across the street used to be known as "The Ward." The Connolly house and the May house are the remnants of this collection. I don't suppose many of my readers remember an old song "McSorley's Twins." I remember Albert Clockenburg singing a parody on this song, which went as follows:

*Oh the Hindles and Connollys, They had an old grudge,
And Cud Murphy pitched into Pat Flynn
Oh an elegant time at the Christening we had,
Of Jim Matthews two purty twins.*

We had a club over where the Club 19 is now, the original Pastime Club, and one night Clocky was singing this ditty with the window open. I came downstairs and there was Jim Matthews listening. He wanted to know who was that darn fool singing. I remember Johnny Connolly, a

smallish man, mending wooden sidewalks and cleaning ditches for the Corporation. He and Joe Eares did this work for years. Jack Thompson lived at one time in the Tommy May house. Tommy married Julia Thompson. After Tommy left the U.S. Army, he came here to live and went into the Livery business, first with horses, later with cars. Tommy, for some years, did quite a bus business to the Chautauqua Grounds. Tommy served nine years in Council. He was a man who always spoke his piece, no matter whom he offended. I never knew Tommy to do a mean thing to anybody.

Tommy May made enemies by his plain speaking, but he never was bitter. I suppose I knew Tommy longer than anyone else in Town, as we used to ferry him across the river while he was stationed at Fort Niagara.

JOHN SANDO PROPERTY

August 11 th, 1949

The vacant lot on the corner was for a long time, the home of John Sando. John was a butcher originally, at one time having a shop in the rear part of the Woodington Building, now occupied by "The Family Store." He later had a stationary store on the site of Reid's Paint Shop. In 1887, he was appointed to the Customs, succeeding Col. E.H. Thompson. He was a Collector after the retirement of William Kirby from that office. Sando, in turn, was succeeded by Joe Burns, the last to hold that office here. After Sando's death, his family moved to Buffalo and after a time the house was taken down.

THE MOORE - CURRIE PROPERTY

August 11 th, 1949

Around the corner on Gate Street is a frame house, now the home of Frank Currie. The first person whom I remember living here was a "Braid Scot." named Tam Moore. Tam was an uncle of Joe Sherwood. Tam kept a goat, which, if reports then extant were to be believed, was of an oderous variety. I remember a song the school kids used to sing about this goat. It went as follows "Oh where, oh where, on this midnight air, Does this smell so horrid float; The answer came from voices many, It comes from Tam Moore's goat."

THE HALL PROPERTY

August 11 th, 1949

The rest of the houses on this street as far as Prideaux are comparatively new. A little might be said about the people however. Bert Hall lives next door. The Halls came here in 1915. Charlie and his son have been associated with the McClelland Store so long that everybody knows them. Good citizens, clean and upright. None better and good friends of mine, if that be any recommendation.

CHARLIE SAGE PROPERTY

August 11 th, 1949

Next are the Wise Men "The Sages." Charlie Sage was a carriage painter and worked for Willard Platt for years, before moving to Detroit. In his early years here, Charlie had quite a reputation as a story-teller. It is related of him that at one time, a man came to work at Platt's who seemed to be much interested in Charlie's yarns. He was often noticed making notes of these stories in a small book which he carried, whereat Charlie felt a bit flattered until one day, after one of Charlie's tales, this chap looked up from his book in which he had been figuring and asked Charlie how old he was. "Well," said Charlie, "I don't know as its any of your business." "Well," said the other man, "I've been keeping track of your stories and you've been so many years here and so many there, and I figure you're over two hundred years old." Let us draw a veil over the picture. Charlie was a good sport, though and a good musician. He played a cornet in the band and after Professor McKie passed on, Charlie ran the Band until he left town. He was missed when he left. It seems to me that Dick Allen ran the band for a time, but as the old fellows dropped out, no one came along to take their places.

NOLAN - RING - MATTHEWSON - BILLING - NELLES

September 22, 1949

Next door, there used to be a frame house, the home of a man named Nolan, who for a long time, drove the mails from the Steamboat Landing to the Post Office. After his time, Mary Ring and her mother lived there. Then Fred Matthewson, a Buffalo man, bought the lot and the house was sold to Bobbie Orr, who moved it to his lot and Sixth Streets, where it now stands, occupied by the McKenzies. Matthewson built the present house, now the residence of Miss Billing.

GENERAL NELLES

August 11 th, 1949

General Nelles bought the house and made his home there until his death. I don't suppose it is necessary to say much about Gen. Nelles, his passing being comparatively recent, but we

cannot pass him by without mention. His military record speaks for itself, but as a resident and citizen, we must give him some mention, as he was such a prominent person. He was Mayor in 1929 and 1930 and I found him a good man to work with. He was always gentlemanly and courteous, yet firm in his judgements. He and his good wife, along with the late Dr. Rigg, were largely responsible for our Hospital, the General serving as President of the Board for a long term. He was also President of the Golf Club for some time. So you see that he was a useful citizen and a very nice man to know.

COLONEL SINGER

August 11 th, 1949

After the General died, Col. Singer lived here until he moved away. I had known Bill Singer from boyhood, when he used often to come to Town from their farm in the Township. Bill was a great sport, his chief amusements being Dog Trials, Clay Pigeons and Rifle Shooting. He served five years as Mayor altogether and in my judgement, was a good Mayor. He was Mayor at the time of the Royal Visit in 1939. I saw a good deal of him off and on for many years and I must say I liked him and while, like the rest of us, he had his faults, he also had many good qualities.

PURKIS - LAUGHTON - HEWSON PROPERTY

August 11 th, 1949

Jim Laughtons house, next door, was the home of Mrs. Purkis, but Jim has lived there for a long time. You all know Jim Laughton, Carpenter and a good Carpenter at that, one of the best. Jim served two one-year terms in Council. The only thing I found fault with in Jim as a Councillor, was that he was too Scotch. I fancy he has outgrown a lot of that, however. Now he has sold his house to Fred Hewson and is building elsewhere. And Mr. Hewson likes our Town so well, he plans to stay with us, which is welcome news to everyone who has come to know him. So while we lose him as Banker, we get him as a permanent citizen, which is all to the good.

BALL-SMITH PROPERTY

August 11 th, 1949

On the corner, is a large frame house, built for a worthy lady, one of the daughters of the late John W. Ball. After she passed on, Col. F.W. Smith bought the house and made his home there until he returned to the United States. The Colonel was a retired officer of the United States Army. For a time, he was in the Real Estate business and had an office in what is now the Stewart Building. He was a quiet, reserved sort of man, but quite likeable when you got to know him. The property has now changed hands.

THE DAVEY - MCCLELLAND FAMILIES

August 11 th, 1949

There used to be a sort of old world square on this corner, with a number of small frame houses facing on the Interior of the square. One of the houses was built over the entrance to the square. The only one of the houses of this group now remaining, is the home of Al Davey. Al is the oldest son of the late Albert Davey. The Davey family were quite a family. One of Albert's sisters was married to Jack Bishop and another to Bill McClelland. Everybody knows these two families, prominent in Niagara's public life for so many years. Albert worked at different times for both of his brothers-in-law. Later on, he served as Provincial Policeman at the Dock. I remember that while he filled that position, there was a very officious purser on the Chippewa. The water was low and passengers landing at the Dock had quite a step down off the gangplank. This Purser was hustling passengers off the plank, grabbing some of them by the arm. He grabbed a Mrs. Knox and gave her a yank and she nearly landed on her face. Her husband, following, gave Mr. Purser a lusty wallop, whereupon he demanded of Mr. Davey that he be arrested. The Boat, however, had to leave, leaving Major Knox and Detective Davey facing each other on the Dock. The Major demanded of Mr. Davey, "What about it." "Well," came the rejoinder, "I think you ought to be arrested." "Why," demanded the Major. "Because you didn't hit him twice as hard." And that was that. The present Albert worked for years at painting and decorating, and served in the Ontario Liquor Store until retired. Al served two years as Councillor. He is a quiet, decent fellow, well liked by all who know him. When the Niagara Rifle Association was in existence, Al was a member of the Team with me, he being a better than the average rifle shot.

THE HOULE - MINIFOLD - PORTER - MALONEY PROPERTY

September 29th, 1949

The next house, now owned by the Maloneys, has seen some changes. It formerly was the home of one of Niagara's forgotten families, the Houles. This name is pronounced as if it were spelled Hooley. The house stood down the street near the Common. Henry Houle moved it to

its present site, later selling it to Miss Ann Minifold who was a dressmaker, then she died. John Porter bought the place and remodelled it to its present dimensions.

But about the Houle family. The father was French and there were four sons and a daughter. Albert, the youngest boy, was a classmate of mine at school. One of the older sons was named Antony, and he worked in the Tannery. It was a common occurrence for a bunch of kids to tag along after Antony on the street, chanting "Antony, Antony, you sink of the Tannery." Anybody knows the aroma of a tannery and its employees. Poor Antony wasn't very bright. Albert and Anne were quite clever. Albert was afterwards in the flower business near Toronto.

RAYNOR - HARRISON - BISSELL - BRADLEY PROPERTY

August 11 th, 1949

The next house is now the home of Joe Bradley. Joe is a grandson of Joe Eares, who we have met near the Dock. This present Joe is evidently named for his grandfather, except that have spelled his name wrongly. At one time, on this lot was a frame house, the abode of Jack Raynor. After he had moved away from the house, it changed hands several times. Bill Harrison bought part of the lot and John Bissell bought the rest of it and built the house. John and his father built a lot of our cement walks.

BUTCHER - HUGHES PROPERTY

August 11 th, 1949

The corner house was once the home of Colonel Butcher. He was a retired regular army officer. He formerly lived at the White Inn. The Colonel entered the Council in 1920 to fill a vacancy and in 1921 was elected Reeve, but died in office before the year was out. His widow willed the property to Miss Hughes who was for so long, a Nurse and Superintendent of our Hospital. The remaining house in the block was built for the Kearins sisters and is still in the family.

THE McCLELLAND FAMILY

August 11 th, 1949

On the westerly corner of Queen and Victoria Streets is the McClelland Store, one of the oldest businesses in the Niagara District. Members of the McClelland family have had this business for

well over 100 years, the business itself dating from 1815. William McClelland Sr. was one of the best known men of his time. He served 19 years in Council and seemed to be able to get himself elected in office any time he wished to do so. His three sons and a grandson all served in Council, also, the family service covering a period of nearly 60 years. The eldest son Bill, served as Councillor, Reeve, and Mayor at different times. The next son, Bert, only served one year, he dying when quite a young man. However, his son Bert Jr., put in two years in Council, while Fred, the youngest of the three brothers, had six years to his credit. They were all good sound business men and certainly did their bit in helping to run the business of the Town. I suppose I knew Will better than the rest, as we sat in Council together, he as Mayor and I as Reeve. We were also together a lot musically, as he was a member of the Choir for some years and we also belonged to a Glee Club over which D'Arcy Caskey presided. We used to meet for practice at Caskey's house and had a lot of enjoyment out of our musical efforts.

As we *were* also members of the Niagara Choral Society, of which Mr. Caskey was musical director, and I was the President. I remember our rendering a trio at a concert in the Town Hall. The title of it was "Don't tickle me, I pray." The words didn't amount to much, but Will and I made it up to get a bit of fun out of it. Will was the first tenor, D'Arcy second, while I was bass. That brought D'Arcy between us on the stage. We knew D'Arcy was ticklish, so when we got under way, first one of us and then the other, would give poor D'Arcy a poke and we had him dancing all over the stage, while the audience shrieked with laughter. It was silly, I dare say, but it raised a laugh. Q.E.F.

October 6th, 1949

McClelland's did quite a large business in ice. They used the old Centre House across the street for a time as a store for ice. Then they used the building at the slip for a long time, finally building a large icehouse at the rear of the store. They had then an icepond on Mary Street, but they finally closed up that part of their business. Dummy Clark drove their ice wagon for years, until he passed over. The ice business, that is for ice cut on the ponds and the slip is over. Now we have artificial ice. The icehouses are all gone except the Best one behind the Fire Hall. This is now used by the Hydro.

THE LEE PROPERTY

October 6th, 1949

On the site of the McClelland Icehouse, Harry Lee has built a nice new cottage, where he now makes his home. Harry is a son of Jimmy Lee who worked for the Town for many years, dying at

his work. Harry is a veteran of the First Great War and is a plumber and has one year's service in Council to his credit.

CLARK - CURRIE - HINDLE PROPERTY

October 6th, 1949

The next house is the home of Vin. Hindle, a grandson of Sam Hindle, who for many years was in the contracting business with Frank Clark. Charlie Currie lived in this house when he was first married.

THE NISBET - CAMIDGE A LAMOURE PROPERTY

October 6th, 1949

Next door, there once stood an old fashioned frame house, that was once the property of the late Charles Camidge. For a long time, Jack Nisbet and his family lived there. When I first remember Jack, he was engaged in driving a pop wagon for his brother-in-law, Jerry Devos. The pop factory was on the site of the Wriighthouse on Delatre Street opposite the spring, the spring water being used in the pop making. Later on, Jack was a Fisherman, along with my father-in-law Jack Thornton. Then for a time, he was Caretaker at the Chautauqua Grounds. He had a nice family and his daughter-in-law and two grandsons are well known to us. Incidentally, he was another of my Dad's cronies and a particular friend of my own. Monty Lamoure now owns the property and has taken down the old house and replaced it with a new one. Monty put in four years in Council and for several years was Provincial Game Warden. He was quite an efficient man in both positions. He has a nice family, losing one son overseas in the recent great war. I found him to be a very useful citizen and a good man to work with.

THE WORRELL PROPERTY

October 6th, 1949

The small cottage next door, now the home of Mrs. Worrell, was once occupied by Will McClelland. Mrs. Worrell is the widow of William Worrell, who only lived here for a few years. A very nice couple.

THE VAREY - WALKER PROPERTY

October 6th, 1949

The large house on the corner of Johnson Street, as I first remember it, was the home of Eli Va rey , who also owned the long tenement next door. Eli had two sons, but I do not remember much about this family. I do remember one son, Charlie spending a summer here in later years accompanied by his wife, a rather portly lady. Charlie had a Tricycle and he had some kind of carriage hitched on behind his tricycle and if you could have seen poor Charlie, puffing up the Dock Hill with his ample spouse in tow, your heart would have bled for him. She seemed to enjoy it though. There were no autos then, of course. In later years, Joe Walker bought the house and lived there in his declining years. Joe, when I first knew him, was Customs Officer at Queenston. He lived in Town after his retirement. Joe served seven years in Council, thus doing something to make himself useful. His nephew, Frank of Virgil, came into the property and is still the owner. Various tenants have occupied both this house and the three tenement houses next door.

THE CREED FAMILY

October 6th, 1949

One family that lived in one of these apartments since my boyhood days were the Creeds. Obadiah Creed was an old soldier and as I remember him, he was lame. When I was small, my Dad used to take me up to the Town Hall to watch the Niagara Company at drill and I remember seeing Obey Creed limping around with the rest of the Company. He was Caretaker at the High School for quite a while. He had one son and three daughters. Charlie, the son, usually called Obey, was well known about Town and died not so long ago. Perhaps the best known of the family was Kate, who taught school here and in St. Kitts until her retirement. Kate prided herself on her plain speaking. She was a fine character and a remarkably able school teacher. She was very much interested in historical matters and was one of the Curators of the Historical Museum. She and I once collaborated in the preparation of a paper for the Historical Society, which she called "Vanishing Niagara." Before her death, she suggested to me that we revise our respective portions and have them printed in a pamphlet for the Society. I did revise mine and it appeared in the Advance under the title, "Dockography of Niagara." I have been unable to find any trace of her article, so must conclude that some Godforsaken wretch burned it up as trash after Kate's demise.

KELOW - McCARTAN - TAYLOR - THOMAS - HOOD

October 13th, 1949

Among the families that have occupied this building were the George Kelows, the McCartans, the Jud Taylors, the Thomas's, The Hoods. George Thomas and Al Hood represent these last two families. Both of these men served in the First Great War. Both are quiet respectable fellows and good citizens.

THORNTON PROPERTY

October 6th, 1949

The next house is the home of Mrs. Hedley Thornton, but was for many years part of the Platt property. Hedley Thornton was a Baker, and a veteran of the First War.

THE CURTIS COTTAGE

October 6th, 1949

Next is a modern cottage built by Will Curtis, now the home of his widow, Susie. Will was a railroad man and lost a leg while at his job. They have a nice family, none of them now at home. I knew the boys very well as they all were members of my Choir and all three in turn served as Secretary of the Sunday School with me. Of course, I have known Mrs. Curtis since she was a small girl, as they were our neighbors when we were all young. She was a Logan, daughter of Billy.

THE ELLISON - LONGHURST PROPERTY

October 6th, 1949

The next house is now the home of George Longhurst, but as I remember it best, was as the home of John Ellison. John was a member of the Band for years and a member of St. Mark's Choir. A very nice man and a good Carpenter. The Ellison brothers were all good mechanics and fine musicians, all being members of the Band. John's two daughters live in Town, they being Mrs. Fred Masters, and Mrs. John Brown.

THE MACPHEE - BRENNAN HOUSE

October 6th, 1949

Jim Macphee lived here for some time, later selling to Ed Brennan. Jim married my wife's sister, and had a good bakery business for years. He served ten years in Council, two as Councillor, two

as Mayor and six as Reeve, being Warden in 1929. Jim was a good, sensible business man and a good man in Council. He has been in the employ of the Niagara Parks Commission for some years now and is the resident caretaker of the William Lyon Mackenzie Museum at Queenston. Ed Brennan came here to manage the Niagara Advance for Harrison and Millar, afterwards taking over the paper and moving the plant to the Stewart Building and then to the building now owned by Ern. Kemsle. Brennan served two years as Councillor. He ultimately gave up the paper, the Young's taking over, and Brennan got the Beer Warehouse job. Later, he moved to Leamington.

THE ROBBINS - CROSS - LONGHURST PROPERTY

October 6th, 1949

The house on Johnson Street became the property of people named Robbins, who later sold to George Longhurst. John Cross lived in the house for a time. The Crosses came to Niagara a long time ago. John's father came here to work in the Axe Factory at the Dock. John lost his life in an automobile accident while on his way to work.

George Longhurst is the son of Bill Longhurst, who used to have a Butcher shop on Queen Street. George's house on the River Road was taken over by the Parks Commission, so George moved into Town, where he is most welcome.

HARRY JONES

October 6th, 1949

The next house is part of the Curtis property but has a tenant, Harry Jones, a veteran of the First War and who has lived in this house since that world upheaval

THE CURTIS - McGUIRE PROPERTY

October 6th, 1949

Around the corner on Gate Street is a frame house which I best remember as the home of Bill Curtis and his wife Fanny. Bill was a smallish man, with a beard and was Chief Constable when I was a kid. He, of course, was held in great awe by us kids, although he was really a rather easy

going man. Bill played in the Band for years, and as he was currently regarded as somewhat henpecked, it was with some surprise that his confreres in the Band were informed by Bill on their return from an expedition out of town, that he was going home and show them who was boss. Bill turned up the next day with a pair of discolored optics, so apparently he did what he set out to do, to his sorrow, The Curtis family is still represented in Town by his daughter-in-law, Susie, and his grandson, our tonsorial artist on Queen Street. Bud McGuire has lived in the house for years. Bud is a well known citizen, quiet and respectable and has a nice family.

Section 8B

QUEEN STREET AREA

McCONKEY MANOR

October 20th, 1949

The large house on the corner of Queen Street is now known as McConkey Manor and is the home of our present day Mayor. He is serving in his sixth year in Council and fifth as Mayor. He is a man who is greatly interested in our Town and its affairs. He succeeded me as President of the Hospital Board and is interested in pretty well all the activities of the Town. He has proved himself to be a very useful citizen and is deservedly popular.

THE GIBSON - LANSING PROPERTY

October 20th, 1949

The house itself was built by a George Gibson, who lived in it until he passed on, after which Watts Lansing bought it and made some alterations to it. Here he and his wife and daughter dwelt and after the death of her parents, Miss Lansing sold it and bought a smaller house wherein to live. I remember Watts from my small boy days. He was an enthusiastic fisherman, hunter and bowler. A very fine type of man. His family came originally from Canandaigua, N.Y., but Watts always lived here in my time and continued to be a U.S. Citizen.

THE GILROY - GARRETT PROPERTY

October 20th, 1949

Next along Queen Street we come to a brick house, once the home of Sam Gilroy and his family, another of those families that have vanished from our ken. It is now the home of Fred Garrett, a veteran of the First War. Fred, like his father, is a well known painter and decorator. Fred played in the Band for years, and has been in charge of the Bathing Beach at the Queen's Royal Park for a long spell.

JIM MATTHEWS FAMILY

October 20th, 1949

The frame house next, used to be the home of James Matthews and his large family. When I knew him, Jim worked mostly on farms. When one looks around today and sees what is required to raise a family by modern standards, one wonders how a man could contrive to make both ends meet on a farm worker's wages. Yet, it was done and by plenty of men and we must not overlook the fact that the wife and the sons and daughters did their part. Jim Matthews and his wife did a good job and left behind them a family of whom, anyone could be justly proud.

HINDLE - GALLOP PROPERTY

October 20th, 1949

Bill Gollop's house is next and last in this block. Here in days of yore, dwelt Sam Hindle and his family. Sam married a Raynor, a sister of Jack. Sam was well known as a sewer contractor with his partner Frank Clark. The family is still represented here, as there are grandchildren living here. I feel that we must say some more about this family. The first Hindle here was a British Soldier, Harry by name. Sam served in the Militia. Frank, his son, was a veteran of the First World War and several of Sam's grandsons served in the recent war. Percy, one of Frank's boys, lost his life "over there" and a very nice boy he was. So, I think the Hindle family is well deserving of honourable mention and members of it should be proud of its record and continue to deserve honourable mention. Bill Gollop is "The Village Blacksmith," although his smithy has no chestnut tree under which to stand. Bill is a Great War Veteran of the first vintage. He first

worked for Jim Coleman, taking over the business and moving it from its location across the street to its present site in the rear of his garden. Bill is a good workman and although that type of work is not as plentiful as it used to be, Bill carried on.

THE GARRETT – RIGGS -BENNETT PROPERTY

October 20th, 1949

Along Queen Street, at the corner of Gate is a house, now the home of Dr. Bennett of Buffalo. Most of this block was formerly owned by H. A. Garrett. The rear part of it was once a school and stood on Johnson Street, near Miss Ball's house. I remember Cannon Garrett living in this house when he first came to Niagara as Curate in Charge, under Archdeacon McMurray. I remember once, that several of us youths were passing there one day, when Mr. Garrett stopped us to know if one of us could shoot a dog for him. His boy had a Cocker Spaniel which somebody had poisoned and he, the Canon wanted to put it out of its misery. So we went across the street to John Sando's and borrowed a gun and dispatched the poor pup. We buried him so that Ham would not know what had happened. Another incident comes to my mind. The Canon entertained his Bible Class, of which I was a member. The party broke up about one o'clock and John Brown and I, on the way home were doing a jog trot down King Street as it was drizzling rain, when in front of the Masonic Hall, we fell headlong over a cow reposing on the sidewalk. Those were the days when the street lights were turned off at midnight and cattle ran at large, unmolested. Mrs. Edith Riggs owned the house and lived in it for some years before she built the house on Byron Street.

THE LYONS – BURNS - HINDLE PROPERTY

October 27, 1949

The next house on Gate Street is the Frank Hindle house. The first man I remember in this house was Martin Lyons. I never knew much about him, but he must have been a man of some importance, as he served 16 years in Council. Another man who lived here was Tom Burns. Tom was a man of varied experience, having been soldier, policeman and Customs Officer. I came to know him very well when he was in the Customs at the Dock. He had a great fund of anecdotes at his command and dearly loved to spoof a greenhorn. I remember him telling me about an incident that happened when he was stationed at a post in New Brunswick. In the winter, one of the men had too much to drink and fell asleep on his way to Barracks. Having lost one of his fur gloves, one hand was badly frozen and the four fingers had to be amputated. Tom was hospital orderly and had to assist the doctor. He said he never forgot the coldblooded way the

doctor carved the skin around the knuckles. Then, he took a kind of pair of nippers and nipped the fingers off one by one and remarked "Its a pleasure to work with good tools." Tom said. "I could have killed the d Brute." I was in several firing parties at Military Funerals when Tom was in command. His own son, a soldier died and was buried in st. Vincenfs graveyard and Tom even gave the commands while standing behind us. A fine old soldier was he. Frank Hindle bought the place after Tom was gone and there he raised his family.

THE GRAINER - HOLAHAN HOUSE

October 20th, 1949

There used to be another house next to Hindles, which was the abode of F. Grainger, an artist. A quaint old character he was. He is said to have painted the Coat of Arms which adorns the Court Room in the Town Hall. Tom Holahan was the last to live in this house, which has since been taken down.

THE CURTIS - WELLS - ABBOTT HOUSE

October 20th, 1949

The remaining small house on this street belongs to Mrs. Susie Curtis and is occupied by Mrs. Wells and her son Joe. Mrs. Wells is the widow of Alf. Wells who was for some years sexton and caretaker of St. Andrews Church and lived in the old residence on the church grounds. He afterwards served St. Mark's in the same capacity, moving to the house on Prideaux St. now occupied by Mrs. Arnold. Alf died in office and is buried in the Church Cemetery. William Abbott lived in the Curtis Cottage for some years.

THE GARRETT - MUSSEN PROPERTY

October 20th, 1949

On the Queen Street side of this block, at the corner of Simcoe, is a fine mansion, the home of the Mussens. On this corner, there once stood the house now owned by Herb Campbell, then the home of H. A. Garrett. Mr. Garrett was a very fussy, upright old gentleman who at one time, owned quite a bit of property in Town. He was in Council for *twelve* years, two of them as Mayor. The present Garrett family are cousins of his. He left one daughter Mary, who has since died. His wife was Alice Hewgill.

The present house on this site was built by the Mussens. Joe Mussen was one of the important men of the Town for years and was Mayor 1921 - 1923, resigning before the end of his last

year, to be succeeded for the balance of the term by myself. Mrs. Mussen is a daughter of Tom McGaw who was one of the owners of the old Queen's Hotel in Toronto and the Queen's Royal here. She too, has been prominent in the public life of the Town, filling leading positions in the various women's organizations. She was for a time, on the Board of Education and is one of the Curators of the Historical Museum, besides serving on the Library Board.

THE BERNARD - BANNISTER HOUSE

October 20th, 1949

The next house was built by the Goodwin Bernards, who lived there until Mr. Bernard died, since which time it has changed hands several times. being now the home of Dr. Bannister. The Bernards have been here for a long time, their original home in Town being now owned by Miss Barbara and situated on Mississauga Street. The family owned one of the large farms on the Lake Road. Goodie married Agnes McGaw, a sister of Mrs. Mussen.

JOHNSON & VICTORIA STREETS - SWINTON·HENNIGAN - ADAMS PROPERTY

November 3rd, 1949

As we have already covered the remainder of Queen Street, we will now move to the corner of Johnson and Victoria Streets, where Leo Hennigan now lives. This property as I first remember it, had two houses on it, one on the Victoria st. side about where the Adams house stands, the other, a long, low house stood on Johnson Street about where Miss Kerr's house now is. The property belonged to the Swintons. Alec Swinton was the Town Undertaker and a Carpenter and Cabinet Maker. Those were the days when the undertaker made the coffin to fit the occupant. Mrs. Fred Masters and Mrs. John Brown are grand-daughters of Mr. Swinton. Both these houses have been removed long since and there are now four dwellings on the property. Leo Hennigan, who lives on the corner, is a nice, quiet fellow, well liked by all who knew him. He put in one year in Council. He was in the confectionery business for years, but has now retired. This house, as well as the ones on either side of it was built by Charlie Currie.

ROBERT COX, U.E.L.

October 20th, 1949

The next house on Victoria Street, was the home of Robert Cox, the last representative of one of the old families of the district to live in our Town. He was very proud of being a United Empire Loyalist and lived here retired, after serving as a letter carrier in Toronto. He was an old

member of the Canadian Militia, his last service being Q.M. Sergeant of the 124th Battalion during the first war.

THE KEMSLEY FAMILY

October 20th, 1949

The next house was built by Jerry Kemsley. The Kemsley family is well known here. Jerry was a Carpenter and a Musician. He played in the Band for years and sang in St. Mark's Choir. In fact, in my time, there have been nine Kemsley's in the Choir, not all at one time. Incidentally, I know of only one other family that had more of its members in the same choir in my time and that is my own, eleven of us serving at various times. Jerry was a quiet, versatile fellow. Besides being a good Carpenter, he was a fair Barber. I served with him in the old 19th, he being Sergeant, and barbering us rookies between whiles. A most likeable fellow was Jerry. His daughter, Mrs. Adams now has the house. Jerry Kemsley served two years in Council.

THE FERGUSON & SHORT PROPERTIES

October 20th, 1949

The next house is one of the old ones, and is the home of the Tom Fergusons. Tom served one year as Councillor and two as Mayor. I have known him and his wife since we were youthful. Tom's wife was Ada Longhurst, a daughter of Jim Longhurst, another well known man about our Town. Tom was in business as a Watchmaker and Jeweller in Town before moving away. He and Bert St. John were partners. When the partners parted, Jim Connolly bought out the jewelry part of the business and moved to his present location, while Bill Campbell took over the drug business. Tom returned to Town a few years ago and bought the Short house. The owner who had this house was Captain Short who was in the shipping business. I do not remember him, but I have known his two daughters these many years. In fact, Lou, now Mrs. Fred McClelland, was in the same entrance class at High School with me. The Shorts were a very fine family. Mrs. Short, the mother, was a Longhurst. The younger daughter, Belle married Ed Lee, and now lives in St. Catharines. The Lee family were Township people, but Ed. became a Carpenter. He was the builder of the Bernard home on Queen Street.

THE MURRAY - PRITTIE PROPERTY

October 20th, 1949

The next house is now occupied by the John Pritties, a St. Catharines family who came here a few years ago. When I first knew the place, Bill Murray lived there. Bill was a Teamster and for

years, he was the Carter from the Steamboat Wharf. I remember him as bringing the news up town about the Lakeview House being on fire. I mentioned it in my tale of "The Mankiller." Bill had a son and three daughters. Arthur, the son, still lives in the Township, but two of Bill's daughters have passed on. The oldest girl, Julie, now lives in St. Kitts. The next girl, Annie married George Longhurst, who now lives on Johnson Street with his daughter Helen. The youngest girl, Alice, married Archie Haines. She left a son and two nice daughters.

THE HARVEY - HOUGHTON PROPERTY

November 10th, 1949

The next house is a modern one, built for a Mrs. Harvey. After her death, it was bought by the Joe Houghtons, who lived in it until they moved to Toronto. Joe Houghton was quite a useful citizen and a first class gardener. He was for a long while, sexton of St. Mark's and I got to know him very well. He served six years in Council. They had four sons, all of whom helped me in Sunday School as Secretary and Librarian. Three of them served overseas in the First War, Tom and Bob giving their lives, while Bert came back, very much the worse for wear. He, however has a shoe business in Toronto and is doing very well.

THE BRIGGS FAMILY

October 20th, 1949

On the Gate Street side of this block, there are some new houses, the only old one was for many years, the home of the Briggs family. Charlie of that name, was a well known shoe repair man, commonly called Waxy by the boys. A short, plump, little man, he was good natured and likeable. His place of business was a small frame store on the site of Greaves' Garage on Queen Street next to the Greaves store. This was a gossip shop for the boys. Charlie knew everything that was going on. He had a brother Dick, who came here with his family from the west and worked with Charlie in the wee shop. He was known everywhere as Sycamore Dick. He was one of the Town Assessors and was Secretary-Treasurer of the Fire Brigade for some years. He was knocked down by a fractious horse and killed while crossing the street about in front of Librock's store in 1915 while the big Camp was here. The Oerbyshires bought the place after Dick's wife died not so long ago.

THE CLEMENT - CREAMER - MELBOURNE PROPERTY

October 20th, 1949

On the corner, facing on Johnson Street is a brick house which for many years belonged to Major Joe Clement, a well known Township farmer. Many tenants have occupied the place in my time, about the last being the Creamers. Andy Melbourne bought it and gave it such a face-lifting that if it could look in a glass, it wouldn't know itself. He made a fine job of it. Andy, however has gone back to the Falls, whence he came. He had quite a famous squabble with the Parks Commission over the place at the Falls where he formerly did business and which was taken over when the new bridge was planned.

THE PLATTS CARRIAGE SHOP

October 20th, 1949

Next to this property is what was once one of the busiest spots in the Town, The Platts Carriage Shop. At one time, they had four apprentices serving their time here and the business flourished for many years. I remember the last of the Platts who ran the business, Willard by name. He was a very religious man and for years began the day with a short prayer service. He taught Sunday School for the Methodists in the Temperance Hall in the top flat of the Stuart Building and later in the present United Church. He was my teacher for a time in the gallery of the Church.

PLATT - HINCHCLIFFE PROPERTY

October 20th, 1949

I don't know how it came about, but I attended two Sunday Schools for a time. Our own was held in the morning and the Methodist in the afternoon. Some people may think I must have been a terror to need to go to Sunday School twice a day. Mrs. Platt survived her husband for some years but towards the end of her days, her mind failed and she wandered out one winter night and was found dead on the river ice in front of the Queen's Royal grounds. Herb Hinchcliffe bought the property after her death and he has removed all the buildings except the dwelling and has built a new cottage where some of the buildings once stood. Herb is a well known citizen as he has been a gardener for years and has been on our own Police Force for quite a spell. Billy Smith of the Youngstown News, an old Niagara boy by the way, once said that the Niagara Police was like electricity, an Invisible Force. Well, anyone who surveys our present force would hardly say that anyone of them was invisible, as they can all be easily seen with the naked eye. After that crack, I had better remain invisible for a time or two or else. What do you think?

CHARLES CAMIDGE & YORK ACADEMY - MR. W.E. LYALL

November 17th, 1949

And then we come to the "York Academy," where Charles Camidge held forth for many years. He was a rather eccentric character, tall and gaunt, with his face decorated by a long-stemmed pipe which he smoked as if it were part of him. I remember that he sat in Council one year, 1890, the year the first Waterworks By-Law was passed. Mr. Camidge was opposed to the idea and succeeded in having the By-law upset on a technicality. However the By-law was again enacted and the Waterworks installed the following year. I remember one lady who had voted against the By-law in 1890. On the day that the vote was being taken the second time, her barn was burned and her house was only saved with great difficulty. Whereupon she hied her away to vote for the By-law. She and others had seen the light. After the passing of Mr. Camidge and the York Academy, Mr. W.E. Lyall bought the place and made his home there until he died. Mr. Lyall came here in 1887 to take over the Principalship of our Public School from George Cork. He continued in this position until 1910, when he became Town Clerk and Treasurer, in which position he remained until his resignation in 1929. Mr. Lyall was a strictly honest and upright public servant. During his tenure of the teaching job, I remember that one evening we were seated at the supper table partaking of the evening meal, when Joe Houghton appeared, leading Bert by the hand. My Dad was then Chairman of the Public School Board. You should have seen my mother's face when Mr. Houghton pulled down Bert's pants to show us where Mr. Lyall had striped him. And he had. Mr. Lyall was a good teacher and a fine Clerk and Treasurer. And in both positions, he worked for a mighty small remuneration.

THE ALFRED BALL PROPERTY

November 17th, 1949

As we move to the next block along Johnson Street, I should like to say that there were only three houses on this block when I first remember it. There was at one time a school facing on Johnson Street. This building now forms the rear portion of Dr. Bennett's house on Queen Street. The Alfred Ball house is still there, occupied by his daughter Kathleen. A good many different families have lived in this house, but the Balls are the ones I remember best. Mr. Ball was the elder son of John W. Ball, who was one of the lineal descendants of one of the original settlers in this district. After Alfred sold his farm in the Township, he moved into Town, where he was a very useful citizen. He did quite a lot of conveyancing and was Secretary-Treasurer of the High School Board for years, giving up that position when the present Board of Education was established. He was a painstaking and careful man. He was always on time for any engagement he made, as he did not believe in wasting other people's time. Miss Ball was our

Church organist for a long time, succeeding Miss Rosamund Geddes in that post. She became organist at the same time as I became Choirmaster. We made quite a team. She didn't sing and I didn't play and we got along well in our respective jobs. I must say that she was and is one of the nicest persons to work with that I have met. She was a fine musician and I found her patient and kindly towards everybody with whom she came in contact.

THE TOM BALL PROPERTY

November 17th, 1949

The next house as I first remember it, was for a long time, the home of Tom Ball. Tom was rather an oddity, and was usually found in the vicinity of Phil Librock's store. He was very often seen leaning on his cane and viewing the passing scene. I think I see him with his cane behind him. One day when bicycles were beginning to be common and there was no prohibition of their being ridden on sidewalks, Tom was peacefully leaning on his cane and looking at something in Librock's window, when a smart aleck bicycle rider came speeding along the sidewalk and just as he got behind Tom, he gave his bicycle bell a loud ring, thereby startling poor Tom. Mr. Smarty had a big laugh at Tom's perturbation (isn't that a four dollar word). It went over so well that Mr. Smarty tried it again presently. Tom never turned a hair this time, however, but without turning around, thrust his stick outwards and through the spokes of Smarty's rear wheel, thereby ripping out several spokes and thoroughly upsetting rider and wheel. Tom's brief comment was "Get out in the road, Gol Darn you, where you belong." And that was that. Tom had one son Edward who became a civil engineer and settled in Ossining, New York.

THE RUTHVEN - CAREY PROPERTY

December 1st, 1949

Later on, Henry Ruthven bought the place. Henry was a brother-in-law of Alfred Ball. A quiet fellow, he was likeable but not easy to know. After the Ruthvens had passed on, Firtzroy D'Arcy bought the place and lived in it until his death not so long ago. Mr. D'Arcy was a fine gentleman and one whom it was a pleasure to know. He was here as a young man, and owned a small farm at the junction of the East and West Line with the Stone Road in partnership with Arthur L. Wood, afterwards going to New York. He served in the First World War with the 58th Battalion. He married Marian Wilkinson, a daughter of our former Town Clerk and they came here to live some years ago. He served in Council for five years, one of them as Councillor, two as Mayor and two as Reeve. From conversations with him, I gather that his family was a North Ireland one, but he lived in England before coming to Canada.

HINDLE - REID - HARRIS COTTAGE

December 1st, 1949

Around the corner on Simcoe Street, is a frame cottage, the home of Mrs. Dora Harris. This house was moved to its present site by Charlie Currie. It stood on the lot now occupied by the home of Mrs. Rigg at the corner of Simcoe and Prideaux Streets. Sam Hindle and his family lived in this house at one time and later Bob Reid Sr. and his family.

THE CLARK PROPERTY

December 1st, 1949

Next to the Harris house is the home of Bill Clark, the second of that name. Bill is a steady going fellow, a gardener. He has served five years in Council and is a dependable fellow, with a lot of good sense in his make-up. Next is a house that was the home of Bill Clark Sr. for many years until his death. He too was a gardener and for many years played in the Band. He had two brothers Charlie and George. George was drowned off the Corona when on a moonlight excursion. Charlie was a painter and died long ago.

THE SCULLY - MUSSEN - HAINES PROPERTY

December 1st, 1949

On the Gate Street side of this block is the home of Archie Haines. This Lot 142 was vacant land until Archie's house was built and was known as the Scully Lot. It was sold for taxes and was bought by Joe Mussen and by him sold to Archie who was his gardener for a long spell. Archie served ten years in Council and I found him to be a very fine Councillor. He was not always popular, but I thought him one of the best Councillors during my long public career. He, like the rest of his family, is musical being Choirmaster of St. Andrews Church for many years. During the late war, he organized and conducted the Sunday night sing-song in the Park. This was very popular, but the War being over and it having been organized as a patriotic movement, Archie gave it up. The character of the singsong has deteriorated under subsequent management, if one is to judge from public comment of late date. From my humble abode, it seems to be a racket breaking on the Sabbath evening air. But as I have not approached nearer, I do not intend to pass judgment on the affair or its conductor. Nuff said.

CLENCH - WILLIAMSON - HOLMWOOD - MEEK - MELBOURNE - HAHN

December 1st, 1949

As we travel along Johnson Street, we come to the old Clench house. This is one of the old houses being built soon after the War of 1812. Here in my time, dwelt Barney Clench, who served ten years in Council, one of them as Deputy Reeve, and three as Mayor. Barney, as I remember him, was a stiff, fussy old chap, a man of strong character. I used to hear a lot about him from my half-sister Fanny Clench, who lived with him from time to time. Barney had one son Frank who married Eva Reid, elder sister of Walter and George Reid. A Mrs. Williamson had the place for some time and kept a boarding house there. The Holmwoods bought it and greatly improved the house. Then Mr. R. Meek had it followed by Andy Melbourne. It is now owned by Mr. Hahn of Buffalo. Barney Clench had a fine apple orchard on the lot.

THE HALL - BILLING HOUSE

December 1st, 1949

The only other house in this block is on Simcoe Street and is owned by Miss Ion a Billing. I remember a Mr. Hall living there. This man had the Liquor Store. Afterwards the Billing family came here and lived in the house. Miss Billing and her brother Eddie are the only members of the family left here now. Miss Billing conducted a good shoe store for some years. She bought the business formerly that of Peter Healey and carried it on very successfully, finally selling out to Mr. Magder.

CLARK - HOOD - LETTAU Q WILSON PROPERTY

December 8th, 1949

In the next block, on the corner of Johnson and Mississauga Streets is a frame dwelling, once belonging to Charlie Clark, whom we have already mentioned. After Charlie's death, Albury Hood bought the place, later selling it to H. F. Lettau, a Toronto man, who made a summer home of it. Art Wilson married his daughter and they now live there. Art is in the Garage business on Queen street and is real live wire at it. He seems to be a good business man and nice to deal with. He is the son of Delos Wilson of Virgil, one who is best known through his connection with the Canadian Cannery. He is a jolly fellow and quite a joker. A very likeable fellow whom I have known for many a year.

THE McMANUS - PRICE - ORR PROPERTIES

December 1st, 1949

Two new houses have sprung up along Johnson Street of late years, the first belonging to the McManuses of Buffalo and the other to Mrs. Price of Toronto. On the corner is a house for long years, the home of Mrs. Jenny Orr. Mrs. Orr was a Samson and passed away not long ago, leaving one son Ray, who lives in the States.

THE WHITE AND HAINER PROPERTIES

December 1st, 1949

On the other side of this block, and facing on Gage Street is a new house belonging to the George Whites, a new family in Town, while on the other corner and facing on Mississauga Street is the Hainer home. I have known the Hainers very well indeed for many years. Frank who passed away some years ago, was in the employ of the Syers when he first came here. Mrs. Hainer and my wife were bosom friends and Mrs. Hainer is a very fine type of woman, a good clean living woman. They had a nice family, three of the sons enlisting in the First Great War. Charlie, the oldest boy was badly wounded and after returning to Canada, he was on the Police force in Toronto, where he was killed in a motor accident.

THE SANDHAM-SOUTHCOTT PROPERTY

December 1st, 1949

Travelling along Gage Street, we come to an acre lot formerly owned by a Miss Jessie Sandham, but now belonging to Hunter Southcott. I first knew Southcott as a despatch rider at Camp during the First War. He has made his home here ever since and is one of the most versatile workmen I have known, a very clever fellow. He has two houses on the lot now and has been employed for some years at Port Weller.

THE ORR PROPERTY

December 1st, 1949

Along Sixth Street is a house once the abode of Bobby Orr. Bobby was a genial Scot, the spouse of Mrs. Jenny Orr. The house formerly stood down on Gate Street and was bought and moved to its present site by Bobby some years ago.

THE HUGHES PROPERTY

December 1st, 1949

On the other side of this block, is a house that was for many years, the home of the Hughes family. Amos Hughes and his wife were very good friends of ours and were a very much respected couple. They were quite prominent in United Church circles and both were members of the Niagara Players. We were together in several plays that were put on by that organization. Just about opposite the Hughes house is a new house built by Fred Curd, who made his home there. Fred was a gardener and a very nice fellow. When I first knew Fred, he was a member of St. Mark's Men's Club, but he married and transferred his Church affiliation to St. Andrew's. He had a nice wife and a family consisting of what used to be called "a pigeon pair," a son and a daughter. His daughter is quite a gifted young woman, and taught school for several years, until Harry Newton came along and lured her away from her chosen profession to become Mrs. Newton. Harry by the way, has been with the Imperial Bank here for quite a spell and served during the late War with the Air Force. He is a popular fellow and a good citizen and it is to be hoped that the Bank can keep him here for years to come.

"SAWMILL CORNER" - COX - CURRIE - ANDERSON - MASSIE - WESLEY

December 1st, 1949

I should like to take you now to the corner of Victoria and Gage streets. On the Victoria Street side of this block, there used to be only three houses. On the corner, abutting on Gage Street was a barnlike building that was at one time a Sawmill and the corner was usually spoken of as "the Sawmill Corner." It had belonged to the Cox family, I believe, but was lying idle as I knew it. Charlie Currie bought the lot and built two houses on it. The first of these was for a long time tenanted by Nelson Anderson, who was Superintendent of our Electric Light System for many years. I don't think I have mentioned Nels before this, but my memory of him is one of friendship. Some people did not like him but I was associated with him for three years when I was with the Hydro and he and I got on together very well indeed. He knew his business and was a good man in his job. The house has changed hands several times and is now the home of Alex. Massie. The next home is the home of Miss Winnie Wesley.

THE ADDISON - STEVENSON - DALGLEISH PROPERTY

December 1949

The next three houses are the original ones on the block on this side. The first used to be the residence of Mrs. Dr. Stevenson, widow of Dr. Stevenson who was a descendant of Rev. Robert Addison, the first Rector of St. Mark's Church. She owned the farm which had been the home of Robert Addison and is now owned by Sam Tobe. The house is now the home of Mrs. Etta Dalgleisch, a very nice widow who used to be a tailoress with R.C. Burns before she married.

LOCKWOOD - CHAMBERLAIN - DUDDIES PROPERTY

December, 1949

The next house, where the Duddies now live, was the home of the Lockwood family. Ab Lockwood was a fiery, smallish man with a whale of a temper, but a nice fellow in his own home, which I visited frequently. His wife was Henrietta Thornton, an aunt of my wife, a very quiet, placid person, quite the opposite of her spouse. They had a large family, who all gravitated to Uncle Sam's domains, although their father hated Yankees wholeheartedly. Mrs. Pauretta Chamberlain is the present owner. She was a schoolmate of mine at High School.

THE ANDREWS - ACTON - SKELTON PROPERTY

December, 1949

The next house was, for a good while, the home of Albert Andrews, Principal of our High School. After him, came Wully Acton, a "Scot frae Auld Riekie." I think I hear him singing, "The Laird O' Cockpen." A good man was he and served one year in Council. After he moved away, it was bought by Henry Skelton. Mr. Skelton had a son and two daughters. Jim the son, was publisher of the Niagara Times following the late Rev. J.S. Clarke. Jim now lives in Weston. He married a daughter of the then Methodist Minister, the Rev. Mr. Eby. One of his daughters, Bella, married D'Arcy Caskey, our late lamented Public Librarian.

DAVYST. PROPERTY - BROWN - SHEPHERD - ALLEN - CASKEY

December, 1949

It seems to me that I have not mentioned the house where the Caskeys dwelt on Davy Street and *where D'Arcy met his death*. This is quite an old house and has had many occupants. I remember Walter Brown, one of my schoolmates living there when I *attended* Public School. His father was Solomon John Brown, a denison of the River Road who moved into town. E.H.

Shepherd lived there for a *time before* he moved to North Bay. Another notable *tenant* was Dick Allen. George Caskey, father of D'Arcy bought the place and lived there. He owned the Bakery for a *time*, selling it to Jim Macphee. He was a very likable old man and our Glee Club used to meet at the house for practice. D'Arcy was not married at that time. *He* was full of music and led at different *times*, St. Andrew's Choir and the United Church Choir. He was also director of the Niagara Choral Society of which I was President. *He* also *served* on the High School Board and was altogether a useful and desirable citizen. In his latter years, he was a Carpenter. *He* built the house on Victoria *Street next* to the Skelton *house* and which is now the United Church Parsonage. Two new houses have sprung up on this lot, one on Victoria Street and *one* on *Centre*.

December, 1949

On the Gate Street side of this block is a house owned by the Frosts of Toronto. The first family that I remember living *here* were the Strathys of Toronto. Dr. Strathy was a Doctor of Music and he had quite a family. The way I came to know the family well was that they had a boat and boathouse along side of ours on the beach and we used to keep an eye on the premises for them. There were several nice boys in the family, the oldest of them later becoming General Manager of the Trader's Bank. There were also some girls, not that I was particularly interested in them as such. But I remember an incident connected with one of them that sticks in my memory. I was going down the railway track one afternoon, when I saw this girl trying to get their boat down to *the water*. So I went down to help her and we got the skiff launched. She told me she was going to Youngstown and I remarked that *she* would have quite a pull, as there was a strong *breeze* blowing. So she asked me to go along and help her. I brought another pair of oars, and away we went. When we got over there, she asked me to wait while she went uptown.

When she came back, she had a good-sized cardboard box the wind was now dropping, she asked me if I could let her out at the foot of King Street. When I got back to the Beach, there was a man waving over at the Fort Wharf to be brought across. So I rowed over and got him and when *we* landed at the Beach, there was Col. Thompson, the Customs Officer waiting, and he forthwith seized the boat and put the Government crowfoot on it. After quite a bit of chat between him and my passenger, an old Irishman, the officer turned to me and pointing to a parcel lying on a log nearby, he asked if I had seen it before. It was the identical parcel Miss Strathy had brought over. He then very kindly helped me put the skiff in the boathouse and directed me to tell my father not to let it go out until he gave permission He then blandly asked me how I would like to spend two or three years in Kingston. I didn't feel very happy about *the*

business, I assure you. However, the matter was settled up and the boat released and was I relieved, but being only a kid, I *never* forgot this incident.

Later on, the Strathy's gave up their house and it was purchased by Miss Nina Lynch, who made it her home until her death, when it came into the possession of Mrs. Frost, who was a niece.

METHODIST CHURCH & GRAVEYARD

December 22nd, 1949

Next door is the graveyard of the Methodist Church, a small piece of ground now pretty well filled up. At one time, there was a frame Church Building on it, which, according to Miss Carnochan's History, was built in 1823. However, in 1875, the Methodist Church bought their present Church from the Canadian Presbyterians who had amalgamated with the Scotch Church, as it was then called. The old church was sold to Thomas Burk, who moved it to its present site at the westerly corner of Gate and Prideaux Streets, where it is now the home of Mrs. Ivan Wright. Burk had a Pork Factory in the Building and in later years, it was the home of Mrs. Hannah Servos.

THE ROBERTSON - McCLINTON PROPERTY

December, 1949

Next to the Graveyard is a small cottage that was the home of Tom Robertson as I first remember it. Tom had a son and a daughter. The boys was in my class at school, but he died while quite young of Diphtheria, of which there was an epidemic at the time and from which quite a number of children died. Tom also lost his wife and daughter not long afterwards and Tom closed the house. It stood there silent and deserted for many years until it was finally bought by Mrs. McClinton of Toronto as a summer home and it is still in her family.

BURNS - WRIGHT PROPERTY

Across the street, and facing on Gate Street, is an old frame house now belonging to the Sam Wright family of Toronto. This property was once the home of the Burns family. The father of Bob and Joe and Salome had a Leather Goods Factory here and there used to be tan vats in the old barn on the place. I do not remember the father but I knew the family as they were very much in the public eye. Salome was a Music Teacher and organist of the Methodist Church. She

was a fine musician and had the reputation of being an outstanding accompanist. Brother Bob was in the Orygoods and Tailoring business where Bill Greaves now does his jams and marmalade. Bob moved away to Brantford, where he lived to a ripe old age. Brother Joe was his bookkeeper and later became Town Clerk and Treasurer and still later, Collector of Customs. Joe was quite a sport and was a great bowler. He had as his partner, Watts Lansing and they won many trophies both at singles and doubles. I can remember Joe as a member of the old Curling Club. It seems odd to me that our sport-loving fraternity have not made some effort to revive this game "the roarin' game". I'm sure the Lawn Bowlers would take to it like a duck to water. Brother Bob had a keen sense of humour. I remember his coming up to me in his store the first time I entered after my marriage. He put on the most owlsh expression, solemnly shook my had and assured me of his deepest sympathy.

Canon Garrett also congratulated me in like vein. He said, "Well Joseph, you're all right now. All you have to do is to keep your wife in wood, and she'll keep you in hot water." I often think that a sense of humour is one of man's greatest assets. I remember once in County Council, Charlie Bush sat opposite me and he got quite worked up during the heat of a debate, which had a bit of humour about it. He looked over at me and seemed to relax. He came up to me when we adjourned and said, "Thanks, Joe, for the twinkle in your eye." However, the property we are discussing has been divided up among members of the Wright family since Sam Wright's death.

THE JOHN PROPERTY

December 29, 1949

Up the street is the Allen property, two houses, one on Gage Street, the other on Simcoe. The first, on Gage, was for years the home of Robert John, who, when I knew him first, was a Fisherman, with his brother Dick. Then, later on he had the stage route between here and St. Catharines. I remember, on one occasion, somebody bet Bob that the mare he was driving, a pacer by the way, could not make the run from St. Kitts, P.o. to Niagara P.O. inside of an hour. Quite a crowd gathered near the P.O. which was then in the Town Buildings where the Police Office is now, to witness the end of the race against time. Bob and his mare rounded Garrett's corner within the hour. I think I see Bob's air of quiet pride as he drew up to receive congratulations on his triumph. Bob and his good wife have joined the great majority, but his two daughters are with us in the persons of Mr. James Connolly and Mrs. Linc. Quinn, both very fine women.

THE ALLEN - WRIGHT PROPERTY

December 29, 1949

Around the corner was Tommy Allen's house, now the home of Mrs. Bill Wright. Here, Tommy's wife was burned to death in a bonfire, while burning rubbish. These three Allen's played in the Town Band for many years, Tommy being a cornetist. Tommy and Dick had a good deal of dramatic talent and were members of the old Amateur Dramatic Society. Bill Wright, who passed away not so long ago, was quite a prominent citizen and served on the old Public School Board and later on in the Board of Education. He was a very likeable fellow and one who never was afraid to have his say. And he was endowed with a lot of good common horse sense. He was a Teamster by calling and was a familiar figure about our streets. When I was a boy, the Wright family lived in Fort George and Bill was a school mate of mine at public school. After leaving the Fort, Bill bought the Allen house and ended his days there.

PRESBYTERIAN MANSE

December 29, 1949

Next door is the Presbyterian Manse, which has been occupied by not a few good men whom I remember. My father and mother were married by the Reverend Charles Campbell. The first one I remember was Rev. Wm. Cleland and I have his signature on my High School Entrance Certificate, he being then Chairman of the High School Board. The others signing were Col. E. H. Thompson, Chairman of the Public School Board and Albert Andrews, High School Principal. Others whom I remember well are Nathaniel Smith. Mr. Smith had a son Frank, who became quite eminent in the Toronto Newspaper world. The last time I met Frank, he and I were Pallbearers at the funeral of Miss Carnochan. He was a very able man in his work and passed on not so long ago. Another whom I knew well was Rev. A. F. MacGregor, a very scholarly man, but one not easy to know. He was a fine scholar and a very thoughtful man. He was much interested in our Public Library. Of the later men whom I knew well, was Mr. MacFarlane. We were very good friends and scarcely a day passed without his coming into my office for a chat. His untimely death was a great loss both to his Church and his friends. Another outstanding man who served St. Andrew's was Dr. McKerroll, who, during his ministry was instrumental in carrying out a splendid programme of restoration of the fabric of the Church. Certainly he was an eminent man and a useful citizen. All in all, this Church has played a notable part in the life of the Town.

THE ELLIOTT FAMILY

December 29, 1949

There stands in the Church grounds, an old and weatherbeaten frame building, not now much to look at but nevertheless worthy of note in these reminiscences. It faces on Gage Street and in my early days, was the residence of the Church Sexton, who was then Bill Elliott. Bill was a mason, a fairly tall, reserved sort of man and a good workman at his trade. He had served in the Niagara Company of the 19th Regiment in the expedition to Phillipsburg and the Fenian Raids campaigns. Poor Bill was burned to death in a house which belonged to his second wife (Mary Coleman). Bill had two sons and several nice daughters. The youngest of his two sons was not a prodigal like the one in the Bible, but was a very nice kid who died quite young. His name was the same as that of his grandad, but he was known at school as "Ducky." Ducky stuttered, but he could sing like a bird. He had a nice tenor voice and sang in the Church Choir. I was at his Funeral, a Military one and it was first time to wear a red coat. We marched down Mississauga Street to Queen through mud that was gooey. Colin Milloy was our Captain and I think I see him out of the corner of my eye, plodding along abreast of us in the van of the Company and his feet seemed as big as snowshoes. My brother Fred was one of the eight bearers who shouldered the coffin in shifts of four all the way and they had a job, believe me. We plodded down the street to Queen and up Simcoe to the Church. I never could forget that parade. The older son John left us not long ago. He too was a mason and a good one and his sons are carrying on. John was very tall and erect, and was for a long time Drummer in the Town Band. Altogether, the Elliott family have been useful and respectable citizens and still are. One could wish that there were more just like them.

ALF WELLS & FAMILY

January 5th, 1950

Another man who lived in this old gray house was Alf Wells. He was Sexton for a long time, afterwards filling a similar position at St. Mark's. Alf was a short man, of a bright cheery disposition. He served in the "rude Militia" for quite a while, being an artillery man. A very likeable fellow was Alf and he left several fine daughters and one son. He lies in the Cemetery at St. Mark's where he had laboured for years. Latterly, the poor old building was badly damaged by fire, set by mischievous children and is sadly in need of a revival. This is one of the oldest buildings in the Town and is mentioned by Miss Carnochan as the gathering place of many organizations after the fire which destroyed the Town.

THE WHITTAKERS

January 5th, 1950

Along the street, we come to another house worthy of notice. Here dwell the Whittakers, a very nice couple. Bill has been useful in the Town since he came here, having done a great deal of useful work for the returned men from the First World War, besides serving four years in Town Council. Bill is himself a casualty of his war service, but there is not much wrong with his head. His wife, too is a useful citizen, being Regent of the I.O.D.E. and making a good job of it. She has also been an active worker in Church organizations. I must plead guilty to being very fond of Bertha, as she has been like a daughter to me.

THE COUNTY GRAMMAR SCHOOL

January 5th, 1950

However, about this house. It was many years ago, a school and was known as the "County Grammar School." It was in nature of the old country boarding school and was conducted for many years by the Rev. H.N. Phillips, and many of the boys of the district received their education there. About its last principal was Charles Camidge, who later founded and carried on the York Academy. This institution was first located in the house on Victoria treet, its last occupant being Monty Lamoure, who tore down the old house and made a new and more up to date dwelling. Here for a long time, dwelt Jack Nisbet and his family. We have mentioned Mr. Camidge in connection with his later house on Johnson Street. He was a rather odd old character. I never knew him except by sight, but he was a tall, erect old chap and smoked a long-stemmed pipe. The poor old fellow got melancholy in his old age and ended his days by taking poison.

THE HARKINS HOUSE

January 5th, 1950

Up Mississauga Street, the next house was the Harkins house. When I was a kid, fishing with my Dad, we often used to see Bill Harkins on the shore gathering up the dead shad after a blow, into a dump cart. He used to plow these into his land. He had a boy Patsy who was a classmate of mine at Public School.

THE MACARTAN AND WRIGHT - SMYTHE PROPERTY

January 5th, 1950

The next house was at one time, owned by Johnny MaCartan, a relative of Tom. After his death, Bill Wright bought the place and Bill Smythe lived in it for some years. Many will remember Bill as the Relief Clerk during the late depression. He was a good scholar and a fine penman.

THE SMITH - HARPER PROPERTY

January 5th, 1950

There used to be up the street, an old cottage that was once the home of Bob Smith. I never knew him, but his wife and Granny Holahan used to do all the midwifery about the Town when I was young. Between them, all our family were ushered into the world. Her son, that is Mrs. Smith's son Billy, was a veteran of the Fenian Raids and one of my Dad's cronies. When I knew him, he was running the Youngstown News and it had quite a number of subscribers here. He used to print a Niagara front page and called the edition containing it "The Niagara News." We used to ferry it across the river and deliver the bundles to John Sando's shop where Reid's paint shop now stands. Billy had a great sense of humor and had a lot of fun with his paper. He published some hocus about you or me one week and when we threatened to raise a row, he published an abject apology the next week (with his tongue in his cheek, of course) and humbly state:

We were misinformed. Billy later moved to Toronto and died there. He had a son Fred who became very prominent in Y.M.C.A. work in that City. Billy's sister married Johnny Doran. John worked for the Queen's Hotel in Toronto for years and at the Queen's Royal here during the summers. John had three sons and several daughters. His oldest boy, Bob served overseas in the First World War and lives in the west. Joe, or Doke as he was usually called went to the States and is on the Detective Force in, I think Los Angeles, while Jack, the youngest boy lives around the Falls. Johnny's youngest daughter, Lou married a U.S. soldier. Johnny, but the way was in the U.S. Artillery stationed at Fort Niagara, before he came here and he enlisted in the American forces at the time of the Spanish American War. After Johnny's death, the property changed hands, the Harpers buying it and tearing down the old house.

MAJOR HERRING

January 5th, 1950

At the corner of Mississauga and William Streets is the home of Major Herring. The Major has been with us off and on these many years now and is a well known figure on our streets. He used to ride a white horse when I first knew him, but now he rides "Shank's Mare." He is a vigorous, wholesouled chap whom everybody likes. He, of course, has a War record, but when he first was a resident here, he was affiliated with the 44th Regiment and with the Artillery later.

THE BERNARD FAMILY

January 12th, 1950

The house on the corner of Mississauga and Centre Streets has been in the Bernard Family for a long time, being occupied since the old folks died by NvO of the daughters. Mr. Bernard was a successful fruit farmer, his farm being on the Lake front. I remember when Goody was a youth, he and Frank Smith, son of Rev. Nathanael, set out to seek their fortunes in mining country but were overtaken and brought back by their irate parents, much to their disgust. Frank Smith became F.D.L. Smith, one of the best known newspaper editors of Toronto. The last time I saw Frank, he and I were pallbearers at the funeral of Miss Carnochan and sat together at the Church Service in St. Andrews.

THE CREEN - BANBURY PROPERTY

January 5th, 1950

Around the corner on Simcoe Street, is an old house, now the home of the Banburys. It was formerly the home of the Reverend Thomas Creen, the second rector of St. Mark's. Of course, he passed on before my time, but his daughter lived there until she was a very old lady. She used to have a special seat in the Choir Gallery of St. Mark's and was a regular attendant there.

THE MAUER- GREENE PROPERTY

January 5th, 1950

Mike Greene and his son in succession to Make have continued the Livery Business. Jack, the son, does quite a business renting out riding horses through the summer and I often see him conducting you people past my house on horseback. Mike served five years in Council, and was a very level headed citizen. He lived for a long time, in the now derelict house on Regent Street on the corner of Prideaux. He bought the present family residence from Louis Maurer and moved into it about 35 years ago. Maurer, by the way, was a German and married one of the Osmond girls. During the war days in 1915, anyone of German blood was suspect and as he occupied a house in such close proximity to our Camp ground, then teeming with men training to fight Germans, he was doubly suspect. W.H.J. Evans was then living next door to "The Wilderness," and he came to me and reported having seen mysterious signal lights being exchanged with lights across the river above Youngstown and asked me to report the same. I might explain that I was then Reeve and in charge of Patriotic matters for County purposes. However, I reported the matter to the Officer in charge of the Frontier Force and received the promise of an investigation. I never received any report of the result and as things were getting

too hot for Maurer, he sold out and moved to the States. I ferried him across the river and as we were well acquainted, he told me he had never done or said anything out of the way, but that it got under his skin when people whom he knew well would shut up like clams when he came near.

GEALE PROPERTY

January 5th, 1950

This house, as I first remember it, was the home of Captain J.B. Geale, an old soldier. I found his name signed to clothing vouchers in my grandfather's army small book, first as Lieutenant and later as captain in the Royal Canadian Rifle Regiment, then in garrison at Butler's Barracks. He was a fine looking man, tall and erect, sporting a mustache and side whiskers. He carried a cane at the trail and in the winter he wore a red sash about his waist. This was quite common wear for the smart man in those days. The Captain, in his later days, was caretaker of the Government Buildings and becoming estranged from his family. He made the headquarters building his abode. It was during his caretakership that the extra roof was imposed on the building in Fort Mississauga. The gallant Captain fell on evil days in his old age, estranged from his family and impoverished. I had the duty as Bailiff, of serving papers on him for debt and much of his furniture was sold by the Town for arrears of Taxes.

MR. SYER

January 5th, 1950

I should like to refer briefly to Mr. Syer who lived on the site of the new school. Before coming to Niagara to live, he had been in business in Chicago and had become an American citizen. One day, not very long before he passed on, he came in to me at the office to take a declaration and the Oath of Allegiance to our King, he having made application to be restored as a British subject. About three months afterwards, he again came in all smiles to shake hands as he had just received from Ottawa, notice of the granting of his application. The dear old gentleman, for he was a gentleman, broke down and cried with joy.

THE WILDERNESS

January 5th, 1950

Up King Street is a property consisting of nearly five acres and known as "The Wilderness." This is the place where the Indian Agent lived and where he paid the Indians their treaty money.

Daniel Claus and his son William, were in turn Indian Agents. I remember the name given the place in my young days was "Geale's Grove." and we had our Sunday School Picnic there one year. It seems to me that the house was vacant at that time. W.H.J. Evans bought it later on and lived there for a long time, until he fell on evil days financially and lost it. His second wife was Kate Claus so that the old house came once again into the Claus family. However, it had to be sold and W.R. Austin bought it and lived there for some years and now is back again. This is one of the old houses, probably built in 1816. It is said to resemble the Lodge in which Napoleon lived in on St. Helena. I do know that Mr. Evans told me while he lived there, that it needed a coal mine to heat it in cold weather.

DR. MORSON'S PROPERTY

January 5th, 1950

Up the street is another of the old houses, built in 1826 and it has been occupied by many men prominent in the life of the Town. The first of these whom I remember was Dr. Morson. He was a little man with a fiery temper and a rich vocabulary when aroused. I remember Sam Crawford telling me of an incident in which he and the doctor figured. Sam rode one of the old time, high wheeled bicycles and coming down the sidewalk past the Doctors place, when out popped the Doctor, right spang in Sam's path and Sam lay on one side of the walk and the Doctor on the other, both of them with the wind pretty well knocked out of them. Presently, the Doctor asked "Are you hurt, Sam." No, Doctor," said Sam, feeling himself all over. With that the Doctor fairly blistered Sam, demanding to know what in heck he meant by knocking him into a ditch. Sam was so glad to escape that he mounted his steed in haste and got away from there. I think I see the Doctor sporting a plug hat at a rakish angle. I saw a youth come up behind him and slap him on the top of the plug hat, driving it down over the Doctor's nose. He thereupon rescued the sizzling Doctor from his predicament and very solicitously sympathized with him that any rude youth should take such liberties.

You can imagine the glee with which the admiring kids viewed the whole occurrence. The wee Doctor had a son Monty, who later on was a Judge in Toronto and was famous for his vitrolic tongue when presiding at Court. He was a very smart lawyer, however, and made a good Judge. There are several of the Doctor's grandchildren residing in Toronto and Oakville, the children of the Doctor's daughter Mrs. MacRae.

DOYLE - LONGHURST - PORTER - BEATTIE - DOYLE - CAUGHLLL - MCCARTHY PROPERTY

January 5th, 1950

Jay Doyle owned the place for a time and removed a wing that used to be on one side of the house. Jim Longhurst lived here and died here after a boiler explosion in his nearby coal and wood yard. During the First Great War, the place was used by Patriotic Organizations in connection with the Military Camp. F.D. Porter owned and occupied the house later on. Mr. Porter was a very fine fellow and was noted for the fluency of his language, especially when playing golf. They used to say that it was educative to follow F.D. over the Golf Course. F.D. served one year in the Council and several years as Hydro Commissioner. As I was in charge of the Hydro Shop while he was Commissioner, I came to know him and to like him immensely. He certainly was a good-hearted fellow doing good by stealth. Fred Beattie now lives there. I wonder if Fred remembers that we sat side by side at the Mackenzie King banquet at the Royal York Hotel in 1939. I remember that very well and I remember the tremendous downpour of rain while we were at the Hotel. We had to wait some time after the gathering was over for the storm to let up. Cecil Weyman drove me and Mrs. Phyllis Bissell over there in Mrs. Riggs' little car. We were pretty crowded in it, so Phyllis came back in Mrs. Usher's car. While Jay Doyle owned this property, he subdivided it into lots, the property then stretching over to Regent Street and he had the subdivision registered as the Doyle Plan. Harvey Caughill bought a part of it and build a house facing on Regent Street, now owned by his sister, Mrs. Carnochan. Bob McCarthy has also built himself a neat home on the Mary Street side of the property.

Section 8C

MARY, WILLIAM & REGENT STREET AREA

BARBARY LODGE - PARSON - MONCRIEFF - SULLIVAN

January 26th, 1950

At the westerly corner of William & Regent Streets is a pretentious property, now dubbed "Barbary Lodge," and used as a sort of glorified restaurant. It used to be owned by a Mrs. Parsons and later by W. Moncrieff, both being Buffalo families. The latter gentleman was quite a public spirited fellow and donated a fine hose wagon to our Fire Brigade, which was used in the days when horse power was used. The wagon was sold when the modern equipment was obtained. Mr. Moncrieff left us after the Canadian Cannery built their present plant, as he didn't like the smoke and smell. Then came the Frank Sullivans, a very fine couple who did much good work in Town. Mr. Sullivan was in the lumber business in Buffalo and unfortunately fell foul of the U.S. Government, which august body pretty well stripped him of his money. He passed

away some years ago. The property was used by the Women's Army Corps during the late war. It has since been sold and Mrs. Sullivan has moved away.

THE MATTHEWS HOUSE

January 26th, 1950

Around the corner on Mary Street is the Matthews house. Here George lives, but I well remember his father Arth, as he was called, a well-known teamster. Arth was a very hardy fellow and I have often seen him driving his team hauling ice from the river in the depth of winter with bare hands and no overcoat, when other men were well muffled up. Arth had a peculiar strain of horsefles known as Arabians. They were rather small, but wiry and tireless.

THE MURRAY PROPERTY

January 26th, 1950

In the next block along Mary Street, there were not many houses, just two facing on Victoria Street. George Murray's is at the corner of William Street. I have known the Murrays for many years. George did the Cartage Business from the Dock for years, taking it up after his brother Bill gave it up to move to the country. For some years, he drove a coal delivery for W.H.J. Evans. He was a good, upright citizen. Two of his family still occupy the family home.

THE GILLAN - RILEY -HOUGHTON HOUSE

January 26th, 1950

The other house occupying the acre lot at the corner of Victoria and Mary Streets was the home of a Mrs. Gillan, a lady of the African race and her brother Ned Riley. They were brother and sister and a sister of Mrs. Fanny Ross. I have written of the Rosses and their barbershop on Queen Street. Later the Houghtons owned and occupied this house, from which they moved to the corner of Victoria and Gage Streets.

AULD - WRIGHT PROPERTY

January 26th, 1950

Another who lived here was David Auld, a retired Methodist Minister. He was an old man when he came here to live and after he passed on Sam Wright bought the place and used it as a summer home.

THE COLEMAN - LEES - TAYLOR PROPERTY

January 26th, 1950

Around the corner on Gate Street, there lived at one time, John Coleman, another of my father's old friends. When I was a kid, we didn't have the fine spring mattresses on our beds that are now in use, but our bed ticks were filled with either feather or straw and annually a trip to the country was in order to procure a supply of straw for filling of our bed ticks. On one such trip, I accompanied my Dad and Johnny Coleman in Johnny's one-horse wagon to get straw and coming home with the load, I fell off the front, landing on my stomach, across the shafts behind the horse. However, I survived the shock, although I had the wind jolted out of me. Johnny later married a sister of George Murray and they bought the house on Front Street where their adopted daughter lived not so long ago. I helped my father-in-law put in the foundation for that house, the owner being a Colonel Jarvis of Toronto. It was originally a one-storey cottage and the Coleman's built the second storey on it. William Lees and his family lived in the house on Gate Street before moving to the farm. Bert Taylor, our postmaster later lived here and moved to his present abode after receiving his present appointment.

BARNEY McBRIEN PROPERTY

February 9, 1950

On the corner of Mary and Gate Streets, there was at one time, a small house, the home of the McBriens. Many will remember Barney of that name. Barney was a darn good painter, but otherwise he wasn't so hot. He had a reputation for starting fights and then ducking out and leaving someone else in for it. Barney had a sister Kate, who married Tommy Ellis, a Youngstown Barber. Tommy was a soldier at Fort Niagara when I first knew him. There was a nephew of Barney's, Will Henderson who lived with them and who went to Public School when I was a scholar there. He went into the American Army.

FORT NIAGARA INCIDENT

January 26th, 1950

I remember on one occasion, we ferried General Otter and his staff to Fort Niagara to visit the officers of the post. It was a rainy night, and they spent the evening in what we would call the "Officers' Canteen." This was a brick building behind the soldier's quarters. The approach to it was from the Parade Ground through a passageway between two buildings. There was a drizzling rain falling and the ground about the buildings was good and muddy. Will Henderson was walking post nearby and he later told me what happened when the party emerged from the place of entertainment. Lieutenant Billy Morrow was Officer of the Day. Billy was a fine, upstanding young man and some of you may remember him later as Colonel Morrow in charge of Fort Niagara.

However, the night was dark and Billy announced that he would lead the way. "Keep in close touch with me, gentlemen. Follow me closely. So they set out and proceeded in good order approaching the passageway between the buildings. Alas and alack, some wretch had inadvertently, shall we say, left a Carpenters trestle in the way and over it went Billy, followed by the rest of the party in a regular goosepile. After much scrambling in the muck and the mire, interlarded with some rather robust language, the scramble was unscrambled and away went the procession. They arrived at the boat, a most disreputable looking bunch of officers and gentlemen. We asked no questions and no explanation was given us. A heavy silence reigned. I happened to meet Bill Henderson a few days later and he told me what had happened. Billy had gone his rounds of the sentries plastered inside and out, but very dignified.

McBRIEN - CONORTON - BALE - COLBORN PROPERTY

January 26th, 1950

The McBriens and their house have gone and another house occupies the site. Here dwelt at one time, John Conorton. I think he built the house and he later traded it to Mr. Bale, then principal of our High School, for the house on King St., now owned by Mr. Gretzinger. Fred Colborn lives there now.

THE CUMPSON - SLINGERLAND PROPERTY

January 26th, 1950

Next we come to a house, for a long time, the home of Jim Cumpson, father of John. Jim Cumpson drove the Stage between Niagara and St. Kitts for some years. I remember that Mike Greene, James Aikins and I attended a Liberal meeting at St. Catharines. Mike Greene was driving a two-seated surrey with side curtains. On our homeward way, we passed the Stage drawn up in front of the Post Office at Homer. A Mrs. Metke was seated on the Driver's seat while Jim was apparently inside getting the mail. We jogged along, chatting as we went. As we were coming up the hill into Virgil, we heard a clatter behind us and Mike peered out around the curtains and exclaimed, "The Stage is in the Ditch." What had happened was that the king bolt had broken and Jim landed on his face in the mud and believe me, it was mud. The stage went backward down the hill and rolled over. Mrs. Metke was thrown clear, but John Pennington, an inside passenger got a broken ankle from a trunk which fell on it. We picked Mrs. Metke up and brought her into Town, while Dr. Scott, who lived on the Servos Farm, took Pennington home with him. This farm used to be known as "The Model Farm," and later as Meadowbrook. Pennington had worked there for Dr. Scott. The Cumpson house is now occupied by Lloyd Slingerland.

THE WOOTTEN PROPERTY

January 26th, 1950

On the corner, is the Wootten house, built by Bill of that name. I remember the Woottens from my early days. Ned Wootton was twice married. He had a son Dick and a daughter or two by his first wife. Dick went railroading and was Brakeman on the local run to Buffalo for some years. He was later killed while working for another road. He was a member of the United Workmen and I remember that Will McClelland and I had the duty of taking the cheque to the widow at Niagara Falls N.Y. That was in 1899, Will being Master of the Lodge, while I was Recorder. 3. I remember the second Mrs. Wootten as Jenny Bevan. She bore three sons, Ed and Colin and Will. Ed lives in the west and is a War Veteran. Colin was for years with the Cannery, while Will lived and died in Niagara. Will was a handy fellow and built his own house. A quiet, unassuming citizen, respected and respectable. What can a man want more.

THE LAVELLE FAMILY

February 10 to 23, 1950

Ike Lavell lives around the corner on Simcoe Street, I knew Ike's parents long before he arrived on the scene. Johnny and Jimmy Lavell occupied the next pew to us in the old Gallery of St. Mark's Church. The two young men married about the same time and brought their wives to Church. It seems to me that people took their duties to God more seriously in those days and

were not averse to giving up a little of their Sunday time to worshipping in their home Church. And do you know, I don't believe it did them any harm. People in those days were not saints any more than we are, but they surely were not heard yapping for an "open Sunday", like a lot of the fatheads are today. I have a suspicion that it is the lure of the dollar that is calling a lot of them. I wonder how many of them remember how our Saviour regarded the moneymakers who profaned the temple. And by the way, how often we hear it misquoted, "Money is the root of all evil" The Bible does not say anything of the kind, but that "THE LOVE OF MONEY is the root of all evil, or as the revised version has it "A root of all evil" But there, I have no license to preach. I was discussing the Lavells, a good family. John Lavell played in the old Band for many years, as did his son Ike. I was thinking of Ike the other day. We were both in the Niagara Minstrels years ago, when Harry Christie was here. Ike was one of the "End Men" and had a song to sing, the theme of which was "I'm feelin' fine." Ike's stance was just in front of my seat and I got a great kick out of watching Ike's knees just about knocking together while he was "feelin' fine." Ike was always a fellow who loved a joke and I don't suppose he'll be gunning for me when he reads this. Ike is a veteran of the First World War. I remember his telling me about a minstrel show he attended in London while "over there." They had one act which consisted of an end man bringing in a flag and how the interlocutor questioned each man about what his flag stood for. There were many U.S. soldiers in the audience, as their Army was just then coming in to the War. At last, a darky came in bearing the Stars and Stripes and on being asked what it stood for, he scratched his head and observed "I don't know boss but it's stood for a heck of a lot this last two years." which brought down the house, even the Yank's enjoying it. So much for Ike.

THE STIVEN FAMILY

January 26th, 1950

Over the way, is a house which latterly housed the Stiven family. The Stivens formerly lived on the River Road. They were a large family, four boys and several girls, now all gone but one girl.

THE CAMPION - HART - JORDAN PROPERTY

January 26th, 1950

I remember several others who lived here, among them a Mr. Campion, Tom Hart and a man named Jordan. This latter man once had a second hand store in the Stewart Block. I remember him very well, as I was Division Court Bailiff and served the papers on him which closed him up. I remember being in Court when Cecil Armstrong was suing him for wages. Cecil was the

oldest son of Windy Armstrong, who occupied the "Cave of the Winds." on the corner of King and Market Street, where the Chinese Laundry is now. I remember the grin on the face of the late Charlie Rykert, once M.P. for Lincoln and a noted lawyer of the District as he listened to Jordan cross-questioning Armstrong on the witness stand. Another who lived here was Tom Hart. Tom was very well known around the District, as he dealt largely in fruit and vegetables. During the First World War, Tom built and operated a large frame building on Picton Street, where the Service Station is now. Jim McCarthy took me to task because I didn't mention that he was the Carpenter who built the place, so now I mention it, having previously forgotten about Jim's part in it. You see, I do forget some things. Tom Hart served one year in Council, 1916, and died while quite a young man. Dave Stiven built the house on this property facing on Mary Street.

THE DeLAGRANDE PROPERTY

February 23, 1950

There was a property on the Mississauga Street side of this block on which there used to be only one house, the home of the DeLagrande family, now all gone from here. One of the boys, George was Organblower at St. Mark's for some time and I have a group photograph of the Church interior taken in 1897 at the time when the Church was decorated for Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, showing the Rector Canon Garrett and the Choir and George is in the group with the Choir.

CENTRAL SQUARE - MARKHAM PROPERLY

February 23, 1950

Just across the way from the Delagrande house is a lot shown on the plan of the Town as "Central Square." It now has a new house on it owned by the Markhams.

THE WINTERBOTTOM PROPERTY

February 23, 1950

Several blocks along Mary Street, is a house long known as the Winterbottom House. The family of Winterbottom was well known, they having been here before the War of 1812. William B. Winterbottom was an eminent lawyer and he served ten years in Town Council. A son, William S., was also a useful citizen, being active in musical circles and serving two years as Councillor and part of a year as Mayor. He left Town while still Mayor and did not return. The best

remembered of this family was Augusta, or Gussie, Winterbottom, as she was usually called. She taught school here for many years. She taught my mother and all of our family. Besides, she taught in St. Mark's Sunday School, sang in the Choir and was generally a most useful and painstaking person in all she undertook. She never spared herself. She was Librarian of our Public Library too for a long time. I should say that she and Janet Carnochan were two women without peer in the life and history of our Community.

THE BEST - RUSSELL - CURD PROPERTIES

February 23, 1950

At the corner of Mary and King Streets, is a brick house, now occupied by the Tom Russells, and which was the abode of Fred Best, well known merchant and butcher of a past age. As I have reminisced about Fred before this, I need not say more about him now. The house, since his day, has had several occupants. The frame house just beyond was for a long time owned by Fred's sister Fanny, but is now the home of Mrs. Curd.

HEWGILL - ROBINSON - HAINES PROPERTY

February 23, 1950

On the corner of Regent and Mary is a frame house, now the abode of Charlie Haines, but as I remember it, it was the home of the Hewgill family. There was a large family here, mostly females. One of these ladies was my Sunday School Teacher for a time and was a very nice person. A sister, Alice, married H.A. Garrett, one of the Mayors of long ago. I only remember one of the men, Ed., who left here when I was quite young. Another Lovelace was in the Mounted Police and was on duty along the line when the Canadian Pacific was being built cross the Western Prairies. His son Ted, my son-in-law, has a small book written by his father, in which he recounts events transpiring while the road was being built. Later on, James Robinson lived here. Jimmy, as he was usually called, was a farmer on the River Road for many years. When I first remember him, he had a farm just beyond the Longhurst farm, the house and outbuildings later being torn down. The Robinsons spent many years on the farm now occupied by the Griptions. The house there was once the home of a Father Carroll, who served Niagara and Queenston and lived about midway between the two places. John Healey was called after him. The point on the river just opposite was long known as Priest Carroll's Point and was known in my time as Robinson's Point. Jimmy Robinson was a very nice, rather short Englishman, very soft spoken and gentlemanly. He had one son and one daughter. The son is living in the States and there are none of the family in the Town now. I don't know whether it is safe to say anything about Charlie Haines. However, lest he feel slighted, let me say I like him, if

that will be any good. He is a veteran of the First Great War and has been active in Legion matters these many years. He is a good solid citizen and a credit to the Town.

CANADIAN CANNERS D AS AWDE

February 23, 1950

On the other side of this block is the factory of the Canadian Canners, managed for many years by Ab Awde, who recently left us. After the glowing tribute to him published since his death, I could not hope to emulate the editor's contribution to his memory. I do agree, however, that he earned every good thing that was said about him. He surely was a worth while citizen and one could wish there were more like him.

JOE GREENE

March 3rd, 1950

Over the way, is the home of Mrs. Joe Greene, widow of one of our outstanding public men. Joe Greene was Warden of Lincoln County in 1907. He was Town Councillor in 1903 and 1904. County Commissioner in 1905 and 1906 and Reeve from 1907 to 1911 inclusive. He had also served in the Township Council I always regarded Joe as one of our most level-headed public men. I remember hearing about his clever retort to one of the County Councillors, who was opposing an increase in the per diem allowance received from the County for their services, from three dollars to five and which Joe was supporting. "That's all right," said Joe. "My friend doesn't think he's worth more than three dollars, while I think I am." This of course, was said with Joe's engaging smile and the motion carried.

THE HUNTER - MATTHEWS PROPERTY

February 23, 1950

Along Mary Street is a cottage, the home of Harry Matthews but it was formerly the home of Neil Hunter, whose daughter Mary taught in our Public School and who later became Joe Green's wife. Mary was highly regarded as a teacher and as a person. She died at a comparatively early age and Joe later married the present Mrs. Greene who is also a fine person. I must say that Joe showed good judgment in choosing his wives.

THE THOMAS COTTAGE

February 23, 1950

The next cottage was once the home of Mrs. Mary Thomas, a widow lady who came here with her family. Her house was badly damaged by fire and neighbors helped rebuilt it. Her eldest son Reg was killed in the First World War and her other son Joe and her two daughters are well known here, her daughters being Mrs. Jerry Walsh and Mrs. Walt Sheppard.

THE CANADIAN - AFRICAN SECTION

TOM MILLS FAMILY

February 23, 1950

Around the corner, on Victoria Street, there use to be a house owned and occupied by Tom Mills. I might remind you here that this whole district was once peopled by people who had fled from Slavery over the border and had taken refuge under the Union Jack, a flag which has been a haven or refuge for thousands of oppressed people in all parts of the globe. Tom Mills' forbears were of the African race and Tom was far from being a blonde. He was a big, husky fellow and was a Teamster and strong as they make them. I have seen him at the wharf, pick up a barrel! of coal oil by the chines and put it in his wagon unassisted and just as thought it was an everyday feature of his work. If you don't know, a barrel of coal oil weighs something over 400 pounds. Try that over on your typewriter. Tom was married and had a boy and a girl, but they are all gone now and "the place thereof knoweth them no more forever."

BILL MCCARTAN & FAMILY

February 23, 1950

Here, later on dwelt Bill McCartan and his family. Bill raised a large family, some of whom are still with us. Everybody knows Tom who has sawed boards and driven nails all about the neighborhood these many moons. He served as Chief Constable for a spell, but didn't care much for the job. He had a fund of humor and a ready wit that make him a very likeable fellow. His sister is Mrs. Jim McCarthy, who is also very well known, she having held a responsible position with Canadian Cannery for years. Of course, there are grandchildren of "Ole Bill" scattered over the local landscape. If Bill could come back, he would not find much to complain of in the progeny he left behind him when he departed hence.

HARRY LEE & FAMILY

February 23, 1950

Later on, Harry Lee lived here and the old house got itself burnt up while Harry lived there. I don't like to say too much about people who are still among us, but everybody knows Harry and John, two well known plumbers. Their father, Jimmy Lee worked for years; in fact, he died while at work for the Town. Harry is a Great War Veteran and a good citizen. He served one year in Town Council and is a very level-headed fellow and a finished workman.

March 9, 1950

I cannot pretend to give you a complete history of the people of the African race who occupied the many small houses that dotted this neighborhood and can only give you a fleeting glimpse of these people.

THE LIVINGSTONE FAMILY

March 9, 1950

There was Betsy Livingstone, for instance, an old, old lady who had been a slave. She was said to be over 120 years of age when she died. She was a short, portly old lady and smoked a clay pipe. She had two sons, Bill and Alf. I knew Bill best, as he did the mowing in St. Mark's Cemetery for years. Bill, by the way was known usually as "Shiner." Bill had a couple of experiences over the line which he told me about. When about 15 years old, he got a job on a farm near Youngstown. Now, if you know anything about Youngstown, you will know that they have never allowed a Negro to live in the village or near it. So Bill was in the apple orchard of the farm where he was to work with a number of boys, white of course. Now, these boys had a gun and were shooting at a mark. Bill of course, boylike, looked on enviously and they finally asked him if he would like a shot. These were the days of the old muzzle-loaders. So they loaded the gun and handed it to Bill. As he was about to shoot, he noticed that they had all ducked behind trees, whereupon Bill smelt a very large rat. He had a ball of string in his pocket and he tied an end of it to the trigger of the gun which he stood against a tree. He took shelter behind another tree, and pulled the string. Bang went the gun and flew to pieces, whereupon Bill left hurriedly for home and Canada. "Sure, day meant to kill me," said Bill and that was that.

In later years, when Bill was considerably older, he secured a job from a Youngstown contractor on some government buildings in course of erection at Fort Niagara. Bill was engaged in wheeling bricks and mortar to the masons and after the building was up in the air a bit, Bill and his wheelbarrow would be hoisted up in a temporary elevator. Well you might guess what

happened to Bill. He and his barrow were allowed to fall to the ground and poor Bill was badly injured, sustaining broken bones and severe head injuries. Bill never fully recovered from his injuries and never received any compensation. A Niagara lady befriended Bill and did what she could for him, securing for him medical attention. She played the good Samaritan to poor Bill without any hope or expectation of any reward, at least here below.

Bill had a brother Alf, a rather uncouth fellow. On one occasion, Alf had gone to the country for a load of cordwood with his one-horse wagon. Not having come home after dark, poor old Betsy, his mother became alarmed at his absence, so she went to Bill's house and sent him in search of the missing Alf. After a prolonged search, Bill discovered Alf peacefully sleeping atop of his load of wood, at the rear of Jim Walsh's hotel, which hotel was the building wherein we now find the Superior Store. "Laws a me," said Bill. "Alf and wood and hawse, an all was drunk."

I cannot pretend to give you a history of all the Africans who lived about here. There were the Wars', the Bannisters, the Rileys, the Wesleys, and the Warfields. I remember Ned Riley and his sister Mrs. Gillan who lived in the house now occupied by the Herbert Powells.

THE WARFLElds & THE WESLEYS

March 9, 1950

The Warfields and the Wesleys lived in the Kenally house on Mississauga Street. There used to be a corner in the Methodist Church on the right, behind to stove reserved for the colored folks. Both these good men were very devout church goers and frequently led in prayer at the weekly prayer meetings. I remember both these men very well. Wesley was a rather short man with flowing side whiskers, while Warfield was a tall dignified person, with a beard adorning his Physiognomy. The dear ladies of the two families did not always agree and frequent clashes occurred, so much so that the Church members finally secured a home in the Township for one family, believing separation to be good for both groups.

March 16, 1950

I feel a personal interest in this house, as here my mother's father kept a hotel or tavern here in the days "of auld lang syne." The house was known as "The Rising Sun." My grandfather was Noble Keith, and he founded the Orange Lodge in Niagara. This Order flourished in my younger days, and had their Lodge room in what is now "The Masonic Hall"

NOBLE KEITH'S TAVERN

March 16, 1950

I was quite amused to see in the old Council Minutes, an item or two of interest. In those days, the Council consisted of fifteen members, and their Inaugural was in May. The Council then had the issuing of Tavern Licenses. At one meeting, appears a minute licensing a list of taverns among whose proprietors appeared the name of Noble Keith. But, alas, at the following meeting the name of Noble Keith was stricken from the list, the reason given being that he was not a fit and proper person to run a Public House. I might explain that the granting of these licenses was much like kissing and went by favour. However, as I was not around just then, I cannot say positively much about the matter. I remember my mother telling us about an incident which occurred when she was a small girl, living with her parents in this house. Some men were gathered there one evening, and as was usual in those days, talk of spooks and graveyards went about the room and one fellow rather bragged that he was not afraid of any ghosts, in fact, in his opinion, there were no such things. Finally, he was dared to go to Butler's Burying Ground and bring back a skull. As you may surmise, bones lay about the place, exposed to public gaze and the place was only put into decent order a few years ago. However, the dare was given and accepted. One of the men had borrowed a bedsheet from my grandmother and hid him away to the graveyard ahead of our brave bucko, who duly arrived on the scene. He groped around and found a skull. As he raised up with it in his hand, the amateur ghost stepped from behind a stone and said in a deep sepulchral tone, "That's mine." "All right," was the rejoinder and the skull was dropped. Our hero felt around and found another and again came the same speech and the same answer. A third skull was found and again came the ominous words, "That's mine." "Oh well," came the answer, "they can't be all yours," and our hero took to his heels and arrived at the Tavern panting and triumphant.

THE McKIMMIE - McCARTHY PROPERTY

March 16, 1950

There are some houses about the fringes of the Town about which something might be said and about some of the people who lived in them. There is the house now owned by the McCarthy's. I best remember two men who lived there. One of them was John McKimmie. John was Scotch and was a fine specimen of that race. He was for a time Division Court Clerk and sometimes served as Assessor. His last position was Lighthouse Keeper. I knew John very well when he was about the water front. He had a good sense of humour and could spin quite a yarn on occasion. I remember coming up behind him at the wharf one day. I put my hands over his eyes and said, "Guess Who." He guessed who and told me this yarn. An old Scotch couple had lived together

many years and Jock lay Deein'. It got on the old wife's nerves after a while and she thought it would be a charity to help him "o'er the border." So she got the clothesline, put a noose in one end of lit and looked about for a place to get a good pull at it. She raised the window, threw the rope outside, went out and pulled until she thought Jock would be finished. All this time, Jock had lain on his back with his eyes closed, apparently in a comatose condition.

However, he was not so far gone as the dame thought and he had managed to get hold of the line and hold it from his throat. So when his gude wife came in to make sure of the success of her charitable effort, he lay there with his eyes closed as she bent over him. "Jock, Jock," she said, "do ye know me?" Slowly his eyes opened, and these words came from his lips. "I'm beginnin' ta."

March 23, 1950

HOWSE - McCARTHY PROPERTY

March 23, 1950

Another who lived here for many years was David Howse. David was quite a character in his own quiet way. He was a single taxer and had had a considerable amount of experience in the old land in public speaking on behalf of the Single Tax Association. He served two years in Town Council. The present Councillor Howse, who is serving his tenth year in Council, is his son. Of course, everybody knows Jim McCarthy who now lives there. A veteran of the First World War and well known as a Carpenter and Builder. I met Jim one day on the street and he took me to task because I had not mentioned that he was the builder of the Tom Hart building which occupied the site of the filling station on Picton Street. As I only compile these lines from memory, I couldn't hope to escape criticism from someone whom I overlook. I should be only too glad to be helped to remember places and things about the Town.

COLONEL BUTLER

March 23, 1950

Near the Town Boundary on the southeast side of Mississauga Street, is an old house, once the home of Colonel Butler of Revolutionary fame. I suppose most of us old timers have heard a lot about the Butlers. There is a marble tablet erected in memory of Colonel Butler on the wall of St. Mark's Church. This was erected when I was a Sunday School kid. I have many times had a quiet smile at the acid looks of some of our American visitors when they saw the tablet and

read its inscription which is quite laudatory of the doughty Colonel. To them, he was first cousin to His Satanic Majesty. However, he was a loyal subject of the King and wrought mightily in his service. His regiment of Butler's Rangers was quartered in the Barracks which still bear his name. These Barracks were moved from their former location between the Town and what became Fort George, to their present site, in order to get them further from the guns of Fort Niagara. We must remember that the southeasterly boundary of the Town was then King Street, consequently these buildings were not in the Town and were not burned with the rest of the buildings of the neighborhood.

THE BISSELL FAMILY

March 23, 1950

In my day, Nels Sissell lived here and raised his family. The Bissell family is deserving of more than a passing glance, for it was a large one. Nels and several of his brothers served for years in the old Second Dragoons. I think I see that old Regiment riding down to our part of the Town to water their horses at the Elliott Spring. It was quite an adventure for us Dock kids to see them at such close quarters. Nels has descendants living in Town, quite a number of them, in fact. There is Mrs. Mel. Gordon, Mrs. Curt Gordon, Mrs. Elwin Campbell and their families, all reputable people. There is also Mrs. Elizabeth Moore, a granddaughter and Mrs. Gould, the latter a granddaughter of Mrs. Robbie Reid, who lives in Fonthill. After the death of Nels, the property was sold and has been broken up into small parcels.

One of Nel's brothers Frank, has one son living in the southerly part of the Town, usually known as Art. Here he lives quietly in the house built by his father. Frank Bissell and his elder son John laid a good many pieces of cement walk in the Town. John died during the flu epidemic which swept the Town in 1918 and 1919. John Lee and Harry are sons of another Bissell who married Jimmy Lee. Everybody knows the Lee boys, both good plumbers. Another Bissell woman married Charlie Ball and Jim and Charlie McMillan are grandchildren of this couple, as are Mrs. Celia Simpkin and W. J. Ball, also Mrs. Walter M. Reid. This fine couple were my godparents and a nice pair of people they were. Another branch of the Bissell family were John and Ted. John has members of his family in our midst, among them George R. or Buck as he is better known. Then there are Mrs. Chas. McGuire and Mrs. Will Fellows and their respective families. Charlie McGuire and Bill Fellows both worked for the Michigan Central Railway for years. I remember Bill Fellows, first as living with his brother Joe, in the house where the Simpkins live. Joe was then section boss on the Railway. It was Joe and Bill who broke in the door of Mrs. Daley's house to rescue her when she was burned. My sister (later Mrs. Ascher) was passing and saw smoke issuing from around the doors and windows of the house and she ran to the Fellows

house and called them. The poor old woman was just about blind, and evidently set herself on fire while lighting her fire for breakfast. She only lived a few minutes after they brought her out. George Bissell too worked on the section for the railway for a long time and was section boss for a time. I knew Ted Bissell *very* well, as he was engaged in fishing for years while I was about the water. Ted was a smallish man, with a keen sense of humor and was liked by all those who came into contact with him. He has a son in the person of George A. or Teddy as he is best known. Eddie Smith is a grandson and should be known by *every* mothers' son in the place, as he has been *delivery* man for the McClellands long enough to own the Town.

Teddy Bissell was in the employ of the local Hydro for some years, but is now retired on account of his health. I was remembering an incident about Teddy of rather ancient vintage. We were sawing ice for the McClellands on the slip. This was before the days of electric refrigeration, when it was necessary to provide frozen water for the preservation of the family food supply. In the corner next, the brick hotel, we were busy, Teddy and I, side by side, when Teddy, with a grin, said to me "Watch me let Sam Todd in." That portion of the ice surface had a great many cracks in it so Teddy proceeded with his prank, but alas, while he was sawing away gleefully, his own underpinning gave way, and down he went till only the tassel on his stocking cap showed. He was duly rescued, whereupon he gave himself a shake, exclaiming "Safe as a Church," and departing on the trot for his home, whence he returned later on, apparently none the worse for his impromptu bath.

THE SMITH'S

March 30th, 1950

Before travelling any further, I should like to reminisce a bit about the Smiths. None of us Dock Dwellers were numbered among the great or the wealthy and anything said about us might be like Gray's "short and simple annals of the poor." Charlie Smith was a Mason and was our next door neighbour in my boyhood days. Young Charlie and I played together as kids, kicked each others shins, etc. I remember that my folks bought me a pair of top boots, with a scarlet kneecap and bright copper toecaps. I was very proud of those boots, but I got into trouble over them, as I kicked Charlie's shins with them, for which I received parental discipline in a generous portion. Young Charlie, or Micky as he was usually called, became a Barber and passed away some years ago. His son Eddy and his grandchildren are with us. Eddy's sister married a Powley and went to Youngstown to live.

THE WRIGHT - HUNTER FAMILY

March 23, 1950

Across the way and just over the Town Boundary, is a house which was once the home of A. W. Wright, who was a very able public speaker and could talk on either side of any subject about which he was engaged to speak. His daughter Anna married Walter Hunter and passed away some years ago, leaving a son and a daughter Alec and Betty by name.

THE HOAG FAMILY

March 23, 1950

Not far away, is the house of the Hoags. I remember Charles Hoag very well. For a number of years, he did the Cemetery work for St. Mark's. He was a sturdy, rugged type of man, of Scottish descent and had four sons and a daughter. His oldest son George was a classmate of mine at Public and High School. George was quite studious at school and when I last knew him, he was a Sergeant on the Toronto Police Force. Two of the boys went west and Bob stayed at home and worked the place, passing away not so long ago.

THE RICHES A HOLAHAN - AIKINS PROPERTIES

March 23, 1950

Bob married Harriet Riches, who survives him. Harriet is one of a family, well known locally. Tom, her brother, was for years in the business of contracting for cement work and excavating of various kinds. Several of his family are with us still. Tom Riches' wife was a daughter of James Holahan, who raised quite a large family. He was a veteran of the Fenian Raids and was one of my father's old cronies. He was a fine man, respected and respectable. He lived for years in a house on the Lake Road, just beyond the Town limits and once known as "The Royal Oak." Here at one time, my grandfather Noble Keith kept a Tavern. The last occupant of the house was Arthur Aikins. The house burned down and Arthur disappeared and has never been found although his father made many efforts to get some trace of him. Mr. Aikins always maintained that he had met with foul play, but no proof of that could be found so it remains an unsolved mystery. The only Holahans remaining in Town are Arthur and his family, who lived in the house built by his father Tom Holahan. We had always been friendly with the Holahan family and Jim's son Tom was a well known figure about our Town. He and John Bissell were in the Contracting business together for years. Their first job together was the curbing on Queen Street from King St. to Simcoe St., which job was done, along with the paving of the street during the Winter of 1914-1915. I should mention here, that there is another of the Holahan clan living in Town in the person of Joseph, who lives at the Prince of Wales Hotel. I feel that I

have pretty well covered the Town in these reminiscences and should therefore wind them up. I have been assured by many people that they have enjoyed them and I thought we might reminisce a bit more about people and families who have lived and done things in our Town. I should like to remind my readers that reminiscences are not of necessity history, but simply things a person remembers either as personal or as having been brought to one's attention by other persons or by events which recall things to one's memory.

Section 9A**BUSINESS AND OFFICIAL FAMILIES IN TOWN**

The following articles appeared in the Niagara Advance beginning on April 6th, 1950 and were written as Reminiscences by Joseph E. Masters

APRIL 6TH, 1950

Now about families: In studying our Town, I think we find the business men pretty well running things and in the course of my series on "Our Main Street," I mention a good many of them individually.

THE CLEMENT FAMILY

Among them, let us start with the Clements. Old Squire Clement and his son John were quite important members of the community. George A. was an old man as I remember him, bearded and dignified in appearance. A quiet man active in Church and Council, a good business man and altogether a fine type of citizen. His son, Johnny Clement, was a rather short, stocky man, active in Church and in Masonic matters. He stuttered, but was quite a clever fellow. Neither of these men was afraid of leaving business to do a bit for his community.

THE FOLLET FAMILY

Then there were the Folett Family. Steve Folett served the Town for 22 years in Council, as Mayor, Reeve, Councillor and he was Warden of Lincoln. It is true that none of his sons followed in his footsteps but he had two fine daughters, both active in Church work and Mrs. Follet was a very saintly woman, known for her goodness and piety. Certainly, here was a family worthy of our commendation.

THE CRYSLER FAMILY

Then the Crysler Family. Henry was a rather reserved, quiet man, who kept a grocery where the liquor store is now. He never made much of a splash in the Town pool, but he did serve in Council. He had two sons, one of whom was our Town Tooth Doctor for years. Frank, or Doc, as he was usually called, served on the School Board for some years, while his sister Emma taught in the Methodist Sunday School for a long while. She also taught in the old "Western Home,"

and was altogether a very useful person in the community. She married Walter Reid and departed this life quite a long time ago.

THE BISHOP FAMILY

Now we come to the Bishops. I find that no less than six of this family served in Council and collectively put in 56 years in Council. Jack Bishop himself served 24 years in Council, as Mayor, Reeve, Councillor and County Warden. He was a canny, shrewd man, successful in business. He served in the Militia during the Fenian Raids. A good, solid, worthwhile citizen. Two of his sons served in Council and two of his brothers served also, Bill for one year and Bob for 21 years. Bob was a trader or so he called himself for voting purposes. He dealt in fruit and fish and was quite successful at his business. He was a shrewd trader and was fond of sport as was Jack. Both of them belonged to the old Curling Club. Bob was fond of shooting. There was game to be had in his day. Bob's son Archie and Jack's sons, Jim and Tom have served in Council. None of them were stayers in it like their fathers. Archie is carrying on the Fish business like his father and with a good bit of his father's shrewdness. Peter, Jack's son is in the Grocery business on King Street, so here we have a family still carrying on as useful citizens. Frank Bishop, another brother of Jack and Bob, had a Pool Room for years and passed on many years ago.

APRIL 13TH, 1950

THE WALSH FAMILY

The Walsh family, too, is a well known one. Jim Walsh in my early days, kept a hotel in the building where the Carnochans are now located. He was a quiet man who minded his own business. I went to School with several of his family; Clary, Herb, Fred and Mary. Mary was known for years as a successful Music Teacher and she played the organ in St. Vincent Church for years. Herb Walsh is probably the best known to the modern people as he only passed on a few years ago. He was a Telegraph Operator by profession. He was in the Customs Service for a time and served as one of the Town Auditors for several years. His last employment was at the McClelland Store as Cashier and Book-keeper. At all of these things, he surely was efficient. His quiet, gentlemanly demeanor was all that could be desired. Altogether, he was a fine type of citizen. Herb's eldest brother Simon Walsh was much like Herb. He had the same quiet manner and was fond of music. He, when I first knew of him, was in the employ of McGaw & Winnett in the Hotel business. This firm had three Hotels, the Queen's Royal here, the Queen's in Toronto and the Tecumseh House in London. Simon Walsh served in all three at different times and in

his latter days, took over the Tecumseh House and ran it until he finally retired from business. Herb's family are still with us in the persons of Agnes at the Bell Telephone, Mrs. Russell Carr and of course, Jerry, who is now Superintendent of the Niagara Hydro System. He should know his job, for he has been with the Hydro for about a quarter of a century. By the way, the real name of our local Hydro is "The Niagara Hydro Electric Commission," and not as designated on their bill.

THE MCMILLAN FAMILY

The next business family that we come to is that of the McMillans. John McMillan, the first of these was a shortish, stout man, with a bluff hearty manner. I have seen a picture of the building, that is now occupied by the Frys, with a sign John McMillan & Son. Here they did a wholesale grocery business. When I first remember them, Dave McMillan was managing the store, while John and his other son Jim, ran the American Hotel at the Dock. Dave resembled the old man in appearance. He had a good tenor voice and sang in St. Mark's Choir when it was located in the gallery. Dave had several sons, the oldest of them, Will, was a chum of Clary Walsh, whose deskmate he was at Public School. They were a pair of prankish boys and were the bane of Gussy Winterbottom's existence, until she promoted them to get rid of them. Dave McMillan ultimately went to Toronto and started a Cartage business, which is still being carried on by his family on Queen Street East in Toronto. I remember word being brought to Town via Steamer Chicora of the death of John McMillan in a hotel bedroom in Toronto, where he had gone to supply Dave with funds to start a business. Jim McMillan, or Windy Jim, as he was usually called, was quite a card too. He too sang in the Choir as did most of his family after him. He was a witty, prankish fellow, but kindhearted and good to his family. Jim had one son Will, usually known as Millan, sometimes as Sloppy, with whom I was always close friends.

We played together as kids and knew each other all our lives until he passed away a few years ago. In his latter years, he came into the Choir while I was Choirmaster and I was glad to have him. He was an Engineer and served for years on steamers plying between Buffalo and Chicago. In later years, he became the first engineer at our local electric light station when we had a steam plant. Then he was engineer on the Corona for several seasons and later engineer on a steam yacht in Toronto. His last employment was as Foghorn Engineer, from which position, he has not been long retired when he passed away rather suddenly. John McMillan served nine years in Council, Jim one year and Will was in his first year when he died. Two of Jim's daughters were in St. Mark's Choir and one granddaughter. They all had good voices. I think we may safely say that this family did their bit for their Town. Will has two sons and a daughter living in Town, each of them having a family.

THE WOODINGTON FAMILY

Harry Woodington had a grocery business in the store, now occupied by the Magder establishment. I remember Harry very well, but he did not seem to have done much in a public way.

April 20th, 1950

MRS. SWIFT'S ICE CREAM PARLOUR

In where the Home Bakery is now, there once dwelt Mrs. Swift, the pioneer in the ice-cream business in our Town. She began over the way where Bill McKenzie is now. Those were the days when one had to make his own supply and a great deal of actual labour was required to produce the ice-cream. Mrs. Swift had been a Mrs. Gurvine before she married James Swift. She was the mother of a large family of Gurvines, one of whom was lately mentioned in the columns of the Advance. Harry Gurvine was at one time Police Chief in Buffalo and I remember visiting at his home in that city. A brother Bill, was at one time conductor on the M.C.R.R. on the Buffalo-Niagara run.

JAMES MACPHEE

After the Swifts passed on, the property changed hands several times, the most notable of the owners being Jim Macphee, who built the Bakery in the rear and carried on for a long time. Jim was a member of Council for ten years, as Councillor, Mayor and Reeve and was Warden of Lincoln in 1929. He was a good sensible man in Council and was highly regarded by all who came in contact with him.

THE DAVEY FAMILY

We must not overlook the Davey family. Albert, the first of the family whom I knew, was well known about here. He was a Fenian Raid Veteran and was for a time Provincial Policeman at the Dock. Two of his sisters married into business families, one to John Bishop and one to William McClelland. Albert assisted at both of these business places at different times and was a quietly efficient person at whatever he undertook. One of his sons, Vernon was in business here for years in the restaurant business. He served one year in Council and was Assessor for several years besides serving on the Hydro Commission. His elder brother Albert was in Council for two years and was a painter and paperhanger by calling. He was in the Liquor Store for

some years and is now retired. We may assume that this family was a useful one in our community. Vern, by the way, is now in the coal business in Uxbridge.

THE DOYLE FAMILY

We must not forget the Doyle family either. Jimmy Doyle occupied a rather unique position in the Town. While his business was keeping hotel, he was also the unofficial banker for the Town and the business men. Jimmy began his career as chore boy for Mrs. Moffatt at the grand salary of four dollars per month. He died a comparatively wealthy man. He kept what was then known as a Family Hotel and families came there year after year to spend their summer vacations. His elder son Johnson Doyle or Jay as he is usually called, is in business in St. Catharines, while Harold, his younger son had the Liquor Store after his father died. This business was terminated by the War Time Prohibition and Harold is now living retired in Grimsby. One of Harold's sons Jimmy, served with the Army throughout the late war and is now in the Insurance Business in Toronto.

THE McCLELLAND FAMILY

The McClelland Family played a large part in the life of our community. No less than five of them served in Council. The father, usually known in my day as "Old Bill", spent 19 years in the Council. Young Bill served three years as Mayor during the first War and as I was Reeve at that time, I know something of the many knotty problems that Council was called upon to solve. Besides this, he served four years as Councillor and two as Reeve. Both of the Bills belonged to the old Curling Club, as did Bert the next son. Bert McClelland served one year in Council and died while still a young man. His wife is still with us as is his daughter Mrs. Warner, while his son Bert is in charge of Queenston Park. Young Bert was a Councillor for one year. He is a Veteran of the First War and also served in the Second, being badly wounded in England. Bert and Harry Irvine built the curbs on Picton Street when it was paved some years ago. I might mention here that Tom Holahan and John Bissell built the curbs on Queen st. in 1914. Fred McClelland, who passed away recently, served six years in Council, besides serving on School Boards of the Town. Fred left one daughter, Mrs. Fred Marsh, and his wife, who was Lou Short. Thus there has passed off the stage, a family prominent in business and community life for a whole century. A record to be proud of indeed.

April 27th, 1950

THE PLATTS FAMILY

One of the business families that has passed off the scene in our Town is that of the Platts. To most of us, they are forgotten. But, at one time, the Platts were quite an important part of our business life. The one whom I remember was Willard, who passed away long ago. The family had a carriage making establishment and hired a considerable number of men, including four apprentices. Willard was a very conscientious, pious man with gentle manners. He taught in the Methodist Sunday School for years and always began the day at the Factory with a Prayer and Scripture reading. Of course, Willard Platts did not begin the business and was only one of a family. But I think the family is worthy of our notice.

I couldn't hope to mention all the Families that have been important in our midst and I hope no one will climb my coat collar over some omission on my part. I would much prefer to have them tell me of my sins of omission. In reminiscing about the places in the Town, some few have rather accused me of omitting mention of their particular homes. I had no intention of expatiating on the merits of the newer houses that have sprung up like mushrooms all over the landscape, nor have I had any wish to slight anyone. I have been asked several times, how I am able to remember so many things, to which I have had to answer that its just "one darn thing after another."

THE PAFFARD FAMILY

I suppose only us oldsters remember the Paffard family. I have mentioned Henry Paffard elsewhere in my various articles. A man he was, who did much good in a quiet way. He served 26 years as Mayor but this was only part of his services to the Town. He was Treasurer of our Library for nearly half a century. I found an entry in Library records wherein he personally paid ten years rent of the premises occupied by the Library. He was on the Board of the Western Home for many years and served St. Mark's Church in various capacities for many years. His daughters, too, were useful women, his eldest daughter being organist for a long time. Both the oldest girls taught Sunday School for years. This quiet, unassuming man conducted a drug business that was most successful. In those days, Doctors did not make up their own prescriptions and there were not the patent medicines, nor the many toilet accessories that now adorn the shelves of the modern drug store. But I must be careful or I may tread on someone's corns, and received cold looks from Jack Bates or Erl Field. As far as I am concerned, they could peddle fish if they took the notion to do so. Thafs all for Drug stores.

THE SHERLOCK FAMILY

Of course, the Sherlock Family has been well known here for many moons. remember old Bob Sherlock, the first of the clan, along with his sons, Dan and Dick. Its a funny thing that neither of the sons was known by his real name, for Dan's name was Albert, while Dick's was Charles. Dan was a Fenian Raid Veteran, a very quiet man, who spent his life working about the water front. He ran the boathouse at the Queen's Royal for years and was known far and wide by the many patrons of that ancient hostelry. His wife was a fine woman and did quite a bit of midwifery in her day. They raised a nice family, Mrs. William Thompson being a daughter as well as Mrs. George Gibson. Doed, as she was known, was in charge of the Bell Telephone Office for years before she married. The younger son, Danny, was drowned some years ago while crossing the Lake in a motor boat. The elder son, Ed is still with us. He was engaged in a piscatorial capacity for years in partnership with Eddie O'Melia and left that occupation to become Chief Constable of the Town, which office he filled very capably for many years. He gave up that job to go into the Hotel business and is now living quietly. He is now a Councillor, being in his fifth year in that capacity.

Ed was quite an oarsman in his younger days, and once cleaned up the elite skiff oarsmen of Toronto in races on their odoriferous Bay. Of course, as there is no boat running, I feel safe in poking a bit of fun at the Ambitious City. Oh, I beg Hamilton's pardon. I should have said the Queen City.

Then, Dick Sherlock had a family, well known hereabouts, as several of his grandchildren are living here. Dick and his wife, when I first knew them, lived in the building where the restaurant is now and they had a store, where the Marino's are now. Previous to that, they had lived in a building below the hill in the Queen's Royal grounds opposite the Elliott house. Here they were burned out. Dick died while comparatively young and left a family of wife, three daughters and two sons.

Mrs. Sherlock carried on the store for some years and then bought the property at Ricardo and Melville Streets, where she had a boarding house. Her oldest son, Charlie, or Grinny as he was called, married Ada Hindle and left two sons when he died as a comparatively young man. He and his wife ran a restaurant on Queen Street where there is still a restaurant. They afterwards bought the house on Gate Street, known as Cornelia, where they kept a boarding house. His brother Steve Sherlock is too well known to need any introduction from me. He was so much in the public eye that he deserves more than a passing mention. He began his public career while still a young man and served 17 years altogether in Council. Steve was not always the easiest

fellow in the world to get along with, but he had progressive ideas and was never afraid to speak when he saw fit to do so. Steve had a lot to do with road improvement in Niagara, and was in a large measure, responsible for the improved roadbeds on Melville, Ricardo, King and other streets. It was I who moved the motion that made Steve Sherlock Chairman of the Board of Works in 1913, my first year in Council. Steve often consulted with me in his plans for improving our streets. While I never served on the Board of Works at home, I was the first Chairman of the Lincoln County Good Roads Committee, attended many Good Roads Conventions and thus learned a lot about road building, some of which knowledge I was able to pass on to Steve when asked by him to do so. Steve passed on not so long ago, and he has two sons who carry on good work for the Town. Don, the younger, is Fire chief, and Harry is high up in the Fire Company too, so that the family is proving its usefulness to the Town. Before leaving this family, I should like to mention that both Grinny and Steve played hockey in the old days of seven man teams. Grinny was a member of the Team that won the Championship of Southern Ontario many moons ago. Steve's business was the livery, first horses, and then he had the first auto livery in the Town. A very useful family and an asset to any town.

THE BLAIN FAMILY

When I was small, Tom Blain had a Dry Goods Business in what is now the Stewart Block. He was active in Community life and served eight years in Council, two of them as Reeve. He was appointed Keeper of the County Gaol and the family moved to St. Catharines. sister taught in Public School for some years and was my teacher for a time. Tom had four sons, all of them nice chaps, Colin the youngest being in later years, Collector of Customs at St. Catharines.

THE ROWLAND FAMILY

Another family that was prominent in our public life years ago was that of the Rowlands. There are none of them here now, but Tom Rowland was a very successful business man and a good man in Council. I used to hear him spoken of as a very wise man, whose judgment could be trusted. He served five years in Council and was Mayor for part of one year owing to a vacancy occurring in that office during the year. He moved to Toronto, and made a success of business there too.

In later years, his son Fred came here and took over the Orygoods business after Bob Burns moved away. Fred Rowland was a schoolmate of mine at High School and was a very fine man. Kindly and jovial, he was a good man to know. He served three years in Council, from which body he resigned on receiving an appointment to the Liquor License Board for Lincoln. I got to

know Fred very well as he and I served together as Churchwardens of St. Mark's for several years. He went to Toronto and took over his father's business when the old gentleman passed away. A good family and a loss to the Town when they left it.

May 11th, 1950

THE BURNS FAMILY

Bob Burns took over the business from Tom Rowland and ran it very successfully for many years. He had a good tailoring establishment in the flat over the store and always had good tailors. He usually kept two tailors and three or four tailoresses and found enough business to keep them all busy. Two of the girls who worked there are still living in Town. Bob was a very fine man, and like the rest of the family, he was fond of music. He ran the Methodist Choir for years, while his sister Salome played the organ and taught music pupils. Joe, too had a good voice and as a family, they were a fine musical asset to the Town Society. Joe was his book-keeper in the store, until Bob moved away to Brantford. Joe then was appointed Town Clerk in succession to Russell Wilkinson. He held this position until 1910, when he resigned to accept an appointment as Collector of Customs. Joe was quite a sport and I remember him as a member of the old Niagara Curling Club and later as a great lawn bowler. He and Watts Lansing won many trophies in single and double competitions against many of the best bowlers of the province. Bill Inkster and H. W. Clark both had this business after Fred Rowland moved to Toronto, neither of them staying very long. Bill was in Council for three years while living here and Mr. Clark served two years in Council. After Clark left, Fred Rowland sold the property to William Greaves.

THE MISSES PETLEY

One of the businesses which were burnt out in Niagara's big fire was that of the Misses Petley. Dressmaking and Millinery was what they engaged in and after the fire, they were located in a small store situated on the site of Tranter's Tonsorial Parlour. These good ladies were aunts of Tom Mulholland, whose mother inherited the business from the Petleys. The business grew under Mulholland regime, and a new store and dwelling have been erected and the business is now a credit to any Town. Tom Mulholland and I were classmates in High School and years after our school days, we sat together on the High School Board. Tom was one of the nicest fellows I have known. I remember his wife too, in Public School. Tom had a good tenor voice and sang in St. Vincent's Choir and quite often sang at entertainments in Town. His son Joe is musical too, and has a voice much like his father's. I consider this family to have been a decided

asset to the Town.

THE CAMPBELL FAMILY

The Campbells did come, after all. There have been several families, all related. The first of these of which I wish to reminisce were the ones who lived in Irishtown. Sam was the one of these who seemed to be important. Sam was very tall, well over six feet and quite thin. I knew him best when he was book-keeper at the wharf, which job he held down for a long time. He used to get me to relieve him once in a while when he wanted a day off. Sam used to beat the big drum in the Town Band and he used to officiate as Clerk at Auction Sales. He was a well known and very much respected citizen. He had a brother Bob who was quite a simple fellow and worked at one time on the railway section.

Then there was Bill Campbell who lived on Prideaux Street where the Caughills now live. Bill was a Blacksmith, having served his time with the Platts. He fished with my Dad for a time and had a boathouse of his own on the Beach. He also worked for Big Jim Cantwell for some years. He raised a family of four sons and one daughter. At another time, he pumped water for the railway in a tankhouse which used to be beside the track near the wharf.

May 18th, 1950

Perhaps the best known of the Campbells was W. J., who had a Blacksmith shop on Queen Street where the Theatre now stands. He was quite a public character and served twelve years in Council, besides being on the High School Board. He was Truant Officer for the School Board for several years. He was also an Elder for St. Andrews Church and was a very much respected citizen. He had opinions of his own and was not afraid to voice them. He was very much interested in his native Town. I was looking at a picture of him and John Thornton and Jim Holahan, seated in an open car at one of our public celebrations. They were the last remaining members of the Niagara Company which turned out for active service at the time of the Fenian Raids. They have all long since passed away. I sat in Council and on the High School Board with William Campbell and came to know him very well. He had quite a family, two of his sons being still with us, besides grandchildren and great grandchildren. His oldest son Walter, was a Carpenter and a very good one. It was he who built Curtis' Barber Shop and the Home Bakery. He later made his home in the West. One of Walter's sons is the one who has been in the Dairy business of which he and his boys have made a great success. Another son is an Electrical Contractor and he too is making a success of his business. One of William's sons, John married

Sophie McMillan and after her father's death, he ran the American Hotel for a time, later moving to Toronto, where he still lives. Another of William's sons, William Jr. was in the druggist business for quite a while. He had bought out the business of Bert St. John, which was then located where the Liquor Store is now. He later bought the Harrison Building, now the Stewart Building, and moved his business there, but has since retired. Will has a son, Gordon Campbell who is in the Provincial Police Force. Mrs. Campbell was a member of St. Mark's Choir. Will served one year in Council. Herb, the youngest of the family of William Campbell Sr., is a Carpenter and has served five years in Council. Altogether, the Campbell Family has made quite a contribution to our community life and is deserving of our commendation.

THE HARRISON FAMILY

As we reminisce about our business families, we could not possibly overlook the Harrisons. I suppose I'll have to be careful what I say, as Bill Harrison will probably smile that wry smile of his and suggest that anything could be expected from that man Masters. But here goes anyway. I first knew Bill in our High School days. He was usually known there as Bill Gunn, as he lived with his grandfather Gunn on a farm in the Township on Pancake Street, This name, by the way, was no euphonious enough for Bill's taste, so he managed to get the name changed to Progressive Avenue. Its original name came from the prevalence of its inhabitants' eating of the buckwheat variety of that breakfast dish. Bill wasn't satisfied with that one upheaval however, but he had to tackle the drainage problem with the result that there is still a drainage system in that locality known as the "Harrison Ditch." Not many have the unique distinction of having so useful an undertaking as a ditch named after them. Such is fame. Then too, Bill had ambitions as a debater and quite prided himself on his ability along that line. However, life on a farm became to hum drum for our William, so he came into our Town. Here he joined the Presbyterian Choir and married Annie Blake the organist. Bill did pretty well for himself in this, as she was a handsome, accomplished young woman. Bill organized a Men's Club at St. Andrew's and I remember that he challenged St. Mark's Men's Club to a debate. The late R. E. Denison was head of our team of which I was a member, while Bill Harrison in person headed their team. And, believe it or not, we won the war. With a man like our Bill, he had to keep out of mischief, so into the Council he must go. And here he spent twenty years altogether, eight of them as Mayor and seven as Reeve. During his first term as Mayor in 1914, he was instrumental in having Queen Street paved from King to Simcoe. There was a rather curious irony in this piece of work being carried out under the Harrison regime, as it had been a pet project of John Randall and was one of the planks in his platform when he ran for re-election as Mayor. However, Harrison defeated him and then proceeded to carry out the same work. Of course, this was not the only or the most pressing question before the electors. The main difference between the two as to the road project was that Randall submitted the question to the electors

who defeated it, while Harrison, notwithstanding the defeat of the project by the ratepayers, called a meeting of the property owners on the street. The result of this meeting was that the said property owners presented a petition to Council to pave the street as a local improvement. Council, of course, proceeded to carry out the work and as unemployment was becoming burdensome, the work was most welcome. Not many years afterwards, our Bill and Joe Mussen fathered a scheme to relieve the ratepayers of the unpaid balance of their assessments on the work by having the County road through the Town diverted from Johnson Street to Queen. I pointed out to them that if this were done, the diversion I mean, the ratepayers would not be relieved of their assessments and we would lose control of our Main Street. I will say this for William Harrison, he made a good Mayor. He never begrudged the time he devoted to the Town's business and never got much thanks for his devotion to the interests of the Town. He served it well and certainly has earned a good word from those who served with him, and from the public at large. It is not all fun serving the public. You often get "monkey's pay, more kicks than ha'pence"

May 25th, 1950

Most of our business men have served the public in various ways and all have added their bit to the civic structure. If some of the men who served years ago could come back and see their town, they would no doubt see a wonderful change in it. A man came into my office some years ago whom I had not seen in many years. We had played together as boys when his family were our neighbours, but he had been in the States for some twenty or thirty years and he said that when he came in on the bus, he didn't know the place.

I have covered most of the business families in these reminiscences, but I have a tentative list of families to mention that should prove interesting to our people. There are many who serve our Town in humble unobtrusive ways and it is a pleasure to me to mention a few of them.

THE CARNOCHANS

The Carnochans come into our mind. Of these, Janet is the best known. She was a splendid example to our teachers of today and to all of us in fact. I personally was privileged to know her very well indeed as she was my teacher in High School and in later life, we were closely associated in Library matters. She has her own niche in the Hall of Fame as an Historian. St. Andrew's Church knew her for many years as a fine, faithful Sunday School Teacher. She certainly was a fine person. She never made much money. Salaries were pretty small when she taught, but she never seemed to measure her services to the Town and its people in dollars and cents. One does not find the teacher of today doing as she did.

Mostly, they are birds of passage. Not all, by any means. I have no right to tell our young teachers what they should or should not do and if I step on anyone's toes, it is unintentional. But Janet Carnochan was a fine example to us all. "Nuff sed."

When I first remember the Carnochan family, they lived in the house on Wellington Street now occupied by the Clark girls. They had a lumber business and the house now the home of Billy Richardson, was their workshop. They owned a good deal of the land round about them. I should like to remind my readers that the four blocks bounded by King, Picton, Wellington and Castlereagh Streets were granted to James Crooks instead of land on the Mississauga Common when the government build the Fort there after the War of 1812. When I was a boy, the Honourable Adam Crooks was in the Provincial Government and on his health failing, a commission was appointed to wind up his affairs, which included the sale of his land holdings in our Town. John Carnochan told me that he made them an offer of \$750 for the land he was renting, which offer was accepted. Included in this offer were the lots opposite the old Public School whereon now stands the houses of Will Lavelle, Mrs. Elliker and Harold Boyle, besides the land lying between the two schools and extending over to King Street and also the four acres between Davy and Wellington Streets. John Carnochan was himself a good Carpenter and built many houses in and about our town. I sat with him on the Public School Board and the Town Council of which he was a member for four years. He was a shrewd, canny man, with good judgment in most things.

THE GREAVES FAMILY

A family we could not pass over without mention is the Greaves clan. Although they have not been with us long, the head of the clan has served eleven years in Council and I found him to be an upright, kindly man, whose judgment could be trusted. He made a good Councillor and we could well do with more like him. He gave a son to his country in the late war and he was a fine young man too and a decided loss to his family and to this Town. Of course, we all know the present Mayor. He is a bit different from his Dad, but seems to be a real live wire and should make a good Mayor. There does seem to be a different conception of the part the Mayor plays in the Town's affairs. The Mayor is the executive head of the Community and is largely in charge of all its work and it is he who should see that all the various things to be done by Committees and Employees are carried out efficiently. A small Town such as ours does not need any addition to its staff if the Mayor and his Committees are on the job and each doing his bit. I hope no one will get the idea that I am suggesting that there is any neglect on the part of the Mayor or any other member of Council but I must say this, that no man should sit in Council who is not willing to shoulder his share of responsibility in carrying out the business of the Town. I don't suppose for a moment that young Bill Greaves will shirk any part of his duty, but it

will do him no harm to know that people are behind him and that after he has passed off the stage, he will be "remembered for what he has done." However, he has served three years in Council before becoming Mayor and should know the ropes. Personally, I have no misgivings about him.

June 1st, 1950

THE PATTERSON FAMILY

In the building where the McKenzies are now located, there used to be a Bakery, that of Ned Patterson, about whose family some mention should be made. Ned himself was a quiet, unassuming sort of man, who did his business in a quiet way. His eldest son Eddy did most of the baking while the next son Billy did the delivering. They had a small one-horse wagon with a cover over it to contain the bread and all the bread was disposed of in less than two hours. In those days, you could buy a two-pound loaf for five cents. It was baked on bricks, not in a pan and nice palatable bread it was. Of course, in those days, most women baked their own bread, an art which few women now know anything about. Besides his bakery business, Ned Patterson dealt in fruit in the fruit season and also in fish. He was a good straight man to do business with. Many of my readers will remember Eddy, the oldest son. He was for a long time in the Dairy business and lived in the old Winterbottom house on the corner of Mary and Seventh Streets. Later on, he lived in the Whittaker house on Mississauga Street and later still on Prideaux Street. His last years he spent in the service of the Canada Steamships, where he was well known to Travellers. He was a nice, quiet fellow with good manners and was liked by everyone who knew him.

Of course, everyone knew Bob or Berry as he was usually called. Bob was a Fisherman and was rather a happy-go-lucky chap, quiet and jolly. For years, he managed the affairs of the Fishermen's Club which organization gave an annual dance, the proceeds of which were used in bringing cheer to families who needed help, especially at Christmas. Bob was the dispenser of the funds and was most discreet in his dealings with the recipients of the help so given. He was a Fireman for many years and was altogether a very useful citizen. He and his good wife conducted a Dairy business for years and were good people to deal with. Jim the youngest son, acted for a time as a Police Constable during the first great War. There were two girls in the family, the elder of whom married Will Ball, whose family are still with us. Julia the younger girl married Jack Hartley and went to British Columbia with him. As a family, they were an asset to the Community.

THE KEMSLEY FAMILY

I should like to write of the Kemsley family. It is not so easy to write of a family so personally represented among us but, the first of them whom I knew has long since passed from our ken and of him I can speak as I knew him. Perhaps my earliest acquaintance with Jerry Kemsley was when I joined St. Mark's Choir long ago. Jerry was in the Choir then and being of a musical disposition, he was in the Band for many years. He was a Carpenter by trade and found time to spend two years in Council. He was also a Fireman for years, and altogether was a useful citizen. He left behind him a family, several of whom are dwelling in our midst. The girls of the family are most useful, being engaged in most of the public movements of the Town. Three of the boys have served in the Armed Forces. Arthur, the oldest boy went to South Africa with our forces and never came back. Clifford and Ernest served in the First World War. Since coming home, Ernest has served as Steward for the Legion and was Caretaker of the Schools for several years. Besides these things, nine of the family have served in St. Mark's Choir and several of the girls have taught in Sunday School. Three of the boys have served in the Choir and Ernest was Churchwarden for several years. I should say they were a family worth mentioning.

June 8th, 1950

THE REID FAMILY

My readers may notice that most of the families I am writing about, are those that have been here for generations. One of these that I have in mind is the Reids. I knew the first Bob of this clan when he fished seine for Tommy Elliott at the Beach. As far as I know, he never did much in a public way but he raised a family that has been much in the public eye for many years. Young Bob, when I was a kid around the Beach, was fishing with Bob Taylor. They used a red skiff and were known locally as the "Bobbies".

Bob left this job when I was quite small to become our Chief Constable in succession to Bill Curtis. In this job, he served for many years and had much to do with most of the changes which have taken place in our Town. He served as Fire Chief and did the overseeing of our public works. He was a most versatile man and did most things well. I remember one Sunday when I was small, a Toronto man had skipped from his home town and was at Lewiston, he having committed some offence for which there was then no extradition. This chap belonged to the yacht club and for several Sundays, he came down to fraternise with his cronies at the Queen's Royal. However, our Bob received from Toronto, a warrant for his arrest and when Mr. Man stepped off the boat, Bob placed him under arrest. His buddies made a determined

attempt to rescue him from Bob's clutches, but Bob stuck to him like a brother, being actively assisted by the Fishermen. A lively time ensued, but Bob succeeded in placing him in quod, whence he was taken by Toronto police to Toronto via Steamer Chicora. The culprit, by the way, was acquitted of the charge against him and later was a frequent visitor to our Town. After Bob retired from his various public offices, he became caretaker of the Government property here and lived in Fort George where he ended a long and useful life. A book might be written about this man and he leaves an example of a useful, practical life. He left behind him a family, in fact two of them, as he was twice married. We all know his son and grandson who are in business, while a grandson is Fire Chief and another grandson is a successful vendor of frozen water.

Most all of the Reids have served as Firemen, Bob and John, Walter and George, George's son Walter Jr. and a cousin George. One wonders what our Fire Brigade would be like without the Reids. John worked for the Bishops most of his life and was also Caretaker of the High School for years. He too left a family, a daughter and several grandchildren. Walter, who is still with us, has been a useful man. He has served on the School Board, been a D.R.O. at elections, and he found time to serve eleven years as Councillor. He has been a Fisherman, and a Gardener. He worked in Chrysler's Grocery Store for years as a youth and he was long a member of the Fire Brigade. On the whole, he was a worth while member of the Community and still is although he has retired from public life. George, who is also still with us, is best known as a Painter and Decorator, which calling he has followed most successfully for many years. I remember him, however, when he and I wore a red coat in No. 1 Company of the old 19th Regiment. He held the rank of Colour Sergeant. He served a long time with the Fire Brigade and was a Councillor for two years. He also served a term on the Hydro Commission. He has three fine sons, the oldest, Walter is with him in business while Clifford is a successful Dentist. Albert succeeded me as Town Clerk and all the boys are successful in their various avocations.

Their one sister Lizzie, taught in Sunday School for a long time. The other sister Eva, married Frank Clench and has been listed with the great majority for many years. Certainly this family has been a potent force in Niagara affairs for a very long time and certainly is worth our consideration.

June 15th, 1950

THE RICHARDSONS

The next family I have on my list is that of the Richardsons. I remember Ned Richardson when I was a small kid going to School. He was a lame man and went about on crutches. He was a Tailor by trade. His son Billy was a Carpenter and a good one. He was a man who was very outspoken in his opinions and once in a while, he offered himself for Council successfully, serving three terms of one year each. He had two sons, Ed and Will. Ed was a Veteran of the First Great War. He was a painter and worked with the Reids for years and passed away a few years ago, leaving behind him his widow, who was a daughter of Eddie Patterson. Both Ed and Will were members of the Fire Brigade for years. Will married Edith Reid, a daughter of Bob and they have a son and a daughter, of whom we shall speak later. Will was a Carpenter and was in charge of all the building at Niagara Camp during the recent War. He was foreman in charge of all the building and repair work all through the War and proved to be thoroughly able and competent at the job. As I remember him, he served on the School Board and on the Hydro Commission. He was quite prominent in Church matters and was altogether a man of sense and decision. His only son Billy is a very useful citizen. He is in the Coal Business and seems to be making a success of it. He served with the Navy during the recent War and since coming back, is making himself useful in hospital and church matters and bids fair to be one of our best citizens.

THE ANDERSONS

I am thinking of the Andersons. There have been many families of that name in our Town. Of course, we oldsters remember our old Doctor, Hedley L. Anderson. For many years, he doctored us all and made a darned good job of it. Of course, medical science had made changes in the treatment and prevention of diseases which are all to the good. But the old doctor with his horse and rig was indefatigable in his devotion to his flock. Please don't think I am criticising our young doctors. Not be a long chalk. The Rigg boys are a credit to their profession and to their Town. But old Dr. Anderson was an institution. I remember being told of an incident in the doctor's career which was typical of him. He was coming from his home to the drug store one evening, when he saw, sitting on the edge of the wooden sidewalk, a man who sat with drooping head and shoulders. He seemed to be in distress and the doctor on seeing him, went to him and laying his hand on his shoulder, asked him what was the matter. The man said he was sick, whereupon the doctor gave him a once over and finding him to be seriously ill, he procured a livery rig and took him off to the St. Catharines Hospital for treatment. It was like the Parable of the Good Samaritan.

Then there was Nelson Anderson who was our Hydro Superintendent not so many years ago. I worked with Nels for three years while I was in the Hydro Shop and found him to be a good man to work with. He came here when Hydro was in its infancy and we have much to thank him for in the fine system we now enjoy. He took a great interest in the affairs of St. Andrews Church and was altogether a good citizen and a decided asset to our Town.

None of these Anderson families were related to one another. There was Ed Anderson who was Division Court Bailiff and Assessor for years. I remember one time, Ed made a seizure of goods at the Oban, when Mrs. Norris was running it. She had opened a house at Youngstown and was operating her theatre here at the same time and used to travel back and forth with us on the Ferry. One morning she came down with several parcels in her arms. She laid them in the boat and said she wanted to go back up Town for something. So she called Tommy May and departed in his fliwer. Hardly had she got out of sight, when Ed Anderson arrived. He came to the boat and asked if those were Mrs. Norris' parcels. He said, "You needn't take them any further. I'll take them. So presently, the lady arrived with some more parcels which Ed removed from her arms and departed with the whole lot. They had apparently been taken surreptitiously from the Oban and were under seizure. The lady, of course was very irate and practically accused me of sending for Anderson, which of course I had not done. He had apparently trailed her down to the Landing.

Then there were the Weir Andersons who used to summer in one of the Warren Cottages just above Paradise Grove on the river bank. The Scott Andersons lived in the house on Victoria Street which now belongs to John Tobe.

And now I find three other Anderson families living in our midst, so it is apparent that the clan will be represented in our Town for upwards of some time. I am kind of interested in the Andersons as my maternal grandmother was Mary Anderson and came from Glasgow.

June 22nd, 1950

THE KIRBY FAMILY

Many of the families I am reminiscing about have cropped up in the course of these articles and perhaps I may be forgiven if I mention them again. For instance, the Kirby family. The original William Kirby was a man who made his mark in this Town. He published one of our early newspapers and did a lot in compiling historical data for our delectation. His book "Le Chien D'Or." and his "Canadian Idylls" are outstanding examples of literary effort. He was Collector of

Customs when I was old enough to know of him. He was a familiar sight on our streets. He was a man of great influence in public affairs. The Public Library was one of his interests and he served it in many capacities for a long time. He was President of the Board for thirty years. All in all, he certainly deserves honourable mention in anything we may write. His grandson William is with us. He served part of one year in Council resigning and receiving an appointment as Division Court Clerk. I might have mentioned the original William Kirby served eleven years in Council, six of them as Reeve. The third William Kirby is with us in the Insurance business. He served in the Armed Forces in the recent War having the rank of Major. Altogether a valuable family and one worthy of our regard.

THE AIKINS FAMILY

I suppose most of us remember Jimmy Aikins who was with us for many years. He served twelve years in Council, four of them as Mayor, and three of them as Reeve, being County Warden in 1914. For many years, he was wharfinger for the Steamship Company and was known far and wide. His son James Aikins is now our Assessor and Justice of the Peace. He too served at the Wharf for some years.

THE BROWN FAMILY

A family which has served this Town for half a century is that of the Browns. It is true that there have been several families of that name living in our midst from time to time, but the one to which I now refer is that of James Brown, our first Waterworks Engineer. Of course, I have known the Browns all my life. I first remember James as an Engineer on the old Steamer City of Toronto. He afterwards served in the same capacity on Lake Steamers, until our Town Fathers wanted an Engineer for the newly installed pumping plant at the Dock. This was in the Spring of 1891 and Mr. Brown proved to be a most efficient man at his job and continued in it until age and infirmity compelled his retirement. During his term in the position, the pay was small and the job a twenty-four hour a day one. Later on, after the Electric Light Plant was installed, Will McMillan was its engineer for some years, until he gave it up to be succeeded by Mr. Brown, who carried on both jobs, with the assistance of his son John. Mr. Brown was a man with a keen sense of humour and being endowed with a large measure of shrewd common sense and a fund of mechanical knowledge, he proved to be a most valuable man for the Town. His son John was his assistant for a long time and finally succeeded him in the position. He too, has proved to be the right man in the right place. He studied to make himself efficient and has always been assiduous in the performance of his duties. Besides his job at the Waterworks, he

has served as a member of the Fire Brigade and was on the School Board for years and also has been one of the most prominent Masons. I suppose I knew John better than most people as we were deskmates at High School for a time and later chummed together for years. John used to be called Danger Brown by his contemporaries for some reason unknown to me. Jack Abbott used to call him Johnny Smart. Nickname or no nickname, John has been a fine citizen and worthy of a place in the history of our Town. As he helped his father from the beginning of our Waterworks System, who could better fill the place he now holds as Superintendent of our Waterworks. Who could one find with the intimate knowledge of the many house and other services connected with the system that our Mr. Brown possesses. So, here is a family that has given us good service for nearly sixty years and should receive the thanks of the Community for faithful service.

June 29th, 1950

THE GREENE FAMILY

Two members of the Greene family have been prominent in our public life. Joe and Mike Green. I speak of them in this familiar way as it is how they were known. These two men were cousins and not much alike. Joe, as I first remember him, lived on the farm where the Winery is now located. He always seems to have been a man of prominence and influence. He stood out in Township public affairs. Later on, he came into Town affairs. He married Mary Hunter, one of our School Teachers whose home was on Mary Street, where Harry Matthews lives now. Mary died, however and after a time Joe married again, his widow now living in the house that Joe built alongside the old house. Joe got into Town life and spent nine years in public office. He was Councillor for two years, then County Commissioner for two years and then Reeve for five years. He was Warden of Lincoln County in 1907, He also served on the Board of the Public Library for many years. He was a man known for his good, plain common sense. He was never in a hurry to form Judgments and was altogether a very valuable man, highly regarded by all who knew him.

His cousin Mike Greene was also known far and wide, as he was in the Livery business for many years. He first took over the Dan Waters stable on Regent Street and lived in the now deserted house across the street. He was in partnership with his brother-in-law Bob Cumps on for a long time and they had the Donnelly business as well as the Waters business. Later Bob sold out to Mike and the Waters stable was closed up. Mike served five years as a Councillor. He was rather a blunt spoken fellow but a good citizen, steady and industrious and an asset to his Town.

THE MILLOY FAMILY

I was down at the Wharf recently and I couldn't help thinking of a family now all gone from here, the Milloys. I suppose only a few oldtimers still remember the family, but in my young days, they were important people in our community life. I do not remember Captain Duncan Milloy personally as he had passed away too soon for me to know him, but I knew his two sons and his daughter, as well as his widow. Captain Duncan Milloy seems to have owned the Steamer Zimmerman which burned at the Wharf before my day. The Steamer, City of Toronto, was built to replace her, and when Capt. Milloy died, his son William took command and carried on for a number of years until the family fortunes were at a low ebb. The boat was a good one and many Niagara men had employment on her. To mention a few, there were Jack and Joe Raynor, Jim Brown, Jim McMillan, Cort. Secord, Jack Doritty. Secord was Mate and Doritty was Steward. When I first knew the family, they owned all the land bounded by Collingwood, Ricardo and King Streets, except the present basket factory, as well as the land bounded by Ricardo, Nelson, Byron and Melville Streets. But Bill, as the head of the family, was not a successful manager and in the course of time, all the property slipped out of their hands.

The family, however served eleven years altogether in Council. Captain Duncan Milloy served two years, Capt. Bill three years, two of them as Mayor, and Capt. Colin six years.

THE ROUSSEAU FAMILY

Another family around the Dock was that of the Rousseaus who owned the Lake View House. The original John Rousseau died when I was a small boy and his was the first Masonic funeral that I ever saw and I was duly impressed by the sight. Johnny was a small man, dark and dapper, with a waxed mustache. My uncle Alec. Keith used to invariably refer to him as "Little Dandycock." Johnny was Aseasonal Clerk at the Parliament Buildings in Toronto for many years. He did serve one year in Council however, hence is entitled to be remembered by us.

July 6th, 1950

THE LONGHURST FAMILY

The Longhurst Family comes to my mind. Bill Longhurst had a Butcher Shop where the shoe repair business is now, but he lived up the River Road. His son George was one of my classmates at Public School for a time and he has left a daughter Helen who lives in Town. When I first knew Jim Longhurst, he was Foreman of Jerry Devoe's apple evaporator at the Dock. He lived at first on coming to Town, in rooms in the street end of the building that housed

the plant, where the basket factory now is, afterwards buying and occupying the house on Melville Street, now the home of Mrs. Steve Sherlock. Later on, he ran a food business on Ricardo Street. Still later, he started a Coal and Wood business at the corner of King and John Streets and he moved to the White Inn. Unfortunately he was killed by a Boiler explosion in his place of business. He served six years in Council. He was a nice man to know, kindly and genial and altogether a very good citizen. Another of his occupations was as Engineer of the Electric Light Plant in the Niagara Assembly grounds, commonly known as Chautauqua.

THE ELLISON FAMILY

The Ellisons were quite a prominent family in Niagara not so many years ago. There were three brothers, Henry and George and John. When first I remember Henry and George, I used to see them in the Band. They both blew bass horns. They were Masons, but good all around mechanics. Henry built himself the place where the Canadian Legion now is located and George built the Powell house opposite on Wellington Street. Henry told me once that he made all the cabinet work for the organ in St. Mark's Church. John was the one I knew best. He was in the Church Choir when I joined it. He had a good voice and was a very nice man to know. John Ellison was for many years one of our best known builders. He was the builder of Dr. Wettlaufer's house and the large wing on what used to be the Gooderham house. This was built for a man named Birge of Buffalo who owned the property at the time. John has two daughters still with us in the persons of Mrs. Fred Masters and Mrs. John Brown.

The following articles are undated on the manuscript of Joseph Masters but cover the period from July 6, 1950 to August 10, 1950

THE BEST FAMILY

Although I have mentioned the Best Family in previous articles, it would not be out of place to again mention them as a family. Bob Best, the first, was a rather smallish man and had a large family. The family were Butchers and had a large slaughter house behind their home on Ricardo Street, now occupied by the Shipleys. I was taking a walk in the neighbourhood lately and I noticed that the old slaughterhouse has just been demolished, thus removing another old landmark of Niagara's past. The first of the Bests with whom I came in personal contact, were Frank and Percy Best, the two youngest of the boys. Frank was my Sunday School Teacher for a time and Percy (Butch) was a classmate at Public School. There are none of the family left here now. Will, the oldest son, was very prominent in public life in Weiland where he made his home. Several others located in Chicago. As far as I know, the only one left alive is Percy, who

lives in New York State. Old Bob Best served eleven years in Council, while Fred served nearly 22 years, dying in 1912 while in his sixth year as Mayor. That is a pretty long record of service either for a family or an individual. Fred was a shrewd, careful man, never in a hurry to give voice to his opinions. Fred married Jenny Folllett and left two daughters and one son Bobby who died in the Army in Camp at Toronto. Gladys, the younger daughter was a Clerk in the Postoffice here and later in Toronto where she passed away a few years ago. The other daughter Cassie is in Toronto. One of Old Bob's daughters was Mrs. Manning, who taught in St. Mark's Sunday School for many years and was Travelling Inspector for "Our Western Home," for years until she retired. She had one daughter Milly who was another of my classmates. She qualified as a Teacher but gave that up when she married Charlie Brown. She was a member of the choir for years and was also a teacher in Sunday School. If service to a Community is worthy of commendation, then this family certainly has earned a place in a community roll of honour.

THE DORITTY FAMILY

Another family which has gone from our midst is that of the Dorittys. When I was a small boy, the old couple lived in the house on the corner of King and Platoff Streets, now owned and occupied by the Bishops. We used to be sent there for drinking water for the School, when the school pump was out of order, which was often. There were two sons, Jack and Jim. Jack Doritty was a Painter. He was for some years, Captain of No. 1 Company of the 19th Regiment while my father was 1st Lieutenant. They retired about the same time. Jack finally moved to Buffalo and died there. He had two sons, Harry and Alec. Harry Doritty was a classmate of mine in Public School. He died while quite young. Alec served in the 19th with me and he later was on the Police Force in Buffalo and died a few years ago. They were both nice boys.

Jim Doritty was a Carpenter, but also served as Assessor for a long time. He had a family of three boys and four girls. The boys got away from here quite early, except Joe the youngest, who managed the Telephone Office here for a long time, finally *moving* to Toronto, where he still lives. Charlie the oldest son lives in Buffalo and is a frequent visitor to his old home Town. Charlie Butler married Annie Doritty and she passed away not so long ago. The other girls all married and *moved* away. This family were our neighbours for years and we boys played together and were always good friends. There were Charlie and Fred and Joe in their family and Joe and Charlie and Fred in ours. Many good times we had together. The only relic of the family now living here is Annie's husband. Charlie served two years in Council and I found him to be a good chap. I daresay he will read this and I shall hear from him. Nevertheless I have always found him to be a good head. There is nothing mean or underhand about him. If he has a fault, it is that he is sometimes a bit free in his criticisms of some of our people, although I

must say that I find myself quite in accord with his views in many cases.

THE MORSON FAMILY

I suppose that not many now here remember the Morsons. The old Doctor of that name was an old man when I was small and had retired from the practice of medicine. He was a small man but there was nothing small about his flow of language on occasion. He had a son Monty Morson who was Police Court Judge in Toronto for many years. He was known far and wide for his breezy way of conducting his Court and he was famed for his gift of tongue as was his father before him. The Morsons lived in the house now known as "The White Inn," the home of Fred Beattie. Jay Doyle so named the place when he owned it.

THE CLENCH FAMILY

Another family that was prominent in earlier days was that of the Clenches. Ralfe Clench was one of the early settlers in our Town, and was one of the most prominent of its citizens for many years. There were Clenches here for a long time, but there *have* been none for many years. I personally remember Barney, the last of the family to live in the old home on Prideaux Street. Since Barney's decease, the house has changed ownership many times and has been remodelled. When I was a boy, Barney dwelt there and had a redheaded son Frank. Frank was a fisherman for some years after his father died and then went railroading. He married Eva Reid, a sister of Walter and eorge. Another Clench was my half-sister Fanny, who was the daughter of my mother and Richard Clench, a brother of Barney and my mother's first husband. Another brother, Johnson was County Court Clerk for years in St. Catharines and a fine man he was. He was a great help to me when I entered County Council and he was renowned for his knowledge of Court procedure and municipal affairs. Another brother, Garland was Jail Turnkey for years and while not as wise or as brilliant as his brother Johnson, he was a good man at his job. Barney, by the way, served ten years in Council, two of them as Mayor. Frank was a member of the Fire Brigade for years until he *moved* away from Town.

THE DICKSON FAMILY

Not many of our present population knew the Dicksons, but when I was young, they were very important people in our Town. Of course, I never knew them well personally, except that Robert was Choirmaster of St. Mark's when I first entered that branch of Church work. Some years previous to that time, I was one of a class of boys whom he was training for Choir work.

We used to meet at Paffard's house. Some of the boys were Bill Wilkinson, Will and Allan Anderson, Jack Hartley, Wilfred Lemon, my brother Charlie and myself. Robert and his twin brother Geale had both served in the Army and were well set up, fine looking men. In their younger days, they were as much alike as two peas. Geale, after living in England for many years, came back here to spend his last days in his old home Town. Now we have with us, one of Robert's daughters in the person of Mrs. Watson. This was a family that did much good in our Town in their day. They did much to support their church, St. Marks. The first six bells in the Church Tower were donated by Walter and Geale Dickson in memory of their wives. So, when you hear the bells, think of the Dickson family. It gave me great pleasure to chime them for fourteen years, until I was forced to give up on account of my health. It also gave me much pleasure to remind the people of St. Marks and the Town people generally of the debt we owe to the Dickson family for this fine contribution to their Church and their Community.

THE WINTERBOTTOM FAMILY

At one time, the Winterbottom family were well known in our Town. Many will remember Miss Augusta, or Gussy as we usually called her. She taught school for so long that she seemed like an institution. She taught my mother in the Masonic Hall, or rather the Stone Barracks as it was then called. She certainly was a fine woman and not afraid of work. She was a tireless worker and besides her School teaching, she gave many years service to St. Mark's in Sunday School and Choir. And she was for a long time, Librarian of our Public Library. I reckon that she and Miss Carnochan were the most useful women that our old Town has known. William B. Winterbottom served ten years in Council in the period from 1856 to 1871 and was followed by William S. Winterbottom who served two years as Councillor and part of a year as Mayor. He moved away from Town and was succeeded in the office of Mayor by T. M. Rowland. This idea of public service seems to run in families.

THE DAVIDSON FAMILY

The name of Davidson comes to mind. Alex Davidson was the First Mayor of the Town in 1850. I might remark here, that this Town's incorporation as a Town, dated from March 29th, 1845, the specific Act being known as 8th Victoria, Chapter 62. Until 1850, it was governed by a Board of Police, the first President of the Board being Richard Miller. John Simpson was President in 1846 - 1848. Also, Davidson was President in 1849 and Mayor in 1850.

In that year, a general Act of Incorporation, known as "The Baldwin Act," was passed, when the head of a Town Council became a Mayor. Until 1858, Mayor and Reeve were elected from

among the members of the Council by the members of Council. F.A.B. Clench was the Mayor elected directly by the voters in 1858. The Reeves continued to be elected from and by the Council until 1867. For a number of years, the inaugural meeting of Council was in May. However, Alex Davidson was the Carpenter who built our Town Hall. I have seen a statement of materials used in the building, compiled and submitted by him amounting to some 6000 lbs. John Thornton was the Mason on the job. Two sons of the Davidson clan were Walter and Bob, both Carpenters. Walt was the Carpenter who built the house on King Street for S. B. Howley now owned by Mrs. Stevenson, and also the Rowley Block, now owned by the Imperial Bank. Bob passed away not so long ago. I remember him as beating the drum for the Salvation Army when they were active here. A sister of Bob was the wife of W. J. Campbell and there are two sons of this couple here, Will and Herb, besides grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

FORT GEORGE

I should like to digress from these biographical items, to make a few remarks about a recent notable event in the life of our Town. I was at Fort George and was much interested in the proceedings. I listened with mingled feelings to the eulogies of Mr. Daley and his confreres on their good work in restoring Fort George. I was glad to be set right about their part, as I had been under the impression that Mr. McQueston and his confreres had done all the work, but as they were not mentioned, I must have been mistaken. Another notable feature of the proceedings was the absence of Mayor and Council. And of representatives of the Niagara Historical Society. I thought common courtesy would have called for at least the Mayor of the Town and the President of one of the oldest historical organizations in Ontario to be seated on the platform. St. Catharines cannot get over their old jealousy of poor old Niagara. I have long been an admirer of Louis Blake Duff and I listened to his address with much interest, especially as he also did something towards setting me right on another historical point. I studied history under Miss Carnochan at High School and I was under the impression that the Americans started the burning business when they were about to evacuate the Fort and Town and the burning of Buffalo and other places by our side, was in retaliation for the burning of Niagara. Mr. Duff says it was the other way about. I would like to know which is right.

GENERAL NELLES

Every time I look out of my windows and see the new hospital in course of erection, I think of General Nelles. He and his good wife did so much for the present hospital. He it was who had the question of a hospital as a memorial to our boys who gave their lives in the First Great War.

The people preferred the Clock Tower, but Gen. Nelles did not give up the idea of a Hospital. The late Dr. Rigg too did much to aid the hospital idea, along with a band of devoted women who have done so much to make the Institution a success. Gen. Nelles was Mayor for two years and a good Mayor he was. The Nelles family were no new comers to our Town as the General served with the permanent force in this district from the beginning of his Military career. One son gave his life during the First great War and his other son commanded our Naval forces during the Second War. Certainly, as a family, they deserve our remembrance. The General was Chairman of the Hospital Board for a long time and was followed in that office by Jim Macphee, Dr. Rigg and your humble servant.

THE RYAN FAMILY

I wonder how many recall when the Ryans kept a Grocery Store in the shop now occupied by Art Daley. William Ryan was a thoroughly good man and taught in the Methodist Sunday School for many years. He served in the Post Office when Bob Warren was the Postmaster. His wife too was prominent in the various women's organizations. His son Gordon was one of the nicest boys I ever knew. He was a Clerk in the Bank when the First War broke out. He and Line. Quinn enlisted together in the Band of the 92nd Highlanders, but Gordon Ryan died in Camp in Toronto and is buried in St. Mark's Cemetery.

THE HEALEY FAMILY

The Healeys were originally a Township Family but Joe was appointed Postmaster after Bob Warren passed away and they moved into Town. They bought the old Henry Paffard house which stood on the corner of Queen and Victoria Streets. Joe was a fine fellow and dearly loved a joke. John, his brother, owned property on Simcoe Street, while Mary, the sister, owned property on Johnson Street. The other brother had a shoe store where Steele's Barbershop is now. They have all passed on and were good people and good citizens.

THE CLOCKENBURG FAMILY

I remember John Clockenburg as a very military looking man, erect and soldierly, sporting a mustache and side whiskers. I remember seeing him marching with the old No. 1 Company, decked out in scarlet coat and wearing the scarlet sash of a Sergeant. He had the Fenian Raid and Long Service Medals, sharing that honour with my Dad and Jimmy Hartley. I remember John telling me of having been in the Danish Army when war broke out between Denmark and Prussia. He said they were paraded before King Christian, who addressed them and said that

any man who did not wish to fight against Prussia might step out. You see they belonged to Schleswig-Holstein which was in dispute. John said, "Ve all stepped out. Ve couldn't fight against de Fadderland." An the old King cried like a child.

GENERAL NELLES

Every time I look out of my windows and see the new hospital in course of erection, I think of General Nelles. He and his good wife did so much for the present hospital. He it was who had the question of a hospital as a memorial to our boys who gave their lives in the First Great War. The people preferred the Clock Tower, but Gen. Nelles did not give up the idea of a Hospital. The late Dr. Rigg too did much to aid the hospital idea, along with a band of devoted women who have done so much to make the Institution a success. Gen. Nelles was Mayor for two years and a good Mayor he was. The Nelles family were no new comers to our Town as the General served with the permanent force in this district from the beginning of his Military career. One son gave his life during the First Great War and his other son commanded our Naval forces during the Second War. Certainly, as a family, they deserve our remembrance. The General was Chairman of the Hospital Board for a long time and was followed in that office by Jim Macphee, Dr. Rigg and your humble servant.

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John Clockenburg was for a long time, Caretaker of the Fire Hall. John never had any money, but he raised a large family and was a decent, law-abiding citizen. A good many will remember his son John, who was a well-known Carpenter about Town and served as Sanitary Inspector for some years. The Clockenburgs are all gone, most of them being buried in st. Mark's Churchyard.

JOE MUSSEN

Joe Mussen passed away not so long ago, and should be remembered by most of us who have dwelt here for any length of time. I suppose the Clock Tower is a memoriam of him to many of us, as he was chiefly responsible for its being built. I knew Mr. Mussen very well, as I sat two years with him in Council, when he was Mayor and I was Reeve. He resigned during his last term and I finished the year as both Mayor and Reeve. He and I did not always agree, but all in all, we got on pretty well. In many respects, he was a good Mayor, but he was prone to want his own way and to resent anyone differing from him. As a citizen, I found him to be kindly and honest. He and General Nelles did not agree about a fitting memorial for our fallen heroes of the First Great War. However, that is all over and both have passed away, leaving no one of their names to dwell in our midst. Mr. Mussen served as Churchwarden of St. Mark's Church, a position which I shared with him for some years. I would say this about him, that he was a firm believer in the proverb, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.", and quite lived up to his belief.

THE COX FAMILY

When I was at the recent ceremony at Fort George, I was thinking of Bob Cox who passed away not long ago. The Cox family is one of the original ones of the district. There used to be a frame building on the corner of Gage and Victoria Streets which at one time was a Sawmill. The corner, when I was a lad about Town, was known as "The Sawmill Corner." I remember Alpheus Cox, who used to make all the oak fenders for the boats of the Niagara Navigation Co. He had a son Douglas who lived in Town and who worked in the planing mill for a man named Keyes. He later moved to Hamilton. Bob Cox was a cousin and was a letter carrier in Toronto until he was retired and came to live in Niagara. Bob Cox was no stranger however, as he was Q.M. Sergeant of the Governor General's Bodyguard and used to come to Camp. He and I became good friends and we used to chat together. He told me once, that his grandfather was one of a gun crew when the Town was taken by the Yankees and was one of the last to leave Fort George. Their gun was placed outside the Fort and they were busy firing on the Americans who were coming along Queen Street. When the enemy got too close, the crew spiked their gun and retreated up the River Road. There are none of the family here now.

THE THORNTON FAMILY

A family that was prominent in the building trade at one time was that of the Thorntons. The first of the name came from Norwich in England, where he and his wife were both born. He was a Mason. One of his jobs was on the Town Building. He also built the Public School. He built the Hotel at the Wharf for a Charles Oscar Benedict, who was connected with the Harbour & Dock Company.

He raised a large family, several of whom were Masons like himself. The oldest son John was the one I knew best, as I married his eldest daughter. John was a Veteran of the Fenian Raid and for some years was Sexton of St. Mark's. Two of his brothers, Bob and Jim, went to Chicago. Dave went to Toronto and Ab went to the northwest. All of the original family are gone, but there are quite a few grandchildren still in our midst. Two of John's sons, Hedley and Stuart, served in the First Great War.

THE SECORD FAMILY

The Secord Family should need no introduction to the people of Niagara. They had a farm where the rifle range is now situated, but when I first remember them, they were living in Town. There were three girls in the family, one of whom is still with us in the person of Mrs.

Major. The other two were Mrs. Redhead and Mrs. Ben Nash. The Nashes went to B.C. years ago, but Mrs. Major and Mrs. Redhead were very active and useful members of the various women's societies of St. Mark's Church. I remember one of the boys Cort Secord as mate of the Steamer, City of Toronto. He died a long time ago, leaving a son and a daughter. The son is a Railway man and lives in Leamington. His daughter married Charlie Ball and died while quite young. Carl was captain of one of the large ships plying between Buffalo and Chicago. There is still a large steamer called after him. Douglas was the one I knew best. To know Doug was to like him. He was a kindly whimsical fellow. There was at one time, a Niagara Dramatic Association, of which Doug was a member. This led to a theatrical career for Doug. He married into the profession, and spent many years with a dramatic troupe which toured the Province. Before embarking on a theatrical career, Doug was a member of No.1 Company of the 19th Regiment, holding the rank of Second Lieutenant.

THE CURTIS FAMILY

Bill Curtis comes to my mind. He was our Chief Constable before Bob Reid. remember him as a smallish man with a very stern air. He played in the Band for years. On one occasion, while band practice was underway, Bill seemed to be getting in an extra note, which mixed things up. When Professor McKie examined his music, he spied a fly speck on the sheet. Whereupon Bill exclaimed, "Well, I swear I've been playing fly dirt all night." Bill had two sons, both of whom I knew very well. Whit, the elder was a most likeable fellow, with a keen sense of humor. He taught Sunday School for quite a while. Most of his adult life, he spent as a Painter and Decorator, besides his calling as an Undertaker. He left two sons and a daughter.

Edwin, the elder has followed his father in the Undertaking Business, he being with Butler & Son in St. Catharines. Fred is our Barber. He has the distinction of being one of the first Boy Scouts in our Town. He is still very much interested in the movement. He is quite musical and plays the piano and was in St. Mark's Choir for quite a while. Will, the younger of the brothers went railroading and lost a leg. He had three nice sons, who were in turn Secretary and Librarian of the Sunday School, besides singing in the Choir. Wilfred also chimed the bells for me. Altogether they were quite a useful family and a credit to their town, and worthy of an honourable mention in these short and simple annals.

PADDYLYNCH

We must not overlook Paddy Lynch. Paddy was quite a wit. He was a Harness maker and served as a Fireman for many years, holding the office of Assistant Chief. He had a shop next to where Mike Schnable is now located.

August 24, 1950

WILLIAM TURNER

I wonder how many would remember William Turner. He, in his latter days, had a Tinshop where Mrs. Bolton now lives. He was a rather short, tubby man and was for quite a while, sexton at St. Mark's. I remember his rather peculiar voice in the responses, his seat being by the vestry door. Turner had a wife who was bigger than himself and who was known in vulgar parlance as "the husband tamer." Turner was Sexton when the first chimes were installed and as we lived on Ricardo street, we used to get them dinned into our ears. Poor Turner never played a tune, just a run down the scale. Mrs. Turner used to play occasionally.

HARRY WILSON

Harry Wilson worked for Turner and after Turner's death, took over his shop. His last location was in the Store now occupied by Gus Chambers. Harry was quite a wag. He had one of the old fashioned self-feeder coal stoves at the back end of the shop. Those stoves had mica doors all around them. Harry put some red tissue paper over the mica and he put a coal-oil lamp inside, which when lighted shone with a pleasant glow. I think I see Harry grin to himself when someone went over and warmed his hands or thought he did. Harry put in four years as Town Councillor. He died up north while serving as a Fire Ranger and is buried in St. Mark's Cemetery. Mrs. Grace Riddell and Mrs. Ed. Richardson are nieces of Harry.

CANDY EVANS

Another man who did business in a modest way was Candy Evans. Mrs. Clara Parker is a granddaughter and lives in the house where he did business. His wee shop was a rendezvous for the school children when they had a cent to spend. You could buy something with a cent in those days. He was a nice quiet man and was very kind to children.

THE DONNELLY FAMILY

Bill Donnelly kept a Livery Stable. He lived in the house now owned by Mrs. Joe Burns and the Stable stood in the same lot, facing on King Street. He was usually known as Senator Donnelly. He was quite a sporting man and kept good horses. He chewed tobacco. He was a handsome man and he served seven years in Council. He had two sons and three daughter. One of the sons, Will was my deskmate at Public and High School and his nickname was Boosey. Donnelly finally closed out the business and bought a farm on the St. Catharines Road on which he built a rather odd looking house with a flat roof. His family went to Colorado.

W.H.J. EVANS

W.H.J. Evans was prominent here for some years, coming here from Toronto to start a coal business. Before his coming, hardly anybody in town burnt coal. A cord of good hard wood could be bought for three or three and a half dollars, delivered. Nearly every farmer had a piece of bush and when the first snow of winter came, a farmer just loaded a sleigh and came to Town. There was a small bin holding about two carloads alongside the tracks at the Dock and that used to fill the needs of the Community. One did not get up of a winter morning to a nice warm house. With a good box stove, you could soon get a heat on. Many a frosty morning I turned out to light the fires, for I was the oldest boy. However, Evans used that small bin when he first started business and he had his office in the Lake View. Prior to his taking over the business, Dan Servos used to take orders in the rear part of what is now Connolly's store. Jimmy Secord had the Division Court Office in there too. Evans used to give each customer a coal scuttle with "Use Evans" CoaL" stencilled on it. As his business increased, he built new bins near the railroad turntable and worked up quite a thriving business. He spent six years in Town Council and four as County Commissioner, being Warden in his last year, 1900. It was largely through his influence that the Waterworks and the First Electric Light were installed in 1891 and 1893 respectively. He was a Dublin Irishman, with all the Irish strong likes and dislikes. He was a Fenian Raid Veteran, serving with the Queen's Own Rifles.

EDWARD MORGAN EVANS

Another Evans was Edward Morgan Evans, a London Englishman. He was a young man and attended High School when W. F. Seymour was Principal. Seymour was very musical and was Choirmaster of St. Andrews. He organized an orchestra of which Tom Ferguson and Bert st. John were members with Seymour and his wife, son and daughter, and others. He also had a male quartet, consisting of Evans, 1st Tenor, Seymour 2nd Tenor, Chas. Masters 1st Bass and

Fred Masters, 2nd Bass. Evans was Sexton of st. Mark's for a time and sang tenor in the Choir. He was a Sergeant in the 2nd Dragoons and went to London with the contingent which went over to the Coronation of King Edward the Seventh. On his return, he closed up house and went back to London to take over the business of an aunt, where he has remained.

August 31st, 1950

JOSEPH EVANS

Another Evans was Joseph who was Caretaker of Our Western Home and lived in what is now the Constable home. He was a Welshman so there we have a trio of Irishman, Englishman and Welshman. W.H.J. Evans used to drive a mustang pony to and from his home, which was at the "Wilderness." He was Caretaker of the Camp buildings for a time. Altogether, he was a very busy man. Three of his daughters sang in st. Mark's Choir.

ARCHIE HAINES

Speaking of choirs, brings to my mind a fellow choirmaster in the person of Archie Haines. He served ten years in Council and in my opinion was one of the best councillors of my time. He was not always popular with his fellow members of Council, but I found his judgment sound. He was progressive but not radical. He has put in a long spell as Choirmaster of St. Andrews. He organized the Community Sing-Song during the late War and under his leadership, it has proved to be very popular. Altogether, he has proved to be a useful citizen and one whose place it would be hard to fill. His brothers John and Charlie are veterans of the First Great War and are both good citizens. As a family, they are a decided asset to the Town.

PAT HENNEGAN

I suppose not many would remember Pat Hennegan. When I was a youth, Pat was Division Court Bailiff and was also Truant Officer, neither of them desirable offices to hold. Needless to say, Pat was Irish. He had a very loud voice. He boarded at Long's Hotel for a long time. I succeeded him as Bailiff. Pat has a son living in the Township. Another Hennegan was Leo who served one year in Council He was a nephew of Pat and a very nice fellow he was. He had a sort of wholesale business on a modest scale. His first place of business in Town was in where the Club 19 is now situated and he afterwards built a place on his own lot at Victoria and Johnson Streets.

Section 9B

PEOPLE & PASTIMES

This section of Niagara Reminiscences covers Life About Town, Occupations, Entertainments, Dress, and Changes In The Town Of Niagara.

August 31st, 1950

Before I wind up these reminiscences, I should like to say a bit about the Town and its People generally. How did the people make a living and how did they amuse themselves. What was the Town like?

Imagine, if you can, the Town without trees. When I was small, the trees were small with boxes about them. Wooden sidewalks, which had a playful habit of tripping you as they began to decay. Houses without paint. Roads, muddy or dusty, according to the season. Streets dark at night. Lug a lantern with you on a dark night. I have seen a row of them in Church entries while service was on. We had a daily Stage Coach to St. Catharines and a Train service to the Falls and Buffalo. We did a lot of walking. We crossed the river in rowboats and the Lake in Steamers. People did not have much money to spend. Quite a lot worked on farms at 75 cents pay per day and your dinner. There was quite a bunch of fisherman and some sailors. Quite a number of men and women got employment at the Summer Homes. In the winter, there was nothing much to do except eat and sleep and shovel snow. Of course, there was skating. The skates were wooden with a steel runner and a screw which screwed into the heel of one's boot.

There were sleigh ride parties and coasting down the hills. There was no hockey, but we played shinny on the ice. We had no picture houses and no radio. We played games and visited one another's homes. We ran and jumped and swam; we boys played football, not that perverted brand they call Rugby; we played a lot of games that are not even heard of now. Oh yes, we played marbles. I saw kids playing marbles alongside the Bank Building. They didn't know the first thing about the game. They threw the marbles against the wall and bounced it out. If some of the kids that I knew could come back and see them at it, they'd laugh their head off at the "sissies."

September 8th, 1950

EMPLOYMENT

Many may not know it, but Niagara men worked at the building of the walls at Fort Niagara, during the Civil War in the States. My Dad was among them and he told me that when they came to draw their first pay, one of the men couldn't write his name. Before the next pay day came around, he got my Dad to teach him to write his name. My Dad, by the way, got his schooling in the Regimental School in Fort Mississauga. Another of the jobs that Niagara men worked at was the building of the Railway. I have to laugh when I hear people striking for one and a half to two dollars an hour. Why, bless you, our men built the Railway and the pay for FIFTY CENTS PER DAY, and of course, your whiskey.

Occasionally, men got a job in the bush. I was told of one such job on the mountain back of Hamilton, which was all bush country. Their employer defaulted in paying their wages and they had to tramp all the way home. I have heard my Dad tell of their approaching a lonely farm house as night came on. Charlie Bolton volunteered to ask for something to eat. He did so in these words, as the lady of the house opened the door to his knock. "God Bless your Cow's Ma'am, Have you any water, I'm so hungry. I don't know where to sleep tonight." They were given supper and bedded down in the hay, for which they were very grateful. Jimmy Hutchison had a similar experience. Jimmy was very Scotch. He arrived at a farmhouse at the noon hour. The woman in this case had not much to give him. She made him some kind of cake cooked in a frying pan. Telling me about it, Jimmy said, "I could feel my innards for a week."

WOMEN'S DRESS

It might be interesting to think about the dress of the people who lived and moved and had their being in those days about which we have been reminiscing. Well, when I was a kid, we didn't see quite so much of the female sex as we do now. Not by a long chalk. School girls for instance, wore a plain skirt and waist and long stockings. When they dressed for a party, they had their hair "frizzed," and a ribbon tied about it. Usually they wore a sash about the waist and a starched dress that rustled and crackled when they walked. And of course, one mustn't touch them when so attired for fear of mussing their dress. Skirts were knee length and shoes were buttoned. I haven't seen a pair of buttoned shoes in a dog's age. Women's dresses were long, sweeping the ground, over several petticoats. They of course, wore "stays." And a hat and a veil. Don't overlook the veil, for goodness sake. The darlings wouldn't think of spoiling the complexion by getting tanned. And freckles were not to be thought of. Sometimes the dresses

buttoned down the back and sometimes they adorned the front. I have a picture of my mother, in which she wore a one piece dress, with long sleeves. It was buttoned up close to the throat; it was form fitted about the upper body and about a million buttons all the way down the front. What a change has come o'er the spirit of the female of the species. Nowadays, it would almost seem to a mere male, that the dear creatures were only too anxious to see how little they can wear without being arrested for indecent exposure. It used to be, for instance, that the law required one going bathing to be "clothed from shoulder to knee". There is this to be said, however, that the modern female garb is very attractive and when not too daring, is an improvement on some of the old styles.

MEN'S GARB

Men's garb has not changed in the main, except for the teenagers. Some of the fantastic outfits I see are enough to make us oldsters rub our eyes and wonder what menagerie some of the kids have escaped from. I very much fear that the male sex of this day are aping their sisters in trying to look remarkable. And, by gum, some of them look as if they were intended to be used to mop the floor. However, my Dad used to have a saying, "there's reason in all things." We never used to think of going bareheaded out of doors. Now, it sort of makes me smile to see kids bareheaded on a cold winter day with a pair of earmuffs. Certainly "times have changed since Hannah died."

September 14th, 1950

FOOD

I have noticed lately, a lot of comment about the necessity of milk for the children's daily diet. I have nothing much to say about that, except that it brings up the subject of "Our Daily Bread." When I was a boy, there were some hundreds of cows kept in and about the town. We never worried about milk. One could buy it for five cents a quart, but we used very little of it. People did not use it much in their tea. It might be interesting to think about the change in food products. There were none of the modern prepared breakfast foods. There was oatmeal and cornmeal. I remember having to stir a big iron potful of one or the other. We liked cornmeal better, garnished with golden syrup. Milk was not half so good. Most of the women baked the family bread. We grew our own hops to make yeast. We had a hopvine which grew up over the shed. When the hops were ripe, I had the job of picking them. They were well boiled in a huge iron pot. The hop water was drained off and cornmeal was boiled in it. When done, the meal was spread out to dry, then placed in a large paper bag and there was a year's supply of yeast.

Then the compressed yeast of today came along and did away with home made yeast. I don't suppose any of our young people have ever seen a hop vine. You could buy a pig in the fall for 7 or 8 cents a pound and lived on salt pork for the winter, with the occasional bit of beef. Fruit was plentiful and cheap. You couldn't go to the store and buy canned soup, or canned this and that. One depended on home canning and cooking and feeding a family of hungry boys was a full time job. When I go into a grocery store and look around, what a change is there. I remember Follett's store, where the Reids now are, with its long row of tea caddies, with all kinds of labels. Now you never see bulk tea, but you have a choice of many tins or packages, most of them, I dare say, pretty much the same tea. Where are the cracker barrels and barrels of flour. There are no barrels any more. In fact, if one of the old merchants came back, he wouldn't know the grocery business. In the old days, there were the purveyors of chinaware; too, also hardware. Such stores as Connolly's or Boyle's were unheard of. A drug store was a drug store and nothing more, although Henry Paffard sold cigars and some whiskey (for medicinal purposes of course). Most of the cosmetics and beauty aids that adorn the shelves nowadays were unheard of, to say nothing of the thousand and one patent nostrums that are to be found there. They didn't sell newspapers and periodicals, nor provide a lounging place for the callow youths of their day. Well, the world do move.

September 21, 1950

CHANGES IN OUR TOWN

I heard a remark made by a visitor to our Town not long ago to the effect that the Town didn't change. My remarks so far may convey the idea of change. We might profitably enlarge upon the subject. If I could take you back to my young days, I think you would agree with me that the Town has changed. Take our treelined streets for instance. I remember our trees as small and each tree with a box around it. As the cattle ran at large, protection from them was necessary. One evening during the late War, a man belonging to the British Columbia Regiment, then in Camp here, strolled past our home. He stopped and remarked to me that he never seen such a place with such a variety of trees. He said they had larger trees, but nothing like the variety we have. Our trees are one of the greatest beauties of the place. How drab things would be without our trees. Where are the cows and horses that roamed our Commons and streets. Yes, and the geese. The live stock only ceased to roam when Joe Mussen was Mayor, 1921 to 1923. Where are the wooden sidewalks. How charmingly they could trip one when the nails began to let go. I think I see Joe Eares and Frank Clark, each with a wheelbarrow laden with planks, hammer and nails, going about the job of street repairs. By the way, our first concrete walks were laid out on Queen Street by John Thornton. Then in 1910, a contract was made with

Langley and Cook of Niagara Falls and a lot of our modern sidewalks were laid by them in that and the following year. And our roads were dusty and muddy, according to the time of year.

ROADS

There was a stone road running from in front of the Town Hall, along Queen Street to Simcoe, to Mary to Mississauga. It had only a narrow strip however, leaving the rest of the street surface to the dust and the mud. In 1913, the N.S. & T Railway wanted to enter the Town at the upper end of King Street and they agreed to grade and stone King Street from Cottage Street to Front. This was done and the Town put the surface on. Then, Bill Harrison engineered the paving of Queen Street from King to Simcoe. I was responsible for the laying out and building of the County Road to and through the Town. Steve Sherlock did a lot of planning of various bits of road. I think you will agree with me that trees, sidewalks and roads have wrought changes in our old Town.

TRAVELLING

There used to be in Summer, trains running between Niagara and Buffalo, sometimes for or six round trips a day and we had three or four Steamers plying in and out of the Port. We had a horse-drawn Stage plying to St. Catharines. A Mail was brought from Niagara Falls by horse-drawn vehicle.

TREES

Our park used to be surrounded by a hedge and a fence and a flock of sheep used to be turned into it to keep the grass down. Its trees were small. I think Henry Paffard was responsible for the tree planting. Incidentally, it would be a good idea to plant more trees, not just one or two, but a lot of them. The trees should not be too small. I think Bill Clark had the right idea when he was Chairman of the Park Committee. The trees he had planted about our streets were of good growth and we could do with more of the same.

OTHER CHANGES IN OUR TOWN

Those who remember Fort George as it was before it was restored, wouldn't know it now. It is changed beyond recognition. I have seen dozens of people on the common gathering mushrooms. That was when the cattle ran at large. There were seven Boathouses at one time, all doing a good business. Now there is one. Down at the dock, the whole place is changed. The Railway buildings are gone, as are those of the Steelworks and the Car Works near the slip. To replace them, we see the Shepherd Boat Works, the lighthouses and Foghorn and a lot of cottages, sprinkled here and there, besides the Pump Station and the Hydro SubStation. Some years ago, a man came into my office whom I had not seen in about thirty years. He was George Todd, who had been a neighbour when we were boys. He had come in on the bus from St. Catharines and he told me that he didn't know the Town when he came to it.

Only today, I was stopped on the street by some people in a car. One was a girl I knew but had not seen for a long time. She was with relatives in a car and they had been driving her around to see the Town. She told me she wouldn't have known the place. So the weight of opinion is to the effect that the Town has changed.

HOTELS

There were five Hotels all doing a thriving business, besides the Queen's Royal. They were Walsh's, Long's, Doyle's, McMillan's and Rousseau. The loss of the Queen's Royal, alone has made a great difference to the people of the Town. When it was flourishing, I once counted 1,200 persons get off the after gangway of the Chippewa on a Saturday afternoon. As for change, one has only to look at Queen Street, where there has been a tremendous change. As I remember it, there were no houses beyond Mississauga Street. At the Westerly end, there used to be a high board fence which marked the limit of the Chautauqua Grounds. Now you find houses all over the landscape. The whole appearance of Queen Street has changed. And that is true of every Street in the Town. It used to be that few houses ever had a coat of paint. Now, only a few go unpainted.

September 28th, 1950

THE QUEEN'S ROYAL

I should like to reminisce a bit about the Hotels which I have mentioned and the people who kept them. The Queen's Royal was the largest of these. I have written elsewhere about its origin. Captain Dick was its creator. He was a Steamboat man and naturally he was interested in promoting travel across the Lake. The County Town had been taken away from us with its lawyers and other officials. This along with the opening of the Weiland Canal and the consequent diversion of business from the River, had left the Town pretty well down. Consequently, when Captain Dick proposed to build a summer hotel and modestly asked the Council to take \$8,000 Stock in it, it appealed to the people as a chance to bring business to the town. Everybody knew that the Town had that sum to dispose of, it having been received from the County as a sort of sop for deserting us and leaving us with a white elephant of a County building on our hands. The Hotel Company obtained from the Dominion Government, the whole of the Waterfront between Front Street and the River, extending from King Street to Fort Mississauga. William Kirby managed to get the part from Gate Street to the Fort, taken back from the Hotel people. However, the hotel was built and it certainly was a big asset to the Town. I think that was in 1868 and the agreement with the Town was for a period of twenty years.

At the end of that period, Captain Dick approached the Town with a new proposition. He proposed to build an addition to the Hotel to cost not less than twenty-five thousand dollars and to guarantee to run the Hotel as a summer hotel for not less than twenty years, with the proviso that the Town should make him a present of the Stock which the Town held. This was agreed to and I must say that Captain Dick and his successors kept their part of the bargain.

In my day, McGaw & Winnett ran the hotel as well as the Queens in Toronto. Mr. Winnett was the Niagara manager until after his partner died, when other men were put in to manage the Niagara hotel. None of them was as good and successful as Henry Winnett. When I was a boy, I often saw Mr. Winnett out flyfishing for white bass, with Dan Sherlock rowing him. Henry would be garbed in a white suit. His face was garnished with a mustache and side whiskers, a cigar would be firmly clamped between his lips, a smile of beautiful content would further embellish his countenance. Altogether, his was the appearance of a successful and contented man, especially when the bass were biting. Many people of note stayed at this famous hostelry. I remember Sir Thomas Lipton staying there. All the yachts from the Royal Canadian Yacht Club were here. We were engaged to take a photographer out on the river to get a panoramic photo

of the Hotel and the yachts anchored in front of it. We then were the proud possessors of the Steamer Abino. The event took place on a Sunday afternoon. Well, the yachts were duly anchored according to plan, but before the time arrived for the picture taking, we received an SOS to come in a hurry and rescue a fleet from dire peril. A brisk wind had sprung up from the east, the sea was getting up and every darned yacht in the fleet was pounding the bottom. We put in the afternoon towing yachts off the bottom and taking them to safe harbourage up the river. And no pictures were taken.

October 5th, 1950

King George and Queen Mary were housed here in 1901. Many people from the Southern States summered here. The Saturday night hops were widely known and very popular and large crowds came over from Toronto. You could buy a ticket in Toronto for five dollars which covered the steamboat fare and hotel board for the weekend. The yellow bus and the baggage wagon met all boats. After Winnett ceased to do the managing, a succession of people ran it, but owing to changing conditions, it began to go downhill and was finally sold at auction to a syndicate who ran it one year and then scrapped the buildings. They allowed the Town taxes to get in arrears and I ultimately had the melancholy duty of selling the land for taxes. No purchaser being forthcoming, the Town had to take title to it. And so passed away one institution which was an almost invaluable asset to our Town.

DOYLE'S HOTEL

One of the oldest hotels in my day was Jimmy Doyle's and one of the best known. It was really two hotels in one. At one time, the building lately owned by Pete Berge was the Moffatt House, kept by a Mrs. Moffatt. Jimmy Doyle began his hotel career working for Mrs. Moffatt at the handsome remuneration of four big dollars per month. Mr. Doyle was a short man with very nice manners and was very popular. He made a great success of his business. He kept a decent house and had summer boarders who came back year after year. People of moderate means found it "a home from home." In his day, there was no Bank in Town and anyone wanting to use a little extra cash, could get from it from James Doyle. Even the Corporation used to borrow from him for temporary accommodation. Under our tax system, a municipality can not raise money for future use, so there is always a part of each year when it is necessary to raise temporary loans. After Mr. Doyle died, the place was rented to different people but the coming of prohibition made it hard to make a small hotel pay. Finally, the main hotel was taken down and Pete Berge bought the Moffatt House and made a rooming house out of it. I would say that Jimmy Doyle and his hotel were a decided asset to the Town. Mr. Doyle served one year in

Council. At his death, his property was divided among the members of his family. His son Harold inherited the liquor store, then situated where Fry's store is now. The coming of the Wartime Prohibition closed that up and Harold had a Poolroom in the building for a time. The elder son Johnson got the hotel and disposed of it. He moved to St. Catharines. He served one year and part of another in Council. Both the boys are likeable fellows and a loss to the Town.

WALSH'S HOTEL

Another hotel that has vanished as such, was kept by Jim Walsh. It was the building wherein Bob Howse's emporium now flourishes. It was a quiet place and one you didn't hear much about. I knew the family very well, as three of the sons and the one daughter were at Public School in my time there; Clary, Herb, Fred and Mary. Herb and I sat together in High School one year. Fred and I were in the 19th Regt. at Camp together.

THE WHITEWINGS

There was, at one time, a hotel on Picton Street on the lot where Ern Kemsley's building now stands. In my time it was called "The Whitewings." I believe it was the property of Andrew Heron at one time. But when I was a boy, Bill Long kept hotel there before he built the brick one on the corner of King and Picton. I was going to school when it was building and an object of great interest to us kids. That would be about 1880 to 1882. Long always kept a good house and it bore a good reputation for its meals and beds and its general air of respectability.

October 12th, 1950

THE PACIFIC BLOCK

There was a hotel on the corner of King and Market Streets at one time. It was known as "The Pacific Block," and was occupied by Billy Diamond and in my day, was a hangout for all the bums and loafers of the Town. It had no licence in my time, but made a convenient gathering place for the gang, where they played cards, and consumed the occasional bottle of booze or keg of beer. Once in a while, they would steal a chicken or two, or perhaps a goose or a turkey and Billy would cook it for them. Billy was a goodnatured, easy going chap, a widower, and besides being a pretty fair cook, he was a Carpenter. I remember buying some tools from him after he had retired and was boarding with Aunty Morrison at the Dock. This building was taken away to make room for the N.S. & T. Railway Station.

CENTRE HOUSE

Another one time hotel was the "Centre House," which stood on the corner of Queen and Victoria Streets, opposite the McClelland store. Here dwelt Biddy Mayo when I was young, another hang out for the gang. It was much of the same calibre as Billy Diamond's igloo. Chicken and turkey raffles and cards were its main attractions. After Biddy became an angel, the place was used for various purposes, McClellands storing ice in it for a long time. But "It had its day and ceased to be."

LAKE VIEW HOUSE

Lefs go down to the Dock. There we find two hostelries. The brick one near the river was built by John Thornton the first for a Charles Oscar Benedict. In my early days it was known as Rousseau's, its official title being "Lake View House." that being the name painted in large letters on the river side of the building. At one time, it was kept by Martin Morrison, but my first memory is John Rousseau, who owned and ran it. He died when I was a small boy. After his death, his son Johnny became the owner, but during his lifetime, the house was rented most of the time. The first tenant of whom I have recollection was Mrs. Long, the mother of Bill Long. It was while she ran the hotel that the roof was burned, having been set afire from a spark from the locomotive. Mrs. Long moved to the White Wings on Picton Street while the roof was being restored. A third storey was added at this time. I may say here that this hotel got a lot of custom from across the river, Soldiers from Fort Niagara and citizens from Youngstown. Then there were railway men, sailors and fishermen. When I mention the latter, please don't get the idea that our own fishermen spent all their time and their money in hotels. They were not saints, just people and the hotel served them as a sort of social gathering place, where they played a quiet game of cards or checkers or dominoes. Of course, we known that one can find one's self thirsty occasionally. Speaking of fishermen, there used to be a good business in catering to the wants of sportsmen who arrived by train from Buffalo and by boat from Toronto, to pursue the finny denizens of the Lake and River. Many a weary hour I put in rowing them, sometimes from daylight to dark. We used to get a dollar and a half a day. It rather gives me the willies to hear of the greedy grasping for a 40 hour week and more pay per hour than we got per day. It seems to me there is no end to the desire for more and then some more. I am reminded of an old song whose theme was "Everybody's doing it." People nowadays don't seem to try to live within their means, but rather they demand to be given enough so they can "Keep up with the Jones's" Personally, I never knew a time when there wasn't something I would like to have, but couldn't afford. And the worst of it is that the children are being brought up with the "gimme" idea firmly fixed in their minds. However to return to our "muttons". There were not a few that earned a stamp during the summer. I have known John

Redhead to have 45 boats out at one time. Besides, Dick Taylor had 20 to 30 boats, and the Boltons and Dan Sherlock had quite a fleet. So you see, this business helped a good many families to keep the wolf from the door.

October 19th, 1950

But lets get back to the Lake View Hotel. A man named Butler kept the place for a while after Mrs. Long. Then there was George May. I remember George kept the place during the Scott Act days and he made an occasional trip to St. Catharines to obtain supplies not obtainable in Niagara.

On one such occasion, I was talking to his son-in-law. We were standing on the railway crossing and Jack said, "I wonder what's keeping George," and he looked at his watch in the bright moonlight, and it was nine o'clock. Just then a rig came around the corner of Delatre Street and Jack said, "Here he comes now." But it was George. It was a coloured man, Alf Livingstone and a white man, both a little the worse for liquor. They drew up to the plank platform that ran along outside the sidewalk and alighted. About a hundred yards behind them came George. He drew up behind the hotel and unloaded his purchases, while the two looked on. He then drove to the stable to put up the horse, while the two onlookers adjourned to the bar, Jack going behind the bar. Presently, George entered, his light overcoat well plastered with mud. "Where did you get the mud on you George," said Jack. George was silent while he hung up his overcoat and then his coat, silent still. Then, "Those two sons of you know what, upset me in the ditch," and he took a running punch at Jim, who went reeling backwards out of the door and into the dusty road, whence he arose with haste and fled expeditiously up the road and I heard Jim McMillan call out. "Go it, he's after you." while Alf was yelling "Hoi on, Jim, I can licke the son of Belial that hit you." "I'll fix you, Mr. Nigger" said George and he emerged from the door with a beer mallet but Alf too had left. After the Mays left, the Hank Bells came. Hank was a care-free, devil may care, sort of fellow, hail fellow well met with anyone who came along. Hank had a reprehensible habit of taking an unannounced holiday whenever he had enough cash in his pocket, much to his wife's annoyance. The first occurence of the kind was not long after they came to Niagara. One Sunday morning, Hank announced that he was going up town to get shaved. Barber shops kept open on Sunday mornings in those days. On Tuesday night about ten o'clock, my brother Charlie and I had been over the river and had just put our boat away, when we espied a dim form coming down the railroad track. The hotel was all dark, except for a dim light in the kitchen. This was in pre-electric light nights. The man went to the hall door and finding it locked, softly knocked. We saw the light leave the kitchen and approach the hall door. We heard a female voice call out, "Who's there?" "It's me," said me brave bucko. The door opened and she said, oh so sweetly, "Well, Henry dear, did you get shaved?" Then she grabbed

him. "Damn you, I'll shave you," and she proceeded to belt him hip and thigh. He being a perfect gentleman didn't resist. Well, as a matter of fact, she was bigger than he. So that was that.

October 26th, 1950

After the Bells, came Pat Donelly. Pat was quite a sport and kept a game rooster and I used to see him with a leather legging on, teasing the bird so it would attack him. Then John Simpson succeeded Donelly. John was a very nice man and kept a good house. John had a brother Bill who had more nerve than a mule. For instance, the yacht Cleopatra was tied up in the slip when Bill happened along. No one was aboard and Bill spied through an open port, a ham cooking on an oil stove.

So Mr. Bill hied him to the hotel barn, where he armed himself with a hay fork with which he speared the ham from the pot and marched off in triumph with his spoils to the barn. He procured some biscuits from the kitchen, gathered his cronies from the bar and the feast was on. I could recount more of Bill's exploits, but will forbear. One day, however, Bill was enroute up Town and as he approached the American, Jim McMillan came out. It was in the Winter and Jim had a horse and cutter outside. He invited Bill to come for a ride. Now tuck yourself in well, Bill, it's pretty cold." And then he drove into the barn. Bill wasn't a bit grateful for the ride and his language was not a bit Biblical. John finally shipped Bill off to Toronto. When John left the Hotel, he lived first in the house now owned by Mrs. Steve Sherlock. Then he moved to the brick house in the hollow between Ricardo and Byron Streets. He served as Councillor for two years and was in Council when King George V and Queen Mary visited Niagara in 1901. He ran the liquor store for a time and died and was buried in St. Mark's.

Hank Bell came back for a time and was succeeded by Frank Addison in 1901. During Frank's tenancy, Johnny Rousseau, the owner died. Jay Doyle got possession under a mortgage and sold the place to Frank. Frank Addison was quite an athletic fellow and prided himself on his oarsmanship. But one Labour Day, Frank entered for the skiff races and took it for granted he'd win, of course. But the gang put up Ned O'Melia to enter and he beat Frank quite nicely. Well, you didn't dare mention boat race to Frank after than. In fact, the gang plagued the mischief out of him. The phone would ring and a voice would ask about the race, till Frank swore he'd tear the darn thing off the wall if there was any more of it. Frank hadn't a very good hold of his temper at any time. Since his day, the place has changed hands about every full of the moon.

The last time I saw Johnny Rousseau was in a hotel in Toronto. He had a bundle of papers which he proceeded to show me. "Now," he said, "When you go home, you tell that darn Frank

Addison that I can get tenants for my hotel without him". He had apparently had some dispute about rent. He then rented the hotel to a Toronto pair who ran the hotel in such a way that it lost its license. They, however, rented it at the end of the summer to a man named Greenwood. Poor Johnny did not live to see his hotel fall into disrepute, for he died and was buried at St. Mark's. Thus another family ended in Niagara. Addison got the hotel back from Jay Doyle who had become the owner and ultimately bought it and ran it until his death. With his passing, another old Niagara family finished with Niagara, as his family moved away.

Before we finally leave the Lake View, one or two incidents come to my mind. One day Johnny Rousseau had squired two girls across the river in a rowboat. A strong southwest breeze sprang up and poor little Johnny was having a hard time trying to make headway. Observing his plight, my Dad conveyed me to his assistance and I did the brave rescue stunt.

November 2nd, 1950

The girls were duly grateful and Johnny rewarded me with a whole quarter. When I proudly showed it to Skip Davies who ran Redhead's boathouse, he let a whoop out of him you could have heard a mile and shouted out "By golly, Rousseau opened his heart. Nobody ever knew him to open up before." And you should have seen the girls grin, for they couldn't help hearing.

One of the later proprietors of the Lake View was Ed Sherlock. You all know Ed, and a very nice fellow he is, quiet and reserved. He used to be quite an oarsman and I remember when he went to Toronto and trimmed the elite oarsmen of that burg in skiff races. Chummy has a sense of humour too. He ran Dick Taylor's boathouse at one time. There were always boys sitting around and as it not uncommon with boys, some of them argued about their respective prowess as oarsmen. Chummy listened to them on day bragging and he remarked dryly that he could beat the three of them. They challenged him to prove it. So an impromptu match was arranged then and there. Chummy was to man one of the small skiffs and they three were to take one of the larger skiffs which would accommodate three pairs of oars and the race was to be around the black buoy and back, a distance of about two miles. I think the three boys were Jimmy Patterson, Perry Currie and Garlie Keith and they had Archie Hood in the stern to trim the boat. Chummy simply played with them and gave them the haw haw. There were a very much deflated trio and it didn't make it any better when an anchor stone was found to be attached to the stern of their boat. Of course, no stake was put up and it was just a bit of harmless fun and we all enjoyed the episode. Three of the four boys mentioned have passed away. Perry Currie was killed overseas, Garlie Keith died in the flu epidemic and Archie died long ago. Jimmy Patterson served overseas and is still with us.

THE AMERICAN HOTEL

The American Hotel is probably one of our oldest buildings. At one time, it stood on the corner of Delatre Street and there was a pond where it now stands, with a bridge over it. It stood on its present site in my time, but had a wing added to it. as I remember it. John McMillan was its proprietor in my early days with his son Windy Jim as his assistant. John was a shortish man, rather stout, with hearty manners. He was quite prominent in the business affairs of the community. Besides his hotel, he had a business on Queen Street where his son Dave was in charge as I remember it. Besides this, they had a sutler's store at Fort Niagara which Jim seems to have run. I remember an incident that took place while Jim was so engaged. A life boat had gone adrift and a party was being despatched to bring her in. It was blowing hard from the northeast with a big sea running. Two officers and six men were in the party. One officer did not want to go but was taunted into going. Jim McMillan was there and was going with them, but when he learned that the officer intended to take charge, Jim very prudently decided to remain ashore. The boat, by the way, was in my time owned by the Marshall's of Youngstown and was a long narrow boat and was called "The Barge."

The expedition set forth, with the officer at the helm, the other officer beside him lashed by a piece of rope to a ring at the stern. After getting out on the reef where it was really rough, the men were seen by those on shore to cease rowing and to peak their oars navy fashion and presently over went the boat. Some of the men were seen to cling to the keel of the upturned craft, but they dropped off one by one and perished. The boat was picked up off Port Dalhousie with the body of the young officer still fast to the stern. The bodies of the other men washed up on the Canadian Shore and lie buried in the Fort Niagara burying ground on the bank of the river, where a slab records their fate.

I remember my Father telling of John McMillan driving up to Fort Erie with a load of provisions for No. 1 Company at the time of the Fenian Raid in 1866. And thereby hangs a tale, told to me by Jack Nisbet, who was there, and was of the hoary age of sixteen long years. Jack, according to his tale, was placed on guard. The night was dark as your pocket and while walking his beat, Jack got pretty nervous and presently he heard a subdued sound down at the far end of his beat. So he may be excused for lingering close to the guard tent. The Corporal came out of the tent and enquired why Jack was not walking his beat. Jack said there was something down there. So they listened and both heard the same subdued sound. The Corporal was puzzled so he turned out the guard and they, armed and ready, the Corporal guiding them with a lighted lantern, proceeded stealthily down the fatal path and found an old, peaceful cow, placidly chewing her cud and sighing audibly with contentment. Fenian Raids and soldiers meant nothing in her life. Jack told me he was a long time living that down. But the night was not

over. There was more to come. Later on, Jack was on duty guarding the wagon load of provisions. As he leaned on the wheel of the wagon, his ears were listening. The night was still, when his ear caught a faint, gurgling sound, coming as it were, from the ground at his feet. Now, it would seem that part of the contents of the wagon had been unloaded and placed under the wagon for protection from the nightly dew. Among the items so unloaded were a five gallon jug of whiskey and a two gallon one. Presently Jack felt a tug at the bottom of his trousers, and, putting down his hand to find what did it, a tin cup was placed in it, containing a wee drappie, which soon was placed where it was meant to be. Soon all was quiet along the Potomac, but when the glorious orb of morn illuminated the oriental horizon, the dews evaporated, as had the entire contents of one two gallon jug.

November 9th, 1950

John McMillan was quite an important man, as he served nine years altogether in Town Council. Dave, finding the store unprofitable, it was closed out and Dave went to Toronto where he became interested in the Cartage business. He sent over to his father for some money to put in the business. John went over one night to take him the required funds and was found dead in a hotel bedroom the next morning. Descendants of Dave still carry on the Cartage business which he founded and are located on Isabella Street. One of Dave's daughters, Mrs. Vida Carter left a sum of money to St. Mark's Church, which money helped build the stone wall, the tablet inside the main gate being unveiled by her cousin, the late W.J. McMillan, son of Jim.

Jim McMillan was a prankish fellow as was his son after him. He and Dave both adorned St. Mark's Choir when it was situated in the gallery over the main entrance. Jim ran the hotel for a long time after his father died and he tired of it and rented it to others from time to time, during which periods, he lived in a house on Lockhart Street, which has since been taken down. Among the tenants who ran the hotel were a Mr. Graves, whose son Ed went to High School when I was there and who later became Member of the Provincial Parliament for Lincoln. Ed had a very successful Real Estate business which is still carried on. Another son, Fred Graves was Sheriff of Lincoln, since retired. Another tenant was a Mr. Withers who was a tall, lanky sort of man. One of his sons had a Barber shop where Harry Steele is now located. He married Nellie Hindle. The American Hotel shared with the Lake View in the patronage of the American soldiers. Among them was Jerry O'Keefe, a little, wizened old fellow. He was the Fort Baker and the meekest, most inoffensive little man you'd meet. One night there was a free-for-all row in Withers' bar and in the heat of it, little Jerry ran up to big Withers and planted a right-hander on Wither's chin which sent him down for the count. This was such an anti-climax that the row

ended then and there amid much hilarity at Withers' expense. Another who was in the hotel for a time was Richard Pick, of whom I don't remember much except that he came from Delhi. However, Jim was running and occupying the hotel himself at the time of his death. Just one little incident about Jim before we say goodbye. He was a man who loved a joke. Who can blame him when the joke was on himself if he were just a bit annoyed. Jim had announced that he was going shooting coveens thenext day. In those days, one had to load one's own shells and promised himself a good afternoon's sport on the icebanks. However, his hopeful son and a boarder named Keyes who had a planing mill across the way, had plans of their own. After Jim was snug in bed, the two busied themselves by removing the shot from the shells and replacing it with rice. Poor Jim spent a fruitless afternoon banging away at the birds which were plentiful, until he got one so close that the charge blinded it, when it occurred to him to examine his shells. When he arrived home, his son received a quite justifiable reproof couched in quite parliamentary language of course.

I seemed to *have* aroused some ire in the breast of a person who takes exception to some of my general comments on the trend of the times. I am sure I did not mention unions, but I have no intention of withdrawing or apologising for what I said. I have no acquaintance with the person who has taken umbrage at my remarks. It reminds me of Pa Andrews who was my teacher at High School. He occasionaly gave us boys a fatherly lecture and he often wound up his remarks with the saying "If the cap fits you, wear it." Nuff said.

I seemed to have pretty well exhausted the Hotel business and perhaps something may occur to me that might be of interest; perhaps we might discuss some of the persons and events of the Town's history. I don't think I have been very hard on anyone in these reminiscenses so far. If I have, "Let him now speak or else *forever* hereafter, hold his peace.

November 16th,1950

THE ICE BRIDGE OF 1909

Having been familiar with the river for so many years, it occured to me that there might be something of interest for my readers. I happened across an old note book which game me an idea. When I was a youngster, I very well remember walking with my father across the river. It was not a miracle, although it was wonderful to me. We seemed to me to have a passable ice-bridge most winters. My uncle, Alex Keith, lived near the old Ferry and he would fix up a roadway down the river bank near where they have placed the so-called Navy Hall building.

People could drive over with a light rig and he collected a small fee for the use of his road. While the ice-bridge was usable, the Customs Office was moved to the cottage now occupied by the McGowans which then stood on the river bank close by. In fact, it was the original Customs House. Nobody then considered it much of a crime to do a bit of smuggling. On once occasion, two of the local youths were engaged by a crook in Youngstown to help him across the ice-bridge with some goods, which he was to bring over for one of the Niagara merchants. These goods were stowed under a building at the water front. As soon as the men had taken up their burdens for the tramp over the ice, they were arrested by the police who were waiting for them and the pair were given long terms in Auburn prison. and one of them died there. It was always thought that the whole thing was a put up job, as the crook who engaged them got off scot free. The same rascal man was in another crooked deal years later. One of the Niagara merchants engaged him to bring over a Scowload of stuff. He was to land it at Longhursts hollow where there was a passable road down to the water. Tom Mills, a coloured teamster was to meet him there to bring the load to Town. Tom was there at the appointed time and the loaded scow duly hove in sight. The water was low and the loaded scow could not be brought right in to shore, so Tom backed his wagon out alongside the scow. Before he had time to receive the first of the packages, a voice spoke up from the bushes along the foot of the bank. "Hold on Tom, I don't want your team." It was Ned Thompson, the Customs Officer, who no doubt had been tipped off by the crook. Tom dropped onto the man in the scow and it would have gone hard with Mr. Man if Thompson and his men had not pulled him off. Tom, by the way, was a powerful big man.

But we were talking about ice-bridges, two of which I should like to reminisce about. My note book contains various items of information about the ice-bridge of 1909. Under the date of April 7th, is the following entry, "the worst gale of winter in 40 or 50 years blew today from the south west, tearing down fences, trees, signs and damaging roofs all over the country." As we stood in the door of our boathouse at the slip, we saw big sign on the lot where Shepherd's boats are now blow clean across the river and light close to the American shore. A few minutes later, it picked the roof off a boathouse belonging to Bert St. John and carried it well out into the river while boards were blowing off the roof of a large building next door to us and flinging them like straws away over our heads into the river. have never seen anything like it.

The next item under date of Thursday, April 8th, reads "The gale of yesterday brought down the ice from Lake Erie and the river blocked about 12:30 noon." I fixed the time as I was on my way home to dinner up the railroad track and was watching the slowly moving mass of ice, when it ceased to move." Good Friday, April 9th, 1909 - "Ice bridge moved in the night and jammed tighter than ever, piling up in great masses. Shoved wharf back about two feet." Easter Sunday, April 11th. "Some people walked over the ice. Great damage from ice and water at and above

Lewiston and Queenston. Electric light out off here as Ontario Power Company's plant was put out of business. Connection made with Electric Development Plant in time for Church services." Tuesday, April 13th - Town in darkness tonight. Blew hard from south today. Friday, April 26th - Ice moved tonight about two hundred or 300 yards. Piled McIntyre's wharf up on the bank and shoved Wright's wharf off its piles. Ice was piled up 30 feet high, just above mouth of the slip.

This was quite a sight and there were photos taken of it. It was also a rather gruesome sight to stand on the wharf and see the relentless force of the river, when the great mass of ice in the centre of the river moved slowly and inexorably, turning up mud and stones from the bottom. When you realize that there is a depth of from 60 to 90 feet in the river channel opposite the Town and that the ice was packed right to the bottom, it certainly was impressive. We must remember that all the water from the whole chain of lakes must find an outlet through our river. McIntyre's wharf stood about midway of the land now occupied by Shepherd's boat works. It was never rebuilt after the ice jam; nor was Wright's which was just below the point above the Waterworks. The property is that now owned by the Harris Prices.

Sunday, April 18th, 1909 Alarm came from Jackson's about 1 p.m. that ice was moving and doing a great deal of damage. Did not move down here at all. Monday, April 19th, Ice jam broke away from old break at the Half-Moon Battery and moved down to the mouth. Jam stopped opposite wharf, the lower portion grounding on the bar, the upper end being opposite beach and Fort Wharf. Tuesday, April 20th, Opening in jam filled in during night. Water in slip rising all day. Fish boats were all taken to foot of King Street. A current like a mill race close in on beach, breaking through at Rousseau's wharf. Moved everything out of our hoathouses. Water in slip up to the sidewalk near the Lakeview. After supper, we floated the Viola from where she was on a framework on the slip bank over to the street fence, near the brick mill.

April 21 st, 22nd and 23rd. Water slowly receding. My wife and family had moved out and gone up to her father's. We were living in the house below the railway trestle and there was a danger of the water breaking through. A channel began to appear on the American side near the Fort wharf and a hole appeared opposite the slip. Ice gradually settling down. American engineers began blasting with dynamite and worked nearly all day. About the only apparent result was the breaking of all the windows in the Life Saving Station.

Mr. Joseph Houghton was Sexton of st. Marks and was digging a grave for Stephen Callory. On the 24th, the engineers put all their dynamite into onemighty blast about 4 o'clock. The grave caved in on Mr. Houghton and his son had to dig him out.

Opening *were* reported in the ice all the way up the river, becoming hourly larger

and larger.

Sunday, April 25th, 1909. A channel in front of Fort Niagara now nearly half the width of the river. During the night, the earth in front of the Navigation Co.'s storehouse caved in and some of the foundation of the building fell into the hole. Mr. George Nash, who was living in the rooms upstairs, moved out during the night and into the Rousseau *cottage* in the rear of the Lakeview. The wharf settled down about half its length and had to be rebuilt. The water was now down to its old level.

Throngs of people visited the Town during the week. Blood curdling tales of immense damage were appearing in the papers. The railroad crew were responsible for much of this as they pulled the legs of the reporters who met the train each morning at the Falls.

During Saturday night and Sunday, a stiff breeze *blew* from the Northwest and quite a *lot* of ice broke away in the mouth of the River. The first boat in some time crossed between the Town and the Fort today.

Monday, April 26th, 1909 Harbour mouth clear. Balance of icejam near the Town moved out quietly and on the Tuesday and Wednesday, large pieces of ice were passing down the river.

Thursday, April 29th. Blowing hard from the East with heavy snow, it was raw and cold. Thus passed away the worst ice jam of modern times. The ice that winter was quite heavy in Lake Erie and a spell of warm weather had softened it so that when it was broken up by the southwest gale, it was like wet snow and quite sticky.

I took a motor boat party sight seeing after the river was clear and it was a sight to see where the ice had planed off the banks, clearing them of trees and shrubs. There are still parts of the banks on the various points comparatively bare of vegetation from this great upheaval. As to what combination of circumstances had brought about this very unusual ice jam, I might point out that a spell of mild weather had softened the ice which filled the lower end of Lake Erie, and it was thus turned into a sticky mass and the ensuing gale from the southwest, mild and springlike as to temperature, drove it into the river where its very softness caused it to adhere to any object with which it came in contact, thus gradually narrowing the channel until a passage was impossible.

November 30th, 1950

THE ICE JAM OF 1937

In 1937, we had another ice jam. I was not around the River then, but came in contact with the results as Town Clerk. The jam was not as bad nor as long continued as the ice jam in 1909, but it destroyed the wharves at Niagara, Queenston and Lewiston. The Lewiston one was not rebuilt and the Canada Steamships ceased to land there. The Queenston one was repaired but for some reason, the District Manager made up his mind to leave ours out of his plans for rebuilding and to make Queenston the only Port of Call on the River. James Gardiner was Mayor then and it was decided that I should write personally to the General Manager at Montreal, a Mr. Enderby, with the result that he came to Niagara, bringing with him Mr. King, the District Manager. After looking the situation over, he gave Mr. King instructions then and there to proceed with rebuilding the wharf, but smaller. Being known as one familiar with the River, Mr. Enderby asked me for some suggestions as to the rebuilding. I advised drawing the dock in by one row of piles, as there was plenty of water to allow this to be done with safety and this would lessen the danger of damage from ice. The Town had to agree to remove the old piles that would be left exposed. It cost the Town about one thousand dollars to carry out their part. Some of the old piles were sold and some of them were given to people on relief and some value accrued to the people of the Community. Two years afterwards came the war and I think everybody was glad the Wharf had not been abandoned.

ICE HOUSES

One activity of the winter season that has now ceased was the annual ice cutting. The slip and the Four Mile and Two Mile Ponds used to be the scene of much activity of this kind. Most of the hotels had an icehouse of their own and most of the Butchers. There stood a row of these on Market Street. The only one of these remaining is that of Fred Best and is now used by the Local Hydro. The others were owned by Jack Bishop, Bill Longhurst, and Henry Chrysler. McCleliands used the old Centre House for a time, then the building near the slip and finally, they built a large one just in the rear of their store, about where Harry Lee's house now stands. Bishop's built one on Johnson Street. It still stands and has been converted into a very comfortable dwelling and is occupied by John Campbell and his family. The Queen's Royal had a large icehouse at the foot of King Street, opposite the Elliott house. Later, they moved it to Front Street at the rear of the Hotel.

December 14th, 1950

STORMS - 1886 - 1888 - 1929

We have been hearing a good deal lately about storms in various places and while we have suffered no particular harm hereabouts, there have been storms in bygone days that have done considerable damage. For instance, I remember hearing of a windstorm that wrecked buildings in course of erection at the Dock and about the spire having been blown off St. Andrew's Church.

In my time, there have been some that were damaging to property of one kind or another. In 1886, early in April, there was a northeast blow. The water was at a high level and many of the boathouses on the beach were either destroyed or damaged. The cellar of the Lakeview Hotel was flooded and there was two feet of water over the flats. We went home to dinner that day in a boat, something I have never seen before or since. I can understand there being so much damage done at the Hamilton beaches where an easterly storm is more or less bottle-necked, causing the seas to strike the shore with a fury that land lubbers cannot understand.

Then in 1888, in February, we had a gale from the westward that caused a lot of damage about us. Fruit trees were blown down, barns unroofed and various other items of injury done. There was a fog bell tower on Fort Mississauga point. Ned Wootten was the operator and he was out of a job as the Tower and bell went down the bank and it was never replaced. At Fort Niagara, the flagstaff in the Fort enclosure was blown down and was not replaced until comparatively recently. Sidewalks were blown away and plenty of other damage done. The Stage from Lewiston to Youngstown was blown over, and Captain A. L. Myer who was a passenger, suffered a broken arm. That was the blow that blew down the upperbridge at the Falls. Not in 1889 as currently reported.

The 1886 Storm washed away all the stone laden piers or groins which protected the Lake side of Fort Niagara, and a part of the stone wall. The Queen's Royal Hotel was seriously threatened, part of the bank being badly eroded by the big seas, which pounded it. This damage was repaired by taking down the log buildings in Fort Mississauga and using the logs to build a breakwater along the Hotel front. John Ellison had the contract and Jim Longhurst hauled the stone from Queenston. He had two large scows and these he towed with a small Steamer named the Notos, belonging to the Rev. E. Stuart-Jones, who was then curate of St. Mark's Church. Now the lapse of time has seen this breakwater vanish. I must say that it seems like wanton vandalism to have allowed those historic building to be wantonly destroyed to save

private property. My father and his brother attended the Army School in one of these, their father being then in the Garrison.

I have spoken elsewhere of the storm that caused the ice jam in 1909. This was from the southwest and besides the damage caused by the ice jam, it did plenty of other damage. For instance, there was a row of freight cars at the dock and two of them had the roofs blown off and deposited on the Steamship Wharf. I saw the roof of a boathouse sail out into the middle of the River and several large signs which stood where Shepherd's Boat Works are now, went flying, one of them going clear across the River. This wind did plenty of damage to farm buildings and fruit trees throughout the farming community. The date of that was April 7th, 1909.

December 21st, 1950

TREES

The last one I want to speak of was in 1929, Easter Monday, April 1st. This was a westerly gale and it blew trees out by the roots all over the place. There were twelve of these in St. Mark's Cemetery alone. I was in my yard propping up fences when one of these came down almost on top of me. Then two more about 50 feet away went over. I ment Miss Annie Kennedy just outside my place. She had just come through the park where several trees had come down. As we stood chatting, we heard a crash. A huge elm tree had come down and had knocked the belfry off the Parish Hall. Then two big trees at the St. Vincent Church went out over the road and it seemed as if the world was coming up by the roots. The streets were a mess.

I wonder if you could picture our Town streets without trees. When I was small, nearly all our street trees were tiny things with boxes all around them. While these same trees in time of storm constitute a menace to life and property, yet they give our Town a beauty and a charm that is hard to beat anywhere. I remember that while the British Columbia Regiment was in Camp here, one of that Regiment came along past my home and stopped a few moments to chat. He told me that he had just been walking around admiring the trees. He said that he had never seen a Town with such a variety of trees. "We have bigger ones in British Columbia." said he, "but not such a variety." I should say that the most of these same trees are seventy five years old and a good many of them will need replanting very soon. I noticed while I was staying in Toronto, that the City was planting trees in the northern section of the city and that those planted were of a good size and each wired to a good substantial wooden stake. I thought that an excellent idea. I remember that once I was deving into one of the Town Minute Books and in

1883, the late Bob Reid recommended to Council that there were enough tree boxes on hand to box a double row of trees across the common to Paradise Grove. That would indicate that those trees are sixty-seven years planted. I have no definite information as to who was responsible for the street tree planting, but I have always understood that Henry Paffard had the trees in the Park planted, so I dare say he also sponsored the street trees.

December 28th, 1950

JOHN BROWN

I should like to take a little space to pay a tribute to one who has lately gone from us. John Brown and I were chums for years when we were younger. In my last year at High School, he was my deskmate. Later on we were together in Church Choir and Sunday School and I suppose I got to know him about as well as anyone. I paid almost a daily visit to the Waterworks when he lived there with his parents. He was a good friend and a clever man.

Whatever he did, he did well. I sat with him in Council. Later on he served almost a lifetime on the School Board. While I have lost a friend, the Town has lost one of its most valuable citizens and one whom it will be hard to replace. The Waterworks grew up with him, as he went there with his father when it began in 1891 and he put in nearly sixty years in the service of his Town. He was a man of fine character and well deserved the respect of the citizens of our Town. He made a record of service to his community that should be a pattern for the youth of today. He was certainly a "leader of his people by his councils," and his name will long live with his people.

January 4th, 1951

THE IRISH SOLDIERS

Some incidents rather connected with the windstorm of 1888 came to my recollection. One of the buildings damaged by that storm was the Military Hospital and Fort Porter. For those who may not know, this Fort was situated at the junction of the Niagara River and Lake Erie, just where the Buffalo end of the Peace Bridge is located, the Fort having been demolished to make room for the Bridge. Along in the spring of that year, Hank Bell was keeping the Lake View house at the waterfront in our Town. The place had not a few habitués and was much patronised by the soldiers from Fort Niagara. One night there was the usual crown in there, when a loud and noisy free for all fight broke out. There had been several card games in progress

and I don't suppose the gang were any of them "beastly sober." I was across the way waiting for ferry customers and hearing the row, I hied me over to get a first hand view. Jimmy O'Neil and I were interested spectators from the vantage point of being outside looking in, as was also a soldier named Lynch. Now Lynch was a black Irishman. He had black hair, dark eyes and a rather swarthy complexion. Two of the most conspicuous of the brawlers were two tall soldiers, also Irish as you might suspect, named Moore and Mokely. They, with another Irishman, were like Kipling's "Soldiers Three". Raddigan was not present on this auspicious occasion. Lynch was outside and made no effort to enter the battle, but he was muttering for our benefit that he had something in his pocket and he had a good mind to go in and clean the darn house out. Jimmy said to him, "See that fellow in there with the waxy mustache.

He's a bad one, better not try anything." So Mr. Lynch didn't go in. Well, presently, it was all over and nobody seemed to have suffered any material damage but Moore and Mokeley retired from the field of battle, subdued of demeanor and decidedly ruffled as to temper. There have been too many citizens, as they called them. As I was rowing them "O'er the Ferry," Lynch was needling them to procure their rifles and ammunition and come back and wreak dire vengeance on the darn Canucks. However, I discharged my Irish cargo, and they wended their way to a hotel which stood on the site of the Villa st. Vincent, just on the edge of the Fort reserve and there they seemed to have staged a battle of their very own, Lynch versus Moore, Mokely and Raddigan, the result of which was a score of three to nothing for Lynch, the casualties being as follows: Moore, the side of his head beaten in by a beer glass; Mokely stabbed in the ribs with a jack knife; Raddigan, his eyelid badly bitten; net result, three admissions to the Fort Hospital.

Lynch stole a boat and came across the river. He walked to Queenston and took the train to Buffalo. There he was ultimately apprehended and lodged in the guard house at Fort Porter. He became ill while so incarcerated and the Fort hospital, having lost its roof and being unusable, he was dispatched under guard to one of the City hospitals. While enroute, they got into a crowd and Mr. Lynch skedaddled and was seen no more.

January 11th, 1951

Irish soldiers seem to have a habit of getting into rows. I remember another incident about the same hotel a little later on, all the dramatis personae being also from the Emerald Isle, except one, the villain of the piece being of course, Irish as Paddy's pig. It seems Kehoe, being small, Irish and dark, had a falling out with Beebe, who was tall blond and German, over, yes you've guessed it, a girl. Those were the days when the Queen's Royal was in operation with its

complement of female help and certain American soldiers were drawn there, among them our two heroes. Well, there was a fight, Kehoe getting the worst of it, which didn't suit one of his fiery temperment. It was a quiet Saturday night, with the hotel in darkness. Everything was peaceful and serene, when I returned from a trip across the river, to find several soldiers awaiting transportation. Among them was a man named Doyle who was a veteran of the Battle of Isandlwana in South Africa, he being one of ten survivors. "I belonged to the gallant Twinty fourth." He told me that after the Zulus had gone, he lay among dead men all around him. He managed finally to get up and examine some of those near him, and there were only nine besides himself left alive out of two companies of this Regiment, the 24th. I think they are now the Royal Welsh Regiment. But to get back to our story. When I landed my rowboat in front of Redhead's boathouse, I hear someone breaking sticks in a pile of brush that lay nearby. Presently, there emerged Private Kehoe with a stick the size of a baseball bat in his hand. He leaned it up against the bow of the boat and proceeded to divest himself of his coat and hat, which he laid in the boat. I asked him what he was going to do and he said, grabbing the stick, "I'll be back in a minute," and away he went on the run over the railway track. Doyle made a grab at him by missed him and at once, there broke out a bedlam of sound. The little devil had gone straight as a die to where Beebe was seated with Hank Bell and another Irish soldier named Jerry Desmond. Kehoe hit Beebe on top of the head with his club. The American soldier was wearing a French cap then which had a stiff plate in the top of it. This probably saved Beebe's life. As it was, he was half stunned and Kehoe was aiming another vicious blow at the side of his head which would probably have finished him, but Desmond grabbed the stick just in time. Kehoe was yelling at the top of his voice, almost a scream, "I'll have oor life, Beebe, I'll Kill OO." over and over. We of course, ran over to see what was going on, but Kehoe broke away and ran back towards the boat. I went after him, as I thought he might take the boat and there he was just behind the corner of the boathouse with an oar up over his head waiting for an attack. I spoke just in time to escape a broken head. Beebe had a sore head and I never heard of any further trouble between them.

The following spring, however, I arrived back from Youngstown, in time to see the same Kehoe, threatening Charlie Ball, Sr. with a revolver. When he saw me however, he came up the beach to me to be ferried across. On the way over, he pulled the gun from his pocket and fired several times in the air. I got him landed without any misadventure. Next day, I learned that he had entered a hotel which we used to know as "The Stone Jug." There he got into an altercation and took a couple of shots. He didn't manage to hit anybody. He was overpowered and landed in the clink, whence he emerged after serving six months and was given a bad discharge and so we lose sight of the dear little snake.

THE DAYS OF YORE

I was listening to the radio one day not long ago, to an extract from a weekly paper wherein the writer was describing the state of a Town in days of yore and it gave me food for thought about our own Town as I first remember it. There are many items that come to mind about the lives of "The indignant poor." that Tom Burns used to talk about. For instance, how many of our people of today ever slept on a rope bedstead. with a straw tick upon it. There were no spring mattresses then. A luxury was a feather filled tick. My mother had one of them, but I had an attack of measles when I was about twenty and I put in two long weeks aboard a feather bed and golly was it hard. It reminds me of the Irishman who slept on the floor of a shack. He spied a feather on the floor and carefully placed it under him. He awoke in the morning feeling sore. He eyed the feather and ruefully rubbed himself and remarked, "Segorra, if one of ye's as hard as that, what would a bed full be like."

Then there is "our daily bread". We had none of the canned goods or prepared foods that now adorn our store shelves. If we bought coffee, we got the raw beans, baked them in the oven and smashed them in a bit of canvas with a hammer or an axe.

January 8th, 1951

In those days, most of the working men had no employment in the long winter months, hence it was necessary to make provision for the family. A great many people kept chickens, geese or ducks. There was quite a pig population, besides the many cows. I have seen hundreds of cows feeding on the two commons or roaming about the streets, cropping the grass. There was no need to worry about cutting our streets, the cattle did that. Salt pork was a common article of diet during the winter, with boiled beef once a week. The provident man had a couple of tubs of salt pork with a good big bin of potatoes, besides onions, cabbage, and squash. A big crock of butter was considered necessary too and perhaps of crock or two of eggs. Sage and catnip, parsley and summer savory *were* gathered, tied in bundles and hung in the kitchen to dry. Dried apples were very much in evidence and many an apple I helped my mother to peel and string up. Cooking pots were of cast iron and were easily cracked if one forgot to let them boil dry. A common article for breakfast was a good big pot full of oatmeal porridge or cornmeal mush with syrup on it. Corn bread too was common and it was good when fresh from the oven.

Not much baker's bread was eaten. Home made bread was considered more substantial. We grew hops and mother made yeast. A keg or two of salt herring was also a part of the provision. These were plain foods, but wholesome and enjoyable. Hickory nuts and walnuts were abundant and with popcorn, furnished many an evening's enjoyment.

The small houses were usually devoid of paint. Eavetroughs were of wood. There were no metal or asphalt shingles then, but good pine shingles were cheap and lasted 40 to 50 years. Most of the houses had no stone foundations. Cellars were just a hole dug out and in winter, houses were banked up with earth. Most people burnt wood although coal was very cheap, about \$4.50 to \$5.00 per ton. About two or three carloads would supply the needs of the Community. You could buy good hardwood for \$3.00 to \$3.50 per cord and when I say cord, I mean cord, 128 cubic feet. When I first went to Public School, wood was the fuel used in the good big box stoves. I remember the late John Clockenburg telling of one of his first job here, that of cutting and lugging up the stairs of a large quantity of wood for William Kirby's office in the Town Hall.

OUR TOWN HALL

I wonder how many remember the dome that surmounted the Town Hall. This dome was removed soon after the first Great War. During the latter part of that war, the Polish Army occupied the building and after they had gone, an inspection showed that a subsidence of a part of the foundation had caused some of the roof timbers supporting the dome to have shifted and it was decided as a safety measure that the dome must go. Then, in the large hall, there were the old straight-backed seats in tiers. There were two stairways in the Courtroom, (as it had been) leading up to the Grand Jury Room, and a doorway leading down to the cells below. The Post Office had the room where the Police Office is now and the room opposite was then open hall, with a doorway in the corner from which one entered upon a winding stair that led up to the Grand Jury Room, then occupied by the Public Library. The small room, now part of the Town Clerk's Office was the Office of the Division Court Clerk. When Joe Healey was Postmaster, he moved across the hall to the Clerk's Office and after he went over to the present site of the Post Office, the Town Clerk was moved up to the front and the small office this made vacant became the Police Office. R.E. Dennison had a private bank in the room now used by the Board of Education. After he left, the Sovereign Bank had those two front rooms and were followed by the Imperian, who afterwards purchased the Rowley Block and moved over there. Our first picture show was in the small hall upstairs, run by Mrs. Norris, who afterwards built the Brock Theatre. George Reid built his theatre on the site of a small shop which was run by Herb Walsh. There he had the Telegraph Office and sold stationery. This shop was exchanged for the present home on Regent Street and the shop was taken down to make room for the Theatre, which was named "The Kitchener." The theatre ran until the talking pictures came, when George shut up shop, finally disposing of the place, the new owners renaming it "The Brock."

January 25th, 1951

CHANGES IN OUR TOWN

Our Town must have been a pretty dowdy looking place when I was a boy. Of course a kid wouldn't think much about it but when I think back and compare it with its present appearance, I can see big changes in it. Wooden sidewalks, treeless streets, mud or dusty roads, unpainted, weather-beaten houses were much in evidence. Trees have been planted and have grown tall; streets are almost entirely free of dust in summer and mud in spring and fall. Means of travel were by equine express or railway. Or perhaps, if one were energetic enough, you might take "shank's mare." For there were walkers in those days. People often walked to St. Catharines or to Queenston. I myself have travelled a footback between here and Port Dalhousie several times. A Sunday stroll to Queenston or Virgil was quite common. A trip that we often took was "around the horn." Often of an evening, when we had nothing to do, someone would propose that we go around the horn and away we would go. This adventure was made via King, Mary, Simcoe and Queen Streets.

PEOPLE'S PASTIMES

What did people do to pass the time? Running races, horse races, baseball, football, sailing and rowing races on the river. Quite a bit of gambling went on and five hotels served a good many for entertainment. For those so inclined, there was always a musical organization, and dramatic talent was here often displayed by local talent of no mean order. I remember, not so long ago, putting in a whole winter with the "Legion Players." getting a play called "The Magistrate" together for the benefit of the Local Legion. Incidentally, I was the Magistrate, Frank Currie being my Coadjuter. We played it here in the Theatre, at the Falls in a hall on Victoria Avenue and twice in Welland. We had bumper crowds and it was altogether a worthwhile effort. I have a group picture of the cast, taken in Welland.

I suppose no one remember the six day walking matches. There used to be a large building at the Dock, alongside the present basket factory. It was not occupied and had a large open floor space and these walking matches were held there, around and around the room. Seems pretty dull in these days of speed and hurry, but some enjoyed it, especially as it gave them something on which to bet. People will bet on anything. There was one chap who fancied himself as a long distance walker, by the name of Charlie Chandler, who was for many years, hostler at Doyle's Hotel. I don't remember that Charlie ever won any races or made any money, but he was always game enough to try, and, after all, that is something.

1895 Niagara Hockey Division Champions

Players are: R. W. "Dickey" Reid; 'ViU "Pluggity" Thompson; Fred Masters; Jack Hartley, Charlie "Mops" Bishop; "Grinny" Sherlock; & "A1ec,Joe" Dorritty. The men in the centre row are unknown, probably team coach & manager. A favourite winter sport was racing up and down Queen Street with a horse and cutter. I think I see Pete Healey and Bill Long and harlie Bufton at it. There was no money up; they just loved doing it. There was not so much of the money idea in as there is now. People can't even play a game of hockey any more without a cash consideration. I remember the late Capt. Cuddaback remarking to me one day, that it used to be that if a man had eighty to one hundred thousand dollars, he was rich. "Now," said he, "if you ain't got a million, you ain't worth a darn."

February 1st, 1951

WINTER SPORTS

Another winter sport was Shooting Matches, at pigeons or sparrows or snow birds. Incidentally, I have not seen a flock of snowbirds in years. Their peculiar wavy mode of flying made them easily recognizable when passing overhead. There used to be plenty of sparrows as they hung out in the empty buildings which were much in evidence. The way in which they used to trap sparrows was to place a piece of fishnet on the common, propped up with a stick at each end. To these sticks, long strings were attached, with men or boys lying by to spring the trap when the unsuspecting birdies gathered to eat the grain sprinkled near the net. There always seemed to be plenty of pigeons available. Nearly every house sported a gun or two, mostly of the muzzle-loading variety. I was listening to neighborhood news a while ago, when the broadcaster was quoting some reminiscences about skating. He was describing the old spring skates. He didn't mention the wooden skates which antedated them. The body of these skates was made of wood, usually of hickory, with a steel blade. There was a screw sticking up from the heel end of the skate. You had to bore a hole in the centre of each heel of your boots and the skate would have to be turned around and around until the skate and the heel met. Straps for the toe and heel completed the ensemble. Some skates were made with the blade coming up in a graceful curve over the toe of the boot. These were called "turnups," and were of Dutch origin. When hockey came in, the spring skates had superceded the wooden variety, but for greater security, straps were used.

NIAGARA'S HOCKEY TEAM

There are not many of our original Hockey Team left. Dicky Reid is in Fonthill, Jack Hartley in British Columbia, John Campbell in Toronto and Bill Thompson in Niagara. They were all good skaters and many races were staged in the old rink at the corner of King and Johnson Streets. Thompson was about the swiftest of the skaters. Dicky Reid was about the shrewdest of the hockey crowd, as when he was playing forward on the team, he invented the long hockey stick. In those days, one went out into the bush and cut down a natural crook, about the length of an ordinary walking cane. Dicky conceived the idea of splicing a piece on his stick to give him a longer reach and it worked so well, that the longer stick was adopted.

Dicky was a versatile fellow and at another time he played goal, and while playing that position, he also conceived the idea of a wide bladed goalie's stick now in common use. So you see, Niagara may well be proud of that hockey team. One must remember, too, that thee fellows played sixty long minutes on the ice, with only one rest period in the middle of the game. There were then seven men on the Team, Goal, Point, Coverpoint, Three Forwards and a Rover. It was the old Niagara Curling Club that was responsible for the building of the rink. They first used a building at the Dock as a rink, but as that was taken down, they had to have new quarters, hence the building of the rink. There are none of that Club left. The Rev. E. Stuart-Jones, then curate of st. Mark's, was the creator of the club. Among its members were Jack and Bob Bishop, Watts Lansing, Bill McClelland Sr. and Jr., Fred and Percy Best, Joe Burns, Rickydoo Robertson, Russell Wilkinson, John Carnochan, Albert Davy, Bill Donnelly, Captain Geale, Bill and Colin Millow, Sam Shearer, Joe Walker. The rink was built to furnish four lanes or rinks, one down each side and two side by side in the centre. When it was adapted for Hockey, the dividing posts were taken out on one side, leaving quite a wide ice surface, though not as wide as the modern rinks. The Spectator occupied the remaining side, that next to Johnson Street. Well, we had a series of mild winters and both Curling and Hockey died out, as it was hard to get good ice.

February 8th, 1951

NIAGARA'S BIRDS

There was plenty of game in those days, to be shot or shot at. I remember some of the youthful Nimrods had a great time one Saturday, sneaking up on a flock of ducks at the Four Mile Pond. They followed the best rules for stalking game and carefully took cover. When they were safely

ensconced within range of a nice flock, they blazed away with great effect. The ducks didn't fly. They just sat there on the placid bosom of the pond. To be sure, some of their heads seemed to have become detached from their bodies. You see, they just happened to be Dan Sherlock's decoys. Well, the boys didn't linger in that vicinity and you may bet your bottom dollar, the Four Mile Pond was taboo as a subject for many moons thereafter.

I have often heard the mournful cry of a loon early in the morning, when we would be lifting nets. It is a most eerie sound. The male loon, or Northern Diver is quite a gorgeous bird, as big as a goose. The hen bird is quite dowdy beside her mate. We have caught them in ninety feet of water, so they come honestly by their name of diver.

The cheerful chatter of the coween is also a familial sound, although there are not as many of them as there used to be. Their flesh is quite fishy in taste as they feed mostly on fish when in the River. They too are able to dive to quite a depth. The eddy opposite the Queen's Royal grounds was a great gathering place for them. They used to fly up the river to the foot of the Falls in the morning and down to the Lake in the evening. They afforded good shooting when in flight, as they invariably just skimmed the surface of the water.

There were other varieties of birds, of course, but not so numerous as those I have mentioned. There were also plenty of smaller birds, plover and snipe and killdeer.

WINTER PASTIMES

I have spoken of Football, not the Rugby variety as played today. We called it Association, very similar to what is now called Soccer. I remember a match that I played in the poundyard. You have heard that "men are but children of a larger growth." One day, some of these larger children were discussing Football and the discussion became so serious, that Fred Best and Frank Bishop made a bet then and there as to which of them was the better man at the game. In order that there might be no doubt of their individual ability, they agreed to play a game just between the two of them. Well, they ran and they dodged and they kicked, no goals being scored, until their enthusiasm waned. They began to stumble and to fumble and finally Pankie Bishop, in making a vicious kick at the darned ball, kicked up a prodigious divot, with the result that the sole of his boot broke loose from its moorings and poor Pankie was unable to continue. Then there was Rifle Shooting. I remember the old iron targets that were then in use. I used to go down with my father to watch No. 1 Company at practice. One day, there was a match shoot between the Niagara Company and one of the St. Catharines Companies. Of course, Niagara

won. Among the Niagara men competing was Richard Wynn, commonly called Bunny. Bunny couldn't hit a flock of tame barns, but he didn't think so. There was one target that had a rivet out of its bullseye and they always told Bunny when he made a miss that his bullet went through the rivet hole. The old single shot Snider rifle was then used and it threw a big soft lead bullet which made a big slash on the whitewashed surface of the iron target. Of course it was Bunny's superlative shooting that wond the day, or so he was led to believe, and he was escorted home in triumph, proud as a peacock.

February 22nd, 1951

NUTTING

There was nutting for the boys in the Fall. Walnuts, Hickory nuts, butternuts, and chestnuts were all plentiful. Home wasn't home without a plentiful supply of nuts, besides the fun of gathering them. One of the drawbacks in gathering walnuts was the beautiful dark brown stain to be freely spread over the hands through shelling them. Of course, no boy minds a stain or w on the hands. We rather were proud to exhibit such stains as a proof of our prowess in obtaining the succulent walnut. Of course, too, mothers and schoolteachers could not see these honourably acquired tokens of success in the same light. However, they wore away in the course of a few weeks. One had to be sparing of the soap and water or there was grave danger of losing ones colouring too soon.

OPEN WINTERS

During the last few weeks, we have been hearing on the radio, chat about open winters. Some people seem to forget that old man February usually puts the kibosh on any speculations about weather. I remember some open winters. In February, 1888, I saw Bill Wright plowing the ground on the River side of Fort George. Some may remember that the Wright family lived there for many years and cultivated the land. When I first remember the Wrights, they lived in a house on Delatre Street near Melville, where they were burned out, before moving to Fort George. There were two houses consumed in that fire. The other was that of Albert Ball. The fire was brought about by a small boy, John, crawling about the kitchen floor. His mother had just lighted the kitchen fire to get breakfast and was busy in the front part of the house. She had left a big basket of shavings and a bunch of the old fashioned sulphur matches lying on the floor. John of course, struck the matches and threw them into the shavings. It made a dandy blaze. Poor Mrs. Ball just discovered it in time to get the kids out before they were in the

blaze. We had no waterworks then, so all that our fireman could do was to save the house next door, that now owned by Ed. Keith. But to get back to our open winters. In that of 1890 and 1891, we had neither ice nor snow; it rained off and on all winter, believe it or not, Mr. Ripley. The butchers got no ice and had to get it shipped in by Schooner during the summer. I remember seeing all the teams in the neighbourhood being pressed into service to get the ice into the icehouses which adorned Market Street behind the Town Hall. We had an epidemic that Winter which bore the name of "La Grippe." Nearly everybody had it. It had the effect, however, of leaving its victims with a nasty cough and great depression of spirits. I was around the water all winter and I was the only one of our family who didn't have it. I remember that one day, the fishermen were indulging in a little friendly horseplay and they threw a few pailfuls of water over one another. Someone doused Dick Taylor and waded into the river to get a pailful to retaliate, when Mope Bishop gave him a shove and down he went like a coween diving. He was very reproachful and said so, of course. Also he was scared stiff, as he was sure he would get the Grippe.

The next winter, we had no ice in the river until March and the following winter, ice was flowing in February; the next year, ice came about as usual, early in the new year. For some reason, we do not have the icejams as frequently as we used to. I have written about two which did a lot of damage, but I remember one during the winter of 1903 and 1904. That was a very steady cold winter and while there was no epidemic, an unusually large number of old people died that winter. As I recall, there were about fourteen funerals in St. Mark's and it a pretty general condition throughout Ontario. My father died that Spring, following an attack of Pneumonia. To aggravate the situation, there was a coal shortage and our dealers were utterly unable to get supplies. Joe Greene, while not in the business, was able to get some carloads of coke, a fuel not then in general use. The river was blocked with ice all winter, and as far as one could see, there was no clear water in the Lake.

Section 10**PEOPLE & PLACES****March 1st, 1951****CHANGES IN OUR TOWN**

Many changes have taken place in our Town. We were at one time, the only Town of any size in this part of Canada. But with the passage of time, various causes have brought about these changes. Governor Simcoe thought we were too close to Uncle Sam and he moved his capital to Muddy York, which has shed its pin feathers and bloomed into Toronto the Good. I don't know about that good business. If you read the papers, a good many things are taking place over these, which rather indicate a smell of brimstone in the air. American commercialism has crept into its public affairs. Its sports have to be paid and its quiet Sabbaths polluted with Sunday Ball and Hockey. But we in this Town have no right to throw stones at Toronto.

FALL FAIR

Then we had the first Fall Fair. There were farms in the Township then of 100 to 600 acres. There, they produced live stock and grain. I have seen the poundyard on the Town Lot filled with cattle, sheep, hogs and poultry at the Annual Fair. Apples were plentiful. Then peaches came in and to a large extent they displaced the apples. And small fruits and vegetables became the fashion. Now you see vineyards all over the landscape. Canneries have had a share in changing things, with their processing of tomatoes, peaches, pears and small fruits. Wineries have made a market for large quantities of grapes. All these things have reduced the raising of livestock and poultry to the vanishing point. So our Fair has gone into the limbo of forgotten things.

COUNTY TOWN

We were the County Town. There was a small settlement called Shipman's Gore, a little crossroads hamlet. The Weiland Canal was built and away went most of our businesses to St. Catharines, into which euphonious title had the Gore developed. As we decreased and they increased, they cast a greedy eye on our Public Institutions and they succeeded in taking away

from us the Courts, the County Seat and everything else that wasn't nailed down. Of course, with the Institutions went the Lawyers, although some would not miss the Lawyers. I once heard Jimmy Tay remark on emerging from the office of James Secrod, where he had been transacting some business connected with a home he was buying, "Lawyers is all damn rogues and Goff's another." Jim McMillan had told Jimmy that they would try to make him pay and to look out for them. Jim McMillan only did it for fun, but Jimmy didn't see the joke.

THE FIRE BRIGADE & THE FIRE BELL

We have a Fire Brigade, about the oldest in the Province and one that would be a credit to a much larger town. The Town Bell, which is now attached to the Town Clock, was originally the Fire Bell. For many years it was rung for Council Meetings, Fire Meetings, and other public functions. There was a spring clapper on it and quite an effective alarm would ring out from it. It also rang for the Curfew which was passed by Town ByLaw, which Bylaw has never been repealed. Under the terms of that Bylaw, children were forbidden to be on the public streets after nine o'clock p.m. unless accompanied by an adult. Some of us are oldfashioned enough to wish that it was still enforced in the interests of the children themselves. The bell used to be rung at seven o'clock in the morning in winter and at six in the summer; it was also rung at noon and at six in the evening. It was not rung on Sundays. That is one more of the events in the daily lives of the people which is a thing of the past.

OUR SCHOOL CHILDREN

One thing no one has yet been able to take away from us is "our children." And they have even left us a school, though only the good Lord knows what bug will bite the solons in Queen's Park and then some change may be expected. I went to the recent school entertainment and I must say I found it very, very good. What struck me first, was the wee ones rhythm band. The way those kids entered into the spirit of the thing was a sight for sore eyes. And their timing was excellent. And those evolutions the girls went through were beautifully done. And the dignity of the soldiers was most commendable. Jackie Saunders was darn good and he must have more in his head than the comb will take out, to go through that long performance so well. And I must say that those who prepared the children did a good job. We are too apt to take our teachers for granted, but they must have been proud of themselves as well as of the children. So, let's give them a pat on the back. It never does any harm to say "Thank you." for a job well done, even if one is only doing his job.

March 8th, 1951

I was about Jackie Saunders *age*, when I made my first appearance in that same hall at a school concert. And golly, was I scared. It just seemed to me as if there was one big eye gazing at me. However, I managed to survive the ordeal. I came across a newspaper clipping of the very recitation not so long ago. I could still recite most of it after all these years.

BOYS' RIGHTS

I wonder now if anyone, In this broad land has heard
 In favour of downtrodden boys, One solitary word.
 We hear enough of "Women's rights." And "Rights of Working Men,"
 Of "Equal Rights", and "Nation's Rights, But pray, just tell me when,
 Boys' rights were ever spoken of? Why we've become so used,
 To being snubbed by everyone. And slighted and abused.
 That when one is polite to us, We stare with all our eyes
 And stretch them in astonishment, To nearly twice their size.
 Boys seldom dare to venture in, Or play about the house,
 For if they do, they've got to be, As quiet as a mouse.
 And if we should forget ourselves, And make a little noise,
 Then ma or auntie sure would say, "Oh my! those dreadful boys."
 The girls may the piano strum, All day, but if the boys,
 Play just one tune with fife and drum, Its' stop that horrid noise.
 That horrid noise, just think of it. When sister never fails
 To make a noise three times as bad, With everlasting scales.
 Insulted thus, we lose no time, In beating a retreat,
 So off we go to romp and tear, And scamper in the street
 No wonder that so many boys, Such wicked men become.
 'Twere better fare to let them have, Their plays and games at home
 Perhaps that text the preacher quotes, Sometimes, "Train up a child."
 Means only train the little girls And let the boys run wild.
 But patience, and the time will come, When we shall all be men.
 And when it does, I rather think, Wrongs will be righted then.

March 22nd, 1951

TOWN CHARACTERS

I seem to be running out of material for my reminiscences, but I thought that a little chat about people of by gone days might be of some interest to my readers. I have received many assurances from people of their appreciation of my tales. When it comes to writing about people, one has to be careful. Did you ever stop to think about people and their oddities? One evening, I discovered one of my daughters and some others of her age, very busy compiling a list of the odd people whom they knew of and it was quite surprising to me that they were able to find so many whom they considered odd. Now, what you or might consider an oddity, would not so appear to the persons themselves. Yet, no two people are exactly alike, and while in the main, we are pretty much of a muchness, yet there are bound to be those who differ from the common run . Among the many whom I have known, I should like to ruminate about a few of them and I shall try not to be nasty about any of them, especially as they have all passed off the stage.

UNCLE JOHN ALFORD

I passed my boyhood years around "the Dock," as our part of the Town was known. We were variously described as "the Patch Gang," "The Dock Rats," "The Dock Wallopers," etc., and between us and the Town gang, there "was a great gulf fixed." There were from time to time, people who for some reason were noticeable for some peculiarities. There was Uncle John. He seems to have blown in from beyond the pale and lived in a shanty on the Beach, just at the foot of Ball Street. He seemed to have quarreled with his family and chose to live the life of a hermit. He was Watchman at the old Steelworks and Senator Plumb used to come riding on a fine horse to see him. The Senator was a part owner of the Factory. Uncle John used to fish a seine from the Wharf down and many a time we kids helped to pull the net for him. Jimmy Tay worked for him for quite a while. By the way, the old man's name was Alford. He lived there for some years and then he moved out to the Lake shore, where he lived in a shanty that he built at Whitmore's Lane. There Jimmy Gordon helped him for a time, until the shanty went up in flames. John escaped but lost his belongings. He then took up his abode in a small boathouse on the Elliott property, but he was not long there, when it too went up in smoke. That finished Uncle John's career as a son turned up and took John away with him.

JIMMY TAY (O'BRIEN)

I mentioned Jimmy Tay. Jimmy was as Irish as they come and in some ways, as green as they make them. He worked for Squire Clement, who had the store Harold Boyle now has. Various tales were about as to Jimmy's greenness, some of them I had from himself. He was a neighbor of ours and lived in a little house on Ball Street. At one time, he lived in part of my house, then owned by Squire Clement, for whom Jimmy worked.

Jimmy came from Limerick and he told me himself that when he arrived at the Dock in Toronto, he thought he had another ocean to cross, so he went up Town and bought twenty loaves of bread, and he marched off the boat at Niagara with this big bag of bread on his shoulder. He had crossed the Ocean steerage and in those days, steerage passengers had to furnish a good deal of their grub. Jimmy had a widowed sister Johanna O'Neal, who was cook at Baxter's. The Baxter's lived in the house now occupied by the Faulkners. She had three sons and it was through her the rest of the family came to Canada. Her old mother was there. I used to see her, barefooted, wearing a short skirt, speaking no English. Then there was the sister Moll. Murty, the oldest son of Johanna used to work on the Steamer, City of Toronto, and died quite young. The other boys were twins and full of pranks, and we had many games together. I remember that the twins made up a St. Patrick and stuck him up in the chimney of thG house where the Lauders now live. There he was when morning came and when we kids came on the scene, there was Jimmy Tay with a long clothes prop, trying to dislodge him, while his precious nephews guyed him.

March 29th, 1951

Poor Jimmy could neither read nor write and he had the most peculiar way of keeping track of his money when he peddled fish. One never heard him called by his real name, Jimmy O'Brien. I have mentioned him elsewhere and told how he came to be called Jimmy Tay. When he came to Niagara, his first job was with George A. Clement, who kept a grocery store where Harold Boyle is now located. Jimmy heard people getting tea, which is pronounced by the French "tay". Jimmy enquired what this tay was the people were getting. He had never tasted it. Johnny Clement then gave him a half-pound of it to try. A few days afterward, he asked Jimmy how he liked it. "Sure," said Jimmy, "we didn't care much for the tay, but we liked the broth ." They had stewed the leaves and tried to eat them like greens. An Jimmy Tay was born and thus he was known till he died.

JIMMY HUTCHINSON

Another notable character around the water, was Jimmy Hutchinson. He was a short, stout Scot, of an aspect all his own. One would have to see him to really be able to describe him. His whole get up had to be seen to be believed. He wore a big straw hat which used to be priced at ten cents. It was secured to his pate by a piece of rope tied down about his ears. His pants were his own manufacture, made of canvas, once white. They were everlasting. When a front or a back part got too holey, it was replaced by a new one and it was no novelty to see him sporting a new white front and a new back on opposite legs. His foot wear also was unique, as it consisted of rope slippers of which he was also the maker and founder. With a good, stout cane to support him, he cut quite a dash. I remember that when the Chippewa was new, Jimmy in his usual regalia was on the wharf examining the new Steamer along with many others.

I observed a man with a camera taking snaps of Jimmy, evidently thoroughly enjoying the spectacle; Jimmy stepped back to look up at the Indian painted on the paddlebox, and in so doing, he came in contact with a short post and over he went, much to the enjoyment of the man with the camera. Jimmy lived for a long time at the Elliott House, where he did the odd job. He had one particular "bete noir," however and that was the fishery inspector from Hamilton, who on his periodic inspection tours, used to put up at Elliott's. Among Jimmy's other jobs, was tending the garden, which was up on Gate Street, an acre lot. One day when Jimmy was returning from his gardening operation with a garden fork on his shoulder, he met Inspector Kerr on the hill above Elliott's, and Jimmy went at Kerr with the garden fork. Picture it, if you can. Kerr on the ground rolling down hill to escape, which he ultimately did. I was kidding Jimmy about it once and Jimmy retorted, "I hadna me Haeland durrrk wi me, or I'd a funished im," with a few approbrious epithets added for good measure. Jimmy then left Elliott's and went to live at Kennedy's. However, some years later, I was reeling up nets one morning when a voice spoke behind me, "Did Kerr no come to see ya, before he went to hell." It was Jimmy in his rope slippers. So that was that. Kerr, by the way, was pronounced Care, which I believe is correct, as it is a Scotch name and Jimmy was a Scot. He came from Leith, on the east coast. He told me that when he was a youth, he worked on a farm and many a cart load of seaweed and fish refuse he hauled from the seashore. When he came to Niagara, he worked as a Ship's Carpenter at a shipyard that was situated about where the fog station now is.

April 5th, 1951

THE FRENCH-QUEBEC MILITIA PAY A VISIT

I suppose most of my readers have heard of the Fenian Raid of 1866 or the St. Alban's Raid of a year or so previous. This was a Raid by Southerners into the United States, whose Civil War was then in progress. As a consequence, some of Militia Regiments were called out to prevent a recurrence of such unfriendly acts. Our local men were sent to Phillipsburg in Southern Quebec and a Frenchspeaking unit was sent here. I am not sure of the length of time that they were here but anyway, on the Queen's birthday, they had a program of sports and among other things, they had a greasy pole. Not the pole projecting over the water, but a pole erect like a telephone pole. This was well greased and at the top was a watch, to be the prize of the one who successfully shinnied to the top and removed the watch. I suppose that there must have been several who made the attempt and failed. At any rate, my Uncle Alex. Keith was successful and obtained the much coveted prize, greatly to the annoyance of our Quebec countrymen. In fact they became so incensed that my Uncle was mobbed. I always heard that a good pair of legs wouldn't see a good body hurt and my Uncle proved the truth of that saying, for he got away from the mob, being pretty good in a scrimmage, and possessing a good pair of heels. He arrived at the Town Hall, hotly pursued and there he took refuge and the mob was dispersed.

The French were still here when our men returned from Phillipsburg and my father told me of being on patrol duty along the river bank. One pitch dark night, the picket was moving down the top of the bank. The night was as dark as a string of black cats. The picket was made up half local men and half French, the officer in command being French, while my Father was Sergeant in Command under him. My father suggested to the Officer, before they started their patrol that the local men should be placed in the van, as they were more familiar with the locality. The Officer refused and placed his men in the lead. All went well until they came to the Railway Cutting near Fort George and the proud leaders went tumbling neck and cop into the cutting with a great clatter and some strong expressions of surprise and alarm. The Officer called out, "Vere de heck are my men gone." I can imagine the quiet chuckles of the Niagara men. However, after things got straightened out, the brave 19th were given the lead by a rather chastened officer.

RICHARD WYNN

A man whom I remember very well was Richard Wynn, always known as Bunny. How he got the name, the Lord only knows, but Bunny he was, but woe betide the one whom he heard calling him that. I remember Harry Lockwood, who lived across the street from him, so far forgetting himself as to greet him with "Good evening, Bunny." Bunny promptly whammed him over the head with the heavy cane he carried and poor Harry was knocked flat and sported a sore head from the encounter. Bunny served in the 19th for a long time and when I first knew him, he held the exalted rank of Corporal. One day in Camp, the men were getting ready for a parade and much polishing and pipe-claying was in progress. When I was in the 19th, we had white waist belts, white helmets and white riflestraps. These all had to be scrupulously white for parade. While they were busy, someone asked Jack Flynn for some pipe-clay. "I haven't got much," said Jack, "but Bunny there has lots." Bunny was busy polishing his bayonet, which was fixed on his rifle. On hearing Jack refer to him as Bunny, he lunged at Jack with his fixed bayonet and ripped the collar off Jack's tunic.

April 12th, 1951

During the Spanish-American War, Albert Davey talking to Bunny one day, conceived the idea of having a little fun with Bunny, so between him and Joe Doritty, who was then in the Telephone Office, they planted the idea in Bunny's mind that he was a Military Expert, and as such, he should give the American commanders the benefit of his knowledge and experience. After Bunny had successfully negotiated the campaign in Cuba, he was given a medal by President McKinley, ostensibly by mail from Washington and was worn with pride by Bunny, along with his Fenian Raid medal. This campaign having been concluded, our hero's attention was called to the perilous situation in which the British forces under General Buller were placed and what more natural than a call for advice to our famous General Wynn, he having attained that exalted rank by virtue of some canoodling with the telephone and an imaginary connection with the Queen in London and frequent wires from Buller direct.

Our conspirators began to run out of yarns with which to ply the General, so they sprang a defeat on him and they had quite a time soothing him down and they finally had to break the cable to South Africa in order to stall for time. I happened to be in McClelland's store one day when Bunny came in and enquired of Mr. Davey whether the cable had been repaired. Albert went to the phone and enquired for the cable office, without, of course, actually getting a connection. He informed Bunny that the Cable Company had not yet been able to make the necessary repairs. "How do you suppose the cable got busted, Albert?" enquired the General. "Well," said Albert, "the bottom of the ocean is much like the land. It has its hill and hollows

and there are places where the cable doesn't lie flat on the bottom, but is well clear of the bottom. They have figured that a whale came along and butted into the cable and broke it, but they hope to have it fixed pretty soon." I was in Frank's Barber Shop one day some time later, when Bunny came in. Dick Taylor was there and he said, "Good Day, Corporal." Bunny very curtly informed him that he was a GENERAL, not a Coproal. I assured the General that he ought to be flattered, as Napoleon was proud to be known as liThe little Corporal" I thereupon asked the General if he had taken any prisoners lately. "Oh," he replied, "I had two million of them the other day." I asked him what he did with them. "Blew them from the guns," he replied, as if it were an every day occurrence. He said Buller had called him and asked what he should do with them, and on getting the order to blow them up, he said to hold on a minute, "and do you know, I actually heard the guns going off." What he heard was a bunch of Firecrackers in a tin can, arranged by the conspirators. Well, the War in South Africa came to an end and it was thought only fitting that some tangible reward was due the General. Queen Victoria had passed away and King Edward the Seventh was on the throne. The General was to receive an elaborate uniform coat and periodical bulletins were received as to the progress of the construction of the coat, but, alas and alack, the ship bringing it to Canada, sank on the voyage and the coat was lost. Of course, Bunny had received several medals already which mitigated the sorrow at the loss of the uniform. By this time, the conspirators had pretty well filled his breast with fake decorations. In fact, I have seen a picture which Bert St. John took of him with his full regalia, a breast full of medals. Bunny was a Fenian Raid Veteran. I was told by my father that on the march to Fort Erie, poor Bunny got pretty welt played out and my father carried his rifle for him, for which Bunny was eternally grateful.

When I was quite small , my Dad had a very serious illness and different men came in to sit with him at night. One night Bunny came and I heard Dr. Anderson cautioning him that the patient must not be disturbed as this night was the critical one. But, alas, poor Bunny went to sleep in his chair and in the middle of the night, he fell out of the chair with a tremendous clatter and woke everybody up, except poor Dad, who slept peacefully through it all and when the Doctor came in the morning, he pronounced Dad well on the way to recovery. Poor Bunny felt very bad over the incident, but no harm was done.

April 19th, 1951

THE BIG FIRE OF 1886

One hears every day of fires which cause great loss of property and in too many cases, loss of life, especially of little children. I suppose we have all heard of London's great fire and of the Chicago fire, caused by Mr. O'Leary's cow kicking over a lantern. I am reminded of what used to be known locally as "the Big Fire." It was in the Spring of 1886, that our Main Street received a body blow in the shape of a fire, which consumed all the buildings in the space between Reid's building and Pete Marino's, six in all. First there was a building with three stores, occupied by the Misses Petley, Millinery; then Bob Fuller, Furniture & Silverware; and Paddy Lynch's Harness Shop. Then there was a tiny place, commonly known as "the hole in the wall," where an old chap known as "Clickety Clock," did Clock and Watch Repairing. Then came Lewis Ross' Barber Shop. Next, Ross' dwelling. William Senior's Stationary Store; and Fred Best's Butcher Shop. We had no waterworks. True, we had "Mankiller, which now reposes at Fort George, but of reliable water supply, there was none. There used to be a large cistern immediately in front of the entrance to the Town Hall and into it the water from the roof of the hall drained. This water was hardly sufficient to quench a large fire, and to make matters worse, the fire engine failed to work, notwithstanding the strenuous efforts of the Fire Brigade. It was found afterwards, that someone had shoved a wooden plug into the suction hose. The situation was desperate and a call was made to Niagara Falls, which Town promptly sent down a Steam Fire Engine on a flat car. All the teamsters in Town were mobilized to haul water in barrels from the river at the foot of King Street. This water was dumped into the cistern and the supply thus obtained was enough to keep the pumper going and the fire was finally put out, but not before it had done irreparable damage. The only good feature of this disastrous event, was the spirit of co-operation shown by the citizens and the desire to have some better fire protection.

Four years later, following a lot of discussion, the matter came to a head in the passing of a bylaw by the Town Council to install waterworks. It might interest citizens to know the names of the Council of that year. They were as follows: Henry Paffard, Mayor; John Bishop, Reeve; Councillors, Robert Bishop, J. H. Burns, Chas. Camidge, and Milloy being replaced by T. H. J. Evans, Wm. Hall and James Longhurst. It happened that there was a fire the very day of the vote; a fire which consumed a barn at the rear of the Sherlock home on Melville Street.

The bylaw was duly approved by the ratepayers and steps were taken by Council to carry out the provisions of the bylaw. A piece of land was purchased from Walter Meneilley and the present building erected. John Thornton was the Mason. A steam pump and boiler were

installed, with James Brown as Engineer in charge. Mr. Brown had had a long experience as a steamboat engineer and proved to be the right man for the job, which he filled for many years, being succeeded by his son John, who recently passed away.

About the first fire after the water system was installed, was the burning of the old building on the spot where Capt. Wood's house stands, once known as the Black Swan Tavern. It was commonly said that someone set it afire to see the new Waterworks work. It had been vacant for a long time and was no loss to the community.

April 26th, 1951

EROSION OF THE LAKE BANK

There have been many changes around the River and Lake. I noticed that some Members of Parliament have been airing in the House of Commons, the need of something needing to be done about the erosion of the Lake banks and the consequent loss of much valuable fruit land. We who went down to the Lake in ships have been aware of this erosion for many years, so that it is not a new story to us. From the water, one could get a better picture than from the land. For in my own recollection, very much land has disappeared within the Town limits.

I remember a good many years ago, the United States Military Authorities took steps to save and beautify their water front along the Fort Niagara River Bank. They divided the work into two parts, using a different protective measure in each of the two pieces. In the first part, they drove iron pipes about fifty feet out from the foot of the bank. They placed bundles of brush between the two rows of pipes. These bundles were wire bound and were loaded down with broken stone. Then the bank was sloped down and some filling was done inside the breakwater thus formed. The other part of their Fort frontage was differently treated. They graded the bank down and protected it with stone rip-rap to a height above the high water mark. They then planted clumps of sod on the face of the bank and I must say that both methods have proved equally effective, for they have lost no ground since the work was done, some fifty years ago. While the seas along this bank are not as large as on the Lake front, still when the "stormy winds arise," they are big enough to do a lot of damage. I have, of course, been referring to the frontage on the river side of the Fort Reserve.

WHARVES ALONG THE RIVER

Some things and some people of the past I should like to mention. There used to be a Wharf and a kind of slip in front of the site of the present Villa St. Vincent. It served as a sort of depot for wood for the Steamers of long ago. In those days, Steamers burned wood, as did the railways. This wharf was owned by the Marshall family of Youngstown. I remember Jim Marshall, an old man who had a house built over the water, a little further up the river shore. He did a bit of ferrying in a very leisurely fashion. He had a sailboat, a good-sized craft, called the "Solid Comfort." He would erect the sail and seat himself comfortably at the tiller, placidly smoke his pipe and await the pleasure of the god of the winds to waft him to the place where he would be.

Time meant nothing to him, nor to his dog "Susie" who was a prominent member of the crew, her place when on duty being perched on the bow plate and no doubt, keeping a sharp lookout for pirates and robbers. As the years rolled on, Susie and the Solid Comfort left this mundane sphere, whereupon Mr. Marshall had another smaller craft built which he called "The Susie," but he too passed on and the Susie was acquired by Captain Hoffman, of the American Army. The Captain was a stout old fellow and not at all popular with his men, who irreverently alluded to him as "Old Bean Belly." The boat was renamed "Maryeln" after the Captain's wife. The Captain had a man named Krohn who was his "Dog Bobber." a pet name for what in our service would be known as a batman. The Captain was an ardent fisherman, but never had much luck. I heard him complaining one day about his poor luck. He said, "There's my wife, Maryeln, she knows nothing at all about it, but I'll be darned if I can catch fish." Well, the Maryeln was ultimately replaced by a new boat and Krohn and the Captain were busily engaged rigging the new ship. Krohn and his brave Captain were both German and the Captain delighted in giving orders, which Krohn cheerfully obeyed without question or delay. So when Krohn got the order to go aloft to reeve the halliards, he of course obeyed and being a hefty man and the ship but a small one, over she went and her gallant crew suddenly became somewhat damp.

May 3rd, 1951

I gathered from the expressions on their faces, that they rather disliked their involuntary immersion. Of course, as their vociferous resentment was in the German tongue, I could only get a sketchy idea of what they were saying, but their faces spoke volumes. Hoffman was never known to win a race, but he certainly tried. In one race in which he had the Susie entered, the wind was light and as I passed Hoffman in my rowboat, he was a bad last and I noticed that a barrel stave had got itself neatly across the stem of his boat and he was being left further and

further behind and as they had only a little distance to go, there was no use telling him of the brake on his progress. Before Billy was moved away to Sackett's Harbour, there was one little incident I must tell you about. Billy was going along the sidewalk towards his domicile. He had a pail of minnows in one hand and a fishing pole in the other. Passing along opposite the Fort parade ground where the men were drilling, he was so busy watching them, that he stepped off the walk and rolled ignominiously in the ditch, whereat a shout of laughter arose from the men as Billy was well sprinkled with minnows and water. He was heard to mutter, "Laugh, darn you, I'll make you laugh." Well, the very next day, Hoffman was in command of the post, the Colonel being away and he marched the men ten miles down the Lake Road in heavy marching order. It was a boiling hot day and a lot of the men collapsed and had to be transported home in farm wagons. The main wharf at Youngstown used to be owned by Ab. Holden, a man with a peg leg. He had a Cider Mill and Apple Evaporator in the buildings nearby. When I was a boy, the steamers called at this wharf. It was later acquired by the Niagara Navigations Company and their boats used it occasionally. but eventually they gave up even this usage.

May 10th, 1951

MORE CHARACTERS

THE MCGOWANS

Some characters come to my memory, among them the McGowans. Jim of that ilk, was the Ferryman for years. He was a rather uncouth fellow and the first memory I have of him was that he was keeping company with the cook at Bill Milloy's. Milloy lived at that time in the brick house in the hollow between Ricardo and Byron Streets. Cooky treated Jim to a glass of beer in a very thin glass and poor Jim broke the glass and got some of it in his throat and it gave him trouble for years.

During the time when we were under prohibition, we had plenty of thirsty customers on the Ferry who had to go over to Uncle Sam to wet their whistles. Among my passengers one rough day, was a very fine looking young woman. On the return trip, she came with McGowan and she greatly disgusted poor Jim by hugging and kissing him, greatly to the edification of the other passengers. Jim wasn't exactly an Adonis as he had a fishy grey eye, a long neck and a straggily beard. Jim had a brother Paddy. I remember him as driving an old grey horse attached to a wagon surmounted by a big upright tank. He used to haul water from the Fort Wharf to where they were building new barracks. He would back the wagon to the edge of the Wharf at its

upstream side. He had a long tin pump and had a board across the top of the tank on which he stood while operating the tin pump to fill his tank. One day he gave us a laugh. A fly was bothering the horse and it took an unexpected step forward and Paddy did a beautiful dive into the river. I shall not attempt to tell what Paddy said when he emerged from his bath. I don't suppose he thought it funny, for he might have broken his neck for the water was not deep and the bottom was stony; however, he escaped injury.

I used to know as many people over there, as on our own side of the water. I remember one very nice man who was in business there. He was rather small in stature and as usual with many small men, he had a good, big, fine-looking wife. He himself was a quiet, retiring man. One morning, he came across and embarked on the Corona to go to Toronto. When the boat returned in the evening, he was escorted to me at the Ferry Landing, decidedly groggy and I mean groggy, but smiling cheerfully. He had spent the whole day aboard the boat and never saw Toronto. I helped him into the Ferryboat and he said to me, "Well, boy, I've had a darn good boatride and I've had a darn good drunk, and now I'm going home and get a darn good settin' out." But he was happy.

There was one little incident about Jim McGowan that I must tell you. Jim hadn't much education. He could read after a fashion but just wasn't too bright. He used to go to Buffalo for medical treatment and on one occasion, he brought home a bottle of medicine. The next morning, the neighbours saw him out in his yard, jumping about in the most ridiculous fashion and they thought he had gone dippy and they went in to see what they could do for the poor fellow. On enquiring the reason for his apparently crazy actions, he showed them his medicine bottle. It bore the old-fashioned directions, "Shake well before using." and of course, he did as directed.

One rough day, on arriving at Youngstown wharf, I found a passenger waiting, a dignified old gentleman. I helped him into the boat and I heard a female voice saying "Ain't you goin to help me in kid." And there was a handsome young 'vwoman, decidedly toshicated. I duly assisted her and the rough weather was keeping me busy looking after the boat. As we squared away, to cross "the stormy water." I noticed that she had taken her seat on the Windward side where she was likely to get wet from the spray. I suggested to the lady that she move over to the other side. "All right," she said and she stood up to make the move just as a big wave gave the boat a heave and she landed on the dignified gentleman and proceeded to bestow a volley of kisses and he hardly knew what to do about it. However, when her ladyship saw me grinning, she said. "Do you allow kissing in your boat?" If you say anything, I'll kiss you." So, of course, I said nothing. The next day, she came again, but this time, Jim McGowan was the victim. She kissed him all the way across the river, much to his disgust. If you had seen him, you might have

questioned her taste. He, like the Ancient Mariner, had "a long gray beard and glittering eye," and moreover, was none too clean. The last I saw of the lady was being escorted to the Toronto boat by the M.P. and the Town say her no more.

WHARVES

There used to be a number of wharves along the river shore that have vanished. The Queen's Royal had one for a long time, which extended over the sand bar and yachts and small steamers landed at it. One day, one of the boarders dived off it on the inshore side and broke his neck. He did not die but was taken home to England and I heard no more of him. After that, the wharf, being in bad repair, was removed. Rousseau's wharf was in front of the Lake View House, then owned by the Rousseaus. This wharf was built to accommodate the Steamer Rothsey which was running opposite to the City of Toronto, owned by the Milloys, who also owned the main wharf. It was removed by Davy Dick to make room for a large sand bin at which bin was loaded, the sand for the Hydro plant. The bin too, having served its purpose, also went into the limbo of forgotten things. The Slip was timbered all around and served as wharfage for yachts and schooners. The City of Toronto was laid up there in the Winter. Lumber and coal used to be unloaded there. Carnochans had large piles of lumber, usually unloaded at the Nelson Street side, where the row of so-called boathouses are now. Incidentally, it never was intended that these should be used as dwellings. It was expressly understood that any buildings allowed to be erected on a public street would have to be removed should any ratepayer take action. So far, no one has done so, but it could happen.

The old launching ways were still there not so many years ago. I have heard my father tell of a launching taking place. This ship was launched sidewise from the Nelson Street side of the Slip and spectators on the other side of the slip got a good drenching.

May 31st, 1951

Up the river from the Slip, there was a Wharf, along where the Shepherd Boat works are now located. This wharf was intended as a terminus of a line of Steamers and of a Railway which was projected the whole plan being meant as a competitor of the Niagara Navigation Company and the Michigan Central Railway. The late E. J. McIntyre was one of the men interested and as he was the owner of the Waterfront lot, he had put it in to the pool. At this wharf, the Gordon Jerry used to land for fruit and here she landed fragrant cargoes of manure for the fruit growers of the vicinity. S. W. Marchmont of Toronto used to furnish this desirable commodity at a price of course. This enterprising gentleman used to buy all the manure from the street

railway barns in Toronto and always had a huge pile of it available. This ship was not a beauty by any means and she must have been able to attain the remarkable speed of nearly six miles per hour.

I suppose the first wharf on our side of the river was the one at Navy Hall and which the Park's Commission has lately made an effort to replace. When I was a boy, there was nothing left of this wharf but a few broken stubs of piles. Near this wharf, stood three buildings. The first of these, travelling up river was the Customs House. This has got itself moved a bit inland, and is now the residence of the McGowans. The next place was that of the Red Barracks, now miraculously transformed into the Navy Hall Museum. Here was housed a frontier guard and it had two barrack rooms, which each accommodated twenty-eight men. This building was elevated on posts or piles and under it was kept a boat. As far as I could ever learn, this was not Navy Hall, as Navy Hall was up on the high bank and was destroyed by our American friends before they vacated our premises. I remember discussing this point with Miss Carnochan and she agreed with me. I remember this building being taken down and being rebuilt. I think the Carpenters on the job were John Ellison and Jim Doritty.

Nearby was the refinery of Ralfe Clench. This was moved back as were the other two buildings, when the Railway embankment was built in the early 1850's. One must remember that all the area below this point was a marsh and this was the only point where a landing for vessels was feasible. When the Railway was projected, their right of way was protected by a row of oak piles and a pile of stones. This extended from the Ferry point to the mouth of the Slip. Piles and embankment have disappeared and what was once a marsh has been filled up and is now occupied by many buildings.

Just opposite Paradise Grove, one may see a flagstaff. Here was situated at one time, a fortification known as "The Saltbag Battery." In my days around the water, O.P. Letchworth of Buffalo, had a wharf here where he used to tie up his steam yacht, the Alcina. And he got a gun and erected a flagstaff, to keep alive the memory of the old battery. At what used to be known as Mill Point, on the American side, was a wharf at one time. I do not know its use, but it had all gone but a few timbers when I was a boy. Just about opposite, on our side, was a wharf built outside a bit of marsh, in Field's bend. This was known as the Township Wharf and was largely used by the fruitgrowers for the shipment of fruit via "The Gordon Jerry." It has entirely disappeared, due largely to the Ice Jam of 1909.

June 4th, 1951

There were also several quite costly private wharves destroyed by that same icejam in 1909. The late J. J. Wright had one at what he named King's Landing, now owned by Harris Price. There, Mr. Wright used to moor his steam yacht, the Electra, which he used for transportation between his office in Toronto and his summer home here. Mr. Wright used to be annoyed by the noise of Jim McGowan's Ferry Boat which was without a muffler. So he purchased a muffler and presented it to Jim. I wonder what he would do about the infernal racket kicked up on weekends by the sea fleas from the Club at Youngstown. I must say that it is anything but edifying. If the two sides of the river could get together and arrange for an anti-noise regulation, they would be conferring a favor on all who love peace and quiet.

Dr. Warren had a good wharf at Paradise Grove and I remember seeing his motor boat perched halfway up the high bank following the icejam. The wharf simply wasn't there any more. And about two miles below Queenston, Mr. Rumsey of Buffalo had just completed a two thousand dollar landing a few days before the floods came. It was quite a handsome structure, built of concrete and with heavy buttresses, which one would have thought would stand any pressure from the river. But, alas, when the turmoil had subsided, there was nothing left but a few scattered lumps of concrete. When one stops to think that all the waters of the whole chain of Great Lakes and all their contributory streams flow through the comparatively narrow strait of the Niagara River, then one must realize the mighty force of the river current when anything even attempts to halt its flow.

THE WATER SUPPLY

So many changes have come about in our Town that the whole place is different. Take the question of water supply. I suppose that water is indispensable for any Town or any Person and good water is most desirable. When I was a boy, we depended altogether on wells or springs and while good water was plentiful for household purposes, yet occasionally a well might become contaminated with resultant illnesses. I remember that Dr. Willie Greenwood was here with Dr. Anderson. He told me that he had delved into the Doctor's records for thirty years back and he had found that Dr. Anderson has treated an average of eleven cases of typhoid fever a year and by the way, he had only lost three of these in all that time and they were complicated with something else. Of course, his practice included the country round about the Town. These cases were not all attributable to the water supply. The cattle, for instance, roamed at large and drank of stagnant pools whenever they found them. I remember that when I went to Public

School, we had a pump in the school yard but it was usually out of order and we would be sent to some pump nearby for a bucket of water. We drank from a tin dipper, which was never washed. One of the pumps we visited was at Donnelly's Livery Stable which then stood where John Tiffen's house now stands, on King Street. The pump was close to the wall of the stable and you can quite imagine that there was every chance of the well being contaminated. Another pump we patronized was at the Doritty house, now the residence of Tom and Peter Bishop.

June 16th, 1951

In the course of time, the Town Fathers decided to install a water system, not with a view to getting pure water to drink, but for fire protection. After this was done, it was a good many years before the use of the Town water for cooking and drinking was general and, to tell the truth, it was not very palatable. People had not then discovered that the River water was not as pure as it looked. There were, however, good springs at the Dock and it was surprising how many people came from far and near to drink from those springs. One year, an international commission was busy collecting information as to the pollution of boundary waters. A young man named Avery, a son of Dr. Buell Avery, a Dentist who lived and practised in the Eckersley house at the corner of Regent and Johnson Streets, was with the commission and one of his daily chores was to take a sample of water from each of the four springs for analysis as to their purity. This he did for three months and not once did they find any contamination. These springs were situated at Fort George, at Nelson Street, in the Fell lot on Ricardo Street, and that on Delatre Street, usually known as the Elliott Spring. I had the job of taking him to various points on the river and lake, where samples could be taken for analysis.

Then came the chlorinating of the water and this made the water anything but nice to drink. But now, with the various improvement in treating our water supply, it is quite tasteless and safe. Another change that has done much towards good health for our people is the available milk supply. I have mentioned the cattle running at large. There were some hundred odd cattle kept in the Town and these were turned out to graze on the streets and commons. Milk was sold at five cents per quart. Various causes have stopped the public grazing of cattle. The Military Authorities forbade the use of the Commons and traffic conditions would not permit their use of the streets and so, after much ill feeling on the part of cattle owners, the cows disappeared from our streets. I was a member of Council when these changes came about, so I know whereof I speak. These various changes were not popular, but typhoid fever has disappeared from our midst and the general health of the people has shown a decided improvement.

SIDEWALKS

Another great change that has come over the Town in my time has been in the sidewalks, the old wooden sidewalks. These varied from the two plank walk laid down lengthwise to the six foot walk on Queen Street. There was a delightful uncertainty in navigating these walks, especially on a dark night, for they had a habit of coming loose as they aged. It was rather disconcerting when stepping aside to allow a someone to pass, to have a rude plank rear up on end and upset one's gravity, or that of the passerby. There were always a couple of old men kept busy through the summer, with wheelbarrow laden with hammer, saw and spikes and sundry lengths of plank, going about executing repairs. Two of these old men that I remember were Frank Clark, not the Frank Clark who used to Sam Hindle's partner; the other was a neighbour of ours, Joe Eares, an old soldier.

I used to chat with Joe and he had interesting things to relate about his army life. He told me of an outbreak of yellow fever in his Regiment in the East Indies, which took the lives of 200 of their men. He was also in Garrison in Toronto, when there was an outbreak of cholera. He escaped both diseases. He used to be sent out in Toronto to do all the errands. Joe once told me how he came to enlist in the Army. He and four other lads were apprentices in Portsmouth Dockyard, when they got leave to see a Fair in a nearby Town. They walked to the Fair and on arrival they separated. Joe did not see the others until evening, when he came across them in company with an army recruiting Sergeant. They hailed him with "We've enlisted, Joe and you've got to come with us." He said he called them a lot of a certain kind of fools, but wound up with taking the shilling. They were taken to London, where on medical examination, the four of them were rejected and only Joe was accepted. He was pretty mad about the whole thing but he'd sworn them not to tell his family where he was and he wound up his army life in our Town as a pensioner. Joe, in his latter days, came to be known as Strawberry Joe, on account of the fine strawberry garden which he had.

June 21st, 1951

In 1910, sidewalks were built of concrete. Previous to that, however, concrete was laid some years before on the two business blocks on Queen Street by the late John Thornton. A contract was let to Langley & Cook of Niagara Falls and was completed in 1911. Most of the principal streets were paved under this contract and others have been done from time to time, until now all of our travelled streets have a walk on one or both sides. The only trouble now is caused by the trees. These will persist in hoisting their roots upwards and unfortunately, they do not

elevate the adjacent blocks of concrete evenly, with one of the results that sundry unwary citizens occasionally find their gravity upset and find to their dismay, that this is a hard, hard world. Then, too, I notice that some of those first walks that were thought to be permanent, have to be replaced or repaired. Then, too, the roads and streets. When I was a boy, we ran barefoot in the summer and what fun it was to stir up the thick layer of dust that covered the roads. You, who have never known the barefoot boy, have no idea what an amount of dust a couple of kids could kick up. When I look at the nattily dressed little gentlemen who have replaced the barefoot boy, I am forced to think that times have changed indeed. And speaking of dust, that brings us back to the waterworks. After we had water available, it occurred to the Town Fathers that dust was harmful and annoying and so street sprinkling was added to the duties of the Town employees. One feature of this method of dust laying was that under the summer sun, the water quickly evaporated. The next development was the change to road oil. This was a great improvement on the water treatment. With the paving of so many of our roads, a degree of permanence had been attained and now we are prey Well ria of the dust nuisance. It used to be the fashion for the driver of a horse and rig, to wear a long linen duster. I haven't seen one of these in many moons. There used to be a series of excursions through here by Rail and Steamer each summer and we used to notice that nearly all of them wore linen dusters, men and women alike.

Of course, the change in our roads and streets has largely come about because of the motor traffic which has filled them in later years. And the motor car has changed since the first of them dawned upon our vision. I was looking at an illustration in an old book of a lady in a car, which had no windshield and no top. Its wheels were high and the lady in the machine seemed to be perched well up and she wore a wide hat, secured with a heavy veil, which was well tied down to hold the hat and also to keep the dust out of the lady's face and she was wearing a LINEN DUSTER. Then there had to be signs and rules to govern traffic. No longer is it possible to take a quiet stroll. One now needs about four pairs of eyes and an extra pair of legs to achieve a measure of safety when using shank's ponies wherewith to ambulate about our streets and highways. These changes I have spoken of have not come about in a moment. They cover a period of sixty years for our waterworks were installed in 1891. Does anyone know where Broadway in our Town was situated. A favorite evening stroll was up Broadway. It was never known as King Street in my early days. And another favorite route was at the Bank, that is the River bank below the Queen's Royal Hotel. There were benches to accommodate the public. As far as Mr. & Mrs. Niagara are concerned, that has also gone into the dim and distant past. Now the place is embellished with a hideous board fence and a quiet evening or a quiet Sunday afternoon contemplation of the blue Ontario and the smooth Niagara are no more. There are no more quiet weekends to be had. Certainly, "the world do move."

June 28th, 1951

We hear a lot nowadays about the high cost of living. Personally, I think there is too much of "keeping up with the Joneses." We live, most of us, far beyond our means. So, quite naturally, we want more of the long green to do that. The working man must have a car. His family must see all the shows. Kids must be dressed up like little ladies and gentlemen. In fact, there are so many ways of spending money that it is no wonder that so many people have forgotten the meaning of the word contentment. Men don't ask for a raise of pay anymore, or whether they are worth it. They demand it. And things have been so organized and arranged, that they have to get it. And up goes the cost of every darn thing we need and Mr. John Public foots the bill.

WAR PRICES

Of course, these two Wars we have been mixed up in have a lot to do with it. remember a few instances that take my memory back to the early days of the First Great War in 1915. One of the farmer members of County Council came in one morning wearing a broad smile. On being asked the cause of the smile, he beamed. "I sold my wheat this morning." On being asked what price he got, he replied "Eighty-five cents." And the con census of opinion was that he had got a darn good price. Not long afterwards, it was bringing two dollars and a half, anundreamed of price.

Along towards Fall, that same year. Frank Addison made a trip to Toronto and while there he bought a supply of potatoes for eighty-five cents per ninety pound bag, a good fair price. In a few weeks, they had risen to Five dollars and Fifty cents. During the first World War, sugar was in short supply. One poor fellow sorrowly complained that they would only let him have one spoonful in a cup of coffee and he had always had three. After the War was over, the bottom fell out of the market as there was no real shortage. A large warehouse in Fort William and an empty factory building in Amherst, N.S., were found to be full to the roof and I never heard of anyone losing his life or his liberty over it. Then too, when World War once broke out, carpenters in Niagara were getting thirty-five cents per hour. When Uncle Sam got into the War, a lot of our knights of the saw and hammer, got a job from him putting up housing for troops intraining. The pay was sixty-five cents per hour and with time and a half for overtime and double for Sundays, we used to ferry the crowd over the ferry to and from work.

OUR TOWN BUILDERS

I wonder how many of us ever give a thought to the men who built our Town. Towns don't just grow of themselves. There must be people who plan and people who work. A good many of our buildings have been built in my time and many more have been changed in appearance. Personally, I do not know who actually built our older buildings.

MASONS & CARPENTERS

Perhaps, it would interest people if I were to reminisce a bit about some of our builders. Take our Town Hall, for instance. Herb Campbell's grandfather was the actual Carpenter in charge and I have seen a statement furnished by him at the cost of materials amounting to something over five thousand pounds sterling. Alex Davidson was his name and John Thornton the first was the Master Mason. Davidson had two sons, both good carpenters. Walt built the building now occupied by the Imperial Bank for the late S. B. Rowley. He also built the residence of Mrs. Stevenson for the same man. Rowley married Fanny Ross, a daughter of Lewis Ross, the Town Barber. Rowley was a manufacturer of gem jars and ultimately died in Pittsburg where his business was situated. The properties came to his widow at his death, but she received no money with the property and consequently had to dispose of the properties for very little money. Davidson's two sons followed him as Carpenters, that is the first Davidson. A daughter of his married William J. Campbell, who was a Blacksmith but later turned to Carpentry for a livelihood. Two of his sons, Walter and Herbert, also became Carpenters and quite naturally were very good at it. Walter was the builder of the Curtis Barber Shop for Louis Frank. I knew Mr. Frank when he was in the American Army. When he came here to live, he went to work for Mrs. Ross in the store now owned and occupied by the Marinos. It was to this store that the Ross Barber Shop was moved after their property was burned in the big fire. This store was then owned by Mrs. Mary Sherlock. Mr. Frank bought a piece of ground from Henry Paffard and built on it and there he plied his trade until his death.

July 12th, 1951

Walt Campbell also built the store, now the home of the Home Bakery, for Mrs. Swift, who was the first to have an ice-Cream Parlour in our Town. She first did business in the store, now McKenzie's and moved across the street when she built the new store. The Thorntons were a family of Masons. The first John, who was the Mason at the building of our Town Hall, also built

the hotel at the Dock, for long known as the Lake View, for a Charles Oscar Benedict, who was connected with the Harbour and Dock Company. He also built the old Public School. He left a family. several of whom were also masons. The best known of them was John Thornton the second. He built our Waterworks, tall chimney and all. Two of his brothers, Bill and Ab were also Masons, while one son Jim, was a Carpenter. Another Mason family were the Elliotts. Bill was a contemporary of John Thornton, the second. and was a Veteran of the Fenian Riad as was John Thornton. Bill was burned to death in his house on Simcoe Street. His son John, carried on as a Mason for years and his sons in turn are still in the business. John Elliott was for years, a member of the Band and was the big Drummer. He was very tall and so was well able to see over his drum when on the march. Another well known Mason was Charlie Smith. He was our neighbour for years and he and my dad used to cut each other's hair. And quite naturally, his son Charlie Junior was a Mason for a while, but took up the Barber business, at which he worked until his death some years ago. A good many of our Mechanics were able to work at more than one calling. We have with us a son and grandson of the second Charlie Smith who are pretty handy fellows.

Then there were the Ellison brothers, Henry and George and John. John was the carpenter of the family and built many of the houses in my time. The other two were Masons but were also good at the Carpentry. Henry built the house that is now the home of the Legion and there he made his home, until his death. George built the house on Wellington Street, now the home of Mrs. Powell. Among others John built the house now owned by Dr. Wettlauffer, for a Mrs. Russell. George and Henry were Fenian Raid Veterans and all three borthers played in the Town Band. John was for a long time in st. Mark's Choir. I have often wondered what became of Henry's bass horn. Many a time, I have heard him tooting away on it when he was home alone after his wife passed away. Then there were the Carnochans, father and son, who were in the lumber business when I was young. I can think of several houses that John Carnochan built, among them, the Historical building, the home of his daughter beside it and Billy Richardson's home. John was the brother of Janet Carnochan, who was our local historian, and to whom we owe a great debt of gratitude for her minute account of the history of our Town. We lost a useful citizen when she passed on. ,.John too, was a useful man, as he served four years in the Town Council as well as several terms on the Public School Board.

Jim Doritty was another well-known Carpenter and he also was Town Assessor for quite a while. Then there was Steve Todd. He was another Fenian Raid man. He and Bill Thornton built the Bolton house on the beach. As I first remember that property, there was a small house on it, which Bolton took down. In it dwelt Abby Moran, a small widow with one son Patsy, who was for years partners with John Mills. This little house was once the abode of a man named McNamara, who was the first commercial fisherman. It was from the beach nearby, that the

sand was taken to be used in making concrete for cement walks in 1910 and 1911. July 19th, 1951 The Richardsons were fine Carpenters. William the elder, worked with John Carnochan a lot and also with John Ellison. He it was who with John Clockenburg, built the chair rooms in st. Mark's and laid hardwood floor in the chancel. William the younger was in charge of the building operations at Niagara Camp during the late War. It seem too bad that all the good work done at that time has disappeared.

Another Carpenter who has passed along was D'Arcy Caskey. D'Arcy was a fine fellow and full of music. He was choirmaster of Grace Church for years. We had a Glee Club which used to meet at his home on Davy Street and many happy evening we put in there. He also was musical director of the Niagara Choral Society of which I was President.

Of COLLrse, there were the Swintons, who also did the Undertaking in my early days. The last of them was John, who moved to Toronto and who died there a few years ago.

When I was a lad, there was not much for painters to do, as many of the houses never saw paint. There were some painters however. Jack Doritty was one. He lived in the house on the corner of King and Platoff Streets and was Captain of Number One Company of the 19th Regiment for quite a while, he later moving toBuffalo where he died.

Jack McBride was another painter, who lived at one time in the Reid house on Market Street and later in a house on Ricardo. Barney McBrien was another knight of the paint brush. He was a happy-go-lucky sort of chap, who had a great habit of starting fights which were usually left to someone else to finish. The last job I remember seeing Barney doing was painting the woodwork on St. Vincent De Paul Church, after it was stuccoed.

TINSMITHS & PLUMBERS

Tinsmithing was quite a business, but is something of a lost art. Such things as Tea and Coffee Pots, Kettles, Boilers and Wash Tubs were all made by hand. I remember William Turner, who was at one time Sexton of St. Mark's. He had his business in the store now occupied by Fry and later moved to the Bolton store, next to Mulhollands. Harry Wilson worked with him and at his death, took over the business, moving it to the store where Gus Chambers now is. Harry loved a joke. He had a large stove at the back of his store, one of those known as selffeeders. They had plenty of mica in their doors and made a cheerful sight when fully ignited. Harry bedecked the

mica doors with red tissue paper and placed a small lighted lamp inside and he used to chuckle when people came in and warmed their hands at the stove, which was quite guiltless of pipes. With the coming of the Waterworks, there came the business of the Plumbers. Probably the first of these was Sam Crawford. He had his business in a building on Picton Street, next to Mrs. Parker's house. This place has been taken down. Sam was a good workman when he wanted to work, which wasn't always. One could always rely on the soundness of any job Sam did. He later moved to Toronto and died there.

I wonder how many remember the "Cave of the Winds." It stood on the corner of King and Market Streets and was the hiding place of "Windy Armstrong." His name really was Alf, but you never heard him called by that name. He was a great teller of tall tales, but was a very likeable fellow. He had a large family and several of his sons served in the Army during the First Great War. One son, Ivan was in St. Mark's Choir and later became a Toronto Policeman. At one time, the Armstrong business was in the store now occupied by the restaurant, next to Marino's. In Marino's store at that time, was Dempster's Bakery. Mr. Dempster was a paunchy man with a gruff voice. He baked a batch of bread that was a bit off colour and the Armstrong daughter came in to complain about the bread. "You knew," said she, "Mother and I have very weak stomachs." "Hoho" said the Baker, patting his own most prominent member, "Why don't you have a stomach like mine; you could digest a brick." Muriel, of course, departed thence in disgust. The Dempsters moved to Toronto, where they are still in the Bakery Business. The Cave of the Winds is no more. Its site was leased from the Town by the N. S. & T. Railway. Part of the building is now the Corus home on Prideaux Street and another part is the Bolton home on Market Street. The Armstrongs moved to Toronto many years ago.

SHOEMAKERS & HARNESS MAKERS

Very few will remember Paddy Lynch. He was a Harness Maker. His place of business was on Queen Street, in a small building that stood next to the Home Bakery. When Jim Macphee purchased the property, Paddy moved the building to Market Street and there he plied his trade until his death.

The late Tommy May acquired the building and did some Shoe Repair work there for a time, later selling out to Art Inskeep who had his Auto Repair business there. It is now the home of Dave Carson. Paddy Lynch was a well known man and did a comfortable business, as nearly everyone who owned horses did business with him. He was a genial fellow, well liked by all and he was Deputy-Chief of the Town Firemen for a generation. Like Paddy, his business has gone with the horses. Paddy had no kin and his effects were sold by the official guardian.

I suppose most of us have had to have shoes mended at one time or another. The Briggs were our Cobblers for many years. Charlie was known to all and sundry and if one wanted to know anything about mostly anyone in Town, ask Charlie Briggs. He knew all there was to know about anyone you mentioned. He was not exactly a male gossip, for he never was malicious, but he sat in his shop like a spider in his web and the news of the world just came to him. Charlie was a devoted adherent of Grace Church and was Treasurer for many years. His brother Dick came here from the West and was usually known as Sycamore Dick. He was a good workman, and was Secretary of the Town Firemen for years until his death in 1915. There was a large Military Camp here at the time, and a young soldier procured a horse from Greene's stable to go for a ride. On turning into Queen Street, his horse was startled and he sort of lost control, the result being that poor Dicky was knocked down so violently that his skull was fractured and he died instantly. There have been several in the Shoe Repair Business since the Briggs passed on and we now have a good man, but most of them only stayed a short time.

TOWN BLACKSMITHS

There were at one time four Blacksmith shops in Town. In that shell of a stone building on Regent Street was the Monroe Shop. When I was a lad, Steve Sherwood was the Blacksmith there and he and his family lived in the house now occupied by Ernie Grimstead. Tom Monroe was a handy man around Machinery and Boilers. There was a brother who was a deaf mute, usually known as Dummy. We kids used to roll hoops, a lost art now-a-days. One day, I was rolling my hoop, an iron barrel hoop, along the sidewalk and I unintentionally rolled it into Dummy's legs, whereupon he picked it up and carried it off, to my great grief. William Campbell had a shop on Queen Street where the theatre now stands. We used to like to watch him shoe a horse and it was fun to pump the bellows and to watch the sparks fly from the anvil. He later on turned to carpentering and was good at both callings.

The Platts had quite an establishment on Johnson Street. At one time, they had four apprentices learning carriage making and blacksmithing. Another William Campbell, a cousin of the one we have already mentioned, learned his trade there and in my time he worked in other shops. Jim Coleman came here to work at Platt's and was the last to so work at the old place as he later moved his business to Queen Street. Jim served a term on the Town Council and was a member of the Public School Board for a time. Bill Gollop came here to work for Coleman and took over the business after Jim's passing away. Mike Mackin worked for the Monroes for some years and two of his children were schoolmates of mine. I remember the boy as a droll fellow who used to do excerpts from "Handy Andy" at High School, his school nickname being "Blue Monkey." Oliver Taylor was another good blacksmith and had a shop at the rear of the

family home on King Street. Oliver worked for a time down in Texas and had a friend there who used to come here for a visit during the Bass season. Oliver was for a time Game Inspector and at another time, was Provincial Policeman at the Wharf during the Navigation Season. Billy Cushman, a Virgil man worked in Taylor's shop for some time. Jack Broderick also worked there at another time.

August 2nd, 1951

HENRY PAFFARD

One little man who did a lot for our Town was Henry Paffard. He was a quiet, reserved man, rather small of stature; not a glamorous figure by any means, but a dapper little man who believed in doing whatever his hand found to do. He was our much respected Mayor for 26 years. He was not a Politician and never sought votes or position, but even the practical politician (and in his day, they were not angels), found it easy to support him. There was something about him that inspired respect and confidence. It was under his regime that our Park was planted. I remember it as full of small trees and people used to laugh at it. I also remember seeing in the Town Records where the Council let a contract to a man from Youngstown to plant a hedge around it. And there it was in my boyhood days. fenced in by a wire fence with a fine hedge inside it. Of course, the fence was to protect the hedge from the roving cattle which ran at large. No one ever dreamt of going into the Park. There was a protected gate on the Picton Street side and one on Byron Street. Who removed the fence and hedge, I do not remember. Joe Bottomley was the Chairman who had the path laid out through the Park. I we" remember the row in Council over leasing the Park to Dick Taylor. Mayor Randall put it through over the protests of the business men. That was in 1913, my first year in Council and it cost Randall the election for the following year. He died however, early in 1914, after being defeated by Bill Harrison. To get back to Henry Paffard - he was Treasurer of the Public Library for a matter of 32 years and on one occasion, he paid up ten years back rent for the premises then rented by the Library. Besides that, he served 8t. Mark's Church in various caoacities and was altogether a most useful citizen of our Town.

Henry Paffard had one son, Arthur, who was a schoolmate of mine at High School. He had been a pupil of Charles Camidge, at the York Academy on Johnson Street, now the home of the Lyalls. Arthur went to Toronto where he was in the wholesale firm of Armstrong & Paffard. He it was, who gave the main doorway to St. Mark's Church in memory of his parents and his wife. Alice, his sister was Organist of 8t. Mark's for quite a long time; afterwards she married and went

west. She and her sister Bertha, taught Sunday School at s t. Mark's for years. They were altogether a very useful family.

A brother of Henry was Fred Paffard who used to live in the Gooderham house on Queen Street. His daughter, Mrs. Wilkinson is still with us, her husband Russell Wilkinson was Town Clerk, later moving to New York. He was a nice, genial man, very gifted with his pen and was quite a loss to our Town when he left it. His son-in-law, Fitzroy O'Arcy served the Town as Mayor, Reeve and Councillor. He too was a fine man, a good man to work with and one whom I was glad to call a friend . Altogether, the whole Paffard connection has been a credit to our Community.

PEOPLE

The following articles were written between August 2nd, 1951 and October 18th, 1951 but were not dated in the manuscript.

WILLIAM (SENATOR) DONELLY

There used to be a man about Town when I was a boy who was quite a popular fellow. He was a handsome chap and sported a flowing mustache. Of course, he chewed tobacco, as did many of the men of his day. He kept a Livery Stable. What brought him to my mind at this time was a call from a young couple from Uncle Sam's country enquiring about a family named Donelly. He was a grandson of Bill Donelly, a son of Sarah Donelly who was a daughter of Bill.

They wanted to locate the old family home, to which I was able to direct them. It is at the corner of King and Johnson Streets and is now the home of Mrs. Burns. The Donelly Stable was about where John Tiffin's house now stands. only close to the street and perhaps a little closer to the Burns' house. Mr. Donelly used to be known as Senator Donelly. How he acquired that cognomen, I never knew. But he was quite a swanky chap. He had quite a family, several of whom were school mates of mine; in fact, William Junior was my seat mate in both schools, so I knew the family very well. John was older, as were Mary and Sarah; then came Will and Addie. The Senator served in Council seven years in all between 1867 and 1884. The family left here about that time. the Senator staying behind. He sold his property in Town and bought a farm on the Road to St. Catharines and built a house on it. It is not far from Town and may be easily recognized from its mansard roof. The farm, after Donelly died was still known as the Donelly farm.

John Donelly and Will McClelland were pals and John often came here after the family left. Mary too visited here, and was very friendly with the May family who were in the Lake View House. I remember going to the rescue of Mary and Birdie May who with Johnnie Rousseu were endeavouring to cross to Youngstown in a rowboat one summer afternoon. It was blowing hard from the sou-west and they were making no headway. Johnny was a small man, whose ideas of prowess were not commensurate with his stature. In fact, he was not big enough for the job. However, my dad say their plight and he drafted me to assist him in the rescue. So I was put aboard their craft with orders to man the oars, so I spat on my hands and "bent to the oar, sailor", with the result that they "came to the haven where they would be." I was rewarded with a pecuniary compensation of the whole of twenty-five cents. Johnny Rousseau was at that

time the owner of the Hotel and had part-time employment as a sessional Clerk at the Parliament Buildings in Toronto.

JACK BISHOP

A man who played a large part in the affairs of the Town for a generation was Jack Bishop. He served one year as Mayor, 1875, 8 years as a Councillor; 15 years as Reeve and 2 years as County Commissioner; 26 years in all. He was Warden of the County in 1888 and part of 1887. His term of service extended from 1872 to 1900 with the exception of the odd year when he was not in office. He somehow found time to conduct his business of Butcher and Grocer and to raise a large family. A host of his descendants are with us so he should not easily be soon forgotten. He was a genial man, rather stout in build and wore in one corner of his mouth, a large, fat cigar. Yet, he very seldom smoked, but I can see him now with that cigar. He was a man whom you couldn't help liking. He must have had something that appealed to the people or he could not have continued in public office for nearly 30 years. He was a Veteran of the Fenian Raid, and was for years a member of Niagara's No. One Company of the 19th Regiment. He had a great fund of shrewd common sense and a wonderful knowledge of the genus homo, that served him well in his public career. He sets us a fine example of public service. There must have been plenty of times when he has asked himself if it were worth while. His family should be proud of his record.

THE McCLELLANDS

A family of merchants that is worthy of our mention are the McClellands who have been an important part of our Community life for about a century. Their business is one of the oldest in Town, dating from 1815 and the McClellands have had it for over a hundred years, they have been a useful family, serving the Community in various ways. As a family, they have served thirty-seven years in Council, besides service on various other bodies. I remember the family from my early days. The first of them, usually known as Old Bill, to distinguish him from Young Bill, served nineteen years in Council, and was known for his sound common sense.

His period of service was in the years 1873 to 1896, with several years when he was not in Council. During that period, trees were planted and we had Waterworks and Electric Lights added to our conveniences, also the Telephone. Three of Bill's sons and a grandson, also served in Council. Will, the oldest son, was Mayor in 1916 to 1918, a very important time as the First World War was raging. As I was Reeve during that time, I came to know Will very well and we

were always close friends. I remember accompanying Will and Jack Black to the Exhibition Camp at Toronto in the early days of 1916, to confer with General Logie and his staff on Camp matters. We were met by Col. Clyde Caldwell and had a preliminary talk with him, he being Divisional Engineer. We were escorted by him to an upper room where were assembled, all the big wigs of the Army. After our conference was over, we were taken down to Caldwell's office again.

As we passed along a corridor railed off from a large room where a lot of men were standing around, I was following the Mayor, when a man reached over the rail and grabbed the Mayor's arm. I ducked around and went on into the office. The Colonel asked where the Mayor was and on being told that he was being button-holed, he said in alarm, "Oh, for the Lord's sake, get him out of that." So Black went out and brought him in. When asked who it was he was talking to, he said it was a newspaper man whom he knew. "Oh, I didn't tell him anything." Said the Mayor. But when we were on the way to the train some hours later, we purchased papers to read en route home and there on the front page was a half column story of our delegation being in the City to confer with the Military Authorities. Will felt very annoyed and maintained that he had not told the paper man anything about our mission and of course, we believed him and he was only a moment with the man. But Mr. Man was no fool and he did a little simple addition added to a certain amount of intuition, and built up a remarkably accurate account of our errand at the Camp.

Will, later on, served two years as Reeve and previously had four years service in Council. Bert McClelland, Will's younger brother was a Councillor in 1897, but he died while quite a young man. His son, Bert, Jr. was a Councillor in 1929 and 1930. He is a Veteran of both World Wars and was badly wounded in the Second. He has been in charge of Queenston Heights Park now for a long time. He is a very likeable chap and was quite popular while living in Town.

The third of old Bill's sons, Fred passed away not so long ago, leaving one daughter, Mrs. Fred Marsh. Fred was a fellow who loved a joke. He had a pleasant manner and a cheerful grin and many a laugh we had together. Fred was the last of the family to go over "The Great Divide," and it was he who managed the business after the rest of the family had gone. Charlie Hall was his able, active manager for a long time, but he too has gone and is succeeded by his son Bert. And the business goes on. I have a picture of the Council of 1930 and there are three McClellands in it, Will, Fred and young Bert. Altogether, a family worthy of a place in our book of memories. Before going on with these reminiscences, I should like to make it clear that they were never intended to be either historical or biographical. My intention was simply to give a series of chats which would be interesting to the readers of our local paper, based on things and people who have passed off the stage. I have had many nice things said to me about them,

things which have encouraged me in their compilation. The other day, however, I received a letter from a lady resident of New York State, in which she found great fault with some of my reminiscences and accused me of gross ignorance about the old families. Of course, all of us know that there is a tendency among descendents of some of these old timers to greatly magnify their importance. They should remember that they have passed off the stage and gone into the limbo of forgotten things. What I have tried to do is to write from my memories as I have seen or known them. Some of my remarks about people have been based on what was common talk current at the time and generally accepted as true. I shall not resent being put right if I make mistakes, as long as it is done in a nice way.

THE CLEMENT FAMILY

A family that was prominent in the life of the Town when I was younger was the Clement family. They owned the building which Jim Connolly now has; here they lived, while they had a shop where Harold Boyle does business. George A Clement as he was commonly known, was a quiet mannered man of average height and wore a full beard, as did many men of his day. He was a very useful man in the Community, serving on many of the public bodies of that time. He put in nine years in Council, between 1856 and 1874. He was an active member of St. Mark's Church. In his store, he sold about everything; hardware, groceries, books and school supplies. He was a nice man to deal with. He had one son John M., who was also a very active man in the Town, although he only served one year in Council, 1872. Johnny had one son, William Clement, who attended High School while I was there and who became a Civil Engineer and went to the Pacific Coast. Johnny's family lived in the brick house at the corner of Johnson and Victoria Streets, now the home of Miss Lansing. Johnny's daughter Lulu taught private school there, until after her parents died, when she joined her brother in the West. George A's widow sold off the properties after he died, he having owned the house where I live and also the small cottage on Prideaux Street next to Dr. Rigg's. This was sold to Joe Sherwood and in it he lived until he bought the house next door.

THE FOLLETT FAMILY

Next door to the Clement store was Steve Follett, who sold groceries and hardware and took a prominent part in public affairs. He served twenty-one years in Council altogether, between the years 1861 and 1886. He was Mayor in 1881 and 1882; Reeve from 1871 to 1878 and Warden of Lincoln in 1877; he was Councillor for 11 years also. Steve had two daughters and three sons. His elder daughter Jenny, married Fred Best; the younger daughter, Mary had a love voice,

but she died while comparatively young. The Bests had two girls and a boy, Bobbie, who died in the Exhibition Camp during World War One. He was a nice bright boy, but full of prankish fun. I taught him in Sunday School. The younger girl was for years in the local Post Office, later going to the Toronto Office. She died in Toronto a few years ago. Cassie is still living in Toronto. There is now none of the family in Town, the Follett boys having long since passed away; Walter Follett, the eldest died in a runaway accident. Will Follett died out West and George died at Niagara Falls, New York, where he was a hack driver for years. Steve Follett had quiet manners, with a sort of dignity in his bearing.

THE CRYSLER FAMILY

Another of our merchant families which has passed away is that of . W. Crysler. When I was a boy, he had a store where the Liquor Store is now located. He was a very quiet unassuming sort of man and one who was universally respected. He put in four years in Council, serving in 1861, 1884-5, and in 1889. Very few of our business men of those days failed to do a stretch in Council.

H. W. Crysler had a son Frank, who was a successful Dentist. He lived and had his office for some time in the upper flat of the Crysler Store building. There was then an outside stairway on the side next to the Town Hall. He later moved to the house at the corner of Victoria and Prideaux Streets, which had been the home of the Burks. His wife was a daughter of Torn Burk, who, when I was young, was one of four important business men. Emma Crysler, Henry's daughter, was very active in Methodist Church circles. She taught in Sunday School and also was for some time a teacher at Our Western Home. Walter Reid married Miss Crysler, after working at the store for a long time. Doc. Crysler's daughter Moss, was very active in War work during the first upheaval.

TOM BURK

I never knew Tom Burk personally, but he was a well known man and had been active in a good many ways. He bought the old Methodist Church, which formerly stood where the United Church Cemetery is now. The building he moved to the corner of Gate and Prideaux Streets and there he had a Pork Factory. He was also interested in the Tannery at the Dock. As I remember him, he owned the Beach where Bert Taylor is now and there he had a Coal and Lumber business. We lived on Ricardo Street and I remember watching from our back windows while they unloaded a Schooner, lumber laden. They rafted the lumber ashore over the sand bar to the beach, where the usual piles of fragrant pine lumber were soon erected. I also saw them unload

cars of coal, which was sent sliding down the railway bank into piles. But, Tom Burk passed on and his businesses died with him. Jack Bolton bought the beach and built the house, wherein he lived until he too went to the great beyond. Tom Burk had a son Tom, who was one of our crowd during the summers which he spent here. He usually stayed with the Sherwoods. Mrs. Burk and Mrs. Sherwood were sisters. Tom was a very nice, quiet fellow. He married Bessie Hartley, daughter of Jimmy Hartley. There are no Burks, no Cryslers and no Hartleys with us any more. You will notice the spelling of the name Burk. It is correct as I put it. The same goes for the name Bolton. I knew Ned Bolton and his sons Jack and Charlie and Ned Jr., and they all spelled the name as I have put it.

It used to be long ago, that plenty of people could not read and write. I have heard my father tell that quite a number of men from here were engaged in the work of building the brick walls around Fort Niagara during the American Civil War. The first time they drew pay, some of the men could not sign their name to the pay sheet, among them Charlie Bolton. The officer looked at him pretty hard and suggested that he had better learn to sign his name. So he got my dad to show him how to sign his name. Of course, when I knew him in later years, he had overcome that particular lack in his education. There was no compulsory school attendance even when I was a boy and plenty of boys got little or no schooling.

THE BEST FAMILY

I could not overlook the Best family for they were important in business and public affairs for a long time, and have now passed on. The first of them that appeared was Old Bob as he was familiarly known. He was a rather short man and well along in years as I remember him. The Bests were always in the Butcher business. When I speak of the Butcher business, I mean just that. They went out in the country and bought the animals as they needed them and then killed and dressed them. Bob Best lived in the large house near the waterworks. Behind the house was the slaughter house, lately torn down by the Shipleys. They had a large pig pen about where the waterworks building now stands. Bob Best put in eleven years in Council between the years 1868 and 1885. He was a canny old fellow. He had a large family, the last of whom to live in Town being Fanny. One of the sons, Frank taught me in Sunday School, but later went to Chicago to live and there he died and is buried in St. Mark's Cemetery, along with most of the family. A daughter of Bob Best, Mrs. Manning taught for many years in Sunday School and at the Old Western Home under Miss Rye. She was the Travelling Inspector for the home for many years. Her daughter, Milly was a schoolmate of mine; she married Charlie Brown and has a daughter Mary. Milly was a very useful person, a Schoolteacher by profession. She taught Sunday School and sang in the Choir. She was Secretary of the Board of Education and was a

member of the Library Board for a long time.

Fred Best was one of Bob's sons and followed him in the business. He also followed him in public service. If he had lived out his last year in Council, he would have served twenty-two years altogether. He was Mayor from 1897 to 1901, being in that important office when King George and Queen Mary visited our Town as Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York. He was again elected Mayor in 1912, but died in office. Fred had the reputation of being one of the shrewder men we had in Council. Physically, his was not an impressive figure, as he was rather short of stature and inclined to be bow-legged. But he had a nice smile, a pleasing manner and was popular with the female sex, as well as the male. Altogether the Best family is deserving of a place in our book of memories.

THE CLENCH FAMILY

A family that has long since gone from our Town is that of the Clenches. They were one of the earliest families to settle in our midst, Ralfe Clench coming in from the States with our other people who shook the dust of the country below the border off their feet to live under the Union Jack. Ralfe Clench was the first Clerk of The Peace for this district and that office remained in the family for about one hundred and thirty years. The last Clench to occupy that office was Johnson of that ilk, who passed away in 1923. Ralfe, his grandfather appears in that office as early as 1793. I knew and admired Johnson Clench. He was respected by all who came in contact with him. I also remember his Uncle, F.A.B. Clench, or Barney as he was familiarly known. He preceded Johnson in that office, but when I knew him, he was living in the old family home on Johnson Street.

My interest in the Clench family is all the greater, because my mother's first husband was Richard Clench, a brother of Johnson. They had one daughter Fanny, who lived with us of course, but sometimes put in some time with Uncle Barney. This same Barney was a bluff old fellow who believed in calling a spade a spade. He served ten years in Council, three of them as Mayor. He had a son Frank who married Eva Reid. Frank was a fisherman for a time, but later went railroading. He died in Buffalo, as did his wife, they being buried in st. Mark's.

They left one daughter who lives in Buffalo. The Clench family were military from the beginning of their residence in Canada. Ralfe and the first Johnson and Barney, all held the rank of Colonel. We find the later Johnson Clench among the list of the Niagara Company in Fenian Raid times with the rank of Lieutenant. When I was in the County Council, I found Johnson Clench a real friend as he was always kind and helpful to members of Council and to me in particular. He

paid me the compliment of saying that I was the best first year man he had known in fifty years of service as Clerk. You would travel a long way to find a finer family than the Clench clan. I seem to have temporarily at least, ran out of material for my reminiscences and I thought a few extracts from my clippings might prove entertaining to my readers. I have quite a number of items, and on idly turning them over, I selected a few as follows:

I have a card dated December 1st, 1903. It is that of Morris Bros. of Eighth Avenue, New York City, Restaurant and Oyster House. They advertise a 25 cent dinner and itemize such things as roast loin of pork with sauerkraut 15 cts. and a similar price for leg of lamb with green peas, roast round of beef, etc. Their desserts were 5 cts. such as rice or English Plum Pudding, Apple Dumplings and so on, while tea, coffee or milk were also 5 cents. Doesn't it make you sigh for the days that are no more. However, on the back of their card was printed the following:

DON'T USE BIG WORDS

In promulgating esoteric cogitations or articulating superficial sentimentalities and philosophical or psychological observations, beware of platitudinous ponderosity. Let your statements possess a clarified conciseness, compacted comprehensibility, coalescent consistency and a concentrated cogency. Eschew all cogglomerations or flatulent garrulity, jejune babblement and asinine affectations. Let your extemporaneous descantings and unmediated expatiation have intelligibility and veracious vivacity, withoutrodomontage or thrasonical bombast. Sedulously avoid all polysyllabic profundity, psittacous vacuity, ventriloquial verbosity and vandiloquent vapidty. Shun double entendre, prurient jocosity and pestiferous profanity, whether obscure or apparent. In other words, talk plainly, sensibly and truthfully. I have a mental picture of a run on the dictionary for a few days.

How do you like this one, entitled, "A" STORY

Adolph an Austrian artisan, adored Anna, an aristocrat. And Anna adored Adolph. Another aristocrat, Alfred, an Ambassador, adored Anna. Anna abhorred Alfred. Alfred addressed Anna, admitting admiration. Anna assumed amazement. Alfred adjured Anna. Anna admonished Alfred. Alfred adopted aggressiveness. Alfred's audacity alarmed Anna. Alfred attempted abducting Anna. Anna, afraid and agitated, acquainted Adolph. Adolph accused Alfred. Alfred, angered, abused Adolph awfully. Adolph answered Alfred. Alfred attacked Adolph. Anna, aghast, aided Adolph. Anna almost annihilated Alfred. Alfred abdicated absolutely. Anna accepted Adolph. Adolph and Anna abruptly absconded and abandoned Austria altogether, arriving at Antwerp and always abiding abroad afterward.

THE HEN'S MESSAGE

A truthful Australian relates that he put a porcelain egg in the nest of a hen and found that the eggs she laid were of an increased size. Then he put a goose egg in the nest and the hen laid one just as big. He was so pleased that he put a whitewashed ball in the nest and when next he looked for eggs, he found one as big as a foot ball. Securing the egg, he found engraved on it these words. "I'm no ostrich, but I've done my best.": Later he found the hen inside the egg.

TOWN OF NIAGARA - SIMCOE'S PARK

I was talking with some friends a few days ago in the Park and we were recalling some things about it in the days of old. We remembered when it was surrounded by a wire fence, inside of which was a tall hedge. I remember seeing in one of the old minute books, an entry of a contract being given to a Youngstown man to plant the same hedge. I suppose the wire fence was there to protect the hedge from the cattle which roamed the streets. I don't remember just when the fence and hedge were removed; I think it must have been in the early 1890's. I remember St. Vincent Church having a Garden Party in there while it was still enclosed. I do remember the granting of the lease to the late Dick Taylor and what a kick up there was about it. Randall was Mayor and it was my first year in Council. He and the Park's Committee put it through without the rest of the Council having much to say about it. The matter had been brought up and the business men were very much opposed to leasing the Park as a business proposition. I was spoken to by one of the prominent men of the day and he told me they were getting up a petition against the project. They appeared before Council and received small comfort, being curtly informed by the Mayor as he flung the signed lease on the table, "There she is, signed and sealed." This aroused considerable resentment, which had a good deal to do with Randall's defeat at the following election. Randall was a good Mayor, but that one time he got off on the wrong foot. However, the opposition to the Park being used for business purposes died out and Dick Taylor ran it for a long time. One thing he did however, that some people did not like, was to install a merry-go-round. Edmund Shepherd then lived across from the Park and he kicked up a row, going to the Dominion Government about it, when he found out that the Town did not own the Park, but only had a license of occupation. However, steps were taken and the Town obtained a proper deed. Since Dick Taylor's time, other Town people have had the lease, among them Mrs. Mary McClelland, Bill Bishop and Jim Elliott. I must say these people gave good service to the Town people and the visitors. Under the various leases, each of the Town Churches was given the use of the Park for one day in the year; the only one of them now so using the Park, being St. Vincent. It does not seem to me that the present lessees do very much in the way of offering service. For instance, they have abruptly stowed away

every table and every bench while the weather is still good. It would seem to me that at least a few of such conveniences might have been left available to the public. Certainly, no one is going to eat the darn things, but they might like a place to sit down when the weather is fine. I saw a lady and some children eating lunch there on Saturday, seated on the ground.

It was Joe Bottomley who had the gravel path laid out through the Park, and as one who has had occasion to use it many times, he has my thanks. The Sports Bowl was levelled out some years ago, under the supervision of Douglas Rodgers and although we have not had much success at ice making of late, it is well adapted for the purposes of an outdoor rink. The kids certainly enjoy the swings and the slide and a host of people lunch there on weekends.

Altogether, I consider that the Park is a decided asset to the Town. For small picnics, it is ideal. It presents no element of danger to small kids. The air is pure and there is some shade when the sun is hot. I would consider it an improvement to plant a few more trees; trees should not be too small to start. Bill Clark had the right idea when he headed the Park Committee. He set out some trees that have no become an ornament to our streets. I shall endeavour to say something about conditions before our Park came into general use, in my next installment.

GEALE'S GROVE - THE WILDERNESS - PARADISE GROVE

About my earliest remembrance of a picnic was going to a Sunday School Picnic at Geale's Grove. Now you will wonder where on earth was Geale's Grove. The answer to that is that it is still there, but like many another place, it has changed its name. I don't remember who was living there then, for I was pretty young and it was quite out of the very limited orbit in which I circulated. However, it is now known as the Wilderness and I rather think the Geales must have lived there before they took up residence in the house where Jack Greene and his sister now live.

Where we later on picnicked was at the Oak Grove. This was a part of the Fort George Reserve and was for a long period, leased to the Canada South Railway and by them, named Paradise Grove. There they brought large parties of excursionists from Buffalo. There was quite a large, low building used for dancing besides other smaller structures. Swings dangled from various trees. There was a pump at the brow of the bank with some thirty or forty feet of pipe leading to a spring in the face of the bank. Good, cold, clean water it was too. A long flight of plank steps led down to the river. Many a day's pay we kids made, rowing people around on the river. We used to charge ten cents an hour for each person and we usually made from five to ten dollars for a day's work, which was pretty good for a kid. We later on, much later in fact, bought

the Steamer Abino from Will McMillen and we used to ply between the Grove and the Slip at ten cents per person.

One of the features of the furnishings of the Grove was an open rectangular enclosure where lager beer was dished out to the picnickers. On one occasion, they had a Band and I saw them grab any man whom they could lay hands on, place him at the head of the Band and they would do a march around the grounds, winding up of course, at the beer stand, when the temporary leader WOULD, of course, set em up for the Band and anybody else who happened near. You can imagine the notes proceeding from the instruments would soon become quite liquid. Although, I must say those bandsmen could certainly hold a full cargo and a deckload. I remember on one of these occasions, someone had made up a big wooden tub fill of lemonade. It had positively no customers, so we kids were given permission to help ourselves. You can imagine us imbibing that delicious drink by the bucketful. We drank so darn much of it we could hardly walk and I still think I can feel it swishing around in our "INNARDS" as Jimmy Hutchinson would say. I think I see Mr. Quinn, our Photographer, with his camera on a tripod, doing tintypes at ten cents each and the bus drivers did a flourishing business.

HORSEPOWER

That brings up a memory of another summer activity. Of course, there were no motor cars in those days and there was a multitude of horses and the bus business became a source of revenue for the owners of these horses when work was scarce. The busses were not like the palaces on wheels which are such a common sight on our streets and highways nowadays. No, they were fourwheeled vehicles with a canvas top and drawn by a team of horses. They seated about a dozen people. I remember a good many of the drivers of these chariots, among them Jack Abbott, Mike Green, Bob Cumpson, Jim Cumpson, Tommy May, Jim Humphries, Johnny Courtney, Tom Courtney, Arth Matthews and Jim Brady. Jack Abbot drove the stage to 5t. Catharines for a long time, the stage being just another of these same busses. Bob Allen later did the same job and still later Jim Cumpson. After the Chatauqua grounds opened up, Tommy May drove his bus regularly between the Steamboat Wharf and the Grounds.

The business of teaming was an important one in early days. Coal and wood had to be delivered by team; freight to and from railway and ships were so transported. There were gardens to be plowed, hay to be mowed, roads to be kept open in Winter, household goods to move, ice to be hauled. In fact, the Teamster was amighty important man in those days. Then, too, there were differences among horses and drivers. For instance, Jack Caughill always kept a fine, big team. They were immaculately groomed and fit as a fiddle. Jack Abbott's horses were also the

pride of his heart. They were well looked after and while not a heavy team, he always kept them full of pep. I remember that one time, Jack got hurt in a fight and was laid up for three or four months and his brother-in-law John Clockenburg drove his team. While John did a good job and took good care of his horses, they didn't look the same. Jack did the teaming for the Canadian Cannery for years, until trucks came on the scene. One of Jack Caughill's activities was running and moving a threshing outfit, he being regarded as a bit of an expert at it. John Courtney always kept a small team. As he was small himself, that was quite an understandable taste in horseflesh on his part. He could do as good a job with his small team as some others could with bigger nags. I well remember Arth Matthews' Arabs. No one else around here had any like them. He could do anything with them, as he and they seemed to work well together. Jim Brady had a team of bony old skates that looked as if they were ready for the boneyard.

I well remember the time when someone wanted a big log hauled out of the slip just opposite the American Hotel. Jack Abbott tackled the job and though he swore a blue streak and wore out a whip, his horses couldn't do the job. At last, Jack Caughill invited him to get out of the way and let a good team tackle the job. But, alas, even the Caughill team with their added beef and brawn, couldn't budge the darn thing.

Along came Jim Brady with his bony old nags and he had quite a time guying Abbott and Caughill and they came back with "You try it, your so darned smart." "Why," drawled Jim, "that ain't much of a job." And he proceeded to unhook his sorry old team from his old bus. He hooked them onto the log and he talked to them as if they would know just what he wanted. He got them settled away and gave a shout, and those old plugs just put their noses nearly into the ground and away they went with the log. I think I see the wide grin on Jim's face as he unhooked from the log. "Pshaw," he said, "that was nawthin, nawthin at all." Steve Sherlock was another owner of good horses. He didn't do much of the actual teaming himself, but he started in early and managed to do a good business and when the motor car put in an appearance, he added a pair of Reo Cars to his Livery stock, being the first one to do such a thing. Tommy May was another who graduated from horses to cars, his first venture into car owning being a Ford of early vintage. About the only one left in the horse business is Jack Greene. At one time there was at least four Livery establishments. The Queen's Royal Hotel kept a yellow bus of their own and it met every boat and train during the Summer season. There was a large barn on King Street, just abreast of the end of Delatre Street, where were housed their horses, their bus and their baggage wagon. The last driver of their baggagewagon was Tim Enright, who later kept the American Hotel.

The mails used to be carried in horse drawn vehicles. There was a mail that used to arrive about three o'clock from the falls and another came by the Stage from St. Catharines, arriving here

about five. And the American mail came by train about six, so we were well served for our letters. Of course, in the summer. Toronto mails came by boat. A man named Nolan carried mail between boat and office being succeeded later by Steve Sherlock.

October 18th, 1951

WOODBURNING TRAINS AND SHIPS

I saw in one of the Toronto papers recently, a cut of an old wood burning railway engine. I remember when our railway was furnished with just such an engine. It had a big funnel-shaped smoke stack and it spread sparks far and wide. Those engines were very much smaller than the modern juggernauts. I well remember the piles of cordwood near the old Engine House. That is another of the vanishing part of our Town. The old Round House was heated by two big box stoves, which were long enough to take a stick of cord wood and were used to keep the water pipes of the engine from freezing during the frosty winter nights. Our local train used to leave here at 8:30 in the morning and arrived back from Buffalo about 6 in the evening. That arrival was quite an event. It didn't matter whether one expected anyone to arrive. You would be surprised to see what a crowd would gather to see the train come in.

Then there came a change in engines, the diamond stack becoming the fashion. Coal, meanwhile, had replaced wood as the fuel. As I remember the railway, it was operated by the Canada Southern Railway Company. The rails on which it ran were soft iron, small things, forty pounds to the yard. Cars were painted a flaring yellow and also were much smaller than the modern ones and were constructed of wood. There were no airbrakes and one of the duties of the fireman was to man the brake, a handle for which was in the gangway between the engine and the tender. The line was finally leased to the Michigan Central Railroad Company, and still is, although the Michigan is now merged within the New York Central System. The Michigan almost at once, put down new steel rails, 60 lbs. ones and have since railed the line with heavier ones. The bright yellow paint on the cars was soon replaced with a dark coating and the diamond stacks on the engines have been replaced by short, straight stacks. As far as we are concerned, all our railway business has gone, except for an occasional freight service. Trucks and busses have done that for us. In some ways, we get better service but we old timers miss the railway and its associations.

Few remember Paddy Miles, who was conductor for a donkey's age. Billy Logan was known all over the country as he served for many years as brakeman and baggageman. Jack McDermott was Engineer for many years. These people were all residents of the Town as were the section

gang. Fred Cowley followed Paddy Miles as conductor. Hugh Watt was brakeman for a long time and later served as Fireman. Court Secord was brakeman, as was Halsey Longhurst.

John Lynch worked on the section and was later pumpman at the Dock. Joe Fellows and his brother Bill were well known section men. So was Walt Freel and also George Bissell. Bing Addison was baggageman and pump man at the dock for years, followed by George Grimstead, who also served for many years. This will serve to show what an important part of our community was the Railway.

STEAMERS

I remember too, the old Steamer, City of Toronto, owned by the Milloy family. She too used wood as fuel in my early days. I think I see the crew wheeling wood aboard. They had a huge wheelbarrow which they used. I think it held about half a cord of wood. One of our local men, Sam Tracey, lost his life when he and his barrow fell off the gangplank into the River. There used to be a wharf on the U.S. side of the river, just in front of what is now Villa St. Vincent, known as Marshall's Wharf and I have seen it piled full of wood for use of the Steamers. In fact, wood played a very important part among us when I was young. Our schools were heated with it, as were our homes. Very little coal was used and only a few of the tofts did use it. And yet it was cheap. You could buy first class hard coal for \$4.50 a ton and it gradually replaced the wood as fuel. Wood became scarce too, as the farms were stripped of their trees.

October 25th, 1951

CHURCH BELLS

As I was looking over a book of poetry, I came Edgar Allan Poe's, "The Bells," and it suggested to me that this would make an interesting subject for an article. Bells have such a multiplicity of uses, that one sometimes wonders who invented the bell. My first recollection of a bell is of the old Bell of St. Mark's, calling people to Church. This old bell was removed in 1877 and was given to the Queenston Church. The Dickson family donated a chime of six bells in memory of the wives of Walter and Geale Dickson. William Turner was then Sexton and he couldn't play a tune on them and he used to run a descending scale on those darned bells, till he drove one distracted. However, his wife, a rather large woman, did occasionally play a hymn and it made a welcome change. These bells were made by the Meneeley Bell Company of Troy, New York, the firm who made the bells for St. James Cathedral in Toronto and which bells sound very much

like ours. Then in 1917, the Ladies Parish Guild installed three additional bells to complete the set. For this purpose, they used a legacy left to them by Miss Emma Brown. This greatly added to the number of hymn tunes possible to be played. I was Churchwarden when these were installed and came to know young Mr. Meneeley who did the work of installing them. Arthur Wood was then the Sexton and when he passed away in 1930, it was my pleasure to take over the duties of bell ringer, which I carried on until 1944. The largest bell has been tolled for Funerals, although this now seems to be a forgotten custom. It has been tolled for the death of a Sovereign. An old custom was the tolling of "the passing bell," when the bell was sounded once for every year of the life of the person. I myself tolled for the death of the late King George the Fifth. The bells have pealed out many times for weddings and they give a lively send off to the newly wedded. The only other Church in Town which has a bell is St. Andrews. As a youngster, it was a far away sound and many times it has called the faithful to worship. Church bells sounding on the air are a reminder to us that after all, there is something in life besides fun and work.

I once boarded for a time on Victoria Street in Toronto within easy sounding distance of a variety of Church bells and was reminded that I was in a City of Churches.

THE TOWN BELL

The only other large bell in Town is the Town Bell. It has often been a matter of regret to me that our Town Bell was tied up to the Clock so that it could not be rung . It had many uses. Not many will now remember that it used to be rung at 6 o'clock in the morning during the summer and at seven in the winter. It was also rung at noon and at six in the evening. Also, there is a curfew law on the Town books requiring it to be rung at nine o'clock at night when all children were required to be off the streets and public places unless accompanied by a parent or other responsible person. This enactment was made at the request of the Public School Board. A good many kids would be better if this law were put in force again. I am not blaming our Police Force for this, because the Clock Tower was erected before they took office and in fact, before Chief Warner came to Town. This bell was really the Fire Bell and the centenary of its installation was held not so many years ago. Altogether, the Town Bell was quite an institution.

THE FOG BELL

I remember the Fog Bell which used to be on the River bank at Fort Mississauga. It was blown down in 1888 and was not replaced. I have seen a reference to a bell which used to be on the end of the Milloy wharf, but it was gone before my time.

THE HIGH SCHOOL BELL

Then there was the High School Bell and many a time I have heard it ring out, calling pupils, willing or unwilling to come in. I think the Board should move it to Parliament Oak School.

November 1st, 1951

BOAT BELLS

It used to be that Steamers were required to carry a bell, which was to be used when at anchor or stationary. Our Canadian regulations made no mention of a bell on a motor boat. We carried all the equipment ordered by the Canadian Government, but it came about that the U.S. put into effect a set of regulations which required a bell to be carried. On arriving at Youngstown Wharf one summer evening, I was overhauled by an American Officer in a Cruiser and accused of everything short of piracy on the high seas. I managed to appease the higher-ups, however, and escaped life imprisonment or worse. Just a year afterwards, I received a very curt notice that when I was overhauled the previous year, I had no bell aboard. "Please send Ten Dollars in payment of fine." So I had to forward ten hard earned dollars and I had to buy a bell, which cost another ten. We carried the blame thing all the rest of the time we were operating the Ferry. It was a very nice bell and we kept it shined but never had the slightest use for it. I sometimes think the man was right who said, "The Law's an hass."

I remember that when we changed from steam to a motorboat, two very dignified gentlemen arrived to inspect us and tell us what equipment to carry. We received a very grave warning not to use water should we have a fire aboard. And then I discovered in the list of equipment, "Four Fire Pails." I asked why, when we were not allowed to use water on a fire. The old gentleman looked stumped for a moment and then he very blandly explained that they would do to bail out if we got water aboard. Then we had to have an awning over the boat to protect the passengers. Then a year or two later, we were told to leave the awning off. as it was safer without it.

RAILROAD BELLS

One of the familiar bell sounds of days gone by was that of the Railway Engine. One of the jobs of the fireman was to sit and pull the bell cord. They now do it by steam. There was a signal bell in the roof of the engine cab and a cord was attached which ran the whole length of the train.

DINNER BELLS

Then there were the dinner bells of the Hotels and Boarding Houses. Every Hotel had a bell. That of Long's Hotel was the Auction Bell, about which I published an article. I wonder what became of that old bell. Even the Queen's Royal had such a bell. Jim McMillan used to refer to Johnny Rousseau as "Bell-Ringer Johnny."

THE CHESTNUT BELL

Did you ever hear of "A Chestnut Bell." This was a tiny bell attached to one's coat lapel and the wearer on hearing what was called a chestnut of a yarn, tinkled his wee bell. A rude thing to do. don't you think, but wouldn't you like to have a chestnut bell, sometimes.

COWBELLS

Bells were used to adorn cows and sheep. dogs and I have even seen a cat so decorated. The dismal sounding of an old cow bell, used often to be heard about our streets when cattle ran at large.

SLEIGH BELLS

Another bell sound now seldom heard was that of the sleigh bells. Everyone who had horses. had bells to trim them up for winter use. I sometimes saw very musical chimes of three or more bells mounted on a horses harness, but the common fashion was a string of small bells attached to a leather strap, which lay over the horses back. A horse is now a rarity on our streets. so, of course, the bells too have gone bye-bye too.

DOORBELLS

Then there were the varieties of door-bells. Some you cranked. and with some you pushed a knob or button. Door bells could be very annoying at times. I remember reading of a very saintly bishop who was going along a street when he saw a small boy trying to reach a door bell. He very kindly approached and rang the bell for the kid, whereupon the kid said, "Now run like hell."

November 8th, 1951

SOME EARLY NIAGARA FAMILIES

I was thinking a few days ago, about some of the people who did things in our Town in days gone by. Most of us are prone to forget the men and women who lived and laboured in our Community before we ourselves appeared on the scene. I was looking over some old clippings and I came across the name of Dickson and I looked about to see if I could find anything about the family. They do seem to have been worthwhile citizens and a family about which we should know more. I usually consult Miss Carnochan's history and I invariably find something about people. I wish I had had an idea of doing something in the publicity line while she was alive, for while she was not always right, she had done a whale of a lot of research and came up with much information about people of our locality.

THE DICKSON FAMILY

Honourable Robert Dickson appears to have been one of our early settlers and to have been a very important man. He fought for King and Country, as did other members of the family. I find, according to Miss Carnochan, a Robert Dickson was a Lieutenant of a Troop of Cavalry and a William Dickson as Cornet. William Dickson built the first brick house in Niagara, which house still stands and is now owned by the Rands of Buffalo. This particular member of the family originally owned all of that part of the Town which used to be known as Irishtown, later known by the more euphaneous title of High Park. I have seen some of the deeds conveying lots to purchasers.

The Dickson's were devoted members of St. Mark's Church. I have made mention elsewhere of the bells donated by Walter and Geale Dickson and I believe that it was a very generous donation made by Geale Dickson that made possible the purchase of the fine organ. I remember that Canon Garrett once told me that whenever the finances of the Church were at a low ebb, the Dicksons could always be depended upon to help out. I very well remember Geale Dickson and his brother Robert. Geale always kept fine horses and carriages. The last place I remember him living in was the house on the River Road, later owned by Mr. Jackson of Buffalo. Geale moved to England and returned to Niagara an old man and he died some years ago. Robert Dickson was in charge of St. Mark's Choir when I joined it in 1893 and his eldest daughter was a member. Robert had a very fine voice and he was quite an asset to St. Mark's.

He and his brother Geale were fine big men and were very much alike, I believe they were twins. They had a fine erect military bearing and were good sports. It seems to me they were pioneers in the game of golf in this neighbourhood. They played on the Fort George Common and had an 18 hole course. Of course, the common was no parlour course, but one must remember that in those days, the cattle roamed over it and kept the grass cropped short. It was here that the first Golf Club was formed, with its headquarters in the Camp Compound and it later had the term Royal added to its title.

This Club was succeeded by that formed by the Queen's Royal Hotel. They moved the old Pumphouse from the water's edge to its present site, where *it* has been added to from time to time.

The Robert Dickson family moved away and for many years, the family has been only a memory. However, one of Robert's daughters has returned to her old home town in the person of Mrs. Watson and I can assure her that to us old timers, she is very welcome.

I remember another of the family, Mrs. Senator Dickson, who lived in the house on the corner of Johnson and Regent Streets, afterwards the home of the Redheads. We used to have a society at St. Mark's called "The Kings Daughters and Sons," and one of our duties was to visit the sick and the shut ins and it fell to my lot to call on the aged Mrs. Dickson in company with some of the female members of the Society and we were always treated to some spiced tongue.

THE GEALE FAMILY

Another old family were the Geales. Captain Geale was a very soldierly man, he having served in the Army. I have my Grandfather's Army Book and I find entries in it signed by J. B. Geale. That was in the Royal Canadian Rifle Regiment. The Captain seems to have been a publicly minded man as he served six years in Town Council. The Captain had a very fine voice and I remember hearing him sing in concert in the Town Hall. His three daughters all taught in St. Mark's Sunday School. They have all gone away. The Captain was in charge of the Government property here for some time before he died.

November 15th, 1951

THE COLLECTOR OF CUSTOMS

Another of the relics of departed greatness from our Town is a Collector of Customs. At one time, we were the channel through which much of the business of the whole district flowed. And here, from the beginning of our history, we had a Collector of Customs, a most useful and important office. As our neighbouring towns increased in size and importance, they seemed only too anxious to grab all positions of importance away from Old Niagara. St. Catharines bribed away the County Seat by offering a free Court House and away went courts and officers, lawyers and all the rights and privileges adhering to a County seat. But we retained sufficient importance to sport a Collector of Customs for many years. It is about this and the holders of the office that this article is to be written.

WILLIAM KIRBY

As I remember, William Kirby was Collector for many years and had his office in the Town building in the room now dubbed "The Mayor's Office." I never had occasion to set foot in this "holy of holies" until Mr. Kirby had been retired. I suppose that Mr. Kirby must have been a busy man and a man of varied talents. He was a writer of note and had been for quite a long time, in the newspaper business with his Niagara Mail. His books, *Le Chien D'or*, *Anal's of Niagara* and *Canadian Idylls* are classics and have been widely read.

But what of his life as a citizen of our Town. I remember him as a tall, grim appearing man. I have many times seen him with a grey shawl about his shoulders, girt about the waist with a sash, as was quite a common fashion in those days. He busied himself in many ways for the betterment of the Town and he made various trips to the national capital on business for the Town. And he served in Council for eleven years, three of them as councillor, one as Deputy Reeve, and seven as Reeve. His last year was 1870. I suppose it must have been after that that he became Collector of Customs. He found time to make himself useful in other ways. From 1852 to 1856, he was Secretary of the Public Library Board, Vice-President in 1857 and 1872 and for thirty years from 1873 to 1902 inclusive, he was President. He must have had something about him that appealed to and impressed people, or he could not have held these positions year after year. I cannot remember ever having had speech with him, but he was a man of position and importance. As to his appearance, take a look at his picture as it hangs in the Library, an institution that owed so much to him.

LIEUTENANT - COLONEL EDWARD H. THOMPSON

It might not be out of place to say a word about a man who was associated with Mr. Kirby for years in the Customs service. I speak of Lieutenant-Colonel, Edward H. Thompson. He was a very genial man and liked by everybody who knew him. He too was a useful man, as he served for a long time in military matters and when he died he was in command of the 19th Lincoln Regiment. He also served a long time on the Public School Board and I have his signature on my High School Entrance Certificate, he being then Chairman of the Public School Board.

He was also interested in Sports and was one of the original members of the old Niagara Curling Club. Poor chap, he died suddenly on Rousseau's wharf on Easter Sunday, 1887. He belonged to the United Workmen and they were en route to Youngstown to attend Divine Service with the Youngstown Lodge. It was just after his having partaken of a hearty meal and they had marched rather quickly to the wharf and it was just too much for his heart. I was dispatched to Youngstown to carry the news to his brother Joseph who lived there. Some years later, the brother died suddenly and I also was given the duty of taking the news to his niece here.

November 21st, 1951

JOHN SANDO

Colonel Thompson was succeeded by John Sando, who later on succeeded Mr. Kirby as Collector. I came to know Mr. Sando very well. He was rather a soberfaced man, not given much to smiling. He once said to me that I mustn't mind his being cranky, as he wasn't feeling well. He made a very good officer, however. In his time, the officers wore no uniforms and had nothing about them to show their authority, except a small badge worn on the vest. Mr. Sando had been a Butcher by trade and before he took on the Customs, he had a Stationary Store in a shop that stood where the Reid building is now. Mr. Sando once grumbled to me that he received no more pay after being promoted to Collector than he had as Landing Waiter. During his term, the Government had become very parsimonious and only kept a man on duty at the Dock during the navigation season.

TOM BURNS

The position was filled for a long time by Tom Burns, an old soldier. Tom was a witty fellow and had a fund of funny yarns. I remember one day, he and I were talking when a stranger approached and asked him if the day was going to be fine. There was an electric light pole near by, which had become hollow with age and a woodpecker had a nest within a hole. Tom's reply to the man's question was, "I'll tell you in a minute." He then walked over to the pole and rapped smartly on it, whereupon the woodpecker stuck his head out of the hole and looked at Tom who returned the look for a moment and then, turning to the enquiring stranger said, "Yes, its going to be a fine day for a sail across the Lake, the bird says so." The man gazed at Tom in amazement and went away muttering to himself.

JOE BURNS

At John Sando's decease, Joe Burns, who was Town Clerk at the time, was appointed Collector and he was the last to hold the office here and everything connected with the office was removed to the Falls. Thus another position that had been held by one or another for over a hundred years, was taken away from our Old Town.

JOHN HALL

I remember one old gentleman who had been in the Customs before Ned Thompson but had retired. His name was John Hall, and he lived in the house now owned by Lloyd Goberts next to the hotel of Picton Street.

VARIOUS CUSTOMS OFFICERS

The last occupant of a permanent local job in the Customs service was Eddy O'Melia. During the First Great War while Eddy O'Melia was serving overseas, Harry Garthier was here. Before O'Melia, Herb Walsh was serving and a part time officer was John Brown. George Woodruff also served here for a time. Since then, there has been no permanent officer here, but during the Navigation Season, there are two officer's on duty. I remember that when we were operating the Ferry, we received notice that we would be required to cease operations at November 1st, as the port was being closed for the winter. This did not prevent anyone from crossing, as people could easily get a rowboat and convey themselves across and back without let or hindrance. So after an interval, I wrote to the powers that be to protest about our being

deprived of a chance of continuing the use of our franchise for which we had a government license. There was a train arriving at noon then and one day Joe Burns came to the house and told me that the Collector was down at the Railway Station and wished to see me. Down I went and was duly presented to the Collector, an old gentleman whose name I have forgotten. In the course of the ensuing conversation, I told him that people were crossing the river quite freely, while the Ferry was not allowed to run. "Why, they have no right to do that," said he. "Who's going to stop them," said I, "You've advertised that there is to be no Customs Officer to look after them." He seemed stumped after that and told me that he would consult Mr. Burns and I was dismissed. Later, Eddy O'Melia was appointed.

November 29th, 1951

THE PUBLIC SCHOOL BELL

A lady friend called me up a day or mo ago to tell me that I had overlooked Mr. Lyall's School Bell in my article on Bells. I well remember that bell as it was wielded by Daddy Cork during my school days. Pa Andrews also had a little bell with which he used to summon the pupils from the other room during school hours.

SNOW FIGHTS

The Public School Bell brings to my recollection another subject that of interschool snow fights. After I graduated from High School, there grew up a decided rivalry between the two schools and I sometimes had to take to my heels when a cry smote my ears, "Tack the Grammars." You see the High School was so dubbed by those "rude fellows of the baser sort," who attended the "Common School." And one of the results of this coolness between the schools led to snow fights. On several occasions, the Pubs had constructed a fort on the street intersection. This was made of snowballs about two feet in diameter, and rolled together to form a square. From this Fort, they issued en masse, yelling defiance and armed with a supply of balls, with which to vanquish the foe. We, the foe, invariably accepted this challenge with fiendish glee, being armed and ready. It so happened that, though we were much fewer in numbers, something worked with us and we always succeeded in getting the dastards on the run. And there would be Daddy Cork at an upstairs window, watching the fray and always, on seeing his stalwarts about to break up, would go to the window, a bell would appear and like Barbara Fricchie, he "shook it forth with a royal will," and so saved the faces of his cohorts by calling them into school. Thim were the good old days. One day, they were entrenched in their

fortress, while we were observing their defences. Orner Devoe was our biggest man; he spied Butcher Best in one corner of the fort. Butch would bob up and fire a ball and duck down. Harry Andrews could make a small ball as hard as a bullet. Omer called on him to produce one or two such and Omer, who was a dead shot, said "Watch me pin Butch," and as Butch's head popped up he let fly with deadly aim and the last we saw of Butch, he was legging it for home and fireside, dripping gore. There were various ways in which people of our Town showed Man's desire to outstrip his fellows. I often think how obsessed some people became with the idea of getting the best of the other fellow. Not that I think it a sin and a shame to rise above the dead level. There seems to be a constant urge to outdo the other fellow, whether it may be in sport or in business. One listens to the radio broadcasters expatiating on the merits of somebody's soap or this one's make of car or of sausage or "sumpin" till you get sick and tired of listening. One thinks of the story of the two Indian women who went into to Town to sell fish. One knew very little English and the other less. So the one went along calling "Fesh fish," and the other followed after calling "Me too, me too." Men have devised a multitude of ways to get the best of the other fellow.

SPORTS

We have races and games of various kinds. Some require skill and some speed and some just beef. Of course, we call them sport and I suppose they are, but some so called sports are more like organized mayhem. When I was young, we played Football. Not the knock down and drag out kind they call Rugby. I have to smile at the much misused designation of amateur when one reads of this shamateur team hiring a bunch of bruisers from below the line to play on our CANADIAN teams. The dear gullible public falls for it and people turn out in thousands to see these bruisers maul and bump one another and for what. Glory, you say. But I am afraid the long green stuff they call money has a lot to do with it. I often listen to the radio broadcast on National League Hockey games. They are at least honest enough to admit they do it for money, but what about AMATEUR teams who emulate the honestly professional in bidding for the services of our youths.

December 6th, 1951

We used to have a rink and a Hockey Team. The rink was taken down years ago, and the players are "all dispersed and wondered, far away, far away." Dicky Reid is in Fonthill; Jack Hartley in British Columbia; John Campbell in Toronto; several have gone to the great beyond. About the only one still with us is Bill Thompson. Bill was a fast skater and used to excel in skating races

and in bicycle races. In fact, he was one of our outstanding athletes. These boys loved sport but for sport's sake, not for the money they could get out of it. I mentioned Football. We played a game that used to be called "Association," now known by the name of Soccer. I remember that one Thanksgiving Day, we gathered enough boys about the streets to make up a team and we WALKED to Virgil and played a team of farmers. They outweighed us by about fifty percent, as we were a bunch of light weight kids. I was about the heaviest of our crowd and I wasn't any Sampson. Of course, we lost and tramped home tired but not downhearted. That was all in the game.

Our old main street has seen many a bicycle race and many a trotting race, just for fun. Bill Long always had a good horse or two. Bill Donnelly had some and Charlie Bufton and James, Pete and Johnny Hesley. When we had a fall of snow, out would come the nice, gaily painted cutters and up and down the old street they would prance. I suppose Pete Healey was about the last of our horse men. Pete and horse are gone and his barn is now the Scout Lodge. I wonder if the Scouts ever hear the jingle of bells or the rattle of harness or the creak of runners sliding over the snow.

OUR OLD MAIN STREET

That muddy old street of ours has seen many changes. It many times has echoed to the tramp of marching feet. It has had cannon balls hurtling along it as the American invaders came. I remember the late Robert Cox telling me that his father helped man a gun placed abreast of Fort George. There they fired at the advancing foe, until they got too close, when they spiked the gun and retreated up to the River Road. Think of the parades that have traversed its length. I wellremember the Victory Parade on November 11 th, 1918. Think of the funeral processions that it has had travel its length. Think of its mud and its raised crossings. Its stores with their wooden shutters, its tie posts. What tales it could tell if it could speak.

THE BUTCHER SHOPS

Our main street has seen many changes in business as well as in other things. For instance, the Butcher shops were run by Butchers. I mean by that, that men learned and practised the art of Butchering, the killing and cutting up of animals for human consumption. They had slaughter houses. The old Best Slaughter House was taken down not so long ago by the Shipleys. There were the Bests, the Bishops, Bill Longhurst, the McClellands and the Sandos. They went out in

the country and bought animals as they needed them. And you could buy any part of a beast that you fancied. There were no trucks to bring you in so many pounds of this or that you might feel that you could dispose of. There were no ice show cases where you see whatever there was on display. To be sure, Butchers had ice boxes but they had ice cut from the slip or the river or one of the large ponds to keep them cool. They often displayed smoked fish in front of their shops. Of course, there were flies, plenty of them, but one didn't mind flies. They were part of every day life.

THE CANDY SHOPS

There weren't many Candy shops. Candy Evans, whose name you may see in the cement walk in front of his old shop; now the home of his granddaughter, Mrs. Parker. There were two little Candy shops on Ricardo Street kept by Mrs. Wilson and by Mrs. Young. Mrs. Wilson's shop has been moved and forms the front part of a house now occupied by the Leaches. The Young shop is now the home of Linc Quinn, although it was taken down and rebuilt after William Quinn, the father of Linc, bought the property. The late William Thompson was the Carpenter who did the work.

December 24th, 1951

ICE CREAM SHOP

There were no Ice Cream vehicles bringing their wares into Town. In fact, there was no ice cream. The first time I ever tasted such a thing was at Niagara Falls, when we were there with our Sunday School Picnic. Then Mrs. Swift started making ice cream in the store now occupied by the McKenzies. Of course, she sold candies and some home made cakes.

OUR BAKERIES

There were no outside Baker's trucks coming into Town. Before Mrs. Swift opened up, Ned Patterson had the Town Bakery there. But, as nearly every housewife baked her own bread, the business was small. I remember the business, the oldest son Eddy was chief baker and the next son Billy did the delivering. A couple of hours covered the route. I remember that one day, I counted from the office window, ten different Bakery Trucks passing, all from out of Town. Bob Keerins also was a Baker and had a small shop on the site of the Theatre. Later on, Mrs.

Murphy had a Candy and Ice Cream shop there and when Mrs. Swift built the shop and moved across the street, she moved into the shop vacated by Mrs. Swift.

OUR PLUMBERS

There were no Plumbers here and no plumbing. Our Waterworks were installed in 1891 and Sam Crawford was about the first real plumber that we had. He had his business in a building beside the Evans shop on Picton Street and which has since been taken down. Then we had Alf Armstrong. He was usually known as Windy, which was no exaggeration. He had his shop at one time, where the Chinese restaurant is now and at another time, he had part of the building that stood on the corner of King and Market Streets. When the N.S. & T. Railway leased the site from the Town, Armstrong's shop was moved to Prideaux Street and is now the George Corus house. Another part of the same building was moved to a site on Market Street, where Mrs. Addison, the mother of Frank Addison lived. This was lately sold by Mrs. John Bolton.

HARDWARE, WATCH REPAIR & DRUG STORES

There were no hardware stores, although most of the grocery stores sold some hardware. Now, most of the groceries sell meats and the butcher shops sell groceries. Now we have no watch and clock repair shops. When I was a lad, there was an old man who had a shop in a little place nook called "The Hole in the Wall." Then came along Phil Librock who at first did some travelling from house to house and then settled in the store now occupied by Harold Boyle. There he carried on a successful business until he died. He was succeeded by his son who carried on until he felt unable to do so and sold out. So the watch repair business is gone, after a period of useful service which had lasted for over sixtyfive years. Tom Ferguson started a business in the store now occupied by the Club 19. I think that would be in the 1890's. Bert st. John opened a Drug Store across the way, where Bill Zoeger is now, and after a time, the firm became St. John & Ferguson, Tom moving in with Bert. They afterwards moved to the store now the Liquor Store and here they carried on both businesses until they dissolved partnership. Jim Connolly bought the watch repair business, he having worked under Ferguson and Will Campbell bought out the drug part of the business. Jim Connolly moved to his present store, where after a time, he gave up the watch repair part of his business. So with the closing out of the Librock Watchmaking establishment, that business has joined the rest of Niagara's past.

THE TINSMITHS

There are no more Tinsmiths. The first I remember was William Turner. His last place of business was in the building lately the abode of Mrs. Matilda Bolton. Harry Wilson worked for him for a time and later was in business for himself. I remember going to his shop one night in the summer of 1895 with John McEwen, mate of the Cibola which had burned the previous night, to get a long galvanized iron pump made with which four of us pumped water out of the hull of the steamer to keep her from sinking. That store was the one now occupied by Fry. Harry Wilson afterwards did business in the shop now that of Gus Chambers. Sam Crawford and Alf Armstrong were both tinsmiths as well as Plumbers. I have a coal scuttle, one of a pair made for me by Armstrong. It must be over 40 years old and has been in constant use.

January 3rd, 1952

THE STEWART BUILDING

That building of Stewart's has seen many changes. I can remember many different businesses in the three stores. The one where Jack Bates is, was Tom Blain's Dry Goods when I first remember it. Afterwards, Tait's of St. Catharines had a branch store there. Before Bates, Campbell's Pharmacy was there. In the middle store, there has been quite a variety of businesses. Tom Holahan had his Shoe Shop there. At one time, a man named Jordan had a sort of Junk Shop there. I had the job as Bailiff of serving him the papers that sold him out. Harry Wilson's Tinshop was there. I remember how Harry used to grin. He had on of those old fashioned Coal stoves placed at the back of the shop. It had a complete set of mica doors. Harry had some red tissue paper placed around inside the stove, and he used to put a small lighted coal oil lamp inside, which gave it a pleasant glow. People would come in and seeing that pleasant glow, would warm their hands at it, much to Harry's delight. Harrisons business was in there, as well as various restaurant businesses. The Chinese Laundry was there for a time. In the third store, there have also been various activities. There the Niagara Times had its beginning with Pickwell Brothers as its owners. They moved from there to the store now Pete Marino's. I remember helping them to move a stove with the fire burning on a hand sleigh and setting it up without letting the fire go out. They later on sold out to the Rev. J. S. Clarke, who moved the business to the Connolly building which Mr. Clarke had purchased. After Mr. Clarke's death Mrs. Clarke sold out to Jim Skelton, and he in turn sold the plant to Hiram Moshier, the Printer and as a Newspaper, the Times ceased to exist. Moshier moved the printing equipment to the Harrison building, now Stewart's. After a time, he gave up the job of printing and

Harrison became the owner of the printing equipment which later was used when they started the Niagara Advance in the present Harrison building. They brought Ed. rennan here to run the Advance and he later took it over and moved it to the birthplace of the Niagara Times. So that particular store has had two different newspapers issued from within its walls. It has been used as a restaurant, a real estate office and now a Five Cents to a Dollar Store, which seems to be a flourishing concern and likely to continue.

The Stewart building originally had a third story. As I first remember it, the Methodist Church was using it to hold services while the present church was being refitted. There they held Sunday School, with Bob Warren, the Post Master as Superintendent. And there for several years, the Salvation Army held forth, finally giving Niagara up as a bad job.

December 13th, 1951

WEATHER

I was asked on day recently by a lady, if I ever remembered a Fall like this one told her of one where it registered 90 degrees in December. I remember the winter of 1890 and 1891 when we had no frost at all, all winter. We had plenty of rain and we also had an epidemic which was called "La Grippe." Everybody had it, but me, or so it seemed to me. All our family had it but me and I was outdoors most of the time looking after the Ferry. There were few fatalities from it, but in a great many cases, it left its victims with a distressing cough and a feeling of depression. I remember one case of Sergeant O'Donnell at Fort Niagara, whom I ferried across one day. He had had the Grippe and had a cough that seemed to come from his heels and he seemed very blue. Just a few days afterwards, he got into a minor scrape and was threatened with the loss of his stripes and he blew the whole top of his head off with an army rifle. They didn't give the poor fellow a military funeral, but shipped him over here, where he lay in the Railway Station overnight, watched over by a guard and was shipped by train the next morning to his home in Syracuse, New York.

Another incident comes to my mind. The fishermen, in a playful mood, dumped a few pails of *water* over *one* another, and Dick Taylor stepped out into the river to gather a pailful to douse someone, when as he stepped over, Charlie Bishop gave him a shove and Dick took a beautiful dive, from which he emerged dripping water and reproaches. He was scared to death that he would catch the Grippe, but he escaped that fate.

In the Fall of 1890, we were fishing at Port Dalhousie until the first week in *December* and things froze up. With help from the others, I managed to *get* our sail boat afloat and worked her down against a head wind, until I reached the vicinity of the present rifle range at the Two, where my brother Fred *met me*. There were icebanks four to six feet high all along the lake shore. The lake was calm and I got Fred aboard and we rowed the rest of the way into the River. We had quite a spell of mild weather after that cold snap.

They used to have the Military Camps here in September, but after the growing of peaches became general, the fruitgrowers complained of the depredations by the soldiers on their orchards, so the powers that were, decided to try October and the Camp of 1891 was held during the first half of that month. Well, we had beastly weather, rain, snow and *cold* and the very day of breaking camp, it changed and we had a lovely Fall after that. The date of the following Camps was changed to the month of June after that and it so remained until war came and changed the whole camp situation.

One more reminiscence comes to me. One night, the 9th of October, it snowed so hard that the *Corona* coming down the river for the seven o'clock trip, missed the wharf entirely. I remember the date, because of the death of my brother Fred, the next day in the hospital at St. Catharines. The snow afterwards turned to rain. The next night, after Fred's decease, my sister and I came home by way of the Falls and down to Youngstown by the Gorge railway. It was pitch dark and as it had been wet for some days, the crew of the car came along very slowly and it was lucky that they did so, for they came across a pile of stones that had slithered down the bank and covered the down track. So they backed the car up about a mile to a cross over and completed the trip along the up track, that nearest the river. It was not pleasant, I assure you. Close at hand were the rushing waters, which we could hear but couldn't see. Passengers and crew were not sorry when we emerged from that Black Gorge, safe and sound.

The whole thing as far as weather is concerned, might be summed up in the words of the late Dr. Morson. "This is a heck of a climate, ten months winter and July and August are darned cold. Time to take down your stovepipes is the thirtyfirst of July but put them up again on the first of August."

Section 11 – Probably needs to be relocated**OUR EARLY SETTLEMENT****April 2nd, 1953**

For something over four years, I have been reminiscing about people and things that came into my own recollections, and I have been thinking that I would run out of material in the not *too* distant future. However, I had an enquiry or two recently, from out of town people which led to a little research to find out what the people wanted to know if possible. While doing so, it led to my thinking of the early days of our old Town and the people who really made the Town. I am trying to visualize the site of the Town before it was settled.

Think, if you can, of a plain, unbuilt on stretch of river bank. Take away all the buildings and trees etc., and what would there be. Along the River from the high ground near Fort George, there was nothing but a marsh. King Street, Melville, Wellington, and Nelson were not here, nor was Ricardo at the edge of the hill. Over the river was the only Niagara of those days. Here was a British garrison and here were coming a never ending stream of refugees from the rebellious colonies. Food and other supplies were scarce, as the only source was by water from Quebec and those in command were at their wits end to deal with the problem. To send these people back whence they came was impossible.

COLONEL JOHN BUTLER

There was one man, however, who not only wanted to do something but did it suppose most of us have heard of Colonel John Butler. When I was a boy attending Sunday School in St. Mark's before the Parish Hall was built, we had our class in the square pew next to where they erected a marble tablet to this same Col. Butler, so his name has since that time, been a familiar one to me. He seems to have been both able and far seeing.

His regiment of Butler's Rangers had no accomodation at Fort Niagara so he conceived the idea of finding that desired accomodation on our side of the river. And here he built his barracks during the winter of 1778 and 1779, to house his men and any destitute settlers who needed shelter. It is apparent that John Butler was a man of substance before the Revolutionary War, for he seems to have built his barracks from his own pocket. However, on March 8th of 1779, we find him billing General Haldimand, then Governor-General for the sum of 2,527 pounds, 19 shillings and tuppence for the cost of these buildings. As I see it, those barracks stood along the high ground, somewhere about the site of the land beyond Melville Street. There was quite

a distance between them and the Town as it was afterwards laid out. This ground used to yield a harvest of old coins and buttons. You must remember that King Street was the southeasterly limit of the original Town site.

When our American cousins so thoughtfully made a bonfire to cheer themselves up at having to leave our vicinity, these barracks escaped the torch and were afterwards moved to their present site, so as to remove them from possible gun fire from across the river.

The next thing we know, that man Butler set about clearing some land for his men and others to raise crops to feed themselves. This seems to have received favourable consideration from Governor Haldimand and he urged that settlement be made to save expense in feeding the soldiers and others. In 1780, some land had been cleared and a start made in raising food.⁵

LAND PURCHASE FROM INDIANS

So it followed that instructions were given to Sir Guy Johnson, the Superintendent of the Six Nation Indians, to buy a strip of land, four miles wide from the Messessaugas (note the spelling). This was the first purchase of land from the Indian owners. In this and other purchases of land, General Haldimand and those under him had not only the prospective settlers to consider, but the providing of new homes for the Six Nation Indians who had given invaluable aid to the Loyalists during the War and who did not anticipate enjoying the hospitality of Uncle Sam. This purchase of land speaks well of the wise care that our British leaders had for both settlers and Indians.

⁵ (M.Parnall) According to the Diary of Francis Goring who was a Trader here since 1776, his father-in-law, Peter Secord, commenced farming on this side of the Niagara River on August 4th, of the year 1780, and he is considered the first settler in Niagara according to his land petition.

It is hard for us, in our day in the midst of a land of plenty, to comprehend a dreary land of woods and wasteland, no orchards full of fruits or fields filled with grain or vegetables. Any land brought under cultivation had to be first all cleared of trees and underbrush, and think of the job after this was done, of planting and cultivating with the crude implements then available. Then one must remember that this land did not belong to Butler's Rangers nor the destitute settlers, but was the property of the Indians.

April 9th, 1953

In 1785, John Butler communicated to General Haldimand, a statement of his services during these troublous times, when claiming some reimbursement for the loss of his properties to the states, by reason of his having remained loyal to the Crown. He claims to have been in the service of the Indian Department since 1755 and details some of the Battles and Sieges in which he took part, such as Lake George, Ticonderoga, Cataraqui, Niagara, Oswagatchie and Montreal. In 1760, the officers of the Indian Department were dismissed and Butler was then continued on account of his knowledge of the Indian languages and placed under Col. Guy Johnson, the Indian Superintendent, whom he later succeeded.

In 1775, John Butler came to Canada with his superior and was sent to Niagara. Col. Guy Johnson having gone to England after naming Butler his deputy, it left Butler in a position of great responsibility, as no one knew what the Indians would do in the struggle between the rebels and the loyalists. Here is where our John Butler really was of tremendous service to the loyalist cause. His knowledge of the Indian's languages and their knowledge of him, played an important part in lining up the tribes on our side. The nation and empire owe a great debt to Colonel John Butler for the part he played in these trying times. At first, efforts were made to keep the Indians neutral, but later, as the Rebellion continued, it was decided to enlist their services offensively against the enemy. Butler was authorized to enlist a Corps of Rangers. This he did, the Corps having eight companies. With his own command and bodies of Indians, he was very active. With the men of his Rangers and the Indians under his command, he fought and skirmished all over Western New York and Pennsylvania and finally had to come to Niagara with his men.

GRIST & LUMBER MILLS

I have mentioned the difficulty of getting supplies as one of the reasons for raising food, but after growing grain, another problem presented itself. You must remember that our neighbourhood had no factories and no machinery of any kind, so after our settlers had begun to produce food, there was no means of grinding grain. Mills were needed for both grist and lumber. There was a man who had served in Butler's Rangers, a Sergeant David Brass who was a Millwright and to him was given the task of building both types of Mills, which he proceeded to do. The work progressed well, but tools for these Mills were not obtainable and it was several years before millstones and saws, etc. could be got through from the Province of Quebec.

It is generally thought that the first Grist Mill was at the SeNos Farm on the Four Mile Creek. I suppose that not many of my readers ever saw an old Stone Flour Mill in action. I used to see one at Youngstown. One of the places of activity was at the Ball Farm above Jordan, where Ball's Falls furnished power for both Saw and Grist Milling. This is a very pretty spot and well worth a visit. One must remember too, that much more water flowed through all of the creeks and streams in our part of the country than is now the case. This same Sergeant Brass later became a Lieutenant and finally settled near the Bay of Quinte.

Butler's Rangers were disbanded after the Revolutionary War was over and quite a lot of ink was spilled before the men and their families were settled in new homes. Talk about a shortage of housing accommodation is common in our day, but you can get building materials (if you have the price) in a very short time. But in those days of which we read, it was not so easy. I was once talking to the late John Crysler about the old days when his forebears were settling on the land granted to them. Their land had an abundance of trees with building material, while some of their neighbours were lacking such material.

Now remember that few of these people had any money, as they had left everything of any *value* when they came west into Canada. So the Cryslers were able to get much of their land cleared by trading timber for labour in clearing their land. In those days, there was a neighbourly spirit abroad in the land. Implements were crude and scarce and no money was available to hire help, so neighbours just had to be more than mere acquaintances. Nowadays, tools and machinery are plentiful and much of the hard, manual toil has been done away with.

April 16th, 1953

John Butler succeeded Sir John Johnson as Indian Agent. One of the burning questions of that day was *travel*, both for goods and people. Most of it had to be done by water. For getting up the *river* past the Falls, a man named John Stedman was granted the *privilege over* what was known as "the carrying place," this being on the east side of the *River*. He was *given* the franchise for a period of *seven* years from 1779 and later on we find him in some trouble at the opening of a new route on the west side. For land *travel*, shank's mare was about the only convenience *available*.

THE INDIANS

For some 13 years after the peace between Great Britain and the rebellious Colonies, our side continued to hold possession of the Border Posts, including Fort Ontario at Oswego and Fort Niagara. Many Indians apparently had their abode in the vicinity of those two posts. Constant efforts were being made by the Americans to get those Indians on their side. It had been largely due to Butler's efforts that they had sided with us during the War. But now that peace had come, Butler saw that something must be done by us to reward them for their services and to *provide* some tangible help for them, as most of them had lost their all, as had the white settlers. So we learn that he recommended to the *Governor* that the sum of 6,000 pounds York Currency be sent for them in cash and a like amount in goods, including guns and powder. The cash would serve for the purchase of cattle.

As time passed, there seemed to be a good deal of discontent among the Indians and what an import part *Col.* Butler is expected to play and does play in allaying the unrest among our Indian allies. In our day, we may not realize the great responsibility placed on him and his unflagging zeal in doing his part. We find Lord Dorchester in his correspondence with Sir John Johnson, speaking *very* highly of Butler and directing Johnson to *have* Butler keep a special eye on Forts Ontario and Niagara. Some alarm was being felt in official circles because of the fact that the Americans were arming, ostensibly against the Indians, but apparently no one really knew where they intended to strike. As the border forts were only lightly garrisoned, it was possible that we might, if caught off guard, be swept out of this territory. And to Butler was *given* the task of making things a bit safer by keeping the Indians our allies.

Dorchester instructed Johnson to arrange a meeting with the Six Nations to ascertain their views about retaining Forts Ontario and Niagara and the meeting was so arranged and was held at Niagara on February 10th, 1787. Of course, *Col.* Butler was the man to meet the Indians and as directed, he addressed them and stated the position of affairs. He pointed out to them, that the Americans had frequently threatened to attack those two posts and that these were kept up largely to protect the Indians, but if the Americans did attack, there would be War. He advised the Indians to avoid war if possible and that it might be in their interest to make friends with the Americans and thus lessen the number of their enemies. He bluntly asked for their views on the whole matter.

They, in reply were just as blunt. They pointed out that their every action was known to us. They had kept to their engagements, had sacrificed their lives and property in our behalf and had made no agreement with the Americans. I do not know just what Butler had promised them at the outbreak of the late war and I gather from the tone of their remarks that they put

Butler on the spot. They wanted to know why they should be asked for their opinion. The late War was your War and you should be the best judges on how to act in the matter.

We next find Butler presenting to the authorities some grievances of the settlers and interceding in their behalf. Their chief grievance seems to have been that they wanted to have some voice in the appointment of magistrates and public officials.

In 1785, Butler submitted to the Government a narrative of his services, showing that he had served continuously from 1755 and he received from General Haldimand a full endorsement of his services and conduct. Said the General, "His services both in the Field and in the management of Indian Affairs have been uniformly Zealous, Brave and Judicious and have Deservedly obtained my fullest Testimonies of Approbation.

John Butler died in 1796, after a long life of service to the Crown and to his adopted country. His house still stands and his remains rest in the Family Burying Ground nearby.

However, he was not so far gone as the dame thought and he had managed to get hold of the line and hold it from his throat. So when his gude wife came in to make sure of the success of her charitable effort, he lay there with his eyes closed as she bent over him. "Jock, Jock," she said, "do ye know me?" Slowly his eyes opened, and these words came from his lips. "I'm beginnin' ta."

March 23, 1950

HOWSE - McCARTHY PROPERTY

Another who lived here for many years was David Howse. David was quite a character in his own quiet way. He was a *single* taxer and had had a considerable amount of experience in the old land in public speaking on behalf of the Single Tax Association. He served two years in Town Council. The present Councillor Howse, who is serving his tenth year in Council, is his son. Of course, everybody knows Jim McCarthy who now lives there. A veteran of the First World War and well known as a Carpenter and Builder. I met Jim one day on the street and he took me to task because I had not mentioned that he was the builder of the Tom Hart building which occupied the site of the filling station on Picton Street. As I only compile these Jines from memory, I couldn't hope to escape criticism from someone whom I overlook. I should be only too glad to be helped to remember places and things about the Town.

COLONEL BUTLER

Near the Town Boundary on the southeast side of Mississaugua Street, is an old house, once the home of Colonel Butler of Revolutionary fame. I suppose most of us old timers have heard a lot about the Butlers. There is a marble tablet erected in memory of Colonel Butler on the wall of St. Mark's Church. This was erected when I was a Sunday School kid. I have many times had a quiet smile at the acid looks of some of our American visitors when they saw the tablet and read its inscription which is quite laudatory of the doughty Colonel. To them, he was first cousin to His Satanic Majesty. However, he was a loyal subject of the King and wrought mightily in his service. His regiment of Butler's Rangers was quartered in the Barracks which still bear his name. These Barracks were moved from their former location between the Town and what became Fort George, to their present site, in order to get them further from the guns of Fort Niagara. We must remember that the southeasterly boundary of the Town was then King Street, consequently these buildings were not in the Town and were not burned with the rest of the buildings of the neighborhood.

HALF-MOON BATTERY & NAVY HALL BARRACKS

This grove is wholly within the boundaries of the Town. Beyond it, there used to be a row of summer cottages, known as Warren's Cottages. These were all torn down years ago. On the first point below the grove, there was a battery at one time, known as "the Half-Moon Battery". It is most regrettable that the Park's Commission removed every trace of this ancient fortification when they thoroughly altered the face of the landscape in and about the old fort. This battery was crescent shaped, and at one time had an underground chamber, some of the planks of which used to be visible from the water.

At, or rather below, the next point down was the old Ferry. There was a small wharf there at which the ferry used to land, and across the road was the Ferry House, formerly Ralf Clench's refinery. This house formerly stood close to the river, as did the "Red Barracks" just below it. This at one time housed a guard. It was and still is not Navy Hall, but is dubbed "Navy Hall Barracks" on some old maps. This building was of modern frame construction and was rebuilt by John Carnochan and James Doritty not so many years ago. The real Navy Hall buildings were of logs, with deep window seats. The late Mrs. Bixby of St. Catharines was a Clench, a sister of my mother's first husband Richard Clench and of Johnson Clench, the late County Clerk. She told me this story of Navy Hall, which she had from an aunt, a Mrs. Bullock, with whom Mrs. Bixby lived with for a time, as a girl. Mrs. Bullock lived in Detroit when it was captured by General Brock in 1812 and they were brought to Fort George and housed in Navy Hall. Mrs.

Bullock, then a small girl, was sitting in a window seat when a drunken Indian came along and was about to strike her with his tomahawk when someone saw him and took him away.

Anyone who saw the present building before it was cased in stone, would see at once that this could not be the original Navy Hall. I had several discussions with Miss Carnochan on this matter, and she finally agreed with me. I had the advantage of knowing and talking with old people, well acquainted with waterfront matters.

The stone in St. Mark's graveyard known as "Brock's Stone", was taken from the river where it had rolled, by my father, Jack Rayner and Dan Sherlock, being employed by William Kirby to do the work. I have forgotten whose team they had. The Custom's House which stood beside the Barracks, has also been moved and cased in stone. It certainly does not look as it did when I was a kid. There used to be a road down the bank, just below the point, which was used whenever there was a passable ice-jam. These seem to have been common in my younger days. When an ice-jam occurred, Ned Thompson, the Customs officer, would forsake his office in the Steamship Warehouse, and take up his quarter in the old Customs Building.

NOBLE KEITH'S TAVERN

I was quite amused to see in the old Council Minutes, an item or two of interest. In those days, the Council consisted of fifteen members, and their Inaugural was in May. The Council then had the issuing of Tavern Licenses. At one meeting, appears a minute licensing a list of taverns among whose proprietors appeared the name of Noble Keith. But, alas, at the following meeting the name of Noble Keith was stricken from the list, the reason given being that he was not a fit and proper person to run a Public House. I might explain that the granting of these licenses was much like kissing and went by favour. However, as I was not around just then, I cannot say positively much about the matter. I remember my mother telling us about an incident which occurred when she was a small girl, living with her parents in this house. Some men were gathered there one evening, and as was usual in those days, talk of spooks and graveyards went about the room and one fellow rather bragged that he was not afraid of any ghosts, in fact, in his opinion, there were no such things. Finally, he was dared to go to Butler's Burying Ground and bring back a skull. As you may surmise, bones lay about the place, exposed to public gaze and the place was only put into decent order a few years ago. However, the dare was given and accepted. One of the men had borrowed a bedsheet from my grandmother and hid him away to the graveyard ahead of our brave bucko, who duly arrived on the scene. He groped around and found a skull. As he raised up with it in his hand, the amateur ghost stepped from behind a stone and said in a deep sepulchral tone, "That's mine." "All right," was the

rejoinder and the skull was dropped. Our hero felt around and found another and again came the same speech and the same answer. A third skull was found and again came the ominous words, "That's mine." "Oh well," came the answer, "they can't be all yours," and our hero took to his heels and arrived at the Tavern panting and triumphant.

THE McKIMMIE - McCARTHY PROPERTY

There are some houses about the fringes of the Town about which something might be said and about some of the people who lived in them. There is the house now owned by the McCarthy's. I best remember two men who lived there. One of them was John McKimmie. John was Scotch and was a fine specimen of that race. He was for a time Division Court Clerk and sometimes served as Assessor. His last position was Lighthouse Keeper. I knew John very well when he was about the water front. He had a good sense of humour and could spin quite a yarn on occasion. I remember coming up behind him at the wharf one day. I put my hands over his eyes and said, "Guess Who." He guessed who and told me this yarn. An old Scotch couple had lived together many years and Jock lay Deein'. It got on the old wife's nerves after a while and she thought it would be a charity to help him "o'er the border." So she got the clothesline, put a noose in one end of it and looked about for a place to get a good pull at it. She raised the window, threw the rope outside, went out and pulled until she thought Jock would be finished. All this time, Jock had lain on his back with his eyes closed, apparently in a comatose condition.

Section 12**January 3rd, 1952****QUEEN STREET· (PINEAPPLE)**

There is one old building on our Main Street that is a bit different from the others. It has an air of antiquity and quaintness that is lacking in its neighbours. If you turn your gaze upwards as you pass along the street, you will see projecting from its ridge over the street, a small continuance of the roof and you will wonder what it was made for. It does not add to the architectural symmetry of the building nor to its beauty. But you will see just below it, what is or has been a doorway. Under this projection, there used to be an iron ring to which there was attached at times, a pulley. From and through this pulley, there would be a rope. The whole arrangement was used to hoist goods to the chamber over the store for stowage. What kind of goods I do not know, for the building has housed many different businesses in my time. Our first Chinese Laundry was located here. There have been three different Barbers here, Jim Withers, Charlie Smith and Harry Steele. Here Pete Healey carried on his Shoe business followed by Miss Billing. In earlier days, it housed Sando's Butcher Shop and at one time Mrs. Gurvine had a business here. Altogether, it has had a varied existence. Who built it and why are unknown to history and to me. It has also been a photograph gallery and a real estate office.

MILITARY

To change the subject for a moment, I was thinking of Military men. In this old Town, we have always been familiar with them, and I was thinking of an incident that occurred long ago when we were operating the Ferry across the River. There was a Colonel in command at Fort Niagara, a small man with all a small man's sense of his own importance. The Post Quartermaster was a big outstanding figure, very erect and dignified, smooth faced and wore glasses. Those were the days when the stage from St. Catharines, driven at the time by Bob Allen, arrived at Niagara at five o'clock. I was standing on the railway platform at the foot of Melville Street, when Jim McMillan hailed me from the bar door of the American Hotel. "Come up here Joe, I've a couple of passengers for you." So up I went and who should it turn out to be but the Colonel and the Quartermaster. They were pretty well oiled, but it affected them differently. The Colonel's tongue could wag freely, but his legs were wobbly, while the Quartermaster was stiffly erect and he spoke with difficulty. They had two large baskets filled with bottled goods. "Boy," the Colonel ordered, "Take those baskets," which of course I did. "Brock, give me your arm." And you should have seen that procession, with me leading, laden with those two huge baskets, followed by the mo officers, closely linked arm in arm. A cane was propped out on each side of

them and the little Colonel toddling along beside big Brock. We got the Colonel safely stowed in the stern sheets of the boat and arrived safely on the farther shore, when the Army fell in, oh not in the River.

But we wended our "weary way" up the path to the sidewalk, when I was directed to set the baskets down. "Brock, pay the man." which Brock did. "Brock, take up those baskets." And up the street they went, Big Brock marching bravely and gravely, one big basket firmly grasped in either hand, looking neither to right nor left. Hobbling along behind, a cane stuck out to right and left was the doughty Colonel. While over at the men's barracks was a crowd of enlisted men thoroughly enjoying the spectacle, while I sat on the sidewalk and enjoyed the sight too.

On another occasion, the General and his Staff from our Camp were invited by the Officers at Fort Niagara to spend an evening as their guests and they were entertained at the Officer's Exchange, as they called it. We were to meet them at the landing at midnight to bring them home. They arrived at the Landing, plastered with mud. We did not presume to comment audibly on their condition, but the next day, I came across a man from our Town who was in the American Army and who was walking post near the Officer's Building when the men emerged, homeward bound. Lieut. Billy Morrow was Officer of the Day and he undertook to pilot the party. "Follow me, gentlemen, Keep in close touch ." It was pitch dark and drizzling rain and they had to pass between two buildings recently erected, leaving the passage between decidedly muddy. Some wretch had left a carpenter's trestle in the way and as the party proceeded in the dark, the whole of them landed in a goose pile with Morrow underneath. After much non-military language, etc., they finally untangled themselves and I'll bet they sneaked very cautiously into Camp.

January 19th, 1952

THE REID FAMILY

In these reminiscences, I have mentioned families that have gone from our midst and I have tried to give as fair a picture of them as I could. I would remind my readers that they are culled from my memory and I daresay, I may have made mistakes. I have in mind, however, a family many members of which are now still with us. I refer to the Reids. This is quite a big subject for there was a large family and I do not expect to mention them all personally. The first one of the family that I remember was Bob Reid, Senior. When I first knew of him, he used to be fishing

seine with Terry Elliott at the foot of King Street and at Fort Mississauga. One day, Jack Bolton had some gillnets set nearby and Bob and Bill Campbell sent Jimmy Hutchinson out in his scow to pick up the nets. While Jimmy was industriously pulling the net into his scow, Jack and his henchman, Bill Thorton arrived on the scene and there were fireworks. Poor old Jimmy, when he saw Jack approaching, he got rattled and dumped the whole thing out in a bundle. As we were not far away, we heard some decidedly unparliamentary language. This tickled the gang on the shore, but poor Jack felt anything but joyful as he painfully untangled his gear. Bob raised quite a family, his oldest son being Bob Reid Jr. When I first knew the second Bob, he was fishing in partnership with Bob Taylor and they were commonly known as "the Bobbies."

For some years, he was employed at the Lakeview Hotel and then became Chief Constable of the Town of Niagara, in succession to William Curtis. He held this position until 1912. It is too bad that he had not left us some account of his experiences. You must know that he had a multiplicity of duties. He was Health Inspector a good part of his time; Wood Inspector; Truant Officer. He saw to the building and mending of sidewalks. He was Fire Chief and caretaker of the Town Hall. Doug Secord had a favourite saying, "I'm a man of many moods and tempers," and I think we might apply this to Bob Reid Jr. for in his time, he must have had many different experiences. Bob was not a big man, but he was wiry and handy with his fists and once he laid hands on a delinquent, the same was a dead duck. I remember Bob being mixed up in a free for all scrap with some excursionists from Toronto the Good. This was before he was Chief and he gave a good account of himself in that same battle. I remember too, another occasion when he had to arrest a Toronto man. This man was wanted in connection with a disastrous bank failure. He had escaped to Lewiston but came to Niagara on Sunday to visit friends at the Queen's Royal Hotel. It was not then legal to serve papers on Sunday, but after he had spent several pleasant weekends, criminal charges had been laid. There were no Provincial Police then and the warrant for the arrest was sent to our Bob. When the boat from Lewiston docked at Niagara, the culprit walked off as bold as brass and into the hands of Chief Reid. As a large fleet of yachts was in Port, Mr. Man looked for help to the yacht crews to get him out of the toils. The whole gang of fisherman were on hand and you can bet there was a lively time. Suffice it is to say that Ontario's Ancient Capital utterly routed the forces of its present capital and Bob took his prisoner in triumph to the Town Hoosgow. Next day, Toronto Police arrived and took the prisoner aboard the Chicora. Awaiting the ship's arrival, was a large and angry mob but the ship was stopped in the Gap at Toronto and the man was taken ashore in a rowboat and thus escaped the mob. I believe that on trial, he was acquitted.

January 24th, 1952

I was going to breakfast one morning quite early. I was living in a house on Regent Street then and going up Regent, I saw at the corner of Prideaux, the Chief coming along Prideaux with a prisoner. I wondered where he had got him so early but went on up the street. Mrs. Bob Burns was living in Ed. Sherlock's home and was sweeping the leaves off the sidewalk. She looked up and smiled and said, "Good morning, " and then in a startled voice, "Oh look," I looked and there were Bob and his prisoner down in the dust in the middle of the road. As I looked, Bob got up and had his man by the collar. He called to me "Come here Joe." Of course I went. He told me to take hold of the prisoner, so I got a firm grip on his collar and left arm while Bob had him by the other arm and we marched him to the Town lockup. I remained with Bob while he searched the prisoner, finding a revolver and a box of cartridges and a few trinkets. The man had been found in what was lately the Grant-Suttie house by the caretaker, Jack Nisbet.

The man had evidently got into the wine in the Butler's Pantry and gone to sleep. He fled with his shoes in his hands and was sitting down lacing his shoes when our Chief came upon him. He had an iron drift bolt with him, which Bob was carrying when I first saw them. The man was tried and convicted and received two and a half years in Kingston Pen, while I received a dollar and a half for my little morning's adventure. The same man made an effort to escape from the train on route to Kingston. He was allowed to go to the men's lavatory and his guard caught him half way out of the window.

Bob Reid Jr. resigned in 1912, to take the position of Caretaker of the Government property, which position he held until his death. He returned a few years before his death to become Fire Chief, retaining his Government position. With his death, was ended a most useful career. He left behind him, sons and grandsons to be useful citizens. His eldest son, usually known as Dicky, was for a time, Manager of the Hotel formerly run by Jim Walsh and which occupied the building where Bob Howse has his business. He later on became an employee of the Canadian Cannery and has continued with them as Manager of their Fonthill factory these many years. Dicky was always an ingenious fellow. As a Forward on our first Hockey Team, he devised the long stick now generally in use. When I first knew about Hockey, the boys used to go out in the bush and cut sapling to make their sticks, which were only the length of an ordinary walking cane. Later on Dick Reid played in Goal and conceived the idea of a wider blade for the Goalie's stick. I don't believe I mentioned Charlie Bishop and Alec Doritty as members of that Hockey Team. That particular Team among them, conceived the idea of the goal net now also in common use. That first net was made from part of an old seine that we had stowed away in our Boathouse. I remember quite well that among the party who did this was my brother Fred Masters who was playing Goal, Charlie Bishop, Jack Hartley and Alec. Doritty. Dicky Reid carried

his inventive genius into his coming career as he has a number of invention and improvements to his credit. His brother Hedley Reid also played hockey and also was an important employee of the Cannery in the course of his career, managing several of their factories. Another brother, Fred Reid is serving in the regular Army and has been with them for a number of years. A grandson of Bob Reid's is now Chief of our Fire Brigade while his brother is a Captain in the same organization. Altogether, the family has been a decided asset to their home town. John Reid, Bob's next brother, worked for the Bishops for a long term of years and also was caretaker of our schools for a long time.

Walter Reid, the next brother, is the only one of the boys left with us. He too has lived a useful life. He worked as a youth for Henry Chrysler and later married his daughter. Later in life, he was a fisherman, painter and gardener. He served on the School Board and put in eleven years in Council. Before becoming a Councillor, he acted as D.H.O. at elections. He also was a member of the Fire Brigade as were all the boys. I may claim some credit for suggesting his name to fill a vacancy in Council in 1920. I was then Chairman of the Water Committee and asked to have him on my committee. He has surely made a good contribution to the Public life of this old Town. George Reid, the youngest of the brothers has not so long departed this life. He is best remembered as a Painter & Decorator. I have known him as Colour Sergeant of No. 1 Company of the old 19th Regiment. I might remark here, that all the Reid brothers served in the Militia and all served as Fireman. George also had one of the first picture theatres in the Town, situated in the long building opposite the Town Hall, afterwards moving his business to the present building down the street, which he bought after Mrs. Norris gave up business. He left three sons, one of whom is carrying on the Painting business; one is a successful Dentist and the third succeeded me as Town Clerk and Treasurer. Taken altogether, I think I am safe in saying that the Reid Family has done "true and laudable service."

January 31st, 1952

LOCAL IMPROVEMENTS

I thought it might not be a bad idea to reminisce a bit about some of the changes in our Town and the People who brought them about. Revertine back to the time when we were in an unimproved state, it would be well to think of the people who saw the need of some changes.

WATERWORKS

Take the case of losses from fire. Prior to 1890, we had no means of fighting a fire but the old hand engine, locally known as "The Man Killer." After the bad fire of 1886, the people generally recognized the need of a supply of water. We had had to depend on whatever wells or cisterns were handy and these were woefully inadequate to cope with a fire of any size. So in 1890, the Council of that year decided that something must be done and after much debate, a bylaw was passed to install a system of Waterworks. The Council of that year consisted of the following men: Henry Paffard, Mayor; John Bishop, Reeve; and Councillors: Robert Bishop, J. H. Burns, Charles Camidge, W. J. Campbell, Henry. Garrett, William W. McClelland, John Oliver, Colin C. Milloy and J. Russell Wilkinson. Before anything was actually done, however, Mr. Camidge, who seems to have opposed the project, brought legal action to have the by-law quashed on a technicality and in this action he was successful, so nothing could be done that year. So, in 1891, another By-law was passed by the new Council. Burns, Camidge and Milloy were missing from Council and were replaced by William H. J. Evans, William Hall and James Longhurst and the Waterworks Pumping Station was built and mains put down and a Water Tower built. I should like to point out that not much stress was laid on the idea of pure water, nor of a drinking water for the homes. The Fire Brigade was reorganized in much the same way as it is now. Two Companies, "A" and "B" were formed. Nearly all of one of the Companies were fishermen. Bob Reid was Chief and Paddy Lynch was Assistant Chief. The old team Pumping Plant has since been replaced. During 1914, the matter of purifying the water came to the fore and it was rendered more important by the presence of some 20,000 troops in our midst. That was my second year in Council and I remember that we had quite a time figuring things out, receiving much help and advice from the Camp Engineers. That chlorinated water was abominable to the taste and other chemicals have been added which have gone along way to make our water supply palatable as well as safe.

ELECTRICITY

The next improvement to come along was Electric Light. In 1887, the Canadian Chautauqua was started and when they built, they built themselves a small electric light plant. It had arc lights and a few of them were extended into Town. I remember that there was one in front of the Town Hall and several of them in the grounds of the Queen's Royal Hotel. That seems to have put the idea into people's head to have lights of our own, so in 1893, the matter was debated in Council. Those who were in Council in that year were Mayor Henry Paffard; Reeve John Bishop; Councillors; John Abbott, Robert Bishop, W. J. Campbell, Henry Ellison, John Ellison, H. J. Evans, H. A. Garrett, W. W. McClelland and James Swenerton. The matter aroused great interest and

the night the decisive vote was taken in Council, the Council Chamber was packed with interested citizens, in fact the gathering overflowed into the hall. Inside, the meeting seemed heated, so much so, that from my position outside in the hall, I could see the moisture running down the walls of the Chamber. However, the project was approved and a system known as the "Heisler System" was constructed. This system carried a voltage of 700 volts and was a direct current, without transformers. It was not particularly safe and was not at all elastic. Under it, street lights were not lighted on moonlight nights and were turned off at midnight and the whole plant was shut down at one o'clock. It lasted however, until 1908, when a supply of electricity was procured from the Ontario Plant at the Falls under a ten year contract. Before that contract expired, the Ontario Hydro Commission took over the plant and at the expiry of our contract, we became part of the Hydro System. The Town, under that old contract, had built the line to St. Davids to connect with the Ontario Company's line. This cost the Town \$8,000.00 and when the Hydro took over, we were only allowed about \$3,000.00 as they said the line would have to be rebuilt.

February 7th, 1952

SIDEWALKS

The next improvement that received attention was about the sidewalks. You must remember that all the walks were made of planks. These varied in width from the two-plank walk to a six foot width. The two plank ones were laid lengthwise, while all others were laid crosswise. The walks on Queen Street were six feet wide. They were the first to be replaced by cement. That work was done by John Thornton and if my memory serve me right, only two blocks were so done. I think I mentioned in a former article that the job of laying the present walks was done in 1910 and 1911. I was corrected by Tom Bishop, who told me that it was 1907 as it corresponded with the time of his marriage. I have been thinking things over and I find that there was some kind of fuss over the Council of 1905 and most of them were left home after the following election. The 1905 Council was composed as follows: Mayor William Miller; Councillors, Jas. Aikins, T. F. Best, M. J. Greene, W. R. McClelland, John Simpson and Joseph Walker. The 1906 Council consisted of Mayor Dr. H. L. Anderson and Councillors, T. F. Best, James Bishop, John Eckersley, John DeW. Randall, Fred J. Rowland and Joseph Walker.

I think this was the Council that started the cement walks. A contract was let to the firm of Langley & Cook of Niagara Falls. Most of the principal streets were to be done under this contract. A good deal of the cement was mixed by hand but a gas operated mixer began to be used. This mixer was a novelty then and remember that they started to use it at the River end

of Melville Street. The method of making concrete walks was not that now in common use. There were four inches of a weak mixture forming the base and one inch of a better mixture forming the surface. The Town had an Engineer overseeing the work and about the first half of the work was done under his supervision. There must have been something wrong with his eyes, for the Council dispensed with his services after the first year and Chief Reid bossed the job for the rest of the contract and did a much better job. You will notice a good many walks that are pretty well played out and mostly they are part of the work done under that system of mixing. We have got much better work since that contract was completed, the work being done by local men under the supervision of our own Chief Constable or the Town Foreman.

February 14th, 1952

ROADS

In the old days, we used to alternate between dust and mud on our roads and after our waterworks were installed, the Council decided to sprinkle the streets. Not all of the streets were watered; only those whose residents petitioned to have it done were so favoured and they were charged for the service as so much per front foot. After a time, it was discovered that a cheap oil preparation could be used and this substituted for the water. Many of you will remember the old tank wagon that was used. The oil preparation proved to be much more lasting in its effect on the dust, but it didn't do away with the mud, so that led to the idea of doing something to give a harder surface to some of our most travelled roads. Of course, we had had a stone road for many years. I do not know just when it was built, but I was told by an old resident that all the stone was broken by hand. The Stone road began in front of the Town Hall and turned the corner at Simcoe Street. Thence it went to Mary Street and along Mary to Mississauga and to the Town Boundary and on to Homer. This road throughout its length was always known as "The Stone Road". This stoning was only eight feet wide. When the automobile came on the scene, the need for hard surfaced roads became almost a necessity.

About the first of our hard roads to be built at this stage was Melville Street to Ricardo, and along Ricardo to Regent, thus giving us a good highway as far as the Queen's Royal Hotel, from the Steamboat Landing. The type of construction was what was known as Waterbound Macadam. Later on, the remainder of Melville St. was done to Byron. In my first year in Council, 1913, the N. S. & T. Railway was negotiating for an entry into Town. They had intended to *come* in on the westerly part of Queen Street, but had run into difficulties securing right of way through some properties and wished to come in at the head of King Street.

That Council by the way, was composed of Mayor J. DeW. Randall; Reeve Jas. Aikins; Councillors, Thomas W. Bishop, John A. Black, John H. Brown, Robert J. Cumpson, Joseph E. Masters and Stephen H. Sherlock, the last of whom was Chairman of the Board of Works. The Railway people were offering to grade the road from Cottage Street to Front Street. Steve Sherlock suggested that they be required to put eight inches of stone on the road. After some debate, the railway people agreed to this and the work was so done, the Town undertaking to put a finish of four inches on the road with a binder. Much credit is due Steve Sherlock for his part in this piece of work. He was very much interested in having good roads built, he being in the Taxi business. He did a great deal towards road building and improvements while in Council. Another man who was much interested was Mayor Randall, but unfortunately he was not able to do much, as 1913 was his last year in Council. During the Fall of that year, I was talking to him in front of his store and looking along Queen Street where there was a sea of mud.

He remarked to me that he would like to stone the street and that he thought to bringing the matter up in Council, with the idea of submitting it to the ratepayers at the forthcoming election. He asked me if I would support it and I assured him that I would do so. The matter was passed by Council, but, alas for poor Randall and his plans, both he and the road plan were turned down decisively. Randall was taken ill and died the following Spring. The street was stoned, however, but through a different method. Bill Harrison, having defeated Randall, went about the stoning of the street by calling a meeting of the property owners on Queen St. at which meeting, it was decided to petition Council to pave the street as a Local Improvement. Under this method, the properties would be assessed according to frontage, instead of the whole thing being chargeable against the general rates. At first, it was decided to put in curbs, forty-five feet apart, but on second thought, the road was made fifty-seven feet between curbs. Some may wonder why the road is so much higher in the centre than at the sides. At the time that the road was paved, government specifications called for a crown of one inch for each foot of width. Of course, this was not complied with altogether. It must be remembered too that most paved roads were done with water-bound macadam, which was not water-proofed, so sufficient drainage had to be provided. I was Chairman of the County Good Roads Committee which laid out the County Road System. While it was not the practice to build County Roads through Towns and Villages, but only to their outer boundaries, we decided to build through such municipalities and for this decision we had government approval. So it fell to me to map out the route through the Town to the Wharf. This I did and received the approval of the Town Council. Later on, an effort was made by interested parties to have the route altered to pass along Queen Street instead of Johnson, but the effort did not succeed. My reason for avoiding Queen Street was that it was already paved and we would not have received any financial credit for the work already done, nor would the ratepayers on the street have been relieved from their payments on the same.

February 21st, 1952

The route followed did not take in any of our paved streets except the Melville Street hill. The route was as follows: Mississauga to Johnson to Regent to Prideaux to Byron to Melville to the Dock. While Queen Street was being buuilt, there was considerable unemployment and men were put to work who otherwise would have been in need. Much road work was done during what was known as THE DEPRESSION. Picton, Wellington and Byron were done at different times under a system whereby the Provincial Government paid a part of the cost. Our streets now are a credit to us. One can now drive about the Town on fairly good roads; roads that are pretty free from dust. A friend from out of Town once said to me that he had never been in a small town that was as free from dust as Niagara. A good many men had had a part in this accomplishment. I have mentioned Steve Sherlock and Bill Harrison. I think I may take some credit to myself for at least the County Road, but all the men who served on the Board of Works deserve a pat on the back. Although I was the first Chairman of the County Road Committee and attended Road Conventions for the eight years that I served in County Council, nobody ever though of putting me on the Board of Works during the ten years I spent in Town Council. I only hope that the younger people of today will give the men who laboured for the betterment of our roads and streets some thought and credit for the conveniences which they now enjoy. To quote Shakespeare, "The evil that men do lives after them, the good is oft interred with their bones." I hope this is not the case in Niagara. We have much to be thankful for in this Town of Niagara, small though it be. It has a charm which others realize better perhaps, than we do ourselves. I have heard many nice things said about it, about the only derogatory thing being that it is too quiet. Not a bad thing, quietness, after all. One of the things many have admired is its tree-lined streets. I can remember when there was not much shade, the trees being too small to throw a shade. There was talk some time ago about restoring the Town to what it was a century ago. I thought at the time, it was a foolish idea. It was that talk which had a good deal to do with my reminiscing about the old times. How about our trees. A great many of them have about lived out their allotted span. In travelling through our Park, I notice many fine trees that are becoming crippled through age and storm and I have regretted that no one seems to be sufficiently interested to plant a few new ones each year so that one of our most attractive features will not be lost to us.

TREES

I noticed while sojourning in Toronto, that streets in the newer parts of the City were planted with young trees. One street where I stayed had maples on one side and elms on the other. Those trees were not the little switches that I have seen planted here, but good healthy trees of

ten to twelve feet of height. Each tree had a good stout stake to which it was attached. Why not now start on a plan of planting a few each year so that our old ones can be honourably retired from service as age overtakes them.

Take a look at the streets surrounding our Park and see for yourselves what is happening. That is just a sample of what is happening on most of our streets. There used to be quite a lot of large willow trees here and there about the Town, nearly all have disappeared. Down in the flats, a new crop has grown up. I think that these all had their origin in willow switches that a man named Moody planted when I was a small boy. He was a basket maker. In his day, the most of the flats were frog ponds and the willow switches were stood upright in bunches like a shock of grain. This family moved to Toronto and some of the family still carry on a business in willow furniture on Yonge Street, at 889. I noticed the name when riding down on a street car. St. Mark's Cemetery was dotted with these massive willows which have disappeared. Then there used to be some large poplars. One huge one stood on Ricardo Street, just in front of the Logan residence. These too seem to be a thing of the past.

February 28th, 1952

LAKE BOATS

And now the Steamship service in and out of the River is one more thing that is past. From Niagara's earliest history, passenger service was a most important feature of the life of the Town. Even in the days before Steamboats, Sailing Ships furnished a most convenient link with other places on or near Lake Ontario. When I was a small boy, we had three steamers running in competition with one another. The City of Toronto, The Rothesay and the Chicora. It was a lucrative traffic in those days. Fuel and labour were both cheap. I can remember when the old City, as she was familiarly known, burned wood. I have seen the men wheeling wood aboard. They had a large wheelbarrow that held a great pile of wood. I remember a wood wharf at the lower end of Youngstown, owned by the Marshalls. where the City used to take on fuel occasionally. After the Chicora, owned by the Niagara Navigation Company, had the route to herself, the business became a flourishing one and the fleet was increased until they had four boats. The first addition was the Cibola. She was fabricated in the old country and assembled in Kingston. While the Chicora's complement of passengers was about 800, the Cibola's was about 1200. The business grew and the Chippewa was added, built in Hamilton. They put an upper deck on her and so that the passengers would not be smothered with soot, they burned hard coal. Later on, due to a coal shortage, they changed to the soft variety of fuel. The Chippewa's capacity was about 2100 people. I remember when the bicycle craze was on,

one would see dozens of them wheeled off the Chippewa on a Saturday afternoon. They had bicycle racks in the bow of the Steamer in which the wheels were placed while on route. Then the Cibola was burned at Lewiston Dock one night with the loss on one life and the Corona was built at Toronto to replace her. They used the machinery in the new boat and she carried about 1600 passengers. These boats were all paddle wheel boats and were very comfortable to ride in. The business was so good, that another and larger steamer was decided upon, and the Cayuga was built at Toronto. She was furnished with twin screws and was originally planned to carry about 2400 passengers. And now they are all gone.

THE BISHOP FAMILY

A family that played a prominent part in Niagara affairs for many years and is ?????? A forty-eight years in Council. There seems to have been a large family of males in the generation that I first knew; Bill, George, Jack, Bob and Frank. I did not know Bill and George as they lived in Buffalo and were in the Butcher Business there. I knew a daughter of George, for she used to visit in Town. I know Bill's wife and son Tom. We used to call him Fatty Tom to distinguish him from the Tom Bishop who is with us. Fatty served in the old 19th Regiment with me and was a nice, good natured chap. His mother, Jane used to spend the summers here. She owned the property on Regent Street, including Bert Taylor's house and extending to Johnson Street. There was a house of stone, a low place of one storey, near the corner of Johnson Street and there she made her summer home. It has since been taken down and a modern cottage has replaced it. I shall have to tread warily about those members of the family who lived here in my time. They have so many relations and connections that their name is legion. I should say that Jack was the most prominent of the three, and I knew all three very well. Jack had a large family, all of whom married and had families of their own. But more of that later. Jack Bishop spent twenty-six years altogether in public service, all in the space of twenty-nine years, having only missed three years in all that time. His service was eight years as Councillor, fifteen years as Reeve, one as Mayor and two as County Commissioner. He was Mayor in 1875 and in 1888 and part of 1887 was Warden of the County of Lincoln. During the time of his service, he was in Council when we got our Waterworks and Electric Light. Jack Bishop was a forceful and a wise man and played his full part in the improvement of our Town. His own business was Grocer and Butcher. His place of business was in the building now occupied by the Niagara Advance and I venture to say that much of the Town business was also done in that same building. I do not say this in any derogatory sense, but anyone knows that not all the discussion of Town affairs is carried on in the Council chamber. He was an likeable fellow, plain spoken, and was altogether a worthwhile citizen and one of which any Town could be proud. Of his family of eight, five were girls and three were boys. The boys being born after the girls, are still with us. Jim and his wife

raised a fine family, most of whom have made their homes elsewhere, only Bill being a resident. Jim Bishop is a carpenter and a good one, but has found time to put in seven years in Council. He is fond of a quiet joke and has a keen sense of humour. Tom Bishop married Jenny Allen and their family run to the distaff side, his wife being one of a large family, all girls. Tom has busied himself in various ways. He helped his father in the store and later, he and his brothers carried on a canning business. He put in one year and part of another in Council and has acted as Town Auditor several times. He was later on in the Government Liquor Store. In all of these activities, he showed marked ability.

Pete Bishop is the only one of the boys who stayed with his father's business. With an eye to business coming to Town by Trolley, from St. Catharines, he leased a lot from the Town on the corner of King and Johnson Streets and thereon he built a store in which he still does business. He lost his wife some years ago, and a very nice woman she was, and so far has managed to escape the snares of predatory females. In fact, he seems satisfied with his lot, and after all, it is his business. Of the girls, Lilian has just lately passed on. She married Bob Cumpson and left a son and a daughter. Louisa, her twin, married Mike Greene and also left a son and a daughter. Ida married Walt Campbell and left two sons, twins Elwyn and Merle. Nina married Herb Walsh and they raised a very nice family, most of them still here. Aggie married John Pickwell and they moved away from Town.

Frank Bishop used to have a Pool Room over his brother's store, where Harry Sherlock now lives. He was rather an odd character and we kids got to know him very well, as he quite often went out fishing with us in the Bass season. He used to carry a small flask of "Liver Medicine" with him, from which he occasionally took a small dose whenever he felt the need. He was quite ready to share his medicine with my Dad. One day, my brother Fred opined that his liver was bad too, but he was curtly told that it wasn't good for little boys. Frank's wife died while quite young and left him with small children who had to be taken in by relatives. One boy Willie lived with the Jim Doritty's and was usually known by their name.

March 13th, 1952

Bob Bishop was the best known by us around the Waterfront as he for many years, did the fish marketing and also he dealt in fruit, so that he was one of the most widely known men of his time. He served twenty-one years in Town Council altogether, his period of service extending from 1876 to 1900, four of these years as Reeve. Bob had a family of five sons and one daughter. His wife was Janet Long, sister of William Long, the hotel keeper and Auctioneer for many years. His boys grew up among us. Charlie the eldest married Julia Ball, who bore him two

sons. He was a very nice young man, but died while yet a young man. He was a member of our first Hockey Team and was a very popular fellow. The other boys, Bob, Harry, Archie and Eddie all went to British Columbia where they all played hockey and all were good at it. Bob came back east some years ago, and you will remember his oldest son as Dr. Bishop who practised as a tooth doctor over the Post Office for some years. Harty was killed in a bomb explosion on a train in the west, the bomb being meant for Peter Verogin, a leader of the Doukobors, who was seated nearby. Archie is with us and does business at his father's old stand and I think he is the only one of the boys still living. His only sister Anna, married Bill Ball and is still with us. They raised a large family of three boys, only one of whom is living in Town, Goring Ball by name.

Sizing up the record of the Bishop Family, one must realize that they have played a great part in the business and welfare of the Town of Niagara and have earned a place in our memoirs. They sure "done their bit." And don't forget that Jack Bishop has a great-grandson in Council at the present time.

THE MASTERS FAMILY

I have written of those families who collectively have given many years of service to our Town, mostly in Council. Perhaps I may be pardoned if I refer to my own family, who served in various capacities from 1879 to 1952. My father was a member of the old Public School Board for twenty-five years. When he passed away, I served out his last term. He was Chairman for several years. I served seven years on the High School Board and ten years in Council, eight of them as Reeve and part of my last year as Mayor. I suppose I am the only one who was Mayor and Reeve at the same time. I served as Assessor from 1924 to 1928, Secretary-Treasurer of the Hydro Commission from 1926 to 1929 and Town Clerk and Treasurer until my retirement on account of illness at the end of 1944. I served eleven years on the County Board of Criminal Audit and fourteen years on the Mother's Allowance Board. I was for about 38 years a member of the Public Library Board, ten of them as President and about the same time as Secretary. I put in about thirty years as a member of the Board of the Bible Society. I was Sunday School Superintendent of st. Mark's for forty years and was a member of the Choir for fifty years, twenty-seven of those years as Choirmaster. I also served for many years on the Hospital Board and was Chairman of it when illness compelled my retirement, after serving from 1922 to 1944. My brother has been a member of the Board of Education for years past, only retiring at the end of 1951.

I shall probably be recalling various individuals to your memory from time to time, who have said or done something noteworthy. I should welcome any help in recalling the past for your edification.

March 20th, 1952

The following tale was written by me in 1895 and is an account of an actual event and told to me by my mother and I thought it might find a place in these reminiscences.

A WINTER DISASTER

About thirty years ago, occurred one of the saddest events that ever happened around the mouth of the Niagara River. It was on a winter night and a terrible storm of wind and snow was sweeping over the River and Lake. The river was partly full of running ice and the waters of the Lake were raging under the fury of the heavy wind. A family, consisting of a man named Low, his wife, child and mother-in-law were on the Canadian side and were anxious to cross the river. Low kept a Butcher shop in Youngstown. His wife was a Niagara girl and they had been visiting friends in Town, and now wished to return home.

Mr. Ralfe Clench, who was then keeping a Hotel at The Ferry, warned Low of the danger of attempting to cross in such a storm. However, it was after dark, but the party embarked in a scow and started away. They never reached their destination and were never seen again. Not a trace of them was ever found. No one saw their last moments, heard their despairing cries, their prayers. No one knows what they suffered or how long; whether they were slowly frozen to death or quickly engulfed by the greedy waves. How terrible must have been their thoughts. How all the hopes and fears of their past life must have swept before them. Would not anyone then realize the many things he had neglected, the sins he had committed, how unfit he was to die. Oh, the pity of it. Out on a raging Lake, far from the sight of human eyes, beyond the reach of a helping hand, surrounded by a tempestuous sea, grinding ice, drifting snow, with the wind hooting around them, as if taunting them with their helplessness, what a plight to be in. How that man must have reproached himself for not taking the friendly advice given him.

It is one of the frailties of our human nature to reject friendly advice because it does not agree with our own inclinations and we often realize our folly when it is TOO LATE.

SERGEANT MAY

We have reminisced heretofore about families and it might be interesting to mention a few individuals. One that I have in mind was a very well known man about Town for a good many years. He was best known as a Taxi man, but I knew him from 1886 and I was probably one of the first in Niagara to make his acquaintance. He was then Sergeant May of the 11th U.S. Infantry. There are some incidents in his career before he came to Niagara to live that I would like to tell you about. Tommy May had bought a boat from Dan Sherlock and this he used to ferry himself across. One morning, after he had spent the night on our side, the River was nearly full of running ice. Tommy made an effort to get through it, but on nearing the other shore, he found the ice so tightly packed that he got stuck before he could make the Fort wharf and he had to work out of the ice. He came rowing up past the wharf on our side. I happened to be standing beside the train talking to Conductor Paddy Miles when he was passing, boung upstream and I said to him that he had better give up the attempt to cross. "I'll cross the bloomin river if it takes me the doggone dye." said he. "Let him go, let him go. Another dern fool" said Mr. Miles. And he went up stream a mile or so and met the same fate. And he made a third attempt. This time he got so close to the Fort Wharf that some soldiers tried to throw him a rope but their attempt failed . And Tommy was carried by the current out into the Lake, where he drifted tuckered completely out. Some soldiers embarked in a boat from the Fort and went out after him and they couldn't get back. So, along some time in the afternoon, the Niagara fishermen took a boat belonging to Charlie Currie and went to the rescue. There were ten or twelve of them in the party with plenty of oars and pikepoles.

They had quite a job getting to the two boats. Tommy's hands were blistered and he was all in, but would not admit he was licked. "What did ye come out here for. I'm all right. Well, our men gathered the two boats "as a hen gathereth her chickens," and slowly and painfully made their way to the U.S. Shore below the Fort, where there was a roadway up which they dragged their boat, placed it on a wagon and took it up to Youngstown, whence they made their way once more through the ice to our side. The men were tired and the boat had a hole in her, but otherwise everything was hunky dory. A job well done without thanks or reward. All those men have passed away, and their deed should not be forgotten. One must remember that there was no Life Saving Service then.

March 24th, 1952

RIVER ICE

I remember on another occasion, Ed Bradley came to my door and told me that somebody was stuck in the ice in the River. It was a still, frosty night. I went over to the River and I could see and hear the ice as it moved towards the Lake. People were gathered in front of the Queen's Royal Hotel and among them was Bill Milloy who was living at the Oban. Once could see in the dim light, what looked like a boat on the ice which was frozen some distance out from the shore. When Mr. Milloy saw me, he asked me what I thought was the best way to get out there. The ice was too thin to bear one up, so I suggested to him that a light boat and some planks be got. By walking on the planks and dragging the boat along, it could be done. My father and I had often used this means of getting through ice. So, a boat was got from the Hotel Boathouse and some planks from Billy Black's house then building. I might explain that Black was caretaker at the Queen's and his new house was that now owned by Mrs. Trounce. Berry Patterson and Bill Bell were undertaking to make the trip, but Bill stepped back for something and Tommy May jumped into his place and away they went. They were quite successful and brought their man to safety. It was a youth named Black from Youngstown. Berry and Tommy got medals and Tommy wore his with great pride.

Tommy later on worked up a successful Livery business and served nine years in Town Council. When I first knew him, he was the Fort Shoemaker and was very good at his trade. He was one of the best rifle shots in his Regiment. He was a Veteran of several Indian campaigns in the Western States and in his latter days, received a medal from the U.S. Government for his service.

Another incident occurred at almost exactly the same spot many years ago, and with a very disastrous ending. I was in Tom Ferguson's shop on Queen St., then located where the Club 19 is now. John Long came past and looking in the door, he called out that there were some men in the ice down by the Queen's. Garner Clark, who was in the shop at the time, ran with me down to the front of the Queen's where were gathered a good many men and boys.

There had been a heavy wind blowing from the northeast and it had blown a lot of soft mushy ice into the eddy opposite the Queen's. This was stuff that once could not walk on or navigate through. Three u.s. soldiers had started for our side in a rowboat and had become stuck in the ice. They were calling lustily for help and could be heard uptown. Every once in a while, a huge sea would come boiling in and their situation was extremely dangerous. Just after we arrived on the scene a mountainous sea came roaring in and the boat seemed to run over endwise. For

a moment, nothing could be seen or heard of the boat and men and then they appeared. It seemed to me that only two came up; then there there broke on our ears, the most blood-curdling screams. In another moment, all was still but the roaring of the seas and the crunching of the ice. Only one body was ever recovered and that down near Oswego. I could hear those screams for weeks afterwards. One of those soldiers was the son of the Bandmaster at Fort Niagara and was only 16 years of age. His name was Trautner. I was told later on that he had promised his mother that he would not attempt to cross the river that night. If that were true, he surely paid for his broken promise.

April 3rd, 1952

THE WARREN FAMILY

I wonder how many remember the Warren family. One of our outstanding men when I was a boy, was Bob Warren, the Postmaster. He was a tall, rather austere appearing man, a man of very strong character. For some reason unknown to me, he was estranged from his family. Besides his duties as Postmaster, he was Superintendent of the Methodist Sunday School. I remember him very well in that position, as for a time, I attended that Sunday School. At that time, Our Sunday School was held in the forenoon so I took in the Methodist one in the afternoon. It was being held in what was called the Temperance Hall, the third storey of the Stewart building on Queen Street. Mr. Stewart removed the top storey when he became the owner of it. Could it be that he didn't like the odour of sanctity that must have lingered about the place. You must know that later on the Salvation Army occupied the premises for several years. There were two sisters named Richardson, who laboured here in that Army. Bob Davidson used to beat the drum for them, but they ultimately gave Niagara up as a bad job. We got quite used to their militant songs, some of which I can still hear. But to get back to our Mr. Warren. He was very much interested in promoting a Canadian Chautauqua. His family then owned the McIntyre farm adjoining Paradise Grove. Mr. Warren and his fellows in the movement, tried for years to secure the Grove from the Dominion Government with the idea of combining it with the Warren Farm to get sufficient land for their project. They were at last compelled to give up that idea and they then turned their attention to the other side of the Town. They were able to purchase two farms, the Crooks farm and the Oliver farm. The first of these lay almost entirely within the Town, the other just over the One Mile Creek. The surrounded the land with an eight-foot board fence. This fence ran from the Lake shore at Queen and Tenth Streets, along the latter street to the limit of their land and ending at the Lake shore at the other side of their property. I believe there is still a fence between it and the adjoining land, now the Rifle Range.

They were quite ambitious in their plans. They built two hotels, a huge open air amphitheatre, and a wharf cut into the lake. They twice dredged the One Mile Pond to make a small port, which the lake finally spoiled. They had a railroad train running into their grounds from the spur at John Street. In fact, this spur was put in for their convenience. This train used to meet the Toronto boats at the Dock. The first public gathering held there was an auction, whereat they sold lots. The people came over on the morning boat and were rowed out to the grounds from Redhead's boathouse. I had the Peake family as my share of the crowd. At the sale, quite a number of lots were sold. The first house built was Mr. Warren's and it is and was near the road which was built, just on the high ground south of the road and just beyond the creek. Wharf, railway, amphitheatre and hotels have all gone. The large hotel was first called Hotel Chautauqua and later named the Strathcona. It was burned down one fine summer day when it was peopled by a houseful of guests, but fortunately no one was injured, although their belongings were lost. The other small hotel stood in the woods near the western boundary and was kept for years by a Mrs. Duckworth. It was ultimately taken down. It was known as The Lakeside. I attended quite a number of the concerts which were held during the summer seasons. There was an electric light plant in the grounds too, of which the late James Longhurst was Engineer. Altogether, it was one ambitious enterprise, but its semi-religious atmosphere did not seem to have the appeal that it was hoped to have and gradually it died away with its planners. It was a worthwhile project and Bob Warren ought to be remembered for the good that he strove to do for Niagara and for Canada.

April 19th, 1952

WILLIAM KIRBY

Among the men of Niagara deserving of more than a passing mention is the late William Kirby. He played a very prominent roll in Niagara's affairs from the time that he came to Canada about 1839. He seems to have given the country a once over before settling in our Town, but once settled here, he sprang into the foreof affairs. He busied himself in various ways before embarking on a newspaper career. When I was a boy, he was Collector of Customs. When he was first appointed to that office, it was a very important one, as the Town was then the centre of shipping and merchandising for the whole district. One must remember that until the Weiland Canal was built, St. Catharines was only a crossroads settlement, sometimes known as "Shipman's Gore." Mr. Kirby was the mainspring of the movement to keep the County Seat in Niagara, travelling all over the County and to Ottawa and Toronto, making innumerable speeches. I daresay he used every resource of the tongue and pen, but all to no avail. Beamsville at that time, was also making claim to be the County Seat, as it is geographically

nearer the center of the County than either Niagara or St. Catharines. But St. Catharines carried the day by offering a free Courthouse. The title of the County Courthouse is still in the City. Later on, it was found necessary to add a wing to it and the County pays a rental to the City for that wing, which, of course the City built.

I had the fact of the City's ownership brought home to me in a peculiar way. When Art VVelstead was Chairman of the Building Committee of County Council, he was discussing the improvement of the lighting of the Judge's Chambers with Judge Campbell, and they walked outside to look the building over on the James Street side. The Judge was horrified to discover an emblem of a BULL over the basement entrance. That was infra dig on the wall of the Judge's Rooms and must be removed forthwith. I believe that at one time, the said basement was used as a Market, hence the emblem. Art came to me as I was Warden that year and we arranged to have the emblem recut as a Beaver on a Log and the work was begun. However, Herb Cummings who was then Assistant City Solicitor, came by and saw the work being done, whereupon he hied him away to Mayor Elson and we received a peremptory note from the Mayor to cease work on the property of the City. So the work ceased and at a joint meeting of Committees of City and County Councils, at which I presided, we thrashed the matter out at some length. The City men were adamant in their stand and insisted that we replace the emblem as it had been. I had the pleasure of telling them what we thought of them, so there is no bull and no beaver. Just a mutilated bit of stonework. But to get back to Mr. Kirby. He was very busy when our men were away at the time of the Fenian Raid in 1866, in seeing that the Town men were supplied with food. Another of Mr. Kirby's activities was in connection with our Public Library, he being an active member for well over fifty years, the last thirty years of which, he was President. I have a copy of an address which he gave in 1898 that being the fiftieth anniversary of the Library as it was then constituted. I find also, that he was a very active man in Church matters. I remember seeing him when I was a boy, coming into Church with his wife and son John. He was a regular attendant. Then too, he was Magistrate and tried all the minor cases that came before him. Grave, sedate and dignified, he looked and acted the part and while by many, he was not liked, he was respected. Altogether he was a good citizen and worthy of a place in our "Book of Remembrance."

JOHN RAYNOR

Among the many old timers I have known, there is a man whom I know very well indeed. In fact he seemed to me as almost a second father, as he and my father were lifelong pals. I speak of John Raynor, father of Mrs. Mary McClelland, who by the way, will be celebrating her 80th birthday on April 8th. John Raynor and my father were both born in Army Barracks at Gibraltar

and both came to Canada with their Father's Regiments about 1840. They soldiered together, sailed together and fished together. I wish to speak though, particularly about Mr. Raynor. He served in the U.S. Navy during the War between North and South and received a bullet wound at the siege of Vicksburg on the Mississippi and for which he, late in life, received a pension from the U. S. Government.

That service didn't finish his career, however, for he was a member of our No. 1 Company and took part in the expedition to Phillipsburg on Lake Champlain after the St. Albans' Raid. He turned out too for the Fenian Raid and served for many years after that in the same Company and Regiment. When I first was taken by my father to the Town Hall to watch the men drill, Jack Raynor was Colour Sergeant of the Company, while my father was Battalion Sergeant-Major.

Between whiles, Mr. Raynor was a sailor, both fresh and salt water, I remember him when I was a small kid as a Wheelsman on the old Steamer Southern Belle, plying between Niagara and Toronto. Later on, he took to the net fishing, which he followed for many years. He was a County Constable for a long time and take it all in all, he was a useful citizen. He married Elizabeth Skinner of Youngstown and they had a family of two boys and one girl. The boys moved away from Town but the girl is still with us. She is the widow of Bert McClelland who passed away many years ago. She has a family of two, Mrs. L. A. Warner who lives with her and her son Bert, who is in charge of the Queenston Park. Soldiering runs in the blood for Bert is a veteran of both the recent wars. Nolan Raynor, the second of Jack's sons, served overseas in the first Great War, while John the older son was a member of the militia for some years. He was also a member of our Town Fire Brigade before moving away. Relations between our families were always most cordial, Mr. and Mrs. Raynor being my sister's God-parents. Mr. Raynor and my father were born about six months apart and died with about the same interval between. Mr. Raynor was born first and my father being the first to go to the Great Beyond.

April 24th, 1952

BROCK'S STONE

I was thinking about some things in which William Kirby was interested and in which he did things with no hope of reward. For instance, I have referred to what is known as Brock's Stone in a former article. Mr. Kirby hired my father, Jack Raynor and Dan Sherlock to rescue it from the river and place it in St. Mark's Churchyard for safe keeping. My father told me of this and my recollection of the matter is that the stone formerly stood on the bluff above the Old Ferry and was dumped into the River when the Railway cutting was dug out. And while I am about it, I

would suggest that the Historical Society place some kind of marker near the stone to identify it for those visiting points of interest in our Town. I venture to say that very few of our young people ever heard of Brock's Stone and not many of the grown-ups of our day. I have lately been loaned a copy of Kirby's Annals of Niagara by Mr. Fred Garrett and find many items of interest in its pages.

Mr. Kirby sets us an example of public-spirited citizenship that we could all of us, follow. He and Miss Carnochan have done yeoman's service in writing of the former days when our Town and our Country were in the making. Another person to whom we owe a debt of gratitude is the late General Cruikshank who furnished much valuable information gleaned from the Public Archives in Ottawa.

THE HALF- MOON BATTERY

Another matter to which I should like to call to the attention of our Historical Society is the blotting out of all trace of "The Half-Moon Battery." When the Parks Commission was modernizing Fort George, if I may be pardoned for using the term, they thoroughly removed the last bit of the old Battery. It was quite a familiar object in my young days and I have often noticed the remains of old planking sticking out of the bank below it, where there had been an underground chamber. I think this site should be marked in some way as it played a part in the defences of the frontier when our friends across the way were not so friendly.

FORT MISSISSAUGUA

Another thing to be noted is the dilapidated state of Fort Mississauga. I am told that the Golf People have even been tearing out the planking and timbers within the Tower for purposes of their own. The present Park's Commission have nothing to be proud of in their neglect of our ancient defences. I am particularly interested in Fort Mississauga because my father, and his brother attended school there when their father was soldiering in Butler's Barracks. Of course, the log buildings which formerly stood within the Fort walls have long since been removed, but there is no valid reason why the poor old Tower should be further wrecked. Historical Society please wake up. It wouldn't be a bad idea to set a *wee* fire under Tod Daley about this matter.

AMERICAN TRENCH

The present resting place of Brock's Sone is in what was formerly a part of an American Trench which wound through the graveyard and across the Common. Part of the same trench was filled in when grading was being done for the new Hospital.

FORMER HOSPITALS

I wonder how many remember when the house on Gage Street was used as a Hospital when we were suffering from the flu epidemic of 1918. The house then belonged to W. T. Gray. He and his wife were in England at the time and the epidemic became so serious that the Mayor of that day, Will McClelland authorized to taking over of the house as an Emergency Hospital. Several deaths occurred in it and the Grays never afterwards occupied it but soon sold it and left our Town, never to return.

Then we had a Private Hospital on Gate Street in the house now occupied by George Willett. It was kept by a Mrs. Nash, a nurse, whose husband was killed in the First Great War. I don't think there were any deaths in it, but there were some births. Its services were appreciated and I think that those two hospitals showed the need of a permanent hospital, and the Nelles family and the late Dr. Rigg earned the gratitude of the people for their work in starting what has now developed into such a splendid institution.

May 1st, 1952

HIGH WATER AND HIGH WINDS

We see and hear a lot about high water nowadays, and it takes me back to my boyhood days around the River and Lake. One would gather that never had there been any high water since the white man came to these parts. I remember very well, however a spell of high water in the Spring of 1886. About the first week in April of that year, we had a big blow from the northeast that did a lot of damage along our Waterfront. We had very high water at the time and the seas washed up against the railway bank all the way from Elliotts to the Wharves. Several boathouses were smashed into kindling wood, among them John Redhead's at the Wharf and at the foot of King Street. We all laboured diligently to move all our gear to higher ground. Boats and nets were piled on the ground leading to the Railway Roundhouse. Jack Bolton had his on the Railway Bank near his house (now the home of Bert Taylor). There was two feet of

water in the flats and we sailed home across the same flats. The waves washed over the Railway at the Dock and flooded the Hotel Cellar. The bank in front of the Queen's Royal Hotel was badly eroded and goodness knows how much damage would have been done if it had not come on to snow. And how it did snow. It piled up huge icebanks. As one result of the storm, the hotel proprietors by permission of the Dominion Government of that day, tore down all the log buildings in Fort Mississauga and used the material so obtained to build a breakwater along the Hotel frontage. I remember that Jim Longhurst had the job of bringing stone from Queenston to load the Breakwater. He used a small Steamboat called the "Hotes," and I think I see her puffing busily down the river with a big scow loaded to the gunwales with stone, tethered on each side of her. If a sea had ever hit the outfit, there wouldn't have been any "Flying Enterprise" about it. The Steamer, by the way, was owned by the Rev. E. Stuart-Jones, who was at that time, curate of St. Mark's Church, under Archdeacon McMurray.

I remember that during the height of the storm, a fishing boat belonging to Ike Lloyd of Youngstown came drifting along our beach and a sea carried it neatly into Ball's Boathouse, the door of which had vanished. The next sea brought it out again and it vanished, gone no doubt, to the port of missing ships, for it was never seen again.

I learned early to sail a boat and my Dad used to make me take the rudder when I frankly would rather have been excused. My brother Charlie and I made up our Dad's crew and we were usually referred to as "The Skeeter Crew." Sometimes we doubled up with another crew. I remember one time we doubled with Jack Bolton whose crew was the late "Jimmy Tay." Those were the days when "Daylight Savings Time" hadn't been invented. But we saved time by getting up anywhere from 2 to 4 in the morning and doing as day's work before breakfast.

There wasn't much sale for fish and Jack Bolton had a peddler and we had one, and one boat would hold enough to supply both. We had to have the nets lifted and be on the Lake shore by sunrise, so the peddlers could get away to Market at the Falls or St. Catharines for early market.

One morning, we set sail shortly after 2 o'clock, there being a nice southwest breeze, sail was made, sheets made fast, Joey was ensconced at the helm, while Joe Sr. and Jimmy laid them down one on either side of the centre board, while Jack took the bow and soon the three of them were snoring peacefully while the good ship snored along with your truly in full command of the situation. There were the usual waves that go with a brisk wind and somehow or other, the man (?) at the wheel permitted the good ship to luff into the wind a bit and a wave came aboard. You, no doubt, have heard a radio abruptly shut off in the midst of a concert. Silence came o'er the scene but not for long. The man at the wheel was justly consured for his carelessness, which of course, he bore in silence, he being badly outnumbered.

I remember another period of high water when the water was up into the road at the Ferry Landing at the Slip. It think it would be early in the 1900's. There were no storms worth speaking of that season, so no great damage was done. It has become the fashion nowadays, to blame everything on the government and to run crying to the Government when we get into trouble. I sometimes think we are getting too much government. People and municipalities are losing the desire to help themselves.

May 8th, 1952

STORMS

I was listening to the radio announcing an unusual occurrence which took place a day or two ago. It seems that a huge wave struck the Bruce Peninsula quite unexpectedly, causing an abrupt rise of the waters of Lake Huron and a consequent amount of damage along the waterfront. Damage was also caused along the Michigan side of the Lake. We do not have tides on the Great Lakes, consequently it could not be called a tidal wave, but there must be a cause for waters in ponds and lakes do not get up and cavort around of their own volition. There must have been an upheaval of the Lake bottom somewhere and the bottom of that Lake is a long way down in a great part of its expanse. I suppose that nobody remembers a similar occurrence nearer home, but such a thing did actually happen along our own Lake front. I had the story from my mother many years ago and she remembered it clearly as one of the victims of the huge wave was her brother, William Keith. Men were engaged in dragnet fishing along the beach between the lake and the Two Mile Pond on a quiet day in April of 1854 when without warning, a huge sea came in and swept men and nets and everything into the pond which was then much larger and deeper than it is at present. When the turmoil had subsided and the men had gathered their wits about them, they set about recovering their gear from the pond. Imagine their dismay when they found entangled in the mess of nets and ropes, two dead people in the persons of an elderly man named James Forster and William Keith, aged 14. Nobody knew the boy was there until his body was discovered. I have seen a record in one of the old books in the Town Office of their decease. I do not know whether any other damage was done at the time, but two sudden deaths were damage enough .

Another event belonging to that era which was unusual and unexpected was a wind squall which swept in off the lake and caused a great deal of damage to property. Among buildings damaged was St. Andrew's Church which had its spire blown down. The building which now houses the basket factory at the Dock had its roof blown off. It was in the course of erection for

the railway, as part of the car works which flourished at that time. No lives were lost as the damage occurred at the noon hour when the men were away. I wonder what would have happened if some one had previously invented DAYLIGHT SAVINGS TIME."

THE 24TH OF MAY

Taking it all in all "the lines have fallen to us in pleasant places." We don't have floods such as have been devastating the west of late. We don't have tornados nor earthquakes, nor long periods of drought. We do sometimes have more rain than we want, but not often. I remember, however, that in 1897 we had such a happening. The Queen's Birthday used to be the big holiday of the year then .

We hadn't discovered Labour Day yet, so the 24th of May was something of note. To the kids, it meant a holiday from school and it was firecracker day. You could buy firecrackers cheaply then and a bunch of them was a bonanza for a kid. Of course, we had sports. In the forenoon, we had water sports, swimming and rowing, yes and sailing races. On this particular 24th, it began to rain before we finished at the water and it rained every day until the middle of July, so the land sports were a long while after the water sports. As a consequence of so much rain, we had no peaches and no potatoes. Even the shade trees were covered with mould.

I remember too, that in 1917, when Uncle Sam decided to take a hand in the doings over the pond, they established an Officers' Training Camp at Fort Niagara There being not much accomodation for them in Youngstown, a good many of their wives came to our Town to board and we used to transport them over the Ferry. The whole month of June was wet and cold and about the 6th of July, it dried up and the weather became hotter then "Dutch Love in Fly Time." When that came about, I remember one of those ladies remarking, "Gracious, they told me Canada was cold." We have very much to be thankful for, even if we are not a big metropolis. So, "Feller Citizens, when you feel like doing a bit of grouching, "Think on these things, and give thanks.":

May 15th, 1952

CHANGES IN OUR TOWN

So many changes have come about in our Town in my life span, that one would think it easy to find something about which to chat and it helps when someone recalls some incident which almost always serves to bring something else to mind. In my account of a tidal wave, I gave it as I received it from my mother.

I met Walter Reid however and he gave me another aspect of the occurrence which he had got from his mother, who was then a young woman living near the spot where this occurred. According to Mrs. Reid, the disturbance was caused by a waterspout which burst on or near the beach and she saw it happen. I don't suppose many people in Niagara ever saw a waterspout. They are very rare on the lakes, but are quite common in tropical waters. I myself once saw one off the mouth of the river and three or four miles out. Of course, I would not have known what it was, for I was quite small then, but my Dad and other Fishermen said it was a waterspout. It looked like a big spinning top. When one of them encounters a solid object, it collapses and comes down in a heap. I suppose a waterspout is caused by what is known in the west as a cyclone. It used to be the custom at sea, in sailing ship days, to carry a small cannon with which to fire at and burst a waterspout. I was thinking of what a change had come over our means and speed of travel over the briny. When my Dad came over from England in a troopship with his father's regiment, they were three months making the trip. Then you hear of people travelling to the Cape of Good Hope, making several stops on the way, in less than twenty-four hours. How times do change.

FORMER BUSINESS MEN IN OUR TOWN

When I set out to get the mail or to shop, I look along our Main Street and think of how it has changed. Gone are the mud and the dust, and the raised crossings. Where are the farmer's wagons that used to decorate the front of the stores?

Gone are the shutters from the shop fronts and the trays of fruit and fish that used to be displayed. Nobody minded flies in those days; they were part of everyday life. There were no window screens on doors or windows. And the men who did business on our street, where are they? Jimmy Doyle, Henry Evans, Mrs. H. Long, Bill Long, eorge A. and John M. Clement, Steve Follett, Henry Chrysler, Bob Warren, Jack Bishop, Bill Longhurst, Jim Walsh, John and Dave McMillan, Henry and George Woodington, Paddy Lynch, Bill McClelland and his three sons, Henry Paffard, Louis rank, Dick Sherlock, Bob and Fred Best, William Senior, Louis Ross, Bob Fuller, The Petleys, Tom Holahan, Tom Blain, Tom Rowland, Ned Patterson and his sons, Bob Keerins, Bill Campbell, John Blake. What a gathering there would be if one could call them all back. I guess most of them would feel rather strange. I remember that one day a man came into the office. I didn't pay much attention to him as there was a lady in and I thought he was with her, but he remained after she left and he said to me, "I guess you don't know me." I looked at him then and it was George Todd, whom I had not seen in years. We had played

together as kids, as we were neighbours. He was living in California and had come into Town on a bus and he told me he didn't know the Town when he got to it.

I saw them digging a grave over the way and on enquiring, was told it was for Mrs. Sam Hindle. I knew her family when they lived here. She was Lizzie Riley and they lived in the house on Victoria Street now occupied by Vincent Hindle. Mrs. Riley was a daughter of Mrs. Swift who built and occupied the building where the Home Bakery is now situated.

The Rileys' lived in Youngstown when I was a boy and I am reminded of an incident that happened one foggy night. My father and I were rowing a passenger "O'er the Ferry," and it was pretty thick. As we were passing the old ferry, a voice hailed us from the top of the hill. It was Mrs. Wright who then lived in Fort George. She called out "Is that you, Mr. Masters?" On my father's replying, she said, "Johnny Riley has started out from here twice to go across and my gracious, here he comes again." And there he was and feeling baffled, so my Dad said, "Follow after us and I think we can make it all right." And so he did and we got there and also got back. Dad was a pretty good navigator having sailed in Schooners for many years.

Section 13May 22nd, 1952**MUNICIPALITIES**

I was thinking of those men who ran our Town when I was a lad and how they would face up to the problems that confront the present generation. I well remember when 15 or 16 mills on the dollar would run the Town and that on a very low valuation of the various preportions throughout the Municipality. In fact, there used to be a government regulation that forbade a municipality to go over 25 mills. When in the course of making some of the improvements that we now accept as an everyday condition, the limit was being approached. It was considered good business to have the assessment raised. Even then, they usually wound up in the red and periodically, they would issue debentures to wipe out the accumulated indebtedness. They remind me of a man who once owed McClelland's store a debt which had been piling up. So they sent for him to come in and see them about liquidating the debt. As a result of the conference, a note was drawn up and duly signed and as the gentleman was leaving, he was heard to say with a sigh of relief, "Well, thank God that's paid."

I should think that some of our earlier Town Fathers would die of shock if they were confronted with EIGHTY MILLS. However, they hadn't quite so much government interference with MLmicipal affairs. And they had less to see to than the present councils have. For instance, Police matters were only a side issue. They didn't have to keep a Town foreman. A couple of old men with a hammer and nails and a wheelbarrow did all the sidewalk repairing. Once in a while, a few roads were scraped. All Town Officials worked for a mere pittance. There were no expensive Fire Trucks to buy and maintain. Streets did not have to have the grass cut; the cattle did that for them. Of course, that generation did see the necessity for improvement for they initiated our Water and Electric Light Utilities. They began our cement walks. The men who came after them carried on and very materially improved the Town. One thing I noticed when I came into Council was that in making estimates, they never provided anything for contingencies and this was one of the causes of their going into the rod. When I became Chairman of Finance, I made it a matter of policy to provide two or three mills for unforeseen expenditures. Invariably, some people representing good causes would come along with requests for grants and quite frequently, they were granted, often without a thought of where the money was to come from. Then too, look at our schools and hark back to "those good old days," when you didn't even need to have a Caretaker. Think of a Teacher working for 25 dollars per month, when a Public School Principal got 60 dollars a month. It does seem to me that the present day Teachers don't half appreciate the fact that they are a mighty well paid class; and at that, they don't stay put like some of the old girls that I have known.

THOMSON - KINGSMILL FAMILY

Some time ago, Ken Thomson sent me a copy of his family tree and it is a quite remarkable document. T. Kennard Thomson is a graduate of our High School and a very eminent Civil Engineer. He is of Scottish descent, while on his mother's side he traces away back before Canada had a history. His father was a prominent Lawyer, who was very largely responsible for the building of the Railway into Town. Ken's oldest sister married Nicol Kingsmill, a son of Col. William Kingsmill, who was one of the important people of his day in our Town. I remember Nicol Kingsmill very well, as he spent quite a bit of time at Glencairn, near Queenston, the old family home of the Thomsons. If you are familiar with the interior of St. Mark's Church, you may see on the wall of the east transept, a group of marble tablets in memory of Col. Kingsmill and his sons. During his army Career, Col. Kingsmill was at St. Helena when Napoleon Bonaparte was incarcerated there. He, after coming to Canada, was in command of a Regiment of Lincoln Militia and was Sheriff of Lincoln County. He died in Toronto, May 6th 1876, and was brought here by Steamer for burial. When the Steamer (I think she was the City of Toronto) arrived off the river mouth, there was so much ice in the River, that it was impossible to get in, so a boat was lowered and the body brought ashore at Houle's Hollow, just west of Fort Mississauga. I had the job, once or twice of rowing Nicol Kingsmill and his family, up the river to Glencairn. I remember, in the horse and buggy days, that on one hot Sunday, one of our choir ladies fainted during the service and I had the task of carrying her out of doors and laying her on the grass. Walter Kingsmill, a son of Nicol, seized upon somebody's horse and buggy and went for Dr. Anderson. When the old Doctor arrived, he muttered, "Why don't the old fool stay home." However, we loaded her into the Doctor's rig and away they went. She recovered, although to tell the truth, I thought she was a goner.

May 29th, 1952

BUSINESSES IN OUR TOWN

I was thinking about those men who at one time, did business on our Main Street and just about ran our Town. It led me to reminisce a bit about a later generation of people who succeeded them in the various businesses along the same street and who too are gone from the street. It reminded me too, of part of an aid song that one of our lady singers used to sing, "Some are gone to lands far distant, Longer here they might not stay, They have reached a fairer region, Far away, far away." Here is a partial list of them. I leave it to you to place them in the particular part of the street which was their respective scene of operations: Hotel Keepers: Eddie Frezell, Elmer Cook, Pat O'Neil, Wilfred Brownlee, Ed. Sherlock, Pat Donnelly, Dickie Reid;

Plumbing & Tinsmithing: Sam Crawford, Haines, Harry Wilson, Bradley & Watt, W. S. James, Artolan, A. J. Armstrong ;

Printing & Publishing: The Pickwells, Rev. J. S. Clarke, Jas. Skelton. H. Moshier, H.H. Brennan ;

Jewellers: Philip & Gerald Librock, T. H. Ferguson;

Grocers: Dick Allen, Fred Matthews, George Goff, Wm. Ryan, Ed Carnochan.

Restaurants: Lee Shuk, H. Spencer, V. Davey, Charlie Sherlock.

Druggists: Bert St. John, J. DeW. Randall, W. J. Campbell, A. J. Coyne;

Butchers: V. Davey, Bob Chapman, Jim Stewart, Ken Vine.

Liquor Store: John Hall, Dick Allen, John Simpson, H. H. Doyle.

Bakers: Macphee & Gardiner, Dempster, F. Thomas, Dave Chapman.

Stationary: Herb Walsh, Fish, Robert Bishop, Tailors: Robert Rogers, Lorne Smith, William Miller, J. F. Schmidt,.

Shoe Repairing: F. Ascher, Bullock, R. M. Burt\Nell.

Boots & Shoes: Peter Healey, I. M. Billing. Dry Goods: R. C. Burns, Fred Rowland, C. W. Inskster, H. W. Clark. Photography: W.H. Quinn, H. Pratt.

Candy Stores: Mrs. Swift, Mrs. Dales, Mrs. Murphy, Crosby, Bert Currie.

Barbershops: Charlie Smith, Jim Withers, Winslow.

Blacksmiths: Jim Coleman, Garages: The Slingerlands, Art Inskeep. Livery Stable: Tommy May.

Fruit Store: Frank Riley, Nick Arghittu, George Greenwood; Pool Room: Bert Currie, Harold Doyle Picture Show: Mrs. Harris, George Reid. Lumber & Hardware: Melville Millar.

Most of these people moved elsewhere. Many have ceased all earthly toil, while some few are still in our midst, but not in business on our Main street. Some of these were pioneers in their particular line here. Mrs. Norris brought the first picture show. It was located in the Town building. I think McKenzie & Nolan were about the first in electric wiring although W.S. James was an early bird at that too. Although this is not in the nature of a reminiscence, I should like to say something about road hazards, particularly at the entrance to the Town proper from the River Road. I was sitting quietly reading a day or two ago, when I heard a wild screech of brakes and tires at the corner of Byron and Wellington Streets. Some darn fool came along Byron, going at least 60, and a car coming down Wellington from Picton had to step on his brakes to avoid being bowled over. I have frequently stood at my gate and watched cars coming from the River Road, particularly from five o'clock on and they certainly burn up the road. I think there should at least be cautionary signals placed on both streets. Twice I have seen cars overturned on Wellington making the turn from Byron. Why could not there be a few white painted posts placed on Wellington Street. There is a deep ditch and no earth shoulder worth speaking about. I am not criticizing Council nor Board of Works; I merely wish to draw attention to this dangerous intersection.

THE NIAGARA ADVANCE

Let us reminisce a bit about some of those people I have mentioned before we leave them. Melville Millar was in partnership with Bill Harrison for a time. He was a shrewd business man. It was while he was with Harrison that they started the Advance. Harrison had been left the plant of the old Niagara Times when Hiram Moshier moved out. Ed Brennan was brought in to run the Advance. It was first located in the present Harrison Building. Brennan finally took over the paper and plant and moved it to the Stewart Building, then owned by Will Campbell whence he again moved to the building on Picton Street. Mr. Millar moved to Toronto, where inaugurated a new Golf Course, which he operated until his retirement some years ago. Millar was quite an amateur artist. He painted a large picture on canvas for St. Mark's Choir, where it was used as a drop curtain in the Parish Hall.

June 5th, 1952

QUEEN'S ROYAL HOTEL GROUNDS

I was looking at what used to be the grounds of the Queen's Royal Hotel the other day. and I couldn't help thinking that there ought to be a sign erected with "Ichabod" on it in letters several feet high. \Nhat a place that used to be. It was known all over the Continent of North

America. It had its Boathouse where Dan Sherlock looked after the convenience of the Hotel Patrons. Fishing was good.

There was a Bathing Pier and a long row of Bath Houses. There was a long pier jutting out over the bar at which yachts could be moored. A bus and a baggage wagon met boats and trains for the convenience of the guests. There was a long row of stables on King Street opposite the end of Delatre Street. Not many will remember when the Spring flowed out near the Railway Bridge. There they had a ram pump that pumped drinking water to the Hotel. Once in a while, some mischievous kid would place a flat stone on top of it and watch with fiendish glee until some irate person from the Hotel would come to put it in motion again. They had an Icehouse at the foot of King Street, later moved up near the Hotel itself and then the gas house, where they produced illuminating gas for their buildings. Henry Houle was the Engineer at that plant for years. When we got electric lights its building was moved to the end of the breakwater and a pump installed to furnish bath water for the Hotel Guests. This small building had quite a career, for it was eventually moved again and became the headquarters of the newly formed Golf Club. It has been added to from time to time, until if it could see itself, it would not know it was once a gas house. Of course, I would not say that it is not still a gas house, but the product is of a different variety. They had a bowling alley, a long building that stood on the brow of the hill. Bowling went out of fashion and the building was made into sleeping apartments. They also had a Billiard room. This stood just to the right of the gate at the end of Regent Street.

As time marched on, Tennis Courts were made and later the Bowling Green was laid out and the Stables and Bowling Alley removed. Now it is gone, and is only a memory. While McGaw & Winnett ran the place, it certainly was an attraction. During the season, thousands of people came to it from all over.

After Mr. Winnett finally retired from business, it seemed to lose its charm, and finally the buildings were torn down, the contents sold at auction and the then owners allowed the grounds, or what was left of them, to be sold for taxes. Thus passed from our midst, one of Niagara's greatest charms. And so, time certainly marches on. The Bowling Tournaments and Tennis Tournaments have left us, The Boat Service likewise and the Railway Service. But still, with all these losses, old Niagara has a quiet charm all its own, which has a warm spot in the hearts of the thousands who have lived or visited here and have left us.

June 12th, 1952

THE CREED FAMILY

These reminiscences of mine should not be confined to the male sex when considering people or families. I was thinking of a family, a humble family, but one worthy of being kept green in our memories because of one member of that family who must have left a memorable impression on the minds and lives of many of our young people. I speak of the Creed Family, the most notable of them being Catherine or Kate as she was usually called. The father of the family was Obadiah or Obey. When I first knew him, he was one of No. 1 Company in the old 19th Regiment, with the rank of Corporal. I believe he had served in the 100th Regiment. When I knew him, he was lame and walked with a cane. I very well remember him as coming into Public School Hall with his cane grasped firmly in one and with the other, he was equally firmly grasping the ear of his son Charlie who had been playing hookey. While he was palavering with Mr. Cork, the School Principal, Charlie managed to wriggle free and decamped from that dangerous neighbourhood in high gear. Obadiah was for a long time, Caretaker of the High School and he took a fatherly interest in us boys. Mrs. Creed was an active member of the Salvation Army when they were in Niagara. Charlie, the only son, usually was known as Obey. Boys seemed to inherit names and nicknames from their father. Charlie was a classmate of mine at Public School, but he never attended regularly enough to be burdened with much education. He was a happy-go-lucky, carefree chap. He did some railroading and quite a bit of sailing, but never had any money and was not much help in supporting his old mother.

Mrs. Creed used to do a bit of Nursing as we had no trained nurses in those days. I remember that while we were living next door to them on Johnson Street, Kate was alone in the house on a Saturday night, her mother being out nursing. Mr. Charlie arrived home after Kate and had gone upstairs to bed, he managed to get in through a window at the back of the house. Poor Kate thought it was a burglar and she put in a sleepless night. Her mother arrived home in the morning and learned of Kate's harrowing experience. I was sitting out in O.L.'s yard reading and Charlie was also reading. He had a chair tilted back against the house and was the picture of solid comfort, when, without warning, out came his mother with a broomstick, with which she walloped her dear son over the head, knocking him off his chair and proceeding to follow up the attack with a shower of blows. "Ye dirty loafer, I'll teach ye to scare the life out of people."

Now, we come to Kate, who became a School Teacher and one of the best. A very gifted woman she was and taught in our school for many years and later going to St. Catharines. Kate taught Sunday School in St. Andrew's besides her day school work. She was a valuable worker in

the Public Library and in the Historical Society. She had a good knowledge of our Town and its early days and early people. She suggested to me that I do a paper on the Dock part of the Town, while she would do one of the upper part. We did that and our papers were duly read at the meeting of the Society and it was intended to publish them in pamphlet form for the Society. For some reason, this was not done and some years later, Miss Creed and I had the misfortune to be hospitalized at the same time. We had several talks when we were convalescing and she suggested to me that we revise our respective papers and have them published. She, however, passed away before anything was done, while my paper appeared in the columns of the Advance some time later. I have no way of knowing what became of hers. She sent me some notes of items about which she wished to consult me. I think it was a loss to the Community that she was taken away as people of her calibre are too scarce. She deserves to be kept in memory for the person that she was and for the life that she lived. It is a pleasure for me to be able to pay this small tribute to her memory. Long may that memory live with those who knew her and who benefitted from her teaching and example.

June 19th, 1952

THE BLAIN FAMILY

I missed a couple of names of those who used to be in the Dry' Goods Business in the list that I had in a former article. They were T. P. Blain and Tailts of St. Catharines, who had a branch store here after Mr. Blain had left. Several of the Blain family were quite prominent and active when they were here. The chief of these was Tom Blain who had the drygoods store in what is now the Stewart Building. It was then known as the "Warden Block." Like many of the merchants of his day, Mr. Blain did not confine all his attention to minding his own business but made himself useful in many ways. He served as Town Councillor for eight years, the last two of which he was Reeve. His period of Service was from 1876 to 1883. This was not his only public service for he was Secretary of the Fire Company for a long term of years. Besides that, he was an Elder of St. Andrews Church for many years. A good, honest, upright man he proved to be, respected and liked by his fellow townsmen. He had a brother William, who was musical and I remember him as having a good bass voice. He belonged to most of the musical organizations of his day and in the days when the Presbyterians had no "Kist of whistles," he served as precenter of his Church and led the singing. One of my early school teachers was Miss Bella Blain. When I first went to school, I had for my teacher, Miss Bella Flanigan, but the Roman Catholic Separate School which was situated on Davy Street, was closed up and the children then came to the Public School, which necessitated the opening of the fourth room, of which Miss Blain became the Teacher.

Tom Blain's eldest son Pierry was a classmate of mine at High School. Mr. Blain Sr. became Keeper of the County Gaol and the family moved to St. Catharines. The youngest son Colin, became Collector of Customs at St. Catharines. Altogether, the Blain family proved to be a talented and useful family and while they have been gone from our Town these many years, yet a few of us old timers remember them. The Tait Store came in after the Blains left and was here for a number of years.

ENTERTAINMENT

A source of entertainment has passed away that used to be quite common in the smaller Towns SLiCh as ours. I wonder how many of us remember the Harry Lindley show. They used to come our way at least once a year. We used to get the job of ferrying their baggage across the River when they finished their week in Town. They carried a large boatload of huge iron-bound trunks that were not nice to handle.

One winter, we had the "Kickapoo Indian Medicine Company" with us all winter and they put on shows several times each week. It was not a bad show by any means. They had a ventriloquist and a darky comedian. There was also a Dr. Wolff who was the Spieler for their medicines. He wore his hair hanging down his back to his waist. I remember that one night, they had a vote taken for the handsomest girl and the ugliest man. Miss Ada Longhurst was by the vote of the audience adjudged the handsomest girl. A bunch of us got together and fixed it for Charlie Briggs to get the other award and for some reason, Charlie didn't appreciate the honour done him and wouldn't go up to get his prize. Of course, that didn't hurt our feelings a little bit.

One night, they wanted someone affiliated with rheumatism to come forward and allow himself to be rubbed with their Kickapoo Indian Oil. Three men were invited to witness the rubbing, to insure that there would be nothing phony about it. The victim of the rubbing was Isaac Addison who had been badly crippled with rheumatism for years. I remember that his fingers were all doubled up with the disease and he walked with difficulty. Mr. William Campbell and Thomas McCue were two of the men. The rubbing took place in one of the rooms back of the stage and after it was over, Mr. Addison came on the stage and went through various motions which demonstrated that there was great efficiency in the treatment. He died, however, a few weeks later.

Another stunt was tooth pulling. Dr. Wolff would pull your ailing molars free, the only stipulation being that one was expected to buy a bottle of some lotion at a cost of 25 cents.

June 26th, 1952

KID'S ENTERTAINMENTS

In my many passages through our Park, I notice the children playing on the various facilities for so doing provided for them by our Town Fathers. And it occurred to me that children nowadays have a great deal more with which to play than we had when I was young. For instance, take notice on a Saturday afternoon of the procession to the Picture Theatre, something that wasn't even thought of in my day. See them devouring suckers and cones, other things we knew nothing about. Look at the garb of the small boys. We had no such clothing and as for the girls, well you sometimes have to take a second look to determine their sex.

And the money the kids have to spend. Why they are bloated aristocrats compared to the kids of our day. Speaking of the Park, I have heard nice things said about the present lessee and his Band. One would expect nothing but the best from a member of that family. The Willett Family personifies instrumental music in this district. Why don't you come along and hear Fred Willett and his music. I often listen to Guy Lombardo and his "Sweetest Music Under Heaven." Guy doesn't hate himself and I don't suppose Fred does either. but both do a darn good job of music.

But now did we kids amuse ourselves. Well, we managed all right with what we had. We made our own games. many of them forgotten by the modern generation, who have so much done for them. We enjoyed "The simple pleasures that Always please." We had a Sunday School Picnic once a year. Sometimes we went to the Falls but often our Picnic was held in the Oak Grove, later known as Paradise Grove. Once we picnicked in the wilderness. This isn't as wild as it sounds, but it is still there. Once we went to Centre Island Park at Toronto but as many got seasick, we didn't repeat that trip. Many times we went to Queenston and sometimes we stayed home. You wouldn't find us in the Park at midnight either. Of course, in summer we bathed and fished. There wasn't much demand for bathing suits among us kids. And there were no so many snooping around the bathing spots to spoil our fun. Houle's Hollow and Kennedy's Hollow were favourite spots; also the big rock at the old Ferry. Those very names are unknown to the kids of today. Then, in Winter, we had any number of natural ponds on which to skate. I wonder how many remember the old wooden skates with a screw to bore into the heel of one's boot. I learned to skate on such a pair. Then along came the spring skates to outdate the wooden ones. You must remember that boots were boots in those days. No rubber heels nor composition soles, but good solid leather, well nailed on. Oh, by the way, I had a phone call from a lady the other day to correct me about the winning of that prize at the Kickapoo Indian show. It was Nell Sherlock and the prize was a Photograph Album, which the lady still has. It

was won in January, 1895 and Charlie Briggs prize was a bottle of medicine, which Charlie refused to accept. In case you don't recognize the lady under that title, she is now iVlrs. William Thompson Sr. At that time she was one of the popular girls as was the other lady whom I mentioned.

To get back to Music. Not many kids learned to play a Jews Harp, but they were quite common in my day. I remember a man who was well-known and who came to High School one Friday afternoon to entertain us and he played two of those instruments, manipulating them with his two little fingers. He was J. J. Devoe, Jerry, as he was usually known, was a prominent fruit dealer and at one time, he had an apple evaporator in the building at the Dock, now a basket factory. I ran a peeling machine for him and received SEVEN CENTS per hour. I also packed apples for him in later years. He was a nice man to work for and very careful and gentlemanly in his conversation. At an earlier time, he had a Pop factory on Delatre Street and lived in the house at the corner of Front and Queen Streets.(?)

July 3rd, 1952

DICK TAYLOR & FAMILY

I have mentioned many businesses along our Main Street, but there is one about which I have hitherto said nothing, and that is about our Park as a Business Proposition. The first man to start business in the Park was Dick Taylor. Many of you will remember Dick and the Taylor family. They were quite a family, but anyone who knew Dick as a boy and a young man would never have given him credit for any brains or business ability. I knew him from school days although he never acquired enough education to do him any harm or any good either. He did learn to read after a fashion. He must have had some native ability, however, to carry on business. When first Dick set out to make a living, he puttered about doing any old thing to earn a little money. What dreams and ambitions come to a growing boy. Dick and three others essayed to be counterfeiters. They secured a den in a sort of cave or grotto on the River bank at Paradise Grove, but like many other boyish plans, their proved to be beyond their capacities and had to be abandoned. When first I began to really know Dick, he was fishing and rowing fishing parties at Redhead's boat house at the Dock, as many of us boys did in those days. He became dissatisfied at not being always given the preference over the rest of us, so he quit Redhead's and went into business for himself. His brother Will, usually known as Jud, had been working with Jack Redhead at the boatbuilding and he built several skiffs for Dick and Dick having some steady clients from Buffalo, managed to do very well. He went to Toronto and bought a number of light skiffs to add to his equipment. He built his Boathouse just above

where the Foghorn is now situated, but later on moved to a site between the wharves, where he continued for a long spell. In 1913, he conceived the idea of using our Park as a business site and managed to get a lease from the Town Council. He named the Park "Simcoe Park" as it is still known and there he did a successful business for years. He then got a lease of the Beach at Port Dalhousie and there he did very well and made some money for himself. He gave up Simcoe Park, but kept up his Boathouse, putting different men in charge from time to time. Among those who managed it for him were his brother Jack, Chummy Sherlock, Eddie Q'Melia and the Masters brothers. Eventually, he gave it up and removed his building.

At top, Petromela Gravowski of Burlington hugs her granddaughter, Jessica Shrum, 7, from Oakville as they attend an 80th anniversary to remember Polish soldiers who died in Niagara-on-the-Lake of natural causes while training there during the First World War.

At right, members of the 4th Polish Cubs troop of St. Catharines, Tadeusz Blesaga, 8, left, and Mark Kasowski, 9, stand in front of Stan Kaminski, left, and Stan Majerski from Legion Branch 27 in St. Catharines while listening to speakers at the ceremony honoring the soldiers.

His business at Port Dalhousie proved to be so remunerative that the officials of the N.S. & T. Railway cast envious eyes at it and they got rid of Dick on some pretext and the Railway ran it themselves. The last few years Dick was alive, he lived quietly at his home on King Street. Dick had three brothers and a couple of sisters. The oldest brother Bob was a fisherman and when I first became acquainted around the waterfront, he was in partnership with Bob Reid, and they were locally known as "The Bobbies." Bob moved to Oak Orchard, down the Lake. Oliver the next brother was a Blacksmith and a good one. He it was who built the house on King Street where John Haines now lives, but which Dick owned when he died. Oliver was for a time Provincial Policeman at the Dock.

The last place where he lived was in the house now owned by the Will Lavelle. Jud, the remaining brother was a Fisherman and was at one time a partner of Charlie Currie, but he spent quite a bit of time at the Boat building and moved to Youngstown where he was a very successful Carpenter. Jud was for a long time, a member of our Fire Brigade. Altogether, they were a quiet, unpretentious family who had a lot of ability of a kind. They, none of them, had opportunities to be learned or great, or wealthy, but were useful citizens. One is reminded of those lines from Gray's Elegy -

Let not ambition mock their useful toil
Their homely joys and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

July 10th, 1952

THE POLISH ARMY

The recent visit of the Poles to our Town reminded me of their first coming in 1917. As they came in they were a rather odd looking bunch. They were fitted out in a variety of uniforms from the Canadian Government Stores and to me, they were a pathetic sight. The people of Poland had for many years been a downtrodden race, their country having been divided up by Austria, Germany and Russia. Naturally, they were on our side when the great conflict came about. A great many of the men who came here were those who were not liable to be drafted into the American service. We had not many Poles at time domiciled in Canada. Those in charge of the Polish Army here were very grateful to Canada for giving them a camping place, as they had been refused any such privilege by the American Government. As they were outfitted on leaving for overseas, they were given uniforms of French horizon blue. The French government paid them and the Canadian trained them and managed the Camp. A great problem arose when the Winter of 1917 came on. Men were coming in and where to put them became a problem, but everybody helped. They were finally given billets all over the Town. Some were in the Town Hall. The Platt building on Johnson Street housed another lot. Steve Sherlock's building on Regent Street had another lot. Down at the Dock was their Third Battalion housed in the American Hotel, the Cannery Building on Lockhart Street, the Canada Steamships warehouse and the brick mill, now part of the new motel.

Their Band was housed in the lower floor of the Masonic Hall. They also occupied the Western Home and the house that is now the home of the Farrens was a school for them. Later on, they built a series of large tarpaper covered buildings between Fort George and Paradise Grove. Those were taken down when the War was over. Many private houses were taken by Officers on the Staff at Camp. Here and there, one could see signs in Polish which were so much gibberish to us unenlightened ones. The French Army paid the men the magnificent wage of five cents per day, which was the rate then paid in the French service. The Officers got 50 cents per day. Many of these men gave up good jobs to serve to free their country. With all their (to us) uncouthness, they were an admirable lot of men, gave no trouble and were without doubt, the best behaved soldiers who served here at any time. There was an old priest with them who had given up a large church in Pittsburg to serve with them, Rydlewski by name. He was a fine old man. I remember his coming to Council with some others about some matter concerning his men and I thought it a good idea to say something about the unfailing good behaviour of the Polish soldiers. The old gentleman fairly glowed with delight at my words of commendation and he thanked us warmly for them and he concluded thus, "But I'm afraid gentlemen, they wouldn't have been so good if they could have got the viskey." They lost quite a lot of men

in the Flu Epidemic which struck the Town, some of whom are buried in the Polish plot in St. Vincent de Paul Cemetery. The Annual Pilgrimage is the outcome of that epidemic and it has served to link together the Polish people and our old Town, which gave them warm welcome so long ago.

July 24th, 1952

MILITARY CAMPS

Now that we have Military Camps with us once more, it would not be out of place to reminisce a bit about them. I can just remember as a very small boy, the first of these camps in the middle 1870's. We sat up in the old Gallery in St. Mark's Church and I can remember looking down upon a crowd of men in dark uniforms with OOR on their shoulders and wondering who and what they were. The congregation, on this occasion were promoted to the gallery. Of course, plenty of people preferred the gallery as it gave one a better view of the goings and comings of the lower stratum who sat below us. I could say more on this line but it does not pertain to the subject of camps. Many, in fact most of the men who came to Camp came by boat. I remember that in one year, no less than three new Steamboats made their maiden voyage to Niagara bearing soldiers to Camp. They were the Cibola from Toronto, the Macassa from Hamilton and the Greyhound from Whitby. That was, I think in 1888. The Macassa was built on the Clyde for the Hamilton Steamboat Company and was a steel hull. The Greyhound was a wooden hull and plied for a time between Toronto and Port Dalhousie. Most of the troops who came to Camp were from districts north of the Lake. There was the 34th from Ontario County, the 12th York Rangers from York County, the 35th from Simcoe, the 36th from Peel, the 20th from Halton, the 77th from Wentworth.

These, along with the city regiments from Toronto and Hamilton, it was more convenient to move by water. Oh yes, there was the 31st from Grey County. Other units came by train. The 19th Lincoln, the 44th Weiland, the 37th Haldimand and the 39th Norfolk. We kids used to get many an eye full of soldiers in those days. And horses, of these there were plenty. The 2nd Dragoons from our own neighbourhood and the Governor General's Body Guard and the Mississauga Horse. Nowadays, we hardly know what a good horse looks like, but in those days, every farm had half a dozen steeds which served as Cavalry horses when required. And Batteries, these took horses too, the Weiland, Toronto and Hamilton Batteries with sometimes a Battery from Guelph. Altogether, they furnished sights that gladdened boyish eyes. And how they were clad. I was looking at some of those ridiculous looking so called uniforms that adorn the persons of our military youths and I was thinking of the change that has come over soldiers in the matter of dress. In our old 19th, we wore a white helmet, adorned with a brass spike on

top, a brass regimental crest in front and a brass chin strap. This brass had to be kept shining bright and the white had to be pipeclayed. We had a heavy scarlet coat with wool lining. We had a white waist belt and dark blue trousers with a red stripe. We lugged a heavy knapsack and a rifle and bayonet that weighed a ton at least. We were allowed to wear a Glengarry cap when off duty but our tunic had to be kept buttoned up to the throat, which was further protected by a stiff leather choker. And now behold what are called soldiers. Only half dressed and looking like something the cat dragged in. Of course, they do on state occasions, manage to look half respectable. But we have so departed from what we used to consider dress that we hardly notice such freaks. When you see decent women and girls with hardly enough on to cover their decency, nothing too bizarre in the way of clothing on men and soldiers startles us any more. I saw a man the other day on our main street and he looked as if he had just got out of bed and had forgotten to get dressed. I felt like giving him a darn good kick where it would be most effective. But then, we old fogies must remember that our young people and our old ones too, have become civilized? and more like the zuius of South Africa. All they need is a bit of extra paint and a few feathers and there you are.

August 14th, 1952

BICYCLES

It seems to be that man has from time immemorial had an appetite for speed and has devised many moans to that end. I wonder how many are familiar with the story of Dasdalus who made wings of wax with which to shorten the time of his journey from Crete to Italy, and how he arrived safely but his son Icarus inadvertently flew just a little too close to the sun and thereby ended his trip in the briny. We hear today of not a few travellers who have ended journeys from here to there in a similarly tragic manner. Verily, there is no new thing under the sun.

I was thinking lately of the bicycle, one of our modern ways of saving time in getting about on this terrestrial ball. Not many will remember the first of these machines. One seemed to be perched in midair. I very well remember them, although I never attempted to mount one of them. Tom Ferguson had one, but they were not plentiful. There were hazards in both mounting and in staying mounted. One was well up in the air on a contraption which might cause one to lose both poise and dignity in the twinkling of an eye. A patch of sand, a hole or a rut and one speedily became a fallen mortal. Of course, we had no hard roads then and the bicycle was not popular with horses, so there came into being, certain by-roads called cinder paths. I believe one might find traces of the one which went across the common on the west side of the road and through Paradise Grove. And I WOULD remind you that it was no small feat

to get aboard one of these machines, if there were no box or stump in the vicinity. And then going down a hill, there was always the delightful uncertainty of whether one might just inadvertently (I like that word) alight from his lofty perch and emulate the Moslems by bowing to the dust with his nose buried therein and to add to one's humiliation, the chance of finding his back hair combed by the small rear wheel, which while needed to complete the tout ensemble, did nothing to comfort one in his hour of humiliation. Tires of course, were hard in those days. The pneumatic tire had not then been invented. By the way, I wonder how many of you know how the soft tire came to be thought of. I once read a book by a judge Bodkin, an Irishman, who tells the story in his book. He had a neighbour, a Mr. Dunlop, in Dublin, who had a boy with an ailing back. He had a tricycle but the jolting of the machine caused him so much pain and discomfort that his father, with some canvas and some rubber contrived a set of soft tires for the tricycle and the boy was thus able to ride his tricycle in comfort. These tires were such a success that Dunlop began manufacturing them for sale and later put up a plant in England. So you motorist who ride bikes or cars may thank a boy's ailing back and a thoughtful parent for the comfort you now enjoy. When the modern bicycle came along, it was rather looked down upon by the bicycling fraternity as being too sissified for the men and it was long known as a "safety bicycle." It soon caught on with the public and now is a very common article on our roads and highways. With the coming of the hard surfaced highways, it became the cause of a lot of conflict. On the one hand, the automobilist seems to think that the rest of the world should leave the world and climb a tree while the poor pedestrian doesn't seem to have a friend, for neither the fellow in the car or the kid on the bicycle seems to care a darn as long as you can hop like a toad out of his way. We have a by-law which forbids the riding of bicycles on the sidewalks of the town, but in tripping along our streets, you meet many of the younger fry, coursing along as if the world belonged to them. They sometimes make a nuisance of themselves on the road, as one often sees them weaving about in a most confusing manner. It all boils down to this, Motorists. Bicyclists and pedestrians should all practise courtesy. If you do this, you'll be a much nicer fellow to get along with. I can not refrain from pointing out to motorist and cyclist alike, the fellow on foot was here first and has his rights. Besides, you fellows on wheels will live a lot longer if you forget to hurry once in a while.

August 21st, 1952

BANDS

Many years ago, I was in the 19th Lincoln Regiment when our Town had No. 1 Company of that body as its very own. Like everything else that it could, St. Catharines was instrumental in having our Company taken away and added to their own three companies to make a four company battalion. However, I had the duty and pleasure of marching behind the Band of that

day, then led by an old gentleman named McManLls. His son Billy formed one of the first Bugle Bands and incidently had himself made Bugle Major, thus depriving our Bugle Major Jimmy Hartley of that rank. The Regiment was then commanded by George Carlisle of St. Catharines. i never dreamed in that far off day, that I would ever hear the band of that same regiment give a concert in a Niagara Park and wonder of wonders, under the leadership of a resident of the Town of Niagara. And would you believe it, it was on my birthday too, for which I must thank Art Willett. I think everybody and his wife were there, for there was the biggest crowd in and about the Park that I have seen in many a day. And the Band. My favourite music is Band Music. I think there is more variety of tone and harmony in a good band than in any other form of making music. In my long life, I have listened to all kinds of bands under all kinds of leaders. We always had a band of our own and as long as I can remember, there have been bands visiting the Town. Our own band had many calls out of town. I can remember them leading a funeral procession at Fort Niagara at the funeral of Captain Dove who had been drowned by crossing the river. The tune they played as a dead march was Sicilian Mariners. And they were always available at any local celebration. And there is much in the type of leader that a band has. I remember that one year, when troops were arriving in Camp, the York Rangers were marching up the hill from the boat landing. Their leader was a little bit of a man and he brought them up that darned hill at such a quick pace that the men simply COULdn't keep step, A band leader has a great deal to do with arranging the number and kinds of instruments in his band besides training the players. I must say that in my humble opinion, Bandmaster Willett is doing a fine job. Anyone knowing the Willett family would expect nothing else. Anyway it was a fine night and a fine concert and one could wish that more such were available. Many Towns pay good money for such concerts and they are beyond price.

FLAGS

I want to say something about Flags. This has been in my mind for some time. We are continually seeing letters from people advocating a Canadian Flag as separated from the Union Jack. Some years ago, there were submitted to the Dominion Government, a multiplicity of suggestions as to a flag to be adopted . There seemed to be no settled opinion as to the make up of a flag and so the matter was allowed to drop. Well , "I was born in Canada, beneath the British Flag. My grandfather, my father, myself, my brothers all have served under that flag and were proud to do so. My family has been in Canada over a hundred years, and never wanted any other emblem.

But for those who desire something distinctive for Canada. I have a suggestion to make. I have a stand of colours that I secured for the Royal visit in 1939.

Australia and New Zealand are represented by a Union Jack of a dark blue colour. In an early translation of the French Version of "O Canada" there is a line which (uns thus, "Thy brow is crowned with leaves of red and gold. " My thought is that we should retain the Jack in the upper corner of our Flag, but vary the colour of the fly. I would like a nice golden colour with a large Red Maple leaf. Our country is known all over the world by the Maple Leaf. Or, make the colour a darker tinge of red, say maroon, with a large golden maple leaf. I would prefer the first of these suggestions myself, but why not invite opinions from the readers of this paper.

But let us remember that we are British and intend to remain so. It is a proud heritage. It has been fought for and no doubt, will be again, if necessary.

WOMEN OF OUR TOWN

I thought I should like to reminisce a bit about the women of our Town who have carried on businesses of various kinds. I have hitherto not said much about the women as they might resent a mere male discussing them. But however, here goes. The first woman that I remember in business was a Mrs. Wilson who had a Candy Shop on Ricardo Street. She had a small frame house consisting of two rooms and a lean-to kitchen. The one room, as you entered, was the shop. Here she sold candies and biscuits. also Ned Patterson's bread. I occasionally had the job of lugging a large basketful of the same bread from Patterson's shop, which was located in the McKenzie building. She kept some chickens, which could frequently be seen strolling about the floor of the shop. The other room at the front was her living room. Here she slept and knitted and entertained her cronies who gathered to discuss the people and their doings. Of course, we poor males were never allowed in here, except that some of that sex once entered there in the night and robbed the old lady. After that, my sister slept with her for company for a long time. The old lady's hiding place for her little hoard of cash had been under a corner of her rag carpet and the robbers evidently had known of her hiding place for they went directly to it. After that, she used to put it in a pitcher and hide it in her kitchen stove. Unfortunately, she forgot it one morning and there emerged from the ashes, a molten lump of mingled copper and silver. The old lady finally left for Ballymiladdy in Northern Ireland, whence she had come and we knew her no more.

Down the street in the house now the Quinn's, lived the Youngs and Mrs. Young also had a bit of a Candy shop and next to her on the corner, her mother Mrs. Mellon, kept a Boarding House.

I only knew Aunty Mellon by sight, but one thing I remember being told about her. My Dad was sailing a Schooner which had been laid up for the winter in the slip in full sight of Mellon's windows. On St. Patrick's Day, some one put a St. Patrick up in the rigging of the vessel as was quite often done in those days. A Norwegian sailor whose name I never knew, was ship keeper and Mrs. Mellon prayed that he would be drowned and his body never found, which actually came to pass not long afterwards.

MRS. MORRISON

My father had sent the sailor and my Uncle Johnny Keith out with the yawl boat to carry an anchor out which would be used to warp the ship out from the shore, the wind being easterly. Somehow, the line became foul and carried boat and men down. My uncle escaped, but the Norwegian *never* came up. In this same house later on, a Mrs. Morrison kept boarders. She was a dear, motherly old soul, whom *everybody* liked. She also kept in the house, now the home of Mrs. Steve Sherlock. This house formerly stood on Delatre Street and the Morrisons had it *moved* to its present location. The last place where Mrs. Morrison kept boarders '...was in the O'Melia house on Ricardo Street. She was a dear old soul and was a loss to the neighbourhood where she died.

MRS. LONG

Another woman who was in business was Mrs. Long. When I first remember her, she was keeping the Lake View House and it was while she was there that the roof burned off the house, whereupon she *moved* up town to the Whitewings, which then stood where Ernest Kemsley's building now stands. She must *have* been in business a long time, for at one time she occupied the building that stood next to Marino's and at another she was in the hotel, later that of Jim Walsh. I *have* seen her name *over* the door there. She was a *very* respectable person and always kept a good house. Her son Bill Long was also a well known Hotel man who built and occupied the Hotel now known as the Prince of Wales.

MRS. MARY SHERLOCK

A woman who will be remembered by many of the present day was Mrs. Mary Sherlock. I remember her as keeping store in Marino's, where she sold fruit and vegetables. She was a good business woman, having been left a widow with a family. Her husband was a comparatively young man when he died. They then *lived* in the building which now houses the

restaurant next door. She later moved to the Dock, after purchasing the house now occupied by her daughter-in-law, where she carried on a successful business keeping boarders, later purchasing the house on the corner where she continued business. Any woman who can face the world and care for a family, making a living for herself and a growing family of children deserves a medal. It's a wonder someone hasn't brought for this idea before now.

September 4th, 1952

THE MISSES PERLEY

Two good women who once were in a business which continues to the present day, were located in a building which once stood about on the site of Daley's store, but which was burned in the big fire of 1886. They were the Misses Petley and they had a Dressmaking and Millinery business. *However*, being burned out did not deter these good women from carrying on, so they *moved* to a small shop which then occupied the site of Gus Tranter's Tonsorial Establishment. Here they carried on until their days were numbered, when Mrs. Mulholland inherited the business and she and her son Tom carried on and expanded the business. Tom, by the way, was a schoolmate of mine in High School and we afterwards sat together on the High School Board. Tom, unfortunately did not *live* to the ripe old age one who knew him could *have* wished for him and he left his widow and young son to carry on.

MRS. MULHOLLAND

The second Mrs. Mulholland was equally successful with her predecessors. She has recently passed on leaving her son Joseph to carry on the good work. The new store and dwelling are a credit to the community and while the present owner of the business is a good business man, I wish to lay emphasis on the part these good women have played in the business life of the community. At the same time, I must give Joe a pat on the back. He certainly is clever and has a good artistic sense and runs the business on sound lines. Long may he continue.

MRS. JAMES SWIFT

A pioneer in the making and selling of ice cream in our Town was Mrs. James Swift. She started her business in the McKenzie building. She was famous for the quality of her light cakes which accompanied the cream. One received a good big dish of ice cream and a generous slice of cake for a dime. Her customers among the young people of the day were numerous, but her supply was limited, as her product was all hand made. She raised a large family as Mrs. Gurvine, but

in later life, she married James Swift, a quiet, grave, dignified old gentleman whom I well remember. This business proved so successful that the dear lady built a new store across the way, now the Home Bakery. Here she carried on until she and her husband were called hence.

MRS. MARA MURPHY

Mrs. Swift's venture having proved successful, Mrs. Mara Murphy emulated her and opened a similar establishment in the Kearins store, which then stood on the site of the Brock Theatre. After Mrs. Swift moved across the street, she moved into the place vacated by Mrs. Swift, and in the course of time, she too passed on. When I was young, Harry Woodington had a grocery business in the brick building which now houses The Family Store. He also had the Liquor Store in the shop now Eaton's Order Office. Harry died suddenly leaving to his widow the task of carrying on, which she did very successfully. One must admire that quality in a woman who suddenly is deprived of provider and who rises to meet the responsibilities thus thrust upon her with courage and good sense. However, Mrs. Bottomley, as she was later known, played her part and played it well. She met Joe Bottomley, a commercial traveller and married him, but Joe, while a nice fellow with a handsome face and smooth tongue, was not much help to Margery, and eventually left her and died in England. She later, feeling the weight of advancing years, closed up the business.

THE MISSES MILLER

Then there were the Misses Miller who kept Boarding Houses in various parts of the Town. They were related to Mrs. Bottomley, but owing to a family quarrel, had no dealings with her. There were four sisters, two of whom stayed with Mrs. Bottomley, the other two preferring to be on their own. The last place where they did business was in the old Kirby home on Front Street. Old age overtook them and wrote finis to their business career and their lives.

MRS. PADDY MILES

The Caughill coal business was started by Paddy Miles, after he retired from his job as Conductor on the Michigan Central Railway. After his death, Mrs. Miles carried on for some years quite successfully, ultimately disposing of the business to Harvey Caughill. Mrs. Miles was for many years, housekeeper to the late Senator Plumb and after his death, she built and occupied the cottage, now the home of Mrs. Bernard on King Street. Mrs. Miles was a tall, quiet-mannered woman and was like and respected by all who knew her.

September 11th, 1952

MRS. ARTHUR HARVEY

Mrs. Arthur Harvey operated the Oban Inn for a number of years and did it very well, but finances forced her to give it up. It became the property of the Holmwoods and Mrs. Holmwood made quite a success of it, so much so that after the death of her husband, she was able to dispose of it to good advantage and moved to the States.

MISS IONA BILLING

The names of some others occur to me but as they are still with us, I feel a bit dubious about discussing their abilities in a business way. Miss Iona Billing was a good business woman and carried on the Shoe Business which she purchased from the estate of Peter Healey.

MISS SPENCER

Miss Spencer has had a long career in the restaurant and tourist home business and has been very successful.

PROMINENT WOMEN IN OUR TOWN

MISS AUGUSTA WINTERBOTTOM

Perhaps it would not be a bad idea to reminisce a bit about some of the women who have made a mark in our Town. There was Augusta Winterbottom, who for many long years taught in Public School. A very energetic person she was and a fine teacher. There was not much money in teaching in her day, but that did not prevent her from putting zest into her work. I have heard my mother tell of going to school to her in the Stone Barracks, which later became the Masonic Hall. Many years later, my daughter taught an overflow class in the same building. Of course, I had the privilege of being one of Gussie's pupils, for we never thought of calling her anything else, except to her face. Miss Winterbottom taught in St. Mark's Sunday School as far back as I can remember and was still there when I became Superintendent of the School. She was very much interested in the Public Library and spent fifteen years as its Librarian.

Altogether, she was a very useful citizen and most worthy of a honoured place in our Book of Remembrance.

KATE CREED

One lady who was more of a contemporary of my own was Kate Creed. Kate was 'che daughter of Obadiah Creed, an old soldier, who was for some years, Janitor of one or the other of the Town Schools. Kate was for a long time, a teacher in our Public School. but after leaving here, she taught in St. Catharines. She never gave up her home here, however and always was active In Church and Sabbath School VVorK. She also was very prominent in the work of the Niagara Historical Society. I had many conversations with her on historical matters and she once suggested to me that I should take over a part of an essay which she proposed to do for the Historical Society and which she was to call "Vanishing Niagara." She suggested that I should do the Dock part as I was familiar with that part of the Town. This plan was carried out and she intended to have both papers printed as a pamphlet for and by the Historical Society. The printing never was done and in later years when she and I were convalescing from illness in the local hospital, she suggested to me that we should each revise our papers and have them printed. So I went over mine and I suppose she did likewise, but unfortunately she became ill and died . I contributed my paper to the Niagara Advance where it was printed, but her paper and others of her papers seem to have been done away with , much to my regret. for she had compiled a most interesting description of places about the Town, which would have proved valuable in days to come. Certainly, Kate Creed made a valuable contribution to the life of our Town and I am glad to have been able to pay this sma!! tribute to her memory. She did not spare herself and weil deserves some memorial from the many who benefitted from having known her.

MRS. MUSSEN

Another lady that I have in mind is Mrs. Mussen. I knew this lady's family, the McGaws, from my boyhood days, as her father was one of the proprietors of the Queen's Royal Hotel and Christine and her family spent at least part of every summer here. She finally met Joe Mussen and married him and they came to live here permanently. Their horne at the corner of Queen and Simcoe Streets became one of the show places of the Town. She was prominent in Church work, having served for many years in the Ladies' Parish Guild. She was also one of the first members of the local Women's Institute, and was its head for many years. She was also active in Girl Guide work and was well up in the ranks of that movement. She also served for some

time on the Board of Education and on the Soard of the Public Library. She too, was a worthwhile person to have in our midst and one whose place it is not easy to fill.

September 18th, 1952

MRS. ELIZABETH ASCHER

I feel that I should not pass over Mrs. Elizabeth Ascher in mentioning women of note in our Town. Although she was my own sister, still she was a person of importance and one of considerable ability. She was for many years the local correspondent of the St. Catharines Standard and while serving in that capacity, she also wrote many articles which were printed in Toronto and Buffalo papers. She was Regent of the I.O.D.M. for many years. She also served as Secretary of the old Public School Board and when the Board of Education was formed, became its Secretary and served as such for some years. Perhaps her greatest claim to remembrance lies in the active interest which she showed in the welfare of the Polish soldiers and people. She laboured diligently in gathering articles of interest which were sent to the people of Poland who suffered great hardships during the First Great War. She was an active member of the Niagara Historical Society and contributed articles of interest to the publications of that Society as well as some others whom I have mentioned or shall mention in these reminiscences, notably Miss Creed and Miss Carnochan. The Polish people appreciated her work for them and bestowed on her the Polish Cross which entitled her to the equivalent of "Dame" in Polish as her title. Another of her activities was in the old and forgotten Niagara Literary and Musical Society of which she was a junior member in her early days.

MISS SALOME BURNS

Another lady whom I should like to mention was Miss Salome Burns, who played the organ in the Methodist Church for many years. She was one of a very musical family, both of her brothers Bob and Joe being well known for their musical talent. This trio of musicians could be found in the ranks of almost all of the various organizations of their day. Bob was Choirmaster of the Methodist Church for years. Salome had some renown as a Music Teacher. She was a quiet, ladylike person, respected and well liked by all who knew her.

ADA AND ANNIE BLAKE

Another family of musicians I must speak of is the Blakes. Ada and Annie Blake were famous for their musical talent. Ada, the elder, of these two sisters, unfortunately for us, married and went away many years ago, but Annie is still with us in the person of Mrs. Will Harrison. She is an accomplished organist and pianist serving in turn St. Andrews and Grace Churches.

There is much that could be said about the women in general of a past day, and perhaps it is rather presumptuous of a mere man to speak about the sex. But one must remember that all of us men were born of woman, hence we have a vital interest in the sex. I remember that I used to belong to the Order of United

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another in providing cakes and pies and other edibles dear to the heart of man. It was quite noticeable to us men that only a very few of the dear ladies could make a really good pie or cake. Of course, we men made sandwiches and made them right but other succulent articles were beyond our capacity, except to consume them. A rivalry was set up among the ladies and it was quite remarkable what a lot of them improved their cookery or bakery or whatever you call it. Now, very few women there are among us who can't make pies and cakes fit for any man's taste.

Nothing like a little competition is there girls.

I want to take a little time out to speak of other things. While listening to a Band Concert in the Park a while ago, I was asked if I remembered a fence around the Park. For nearly forty years now, the Park has been furnishing entertainment to the Town people and visitors. I dare say most of us take it for granted. It has been with us during two World Wars and we have had some very noteworthy happenings and celebrations within its bounds. This past Summer, we have had a very outstanding musician in charge of it. He furnished a fine orchestra for dancing and he gave free an admirable Band Concert by the Band which he conducts. And more than that. he kept the grounds scrupulously clean and gave good service to the people, something that was decidedly lacking the last year or two. So why not speak up or write up and give Fred a

pat on the back for his good .!.fork. ! know he would appreciate a word or two from you and me and all of us.

September 25th, 1952

WOMEN'S DRESS

To resume our dissertation about the female sex, I was thinking of the changes that have come about in the women. What set me thinking on this line was the sight of some pictures of people of a bygone day. I don't for a moment mean that there have not been changes in the male sex, but men have not changed very much. Now the dear ladies. How many remember the long form fitting dresses of our mothers' day. I was looking at a picture of my mother with my youngest brother. Mother was wearing a dress, full length, sweeping the floor (the dress was) and it had about a thousand buttons all the way down the front. Then there came the dress, still full length, with huge puffy sleeves known as "Leg of Mutton," and we poor males had to assist by tucking in the sleeves when a coat was to be donned. Of course, we didn't mind helping the dear ladies out to that extent. Shoes were well up over the ankles and were buttoned. I came across one of the old blutton hooks the other day. I saw some ladies on the street the other day ai1d were they tanned. In the early days, for a lady to get even a suspicion of a tan was unthinkable. Veils and sunshades were a necessary part of Madam's equipment when she sallied forth. Sometimes she used a little face powder and one who used rouge was regarded as a hussy.

To expose even a very iittle of the lower limbs just wasn't done. Bathing suits were long enough to extend from the shoulder to the knee, in fact the law required that in both men and women. Hats in my time. varied from those about a yard wide to something resembling a hood. I have wondered what some ladies of that day would think of some oi ihe female sights to be seen now. Then it was the thing to be modest, to shrink fmm attracting the rude gaze of other people. Now, with some of our ladies it seems to be the fashion to expose as much of the person as the law would permit. What would they think of the bobbed hair, the plucked eyebrows, the smeared mouths and the gallons of paint that some fancy. What about the shoes with the toes out and the bare stocking less legs.

I suppose if some of the females of our day read this, they'll say what does that old fogey know about women. Let me say this; I would not want to see our women go back to the dress of our grandmothers' day, but what I do want to put across if I can , is the seeming lack of modesty in our girls and women. The false complexions, the silly rivalry in pain and cosmetics do not

attract men, at least decent men. There is one style of hair wearing that I see on some of our women.

They bundle up their back hair and tie it up with a piece of string or ribbon till it sticks out behind like a horse's tail and they think it becoming. So it is, becoming silly. Some of the costumes of the day are quite becoming, however, especially on some of our teen agers when they are really clad. That's all about women for now. More some day perhaps.

I should say here, that I have a lady in mind about whom to reminisce, but I am reserving her for a future occasion, when I expect to speak of her at a public gathering.

CIGARS & CIGARETTES

Lest I be accused of unduly knocking the female sex, perhaps it would be as well to comment on some changes in the habits of the males. One thing I have seen is the change in smoking habits. When I was a boy, the cigarette was not a man's smoke. Only the sissies and dudes would be guilty of using them. Men smoked cigars and pipes. We'll remember the old clay pipes and the corncobs. A few of the very old women smoked a pipe. My Dad smoked as did most of the men of his time. But now, I'll be darned if I like to see a woman or girl smoking. It may be smart and it may be fashionable, but to me it is a disgusting habit I don't suppose that lipstick and cigarette smoke add to a woman's charm for the male sex. But we were through with discussing woman. Cigar butts were common on our streets. Some of our "lewd fellows of the baser sort," used to pick them up. We called that practice, "Shooting Snipe." There was one thing about the Cigar. When you threw it away, it just went out. The cigarette, on the other hand, has caused many a fire, as most of them if thrown down, will smoulder away to ashes. Eddie O'Melia and I saved the steamboat wharf from going up in flames one windy night. Someone had thrown down a lighted cigarette and it landed among some dry refuse in a crack in the planking. It was burning nicely when we sighted it and dumped some pailfuls of water over the fire.

MEN'S CLOTHING

In the matter of clothing, men have changed from boots to the low shoes now in vogue. The Derby Hat was once the headgear for men. Now you see the rarest variety of caps one can imagine and colors. Wow, some of them are certainly outlandish. But more of this later on.

October 2nd, 1952

FIGS IN NIAGARA

I was listening to the radio the other day, and some paper was telling of some man who had a fig tree some place in Ontario, which naturally grew figs. I very well remember figs being grown right here in little old Niagara in the banana belt of Ontario. Some of the older people will remember Henry Paffard. Besides being our dispenser of drugs and medicines and being our Mayor whenever he cared to be and doing a few dozen other things for the people of Niagara, he was a pretty good gardener. His garden has been changed into a hive of industry, wherein Art Wilson and his myrmodous convert the motorists' needs into coin of the realm.

This garden included also the Greaves property adjoining. Here Henry Paffard lived in the house which was removed to another site and here he took pleasure in a beautiful garden and it was a well known fact that he grew figs.

Another gentleman who loved gardens and gardening was Charles Hunter. He built the house now owned by the Salts and he too grew figs in his garden. In later years, John Morgan owned and occupied the place and I remember meeting him on Queen Street one day and he had a quart berry box full of ripe figs and I had the pleasure of being the grateful recipient of one of those delicious fruits, which I consumed forthwith with great gusto. Yum-yum. So when you hear someone bragging about fruits, we can swell out our chests and feel proud of the climate which we enjoy. Someone about here has grown lemons too. Perhaps some of my readers can furnish information on this head.

GARDENS

It must be an eye opener for some of our visitors from below the border to see the profusion of beautiful blooms that are found in the gardens of the Niagara Parks Commission. But you will find in the gardens of our Town, many lovely sights. For instance. Irving Gordon's place on John Street is well worth a visit for he seems to have the gift for producing flowers in abundance. And any of the larger summer residences furnish a variety of flowers not to be surpassed anywhere in Ontario.

Another of our citizens who has a nice taste in gardening and horticulture is Doug Rodgers. His own place is a sight for sore eyes and he has done much for others in laying out grounds and plots of plants and flowers. I see no harm in commenting on some of the beauties and attractions of our Town and District.

Many of us are prone to grumble at our climate, but we don't have tornadoes or earthquakes, neither do we have the torrid heat of the tropics nor the biting cold of the polar regions. While we have our dry spells, we are not burned up like some spots in the U.S.A., nor do we get cloudbursts such as they have had in Texas and California.

MOTION PICTURES

I remember the first motion picture that I ever saw. It was on Yonge Street in Toronto. It was a little dump of a place, seating about 50 or sixty people. The old flicks were very trying on the eyes. That would be about 60 years ago. The first picture show in our Town was brought here by Mrs. Norris in 1913. I remember her coming to the Town Council of which I was a member and seeking to rent the small hall. We agreed on terms and the show was ushered in and she carried on there for a while. Then, when the First World War came along, she built the present theatre. She does not seem to have made a success of it however and ultimately gave it up. She had ideas, but not sufficient dollars to carry them out. She had contracted so much debt that she could not pay. George Reid bought the place and moved his business from his old building. Mrs. Norris later ran the Oban Inn for a time but was not successful there either. So she departed hence and the place knew her no more. She ran a Boarding House at Camp Bordan for a time in the early days of its becoming a Military Camp.

October 9th, 1952

TRAINS & THE ARRIVAL OF THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL

I was looking at a newspaper picture of one of the old style wood-burning tea kettles that used to be on the Locomotive Engines of by-gone days. I well remember the same machines that used to pull a wee train between here and Buffalo. They had a huge funnel-shaped smoke stack and their tender was piled high with cord wood. The stream of sparks which they emitted was a gorgeous sight to boyish eyes after dark. I remember the old turntable too. It was planked all over and was turned by some gadget that one worked with a crank. And the cars, both freight and passenger, were built of wood and were much smaller than any you may see nowadays. The passenger and baggage cars were painted a bright yellow. The rails on which those cars and engines travelled were of soft iron and were tiny compared with the modern rails. They were only 40 pounds to the yard. The arrival and departure of trains were a matter of much interest to young and old. You would be surprised to see the number of people who would assemble about the King and Queen Street intersection to see the train come in on a winter's night. There was a long wooden platform on the side next to the hotel. I remember a

train coming in one day when we were at school and we were allowed to go over to see the people who were arriving. The late Senator J. B. Plumb then lived in the brick house on the lot now occupied by the Parliament Oak School and the visitors who were arriving were the Governor-General and his wife and a distinguished party of friends. The Governor-General was the Marquis of Lome and his wife was the Princess Louise, daughter of Queen Victoria. Alii could tell you about them as they alighted from the train, was that there were a lot of men with plug hats and very elaborately dressed ladies but which was which, none of us kids knew.

ROADS

The Town has undergone many changes as to Streets and Roads in my time. As I look at our new Hospital, I think of the sunken roads that led through its grounds from the head of Melville Street to the end of Picton Street. That was the short cut from the Dock to the Uptown section. There was no road on Byron Street from St. Mark's Church to the FOit. I remember that General Logie lived in the Ellison house, now the home of the Legion during the time of the big Camp in 1915 and he had a tennis court built on Byron Street, just in front of where Jack Harrison's house now stands. There was no road on Wellington Street from Byron to Picton. The main highway to the River Road was that running across the Common to Picton Street. This was closed to traffic by the Army while the Camp was here and the only way to get to the River Road was by way of John Street, which wasn't much of a road for traffic. There was no through road by way of Ricardo Street either. Queen Street from Simcoe was not much used as there were no houses out that way. From the end of Queen Street, a road led along the Lake bank outside a fence that bounded the Crooks Farm. I remember driving Ned Patterson's horse and wagon along that road to get to the Two Mile Pond where men were fishing dragnets. I should think that about one hundred feet of shore has been eroded since that time. In 1924, I was Assessor and had the task of dividing the Chautauqua land into lots. Since that time, fully 50 feet have gone into the Lake. Nobody worried very much about that, however, but since this particular piece of land has been built upon, the chorus of complaints has been heard all around the Lake front on both sides of the line. My own experience has been that in five or six years, you will hear an equally loud anthem about low water. Another road used as a short cut was on the Mississauga Common from Front Street to Mississauga Street. Another ran from Queen Street to Houle's Hollow, just west of Fort Mississauga. How many remember where Kennedy's Hollow was located. It was at the lake end of Queen Street. There can still be seen, part of the road that led down to the Beach. And how many know where the Half Moon Battery was. All traces of it were removed by the Parks Commission, but I think I could locate it from the water as there is quite a prominent point on the shore.

October 16th, 1952

TOWN SURVEY

When we look around us at our wide majestic streets, I wonder how many of us ever give a thought to the men who laid them out for us to use and enjoy and in this we must give credit to the Army for it brought to our shores, men of vision and skill and to them we owe thanks. As the Town was at first laid out, it did not take in all the territory now included in our Town limits. For instance, King Street was the south-eastern boundary and what is now known as the Eastern Ward was not in the Town, such as the Car Factory, two Ship Building Establishments, the Steamboat and Railway Termini, a Tannery, a Pop Factory, several Hotels and Boarding Houses, the Customs House, etc. Prior to the War of 1812, there were no paved roads or sidewalks, nor were there any stone markers outlining the widths or lengths of the streets.

When our American neighbours got such cold feet that it needed the fire and smoke of the whole Town to warm them, they kindled a fire that ultimately spread so far as to consume every settlement on their side of the river and even their Capital City of Washington, besides nearly every building in our Town. One of the consequences of this utter destruction of our Town was that in rebuilding, some deviation from the surveyed lines came about as men built as best they knew how. As time passed, men who were our local legislators, built sidewalks and roads, planted trees and did much to add to the beauty and charm of our Town, besides adding to the comfort and convenience of our people. To them too, we owe our thanks. One must remember that prior to 1907, all our sidewalks were of pine planks. Of course, lumber was cheap as was labour, but men began to see that something of a more permanent nature was becoming more and more desirable, so the Council of 1907 embarked on a programme of building cement walks. As the work was being done, disputes came about as buildings and fences were found to be out of line. In this connection, it was discovered that there was no registered survey of the Town although from time to time, partial surveys had been made for one reason or another. After due deliberation, a Provincial Surveyor was secured in the person of Alexander Niven. Mr. Niven had worked as a young man on a previous survey and knew from that experience how to make an intelligent start. As a result of his work, street boundaries were marked by cement blocks duly numbered. There were several citizens who disagreed with Mr. Niven's findings and even in Council there were divisions. However, the motion was thrashed out before a Government Official in 1909 and we had the spectacle of the Mayor opposing the survey and the Councillors supporting it. Mr. Niven's work was so good and efficient that the survey as made by him was confirmed by the Government and is the valid registered survey of the Town of Niagara.

As a result of this conflagration already referred to, it is a matter of record that only two houses remained unburned and they have since disappeared, one by fire and the other by being torn down. In conversation with a lady a few days ago, the matter came up to whether any houses in the Town as now constituted were still in existence. There are two shown in Miss Carnochan's History of Niagara and while they were outside the Town Limits in 1913, they are now within its borders. One of them you will find on the southeast side of King Street above Paffard St. It is a log building, now clapboarded over and was once a school taught by a Miss Young. The other is on Mississauga Street and was at one time, the home of Colonel John Butler. In later years, it was the farm home of Neison Bissell and has now passed into other hands.

Some things that have passed away are the railway platforms. There was one opposite the Prince of Wales Hotel. It, as well as the others, was built of pine planking and was about a foot and a half high. Then, there was a long narrow one just above Ricardo Street. This was wood, chiefly to accomodate visitors to the Queens Royal Hotel. There was a long one at the Dock and it extended from in front of the Lake View House to the end of the Station Building along side of Milloys' Wharf.

October 23rd, 1952

OCTOBER SNOW

Well , here we are into the month of October, and I do not remember an October quite as charming as this one. The colours of the trees have been lovely but along comes a flurry of snow, followed by a balst from Old Boreas and down come the leaves. I have been listening to various so called reports of October snows and I sometimes think that those who are responsible for those weather statistics are not too accurate. For instance, our snow on the 19th is supposed to be a record for a donkey's age. I have some recollection of one in October that may be of interest. For many years our Annual Military Camps were held in September, but as the peach growing industry grew, there was a chorus of complaints of raids on their peach orchards by men in Camp which finally reached the ears of the powers of that day and it was decreed that thenceforth, the Annual Camps would be held in the autumn month of October, after the peach crop was "safely gathered in." So, in the year of our Lord, 1891, the Niagara Camp was a hive in industry for the first half of the said month. Of all the vile weather the clerk thereof could produce, it came forth. When it wasn't snowing, it was raining and you can imagine what a picnic the men in tents enjoyed? YOll may not know this, but the men's mess was not indoors, but you gathered your grub from lithe greasy old cook," and gobbled it either under the sky or else in a cold, damp tent. devoid of any semblance of comfort or convenience. Well, one October Camp was enough for the men, so after due deliberation, the

Camps were held in a warmer season where the stormy winds should cease from troubling. And thereafter, June was the time fixed upon and this continued until after the Kaiser Bill and his minions had been told where they got off.

I remember a heavy fall of snow on the 5th of October many years ago. The Steamer Corona was running then and was due down river at 7:30 and it was snowing so hard that she missed the wharf and had quite a time making a landing. I remember it very well as my brother and I were tying up our Ferry for the night at that very time. Bert Currie came along and told us that our Mother 'Nanted us right away. She had just received word that our brother Fred had taken a bad turn in the hospital at St. Catharines and was in grave dangers. Fred's wife was taken up there as soon as a livery rig could be procured and the next day, my sister and I journeyed there. There was then no direct connection with St. Catharines and we crossed the river and travelled by way of the Gorge Railway to the Falls and thence to our destination by trolley. Poor Fred passed away soon after we arrived, and my sister and I returned home that night by the same route. And it poured rain all the way. We came down the Gorge route by the eleven o'clock car, and it was a black as tar down in that Gorge. That was a pleasant road to travel in daylight, but on a black, rainy night it was anything but nice. Above was the frowning cliff, with its mass of rock which it seemed might take a notion to come down any old time. On the other head, about twenty or thirty feet away was the raging, roaring, turbulent river. The car was manned by two Youngstown men, John Turner as motorman and Fred Thompson, Conductor.

They were proceeding very cautiously when down near the Whirlpool, they found the down track covered over with small stone which the rain had loosened and brought slithering down the cliff. The men decided to back up about a mile to a cross over and we came the rest of the way on the up track, which, by the way, was so much nearer that sinister stream that seemed to be awaiting our coming. We all breathed much more freely when we finally emerged from that Gorge.

All these things happened in October. So here we are with lots of leaves to be gathered and disposed of. The sun is shining, the wind is blowing and the leaves are sweeping along the street and stealing through fences and under gates. All in the month of October.

October 30th, 1952

GAMES

While listening to the radio, I heard some chap describing some of the games played years ago and it reminded me of my own boyhood and the games that men and boys, yes and girls too, played in those halcyon days when we had no cares nor any thought of the morrow.

SHINNY

He spoke of the game of shinny, which he described as hockey without skates. Well we played shinny. Hockey had not been invented then. It was not an organized game with a book of rules and a referee and a fixed number of players on each team. In fact, there were no teams. We just got together and played for fun and it was fun and good. healthy exercise. Any number of boys made a side. Two leaders were chosen and those leaders chose their men, having alternate choices until everybody present was on one side or the other. A couple of stones at each end made the goals. Anything with a crook or a knot at its business end was the shinny stick. By the way, we were instructed by our headmaster at school that the game was really "shinty." Sticks were of any convenient length and weight and almost anything did for a puck. And we played on ice or grass and we played for fun, not anything resembling a prize or award.

FOOTBALL

Another game we played was Football. Not the present day scrouging, pushing, dumping game where you have to wear a suit of armour and where kicking is almost unknown. No, the game we played was known as "Association Football," now known as Soccer. Any number could play. We once gathered about eight or ten boys around the street on Thanksgiving Day, and walked over to Virgil and played a game with a Virgil team and then walked home. The little dears nowadays would have to have transportation provided, as walking is fast becoming a lost art. I once saw a game of Football played in the old poundyard by rNO players to settle a bet. The Poundyard was that portion of the Town lot lying along Johnson Street and extending from King to Regent Sts. It then had no buildings on it. The two players were Fred Best and Frank Bishop. They ran and they puffed and they blew and neither could score. Soon, too soon, they were pretty well winded. The game came to an abrupt end when Pankie Bishop aimed a tremendous kick at the ball.

Alas, he missed the ball but hit terra firma a mighty dig. He didn't move more than an acre of soil, for the sole of his boot was not equal to the unexpected task of cultivating mother earth, and quite suddenly parted company with the rest of his footwear. A visit to Tom Holahan's Shoe Repair was necessitated, after, of course. a stop at a nearby hostelry for rest and refreshment.

Another game we played was "I Spy." The boys who was "It" hid his face and counted up to sixty, while the rest of the gang hid wherever a corner or a bush or a hole could be found. While he was searching for a hider, anyone who could beat him to "home" would touch home and yell "home free." If the fellow who was it spied a boy. he'd call "I Spy." and the one spied became it.

"SHEEP PEN DOWN"

Another game. much like the former one, was "Sheep pen down." This differed in that a stick about the size of a baseball bat was used. This was thrown as far as possible by one boy and the boy who was "it" would have to run after the stick and bring it back home, while the rest of the boys scrambled for shelter wherever it was to be found. If the boy who was it, was fast on his feet, he might catch sight of some kid who hadn't reached a safe hideout. On the other hand, if while he was searching for a victim. some boy beat him to home and knocked the stick down, then the cry would be "Sheep pen down," and the "it" would have to do it all over again.

POM POM PULL AWAY

We used to play "Pom, Pom, Pull way" across the school yard. A couple of boys would be stationed in the middle of the yard and the rest would make a concerted rush across the yard and if caught on the way, those caught became the catchers. Then there was tag and tug of war and a lot of other games, such as long jump, hop, skip and jump, and pole jumping. Lots of fun, all of them, and good for developing speed and endurance. And there were few accidents and they didn't cost the parents a lot of money.

November 6th, 1952

CHILDRENS CLOTHING

have been thinking over changes that have come over people, their habits and their clothing . particularly in the way they dress their children. I see the little people passing and I note the variety of garb that adorns their persons. Does anybody know what a cloud was in our young days? I don't mean the vapourous gatherings that pass across the sky. No, a cloud was a common part of the cold weather protection which was a common thing . It was a long, knitted scarf of woolen material. It would envelope your head, your neck and go around your waist. And were they warm. Nowadays, you never see them. Gone too is the warm shawl and the sash. A girl wasn't dressed for a party without a sash. As for us boys, we never wore under clothes. We wore warm shirts and our pants were well lined. I might mention right here that heavy

pants, well lined were a protection from more than the weather. When dad or the teacher saw fit to use a strap or a slat on our anatomy, those garments, aided of course by a good loud howl or *T:INO*, and a few tears, served to make punishment a lot lighter than one would expect

We used to wear boots in the winter. Not rubber ones of course, but boots of substaitia! leather. I remember when my Dad bought me a pair with bright copper toecaps and the legs in from were adorned with a bright red patch of leather that you could see a mile away. My, I was proud of those boots. So proud in fact, that I couldn't resist the temptation to try those copper toecaps on the shins of a neighbour boy. Not that I had anything against him. I paid for my fun, though when my Dad heard of the incident. I don't suppose anyone would know a bootjack if he fell over one. You couldn't just dump those top boots off. They had to be pulled off and a bootjack was a very useful piece of the kitchen furniture. We usually wore long woollen stockings that came up over the knee. A DOY'S pants terminated about half way between the knee and the ankle and a boy "Nouldn't dream of wearing long pants till he was quite grown up. It makes me smile when I see the little old men passing and I sometimes think of them as big boys who had been washed too often and had got shrunken. You know it just doesn't do to wash a boy too much, for he isn't normal without some part of his physic being adorned by a few smudges. You girls' needn't laugh. I remember one of my own daughters once being given the chore of washing her face. When I inadvertently called her attention to the fact that she hadn't done a good job, she retorted. "Well, I couldn't find the dirty spots."

VANDALISM

One often hears the saying "Boys will be boys." All right, but they needn't be destructive hoodlums. Some of the latter variety of boys have mutilated the swings in the park. It would give me much pleasure to see those boys well kicked with a solid pair of top boots with copper toecaps so darned hard that they wouldn't sit down comfortably for a while. Boys, those things are not fun. They just serve to show that you have not grown up to have any common sense. A great many small children take a lot of enjoyment out of those swings and you ought to be darned well ashamed of yourselves. And to smear with old paint, a well painted fence isn't funny. One reads so much and hears so much of deeds of violence committed by teenagers, that one may be pardoned for regretting that all of us must pass that period of life to which these young hoodlums belong. Apparently, we have some of them in our midst. There are so many opportunities for the youth of this day to make something of themselves, too. Many more than were available when I was in my teens. One heard on every hand. "Go over to the States. You'll never get anywhere in Canada." That is all changed, and one hears nothing but encouragement about Canada and its golden opportunities. So, if our teenagers would only put

their overflowing spirits into making something of themselves and their country, how much better it would be for them and their community, rather than to sneak around under cover of darkness and be up to silly and destructive pranks that serve no good purpose and cause annoyance and expense to their neighbours.

Section 14**November 13th, 1952****THE FIRST REMEMBRANCE DAY - NOVEMBER 11TH, 1918**

I wonder how many remember the First Remembrance Day and its joyous tidings. The Eleventh Hour of the Eleventh Day of the Eleventh Month. What a day it was. How we all felt an uplift of spirit with the feeling of no more war, no more bloodshed. No more rationing of food. No more of seeing sons and brothers going away to war, some of them never to return, some of them to come back maimed or sick. We'll never have another war, we've had all the war we want to see. But, on that first Armistice Day, our only thought was thanks for victory. Thanks to those, our brothers and our sons who would never come back and who would only live in memories.

I remember the impromptu parade we had. Everybody was there, including the Polish Army. You ought to have seen the show they put on. They had all kinds of groups mounted on trucks depicting the Kaiser and his minions doing all kinds of menial tasks for us the victors. One must remember that the War Lords of Germany considered themselves a superior race. The Poles had been under their heel for many years and it must have given these boys a thrill to think that these arch enemies of their race were beaten and well beaten.

I remember that we paraded down our wide Queen Street. We had then no Clock Tower in the middle of it. Everybody and his wife were there. School children, old soldiers, the Town Council of which I was a member and many citizens either walked with us or watched and cheered. It was a memorable occasion. It will live in our memories for ever. Since that day, we have had another war brought on us by the same people, who never seem to learn that "Britons never will be slaves." Twice we have gone to War to save the Poles and to save civilization and incidentally our own way of life. The British people have come out of these wars much poorer in purse, but richer far in the satisfaction of knowing that there is no disgrace in spending ones all for the good of humanity.

November 20th, 1952

I was present at the latest of our services at the Cenotaph and found much to be thankful for in the spectacle and in the decorous way in which everything was carried out. There were two things, however, which I missed and which used to add to the service. One of those was the loud speaker at which Charlie Haines used to be announcer. Anyone who has tried to speak or read outdoors, knows the difficulty of doing so effectively. I once had the duty of presenting medals to the returned men after the First Great War at Weiland port. I was then Warden of

the County and it was the Township Fair of the Township of Gainsborough.

'The Clock Tower Cenotaph";; Queen Street, built'in 1922 as a monument to fallen heroes, has become if symbol of downtown NOTL.

There was a temporary platform from which to speak but there was a brisk wind blowing in one's face so that I felt that it was rather futile to try to make myself heard. However, I did my best and the thing went off very well. Of course, when one is speaking, one can even yell if he has the voice, but to read scripture and prayers and do them reverently, it is hardly fitting that one should yell or shout.

The other thing that I missed was music. When we had the band to lead us, it was nice. I would suggest that if some of our musicians would come along with a cornet, it would be fine. A cornet makes a fine lead for singing. I have known two choirmasters in my time who used a cornet for leading and it certainly was a great help. Perhaps, if we took the matter up with Mr. Willett, he might help us out. I for one, would appreciate it.

I have been reading lately, some comments on relationships between us and our American cousins. There seems to be developing, both in England and on the Continent of Europe, a great deal of dislike for the American Service Man. Well, that is not new, nor is it to be wondered at. You know that Uncle Sam, during the first couple of years of the First War, bragged about all the gold in the world before he dreamed of going into it himself. And when he did get in, why he just won the War single handed, or so he made out. Quite naturally, those who had borne the "burden and heat of the day" have felt some resentment at this brag on the part of the Americans. I once read a book by Owen Wister, himself an American, and in this book he recounted a number of instances that bore out what I am saying. Certainly, American service men have more money to spend than do those of other countries, including Britain and this fact gives them a sense of superiority that others resent. One must remember that their country has not been bombed almost out of existence, hence the war has not come home to them as it has to others. I do not wish to belittle what they have done in helping to rehabilitate the countries of Europe. One thing, however, I would like to get off my chest. Great Britain went heavily into debt to Uncle Sam to finance other countries during the First World War and when the war was over, she forgave those debts owing to her on war account, but did anybody ever dream of forgiving her her debts. Instead, her currency was depreciated to such an extent, that her debts to the U.S. instead of being reduced were swollen beyond her means to pay. Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors does not seem to apply in this case.

We who live across the street from Uncle Sam should know him pretty well. While there are things about him that we don't like or admire, we get along pretty well. Personally, I have had dealings with the Yanks most of my long life. At one time, I knew as many people cross the line as I did on our own side. When I was younger, there was a great deal of intercourse between Niagara and Youngstown people. We traded across the line both ways. It is true that neither country's treasuries benefitted much from that trade. We went over there to entertainments and they came to ours. They had a small dance band that used to play for our dances and our Town Band always went over there on American holidays.

If our American cousins would just forget their wealth and prosperity and be the good fellows we know them to be, they would be much more popular. I once read an article in which the writer was discussing racial characteristics. His summation was that the outstanding characteristic of the British was "poise." That of the Americans was "progress", while that of the Canadians was a combination of the two. That will be all for now.

November 24th, 1952

NOTES ON EARLY NIAGARA

I was looking over some notes sent to me by the late Miss Creed not long before she passed away. She and I had the rather doubtful pleasure of being patients in our local hospital at the same time and when we were on the mend, we had several chats about historical matters. We had given papers some years previously at a meeting of the Historical Society. She called hers "Vanishing Niagara" and at her request, I had collaborated by telling about that part of the Town commonly known as "The Dock." It was intended that those two papers should furnish the material for a pamphlet to be published by the Historical Society but somehow or other, this was not done. As a result of our talk, it was agreed that we should each revise our papers and again submit them to the Society for publication. Unfortunately, Miss Creed passed on before this was done, and her papers and other historical data seems to have vanished. Before she died, however, she sent me some notes of information that she had culled from various sources and to ask for some further elucidation of points that I had mentioned to her. Among those notes of hers, I came across some interesting items that may not be news to our readers.

She writes of a speech made by James Crooks in 1854, wherein he says that he had come to Niagara sixty years before, when Niagara was the first and almost the only Town in Upper Canada and that from here, he had shipped the First Barrel of Flour, the First Bushel of Wheat, the First Barrel of Ashes, The First . Slave and that he had owned the First Merchant Craft that

ever left Lake Ontario for the st. Lawrence. He did not say where he had shipped a slave to, but we must remember that many of the early settlers in our neighbourhood had come from the United States where slavery was an everyday thing. Most of us have a rather uncertain knowledge of those early days in Niagara. We were the seat of government for all this district. Here was the First Provincial Parliament held, here the First Governor, the First Agricultural Fair, the first Masonic Lodge, the First Newspaper, the First Library. Here was the source of learning in those early days, there being several good school taught by learned men and women. Here came the Indians to received their Government Grants. We must remember that those Indians had left their homes in the States and had come to make their homes under the Union Jack. They fought with us and very materially helped to repel the invaders from our shores. The house which you see on King Street, faCing the Garrison Common was the place where they came to receive their Treaty money.

Daniel Claus was the Indian Agent, and lived in this house. When I was a boy, it was known as "Geale's Grove," but it was later known as "The Wilderness." There are so many items of historical interest in and about our Town that is well to remind ourselves. One of the oldest houses is the old house on Mississauga Street, long the home of Colonel Butler whose family burying ground is just over the way. Lest there be any misunderstanding about the two houses that remained unburned, let us say that this was not one of them, as it was not then within the boundaries of the Town and so is not listed. The two houses that remained standing after the American bonfire were the Clench house on the site of the first one and the cottage where Miss Janet Kerr lives is about the spot of the Swinton house.

This Town was the geographical hub of the District. From here went the First Preachers, here were the Wholesale houses which brought in the goods from outside our country and furnished the wares that small dealers and itinerant peddlers purchased and resold to settlers here, there and everywhere. So you will see that there is much to cherish, and not much to regret in the early days and early inhabitants of our Town. While changing times and circumstances over which we had no control have taken away most of our greatness, we still have much to be thankful for and to remember with pride.

December 4th, 1952

SKUNKS

I wonder if anyone loves a skunk. They are pretty little things and harmless enough unless you get too close to them and startle them. Several times, motor cars have run over members of

the tribe in front of my residence and the odour left behind was certainly not the odour of sanctity. It used to be found profitable to trap skunks for their skins. Jack Taylor used to travel over a great part of the Town and Township in pursuit of poor pussy. There were several others who amused themselves in that way and the skunk population was thereby kept down, but it seems that now, nobody traps them and they are becoming quite numerous. at least in our part of the Town. I remember one man who lived here at one time, part of whose time was devoted to skunk trapping. He should not have been so diligent in slaying those poor little beasts, for a lot of us who had some business dealings with him, considered that he was a near relation of his victims. I was only a youth when he flourished here, but everyone around the waterfront knew of his shennanigans. For one thing, he peddled fish and he stung them all in turn.

He was the proud possessor of a bony old nag and an ancient wagon which served as his means of getting about Town and Country. He once cleaned out a man's chicken coop on the River Road and sold them on the St. Catharines Market. He had a dog and by some chance, he inadvertently locked his dog in the man's henhouse, where it was found by the victim the next morning. The man happened to come to Town and saw the dog and its owner together and he at once accosted Mr. Haich and called him a chicken thief, whereupon Heich repaired to the office of William Kirby and laid a charge against the man of calling him out of his name and as the victim had no proof that Haich was really a chicken thief other than that of having found the dog on his premises, he had to pay a fine. Haich's explanation of the dog incident was that the dog frequently wandered away and was gone for days at a time.

At that time, the Salvation Army had a small Corps here and they used the Hall at the top of what is now the Stewart Building. One night Haich got converted and went up to the front at wept and acknowledged that he was a flagrant sinner. Unfortunately, some of our fisher laddies were present and were interested witnesses of the scene and one of them, a cousin of mine, met the penitent sinner at the top of the stairs as he emerged from the Hall and demanded that now as he had confessed to being a sinner, it would be a good idea to pay what he owed for fish. "Don't dare speak to me." said Mr. Haich, "I'm far above you." Well, by hokey, you'll soon be far below me if you don't shell out, was the rejoinder. However, such a dire fate for the new recruit for the Army was averted by interference by bystanders. However, that cousin of mine bided his time and the following summer, he observed the form of Mr. Haich on the Steamboat Wharf. Taking up a strategic position between Mr. Haich and terra firma, he called out to his prospective victim, "Now Haich, you shell out what you owe me, or into the drink you go." Haich saw that he was cornered and promptly though reluctantly proceeded to comply with this delicate hint and having produced the required amount, he was allowed to depart.

One day, a good while later on, he came down to the Ferry with a bag of skunk skins and I had the distinguished honour of rowing him and his odourous cargo to Uncle Sam's domain, where a market for his wares was available. Along towards evening, I had a trip to Youngstown with a passenger and on landing was called by some small boys to the village lockup. On coming close to the small building, I called out to the prisoner within and it turned out to be our Mr. Haich. He wished me to take a message to his relatives. That night he was tried on a charge of purloining a pair of dollar pants from a store. Being detected before he got out of the store, he was given in charge and received a sentence of thirty days in the Lockport Jail. That about finished him here and shortly afterwards the family moved away from Town. The last I heard of him, he had received a sentence of ten years in State Prison on some serious charge brought by his family. So passed from our scene a man who could have been a good citizen but for his crooked disposition. This all happened many years ago.

December 11th, 1952

GOSSIPS

I wonder if you have ever met a real, honest to goodness male gossip. I dare say the distaff side of the house will break out in a chorus of "All Men Are Gossips." Well, girls, thafs all right. I'm not saying anything about the female sex, at least not right away. But I do remember one man who had the reputation of a male gossip. I don't intend to tell you who he was, but just gossip a little about him. He was brought up on a farm in the Township and he and his brother inherited a farm from their father. Our hero didn't like work, but he was a great conniver and it occurred to him that it would be a good idea to ease his brother out of his share of the farm. He very well knew that ready cash was a rarity so he cannily offered his brother his choice of buying him out for \$7,000.00 cash or selling his share for the same amount, but it must be spot cash. He never dreamed that his brother had or could raise at short notice such an amount. Now the brother was a farmer and loved the farm and farming, while our gossip loved neither. However, the best laid plans of mice and gossips do "gang aley" sometimes and this proved to be the case.

Brother had a friend who loaned him the money and our gossip was hoist with his own petard. Whereupon, he forsook the soil and became an urbanite. He dwelt at a hotel where he soon established a reputation as a male gossip and a money lender. In his time, we had no bank and a man who had command of a little cash could earn many a penny by lending it out at a usurious rate of interest. So our gossip lived and thrived. He learned a lot about people and their affairs and was not averse to telling all he knew or imagined about the people of the neighbourhood. Well, his long tongue finally got him into serious trouble, as long tongues are apt to do. He was in danger of going to gaol or being stuck for a large bill of damages and he

couldn't take it. What did he do. Why he borrowed a gun and made a mess by blowing the tope of his head off. Certainly, he was not a person to be envied or imitated.

Of course, you girls never gossip. Yet I remember a long time ago, what a whale of a sensation was created when our streets were strewn with pamphlets, naming half a dozen dear ladies as gossips of the first water. Yes, and they named names too, but no one except the perpetrators of the outrage knew whence the things came, or who the authors were. I don't suppose that any of the many ladies of my acquaintance are gossips in the sense that these women were said to be.

Of course, in a small town, we all indulge in a little harmless chat with one another about one another, but there is nothing malicious or harmful about it. Just friendly chat.

GATHERING PLACES

Most of us have habits or peculiarities that cause us to differ from others. remember one old lady who made it a point of attending every Funeral in Town whether she knew the people or not. And there were gathering spots where people met and chatted. Charlie Briggs' shoe shop and Paddy Lynch's harness shop were such places. And then there were the Hotels, the Railway Station, yes and I mustn't forget the fish shanties. You could always find someone to chat with in the stores and shops. Nowadays, you never see a chair or a box or a cracker barrel on which to rest while the madam is chaffering with the storekeeper I used to notice, as a boy, the gatherings in the stores in Youngstown. I used to quite enjoy just looking at them and hearing their Yankee twang. There was acquaintness about the whole scene that reminded me of those Joseph C. Lincoln stories. I suppose that over there, things have changed as they have here. Here you don't see salt fish displayed outdoors, an exhibit much enjoyed by our fly population. It also had an attraction for dogs and cats. Our pet flies must feel greatly depressed over the lack of sustenance furnished by our merchants.

When I was a kid, there were no door or window screens and very few people had a refrigerator. Electric ones had not been invented. We surely have much to be thankful for in this day and age.

December 18th, 1952

CHRISTMAS IN THE PAST

Here we are approaching another Christmas and I cannot help remembering Christmasses of the days when I was young. What a change has come over the whole nation in the keeping of the festive season. In my early years, Christmas was a very modest affair. There was not the hustle and bustle about it that there is now. Take the custom of sending Christmas cards. Why we never heard of such a thing. Christmas was a simple affair. To be sure we hung up our stockings and we received therein candy, cake and nuts, and we were glad and thankful for what we got. The only thing that we were discouraged from consuming too much of those unusual good things for fear that it would spoil our breakfast. Of course, we had a bounteous repast at dinner with roast goose and pudding, either apple or plum. I noticed a few days ago, a large truck backed up on the sidewalk in front of the Marino store, laded with evergreen trees. Now, when I was a kid, we didn't have trees of that kind. To be sure, the Churches had each of them, a tree, but someone had to go out to the country and cut one in somebody's bush. The giving of presents was not the business it has become. There was no lavish display of goods that we see in our stores today. Nor did we ever hear of a Santa Claus parade. We decorated our Churches, of course, for after all, Christmas is a vital part of Christ's Church; it is not a business. And, after all, I believe there was more quiet happiness and contentment about the season then this present day, with all its hustle and bustle, can possibly afford. For many a father and mother, the coming of Christmas is a season of care and anxiety. One must keep up with the Joneses. And many a fond parent breathes a sigh of relief when it is all over for another year.

THE AMERICAN THANKSGIVING

Our ears have been bombarded over the radio with the American Thanksgiving. One of the reasons that our cousins over the border make such a hullabaloo over Thanksgiving Day is the fact that the New England settlers did not celebrate Christmas, but made another holiday and called it Thanksgiving Day. And their keeping of that day has lived and lasted and has spread over into our country.

I do hope that it will not put our Christmas into a secondary place. It is a good thing to give thanks to the Almighty for all our blessings, but the giving of thanks to Him for the greatest gift of all, should not give place of any man made holiday.

CHRISTMAS IN THE PRESENT

All sorts of organizations have sprung up that make special efforts to bring Christmas to the have nots of their respective communities and they are to be commended for their good work, but too many of these good people have taken away from the Church, its role of dispenser of kindness to its members. I am not decrying the good that those organizations do, for after all, it is the result of the Christ spirit having been spread into our and their hearts that moves them to do these good deeds. It would be a fine thing for the Church and the Nation, if more of these kindly activities were done by those good people as member of some Church. It is not a thing to be ashamed of to be known as a Church member and a Church worker. I suppose that many of them are of the stuff of which heroes and martyrs are made if the need arose, but while we take the Church for granted and do nothing through her and for her, we are missing a great opportunity to help the Church and its Master. I remember an old darkie, who used to come down from the Falls to get fish to peddle. I noticed one day that he was wearing a Salvation Army badge. I asked him if he belonged to the Army. His reply was, "I belong to the Lord, my boy, I belongs to the Lord." I said, "Why we all do, Uncle." "Yes, my boy, but does ye serve Him?" And there we have the plain duty of man, to serve Him. So whether we have much or whether we have little, Christmas is coming and it is not just a season of giving and receiving gifts, of buying and selling, but a season of goodwill to men and of giving thanks to the Giver of all the best that makes life worth living.

December 25th, 1952

Reminiscing a bit more about Christmas and the changes that have come to pass, I cannot help noticing the stores and shops. Strolling along our main business thoroughfare, one must admire the decorations in the windows and the interior of the various places of business. When I was a lad, the staid man of business seemed to have enough to do without embellishing their places of business. They were for business, not pleasure. Then too, it is quite apparent that our people have made strides in taste for beauty. When one thinks of the very drab interior of our stores in the old days, one need not sigh for those dear dead days that are gone beyond recall. Gone are the cracker barrel and the row of big tea boxes. Gone are the window shutters and the dim, often smokey oil lamps. Instead of a muddy, sticky roadway, we now have dry, hard streets.

CHANGES IN OUR SHOPS & SHOPPING

Instead of the odd tie posts with here and there a steed tethered thereto, now we see thousands of dollars worth of fiery chariots standing peacefully at the curb, while up and down and round about are dozens of the same, wherein are seated the lords and ladies of creation, all seemingly liberally endowed with the spirit of hurry, hurry, hurry. After all, one does not stroll peacefully anymore. Instead, one has frequently to play the role of "Hop-a-long Cassidy". One of the rules of the road with which I was familiar when pursuing a marine avocation runs thus, "When in danger, or in doubt, always keep a good lookout," and it comes back to me as I cross our streets.

Another one of the changes that have come about our shops and shopping, is that none of our shops confines itself to one line of business. For instance, Butcher shops sell groceries and fruit and canned goods. Groceries sell meats, probably because of the competition from the Butchers. Drug stores sell a variety of things that could not by any stretch of imagination, be called drugs or medicines. A man starts up an electric business and you find his place of business crammed with all kinds of goods, except perhaps, dry goods. I think that the drygoods stores are about the only ones that stick to their own line of business. On the other side of the line, I believe that drug stores serve meals. Now, mind you, I am not criticizing the business men, I am only noting some of the changes in business methods, for they are changes. Another business change that has come about is that we now have insurance and real estate offices, where formerly, those businesses were more a matter of chance. At one time, the Carnochans had a lumber business. Now, our dealings in that line are mingled with paints, hardware and a thousand and one other articles.

HEATING

There has been a tremendous change in the heating arrangements of our homes and places of business. When I was a boy, wood was the fuel mostly used. Even the railway engines and the steamboats used wood. The late John Clockenburg told me of helping his father carry in a load of cordwood for the office of William Kirby. The schools were heated by wood. There was a small coal bin at the Dock, owned by Forbes Geddes, the Station Agent. It held about two carloads and served the needs of the toffs who could afford to have coal heaters. The country was dotted with woods, which furnished the fuel for the Town. Then W. H. J. Evans came to Town and started a Coal business. At first, he had his office in the Lake View House, but later built a substantial row of bins on the railway line leading into the engine house. Here he built

up a substantial business and a reputation for himself as a business man. He became one of our leading citizens.

He sat in Council from 1891 to 1896 inclusive and served an additional four years as County Commissioner, being County Warden in 1900. He was followed in the coal business by James Longhurst, Paddy Miles, Bob Cumpson and Harvey Caughill and in later years by Billy Richardson. Now many homes and places of business are using oil for heating. I daresay that some day, some form of steampower will be devised for use. Nothing seems to be beyond the power of man to devise or invent in this our day.

January 1st, 1953

CATTLE AND MILK

As I look out of my front windows at the Common, I picture in my mind's eye, the herds of cattle that used to browse on its supply of luscious grass. I suppose few of our people remember the time when cows loafed about our streets. There was then no need to worry about cutting the grass, the cows did that. All over the Town, there were people who kept a cow or two. Around my own section, people who kept a cow were numerous. There were the Doolans, The O'Melias, The Crosses, The Kennedys, Addisons, Abbotts, Bests, the Pattersons, Ed Bradley, John Simpson, both the hotels, Jimmy Tay, Sherlocks. Now, isn't that quite a list for one section of our Town. Nobody peddled milk from door to door. I can remember many a trip with a tin pail to procure a pint or a quart of milk. There was then no thought of pasteurizing the milk, no attempt at keeping stables or barns clean. It was a common thing to plant your nice clean shoes in the droppings from somebody's bovine pet, for the dear creatures played no favourites when they left a calling card. It may be that it added zest to walk along our wooden walks to fall over a cow reclining under a tree on the walk. We bought milk then at three cents a pint or five cents per quart. As time elapsed, the peddling of milk developed into quite a business. I remember when Eddie Patterson had quite a Dairy in the west end of the Town. At one time, he had a chap working for him and one day I observed this fellow at the spring just opposite the house where I was living and he was busily engaged in ladling water into the milk cans. The Military Camp was on at that time, and thither the milk was destined. When the driver saw me eyeing him and his activity, he grinned and remarked, "That for Tal." Milk was not bottled in those days, but was lugged around in large cans.

SPRING WATER

Speaking of Spring, we always had good spring water at the Dock. Three of these Springs are still there, one at Fort George, one at Nelson Street and one at Belaire Street. The one in the Fell lot, just below Wellington Street, was spoiled when the sewer was laid on Ricardo Street. I knew a young man who one summer took daily samples from all four of those springs. He was employed by a Commission which was investigating the pollution of boundary waters. I had the job of conveying him on trips around the mouth of the river to get samples of water. He told me that they never found a single instance of pollution in any of the Springs, but there was plenty of it in the River and well out into the Lake.

There seems to be a scarcity of water in various parts of the country on both sides of the line and a good deal of it is attributed to the cutting off of the trees and forests. You make take our own neighbourhood as an example of those cuttings. When I was on the water, one could survey the landscape and see groups of trees everywhere. Now, it is quite different. Not many will remember when the road to St. Catharines was known as "The Black Swamp Road." I remember that in my youth, there were heavy growths of trees pretty well all along it.

I once had the duty of taking service for the Reverend Mr. Nye at St. George's Church at Homer. The service was at night and my only way of getting home was by driving his team of mustang ponies down the road. There was no moon and along that road, it was as black as a string of black cats. And those ponies were wise, for you couldn't drive them faster than a walk. I arrived at Doyle's Hotel where I was to leave the ponies at eleven o'clock and delivered the ponies to the care of Charlie Chandler. I never met a soul all the way down that dark and dismal highway. The coming of the gas wagon has changed all that. I see every once in a while, a truck laded with a huge tank of water bound for the country which seems to have gone dry. Like other parts of the country, are trees are pretty well cleaned out and many of our bird friends have gone with the trees.

When I was a boy, there was quite a lot of shooting of game birds. There are not the pigeons that used to be plentiful nor snipe, nor snow birds, nor plover to mention a few that were common to our District.

January 8th, 1953

THE FIREMEN'S BALL

Well, New Years has come and gone once more and the Firemen have held their Ball. This is quite an institution and has been going almost since Adam was a baby. The Fireman seem to have had this Annual Shindig for longer than I can remember. But things are a bit different now from what they were in my young days. I remember that it used to be the custom to send out to a carefully prepared list of ladies, an ornate invitation card, without which no female could attend. And all those ladies so invited were gathered by a very ornate carriage and pair from Donnelly's Livery Stable. I fancy I can see that rig now, with Pete McCormack on the driver's seat, going from house to house gathering up the belles of the Town who had been invited to come to the Town Hall to grace the Ball with their gracious presence. For the men, no invitation was needed, as long as they could produce the price of admission. In my younger days, these Annual Balls were held in the small hall, as the one now used then had the old permanent seating arrangement which did not afford room for dancing. The dances were not as large as they are now, as the size of the room did not permit a large crowd. The Firemen later on were responsible for removing the old seats and putting down a hardwood floor, so that now there is ample room for tripping the light fantastic. I sometimes picture to myself, the carriage from Bill Donnelly's stable with its spic and span team of horses, its immaculately dusted interior and with Pete on the box, it was a sight for sore eyes.

This Annual Ball drew customers from the American side of the River; in fact, on many occasions, the music was furnished by King & McLaughlin from Youngstown. I remember that on one New Year's Eve, the Lake Erie ice came down in the night and my Dad and I had a job next day, getting a girl who was employed at Fort Niagara back to her job.

Fred Bolton was her company and he went with us to get across through the ice. We made it but it was some job. We landed at the Run above Youngstown. For those who are not up on River Topography, the Run is the point on the river shore just above Youngstown, and there would be no eddy ice there. After making a landing, Dad and I waited there while Fred piloted his lady friend to her destination and this having been done, we wound our way homeward. To return to the subject of dances and dancers, what a change has come over both. Now I am told the Firemen pay three hundred dollars for an Orchestra, whereas in my youth, they would pay at the most twenty or twenty-five dollars. A couple of fiddles, a cornet and a piano were considered ample. A dollar and a half was about the extent of what the male patrons were required to pay, while the ladies were admitted free on invitation. I do not remember much

about the supper arrangements, but I don't suppose the cost would be more than fifty or sixty cents per couple.

THE ICE BRIDGE AT NIAGARA

There does not seem to be the ice in the River that there used to be. There were many ice bridges or jams in earlier years, when it would be possible to walk or drive across. There used to be a roadway down the bank at the old Ferry and I think I can see the path zig-zagging across. Usually someone marked out the path with sticks or branches. The Path was never very smooth or straight, but a lot of people crossed. I remember one man who had a rather harrowing experience on night. It was an American soldier named Larkin. He started across one dark night towards the American side carrying a borrowed lantern. The icebridge moved while he was on it and he walked into open water. He lost his lantern, but managed to get back on the ice and make his way back to Canada. soaking wet and half frozen but tinkled pink to be alive.

January 15th, 1953

FRED WILLETT'S BAND

"O, Listen to the Band." Did you hear Fred Willett's band. If you didn't, you missed a treat. I don't know where he gathered that bunch up, but he surely did a good job while he was at it. I listen to all the much publicized bands on the radio and I really do see no reason for Fred to take a back seat to any of them. It seems to me that it is a well balanced ensemble, its tone is good and its timing excellent and Fred's work as Conductor is beyond praise. Personally, I foresee a great future for Fred as a Conductor and for his Band as a purveyor of good music. This Art Wilson they were touting in between whiles must be some punkins. I see a chap of that name every once in a while and it seems to me he must be one of those "flowers that are born to blush unseen, and waste its sweetness on the desert air." It seems to me that we people of Niagara should wake up to the fact that we have such a successful business man in our midst. I hear there is some talk of taking up a collection to buy him a new hat as a token of our recognition of his superlative qualities as a man of business. Seriously though, Art has made a success of his business and deserves all the good things that were said about him.

THEN AND NOW

What an age of speed we are living in. When you hear of things that happen on the other side of the world almost as soon as they occur, and when you can travel across the wide Atlantic Ocean in a few hours, it gives one "furiously to think." When my grandfather came across the same Atlantic with his Regiment in 1840, it took them three months. Now the modern liners do the trip in a little more than that many days. No so many years ago, our western provinces were an unexplored wilderness. Now they are served by railways where there was nothing but Indian trails, while air travel is a thing of everyday life. And who ever dreamed that Alberta and British Columbia would be producing oil and that Canada bids fair to outstrip the whole world in the quantity and quality of its stored up oil reserves. Some of us Old Timers have seen some wonderful developments in our time. When I was a schoolboy, the telephone was invented. We have seen the coming of Electric Light and Power. Who among us remember our first Electric Light system. We had no electric motors or stoves, or refrigerators. We had no hard surfaced roads. The use of tar and asphalt for roads had not been thought of. Stone crushing machinery was unknown. Did you know that our only stone road, which began in front of our Town Hall, was all hand crushed. I was once told the name of the man who did the work in the Town, but I have forgotten it. We had no phonographs. The first of them that I remember was owned by John Brown and was the kind that used a cylinder and a huge horn. We had no radio. And how it has been improved and developed. And we had no moving pictures. The first one I ever saw was in Toronto at Exhibition time. Walter Reid and my brother Fred and I went into a little place on T'onge Street. I don't suppose it would seat over fifty or sixty people. It was silent, of course and was very flickering and hard on the eyes. Incidentally, we rode along King Street to the Exhibition on one of the old horse drawn trams behind an old grey horse and it took about an hour. I remember when we had only small trees on our streets, protected by boxes and when our Park was a wilderness of small trees, while around the park was a hedge, protected by a wire fence. One must remember that in those dear, dead days, there were herds of cattle roaming our streets. Truly, the "World Do Move." and what a different world it is. We certainly have much to be thankful for and it would do us all good to count our blessings, now that we have embarked on a new year. We have many things that our Fathers never had or dreamed of having and we have some things that are abused. Those means of getting about are in many cases, abused by people who are careless or in a hurry to get nowhere. So many good people are being killed or maimed by these very things which we count as blessings.

January 22nd, 1953

CHANGES IN OUR WAY OF LIFE

I was thinking of the tremendous change that has come over our way of living in my short span of life. It used to be that when a couple married, they started out on the sea of matrimony in a very modest way. First of all, they both managed to scrape up a little money, he to get a decent suit in which to be married and she to furnish what used to be called a hope chest. Probably, he would manage to get enough to buy very modest equipment for kitchen and bedroom. Now you see bridal couples blossoming out with radio, a car, all kinds of silverware, probably a house the government built and a fervent ambition to outdo all the Joneses that came out of the Ark. What the *douce* would people do without a government. It is expected to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, heal the sick, provide doctors and hospitals. Why on earth doesn't someone start a movement to have some government produce the babies. Bye and bye, you young people will need a government permit to have children. Government tells us how to run our civic affairs, how to teach our kids and more and more, we are shoving off onto the government, all responsibility for our living. And say, you fellows that pay taxes of one kind or another, who pays the shot. Why you do and you are apparently willing to give someone else control of your purse strings. Your elected councillors can no longer run your affairs on a tax levy of 15 or 20 mills on the dollar. The average young couple are not satisfied nowadays with living modestly and economically. They must have a car right away. They must have a radio and in many cases a television set. My lady must have as many and ornate dresses as Miss or Mrs. Jones. In short, most people live far beyond their means. They are thoroughly imbued with the spirit of "taking no thought for the morrow," for the morrow or the government or some organization will take care of me. What silly asses many of us are. We cannot see another with something that we have not, but we must forthwith have it whether we can afford it or not. Even the small kids are imbued with the same spirit. Look at the lineup outside the Brock Theatre on Saturday afternoon. Children are not taught to make their own fun or entertainment. Sometimes you know, I feel sorry for parents who have a flock of children to bring up. They may be jewels, but jewels can be darned expensive. Another change I have observed in our way of life is shown by the traffic on our business street. One must be struck by the number of trucks delivering the goods that our stores retail to us. For instance, I once counted twelve different bakery trucks passing by in a short time. Our meats, canned goods, our drinks and items of merchandise innumerable are so conveyed. Our railway is nearly out of existence. Gone are Bill and George Murray, Tom Mills, Bill Wright and a host of others who used to convey our goods from dock or railway to our homes and stores. I wonder what one would think if he could see Tom Mills pick up a barrel of coal oil and put it in his wagon, a mere

matter of 400 pounds. Or see Bill Wright yank the hind end of a wagon loaded with coal over onto the scales. They were men of might.

Few housewives know how to bake bread any more. The can opener plays a more and more important part in catering to a family's appetite. In my young days, we never saw canned goods. I do not say that this is not better, for it greatly simplifies the work of feeding the hungry. Another change is in the treatment of the sick. It used to be that a few old women were the mainstay of the Doctor in caring for the sick. Now we have a hospital and trained nurses and if you dare to catch a cold or get what a fellow I used to know called "Sick a do bell." why away you go to "de hospital". All to the good I suppose. I hope my readers will not get the idea that I am grouching about these changes. I am only pointing out some of the changes. You can do the grouching if you feel so disposed.

January 29th, 1953

OUR RAILWAY

I suppose not many of us are interested in our Railway any more, as it has long ceased the carriage of passengers in and out of our Town. I happened to hear over the radio of a steel rail being found across a Railway Track in the United States and it reminded me of an incident which I once observed on our own line. But let us go back a bit to the early days of railroading in our Town. When our railway was first planned, it was intended to enter the town by way of Paradise Grove and rails were actually laid down past the road which led across the Common. It changed our whole course of travel to the south of the Town for it dug a cutting right along the course of the old River Road and a new road across the Common from the end of Picton Street came into use. However, some difficulty arose about getting across the slip, which was then very much in use, so the Railway was temporarily laid down through the Town as it is to this day. However a long wooden trestle was constructed from Ricardo Street over the flats to the waterfront at the Steamboat Wharf. The greater part of this was earth filled before my time, but a part of the trestle over Delatre Street remained.

During my boyhood, the Railway replaced this remaining part of the wooden trestle by the present iron bridge. They had a gang of men working there and used a capstan worked by a horse for hoisting the large blocks of stone. The horse was one owned by Bob Allen and Charlie Clark was the driver. We kids considered it of great importance that we should spend as much time as possible superintending the work. One day, just as a particularly large stone was being raised, a bee stung the horse, whereupon it took to its heels and raced around that blamed capstan which was quite a treat for us kids. Poor Charlie was puzzled and kept shouting at the

horse to Whoa and what tickled us was the way that staid old nag got over the capstan arm without once even stumbling. The crew had to trip that stone in a hurry and it came to earth with a bang. Fortunately the men got clear and no harm was done, except to the nerves of the poor horse. When the morning train pulled out, a number of flat cars would be placed on the track above Ricardo Street, and when the crew wanted a fresh carload, they would start a car with crowbars and it would roll down to where it was wanted, when the hand brake would be applied to stop it in the proper place.

The photo on the left shows the unusual scene of a steam locomotive sitting on King Street, next to what is today the Niagara Apothecary, in the very centre of old town Niagara-on-the-Lake. Starting in 1839, the Erie and Ontario Railroad consisting of horse-drawn cars running on wooden rails" connected Chippawa and Queenston, transporting passengers and freight around

Photo courtesy of the Niagara Historical Museum PR FP NF 63 Niagara Falls. .

In 1854, that railway was converted to steam and was extended from Queenston into the old town of Niagara-on-the-Lake via King Street. Its terminus was at a dock on the Niagara River. During its heyday, from the 1880s to the 1920s, the line carried passengers to connect with the steamers that then sailed daily. However, they started a car one day and after it had got rolling, they found that it had no brake. If it had been allowed to continue its downward course, it probably would have gone through the Steamboat Warehouse. We quite enjoyed seeing that bunch of men running to throw planks and scantlings across the track to stop the car. Some of them, it snapped like matches, but they finally brought it to a halt.

PASSENGER PIGEONS

Listening to that Toronto School Quiz on the radio on Saturday, I heard some mention of the passenger pigeons, which once abounded in these parts. I don't remember them, but my father has told me of men standing on the Railway track opposite the Beach and knocking them down in the hundreds. They seem to have come over in such huge numbers that they darkened the sky. And now they have entirely disappeared. The last was heard of them was that a few had been seen in the mountains in the far Western States, but that was a good many years ago. People about home used to keep pigeons. Nobody considered them a nuisance, but in Toronto, they seem to cause a lot of heartburning on the part of owners of houses. There certainly are plenty of them, especially in North Toronto and I see that someone has suggested greasing the places where they are in the habit of roosting. It seems to me that with the many

available roosts, someone is going to have a steady job and an everlasting one. Pity the poor birds however.

They are pretty and harmless. Some darn fool even wanted to cut down the trees in some of the city parks to get rid of the birds. What fools these mortals be.

February 5th, 1953

RADIO

One of the many modern things that we did not have in my youth was the Radio. It has much about it that is enjoyable and much not so nice. We get quite used to having a good programme interrupted by commercial announcements and we bear them though not gladly, as they help by their support to bring us entertainment. But Good Lord, Deliver Us from the so called "singing commercials." Of a" the silly, assinine rackets that ever were invented to torture our ears, they take the cake. They are not musical and they are anything but amusing or diverting. Whoever devised such an instrument of torture ought to have his head or what passes for a head, thoroughly house cleaned. I wonder if it were not possible to establish a school to teach radio announcers how to pronounce the English language. I am continually hearing announcers mispronounce common words. You must know that I went to school when Janet Carnochan was our Teacher and one of the things about which she was most insistent was correct punctuation. Her spirit could teach even smart radio announcers, a trick with a hole in it when it comes to proper use of our English tongue. Not a" the mispronunciations are made by radio artists. I was listening to President Eisenhower's address to Congress and I noticed him pronouncing the word sacrifices as if it were spelled "sacrifisses." It's darn aggravating when you can't correct some of these fellows.

Some of those so called singers on the radio need a few lessons in the rudiments of voice culture. Some of them cannot take a middling high note without yelling their bally heads off. One fellow who has quite a vogue is dreadfully nasal and slurry in his vocalizing. Well now that I've got that off my mind, I shall await whatever fate shall befall with patience and equanimity. Those are good words, if you know what I mean.

WINTER IN NIAGARA

Well, here we have a bit of Winter. Mother Nature, after a lot of shilly shallying, has finally decided that the time has come to give it to us. We've been pretty lucky, shovelling, for which we old timers are duly thankful. We have not had an ice bridge for a long time on our river. When I was young and around the Waterfront, we seemed to have them quite often. We usually got them after a heavy fall of snow in the Lake Erie region, followed by heavy west and northwest winds. And we usually get our cold snaps from the west. But I remember one winter when they had it mild on the western prairies and we were frozen up all winter. We were living in a house on Ricardo Street that winter and we darn near froze. The River was completely frozen up all winter and as far as one could see in the Lake, there was nothing but ice. And to add to the discomfort, was the fact that there was no coal to be had. Joe Greene got in some carloads of coke which had to do us. The kitchen where we lived was on the brow of the hill and one night, it was so cold that with a fire on in the kitchen stove, a teakettle was frozen solid in the morning about three feet from the stove.

I don't suppose anybody remembers the time that Albert Davey and Jim McMillan undertook to skate to Toronto on the ice that lined the Lake shore. I don't remember what their reason was for undertaking such a stunt, but it was another campaign that failed. I think it was Billy Smith who was running the Youngstown News who composed and printed a verse descriptive of their jaunt, a part of which ran as follows:

They skated east and they skated west, And they skated on accordin
And Windy Jim went in to his chin On the other side of Jordan.

February 12th, 1953

I was reminiscing about open winters a while ago and how they brought about epidemics of one kind or another. I mentioned an extra cold winter however. You usually connect a cold, steady winter with good health, but it does not always turn out that way. The one winter, that of 1903 and 1904 was very cold and steady, but contrary to the accepted belief, it brought with it a very heavy mortality, particularly among old people. I belonged to the United Workmen and the death toll was so heavy in the Province of Ontario, that we had a whole series of double assessments to meet the death rate. This was not confined to this particular locality, but was general throughout the Province. We had about thirty interments in st. Mark's Cemetery during those cold winter months. Father died that Spring.

PIG BUTCHERING

One thing that I had in mind of quite a different nature was pigs. Are there any pigs in Town now? When I was a boy, about half the people kept those odoriferous pets. Did you ever suffer from a steady diet of salt pork for a whole darn winter, varied only occasionally by a bit of beef or a meal of fish. We hadn't the canned meats and vegetables that grace our grocer's shelves. The Annual Pig Killing was quite an event. When you got Pat Flynn and Toby O'Brien together, they're quite a team. If you could be around when Mike Hahassey had pigs to kill, you would have got an earful. Bill and Joe Fellows and the whole family of Egans were usually to be found assisting at the obsequies. Down in our neck of the Town, there used to be a large pigpen just where the waterworks building now stands. The Bests were Butchers and lived in the house that Jim Usher now has and they kept their porcine stock in the pen of which I speak, until they were wanted for slaughter in the Slaughter House at the rear of their dwelling and which has now been taken down. I remember the keen interest we kids used to have in seeing Jimmy Tay's pets being slain. That's one gory scene that our present kids with their picked looking outfits miss. Ted Bissell used to do Jimmy's killing. How we watched every detail of the spectacle, the scalding, the scraping and the hanging up. Nothing escaped us. So you modern kids missed quite an experience by being born so late in the day. There is always something or somebody to take away our innocent pleasures. The Government Inspectors come along and tell you you can't do this and you can't keep that. I think I told you about a character who stole a litter of pigs. This fellow owed my Dad and my Uncle some money and my uncle was able to get one of these young pigs from the man. Of course, he didn't know the pigs were stolen until long afterwards. We shared the pig between us when it was ready to kill and it was very fine pork. I don't know of any pigs being kept in Town now, unless it should be in what is left of Irishtown, which is not at all Irish anymore. Gone are the Mruphys, the O'Briens, the Mahasseys, the McMann's, the Flynns, the Lynches, the Campbells, the Careys, the Barnes. The only remnant of the Irish are the Fellows'. The original Fellows came from the Town of Enniscorthy in the County of Wexford, the same town from which my paternal grandmother came. Of course, not all the Irish inhabitants lived in Irish Town. They were scattered all over the place, and they were not the only people who kept pigs. But pigs and Irish have gone. The aroma of the pig sty has vanished and in its place, we have the reek of gasoline, The squeal of the pig has been replaced by the blare of the horn and those people of the long ago have been replaced by a new people, whose most familiar weapon is the can opener and whose only aim in life is to get nowhere in a hurry.

February 19th, 1953

RIP VAN WINKLE

I happened to be looking through a book of short stories a few days ago and I came across an old friend in the tale of Rip Van Winkle. I remember having that tale for a literature study at High School. You who are familiar with the story, will remember that Rip was an idle fellow and his wife had a tongue with a tang and to get away from her and her tongue, he would take his gun and his dog and sally forth among the Catskill Mountains, there to attain the peace which he desired and to cause as much damage to the bird population as he could. On this occasion, after seeing some very strange people amid the mountain scenery, and partaking freely of a beverage to which he had access, he just naturally fell asleep. When he awakened, his dog was gone and beside him lay a rusty gun. He looked all over for the dog and for the people whom he remembered seeing, and finding neither, he shouldered the rusty musket and tramped off towards his home, wondering as he went, what kind of welcome he would get from his indignant spouse. He must have been a woebegone object. His clothes were ragged and his beard had grown overnight to a great length. When he approached the Town, it seemed to have changed. Its shops were different, and while the old Tavern was still there, a different person was in charge. His own house he found empty and deserted. He later learned that he had been asleep for twenty years. His wife was dead, his dog was gone, his family grown up and dispersed. Nobody remembered him. He finally found a daughter, married and with a family and made his home with her and he also found one or two of his old cronies. You may bet that old Rip had some tall tales to tell about his long absence. And you can just imagine the unbelieving looks on the faces of his hearers as he spun them.

It occurred to me that had we a Rip VanWinkle living in this Town of say three score years ago and came trudging home, he would have found some change today. Supposing he had been hunting rabbits on Queenston mountain and had fallen asleep and after a lapse of some five dozen years, awakened to a new life and started for home and his own familiar haunts, what changes would he have found. Let's jog along with Rip and hear him talking to himself. Of course, he came along the old River Road and as he emerged from the shade of the Oak Bush, he would stop and look. Is this my Town. Why this road across the Common seems to be deserted. And what do I see; what is that great outspread building I see. That wasn't there yesterday. I'll have to see about this. I must be dreaming. As he approached the Town, he found that a hospital had sprung up overnight and looking along the street, it seemed different. The muddy, dusty wide thoroughfare seemed to have been changed. Down its centre was some kind of garden, planted with shrubs. It had been surfaced with some kind of hard material and there were queer looking iron posts planted in it and altogether it looked different. The houses

somehow were different. And where has Jimmy Doyle's Hotel got to~ Why its gone. Poor old Jimmy; he was a good scout.

Look at that Park over there. Where has the hedge gone and the wire fence? And the trees, why they have grown wonderfully overnight. Well, there is Candy Evan's wee shop, but it seems to be closed. Can it be that he is gone, too? And the Whitewings Hotel, it used to be right here and it too, has gone and the shop that stood beside it. Oh yes, there's Bill Long's Hotel, but it looks different. Bill isn't in sight, nor the men that used to be sitting on the verandah. And Clement's house on the other corner. It doesn't look the same. It used to be just an ordinary frame dwelling with a smaller kind of shop or store behind it. Look at those windows. Somebody must do some kind of showy business in there.

And there is a separate store as part of the same building. The Hydro, it says on its sign. Hydro, what is that? Nothing like that was here to my recollection. And a Fire Hall. The only Fire Hall I remember was a room under the Town building. Lets see, where was Clemens store? Why there is where it used to be but how it has changed. I don't see old George A., or Johnny about. Steve Follett's was next.

He must be gone too and Henry Chrysler. There is a different look about that place. The Chryslers were all temperance people, so how does it come that there should be a Liquor Sign on the place. I wish I could see someone I know, so I could find out about people and things. Well, we shall see.

February 26th, 1953

The street seems to be cluttered up strange looking machines. I asked a man what they were and he looked at me in such a queer way. "Say Mister, where have you been? Didn't you ever see a car before?" Yes, I said, but they used to run on Railway Tracks." He laughed, and looked me over as if I were a strange animal. I didn't bother him anymore. Well, any way, there was the Town Hall pretty much as I remembered it. But what does that sign in the window say? "Police Office." Well, my gosh, Bob Reid must have got up in the world, for he never had an office in my time. I saw a very important looking man in a uniform standing nearby and I heard someone address him as Chief, so I asked who he was and was told that he was Chief Warner, so I concluded that Bob must be gone too. I wondered what in thunder they wanted of a brick thingummy in the middle of the street and right in front of the Town Hall too and I didn't like to ask, so I walked over and there was a slab on it and it appears to be a Memorial to men of the Town who died in a War. Well, for goodness sake, so they went and had a War, yes, two of them while I was asleep. "Gosh, I,ll believe anything now." But, lefs get along. There was Jack

Bishop's old store. It seems to be occupied by a newspaper. I didn't see anything of Jack and his cigar, nor hear his hearty voice. How the Dickens has the town got on without Jack Bishop? Bill Longhurst had a Butcher Shop next door. It looks like a shoe repair there now, so I suppose Bill is gone. And Jim Walsh's barroom has another business in it, while the rest of his hotel has a grocery store. Of course, the Dave McMilians were gone before I left and on the next corner, Harry Woodington seems to have gone too, as there is a Clothing and Shoe business there now and his Liquor Store *next* is now occupied by a firm named Eaton, who must have come in from Toronto, as I remember a small store in Toronto under that name.

So far, I have not found a single one of the old timers I used to know. Even Paddy Lynch's place is gone and I suppose that Paddy too has gone. That whole street seems changed. There is a Bakery and a place where they repair those newfangled cars and a sort of storehouse by people named Greaves. Never heard of them in my time. And where has old Henry Paffard's quaint old house gone from the corner. Why Henry used to just about own the Town. Ah, there's a familiar name, McCleliands. I peeped in, but none of the McCleliands I used to know were to be seen. The store didn't look like the same place inside, either. Hello, whars this? A new Post Office. No use going in there. Nobody would know me. Bob Warren would never be found in a place like that. As I went along, I could see several new houses. I got down to the corner where we used to turn up for St. Catharines and there I missed old H.A. Garretts house which used to be there close to the street. From here, the other side of the street looks much the same, but Iers wander along it for a closer look. Why, on the very next corner, the Roger's building has vanished and the Sando house across from it. In fact, there are some changes in that whole next block. Thompsons and Connollys and Taylors and Biddy Mayo used to be here. There seems to be only one house left and Jack Thompson lived in it. The rest are gone, even the old Centre House on the corner. Campbell's Blacksmith Shop has gone and Bob Kearins' Bake Shop. What the dickens is that place with a hump on its back like a camel? A picture theatre. Well, that's something new. As I walk along, I can't see a single familiar sign on a building. Rowland's old store is there yet, but what a change there is in it. No tailoring or dry goods, but jam of all things. Golly, the only jam there was in my time was what mother used to make and it wasn't put up in little glass bottles, but in crocks that could hold as much as a whole flock of bottles. Sando's meat shop and Blain's drygoods seem to be missing, as well as Tom Holahan' bootshop. There used to be a little shop along here where the telephone started. Here is a deserted and rather dilapidated looking building that seems to be deserted. Where the fire was a few years back, there now are a Meat store, a Bank, a Furniture store, a Lunch store. Two new places have been built, a barber shop and a telephone office. There's a new name on the Barber Shop, Curtis instead of Frank and dear old Henry Paffard's name has gone from the Drug Store. What changes there have been. There is not a single person in business on that whole street that I know. Gone are the Boyles, the Longs, the Clements, the Chryslers, the Bishops, the Longhursts,

the McMillans, the Walshes, the Woodingtons, the Paffards, the Sherlocks, the Bests, the Rosses, the Petleys, the Blains, the Rowlands, the Pattersons and the Folletts. In fact, there are only two people living along the whole length of the street who lived there in my time. I wonder how many can name those people.

March 5th, 1953

NIAGARA'S EARLY MAYORS, REEVES & COUNCILLORS

I was asked a few days ago, who was Niagara's first Mayor. It was in 1850 that we were able to elect a Mayor, although we had been incorporated as a Town by an Act of the Parliament of Canada, the style of the Act of Incorporation being 8th Victoria, Chapter 62, dated March 29th, 1845. In 1850, there was a general act incorporating all Towns, Villages, etc. and setting forth the title of those holding office. According to the terms of the first Act of Incorporation, we were governed by a Board of Police and the title of the head of that Board was President. When the new Act came into force, the presiding officer was styled Mayor and until 1858, the Mayor was elected from and by the Councillors. We then had five wards with three Councillors from each ward. The Reeve and Deputy Reeve were also elected in the same way and continued so until 1866. In 1860, the number of Wards was reduced to three and in 1899, instead of electing three Councillors from each ward, Council was reduced to six Councillors and the Mayor, all elected at large. For a long time, the municipal year began on the first day of May. Then in 1907, we again had a Reeve in the person of Joseph Greene and in 1952, we added a Deputy Reeve in the person of W. M. Theobald. There had not been a Deputy Reeve since 1865 when George C. Secord held the office. Some of the men of former days served a long time in Council, the longest time being that of Henry Paffard, who served 26 years in all, as Mayor, but not continuously, he having three terms, from 1876 to 1880 inclusive, 1863 to 1874 and 1888 to 1895. Only one Mayor died in office, T. F. Best in 1912, in his 6th year as Mayor. Three Mayors resigned before finishing their term, L. W. Mercer resigned in 1856, and was succeeded by F. A. B. Clench. W. S. Winterbottom resigned in 1883, and was succeeded by T. M. Rowland. J. M. Mussen resigned in 1923 and was succeeded by J. E. Mastors. I am the only one who served as Reeve and Mayor at the same time.

Only one Reeve has died in office. Fred McCusker in 1942, being succeeded by T. A. Haines. One Councillor died in office, J. W. McMillan in 1941. Several Councillors have failed to finish their term. L. W. Mercer resigned as Councillor in 1856; R. M. Willson in 1875; J. R. Wilkinson in 1892 to become Clerk; Jas. Coleman in 1912; T. W. Bishop in 1920; Wm. Crawford in 1920; Wm. Kirby in 1929 to become Division Court Clerk. Two Reeves have died in office: Col. W. P. Butcher in 1921 and Fred McCusker in 1942 succeeded by T. A. Haines.

The following list of long service men in Council might be of interest:

| | |
|-------------------------------|----------------------------|
| Henry Paffard, 26 years | W. H. Harrison, 19 years |
| H. A. Garrett, 12 years | John Simpson, 11 years |
| John Bishop, 24 years | Martin Lyons, 16 years |
| Thomas Daly, 11 years | F .A.B. Clench, 10 years |
| S. H. Follett, 22 years | S.H. Sherlock, 16 years |
| Robert Best, 11 years | James Macphee, 10 years |
| T. F. Best, 22 years (nearly) | R. J. Cumpson, 14 years |
| William Greaves, 11 years | J. E. Masters, 10 years |
| Robert Bishop, 21 years | James Aikins, 12 years |
| William Kirby, 11 years | W.B.Winterbottom, 10 years |
| W.W. McClelland, 19 years | W, J. Campbell, 12 years |
| Walter Reid, 11 years | |

The man who served the longest continuous term was Robert Bishop, who sat continuously from 1886 to 1900 inclusive.

In the period from 1850 to 1953, 32 men have served as Mayor and six of them have become Warden while serving as Reeve: John Simpson, S. H. Follett, John Bishop, Jas. Aikins, J. E. Masters and Jas. Macphee.

March 12th, 1953

Having devoted some time and space to the Mayors of Niagara, I thought it might be of interest to some, to do a little bit about the Reeves. Now some may get the idea that the Reeve is a sort of pale shadow of the Mayor, but that is not the case. For some reason, when our Parliamentary Solons at Ottawa set about incorporating the various Towns and Cities, they decreed that Villages and Townships should be headed by an official who should be known by the title of Reeve. Now in early times in England, the Reeve was an official appointed by the King to carry into execution, the judgments of the courts presided over by the "Ealdorman" and other high dignitaries, exact the imposts, contributions, tithes and take charge of the prisoners. So you see that the Reeve was a very important person with a very definite set of duties. The Sheriff was the shire of county Reeve, a step up in the scale. Having given the title of Mayor to the Towns and Cities, no doubt it was considered that that position, having as it did and does have the responsibility of practically having to oversee and direct the whole business of all their people, they thus had enough to do. There remained, however, the desirability of having someone charged specifically with the duties of representing their towns in the councils of the larger municipalities called the counties. Now, as most of us know, a county Council consists of the

Reeves and Deputy-Reeves of the Towns, Villages and Townships of which the county consists. So you will readily see that the position of Reeve carries responsibilities and has duties beyond the limits of any particular local municipality. You will thus see that in some respects, the Reeve's duties are of a wider scope than those of the Mayor. My own personal experience has been that I learned far more of the duties and privileges of a Municipal Official while serving in the County Council than I ever did in the Council of the Town.

At one time, the Provincial Government decided to make a change in the setup of County Councils, so they provided for a County to be divided into Districts, with representatives elected directly by the voters without respect to their local municipalities. Lincoln County was divided into four divisions with two Commissioners from each. This change was made in 1897 and we thus had no more Reeves until 1907, when a change was made back to the old order. One of the Town's men, W. H. J. Evans served in County Council for four years from 1897 to 1900 and was Warden in the last year of his service. He had served six years as Town Councillor before going to the County.

REEVES 1856 – 1953

I have a list of the Reeves from 1856 to 1953, and I find that 21 men have held the office in that time. Here they are:

| | |
|---------------|------------------|
| John Powell | James Aikins |
| T. M. Rowland | J. E. Masters |
| F.A.B. Clench | W. P. Butcher |
| John Bishop | James Macphee |
| J. M. Lawder | W. R. McClelland |
| T. P. Blain | W. H. Harrison |
| John Simpson | Fred McCusker |
| Robert Bishop | T. A. Haines |
| William Kirby | F. D'Arcy |
| J. F. Greene | W. L. Patterson |
| S. H. Follett | |

Of these men, eight served as Warden of Lincoln, as follows; John Simpson, S. H. Follett, John Bishop, Joseph F. Greene, James Aikins, Joseph E. Masters, James Macphee, Wilfred L. Patterson.

John Bishop served 16 years as Reeve; W. L. Patterson is in his 9th year; S. H. Follett served 8 years; J. E. Masters 8 years; W. H. Harrison 7 years; William Kirby, 6 years; James Macphee 6

years, John Simpson, 5 years; J. F. Greene, 5 years and Fred McCusker was in his 4th years when he passed away.

I have the names of nine Deputy Reeves. They are F. A. B. Clench; George A. Clement; Joseph T. Kerby; J. M. Lawder; Robert Connor; Thomas Daly; William Kirby; George C. Secord and the last and present holder of the office, W. E. Theobald.

I hope this will give my readers a better idea of the importance of the office of Reeve. As far as the Mayor is concerned, don't forget that he is the Chief Magistrate of the Town. I was told by the late Mr. Mussen that he had learned while in England that we were the only Town in Canada, whose Mayor was entitled "Lord Mayor." I think that in view of this information, our Mayor, whoever he may be, should have a suitable badge of office.

March 19th, 1953

I have a list showing that in the period from 1856 to 1953, two hundred and one men and one woman have served in the Town Council, the one woman having been Mrs. B. A. Taylor, who was a member of Council in 1945. The terms of service have varied from Henry Paffard's twenty-six years to a few months. Several resigned, leaving a term unfinished. Two of them, R. Wilkinson and J. H. Burns resigned to take the appointment as Town Clerk and Treasurer. Wm. Kirby, the second, became Division Court Clerk, while W. S. Winterbottom and Wm. Crawford left the Town without resigning. L. W. Mercer led the parade of resigners by doing so twice, once as Mayor and once as Councillor. Three resigned before finishing a term as Councillor, T. W. Bishop, Jas. Coleman and J. J. Doyle.

A great many of the names which appear in the Council lists of nearly a century have entirely vanished from our midst. No doubt some of you will remember such names as these: - Abbot, Acton, Avery, Baxter, Benedict, Burtwell, Butcher, Cairns, Callory, Camidge, Cathline, Christie, Claus, Clement, Clench, Connor, Coyne, Crysler, Daly, Date, Denison, Dixon, Donnelly, Doyle, Duignan, Finn, Follett, Gairdner, Heron, Houghton, Inksater, Kennedy, Kerby, Long, Lyons, Mercer, Milloy, Moffatt, Monro, Mussen, McConkey, McNally, Nash, Nelles, Oliver, Paffard, andall, Roddy, Rousseau, Rowland, Schmidt, Simpson, Shearer, Singer, Swenerton, Swinton, Turner, Waters, Watts, Willson, Winterbottom, and Winthrop.

SHOOTING MATCHES

One of the Sports of another day was shooting matches. There used to be lots of birds which were used. Pigeons, sparrows, and snowbirds were the chief victims. As I have remarked

before, plenty of people kept pigeons, so a supply was always available. Of course, the sparrows have always been with us, at least as long as I remember. I used to watch them trapping them on the Common when I was a boy. They used to use a length of fish net. This was propped upright like a fence. Grain would be sprinkled on the ground near the net and when the poor little sparrows would gather near the net in sufficient numbers, the props would be pulled away by lines attached and the birds would be pounced upon and placed in large cages to become victims of man's sport. Not much sport for the birds.

Snow birds were snared in the same way. There used to be plenty of them around. I wonder how many have seen a flock of snowbirds in flight. They have a curious wavy, up and down flight, different from any other birds that I know of. Then there are always lots of Ducks around the River and Lake and the Ponds along the Lake furnished roosting places for them. And there were thousands of Coweens. These birds used to fly up the river in the morning and in the evening, they returned to the Lake. As they always flew low over the water, they were fair game for anybody who could get a gun and a boat. They were never considered good eating as they were usually fishy tasting. When I was a kid, we used to skin them as this removed most of the fishy taste. At certain times during the day, they would congregate in the eddy opposite the Queen's Royal.

In those days, there were plenty of minnows on which they fed. The pollution of the River water by sewage has pretty well cleaned out the minnows and other fish which used to plentiful in the river and lake.

CURLING

Another thing that has passed away is the sport of Curling. I never played this game as I was only a boy when it flourished here, but we liked to watch it. I remember seeing them play in the Slip before they had a rink. The Rev. E. Stuart-Jones, who was curate at St. Mark's was largely responsible for forming the Curling Club. They played on a building at the dock which stood alongside the Basket Factory. When that was taken down, a rink was built on the Town Lot, fronting on King Street at the corner of Johnson St. The Hockey Club also used this building until it too was taken down. There is no one left of that Curling Club, and very few of that Hockey Club. The only one in Town who belonged to that old Hockey Club is Will Thompson, although my brother Arthur and Dudley Reid played before the club expired. We used to play a lot of Football, the game then being known as "Association. We played on ice or on the Common or in the Pounyard. We didn't know much about rules, in fact we made our own and we had a lot of fun. This game too has gone from our midst. The kids nowadays are too much interested in

picture shows and doing damage to street lights, churchgate lamps and making fools of themselves with pistols and toy guns.

March 26th, 1953

BARNEY McBRIEN

I suppose that nobody now remembers a family named McBrien that used to live on Mary Street. They had a small house on the site of the house in which the Colborns now live. The one I remember best was Barney McBrien, a happy-golucky sort of chap that never was much good and never did much harm. Barney of course, drank too much on occasion, but as he never had much money, his libations were not too frequent. Between whiles, he was a pretty good house painter. In fact, the last time I saw Barney, he was painting the woodwork on St. Vincent Church. But Barney had one habit for which he was known about Town, and that was starting a row and then running away. I remember that one night, when we had the original pastime club upstairs over where the Club 19 is now, there was a dickens of a noisy row broke out in Walsh's Bar next door. We, of course rushed down to the street to see what was doing, just in time to see the brave Barney pick himself out of the mud (of which we had plenty in those dear dead days) and flee as a bird down the middle of the street. I heard of another time he started a wholesale row between some American soldiers and some Town men in the Whitewings Hotel, which then stood on the site of Ern. Kemsley's domain, and was then kept by Mrs. May Sherlock. I happened to be on duty at the Ferry and got a firsthand account of the event. Black eyes and crimson noses were very apparent on those military countenances. They were loudly promising dire vengeance on someone. From their description of the culprit, I concluded that it was dear Barney, up to his old tricks. On later enquiry, this proved to have been the case.

One night, Ted Bissell was standing on Clement's corner, when a man approached and without a word, punched Ted in the optic and took to his heels. Ted never even got a good look at his wanton assailant, but poor Ted knew only too well who it was. Well, that was Barney, the only one of his kind. In his later days, he lived in a little house on the road near St. Davids, but has now departed this life. Barney had a very nice sister, Kate McBrien, who married an American soldier named Tommy Ellis, who afterwards had a Barber Shop in Youngstown.

THE LARKIN FAMILY

There are now none of the Larkin family in Town. The Larkins, the Connolleys and the Taylors lived in the bunch of houses that stood in the vicinity of Harrison's building. The Usher house is the only one of them now remaining. There were twin brothers, Charlie Larkin and I think the

other was named Barney. I never could tell the one from the other. When I knew them, they both worked on farms outside of Youngstown and only occasionally came over on the Ferry. Charlie was killed by lightning in the farmyard where he was employed. On one of Barney's visits to Town, he told Albert Davey what good shooting there was on the American side. Albert, like many of the men of that day, liked shooting and did not mind a tramp to procure some game. So, when he had a holdiay from McClelland's store, he crossed the noble River Niagara and set forth for a day's sport. Well, he walked and walked until he was weary and nary a bird came forth to be executed and our would-be Nimrod returned to the place whence he came, hungry, tired and plumb disgusted. The first time Larkin showed up, Albert reproved him sternly for misleading him. With a shrug of his shoulders, the culprit said, sheepishly, "I meant to tell ya the truth, Albert, but I told ya a loy."

JIM McMILLAN - BIRD SHOOTER

Speaking of Coweens, I remember that on one occasion, Jim McMillan, who was the proprietor of the American Hotel, bought himself a new shotgun. In those days, one had to load his own shells. So Jim loaded a bountiful supply of the shells and announced that he was going down to the icebanks and have some fun with the ducks. He had a boarder named Keyes who had a planing mill just across the road and he and Bill McMillan got busy surreptitiously (what a word) and extracted the shot from the old man's shells and substituted rice for the shot. Poor Jim lay on the ice for a long time and banged away manfully, but nary a bird could he kill, until one bird, more bold than his fellows, got too close and was blinded by the rice on which they had been feeding. We will kindly draw a veil over the scene on James' return to his domicile. Nuff said.

Section 15**HISTORY****April 2nd, 1953****OUR EARLY SETTLEMENT**

For something over four years, I have been reminiscing about people and things that came into my own recollections, and I have been thinking that I would run out of material in the not too distant future. However, I had an enquiry or two recently, from out of town people which led to a little research to find out what the people wanted to know if possible. While doing so, it led to my thinking of the early days of our old Town and the people who really made the Town. I am trying to visualize the site of the Town before it was settled.

Think, if you can, of a plain, unbuilt on stretch of river bank. Take away all the buildings and trees etc., and what would there be. Along the River from the high ground near Fort George, there was nothing but a marsh. King Street, Melville, Wellington, and Nelson were not there, nor was Ricardo at the edge of the hill. Over the river was the only Niagara of those days. Here was a British garrison and here were coming a never ending stream of refugees from the rebellious colonies. Food and other supplies were scarce, as the only source was by water from Quebec and those in command were at their wits end to deal with the problem. To send these people back whence they came was impossible.

COLONEL JOHN BUTLER

There was one man, however, who not only wanted to do something but did it. Suppose most of us have heard of Colonel John Butler. When I was a boy attending Sunday School in St. Mark's before the Parish Hall was built, we had our class in the square pew next to where they erected a marble tablet to this same Col. Butler, so his name has since that time, been a familiar one to me. He seems to have been both able and far seeing.

His regiment of Butler's Rangers had no accommodation at Fort Niagara so he conceived the idea of finding that desired accommodation on our side of the river. And here he built his barracks during the winter of 1778 and 1779, to house his men and any destitute settlers who needed shelter. It is apparent that John Butler was a man of substance before the Revolutionary War,

for he seems to have built his barracks from his own pocket. However, on March 8th of 1779, we find him billing General Haldimand, then Governor-General for the sum of 2,527 pounds, 19 shillings and tuppence for the cost of these buildings. As I see it, those barracks stood along the high ground, somewhere about the site of the land beyond Melville Street. There was quite a distance between them and the Town as it was afterwards laid out. This ground used to yield a harvest of old coins and buttons. You must remember that King Street was the southeasterly limit of the original Town site.

When our American cousins so thoughtfully made a bonfire to cheer themselves up at having to leave our vicinity, these barracks escaped the torch and were afterwards moved to their present site, so as to remove them from possible gunfire from across the river.

The next thing we know, that man Butler set about clearing some land for his men and others to raise crops to feed themselves. This seems to have received favourable consideration from Governor Haldimand and he urged that settlement be made to save expense in feeding the soldiers and others. In 1780, some land had been cleared and a start made in raising food.

Note: By M.Parnall. According to the Diary of Francis Goring who was a Trader here since 1776, his father-in-law, Peter Secord, commenced farming on this side of the Niagara River on August 4th, of the year 1780, and he is considered the first settler in Niagara according to his land petition.

It is hard for us, in our day in the midst of a land of plenty, to comprehend a dreary land of woods and wasteland, no orchards full of fruits or fields filled with grain or vegetables. Any land brought under Cultivation had to be first all cleared of trees and underbrush, and think of the job after this was done, of planting and cultivating with the crude implements then available. Then one must remember that this land did not belong to Butler's Rangers nor the destitute settlers, but was the property of the Indians.

LAND PURCHASE FROM INDIANS

So it followed that instructions were given to Sir Guy Johnson, the Superintendent of the Six Nation Indians, to buy a strip of land, four miles wide from the Messessauguas (note the spelling). This was the first purchase of land from the Indian owners. In this and other purchases of land, General Haldimand and those under him had not only the prospective settlers to consider, but the providing of new homes for the Six Nation Indians who had given

invaluable aid to the Loyalists during the War and who did not anticipate enjoying? the hospitality of Uncle Sam. This purchase of land speaks well of the wise care that our British leaders had for both settlers and Indians.

April 9th, 1953

In 1785, John Butler communicated to General Haldimand, a statement of his services during these troublous times, when claiming some reimbursement for the loss of his properties to the states, by reason of his having remained loyal to the Crown. He claims to have been in the service of the Indian Department since 1755 and details some of the Battles and Sieges in which he took part, such as Lake George, Ticonderoga, Cataraqui, Niagara, Oswagatchie and Montreal. In 1760, the officers of the Indian Department were dismissed and Butler was then continued on account of his knowledge of the Indian languages and placed under Col. Guy Johnson, the Indian Superintendent, whom he later succeeded.

In 1775, John Butler came to Canada with his superior and was sent to Niagara, Col. Guy Johnson having gone to England after naming Butler his deputy, it left Butler in a position of great responsibility, as no one knew what the Indians would do in the struggle between the rebels and the loyalists. Here is where our John Butler really was of tremendous service to the loyalist cause. His knowledge of the Indian's languages and their knowledge of him, played an important part in lining up the tribes on our side. The nation and empire owe a great debt to Colonel John Butler for the part he played in these trying times. At first, efforts were made to keep the Indians neutral, but later, as the Rebellion continued, it was decided to enlist their services offensively against the enemy. Butler was authorized to enlist a Corps of Rangers. This he did, the Corps having eight companies. With his own command and bodies of Indians, he was very active. With the men of his Rangers and the Indians under his command, he fought and skirmished all over Western New York and Pennsylvania and finally had to come to Niagara with his men.

GRIST & LUMBER MILLS

I have mentioned the difficulty of getting supplies as one of the reasons for raising food, but after growing grain, another problem presented itself. You must remember that our neighbourhood had no factories and no machinery of any kind, so after our settlers had begun to produce food, there was no means of grinding grain. Mills were needed for both grist and lumber. There was a man who had served in Butler's Rangers, a Sergeant David Brass who was a Millwright and to him was given the task of building both types of Mills, which he proceeded to

do. The work progressed well, but tools for these Mills were not obtainable and it was several years before millstones and saws, etc. could be got through from the Province of Quebec.

It is generally thought that the first Grist Mill was at the Servos Farm on the Four Mile Creek. I suppose that not many of my readers ever saw an old Stone Flour Mill in action. I used to see one at Youngstown. One of the places of activity was at the Ball Farm above Jordan, where Ball's Falls furnished power for both Saw and Grist Milling. This is a very pretty spot and well worth a visit. One must remember too, that much more water flowed through all of the creeks and streams in our part of the country than is now the case. This same Sergeant Brass later became a Lieutenant and finally settled near the Bay of Quinte.

Butler's Rangers were disbanded after the Revolutionary War was over and quite a lot of ink was spilled before the men and their families were settled in new homes. Talk about a shortage of housing accomodation is common in our day, but you can get building materials (if you have the price) in a very short time. But in those days of which we read, it was not so easy. I was once talking to the late John Crysler about the old days when his forebears were settling on the land granted to them. Their land had an abundance of trees with building material, while some of their neighbours were lacking such material.

Now remember that few of these people had any money, as they had left everything of any value when they came west into Canada. So the Cryslers were able to get much of their land cleared by trading timber for labour in clearing their land. In those days, there was a neighbourly spirit abroad in the land.

Implements were crude and scarce and no money was available to hire help, so neighbours just had to be more than mere acquaintances. Nowadays, tools and machinery are plentiful and much of the hard, manual toil has been done away with.

April 16th, 1953

John Butler succeeded Sir John Johnson as Indian Agent. One of the burning questions of that day was travel, both for goods and people. Most of it had to be done by water. For getting up the river past the Falls, a man named John Stedman was granted the privilege over what was known as "the carrying place," this being on the east side of the River. He was given the franchise for a period of seven years from 1779 and later on we find him in some trouble at the opening of a new route on the west side. For land travel, shank's mare was about the only convenience available.

THE INDIANS

For some 13 years after the peace between Great Britain and the rebellious Colonies, our side continued to hold possession of the Border Posts, including Fort Ontario at Oswego and Fort Niagara. Many Indians apparently had their abode in the vicinity of those two posts. Constant efforts were being made by the Americans to get those Indians on their side. It had been largely due to Butler's efforts that they had sided with us during the War. But now that peace had come, Butler saw that something must be done by us to reward them for their services and to provide some tangible help for them, as most of them had lost their all, as had the white settlers. So we learn that he recommended to the Governor that the sum of 6,000 pounds York Currency be sent for them in cash and a like amount in goods, including guns and powder. The cash would serve for the purchase of cattle.

As time passed, there seemed to be a good deal of discontent among the Indians and what an important part Col. Butler is expected to play and does play in allaying the unrest among our Indian allies. In our day, we may not realize the great responsibility placed on him and his unflagging zeal in doing his part. We find Lord Dorchester in his correspondence with Sir John Johnson, speaking very highly of Butler and directing Johnson to have Butler keep a special eye on Forts Ontario and Niagara. Some alarm was being felt in official circles because of the fact that the Americans were arming, ostensibly against the Indians, but apparently no one really knew where they intended to strike. As the border forts were only lightly garrisoned, it was possible that we might, if caught off guard, be swept out of this territory. And to Butler was given the task of making things a bit safer by keeping the Indians our allies.

Dorchester instructed Johnson to arrange a meeting with the Six Nations to ascertain their views about retaining Forts Ontario and Niagara and the meeting was so arranged and was held at Niagara on February 10th, 1787. Of course, Col. Butler was the man to meet the Indians and as directed, he addressed them and stated the position of affairs. He pointed out to them, that the Americans had frequently threatened to attack those two posts and that these were kept up largely to protect the Indians, but if the Americans did attack, there would be War.

He advised the Indians to avoid war if possible and that it might be in their interest to make friends with the Americans and thus lessen the number of their enemies. He bluntly asked for their views on the whole matter. They, in reply were just as blunt. They pointed out that their every action was known to us. They had kept to their engagements, had sacrificed their lives and property in our behalf and had made no agreement with the Americans. I do not know just what Butler had promised them at the outbreak of the late war and I gather from the tone of their remarks that they put Butler on the spot. They wanted to know why they should be asked

for their opinion. The late War was your War and you should be the best judges on how to act in the matter. We next find Butler presenting to the authorities some grievances of the settlers and interceding in their behalf. Their chief grievance seems to have been that they wanted to have some voice in the appointment of magistrates and public officials.

In 1785, Butler submitted to the Government a narrative of his services, showing that he had served continuously from 1755 and he received from General Haldimand a full endorsement of his services and conduct. Said the General, "His services both in the Field and in the management of Indian Affairs have been uniformly Zealous, Brave and Judicious and have Deservedly obtained my fullest Testimonies of Approbation.

John Butler died in 1796, after a long life of service to the Crown and to his adopted country. His house still stands and his remains rest in the Family Burying Ground nearby.

April 23rd, 1953

THE SECORD FAMILY

It is interesting to study the old records and to realize the delays and difficulties that beset those in authority in getting things done. For instance, Sergeant Brass was given the job of building Saw and Grist Mills and into this comes the Seacord family. According to an old Map of Niagara ownship, Peter Seacord had Lots 90,91, and 92 at the rear end of the Township near the mountain. Stephen had Lots 47,48 and 49, while David had Lot 50. Peter, by the way, claimed to be the first settler in the District. John Seacord had land down along the Lake front, justwest of the Two Mile Pond. In fact, when I was a boy, this was still known as the Secord Farm. I have been using the form of spelling of the name given on the old Map. Mrs. Florence Major's father was, I believe, Johnny Secord and I suppose that she would be a lineal descendant of the original John Seacord. At any rate, we find Sergt. Brass offering to build a Saw Mill and a Grist Mill for the sum of 500 pounds, York currency and an additional 50 pounds if built at the head of the creek. I have no doubtthat there was a much greater flow of water then than is now the case. A good deal of correspondence ensued after this offer. The Mills were to be operated by Peter and James Seacord. It was finally decided that the government would pay for the building and equipping of the Mills, the Seacords to be paid for their labour, and they were to operate the Mills and were to be allowed a share of the income from the same. It seems that none of the settlers of that day were given an outright deed or title to their lands, but were regarded as tenants of the Crown. This of course, was changed later on When I was a boy, a Dr. Pine or Pyne, owned the Secord Farm at the Two Mile Creek. It seems to me

that he was in the Provincial Government. It was finally acquired by the Military authorities for training purposes. The Mills referred to were finished in 1783.

THE CLAUS FAMILY

A family that was of major importance in those early days was that of the Claus Family. Daniel Claus was the Indian Agent. I should point out here the Colonel Butler was Commissioner of Indian Affairs and so had a general supervision of matters pertaining to all Indians, while Daniel Claus was Indian Agent for the Six Nations Indians.

Daniel Claus' home and where he is said to pay the Government money to the Indians, is the place known as "The Wilderness," but which was known when I was a boy as "Geale's Grove." I remember going there to our Sunday School Picnic when I was quite small.

The late W. H. J. Evans lived there, and his first wife died there. He later married a member of the Claus family. There are members of the family in the district yet. Mrs. Evans maiden name was Kate Claus and when, was a lad, she was the organist of St. Mark's Church, while her sister Nellie was the leading soprano in the Choir. That was when organ and choir were in the Gallery.

Nellie Claus went to the States and Kate became Mrs. Evans and went to live in the old family home and where she ended her days. They lived on Prideaux Street in the house now owned by the Frank Gordons. The Claus family were what used to be called Pennsylvania Dutch and some of them settled near Jordan. One of the family was in the County Council when I was a member of that body and I *have* heard people from that neighbourhood pronounce the name as if it were spelled "Clous," which would be the German sound of the name. I remember *several* members of the Claus family who lived in or near the Town in days gone by. I remember one of the name who *lived* in the small house at the junction of the Creek Road and the Lake Road. In the old days, the Claus Family were people of great importance. Daniel was *very* closely associated with Col. Butler in furthering the cause, not only of the Indians, but also of the white settlers. One of Daniel's sons, Colonel William Claus succeeded him as Indian Agent, and we find him playing a major part in the stirring times of the War of 1812, in which he played a soldier's part with distinction. After the War, we find him active in all kinds of public affairs and we may pay a tribute to the Claus family for assisting to make secure the peace and welfare of the people of the Town and Township.

April 30th, 1953

THE CLENCH FAMILY

A man who deserves honourable mention in anything of a reminscent nature was Ralfe Clench. Here was a man who spent practically his whole life in public service. He must have been a man of outstanding ability and many talents. He was born in Schenectedy, New York and while yet in his teens, joined the army at the outbreak of the War of the American Revolution. He served a year in the 8th Regiment and later joined Butler's Rangers and served six years in that famous Regiment. He must have been well known to the authorities for he was appointed to fill all kinds of useful positions. He was Clerk of the Peace which office was held by members of the Clench family for well *over* one hundred years. His military training was put to good use, for later on he commanded a regiment of militia. He also served several terms as a Member of Parliament as well as being a Judge. He was a man of good family, his wife being a granddaughter of Sir William Johnson and Molly Brant. The Clench family were always Niagara people at heart and I remember several of them very well indeed. My mother's first husband was Richard Clench, who died young leaving a daughter Fanny, who of course, lived with us. I know Barney Clench who was the last of the family to lived in the old home on Johnson Street. He, too, served as Clerk of the Peace and Registrar of the Surrogate Court and was followed by Johnson Clench, who died a few years ago. I was *very* fond of Johnson Clench who was very kind to me while I was serving in the County Council. He had served in the old Lincoln Regiment and at the time of the Fenian Raids, he was a First Lieutenant in the Niagara Company of that Regiment. His sister Carrie married a Bixby in St. Catharines and I had many a friendly chat with her in the store on St. Paul Street. A brother Garland was Turnkey in the Gaol for years and quite often had the job of taking convicted prisoners to Kingston.

I remember once being called on by Bob Reid to help take a burglar to the local lockup. This fellow, whose name was Misener, had been seen by Jack Nisbet, the Caretaker in the Drope House on Queen Street. He was captured by our Chief and I happened along just as he was putting up a scrap and trying to escape. However, he was duly tried and sentenced to two and a half years in Kingston. Garly Clench took him there, but nearly lost him while on the train. He had been allowed to go to the toilet and having been gone a rather long time, Garly went in to investigate and found his prisoner half way through a window. He told me about it long afterwards. I know of no family that has served the people better than the Clench family. They were and are honoured and respected not only in Niagara, but in the whole district.

Some of the family went to the States. One of them whom I used to hear my mother address as Nan, lived in St. Louis, her husband being a Railroad man. Crysler married a girl of the family,

but the marriage was not a success and she too went to St. Louis where she became a practising Dentist.

At the time the old Clench house in Niagara was sold, the lawyers had a field day digging up traces of other members of the family of whom I had never heard. I suppose that is the way lawyers make a living, but they cause ordinary people like you and me a lot of headaches. Frank Clench was a son of Barney and he married Eva Reid, a sister of Walter Reid. He went railroading and lost an arm at his job. None of the name now live in Town, although a daughter of Frank's visits the Reids occasionally from her home in Buffalo.

CANADA'S BOUNDARY

At the making of peace between us and the Yankees, there does not seem to have been any settled boundary between them and us and we continued to hold several strong points which were afterwards given up to the Americans. I have often thought that our British diplomats were too easy in their dealings with the Americans and instead of really standing up to their demands, gave up much valuable territory. They did not consider our fair land as worth haggling over.

While hostilities ceased in 1783, we find that the east side of our River was not turned over to them until 1792. No settlement was attempted on our side until Butler built his Barracks during the winter of 1778 and 1779.

THE TRANSPORT OF SUPPLIES

In 1791, a Philip Stedman had a monopoly of the transport of goods past the Falls on the American side. One must remember that there were no hard roads in those days to say nothing of railroads and most of the carriage of goods had to be by water. It is rather inconvenient to sail up our River a matter of thirty miles or so, hence a way must be devised to surmount the difficulties to be encountered.

May 9th, 1953

Those Stedman's seem to have had the business for some time on the east side of the river, but with the beginnings of settlement on the west side, they began to encounter opposition. So we find our Mr. Stedman presenting a modest request to the Committee for Inland Navigation and

Commerce for the government business "from the new Landing Place to the Chippawa Creek," at the rate of one shilling and eight pence, New York currency, per gross hundredweight and he would agree to contribute two pence per hundredweight for upkeep of the roads and he would bind himself to keep enough horses and oxen to transport over ten tons per day and to provide a carriage to convey forty hundred weight or a large batteau.

Next, we notice that a number of the farmers living nearby, presented a counter petition to be allowed the privilege which they already had been enjoying on our side, to the satisfaction of all concerned. Their offer was at a price of one shilling and nine pence per gross quintal of 112 pounds, subject to a reduction of two pence per quintal for the repair of roads. After hearing and examining several witnesses, the Board decided to grant the privilege to the local men at a rate of one shilling and eight pence per quintal. I don't suppose many of us in our day are familiar with the York Currency here mentioned. I only remember that in my young days, I used to hear many articles quoted as a York shilling on the American side and a York shilling was nothing more than twelve and a half cents and there used to be a coin of that value minted on the other side. However, it was the unanimous opinion of the members of the Board that it was better to give the local men the privilege they asked, as farmers in those days eked out a scanty livelihood.

LIVESTOCK

Speaking of Oxen, I wonder how many of my readers ever saw a yoke of oxen. The last pair I remember seeing belonged to Allan Hoskins and that was many years ago. He finally sold them to someone east of Toronto and he created quite a sensation when he drove them through Toronto. They used to be standard equipment for a farm, as they were strong and steady and many farmers preferred them to horses for plowing. If it were not for Jack Greene's equines, most of our youngsters wouldn't know a horse from a hippopotomus. There used to be plenty of livestock right here in Town, Horses, Cows, Pigs and an occasional Mule, while Geese, Turkeys, Ducks, and Chickens were found everywhere. There still seem to be plenty of dogs and cats however.

THE TOWN BELL

I was listening to Don Fairbairn's Neighbourly News recently and he quoted an item where someone rang the Town Bell an hour early and got everybody up before they woke. It reminded me of our Town Bell. As far back as I could recollect, our Bell was rung by the Town Police. In the winter, it was rung at 7 a.m., noon and six p.m. In the Summer, the morning bell was a six.

One must remember that there were no radios in those days and plenty of homes didn't even possess a reliable clock, while very few people owned a watch. So you see what a valuable asset the Town Bell was. Then too, it was rung for Council and other important meetings. Then, while I was in Town Council, we passed a curfew law, requiring kids to be off the streets and public places by nine o'clock at night, unless accompanied by an adult person. This law has never been repealed but has been allowed to just go to sleep. Its disuse takes us back to the time when Mr. Mussen hitched the new clock to the Bell, so that while it tells by the clock, it has no particular significance. I should like to repeat that the bell belongs to the Firemen. I was suggesting to the Lord Mayor a few days ago, that a set of clock works be purchased to replace the article now in the Clock Tower. It has been a bill of expense ever since it was installed. It has cost over one thousand dollars in repairs since it was bought.

May 14th, 1953

D. W. SMITH, SURVEYOR

I was scanning accounts of the doings of those men who made and built Niagara. We find the name of D.W.Smith cropping up. I sometimes wonder where the Smiths all came from, but they bob up everywhere. Not that I have anything against the name, for I dare say it was honestly come by. But this particular Smith was the man who made the original plan of the townsite of our Town. One must commend his foresight in making our streets wide and straight. He probably came from some burg that just grew along or about some spot that formed a meeting place for men. Anyway, he did a good job for us. Being a surveyor, it was natural for him to think in terms of chains, so the easiest thing in the world was to make the streets one chain wide. He had an eye to future greatness, so he designed a Central Square, which is the block bounded by William, Mary, Mississauga and Sixth Streets. Of course he didn't name the streets, but he did name the Central Square.

One must remember that only a part of the present Townsite was included in his plan, King Street being the southeasterly boundary and Lot Number 412 along King Street being the southwesterly extent of the Town Plot. Following the burning of the Town, came the task of rebuilding and the Military Authorities decided to built a Fort at the mouth of the River. The land about there had beenacquired by James Crooks, so they decided to give him other lands instead of that he already had.

So the four blocks bounded by King, Picton, Wellington and Castlereagh were deeded to him and in the course of time, became part of the Town as did the land now possessed by St. Mark's and St. Vincent DePaul Churches and the Town Park. Crooks also had land around the present

Waterworks. Then the Harbour & Dock Company came along and they were granted what was then nothing but a marsh, being all the land below what is now Ricardo St. So, little by little, our wee Town grew until it attained its present size. One must remember that when Fort Mississauga was planned, the military were thinking of the landing of our Yankee friends not very far from the mouth of the river and were arming against a recurrence of the event. Military weapons were then very limited in range and in the moving of Butler's Barracks to their present site, they were placed beyond the reach of the guns of Fort Niagara. In fact, they even contemplated moving the Town before it was rebuilt.

For a long time, there was no authentic registered map of the Town and I remember that when the Canadian Chautauqua came along, they erected a high board fence from the lake front at the end of Queen Street and thought they were outside of the Town. As they had been given substantial monetary aid by the Town and built their Hotel well within what they thought were their own grounds and thus would escape Town taxes, this didn't appeal to the Town Fathers, so they had a surveyor run the westerly boundary line as it is at present. Then again, disputes arose about street lines and it was found necessary to have a complete survey made and registered, which was done by Alexander Niven and this is the present legally established Town Plot. But Mr. Smith's work still stands and our wide streets are a monument to his foresight and skill. Of course, streets in the added portions of our Town do not follow his ideas, but he is not to blame for that. So let us give thanks to the name of D. W. Smith for our wide and straight highways.

May 21st, 1953

OUR STREET WIDTHS

I should like to say a little more about our streets and the growth of the Town. I spoke about the Central Square which Smith laid out. He made the streets about this square a width of 96 feet. Thus William, Mary, Mississauga and Sixth Streets have a width that is different. Before the Niven Survey was made in 1910, nobody bothered much about the width of streets or about their boundaries. So, it came about that with the Niven Survey came a crop of headaches for the authorities as it became necessary and expedient to make corrections. Not very much has actually been done in this regard, where it was found that no great harm or inconvenience was being done to the public. One old gentleman in the upper part of the Town was ready to condemn the Council to the "demnition bow-wows" for daring to say that he was encroaching on the public domain. Most of those so encroaching were required to sign documents acknowledging the title of the Town to the land so encroached upon.

In later years, one dear lady who lived in solitary state and whose land lay along 6th Street, bought a car and had a small garage on the Sixth St. side of her property. She had some difficulty in backing out of her garage, as it was on the brow of a hill and she usually banged into the fence on the opposite side of the street. So there came a complaint from the dear lady that the said fence was out on the street and she wanted the owner to be compelled to retrieve it from its illegal position at once, if not sooner. Well, the matter came up in Council and was referred to the Board of Works. The fence in question just happened to belong to the lady's husband with whom she was not on speaking terms. The Chairman of the Committee was a bit puzzled as to what to do in the matter, but when it was pointed out to him that the lady's fence as well as that of the offending husband was also out on the street, the matter was soon settled. The Committee waited upon the lady and expressed sympathy with her, but were sorry to tell her that if they required the husband to move his fence back, they would be compelled in all fairness to require her own fence to be moved, as it *too* was out on the street allowance. Naturally, the lady was just slightly annoyed at this intelligence and so expressed herself in firm language, whereat the Committee retired in good order, and the fences remain to this day in their original position. Husband and wife and Committee are gone from this mortal sphere. This is only a sample of municipal difficulties that are encountered from time to time.

Two of the streets as laid out by D. W. Smith have a width of 99 feet, King and Queen Streets. All of the others are 66 feet or one chain. In the added portions of the Town Plot, streets vary. Wellington and Nelson are 99 feet wide; Picton is 96 as it is the continuation of Queen Street. Lockhart, Ball and Delatre Streets are 50 feet; Ricardo 66 feet; Melville is 60 feet, narrowing to 49 from Lockhart to the River. Up Irishtown way, they are all kinds of widths. Charlotte is 66 feet from John to Campbell and 60 feet from Campbell to Niagara Street; Paffard St. is 50 feet; Flynn is 44 *feet* while Green and Campbell are each 30 feet and Rye is 60 feet.

During the late war, a Major Chetwynd was Camp Engineer and he showed me a plan which he was preparing and which would amend the boundaries of the Government domain. He showed me that Byron and John Streets were not Town property and along John St. there was a considerable encroachment by the properties fronting thereon. He proposed to amend the boundaries of the Fort George Common to remedy this state of things. Alas, Simcoe Street from Queen towards the River needed the same treatment. He was moved to Ottawa and I never heard any more of his plan. It might be interesting to enquire what become of this common sense plan, because Byron has become increasingly important. While John Street has not so much traffic, yet during the First Great War, it was our only outlet southward. Since the Parks Commission took over the River Road, it has diverted most of the traffic to Byron and Ricardo Streets. I thought it might interest the public to be informed in a few of these matters.

May 28th, 1953

EARLY TRAVEL AND TRANSPORTATION

One of the greatest problems that presented our early settlers was that of travel and transportation. I was looking at an early report where a list of available ships and their cargo capacity was set forth. Four ships are mentioned as available, and their combined capacity was given as eighty-six tons. A few days ago, we were on the bus on our way to St. Catharines when we were help up by a ship just starting out of Lock 2. She was about 700 feet in length and when I looked at her and thought of her immense carrying capacity, I couldn't help thinking of those dinky little tubs they called ships in those dear old days. And the speed of travel nowadays is something our grandfathers never even dreamed of. When my grandfather came from the old country in a sailing ship with his Regiment, my father has told me it took them three months. Now you fly across in a few hours. Even the ships, steam driven, take a matter of four or five days. It would seem as if nothing matters but speed any more.

I was reading about a course of training being given some of the Troops who are to take part in the Coronation procession in London. The poor dears will have to march thirteen long, long miles. Does not your heart bleed for the poor dears. Our men, at the time of the Fenian Raid in 1866, marched from here to Fort Erie in a day, in heavy marching order. None of them fainted or fell out by the way, but nowadays, why you just wouldn't have time to do a stunt like that, let alone undergo such a fearful ordeal. I wonder what the old Iron Duke would think if he could look down and see the fearful physical hardships these hardy men will have to undergo. Or Marlborough marching his men all over the map of Europe. Our own boys, in 1915, used to do a route march in heavy marching order once a week covering a route of 16 to 20 miles in a day, out from Niagara Camp. I fear me that the youth of today are being bred too soft. I see the kids going by to school dressed like little gentlemen. They are not asked to buck a few sticks of stove wood or hoe a garden. They don't even play any rough games anymore. I wonder if anyone has ever stopped to think that boys need any hardening. Another thought comes to me. Has anyone ever thought of a school uniform. think it would be an improvement if such were adopted.

SHIP'S CARGO IN THE EARLY YEARS

But to get back to the old days, I was looking at the cargoes carried by these wee vessels of long ago. One of them had a cargo of 1,000 pine boards, 10 bbls. Pearl Ashes and a ton and a half of hay. Another had 11 cwt. shot and ball, 73 casks of wine and spirits and 123 boxes, cases, bales

and trunks of drygoods. Another had 1 cwt. shot and ball, 52 casks wine and spirits and 32 packages, etc. of drygoods.

Another had 21 cwt. shot and ball, 138 packages of drygoods, 78 casks of wine and spirits, and 60 barrels of iron and steel. It would seem that some attention was given to the spirituous needs of the people of those days.

We can understand the need of shot and ball and of drygoods, but those rough diamonds who settled hereabouts certainly seem to have brought their appetite for liquids with them. But I don't suppose that life had much that was desirable for those people. I notice, too, a shipment or two between Detroit and Fort Erie, and between Detroit and St. Mary's. Westward, they carried the same three items, powder and ball, rum and spirits and drygoods. Eastward was shipped furs.(Note the spelling.)

HER MAJESTY'S MAIL

An improvement in mailing services may be noted. We are accustomed to a fairly prompt and quick service in Her Majesty's Mail. I noticed a document in 1789 where it was stated that a mail would be despatched *every* four weeks to a list of settlement from Montreal westward. With our airmail and fast train service, we now *have* facilities those people *never* had. There is a statement "Letters for Niagara, Detroit and Michilimakinac, at which three places there are post offices, will be forwarded under the seal of the Post Office and sent by the earliest opportunities in a manner to secure dispatch and safety. We had a hail storm a few days ago and someone of the radio spoke of stones as big as golf balls. I noticed an item in 1789 where a man recorded in his diary about hailstones as big as apples. The world doesn't change much, does it.

June 4th, 1953

CRUIKSHANK'S RECORDS

I have been conning over some of the Records of Niagara as collected by Brig.General Cruikshank and I find much that is interesting. I have hoped that what I *have* given my readers will be appreciated by them. My recent allusion to those big hailstones was from that source. I was interested in learning that one time Niagara had a famine. We in this Garden of Canada, as we are so proud of calling it, find it hard to *even* imagine a famine here. Yet in 1789, I find *several* allusion to hard times and times of scarcity. I remember the year 1897, we had a

programme of sports in the forenoon, consisting of rowing, sailing, etc. The last race was a sailing race for fishing boats, in which I was one of the competitors. We finished shortly before noon and it began to rain about 11 :30 a.m. It rained every day up to the middle of July and we finally pulled off our land part of our May programme in that month. There were no peaches that year and no potatoes. You could see the greenish mould even on the shade trees on the Town streets.

THE FAMINE OF 1789

This famine of which I speak, is mentioned in a diary and it tells of 100 lbs. of flour costing ten pounds at Mackinaw. The diarist says many men in Niagara have starved to death. This is the source of the story of the hailstones as big as apples. Following this, it is stated that the cold was so severe that the corn froze and withered after the sun came out and men had nothing to look forward to except starvation and they had to slaughter their horses.

Jacob Lindley, a Quaker who visited the Niagara district has this to say and I quote, "They were so reduced by scarcity of bread and provisions of all kinds that they came to an allowance of one spoonful of meal per day for one person, ate strawberry leaves, birch leaves, flaxseed dried and ground in a coffee mill - caught the blood of little pigs, - bled the almost famished cow and oxen; walked twelve miles for one shive of bread, paid twelve shillings for twelve pounds of meal. One of the lads who was hired out, carried his little sister two miles on his back to let her eat his breakfast and they gave him none till dinner. The children leaped for joy at one robin being caught, out of which a whole pot of broth was made. They eat mustard, potato tops, swamp root and made tea of hops." This gruesome picture seems to have been painted the year following what was known as "the scarce year." Thinking of those hardships that people endured makes one give thanks for the blessings we enjoy and which we take as a matter of course. One must give thanks for the Red Cross and the dozens of other kindred organizations that exist now. I wonder how some of our lilylike youths of today would face up to the hardships that kid went through for his little sister. I really don't think that people realize the manifold blessings that are ours today.

Personally, I had to go to work when I was ten years old, got up before daylight in the morning and do a hard day's work before breakfast. I suggest that parents of growing boys should see that they are taught by voice and example that life is not just a time for pleasure, but a time to be useful. It seems to me that today's parents do not realize their responsibilities to their children. It is not enough to clothe them and feed them. That in this time of plenty, is easy enough for most of our people. It is much more important that they be brought up to be

upright and honourable and most important of all, to be useful. Life, after all, is not a question of getting the better of the other fellow, but of being better. But there, I didn't set out to preach a sermon. I only wish to make my readers appreciate the ease and comfort that is theirs and to make them truly thankful for the same. Those people of old had their troubles and worries, but we must be thankful for the stoutness of heart that was theirs. Most of them left good homes and came to the country which was then a wilderness, for a principle. For loyalty and love of a just cause. We have a fine country and one of which we are justly proud.

Let us remember those words of Kipling:

"Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, Lest we forget."

June 11th, 1953

INDIANS & OUR EARLY SETTLERS

Among the things that troubled the early settlers in our neighbourhood, was the republic to the south and east of us. There seem to have been many and persistent rumours of the Americans raising an Army to oust us from our possession of such posts as Fort Ontario at Oswego and Fort Niagara. One must remember that much of western New York State was a wilderness, its only inhabitants being Indians of the Six Nations. While it seems that these frontier posts should have been up to the Americans, the people in charge of our affairs were loath to abandon our Indian friends to the not very tender mercies of the Yankees. We find our Colonel Butler involved in an effort to move them to our side and he did not escape some criticism from the higher ups, who did not quite approve his desire to have the Indians with us. It seems to have been the official attitude to have the Indians just stay put and not to interfere in any political move. Butler on the other hand, was a sincere friend of the Indians. They trusted him, while he did not trust the Americans. It seems to have been a fact that Uncle Sam was raising an army, the reason given being that it was intended to be used to subdue the southern Indians. Butler wanted to make sure that his charges were safe. A tract of land at the Grand River had been purchased from the Mississaugua Indians and it was to be a new home for our friendly Indians and this was the spot to which Butler wished to use for a home of his Indian charges.

There seems to have been friction between Col. Butler and Col. Harris who was the officer in charge of the District of Nassau, as our district was then called, and Harris did his darndest to make trouble for Butler. Wherever you find a man who does things, you find someone who, from whatever motive, will try to belittle his efforts. It is a bad thing to have a suspicious mind, one that is continually looking for a flaw in the other fellow's character or conduct. Anyway, this old time Senator McCarthy gave Butler some bad moments and he had to present his side of the case to Lord Dorchester, the Governor. He made out all right, but he must have felt pretty badly, when after forty years of service to his King and Country, he was accused of being a grafter and a misfit in his position in charge of Indian affairs. I never have found that he ever acquired any great wealth and he seems to have died respected. Anyway, he was the first man to do any building on our side of the Niagara River and it was largely through this action of his, that there came into being, a movement to settle the Niagara District. In fact, the Town was known at one time as Butlersburg. His views on the movement of Indians to the Grand River prevailed and it paid a worthwhile dividend when War broke out with the Americans, for we find the Indians doing good work for us when we needed friends. So let us not forget our Indian friends, and what they did for us in the brave old days of old ."

SITE OF THE TOWN OF NIAGARA

A Land Board had been formed about 1790 and the first *move* towards making a Town seems to have come from that Board in the form of a recommendation to build a town on the west side of the river. This is an extract from the minutes of the Land Board, dated March 31 st, 1790. "The Board are also of the opinion, from the regulations of the Governor and Council of the 25th of August last, that the center of this Township on the banks of the Niagara River is the proper place for a Town and other public buildings and that the Lots No. 15, 16, 17 and 18 in the center of this Township are at present in possession of Gilbert Fields, William Baker, Richard Wilkinson and Nathaniel Fields, which the Board will endeavour to obtain from these proprietors for that purpose." Following that meeting, came the survey of the present Townsite by D. W. Smith, but the Lots mentioned were not used. Perhaps the owners were not willing to give up their homes for a Townsite, so the site at the mouth of the River was chosen.

June 18th, 1953

SURVEY OF UPPER CANADA

In that period of which I have been writing, I came across a report made by a Major Robert Matthews, who had been commissioned by Lord Dorchester to make a survey of the whole of this part of Upper Canada, with a view to establishing ports or places to replace Oswego and Fort Niagara when these places should be given up to the Americans. The only place on Lake Ontario that he considers worthwhile is the west side of the Niagara River opposite Fort Niagara. His report is made in 1790, and while settlement had been begun on our side, there were no offensive or defensive works of a military nature. He says, and I quote: "There is a point on our side of the River, opposite Fort Niagara, equally well situated to command the mouth of the river; this point and a necessary portion of land was reserved to *Government* by Sir Frederick Haldimand with a *view* to the necessity of one day taking Post there - about 1100 yards up the River, on the same side there is a harbour where the vessels formerly wintered and where they can run alongside a quay."

You may be interested in his description of Fort Niagara as it was in his day. It is particularly interesting to me as my father and other Niagara men worked on the construction of the walls as they are now, during the days of the American Civil War. You will see what a complete change was then made.

FORT NIAGARA

"Fort Niagara is situated upon an angle formed by the Lake and River; the side next the land was two half Bastions with a long curtain and Ravelin of sod work; there is a strong stockade in the ditch which is dry, and on the Berm a smaller line of pickets sloping outwards, there are two blockhouses of mason work in the gorges of the Bastion, mounting each two pieces of cannon on barbette which commands the whole country within their range. The sides next the Lake and River are stockaded, the former not open to attack except from the Lake, nor the latter but from the opposite side of the River (at the distance of 700 to 800 yards) this side has two Bastions mounting 12 and 18 pounders the whole in a good state of defence."

I couldn't help smiling to myself when I read that last part and when I thought of the ease with which our men took it from the smart Americans in the latter part of the War of 1812. The Fort remains much as it was as rebuilt, except that they have closed the gate facing the River that was used as the main entrance when I was a boy and have opened what purports to be the

ancient entrance with a drawbridge, etc. which looks to me rather incongruous in the midst of a modern brick wall.

My father has told me many stories of what they saw when working at the Fort. There was an old Army Major in command who was hard as nails. One of the favorite punishments of prisoners was to place a log of wood on a man's shoulder and make him walk up and down till he dropped with fatigue. I remember very well when I was in the 19th Regiment, seeing a man named Weaver from one of the St. Catharines companies, march up and down with a large old-fashioned knapsack on his back. A few days afterwards, I came across him and he was vowing vengeance on his Sergeant for getting him the punishment. I learned afterwards that he gave the said Sergeant a first class wallop after they were out of uniform. That form of punishment was called "pack drill."

At Fort Niagara, when I was around the water, they had a large woodpile and this was used to give prisoners exercise and to furnish fuel for the kitchens and bakery. That the Land Board of which I have written had a busy time adjudicating between settlers and the boundaries of their properties. It is a strange thing that problems of the same nature are still occupying the people and furnishing a livelihood for the legal fraternity. Right here in our Town, there are still dozens of fences or buildings improperly placed. These inaccuracies could easily occur in a new or unsurveyed country.

June 25th, 1953

FORT MISSISSAUGUA

People in those old days, had their problems just as we have in our day. For example, after the War of 1812. some changes in our fortifications seemed to be desirable. Fort George had proved to be easily vulnerable, so it was decided to build another Fort nearer the mouth of the River. The Americans had landed on the Lake shore just west of the end of Queen Street and it was out of the reach of the guns of Fort George. So the land about the point at the river mouth was acquired from James Crooks and bricks and rubble were collected from the ruins of the Town, and the Tower was built. I have an interest in this old Fort, because my father as a soldier's child, went to school there.

Well, as time went on, this old Fort was deserted. A family named Procter lived there when I was a boy. In the spring of 1886, we had very high water and following a heavy northeaster, much erosion of the shore in front of the Queen's Royal Hotel was caused. Henry Winnett secured permission from the Dominion Government of the day to remove all the log buildings

from the Fort, wherewith to make a breakwater in front of the Hotel. In the light of money and effort being expended all over this Canada of ours to restore such buildings, does it not seem a shame that these people were allowed to perform such acts of desecration.

Think of the care and worry that went into the building of these fortifications. As time went on, the Mayor of the Town, I think it was Bill Milloy, managed to get the Government to erect a very nice flag pole on the southeast corner of the Fort enclosure. Bye and bye, some fool of an engineer blew the flagpole to kingdom come to test out some explosive. At one stage, they built a wooden roof over the Tower and it too has gone and the poor old Fort that cost so much effort to build, is now a refuge of dirt and grime. I don't know whether Ted Daley reads the Advance, but someone ought to build a fire under him and his Park's Commission like they used to do under a balky mule. I have heard so many comments from people who see the neglected Fort that it would be a very popular move to either put the Fort in respectable shape or else remove it altogether as they did the Half Moon Battery.

THE HALF- MOON BATTERY

The Half-Moon Battery was built in a semi-circular shape on a point on the high bank of the River near Fort George and the blamed Park Commission in their endeavours to make everything spic and span, just ran a plane over it and not a trace of it is to be seen. Nothing like being efficient. When they undertook the restoration of Fort George, they also obliterated the old road that wound across the Common from Butler's Barracks and down what used to be called the "Stoney Hill." Nothing like efficiency is there. Personally, I think we ought to have representation on the Park's Commission. The present head of the Commission is a St. Catharines man and poor old Niagara never expects or gets much consideration from St. Catharines.

Of course, Forts are out of fashion nowadays. In fact, they never did amount to much. Just think of the amount of time and money, the French spent on the Maginot Line and the enemy just walked around it. And the poor French who had though they were secure, and thus relaxed their vigilance, were easy prey for Hitler. But it is nice to preserve our ancient buildings as they betoken the toil and sweat of the people who made and kept Canada British. It is no fault of theirs if the trend of modern warfare has rendered their work obsolete. For their day and age, their work was good and efficient. When you stop to think of the hard manual toil that was put into the felling and trimming of the logs alone, that went into the buildings and the palings around those two Forts, it brings to us a feeling of gratitude to those early men and women of ours who did so much to make us into the nation that we have become. And it is eminently

fitting that we should keep what we can of their work to honour them and to commemorate their hardships. We have come along in our appreciation of them. There is not so much of the spirit of getting rid of things that are outdated, which was so common a few short years ago. It would do a lot of us good just to visit our historical museum and view the primitive tools our early men and women had to get along with. In this later day, we have wonderful machinery to do our work and life is thereby made much easier.

July 9th, 1953

P.W.O. LEINSTER REGIMENT

I came across an item in a Toronto paper a few days ago, that struck me as being of particular interest to Niagara people. It seemed to be a letter in reply to one previously published and was as follows, and I quote: "Incidentally, I wonder how many know that there was an Irish Regiment known as the P.W.O. Leinster Regiment, 1 Oath Foot (Royal Canadians), long since disbanded when others such as R.D.F.'s, R.M.F.'s, 18th R. Irish, Connaught Rangers ceased to be part of the British Army Regulars. The 1st of July was always a holiday for the Leinsters, who were raised at Niagara and they always played the Prince of Wales' Hymn and the Maple Leaf on the Regimental Band." end of quotation.

The 100th Regiment is quite often mentioned as being in Niagara. I find in Miss Carnochan's History, a list of units stationed at Niagara, among them being the 100th Regiment. In a report from Gen. Riall, dated 8th July, 1814, it appears that 100 of the Regiment were stationed in Fort Niagara and in Fort Mississauga, there were 5 officers and 266 rank and file, 121 sick and wounded. I used to hear a lot about this unit when I was a boy, as the Town was pretty well sprinkled with old soldiers. It is rather peculiar what things you pick up about people in a life's journey. I remember Captain J. B. Geale, for instance. He was my grandfather's Captain in the Royal Canadian Rifles, as I find his name signed as such during the first nine months of 1854. Well, in that year, the Crimean War broke out with Russia and apparently a call must have gone out for men.

Captain Geale didn't go, although he wanted to, but his wife wouldn't consent to his going. So he resigned his commission. We had an old soldier for a neighbour when I was a boy, Joe Eares. One day, Capt. Geale's name came up in the course of a chat, and Joe blurted out, "That ere Bloody Coward," and with that he regaled me with his views on the brave Captain. I knew the Captain later in life and I thought him a pretty fine fellow, respected and respectable.

I always understood that the 100th Regiment became the 2nd Battalion of the Royal Leinsters, under a plan then in vogue in British military circles and an occasional mention of the unit would appear in the press. Those old soldiers were moved around the globe. My grandfather enlisted at Maidstone, Kent, England in 1830 and was stationed at Enniscorthy, Ireland, where he got himself a wife. From there, he went to Gibraltar where my father was born; then to Corfu; next Jamaica, Amherstberg and wound up his Army Career and his life in Niagara.

I remember two old men who served in the 100th Regiment, Obadiah Creed and Thomas Burns. Tom was on the Customs at the Dock for a good many summers and I got to know him well. He had a great fund of stories and as any good story will tell you, mostly any happening would bring up the recollection of a story. When Tom was in the Army, here in Niagara, he was in the Regimental Band. He said they had a very effective march the bandmaster used quite often. The men had set a part of it to words of their own, part of it being "The dirty old devil, he died from drink, tear im up, tear im up." A certain officer of the Regiment died and was buried in St. Mark's Churchyard. It is a well known Army custom when marching away after a funeral, to play a good, brisk march. On this occasion, the band struck up the march I have mentioned, when sharply the Colonel stopped them and sternly forbade them ever to play that tune again. Of course, as Tom explained, the officer was a heavy drinker as was also the Colonel himself, who according to Tom, went the same way himself.

When I was in the 19th, we had Military Funerals and Tom Burns often acted as Sergeant in charge of the firing party. Tom's own son died in Toronto, and as he was in the regulars, we gave him a Military Funeral and while Bob Reid was nominally in charge of the firing party, Tom handled us at the grave in St. Vincent Graveyard. He was a good head and I really enjoyed knowing him. He could tell a joke with a wooden face and many a quiet chuckle he had to himself.

Section 16 SECTION FIVE**November 12th, 1953****SMITHS**

We listen quite often on the radio to a quaint fellow who calls himself "The Old Philosopher," and he certainly digs up a lot of unusual information. He discourses at length on the origin of things and names and customs. I was casting about in my mind for something to write about and the name "SMITH" occurred to me. Now I have known of a good many Smiths in my time and not a single one of them was a Smith. Many families got their surname from their calling or trade, and many others from their place of abode. I have looked up the dictionary meaning of the term Smith and it is defined as a worker in metals. We had had Tinsmiths and Blacksmiths, but none of them named Smith. Bill Campbell, Oliver Taylor, Billy Cushman, Jim Coleman, Steve Sherwood, Tom Monro, Bill Gollop, The Platts and others plied the trade or calling of "Blacksmith," but not a darn one of them was named Smith. Alf Armstrong, Bill Turner, Sam Crawford, Bill McKenzie, all Tinsmiths, but were any of them named Smith. By no means. Yet we have had quite a number of people and still have as a matter of fact, named Smith.

The first Smith family that I knew of lived in a small house on Mississauga Street, since taken down. Grandma Smith had a son who was quite a personage when I was a boy. He was a whimsical fellow and derived a lot of enjoyment out of running the Youngstown News. Being a Niagara native, of course, he knew and was known by everybody here and in his Niagara edition of the paper, many a sly dig he took at the follies and peculiarities of people we all knew. Did someone take umbrage at something he printed about them, he would humbly apologize in his next issue, blandly explaining with his tongue in his cheek "we were misinformed". Billy Smith ultimately removed himself and his family to Toronto where one of his boys became very prominent in various youth movements. Billy was a Fenian Raid Veteran and while he was no saint, he never did anybody a wrong, and was a fine man to know. Perhaps some of the older folks will remember the Dorans, his sister being Mrs. Doran. They were the last representative of that Smith family to live in our town. Another family of Smiths that I have known from my early childhood is that to which Miss Sarah Smith and Eddie Smith belong. This family were our next door neighbours for many years. I have known of no less than six generations of them. The first of them was struck by a train while walking along the tracks on King St. The next of them was a well known Mason but not a metal worker. His only son became a Barber, his last place of business being in the shop where Harry Steele plies a similar trade.

His son Eddie drove a delivery rig first horsedrawn for McClelland Store, and later a truck, after that form of conveyance became the usual one. Eddie is quite a versatile fellow, handy with the saw and hammer and also with the hod and cement. He has done some excellent work since giving up being a Jehu. Then his son Leslie is a well known Carpenter and has a family of his own, thus completing the six generations already mentioned.

One thing I have noticed about the Smiths is that only one of the name has ever sat in Town Council. I know nothing about this particular Smith, except that his name was Peter and that he was a member of the 1873 Council. Then there was a Smith who was Caretaker of the Queen's Royal Hotel at one time. Two of his boys were in St. Mark's Church Choir at one time but the family was not here very long and returned to Toronto whence they came.

Plenty of the old timers will remember Harry Smith, who drove a bread wagon for Jim Macphee. He later moved to St. Catharines. His wife was in St. Mark's Choir and she was the daughter of Mrs. Amy Hall who lived here at that time. There is the Rector of St. Mark's who is well known to you all. He has been here these many years and there are several families of the name here who are not known by me personally. Wherever you go, the woods seem to be full of Smiths, but I have yet to find one who is a worker in metals. So, What's In A Name, Anyway?

November 19th, 1953

THOROLD TOWN BAND

It is too bad that we have no Town Band. For more years than I can remember, the Town had a Band. When I heard that Fred Willett was coming to Niagara with his Thorold Band, I thought we were in for a treat. I was always fond of Band music and I always made a point when I could get to the Toronto Fair, to listen to the various good bands that were to be heard at the Band Shell. And they had good ones too, both English and American. But I honestly think that the Band I heard on Wednesday night in our Town Hall was just as good as the best of them.

And let me tell you that Fred Willett as a Conductor appears to be just tops. I used to do a little tooting at one time myself, and I listened with the utmost satisfaction to the various performers. Taking the Band as a whole, their timing was delightful. They started off with a March that was performed with a vigour and a volume that was simply great. They had a soloist in one number that performed miracles of tripletonguing and he seemed to do it with ease. He was a dandy. I noticed another player alongside of him who got a lovely, sweet tone from his instrument.

I think I enjoyed the number "Little Brown Jug" about as much as any. It was announced as a Clarinet Solo, but every time the soloist started up, some group would stand up and steal his thunder. Sometimes the Trumpets would take over, or the Trombones. or the Basses and even the Reed Section. He finally got in the last lick, however. The number "Atlantis" was splendid and the familiar "Colonel Bogie" was great. That, by the way. is my favourite March. The Chorale. The concluding number was beautiful. Thorold is to be envied and congratulated on having such a musical organization and the Band is to be congratulated on having such a conductor. Truly, it was a fine performance by and excellent band. We listen every Monday evening to "The Band of America," led by Paul Lavalle, but I would prefer to listen to the "Thorold Reed Band', led by Fred Willett, rather than any band I hear on the radio.

ARMISTICE DAY

I attended the service at the Cenotaph on Armistic Day and was pleased to see a goodly array of the Town's people there. It was nice to see the Scouts and the Guides there. We do not do so much of the flag waving and noise making as do our neighbours across the line, but there seem to be a dignity and an air of deep feeling about such a gathering as ours, part of our community and those of us whose kin they were, still mourn their loss, yet have a pride in the fact that they made the greatest sacrifice men can make for their country and for you an me. It was nice to see the row of flags too. There is something in the old Union Jack that strikes a chord of pride in those of us who were born under it and love it and its grand traditions.

There were a few things that I would like to see improved. It is not an easy thing to speak in the open air and from the sidewalk, I could not hear Mr. Hughes. His voice did not carry. I could hear Mr. Ball pretty well. Of course, I know that my hearing is not as good as it once was and there were probably others in the gathering like me. The Legion used to have a loudspeaker that was a big help on such occasions. The chairman could be seen to move his lips but no sound of his voice reached me. Another help to make the Community singing a success would be a musical instrument of some kind. That's one place we miss the old Fruit Growers Band. A cornet makes an excellent lead and there were those present who could have done that duty had they been asked. I hope that no one will get the idea that I am finding fault. It was a good service and quite fitting that it should be held and it would look better and be better if more of the younger men and women would show up in the ranks of the I.O.D.E. and the Legion.

November 25th, 1953

THE BUSINESSMEN OF OUR TOWN

Having given some attention to the Fishermen as a class, I thought I should like to make specific mention of the business men of the Town and the part they have played in the Public Life of the Community.

DRUGGISTS

MESSRS. PAFFARD, RANDALL, COYNE, FIELD, CAMPBELL & BATES

Suppose we start with the Druggists. There have not been many of these, but most of them have taken a prominent part in the affairs of the Town. In the store now occupied by the Fields, there have been four men who deserve mention by us. First of all, there was Henry Paffard. Now Henry, as I remember him, was a quiet-mannered, meek looking little man, but a big man inside. He it was who served no less than twenty-six years as Mayor. He could be elected any time, so that fact alone gives him a unique place in the Annals of Niagara. I believe that to him we owe our shade trees and the trees in our Park. But while we probably consider the office of Mayor of the greatest of public offices in any Town, yet there are other spheres of usefulness just as necessary to the welfare of the Town and its people. There is our Public Library. You will find upon one of its walls, a picture of Mr. Paffard and he well deserves to be so remembered by habitues of that institution, for he served the Board as Treasurer for thirty-six years. One once occasion, before the Library was housed in the Town Building, he paid ten years rent for the premises they then occupied. He served for years on the Board of the Girls Home. He also made himself very useful to St. Mark's Church, serving as Churchwarden for some years. He was followed in the business by John DeW. Randall. While Randall would have found it hard to fill Paffard's shoes, yet he did pretty well at that. He put in six years in Council, five of them as Mayor. He too, served on the Board of the Home and filled various offices at St. Mark's. One never knows what he might have done had he lived longer, but he was full of energy. He wasn't always the easiest man to get along with, but had the interests of the Town at heart and did whatever he found to do with all his might. The next man in that store was Arthur Coyne and while he was only here for a few years, yet he did serve one year in Council and returned to St. Catharines. Erland Field, the present proprietor of the store has one years service to his credit in the Council. Will Campbell who had the place of business where Jack Bates is now, was quite a useful fellow in various ways. While he only served one year in Council, he did run for Reeve a couple of times, one of those times being against me. He was Treasurer of the Patriotic

Committee which built the Clock Tower Mussen, Macphee, Campbell and I being the Building Committee. While Bates has not served in Council, he has plenty of time to make himself useful. Now, don't you think that the Knights of the Mortar and Pestle have been of use and influence in our Town.

HOTEL KEEPERS

MESSRS. ROUSSEAU, McMILLAN, DOYLE, LONG, O'NEIL, WALSH, PACIFIC BLOCK, WHITEWINGS, BLACKSWAN, AND OTHERS

I thought I might give a little thought to the Hotelkeepers of the Town. I have known a half dozen or so of them in my time. Beginning at the Dock, there was Johnny Rollisseau, a fussy little fellow who wore a lot of scent and was bothered by asthma. An old uncle of mine always referred to him as "Little Oandycok." It pretty well described his outward appearance. I find that he did serve one year in Council, in 1884 .. He did not spend all his time in Niagara as he had a job as a Sessional Clerk at the Parliament Buildings in Toronto. John Simpson later on kept this hotel for some years and after he retired, he spent his last years in the house now owned and occupied by Miss Lansing. He was a good head, interested in the Town's affairs and served two years in Council. His health was bad however, and he finally passed on.

The next on our list is the American. The first man I remember there was John McMillan. He seemed to be a man of public spirit, and he spent nine years in Council. He was in other business than the Hotel, as he owned the building where Ed Fry is now and had a quite important grocery business there, which was operated by his son Dave, who later went to Toronto. I should like to point out that under the old liquor legislation, holder of licenses could not sit in Council. I suppose John got around this as his sons ran the two businesses, Jim at the Hotel and Dave at the Store. Later on we had the Scott Act in operation and three hotelkeepers then each served one year in Council, Doyle and Long in 1887 and Jim McMillan in 1889.

Doyle's Hotel was at the corner of Picton and Davy Streets, now a thing of the past. Jimmy Doyle was known as being a kindly and helpful man who worked himself up from nothing. His house was known as a quite family hotel, to which summer people came year after year. He was a man of good influence in the Community and the Town lost a good citizen when he departed this life.

December 3rd, 1953

Just an incident or two about the McMilians before we go along. My father has told me of these two incidents. At the time of the Fenian Raid in 1866, our men marched to Fort Erie. After arriving there and finding that the expected Fenians had fled across the River, who should arrive with a wagon load of provisions but our John McMillan. Of course, they were very glad to see him, especially as arrangements for feeding the men were not yet in a satisfactory state. A few years later, we would have found Jim, John's son, keeping a sutler's store at Fort Niagara, which was, no doubt, part of the family's business. So that while in my time, they were hotel keepers, those incidents show that the family had quite a diversity of interests. Jim, by the way, had a narrow escape from drowning while at Fort Niagara. A party of soldiers were about to set out in a howling gale from the eastward, to salvage a lifeboat that had gone adrift.

The boat in which they were about to embark, was a long narrow craft which I came to know in later years as the "Barge". When Jim found that the Officer In Charge, would not allow Jim to handle the craft, he very prudently declined to accompany the party, as he had no faith in the ability of the Officer to handle a boat in a sea. There is a marker at Fort Niagara Burying Ground to the two officers and six enlisted men who were drowned in Lake Ontario. They were the whole of that party.

The next Hotel I wish to mention was that of Bill Long. This hotel was built in the early 1880's when I was going to School. This was a fine place of business and Mr. Long was one of the very best types of hotelkeeper. It was scrupulously clean, the meals were good and no rowdyism was allowed about the premises. It was headquarters for the commercial travellers who came in by train and a large room on the ground floor was reserved for their use in displaying their goods to prospective buyers. This hotel and Doyle's were ideal places of their kind. Not much like modern beer parlours. Bill Long was the Auctioneer and his Dinner Bell was used to advertise sales when they were to be held. I sometimes wonder what became of that old bell. Its call to dinner sounded out so clearly over the air that it made me hungry just to hear it. Mr. Long was a sober, level headed man, looked up to and respected. While his being a hotel keeper prevented him from serving on the elective bodies of the Town, yet when he could, he served and was an all round good citizen. He removed to Toronto after he retired from the hotel business and died there. Several others had this hotel since Long's day, Pat O'Neil having it for a long time. He served one year in Council.

The building where Bob Howse has his store was also a Hotel, kept in my early days by Jim Walsh. Jim was a quiet fellow, who kept a decent house and minded his own business. I have

no record of his serving on any of our various boards, but he has left behind him, a clean record and quite a number of descendants who are doing their bit to help carry on the Town's life.

In the early days, before my time, there were a great many places that were hotels or taverns. There were three on Market Street alone. There was one on the corner of King Street, known as the Pacific Block. Mrs. May Reid's house was another, as was that of John Lee at the corner of Regent. here was a hotel on the site of Ern Kemsley's building on Picton Street, known as Whitewings." Bill Long kept this one before he built the one on the corner. There were two brick ones on Prideaux Street, now owned by Dr. McGarry and by Mrs. Riddell. Dock Tranter's house was another. There was one on the Rigg and adjoining property known as the "Black Swan". That's just a couple. What I want to get at is that the people who kept them must have played an important part in the business life of the Town of Niagara.

OUR STOREKEEPERS

BUTCHERS

So we come to our Storekeepers and we have to divide them up. So let us give some attention to the Butchers. Quite a lot of men have followed that calling in my time. Let us see first who they were. There were the Bests, Bob and his son Fred; the Bishops, Jack and his son Bob; Bill Longhurst; Bill McClelland and his son Bert; Steve Sando and John; Vern Davey; Bob Chapman; Art Daley; and Jim Stewart. Quite an array of them. I shall endeavour to say something about them and their activities in the next article.

December 10th, 1953

THE BESTS

About the Bests, Father and Son. They were active in Public Affairs off and on from 1868 to 1912. The father, Robert served eleven years in Council. and the son Fred took up the service where his father left off and was in his twenty-second year when he died. Both of these men were noted for their shrewdness and ability. Fred was Mayor when the late King George and Queen Mary visited here in 1901 and had entered on a fresh term in 1912 when he passed on. He had rather retired from business just before he died, having been appointed Caretaker of the Government Property here. During his period of service, many of our modern things such as Waterworks, Electric Lights, Good Roads, etc. were introduced. I think that the Bests did their share of public service.

THE BISHOPS

As for the Bishops, they put in as a family 55 years of service in Council, a record unequalled and unsurpassed by any family that I have ever heard of. Jack Bishop served one year as Mayor and eleven years as Reeve and was County Warden in 1888 and part of 1887. He also served two years as County Commissioner, representing the eastern division of the County. During his time in Council, most of the modern improvements were made. He was a canny, sensible man. Two of his sons, Jim and Tom also served in Council. Both good men. Nothing crooked about them. Tom served for some time as one of the Town Auditors. Bob Bishop, a brother of Jack, has the honour of serving the longest continuous term in Council. From 1886 to 1900 inclusive and twenty-one years altogether. One of his sons, Archie served one year in Council. Another Bishop, Bill sat in Council in 1860.

THE McCLELLANDS

Another family I should class as Butchers was that of the McCleliands. Five of this family served in Council. The first of them, William W., known as Bill, served nineteen years between 1873 and 1896. He too, was in on the modern improvements. A shrewd man and successful in business he was. Not a crowd pleaser, but dependable.

Three sons and a grandson followed him in Town Business. The oldest of these, will, put in nine years, three of them as Mayor and two as Reeve. Will wasn't any world beater, but he was a nice fellow to work with. I knew him well in musical circles, as well as in his Council work. I was very sorry when he passed on. The next brother Bert, only served one year in Council work, but he died while quite a young man and his one son later on came into the picture, serving two years in Council. Fred the third brother, came along and between 1910 and 1931, he served six years altogether.

These three families were Butchers and Grocers, so ! won't have to bring them in the latter category. But these three families served the Town in its Council, a total of one hundred and seventeen years altogether. I don't suppose you will find any three families and anyone town who can come within reach of that span of public service.

GEORGE A. CLEMENT

When I was a School Boy, George A. Clement had a grocery store in the building now occupied by the Pagetts. In fact, it was pretty much of a general supply store, as we bought school supplies there. His service in Council, nine years in all, was completed before my time to notice these things, but he was an influential man, respected and respectable. Useful in other matters too, and a good member of st. Mark's Church. His only son, John M. Clement, put in one year in Council, but he was quite a useful fellow too. Quite prominent in the Masonic circles. Both of these men served as Master of the Masonic Lodge.

Other Butchers I might mention are Bill Longhurst, the Sandos' father and son, Bob Chapman, Vern Davey, Jim Stewart and some more who followed the calling for a more or less short time. Vern Davey served one year in Council and was Assessor for a number of years. Sando had a shop at one time in the Regent Street part of the Magder store, and at another time in the building where Harry Steele and Bill Kirby are now located. Later on, John Sando had a shop on the site of the building that lised to be Reid's theatre. There he sold books, paper and stationary, giving that up when he was appointed to Customs. Longhurst's shop was where Papetti's Shoe Repair is now. Chapman and Davey had the store where Mr. Church is now located. This was first of all Jack Bishop's Butcher Shop. After he passed away, Pete moved to the building he now has at the corner of King and Johnson Streets, later on giving up the Butcher part of the business.

After Davey and then Chapman had a go at butchering in the old place. Jim Stewart came along and moved across to where Daley is now, he succeeding Stewart in the business.

December 17th, 1953

OUR GROCERS**FOLLETT, BEST, ALLEN, MATTHEW, CHRYSLER**

In the store wherein the Reids do business, Steve Follett ran a Grocery business. Mr. Follett was a useful man about the Town and gave freely to the Town's affairs. He served twenty-two years in Council altogether. He was Mayor in 1881 and 1882. He was Reeve from 1871 to 1878 inclusive and was County Warden in 1877. He was a quiet, reserved man, respected and respectable. After he died, his son-in-law, Fred Best ran the business in the same store, using the rear part as his Butcher shop. Fred later went out of the grocery business and opened a

Butcher Shop in the store which now houses the Club 19. Then Dick Allen, who had clerked in the Grocery business, took it over and ran it until his death, whereupon his son-in-law, Fred Matthews took over the business. Dick Allen was a very fine type of man, kindly and genial, well liked by everyone who knew him. He only served one year in Council, but was active in other branches of public service. Fred Matthews only kept the business a few years, selling out to the Reids. This family sometimes seems to me to be like Tennyson's "Brook," for "men may come and men may go, but the Reids go on forever," or so it would seem to me. From my early days, some of the Reid family have been prominent in some form of our public life. Police and Firemen, and latterly School Board and Lions Club engage them. A very useful family don't you think? A man who had a grocery business next door was Henry Chrysler. A quiet man, but one who found time to be in Council. Walter Reid worked for him for years and married his daughter.

LIVERY BUSINESSES

DONNELLY, GREENE, CURRIE, CUMPSON, 'NATERS, MAY, SHERLOCK

Several Livery Stable men have served the Town in Council. When I was a schoolboy, Bill Donnelly had a stable about where John Tiffin's house now stands on King Street. He was usually known as Senator. How he came by the name, I don't know. His son, young Will, was my desk mate in both schools, so I knew the family very well. Mr. Donnelly served seven years in Council, ultimately giving up the Livery and retiring to the country, where he built him a house which you may see on the road to St. Catharines, no far from Town. You will easily recognize it. It is quite shabby now, with its mansard roof, a nice new house beside it emphasizing its shabbiness. The Livery got itself moved to the site of Jack Greene's establishment. Bart Currie had it for a while, then sold out to Bob Cumpson. Down on Regent Street was the stable of Don Waters. These two stables, between them, did all the livery business. Then Mr. Waters died and Mike Greene bought the business. Later on, he and Cumpson entered into a partnership. These two men had married twin daughters of Jack Bishop. Bye and bye, Cumpson sold out to Greene and bought Jim Longhurst's coal business.

Later on, Greene closed the Waters stable and confined his business to the King Street one. Bob Cumpson served 14 years in Council and Mike Greene, 5 years.

Along came Tommy May, and started up where the Arnold establishment now is. There he carried on, beginning with one team and when motor cars came on the scene, he soon acquired a Ford. I had known Tommy from the time he arrived at Fort Niagara with the American Army.

He married Julia Thompson and spent the rest of his life here. A native of Birmingham, England, he was English in his talk, and quite a voluble man. I liked Tommy and I never knew him to do a mean or unkind act. He served nine years in Council and did a very good job.

Another livery man was Steve Sherlock. He too started in a very humble way and built up a good business. There was keen rivalry between him and May and they clashed sometimes, both in Council and in business. Steve served 15 years in Council and had a lot to do with the paving of our roads, he holding the office of Chairman of Works for many years. So here we have five livery men with a combined service in Council of fifty years. Not a bad record, is it?

Besides those I have mentioned under the heading of their several businesses, there have been Bill Harrison with 20 years' service, Bob Howse with 13 years, Bill Greaves, Sr. with 11 years, Jim Macphee with 10 years, Jack Black with 8 years, W.H.J. Evans with 7 years, Billy Miller with 4 years, and Billinksater with 3 years service.

These few notes will serve to show you what the business men of the Town have been doing towards managing the Town's business. And they carried on without looking for thanks or pay. It was their Town and they believed in doing something for it.

December 24th, 1953

OUR CARPENTERS

DIAMOND, TODD, THORNTON, CHAMBERLAIN, LOCKWOOD, HARTLEY, CARNOCHAN, DAVIDSON, CAMPBELL, DORITTY, RICHARDSON, ELLISON, THOMPSON, KEMSLEV, SCOTT.

Having dealt at some length with the business men and their activities, I thought it would be a good idea to say something about some of the men who actually did the building of our Town. I suppose most of us have an idea what a carpenter is. Anyway, I consulted four dictionaries to find out what the word actually meant. Here is what I found out. No two were the same, but the general idea was similar. Here they are: "One who builds wooden structures"; "A worker in timber for buildings."; "A builder of houses."; "A man whose work is building with wood." I have heard another not so complimentary: "A wood butcher." Racking my memory, I have made a list of thirty-one that I can remember. Most of them have sawed their last board and nailed their last nail. Many will be only remembered by the old timers. I was thinking of Billy Diamond, who used to keep a Tavern on the corner of King and Market Streets. In my time, it was a sort of Apartment house, the corner one being a Tin and Plumbing Shop kept by Alf Armstrong.

That part was moved to Prideaux Street and now is the home of George Corus. The part fronting on Market Street was for quite a while, occupied by Jack Abbott when he was driving the Stage between Niagara and S1. Catharines.

At the time of its removal, it was the home of Mrs. Addison and her daughter and son-in-law, the LeFraughs. It is still on Market Street, but on the other side of the Town Hall and was lately the home of Mrs. John Bolton. The remaining piece of the building was, I think, torn down. The N.S. & T. Railway erected their station on the site. But latterly, Billy Diamond was boarding with the Morrisons at the corner of Ricardo and Melville Streets. He was doing a bit of carpenter work, but as he became too old and too frail to work, he sold his tools. In fact, I bought some of them myself. Poor old Billy. It was related of him that he once fell down a well, but was rescued and was occasionally referred to as "the 140 pound Diamond that was found in a well."

Steve Todd was another old timer. He and Bill Thornton built the Jack Bolton house on the beach, now the home of Bert Taylor. Steve was a good carpenter, but slow and careful. He wasn't always careful enough, for one day when they were putting the roof on the Bolton house, he sat on the end of a board or scantling and sawed himself off. Fortunately he lit on a scaffold. He and Bill also built the house on Delatre Street next door. There were formerly two houses there, but they were taken down and the present house built in their stead. Bill Thornton who worked with him on those jobs, was a brother of John Thornton and a brother-in-law of Jack Bolton. He was a widower as I first remember him and had a boy and a girl, but he later remarried. He lived in the house on Gate street where the present Bill lives. A good many of our builders were handy both as Carpenters and Masons. Bill was one of these.

Jim Chamberlain was another who lived here for a time. A good Carpenter but slow. He was usually known as "Certainly Chamberlain." He later removed to the Falls with his large family.

Ab Lockwood lived on Victoria Street in the house now occupied by the Duddys. He was a small man with a fiery temper. He was a very kindly man, however, and good to his family. I remember him as having a small scow with a sail on it and he took a lot of fun out of it around the river. One day, he was shooting coveens down near the Queen's Royal, when some fellow swung around on a flock and peppered Ab with a dose of shot. He was too far away to do much harm, but it was fun for the onlookers to see Ab, with fire in his eye, pursuing that fellow around the River, loudly vowing vengeance.

John Carnochan, as I first remember him, was in the lumber business. He lived in the house on Wellington Street now occupied by the Clarks. I remember the big lumber piles opposite his

house. The house now owned by Billy Richardson was the workshop, but John married a wife and turned the shop into a dwelling.

He later discontinued the lumber business and confined himself to building. Most of the buildings on Castlereagh and King Streets nearby are his work, including the one now the home of his daughter, Gertrude. He was one of the best of our carpenters, besides being useful in other ways. I sat with him on the School Board and the Town Council. He also, at various times, was one of the Town Assessors and when we had a Curling Club, was an enthusiastic Curler.

Jimmy Hartley was another of our old timers. He lived on Platoff Street where Mel Gordon now lives. A good carpenter he was, but I knew him best as a Bugler in the old 19th Regiment. In fact, he was Bugle Major for years, until a St. Catharines man got command when Jimmy was replaced by Billy McManus, whose father was Bandmaster. I was in Camp when the 19th, when that happened and Captain Colin Milloy gave him the rank of Corporal, as this was the only rank available at the time. Jimmy had been in the Regiment since it was formed and was a Veteran of the Fenian Raid.

December 31st, 1953

Walt & Bob Davidson, belonged to a family of Carpenters, as I have seen a copy of a statement of the cost used in the building of our Town Hall, made up and signed by a Davidson, the builder and who was their father. Walt died a long time ago, but I know of two buildings that he rected for the late S. B. Rowley. They are the Imperial Bank Building and the residence of Mrs. Stevenson. The chief part of Bob's work in the partnership was in the shop. One must remember that many of the fittings that go in the house and are now to be purchased ready-made were in the Davidson's time, made by hand. Bob was a master hand at that work, Bob was a rather odd little man and when the Salvation Army was here, Bob was their Drummer and for many years after they had left, he handled the sale of the War Cry here.

Another Carpenter of a later generation and closely related to the Davidsons, was Walt Campbell, whose mother was a sister of the Davidsons. Walt was a smart fellow and I know of two buildings that are his work and right on our Main Street. They are the Fred Curtis building and the Home Bakery. He built these two at the same time, the one for Louis Frank, the Barber and the other for Mrs. James Swift as an Ice Cream Parlour. Before these buildings were erected, Mrs. Swift had been located across the street in the McKenzie Building. She was the pioneer in the ice cream business and her product was home made and was as good as any

you can get nowadays. Mr. Frank had been in the Marino store, having taken over the Barber business from Mrs. Fanny Ross, by whom he had been employed. Herb Campbell, a brother of Walt is another one of our well known Carpenters.

Another of our old timers was Jim Doritty. Jim was one of the builders of the John Manuel house on King Street. He served as one of the Town Assessors for years with Dicky Briggs. He had quite a large family, one of his sons Joe was in charge of the Telephone Office for years.

Bill Richardson was another of our good Carpenters. He served three years in Council and was a good man there and a first class Carpenter. Altogether, the Richardsons were a mighty useful family. Young V\Jill, as he was called was in charge of all the building at the Military Camp during the late War and did a good job there.

John Ellison was another of our first class workmen. There were three of those brothers who were good at Mason work and Carpentry. Henry and George Ellison were Masons and John was a Carpenter, but they could turn their hands to mostly anything. All three of them served in Council and all played in the old Niagara Band. John was in St. Mark's Choir when I was a cub member of it and had a good bass *voice*. I used to hear Henry tooting on his old bass horn when he was living where the Legion now hangs out. He built that house. He once told me that he did all the cabinet work for the present organ in St. Mark's Church. George built the house on Wellington Street where Mrs. Powell now resides. Bill Thompson was a Carpenter who seemed to specialize in alterations and rebuilding jobs and in moving. One job I particularly remember him doing was to tear down and rebuild the Quinn house on Ricardo Street. His son Will is still with us and going strong. He has served four terms in Council.

Jerry Kemsley was another fellow who could do mostly anything. He was a musical fellow, played in the Band and sang in the Choir, and an all round good citizen. He put in two years in Council. Besides his other accomplishments, he was a good Barber. I remember being in Camp with the old 19th, and he was our Company Barber. His family were all musical, no less than nine of them appearing on my choir list. As a family, they are only exceeded by my own, which numbers thirteen as having served St. Mark's in the Choir. Jerry had one son who followed him in Carpentering, Ernest Kemsley who is still with us and going strong.

There was an old Scotsman named Laurence ScoU, who lived for a time in the house where my brother now lives. He may have been a good Carpenter but he had a very poor opinion of his fellow Carpenters in this town. I was amused one day when the old chap came along and seated himself and proceeded to discourse at length on the quality of the Carpenters. "Th e're

all darn botches," he said. At this time. I was on my back under our launch, Viola, busy with a plane finishing off a repair job. I couldn't help smiling to myself. as the old fellow prosed :m. I never pretended to be a Carpenter, although! could do lots of smal! Jobs about the boats. So I didn't put up any argument with the old gentleman.

January 7th, 1964

Well. here we are into a brand new year. Old 1953 has departed this life with all its faults and failings. its blessings and its curses. We've had another Christmas too. and while it. too, has come and gone, I thought it not too late to reminisce a bit about other times and customs. Ye Editor has given us a resume of changes and improvements that have been made in the year now last past, and it started me thinking about what Christmas was like when I was a youngster.

CHRISTMAS IN THE PAST

We surely lived in different times. I would like to remind you that we had no electric light to furnish illuminations for us, either in our homes or our streets. So just shut your eyes to our gaily lighted Main Street and your ears to the motor cars and trucks with their raucus noises. Come home with me to our modest dwelling. Mother has been busy for a week past. A goose has been slain and hung up. I sometimes had the job of plucking the bird. An enormous apple pudding has been prepared. A large plum cake has been manufactured, with various cookies. The air is redolent with savory smells and whenever we kids are allowed within smelling distance of the kitchen, our mouths watered in anticipation of the good things to come.

Christmas Eve, we are put to bed with great reluctance on our part and are sternly bidden to shut our eyes and our mouths and go to sleep. Of course, we promptly obey, for tomorrow is Christmas. Of course, too, in our dreams, or was it in our dreams, we visualize sundry long stockings decorating the doorway to the bedroom. However, in the sweet bye-and-bye, morning comes. We are strictly forbidden to get out of bed until fires had been lighted and the living room warmed. We didn't burn coal, indeed very few people did in those days, but a red hot box stove soon warmed things up. What did we get in our stockings? Candy, nuts, cookies, perhaps an apple. And therewith we were content. We did not get Christmas presents such as are so plentiful in this day and age. Nor did we get or give Christmas cards. A Christmas Tree in most of our homes wasn't even thought of. We didn't have shows to amuse us, we did our own amusing.

How did we put in Christmas Day? Well, we in our family, were regular attendants at Church and Sunday School. For a month or more, before the big day arrived, we practised Carols after Sunday School. Miss Beaven, who lived in our present abode, was our instructor and a very exacting old lady she was. We had no Parish Hall then. We met in the Church and the appearance of the old Church like most other things, has undergone changes. Then, there was a gallery all around the Church and the whole front of it would be festooned with wreaths of cedar and the smell was most enjoyable. The organ and choir were in the gallery at the rear of the church. Of course, on Christmas morning, we went to Church and in the afternoon, being filled to repletion with Christmas food, we repaired again to the church, there to sing our carols and listen to a Christmas talk by the Rector.

Then we marched in a body to the home of the Misses Beaven where we were each given a bag of candy and an orange. Mind you, oranges were an unheard of thing in our daily lives. And the candy was not the luscious, gooey stuff that is so common in our candy shops today. We, however, were thankful to get what was given us. It was a break in our lives. After a while, it became the custom to have a Christmas tree, not in our homes, but in some public place.

One must remember too, that the Lions' Club and other such organizations had not then been heard of. I sometimes wonder if children really appreciate what is done for them. Of course, the parents of today were not born in the time of which I write. I feel as if I were speaking from a day that is long gone. With all the changes that have come about in our way of living, is there any improvement in our appreciation of Him whom we are supposed to be honouring at Christmas time, or are we just having a good time because it is the season for it. I suppose someone will say that I have no business to preach, but for many years, while I was Superintendent of the Sunday School, it was one of my duties to address the School at Christmas time. Some things become a habit and a good habit persisted in can do nothing but good.

January 14th, 1964

THE THORNTON FAMILY

Another family that had more than one talent was that of the Thorntons. The first of these, John by name, came from Yorkshire, England and he and his wife raised a large family, some of whom were Carpenters and some were Masons. The first John Thornton was a Mason in the building of our Town Hall, then the Courthouse for the United Counties of Lincoln, Weiland and Haldimand. He was here in what may be called the industrial age of the Town, when the Railway came with its buildings and factories at the Dock. He built a big, tall chimney for one of

the buildings. I could almost take you to the very spot where it stood. Another tall chimney in the flats along Lockhart Street was his work. He also built the brick hotel at the Dock for a man named Charles Oscar Benedict, who was connected with the Railway. His oldest son, John, my father-in-law, was a fine Mason too and some of the old pictures of the Town show a tall chimney at the Waterworks which he built. One brother Bill was both Mason and Carpenter and was handy at both callings. Jim, another brother was a Carpenter. He went away to Chicago. Albert, another of the family, worked a lot with John as a Mason and he ultimately went to the northwest.

W.O. Caskey was a good man and a Carpenter. He was quite a talented musician and many a pleasant evening we spent at his home with the Glee Club. He was also Director of a Choral Society that flourished for some time and of which I was President. He was also able to make himself useful in many ways. In his latter years, he served as Librarian of our Public Library.

Another good Carpenter, who was also musical, was Tom Gobert. He put in quite a number of years in Church Choir and Glee Club. He sat in Council for seven years and made a good sane and solid member of that body. I have three carpenters on my list who are still with us, so I better be careful what I say about them; they are Jim Bishop, Jim Laughton and D. McDonell. They are all good men at their job and I have known them all for years and they all served in Council, Jim Bishop for seven years, Laughton for two and McDonell for eight years.

Another group of Carpenters I might mention and who have all passed on are John Clockenburg, Ed Bradley, Frank Hindle and Jim McCarthy. All of them could do a good job. I musn't forget Tom McCartan, whom I meet occasionally on the street. He too can meet you with a smile and has a numerous fund of jokes at his command at all times.

When I was a boy, living with my family on Ricardo Street, we had as a next door neighbour, Charlie Smith, a Mason one of the best known men of his day. I have known five generation of that family, Charlie's father, his son Charlie, the Barber, Eddie who is still with us and his son Leslie Smith. His daughter, that is Charlie's daughter Sarah, still lives in the same old place, although it has been somewhat altered.

A family of Masons that has been going for many years is that of the Elliotts. Bill Elliott was Sexton of St. Andrew's Church and lived in the old house for years. well remember the first time I donned a red uniform. It was to parade at the funeral of Bill's son (usually known as Ducky). We slow marched down Mississauga Street to Queen and up Simcoe to the Church. It was springtime and the roads were a sea of mud. The coffin was carried shoulder high. I was fortunate to escape that duty, for they selected eight men of equal height of which group, my

brother Fred was one. I think I see Capt. Colin Milloy marching beside us and the amount of clay that he was carrying firmly attached to his boots.

Bill's son John, an extra tall fellow, followed his father in the same calling. I remember John beating the big drum in the old band. His son Jim is with us and is a good Mason and an all around good man, musical too, singing in St. Andrew's Choir since Adam was a baby. I didn't mention that Ducky Elliott also sang in the choir. He stuttered in his speech, but could sing like an angel. Ed Anderson was a Mason who lived here for some years. He was Town Assessor for several years.

I have been writing of these workmen, most of whom have had their day and cease to be. As is natural, others are coming along to take their place and I haveno doubt will give a good account of themselves, as did those boys of an earlier day.

Section 17 - SECTION NO.6**JANET CARNOCHAN**

From a Speech given by Joseph E. Masters on Wednesday, June 24th, 1953 at Parliament Oak School.

My Friends:

We are gathered here today to pay a tribute to the memory of Niagara's most noted woman, Janet Carnochan. She was one of our busiest women, her active spirit taking her into many of our local organizations, where she had the enviable faculty of making herself useful.

My acquaintance with her began with my school career. When I entered Public School at the ripe age of six years in the Spring of 1878, she was then Principal of the School. After the Summer Holidays of that year, she moved over to the High School as Assistant to Mr. Albert Andrews. Just four years later, I passed into High School and became one of her pupils. We came to admire her greatly, as we found her kindly and helpful and infinitely patient.

Even then, her best subject was History and I well remember her reading to us, her poem called: "Has Canada a History?" Another subject on which she was carefully painstaking was the English Language. The science of Orthoepey, we had drilled into us and if a question of pronunciation came up, she was sure to look up at least three dictionaries. There was never anything slipshod or careless in her methods and her teaching. And best of all, we all came to look on her as a friend. I am proud to say that between her and myself, friendship of the most cordial continued to her life's end.

She had many interests besides making her livelihood by teaching. She was a devoted adherent of St. Andrew's Church, where she taught in Sabbath School for many years. Another of her interests was the Public Library, where she served as Secretary for a period of thirty-five years. This was where I really came to know her best, as I was for a long time on the Library Board and was its President for years while she was alive and active.

During her later years, her chief interest was History and we are indebted to her for her "History of Niagara." She was most painstaking in her search of the truth in compiling that history. I enjoyed many a chat with her on people and events pertaining to our Town.

As most of us know, she founded the Niagara Historical Society and was its Head for many a year. She came to be known far and wide as an eminent historian and was respected by many on both sides of the International Boundary.

She was the author of a number of poems of great merit. If you had known her as we her pupils knew her, you would not be surprised at this, as one of her favourite studies was poetry and we were greatly indebted to her for her far reaching knowledge of poets and their poetry. We studied with her, Scott's *Lady of the Lake* and *Marmion*, Goldsmith's *Traveller* and *The Deserted Village*, Gray's *Elegy*, and *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*, and we were expected and encouraged to commit long passages of these to memory.

What shall I say more? Janet Carnochan was a useful woman. A teacher can be more than a teacher of the young. She can be a friend and a neighbour. She can take an interest in the affairs of the Town in which she has her abode. Such persons as Miss Carnochan were not birds of passage. They made their influence felt by those about them.

Janet Carnochan has left behind her a record of unselfish devotion to the people of this Town and it is eminently fitting that we should place this tablet to her memory in such an institution as this school. Truly a fine woman in hereby commemorated and it is the earnest hope of all those who have contributed to this memorial that it will help keep alive her memory and also to serve as an incentive to us all to strive to be like her.

DUTIES OF THE TOWN CLERK

He records the Minutes of Council Meetings.

He conducts all correspondence.

He must be conversant with the terms of the following Acts:

The Municipal Act

The Local Improvement Act.

The Assessment Act

The Public Health Act

The Line Fence Act

The Jurors Act

The Public Utilities Act

The Voters List Act

The Marriage Act

and a few others.

He receives complaints.

He advises Members of Council.

He selects Jurors along with other selectors.

He compiles the Municipal Voter's List annually.

He acts as Clerk of the Court under the above Act during the Hearing of Appeals.

He acts as Returning Officer at Municipal Elections.

He serves various officials with copies of the Voters' List annually.

He issues all Marriage Licenses in the Municipality.

He records all Births, Marriages and Deaths in the Municipality.

He forwards all reports of the above to Toronto.

He records all cases of Communicable Diseases.

He needs the wisdom of Solomon and the patience of Job.

He must learn to be quick to think and slow to speak.

In short, he is the handy man of his Community. He is expected to be able and willing to advise anybody on anything that may come into their minds, whether it be wise or foolish. For instance, I once had a strange woman come into the office.

She said she had been sent to me for advice. I, of course, assured her of my willingness to advise on anything coming within my scope of knowledge. Whereupon she told me she was leaving her husband and wanted to know what she could carry away with her. Fortunately, I was able to tell her quite gravely that only a Lawyer could tell her that, and unfortunately I was not a Lawyer.

Most of the small Municipalities combine the offices of Clerk and Treasurer, which was my case and I did all Bank business and paid all accounts and salaries. The Clerk and Treasurer has a multiplicity of Reports to be made to the Provincial Government at Toronto.

January 21st, 1954

MUSICIANS

Having discoursed at some length about business men and others who have lived and moved and had their being in this Town of ours, I thought it might be acceptable to say a little about people who had not been so practical in their contribution to the life of our Town, but who have, nevertheless, given something to add to the enjoyment of life by the people. I am referring to the Musicians who have been among our citizens in the years past.

THE BLAKE FAMILY

There have been families and individuals, some of whom have been prominent in musical circles and some not so much so. Miss Carnochan, in her History of Niagara, makes mention of various musical people, many of whom I remember.

There were the Blakes, for one example of a musical family. Ada Blake was organist at St. Andrew's Church when I first remember her and she was followed by her sister Annie, now Mrs. Harrison. Both were and are fine musicians and were quite generous in their services, not only to their Church, but to many other musical organizations. Their other sister, Gertrude Blake sang in the Choir for many years, besides being active in the Sunday School and the Bible Society.

THE BURNS FAMILY

Another family which gave much in the way of musical services was that of the Burns. Robert, Joe and Salome were all gifted musicians. Bob had a dandy bass voice, while Joe sang tenor and Salome was an organist and pianist of great talent. Many of the old folks will remember Bob Burns as having the Dry Goods Store in the building now occupied by the Greaves Factory, while Joe Burns will be remembered as Town Clerk and later Collector of Customs.

WILLIAM QUINN

I remember William Quinn when he first arrived in Niagara. He was a musician of great ability and it annoyed him greatly that all the Church Organists were females. He said to me one day, "Think of it: four Churches in this Town, and a brat of a girl on every organ stool in the place." They were at that time, Miss Alice Paffard in St. Mark's, Miss Mary Walsh in St. Vincent's; Miss Salome Burns in Grace Church and Miss Blake in St. Andrew's. Mr. Quinn was a bit eccentric, but he knew music and had been a Church Organist in Ireland before coming to Canada. I remember a certain lady, a summer resident, who asked Mr. Quinn about some repairs to her violin and he offered to fix it for her. Having made the necessary repairs and having tuned it, he tried it out and was struck with the fine tone of the instrument. He saw George Ellison passing and knowing that Mr. Ellison was a violinist himself, he called him in to listen to the instrument as he played on it. Mr. Ellison *too*, admired its tone and he said, "I didn't know you played the violin," Mr. Quinn. "Ah, said Mr. Quinn, "if you knew alii know, you'd be a wise man." I remember that the late Canon Garrett had composed a little hymn for the infant class in Sunday School, and Mr. Quinn wrote a tune to fit it. It was quite a nice tune, too and later on, Professor McKie who was then our Bandmaster, made a March out of the same tune. So you see that we had musical talent in our wee Town.

MR. ANDREWS

We once had a Music Teacher named Andrews who was Organist of St. Mary's on the Hill in Buffalo. He taught our Choir for six months and while he was at it, he founded a Choral Society and nearly all the young singers of the Town belonged to it. I was quite amused soon after we got started, to notice that few singers among the sopranos, could take the high "C", only perhaps four or five of them, but you know how it is, girls. We can't let anybody put anything over on us, so it wasn't long till girls that had never had even a nodding acquaintance with a high note, were lifting the roof. I was taught that example is better than precept, and it was proven to be true in this case. I think Mrs. Harrison was one of the few that could set an example, for she had a good voice. In the course of our practices, Mr. Andrews divided us into two parts, and our division of the basses were placed behind a row of tenors and I just happened to notice that a tenor in front of us was holding his music upside down, but singing away with great gusto.

THE ELLISONS

The three Ellisons played in the Band for years and were all of them good all around musicians.

THE CLAUS AND PAFFARD GIRLS

There were two Claus girls who were good musicians. Kate, the elder, was organist at St. Mark's for years, while Nellie was the leading soprano. Kate was succeeded by Alice Paffard, daughter of our long time Mayor. She was sometimes relieved by her sister, Bertha. My brother Charlie and I used to alternate in pumping the Organ six morning a week from eight to nine o'clock for Miss Paffard, for which we received the remuneration of five whole cents per hour. Miss Paffard continued as Organist for a good many years, until the family moved from Town.

January 28th, 1954

D'ARCY CASKEY

Another Town man who had a great deal of musical ability was D'Arcy Caskey. He was in a Glee Club for years and many a pleasant evening we spent in the home on Davy Street. I don't know of any of that Club who are still in the land of the living except myself. D'Arcy was a gifted fellow in many ways. He was with his brother-in-law, Jim Skelton, in the old Niagara Time for a time, besides being a pretty fair farmer. Owing to a breakdown in health, he gave up his work with the paper and took to Carpentering at which he was good. He served St. Andrews for years in the Choir as its leader and afterwards served Grace Church in a similar capacity. We among us, expanded our Glee Club into a Choral Society, of which Mr. Caskey was Musical Director and I was President. D'Arcy's last sphere of usefulness was as Librarian of our Public Library, which office he filled until the Grim Reaper terminated a long and useful life.

GEORGE CORK & ALBERT ANDREWS

I was privileged to attend school under two Principals who were musical. George Cork in Public School and Albert Andrews in High School. Both had musical ability of a very high capacity. Mr. Cork sang in the Methodist Choir, and took part in many musical events of the day. I well remember a Cantata he organized and in which I had a small part, having to recite a poem

called "Boys Rights." My first appearance in Public and golly was I scared. It seemed to me that the audience was just one big eye staring at me. Mr. Andrews was leader of the Methodist Choir for some time and he just fairly reeked with music. I shall never forget the sing songs we had at High School with him and he fairly oozed his pleasure in them. But, alas, time marches on and these dear men with it. I can only recollect two of Mr. Andrews' pupils left in Town besides myself.

ARCHIE HAINES

We must not overlook Archie Haines in our list of Musicians. Most of us will remember the Singsongs he conducted in Simcoe Park on Sunday evenings during a good many summers. I must confess that I liked and admired Archie very much and I was sorry when he passed on. He gave many years service to St. Andrew's Church as Leader of the Choir. He served the Town in Council for ten years and I always reckoned him as one of our best men. Such men are not easy to replace.

NIAGARA'S TOWN BAND

So far, we have discussed musicians more from the vocal standpoint. A few words about other kinds of music and musicians would not be out of place. As long ago as I can remember, we had a Town Band. For a long time, Professor McKie was Bandmaster. The Band met in the old Stone Barracks, now the Masonic Hall. They had a room whose door opened on Prideaux Street. After the Masons acquired the building, that door was closed, the building roughcast as it is at present. The McKies lived nearby on Prideaux Street in the house now that of Mrs. Florence Scott. They also owned the one next door. The Band had their quarters later on in the Rogers Block at the corner of Queen and Gate Streets, which building was taken down long ago. After Mr. McKie passed on, Charlie Sage and Dick Allen led the Band. Sage was a Painter who worked for Willard Platt at the old Carriage Works on Johnson Street. He was a good cornetist, but when Mr. Platt's business seemed to fold up, Charlie went to Detroit, coming back here eventually to end his days. One must remember that Bands and their instruments have undergone great changes since the days of which I write.

Tommy Allen, Jack Sadler and Charlie Sage were fine artists with the cornet. You never hear of a cornet nowadays. Of course, they are all Trumpsters now. remember two tall men as Drummers, Sam Campbell and John Elliott, and Charlie Smith with his kettle drum. George & Henry Ellison played the heavy basses, as did Johnny Garrett later on. Bill Clark, Bob Allen and John Lavell were long time members of the Band, as was Bill Curtis.

I couldn't begin to tell you of all the men who played in that old Band. They are all gone, except perhaps Ike Lavell. Do you know, that old band played a useful part in the life of the Town. Any holiday, and any public gathering was not complete without the old Band. We must still have sufficient musical talent among our men . to man a Band and I am sure most of us wish that someone would come along who would undertake to get up a Band.

February 4th, 1954

WINTER WEATHER

Well, here we are in the midst of a winter which has already brought us many varieties of weather, whether we like it or not. We are too often bombarded over the air by commentaries on the this year and that year. Personally, I have seen many years and no two of them just alike. It seems to me, however, that the Winters have shifted somewhat. When I was going to School, we had plenty of Winter before the Christmas Holidays. After a time, one saw no sleighs and heard no sleigh bells. What a merry jingle those bells did make. But Old Man Winter came back after a time, though a little late in taking his opening bow. Winters I have seen with absolutely no snow or frost and some with plenty of rain. As to what causes this endless variety, I couldn't even hazard a guess. And by the same token, a good deal of the weather predictions we are treated to are more or less guesswork. Having spent many years around the water, we learned a certain amount of weather wisdom. Nowadays, these weather prognosticators of ours get news from Ultima Thule or Timbuctoo or Tommy's Corners and there we get absotively certain weather dished up for our delectation.

TOWN COUNCIL

So we got us a new Council, did we. Not as new as some people would have liked. Without taking any sides in the matter of a Council, I should like to make a few remarks about the subject. Every Council which takes office, has a variety of matters with which to deal as they present themselves. I always found it wise to not trouble too much about the troubles ahead, but just to deal with them as they come before any Council. And they will come. To be sure, one must have some thought for the future, but after you have dealt with the everyday things that come along, you cannot get too ambitious. There is a bottom to the pockets of the people whom you represent and I mean represent. No man or woman has a right to occupy a seat in Council for selfish purposes, such as putting over some pet project or to spite some person or persons. I have seen that spite business carried on more than once. Lately, we had a very

spirited campaign for seats in Council and I heard plenty of talk about what the newcomers were after. I am not in the confidence of those men who went to so much trouble and expense to get themselves elected and if they had some object in view that was not advertised, I am sure I don't know what it was. But, I would say this. If they had something which they wished to see carried out for the good of the people of the Town, why in tarnation didn't they come out into the open and spill the beans. If their objects were good, why not let the people know what they had in mind. After all, it is the people who pay. Getting elected or getting defeated is not the be all or and all.

Come out in the open with your ideas and let us all in on your programme.

Being a member of Council is a much more complex problem than it used to be. Take the Board of Works for instance. When Spring came along and the mud dried up, you took a look at the roads and you found that this one or that one needed a bit of scraping and perhaps a few wagon loads of gravel, collected on the Beach. As for sidewalks, Joe Eares and Frank Clark or one of the Connollys, each with a wheel barrow laden with some two inch pine planks and a few four inch cut nails, did all the repairing needed. Or perhaps, a block or two needed replacement. Once in a while, it was found expedient to clean out a roadside ditch. In winter time, nobody dreamt of plowing a road to clear it of snow. Nobody lost any sleep over it. If you couldn't get through, why you just stayed put till things opened up. Street lights with their overhead wires were unheard of and water mains never burst, for there just were none of these critters. To be sure, there was a Police Force. If Bob Fizette or Bill Curtis or Bob Reid could come back from over there, they would smile at the troubles of Council. Why, they would tell you, we took all the troubles off your shoulders. We policed the Town. To be sure, we had no traffic to control, but we did our Job. We were Town Foreman, Fire Chief, Tax Collector and about forty-eleven other things. We really were the whole works. "Them were the days." Councils in those days, didn't have to worry too much about where the money was to come from. Fifteen mills or so covered the whole business. Yet, who would want to go back to those days.

February 11th, 1954

BANDS

I used to hear a character on the radio years ago, one Baron Munchausen. Any of you who are acquainted with the Baron know that the Baron had a reputation of being a teller of tall tales. He had a servant named Charlie, who sometimes seemed to doubt the exact truthfulness of some of the Baron's tales and the Baron's invariable retort to Charlie was "Was you there,

Sharlie." I am almost tempted to ask that some question of my readers, when I think of the splendid Band Concert given in our Town Hall of Thursday of last week. What a Band. I have heard a good many band concerts in my time, and I don't believe I ever heard a better one than that which was given by Fred Willett and the Thorold Reed Band. It is a splendid organization and Thorold must be proud of it. It seemed to me to be a well balanced group, and every section of it was excellent in itself. Its sweetness of tone was lovely in its softer numbers, while at times its volume was thrilling. The busiest men in the outfit were the leader and the drummer. On these two depend much of the timing and they were perfect. The trumpsters were sweet and melodious and the rest of the brass section filled in the harmony and the background well indeed. The reed section was sweet and the timing and the precision of the whole group was admirable. As to the several numbers on the programme, they were all well done, but I think I liked the Poet and Peasant overture best. I have listened to many of the finest bands that have made their appearance at the Exhibition Band Shell at Toronto, and I couldn't help thinking while listening to the Thorold Band, that they would fit in there as well as those bands that are imported from over the border.

Being good enough to take prizes on various occasions, why aren't they good enough for a place at the Fair where people from all over the Continent can hear them. Anyway, those who heard them enjoyed a treat, while those who stayed away, missed an opportunity to hear good music. On behalf of those of us who were there, may I say "Thank you, Fred Willett, and your fine Band. They are well led and well trained, by a very talented leader. In lighter vein, how about taking up a small collection towards getting father George a new head covering. He was so darned proud of his son Fred and his Band that I was afraid his cap wouldn't fit him any more. And his smile, well you should see it. One can understand why the word "smiles" is the longest in the English Language because there is a mile between the first and last letters. What Baron Munchausen could do with that small world. Thanks again Fred and we hope to hear you again.

OUR OLD TOWN BAND

Before we leave the subject of Bands, some of us were talking of our old Town Band, and the people who belonged to it. We were wondering what had become of the instruments that were used by the Band. There used to be quite a collection of these instruments. I remember that when the Polish Army was here, they borrowed the instruments and made up a Band of their own, and they used to play. I well remember the original Armistice Day Parade in which the Poles took part and the Band played for the parade. I think it must have been earlier during the First World War, that Chadwick took charge of the Band. He however, took charge of a Band

going overseas and our Band then became defunct. I was under the impression that the Poles returned the instruments and that they were stored in the room in the upper storey of the Town Hall. Perhaps someone can tell us what became of them as they were the property of the Town after the Band folded up.

Perhaps someone may come along and start up a band. I remember Mr. Coombs of St. Catharines giving a talk about a chap who arrived at a small town and who had some musical talent. He used to play for his own amusement, but his music attracted others and led ultimately to the formation of a musical group which enriched and enlivened the whole community. Let us hope someone like that will turn up here. There is plenty of musical talent in the Town if someone would uncover it and turn it to some use for entertainment of the people of the Town and surrounding Territory.

FISHERMEN

I have written about people of different callings and walks in life, and tried to show something of their usefulness to the Town of ours. One class of men whom I have not mentioned specifically is that of the Fishermen. Now, I am well aware that many people have regarded fishermen as pretty low in the social scale, but having been one of them for many years, I am in a position to examine their doings, quite regardless of what some superior people may think of them. Many of these men belonged to our Fire Brigade, which you must admit is a very useful body. At one time, an entire section of the Brigade was composed of Fishermen. The men that I shall mention have all been for a longer or shorter time, Fishermen. I cannot pretend to give a complete list. Those whom I remember as being Firemen were Bob and Walter Reid, John and Will Mills, Will Keith, Frank Clench, Patsy Moran, Will Cullen, Ted Bissell, Will Ball, John Ball, Will Taylor, Fred Masters, Art Masters, John Raynor, Charlie Currie, Joe Sherwood, Ned O'Melia, Bob Patterson, Fred Perrott. Some of these I mention here have proved their usefulness in other fields than that of Fire protection. Most of the older people will remember Bob Reid for his long service as Chief Constable as well as Fire Chief. Walter Reid put in eleven years in Town Council as well as serving at elections and in other ways. Will Ball was caretaker of the Fire Hall for many years. Art Masters served a long time on the Board of Education and brother Fred Masters was a prominent Mason. Charlie Currie was Assessor for years as was Art Masters. We mustn't forget Ed Sherlock, who was Chief Constable and later served seven years in Council. Dick Allen became a successful merchant besides his long term of usefulness in the Town Band. Bob Allen drove the stage between Niagara and St. Catharines for years. Joseph Masters, my father, served twenty-five years on the Public School Board and had the Long Service Medal for the Militia. John Raynor, Sr., was a County Constable for years, besides his long service in the

Militia. Eddie O'Melia was overseas in the First Great War and was in the Customs Service, being retired when they closed the office here. My brother Charlie Masters, became a Clergyman while as for myself, why I just served the public for a matter of forty years in various capacities.

I have written thus just to point out to the readers of this great family journal that the fishermen were not so bad after all. And don't forget that our Saviour didn't think so badly of the fishermen in his day, for when He wanted men, of course He first of all went to the ranks of the Fishermen. I wonder how many of you have read "The Big Fisherman," by Lloyd C. Douglas. It is a most readable book about St. Peter and worth anybody's while to read and digest. My own experience of the fishermen has been that they were neither better nor worse than the usual run of people, just folks. I found them neighbourly and helpful to one another. So, friends, when you think of those who ply the piscatorial calling or trade for a livelihood, please be a bit sympathetic towards them.

Our local fishermen had no income or work during the winter season and that brings us to another subject that is very much in the news and that is unemployment. It seems to me that people have lost any feeling of contentment or of an earnest effort to live within their means. Instead of doing without something that they cannot afford, about the first thing thought of is to begin a campaign for more money, even to expect some Government Agency or other to come across with help. What has become of our spirit of British Independence. In our own Town, in my younger days, there was always a time of the year when there was unemployment. Fishermen, farm workers, carpenters, masons and many others had a substantial part of each year in which they had no income. I am thinking of one man in particular who never had anything but seasonal employment as a farm worker, yet he raised an unusually large family and none of them died from malnutrition. Another that I knew of who was a working carpenter, also raised a large family and without crying for help. I am not altogether blaming union labour for this eternal demand for higher wages and shorter hours, but men are not equally able or proficient in mostly any line of work but if they belong to a Union they must get Union pay whether they are worth it or not. Probably we can discuss this further in a later article.

February 25th, 1954

PASSENGER SHIP SINKS ON THE ST. LAWRENCE

I thought the readers of the Niagara Advance might be interested in something that has nothing to do with our Town. A good many years ago, a large passenger ship was sunk in a collision in the Gulf of St. Lawrence and a great many lives were lost, among them members of the

Salvation Army who were on their way to a gathering in England. I well remember reading in the daily papers, an account of the sinking and it was related that the Salvation Army Band played "Nearer, my God, to Thee, " as the ship was sinking. I noticed a few days ago, several letters about the matter, some people apparently confusing the Titanic's sinking with that of the Empress of Ireland. We listen quite often to the Gospel Singers on the radio and some time ago, he was singing "Nearer, My God, To Thee," and he said it had been played at the sinking of the Titanic by the Ships Band, the tune he was using being the usual one "Excelsior."

I wrote to Mr. MacHugh and pointed out his error and I received a very noncommittal reply from the Templetons for whom he broadcasts. Whereupon, I wrote to the salvation Headquarters in Toronto and got no satisfaction from them. I wasn't satisfied to drop the matter and I borrowed a book from my niece, Mrs. Woodruff, on the sinking of the Titanic. On Page 88 of that book it is stated that as the ship was sinking, the Band gathered on the upper deck and as the ship went down, they were playing the hymn, "God of Mercy and Compassion," to the tune of "Autumn."

A short while after the disastrous fire which destroyed the Noronic in Toronto, a Memorial Service was held for those who perished in the fire. Right Reverend Dr. Brewing, while addressing the meeting, spoke of having addressed a similar meeting in 1914 for those who died when the Empress of Ireland was sunk in the Gulf of St. Lawrence and he told how the Salvation Army Band had stayed on the upper deck and played "Nearer, My God, To Thee," He said that a survivor of that Band was then on the platform. He did not mention his name, but I believe that he was Brigadier Green of the Army. I remember that in the newspaper account of the sinking of the Empress, the tune mentioned was uHorbury". I suppose it was none of my business, but I hear so many errors of one kind or another on the radio, that it annoys me sometimes. Those fellows have such a wide field for their audience and it would do a lot of them some good if we who listen could just talk back once in a while.

COUNTING OUR BLESSINGS

I wonder if any of us ever stop think what a favoured spot is this Niagara of ours. We had a rain recently, but it came down and flowed away into that drainage ditch which the Lord gave us for our comfort and relief, the Niagara River and its pool into which it flows, Lake Ontario. I think you know, that we did pretty well for ourselves when we came to live here. We have much to be thankful for. We get some snow, we get some frost, and occasionally we get some heat, in the proper season, of course.

It has been often said that Heaven helps them that help themselves, but we get many blessings through human agencies. Those who laid out our Townsite and built our Town thereupon; those who built our sidewalks and roads and planted our trees; those who gave us sewers and waterworks and electric lights, to all of these we owe a debt of gratitude, most of whom have passed away. We surely have a lot to be thankful for. We didn't have ice piled up in our streets; we didn't have to get out of our homes to escape floodwaters; we never get it 40 or 50 below zero. We can grow a profusion of flowers and plants and all kinds of fruits and vegetables. Best of all are our people. It is a pleasure to walk along our streets and meet people who are friendly and courteous. I've sojourned a lot in Toronto and coming from a small Town, one cannot help noticing the cold way in which people wade along the streets and paying no more attention to those they meet than if they were just so many obstructions to be got around. A proverb from the Good Book says that a man that has friends should show himself friendly. That is a prime necessity in a small town and if you stop to think, we are a friendly people.

March 4th, 1954

What a winter we are having. One thing about it is that we get so many varieties that we cannot get sick of anyone of them. I was listening on the radio to the weather commentary and it was stated that this winter had established a record as having the shortest ice season ever known on Toronto Bay. I am inclined to take that with a grain of salt. While it is true that Toronto, on the average, is a little colder than Niagara, yet I have seen at last one winter in which we had no ice or snow whatever. I think I have mentioned this before. The winter of 1890 and 1891 we had rain off and on all winter, but no snow or ice.

I spent many years around the river with my father, and we had all kinds of weather to contend with in operating the ferry across the river. Usually, we would get some ice around New Years, but I remember a series of seasons when we had first of all, no ice to contend with; the next year we had no ice until the first of March; the next it came February first; the next January first. Quite often we would get an icejam some time through the winter and it would then be possible to drive a horse and sleigh across the river. There used to be a rough roadway down to the water at the Old Ferry, and some body would pick a winding way over the ice to Youngstown and one would find the path marked out with a series of sticks upright in the ice. I have walked over many times myself, although it is a long time since we had an Ice Jam. Some of us remember the jams of 1909 and 1937. I think the latter was the last, as I do not seem to remember any since. These jams were caused by ice from Lake Erie coming down in such quantities over the Falls that the slower current of the Lower River could not pass it out into the Lake fast enough to clear. Usually the greatest pressure would be at the old Ferry, while the swells from the Lake would break it away further down.

I remember an incident which occurred in the early 1900's. There had been a jam in existence for some time, but the mouth of the river was clear. Bill Ball and Ned O'Melia were running the Ferry at that time and an Irish Soldier from Fort Niagara had come over the ice bridge to spend the evening in Niagara. When it came time for him to return, a gale of wind from off the Lake had sprung up and he didn't like to tackle the ice trip, as it was a dark stormy night. Mr. Ball, to whom he went seeking passage by boat, declined the trip, it being such a bad night, so the soldier borrowed a lantern and departed for the path over the ice bridge. Some time later, he arrived at one of the hotels near the dock, soaking wet and minus the lantern. The storm had loosened the ice and a gap had opened, into which Corporal Barney Larkin had walked. We never could figure out how he managed to get back on the ice. He certainly was a lucky Irishman.

This poking around in and through the river ice was always a precarious business. I remember the late Tommy May having an adventure that might have cost him his life. He had married a wife in our Town and having bought a rowboat, spent his free nights over here. Having to answer roll call early in the morning, it was usually not yet daylight when he would embark for the U.S.A.

About 8 o'clock in the morning, I was standing on the Railway Platform, talking to Paddy Miles, the Conductor, when along came Tommy in his rowboat. He had been unable to get through to the other side, but had managed to get back to our side and he had spent a couple of hours of strenuous labour in that ice. The river, by the way, was about three quarters full of running ice, the wind keeping it crowded against the American shore, while on our side, there was a clear passage. I called out to Tommy as he rowed past that he could not make it. His reply was to the effect that he would cross the blessed river if it took him all the gosh blessed day or words to that effect. "Let him go, let him go," called out Paddy, "Another fool, another fool," About noon, Tommy was seen from our side to miss the American Wharf and he being tuckered out, finally wound up his toilsome efforts some miles out in the lake. A party of American soldiers manned a rowboat and went to the rescue, but they not being wise to the ways of making a way through the ice, also became stuck. So to the rescue, came ten of the Niagara Fishermen. They manned a big skiff belonging to Charlie Currie, called the "Maggie", and with plenty of stout ash oars and pikepoles, they brought both derelicts and their crews safe to the lake shore behind the Fort, whence they took their boat overland to Youngstown on a sleigh and thence home through the ice.

March 11th, 1954

ANNOYANCES

Well, darn that Toronto, anyway. No wonder some people call it Hogtown. They gobble about everything in the Province. They took away our being the Capital; they grabbed off our Provincial Fair. They don't even let us run our own schools any more. I could go on world without and enumerating the things Toronto has taken to itself. And what do you know about this. We had a Fort of our very own and darned if they haven't moved it over into the States, the meanies. The only tourist attraction we had left too. When I think of the dozens of motor cars that parked outside Fort George, with money burning holes in their pockets, I could shed tears, bitter tears. I for one, was not aware of the deprivation that we suffered until I heard someone on the radio discussing a swim across the Lake from FORT GEORGE, NEW YORK, to Toronto. And the Globe and Mail even published a map showing Fort George on the American side of the River. I really believe you find more fool ignorances in the City of Toronto about people and places outside their own burg than any place in Canada.

And while we are talking about some of those Toronto "Know It Ails," now that they are moving our Fort George, why not take Fort Mississauga *too* while they are at it. They can find all kinds of money to spend elsewhere, why not dig a little deeper and fix up our remaining Fort. And why not resurrect the Half Moon Battery while they are at it. They carefully erased every trace of the old Battery when they made the new road. I would suggest to the Mayor and Council that they take a trip to the Falls in a body and give the Park's Commission an earful.

OLD FORT MISSISSAUGA

I was at the last meeting of the Niagara Historical Society and Mr. Yates who is a member of the Executive of the Society and is also President of the Niagara County Historical Society, showed slides that were very interesting, mostly about the early days of Toronto, but some of them were about our own locality and among them was one showing the interior of Fort Mississauga as it used to be. This was made from an artist's drawing made in 1852. I was particularly interested in that one, as at that time my grandfather was in Garrison there and my father and his brother were attending the Fort School there. The old tower is shown with vines growing up its walls and several of the other buildings are discernable. All these old log buildings were taken down in 1886 to make a breakwater in front of the Queen's Royal Hotel, a piece of vandalism that should never have been allowed. Of course, I do not suggest that it was done surreptitiously, but was done by Government permission. Our people had not become

historically minded at that time. We have received some education along those lines, largely through the efforts of Miss Carnochan and of William Kirby.

OUR AMERICAN COUSINS

We are very apt to belittle our own Community and our own People. There are some things about our cousins to the south of us that I do not particularly admire. There is their tendency to brag and blow about our America. I was listening to a broadcast on the radio a few days ago and a girl was delivering an address which seemed to meet the entire approval of her audience. She began by saying very expressively as if it were a sacred thing, "I am an American," and this was repeated at intervals throughout the address. All right, she was an American, but so are we Canadians. As a matter of fact, we cover more territory than they do, but that doesn't make us regard other people as inferior. We live too close to our neighbours to get the distant view that lends enchantment. True, the United States is a great country, marvellously rich. But let us not forget that they hung back and gathered in the gold of the world while we of the British brotherhood were pouring out our blood and treasure to keep the flag of freedom and justice flying. It gives me infinite pleasure to see Uncle Sam sacrificing some of that same gold for the less privileged peoples of the earth. We don't need to laud them too much, although they deserve it. They are fully aware of their goodness and greatness.

March 18th, 1954

THOUGHTS OF CANADA

I wonder if we ever stop to think about what a blessed country we live in and call home. We have one of the most wholesome climates to be had anywhere. We escape the earthquakes that beset some of the most favoured countries. We, in our neck of the woods, do not get the tornadoes and cyclones that other people do. We have free elections and make our own laws. If we don't like a Government, we turn it out. We have free speech and a free press. We are pretty free from class or race prejudice. Where would you find a country where Poles and Germans, Italians and Dutch, Swedes and Norwegians, English and French, Irish and Scots and Welsh, can be so easily made into one big family. Lets give ourselves a pat on the back occasionally and say "I AM A CANADIAN". I remember that in my young days, the whole advice given to me and many other youths was to go to the States, you'll never get anywhere in Canada. And many, many of the best of our young people did so, and most of them made good. It seemed to me a strange thing that American employers, while they were ultra American in their pride of race and country, were favorably glad to avail themselves of the services of Canadians when they could get them.

One thing that has always struck me forcibly, is the amount of the silliest, ignorance among Americans about Canada and Canadians. By the way, I understand that Les Wilson, who has just returned from a sojourn down south, has something to say about it. I myself have come across many instances of the same thing. For instance, I was once approached by an American soldier stationed at Fort Niagara and he asked me if I have ever met his brother who had been stationed at Fort Niagara. He said, "I thought you might have met him, as he went over to Canada. I asked him where the brother had gone in Canada. His reply was "I don't know how you say it, but its spelled ONT. "I once met an Irishman named Hennessey, who hailed from Boston and he told me of some of the experiences while fishing out of Boston, and while doing so, he casually mentioned Canada and remarked in the most casual way, "Ye see, Canada's an island belongin to Britain." Our soldiers and sailors have build up a splendid reputation among the peoples of the world. Nor have our ambassadors and diplomats been behindhand in the good work. Our country has become known and respected far and wide. We are members of that great brotherhood of nations known nowadays and the British Empire. Now I ask you, has there ever been a race or nation that has done so much for the world as that same British Empire. One always find them doing their bit for others and in many cases getting small thanks. Who was it that freed Egypt and the whole of the modern Arab nations? Who went into the First Great War for the Poles? Who poured out its treasures of men and food and armaments for the cause of freedom and independence and almost came to beggary in doing their bit? Who made a nation of India and gave it its independence? Who gave the United States its laws and its common language? It is all very well to laud Uncle Sam for his greatness and wealth and to regard Britain as a hasbeen but the world can never repay the British Brotherhood for its great services to mankind. "By their deeds ye shall know them."

And do you know that we are a part of that same brotherhood. And we live in about the best part of this Canada of ours. We have no reason to be ashamed of our own little Town. We have most of the advantages of the city dwellers and we escape some of the irksome things that pester the city dweller. I think you know, that we have a pretty good place to live. To be sure, it is quiet but who wants to live in a hurly-burly all the time. If you feel in need of excitement, there are plenty of cities within easy reach. Here we have room to breathe. We have water second to none, in spite of the hullabaloo that some jittery person kicks up every once in a while. I know a lot of very nice people who live here and after all, it is the people that make a Town. We have no great scandals to plague us and no serious crime.

THE SPANIARDS & THE U.S.

I should like to recall a couple of incidents that affect us and our Uncle Sam. Sam got into a muss with the Spaniards. They had a go at the Spanish Naval forces in Manilla Bay. There were lying in the Bay, Squadrons of the British and the German Navies. The German admiral proposed to the British that they interfere in behalf of the Spaniards whose force was far inferior to the American fleet. The response of the British Commander was to quietly up anchor and move in between the Germans and the Americans. Of course, Commodore Dewey was hailed by his countryman as about the greatest that ever sailed the sea. The poor Spaniards were so hopelessly outclassed in armament, that Dewey was able to call off the engagement for his men to get breakfast and afterwards they were able to resume action and finish the job at their leisure.

March 25th, 1954

SWIMMER RESCUED

That contemplated swim across the Lake reminds me of some incidents about our Lake and River that bear or warrant remembering. One of them occurred during the time the Polish Army was in training and it will serve to show what difficulties present themselves to those who are not acquainted with the lake and its currents. One fine day, with the sun shining and a stiff breeze blowing from the sou-west, the Cayuga arrived at the wharf on the four o'clock trip. I was on duty at the Ferry Dock in the slip and while the Steamer was still at the Wharf, the Customs Officer Harry Gauthier came over to tell me that a body had been seen from the Steamer in the vicinity of the outside Buoy. As soon as the boat had left, the agent Jim Beeton came over to tell me that it was a man swimming and evidently in difficulties that had been sighted and he asked me to go across and tell the Life Saving Crew at Fort Niagara. Of course, I lost no time and fortunately found Captain Nelson fishing near the Station. On my telling him my errand, he expressed in very plain terms, his opinion of Captain Charles Smith. But he lost no time in turning out his crew and setting out on his quest. He found the man still trying to make his way shoreward against the strong current and pretty well exhausted. He turned out to be a young chap from the Polish Camp, who of course knew nothing about the River and Lake and it being a fine warm day, had gone in for a swim and had been unable to get back.

When the Cayuga came down the River, Captain Nelson was on the Wharf and you should have heard him dress Captain Smith down. It was good and we all enjoyed it, all that is, but Smith.

Nelson reported the incident to Ottawa and the Captain of the Cayuga was on the carpet, but his excuse was that he had a large crowd of passengers and was in a narrow channel and in his judgment, it was unwise to stop. We who knew the Lake bed thought it a very lame excuse. Most of those Steamer Captains only knew the course laid down for their trip across the Lake, but we who knew the Lake bottom, having fished over it for years, knew that there was plenty of water for the Cayuga. I don't wish to be too conscious of the brave Captain. After all, he used his own judgment and acted in the interest of his human cargo. I very well know that a load of passengers such as he had, could constitute a decided menace to ship and passengers, should any untoward event cause a rush to a side of the ship. At any rate, no harm was done and no one was injured.

NED HANLAN & THE STEAMER SOUTHERN BELLE

I remember that when I was a small boy, the late Ned Hanlan was in his heyday and a race was rowed and won by him at Niagara. I think his opponent was Wallace Ross. What comes most strongly to my recollection was the sight of a Steamer with a load of sightseers lying in midstream. The Steamer was the old Southern Belle which plied between here and Toronto before the coming of the Chicora and the Niagara Navigation Company. The ship heeled over so much that one paddlewheel was completely out of the water and we really held our breath for fear that she would roll over. I do remember hearing of a Steamer with a load of passenger lying at the dock in Chicago. Something attracted the people aboard and a rush to the side away from the dock took place, with the result that the ship upset and a great loss of life took place. So you see what could happen. If you are ever on a ship and a rush like that takes place, stay on the high side.

Previous to 1904, we had no range lights nor foghorn on our side of the River. There used to be a spar buoy a distance from Mississauga Point which we called the Red Buoy, it being painted that colour, while opposite it on the American side was the Black buoy. Then the Canadian Government replaced the Red Buoy with a Bell Buoy placed some three miles out near the edge of the Harbour bar. I never heard that Harbour Bar moaning, but when the wind was right, that darn bell tolled most dismally.

THE ELBOLA

I remember the Steamer Cibola. Now this ship was manufactured on the Clyde and assembled at Kingston, Ontario. When this was done, the owners, thinking that she would be too long for their service, left out forty feet of her hull, in the middle, of course. The result of this was that

she sat too low in the water and in a sea her deck was practically awash. One day in her first year of service, we had a blow from the northeast, followed by a dense fog. So when the Cibola was approaching the River, with night coming on, Captain McGiffin, with a load of passengers aboard, kept his ship moving around the bell buoy all night long, until the fog cleared up. Most of the people were seasick and the decks and passengers were a mess when the ship arrived at the wharf here.

April 1st, 1954

TAXES

In writing about our Town, it is oft times a bit difficult to find something about which to write that would be useful or entertaining. I have tried to say nice things about our Town and there are many such that can be said. Every Town has somethings that might be approved or improved. Take the matter of taxes, which have been and are soaring skyward. One cannot blame the Town Council too much, for after all Council only controls a small part of the total tax bill. There are so many things that people demand and must have and that have to be paid for. Look at the item for Public Schools, add that to the levy for High School pupils and tack on the County of Lincoln demand and the whole blamed thing takes your breath away.

We should have a great deal more taxable property, but in this regard, we are rather hemmed in by Government non-taxable property. Personally, I see no reason why the Dominion Government and the Niagara Parks Commission should not pay their fair share. We have to police them and give them Fire Protection and keep up roads and streets which their people and their traffic use free of cost. Just take your Map of the Town and you will see what a disadvantage it is to you and me to have a non-taxable neighbour on each side of us who won't do a darn thing to help keep up the necessary services that they use free. That's one thing.

Then compare the acreage our Town covers with that of Towns like Merritton, Grimsby, Port Dalhousie, or any Town of comparable size. They run to two hundred and fifty to three hundred acres, while we cover something over eleven hundred acres. Think what that acreage means in electrical services, water mains, sewers, sidewalks and roads. These things cause one "furious to think." What would you suggest by way of bettering conditions? I don't suppose anything can be done about the Government lands, but it wouldn't hurt to put the problem which our local authorities face up to the Governments concerned. After all, there is a limit to what the local taxpayers can pay. I am going to open up a question that has been discussed before. We have

about the best piece of property in Town lying idle and producing not a red cent to ease the tax burden.

You know very well that I refer to the Queen's Royal property. I said before and I repeat that one vital thing the Town lacks is a good first-class summer hotel. When the matter came up before, prospective buyers of the site were refused a decent spread of ground for such a hotel. I would not say one word derogatory of the Lions who control the property at present. They are a fine organization and do a splendid work, but I would suggest that if they were allowed to retain two hundred feet of frontage on Front Street from King, it would leave them plenty of room for a Bathing Beach and Sports and there would still be a sizable stretch of land for a Hotel. It is worth thinking over and should not be dismissed too summarily.

I would suggest to the people generally that they have an eye out for things that they observe and which need attention, because Councillors cannot be expected to notice every little thing that needs to be done. I am sure that they would welcome such help from you and me, because they and we are interested in the Town and anything that would help to make it better. For instance, I was talking to the Mayor a few days ago and I was telling him about the sidewalk on Wellington Street. You see, the sidewalks there were laid before either Byron or Wellington were graded and paved. When they were so improved and built up, it left the walk from Byron towards Picton in a hole, so that whenever it rains, the part of the walk near Byron is a mudpuddle. There is a considerable amount of foot traffic, particularly since the new Hospital was built. People attending St. Vincent Church use it a lot. Not many of the Council members have occasion to travel that way on foot, so unless we tell them, how are they to know. I am sure Councillor Boyle and his committee would not want their ladies to tramp through mud and water and get their tootsy-wootsies soiled, nor their temper riled. I am sure no lady likes travelling through dirt. And while you are fixing that small matter, there is a driveway into the Liddicoat and Powell properties that needs attention. We have had considerable rain lately and ditch has overflowed and allowed the water to flow down the road surface, which is not good for a road. Don't all speak at once, but I suggest that if you can see your way to help, that you do so.

April 8th, 1954

NIAGARA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

I was attending a gathering of the Niagara Historical Society last week and Mr. Yates, who is the President of the Niagara County Historical Society and a member of our own Society showed pictures of great historical interest. In case you don't know your frontier, Niagara County is the County in New York opposite our County of Lincoln. It is regrettable that so few of our people attend these gatherings, as they are not only very interesting but informative and educational. Nothing impresses one more when you come to study and read about things that have happened in our country's past, that to see the places where things have happened and the people who made our country in actual pictures. Of course, in our day, we are accustomed to pictures of places and people, ones' interest must be quickened and intensified. These meetings should be of value and interest to the students of our day and it is most important that they should know all that there is to know about the early days and early people of our Country and particularly of our own corner of the same Country. It is gratifying to read of the late tour of our Prime Minister and of the respect of the world for him as Head of the Government of this Canada. Then, too, where will you find a man today whose words are listened to with more respect than our Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, Lester Pearson. We certainly have grown in wisdom and stature as a nation. I should like to see our young people showing more interest in our public affairs, because they will be the men and women who will be running things in a few more years. Life, after all, is not getting a good job and making a lot of money. It is rather making one's self useful to his fellows, his town, his country. Don't forget that "we are only remembered for what we have done."

NIAGARA WEATHER

Lers talk about the weather. There is an old saying: "If Candlemas Day be bright and clear, We'll have two winters in that year." Has anyone counted the number we have had. A great many more than two. I'd like to reminisce a bit about it. On the sixth of April, 1886, we had a gale of wind from the northeast. The water was very high in the Lake and River and the seas were huge, driven by that gale. I was a youth then, fishing with my father and the muss made by the seas was something to talk about. We had to empty our Boathouses and lug everything over the ground leading to the Railway Roundhouse. I remember Jack Bolton's boats and net perched on the Railway bank near his dwelling on the Beach. We had a freshly painted boat in one of our Boathouses and we couldn't very well move it and after the storm was over, the paint was blistered and had to bescraped off and done over.

A series of groins along the lake front of Fort Niagara were washed away and the stone with which they had been loaded was piled up in a big heap in the bend this side of the Fort. Many of the Boathouses on the Beach were completely wrecked. The bank in front of the Queen's Royal Hotel was badly eroded. Water washed over the railway tracks and filled the cellar of the Lake View House. It is hard to say how much real serious damage would have been done finally, but it came on to snow very heavily and it piled up ice banks along the waterfront. Along the front of the sand bar, they were six to eight feet high. And believe me, it did snow while it was at it. This little dab that visited us lately wasn't a patch on that snow fall. The flats where Councillor Boyle now resides were covered with water two feet deep and we went home to dinner in a boat across them.

I saw one odd happening. Ike Lloyd in Youngstown had an old fishing boat called the Shamrock which had lain on the Beach at Youngstown for some years, a deserted hulk. Well, in the midst of the storm, it arrived at our Beach full of water and it sailed into the open door of Ball Brothers Beachouse as neat as if it had a pilot aboard. The next sea brought it out again and it was never seen again. That was the storm, after which the buildings in Fort Mississauga were removed to make a breakwater in front of the Queen's Royal. So now, when you hear of late springs, just think of 1886.

April 15th, 1954

ICE & ICE HOUSES

In my last article, I had something to say about the weather. It is always a fruitful topic of discussion. Well a few days ago a friend and I were commenting on the same subject and he made a remark to me about ice-cutting. It is just as well that artificial means have been devised to keep our meats and other perishable foods from spoiling.

When I was a much younger man, a good many of us used to get some employment cutting ice for the Butchers and other Merchants. In fact, many of the larger homes had private icehouses. I can remember a whole row of such houses that were on Market Street at the rear of the stores. Best, Bishop, Chrysler, and Longhurst were there. For a long time, McCleliands used the old Centre House at the Jim Elliott corner, Queen and Victoria streets. Then, after the old Centre House was torn down, they used a building near the slip, later on building an icehouse on the lot in rear of their store, where Harry Lee now has his house.

The American Hotel had an icehouse of their own and I remember helping to fill it twice in one year. It just happened that the second of those years had an early freeze up and we cut the ice on the slip before Christmas. Some winters, one could get two or more crops off the slip. Another place that furnished a good ice crop was at the foot of King Street, inside the sand bar. One could get good ice there some winters from 10 to 15 inches thick.

My job was always sawing. I have to smile sometimes at the hardship some of our modern day sissies have to endure when they are asked to work five or six hours a day. We worked from seven to twelve and from one to six o'clock. If you have ever enjoyed the extreme pleasure of pulling a six foot crosscut saw up and down for ten long weary hours a day, you would appreciate the soft snap that most modern workers have. And we got one dollar and fifty cents per day. When I think of it, I fancy I can feel that old crick in my poor aching back.

There was a large pond near the Waterworks, known as Best's Pond, that had enough depth of water for ice cutting. This Pond was the scene of many a Skating Party. Then the Two and Four Mile Pond rendered a similar service. There used to be a large pond on the Mississauga Common and one on the other Common near the Headquarters Compound. These ponds are all pretty well dried up. The last few years have been too mild to form much ice anywhere in our neighbourhood. Our climate seems to have changed, but I would not like to say that the change is permanent.

I remember that the first year of the Polish Army Camp, in the Winter of 1917 and 1918, the slip and river were blocked with ice in the first week in December, 1917. We had been engaged to transport six hundred of their men to Fort Niagara as they had not room to house them here, but the very day that they were to move, Old Man Winter intervened and they had to march the men around by the Bridges. Don't worry about Spring being late. I have dodged cakes of ice in the River on the fifth of June.

LAKE SWIM

Listening to the radio one evening recently, I heard the Sports Broadcaster telling about this proposed swim across the Lake from FORT NIAGARA, ONTARIO to Toronto. Why in Sam Hill don't these know it all Toronto people, get wise to themselves. First they move our Fort George to New York; now they want to give us Fort Niagara. One time, they are going to swim from Fort Niagara; next thing you hear, the swim is to be from Niagara Falls. Some one must have had a pipe dream to think of swimming across the Lake. No one could see the Swimmers, except just at the start and at the finish. As a drawing card for the big Fair, I would consider it a washout.

And why they should think of making Miss Chadwick a present of ten thousand dollars to make the swim is a piece of foolishness. No practical fisherman or sailor would even give the matter serious consideration.

I am reminded of the Irishman who stowed away on a ship for New York, where he fell into the hands of a fellow Irishman in the crew, who hid him and fed him until they were entering harbour, when Paddy slipped overboard with a knapsack full of food on his back and a life preserver about his manly form. He objected strongly when they lowered a boat to pick him up. He said he was out to make a record, having taken less than a week so far, "Lave me be, ye omadhauns, lave me be."

April 22nd, 1954

FORT MISSISSAGUA - GOLF COURSE - UNDERGROUND PASSAGE

There seems to be a story about the Parks' Commission contemplating the long overdue restoration of Fort Mississauga. I don't yet know how much truth there is in the story, but I happened to meet Mr. Gullion at the Post Office and we had quite a chat about the matter. He was rather concerned about it as it affected the Golf Club and various things about the Club were discussed. For instance, he asked me about the date of the founding of the Club, the erstwhile title of Royal, the question of an underground passage across the Common to the Drope house. I have devoted quite a lot of time and space to things of a historical nature the past year or so. Much valuable information I have gleaned from Historical Society publications and from Miss Carnochan's History of Niagara. When I was a small boy, I remember the Fort George Common being used as a Golf Course. Nothing very elaborate was done in the way of greens and approaches, but you must remember that in those days, both Commons were the free range of Cattle, Horses and Geese. A great many people kept these creatures and made use of the Government domain. You will understand that the grass would be kept well cropped thus making the whole terrain usable for all sorts of diversions.

THE GOLF CLUB

Now, Miss Carnochan tells us that the original Golf Club was formed in 1877. Mr. Charles Hunter being very prominent in the matter. They first made use of the Mississauga Common, but then moved to the larger Common where they had an eighteen hole golf course. Sometimes the ladies used the smaller Common. The present Club was formed in 1905 by the Queen's Royal Hotel people and it was commonly known as the Queen's Royal Club. Now, as to

the appellation of "Royal" attached to the older Club, I have never been able to find anything as to its right to the title, but I do know that the term was in common use from very early in the life of the Club.

May I speak of an event that may have some bearing on the matter. When I was a small boy attending Public School, the Governor-General, the Marquis of Lorne, visited Senator Plumb, whose house stood on the site of the Parliament Oak School. We were allowed out of school to witness the arrival of the party of distinguished guests by train. You must remember that the wife of the Marquis was Princess Louise, daughter of Queen Victoria. The Marquis' term of office was from November 25th, 1878 to October 23rd, 1883. You will see that the Golf Club had been but a short time in existence and most of the prominent men were in it and as Senator Plumb was quite a man politically, being Speaker of the Senate, what more likely than through his influence and the fact that the Governor-General visited his home in plain sight of the Golf Club, this had something to do with conferring the title Royal on the Club. He was the son-in-law of the Queen and her representative in Canada. As I was quite a new pupil at School, the date of the visit must have been in the summer of either 1879 or 1880.

UNDERGROUND PASSAGE

Now, as to that Underground Passage. I was asked if I had ever heard of it. My answer is decidedly no. My father must have known the old Fort well, as he attended school there while his father was in Garrison there. I never heard him mention such a thing. Mind you, I am not going to say that there was no such passage, but I cannot see why there should have been a connection between the Fort and the House mentioned. As far as I can find out, the house was built by Charles Richardson, who was a prominent Lawyer of the Town and while he may have at some time, worn the King's Uniform as most of the men of that day did, he does not seem to have had any tangible connection with Fort Missisauga, so why an underground tunnel. There may, however, have been what was called an "oubliette," under the land somewhere in close proximity to the Fort. An oubliette was an Underground Dungeon, which in this case, would take the place of an undersurface place of confinement or punishment. There is something of the kind at Fort Niagara, under the eastern wall of the Fort. Mrs. Billups might be able to tell us something about this matter, as her father, the late Fred Paffard was living there when I first knew anything about the place and she must have lived there as a girl.

April 29th, 1954

SPEED DEMONS

I used to be very fond of walking, that is, not going someplace, but just taking a stroll. Nowadays, walking seems to have gone out of fashion. Everbody has to ride in a car or bus or even to fly. I was sitting at my window on a Sunday afternoon, trying to read, but found my eyes turning onto the street corner where there was a lot of motor traffic. I thought of counting the vehicles as they passed and for a half an hour I did so, and they numbered one hundred and seventy. After a while, the traffic seemed to be increasing, and in a ten minute period from 4:20 to 4:30 p.m., I counted seventy vehicles passing. Most of them seemed to be in a deuce of a rush to get nowhere. There always seems to be a tendency for drivers coming into town on our street to (I quote a certain Chinamen) "gosity like helly." I often see cars passing me as I walk and quite often someone waves a hand to me, but I must confess that while I make it a practice of waving in reply, I very often just catch the merest glimpse of the person so greeting me. That's one more effect of the modern craze for speed. Some darn fool is proposing to make it a punishable offence to drive under a certain speed on our highways. Gone seems to be the leisurely drive to view the beauties of our countryside. Blossom Sunday will be coming along and I'll bet you that not one in a score of the motorists who throng our rural highways on that day will even so much as think of pausing in his breakneck career to view and to inhale the fragrance of the blossoms.

PEOPLE WATCHING

I usually make a pilgrimage to Her Majesties Mail in the forenoon and I usually meet all sorts and conditions of people. There usually is a lot of wee ones on the street at that hour. They are too young for school. Did you ever meet a young mother wheeling a pram with her first child in it. There is a look of pride on her face that it would be hard to match anywhere. I sometimes meet one young matron with a flock of three about her and she usually wears a bored look. But if you want to see someone who is important, just watch Grandma's smoke. She makes the kids toe the mark and no fooling.

TEENAGERS

Then you meet the young miss, the Teenager. She is very important and expects the whole street, if she happens to be in company of others of like ilk. And the boys, I wonder why it is

that when a bunch of those embro men get together, they always have to shout and blow and they seem to be sadly lacking in manners.

When I was a lad, we were strictly required to be polite, especially to our elders. People seem to have forgotten to educate their offspring in that respect. Not being familiar with modern day school practice, I should like to know if teachers do anything about manners among their pupils. Of course, I do not suggest that this comes within their province, but between teachers and parents, I think they could bring about an improvement in the manners and deportment of the young.

We hear and read of so many acts of violence nowadays, many of them committed by the young ones who are not long out of school. Can one wonder at it. You see little kids with so-called Cowboy Hats and belts and armed with pistols, some of them nearly a foot long and can you wonder that so many of our youths succumb to the impulse to stick up a bank or a store and glory in the pluck and daring they imagine they are showing. Parents are very much to blame.

They allow their children to feast on the most lurid of tales; they are not at all mindful of the company their children keep, nor how they spend their leisure hours. Children do not seem able to amuse themselves any more. We had all sorts of games and sports with which to pass the time, both outdoors and indoors. I suppose than any young people who come across this article, will regard its writer as very much out of date. There are, however, somethings that are never out of date, such as honour and decency, dignity and decorum, the realization of one's duty to his fellows. One does not live to himself. The selfish fellow is a mighty poor neighbour. I remember a man who lived here many years ago, who had as his motto, "Self first, and if there is anything left, self again." He ended his life by means of a borrowed shotgun and died as he had lived, unlamented and forgotten.

Section 18 - SECTION NO.7**May 6th, 1954****DOCK AREA RESIDENTS**

Since these are Neighbourhood Notes, I thought it would not be out of place to reminisce a bit about a neighbourhood and neighbours that I knew in my very early days. The first place that I came to know about was a small house on Ricardo Street owned by Walter J. Meneilly of Toronto, and to whom my parents paid three dollars per month rent. I wasn't born there but my three brothers were. About the first neighbours that I came to know were the Smiths. The passing away of my childhood friend, Miss Sarah Smith brought this to my mind. There was quite a group of boys and girls there who played together and grew up together. Charlie Smith and his sisters Martha and Sarah were alongside of us and other the other side were three houses. First was that of Mrs. Murphy, whose son Eddie was one of us. Next were the Blacks, Theresa and Johnny, next in the house now the Bradley's were the four Eares girls, Florrie, Minnie, Lizzie and Emmy. A little further down the street were the Balls, Lyddie and Ida.

THE SMITH FAMILY

Now about the Smiths. Charlie Smith, Sr. was an Englishman, I think from Yorkshire. He and my Dad were friends of long standing. They used to cut each other's hair, a custom then common among friends. I remember my father telling me that when the Niagara Company was returning from Phillipsburg, where they had been stationed, as they were crossing the Lake from Toronto, Charlie Smith and his bride, Mary Jane were aboard, having just been married in Toronto. That would be in 1865. Our men had been sent to Phillipsburg to help put a stop to rains being made by Southern sympathizers across Lake Champlain, into the United States. Charlie Smith Sr., was a Mason as I knew him. A sister of his married Stephen Todd, while another married John Bissell, several of whose descendants are living here. Martha Smith married Bob Fenn and they went to Chicago, where Martha still is living. Sarah never married but lived with the old folks and after they had passed away, she continued to occupy the old home. Charlie Smith Jr. was my first pal and we passed our early years as such. Charlie married a daughter of Ted Bissell and she died while quite young, leaving Charlie with a small son and an infant daughter. To Sarah fell the care of young Eddie, while the girl was brought up by the Bissells, her grandparents. My friendship with the Smith family is only a fond memory now, as the passing of Sarah marked the going of the very last of that crowd of kids who played together.

THE MURPHY - MILLS FAMILY

Eddie Murphy was the son of Edward Murphy, an American soldier, who was drowned while crossing to Fort Niagara one night. He was the Fort Baker. He was Mrs. Murphy's second husband, and she had three other sons by the first husband: Jimmy, John and Will Mills. Jimmy Mills went to the Falls, while the other two were Fishermen and members of our Fire Brigade. Both of the boys died while still quite young, just thirty days apart. Eddie went away from here and died long ago. Jimmy left a family at the Falls.

THE BLACK - EARES FAMILY

The Black Family left here while the children were young. Mrs. Black and Mrs. Eares were sisters, and their mother, Mrs. Marshall lived with the Blacks. Joe Eares, next door, was an old soldier and in his later years, was known for his strawberries. He was quite proud of being called Strawberry Joe. He had got his plants from England and they produced the nicest strawberries I ever tasted. His four girls married, three of them going away from Town. Florrie Eares married Bob Fuller and they moved to Brantford. Lizzie Eares married a man named Skelton, while Minnie married Ed. Bradley. She left two boys, one of whom being our well known Plumber and Electrician. Somehow, they got the name Eares twisted to Ayers, but the former spelling is what the family was known by. Emmy Eares, the youngest girl, married a man who was here when the Waterworks was being installed. I can't recall his name.

THE BALL FAMILY

Of the Ball Family, Charlie Ball and his wife Maria, were my Godparents. Maria was a Bissell, an aunt of Henry and John Lee. They had three daughters and one son. Will Ball married Minnie Patterson and they had quite a large family, several of whom are living here still, among them Will, Fred and Mrs. Simpkin. Delilah Ball married Ted Moore and went to Toronto. Lydia Ball married Will Melmer and they too moved to Toronto, after living here for some time. Ida Ball married Will McMillan, another of my childhood cronies. They left quite a family when they passed on, among them Jim and Charlie McMillan and Mrs. Walter M. Reid. There were others in the Dock Tribe as Jim McMillan used to call us. The Youngs who lived in Quinn's house, the O'Neals who lived on Ball Street, the Todds whose mother was a sister of Charlie Smith, and later on, the Dorittys. The last two families lived in turn in the Luck House that stood in the corner of the Churchyard and which was later moved to Ball Street.

May 13th, 1954

LIFE IN THE EARLY 1900'S

Preserving for the Winter.

I was visited by a young man a few days ago, and he was seeking information about the early days of our Town, its Social Life, in short, how people lived. The period he wished to cover was that of the 1820's and 1830's. Well, I was not around then, but we managed to make a stab at life in those days.

After he had departed, I couldn't help thinking how different our way of life must be to the days about which he was curious. What did the people do in work and in diversion in their idle moments. As far as work is concerned, the line of work of the average working man would be different. One must remember that at that period of our existence, we were not officially a Town, at least, we did not have a Railway, we had no Street Lights, no Waterworks, no Sewers, no Paved Roads. There were no Radios, no Television, no Picture Shows. There were no Comic Books, no Ice Cream, nor Cones. Candy was a very simple thing. There were no Daily Papers coming into Town. When I was a boy, as we had not much communication with Toronto once the Boats stopped in the Fall, we read more Buffalo papers. In fact, two of my brothers peddled Buffalo papers for quite a while.

In food too, there has been a great change from that time. Our Butchers bought their meat supplies from the farmers direct and did their own butchering. There was practically no canned goods to be had. Usually, the working people had to lay in much of their own provisions for Winter, such as potatoes, apples, salt fish, pork and beef. Many a weary hour I put in peeling and stringing apples to dry. These would be hung in festoons from the kitchen ceiling. It didn't matter about a few flies and some considerable quantities of the dust that would accumulate on them. To be sure, the good housewife would give them a good wash before cooking them. Of course, no boy could resist the impulse to help himself to a handful or two of the dainties when mother was not looking. If you have never munched a mouthful or two of these dried apples, you can have no idea how tasty they could seem along in midwinter. Of course, one had to partake of them in moderation, if one did not wish to enjoy a decided pain under his pinnie.

RECREATION

What did people do for Recreation. Well, for one thing, the hotels were a kind of Club Room, where a good many men met to chat and to play a game of cards. Men, yes and women too, have always liked to foregather with their fellows to chat. Of course, the men never backbite anybody, but they do love to exchange views on their fellows; their governing bodies; the laws of the land.

I don't propose to tell you ladies what women do when they meet together. I do suppose, though, that hats and dresses and hairdos take up all their time. They would never discuss other women in their absence of course. As far as my family was concerned, we took one weekly paper. And it was common practice to pass papers along to the neighbours. There were few books to be had in those days and it was during that period that our Public Library began to be of use. You must know that we had a Library in 1800 and while it was ruined when Uncle Sam playfully lit a match to our Town, it bobbed up again. During the winter, there would be sleighriding and skating, and snow fights. What a cheerful sound the sleighbells gave forth. Much more musical than the blast of a horn or the loud exhaust of some of the motor vehicles that pass along our streets.

LADIES FASHIONS

Another change that I notice in our people is that of dress. A lady, at one of the recent meetings of the Historical Society, gave quite an exhibition of Women's hats. Of course, we know that that is an item which changes with every wind. But in the matter of garb, what a difference there is. I have an old picture of my mother wearing a long, sweeping dress with some dozens of buttons all down the front. The dress was close fitting above, but quite voluminous below. Women's shoes were far different from present day wear. They came well above the ankles and were buttoned. I have one of the old button hooks that were in use. Needless to say that a husband became quite an adept at whelming one of these tools. In fact, many men wore button boots, particularly for dress wear. The poor men have not changed so much in their garments, but more of that later on.

May 20th, 1954

FASHIONS OF THE EARLY 1900'S

One change that has come over the Male Sex is in the style of haircut. When I was young, men and boys usually had their hair short cut in the Spring, but in the Winter it was allowed to grow a bit. Men did not run about in all kinds of weather bare headed. In the Winter, a warm cap was worn and in Summer a straw hat. Both of these were for protection, the one from cold, the other from heat. We kids usually wore a wide straw hat in summer, its common name being "Cow's Breakfast." We wore no underclothes, but our pants were lined and we wore warm shirts. Small boys wore short pants and long stockings and we felt quite grown up when we were promoted to long pants. Such a thing as shorts were unheard of and if a female had appeared in public in some of the latter day get ups, she would have been relegated to the list of women who are no better than they ought to be. I must confess, that to me, it is extremely unseemly for our girls to strut the streets flaunting their charms to the gaze of all that pass by.

MEN'S HEADWEAR

I guess I'd better switch from ladies to the ruder sex. I must confess that it gets my goat to see a boy with a bang hanging down over his eyes and the everlasting flinging of his head back, to clear his vision. The commonest head gear for men was the Derby Hat, now very little seen. It used to be quite a common thing to sport a Top Hat, especially for dress wear. I have not seen one in Town in a long time. The soft hat has replaced the Derby, or Christy Stiff, as we used to call it, and the straw hat has about disappeared. I often used to hear Toronto allude toas being known for its "straw hats, baby carriages and excursions." Many a good straw hat we fished out of the river.

MEN'S FOOTWEAR

An item of men's garb that has changed is in men's footwear. One of the main things that have brought about much of the change is rubbers. We never wore rubbers when I was young. We had what was called top boots, which were made of leather and came up to the knees. They were not those boots which lace up part way, but were one tall leg. It was quite a job sometimes, to get them on or off, especially if they were at all wet. They had to be kept well greased to prevent their cracking. I don't suppose that many of the present day wearers of footwear would know a bootjack if they fell over one. Our ordinary shoes or boots were much

more substantial than those of the present day. We had canvas shoes for summer wear, but they had light leather soles. We kids never sported such goods, for we went barefoot in Summer. I think I can feel the sensation of relief when we would get home from school and get the shoes off. Of course, one's feet would be pretty tender at first, but they would soon toughen up so that one could walk on cinders or thistles without any inconvenience. I remember seeing some African natives at the Toronto Fair and they danced barefoot on broken glass and I even saw one mount to a platform on a ladder whose rungs were saw blades, teeth uppermost. Of course, their foot soles were tough as leather.

However, in some ways, men's garb has changed for the better. It makes me smile, however, to see a man bareheaded in extremely cold weather with a pair of ear muffs clamped on his ears. I remember a High School Teacher whom I saw one morning, pedalling up the street on his way to school. He was well muffled up including his legs. He had a fur coat and fur gloves and heavy overshoes, but his bally head was bare and I mean bare, for his pate was practically devoid of any hirsute covering. Well, I couldn't help thinking, "I've seen every kind of a darn fool now," I suppose now the Winter is over, I can feel safe in venturing abroad after that blast.

I guess we had better change the subject and leave the wearing apparel alone. I happened to look out of my window the other day and I beheld a very small edition of the genus homo passing and as I looked, he stopped for a moment, took hold of the peak of his cap and made a quite ceremonious bow. He ambled along a bit and repeated the gesture, and I wondered what in thunder he was supposed to be doing. I suppose that he was quite unconscious of any eye being on him. It is quite interesting to see some of the antics of the kids as they pass. Some of them are quite accomplished "Possurs" as the French would say.

June 3rd, 1954

OUR BRITISH HERITAGE

I wonder how many of the readers of the Advance ever stop to count their blessings. For we who live in this Canada of ours have much to be thankful for and count as blessings. I sometimes think of two lines in Gray's Elegy, where he speaks of the people who lay in Stoke Pogis Graveyard:

"Along the cool sequestered vale of life,
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way."

Our life is quiet and I have noticed on returning from a sojourn in the City, the atmosphere of peaceful quiet that seems to permeate the very atmosphere of the place. I think you know that we inherit that air of peaceful serenity from those study Britishers who founded our Province of Upper Canada. They gave us our habit of respect for Law and Order. After all, you have to give the British race a vast deal of credit for the betterment of the world and its peoples. To the combined influence of the four major races that have formed and guided the British Empire must go equal credit. England, Wales, Scotland and Ireland have each given us great and wise men and women who played their part. Never in the history of the world has there been a nation that has given so much to the human race. True, there have been great nations, such as the Roman, the Greek, the Persian, and in later days, the Spaniards and the French for a while, pretty well dominated the scene. They did not endure because in the main, they were simply out to conquer everything and everybody.

THE BRITISH & EGYPT

Let us consider on the other hand, what the British have done. In the main, you find them helping the under dog. Egypt for instance, was in our day, very much the under dog. First of all, the British put their finances in order. You should read Lord Cramer's work in that line. In the First Great War, they freed them from Turkish rule and gave them a Government of their own. In the Second War, they saved Egypt from being overrun by the Italians and Germans. Egypt did nothing for herself in that line, in fact as far as the war was concerned, they didn't amount to a hill of beans. Are they grateful? Not that I have noticed. In the First War, they freed the whole Arab coteris of nations and tribes and now they get the worst word in their mouths. Talk about gratitude.

THE BRITISH & INDIA

Now about India, a country which seems to be bending over backward in their efforts to seem a great, free and independent people. There it seems to be the fashion to regard Britain as the long time oppressor of the Indian people. What was India when Britain appeared on the scene. A coterie or congress of ignorant, caste ridden, quarrelsome hodgepodge of people and races. Britain gave them law and order and made it possible for them to take over orderly Government of themselves. Who would have thought in the days of Sir Arthur Wellesley, or even of doughty little warrior, Roberts, that in our day, India would have its own Parliament, its own Army and Navy, and be a united people. I venture to say that no other people but the British could or would have done so much for alien peoples such as those without any tangible reward of recognition. The British business man with his applied knowledge and his monetary

means put Persia on its feet financially. Were they grateful? Now they apply to Uncle Sam and his dollars for loans and other assistance. Whom, may we ask, put the Arab nations in easy circumstances in the same way. None but the same old John Bull.

OUR FLAG

Why this whole North American continent owes its laws, language and social customs to the British people. Yet, it has become the custom among some of our people to regard the British flag as not worthy of this Canada of ours. There is one blatant individual on the radio who gets hold of the subject of a special Canadian flag, and he chews and chews over the subject like a dog over a bone. He has never, to my knowledge, come up with a worthwhile suggestion about the matter. To me, it is irksome to listen to a mouthy individual like him.

Personally, I love the old Union Jack in any of its colours or forms. I have seen some rather piffing sketches of flags, but I saw a letter in the Toronto Star lately that appealed, at least to me. The writer advocated using the blue flag of the Union Jack in the corner as at present and as a truly Canadian emblem, the Big Dipper in white in the fly. Australia and New Zealand use the Southern Cross and the writer said that Canada, being an outstanding northern country, what more appropriate than the northern constellation mentioned.

May 27th, 1954

NIAGARA'S WEATHER

Let's discuss the weather, or should we abbreviate the word and just cuss it. Suppose there have been more disapprobations of the weatherman lately than enough. Everybody talks about the weather, but no one does anything about it. Let's talk a bit about it anyway.

SPRING

Personally, I have seen a good many Springs and in my time have seen many varieties of Spring Weather. To say that this is the worst Spring ever is speaking without thought or knowledge. One ought to remember that we are roughly betwixt and between the polar regions and the tropics. Hence we get variety in our weather, but after all, we escape the rigors of the Polar Regions and the excessive heat of the Tropics. We do get it hot, occasionally and we get some considerable degree of cold. But we do get a variety. We get some wet weather and some dry. We would kick like sixty if we had to put up with the continued drought of Texas and Arizona, to

say nothing of some of the midwest states. Or how would we like to live in a certain South Pacific Island where it rains nearly every day in the year.

WINTER

Now, I have seen cold winters and mild. As an instance of the cold, might I mention again the Winter of 1903 and 1904. We lived on Ricardo Street and could look on the River. It was frozen up all winter and there was no open water to be seen out in the Lake. And, to make it worse, there was very little coal to be had. Joe Greene got hold of some cars of coke which helped out, but altogether, it was far from being an enjoyable winter. Then too, there was the Winter of 1917 and 1918, when the River filled with ice in the first week of December. Those were hard Winters, and had their effect on the following Springs. As a change, I saw Bill Wright plowing the slope outside Fort George in February, 1888. The Wright family lived in the Fort for many years and they cultivated the ground inside and outside the Fort walls. I remember another Winter when we were on the Ferry, when we had no snow or ice whatsoever, but plenty of rain. That was the year when we had a plague called "La Grippe," that afflicted nearly everyone in the place. It resembled what we have come to call "The Flu," but was not so dangerous.

RAIN, RAIN, RAIN

The 24th of May used to be one of our best holidays and we usually had a day of Sport of various kinds. This was in 1897 when we didn't celebrate Labour Day as we do now, in fact, I don't think it had been invented. Well, this year, we planned for a full day's celebration, Water Sports in the forenoon and Land Sports in the afternoon. We had Rowing and Swimming Races and we wound up the Water Programme with a sailing race for fishing boats of which there was quite a fleet. We finished the last number about 11:30 a.m. in quite a downpour of rain and it rained everyday well up into July. I don't say that it rained without a let up, but we were not able to have our interrupted Sports until well into July. We had no potatoes that year and no peaches. You could see the green mold on the leaves of the shade trees on our streets.

U.S. ENTERS W.W.I

Some of us remember that along in the year 1917, after the British Empire had "borne the burden and heat of the day," for three long weary years, our friends to the south of us finally decided to come down off their high and lofty perch and get into the job of stopping the Kaiser and his cohorts. Please do not forget the fact that our Old John Bull and his men and his money

had practically carried on the whole show and that in the meantime, Uncle Sam had been growing rich and richer at Britain's expense. John Bull nearly beggared himself and between the two Great Wars, spent his means for others. Our blood brothers, over the line, took a very aloof line until they were shamed into hitting back at the common enemy. Anyhow, having taken a stand, he had to start from scratch to build an Armed Force. An Officer's Training Camp was established at Fort Niagara. Most of those student officers came from areas considerably south of us and many of them brought their wives along. There was no accommodation for them on the east side of the river, so like Colonel Butler of an earlier day, they came over to the west side. We had the job of ferrying them back and forth and during the months of May and June, the weather was cold and rainy, just as such weather as that we have been grumbling about. In the first week of July, it came on hot and dry and one dear lady remarked to me, liMy goodness, they told me Canada was cold ." She had sat down on a hot seat in the sun and found it rather warmish.

June 10th, 1954

FRANK & JIMMIE O'NEAL

I read in the Advance, an account of the passing of Frank O'Neal, who was one of our Dock Gang of many years ago. Jimmie and Frank O'Neal were twins and lived in a small house that stood on Ball Street just about opposite to the Woodruff house. They lived with an aunt and Uncle Jimmie O'Brien and Mary. Not many now living will remember the famous Jimmie Tay, as he was known. The boy's mother, Johanna O'Neal was a cook and a good one, but was not at home very much. The boys were full of fun and plagued the life out of their uncle. I remember that one day in the Winter when the hill on Ball Street was pretty icy, the two boys met their uncle at the top of the hill. His arms were laden with parcels for which he had been shopping, but the two scamps met him at the brow of the hill and said they were going to help him down the hill, whereupon they each kicked a foot from under him, and while he lay on his back, they each grabbed a foot and hauled him down the hill, through the gate and whammed his posterior against the door step. Jimmie in the meantime, protesting loudly to the dam brats to lave him be, which they ultimately did, and decamped in haste to escape the wrath to come. On another occasion, they made up an effigy of St. Patrick for the Saint's day and placed it in the chimney of the cottage now owned by the Logan family and we kids thoroughly enjoyed the spectacle of Uncle Jimmie endeavouring to dislodge the Saint from his perch with a long pole. He was busily cursing all of us Protestant pumps for the foul deed, while his own two were busy sympathizing with him.

Of course, all of us kids knew who had committed the act and were not a bit averse to keeping our mouths shut when it suited us. It was all in fun, for I never knew the boys to do anything bad or wrong. And so Frankie is gone, nearly the last of the old gang. He was part of the old life of the Town which is gone forever.

GIFTS FROM OUR ANCESTORS

I sometimes wonder what people think of our Town anyway. For it is a good Town, a nice quiet place, with a charm all its own. And so many people have laboured to make it a fit place wherein to live. Too many of us in our day, tend to belittle or decry the work of those people of a bygone age. And yet, what would our Town be like had they not lived and loved and laboured for our Town. They conceived the idea of planting trees on our streets. They added much to the attractiveness of the place. They give us shady streets and a home for the many birds which make their homes in these same trees. They gave us the means of extinguishing fires. Even in my days, we were with such means. In connections with fire protection, they gave us a plentiful supply of good water to drink. I remember that in my early days at the Old Public School, we had a tin pail and accompanying tin dipper for each room. Often the pump in the schoolyard would be out of order and some of us would be sent with our pail to either the house where the Tom Bishops live or to that at the Donnelly Livery Stable which stood about where Tiffin's house is now. Would any modern health officer even think of obtaining drinking water from a well, close by a reeking Livery Stable. We used to be smothered with dust from our roads in Summer time. They took steps to lay the dust after we had the Waterworks. First, they used water from a large tank drawn by two horses. Later on, they used oil. Then with the coming of the Motor Car, they saw that better roads were needed and they took practical steps to give us what was needed. In their day, wooden walks were used on our streets and footpaths. They gave us cement walks to replace the wood. They built their houses with an eye to beauty and comfort. So many of those old homes had shady verandahs and shutters on their windows. Now the tendency is to strip away the comfortable, homelike and neighbourly verandahs, whereupon people used to sit and chat on a summer evening and the windows are hidden and blanketed by blinds. Nothing to my mind looks less inviting on a home than these same blinds. They may be all right on a store or a business place, but not on a home. We grumble when a tree gets so old that it begins to shed an odd limb or two and when the roots of a tree heave the sidewalk up a bit. Yet who would want to do away with trees and sidewalks. After all, those old folks left us a lot for which to be thankful.

June 17th, 1954

GATLING GUN

I noticed in one of the Toronto papers a mention of the Gatling gun. The article was commenting on the various war activities of the Veterans who took part in the Decoration Day proceedings. It reminded me of the man who took the Gatling gun to our Northwest for action against Riel's Rebels. It was a Major Howard who took that gun into action and the circumstances, as far as my recollections are concerned, were like this. I may say that this gun was about the first rapid fire gun and was invented by Richard Jordan Gatling of Hartford, Connecticut. It was not taken up by the American or any other Government and Major Howard brought it to Canada to demonstrate its usefulness. After Riel had surrendered in May, 1885, Gat. Howard, as he was called, brought the gun to Niagara. I was a lad attending High School at that time, but I well remember being on the Wharf when the old Chicora arrived at about 4:30 p.m. and saw Gat Howard and the gun. In fact, he showed us how it worked and sprayed the American 'shore line opposite the wharf with bullets. I will try to describe the gun as we saw it. It consisted of a series of rifle barrels arranged in a circular form, much like the chambers of a modern revolver. It was mounted on a light carriage and it was operated by a crank worked by a man. Another man fed rifle bullets into a sort of hopper or chamber. These were enclosed in a metal slip holding about a dozen shells. This clip had one side longer than the other and was held upright over the chamber of the gun by a man and as the gun revolved, shells were dropped into the gun's firing chamber. The barrels of the gun would be about the length of an ordinary gun barrel. I don't remember how many shots per minute it would fire, but to us it was a wonderful piece of machinery. Of course, nowadays, there are wonderful rapid fire guns of all kinds, but this was something entirely new. I have never seen a mention anywhere of Howard and the Gatling gun being here and although it might interest the people of the Town to know of this interesting event in the Military History of the Town.

OUR TOWN WAS AN IMPORTANT MILITARY CENTRE

For a great many years, our Town was an important Military Centre. It was here that Colonel John Butler erected the Barracks that were to house his Rangers. Those same barracks still stand, although not on the same spot where he placed them. For a great many years, Great Britain maintained a Garrison here, finally withdrawing them and leaving the Royal Canadian Rifle Regiment to do duty. This Regiment was formed from the men and Officers who desired to finish their military service in Canada. I once undertook to make a list of those military units that served here at Niagara. This was the list as I made it: Royal Newfoundland; Royal Artillery; Royal Engineers; Glengarry Light Infantry; DeWatteville's Regiment; Sappers and Miners; King's

Dragoon Guards; 1st Royal Scots; Royal Fusiliers; 5th Regiment; King's Eighth; 16th,(sometimes known as the Peacemakers); 24th, 37th, 41st Welsh Regiment; 49th Princess Charlotte of Wales (Brock's Regiment); 60th Rifles; 68th; 70th Surrey; 71 st; 76th; 79th; 89th Princess Victoria; 82nd Prince of Wales; 99th; 100th, 104th; 19th Light Dragoons, Royal Canadian Rifles, Butler's Rangers. Besides the following local Military Units - 1 st, 2nd, 3rd, and 4th Lincoln Militia, Niagara Light Dragoons, 19th Lincoln Regiment; 2nd Dragoons. Quite an imposing list. is it not? My grandfather came here with the 60th Rifles and finished his time with the Royal Canadian Rifle Regiment. My father and the late John Raynor were born in the Barracks in Gibraltar. Raynor's Regiment was the 68th. My father and John Raynor both served in the Niagara Company of the 19th and were at Phillipsburg in 1864 and 1865 and were out for the Fenian Rains of 1866 and 1870. When our 19th marched to Fort Erie; they were with the 16th, whom I have referred to as the Peacemakers. They were so called, because they always arrived too late for action, as was the case in 1866.

The practice of holding or having training camps was begun or resumed in the 1870's. One of my early recollections of those Camps was being in the Gallery at St. Mark's and looking down at the Queen's Own Rifles who filled the Church. I was puzzled by the letters Q.O.R. on their shoulder straps. Although Military methods and military training have seen drastic changes in our time, yet it seems natural to see soldiers on our streets. Many of our finest young men have gone forth to serve their country and empire in modern times and some of the nicest boys that I have known, left their bones in far away lands. So, naturally, we regard our Town as a Military Town and are proud of its Military History.

June 24th, 1954

LOOKING FORWARD & BACK IN OUR TOWN

I have written in previous articles about our Town as being an historical one. There are so many things that make it so and it took people to do that very thing. The men and women who first settled and built homes and places of business here, laid the foundations and others who succeeded them built again on their foundations and so through the many years that have passed since the beginning, our Town has become what it is. There is always a tendency with youth to look to the future, while the old tend more to reminisce about the past. suppose most of us in this day are familiar with the fact that the driver of a motor vehicle must be able to see both ahead and behind him and it is not a bad idea for all of us to keep our eyes out for the future, but to also have a look back as well. Not. the work of our predecessors was most of it

good, but as times changed, it needed improvement. Not only that, but even the best of their work is not everlasting. For instance, the splendid array of trees which adorn our streets and for which we owe them a debt of gratitude, are showing signs of decay and in many cases will have to come down. Personally, I think Council should have the trees looked over thoroughly periodically, and have them taken care of by way of trimming and treating where found necessary and expedient. Council is to be commended for having the elms sprayed. An elm is a fine tree when properly taken care of.

Council took a good deal of pains in making a Sports Bowl in our Park. The Park has been sidetracked of late years in favour of the Queen's Royal Park and the Recreation Park on King Street. As there does not seem much chance of an open air ice rink at the Park, why, oh why not get rid of that eyesore which does not adorn the park. It is becoming more and more dilapidated and should have been removed long ago.

Another of the improvements given to us by the men of long ago is that of the cement walks. The first of these walks, that on the one side of Queen Street had been built by John Thornton, but the project undertaken some forty odd years ago was to replace most of the old wooden walks with cement. An issue of debentures was authorized and the work contract was awarded to the firm of Langley & Cook of Niagara Falls. The method of mixing concrete for those walks was not as good as that used in later years and many of those walks then laid down are sadly in need of repair or replacement. All honour to those men who gave us cement walks but let us not forget, when we stub a toe or two, that time has marched on, and those good walks have deteriorated. Tree roots, in many cases have caused upheavals, which in many cases have caused some downheavals, if I may use that term. When knees and elbows come in contact with that same cement, we are apt to realize that this is a hard, hard world.

Our predecessors gave us some sewers, which at one time were looked upon as not by any means, a necessity. With the flux of time and the growth of sanitary requirements, these have become more and more a necessity. The upper reaches of our Town are badly in need of such sewer connection. I remember that while the big Camp was here during the First Great War, Major Clyde Caldwell was Camp Engineer and he came to Council of which I was then a Member, with a proposal to lay a Trunk Sewer along the bed of the One Mile Creek from the Camp to the Lake. This route was perfectly feasible from an engineering standpoint, and the Government would pay one-half of the cost. We agreed to this, but the Provincial Board of Health blocked the project by requiring that we build a large settling basin before we reached the Lake. The main Camp was removed to Camp Borden and the whole deal was abandoned. Have you noticed how the Western Part of the Town is being built up, where until recently

there was not much but vacant land. Now this district will need sewers. The only way to supply that need will be a sewer using the very route I have mentioned.

We should take in the Chautauqua grounds and give serious consideration to that very sewer project. And the upper end of King Street is in much the same state, building up and in need of sewer accomodation. These things cause one "furiously to think."

July 1st, 1954

W.H.J. EVANS

I have been writing of people of a bye-gone day who did things for our Town. One of the men who was very much in earnest in efforts to better things for us was the late W. H. J. Evans. What brought him to my attention at this time was the fact that I received a letter from one of his daughters now living in New York, Miss Isabel Lount Evans, of whom I had not heard in many years. I very well remember the Evans family and I came to know Mr. Evans very well indeed. Before his coming to Town, there was scarcely a house in Niagara that burned coal and he was instrumental in building up the use of coal in the homes of the Town. When he first came here, he had his office in the Lake View House, but as he speedily enlarged his business, he built a series of bins on the roundhouse siding of the Railway, where he carried on his business for many years. He established his reputation as a sound business man and as he became known to people, he grew into the confidence of the men with whom he came into contact.

I remember when the Government was giving land grants to the Veterans of the Fenian Raids, it was he who did all the correspondence for the men. I often used to drop into his office for a chat and I may say that one seldom found him alone there. One day, on coming in, I found him alone and fairly seething with indignation. I asked him what was the matter and he asked me if I had noticed a certain man *leaving* just before my *arrival*. He then told me that this man had come to ask his assistance in getting the land grant and by way of apology, told him that he had done him a wrong a few years previously. He had purchased his winter supply of coal, but wanting some work done on the street in front of his house, he had approached a member of the Town Council in the matter. He was informed that if he would make Evans take out his coal and buy from him who was embarking on the coal business, he would see that his road was fixed. So he had complained to Evans that his coal was no good and Mr. Evans, rather than have any argument with him, did take the coal out and delivered it elsewhere, where, of course, it proved to be all right. However, Mr. Evans was sufficiently established in the estimation of the

people, that he served continuously in Council from 1891 to 1896 inclusive. He then served four years as one of the County Commissioners, rounding out his municipal career as Warden of Lincoln in 1900. He never was Reeve or Mayor, but he was one of the most active members of Council in promoting the Waterworks installation and later on the Electric Light. He was a Veteran of the Queen's Own Rifles and was out with his Regiment at the Fenian Raid in 1866. He was present at the Battle of Ridgeway and many a tale he could tell of his experiences in that campaign. I remember the family as living in the house now occupied by Dr. Tranter, but later he bought the Wilderness and *lived* there for many years. He was injured in a fall from his vehicle when returning from his last session at County Council and his health began to fail, his business fell away and he finally passed away. I would say that he was one of the most useful of our citizens of his day and, while he may be forgotten in this changing world, yet some of us remember his good work and honour him for it.

In Miss Evan's letter to me, she it seems had seen in the Niagara Advance about the Pilgrimage to St. Marks and about the noted stone on which the American soldiers had chopped meat and in this connection, she tells me that her sister, Avie, in her first year at High School here, had written an Essay on that very stone, which so pleased Miss Carnochan that she prevailed upon the writer to enter it in a competition which the Montreal Witness was having on "Historical Events in Canada." Her essay won the country prize and she gave the manuscript and the printed copy to Miss Carnochan. Miss Evans wrote me a digest of the article, which to me was most interesting and she was wondering if it would still be in existence among Miss Carnochan's papers.

July 8th, 1954

This is the digest of Miss A. M. Evans' essay referred to in our last article and is that given to us by her sister, Miss Isabel Lount Evans of New York. I think that she will not object to its being published. I have not yet enquired if the original is still in existence, so take the liberty of guiding me in this.

THE CHOPPING STONE

By A. M. Evans

In a sequestered spot of the old Graveyard of St. Mark's, Niagara-on-the-Lake, and partly hidden by trees, rests an oblong stone so battered and hacked that the engraving is almost effaced, but by close inspection may be read the following inscription: - To the memory of CHARLES MORRISON, a native of Scotland, who resided many years at Machilimackinac, as a

Merchant, and since the cession of that post, became a British Subject by election. He was distinguished by loyalty to his sovereign. Died here on his way to Montreal, on the Sixth Day of September, 1802, aged 65.

England has its ruins, Egypt its pyramids, Italy, its Collesseum, but we have only a few relics and such as we have, do not date further back than the fifteenth century. Niagara or Newark is one of the oldest settlements in Ontario and this mossgrown stone is one of its oldest and most sacred relics. If this stone could speak, what would it tell us of Battle, of fire, of weeping mourners, of peaceful days, of reverent worshippers.

Perhaps on that memorable 27th of May, it heard the booming of guns. Perhaps it saw the retreat of General Vincent and the Americans holding the grand old Churchyard for nearly a year and irreverently using the sacred edifice of St. Mark's as a Garrison for soldiers, who showed their disrespect for things sacred by constructing rifle pits through the consecrated ground. Perhaps it did feel a sense of degradation when it was used as a chopping block by the Americans, though people do say that stone has no feeling .

Think of a lot of rough soldiers, when the sun is just rising behind the Church, casting its beams upon blackened mounds, gray tombstones and unkempt men gathered around this stone with great hatchets at huge pieces of meat. Could anyone imagine a more incongruous scene. A meat shop in a graveyard. The very thought is horrible.

It might have heard the mournful boom of cannon from Fort George as the soldiers paid their last tribute to the inanimate form of the once gallant Brock. it heard the Act passed doing away with Slavery, and to the honour of Canada be it said, long before Britain or the United States passed such a measure. Then, after the seven months occupation of Niagara by the Americans, on a cold night in December, the sky is ablaze and women and children, with horror dilated eyes are looking on their burning homes and seeking shelter all around the country, walking miles through the snow. Every house in the Town except two were burned including the Churches and one stone is left alone, but cut and hacked as we have seen by the Butcher's hatchet.

Then, after all this turmoil, might it not have been gladdened by the return of prosperity. The smoke blackened walls of St. Mark's were again adorned with woodwork, massive oak doors were fitted to it, the Church was refitted inside, a new chancel was built, stained glass windows were put in and out of the ruins of the Town, another Fort Mississauga was built.

When the Town became prosperous, our stone must have heard the tramp of scores of workmen on their way to the shipyard, where so many gallant steamboats were built and launched to cleave the blue waters of Lake Ontario, the tramp too of soldiers of the regular army, for within a stone's throw, is a building for years called the Stone Barracks and occupied by soldiers; later it became a Schoolhouse and now is used as a Masonic Hall.

July 15th, 1954

UNIFORMS & RIFLES

I was noticing when I went up town a few days ago, quite a number and variety of soldiers on the street and the vehicles they were using also caught my eye. I couldn't help thinking of the days of long ago, when I wore a uniform as a Member of the Militia of that day. The men I saw on our street wore some of the sloppiest outfits one could imagine, and their carriage and demeanor was anything but smart. What a change from the old days. No doubt the present outfit is servicable and comfortable, but it is anything but neat. And some of the men slouch along as they walk in anything but a soldierly manner. I should like to reminisce a bit about those old days. I had been familiar with military garb and carriage from my small boy days, as my father was then Sergeant-Major of the old 19th Regiment. I myself served for a time in the Niagara Company and no doubt would have continued with it but for the fact that our Company was taken away and the Regiment made a City Regiment.

FOOD

Now, about rations and the facilities for seeking and serving the same. We had no cooking shelters, nor any mess tents. Our old cook had only a hole in the ground and a wood fire with which to perform his duties. A huge iron pot and immense frying pans were his kit. We were turned out early for drill before breakfast. For that meal, we had coffee and bread. No butter or jam for our bread and no milk or sugar for our coffee. We ate our meals squatting on the ground either inside or outside our tents. For dinner, we had boiled beef, potatoes, soup and tea. For supper we had bread, cheese, a bit of beefsteak and tea, minus milk and sugar. It was plain fare, but wholesome and we thrived on it.

UNIFORMS

Our dress was decidedly different from that of today. For parades, we had a white helmet, adorned with a brass spike on top, a brass regimental badge on the front of it, and a brass chin strap. All this brass needed daily attention. We wore a scarlet tunic with brass buttons down the front and a couple behind with a sort of brass hook to help support the belt, which was white. We had a small black pouch attached to the belt to contain about ten or a dozen cartridges. We had brass XIX on our shoulder straps and the number 19 on our collars. We had a leather choker attached to our collar which necessitated holding the head up. We wore dark blue trousers with a red stripe and black shoes. For street wear, we had a black glengarry cap with tails. For arms, we carried the old big bore rifle and triangular bayonet. The rifle had a white strap. This strap, our belt and helmet had to be kept immaculately white with pipeclay. Our knapsack was a square, black one and perched on top of it would be a half round canteen, to hold water. The straps of the knapsack also helped to keep the body erect.

Of course, in those days, there were no motor vehicles, no machine guns, no bombs. Our rifles were single shot and used black powder. In fact, our outfit was not much better than it had been for many years *before*. And our pay as privates was fifty great big cents per day, which was supplemented by 25 cents from the county and another 25 cents from the Town. We did not enter the ranks for money, but for love of Country and the desire if trouble should arise, of being of some use. You must remember, too, that our relations with Uncle Sam were not quite so cordial as they are now. I can remember several occasions in my time when that same gentleman brandished the big stick, notably over a dispute over Venezuela and again over the Alaska Boundary. I remember that once I was rowing three young American officers across the River and couldn't help hearing their conversation. Two of them had just returned from a visit to Toronto, their first, and they were comparing notes about Canada and Canadians. One fellow concluded the summation with these words: "You know we'll have to fight those fellows some day," and another put in, "And the sooner, the better." So you see what must have been in the minds of the Military men among our neighbours to the south of us. Of course, we have grown since that day, and are now much more respected by other peoples, including the Americans, but there are still reasons why our young men should be willing to serve if the need should arise.

July 22nd, 1954

WAVES AND DEATH

I noticed in the press and *over* the radio, an account of an unusual happening. It would seem that, although the weather was quiet along the shore of Lake Michigan, when without warning, a huge wave swept in, causing a lot of damage and drowning some of the people who happened to be near the shore. A few days later, the same thing occurred, although nobody was injured in the second mishap.

This event reminded me of a similar occurrence on our own Lake shore just west of the Town. I had first heard of this event from my mother and in looking over persons who were the victims of this upheaval of the waters of peaceful Lake Ontario. In my young days and long before my time, the local fishermen pursued their calling in the Spring months by dragging seines, or as they called them, dragnets for the whitefish which then were plentiful and which came in close to shore in the Spring. One fine day in the month of April, 1850, a gang of men were engaged in this operation on the Beach between the Two Mile Pond and the Lake. To the uninitiated, this would be just behind the targets on the present rifle range. It was a calm day, for it had to be calm to drag nets on the shore. Without any warning, a huge wave swept in from the lake and men and boats and gear were washed into the Pond, which was then much bigger and deeper than it is now. When the men had recovered their wits and had emerged from their involuntary bath, they proceeded to retrieve their gear from the Pond.

What was their dismay, when they found entangled in the nets, the forms of two persons who had drowned while helpless among the entangled nets and ropes. They proved to be an elderly man named James Forster and a boy of 14 named William Keith, a brother of my mother. No one appeared to know that the boy was on the Beach. No one seems to know what caused this freak wave and the fishermen always spoke of it as a tidal wave.

Various theories are being advanced as to the cause of the happening on Lake Michigan, but I have seen nothing that seems even probable. You and I will just have to accept these things as a freak of nature. There are no tides on the lakes, so the tidal wave theory is not feasible. Perhaps some unreported or unrecorded subsidence in the Lake bottom may have caused these strange upheavals in either of the two Lakes.

I spent most of my younger years on or about Lake Ontario and in that time, have seen some pretty big seas, perhaps as big as those mentioned, but they were caused by winds of gale force. I remember one occasion when my father and my brother Charlie and I were lifting

gillnets at the edge of the bar above the Four Mile Point, when as we were finishing our task, the wind which had been blowing pretty hard from the northwest, rose to gale force when we were about ready to set sail for home. Needless to say that we didn't have one of those newfangled outboard motor boats under us, but a serviceable, seaworthy boat. It was about time for the old Steamer Chicora on her trip, due to arrive at Niagara soon after four o'clock, and people were on the wharf watching for her and they saw us. We were told that when we went down between two waves, we were out of sight, sail and all. As the top of our sail would be in the neighbourhood of fourteen feet high, you can get some idea of the size of those waves. And when I tell you that chairs were washed off the deck of the Chicora when nearing the harbour, it will also give you some idea of the size of the waves. You can imagine what those waves would do if they broke on a shore on a calm and cloudless day.

In the spring of 1886, in the month of April, we had a heavy blow from the northeast which did a lot of damage along the waterfront and only a heavy fall of snow prevented more damage being done. If Councillor Boyle had been dwelling where he is presently situated, he would have been a mite uncomfortable, as there was a depth of two feet of water all over that ground. Of course, the water was unusually high that spring and that being the case, old Lake Ontario can kick up a muss when he gets his dander up. It can happen again, but let us hope not.

July 29th, 1954

SIMCOE PARK

When you live in a small Town, you don't expect big things to happen in it. You expect to read or to hear of great happenings in the capitals of the world. And yet, on thinking matters over, big things do happen in small places once in a while. I, with a few others, was privileged to witness a gathering in our Town Park that would make even city dwellers open their eyes. I well remember when Dick Taylor was given a lease of the Park in 1913. It was my first year in Council and John Randall was Mayor, and he put through the deal without much consideration of the wishes of the members of Council. It was not popular with the business men of the Town and they presented a well signed petition against the thing and I well remember the defiant air of the Mayor as he flung down the document on the table with the words: "There it is signed and done with; what are you going to do about it?" Well, the lease stood but it finished Randall as he was badly defeated by Bill Harrison at the next election. Poor Randall died not very long afterwards.

He was an able man and made a good Mayor, but like many small men, he was inclined to be a bit arbitrary. This just doesn't do in public life. We don't live in a country where you do not dare voice your opinions without fear of punishment. When we hear of doings in Russia and her pals, we ought to appreciate the freedom which is ours.

But to get back to our Park. Time passes on as do the people, but some at least of what people do, lives on. A good many years after the signing of the lease, it was decided to convert a part of the Park into a Sports Bowl. Some trees were removed and the ground was graded to form the bowl as it is now. Of course, one of the objects aimed at was to have an open air skating rink and for quite a while, this idea was carried out, but latterly our climate seems to have moderated to such an extent that that idea has had to be abandoned. With the opening up of the Queen's Royal Park and the Legion Park, our particular park is pretty much neglected except by small children and outside picnics, a most regrettable state of affairs.

However, it was not very much neglected on a recent occasion. If Dick Taylor and E. H. Shepherd and Johnny Randall could have been privileged to see what I saw in that same little Park, they would have opened their eyes. If Mayor Henry Paffard and his Council who really made the four acres into a Park, could come back, what a change they would see. They planted the trees; they planted a hedge around the whole Park and to give the hedge a chance to grow, they put a wire fence around the whole thing, with a gate on Picton Street and one on Byron. I am sure that if they could have seen the crowd in the Park on that Sunday, they would begin to doubt that they were actually within the limits of the old Town of Niagara. I am not saying anything about the Lake as the Town's actual and official name is simply "THE TOWN OF NIAGARA."

The Postal authorities added the Lake because Niagara Falls had come into being and was causing confusion in the mails on account of the similarity of names. I never expected to see such a crowd of people at a Church Service in the old Town. What a magnificent gathering it was. I wonder what the Bishop of Bath and Wells thought of it. To us it was simply grand. I never saw such a large gathering so well managed. I know many of us old timers who were at this Service were proud to be able to say they were proud to belong to the Town. And the Clerk of the Weather was good to us. While at times, it looked like rain, it just clouded over enough to moderate the heat. People in the big cities are familiar with the huge crowds that turn out for Ball Games and Horse Races, but I don't believe that as a nice, friendly, religious gathering, none of the large places could put us to shame. Certainly it was an inspiring sight and I am sure no one could attend such a meeting without deriving some spiritual benefit from it. The whole

thing was so well and thoroughly arranged and carried out, that every thinking person who was there must have been glad to be there. I know I was and I believe we would all be benefitted by having more of such gatherings.

August 5th, 1954

GENERALITIES IN OUR TOWN

It is a serious matter to sit on any of our governing boards nowadays. So many things have to be seen to that past generations never even dreamed of. I have written from time to time, about our changing life. One of the things that our fathers never had to worry about was speed. A man walked or drove his nag at a leisurely pace and he had time to enjoy the scenery as he passed. No so, any more. Nowadays, its speed and more speed and speed, like medicine, should be taken in moderate doses. I had a call last Sunday from a young man whose home was in Syracuse, New York and he was telling me of the remarkably short time that it took him to cover the distance from his home town to the Canadian border. That seems to be typical of the present day mode of travel. Now, where I live is near an intersection that sees much silly speed and has been the scene of not a few accidents, one of them fatal, and one not long ago, causing a young man to lose the ends of his fingers, as they were jammed in the door of his truck. Just no longer ago than on Tuesday evening, my wife and I were standing at our gate watching the traffic passing by when there passed us, a car driven by a lady. She made a left turn onto Wellington Street and had a very close escape, when a car coming on Byron Street had to jam on the brakes in a hurry and missed the other car by a hair's breadth. Both drivers, by the way, were ladies.

I am not throwing any stones at lady drivers, mind you. Ladies are not the speed maniacs on our street, no siree. If the Mayor or the Chairman of the Board of Works could spare a few minutes of their valuable time any day of the week between the hours of four and six o'clock in the afternoon, they would see what I am getting at. I have tried, in my humble way, to point out the desirability of some means of checking the speed on our street.

It is quite a common sight to behold two cars side by side, one trying to get ahead of the other. Gentleman, it isn't funny and a smile or a wise crack will not bring back a life if someone should be killed at the spot I mention. It seems to be the fashion when a driver has rounded Fort George and enters on the straight away on Byron, that the only thought that enters the head of these speed lunatics is "let her go." Council has very wisely erected a "Stop and Go" sign at Mississauga and Mary Streets and a winker at Queen and King. Very good and they are to be

commended for these actions, but the intersection I am complaining about is also important. There is a Stop sign on Wellington on the side towards Ricardo, but there is nothing to direct or regulate traffic other than that. It is a common sight to see cars come belting down Wellington and across Byron at full speed, or around the corner with a scream of tires.

I well remember hearing a tremendous crash at the corner, followed by the screams of a woman. I hastened out doors and found a Telephone Co. Truck on its side with the driver pinned in his cab with his fingers caught in the door beneath him. Among us, we were able to lift the truck enough for him to release his hand and after being helped out of the upper door of his cab, he went over to the hospital nearby to get his hand dressed. I am simply writing of these things so that the public may be informed of the dangers that may be encountered down our way. I do not want to be accused of knocking either our civic heads or our Police, who cannot be expected to be everywhere at once, but it is nerve wracking to hear and watch the noise-making traffic, when a little common sense and patience on the part of our drivers would make life much more pleasant for people who live nearby.

Certainly, something should be done and of course, Council should know and some of them do know about this corner. I do not need to point out who is the executive head of the community or to tell him his duty. I simply want to make my reading public aware of this dangerous situation and that includes, of course, the Mayor, the Reeve, the Deputy-Reeve and every member of Council. If someone loses his life at this intersection, *every* last one of them will have to bear a share of the blame if nothing is done.

We have a fine Town and I am proud to have been born in it and to have played some part in its affairs in the years gone by. Let us make it a safe Town, as well as a fine one. Everybody can help: Council, drivers, Police, man woman and child.

August 12th, 1954

OUR WESTERN HOME

I was reminded a few days ago, of an institution that existed for many years in our Town and one which I remembered from my early days. I am referring to what was known in my time as "Our Western Home." In the southwestern part of the Town, there was a handsome brick structure which housed this institution. It seems that it was built not long after the destruction of the town by the Americans, about 1816 or 1817 and was the County Gaol and Court House and at the time of its construction, was well outside the Town limits and a complaint was voiced by someone that *it* was set in the midst of a swamp.

Miss Carnochan records some interesting incidents of *its* use and occupation as a Gaol. You will notice that I am using the old spelling of the word, which most of us understand it better when spelled "*jail*", although the pronunciation is the same. However, the present Town Hall was built in 1845 and was to be the County Courthouse of the United Counties of Lincoln, Weiland and Haldimand and the use of the old place was abandoned, except for *its* occasional use as a prison. In 1869, Miss *Maria* Rye purchased *it* and founded "Our Western Home." I had a call from a lady a few days ago and her *visit* recalled the old Home to my *attention*. My *recollection* of Miss Rye hereself is of a tall, grey, *grim*, old lady who would be a severe task mistress. I never had anything to do *with* the lady myself, and I only *write* of her from her reputation and appearance. Her mission was a very worthy one, that of bring out from the old land, girls who were orphaned and homeless. She must have thus provided a refuge for thousands of girls. I remember that when the organ and *choir* were removed from the Gallery at the rear of St. Mark's Church, rows of pine benches were placed therein, and the gallery given over *entirely* to the use of the Home. I remember that when a new 1st had been *received*, the benches were pretty well filled up, there *being* seating capacity for about a hundred girls. It seems that they would be brought out in batches of forty to sixty. The girls were all dressed alike and were not allowed any contact with us natives. They were placed in homes and periodically inspected as to their surroundings and general behaviour.

The late Mrs. S. D. Manning was for many years the travelling inspector. The main building was quite a handsome brick structure and the grounds were beautifully kept. The house now owned by the Constables was occupied by the gardener, while the cottage now owned by the Farrons was known as "The Cottage," and it was here that any girls who had been returned from their employment were housed, until new homes could be found for them. They were kept segregated from the main home and had a separate matron. The late Mrs. Thomas Gobert was Matron in charge of the Cottage when she first came to Canada.

In the grounds at the rear of the main building was a brick building, used as a school. The late Miss Emma Chrysler was the Teacher there for a time before she married Walter Reid. I think the last teacher was Miss Madge Evans. The late William Keffer moved the school building to its present site and made a dwelling house out of it. Miss Emily Bayley was Matron after Miss Rye retired. Somehow or other, people will persist in growing old as did even Miss Rye. She urred the Home over to the Church of England Waifs and Strays Society of London, England, and she herself retired to England and ended her days there. A local Committee was formed, of which the late Henry Paffard was Chairman until he left town for the west. J . DeW. Randall was Secretary, upon whose death in 1914, the Committee was reformed with Canon , the Revd. J. C. Garrett as Chairman and Herbert Macklem as Honorary Secretary-Treasurer. mong themembers of the Committee were E. H. Shepherd, Thomas Hiscott, Arthur Onslow and

myself. Upon Mr. Macklem's leaving Town, I became his successor and the last to hold the office. The last lot of girls came out in 1914, before the war broke out and came in charge of Canon Rudolph, Miss Bayley and Miss Manning having retired. Miss Barbara Powne was placed in charge. She had been in charge of the Cottage and as the girls grew out of control of the Society, she also did the travelling inspecting until all the girls were gone and then was written Finish to one of the best institutions that our Town has known.

Section 19 - Section No.8**August 19th, 1954****CANADA'S CUP**

So, the Canada's Cup has been recaptured by Toronto yachtsmen after a lapse of fifty-one years. Most of us had forgotten the Trophy and it seemed to have slipped into the realm of forgotten things. I am reminded of that occasion by the recent successful invasion of Rochester waters by the Club which suffered defeat so many years ago. As I was an eyewitness of that event, I thought it might interest readers of our local paper to tell of it as we saw it.

My brothers and I were the owners of the small Steamer Abino, which we used partly in the passenger business and partly in fishing. We had done towing work for the yachts of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, as they were often in and about our harbour on week ends. Aemelius Jarvis was then Commodore of the Club fleet and Stephen Hans was Vice-Commodore. It was in 1903 that we were engaged by these gentlemen to go to Toronto to set buoys for the yacht races which were then to be held off Toronto shores. There were to be two days of racing by the Lake Yacht Racing Association, followed by the Canada's Cup Races.

Having duly arrived in Toronto Bay, we received our instructions and a man named Phillips came aboard to complete arrangements. He didn't like our compass, so he brought a larger one from the Club Launch and set it up outside the Pilot House window where I could see it through the window. Its direction coincided with the one inside. Now it happened that the Steamer's Pilot House was directly over the forward end of the boiler and it drew the compass needle about a point off, but having used it and having become used to allowing for the error, I never had had any difficulty in steering a correct course. Phillips gave me the course for the first leg of the race, which was a triangular one, four knots to each leg. Four knots would be nearly five land miles. Our ordinary speed with open throttle would be about nine miles per hour. It was blowing fairly hard from the west and we were to travel east directly before the wind, four knots. Phillips had brought a patent log to measure the distance. We set the starting buoy and then laid the course for the first leg. I, in laying the course, was allowing for compass error, but Phillips insisted that I steer the compass course. I knew he was wrong, but did as directed. He ran us fifty minutes before that strong wind and we set a buoy. Having done so, he gave me the course for the next leg, due southwest. He still insisted that I stick to the course as indicated by his compass but I could see that the angle of the new course with that of the first one was too

sharp, but I didn't argue with him. I just couldn't stop the ship to argue the point, and he was in charge. It turned out just as I expected and the third leg of the triangle was only about half as long as the others.

Well, the whole fleet of yachts embarked on their voyage and about when they were at the second buoy, a sudden squall blew up and one yacht, called "Keno" from Hamilton was dismasted. None of them had even seen the eastern buoy, simply because it wasn't where it ought to be. We had found, in leaving the outside buoy, that it upset, owing to there being a strong current running up against the wind. The Lake, under certain conditions, is a gigantic whirlpool and we, in fishing, had often found this to be the case. A powwow was held that night and it was decided to award all prizes to the winners of the second days' racing.

That chap in the Keno, borrowed a mast from someone and he and his crew worked nearly all night to set it up and he cleaned up his class the next day. As we were not satisfied with the way things were being handled, we decided to come home, but the Club persuaded us to stay and they got another boat from Port Dalhousie. The arrangement was that we would follow along to the first buoy and lie there until the yachts had passed, when we would return to the starting buoy and lie beside it for the finish, while the other boat marked for the second buoy. So we had a grandstand seat, as it were.

The Canadian yacht was the Strathcona, not a particularly fast boat, but the best available, with Commodore Jarvis in command. The American yacht was the Irondequoit of Rochester. It was nice to watch the handling of the Strathcona by Jarvis. He was too clever for his opponent and by his smart manoeuvring, he won the first two of the five races. In one of them, he showed his superior skill, particularly. The wind was light as they began the final lap. It was a broad reach, with everything drawing fine. Irondequoit was in the lead, but not by much. Jarvis as right at his heels and slightly to windward. He kept inching over as if to blanket his opponent and the Yankee skipper, keeping a wary eye on him, kept edging away to keep clear. They progressed in this way until they were directly to windward of the home buoy where we were lying.

Suddenly, Jarvis squared away for the buoy and ran up a huge spinnaker. The enemy was caught flatfooted and by the time he got his spinnaker up and drawing, he was beaten. As I have already pointed out, the Irondequoit was a little the better boat and the R.C.Y.C. only used the Strathcona because she was the best available. Having won two races, Jarvis, good sportsman that he was, evidently gave his opponent a chance to win a race and as I have said, she was a little the better boat, and when it came to a real test of speed, she was bound to win if no tricks of sailing were used. Result, a win by a slim margin by Irondequoit in the third race.

The Yankee Committee were taking no chances of a defeat and they had sent a hurry up call to a famous Yankee Skipper from the salt water, to replace the man in charge of Irondequoit. He arrived in time for the fourth and fifth races and proved to be as good a man as Jarvis and having the better boat, he won the remaining two races and the Canada Cup. So, due to the win at Rochester, the Cup has come back to the custody of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club of Toronto, after an interval of fifty-one years.

August 26th, 1954

OUR OLD TOWN HALL

So, our old Town Hall is getting a new look. You know, buildings are like the ladies; they have to have their outward appearance kept up and renovated just to look respectable. Nothing, after all, so ill becomes a woman or a house as to get a neglected or sloppy look, as if it didn't matter. Well, it does matter, especially in a Town's own buildings. In thinking things over, I realized that our Town Hall is well over the century mark in age. It has a history, too, and it occurred to me that as next year is to see a worldwide gathering of Boy Scouts, why not let us do something in the way of a celebration. Next year will be the one hundred and tenth anniversary of our incorporation as The Town Of Niagara and what more fitting than to remember that we have every right to be proud of. Of course, you and I were not around when our Town began its life as an incorporated Town, but we are the successors of those men of long ago.

I can think of a number of families who were here then and who still have members of a later generation who are still with us. Might I mention some of them. I could not pretend to make a complete list, but here are some of them: Ball, McMillan, Keith, Masters, Sherlock, Bishop, Dickson, Garrett, Smith, Bolton, Reid, Kemsley, Lavell, Bissell, Thornton, Campbell, McClelland, Blake, Holahan, Walsh, Curtis, Matthews, Carnochan, Brown, Clark, Fellows, Nisbet, Patterson, Richardson, Thompson, Kirby, McCartan, Riches, Davey, Elliott, Hindle, Kenalley, Murray; these families and others have been with us for a hundred years or more; there are others, descendants of some of these families, but who do not bear the same name but who, nevertheless, represent old families. These people that I have mentioned were none of them of national prominence, except a few whose writings brought a measure of fame to our Town. They pretty well represent a cross section of the life of any Town: Butchers, Bakers, Grocers, Carpenters, Masons, Farmers, Teamsters, Sailors, Soldiers, Fishermen.

This old building of ours was built soon after the Town was incorporated and has the distinction of having been the County Courthouse of the United Counties of Lincoln, Weiland and

Haldimand. It must have seen many activities in the way of law enforcement. Counties then had a wider scope than is the case today when pretty nearly everything is cribbed, cabined and confined by those who dwell in the seats of the mighty Toronto. By and by, St. Catharines, having got too big for its boots, wanted and got the county seat from us and with it went much of the usefulness and importance of our building. But we have it and it gives our Main Street an air of importance. Of course, you must remember that the rear part of the building is much older, having been built as the Market House. Of course, we had a market in those dear old days. I can remember the Butcher's stalls in what now houses the Public Library.

So, why not get busy and have something like an old timer's reunion next year. The Town will be attracting world wide notice anyway, so why not take advantage of that fact and have a worthwhile celebration. Not many of our Towns are as old as ours and I am sure many old time residents would be only too glad to revisit the old Town. I make this suggestion, hoping that a strong organization can be set up to put the idea over.

September 2nd, 1954

THE BOY SCOUTS JAMBOREE

I received a short note from Miss Evans in New York a few days ago and she enclosed a clipping from the New York Times. Now this clipping was a statement from Linz, Austria to the effect that the Scout Jamboree would be held at Niagara FALLS, Ontario next year. She suggested to me that this erroneous report should be corrected. General Daniel Spry thus once more shows the general ignorance about Canada and our Town of Niagara. This ignorance is not confined to the United States, as I have run across the same thing no further away than Toronto. Now we are all looking forward to this Jamboree and we should do something about the fact that our Town is to be so honoured and not Niagara Falls. Of course, we will graciously permit any of them who wish to do so, to make a trip or two to that spot, that is, if they can get through the traffic jam that seems to be chronic there. How about our Lord Mayor putting a flea in General Spry's ear by way of an official letter on the Town's official stationery. Before getting Miss Evans' letter, we had already heard the same thing on the radio. I wouldn't want to have those poor Scouts wandering about looking for a place to camp. So we had better get spry and tell the General of that name that he is all wet, or he will be if he hits the Falls with a wind blowing from Uncle Sam's side of the river.

OUR NAME

You know, I resent the Falls hogging the name Niagara, for we bore the name for many years before Clifton changed its name. When I was a boy, it was always known as Clifton. After the change, the Postal Authorities had trouble from the start and they thought they would solve the problem by moving us to the Lake, but we still are the Town of Niagara. I sometimes think we would be wise to revert to our former name of Newark, the name given us by Governor Simcoe. There always seems to be someone who wants what we have. Toronto gobbled our Provincial Fair and our Capital status; St. Catharines got our County Seat; the Frost Government took away our High School; and now Spry seems to put us off the map altogether. Even Niagara Township, almost our own flesh and blood doesn't want anything to do with us in High School matters. All the more reason why we should get busy about a real celebration next year.

One good reason for that is that if we don't stir our stumps, our neighbour St. Catharines will do their damndest to steal our show. Even now, I am told, they are planning to have the early comers to the Scot Jamboree quartered in their town. People used to call Toronto Hogtown, but Toronto has nothing on St. Catharines in that respect.

Old timers and their descendants love to visit Niagara. I have had calls from several just lately.

Not many now living here remember Archdeacon McMurray. I had a visit from a couple just recently, who were wanting to find someone who had known Dr. McMurray and someone directed them to me. They were a Mr. & Mrs. McMurray from Cleveland, Ohio. He turned out to be a great-grandson of the Doctor and they were tickled when I told them that the Archdeacon had christened me. Neither of them had ever been in Niagara before and knew very little about the old gentleman and they thanked me heartily for what I was able to tell them. Very few are living now who were members of St. Mark's congregation in Dr. McMurray's time. That is one of several instances of the same kind and it is indicative to me of the desirability of giving such people a chance to foregather with other former residents of our old Town.

Walking along our Main Street a few days ago, we heard the fire siren blare out and presently men came running and the ambulance emerged from the doors of the Fire Hall, and they were away to the scene of a Highway accident. And it came to me that such things were part of our everyday Town life, things that we didn't have in my young days. The Fire Alarm was one, the motor car another and the Hospital another. All very useful things, too, but best of all is the fact that there are men and women in our midst who are always ready and willing to give of their

best in aid of the Town and its people. We have every reason to be proud of our Firemen, particularly. I don't believe any Town of our size has a more efficient Fire Brigade than ours and for many years, we have had these men or their predecessors with us, doing their bit cheerfully and willingly.

September 9th, 1954

THE STONE BARRACKS - MASONIC LODGE

It is a pleasure to look about our Town and note the improvements that are to be seen here and there. I can remember that in my young days, nobody seemed to care about the looks of things around their homes and places of business. Houses, even new ones, often went entirely without paint. A dingy, weather beaten appearance was quite a common thing. We were passing the Masonic Hall a few days ago and I remarked how much it would improve the neighbourhood if the Masons would treat their hall to a coat of some kind. I don't know if it was mental telepathy, but to my surprise, behold it was done. I can remember that old building when it was known as "The Stone Barracks," before the Masons got it. It has some pleasant recollections for me, for my mother went to school there and my daughter taught school there. I was a boy going to school, when they plastered over the stone of the building. I remember a door on the Prideaux Street side which opened into a room occupied by the Town Band.

ST. MARK'S CEMETERY

Some things however, are not so pleasing. My wife came in the other day and she had just endeavoured to rout several boys who were busy plastering mud on the monuments in the churchyard. I myself went in and scraped and brushed clay from about a dozen stones. Is it not a pity that children should be allowed to roam at will about this hallowed spot. They have been found to have pushed over stones and kicked flowers to pieces and it is a shame. Some boys who live close by and who are not Anglicans are the Chief Offenders and are quite saucy when the Caretaker has ordered them out. Some other persons seem to have acquired the habit of coming along at night and deliberately smashing a bottle on the road just in front of our house. I have gone out several times and cleaned it off the road in public interest. One thing I would suggest that parents get over the silly idea of furnishing their boys with air guns and bows and arrows. Probably when some of their pampered pets lose an eye or are otherwise injured, they will get some sense.

LAKE SWIM

So Bob Saunders is going to make Florence Chadwick a present of Ten Thousand Dollars if she swims across our Lake Ontario. And why start from Youngstown. In the first place, it is a waste of good money to throwaway for something that a mere handful of people will see. I would say, to be plain about it, that Bob has more money than brains to even think about such a fool idea.

I don't suppose he will care what we here in Niagara think about the matter. It will be all over by the time this appears in print.

HISTORICAL HOUSES

I have had two letters from a Mr. Fred Hamilton, of Hamilton about some things of a historical nature. For one thing, he wanted to know the location of John Powell's house prior to the burning of the Town by the Americans. I in my reply, pointed out to him that a deed to a property is a deed of land. He cites, in a second letter that Peter Russell reprimanded Powell for not stopping *two* sons of the Duke of Liancourt from visiting the Falls, when they stopped at Powell's house. On the face of it, one would gather that Powell's house was on the River Road. It is quite possible that Powell may have had a house on the site of the present Finkle house, Lot 280. Of course, it is a well established fact that only two houses were left after the fire of 1813, they being the Clench house on Johnson Street and a house since taken down on Lot 109 on Johnson Street. So, if Powell had a house on Lot 280, it would have been burned. A scrutiny of one's deeds does not show the house, simply the land. Several cases have come to my notice of recent purchasers of properties in the Town who have advanced claims that so and so occupied their present houses, prior to the War of 1812. It is quite possible, in fact probable that the houses that were on their land before the fire, may have been owned or occupied by the persons so claimed but we may as well admit that these claims have no foundation in fact.

Mr. Hamilton asked for my authority for saying that John Powell's house was built in 1826. Miss Carnochan is my authority and having known that lady well, I have every confidence that her statement can be taken as true. That does not alter the fact that General Brock and Miss Shaw may have met on this very spot, but not in the present house. Anyone who knows our Town, knows that many changes are constantly taking place in buildings and their locations. I know of many such changes.

September 16th, 1954

MANNERS

Having been writing for the local paper for some seven years, I sometimes find it rather hard to find something to write that will be acceptable to the readers and to the people generally. I usually read much of the correspondence that appears in the Toronto Papers and special articles also. One of the well known writers in the Saturday Telegram is Cardinal McGuigan. In his article last week, he was commenting on the subject of education and I commend it to parents. One point he made was that while Church and School were, regarding education, furnishing the children with much training that was valuable, there was something that they were unable to do. That is what used to be called in my early days, "Manners." We were schooled in this by our parents at home. We were taught to be polite to our elders for one thing and while you can't put old heads on young shoulders, you can see that they are properly trained in manners. I am not to be understood as knocking our present day young people but certainly there could easily be an improvement in their manners and deportment.

I had over forty years teaching Sunday School and was always fond of children. One Sunday, one of the Teachers complained to me that a girl in her class was very ill behaved and asked me to speak to her. I thought it over and concluded that if I did as asked, I would get in Dutch with her mother, so I decided to approach the matter in a different way. In the course of my usual five minute address to the School, I called the attention of the scholars to the fact of their conduct in public reflected on their parents and that when a girl was rude, immediately the question would arise in people's minds, "What kind of Mother has she got?" It worked in this case, for the Teacher reported to *me* later on that it had shown a marked improvement in this particular girl's behaviour. So, I would add my humble message to that of the worthy Cardinal, "Parents, teach your children, not only by voice but by example to be decent and respectful to their elders. Also, to avoid damage to the property of others. Someone said to me not long ago to layoff teen agers.

It seems to me that the Television, while it may amuse children, has not an elevating effect on their conduct. Too much of the exaggerated wild west, Roy Rogers sort of stuff is shown. Children have lost the ability to make their own fun.

Only a few days ago, a bunch of teenage girls were arrested for burglary. They *were* entering homes and stealing purses. They wanted money to spend on fun. We had mighty little money

to spend on fun , but we had fun. We played all sorts of games, games that are forgotten . Boys' don't even know how to play marbles. So what, to use a modern phrase.

LAKE ONTARIO WATERS

So far, that much tooted swim has not come off. It may yet, as Miss Chadwick seems determined that her reputation as a Professional Swimmer is at stake. She may not have known or thought that swimming in Lake water is not as easy as in salt sea water. One is much more buoyant in the salt than in fresh water. I was familiar with our Lake and River from my small boys days. I have a Master's certificate and know how to handle boats of all kinds; sail, steam, gasolene and cars and I have a very good knowledge of Lake Ontario. Fishermen get to know how to take care of themselves and their craft. In over seventy years, there has not been a Niagara fisherman drowned while engaged in his fishing. The point is that they know the Lake and that had seaworthy boats and knew how to use them. Those darn traps with outboard motors are a menace and a nuisance. People who know nothing about boats think because they have something under them and a motor to give them speed without exertion, they are set. And just see how many people have gone to an early death from these same traps. What a far cry from the time when John Redhead, Dick Taylor and the Boltons had rowboats for hire. I have seen between fifty and a hundred of these pleasure boats out on the river of a summer evening. There was a quiet pleasure of getting out on the water for a cool spell and quietness after a hot day. Now, it is a common thing to be poisoned by gasolene fumes and deafened by the din of those outboard fiends. Instead of getting quietly on the water for an hour or two, people get out the gas wagon and embark on the highways and byways of the land and they call that pleasure. "What fools these mortals be."

September 23rd, 1954

THE SCOUT MOVEMENT

We were present at the Scout Lodge for the ceremonial on Sunday, the 19th, and I, for one, viewed and listened to the proceedings with a great deal of interest and admiration. The Scout Movement is a splendid thing and along with the Sunday School, does a wonderful job for our young people. The only Scouts ever heard of when I was young were the Indian Scouts in the West.

GENERAL BADEN-POWELL

It seems but the other day that we listened or rather read with interest and trepidation of the stout defence being made by our men in Mafeking in South Africa against the Boers and how we were glad and relieved when the news of the place reached us. General Baden-Powell was the Commander of that band of heroes and after it was all over, he received a multitude of well-deserved honours from his grateful country. After it was all over, he held many important military posts, but finally retired from the Army and in 1908 began the Scout Movement. I was looking up his record and I find that it was he who organized the South African constabulary.

In his home land, he was Inspector General of Cavalry 1903 to 1907, which seems to have been his last military service, as he resigned and founded the Boy Scouts in England in 1908. He was not an old man when this took place as he was born in 1857. I was so interested in his career, that I looked the Scout Movement up in an Encyclopedia that I have. Many of us have wondered what inspired the General to give up a distinguished career and embark upon one that was completely new. This encyclopedia I mentioned is Winston's and it tells of an organization made by Ernest Thompson Seton about ten years earlier in Connecticut and called Seton's Indians and they were trained in much the same things as our Boy Scouts. He is said to have met our Baden-Powell in England in 1906 and the General became so interested in the idea that he retired from the Army and gave himself up to his very own organization, the Boys Scouts. The movement caught on and has spread all over the world and is universally recognized as one of the very best things ever dreamed up by well disposed people. He was Chief Scout of the World from 1920 until 1941, when he died. The War in South Africa is over and except for some of us oldsters, is pretty well forgotten, but the name of R. S. Baden-Powell will live forever in the hearts and lives of the Boy Scouts.

ERNEST THOMPSON SETON

I should like to mention here that Ernest Thompson Seton was a well known writer not so long ago and was known here. His brother Enoch Thompson owned a house here on Simcoe Street at the corner of Johnson st. Thompson Seton was formerly known as Seton Thompson but he changed it around. He said that at one time in Scotland, the family of Seton was proscribed and they were taken into the Thompson Clan as a protection and he preferred the old name and wrote under it.

I was interested in hearing the various speakers at the Scout gathering, particularly in Linc Quinn's telling of a picture of a Scout Parade several years before the present group was

formed here. There were several father and son sets at the meeting. I always looked upon Fred Curtis as one of our first Scouts and I very well remember his showing me a picture of the Revd. J. M. Smith in Scout uniform. Mr. Smith was then Minister of the Methodist Church here in Town and that is a day or two ago. In view of the Scout Jamboree that is to be held here next summer, the boys deserve and should receive the fullest support from all the people of the Town and also the Township. It bars no race or religion from its membership. Parents, if you have a boy, made him a Scout. There he will take no harm and it will do him a world of good. It would seem that plenty of parents take very little care of their boys habits or companions. Remember that every boy has a soul to be kept from harm, as well as a body. Make him a Scout and see that he goes to Sunday School. Outside of the family, they are the best influences under which a boy can grow up.

September 30th, 1954

MARILYN BELL LAKE SWIM

Now that we have got that swim out of our systems, we might reminisce on the outcome of that which was great. I thought and said that the whole scheme was a fool idea. And, as far as the one who was cast for the role of star performer, I was right. Miss Chadwick found that Lake Ontario was not to be fooled with and she is no doubt feeling a bit put out. I don't really think that Messrs. Saunders and McCallum are a bit proud of the way things turned out either. I think that the crowd that assembled to greet Marilyn Bell were there to greet her and to register disapproval of the action of an offer to a professional American swimmer, while ignoring our Canadian talent. Miss Bell did the almost impossible and all honour to her. We listened on the radio to all the adulatory words that fell from Bob Saunders' lips and we couldn't help feeling that we would like to have a private meeting with Bob in some secluded spot and give him a few carresses? We won't say where we would like to bestow them. Nuff said.

THROUGH THE RAPIDS

Talking about swimming, I remembered some things that took place around our River while I was around the same. I remember when Captain Matthew Webb undertook to swim the lower rapids. I could take you to the exact spot where his body was found by Dick Turner of Youngstown. Dick was a mason and was working in Lewiston and he used to row up there every morning in a scow. And I remember helping to pull a boat out of the water at Youngstown that had come through the same rapids. A man whose name I do not remember. had lost his life

in this craft. It was a small boat about eighteen feet long and when we took it out of the water, it was literally full of holes. The man was a cooper from somewhere in New York State. He called his boat "The Phantom Lifeboat." It was painted blue and packed full of chip cork. except a cockpit in the centre. Here he had some kind of contraption to be worked by two cranks. The machine was geared to a propellor. He even had a sort of car on which to carry the boat. also painted blue and inscribed with the name of the boat. He proposed to come down through the rapids and sail across our Lake Ontario to Toronto. He had himself strapped into his craft for safety. He came through the rapids, but when the boat was picked up at Lewiston. it was upside down and he was still in his place but very dead. Poor chap, he paid for his foolhardiness and ignorance.

RAPIDS ATTEMPTS

Another incident that I remember was the case of a young chap about my own age, named Walter Campbell, a Youngstown lad. He fell into the hands of some promoter who persuaded him to try the whole series of rapids in a rowboat. He embarked in his frail craft at the Maid of the Mist Landing and set out on his harebrained attempt. Before he reached the Whirlpool. the boat went to pieces. The little dog that he had with him was gone and he arrived into the midst of the whirlpool. buoyed up by his lifebelt.

He told me long afterwards that he went down in the Whirlpool and though he was never coming up. He got a clout on the head from coming in contact with a log, but was finally rescued by some people with a boat. He had tied himself up with this Promoter and was getting nothing out of the connection, so to get himself clear, he enlisted in the U.S. Army for five years. When his time was up, he came home to Youngstown and it was that time he told me of his experiences. The poor fellow died of typhoid fever while still a young man.

SWIMMING THE RIVER

The Warren girls who lived near the river above the Town, used to swim across the river quite as a matter of course. One night, I was rowing a number of American soldiers across the river. One of them, who was sitting near me, asked me as we were going in the vicinity of the Waterworks, if anyone ever swam across the river. I told him about these girls who did it and he remarked if girls could do it, so could he. And I noticed him unlacing his boots. So I called to the others who were sitting with their backs to him and they grabbed him and held him till we arrived at the other side. The next morning, I made a trip to Youngstown about 8 o'clock and found that the Life Saving Crew were grappling for a man who had dived off the wharf and

didn't come up. He had, in company with another soldier, donned a bathing suit and they had dived off the wharf together.

When this fellow didn't come to the surface, the other man dived after him and got hold of him and the drowning man nearly drowned them both, and his friend had to fight himself clear to save his own life. Of course, the drowned man was not sober. I took his officer across when the Toronto boat had arrived and when I told him a soldier had drowned, he asked his name. I told him and he said, "That's one of my men; was he drunk?" What a valedictory for a soldier.

October 7th, 1954

MORE ABOUT OUR NIAGARA RIVER

I have written about events around our River that had a gruesome end. I shall now endeavour to give you something not so bad. During my early years about the River, there were people whom I remember for various reasons. While I was occupied around the Ferry, there are some few persons that I remember especially. We had a lot to do with American soldiers, although we never called them by that high sounding name. They were Yankees to us. Among them was one whom I think of with a good deal of amusement. He was a Captain Hoffman of German extraction. His own men's nickname for him was "Old Beanbelly." He was a portly gray-haired old fellow, with a dignified air and fully aware of the proud distinction which his position as an Officer in Uncle Sam's Army bestowed upon him. In our service, a soldier who valetted an officer was called a Batman but not so in Uncle Sam's Army. There his designation by the rank and file was "Dog Robber." Now old Beanbelly had a dogrobber named Krohn, also of German origin and holding the rank of Sergeant. The brave Captain bought a sail boat and of course, Krohn was his crew.

It used to amuse us fishermen to watch and listen to Hoffman and his crew manouvering their ship about the river. We used to have frequent sailing races and Hoffman always entered his ship, which he named Maryeln after his wife. I never knew him to win a race, for his boat was not a fast one and he was not very adept at handling her.

Bye and bye, it occurred to him that he was getting nowhere nautically, so he commissioned a man in Youngstown to build him a catboat. To you who are not familiar with boating terms, I should explain that a catboat is a short little boat, broad of beam and very seaworthy and if properly designed, capable of standing up under quite a large spread of sail. Well, the boat was delivered at the water front in Youngstown in due course and had to be rigged and soon was considered to be capable of doing the job but the Captain himself, ably assisted by Krohn, who,

of course was expected to do all the work under the Captain's skillful direction. I don't suppose the doughty officer had ever rigged a sailboat, but that didn't matter. He knew all about it. So the great ship was moored alongside a pier and the work proceeded. After much thought, the lone mast was duly erected and stepped and it became necessary and expedient to reeve the necessary halliards. So Krohn was ordered aloft to do that but unfortunately, when Krohn had laboriously shinned up up that mighty spar, the Captain moved to one side to get a better view of what his henchman was doing, which caused the ship to give a cant to starboard and over she went and down went McGinty, oh I mean Hoffman, Krohn and Company.

Of course, we were all aghast at this catastrophe, but promptly came to the rescue and Uncle Sam's Army was saved the loss of two of its heroes in blue. Blue, did I say. Well, they both were and poor old Billy blue Krohn sky high; he ought to have known better, etc. etc. We preserved our gravity, but it was hard to do, but we dunnit, by gum. Our brave Captain was move down to Madison Barracks at Sackett's Harbour not long afterwards. Too many of his men were emigrating to Canada and so we lost him. I learned later on, that he narrowly escaped drowning from the same catboat on the lower end of the Lake.

We used to enjoy those sailing races and the people and the boats come back to memory. There was Jack Bolton's Natalie, Jack Raynor's Dolly, Ball Brother's Juanita, Jim McMillan's Bessie, Master's Bros. Ella, Keith and Mills Volunteer, Mills & Moran's J.C. Rykert, Jim Cantwell's Katie, Charlie Currie's Maggie and the Nineteen Hundred. Later on, Bill Keith had the Beatrice.

ROWING

Besides sailing, there was a lot of rowing. We used to have rowing races quite often. Jack Redhead began boat building. His first boathouse was at the foot of King Street. He built a great many boats, among them four with sliding seats for racing. I remember a race between Jesse Harrison and Dick Wootten from the wharf, around the black buoy and winding up at the foot of King Street. The distance would be about two miles and it was a very close, keenly contested race all the way, and Harrison won by a small margin. I remember the two men very well and they were about as unlike as you make make them. Harrison was a dark, thin-faced fellow and about as fat as a lath, while Wootten was a stoutly built young man and you would have picked him to win easily.

I was once in a double scull race with my cousin Bill Keith as my partner and our chief opponents were the same Dick Wootten and Johnny Raynor. We started at the wharf, around the buoy opposite the Queen's Royal Hotel and back. Usually in those races you dug in to get a

lead from the start. Our rivals missed a stroke right at the start and both landed on their backs and we got a good lead which they failed to overcome.

October 14th, 1954

PEOPLE OF THE WATERFRONT

Some of the men about the beach rather stick out in my memory. I remember an incident that might have had a serious ending. As you may guess, nearly every one around the water had a nickname. There was Big Jim, whose real name was James Cantwell, although nobody ever called him that. He had a nice sailboat called the "Katie" and my Dad had the pleasure of winning several races with her. Jim didn't think anyone else was good enough to sail her in a race.

RESCUE OF A PARTY OF YOUNG PEOPLE

One day, a party of young people rented her from Jim and went for a sail. There were about ten in the party; two Andrews boys and their two sisters and the Averys were in the party. There was a gusty wind blowing from the southwest, nothing dangerous if you knew the river and knew how to handle a sailboat. There was always a tricky spot opposite the Queen's Royal Hotel and as you headed for the lake, you would run into a lull and sails would hang limp, and then you would suddenly get a puff which was decidedly dangerous if you didn't watch out. This puff caught the party off guard and over went the Katie and everybody was spilled into the water. We saw it happen and so did Jack Bolton who was nearer the scene. He and his helper hastened to the scene and picked up the people. Bill Keith and I were too late to do the rescue act, so we went after the Katie. We had quite a job righting her and getting some of the water out of her in order to tow her home. If I remember rightly, Jack Bolton and I think it was Bill Thornton with him, received some recognition from the government for their rescue work, while the rescued insisted on paying my cousin and me for salvaging the boat.

JACK BOLTON

Jack Bolton was one of the outstanding figures around the Beach for years. He was known to the irreverent fishermen as Fluffy Bolton. I don't know why he was so called. He was a stout, portly figure and he was troubled with his breathing apparatus, and in the morning when he appeared on the Beach, he would cough and clear his throat very loudly and if any of the gang

were about, they would mock him, much to his chagrin. He had a man who roomed at his house, Ted Corlett, who was an orchestra leader from Toronto and who furnished the music for the hops at the Queens. Ted bought Jack a big set of sails for his boat, the Natalie, and Jack was "cock of the walk" if I may use the term for years as none of us had anything but the usual rig for everyday use. Jack and Bob Bishop got into an argument one day about the relative merits of the Natalie and the J.C.Rykert and it resulted in their putting up twenty-five dollars on the result of a race between the two boats. So Mr. Pitty Good (Bishop's Cognomen), he hied him away to Toronto and came back with a set of sails, foresail, mainsail and a good large jib. The day of the race came, with a moderate easterly wind blowing. We got the Rykert rigged and of course, I had a hand in it and handled the jib throughout the race. John Mills (usually known as Jesse) was the Captain. He and Patsy Moran were the usual crew of the Rykert and we won, but not by much and Bishop divided the spoils among the victorious crew.

BOB BISHOP

Bob Bishop pretty well ruled the roost around the beach for years. He did quite a thriving business and for some thirty years, he handled nearly all the fish caught here. One of his sons, Archie still carries on. Those were good days and if fish had sold then for the present day prices, we would have made our fortune.

JACK REDHEAD

A man who was also an outstanding figure on the waterfront was Jack Redhead. He began boatbuilding in a small way and his first creations were not too good, but he soon developed into a first class man at the business. He opened a boat livery at the foot of King Street, later adding another just below Rousseau's wharf, and still later one at Chautauqua. Altogether he had in the neighbourhood of fifty to sixty of these nicely varnished boats in the service of a water-loving public. With the dwindling of the angling industry and the otherwise changing habits of the public whom he served, his business gradually languished until he gave it up to become our first Immigration Inspector. It really was a pleasure to be one of the crowd at the Waterfront. While there was plenty of friendly rivalry, it was all taken in good part. There was plenty of playing pranks on one another, but no harm was done. There is one thing about most people about the water in whatever capacity; one learns to take things calmly and always to look forward with the hope and prospect of better days to come.

October 21 st, 1954

RAIN STORMS

Well , we had a rain and a bit of wind with it. Now, don't run away with the idea that we never had a heavy rain before, because I could tell you of several occasions when we had more than a heavy dew. Once when we were operating the Steamer Abino on the ferry, we had a party from Camp visiting Fort Niagara and for whom we were to call at midnight. We had the boat lying at the Navigation Company Wharf, and a black cloud loomed up to the north and presently it broke in a fierce squall of wind and the rain came on the heels of the wind. You may believe that it was a real honest to goodness rain. It didn't last long, but in the few minutes that it did last, pails on the upper deck were filled to the depth of eight inches. Now I call that some rain. You know when you are on the water, you get the full benefit of the downpour. No fiddling with drips from trees or roofs or ditches full and so on, but just aqua pura and lots of it.

On another occasion, the first we had the launch Viola on the ferry, I had a party of American officers to take back to Fort Niagara after the weekly hop at the Queen's Royal Hotel. That would be about midnight. Just when they were about due to arrive at the Ferry, it became black and threatening. We hadn't had a gas motor very long and we had no adequate cover over the engine, so when the party arrived, I loaded them into a large skiff and put in my best licks to get across before the storm broke. We just made it and we all sat in a tin clad boathouse until it was over. It lasted about fifteen or twenty minutes, before it was fit for me to set out for home and country. Well, it had come down to such good effect that it took me a solid hour to pump out the Viola so that I could berth her for the night. As I have told you, when it rains on the water, it rains.

One day, Charlie Currie, Dick Taylor and I each had a fishing party on the reef at the mouth of the river. A cloud was coming up over the Lake and it looked as if we might get wet. Currie's party and mine were men and none of us or them were afraid of a wetting. In Dick's party, were some ladies so Dick started for shore, while the rest of us sat it out. Along came Mr. Jupiter Pluvius, but he freakishly missed the men who were not afraid of him and soaked the women who were.

WHARVES & LANDING PLACES

Among my recollections of the waterfront, are those about Wharves and Landing Places. On the American side, there was always a landing place at Fort Niagara. This was really only a protective work to prevent erosion of the point that jutted out into the River. It made a landing

place for an occasional trip on the ferry and from it and in the nearby waters was the best place for black bass around the River mouth. Many an hour I spent there in the Summer Holidays, with my father and two brothers. We combined pleasure and profit for we sold our catch to good advantage. The bass fishing has been no good since Bill Kolbe had his pound nets in the Lake nearby. He pretty well killed off both the bass and the sturgeon.

There used to be quite a large plank and timber wharf at the lower end of the Youngstown shore just in front of St. Vincent Home. I remember it being piled up with cordwood and I have seen the old Steamer, City of Toronto, taking on wood for fuel there. Yes, the steamboats and the railway locomotives both burned wood when I first remember them. I have often seen them wheeling large barrows full of the stuff at our Niagara Wharf. A man named Tracy lost his life when he and his barrowful of wood fell off the gang plank. A family named Marshall owned that Wharf, and they had another further up, from which Jim Marshall operated a ferry service in a very casual way. He never would row across, but would raise a sail and as time didn't mean a thing to him, he might take hours to make the crossing. He had a dog Susie who was always perched on the bow of the boat.

M. D. Haskett built a shelter pier just in front of the old stone flour mill. It served as a small boat harbour. A little further upstream was Holden's Wharf. As I first remember it, it was owned by Ab Holden, a man with a wooden leg, who also had a cider mill and apple evaporator near by. Here the Steamers used to call and I have seen long rows of apple barrels piled up awaiting shipment. Later on, the Niagara Navigation Company acquired the property and their boats made calls at this wharf, but ultimately they abandoned the use of it and it is now only used by yachts and small boats.

SALT BAG BATTERY

About half a mile up river is a spot which was known as liThe Run." I never knew how it got its name, but near it at the top of the high bank there, used to be a Battery known as the Salt Bag Battery. O. P. Letchworth of Buffalo bought the property and built a Summer home there and he also built a wharf at which he used to moor a steam yacht.

November 4th, 1954

QUEEN STREET BUSINESSES

In writing about our river and its changes, it brings home to *me* many changes in our Town besides those on the River front. I was thinking about the different businesses in our Town.

GROCERS

For *one* thing, *there were* in my early days, quite a number of Grocer shops on our main Street. There were Clement's, Follett's, Chrysler's, Jack Bishop's, Woodington's and Dave McMillan's and McClelland's. Of these, only *one* remains, McCleliands, although the Bishop business is carried on by Peter, but not on our main street.

BUTCHER SHOPS

Then there were Butcher shops. Bishop's, Bill Longhurst's, McClelland's, Fred Best's, and Sando's. The last *named were* in the *Harry Steele Store*, but at another time, occupied the rear part of the Family Store. Fred Best was in a store that was burned in the big fire, *next* to Pete Marino's and afterwards in the back shop of the Reid store. His last location was in where the Club 19 is now located. I should like to point out that Grocery stores carried hardware, but not meats and Butcher shops did not sell groceries or canned goods. Now both groceries and butcher shops sell about everything but real estate. We had no fruit stores in my early days; now we have a fruit store which sells groceries, while all the groceries sell fruit and vegetables.

DRUG STORES

We had only one Drug store, Paffard's which is now Field's and dates back almost to when Adam was a baby. Later on, we had three or four. Bert St. John was in the Stewart building where Bill Zoeger now is and *later* on in where the Government Liquor Store now is. Bill Campbell bought his business and later moved to the store where Jack Bates now sells drugs and medicines and anything else you could want, including reading matter. Then the MacQuillen's of St. Catharines had a store here for a time, in where the Club 19 now is.

CANDY SHOPS

Our main street had one Candy shop, that of Henry Evans or Andy Evans as we knew him. That is the little shop where Mrs. Clara Parker resided . She was a granddaughter. Later on Mrs. Swift started up where Bill McKenzie has his shop, later build the present Home Bakery store. She was the pioneer in the making and selling of ice cream. Then Mrs. Mara Murphy opened up in a little shop that stood where the theatre now stands, later moving to Mrs. Swift's old stand in the McKenzie's building. We had two little candy shops on Ricardo Street, one that of Mrs.

Wilson on the lot now owned by Jack Redhead and the other Mrs. Jim Young in the house now owned by the Quinns.

SCHOOL SUPPLIES

We used to buy our school supplies from either Geo. A. Clement or Wm. Senior. Clement apparently had gone out of the grocery business and Senior had a store across the street which was burned in the big fire. Now, you can get reading matter and school supplies at Connolly's, Paget's, Bates' and Bill Zoeger sells school supplies and about a million other things in his emporium. We didn't have such a business as his in my day.

The groceries carried a line of hardware and what we knew as crockery or dinnerware. There were practically no canned goods such as bulk so largely on our store shelves. Many things that are now packaged, then were sold in bulk, such as tea, sugar, salt, pepper, cornmeal, oatmeal and crackers. I think I can see the row of large tea caddies that adorned our grocers' shelves with different labels adorning their outsides. You bought a pound of tea, but only the grocer knew what you were actually getting.

COBBLERS

We always had a Cobbler or two, usually on the main street. Charlie and Dick Briggs had a wee shop which Bill Greaves took down. Then I remember a Geordie Watts had a shop at one time in the Harry Steele building. Frank Ascher had a shop for a time in the Club 19 store, while of late years, we have had a succession of cobblers in Mike Schnabel's shop. Now we have Papetti's business in where Bill Longhurst had his Butcher shop.

CLOCK SHOPS

The first Clock tinker that I remember was an old chap named Webster who had a little shop known as the "Hole in the Wall," and he too was burned out in the big fire. Then Phil Librock came along at first, he boarded at the American Hotel and did an itinerant business, but as his business grew, he secured the Clement store and there he did business until his death, being succeeded by his son Gerald, who carried on and enlarged the business until ill health compelled his retirement. Then Tom Ferguson opened up in the Club 19 store, later on going into partnership with Bert St. John in the Zoeger store. They then moved to the Liquor store building. When they broke up, Ferguson sold out to Jim Connolly and St. John to Will Campbell.

Both Connolly and Librock added to their original business until both have gradually but completely changed. Both now do a business in gifts, stationary, tobacco supplies and both are a distinct asset to the Town and quite different to anything done in my early days.

November 11th, 1954

HOTELS

Another change that has come about in our Town is that of Hotels. I have known of no less than nine of them in my time and now the number is greatly diminished. In the centre of the Town, there were four at one time and two that had been hotels. Four of these buildings have been removed. Where the Doyle Hotel stood at the corner of Picton and Davy Streets, there is now but a vacant lot. Jimmy Doyle was known all over the country and he had a clientele of boarders that would not stay anywhere else. One the site of Ern. Kemsley's building there was a frame hotel known as "The Whitewings. Bill Long kept it before he built the one on the corner of Picton and King Streets. The last person that I remember as keeping hotel there was Mrs. Mary Sherlock. Pat O'Neil bought it later on and he had a large picture theatre on the site during the First Great War, afterwards removing it and replacing it with the present building. On the corner of Market and King Streets, there used to be an old frame structure known as "The Pacific," and in my early days, it was occupied by Billy Diamond and used as a boarding house, although it had been an hotel. After Billy's time, it was divided into three apartments, the corner one of which was the place of business of Alf. Armstrong. Plumber & Tinsmith. When the N.S. & T. Railway came along in 1913, they arranged with the Town which owned the land, to compensate the owners of the buildings and remove them to make way for a Station. Armstrong's part was moved to Prideaux Street, where it is now the home of George Corus. Addison's part, that facing on Market Street was moved to the part of Market Street, west of the Courthouse, and is now a dwelling house formerly owned by Mrs. John Bolton. The Walsh Hotel on Queen Street has vanished as a hotel, but it now houses Bob Howse as a Grocery, also a Poolroom and a Shoe Repair shop. The old "Centre House" stood on the corner of Queen and Victoria Streets and used to be occupied by Biddy Mayo who kept boarders there. After her decease, it was used for various businesses, but was finally taken down. The two hotels at the Dock are still in business, but the Queen's Royal and the two at Chautauqua have long since been removed, one of them "The Hotel Chautauqua," or as it was later called, the Strathcona," by fire.

LIVERY STABLES

There used to be what *were* called Livery Stables in Town. I remember that of Bill Donnelly on King Street, about where John Tiffin's house now stands. After Donnelly gave up the business, Bert Currie acquired it and moved the stable to the site of Greene's stable. He later sold out to Bob Cumpson. Dan Waters had a livery stable on Regent Street, just where Walter Summers' house is now. Mike Greene bought that business when Dan Waters passed away and he and Bob Cumpson formed a partnership. Later on, Greene bought Cumpson out and Bob took up the Longhurst coal business. Steve Sherlock ultimately bought the Waters' property and used it for various purposes. Steve established a livery business on Ricardo Street and he pioneered the motor car livery business. His first two cars were Reos and his drivers were Frank Currie and Ed. Keith.

Tommy May, after he left the American Army, came here to live, having married a Niagara girl, and he set up a livery business on Queen Street. Quite a number of men did a bus or stage business. Greene, Sherlock, May, Bob Allen, Jim Brady, Dave Coleman, Jim Humphries and Jack Abbott were among these. There was a regular stage run between Niagara and St. Catharines for many years. Among the drivers on that run, I remember Jack Abbott, Bob Allen and Jim Cumpson. Tommy May for years made a regular run to and from Chautauqua. These men, too, picked up a bit of money plying between Paradise Grove and Town when there were picnics at the Grove and there were many of these in the summer.

PLUMBING & TINSMITHS

There has been much change in the Plumbing and Tinsmith businesses. When I was young, there was no aluminum ware and no granite or enamel ware. Iron pots and kettles were the common thing and some copper or brass could be seen. Washtubs were either wooden or tin. There was no plumbing so there were no plumbers. I remember William Turner, the first Tinsmith that I remember. He, at one time, had a shop where the Fry Store is now; he afterwards moved to the shop now the abode of John Bolton, and his last. Harry Wilson worked for him in the Fry store. I remember going there one night with John McKeown, mate of the Corona, on the night after she was burned to have Harry make a long galvanized iron pump. Having watched Harry making the pump, we went to the waterfront and embarked for the American shore above the Youngstown wharf. There lay the hulk of the Steamer and four of us pumped all night to keep her from sinking.

November 18th, 1954

With the coming of the Waterworks came the Plumbers and the plumbing. mentioned in my last article Alf. Armstrong. Alf was a very locquacious fellow and usually known as "Windy," and his place of business was known as "The Cave of the Winds." He was a good workman however, and ultimately moved to Toronto which he evidently thought was a wider field for his work. He had a family of boys and a girl or two. Three of the boys served during the First Great War and so did one daughter. I knew them all and numbered them among my friends. Another good mechanic who followed much the same line of Tinsmithing and Plumbing, was Sam Crawford. He lived and had a shop at the place that stood on Picton Street, just west of Mrs. Clara Parker's place. Sam was a machinist really but he wasn't any too fond of work, but when he did work, you could depend on his work being good. He too took his departure to Toronto Another who plied the same calling was a man named Haines, who did business for a while in what is now the Home Bakery. He went to st. Catharines from here. He had been in the Army during the First War and did not stay here very long.

ELECTRICIANS

Another change in work came about with the Electric Light. This brought W.S. James and McKenzie & Nolan. James didn't linger here very long and McKenzie & Nolan succeeded him, doing business at first in the Bank Building were Dove and Rothwell are now. Art Nolan, Mac's partner, left here and went to Fort Erie, but Mac is still going strong in the building which he acquired on leaving the Rowley Block. Then for a time, we had Bradley & Watt, who had worked for McKenzie. They did business in one of the small stores near Bob Howse's. Tim Watt left here and is now in Toronto. But Joe Bradley is still with us and going strong. We have also the Lee Bros., Harry and John, good workmen too. All these men do plumbing and electric work, and I consider that the town is well served in their various lines.

EAVETROUGHS

How many of my readers have ever seen the old style wooden eavetroughs They were quite common when I was young. Anybody could make them. It was simply a case of nailing long pine boards together lengthwise in a "V" shape and smearing them with a bit of pitch. They were supported by wooden brackets. Galvanized iron had not then appeared and tin rusted too soon.

BLACKSMITHS

I remember when we had several Blacksmith shops in Town. There used to be one on Regent Street in the old stone building that is now just an eyesore. It was Monro's. Steve Sherwood worked there as long as I could remember. Tom Monro, one of the family, also did work there when he felt like it. He was a good workman, too, but preferred to work outside rather than in the shop. Some, at least, will remember Campbell's shop on Queen Street, where the theatre now stands. William Campbell was not only a good workman, but a good and useful citizen. I sat with him on the High School Board and on the Town Council. He was prominent in St. Andrew's Church circles and was always keenly interested in public affairs. Another plant of note, was Platt's on Johnson Street. This was originally a Carriage Factory, Blacksmithing being part of their activities. At one time, they had four or five apprentices besides finished workmen. Another William Campbell was apprenticed there. He was a relative of the other Campbells and lived on Prideaux Street, in the house where the Caughill's live now. Jim Coleman was one of the last Blacksmiths who worked at Platts. He later on moved the business to Queen Street and had his shop just where Jim Elliott recently built a dwelling. Jim was a good man and served the Town and the United Church in various ways. Bill Gollop took over his business and later moved it across the street to the rear of his home. Oliver Taylor was another of our good Blacksmiths. The last place where he had his shop was on the lane to the rear of his dwelling on Platoff Street. Oliver was a good man at his calling but was not strong physically and did not stick closely to his Forge. He served for a time as Ontario Policeman on the Dock and at another time was Fishery Overseer.

NEWSPAPERS

I was asked a question about Local Papers the other night. There have been just the two, the Times and the Advance in my time. The former was started by Pickwell Brothers in the Zoeger Store, late moving to the Marino Store. Rev. J. S. Clarke bought the paper and moved it to the store now occupied by the Hydro. Jim Skelton followed Mr. Clarke and lastly, Hiram Mosher wound it up. He was just a Printer and moved the Plant to the Stewart Building. He finally gave up and the plant lay idle until Harrison & Millar built the present Harrison building. They moved the machinery there and brought E. H. Brennan to run the Advance for them. He took it over and moved to the Zoeger Store and from there to Ern. Kemsley's building where it was acquired by the Young's and moved to its present location.

November 25th, 1954

Of course, you understand that in my former article, I have not said all that could be said about Newspapers in our Town. There have been only the two that I have already mentioned in my

time, but there were others which purported to publish Local News, the first of these being the Youngstown News. This was edited and managed by William Smith, a Niagara man. He was a Fenian Raid Veteran and knew the Town and its people like a book and he often indulged in a bit of leg pulling at the expense of some of his old cronies and many a quiet chuckle he indulged in when he succeeded in stirring up a bit of talk. He had quite a circulation here, and he called the edition which came over here, the Niagara News. Then there was Bill Newton, who conducted a column in the Niagara Falls Review. He was an excitable young man and took himself very seriously. Billy Smith used to take a delight in stirring him up. He would refer to him as William McNoodle Dewton, which was a slight alteration in his actual cognomen.

Newton ultimately gave up and took himself and his talents to New York, where he did very well at Newspaper work. He returned to his native town years afterwards and lived alone in the old Family house on Queen Street, the house in which Allan Harrison now resides. Then we have had columns in three different St. Catharines papers, the Star, the Journal and the Standard, the first two of which are now defunct. I have done some writing for all three, my sister Mrs. Ascher having represented the Standard for many years, and I frequently reported various gathering for her.

Perhaps, many of my readers do not quite appreciate the value of a local paper, but I feel that it is a most valuable asset to a Town. In it you can air your views on mostly any subject which may interest you and your fellow citizens. As long as the editors will give you space. *It is a pretty nice thing to be able to record the names of your visitors or the doings of the various bodies which are active in our midst. Why a well run and well patronised local paper is just like chatting with a group of friends. Of course, one does not look for world news in a small town weekly paper, but its a darned nice thing to read about your friends and their doings. It is a pleasure even to read the advertisements in your home town paper.*

CHILD VANDALISM

Having said these nice things, I wish to say something that is not so nice. I think parents and school teachers should have their attention called to some things which school children do on their way along our streets and paths. Not many years ago, there were very few children of school age in our part of town. Now there is quite a parade of them and we notice their actions as they pass along. Just lately, some of them have taken to scribbling with chalk on fences and

sidewalks. And some of their scribbling is positively indecent. For instance, there appeared on the sidewalk, a statement in large chalk letters that a certain girl named was behaving in an indecent was with the son of a prominent business man. Also, some obscene things have appeared on fences nearby. One might well ask what kind of parents have these children and how comes it that they are allowed unlimited access to supplies of chalk.

Now, I like children, but I must admit that some of them are being allowed too much liberty and a lack of discipline. Just recently, the Masonic fraternity went to a lot of expense decorating their hall. A window shutter that had been damaged had been replaced and now I see in passing that busy fingers have again damaged the shutter. Some of the slats have been removed and others damaged. There may have been other similar happenings in other parts of the Town, but that is beyond my vision. Just recently, the Caretaker of St. Mark's graveyard told me of seeing two boys deliberately pull up newly made signs in the graveyard put their for the guidance of visitors. When he called to them, they took to their heels and as they went out of the gate, they made dirty signs telling him what he could do. I should strongly advise closing up the gateway on Ricardo Street, as it never was meant to furnish a highway for all kinds of rift raft. It is high time that parents and teachers of school age children woke up to the filth that seems to be seeping into the young of our Town.

December 2nd, 1954

ELECTION FEVER

Just now, we are into the season of Municipal stock taking when the various holders of office for 1954 are looked over by the people whose affairs they have been managing. It is now that some men who have ambitions towards leadership in their communities become friendly towards all and have malice towards none, except of course, the fellow who beat them out last year and whose scalp they are out to get this time, darn their buttons. Having been through the mill a good many times, I can understand and sympathise with both victor and vanquished in any election contest. To put oneself in the position of just the man on the street, the fellow who pays the piper is something else, when he may ask himself if he is satisfied if anyone member of his Council has done or been anything worthwhile. Taking it all in all, most of the men who occupy the seats of the mighty, do the best they can for you and me.

It is the duty and the privilege of you, Mr. or Mrs. Voter, to pass judgement on them, but should they deserve your encomiums, why give them a pat on the back, but for goodness sake, don't hit them too hard. And don't expect any man or woman that you put into office to work miracles. And when you come to judge a man's record, there are several things to take into

consideration. For instance, what kind of crowd did he have to work with. I well remember my first year in Council. Frankly, I wasn't wanted. I was not consulted about what was going to come up at a meeting, except once, when they needed my vote. A first year man, as a rule, doesn't rate very highly. That goes particularly for County Council. These County bodies consist of men who are the most experienced in their local communities and consequently they collectively represent the brains of the County. And County business is entirely different from that of a local Council. I found that these fellows who form the County Council can size up a newcomer pretty quickly.

Then too, voters and taxpayers have their duty to perform. They should keep a watchful eye on the people whom they put in office. If they see anything that needs doing, they should speak their piece and no man worth his salt will resent criticism. After all, it is the people who do things who are objects of criticism. We are looking forward to a year when Niagara will really be on the Map. All the world will have an eye on us and it behooves us to put on our best bib and tucker and look our best. So, if any of my readers feel like helping to make the Town look its best, why not look about you and see if you can find anything that needs doing or mending and if you do, let the Council know in whatever way you think will be the most effective to get those things done.

I remember that one day while I was Clerk, a man came in who was full of complaints and he proceeded to enter them into the Complaint Book which I always kept handy. I suppose most of us could find something to complain about if we cared to do so. It is not a bad sign when people complain. It shows that they are interested and you must remember that public business is not the business of Councilor Police alone, but is yours and mine as well. I could find a few little things in my own part of the town if I really wanted to. For instance, nearly everyone in this part of the Town uses the short cut through the Park. I can remember when Joe Bottomley was in Council and he it was who had the path laid out and gravelled. Nearby, the Picton Street end and down in the hollowware two spots that are muddy and going down the hill is a rut that may give somebody a spill. At the end on Davy street, there is a hollow that is always a mud hole in wet weather. And yes, before I forget it, near the two white posts which adorn that end of the path, a stone protudes from the surface of the path and directly in the middle of it and I have stubbed my toe on the darn thing about forty-eleven times and more than once I have said "gosh" or words to that effect.

That will do for a start, although I might just hint that a few yards of earth or stone would nicely fill up the ruts at the place where Davy Street leaves Picton. Some of the members of Council are well known to *me* and I assure all of these gentleman that nothing that I have written has any personal application and I am sure that they are big enough to not mind such mild criticism

as I *have* implied. I only want to help make our Town a good Town, a better Town, in fact the best of all Towns, the TOWN OF NIAGARA.

December 9th, 1954

BUSINESSES ON THE NORTH SIDE OF QUEEN STREET

I suppose that all Towns change from time to time, not only in its buildings and streets and people, but also in the way things are done. Take the matter of shopping and storekeeping. Suppose we take a walk down our Main Street and cast an eye over our stores and the goods they sell and the diversity of their wares.

FIELDS DRUG STORE

Take Field's Drug Store. As I first remember the business as Henry Paffard ran it, it was very different. There were rows of large globular containers with inscriptions displayed on them which were undecipherable to the uninitiated. I suppose they were in Latin, but why label them at all when nobody could read them. These *have* disappeared and been replaced by about a million different patent medicines. Then there are all kinds of smoking mixtures, a lavish display of candies and to a mere male, a bewildering multiplicity of *female* aids to beauty.

There are cards of many kinds and one thing that Henry Paffard sold occasionally was whiskey. Strictly medicinally, of course. He also sold cigars, the *very* best, of course. Cigarettes were almost unheard of and safety razors had not come into being. All in all, this is a pretty complete emporium.

THE TELEPHONE OFFICE

Let's take a look next door. The Telephone Office has come into being in my time. I remember when Joe Ooritty had it in a little shop that stood where the Zoeger building is now and he ran it all alone too. And after the present office was built, he ran it alone for a long time. Now, you find its exterior sealed with a blind and no peeping Tom may peer in at the imposing row of female pulchritude that is to be found therein. A mere male may be pardoned if he feels on entering the semisacred precincts as though he "ought to put off his shoes from off his feet." I won't go any further along that line, for fear of being greeted by a frown instead of a smile from the queen bee of that hive of industry. This is a decided and most useful change in our way of life in this Town and is remarkably well run.

THE TONSORIAL ESTABLISHMENT

Quite a contrast in outward appearance, is the Tonsorial Establishment next door. There you may see the populace being trimmed by Monsieur Curtis, whose smiling face and his efficient activities are open to the view of "you that pass by." This building was erected by Walter Campbell for Louis Frank, who was then the only Tonsorial operative in the Town.

There Louis Frank operated his business until his decease, a quiet, dignified man, respected and respectable. Of course, you must realize that this business has changed. In Mr. Frank's day, women did not patronize beauty shops and barber shops as they do now. Women's hair was her crown, dressed in various fashions, but none of them dreamed of bobbing their hair and apeing men's styles in hair dressing and hair removing. Barber business consisted chiefly in shaving men's faces and trimming their locks when they got too long. We kids never entered a barber shop. Our dads did our hair trimming and did another chore of trimming on us when they deemed us deserving of a trimming.

RESTAURANTS

Next we come to a restaurant, a usage for this building for many years and by different people. In my young days, it was the residence of the Sherlock family and Charlie Sherlock and his wife opened a restaurant there during the first World War. Since then it has housed Armstrong's Plumbing business, Demster's Bakery, Frank Thomas' Bakery, while Vern Davey, Mary Spence, Lee Shuk and several others have done a restaurant business in it. At one time, it was the residence of James Harvey, who preceded Henry Paffard in the drug business and for whom Mr. Paffard worked before taking over the business, later removing it to the corner, which had been the law office of E. C. Campbell, later County Judge. Marino's store was the drug store.

FRUIT & VEGETABLES STORES

The next building too, has seen many kinds of business. When I first remember it Mrs. Mary Sherlock had a store where she sold vegetables, some fruit, and fish. Then, after the big fire, she rented to the Rosses for their Barber Shop. After Mr. Frank moved out, it had various uses. The Pickwell brothers had their Niagara Times plant in there. I remember Frank Riley who had a fruit store in there during the First War. Then DaConza had it and if I am correct, Pete Marino came here to work for him, later on taking over the business. Peter Marino and his wife have made a success of it and deserve a lot of credit for it. They have modernized the interior and from a dingy, dimly lit and shabby interior, they have made a nice, bright place of it. To be sure,

they do not confine themselves to fruit alone, but you cannot blame them, because everybody else carries whatever commodity they think they can sell at a profit.

December 16th, 1954

The lot alongside of the Marino store, after the big fire had cleared it of buildings, came under the ownership of Mrs. Mary Sherlock and remained vacant until during the First Great War when some temporary erections were put on it. Among these who used it *were* Art Inskip, Charlie Hall, Charlie Curry and Harry Irvine. One of these buildings remained on it for some time and housed a shoemaker's business. But it was ultimately removed and the lot remained vacant until the later War came on, when Arthur Coyne came along and purchased part of it and erected the present small building to house a Drug Store. Coyne had the Field Store during the First War and then moved to St. Catharines. He finally gave it up as a Drug Store and it has since been used as a Lunch Room. This is quite a popular place and seems to fill a want. I remember a time when there wasn't a restaurant or a lunch room in St. Catharines. To be sure, there were hotels and they served good meals but nothing was available between the regular meal hours. When we had the Niagara Rifle Association, we went to Power Glen to shoot a match and we arrived from there about three o'clock in the afternoon hungry as a hunter and we hunted for a snack. Nothing doing until supper time, so we had to do without a meal till we arrived home. These were the horse and buggy days.

THE BANK BUILDING

The Bank building has seen some changes too, since S. H. Rowley had it built. It stood idle quite a lot, but it was occupied by various enterprises from time to time. William Miller's Tailoring business and Peter Healey's Shoe Emporium occupied the western store for a time. Ultimately, Billy Miller went to Brantford and Pete Healey bought the store at the corner. The other store was occupied by W. S. James. I think that must have been when the Hydro came to town. McKenzie & Nolan succeeded him and later moved to the present location along the street. Then Joe Healey moved the Post Office from the Town Building, where it remained until the present Post Office was built. The next building has seen some changes too, for it was once the dwelling of H.C. Campbell, a lawyer who became County Judge. It then stood on King Street where Mrs. Stevenson's house is now. In fact, I have seen a picture of it as it stood close to the street, up against what is now the garage in the rear of Fields' store. So it must have moved twice, for I remember it as it stood just about on the site of the Stevenson house. In my early school days, two elderly ladies named Campbell lived in it. By the way, if you want to see what Judge E. M. Campbell looked like, visit the Public Library, where a picture of him adorns the

wall. He was very prominent in Library matters, having been President of the Board from 1850 to 1860. After Mr. Rowley bought it, he moved it to its present site and made a store of it. Its first tenant after its removal was a Robert Rogers, a tailor who for years had been in the employ of T. M. Rowland and then of Robert Burns.

I think Robert Bishop came next; he had a fish store and office in it. George Goff had a Grocery store in it and later William Ryan took over that business. Jim Stewart moved his Butcher shop from across the street to it, and here he was succeeded by Art Daley, its present owner and occupant. Now, it is supposed to be a Butcher Shop, but here you can buy your groceries too and canned goods also.

Next to it, there used to be a small frame shop, also put to various uses. I remember John Sando selling stationary and newspapers there. This was the first home of the Bell Telephone Company with Joe Doritty as the lone operator. Later on, Herb Walsh had the Telegraph Office there and in the early days of the First Great War, George Reid bought it, tore it down and erected the present building as a Picture Theatre. After he acquired the present theatre, it was a Paint Shop, and afterwards a fruit store, George Greenwood being its last occupant.

THE WORDON BLOCK

The next building used to be known as "The Wordon Block," having at one time been owned by a man of that name who had a sort of department store in it. I believe it had once been a hotel called "The Victoria." The building itself has undergone some changes, as it had a third storey. As I first remember it, this upper storey was called "The Temperance Hall," and was at one time used by the Methodist Church, while the present Grace Church was being refitted, after being acquired from the Canadian Presbyterian Church. Afterwards it was used for various purposes, the Salvation Army using it for quite a long time. Two Salvation lassies named Richardson carried on the work for some time, but finally withdrew. I do not know what was the reason for their leaving us, whether they concluded that we were already saved or were beyond redemption, or just were not of much account anyway. However, more about this next week.

December 23rd, 1954

This Worden Block has seen many changes in business. On its ground floor, Tom Blain had a Dry Goods Store in the Bates' store. After he was appointed County Gaoler, he gave up business, then Tait's of St. Catharines had it for some time. Will Campbell moved his Drug Store into it

from the present Liquor Store Building and after he was done there, Jack Bates opened a similar business, and still does. But if you take a peek into his doorway, you will find many articles that do not appertain to health, beauty or medicine. Like most of our merchants, he is not averse to selling anything that will bring him in a profit and who can blame him. The centre store has had quite a variety of occupants. Tom Holahan had a Shoe Repair Shop there as I first remember it and he and his family lived upstairs over it. Harry Wilson had a Tinshop there and a man named Jordan had a Junk Shop in it. Several times it has housed Eating Establishments. Bill Harrison owned the building at one time and had a flour and food business in the building. Hiram Mosher had the Printing Plant from the Times upstairs there and a Photographer named Pratt had a studio in the same apartment.

During the First World War, I remember a tailor being in there and another tailor whose name I do not remember followed him. Now it has another line which was started by Reg. Stewart and passed along to Gus Chambers. This is a little different from the Grocery shops that were used to, in that it is self-serve. I am not just sure about the occupants of the remaining Store, but twice it had a Printery in it. The Times started up here and Ed. Brennan moved the Advance in there from the Harrison building down the street. Bert St. John began his Drug Store in there and was joined in it by Tom Ferguson with his Watchmaking and Jewelry. And now, Bill Zoeger sells mostly anything under the sun but food and machinery. I beg his pardon, he sells candy. It is a good business and seems to be popular.

When Jim Stewart acquired this building, he went at it roughsod. In the first place, he took the whole darn top off it and he mauled the inside of the remaining upstairs so that it doesn't seem like the same place. Mind you, I'm not finding fault with it or him, because he has made a pretty nice place out of it and his occupants seem satisfied, so why should he care what we say about it. The place next has had some changes too. I seem to remember a Mrs. Gurvine having a business there, but whether it was groceries or candies I am not sure. Then Geordie Watts had a Shoe Repair Shop there, and he went to the other side of the street. Our first Chinese Laundry was here, run by Sam Kee. Jim Withers had a Barbershop here and after him Miss Iona Billings had it. Then Charlie Smith's Barber Shop was here. Now it has Harry Steele in the same line and O'Flynn's Real Estate Business. I have often wondered what business it had housed that used a hoisting apparatus over the front entrance. You may have noticed the projection from under the roof. It must have been for something heavy.

TAILORING

Just across the street is Greaves building, but they didn't make jam in it when I was a lad. Tom Rowland, Dry Goods and Tailoring occupied it. In those days, it was not as simple to get a good suit of clothes as it is now. Of course, you could get cheap worling pants and overalls, but for good clothes you had to go to a good tailor. And Rowland and Bob Burns after him, kept a staff of five or six employees in the Tailoring alone upstairs, while several more worked downstairs in the shop. There is one lady still living in Town who worked for Burns, who had the business after Rowland moved to Toronto. Burns carried it on for quite a long time and then moved to Brantford. After him came Fred Rowland, a son of the former owner who carried on until his father passed on, when he too moved to Toronto. Then came Billinksater and after him, H. W. Clark. All these men were useful citizens, both the Rowlands, Inksaters and Clark serving in Council, while Bob Burns, a member of a musical family, was a very useful man in all kinds of musical organizations. Then came the Greaves family and they must have caught the infection from the building for our Lord Mayor is serJing as did his father, in Council . but they make jam, not clothing.

Section 20 SECTION NO.9December 30th, 1954**THE NORTH SIDE OF QUEEN STREET****CHARLIE BRIGGS' COBBLERSHOP**

Just alongside of the Greaves building, where they have erected a Garage, there used to be a small frame building which in former years, housed the Cobblershop of Charlie Briggs or Waxey as he was known to the habitues of his shop. Charlie was an industrious chap, a likeable fellow and straight as they make them. For some years, his brother Dick was with him in the shop. Dick had lived in the western States and was a first class workman, his familiar cognomon being Sycamore Dick. Dick was one of the Town Assessors and at the time of his death, he was Secretary of the Fire Brigade. He was knocked down by a horse in 1915 and killed while crossing the street in front of the Fire Hall. Brother Charlie carried on the shop until he became too old and finally passed on. He was very generous to his Church and many of the improvements to Grace Church were largely helped by his contributions.

THE McKENZIE BUILDING

When I first knew the McKenzie Building, it housed the Bakery of Ned Patterson. When I was young and Ned Patterson baked for the Town, not many people bought bread. Nearly every housewife baked for her family. I have to smile sometimes when I see the Bread Truck passing along our streets. I once counted 16 different outfits going along Queen Street. Billy Patterson used to make a daily round with a small one-horse outfit. He used to start out about four P.M. and be all finished by six. After Ned passed on, his son Eddie carried on for some years and finally closed up and moved to engage in other pursuits. It was here that Mrs. Swift began the making and selling of Ice Cream. After she built the present Home Bakery Shop, a Mrs. Murphy moved in and carried on in the ice cream business for a time. Jim Macphee had his bakery in there and Bill McKenzie has been here for a long time. Bill has about the only honest to goodness hardware business in the place although he keeps pretty busy with his plumbing and wiring.

CAMPBELL'S DAIRY & WILLIAM TURNER, TINSMITH

Campbell's Dairy is a new business and building and while it is useful and a busy place, there is nothing reminiscent about it. The next place deserves some mention however, although not now used in a business way. But I remember William Turner doing a Tinsmith business in it. During the First War, different enterprises were here and it was in this shop that Fred Curtis spent his apprenticeship as a Barber.

QUEEN ST. TO VICTORIA ST.

The rest of the block, from here to Victoria Street, has changed very much in my time. The Mulholland Store and adjoining dwelling have been built. This business as I remember it, was begun by the Misses Petley. As I first remember those ladies, they had what was called a Millinery Store in the building that stood on the site of the Bank building. They were burned out there in the big fire and afterwards did their business in a shop that stood where Tranter's place is now located. The first Mrs. Mulholland inherited the business from them and she and her son Tom, built it up and Joe has improved on their improvements so that now it is a credit to him and to the people of the Town. Tranter's shop is new, replacing the old one that formerly occupied the site.

THE THEATRE BUILDING

The Theatre building was erected by Mrs. Norris during the First World War. Owing to financial difficulties, she had to give it up and moved elsewhere. George Reid then bought it and moved his picture business into it, but he gave up the business with the ending of the silent pictures. On its site, there used to be two business places, the first of which was a small shop, where Bob Kearins had a Bakery. After he gave up the business, Mrs. Mara Murphy sold ice cream and candy there. And later, Bert Currie had it and also a man named Crosby.

CAMPBELL'S BLACKSMITH SHOP

Next door stood Campbell's Blacksmith Shop. How the kids liked to watch the sparks fly and it was heaven just to be allowed to pump the bellows. The horses shod there must have been numbered in the thousands. The house next door formerly stood on the corner of Simcoe and Queen Streets and was the residence of H. A. Garrett, after whose death the Mussens bought the property and sold the house to Mr. Campbell, who moved it to his present site. Mr.

Campbell was the father of the present owner and was a prominent man. I sat on the High School Board with him and also in Town Council; he served for many years as an elder of St. Andrew's Church and was altogether a very useful citizen.

January 6th, 1955

THE CENTRE HOUSE

Across Victoria Street, on the corner, there used to be a rambling frame building called "The Centre House." It had been a tavern and in my early days, it was occupied by an old lady known as Biddy Mayo. In the early days of our Town, there do not seem to have been hotels, but taverns. I remember seeing in old Town Records where the Town Council granted licenses to keepers of Taverns and Recesses. I do not know what constituted a "recess," (a quiet and secluded spot) but I suppose it was a place of public refreshment as were the Taverns. At any rate, Biddy Mayo had no license in my time, but she did a bit of entertaining. After she passed away, the old place was used for various purposes for a time. McClelland's stored ice in it for several years, but it was finally torn down. Jim Coleman bought the property and built his house on it and had his Blacksmith Shop just where Jim Elliott has lately built a neat cottage.

HARRISON'S BUSINESS BLOCK

Harrison's business block is a comparatively modern one and was formerly the site of the dwelling places. Now it is one of the busiest places in the neighbourhood. There you can buy anything in the building line, besides all kinds of hardware.

THE CONNOLLY HOUSE

Next door, the old Connolly home has been transformed into a series of business places. If Tommy, John or Crookie or King could come back, they wouldn't know the old place. Here you find Jim Usher in his den, dealing in Real Estate and Insurance. Here you can get law, or photographs or you can buy yourself rich from Simpson-Sears.

TOMMY MAY'S HOUSE

And right next door, Tommy May's house has become a warehouse for antiques. I remember when Tommy first came there. The house had been the home of Jack Thompson and his family and Tommy married Julia, a daughter. Tommy started out with a team and a rig which in those

days was called a bus or stage. For years, he plied between Town and Chautauqua and then he got himself a fliwer and built himself quite a business. He was a well known man and served nine years in Town Council.

JOHN SANDO'S HOUSE

Next door there was a house that I best remember as the home of John Sando. The Sandos were Butchers and I remember them doing business in the Harry Steel store. John served in the Customs in his latter years.

THE ROGER'S BLOCK

Across Gate Street on the corner there was a substantial brick building known as the Roger's Block. This building had about the first metal roof in the Town and this roof was clearly visible from the Lake and made quite a mark for setting nightlines and nets. I do not remember any regular business carried on in it in my time. The Christian Endeavour of St. Andrew's Church used to meet in it on the ground floor. And our Town Band had the hall upstairs. At one time, there was a roller skating rink in the same hall. Roller skating at one time, was all the rage. A man from Youngstown ran the rink, but like a great many other things, it "had its day and ceased to be." The building was finally taken down and its site is vacant.

ST. VINCENT'S PRESBYTERY

Not many changes have been made on the remainder of this side of the street so let us being on the other side near Wellington Street. But first, about the Presbytery of St. Vincent Church. I well remember when this was built. The one which preceeded it was sold to Miss Janet Carnochan and moved to Platoff Street. She lived in it until her home on Castlereagh Street was built.

THE SEPARATE SCHOOL

And, by the way, the Separate School on Davy Street nearby was closed while I was attending Public School. Miss Carnochan, in her History places, the year of its closing as in 1871, while Mrs. Phelps in her recent article in the Standard places it in 1876. I don't like to differ from these ladies, but you can take it from me that they are both wrong. In the 7th year of may age,

that is 1878, I was sent to school and we dock kids used a lane that was in between my house and the churchyard and along Davy Street to our School and I may tell you that we had to run the gauntlet of a barrage of stones from the boys of the other school. My first teacher was Miss Bella Flannigan who later married John Carnochan. When the Catholic School was closed, I was shifted to another room. where I was taught by Miss Bella Blain, who began her career as a Teacher in our School at that time. It should be easy to check the Public School records as to the date of her employment which should prove to be after the summer holidays in 1878. The complete staff of the school would thus be found to be Mr. George Cork, Miss Augusta Winterbottom, Miss Bella Flannigan and Miss Bella Blain.

January 13th, 1955

BUSINESSES ON SOUTH SIDE OF QUEEN STREET

On the lot where there is now a Service Station, Tom Hart built a large structure during the First War, where various entertainments were furnished for the Troops in Camp. When the war was over, the building was taken down and re-erected on Facer Street in St. Catharines. The lot then was allowed to become in arrears for Town Taxes and was taken over by the Town, as nobody wanted to buy it. However, Ed. Keith did buy it and started a filling station on it, which has been enlarged by the present owner.

THE MOFFAT HOUSE

The large apartment building known as the Berge Apartments was formerly the Moffat House, kept by a lady of that name, but in my time, it formed part of the Doyle Hotel. I have been told that the late James Doyle started his hotel career by working for Mrs. Moffatt for the princely salary of four dollars a month. He later owned the whole of the Doyle Hotel, which was well known for its good fare and homelike atmosphere. However, after his decease, after being run by various parties, it was finally taken down and its place knows it no more. Its busy corner now has nothing but grass and shrubs and where once rang the tinkle of glasses and jovial laughter, silence reigns, except for the passing of the noisy modern traffic. On the John Reid corner across the way, there were several temporary businesses during the First War and these were discontinued after the War.

HENRY EVANS CANDY SHOP

Then we come to what was once the Candy Shop of Henry Evans. To us kids, he was known as Candy Evans and it was there we spent our coppers. He was a genial old gentlemen, liked and respected by young and old.

SAM CRAWFORD, PLUMBER & TINSMITH

Just alongside of his place, there used to be a frame store and dwelling, since removed, whose last tenant was Sam Crawford, Plumber and Tinsmith. Sam was a happy-go-lucky chap who never worried about money. A first class workman, he was too, later going from here to Toronto.

"THE WHITEWINGS HOTEL"

On the site of Ern. Kemsley's building, there was a frame hotel known as "The Whitewings," and it was kept by Bill Long, before he built the one on the corner. His mother, Mrs. Henry Long kept it for a time after she was burnt out of the Lake View House. The last one I remember as running it was Mrs. Mary Sherlock. Pat O'Neil built a large picture theatre on its site during the First War, afterwards taking it down and putting up the present building. This was used by the United Workmen as a lodge room for some time. Ed Brennan moved his Niagara Advance into it afterwards, disposing of the business to the Youngs, who later on moved to their present site.

As I remember the house now occupied by Mrs. Gordon, it was divided into three separate dwellings, each with an outer door opening onto a porch which extended the whole length of the front.

The site of the Hotel on the corner was an open cellar way bestrewn with stones and rubble from Barr's building, which had been burned before my time. Bill Long built the Hotel and it had a far flung reputation as a decently kept place of refreshment with the best of meals. Long did not encourage loafers about his establishment and being the well known and respected citizen that he was, endeavoured to keep himself and his hotel deserving of its reputation. After Mr. Long retired, Pat O'Neil bought the place and ran it successfully until his death. He built the large addition on the rear of the place. It has been owned and run by various people and has changed its name. In Long's time, it was known as Long's Hotel. Pat O'Neil called it "The Niagara House," and now it is known as "The Prince of Wales." I think it was Wilfred Brownlee who so named it.

THE CONNOLLY BUILDING

Across the way is the Connolly Building. I remember it very well as a plain dwelling house, owned and occupied by George A Clement. In the rear part of it, James B. Secord had an office. He was Division Court Clerk and dealt in Real Estate and Insurance. He also took orders for coal and wood. I was looking at a picture of it just the other day as it was before being altered.

The late Revd. J. C. Clarke had his Niagara Times in the western part of the building. Jim Skelton who succeeded him, gave up the newspaper business and Hiram Mosher who acquired the plant, moved it elsewhere. Jim Connolly has made extensive alterations in the business as his activities expanded. For a long time, he had a restaurant in the western part of the building but now the Local Hydro occupies it for their office and show room. Mr. Connolly's business is very popular with Summer people and local people alike and deservedly so.

January 20th, 1955

THE CLEMENT, FIREHALL, LIBROCK, & FOLLETT STORES

In Squire Clement's day, he owned the Connolly building and the lot adjoining, including the store thereon now the store of the Pagets. Now there is the Town Firehall built in 1911 and paid for by the Firemen. The store, after Mr. Clement's passing was purchased by Phil Librock, where he set up his Watchmaking and Jewelry business in a very modest way. Next door was the Follett Store. The building itself has not changed much although its occupants have. Mrs. Follett, Fred Best, her son-in-law, Dick Allen, Allen & Matthews and H. Reid & Son have been the successive operators of this business. The somewhat dingy interior has very much changed. Gone is the row of tea caddies, the cracker barrel, the molasses barrel and sundry similar containers. This building stands out above its neighbours, in that it has a third storey, which was used for years as a Lodge Room by the United Workmen.

THE CHRYSLER STORE

The Chrysler store next, has received modern windows and since the death of Henry Chrysler has become the property of the Doyle Family. It has been occupied by St. John & Ferguson, Druggists and Jewellers, by William Campbell who succeeded St. John in the Drug business, Lee

Shuk had his restaruant there and was followed by the Government Liquor store. Now it is kept nicely painted, but you who happen to be those who do not patronize such a place, will not see much of its interior as it is kept as closely walled as an Moslem maiden. One who is of the uninitiated, may wonder why a legitimate business such as this and the beer parlours, should shroud their premises in such secrecy. One could almost conclude that either the operators of these places or their customers were ashamed of being seen within.

The old Town Hall has not changed much except that it does not contain the Post Office, the Customs Office or the Bank.

BISHOP & SHERLOCK BUILDINGS

The buiidings next have made many changes in their usages. Steve Sherlock bought both of them some years ago when nobody seemed to have any use forthem or at least was not interested sufficiently to invest any money in them.

The Clock Tower Cenotaph on Queen Street, built in 1922 as a monument to fallen heroes, has become a symbol of downtown NOTL.

As I first remember the one next to the Town Hall, Jack Bishop had his grocery and butcher business there. The Butcher Shop used to be at the rear of the Grocery part. Afterwards, the Butcher Shop was moved next door. After Jack Bishop's passing, Peter Bishop took over the business, later moving to his present place on King Street. Bob Chapman had the Butcher business for a time.

as did Vern Davey. Later Jime Stewart took it on and moved over to the present Daly Store. The first store housed a variety of businesses since Peter Bishop moved out. Dr. Buell Avery owned the property for a time and he had an Undertaking Parlour there, operated by J. M. Roleson, who later went to Ottawa. After that, Bert Currie had a Poolroom there and lived upstairs. Then George Thomas ran the Poolroom for quite a while. I remember a Poolroom being run upstairs by Frank Bishop, a brother of Jack. A Bakery firm from Niagara Falls had a branch in the store but closed it up when the last War came along. The Niagara Advance moved in from their former location on Picton Street.

The next building was Walsh's Hotel in my young days. The small shop where the shoe repair business is, was Bill Longhurst's Butcher shop and the next one was the Bar room of the Hotel. The rest of the building was the Hotel proper. A man named Kozar opened a business before

the late War broke out and he sold out to the Eddie Carnochans and departed soon after he came as he was under suspicion of being a German sympathizer. Different people ran the Hotel after the Walshs'. Pat O'Neil had it for a time and Dick Reid ran it for him. Charlie Smith had his barber business in one of the small stores for a time before moving across the street to the Harry Steele store. I remember when they had the front of this building cleaned off for repainting. I saw the name of Long emerge from the covering of old paint. I do not know whether this would be Mrs. H. Long, who was in the Lake View House when I was young. She was the mother of Bill Long. She also had a place across the street at one time, near the Marino store. I should like to say here that these remarks of mine are not to be taken as history, because I may make mistakes; they are more in the nature of a friendly chat and I only hope that people like them.

January 24th, 1955

On the next corner is a substantial brick building that has also seen some changes. I first remember it as the place of business of Harry Woodington. Here he had a general store, while next door where Easton's Order Office is, was the Liquor Store. Harry died suddenly in the basement of the store and after his death, his wife Margery carried on the store, but disposed of the liquor business.

Later on she married Joe Bottomley, a commercial traveller. Mr. Bottomley served three years in Council, 1907 to 1909. It was he who laid out the gravel path through the Park. He died while on a trip to England. Jim Macphee had his Bakery in there before he acquired the premises where the Home Bakery is now.

Miss Iona Billing had her Shoe Business there, after moving from the Harry Steele place across the street. Lionel Magder bought her business and still carried on as "The Family Store." There was at one time, another store building alongside of this building. It was a Dry Goods store and was run by George Woodington, a brother of Harry. It was burned down and George moved to Winnipeg. The Eatons Office has occupied the small store for a considerable time, but I don't recall who had it before them.

The two small stores next to where Mike Schnabel is now, were built during the First Great War and have had a variety of businesses in them. Jack Schmidt was the Tailor before Schnabel in that store and Mike has been with us for a long timenow. Both were masters of their craft and I hope to see Mike around for a long time. Several shoe repair men were in one of these stores. Bob Burtwell, Bullock and Chivers among them.

LYNCH'S HARNESS SHOP & ARMSTRONG'S TINSMITH SHOP

There was a building between Schnabels and the Home Bakery where Paddy Lynch had his harness shop. Paddy was a well known and popular fellow, liked by everyone. He was Assistant Chief of the Fire Brigade for many years. After his passing, Alf Armstrong had his Tinshop there before he left to move to Toronto.

After Macphee bought the property, the building was moved to Market Street and is now the home of Dave Carson. Tommy May did some nice repairing in it for a time.

SWIFTS' ICE CREAM PARLOUR

The Home Bakery Store was built by Walter Campbell, a brother of Herb, for Swift and there she set up her Ice Cream Business, having moved from the McKenzie store across the street. After the Swifts passed away, some people named Bates had the business for a time. After them, a man named Haines had a Plumbing Business there for a time before Macphee bought the place. He built the Bakery proper at the rear and bought the land for a rear entrance from Regent Street.

February 3rd, 1955

THE SLINGERLAND, WALKER, INSKEEP PROPERTY

The land beyond the Bakery was vacant in my young days, until you came to the Henry Paffard house on the corner of Victoria Street. Mel Slingerland came to Town and built a car repair shop and the house in which the present Mel Slingerland lives. Later on the place became the property of Frank Walker of Virgil. Art Inskeep took it on and ran it for quite a while, till Art Wilson loomed on the Town's horizon and outbid Art Inskeep who moved out.

HENRY PAFFARD

Henry Paffard was quite an amateur gardener and took a pride in his garden, where he grew figs and other things not usually found hereabouts. But like everybody will in time, Mr. Paffard grew old and retired from business.

More than that, he sold his property and went w,e st to live with a daughter. What a transformation has taken place in the house and garden he prized so highly. Two ladies. Mrs.

Boehme and Mrs. Cheney bought the property and lived there for some years. They moved the Fred Greaves house from its place where it nestled against the bigger house to its present position. Joe Healey bought the property next and there he and his sister and brother lived until he too passed away. The Stittlers owned it for a time, but finally sold it and the British-American Oil Company came on the scene. The house was moved off and the present structure replaced it with Art Inskeep in charge, and once more Art Wilson replaced Art Inskeep. The next change came when Greaves built their concrete structure between Fred Greaves' house and the Wilson menage. So the whole aspect of that block has changed.

McCLELLAND'S

The next block has not changed so much. The McClelland store is still there, but the Butcher shop on the west side has been added to it. This part of the business was formerly carried on in the rear part of the main store. The interior of this business has been altered and modernized. When I first knew the place, its interior was dingy and poorly lighted. Now it has become an attractive place, so much so, that it has drawn those light fingered gentry whom nobody wants.

THE POST OFFICE

Next, our Dominion Government built a compact brick structure and placed the home of Her Majesty's Mail therein. A good building, with all modern conveniences and more central than the old site, but a lot further for us from the dock to walk.

THE HINDLE - GALLOP PROPERTY

Bill Gollop has the house next door, once the home of Sam Hindle and his family. Bill has his Blacksmith shop behind his house.

THE MATTHEWS - CURTIS PROPERTY

The frame house next door was the home of Jim Matthews and his large family, but Jim has gone and his family dispersed. Fred Curtis performed tonsorially in part of it for some time and various families occupied it.

THE GARRETT - GILROY - STEVENS PROPERTY

The brick house next, lately the home of Fred Garrett, has been the abode of a lot of people. When I was young, a family named Gilroy lived there. Alfred Stevens and his mother lived there for quite a while, and Johnny Courtney had it.

THE GIBSON - IANSING - McCONKEY PROPERTY

The corner lot next was vacant for a long time. There had been, at one time, a large business block on it, but it was burnt long before my time. A man named Gibson finally bought it and built the present pretentious house on it.

After he was gone, Watts Lansing bought the property and made some changes and additions to the home. Mr. Lansing had a very fine garden which was much admired. After his decease, Lew McConkey had it and used it as a rooming and lodging house. Most of us remember Mr. McConkey as he served five years as Mayor, besides making himself useful in many other ways. He succeeded me as Head of the Cottage Hospital Board when I was forced to retire due to ill health.

He received a good appointment in Oshawa and is making good there.

THE GARRETT BLOCK

Most of the next block belonged at one time to H. A. Garrett. The house on the corner is now owned by Dr. Bennett of Buffalo. This house formerly stood further over on the lot, but Mr. Garrett moved it to its present site and added to it. The rear part of it was once a school and stood on the corner of Miss Ball's lot at Johnson and Gate Streets.

The next house was built for the Goodwin Bernards by Ed. Lee. They inhabited it for a good many years and it was finally sold, Dr. Bannister being the present owner and occupant. H. A. Garrett's house stood on the next corner, close to the street and after his passing, the Mussens bought the house and sold it to W. J. Campbell, who moved it to its present site. Joe Mussen was quite a man. He served as Mayor during the years 1921 until the fall of 1923 when he resigned, succeeded by me for the balance of his term.

February 10th, 1955

WIND DAMAGE - BRIDGE TOPPLED

I should like to vary my remarks on our Main Street, just for this issue, to make mention of other matters. I saw in the St. Catharines Standard a few days ago, an article about an ice bridge at the Falls, wherein mention is made of a former one which carried away a bridge. They put the date as 1938, which is wrong. The correct years was 1937. Many will remember that our Steamboat Wharf was destroyed by the same jam. James Gairdner was Mayor that year, his last in that office. I personally wrote to Mr. Enderby in Montreal, who was head of the Canada Steamships and he came to Niagara and Mr. Gairdner and I met him at the Wharf. The Toronto manager had made up his mind to abandon Niagara and make Queenston their only port of call on the River. It was decided to reduce the size of the Wharf to its present dimensions. Having spent most of my life around the River, he asked me for advice on several items about the location and size of the Wharf. Our interview with him was most amiable. The Town undertook to do certain work, which I may tell you cost the Town about One Thousand Dollars, but everybody was happy about it. The Town records will bear me out as to the year in which this took place. Gordon Paget has told me that he has lately come across an old newspaper which tells something about it and the year was 1937, according to it.

WHARF DAMAGE

Not so many will remember of Ice Jam of 1909. I have an old notebook in which I made notes of that one. It certainly raised hub with things in the Lower River. It did some damage to the Canada Steamship Wharf here but not nearly so much as the one in 1937. Wharves at J. J. Wright's, Warrens, Jackson's and so on up to Queenston and Lewiston were just brushed aside like straws. On Wednesday, April 7th, 1909, we had a heavy gale of wind from the southwest, which did immense damage over the country, tearing down fences, unroofing barns, uprooting trees, etc. Mind you. the weather was quite mild, but the next day, the whole of the Lake Erie ice was driven into the River and the next day, the River was jammed. I was coming home along the Railroad and stood to watch the slow progress of the ice and just about 12:30, it stopped. It did not finally resume its way to the Lake until the 27th. The American Army Engineers did a lot of blasting a day or two before the finish, but the ice was too soft for their explosives to have any effect. The shores up the River on all the points were shaved as clean as if someone had taken a giant plane and gone over them. I suppose that not many will remember as far back as 1888. Some time in February of that year, we had another duster from the southwest and it blew down the Upper Bridge at the Falls, a Suspension one. I remember reading of the adventure of a Doctor who was the last man to cross before the fall of the Bridge. He was on

foot and had to get down on hands and knees and had just arrived at the American side. when the whole structure went over with a mighty crash. It was replaced by a bridge which the ice destroyed in 1937.

Outside of the land damage, which I have mentioned, our Waterfront suffered hardly any injury. We had a Fog Bell Tower on the embankment, at Fort Mississauga. Mr. Edward Wootten was the man in charge of it. It was toppled over and was never replaced. The flagstaff at Fort Niagara was blown down and whole sections of wooden sidewalks were blown across the road along the front of the Officers' quarters. The Stage on the River Road from Lewiston to Youngstown was blown over and a Captain Myer, who was a passenger, sustained a broken arm. We fellows who have been about the Lake and River have seen many things and get a different slant on things that landmen do. It reminds me of what the Psalmist says, "They that go down to the Sea in Ships and do their Business in Great Waters, these see the works of the Lord and His wonders in the deep." Our wee craft are not usually called "ships", but we do see many things and often have calise to remember them.

February 17th, 1955

OUR MAIN STREET

In our last chat on our Main Street, I was referring to Mr. Mussen. He was a very outstanding man in many ways, but was not always easy to get on with. He was the centre of quite a controversy about a War Memorial. Several such things were talked of after the first Great War and after a Public Meeting was held to discuss the matter, it was decided to submit two plans to a vote of the people, the one for a Clock Tower, the other for a Hospital. The vote was taken and the Clock Tower and Mr. Mussen won. General Nelles had sponsored the idea of a hospital and although his idea did not carry, he and other proceeded with plans for a hospital. I may mention here that the funds for the Memorial were the proceeds of a sale of Victory Bonds, while the Hospital was financed by private means. The Ladies Hospital Auxiliary did nobly in canvassing for funds and by other efforts of their own in that behalf.

CRYSLER - MAC BAIN HOUSE

JlIst across the street from the Mussen house are two buildings, one on either side of Simcoe Street. The one now known as the MacBain House, was at one time the home of R.M. Crysler, who had a store on the corner where McConkey Manor stands. Afterwards, Lawyer C. L. Hall had it. As I remember it, a Buffalo man, Page M. Baker lived in it before D. R. MacBain had it.

THE RICHARDSON - LOCKHART HOUSE

The other one, surrounded by an acre of ground seems to have passed through many hands. It was outside the limits of the Town as originally laid out and consequently has no lot number. The first name we find connected with it was that of Charles Richardson, a Lawyer and later James Lockhart, a prominent merchant had it. The first person that I personally remember as living there was Fred Paffard, who I have understood was a Wholesale Druggist. He was a brother of Henry Paffard, our oftime Mayor and Mrs. Billups who is still with us, is Fred Paffard's daughter. A number of Americans have since owned it. I remember a man named Birge and he it was, who added the wing on the Simcoe Street side. Afterwards, A. K. Silverthorne, a lumber merchant of Buffalo had it. He, with several others in the same line, were put out of business by some activities of the American Government and he had to sell out here. Mrs. Robert Gooderham bought it and it is still in the hands of a branch of her family.

THE LANSING - STRATHY - THOMAS PROPERTY

The remaining houses on our Main Street, all face the Mississauga Common and Lake Ontario. The first house we come to is that of Mr. L. W. DeGraff of Buffalo. I think it was built by Watts Lansing, but the first people I remember as living it was a family named Strathy of Toronto, a Banker. One man who owned it for quite a long time was E. R. Thomas of Buffalo. Mr. Thomas was a rather short and very fussy man. His business was the manufacture of motor cars and engines. He had one of the first cars to be used about our streets, a red one, powered by one of his own engines.

He was also fond of the water and owned a couple of motor boats, one of them a quite large motor yacht, with which he used to entertain parties of guests. He seems to *have* lost control of his business, and he finally took himself away down to Florida. After him, General Ryerson, a Toronto man had the place and after his passing, the present owner acquired the property. I might remark here that from here to the end of the street, there were no houses when I was young, except an abandoned one near the Lake end of the street.

THE LANSING - WESTON PROPERTY

In the next block, between Mississauga and Sixth Streets, Watts Lansing built the house now the Neston house and there he *lived* until he sold it and *moved* to the one which we *have* known as McConkey Manor. Later there was another house in the same block on the

Mississauga Street side, which was owned and occupied by different people, but the Weston people finally acquired it and *removed* the house.

THE RUSSELL - WETTLAUFFER PROPERTY

In the next block, the first house built was for Mrs. Russell of Toronto. It is now owned by Dr. Wettlauffer of Buffalo, who has been a summer resident for many years. A well remembered owner and occupant before him was Gus Leischman, also a Buffalo man. Gus was a big, stout man, fond of sport such as fishing and lawn bowling. He was quite a popular fellow and *very* public-spirited, and many regretted his leaving the Town. The worthy Dr. Wettlauffer has since built another house on this lot for his son.

THE HOSPITAL LOT

The next four acre lot was held by the Government as a possible site for a hospital, and was known for years as "The Hospital Lot," but it was finally decided to sell it and it was sold in six strips, extending from Queen Street to Johnson st.

February 24th, 1955

THE GODSON PROPERTY

The Godsons' of Toronto bought the first two of these lots, which extended from Queen to Johnson Streets. One of the brothers Godson, Lionel by name, was a noted authority on gardening and was President of a province-wide organization. His garden was a sight for sore eyes. Lionel has passed away but another *very* important member of the family is still alive, in the person of Judge Godson, who has been Mining Commissioner for Ontario these many years.

THE MILLAR - JOHN MORGAN PROPERTY

The next two lots were purchased by *Melville* Millar and the houses on the lots were built by him. He was in the Lumber Business with W. Harrison and later *moved* to Toronto where he became prominent in Golfing circles. There is an annual trophy match with his name attached to it, he having begun it. In the course of time, John Morgan bought the one and his family still own it, his daughter Miss Olive occupying it.

The next house has changed hands several times and the remaining two lots have not been built upon.

THE HUNTER-MORGAN-SALT PROPERTY

The next four acre lot was built upon by the late Charles Hunter and his garden too had quite a name. I remember Mr. Hunter and his good wife very well. When I was young and about the water, a frequent sight in the Summer time was the Hunters' in a comfortable canoe, the lady ensconced in the bow and the gentleman in the stern wielding a double ended paddle and trailing a line or two, both of them the picture of quiet contentment. After the passing of Mr. Hunter, the property was purchased by John Morgan and he being a retired agriculturalist, kept up the good garden. I remember meeting him up town one day and he had a quart berry box filled with figs, freshly gathered in his garden. I was treated to a sample of them and they were delicious. The late Mr. Salt purchased the property from Mr. Morgan and his family still own it.

THE PENNEY - STOCKWELL - HEGELHEIMER PROPERTY

The next half block is now owned by Charles Penney, a Buffalo Lawyer, who has spent his summers with us for a long time. If my memory serves me aright, Col. Stockwell built the house and the next one now seems to be owned by Mr. Hegelheimer, a comparative newcomer to our midst.

And so we come to the end of our Main Street. It is interesting to me to think back about our street and its people. At one time, we would find the street muddy or dusty, according to the season and we would not see the array of motor vehicles which cling to its curbs like monster spiders. You must know that the changes have not all been in its buildings. Its very fabric has been altered. Gone is the dust, the mud, the tie-posts which were a feature of our store fronts, the wooden sidewalks, the raised crossings. It used to be that a pedestrian could leisurely stroll across the road without worrying about whether he was going to make it all in one piece. Now you have to take a careful survey up and down and roundabout, before venturing on the perilous adventure of crossing, no not the bar, but the Queen's Highway. My, how we have progressed.

And then, what a difference in the people one sees on our streets. Now it is quite a common thing to pass a group on the street, conversing in a tongue that is strange to us. And the garb of the people one meets. It used to be that there was a certain similarity in the garb of the men

and women one met. Our women were dressed much more quietly, both in style and colouring than is now the case. Now, it would seem to us oldsters that the louder the ensemble or bewailing about it, just commenting on the changes that have come about.

HORSE RACES

Another thing that we don't see on our street anymore is the impromptu horse races that were common, especially in the Winter when there was snow on the ground. You must know that our neighbourhood was known for its good horses. Not only were there many good teams of work horses, but quite a number of men in and around the Town had good driving horses of which they were justly proud.

About the last of them that I remember were Bill Long, Pete Healey, Sam James and many others. Nor do we see at the end of the day, a number of bovines wending their way homewards. All these things are relics of a day gone by. I suppose most of us consider that our street has changed for the better, but if a bevy of the oldsters could foregather on our street corners, they would not altogether agree with us.

March 3rd, 1955

OUR TOWN

I sometimes wonder what our people think about our Town. It used to be the fashion when I was young, to bewail the quietness and dullness of our small community. We boys used to be told that if we wanted to get anywhere, we would need to go to the States. We would never get anywhere in Canada, and as for Niagara, it was too dead for anything. Now, what do you really think of our Town.

I like to think of it as a friendly place. One where when you go out, you *meet* friendly people. And don't forget that to be received as friendly, you must show yourself friendly. I like to think that when I meet people, even if I don't actually know them, that they are neighbours.

I spent some time in Bowmanville some years ago and it seemed to me so nice that everyone you met on the street greeted you. It made one feel good, just to get a smile and a "Good Day" from people even if you never saw them before. I have spent a considerable amount of time in Toronto and just the reverse was the case. Nobody greeted you. Everbody just bustled along as if you didn't exist. When I meet people, I just cannot help looking at them. That's what eyes are for. But even here, you do meet people who either glance at one without any interest

whatsoever, or avert their gaze elsewhere. I must confess that I like people, even if I don't know them personally. Of course, lots of our younger fry haven't time to notice old folks.

But to get back to our Town. There is much about it of which we can justly be proud. Although it has been overshadowed by larger places, we have a place of our own and a charm which they can't take away from us. We are largely elbowed out of the picture by Niagara Falls and St. Catharines, both of which places have grown through no particular merit of their own, but just through something that was not of their creating. The great Falls made that Town, simply because it was near a spot that was a tourist attraction. Clifton used to be its name, but that wasn't grand enough for them, so they took our name.

There is to be a great Scout Jamboree here, yet in our own Town Hall entrance, there is a display featuring the Falls. St. Catharines changed from Shipman's Gore to its present cognomen wholly and solely because a ditch was dug for interlake shipping. They took our shipping, they took our County Seat, our Courts, our Lawyers, and now they are breaking their legs to get our Scout Jamboree. So you see, in many ways, we are set in the midst of many and great dangers of being cast aside and forgotten. What a pity it is that they can't pick up our Military Commons and tuck them in their pockets.

Once we were a great shipping Port, but the Welland Canal and the Railways changed all that. Many of you don't know that here was passed the first enactment in the British Empire for the Abolishment of Slavery. Here was the best known haven for escaped slaves from the States. When I was a boy, the southwestern part of the Town was full of freed slaves and their descendants.

Here was the very beginning of building and settlement in this part of Ontario by white people. Do you know that its first buildings still exist, Butler's Barracks. Once they stood nearer the river but were moved back from there after the War of 1812. Colonel Butler was the man who built them out of his own pocket to house his Regiment and some refugees who had no shelter on the east side of the River. To be sure, he was repaid in time by the Government, but we can never repay him for his pioneering work here and hereabouts.

Another man to whom we owe a great deal is Governor Simcoe. It was in his time that our Town was laid out, with its wide, straight streets. We have a street named after him, but isn't it strange that no street has ever been named after Butler, a man who was actually the Father of the place.

Then too, we had the first Fall Fair. This was actually a Provincial Fair and as such, seems to have been shifted to Toronto as has our status as the Legislative Capital of the Province. This capital shift was also due to what was then considered an advantageous position, as we were too close to our American cousins. And you must remember that they were not very friendly neighbours for many years, nor very comfortable neighbours.

March 1955

OUR PIONEERS

Then, too, we had a Library before anybody else. We must have been blessed with men of vision in those early days. They had very little to work with but they did very well with what they had. It is surprising what things you can do with very little, if you only use your wits and have a generous amount of grit in your makeup. The men and women who did things in those early days were people of principle and determination. They had, many of them, left comfortable and pleasant surroundings for much discomfort and privation because they loved their British loyalty. Not theirs to whine and fret about not having a Canadian Flag. And they had a grim determination to make good in their new land. And we who live in a later day can well be proud of those pioneers in our Town and Country. Now I don't suppose that those people were superlatively wise, just folks like you and me. And down the years, we have had people who managed our affairs pretty well with what material things were available. In my time, I remember the men who manned our public bodies. They were not wizards or master minds, but they did their bit to the best of their judgment and the results of their labours are before our eyes. The Town was not very old when we were burned out by our friends over the way, but the Town was rebuilt over its ashes.

INDUSTRIES

For a time, we had not a few industries, shipyards, car factories, soap works, pop factories, carriage shops, tanneries and various other more or less important activities. Much of this activity has gone elsewhere, but we manage to get along.

TREES

Our Town was not always just as we see it now. I remember when the trees which shade our streets were bits of things with wooden boxes to protect them from the cattle that roamed our

streets. If those old chaps could come back and see the result of their foresight, they might be forgiven for giving themselves a pat on the back.

ROADS

And when you enjoy the dust free and mud free highways that are to be seen everywhere, you must give somebody the credit for desiring to do something to make our Town better. In my early days, there was only one piece of hard road in and through a part of the Town. It began in front of the Town Hall and followed Queen Street to Simcoe, to Mary, and onto the Stone Road, as it was called. I was once told that the stone used in this road was all broken by hand by an old chap whose name I have forgotten. The first of our modern hard surface roads was built in 1912. It was my first year in Town Council and the N.S. & T. Railway wished to enter the Town by way of King Street. They offered to grade the street from Cottage Street to Front Street, and we got them to give us eight inches of crushed stone on it.

Steve Sherlock was Chairman of the Board of Works and to him should go a good deal of the credit for this concession on the part of the Railway. Council was divided on the matter and I well remember Mayor Randall coming to see me to urge me to vote for it, as my vote would either carry the matter or defeat it. I was a newcomer in Council and some of the older members looked on me as an interloper.

THE WATERWORKS

For years, we had a very poor system of fire protection and it was not until 1891 that a beginning was made for a supply of water from the River. It was designed and intended mainly as a measure of fire protection. There were plenty of good wells and springs which furnished a good supply of water for cooking and drinking and many people used rain water for washing. And then the men who were at the head of our Town affairs took a vote of the ratepayers on the question of a waterworks system and it carried, so we have our present system. Of course, there have been changes and additions and we now have a pretty fair service, not only for fire protection but also for household use.

STREET NAMES

While I think of it, I want to say something about the naming of our streets. When I was young, nobody ever called a street by a name and yet when Alec. Niven made our Survey in 1910,

names were found for most of them. But somehow, they ran out of names and after Mississauga Street, only numbers were used. I have mentioned that no street was named after Colonel Butler. Now Sixth Street ends almost directly at Butler's Burying Ground. What more appropriate than to change Sixth Street to Butler Street, and I would very much like to see this done.

March 17th, 1955

OUR NAME

i think I have mentioned the name of our Town. It appears to have been called a number of different names, but it appears that the name Newark was its first official name and this would have been given by Governor Simcoe. You may not know that many of the place names in our part of Ontario were selected by Simcoe. If you look at a map of England, you will find such names as Lincoln, and in Lincoln County you will find such names as Grantham, Louth, Clinton, Grimsby, Gainsborough, and Weiland, just to mention a few. However, the name of Niagara was given us in 1798 and we were formerly incorporated under that name by Act of Parliament, that Act being 8th Victoria, Chapter 62, March 29th, 1845, as the Town of Niagara and no Act has ever been passed changing it. It is true that Niagara-on-the-Lake is largely used, but that is only the Post Office designation, to avoid confusion after the Falls had changed its name, but the official name of our Town is still the "TOWN OF NIAGARA."

SEWERS

Another question which has occupied the attention of our local legislators has been and still is that of sewage. Long ago, a sewer was built along a portion of King Street and for many years it was our only Sewer. One must remember that the surface of King Street has very materially altered since our Town first came into being. Between Prideaux Street and Front, there was a hill and you will notice that the land on each side of the street is quite high. This hill was removed when the Railway filled up their trestle from Ricardo to the Dock. The railway built the brick sewer that I have referred to and a few years ago, a railway engineer was here to inspect the stone culverts at the Wilderness and at Prideaux Street. There was really not much use of building sewers before we had the Waterworks, consequently people had to depend on outdoor toilets, but since the coming of the 'Waterworks, quite a bit of sewage construction has been done. Sewage for the schools was one of the problems facing our Town Fathers and the Military Authorities also became very much interested and they have done quite a bit, which also benefits the Town at large. The westerly and southerly parts of the Town will have to be taken care of in that respect and a proper settling basin will have to be constructed, which

cannot be done for five cents. I anticipate that the Chautauqua territory will be taken into the Town before long as that is its logical destiny. We are hooked up now for water and electric light and certainly in a business way, it is an integral part of the Town. In this connection, not many will now remember that we got our first electric light from Chautauqua, before we installed the Heisler System, which preceded our being served by Hydro.

SIDEWALKS

We don't see wooden sidewalks any more. Of course, in the early days of our Town, lumber was cheap and so was labour and while the wooden walks were a great improvement over walking in the mud or dust of the roads, they left something to be desired in the way of comfort in walking. The four by four scantlings upon which they were laid had a pernicious habit of rotting and planks would come loose and many a heartfelt imprecation I have heard uttered with deep feeling when an unwary pedestrian tripped, an occurrence which was detrimental to ones shins and clothing, to say nothing of ones feelings. The cost of lumber was soaring and the quality obtainable was deteriorating and concrete began to be used. I remember, however, two or three old men who used to be employed to look about for necessary repairs. They would be furnished with a wheelbarrow, with a supply of planks cut to the required length and a supply of the old fashioned square iron nails and a heavy hammer and they leisurely perambulated about the streets. Time didn't mean much to them and their pay pretty well corresponded with their pace, so everything was lovely. It seems to me that John Thornton laid our first concrete walk on Queen Street. I well remember the first wholesale effort at laying permanent walks. A contract was entered into with Langley & Cook of Niagara Falls and most of our walks were done in 1910 and 1911.

I must say that the quality of the walks laid down in 1911 was much better than those done the previous year. Bob Reid was the overseer of the work the second year, while a professional engineer was boss the first year. Since that time, a block here and there has been done and we get good value for our money, but many of the first walks laid are sadly in need of repair or replacement.

March 24th, 1955

FASHIONS IN THE PAST

It was suggested to me recently, that as I had been writing about changes in the Town, I ought to write something about changes in the garb of the people. Now that is something that just

about has me stumped. However, something could be said, so let us have a go at it. This will not be an excerpt on fashions, so don't expect too much.

BOYS' GARB

Having been a boy at one time, let us start with boys. When I was small, clothing a boy was simple. If he had a father or an older brother, he usually had madeovers for his wear. There were not the ready mades then; when anything like that came along, it was generally referred to as "a hand me down." We wore pants that came down to about half-way between the knee and the ankle. When you reached the long pants stage, you were grown up. I well remember how awkward I felt when I first appeared in public in my first long pants. We never wore rubbers, but we had stout leather boots and when Spring came, we went barefoot, except of course, when going to School or Church. In Winter, we wore top boots and I remember a pair my Dad got me of which I was very proud. They had bright red fronts at the top and shining copper toe-caps. About the first time I wore them, I had to try those toe-caps on the shins of the boy next door, for which I got into deep disgrace. Some stinging rebukes from my male parent ensued and they did sting, for a leather belt vigorously applied makes itself felt. About that time, I would have been decidedly in favor of the abolition of corporal punishment. It taught me one lesson however, and I thereafter carefully refrained from kicking people's shins, although I must admit that I have met people who merited a darn good kick or two. There has been a lot of change about boys' heads. When I look at the mop of wool on some heads, I think of our hair-do. We delighted in being shorn good and short. It had advantages, too. You didn't have much trouble combing it for one thing and it didn't make much of a refuge for the little mites that used to be quite often found in both boys' and girls' hair. We were subject to frequent inspections both at home and at school. Then, for another thing, we were not allowed to go bareheaded like boys do not and that goes for boys of a larger growth, especially when the fur on top is getting thin and sparse. We wore a good warm cap in winter and a straw hat in summer. That is one article of clothing that seems to have disappeared. We wore a wide straw in summer for everyday wear. We called it a "Cow's Breakfast." The smaller hat was sometimes called "A Boater", and then there was the "Panama" .

I have a picture in my mind of seeing a man galloping madly down Younge Street in Toronto, in pursuit of a straw hat spinning gaily along before a brisk wind. He was not aware that his hat was trailing out behind him at the length of a string to which it was attached. He overtook the pursued boater and was brushing the dust from it when a man's hand reached out and grasped the hat and a voice thanked him for recovering his hat. It was only then that he learned of what

a sight he must have made with all Yonge Street enjoying the chase. I must confess that he was not at all glad to have his hat so firmly attached to his person that they had proved inseparable. In the Winter, we wore home-knitted stocking and mitts and a necessary part of a boys winter equipment was a long warm woolen muffler, which helped very materially in keeping us warm. That short hair was an advantage too, when we went swimming. There were no sweaters then. Occasionally, a man would wear what was called a "Cardigan Jacket." It was like the modern buttoned sweater but made of heavy material. When I look out of my window and see the get-up of some of our little men who pass by, I have to think of what a difference there is to that of my early days.

MEN'S GARB

There is not so much difference in the garb of the men. Their lower limbs have not changed much. The shoes have perhaps a little more variety. You don't see the top boots any more, but in the rubbers that have displaced them, you can see almost anything in footwear. Now in coats, there has been much change. You don't see the Prince Albert any more, nor the cut-away. I remember one young chap with pride in his eye, sporting a long coat adorned with a double row of large imitation pearl buttons and he had a derby hat and a pair of buttoned boots and was he a sight for sore eyes.

Section 21 SECTION NO.10**March 31st, 1955****1909 ICE JAM CHRONICALLED**

I have an old notebook, in which I entered an account of the Ice-Jam of 1909 as it appeared to us at that time and I thought it might prove interesting to readers of this paper, as another of these rare freaks of nature is upon us.

Wed. Apr. 7, 1909 - The worst gale of wind in 40 or 50 years blew today, tearing down fences, trees, signs, damaging roofs all over the country.

Thur. Apr. 8, 1909 - The gale of yesterday brought down the ice from Lake Erie and the River blocked about 12:30 in the afternoon.

Good Friday, Apr. 9, 1909 - Ice bridge moved in the night and jammed tighter than ever, piling up in great masses. Shoved the wharf back about two feet.

Easter Sunday, Apr. 11- Some people walked over the ice. Great damage being done from ice and water at and above Lewiston and Queenston. Electric lights cut off here as the Ontario Power Co's plant was put out of business. Connection made with Electric Development Co. in time for service in the churches.

Tues. Apr. 13th - Town in darkness tonight. Blew hard from south today.

Fri. Apr. 16th - Ice moved tonight about 200 or 300 yards. Piled McIntyre's wharf up on the bank and shoved Wrights wharf off its piles. Ice piled up 30 feet high just above the mouth of the slip.

Sun. Apr. 18th - Alarm from Jackson's came about one p.m. that ice was on the move and doing great damage.

Mon. Apr. 19th - Ice Jam broke from old break at the Half Moon Battery and moved down to mouth. Jam stopped opposite the wharves, the lower portion stopping on the bar and its upper end about opposite the beach & Fort wharf.

Tues. Apr. 20th - Opening between the jams filled in during the night. Water in the slip rising all day. We moved everything valuable out of the shanty on the Beach and took them over to

Fred's house. Took one boat down to the foot of King Street where most of the boats have been since Saturday. Current running like a mill-race close in on beach, breaking through at Rousseau's Wharf. Water in slip came up to sidewalk near Lake View House towards night. In the afternoon, we moved our nets from the Shanty at the Slip and took them over to the Brick Mill. After supper, we floated the Viola off the bank and tied her to a tree at Ricardo St. near Ball's.

Apr, 21st, 22nd, & 23rd - Water slowly receding . A channel began to appear on the American side near the Fort Wharf on Friday the 24th and a hole appeared in the bridge opposite the slip. Ice gradually settling down. American engineers began blasting with dynamite near Fort and worked nearly all day. About the only apparent result was the breaking of the windows in the Life Saving Station.

Sat. Apr. 24th - Blasting nearly all day. About 4 p.m., large concluding blast set off. Made a big noise and shoal< things. loosening some pieces of ice. Opening in ice reported all the way up the River. Channel near Fort Niagara much wider. Opening in front of slip much larger.

Sun. Apr. 25th - Channel in front of Fort Niagara nearly half the width of the River. During the night, earth in front of N.N.Co's warehouse caved in until some of the foundation of the building fell into the hole. Wharf settled down from Railway Station to Centre of Warehouse. Water nearly down to old level. Throngs of people visited the Town during the whole week. Blood curdling accounts of damage and danger in all papers. During Saturday night and Sunday stiff breeze from northwest broke up quite a lot of the ice in the mouth of the river. First boat in some time crossed between Town and Fort Niagara. Mon. Apr. 26th - Harbour mouth clear. Balance of bridge near Town moved out quietly. Wind light, northerly and easterly.

Tues. & Wed. April 27th & 28th, Large pieces of ice passing out of river.

Thur. April 29th, 1909 - Blowing hard from east with heavy snow. Raw and cold.

April 7th, 1955

THE NIAGARA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

I have no intention of getting into an argument, but an article appeared in another newspaper recently, wherein the writer seeks to show that Miss Carnochan was not the founder of the Niagara Historical Society. I have been in a position to know Miss Carnochan's love of history,

having been her pupil for five years at High School. Her pet subject was History and we were well grounded in it by her. I very well remember her reading to us her poem, "Has Canada A History," then newly written. You may find it in the latter part of her History of Niagara. I do not question the truth of the writer's assertion that the Society had existed before the present one was started in 1895. I have before me a printed copy of Miss Carnochan's first Presidential address, given at the meeting at the end of her first year as President. I am going to quote a part of it, as it will serve to clarify the matter.

It is dated the 13th of October, 1896, and I quote as follows: It is much to be regretted that an Historical Society had not been formed here a score of years ago, when Pioneers and Veterans were alive, who could have told us so much that we have no no means of obtaining. Our thoughts tonight must be both retrospective and prospective. We speak of what has been done and what we hope to do. In 1892, a small society was formed, chiefly with the view of giving assistance to the Centenary proceedings on July 26th. It is believed only two meetings were held and one open meeting, at which a paper was read , "Niagara, One Hundred Years Ago.," which was printed by the Lundy's Lane Historical Society. The Officers were: President: Wm. Kirby; Secretary: Dan Servos Treasurer: D. McDouga".

In November, 1895, a meeting was called by all interested, as it was felt strongly by a few that in this historic spot, such a Society should exist. I had thought of a suitable President to propose, but found to my astonishment and dismay, that I was selected for the position. It was with feelings of great diffidence that I engaged in the task, for we had been assured that it was useless to try to break down the cold, dead wall of apathy and indifference that we everywhere encountered and as to collect relics, everything valuable had disappeared, was either destroyed or given away." end of Quotation.

I think that Miss Carnochan was regarded by the people that were associated with her in the actual work of the Society as its Founder. Certainly, she was the driving spirit and following along reports and papers, she was so regarded. You will see from her address that this Society was not a revival or renewal of a previous organization, but an entirely new one and it has been the only one that has collected relics and established a Museum and has played a major part in putting our Town on the Map, Historica"y. I do not wish to be regarded as one belittling or ignoring the good work done by another eminent historian of our Town, for his work was excellent.

Here is the List of Officers for the Society For the Years 1896 to 1897:

Patron - William Kirby, F. R. C. S.
 President - Miss Janet Carnochan
 Vice-President - Henry Paffard
 Secretary - Alfred Ball
 Treasurer - Mrs. A. Servos
 Curator - Russell Wilkinson
 Committee - Rev. J.C. Garrett
 Jas. B. Secord
 John D. Servos
 W.F. Seymour
 Mrs. Ascher

In her address, Miss Carnochan pays tribute to a large number of people who had come forward with articles of historical interest and it speaks well for the cooperation of her staff of officers of the Historical Society and of the public of the whole surrounding territory that so much has been done. Certainly, Miss Carnochan must have had the confidence and trust of her fellow members, for they kept her in the position of President until she passed away in 1926.

The remaining articles are all undated, the last dated article being April 7th, 1955.

MEN'S DRESS

The Top Hat seems to have disappeared as an article of everyday wear, nowadays and even of Sunday or Holiday wear. The Derby or the Homburg seems to have displaced it, while the Fedora is the most commonly seen. Most of our clergy seem to have given up the Clerical Headgear which used to be so distinctively parson-like. As for caps, we "you pays your money and you takes your choice." One cap that I never see any more is what we used to call "The Fore-And-After." It had a peak before and behind, with usually a pair of ear flaps tied over the top. And no man thinks of wearing a shawl any more. I remember the late William Kirby and his shawl, with a sash or girdle about the waist. *Even* the girls don't wear sashes any more.

WOMEN'S DRESS

I dare say, some of you are expecting me to stub my toes over ladies' garb. Now, there is where you get variety. Most of the dear ones aim to be in the fashion and yet be different. I don't suppose any of the girls of today ever saw a bustle, to say nothing of a "hoop skirt." I can just remember them, although they were pretty well out of fashion even in my early days. There is the frame or set of wire hoops hanging up in a closet upstairs. It was there when we moved in and I have not the slightest idea who wore them. But they belong to the past. Golly, how I would like to see some of our modern day belles in a rig like that. I have a picture of my mother dressed in a long skirt or rather a full length dress, close fitting about the upper part and buttoned all the way from neck to toe, several dozen buttons in all. Then, in my early days, the dears adopted a fashion of narrow or tight skirts. As they had not yet shortened them, they sometimes caused embarrassment, when incautiously stepping out or in or out of a conveyance. Of course, a display of ones' lower limbs, even if they were shapely, was not to be thought of. I remember that when bicycles began to be in use by the fair sex, some of them adopted a style of garb that, while it may have been useful, it was not handsome or attractive to the male eye. It consisted of a pair of tight pants with leggings and a sort of coat that reached down to about half way between the waist and the knee. I was in Buffalo one day, and I ran across a party of country folk just in on the Grand Trunk Railway. There was an old chap in the party with a long gray beard and a cane. Just as they debouched onto Main Street, four female bicycle riders passed along garbed as I have tried to describe. The old chap stopped as if he had been shot and he stared after those females as if he couldn't believe his eyes. He emitted a deep breath and turned to his party with his eyes fairly popping. "Well, I'll be goldarned," he said. "Did ye see that." As is in many cases a fact, women and girls like to dress to catch the male eye. Now I hear a female chorus, "That aint so." I sometimes think it would do the little dears good to hear what the rude males thing of their get up.

I remember in my early days, it was quite a job to assist a girl into her coat. They then had a sleeve, I think the common name of it was "Leg Of Mutton." As the coats were not built to match, it was some job to bundle a bushel of sleeve into a peck of coat. And hats, there you have it. From a yard wide to a wisp of ribbon, they vary as fashion dictates. I remember in my early days in the church choir, that between the wide hats and the huge sleeves, we in the rear seats were quite overshadowed. When the choir was surplised, it was a relief. For one thing, it did away with a certain amount of rivalry among the ladies. The only other thing I should like to say about the feminine dress is this. Men like to see their women decently clad and not too much of their persons exposed to view. They like and admire modesty at least decent men do.

I have sometimes thought that it would be a good idea to adopt some sort of uniform for our School children. Some simple, inexpensive get up, with perhaps some thing to distinguish between the different grades. This idea of uniformity is nothing strange, as we use it in most of our Sports and games. Some cheap, durable material could be chosen, that could be taken off on arrival at home. Think this over, you mothers and fathers.

I wish to just say one thing more in this article. We are to have the Scout Jamboree. Don't you think it is time to get a proper OFFICIAL COLLAR for our Mayor. The Governor-General will be here and I think that this Old Historic Town should have something dignified and official for our Mayor.

TOWN OF NIAGARA PUBLIC LIBRARY

One of our institutions about which not much is said is our Public Library. So I thought it might be well to say something about it. It is one of our oldest institutions, as the first one we had dates from the year 1800. We do not know much about it, although our eminent historian Miss Carnochan wrote pretty fully about it. One thing we do know, however, is that it is one of the Firsts of which our Old Town can boast, it having been the first of its kind in Ontario. What I am concerned about mainly is the people that conceived it and created it. In the closing years of the eighteenth century, things about here were in a pretty crude state, and those early citizens must have missed many of the comforts of life which they had enjoyed before coming to the Canadian wilderness. Books must have been pretty scarce and the people who thought of them, must have been those of some education with a taste for literature. I have before me, Miss Carnochan's article on the First Library, written in 1894. One of the outstanding men of the time seems to have been Andrew Heron. He seems to have been a stayer in the business, as when the Library was in danger of collapse, owing to the failure of its members to support it properly, he finally took it over and ran it.

He was a newspaper man, his paper being the "Gleaner," which existed for a long time. All of our early library existence was on a membership basis, and while from time to time, we received grants of public monies, membership had to be paid for by the members, and it is only of late years that our Library was really a public one and run and paid for by the public. Many of the names of the men of that day are or were fairly familiar ones, such as Crooks, Muirhead, Butler, Young, Powell, Hamilton, Wagstaff, McClellan, Burns, McEwan. One must recollect that in those days, there was not the many books of light reading that now adorn our bookshelves. The reading matter furnished for and by that first Library was usually pretty heavy stuff, books of sermons, poetical works, historical works, legal commentaries, etc. Of course, those were

serious days and in the midst of them, along came Uncle Sam and burned up our Town, Library and all. Rather discouraging don't you think, for the people who had started our Library and who survived the War of 1812. At one time, that early Library had nearly 1,000 volumes, copies of old country periodicals, letters of various people, books of travel, lectures, etc. Miss Carnochan has a catalogue of them and while much of the material would be considered dry nowadays, it shows good taste in the selection of reading matter.

ANDREW HERON

I should say something more about Andrew Heron. He came to Niagara in 1788 and seems to have been a man of note from early days. He was a Scot and spent sixty years in our Town. He certainly didn't hide his light under a bushel. He must have been a man of means, as it was he who handed the funds of both the Library and of St. Andrew's Church for years, frequently advancing funds to carry those institutions along when funds were scarce. He started the Newspaper, the Gleaner in 1817 and carried it on until 1844. He was Treasurer of St. Andrew's Church for thirty-six years and he died in 1846 of mental decay at the age of 83 years. Clearly, he was a man worthy of being remembered by the people of Niagara.

JOHN YOUNG

Another man I should like to mention, although not particularly in connection with the Library, is John Young. He was a business man and a busy man. He it was, who gave St. Andrew's Church its handsome pulpit. So here were two men of those old days who were interested in other things besides making money. And I will say this for those old boys, they did things for us who came later. We of this day and generation are enjoying the fruit of their foresight and public spiritedness. I would not think of belittling the men and boys of our day, but it would be nice to be able to look ahead a bit and make up our minds to do something that would benefit those who came after us. I used to hear these two men spoken of in my early days and I never heard anything about them that was not creditable. Mr. Young was not buried in St. Andrew's graveyard as he met his death by drowning in Lake Ontario. But anyone and everyone who attends St. Andrew's can see his memorial and the many men who have ministered to the people of St. Andrew's could think of John Young who gave them a lift in a very material way.

Andrew Heron seems to have carried on that first Library for quite a number of years after he became the sole proprietor of it and we later on find, as old age crept up on him, that he relinquished not only the Library, but also his newspaper, "The Gleaner." This paper was advertised for sale by a nephew of his, another Andrew Heron. There is evidence that between

1818 and 1848, there were several Libraries carried on. None of these were strictly speaking, "Public Libraries", as they were all membership organizations, carried on by and for their members. In fact, not until 1938 did we have a really Public Library. But through all the years, there seem to have been people who loved books and reading, some of whom regarded books and libraries as means of education and uplift. Thus it came about that those so interested conceived the idea of founding a substantial library. I have copies of addresses by Miss Carnochan and William Kirby, delivered on the occasion of the celebration of the Fiftieth Anniversary of the present Library. I should like to mention, Miss Carnochan in her address gives the name of Hon. W. H. Dickson as the first President, while William Kirby gives the name of Robert Dickson. Another thing we might mention is that Andrew Heron became Vice-President in 1850. This must have been the nephew of the first Andrew Heron who had passed away in 1846. This similarity of names sometimes causes one "furiously to think, " and I must confess that I did some thinking and searching before clearing up matters to my satisfaction. Some of those who served in the various positions in the Library Organization did so for lengthy periods. Judge E. C. Campbell was President for ten years, while Mr. Kirby served in the capacity for thirty years. I myself served nine years and William Harrison ten years. Mr. T. P. Blain was Secretary for nineteen years. Miss Carnochan for thirty-five years, myself for ten years. Henry Paffard was Treasurer for thirty-six years, Miss Carnochan for fifteen years and I served ten years.

The List of Presidents with the year of their appointment is here given:

Walter H. Dickson, 1848; Judge E. C. Campbell, 1850; Henry Paffard, 1860; Judge J. M. Lawder, 1864; S. H. Follett, 1866; W. H. Withrow, 1870; William Kirby, 1873; Rev. J. C. Garrett, 1903; Jos. F. Greene, 1910; Rev. A. F. MacGregor, 1912; J. DeW. Randall, 1914; E. H. Shepherd, May 9, 1914; Jos. F. Greene, 1917; C. W. Inksater, 1918; Jos. E. Masters, 1919; W. H. Harrison, 1928; and Jos. E. Masters, 1938 to 1944. This last was under the modern library set up.

The Vice-Presidents were Judge E. C. Campbell, 1848; Andrew Heron, 1850; Geo. Boomer, 1851; John Whitelaw, 1853; Edward Dixon, 1855; A. Martin, 1856; Wm. Kirby, 1857; William Turner, 1858; F. G. Nash, April 30, 1859; Henry Paffard, Nov. 8, 1859; Captain Baxter, 1862; F. G. Nash, 1864; Wm. Kirby, 1866; Dr. R. M. Willson, 1870; W. Graham, 1871; Wm. Kirby, 1872; George B. Boyle, 1873; Geo. A. Clement, 1875; Forbes Geddes, 1880; H. A. Garrett, 1883;

Rev. J. C. Garrett, 1892; J. F. Greene, 1903; Alfred Ball, 1907; Dr. H. L. Anderson 1909; Rev. A. F. MacGregor, 1910; J. DeW. Randall, 1912; E. H. Shepherd, 1914; A. Onslow, 1914; C. W. Inksater, 1917; G. S. Bale, 1918; E. H. Shepherd, 1919; Rev. A. F. MacGregor, 1923; J. F. Greene, 1925; Jas. L. Craise, 1928; Rev. A. MacFarlane 1932. I may remark here, that Mr. Randall died in office as

President and was succeeded by Mr. Shepherd as Vice President, Mr. Onslow becoming Vice-President.

The offices of Secretary and Treasurer were not often held by the same person, except the first and a few of the last.

W. G.F. Downs, was the First Secretary and was also Treasurer, but only for a short time. Next came Henry Mellville, Dec. 5, 1848; John Whitelaw, Nov. 5, 1850; James Dunn, Nov. 21, 1851; Wm. Kirby, Nov. 2, 1852; Wm. Turner, Nov. 11, 1856; J. S. Dawley, Nov. 9, 1858; John A. Blake, Mar. 28, 1860; E. C. Campbell, Nov. 1861; Nelson Burns, Oct. 21, 1862; John Currie, Nov. 27, 1862; John R. Munroe, Nov. 5, 1864; Henry Paffard, Nov. 13, 1866; A. R. Willson, Nov. 14, 1871; T. P. Blain, Nov. 12, 1872; Miss Janet Carnochan, May 1, 1891; Mrs. M.M. Brown, April 8, 1926; J. E. Masters, May 15, 1928 - 1938.

W. G. F. Downs was the first of the Treasurers and was also Secretary and Librarian, but only for a short time, from Oct. 24th, 1848. Next came Thomas Eedson, Nov. 21st, 1851; J. S. Dawley, Nov. 8th, 1858; John A. Blake, March 28th, 1860; E. C. Campbell, 1861; Nelson Burns, Oct. 21 st, 1862; John Currie, Nov. 27th, 1862; John R. Monroe, Nov. 5th, 1864; Arch. McMurchy, Nov. 13th, 1865; Henry Paffard, Nov. 13th, 1866; R. E. Dennison, Jan. 13th, 1902; Wm. Miller, May 6th, 1904; W. J. Wright, Jan. 9, 1905; Miss Janet Carnochan, Jan. 10th, 1910; Mrs. M. M. Brown, April 8th, 1926; Jos. E. Masters, May 15th, 1928. The Librarians have been as follows: W. G. F. Downs, Oct. 24th, 1848; Thomas Eedson, Nov. 22nd, 1851; John McKenzie, Nov. 13th, 1866; Miss Mary Follett, May 3rd, 1886; Miss M. B. Hutton (Curtis), Aug. 12th, 1886; Miss Ada Blake (Davidson) May 3, 1887; Miss A. C. Winterbottom, Oct. 30th, 1893; Miss Janet Carnochan, Jan. 16th, 1908; Alfred Ball, April 15th, 1908; Miss V.E. Carnochan (O'Donnell), Oct. 19th, 1914; Miss Emily Bayley, Mar. 29th, 1917; Miss E. C. Masters (Jarvis); Feb. 19th, 1923; Miss C. M. Masters (Woodruff), Sept. 29th, 1926; W. D. Caskey, Mar. 18th, 1933; the present Librarian, Miss K. Duddy, (1955).

I should like to comment a little about these people, many of whom were known to me. Among the Presidents, I remember them all from Mr. Paffard down, except Rev. Mr. Withrow, Mr. Dickson was a Lawyer and one of the outstanding men of his day. Judge Campbell seems to have been the leading spirit in Library matters.

As for Mr. Paffard, he was for many years the financial mainstay of the Library and we must not forget that he found time to serve the Town for twenty-six years as Mayor. He was head of the Western Home Committee for years and was active in Church Matters. A quiet, unassuming man, a perfect gentleman he was, respected and looked up to by everyone.

I never knew Judge lawderr, personally, but I often saw him while he lived here retired. Steve Follett was one of the solid men of the community. He served the Town for twenty-two years as Mayor, Reeve and Councillor, besides running his grocerybusiness.

William Kirby was a Newspaper man at first, but when I knew him, he was Collector of Customs. He is best known however, as a writer and historian. He made himself useful to the community in many ways and stands out among hisfellows as a man of note.

Canon Garrett was best known as Rector of st. Mark's. I was closely associated with him for many years in Church and Sunday School and came to know him well and to like and respect him.

Joe Greene was one of the best known men in the District and was President in 1910 and 1917. Joe was a fine man and served in Council for some years. He was County Warden in 1907. Rev. A. F. MacGregor was a fine, scholarly man, much interested in literature and pleasant to work with. John Randall was another useful man, busy in Church, Politics and Council work. He was Mayor several times and served on the Wester Home Committee for years. Unfortunately he died soon after becoming President of the Library. W.H. Shepherd was elected in his stead and served for three years. He was our local Magistrate for a number of years until he passed on.

Bill inksater was President in 1918. Many will remember him, as he had the Dry Goods business in the building where the Greaves factory is now. In 1919, I Joseph E. Masters, became President and carried on until 1928 when Will Harrison took over and I became Secretary-Treasurer until the new arrangement came along. Mr. Harrison and I are still here and I shall only say about us, that we have served many long years in the various organizations of the Town. Mr. Harrison first entered Town Council in 1908 and finished in 1938. I first sat on the School Board in 1904, and finished up in 1944 and finished up in 1944 as Town Clerk and Treasurer.

Now, in regard to the status of the Libraries that have served us, may I say that we never had much money to carry on. To be sure, we received Provincial Grants from time to time, but these were not always easy to get, as they depended upon a certain amount being raised locally. By the time the new regulations were put into effect, we found ourselves up against it for cash and the Town took over and the Library became a real Public Library. Under this new arrangement, I was one of the Town appointees and was President from 1938 to 1944 when a failure of health forced my retirement.

LIBRARY OFFICERS

Not many of the Vice-Presidents were known to me personally; some of them served as President. One, William Turner, was Vice-President in 1858. When I was a youth, he was Sexton of St. Mark's and was quite a familiar sight to us as he sat at the vestry door and joined in the responses quite audibly during the service. That is my main recollection of him. He was also Secretary in 1856 to 1858. In business, he was a Tinsmith. When I was attending Public School, he lived in the house at the corner of King and Platoff Streets and he kept a parrot which used to afford us kids some amusement as it hung in its cage not far from Platoff Street. His last place of residence was on Queen St. in the Bolton place. George A. Clement was a well known merchant on Queen Street in the Paget Store and he lived in the Connolly building, which was then just a residence. He was a man with a great deal of influence and between the years 1856 and 1874, he served nine years in Council, besides being active in the affairs of St. Mark's Church. He was a former owner of the house where we now live. He, it was, who was the first employer of the famous Jimmy Tay. He was Vice-President of the Library from 1874 to 1879.

Forbes Geddes, held the office for three years. Mr. Geddes was agent for the Railway and was quite a scholarly man. He used to sit as Lay Reader in St. Mark's in Dr. McMurray's time. In 1883, H. A. Garrett became Vice-President. He was quite a fussy old gentleman in my time, who had not much to do, but managed to put in thirteen years in Town Council, two of them as Mayor.

Next we have **Canon John C.** Garrett, Rector of St. Mark's, who served from 1892 to 1902 as Vice-President and then as President from 1903 to 1909 inclusive.

Then came Joe Greene in 1903, followed by Alfred Bali, then Dr. Anderson, the beloved physician. Among the rest of whom I have not written specifically is Arthur Onslow, a very fine chap, who was a fruit farmer and a very cultivated man. Another was G.S. Bale, who was the High School Principal, a good teacher, who was here for some years. Then there was Jas. Craise, a retired farmer who was prominent in School Board matters in the Township for many years. Then there was Rev. Alfred Macfarlane, Minister of St. Andrews and a very good friend of mine. Many a chat we had together and I was sorry when he passed away too quickly.

Some of the Secretaries and Treasurers I have already mentioned. John A. Blake was Secretary in 1860 and Treasurer in the same year. I remember him very well as I used to see him out fishing quite often during the season. He used to be connected with the Tannery that was at the Dock.

Tom Blain was Secretary from 1872 to 1881, when he became County Gaoler and moved to St. Catharines. He was a Dry Goods Merchant in the Bates store and was a very useful and public spirited citizen, active in many of the Town Organization. including the Town Council, where he served nine years, two of them as Reeve.

Miss Janet Carnochan came next as Secretary and served from 1891 until her passing away in 1926. I was President during the latter years of her life and can speak of her zeal in and for the Library. Between my having been a pupil of hers in High School and our close association in Library matters, I came to know her very well indeed. She was a fine woman and a great loss to the whole Town when she was taken away.

Milly Brown was Secretary Treasurer for the next two years. She too had been one of Miss Carnochan's pupils and was a contemporary of mine at School. After her came your humble servant, Joseph E. Masters from 1928 to 1938. Three of the Treasurers I should like to mention. There was R.E. Dennison, a private Banker, who was Treasurer in 1902-3. While here he served five years in Council and was a Churchwarden of St. Mark's.

Then there was William Miller, who was a Tailor. A very popular fellow, he was and put in four years in Council, two of them as Mayor. Lastly, there was W.J.Wright, who was High School Principal, who went from here to St. Mary's. He went overseas in the First Great War and gave his life for us. He came to see me just before he went overseas, as we had become very close friends. I was on the High School Board was Principal. I should like to give you the addresses given by Miss Carnochan and William Kirby at the Fiftieth Anniversary Celebration of the present Library and will probably do so. So far, I have tried to give you some idea of the kind of people who ran our Library in times past.

ADDRESS BY WILLIAM KIRBY· 50th ANNIVERSARY OF THE LIBRARY

This is a copy of an address given by William Kirby, President of the Library Board at the Fiftieth Anniversary of the beginning of the Board Niagara, December 12th, 1898.

The Fiftieth Anniversary of the Mechanics Institute and Public Library offers two subjects of desirable consideration· one of thankfulness that our Institution has lived fifty years of usefulness in the cause of education; and the other a cause of pleasing retrospect of the men who have guided its course and the events that have marked its career.

It was in 1848 that a few gentlemen in Niagara met together and resolved to establish a library of books and courses of public lectures in all suitable for the promotion of useful knowledge

among the inhabitants of the Town -- to furnish the means of reading and study -- to take the place of much empty, if not vicious amusements.

It was remembered that Niagara had once possessed a large and good public library which had been highly prized and extensively used by the old Townsmen, the First Library in the Province. It was an enviable distinction of the one time Capital of Upper Canada. That Library was burnt by the public enemy in the general conflagration by the order and act of General McClure, when he was defeated and fled across the river on that memorable December night of 1813. The Town was slowly rebuilt and reoccupied, but it was not until 1848 that a Public Library was again established.

The want was keenly felt. A large and intelligent class of people had settled in the Town, Mechanics at the great Dock works, retired Military Officers and Merchants of public spirit, Lawyers and others who loved books and reading and found themselves cramped for want of a Library to supply their literary requirements. The chief promotors of the Public Library were the late John Simpson, Captain Melville, Dr. More with Robert Dickson, Judge Campbell and other spirited gentlemen, who met and organized a Library -- at first with gifts of books which form now the oldest and most solid and classical part of our Library. A society was formed called the Mechanics Institute -- Mr. Dickson was the first President under a Constitution, which with change of name, has practically regulated the Government of the Library to the present time. The Library was first placed in the room generously given by Mr. John Simpson, the corner room upstairs now of Mr. John Bishop's store. Its successive Presidents were Judge Campbell, a most judicious and painstaking manager, Judge Lawder, Rev. Dr. Withrow and myself. (William Kirby).

The Secretaries were at one time -- myself (William Kirby), Mr. T. P. Blain and Miss Janet Carnochan, the present Secretary, who in zeal and industry excels us all. Mr. Henry Paffard has, for a generation past, been our good and safe Treasurer.

I cannot recall the name of our first Librarian, but for many years, that office was faithfully performed without fee or reward by Mr. Thomas Eedson, Miss Ada Blake, Miss Follett, Miss Hutton and that fine old Highland Veteran, John McKenzie, who all admired and some feared if they in any way broke the rules of the Library. Miss Winterbottom, the present Librarian is doing the library good service by her faithful attendance to its duties. The Library has had to move its location several times before it was granted the room it now occupies. After removing from Mr. Simpson's building, it occupied a portion of the present residence of Mr. Henry Paffard, and then a room in Mr. Harvey's building -- then the present Custom's Office -- next as it grew in size, the Corporation granted it the Grand Jury Room in the Court House -- and lastly,

the present Library Room, formerly part of the Market House and I am safe in saying that much is the growth of our Library, now exceeding 4,000 volumes, that in a few years, it will be crowded out of even that large room. It will be the task of the future members and managers of the Association to consider how to acquire the enlarged accommodation that will be needed. Let us hope that they will succeed and that long before the Centennial Anniversary of the Public Library, they may have a large, handsome building of their own, worthy of the Town and worthy of the cause of education to which it will be devoted.

As with all mundane societies, our Library has seen many vicissitudes in its career and suffered a slow starvation for many years after its foundation, a great dearth of books and not much money to buy them. At length, the Union Government of Canada came to the relief of the Institute with an annual grant of fifty pounds, that is 200 dollars, which enabled us to make rapid and extensive additions to the Library and its management became of business of pleasure and stability. Those grants continued until the Confederation of the Provinces, when the support of our Mechanics Institutes devolved upon the Province of Ontario. Another period of scarcity ensued and the Library had again to economize, but all lent a willing hand to keep things together. All services were performed gratuitously and soon relief came. When the Province of Ontario was established in 1867, Niagara, which had a separate representative in the Legislative Assembly wisely elected the Honorable Stephen Richards as its member. He was also a member of the Government as Commissioner of Crown Lands.

The officers of the Library thought it a good plan to propose to the Government of Ontario through their representative Mr. Richards, to place all Mechanics Institutes in Ontario on a similar footing as Agricultural Societies and ask that a grant in aid to them be made yearly on the basis of one dollar from Government granted for every dollar up to two hundred spent on certain classes of books by the Library Board. Mr. Richards warmly accepted the suggestion, procured its adoption by the Government and Legislature, and in that way, all the Institutes in the Province have received Government support up to the present time. To Niagara, belongs the credit for this measure. Its continuance has enabled old libraries to flourish and new libraries to be formed in every part of Ontario, to the great benefit and enlightenment of the people everywhere.

In addition to the great facilities offered by our Library by books and magazines, another source of intellectual profit and pleasure was opened by lectures of learned gentlemen on subjects of science and letters. These form pleasant memories; I recollect most of them. One of the oldest was a lecture by the able and eloquent Rev. Egerton Ryerson, on popular education. He was afterwards the Superintendent of Schools in Ontario, the founder of our Common School System in the Province.

The Master of the Grammar School, Dr. Whitelaw, a most learned and estimable scholar, used to lecture on Chemistry and the Rev. Mr. Mowatt, now Professor of Hebrew in Queen's Collage, Kingston, lectured on Literary subjects. The Rev. Charles Campbell and Mr. Mulvaney, I recall as able and pleasant lecturers. The old Sheriff Col. Kingsmill lectured on the Peninsular War, in which he served under Wellington and who also had served as an officer of the Garrison of St. Helena, during the captivity of the Ex-Emperor Napoleon Bonaparte. The eloquent Irishman, D'Arcy McGee lectured for us on the poets Moore and Burns. Mr. Paffard, so long our worthy Mayor, also favoured us and Wm. Kirby on the new Philosophy of Swedenborg and many others whose names I do not at the moment recall.

Nor let it be forgotten -- the delightful concerts of music and exhibitions of "Tableaux Vivants," got up by the ladies of the Society in aid of its funds; Miss Victorine Allinson, Mrs. Robert Ball, Mrs. Daniel Servos, Miss Rye and others. Nor do I omit the theatrical performances, got up mainly by our clever artist Mr. Granger. Let him not be forgotten. He did so much for the Library and deserves more than our thanks for the scenery and decorations which he painted for the Tableaux and theatrical exhibitions.

In this brief summary of the fifty years work of the Niagara Public Library, I necessarily omit much of interest, but enough is recorded to show the great benefit the Town has derived from its existence among us. The Library extends and continues the education given by our Public Schools. It is a place where all may graduate in the possession of useful knowledge and bear the mark on their foreheads of intelligent manhood, of good loyal citizens of our happy country. May our Library exist and flourish forever. William Kirby, F.R.C.S.

ADDRESS BY MISS JANET CARNOCHAN

50TH ANNIVERSARY OF NIAGARA PUBLIC LIBRARY

December 12th, 1898

The Mechanic's Institute was founded October 24th, 1848. W. H. Dickson, M.P.P. was President; E.C. Campbell was Vice-President; Dr. Melville was Secretary; Treasurer and Librarian was W. F. G. Downs. Moved by E. C. Campbell - that it is desirable to establish an Association in this town for the promotion of scientific pursuits, the advancement of knowledge, and the acquisition of a Library and necessary apparatus. Other motions were made by Mr. Melville, Mr. Thomas Eedson, J. M. Lawder, Peter Shaw, John Simpson, Thomas McCormick, Sheriff Kingsmill, L. H. Mercer, George Bonner, James Latouche. There were 100 members of whom only one is now living. The first meetings were held in the Police Office under the Judge's Room.

In 1850, Judge Campbell was President and seems to have remained for ten years. A motion of condolence is passed with the family at the loss of their President, January, 1860, and a letter from his widow offering his electric apparatus.

In the Secretary's book dating from 1848 to 1862 and again from 1866 to the present time and the Treasurer's book to 1878, we find much curious information as to purchasing chairs, tables, stoves, apparatus; one item reads strangely to us now, the purchase of thirty pairs of candlesticks, snuffers and tray; lamps of Britannia metal; rent in different houses; lectures given by Dr. Whitelaw, Rev. J. S. Mowatt, Mr. Latouche, Mr. Jim Whitelaw, and Dr. Campbell. As Secretary, we find Mr. Kirby in 1852, Mr. Dawley, Mr. John Blake, 1860; Mr. Senior, Mr. Paffard, Mr. T. P. Blain. As Librarian, Mr. Eedson for several years was paid \$40.00 per year and then for several years, acting without any remuneration; then Mr. John McKenzie; then we find in later years, the help given by Miss Allinson, now Mrs. Richards in Concerts, Choral Society, etc. The Government grant was for many years \$200.00, twice we see, \$400.00. Then for some years, the grant was taken away and the Library was almost defunct and another trouble came as the Treasurer for 1865, decamped with the funds on hand. It was revived by Mr. Withrow. During 1866 to 1870, the receipts were very small and there is no record in the Secretary's Book, but in 1871, was a wonderful revival. An excursion to Buffalo realized \$131.00, very different from one lately when the members of the Committee were glad to find that expenses were paid and a balance of \$8.00 on hand.

In 1871, through the zeal of Mr. Withrow and the exertions of the officers in interesting the member S. Richards, the law was altered so that a grant of \$400.00 was received and after that, the same in 1873.

In 1874 also, the money carried off by a defaulting Treasurer was returned, \$134.00. Rev. Withrow was President in 1870. The writing in the Treasurer's book since 1866 is in the hand of Mr. Paffard, showing a continuous service of Treasurer for 32 years. In 1866, he was Secretary and Treasurer, while Mr. Kirby has held the position of President since 1874. In 1866, S. H. Follett was President. The Secretary in 1874 until 1890 was T. P. Blain.

The Library has gone through many vicissitudes. In 1880, there was no classification; the books came in and were placed on the shelves continuously. Three weeks were given the present Secretary in classifying, a number of young people giving their time and help in numbering and labelling. The number then was 2,300 and a printograph was obtained and by aid of Mr. Andrews, the Head Master of the High School, a catalogue was obtained. In 1894, the catalogue was revised, there being then, 4,000 volumes and a printed catalogue was obtained which has been of great service in aiding members. Owing to the new regulations, great energy had to be

shown in adding members, as 100 were required. Now there are 120, but for many years 50 to 60.

A new Constitution was carefully prepared by the help of Mr. Geddes and Mr. Andrews. During many years, lectures formed a prominent feature, but of late years, these have been dispensed with. Mr. Nash was also a great friend of the Library. Great care has been taken in the choice of books, it being just as important to keep out a certain class of literature, as to try to obtain the very best. Many donations have been made to the Library of books and many books are found on our shelves that are now out of print and cannot be procured.

In Canadian History of late years, it is endeavoured to make our collection rich. Donations from J. B. Plumb, Mr. Coit, Dr. McMurray and many others were received.

In the early years, we see expenses for moving books, but on the occasion of the last moving, although so many more books were to be removed, the work was done in a few hours without any expense whatever. The want of a ground floor room has been felt deeply as the third storey of the Court House, although a long fine room, the old Grand Jury Room, tried the temper of many. For many years the matter was debated: how to procure a room, at once safe, suitable, commodious and we now think the problem has been solved in the present room. formerly the old market and which has become a rubbish room.

On the night of removal in April, 1896, in a snowstorm, by the assistance of our own gentlemen members, assisted by a dozen stalwart Firemen, a continual procession carrying baskets and boxes of books, down the Grand Jury stairs, through the Music Hall, down through the side door to our beautiful new room where a dozen lady members of the Library arranged them on the shelves in order. Since then, more shelf room has been proved and we now number 4,600 volumes and only a few libraries in the Province have a larger collection. Few libraries can boast of having the same Treasurer for 32 years, while the President has been the same for 25 years. We owe much to the President in the selection of books and in zeal. At different times, money has been raised by subscription, the last one reaching fifty-five dollars, given cheerfully by members.

It may now be in order to tell something of the other Libraries in the Town. Instead of going back fifty years, we may unroll the page of time, as for almost a century there existed a valuable Library in the Town, which says much for its people, many of them having gone through many difficulties and yet eager in the study of literature. By the merest chance, I laid my hands one day on an old brown, leather covered record book with thick yellow pages of

crabbed writing, the first entry reads thus: -- Niagara Library, 8th June, 1800. Sensible how much we are at a loss in this new and remote country, for every kind of useful knowledge and convinced that nothing would be of more use to diffuse knowledge amongst us and our offspring than a Library supported by subscription in this Town, we whose names are here subscribed, hereby associate ourselves together for that purpose and promise to pay annually, a sum not exceeding four dollars to be laid out in books as agreed upon by a majority of votes, at a yearly meeting to be held in this Town on the 18th of August, annually. The book contains a list of names of proprietors, the first year forty-one in number, their payments. catalogue with prices, rules and regulations, annual meetings and a list of subscribers. For 20 years, the record goes on. However, in 1820, a large sum was owing to Mr. Andrew Heron, the Secretary, Treasurer and Librarian, all in one and the Library became his to be used as a lending library and we know little more of it. Also, there was an Agricultural Society and an Agricultural Library of 50 volumes, valuable books, which were added to our Library in 1805. Strange to say that though the Town was burnt, most of the Books were saved and must be scattered here and there in homes all though the land. Strangely enough, one of these has lately fallen into the hands of the Historical Society, No. 81, by Matthew Henry. The first thirty books are Religious works, then History, Philosophy, Science, but very little fiction or poetry. The Library numbered nearly a thousand and singularly enough, two other libraries in Town, numbered about the same.

The Library of the Rev. Robert Addison is now in the Rectory of St. Mark's Church and contains many rare and curious folio editions and books, printed in Geneva, Layden, Rotterdam, etc. ; books to delight the heart of the Bibliomaniac. Another library is St. Andrew's, founded in 1833, also numbering about a thousand. In the old newspapers of the Town are references to a Library Reading from about 1830 and many periodicals taken. Another book has the label, "Niagara Library, 1825," so that it may be shown the History of the Library is almost continuous and we proudly recall that, while Niagara may boast the First Parliament, the First NewsPaper in Upper Canada, almost the oldest Church Records, the First Agricultural Society" it also claims the First Library. Mayall the Secretaries, Treasurers and Librarians be as faithful and painstaking as that of the first Library, Mr. Andrew Heron.

In speaking of the benefit of books, of libraries, we cannot do better than close with the words of Ruskin -- "Do you want an entree to the best Society, Education will enable us to have in our bookcases, the company of the good, the noble, the wise. Do you ask to be the companions of nobles, make yourselves noble. You must rise to the level of their thoughts, to enter this court with its society, wide as the world, multitudinous as its days, the chosen and the mighty of every place and time, here you may always enter. Into this select company, no wealth will

bribe, no name overawe. You must fit yourself by labour and merit to understand the thoughts of those great minds. You must love them to become like them."

Janet Carnochan.

In my articles on the Library, I think I have brought out the fact that ever since there has been a Settlement here, there have always been men and women who sought the betterment of the people of the Community. We who *came* after them can see how they began things, so many things that we now take for granted.

I should like to mention a few of the Institutions: The Court of Justice, The Churches, the Town itself, the Agricultural Society, our Schools, just to mention a few and in later years, our Waterworks, our Paved Streets, our Sewers, our Parks, our shaded Streets, these all emanated from the people who have really foreseen our needs and have done something about them. We are the inheritors of the wealth of deeds that these people have done. One never knows in this age of change, what may be before us. One thing we can be sure of is that these things, many of them, are ours to keep up.

Streets and sidewalks do not last forever and Public Buildings need repair from time to time. Our population changes from year to year. New people come and others leave us. And more and more, I can see the need of people of vision and steadfast purpose to carry on the various institutions and organizations of and for the Community. It is so long since I attended school that I am not so familiar with the school curriculum as I could wish. I believe however, that the pupils and the teachers of our schools should be instructed in the details of Municipal Government. There are so many things about which we know little and care less. Some years ago, I was asked by a person from out of town for a list of the things that made up the life and duty of a municipal clerk. You would be surprised at the long list. I do believe and would earnestly urge upon our teachers and governing bodies generally, that special efforts be made to stress the importance and desirability of the young people being instructed in public duties. We live in a democracy, not a commune. It is very important that our young people be made aware of their grand inheritance of personal liberty and that that same liberty that has come down to us, carries with it responsibilities. It is ours to uphold and to cherish. And we need to be taught that there are duties for every one of us. First, we need to learn what our duties and our privileges are and that these things did not come about of themselves, but that people before us learned and laboured to bring them about. By liberty, I do not mean licence. There have always been people who try to belittle our laws and to evade or disregard them.

These people are the stuff of which criminals are made and it is a lamentable fact that many of our lawbreakers are our young people. I am not one to condemn our young people indiscriminately, but it does seem to me that too many of our young folks have life made too easy for them. They have many more things to amuse and entertain them than we ever had, but they do not seem to know how to put in their time, without getting into mischief.

For one thing, they have not much of anything to do, and they don't know how to play games as we did. We didn't have motor cars nor bicycles; there were no radios or television sets: there were no picture shows. They don't have to buck wood, nor hoe the garden. But I could go on pointing out the advantages the boys of today have. One thing they lack, and that is responsibility; another is discipline.

BOY SCOUTS

One of the best movements of our day, I mean the present day, is the Boys Scout movement. I cannot speak too highly of the Scouts. We had no such thing in my young days. It seems but the other day when we were hearing of Baden-Powell and his masterly defence of Mafeking in the Boer War, in which he was so successful. Ten years afterwards, he resigned from the Army and formed the Boys Scouts organization, one that has made his name revered and honoured even more than his glorious military prowess. It surely is not the fault of the Boys Scouts that there is abroad, a spirit of lawlessness among so many of our boys. We should not overlook the good work of our Sunday school. I had a long experience as Teacher and Superintendent and I can say this; that I do not know of a single boy who attended our Sunday School who turned out badly. I remember reading long ago of a report on lawbreakers in the United States and it pointed out the infinitely small proportion of them who had attended Sunday School. Surely, between the Scouts and the Sunday Schools, we should have a pretty decent lot of boys and young men. But don't forget, you who are parents. that you are the people who brought them into the world, and yours is the first responsibility .

I have given you two Addresses by eminent people of our Town, people who have done much to make our Town known to other people and you will see from the tenor of those Addresses that the people who planned and carried on our Public Library were men and women who sought, not notoriety or fame, but the good of the people of OUI' Community. It is fine to look back upon the work of these people of old, and we owe them a debt of gratitude for their unselfish work.

CHARITABLE AGENCIES

Now, when I was a boy, we did not have many of the agencies for the benefit of the people that now exist. It is true that we had the Churches, as we still have. We all know that theirs is a work that far excels anything that any other agency can do. Theirs it is to teach us Christianity and good living. They each did their work in their own way. It is true that they had not gone in for Bingo or Tennis or any of the purely sporting or money-making activities that are-so common now-adays.

But they do good work with their Sunday Schools and Bible Classes for the Young, and their various services, especially on Sundays. To me, it has always seemed particularly fitting to end the day of rest with a quiet service. Church bells of an evening have a soothing effect. In my early days, we did not have many of the purely secular organizations that now exist, for they do much good. About the oldest of these is the Firemen. How many now remember the Christmas parcels that for years, they gave to the needy people. Our Lord once said, "The poor ye have always with you," and there have always been those who could not afford many of the luxuries of life. I am sure that in our present day, people are not as poor as many once were. I want to remind you too, that our Firemen practically built our fine Fire Hall. Not the present men who make up the Company, but the men of an earlier day, who set us an example of public spiritedness that we would do well to follow.

TOWN OF NIAGARA BAND

I Vi/ish to say something here about our Band. In my early days and for years before my time, we had a Band. It wasn't always the best Band in the world, but it was ours and mighty useful on public occasions. Our old Band is gone; I think Ike Lavell was about the last of that old crowd. I am sure that there are plenty of young chaps in our midst who could blow a horn or beat a drum. I well remember a taik that Mr. Coombs gave to our Men's Club some years ago. He told of a fellow that drifted into a small Town and he had a horn which he blew just to amuse himself. Bye-and-bye, as he got acquainted, friends dropped in and his taste for instrumental music infected others. The infection spread until they resolved themselves into a Band, which proved to be very popular with the townsfolk. It is a self evident fact that most of us like a Band and I am not afraid to say that plenty of our young chaps have a taste for music and a lot of latent ability.

While it is true that we have lost our old players, some of the younger men could take hold if the spirit moved them. We wouldn't expect too much from a lot of beginners, but we Surely 'Nould be proud if we had a band of our very own.

wrote and article about our Band some time ago, when Anglernan was getting one together and I was very sorry when he gave it up. I remember that before the Second World War broke out, the Salvation Army Band from the Falls paid us ~everal visits and on one occasion they brought a Boys' Band with them, little kids of from seven to ten years, and it was surprising how well these kids played.

Somebody could get a bunch of our boys together and nothing would please the -, own people better than to have such an organization

TOWN OF NIAGARA LIONS' CLUB

Of course, we now have the Lions' Club, something that was not even thought of In the old days and they do a lot of good among our people. It seems but the other day that I was on my way to the office to do a little overtime work and a great concourse if men seemed to be assembling at the Town Hall and on enquiring, I teamed that a Lions' Club was to be formed. Somebody had evidently gone out Into the highways and byways and gathered in all and sundry, and I must confess ~hat I felt a bit hurt that the Town Clerk was never even given a hint that such a body was to be formed and never approached me to become a member. That does not detract from the value of such a body of men to the Community.

TOWN OF NIAGARA BOY SCOUTS

Another fine organization that has come to us is the Boys Scouts. General Baden-Powell did the world an invaluable service when he founded that body, which is perhaps the best thing that could have happened to the youth of this and other countries.

NIAGARA WOMEN'S INSTITUTE

Besides these male organization of which I have written, there are some very good female societies that are certainly worthy of a place in our regard. The Women's Institute is one of them. I believe that it had its origin among and for 'farm or rural women. I do not know just when it began, but I remember the great efforts it put forth in the time of the First World War for the comfort of the soldiers in training in our Town. They were superb in their unflagging devotion and we of the Town were proud of them. The present local organization is made up of good women from all over the Town and I have had the privilege of addressing them and! know from meeting them, that they are a fine body of women.

IMPERIAL ORDER OF DAUGHTERS OF THE EMPIRE

Another body which came into being here after that War has the grandiloquent title of "Imperial Order of Daughters of the Empire," usually shortened to I.O.D.E. The late Mrs. Charles Nelles was largely responsible for its coming into being. She, by the way, was in England during the War and acted there as Agent for our local Women's Insitute. Mrs. C. H. E. Smith was for some years its Regent as was later on, Mrs. Elizabeth Ascher. It is, if I may use the term, an ultra patriotic society and is a fine organization and is made up of a fine class of women.

I speak of these two organizations as being nonsectarian. Of course, each of the Churches has its various Clubs and Societies and I do not need to tell you about them. There have also been various musical and literary societies. Miss Carnochan writes about those of olden times, but in my time I have belonged to several. One of them was organized by Mr. A.L. Andrews of Buffalo who was engaged as an Instructor of the Church Choir by St. Mark's Church and we put in a delightful winter under his tuition, both in Choir and Choral Society.

THE MINSTRAL SOCIETY & AMATEUR ORCHESTRA

Then, later, we had a Minstral Society. the moving spirit of which was the late Harry Christie. And along with the Minstrals proper, we had an amateur Orchestra of a dozen or more members. We put on a Concert that filled the Town Hall to overflowing. I think it was Doug Secord that painted a set of scenery for the Stage and he made a good job of it too.

THE MUSICAL & DRAMATIC SOCIETY

Then we had a Musical and Dramatic Society, of which D'Arcy Caskey was the Musical Director and I was the President. Then at another time, W. F. Seymour organized an Orchestra. He was Principal of our High School and Choirmaster of St. Andrew's Church. It is surprising what musical talent can be found in even a comparatively small town such as ours and it only needs someone with initiative and energy to uncover it.

One must not forget that all these various movements and organizations were the product of people, people of vision, people who desired the betterment of their townspeople and were willing to do something about it. Wishes are all right but they, to amount to anything, must be implemented by deeds. I have no axe to grind in writing thus; my only object is to stir somebody up to do something about a Band or an Orchestra. We have had men of talent and women and there must be among our young people, some who could do something. It only needs a start. I remember once reading of the launching of a ship. The story goes that after the stays had been knocked away, the ship didn't move and the people held their breath, but one lad was so excited that he ran up and gave the bow of the boat a push and away it went. It only proves that one never knows what he can do until he tries.

Most of our people are just ordinary folks, with no pretension to greatness. Greatness after all is merely a relative term. One does not have to be superlatively smart or clever to achieve a measure of prominence in a small town. But unless one absolutely desires to be unnoticed and lives a drab, self-centered life, one's neighbours and associates will come to see and to know any qualities in LIS that stand out and make us prominent. Did you ever notice that a bunch of earth or gravel, if placed in a pan and shaken, will bring to the top, the big ones. Sometimes, it takes a good shake up to bring to the front, our hitherto unknown or unrecognized abilities. It does not make us great, but it does bring out the things that make us stand out among our fellows.

I have been writing a good deal about the people who did things in our Town in days gone by. One of them who certainly gave us a large measure of fame in the eyes of the World was Janet Carnochan. You all have heard a good deal about the dear lady lately. I had the privilege of attending a meeting of the Historical Society which she founded, at which meeting a portrait of her was unveiled with a suitable bronze plaque and I was honoured by being allowed to address the gathering briefly. It was an additional pleasure to meet there some old friends, some of whom I had not met for many years. I am sorry that there were no young people there and that so few of them may make history in the days and years that lie ahead. I don't think that many of our people realize what an important Town we live in. The eyes of the greater part of the World

will be on us this summer when goy Scouts gather from the four corners of the world within our limits.

MAYOR'S CHAIN OF OFFICE

I have been trying to get our Lord Mayor interested in procuring for the Town a Chain of Office, similar to that worn by most of the Mayors of important places. The Mayor seems to be lukewarm about the idea. Now I maintain that at this time of all times, our Town is important enough to warrant some distinctive badge for our Chief Magistrate. A friend suggested to me that it might be possible to have enough people to subscribe one dollar apiece to get enough money for the purpose. Now, our Mayor is a modest fellow and perhaps does not like the idea of such an adornment, but it is not Bill Greaves altogether that I am thinking of, at least not of him personally, but as representing you and me and all of us. This Chain would be passed on from him to his successors and be the property of the Town. Our present Mayor is a pleasant fellow, presents a good appearance and gives a good account of himself in public. I wish that interested people would get after him and the Council and get this thing put through and soon, for "tempus is fugiting."

EX-MAYORS

Why couldn't we have a reunion of ex-Mayors this summer. There are not many left: Billy Miller, 1904-5; Bill Harrison, 1914-15; and 1924-28; and 1931 ; Jim Macphee 1919-20; Joe Masters, 1923; Bill Singer, 1938-40 and 1943-44; Lew rv'lCConkey, 1945-49 and Tom Ferguson 1941-42.

EX-REEVES

There are not many Reeves left either. They are as follows: Joseph E. Masters. 1915-20 and 1922-23; James Macphee, 1924-29; W. H. Harrison 1932-38; W. L. Patterson, 1945-54. The Mayors and Reeves mentioned cover a period of fifty years of the Town's Municipal life. Covering that same period, it seems that there are in all, forty-eight members of Council still living. I am not including any of the present members in this tabulation.

One might wonder from what walk of life these people who manned our Municipal Council came. When I was young, a good many were the Merchants who did business on our Main Street. For instance, there was George A. Clement, S. H. Follett. Henry W. Crysler, John Bishop, W. W. McClelland and his sons; T. W. Rowland and his son Fred; Tom Blain; Robert Bishop; Robert and Fred Best; Henry Paffard and J. Randall; Butchers, Grocers, Tailors; Dry Goods men; Fish Dealers and Druggists. Besides these, there were W. J. Campbell, Blacksmith, and his son Will, Druggist, Tom Ferguson, Jeweller, Jack Schmidt, Tailor, and Bill Harrison, General Merchant. Then there was Captain W. A. Milloy and his brother Colin, in the shipping business; Harry Wilson and William Turner, Tinsmiths; and in the Livery business, there were Wm. J. Donnelly, R. J. Cumpson, M. J. Greene, Thomas May and S. H. Sherlock. We had a few from what you might call the leisured class, as J. M. Mussen and H. A. Garrett. We had the occasional retired farmer, John Morgan for instance. In the Canning business. we had John A. Black and Wm. Greaves. Hotel men who also served were Jas. Doyle, and William Long.

The Fishermen gave us three Chiefs of Police, Robert Reid, Ed. Sherlock and Ed. Ball. The same Fishermen for years furnished about half of our efficient Fire Brigade. Taking it all in all, our affairs have been managed by a pretty fair and general example of our population. We must not overlook our Bakers, however: here we find Ed. Patterson and Jim Macphee and we mustn't overlook our E. W. Field, nor our dear old Dr. Hendley Anderson.

So, whoever you are, whatever your lot, there is no one who cannot be of some use to his Community. I think of a line of an old song, "Not the ones who say I can't, but the ones who say, I'll try."

Note: Pages 338 to 340 were done previously. A note at the bottom of Page 340 says the following:

"These ended because of our Holiday and then Joe's death." With grateful thanks to Joseph E. Masters for filling in the period from 1872 until 1955 with the Town of Niagara History of which there was very little recorded.