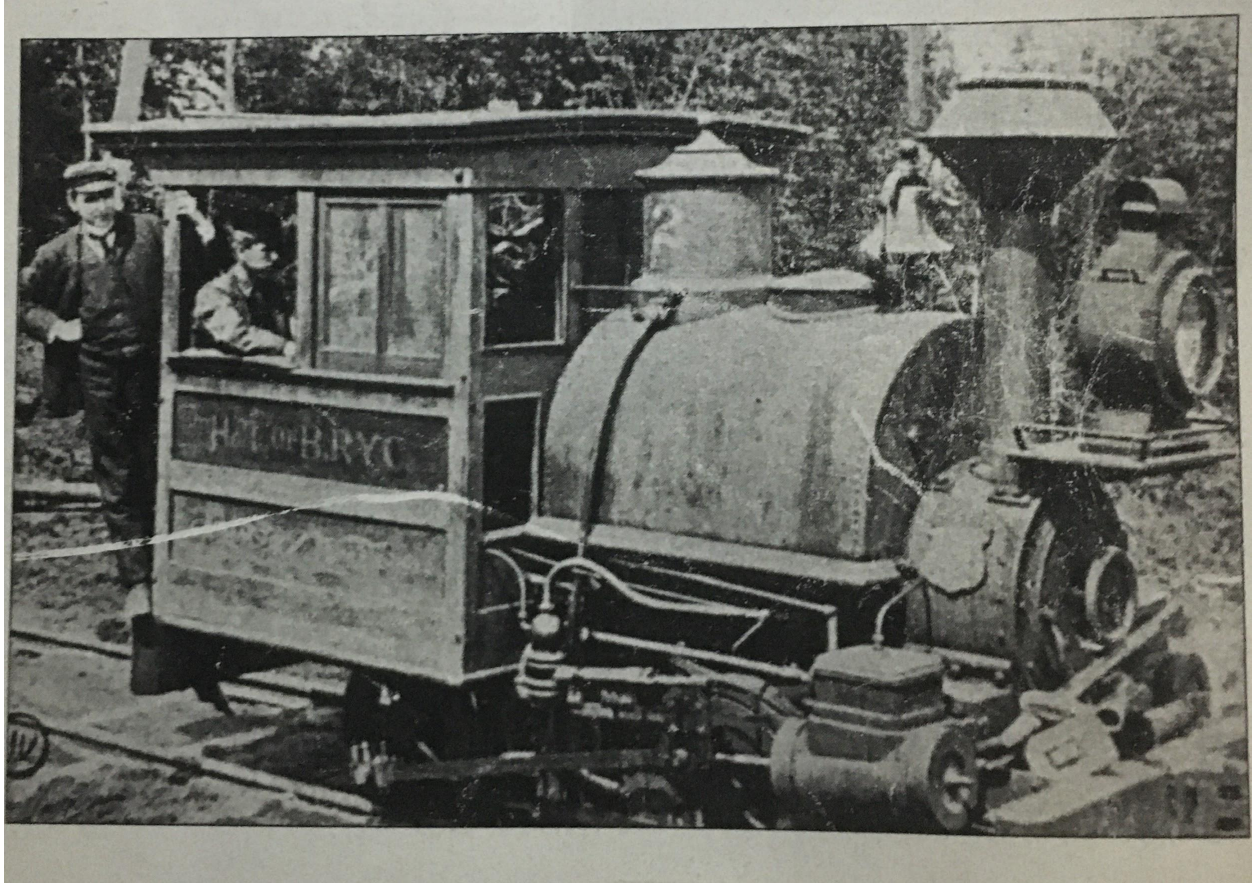


# THE RUTH MARTIN PAPERS

## BOOK IV



## Lake of Bays Heritage Foundation

Suite 2800  
130 Adelaide Street West  
Toronto, Ontario M5H 3P5

### **The Ruth Martin Papers**

In the summer of 1995 the *Lake of Bays Heritage Foundation* was, by great good fortune, entrusted with four precious loose-leaf notebooks. On their pages were recorded interviews with descendants of many first settlers in Lake of Bays Township – interviews that contained fascinating, priceless social history. Had cottager Ruth Martin not had the foresight to pursue her interest in our pioneers, their stories would have been lost forever. We owe her a tremendous debt of gratitude.

Settlement around Lake of Bays began after the Free Land Grant Act (1868) made land available. Little of it was arable, however, and the new arrivals faced daunting challenges. During the late 19<sup>th</sup> and 20<sup>th</sup> centuries the lumber industry offered employment for some, and the arrival of the first summer cottagers at the turn of the century added another dimension to life by the lake. The people interviewed from the early 1950s to mid-1970 by Ruth Martin were, in most cases, children or grandchildren of the first settlers in the township.

Ruth Martin (née Campbell) summered for many years at a cottage near Norway Point. Born in Toronto in 1908, she taught at Eastern High School of Commerce, and for three years served as a social hostess at Bigwin Inn. When illness prevented her from continuing this labour of love, the Ruth Martin Papers were put in safekeeping with a stepdaughter, Annette Benson and her family. About five years ago Jane Tate, whose mother has been a friend of Ruth Martin, took possession of the papers. Sha and her nephew, Lee Van Ormer, have kindly allowed the *Lake of Bays Heritage Foundation* to arrange for their publication. The originals have been deposited with the Fisher Rare Book Room at the Robarts Library, Toronto.

The Ruth Martin Papers have been photocopied unedited. Each set comprises four books of textual material and one book containing 186 photographs of some of our first residents (Chief Bigwin among them) and a few buildings. They have been deposited in the Dorset, Dwight, and Baysville libraries.

Margret McBurney  
Chair, Built Heritage  
May 1996

Publication of the Ruth Martin Papers has been made possible by donations (tax deductible) to the Lake of Bays Heritage Foundation.

Counting on you today so that you can count on tomorrow

## **The Ruth Martin Papers**

### **Index**

## **BOOK #1: General Muskoka History**

### **PART I—1879 Atlas/Northern Lakes --1886/ Free Grant Lands 1868**

1. Overview 1879 Atlas .....Ruth Martin .....
2. Muskoka & Parry Districts .....W.E Hamilton (Atlas) .....
3. Muskoka and Northern Lakes (part) ....1886 .....
4. Free Grant Lands of Canada 1871.....by Thomas McMurray .....

### **PART II--General History--published (extracts)**

1. Muskoka Memories.....by Ann Hathaway (1849- ) .....
2. Algonquin Story.....Audrey Saunders .....
3. English Bloods.....Roger Vardon .....
4. History of Muskoka.....Capt L.R. Fraser .....

### **PART III--Homestead Books & Township Papers**

1. Selected List of First Owners.....Homestead Books .....
2. Township Papers.....at Ontario Archives .....

### **PART IV--Haliburton/Baysville/Local Government**

1. Early Days in Haliburton (excerpts) ...by H.R Cummings 1963.....  
(Dorset Public Library)
2. Northern Exposure (excerpts).....by Rev Richard Warder (Ang).....  
(Baysville Library)
3. The Light of Other Years (excerpts)....Gravenhurst History.....
4. Local Government Review—1968.....a research report .....

## **BOOK #2:**

### **PART I—Lake of Bays--General History**

1. Fifty Years of Muskoka History.....Harry Linney .....
2. G.T.R Booklet 9<sup>th</sup> edition.....1914 loaned by Mr. S. Booker.....
3. First Tourist--100 years ago.....Huntsville Forester.....  
August 24, 1961
4. Bruce West Program.....
5. G.T.R Booklet.....1<sup>st</sup> edition 1908 loaned .....
- by Doris Taplin
6. Early Lake of Bays Hotels.....Forester July 26, 1906 .....
- Source-- Pioneer Village
7. Beautiful Lake of Bays --1905.....Mrs. Asbury's scrapbook.....
8. Campbell Family's 1<sup>st</sup> trip.....by Mary G. Campbell.....
- to Lake of Bays—1904
9. The Navigation Company.....Forester May 28, 2951.....

### **PART II—Tom Salmon**

1. Interview with Harry Salmon.....August 1966 .....
2. Visit with Mrs. David Langford.....Sept 6, 1966 .....
3. Poem by Mr. Thomas Salmon.....
4. Tom Salmon Diary.....1880.....
5. List of People mentioned in Diary.....
6. Interview with Mrs. Ann Emberson.....Oct. 2, 1967 .....
7. Tom Salmon—observation.....Margaret Bowlby .....
8. Pioneer Tom Salmon.....Ashworth Tweedsmuir History .....
10. Tom Salmon Obituary.....1943 .....

### **PART III—Fox Point Road**

1. Interview with Mrs. Joseph Tapley.....Sept 28, 1966 .....
2. Interview with Mrs. William Keown.....August 30, 1970 .....

### **PART IV—Birkendale & Ten Mile Bay**

1. Interview with Mrs. Langford.....July 28, 1967 .....
2. Interview with Dorothea Robson.....Sept 25, 1967 .....



3. Interview with Rev. John Robson.....Aug 23, 1968 .....
4. Visit with Mr. Alfred Chevalier.....Sept 15, 1968 .....
5. Naming of Birkendale.....Ashworth Tweedsmuir History .....
6. Interview with Charles Dillon.....August 29, 1971 .....

**PART V—Port Cunnington Road**

1. Naming of Fox Point.....
2. Drive with Mrs. David Langford.....August 9, 1967 .....
3. Boyce Henry Cunnington.....Mrs. Asbury’s scrapbook .....
4. Visit with Mr. & Mrs. Bert Boothby.....Oct 15, 1970 .....
- Ross & Helen at Point Ideal
5. Interview with Alex Thompson.....Sept 27, 1970 .....
6. Visit with Mr. & Mrs. Bert Boothby.....Oct 20, 1970 .....
- Mrs. Boothby’s sister Mrs. Will Munro  
(nee Emily Cunnington)
7. Interview with.....Sept 15, 1970 .....
- Dr. & Mrs. Bradford Young
8. Diary Boyce Cunnington.....loaned by Mary Elder .....
9. Family Tree—Cunnington.....
10. Interview with Mr. & Mrs. ....Sept 9, 1971 .....
- Wm. H. Boothby
11. Visit with Mr. & Mrs. Elwood Campbell..Oct 12, 1971 .....
12. School Register Information.....Loaned by Elwood Campbell .....

**PART VI—Haystack Bay Tweedsmuir History .....**

## **BOOK #3: Dwight—Portage—Newholm—Portage**

### **PART I—Dwight**

1. A Village—Heart of Gold.....Toronto Telegram Nov 8, 1958 .....
2. First White Settler (Tom Salmon).....Forester Sep 27, 1962 .....
- by Mary Salmon
3. Mrs. Langford—Dwight.....July 28, 1967 .....
4. Drive with Mrs. Langford.....Aug 9, 1967 .....
- Port Cunningham Road
- & Jessie Hood & Esther Keown
5. Old Residents Gather (Dorset).....Ethel’s scrapbook .....
6. Pioneer Days at Dwight.....Forester 1925 .....
- Mrs. Asbury’s scrapbook
7. Interview—Mrs. Norman Boothby.....Sept. 16, 1968 .....
- August 19, 1969
8. Gouldie’s Store Ledger.....loaned by Mrs. N. Boothby .....
9. Rev. James McCrea diary notes.....loaned by Mrs. N. Boothby .....
10. Frank Blackwell Recollections.....Feb 27, 1952 .....
- Loaned by Doris Taplin
11. Visit—Mr. & Mrs. Charles Corbett.....Sept 9, 1968 .....
12. Notes re Booklet “Vacation Trips”.....1908 .....
13. Interview—Mr. & Mrs. Ralph Blackwell...June 7, 1970 .....
14. Dwight Tweedsmuir History.....Sept 16, 1969 .....
- Mrs. V. Asbury
15. Notes—Mrs. Asbury’s Scrapbook .....
16. Interview re Bert McKeown.....Mrs. Sadie Woodcock .....
17. Interview—Mr. & Mrs. N. Boothby.....Sept 29, 1970 .....

### **PART II—Stewarts of Dwight**

1. The Stewarts of Dwight.....by Harold Stanley Stewart .....

### **PART III—Dwight—Wiman Club**

1. The Tourists (1871).....Northern Advocate June 30, 1871 .....
2. Visits with Mrs. Langford.....Oct 13, 1967 .....
3. Poem by Mrs. Thomas Salmon.....c 1873? .....
4. Interview with A. Dwight Ross.....Aug 29, 1967 .....
5. Interview with Mrs. Langford.....Sept 12, 1967 .....
6. Long Lake Hunt Club Log.....loaned by Ralph Blackwell .....
- (1882-1929)



## **BOOK #4: Bigwin—Baysville—Gordon’s Corners—Brown’s Brae**

### **PART I—Bigwin**

1. Copy—Abstract.....
  2. Interview—Sam Forsyth.....July 27, 1964 .....
  3. Bigwin Auction Sale Ends Era.....Nov 22, 1966 Telegram .....
  4. Various articles on Mr. Shaw.....Source—Pioneer Village .....
- Tannery & Band
5. Bigwin Inn—1943.....Ashworth Tweedsmuir History .....
  6. Poem—Bigwin.....by Mrs. J.B. Shrigley Dorset .....

### **PART II—Chief Bigwin**

1. Notes from articles.....

### **PART III—Baysville and Environs**

1. The Pulford House—booklet.....loaned by Mrs. L. C. Brown .....
2. Baysville & McLean Township.....Langford papers .....
3. When Muskoka was New.....Mark Langford .....
4. Interview—Mr. & Mrs. L.C. Brown.....Aug 28, 1967 .....
5. Interview—Mrs. St. Clair Ferguson.....Oct 15, 1968 .....
6. Interview—Mr. & Mrs. Lloyd Green.....Oct 17, 1967 .....
7. Drive with Mrs. Langford.....July 31, 1967 .....
8. Visit with Mrs. J.J. Robinson.....Oct 4, 1967 .....
9. Interview—Mr. Karl Campbell.....Aug 8, 1968 .....
10. Interview—Mrs. P.C. Stewart.....June 20, 1969 .....
11. Interview—Mrs. Fred VanCleaf.....Sept 16, 1974 .....

### **PART IV—Back Road—Gordon’s Corners & Brown’s Brae**

1. Interview—Miss Eva Booker.....Oct 18, 1967 .....
2. Brown’s Brae Road.....Aug 6, 1968 .....
- with Dorothy & Jessie Campbell
3. Interview—Jack Rowe & Joe Morrow.....Sept 30, 1969 .....
4. Interview—Gordon Robinson.....Oct 14, 1969 .....
5. Interview—Mrs. Effie Tyrrell.....Sept. 25, 1970 .....
6. Interview—Mrs. James Watson.....Sept 1973 .....

### **PART V—Dorset**

1. Chronological History—Dorset.....Charles E. Burk .....

2. Interview—Mr. & Mrs. Alexander McKay...Aug 9, 1966 .....
3. E.A Remy's Book.....Sept 25, 1967 .....
4. Dorset—Dreamland The Telegram.....Aug 11, 1956 .....
5. Mr. Arvine Barry Scrapbook Notes.....
6. Charming Paint Lake by Harry Linney.....Ethel's scrapbook .....
7. Off Beaten Trails in Muskoka.....by Harry Linney .....
8. Interview—Margaret Dayment.....April 4, 1968 .....
9. Visit with Stanley Booker.....Aug 12, 1968 .....
10. Visit—Mrs. P.C. Stewart.....July 23, 1968 .....
11. Visit—Mrs. William Cassidy.....Aug 17, 1968 .....
12. Visit—Mrs. Cassidy & M & M Kelly.....Aug 24, 1968 .....
13. Visit—Mrs. Cassidy & M & M Kelly.....Sept 1, 1968 .....
14. Visit—Mrs. Cassidy & M & M Kelly.....Aug 11, 1969 .....
15. Dorset Information.....loaned by Mrs. L. Barry .....
16. Visit—Mr. & Mrs. Lesley Barry.....Sept 11, 1968 .....
17. The Outfitter of Dorset (Wes Clayton).....loaned by Marg Bowlby .....
18. Visit Mrs. G. Dawkins.....March 28, 1969 .....
- “Robertsons of OxTongue Lake”
19. Visit—Mr. & Mrs. Hudson.....March 30, 1969 .....
20. Fisher Family of Dorset.....W.R. Fisher .....
- Diary of sailing 1870
21. Visit—Mr. & Mrs. Norman Fisher.....July 1, 1969 .....
22. Visit—Mr. & Mrs. Norman Fisher.....August 10, 1969 .....
23. Interview—Mr. Leonard Avery.....July 28, 1969 .....
24. Interview--Mr. Leonard Avery.....August 10, 1969 .....
25. Interview—Len, Sidney, Orrie Avery.....Aug 31, 1969 .....
26. Article—c 1915—no heading.....Lloyd Green? .....
27. Treasurer's Accounts—SS#1.....
- Sherbourne/Ridout/McClintock/Franklin 1881-1899
28. Hugh McEachern.....July 14, 1970 .....
29. Interview—Mrs. Orrie Avery.....Sept 24, 1972 .....
- & sister Miss Kate McKay

Register's Abstract LOTS No. 19 to 25 both inclusive being part of Volume

No. of INSTRUMENT.	INSTRUMENT.	IN DATE.	GRANTOR.	GRANTEE.	QUANTITY OF LAND.	CONSIDERATION OR AMOUNT OF MORTGAGE.	REMARKS.
4	Grant 25th 1857	25th 1857	The Crown	North River	570 a	\$242 1/2	pt 2/3 of lot
5	Grant 25th 1857	25th 1857	The Crown	Henry Street	1/2 a	\$12 2/3	
6	Deed 18th 1850	23rd 1851	J. H. C. B. Burgess	Hullington	1/2 a	\$850 00	
7	Deed 21st 1851	21st 1851	Hullington	Stoke	1/2 a	\$1000 00	
9	J. A. Grant 1851	23rd 1851	Thomas Brown	Brown's Hill	1/2 a	\$1500 00	with land
119	Deed 15th 1841	15th 1841	Conrad	Conrad	1/2 a	\$500 00	
120	Deed 15th 1841	15th 1841	Conrad	Conrad	1/2 a	\$500 00	
121	Deed 15th 1841	15th 1841	Conrad	Conrad	1/2 a	\$500 00	
139	Deed 15th 1841	15th 1841	Conrad	Conrad	1/2 a	\$500 00	
144	Deed 15th 1841	15th 1841	Conrad	Conrad	1/2 a	\$500 00	
149	Deed 15th 1841	15th 1841	Conrad	Conrad	1/2 a	\$500 00	
173	Deed 15th 1841	15th 1841	Conrad	Conrad	1/2 a	\$500 00	
248	Deed 15th 1841	15th 1841	Conrad	Conrad	1/2 a	\$500 00	
286	Deed 15th 1841	15th 1841	Conrad	Conrad	1/2 a	\$500 00	
371	Deed 15th 1841	15th 1841	Conrad	Conrad	1/2 a	\$500 00	
444	Deed 15th 1841	15th 1841	Conrad	Conrad	1/2 a	\$500 00	
500	Deed 15th 1841	15th 1841	Conrad	Conrad	1/2 a	\$500 00	
501	Deed 15th 1841	15th 1841	Conrad	Conrad	1/2 a	\$500 00	
502	Deed 15th 1841	15th 1841	Conrad	Conrad	1/2 a	\$500 00	
503	Deed 15th 1841	15th 1841	Conrad	Conrad	1/2 a	\$500 00	
504	Deed 15th 1841	15th 1841	Conrad	Conrad	1/2 a	\$500 00	
505	Deed 15th 1841	15th 1841	Conrad	Conrad	1/2 a	\$500 00	
506	Deed 15th 1841	15th 1841	Conrad	Conrad	1/2 a	\$500 00	
507	Deed 15th 1841	15th 1841	Conrad	Conrad	1/2 a	\$500 00	
508	Deed 15th 1841	15th 1841	Conrad	Conrad	1/2 a	\$500 00	
509	Deed 15th 1841	15th 1841	Conrad	Conrad	1/2 a	\$500 00	
510	Deed 15th 1841	15th 1841	Conrad	Conrad	1/2 a	\$500 00	





*Biquini Island  
Carved from files*

LOT No. Lots 19 to 25 both inclusive, being whole of island  
*road allowance*

No. of INSTRUMENT.	INSTRUMENT.	ITS DATE	DATE OF REGISTRY.	GRANTOR.	GRANTEE.	QUANTITY OF LAND.	CONSIDERATION OR AMOUNT OF MORTGAGE.	REMARKS.
23332	Aspm.	29 Oct 1955	23 Nov 1959	Frank S. Lisher	Sybil Investments Limited	\$2,000 etc	not rep'd in full	
34117	Defn.	9 Mar 1960	23 Oct 1961	Sybil Investments Limited	Biquini Island Co. Limited	all	23332	a. of m. # 23331
84216	Mtge	20 Oct 1961	21 Oct 1961	Biquini Island Co. Limited	Preparation, Limited	all	\$55,000.00	the rest

## **Interview with Mr. Sam Forsythe –Monday, July 27, 1964**

Charles Orlando Shaw—Thinks he was born in Boston.

His father was in the tannery business in Boston.

He was educated in the States—run a tannery business in Cheboygen which was built and operated by an American firm.

He came to Canada around 1900, because his uncle, Brackley Shaw had started a tannery business in Canada.

C.O. came to Huntsville around the turn of the century to be general manager of the Huntsville Tannery. ~~Around the turn of the century~~

The Huntsville Tannery had been built around 1888—it was then the Huntsville and Bracebridge Tannery. The Anglo-Canadian was organized in 1903.

Mr. Moore, who was manager of the Navigation Company for Mr. Shaw, heard that the Millichamps wanted to sell Bigwin Island. Mr. Shaw told Mr. Moore to buy it. This was around 1910. Mr. Millichamp was from Oshawa. The price of the Island was around one or two thousand dollars. Mr. McKee and Captain Rutherford each put in \$1000. Neither was interested in nor able to be partners in building a hotel. Mr. Shaw bought Captain Rutherford's interest. Mr. McKee's? The Bigwin ~~Inn~~ Island Co. was formed. Mr. McKee was a partner in that. He continued with Mr. Shaw throughout the building and operation of Bigwin Inn.

Why did he build Bigwin? He owned the Navigation Co., and liked the Island.

The Wawa was operating in 1909, probably 1907. The Canadian Railway News owned it. It burned in 1923.

When had the Navigation Co. been formed? Captain Marsh owned the boats. Mr. Shaw bought them in 1906-1907. The Navigation Co. had been started to serve Baysville, Dwight, Dorset, Fox Point etc, as there were no roads then.

Mr. Shaw had the idea to build a hotel. He camped up there a few Summers—at the West end of the Island, and Shaw's Island. Shaw's Island belonged to the Shaw children—it was left to the three of them. When Mrs. Gill sold to Cardy, Mrs. Conway and Mr. C.G. sold their interest to her for a nominal sum—as Cardy insisted on having the entire island. Work was started on the hotel around 1911. The chief carpenter was local, from Bracebridge. The cement was brought from Port Colborne. The stones for the fire places etc., were from the Island. John Wilson of

Collingwood was the architect. The wood interior trim of the rotunda is B.C. fir. James McFarlane a local stone mason, did the stone work. He was paid \$5.00 for a ten hour day. When was it completed? Fifteen minutes before the first guest arrived.

The hotel was opened in June 1920. Mr. Reid of Napanee was the first guest. He arrived on the morning boat—and his trunks went on to Dorset.

The original buildings were the rotunda—the two sleeping lodges – the main dining room—and the pavilion.

Later, were added the small dining room and the round room. For conventions—additional bathrooms in lodges, the Tea House and the Caddy House. The first nine holes of the Golf Course were built in 1922, and the second nine later. Stanley Thompson was the architect.

Why was Island called Bigwin? There had been a Bigwin Island Hunting and Fishing Club. Survey made of the Island at the time, is the one they are now using for the selling of lots. There was an Indian Trading Post on the Island, and it was known as ~~Big W~~ Bigwin then. Wonders if it were a contraction of Big Wind.

Gregory Clarke wrote an excellent article in the Star Weekly on Bigwin in 1920 or 21.

Chief Bigwin at Rama—nothing ever clearly established whether he had anything to do with it or not.

How did Mr. Shaw go about furnishing it? The Rotunda tables were from Kitchener. Mr. Conway had a lot to do with it.

Originals on staff? Mr. Forsythe—Smokey Smith, formerly station agent at C.N.R., then at Tannery. Albert Vierin, 1<sup>st</sup> chef, later at Georgian Room. Miss Kieswetter was a waitress the first year. Miss Reily was the dietitian in 21 or 22. She had been the dietitian at Hart House. Lady Eaton got her for the Georgian Room after 1 or 2 years. Mr. Shaw always consulted her.

Steamer Bigwin was purchased maybe around 1930. The Wanda was Lady Eaton's yacht. They brought it up on flat cars from Gravenhurst and over the Port age. It was a mistake. It was used for special cruises.

The masquerades were begun in 1920. Jimmie Reid ran them until he left in 1927 or 28—when the band broke up. Then, Mr. Forsythe was in charge of the. They were held every year up till 1942.

How did Chief Bigwin enter into the picture? He wanted to take over the Island, and put them all in jail—but nothing ever came of it.

Outstanding employees who contributed to the development of Bigwin Reilly, Reid, Forsythe, McKee, Ayer, Collins, Kieswetter, Moir, McTavish.

Sunday evening concerts were held from the very beginning.

The Laundry in Huntsville—used Navigation Co..

Why was the band disbanded? Expense—he had achieved perfection—there was no place else to go. Goldman conducted Orpheus in the Underworld. The last number played—Tannhauser.

How much is known of the Indian Lore of the Island? Nothing authentic.

Bigwin Inn, “The Old Lady”—catered to the carriage trade. It was a dream of Mr. Shaw’s in the first place. The main reason he built it—he owned the Navigation Company—the hotel operation would provide revenue for the Navigation Company. He visualized a fine resort on the Island. It would be something for the family—would be a source of income for them.

The Navigation Company just died—with the increase in the number of cars and the improvement in roads.

Carl’s boat was no good. It cost \$40.-50.000—sold for a pittance.

Mr. Shaw bought Norway Point at the same time as the Island, and it was a wise move.

C.O. was enchanted by the Lake of Bays—he thought that it was the greatest lake in the world. He was quite an artist. He could visualize the view of the lagoon over the Golf Course, before the clearing had taken place. He got a great thrill out of having people come to Bigwin, and enjoying what he had created.

## BIGWIN INN AUCTION SALE ENDS AN ERA

-NOV. 22, 1966.

by Dorothy Howard- Telegram Staff Reporter.

The popular tune then was- Yes, We Have No Bananas.

Smoking was banned in the dining room, and liquor, anywhere on the premises.

Slacks were not allowed on the Island. Shorts were unheard of.

Guests dressed every night for dinner.

The register read like a Toronto blue book, the staff, like a University roll call.

The pretty young home economics student who sorted your mail at the front desk is now Mrs. John Diefenbaker.

### Plush Days

Those were the plush days, when Bigwin Inn was North America's best-known Summer hotel.

Its own newspaper, the Bigwin Banner, circulated and drew guests from Europe, United States and Canada.

That happy breed sent so many bids to solicitor Roger Morris, that it was impossible to hold the auction in his Toronto law office. So, to-day the Bigwin auction sale in the Lord Simcoe Hotel's Salon A at 2 p.m. officially ended a hotel, an island, and an era. All of them may be re-born in another form. But none can bring back those leisurely, between war times when Summer life was gracious, grand, and slightly stuffy.

### 250 Garages

When the Inn opened in 1920, automobiles were just beginning to fill the 250 new garages on Norway Point across from Bigwin Island. Guests reached the Inn by two boat trips, and the world's smallest railroad. The Huntsville—Lake of Bays' Railroad ran two 35 horsepower locomotives about 20 miles an hour, a mile between North Portage and South Portage on Peninsula Lake on a 42 inch wide track. They are now in Chicago's museum Railway president Louis Thompson was also conductor, signalman, brakeman, and engineer. The railroad carried 15,000 passengers and 500 tons of freight in a season, frequently wandering harmlessly off the track with both.

### No Week Ends

Weekending was unknown. Families came for the season with trunks of evening clothes and sports gear. Their children were seen, but not heard in nurseries, and other play areas.



There were no teen-agers – only young people honed down by discipline and hard work. Staff was recruited personally from thousands of applicants with emphasis on family background, and training for the professions. The youngsters, average age, 18, worked from 6 a.m., until 9 p.m., with two afternoon hours off daily and no week-ends. Salaries ranged from \$15 a week for a kitchen slavey to \$100 for the manager of stores, plus tips. Most returned to University with about \$400. Bellhops wore “high-necked scratchy grey serge uniforms, hot as hell” remembers Director of University of Toronto Alumni, Joe Evans. “Working at Bigwin was in. We were some punkins.” He remembers lugging Bigwin owner Charles Orlando Shaw’s bags for a quarter tip, and he always said, “ Save it to buy a house.”

When C.O. Shaw, president of the old Huntsville, Anglo Canadian leather company, started the Inn, on remote, heavily timbered Bigwin Island, people said he was crazy. They called the 220 by 120 foot rotunda, the two-storey 525 foot long lodges, connected by covered walkways, and the 18 hole golf course, Shaw’s Folly. But, they had not reckoned with C.O. Shaw. He ran the place like a police state—remember the Evans’ brothers. He was a little, broad-shouldered, quick man with a white moustache, and we were terrified of him, remembers Joe Evans, then a \$15 a week toast boy, and sometime pancake chef.

Wilson McTavish, now Dr. W.A. McTavish said “We had hollow legs, always hungry. We worked like stevedores. I still remember those homemade berry pies. The Inn had its own bakery, with the finest food in Canada.”

He remembers playing the front end of a giraffe to entertain the guests and, “Mr. Shaw making me wipe off all the pickle jars and take a; the sprouts off the potatoes in the store.”

He, and Joe’s brothers, Bradford lawyers Charles and Brock Evans, managed the store and were bellhops. Brock Evans met household economics student, Martha Sommerville, daughter of a Toronto lawyer, one Summer there. “She ran the Tea House. We got engaged in front of the fireplace, after we got rid of all the guests.” Said Brock.

#### A Banker

About the same time, a young Bigwin guest, named Alex McBain, was courting another guest, Margaret Laird. Alex heard about the Inn in Cuba where he worked for the Bank of Nova Scotia. He married Margaret, is now the president of United Cumulative Funds Limited, and, last year, was the first time he and his wife missed visiting Bigwin for at least a day. “People go to Europe now.” He said. “We’ve been to Russia, Japan, Greece and Turkey. But I do really feel very sad about Bigwin. I think it began to fade when C.O. Shaw died, and , of course, rapid transportation, the automobile, air, travel, changed it all. This is a new era.”

Mr. Shaw died in 1942, at 82.

Mr. Aylward, musical director of the Tommy Hunter T.V. show, was Bigwin musical director in 1924 at 19, then, a Royal Conservatory gold medalist, and a violinist with the Toronto string quartette. Mr. Shaw was a top cornettist, himself, and had already organized the famous Huntsville Band,” he said.

He let his young director organize Sunday night concerts that drew 2000 people in the rotunda. “We must have had 1200 guests. We had them sleep in the barber shop.”

#### First Bass

Staff included Bob Brennand, now first bass with the New York Philharmonic. We had Victor Herbert’s horn player, Carl Schuman, and Frank Goldman, of the famous Goldman concert band. –said Mr. Aylward.

Hotelman Vernon Cardy bought the Inn in 1947, and sold it in 1948 to stockbroker Frank Leslie. In 1962, it was bought by a group of Toronto business men called Jalcorporation.

To-day, “by the power of sale provisions, contained in the Mortgage Act, the island, and the resort in the Muskoka’s 130 miles north of Toronto, known as Bigwin Inn, valued at \$1.8 million”, went up for grabs.

**Advertisement in Toronto Daily Star—Sept. 2, 1922.**

Bigwin Inn, Bigwin Island, Lake of Bays.

The new Golf Course has been in use since July 1<sup>st</sup>.

Every facility for recreation/

The Inn will remain open until Sept. 30<sup>th</sup>.

No better place for hay fever sufferers

For reservations, write, wire or phone Manager, Bigwin Inn, Lake of Bays.

Rates, American Plan with bath—40 & 56 per week single

35 & 49 per week double

without bath 35 & 40 per week single

30 & 40 per week double

During Sept. a discount of 10% will be allowed off the above rates.

First programme of Huntsville Band C.N.E.

Program of concerts by Anglo Canadian Band of Huntsville

Herbert L. Clarke Director ( World's premier cornet soloist)

No. 1 Monday afternoon, Sept 4, 3.30-5.30 p.m.

Sept. 5 – Not eager for tours is the Huntsville Band. Bandmaster Clarke denies any idea of going to England—total of 68 men now.

There is no possibility of a tour, he told The Star-- for, if we did, it would drain the factories of all our men. The ban is simply an organization to keep the men interested during the Winter months, in a town of 2000 inhabitants. We have two practices a week, and the public is always welcome.

We are trying to play a higher class of music, continued Mr. Clarke. Simple pieces are often heard, so we attempt to give some more difficult selections. However, much of the value of the music is lost in an out of doors presentation. We intend to develop into a wind orchestra—and not a military orchestra. Thus it is, that a concert in a hall would be of better effect than these in the open.

## **The Huntsville Museum**

Various articles on Mr. Shaw, the Tannery and the Band

### The Anglo Canadian Leather Co.

One of the industries which has for the past 15 years done much to make Huntsville prosperous a business community, is the tannery of the above company. This industry has been known by the above name for a short time only/-- the company having been organized in 1905, succeeding Shaw, Cassell's and Co., who established the industry 15 years ago.

The officers of this Anglo Canadian leather Co. are-  
Pres—Mr. Brackley Shaw. Vice Pres—Mr. C. Thaxter Shaw  
Gen Man—Mr. C.O. Shaw. Sec—Mr. Thomas D. Stewart.

The head office of the company is in the city of Montreal, with branch houses in Quebec City and Toronto, and tanneries at Huntsville and Bracebridge.

It is about half a century since Mr. Brackley Shaw established his first tannery in Canada. Wonderful developments have taken place in the art of producing leather during those 50 years, as the immense tanneries of the A.C.L. Co., with their modern and splendid equipment's bear record. When it is stated that some 200 hands are employed in the tannery, besides scores engaged in the woods getting out the bank—the wanes paid out by this company in our town would aggregate \$05.000 per year, it can be seen now valuable this industry is to the community.

The company claims to have the largest sole leather tanneries in the British Empire, which is saying a good deal. The plant comprises all the numerous buildings required for manufacturable, including hide house, bank steeds, leak? house, roll loft, repair shops for wood and iron, large tan yards, etc... The equipment is modern in every way, and the capacity is 100 sides a day. The hide house has a capacity for storage of 100,000 aids. The plot is separated by steam and electric power—600 of the former, and 250 of that latter, generated by the companies own dynamic's. the company manufactures its own electric light, 500 lights being used throughout the implemense plant.

The benefit this plant has been to the town during the last decade and a half is almost immeasurable, and, the glad realization is that there is no probable limitation to its continued existence and usefulness.

Unlike the lumbering industry, there is no possibility of the supply of material failing. This is an industry also which runs 313 days in the year and gives steady employment in the town the year round to a couple of hundred hands.

Mr. Shaw is also pres. of the Huntsville, Lake of Bays, and Lake Simcoe Navigation Co., and is the owner of a large portion of the stock of the company.

**Folder on the Whole Canadian Leather Co.**

Head office—Montreal, Quebec.

Tanners of whole leather exclusively—Maple Lead Brand

Pioneers of Progress—by C.C. Shaw

Manufacture of sole leather carried on by four generations of Shaw family, over periods of 104 years.

In the year 1830, Brackley Shaw I, erected and generated a sole leather tannery in the village of Cummington, Mass., U.S.A—later following with another at Rleeker, N.Y.-- then, and of the tanning centers of the U.S.A since that time, for a continuous period of 104 years, four successive generations of this family have carried on the manufacture and sale of the leather.

In the year 1859, Brackley Shaw II came to Canada, and established in the Prov. Of Quebec, with head office in Montreal, a business of tanning and sale of sole 1 another, which business is now being conducted by the fourth generation under the name of Anglo Canadian Leather Co, producing the well known Maple Leaf Brands of oak and hemlock sale leather. During this operated by this family of tanners, as the supply of hemlock bark was exhausted, one by one the tanneries were abandoned, and the business was concentrated at Huntsville and Bracebridge, where two large tanneries were erected, and now produce the entire output of sole leather manufacture and sold by Anglo Canadian Leather Co., who are the largest tanners of sole leather in Canada, and the largest producer since 1859.

Obituary Notice of Charles Orlando Shaw

Taken from the Huntsville Forester

For more than 40 years, Mr. Shaw has been one of our most active and successful industrial citizens. He came to Huntsville from Cheboygan, Mien. To organize the local tannery, and assure charge of its management. The company, then known as Shaw, Casswell's and Co., was reorganized and became known as the Huntsville and Bracebridge Tanning Co., with operating tanneries both here and in Bracebridge. Later, the name was changed to Anglo Canadian Leather Co., Mr. Shaw was pres. Of the latter Co., and its general cancer. Its success is a matter of common knowledge.

In very recent years, he withdrew from active management of the company and has given most of his time to the directions of Bigwin Inn on Lake of Bays, Canada's Largest Summer Hotel, which Mr. Shaw built during the years of the last war, and opened in 1920. In recent years, he has taken active charge of Bigwin Inn, and has spent his Summer there.

Mr. Shaw was born in Boston, Mass., and came from a family engaged for generations in the leather making business. Before coming to Huntsville in 1898, he actively engaged in the tanning business in Cheboygan, Mich... He had during his long business career many ups and downs, but, his indomitable perseverance and energy, coupled with a capable business brain, enabled him to triumph over all his adversaries, and, his Huntsville record has been one of unbroken success.

In earlier years, following the death of the late Captain G.F. Marsh, he purchased the Huntsville and Lake of Bays Navigation Co., and continued its operation uninterrupted ever since. He was pres. of the Nav. Co..

His next major venture was the construction of Bigwin Inn on Lake of Bays. This large and outstanding hotel took several years to construct, and was finally completed about the close of the last war. Its opening, however, was delayed for two years. It was finally opened in 1929, and has been successfully operated every season since that date. This business has always had very close attention from Mr. Shaw, who, in recent years, has been in active charge of the management. The clientele has included many prominent people from Canada and the United States.

Another notable achievement of the Huntsville career of Mr. Shaw, was the organization of the Anglo Canadian Concert Band in 1914. He brought to Huntsville Herbert J. Clarke, internationally known concertinist, who became conductor. The band grew to 65 members, and, during its 12 years of existence it played many engagements at the Canadian national Exhibition, and became internationally famous. Mr. Shaw himself played 1<sup>st</sup> cornet. He was a great music lover.

At an earlier period, Mr. Shaw took an active interest in municipal affairs and served for several terms on the council. He was repeatedly offered the mayoralty by acclamation, but always declined to accept the office. He was, however, a constant source of information and advice for those who sought assistance in municipal affairs. For many years, he was also an active member of the Board of Trade.

Mr. Shaw was a tee totaller, and a non smoker. During the 22 years of his operation of Bigwin Inn, no beer or liquor was ever served to its patrons.

His first wife, Miss Jennie Abbott, was a talented musician. She died in Toronto, 8 years ago. ?? Two years later, Mr. Shaw married Miss Amanda Paulley of Huntsville, who survived him.

Another Obit. Notice—I think from the Toronto Daily Star—Dec. 3, 1942

- - -re band.





## Huntsville Museum

Obit. Notice of Mr. C.C. Shaw—I think from Toronto Daily Star  
Dec. 3, 1942

- - - In 1914, he organised the Anglo Canadian or Huntsville Band which, in its time, was considered one of the great musical organizations in Canada. For six consecutive years, it was top band at the Canadian National Exhibition. A music lover himself, Mr. Shaw was an accomplished cornetist, and, at the age of 63 could play a concert exercise which required his sustaining a succession of notes for 75 seconds. Playing the instrument was one of the things to which he attributed his life and good health.

When the band was first organized, at Mr. Shaw's expense, its members were unable to play a simple little overture, in the words of the founder. But, at the time it disbanded in 1926, the members were playing the most difficult overtures, and playing them well.

The band was highly regarded in musical circles, and a U.S. visitor once remarked that Sousa would give a million dollars for the reed section, alone.

In these days, Mr. Shaw occupied the 1st cornet desk in the band.

Brief article—no date

Mr. Clarke's resignation as director of the band

Music lovers in Canada, and musicians in general, will learn with regret of the resignation of Mr. Herbert L. Clarke, as conductor of the Anglo Canadian Concert Band of Huntsville, Canada.

During Mr. Clarke, as conductor—the reputation of the band has been firmly established, and it will be the ambition and determination of those at the head of the organization to not only maintain, but to add to its already enviable record.

The above paragraphs have been taken from a leading American Music Journal and will set at rest various rumours as to the future of the Anglo Canadian Concert Band.

Star article

Huntsville Band on C.F.C.A.—glorious broadcast on Star station's fourth birthday.

Yesterday was the Star station's fourth birthday, and no finer celebration could be imagined than the broadcast of the Huntsville Band.

Each time C.F.C.A. broadcasts this extraordinary organization, listeners at—that is surely the best- there cannot be anything better. Then comes the next C.F.C.A broadcast of the Huntsville Band, and, it is better than the previous one. How long such a pyramiding can continue, is an interesting speculation.

The Huntsville Band concert was broadcast by remote control, direct from Huntsville, Lake of Bays—150 miles north of Toronto. It was announced at the close, that C.F.C.A's next broadcast of the band, would be on Sunday, May 2, and thereafter on the first Sunday of every month. During the Summer months, the broadcasts would be direct from Bigwin Inn.

The only difference of opinion, in last night's concert was as to what was the finest thing in the programme. Some say it was the clarinet solo with band accompaniment by Edmund C. Wall—the Fantasia on Rigoletto. Certainly, it would be difficult to imagine a more perfect purity of tone than this clarinet performance, others maintain that the band number from Dvorak's New World Symphony was the apex of the evening, and indeed, if anyone ever heard a band number more ethereal, and more enthralling than this, it must have been in some other sphere.

Others exalt to premier position the short duets for concerts—"I Need Thee Every Hour", played by the conductor of the band, Ernest F. Pechin and Charles O. Shaw, founder, and patron of the organization. Others give first vote to Jones Collins piccolo solo—On Tiptoe (La Monica).

The truth is that the programme was one of quite outstanding beauty and strength in every number—both the already mentioned, and other which included Mr. Pechin's cornet solo—Bride of the Waves, and the band numbers,-- March introducing Onward Christian Soldiers, the Overture to William Tell, Järnefelt's Praeludium, and Herbert's Rhapsody Irish. The programme concluded with God Save The King.

**A Reprint from the Huntsville Forester—April 18, 1929**

Death Claims Mrs. C.O. Shaw – highly esteemed resident present at Montreal on Saturday Last.  
(she died more than eight years before Mr. Shaw)

The late Mrs. Shaw was formerly Miss Jennie Lavine Abbott, and was born in Dexter, Maine on June 30, 1862. On Oct. 26, 1886, she was married at Dexter and then moved to Boston, where the new home was established, and where her two daughters were born.

Gifted from childhood with exceptional musical talent, she commenced her vocal studies at Boston under the renowned instructor, Charles Adams, who, at a later period of her development, claimed that she was the logical successor to the famous American contralto, Anna Louise Carey. She possessed a voice of rare sweetness and quality, and shared her fine talent generously to the delight of many. For over 20 years, she was a choir leader. Later, the family moved to Cheboygan, Mich., where Mr. Shaw became established in the tanning business, and their only son, Charles G. was born.

Upon the reorganization of the Shaw Cassell's firm in 1898, Mr. Shaw moved here, and took charge of the company operations.

From that date, Mrs. Shaw has been intimately identified with the social and cultural life of this community. She was a member of the Huntsville Literary Club from the date of its organization in 1903, and year by year gave valuable aid in the preparation of the programmes.

## Visit to Huntsville Museum—August 1970

In booklet here or Bigwin Inn—there is a picture of John Bigwin, of Washago, Ontario. – A grandson of the original Chief Bigwin of Bigwin Island.

\*\*\*\*\*Remember to note that Daisy told me that the train carrying the King and Queen in '39, did Not stop at Washago—it just slowed down. She was there.

There is a copy of the Huntsville Liberal here—Friday, June 30, 1876. It says – the H.L., and Muskoka, Parry Sound, Nipissing Advertiser.

The Huntsville Liberal was the first paper published in Huntsville. The H.L is published every Friday by H.E. Stephenson in Bracebridge, Muskoka.

There is a copy of the Huntsville Forester, dated Jan. 9, 1880.

An article from the Huntsville Forester, dated Dec. 6, 1878.

### A Visit to a Lumber Shanty

From our own reporter.

As some of your readers, particularly those at the front, may be interested in learning how the raw material for the manufacture of lumber (saw logs) is obtained, I give you a short account at a recent visit to one of Cook's lumber shanties in Brunel.

We found Mr. John Brennan in charge of about 25 men, comfortably quartered in a large shanty about 40 feet square. On three sides of this one room dwelling, were the sleeping berths of the men, in two rows one above the other, as on board ship. There were two stoves, instead of, as formerly, the great Camboose. Everything appeared in good order, and the men were plainly, yet comfortable clothed. Their diet consists of Pork, beef and a limited supply of vegetables, beans, bread and molasses. The men are at work in the morning, before it is fairly daylight, and work as long as they can see. In a huge box, there was clothing for the more readymade clothes, and, many of them read their Bible. As they have no religious discourse, it occurred to us an excellent field for missionary enterprise.

The logs are drawn into creeks so small, that, even in the high water of Spring, it is necessary, in order to float down the logs, to build dams at varying distances. Since the timber dues have been reduced from \$1.50 to 75¢ per 1000 ft., the lumbermen are not so particular in the selection of trees, and now take logs of a quality that formerly would have been refused. The wages of the men is low this season, some working at 8 and 10 dollars a month. The foreman, who has been 10 years at the business, says that the great number of men have an especial pride in the work, and, after a few years spent in the business, they can scarcely be induced to quit it. They return as surely to the shanties in the Winter, as a half breed to his favourite buffalo hunting grounds.

Huntsville Museum

An article from the Toronto Daily Star—date Sat., Aug. 15, 1936

The Last Muskoka River Drive

By Robert Read.

[blank page]



Advertisement in the Toronto Daily Star—Sept 2, 1922.

Bigwin Inn, Bigwin Island, Lake of Bays.

The new golf course has been in use since July 1<sup>st</sup>

Every facility for recreation.

The Inn will remain open until Sept 30th. No better place for hay fever sufferers. For reservations- write wire or phone, Manager, Bigwin Inn, Lake of Bays

Rates – American Plan with bath—40 & 50 per week single  
35 & 40 per week double

Without bath	35 & 40 per week single
	30 & 40 per week double

During September a discount of 10% will be allowed off the above rates.

## Bigwin Inn – 1943

Bigwin Inn grew out of an idea.

In a recent article in the Toronto Daily Star, the story is told of Bigwin Inn—how it was conceived in the brain of the late C.C. Shaw, how it was constructed on wholly original lines, and of the many features in construction and management which made it unique among the great Summer hotels in North America. -- The Star's article follows.

Bigwin Island was once a Hudson's Bay Trading Post, the site of Indian settlements and councils. It is two miles long, by half a mile wide and mantled with a forest of hardwood.

The Inn consists of a central building, the Rotunda, which is 220 feet by 120 feet, and with the exception of offices, is one great lounge and sitting room. In it are nine fireplaces, into the seven smaller of which went 150 tons of stone each.

From the Rotunda lead red roofed paths to the two lodges, each 525 feet long, containing in all 284 rooms—or, accommodation for 500 guests. These same covered walks lead also to the dining room—a circular building, 130 feet in diameter, which juts 30 feet over the water, and to the pavilion, another cement building, 120 feet across. All are spread graciously among maple and birch groves, green and cool, and threaded with red tan bark paths.

A golf course, four clay tennis courts, bowling greens, one hundred boats and dingies and speed boats, a band, and wind orchestra as it has been called, that used to come up on Sundays from Huntsville to play classical concerts in the pavilion over the water, made up the combination with its air of Southern, warm grace, that hard-headed men have made.

### Made Plans on Shingle

Once, an American architect, who was a guest at Bigwin Inn, asked the management if he might obtain blueprints of the fireplaces. He was a specialist in fireplaces, and said that he had never seen anything like the beauty of the nine Bigwin fireplaces, made out of the native Muskoka rock. "I am sorry," said Mr. Shaw, "but, the man who built them, made his plans on a shingle, and the shingle was thrown away."

This incident reveals the remarkable aspects of this Summer resort, one of the most beautiful hotels in America. That aspect is the taste and originality and vision, of a little group of hard headed men, who succeeded in capturing and settling down on this earth, a thing of beauty, ease and perfection which equals, and certainly eludes the studied efforts of makers of beautiful buildings. No artist, no expert, assisted in the conception of Bigwin Inn.

Thousands of Canadians who have seen it, take for granted that this is a masterpiece of many experts. It is nothing of the sort. The late Mr. Shaw was one of those men who hated to see an

opportunity go to waste, and an idea perish in the bud. He devoted his life to the leather manufacturing business, and was content to spend his life in the town of Huntsville, up on the edge of Algonquin Park. He made a success of his business, and he also saw the Lake of Bays developing as a Summer resort.

### Bought out Navigation Firm

In 1905 he bought out the Navigation Company on the lakes, and installed a proper boat service. He saw and liked Bigwin Island, so-called after an Algonquin Chief, and he, and one of his staff, John W. McKee, bought it and camped on it, and bided their time, and talked about its beauty as the site of a great hotel. The late Mr. Shaw built the Wawa for the Canadian Railway News. It was the kind of job that appealed to him. It had practical aspects.

His band has become a legend and he, himself was no mean performer on the coronet. In 1911, or thereabouts, he began to plan Bigwin Inn. Not much of his project was known to the public. In 1914, when the concrete work, and masonry of several of the buildings were massing up on the island, the impression began to spread among many of the cottagers, that someone had gone crazy. It used to be one of the pleasures of the Summer visitors to take spins over to Bigwin Inn and gaze at the huge masonry bulging out of the underbrush, and speculate on the folly of some people.

The coming of the Great War put an end to the scheduled completion of the hotel. It lay, a great, unfinished job, except for the work local people and settlers needed, which was given them. Later on, it was completed.

### Work of District Men

The plans were drawn by John Wilson, architect, of Collingwood. The nine magnificent fireplaces were the work of James McFarland, farmer and stone mason, of Huntsville, who had his stone drawn in piles from clearings on the island, and quarried the massive slabs for the mantel pieces, by simple methods, out of the Muskoka rock of the Island. The best carpenter who did the finest work through the hotel, was not even from Huntsville. He was native of the lake.

The great Huntsville Band, was disbanded in 1926, but the Inn is, and always has been a centre of musical and artistic ability.

Mr. Shaw was 82 years of age when he passed away on Dec. 3<sup>rd</sup>, 1942. He was a man who never drank or smoked, and never served beer or liquor to his patrons. He lived a quiet life in Huntsville, attending no social functions, and belonged to no societies.

His first wife died 13 years ago, and 11 years ago, he married the farmer Amanda Paulley of Huntsville. Surviving him in addition to Mrs. Shaw, are two daughters, Mrs. Gill, wife of Col.

R.J. Gill of Brockville, and Mrs. C. W. Conway of Huntsville, and one son, C.G. Shaw of Omemece.

Prior to Mr. Shaw's death, Mrs. Gill was already the largest stockholder of Bigwin Inn, and it is under her wise direction that the Inn will carry on as a pleasure resort, loved by many thousands of visitors to Ontario's beautiful Lake of Bays district.

There is a poem here, written by Mrs. J. B. Shrigley of Dorset

Bigwin

Bigwin, bold Bigwin, chief of the Iroquois  
Dost't ever return to thy once island home?  
Where long years ago, thy braves and dusk maidens  
Midst Nature's wild beauties, with freedom did roam.

There too, thy brave warriors, their battle cry sounded  
Walking the echoes in mountain and vale  
Warning the foe that was stealthily treading  
With soft mocass'd feet, the dark forest trail.

Do thoughts of the past e'er ruffle thy spirit  
And draw thee away from the happy hunting grounds  
To visit the spot where thy kindred are sleeping  
On the isle of thy name, neath moss covered mounds?

Yes, Bigwin, brave Bigwin, I fancy I see thee  
Gazing with awe on those structures so grand  
Where once stood the wigwams and tents of the Red Men  
You see the ground work of the white man's hand.

Peopled with lives from far away cities  
Fleeing from turmoil, from care and from strife,  
To breathe the pure air of the miniature highlands  
To gather new strength for the battle of life.

Ah Bigwin, fair isle, thy name will be spoken  
By many a tongue, in many a land  
Thy beauties be woven, in rhyme and in story  
On bold mountain peak, and on ocean washed strand.

Yes Bigwin, proud Bigwin, thy name will be written  
In letters of gold, in the annals of fame  
And the years in their flight, will but add to the lustre  
While scenes from the past, will hallow thy name.

Proud queen of the Isles, in the Lake of Bays nestling  
Whose turrets and tower, doth heavenward rise  
O'erlooking the isles, and rock fortress'd waters  
Reflecting the blue of the soft summer skies.

Time will pass on, as ever, with changes  
Some that will sadden, and some that will lure  
Names that will pass from remembrance forever  
But thine, Isle of Beauty, will ever endure.

## **Patriarch of Chippewa's, Chief John Big Wind, Dead**

Hereditary Leader of Tribe was near his 102<sup>nd</sup> year [handwritten note: 1940?]

Colourful Figure

Special to The Star

Orillia, July 13—Having outlived all his progeny, Chief John Big Wind, hereditary leader of the Chippewa Indians, died here last night. Next month, he would have been 102

The chief, after whom Bigwin Island is named, was ill 10 days at the Rama reserve on the east shore of Lake Couchiching.

Chief Big Wind was twice married, but he survived both his wives, all his children and all his grandchildren. In 1905, he joined the Salvation Army, giving up tobacco and liquor. Except that in later years, his once keen eyesight failed, he was in robust health until a short time ago.

The Indians measured the length of his life as 1223 moons. When he was a young man, Queen Victoria gave his people a document declaring that “so long as grass grows, and the water runs” he and his people could hunt and fish.

The yellowed document was brought into an Orillia court in 1938, by Chief Big Wind, when he protested the laying of charges against four Indians for illegal fishing. He came dressed in full Indian costume, and told the court, “You must not harm my children.”

Chief Big Wind was presented to the King and Queen here last Summer, and gave them a copy of his biography. He had welcomed the late Lord Tweedsmuir one year earlier, when the then Governor-general followed Champlain's route down the Trent Valley Canal.

It was his boast that he always would fight for “justice for my people”. Twice he went to Ottawa to discuss “treaty rights”. Of one visit to the capitol to see Premier King, he related, “He shook my hand, and had his men shoot off a cannon for me. He treated me good, too.”

The domain of the Chief's ancestors took in what is now Simcoe, Ontario and Victoria Counties, and the District of Muskoka. It was from Chief's maternal ancestors the Muskokeens (Yellowheads) that Muskoka gets its name.

Though Big Wind was hereditary chief, Chippewa's for some years have been ruled by elected chiefs who retire after a short time. Chief Big Wind however, was always close to his people's hearts.

In another article

With Chief Big Wind, died the last representative of two noted Indian families.





## **Chief Big Wind Borne to Grave as Indians of Rama Mourn**

Orillia, July 14 (Special)

Chief John Big Wind, 102 year old hereditary chieftain of the Rama Indians and all these parts, was borne to the grave to-day to the little Indian cemetery on top of the hill.

As six of "his children" bore him to his final resting place, hundreds white man, and red men—followed behind in a mile and a half long cortege to pay tribute to this highly respected chieftain of Canada's long ago wilderness, a single link, perhaps, to the Canada Champlain knew, and the explorers to follow.

A two hour service in the little Rama church, was conducted by Major Martin, head of the Orillia Salvation Army, and Rev. F. Meek of Rama. Chief Big Wind joined the Salvation Army in England, in 1905. The tiny church was filled to the doorway, and, more than those within, numbered those who stood patiently without. And, a little way off, at the village hall, floated the Union Jack, at half mast.

Heading those who had come to pay their last respects, was Frank Kelly M.P.P., Huntsville, in whose riding, the aged chieftain lived. After the service, the chieftain's casket was opened, where it stood in the church and the hundreds of people present, filed past, for a silent look at the man. Some of his "children" were seen to reach out, as they passed him, touch him briefly and then, went on. Indians do not weep. They sorrow in silence.

The cortege to the cemetery was led by the Salvation Army Band. Chief among the mourners was the 74 year old Dave Simcoe, tribal medicine man, and weather prophet, at whose home Chief Bigwin lived. To this Dave Simcoe, and the elected chief Sam Williams, Big Wind entrusted his "children". The last words of the dying chieftain had been uttered to the medicine man, "I am going home" he said, "you now must look after my children, you and other chief. I fought for justice—remember always—and you too must fight for justice."

**Numerous Bays Dot Shoreline – Was Early Occupied by the Algonquin Indians History Related** E.S.B.

The region commonly known as the Lake of Bays district comprises the northern part of the famous Muskoka District. The name is derived from the largest lake of the group, called the Lake of Bays, because of the innumerable bays which indent the entire shoreline.

Its earliest history is identified with the occupancy of the Algonquin Indians, who established trading posts on Trading Lake, by which the lake was known for many years. During the central period of the eighteenth, the Indians did a flourishing trade on the lake, exchanging furs with the representative for the Hudson Bay Company, for wearing apparel. Chief Bigwin, still living, and after whom Bigwin Island and Bigwin Inn were named, is a direct descendant of these early traders. Even at this later date, representatives of the tribe come into the district selling their baskets and souvenir goods specimens of their own handicraft.

White settlement in this district, dates back around seventy-five years when travellers and hunters came in from Orillia and other southern points, and found an abundance of game in the great stretches of the virgin forest. For some years, their stay was limited to the hunting and trapping season, but eventually, all year cabins were erected, and finally, in the late seventies, the district was thrown open to settlement, and permanent occupation began.

**Huntsville**

Huntsville's identity as a place of settlement was first made through a lone hunter's cabin, built in the middle sixties. The intrepid spirit of the pioneer soon asserted itself, and land was located in the region round about. In 1886, the railway penetrated into the region, and the influx of settlers was at once stimulated.

A wagon road was pressed through from the south, and on into the northern regions: the rivers were bridged: early industries were established, and the beauties of the district as a centre for tourist development, came to be realized.

Article on Paint Lake—by Harry Linney.

Booklet lent to me by Mrs. L.C. Brown of Baysville, entitled

**The Pulford House—Baysville, Lake of Bays, Muskoka,**  
Now being prepared for guests for the Summer of 1905

1029 Feet above the Sea—294 feet higher than Lake Muskoka

On the cover is a picture of the Pulford House. It appears to be located where The Croft is now.

The Pulford House—description of completed building

The Pulford House will have verandah along front and ends, and also balconies from each storey at front and ends. Basement walls and floor are of concrete, and will, among other rooms, contain dining hall, 18 by 45 feet; lunch counter, kitchen, and a larger cold storage apartment where food stuffs can be preserved fresh and wholesome. Siche gas lighting throughout the house as well as other modern conveniences.

Sleeping Apartments. Bedrooms are ample, light and well ventilated. Iron bedsteads, best springs and sanitary cotton and palm leaf fibre mattresses.

Water Supply—pure drinking water pumped from adjacent well to building. Water for other requirements pumped from Lake-River.

Management/ The preparation of foods and management of dining room and sleeping apartments respectively, will be conducted by carefully select graduates of a school of domestic science. Alcoholic liquors will be excluded from the Pulford House, and none will be employed in the cooking.

Opportunities for Pleasure and Recreation—Baysville is situated on the Muskoka River at the foot of navigation, a couple of miles down the river from the Lake of Bays, the intervening water being practically a river of lakelets.

The Lake of Bays furnishes excellent mountain trout fishing, while the river below, and its tributary streams and small lakes afford good speckled trout fishing.

The Vessels of the Huntsville and Lake of Bays Navigation Co., and other steamers, make Baysville's frequent port of call, and excursion facilities are good. Lawn tennis courts will be provided. A safe and commodious gasoline launch will be available to convey guests on fishing trips and to places of scenic interests about the lake. A supply of small boats will also be kept. Bathing facilities are good. A boat house and warf is being erected upon the margin of the river immediately in front of the Pulford House. Cedar Cliff, embracing the cedar cove and summer cottage directly across the river and connected therewith by a fine new bridge just erected, will be used as an adjunct to the Pulford House, where guests, who prefer, may spend a quiet day in

the hammock under nature's awning, and where birds, here [no other typing to conclude the sentence is visible]

**An article from the Telegram, June 22, 1957, entitled "A Winding River of Scenic Beauty" by Peter Ward**

Baysville- A good heave would plunk a fair sized rock into the South Branch of the Muskoka River, from any section of this beautiful but tiny Northland community. The river winds and twists through the settlement, providing coolness, docking facilities for small boats, good fishing, excellent swimming for the small fry, and scenery beyond compare.

It was the river that convinced W.A. Brown that this was the place to set when he roamed through Muskoka, in 1869. He returned from Brantford the following year with his family. On the river bank, where the dam is now, he built his mill. It took several years, before the mill machinery could be hauled over the rough wagon track from Bracebridge, and, by the time water was spinning the big wheel, there were nearly one hundred other settlers in McLean Township, of which Baysville is a part.

Mr. Brown became Postmaster about 1874, and the big official mail stamp has stayed in the family ever since. His daughter Lena, followed in the post, and now his 63 year old [hand written: grandson] Carl 'Scotty' Campbell sorts the mail.

I remember back in the old days driving the mail coach, over the rough road between here and Bracebridge, said Scotty. It used to take about five hours into town, then about seven hours back, going up hill. If the roads were in good shape. I think it was a dollar, or a dollar and a half per person for the trip, and the passengers had to walk up quite a few of the hills, sometimes, even helping the horses with the coach.

Scotty claims his grandfather, Mr. Brown, was Baysville's first settler, but Mrs. J.J. Robertson, 79, claims her grandfather, Thomas Langford, was the trail breaker. Langford homesteaded a short distance north of Brown's mill site, and the two men met shortly after arriving. They settled almost simultaneously.

Less than a decade after the first sod had been broken, lumbering began, and Baysville boomed. All the timber cut in the Lake of Bays district, passed through Baysville on its way to civilization, and sawmills. The lumberman made Baysville their headquarters. At one time there were seven hotels in the tiny settlement. But lumbering tapered off 25 or 30 years ago, and now there are only two, and the population has shrunk.

There are no more than 400 permanent residents in Maclean Township. In Winter, the men revert to trapping and lumbering, but, no sooner has the river cleared of ice each Spring, then preparations for tourists begin. By the middle of June each year, the 400 winter time population has swelled to more than 4000, and there it stays till after Labour Day.

It was because of Bigwin Inn, that Baysville got the road from Bracebridge paved. Nearly thirty years ago, when C.O. Shaw operated Bigwin it was decided to hold a Good Roads Convention there. The road was still in the modified wagon track stage, so, to impress Convention delegates, the Provincial Government slapped a quick coat of asphalt over the dirt.

It was explained that, the workers on the road, in their haste, used anything they could get their hands on for fill, old tree stumps, logs, and boulders all make up the road base. Because of this unstable road bed, the asphalt heaves and cracks with the frost, every year. Repair crews make an annual patch-up tour, to keep the bumps less than mountain size.

## BAYSVILLE & MC LEAN TOWNSHIP HAVE INTERESTING HISTORY

Re written from early notes of the Langford family

Baysville, in the Township of McLean, is situated on the southern tip of the Lake of Bays, some 15 miles from Huntsville. According to early history, the village was founded by the late W.H. Brown, who arrived there from Burford in 1871 to set up a saw-mill. The first, however, was the late Mark Langford, whose story of the incredible hardships suffered by those early pioneers has been loaned to us by his daughter Miss Alberta Langford, who still lives in the village.

In the early days of the settlement of Muskoka, the only way into the district was by water. This route started at Belle Ewart, at the extreme south of Lake Simcoe, through Orillia, and on to Washago. Settlement therefore began at Severn Bridge in Morrison Township, and gradually extended to McCabe's Bay, now known as Gravenhurst. At that point, water was again available, and many land seekers paddled up the Muskoka Lake, and over into Lake Rosseau, locating in Monk, Medora and Watt, while others, sticking to the land route, followed the Muskoka Road to South Falls in Draper Township, and to North Falls, now known as Bracebridge. It was in 1858, that the Government commenced the building of a road from Washago to the interior of Muskoka and this road, complete as far as South Falls, was opened a year later. Later, as this road penetrated farther north, settlement of the land east of Bracebridge was not so rapid and, although by the year 1870, many comfortable settlements had been made in the neighbouring Township of Monk, the bush had been penetrated only a few miles along the present Baysville Road.

The Township of McLean was not opened for settlement until 1870, and, it was in that year that Mr. Langford and Mark, together with E. Attridge, Thomas Forester and S. Gilberts, arrived from the county of Perth, near Stratford, to locate homesteads, Muskoka was at that time advertised as a very Eldorado, and, when the Langford's arrived in Bracebridge, they heard a very good report of the Township of McLean. Mr. Langford Sr. was crippled, and all the necessary work had to be done by his sons, with the majority falling on Mark the eldest, then a lad of 17. Mr. Langford fell ill in Bracebridge, and Mark went ahead with the job of locating. The first unlocated lots, nearest to Bracebridge, turned out to be very inferior land. There was no road out to the Township but, on the strength of the promise of a Colonization Road being built that season, a large section of the Township was located. The first to settle in McLean, according to Mark Langford, were Thomas Lea, on lot 32 Con. [5?]; Thomas Ball on Lot 32, Con. 6; and William Hussey on Lot 31, Con.6. They had their small dwellings erected, and were residing there that same year. These locations were on the Bracebridge side of what was once known as Cripplegate. This, and, its more modern counterpart, Devil Gap, had long since vanished, with the transformation into gentle incline to that almost impossible split in the rock.

Messrs. Forester, Attridge, Gilberts and Mark Langford came to Muskoka about the first of October, 1870, to erect dwellings and prepare for the families to follow. Arriving at Bracebridge, they found that there was no road out to McLean; that a yoke of oxen with a wooden sled could

be driven only 4 ½ miles towards the Township, and that from there to where Mr. Hussey was located, there was only a very poor footpath. Between this residence, and Mr. Langford's location, was 4 miles of unbroken forest.

Mark Langford's story continues-- We came here with the intention of taking possession of the Promised Land, the land flowing with riches. We had our blankets and axes with us, and purchased supplies in Bracebridge. These included 50 pounds of flour, a piece of bacon, tea, sugar, tin cup, tin pails, plates, knives, forks... Although we were used to hard work we found, when all was collected, that we had very heavy and cumbersome loads. We covered 7 miles that day, as far as Mr. Bruce's Place, and the next day, we got to within a mile and a quarter of my father's location. Worn out and discouraged, we gave up the idea of making a road in there. We built a fire, and lay down by it that night. In the morning, we held a council, and decided to leave McLean. We left the flour at the root of a tree, sold our bacon, groceries, dishes etc., to Mrs. Hussey for a trifle, and returned to Bracebridge. I got work with Mr. William Holditch, and Gilberts and Attridge got work with Mr. Nicholson, near Bracebridge. Mr. Forester threw up his location in Mclean, and located a lot in Draper, where he began making improvements. He lived there until his death, many years later.

I wrote my father, telling him the conditions, and saying that it was out of the question for us to make the road fit for him to move in with the family. He, being Irish, and very determined to have his own way, wrote me that he was going to move, and that if we couldn't make the necessary preparations, he would get others to do it. I consulted Gilberts and Attridge, with the result, that, after an absence of three weeks, we were again in McLean. The 50 lbs of flour was still there, and most of it fit to use. We built a small hut, facing a big rock; thatched the roof and sides with hemlock brush, leaving the front all open. We put a good layer of hemlock brush on the ground for our bed and, with a good fire in front against the rock, we were fairly comfortable. We baked our cakes, and fried our pork, against this fire. All the baking was done after dark, so that no work was lost during the daylight hours. There we lived until Christmas, when the snow was three feet deep. Several trips were made to Bracebridge and, along with the other items, we carried in a grindstone of 60 pounds. We had asked a neighbour on the way, for the privilege of grinding our broadaxes on his stone. He said, "Yes, this time, but remember, grindstones wear out in time."

Building a shanty in those days was very slow and hard work. Logs for the walls and rafters had to be carried. For covering we split out pine clapboards; for floors and doors, we split fine slabs, six feet in length, and as thin as we could split them, before hewing them into shape. That made a great deal of hard work, as we had to carry them a good distance, since there are very few trees straight enough in the grain to split for shingles or boards. One shanty was almost finished, and the walls were up, and the roof on another by Christmas. A fairly good trail has also been cut to the nearest settler's, Mr. Hussey. In the meantime, Mr. D. Gammage and his brother had arrived and erected a small cabin on his location, cutting a trail from our place to his another mile and a quarter. They stayed till nearly Christmas, going back to Brant County for the Winter.

Mr. Gammage returned in the Spring, bringing with him his newly-wedded wife. We spent Christmas in Bracebridge, Gilberts went back to Elma, and did not return. Attridge got work with Judge Lount on his farm, and I go work in the village.

My father and his family moved to Bracebridge about the first of March, 1872. He drove his team, and hired a neighbour and team to bring the family and all the luggage. They made the trip from Perth County in six days. He thought he could move into his location with a team of horses. He had no idea of conditions here. Snow was fully four feet deep, with no track, except a footpath after leaving Mr. Tookey's place, 42 miles on the way to McLean. Our family had to stay in Bracebridge, while we got some bedding and supplies moved in to the location.

We hired Mr. Warren of Draper, with his oxen, to break the road, but the snow was too deep for them. We had to break a footpath, so that one horse with a light sled, with shafts in the centre, could travel the same path each way. It took most of two weeks, before we got any stuff moved as far as Mr. Hussy's. From there in, everything had to be hauled on hand sleds or carried. We did not get either of our horses into McLean, but sold one to Rev. Mr. Auger, Primitive Methodist minister, in Bracebridge, and traded the other for a yoke of steer.

Mr. Langford's story tells of the privations which these early settlers had to undergo, and he mentions that he and his brother, who was 16 at the time, had to carry supplies from Bracebridge. He carried 60 pounds, and his brother 40, the two for them making the round trip in the day. Mrs. Hussy, a frail looking woman from England, walked 12 miles to Bracebridge with her twelve-year-old son, and carried the provisions back for her family of 5 children. This went on for the first 18 months they were in McLean, her husband in the meantime working in a lumber camp, earning their support.

Three more settlers moved into the district in the early part of 1871. They were Charles James, Robert Drake, and J. Avery, all of whom came from Minden, and settled on the shore of the Lake of Bays. In June,— continued Mr. Langford—Mr. W.H. Brown came and located land adjoining the Falls, and made arrangements with the Department to build a sawmill, and was given an additional grant of land. Then followed a rush of land seekers—Messrs. Haw, Irwin, Kelly, Bastedo, Dickie, Frazer, Thompson, Allan, Parlee, Padfield, and others, too numerous to mention, so that the north part of McLean was almost located in 1871. All these old prospective settlers were from old Ontario. Mr. Brown came back in 1872, and made a small clearance and got up the frame of the mill but he did not cut lumber till next Spring.

The long looked for road to Baysville was cut through in the summer of 1873.

In the Spring of 1872, Mr. John Wattie located land in Brunel Township on the shore of the Lake of Bays, near Wattie's Creek, which he named. The easiest way to reach his location was by way of McLean and up the river and lake. As there was no settler within four miles of the west side of the lake, it was necessary to have a boat. We selected a pine tree close by the river and from it, hewed a plank 23 feet long, two inches thick and 34 inches wide, for the bottom. He hired Bob



Warner who lived near Bracebridge, to bring in some supplies and lumber for the sides of the boat. The team could only get within five miles of our place, so we had to carry the lumber and the provisions the rest of the way. That was the first row-boat on the Lake of Bays.

The next move in the boat business was in the Spring of 1876, when Captain Huckins purchased the Wabamik, which used to run between Bracebridge and Gravenhurst. One purchased, the next thing was to get it to Baysville. Mr. Walter Ruggles and I offered to help with our teams. We managed to get it loaded on a truck wagon and, with the help of some citizens, got it up the hill from the wharf, but, the heavy lead was too much on the soft road and, after two days, we had moved it only five miles. Steve Fortin, a lumberman, contracted to take it the rest of the way. He built a long sloop, loaded the boat on it and, with his several teams, landed it at Baysville. The boat did service on the lake for four years. Then, Captain Huckins and Mr. W.H. Brown built the Excelsior, a boat with a 50 foot keel. This did service until Mr. Shaw met the needs of modern tourists with a fine fleet of boats.

First class pine lumber could be bought for six dollars a thousand in Baysville after the mill began operations. There were no timber allocations on lands located in Mclean in 1870 and 1871, and there was a good deal of fine pine, of which much was burned. As to transportation from Baysville to Bracebridge in the winter of 1871, it took two days to make the return trip with a yoke of oxen.

The first election for municipal council was held in 1874, and, at that time, there were 97 names of settlers and locatees on the assessments role.

The bridge was built across the river at Baysville in 1873. Before that time, settlers crossed on a small cedar raft. In the Fall of 1872, Messr Spong, father and son, in attempting to cross, were swept over the falls and drowned. They were the first buried in the public cemetery in Bayville. On Sept. 1, 1881, the north west section of McLean was swept by forest fire, leaving many homeless, as well as destroying their crops.

Almost as old as Baysville, is the Bethune United Church, first erected in 1883. The first religious meeting of which there is any record, was held in the home of Mr. W.H. Brown, in 1873, by a Methodist minister for Bracebridge, a Mr. Webster. A few years later, the religious interests of the community were being cared for by the late Rev. Allan Findlay, minister of the Presbyterian Church in Bracebridge, and after superintendent of Missions for Northern Ontario. Among those who served as elders in those early days were Messrs. Alex Pretsell, John Robertson, Sr., and Robert Wright. Mr. Hayward, a former Baysville merchant, was Sunday School Superintendent in 1882. Two young students, Messrs. Reynolds, Methodist, and Tibb, Presbyterian. The latter as Rev. C Tibb BA., became secretary to the Toronto Centre Presbytery of the United Church.

Through an agreement between the Methodist and Presbyterian churches the former withdrew from the field, and the congregation was organized on July 29, 1876, by the late Rev. Allan Findlay etc, etc,-- see above.

For some years, the services were held in the old school building, but, about 1882, interest was aroused in the building of a church, which was accomplished a year later. It was named Bethune Church, after a student who was in charge at that time.

Among those whose names were connected with the church in those early days are Robertson, Presell, Wright, Haw, Bestedo, Langford, Richard. Among the students were such names as Logie, Cranston and Budge. The field became an augmented charge in 1900, with an ordained minister, Rev John Davidson, in charge. He was succeeded by Rev. A. Robertson, and, up to 1933 by the following, Morton, Bayne, Mackersie, Farr, Burges, Clugston, Cowan, Bamford, Snowdon, Conning, Fairs, Lyttle, Lang, Wright, Taggart, MacFarlane, Dingwall and Summerell. Former Sunday School Superintendents include the late Thomas E. Langford, Dr. Brodie and Captain Grieves Robson.

**When Muskoka Was New.**-An interview with Mark Langford, by the editor of the Gazette.

The Township of McLean was opened for settlement under the Free Grant and Homestead Act in 1870.

Mark Langford was the eldest son of the family, then, a boy of seventeen. When they arrived in Bracebridge, they heard very good reports of the Township of McLean. The father fell ill in Bracebridge, and was not able to go out to see the land which had been assigned to him. It may here be explained that the father was crippled, and all necessary work for the family had to be done by his sons. (They came from Stratford).

He located the first unlocated lots nearest Bracebridge, which turned out to be very inferior land. Although at that time, there was no road out to the township, there was promise of a colonization road built that season, with the result, that a large section of the Township was located that year.

About the first of October of that year, Messrs. Forester, Attridge, Gilberts and I, then, a youth of seventeen, came to Muskoka to erect dwellings, and prepare for the families to follow. Arriving at Bracebridge, we found that there was no road out to McLean, but a yoke of oxen, with wooden sled could be driven only 4 ½ miles towards McLean, and, from there, there was only a very poor foot path, up to where Mr. Hussey lived. From there, to my father's location were four miles of unbroken forest. We came here with the intention of taking possession of the Promised Land, the land flowing with riches. We had our blankets and axes with us, so we purchased some supplies in Bracebridge, including 50 pounds of flour, a piece of bacon, tea, sugar, tin cups, tin pails, plates, knives and forks. We were used to hard work, but we found that when all this was collected, we had very heavy and cumbersome loads when we were not used to that work. We made as far as Mr. Bruce's place that night, seven miles. The next day, we made within a mile and a quarter of father's location. Worn out, and discouraged, we gave up the idea of making a road in there. We built a fire, and lay down by it that night.

In the morning, we held a council, and determined to leave McLean. We left the flour at the root of a tree, and took the back track, sold our bacon, groceries, dishes etc., to Mrs. Hussey for a trifle, and returned to Bracebridge. I got work with Mr. Holditch. Gilberts and Attridge got work with Mr. Nicholson near Bracebridge. Mr. Forester threw up his location in McLean, and got a lot in Draper, and began making improvements that Fall, and lived there until his death a few years ago.

I wrote my father, telling him the conditions, and that it was out of the question for us to make a road fit for him to move in with the family. He, being Irish, and very determined, to have his own way, wrote me that he was going to move, and, if we could not make the preparations, he would get others to do it. Upon receipt of his ultimatum, I consulted Attridge and Gilberts, with the result, that after an absence of three weeks, we were again in McLean, and the fifty pounds of flour was still there, most of it, still fit for use.

We built a small hut, facing a big rock, thatched the roof and sides with hemlock brush, leaving the front all open, put a good layer of hemlock brush on the ground for our beds, and, with a good fire in front, against the rock, were fairly comfortable. We baked our cakes, and fried our pork before this fire. All the baking was done after night, so that no daylight was lost from our work. There we lived until Christmas, when the snow was three feet deep. Several trips were made to Bracebridge for supplies, and, along with other items, we carried a grind stone of sixty pounds. We asked a neighbour on the way, for the privilege of grinding our broad axes on his stone. He said—“ yes, this time, but remember, grindstones will wear out in time.”

Building a shanty in those days, was very slow and hard work. Logs for the walls and rafter had to be carried. For covering, we split out pine clap boards. For floors, and doors, we split fine slabs six feet in length, and as thin as we could split them, before hewing into shape. That made a great deal of hard work, as we had to carry them a good distance as there were very few trees straight enough in the grain to split for shingles or boards. One shanty was almost finished, & cut out to Mr. Hussey's, the nearest settler.

In the meantime, Mr. D. Gammage, and his brother had come here, and erected a small cabin on his location, and cut a path from our trail to his place—another mile and a quarter. They stayed until nearly Christmas, and went back to Brant County for the Winter. Mr. Gammage came back in the Spring, bringing with him his newly wedded wife, and I am pleased to say he is still here, hale and hearty at the age of 82.

We spent our Christmas at Bracebridge. Gilberts went back to Elma? and did not return. Attridge got work with Judge Lout? on his farm, and I got work in the village, and while there, helped cut the pine on the high ground overlooking the present show ground, then known as Nigger Hollow, as the only person living on the flat, were a coloured gent named Gladiator, and his wife.

My father, and his family moved to Bracebridge about the first of March, 1871. He drove his team and hired a neighbour and team, and so brought the family and luggage, with the two teams. They made the trip from Perth County in six days. He thought that he could move into his location with a team of horses, but, he had no idea of the conditions here. Snow was fully four feet deep, with no track except a foot path, after leaving Mr. Tookie's place, 4 ½ miles on the way to McLean. Our family had to stay in Bracebridge, while we got some bedding and supplies moved in here. We hired Mr. R. Warren of Draper, with his oxen, to break the road, but they were a failure, as the snow was too deep for them. So we had to break a foot path, so that one horse, with a light sled, with shafts in the center, could travel the same path each way. It took two weeks, before we got any stuff moved as far as Mr. Hussey's. From there in, there was no track, since we had left at Christmas. From there everything had to be hauled on hand sleds, or carried. The snow soon began to get soft, and, as there was no hard bottom to the path, we were only able to make a few trips as far as Mr. Hussey's.

We hauled some of the stuff on hand sleds, from Mr. Tookie's, a distance of twelve miles. We did not get either of our horses into Maclean, but sold one Rev. Mr. Auger, Primitive Methodist minister, in Bracebridge, and traded the other, for a yoke of steers.

The snow did not go off that year, until well on in May, in fact, some snow was seen on the 24<sup>th</sup> of May. We got in no crop except potatoes that year, and we carried the ten bushels of seed from the farm in which Mr. Hunsberger was living—four miles from Bracebridge. As we did not get much provisions moved in on the snow, and with eleven of a family to feed, we had to start early in the season, to carry supplies from Bracebridge. I was then eighteen, and my brother, sixteen years of age. We used to make the round trip in a day, I carrying sixty, and my brother, forty pounds.

All that Summer of 1871, we had to carry supplies until the snow came, and swamps froze, so that we could drive our steers. I might here mention that our younger sister came with us one day, and carried a small pail of syrup, and, when within a mile of home, she tripped on a root, and spilled all the syrup. I here wish to say that all the settlers of 1870 and 1871 had to undergo the same hardships and privations as our family. I will mention one particular case. Mrs. Hussey, a very frail looking women, direct from England, with her small boy of ten years, carried all the provisions for herself and five children from Bracebridge, twelve miles for the first eighteen months they were in McLean, her husband, meantime, working in a lumber camp, earning their support.

In the early part of 1871, Charles James, Robert Drake, and J. Avery moved from Minden District to this township, settling on the shore of Lake of Bays. In June, Mr. W. H. Brown came, and located the land adjoining the Falls, and made arrangements with the Department to build a sawmill, and was given an additional grant of land. Then followed a rush of land seekers—Messrs. Haw, Irwin, Kelly, Bastedo, Dickie, Brazer, Thompson, Allen, Parlee, Padfield, and others, too numerous to mention, so that the North part of Mclean was almost all located in 1871. All these old prospective settlers were from old Ontario. Mr. Brown came back in the spring of 1872, and made a small clearance, and got up the frame of the mill, but did not cut any lumber until the next Spring.

The long-looked-for road to Baysville was cut through in the summer of 1873. That made it so that the settlers could get supplies hauled in that far. Quite a number of settlers moved in that year. In the Spring of 1872, Mr. John Wattie located land in Brunel Township, on the shore of the Lake of Bays, near Watties Creek, which he named. The easiest way to reach this location, was by way of Mclean, and up the river and lake. As there was no settler within four miles of the west side of the lake, it was necessary to have a boat, so he selected a large pine tree close to the river, and, from it, hewed a plank twenty-three feet long, two inches thick, and thirty four inches wide, for the bottom. He hired Bob Warner, who lived near Bracebridge, to bring some supplies and lumber, for the sides on the boat. The team could only get within five miles of our place, so he had to carry the lumber and provisions the rest of the way. That was the first row boat on the Lake of Bays. The next morning moving forward on the boat business, was in the spring of 1876,

when Captain Huckins purchased the steamer Wabamik that used to run between Gravenhurst and Bracebridge. Very few will now be living in Bracebridge who had the pleasure of a trip on that Steamer. Once purchased, the next thing, was to get it to Baysville. Mr. Walter Ruggles and I volunteered to help with our teams. We got it loaded on a truck wagon, and, with the two teams. We got it loaded on a truck wagon, and, with help of some citizens.

The river road used to be flooded each Spring, so the road was very soft and would not carry so great a load. So, after two days of hard work, we had moved it five miles towards Baysville. Steve Fortin, a lumberman, took the contract of taking it the rest of the way. He built a long sloop, and loaded that boat on it, and, with his several teams, landed it in Baysville. That boat did service on the Lake four years, then, Captain Huckins, and Mr. W.H. Brown built the Excelsior, a boat with fifty feet keel. This did service, until Mr. C.O. Shaw met the needs of modern tourists with a fine fleet of boats.

First class pine lumber could be bought for six dollars per M in Baysville, after the mill began operations. There were no timber reservations on lands located in McLean in 1870 and 1871. Settlers might sell it or burn it, as they saw fit. On our land, was a good deal of fine pine, of which we burned a lot in the early years. In 1875, I conceived the idea of making some money out of it, instead of burning it, so I contracted with a lumber man to deliver a quantity of number one pine logs below the Falls, for four-fifty per thousand. Needless to say, I did not make a large fourteen from the transaction, but might have been able to pay for the grub we ate while at work, if the logs had been paid for. There is still about \$500 due me from the contract. The firm that got them, has been out of existence the last forty years. That was my first and last experience in the contracting business. In after years, our lumbermen began to operate, where settlers sold the pine to them, for a mere trifle. I know of one man who sold his timber for \$40.00, and there was a least one million feet cut off the lots. At the present time, pine, of a very inferior quality, is worth \$30.00 per M.

As to transportation from Baysville to Bracebridge, in the Winter of '71 it took two days to make the return trip with a yoke of oxen. Sixty years have made a change, and a person can now make the return trip in one hour, with a car. Who can imagine the changes that may take place in the next sixty years.

The bridge was built across the river, in 1873. Before that time, settlers crossed on a small cedar raft. In the Fall of 1872, Messrs Spong, father and son, in attempting to cross, were swept over the Falls and drowned. They were the first buried in the public cemetery in Baysville, on Sept. 1, 1881, the north west section of Mclean was swept by a forest fire, leaving many homeless, as well as losing their year's crop.

So ends Mr. Langford's story of those early days. He does not tell of his own loss in that terrible fire, but we know that by ceaseless toil, he had good house and barn, and that every last stick was destroyed.

**An article entitled—Baysville—no date**

Mails - This village is now to have a tri-weekly mail service, viz. on Tuesday's, Thursday's and Saturday's. This will be no despicable boom to our business men, whose requirements have called for this accommodation for some time.

Buildings - A considerable number of buildings have been erected this Summer, among which we may mention Mr. Charles Henderson's large store and dwelling, which is nearing completion-- Mr. Cameron's brick store, and Mr. Brown's brick residence. New barns appear in every direction.

Roadwork—Repairs on the Baysville road, under the able management of the contractor, Mr. W.H. Brown, are progressing rapidly. The work being done is first class, and will greatly facilitate the important traffic between Bracebridge and this village. Six miles are now finished.

Crops—The farm of Mr. J.R. Bastedo which with others, we carefully inspected this week, can be taken as a criterion of all well cultivated farms in the neighborhood. Oats and peas—extraordinarily good; barley, rather short in straw, though well headed; hay, especially timothy, very heavy, and, notwithstanding the late adverse weather, is well saved. It is generally conceded that the prospects for an abundance harvest, were never brighter.

Excursion—An excursion of the Union Sabbath School took place on Wed. the 4<sup>th</sup> instant, The steamer Helena, left the wharf about 9 a.m., with a goodly number on board, and, after receiving a contingent at Ruggles' Landing, proceeded to One Tree Point, where dinner was served. After the excellent spread had been duly honoured, games of various kinds were indulged in, and the company, both old and young entered into them with a zest that left no room for aught but enjoyment. At 3 p.m., the steamer started for Colebridge, where she arrived in due time. After luncheon had been served, the principal streets promenaded, and points of interest visited, the steamer started on her return trip, reaching Baysville at 5.10. The pleased expression of countenance which all wore testified to the pleasurable nature of the affair, while the secretary announced it as being a financial success.

**Interview with Mr. and Mrs. L.C. Brown, Baysville, Monday, Aug. 28/67.**

Mr. W.H. Brown, first settler in Baysville, was grandfather of Mr. L.C. Brown.

He came up to this part from Burford, to start a saw mill. He was looking for a site on the river, and he found the falls in Baysville, here. So, he built the dam, and he located 400 acres here, and built a saw mill. He and his family lived in a log house up from the mill—up from the falls there.

Have you ever heard your grandfather say who the other very earliest settlers were?

My grandmother was a Henderson—A.J. Henderson came shortly after. Before that, there was my father, Fred Brown, Aunt Lena, Aunt Hattie and Uncle Joe.

I think the Langford's came before the Langmaid's. I think that the Robs came sometimes around then—they brought one of the Langmaid girls. They were around here for a while, and then, worked around up the lake—went on up around Black Point—up arounds where the Wawa was.

Mr. Brown built the first dam—he came up here to start a saw mill. He bought the water wheel from a company in Brantford, and brought it up here.

They started the mill here, and then, I don't know why, but they went over to Michigan—grandfather and the boys went over to Michigan, and he bought a farm there—and that is where my father, Fred Brown, met my mother, and then, when they came back, I was just a baby, and the mill was going then. The grandfather just took the boys over, and bought this farm, left them there, but he returned to Bayville. Many different parties did the same thing, went over and located land there.

Mr. Dwight and those people—they used to come up around Fraserburg, there the next thing they got up around here, and I remember my grandmother and grandfather speaking about them coming up to the Lake of Bays, fishing. Mr. Dwight was the man that got the telegraph into Baysville. It was in my grandfather's kitchen, and he also bought a young chap, and he taught my aunt, Mrs. Campbell, Aunt Lena and Aunt Hattie, to operate it. He remained for about a month. That was in the back kitchen in the brick house across from Miss Connelly's store.

Mr. Brown eventually sold the mill to Mr. Fern (?). Mr. Fern lived up on Clear Lake—he, and the family up there. As Mr. Brown got older, looking after the post office was about all that he was able to do. My father was a captain on the lakes here for several years for C.O. Shaw, on one of the boats, and my uncle, he left, and was out in Bracebridge for a while, then he went up north, up to New Liskeard for the Government—timber agents—looking after land.

When my father stopped working for Mr. Shaw, he went up, to Haileybury, and he ran a boat there, and he scaled the logs for the timber agents during the Winter.



Were there any boats built here ever?

Grandfather built one right across the river there, and that is where my Dad got his papers for captain. That was the Excelsior. Grandfather built that boat for himself, and it operated on the Lake of Bays.

Joe Santamor was well acquainted around the Portage. He was a captain of the boats for Mr. Shaw. My mother died when I was a baby, about a year old, then, when I was 8 or 10 years old my father married a woman from the portage—a Miss Blakelock. Joe Santamor married a sister, and they kept a boarding house at the Portage. And, I guess that is why my father got on the lakes here, under Joe Santamor's help.

Was there ever any other mill in Baysville, outside of your grandfathers mill?

There was a steam mill right across the river here, and it blew up, at noon one day. I think that MacQuarrie started it. For some reason or other, the boiler went dry, and part of the boiler came right across the river, and struck a boom, a big log, on the river there, up-ended, and went right through the corner of J.D. Smith's store. It was at noon, and they happened to be at the back, eating their dinner. I remember part of the boiler lay there for years, and we kids used to throw stones at it to hear it rattle.

Then there was another fellow started a mill—there were two of them—right down here where this bridge is. They were going to run Mr. Brown out—but, they didn't last very long.

Grandfather gave the property for the school and the churches.

A.J. Henderson, who built the Pulford House, was my grandmother's brother. He was the man who owned all this property here. He bought it from grandfather—all along here, and up there, and grandfather laid out the lots on the other side of the river here. Mr. Henderson was a court reporter in Toronto. The hotel was called the Pulford House—then it was changed to Riverview Lodge. Before that, he built two cottages up on the hill there, and he got local option in here, and, before he built, the dock used to be down on the other side there—the old bridge went across down there, and, there was a big dock sat there, and, there was a big ice house there, and that belonged to Mickle Dyment Co., and they had a big store house built there, and a big stable there for their horses. They would truck their stuff out, when they would send it up by boat—and there was a big boat house right where those two boat houses are now. I built one. One of mine is there, Grandfather gave me the lumber and told me to build a boat house for my canoe. Grandfather had the right there—the Government had given him the rights. The boat house is on those rights. We have leased it for 99 years. We couldn't sell it. We have leased it to Mr. McCormack up here just recently. The first boat house belongs to us. Then Kelly built one and sold it to Langford's. Those are the two boat houses, just below the bridge—small.

Mr. John Langmaid was a shoemaker, and the brother who came with him, did some farming. They bought some land up there, and they did farming, and there was quite a family of them. Mr. John continued with his shoemaking.

Mr. Tom Langford farmed- it was pretty rough going. Mark did some farming—but he did a lot of bush work- scaling logs in the lumber camps.

Were you ever in a lumber camp?

Yes. Well, I worked in one lumber camp, up north above North Bay—my friend and I, we went up there. We would go in about the first of September.

Here, I took my grandfather's team, my grandfather had 2 or 3 teams, and always kept cows, and a few sheep, for there was lots of pasture for them. My father took one team, back in for J.D. Shier Lumber Co., and it was getting late, and they wanted to get the logs out, and the clerk from the Lumber camp, he came out, and he was bound that I would go in and take the team in, and draw logs for them. So, I went in, but Father was there too. That was at Mr. Shier's camp—just east of Baysville, in by Heeney's Lake.

Approximately how many men would be employed in these camps during the Winter months?

Anywhere from 30 to 50. In camps as close to town as this one, the men used to come on Saturday night, and go back Sunday. But, in the more remote ones, they would remain there for the entire winter season.

The last camp, Jim Green was foreman of it, it was up above Hollow Lake, back in there. We stayed there all Winter.

There was a Mr. Preston, an old man who lived back in here. He was an old Englishman—he had a team of horses, and he was coming out to Bracebridge for a load of supplies. When he was coming in, the road was pretty slippery, and the horses of course slipped and fell. And, he said, “Her slipped, and her fell and her kicked snow in her's face, so her couldn't see. Everything was ‘her’.

My grandmother took Aunt Lena and Aunt Hattie and Uncle Joe, in the old buck wagon, and, coming up the old Devil's Gap, it was rough (that was on the old road, but it is cut off now. It was the big hill, and all the rocks. My grandfather was the first one that built the road. He had the job of building that road, and that was all logs.) Anyway, grandmother was coming up there, with these children on the back, and Aunt Lena fell out the back, and grandmother didn't see her. Aunt Lena said, “ I wouldn't yell. I kept running, trying to catch up. I hadn't caught up, but she stopped at the top, Mrs. Brown happened to turn around and she saw the tiny girl running after the wagon.

Another time, they went up the old road going to Huntsville—grandfather was doing some work up, there, on the road, looking after something and she took the horse and democrat, and, I guess she took some of the women with her, and went up, there, and, it was all rough, and, a couple of miles up there, a bear walked across the road, and frightened the horses. She had quite a time getting by it—but, just then, just past that, she got the horse settled down, and kept him in the road. Grandfather came along, he was walking, and he helped her.

Some of the shanty men would be working in Baysville, the logs would have come down from Dorset—some of these men would have tents—others would just string up heavy blankets for shelter. And, they would work from dawn to dark. They would get the logs out to the lake in the Winter. Then, in the Summer, they would bring them down. I have seen this river jammed up—all that big bay full of logs. The alligators would tow them down from Dorset—down from Hollow Lake—the great big long booms, then the alligator, or a steamboat would tow them down, and then, they would undo the booms, and feed the logs through the narrows. They would open the dam down here, and make a current. Sometimes, the companies would send a couple of men down here, and leave them here to look after the dam, and the logs going through. They were boomed off down here, just above the dam, till most of them had come down, and, to save water, so that they would have it below. Then, when they opened the dam, they would start feeding them through. Many a time I have helped my grandfather. Often, Mr. Mickle would ask Granddad to look after the dam, and save the water, for granddad wanted to save the water, as much as the company, for the saw mill, and many a time I have helped granddad feed the logs through. Granddad couldn't swim, and one day, he fell in, and I saved him, from going through the dam. Another time, we had it boomed off there, we had a nice little chunk—we had quite a little bay there to keep our own logs that were put in the winter, and different times there would be different farmers would put in a bunch of logs. I quit school just before the entrance exams, to help granddad, for my father and my uncle had got good jobs, and they couldn't very well leave them—so granddad and I would do this work, and I used to help him quite a bit with things like that.

Mr. and Mrs. Brown were married in 1929. He went fire ranging several Summers. He was at Matheson, and also Swastika. They moved to Brownsville around 1941, and have lived there since—just coming back every Summer.

Tim Kelly ran the camp for Shier's—then he went away up to Smooth Rock Falls. He also had the hotel over there for a while. Dick Richards was an old timer in here too. Dick Richards had a hotel, then he sold it to the Rowe's—or did Kelly have it first? Then, there was another hotel where Kelly lives now. George Howard had the hotel there. And then pretty near up at the other end of the town, there was another hotel. It used to be pretty lively around here.

George Howard was William Howard's father. He had the store, right across where Findlay is now. He started that store and he ran a supply boat up around the lake too. Mr. Langmaid took over the supply boat after William Howard.

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undisturbed, near many a family, and, meanwhile, contribute much to human pleasure. From the elevation of Cedar Cliff, a beautiful view is afforded of the little village in its glacier formed basin with the encircling hills and valleys.

Wild berries of various kinds are abundant in the neighbourhood.

The Public Dock is just above the new bridge, while the telegraph and daily post office combined is two minutes walk down the river.

Altitude, and Pure, Clear Air. Baysville and Lake of Bays, is, so to speak, next door to “the height of land” in Ontario. It may surprise many to know that this water is 1,029 feet above the sea. It is 794 feet above Lake Ontario, 318 feet higher than Lake Simcoe, 578 feet higher than Georgian Bay; 294 feet above Lake Muskoka; 101 feet higher than the lakes around Huntsville; 396 feet higher than Lake Nipissing at North Bay, and 417 feet higher than Lake Temiskaming. The purer air enjoyed by the sojourn in this region, is therefore obvious.

Being so elevated, during even the warmest portion of the Summer, a pleasant, cool breeze prevails which obliges what few mosquitoes may remain at this season to confine themselves to the recesses of the woods.

Malaria, for the same reason also, is rare, while the plants which produce “Hay Fever” in less elevated parts of the country, do not thrive in these uplands.

Churches—Divine worship is conducted in the village each Sabbath in Anglican, Presbyterian and Roman Catholic churches.

Medical Aid—when required, is supplied by a returned South African doctor, who has made his home in this district.

Stores—there are several very good general stores in the village.

Knowledge—To the larger number of Summer visitors who desire to improve their stay by adding knowledge to their store, the opportunities are most favourable. Daily papers and magazines will be found in the reading room while a good public library is available near at hand.

Geology—Groups can be forced to study the most interesting geological formations of this district. A series of the finest construction of “pot holes” are located conveniently near.

No “Drunkeries” Here. No fear of drunken men, and accompanying profanity to spoil the pleasure of your vacation here. This attractive village, and the township of McLean and Ridout,

of which Baysville is the municipal capital, and which embrace a great portion of the shore line of the Lake of Bays, are under a local option prohibitory liquor law, which the authorities have undertaken to strictly enforce.

Plant and Tree Studies are best cultivated in this rejoin in its original beauty, so luxuriant and free from the ravages of fire.

Astronomy- The pure atmosphere and consequent clear, starry nights in so elevated a country, enables this study to be pursued advantageously and pleasurably with the aid of a three- inch telescope, and reference works on the subject available at the Pulford House.

Photography—the original scenery in this district, little broken or impaired by settlers or lumbermen, united with ideal conditions of light and shadow, renders this a most desirable location for lovers of an art so attractive to all classes, from royalty, downwards. A dark room, with accessories for development and printing out, are provided.

Instruction and Entertainment- and organ, and stereopticon, with a dining hall 18 by 45 feet, will be available for suitable meetings, from time to time. With this view intending guests are invited to bring with them lantern slides upon any subject likely to prove instructive and interesting.

In this connection, it is hoped that a series of popular addresses upon useful subjects may be provided, the Department of Agriculture of Ontario having kindly promised to afford the services of one skilled in domestic science to give a series of demonstrations for the public benefit in this place.

The Pulford House was erected at Baysville in consequence of an undertaking given to the townships of McLean and Ridout (of which Baysville is the capital) dependent upon their submission of a local option by-law and its passage by the electors by which the sale of alcoholic liquors was prohibited in this peculiarly attractive summer resort. At the same time the writer, who had spent a number of vacations at Baysville, regarded the locality as one possessing a majority of the essential features of an ideal resort, among which were the varied and attractive scenery, invigorating and cool altitude, proximity to river and lakes, and good fishing, united with many alternative choices of recreation and pleasure, embracing the advantages of civilization and still sufficiently removed from its wearing activities when rest was needed.

A Quiet, Inexpensive, Summer Home—The aim has been to provide, at an expense within reach of guests of moderate means, a temporary summer home, where the elements of a comfortable and strength restoring sojourn, will be met by a variety of good, plain, healthful food, prepared by the best trained modern skill; ample, and well- ventilated sleeping apartments, furnished with the most perfect and sanitary beds, and in a house located amid attractive and restful environments.

Terms- \$1.50 a day, or \$6.00 to \$8.00 a week.

For further information, apply up to 15<sup>th</sup> June, to  
A.J. Henderson,  
77 Patrick St.,  
Toronto, Ontario.

## **Pamphlets lent to me by Mrs. L.C. Brown, Baysville**

The Lake of Bays, in Muskoka—Baysville, Dorset, Hollow Lake.

Note—This circular is prepared with the support of the municipalities in the district. We aim to state facts about the district, without exaggeration or favour to anyone. Our secretary welcomes enquiries, which will be answered cheerfully and without obligation.

Address- Geo. A. Robertson, P.O. Box 406,  
Baysville, Muskoka, Ontario.

### Lake of Bays

#### General

Lake of Bays is situated truly in the highlands of Ontario, at an altitude of 1034 feet which is almost 300 feet above that of Lake Muskoka. It is the only playground within 130 miles of Toronto offering an altitude above 1000 feet. This signifies pure and invigorating air, cool night for refreshing sleep, and a clear, pure, soft, water.

A glance at the map will show how Lake of Bays derives its name. It is a 'Lake of Bays'. Nestled between rolling hills, you will find a beautiful lake inviting you to all forms of aquatic sports. Or, you may prefer to lounge on the shore, and feast on the scenery, which cannot be surpassed elsewhere in Ontario.

This district is completely served by hydro. Stores, telephones and post offices are conveniently located. Canoes, boats, and launches are for hire. Pasteurized milk is delivered daily.

The fire ranger station and tower in Dorset, with a genial staff, provides a sense of security against fire and is one of the sights of the district.

#### Resorts

Bigwin Inn is known over the continent as the premier Summer Resort of Canada. It is located on Bigwin Island, which can be viewed from many places on the highway, about half way between Baysville and Dorset. A steam ferry connects the land with the mainland.

Elsewhere on the pamphlet are listed the Summer resorts of the district. Their location is clearly marked on the map. Brief particulars of each are included, and a note to the manager of any of them, will give you all the information desired. All the resorts are easily reached by motor car over first class roads which are kept in excellent condition. The majority are less than one mile from the Highway, and all are served with Hydro.

Please feel free to write these resorts for any desired information.

#### Sports

All manner of Summer sports can be participated in by the Summer visitor. Swimming, diving, boating, golf, tennis, horseback riding and hiking are here for all. The climax of the season's sport is reached during the Baysville Regatta over the Civic Holiday week-end, at which time, events grading from speed boat racing to children's swimming are keenly contested by tourists and local people. Be sure and see this event if possible.

#### Cottage Sites

Lake of Bays possesses 365 miles of shoreline, some of which is excellent sandy beach. The newcomer to the lakes does not need to fear the hidden rock when boating, for such, is practically unknown on this lake. The shoreline is almost entirely wooded, very few clearings extending down to the shore, and consequently the lake retains its natural beauty and charm. Here and there, we notice one of the summer cottages or resorts but miles of untouched woodland bordering its shores offer the family the cottage site they have longed for. We cannot stress too strongly the opportunities which exist for building summer homes in the district. Many choice locations are available on Lake of Bays and Hollow Lake, or should you prefer, on the smaller lakes in the neighbourhood. One should spend several days travelling about to be thoroughly acquainted with the opportunities. Might we suggest that you choose one of the resorts as your stopping place, when on this errand? You will be most welcome, and all the business people of the district will assist you.

#### Fishing

Hollow Lake, and the surrounding area reached via Dorset offers the finest speckled trout fishing to be found in Southern Ontario, and, we can vouch for this statement. Parties, large or small, preferably accompanied by guides, bring out to Dorset some of the finest speckled trout ever seen. This season is at its best in May, but fair sport can be hoped for in later months. June offers excellent lake trout fishing on Hollow Lake. We advise parties to outfit themselves at the stores in Dorset, where everything that you might require is stocked at very moderate prices. These stores will be pleased to make all arrangements for your party, including guides, canoes, and the always indispensable food. You will be agreeably satisfied with the service given.

Lake of Bays and Hollow Lake afford good fishing all Summer for lake trout, using the deep copper troll. A few bass are caught, but this is the exception rather than the rule. Some of the neighbouring smaller lakes, namely Dickie, Tooke's, Manomenee and Paint Lake afford excellent bass fishing.



## Resorts

Weekly rates are quoted

Burlmarie House—2 miles from Baysville on the river near Lake of Bays. Sand Beach. Accommodation 75. All city conveniences. Rates \$14-\$17.

Bastedo and Hamburg, Baysville

Dorset House—Located in the centre of Dorset on the lake. Fishing and steak dinners, a specialty. Accommodation - 40. Rates \$15.50- \$21.

Tod Wattie, Dorset.

Glenmount Hotel—at Glenmount P.O.. Meals a specialty. Acc. 25. Rates \$16-\$25.

Hugh Thompson, Glenmount

Grandview—At Glenmount. Beautiful lawns and sandy beach. Acc 20. City conveniences.

Mrs. M.A. Robertson, Glenmount

Grove Park Lodge—At Grove Park, opposite Bigwin Inn on the lakeshore. New cement tennis court. Home cooking. Acc. 30. Rates \$16.50-\$19.

F. Murchison, Grove Park Lodge P.O..

Hollow Inn—At Hollow Lake Landing, five miles from Dorset. Launch for hire. City conveniences. Acc. 25.

J. Bartholomew, Hollow Lake, Dorset.

Idylwild—On a point as the lake enters the river, sandy beach. Recreational building with fireplace. City conveniences. Acc 60. Rates \$14-\$18.

P.A. Brown, Baysville

Langton House—On the river, two miles past Baysville, near the lake. Cabins. City conveniences. Launch cruises. Acc. 50. Rates \$12.50-\$16.

The Maples—Four miles from Dorset, on the lake. For a quiet holiday with home cooking.

Mrs. J.G. Burk, Dorset.

Mountain Trout House—Reached by boat only, two miles from Hollow Lake Landing. City conveniences. Cater particularly to fishing parties. Cabins. Acc 50.

Ben Russell, Hollow Lake, Dorset.

New Moon Lodge—One mile from Baysville on the river. Cabins with city conveniences. Acc 50. Rates \$15-\$30.

Dr. P. Gardner, Baysville.

Riverview Lodge—Located in Baysville on the river bank. City conveniences. New boat house and dance floor over the river. Acc. 62. Rates \$13-\$15.

Chamber Brothers, 45 Richmond Street W. Toronto, Ad. 3061

Rosebank—a 185 acre farm. Quiet. A wonderful place for children. Cabins. Home cooking. On the river shore, one mile from Baysville. Rates \$12-\$14. Acc 35.

J.L. Roberts, Baysville

Rowe's Hotel—In the centre of Baysville/ Our meals are a specialty.

J. Rowe Sr. Baysville.

Sedgewick's—Situated on St. Norah's Lake nine miles south of Dorset on Highway #35. Cabins, sandy beach, a restful location. Acc. 20.

Harold Sedgewick, Dorset.

Shady Rest—Four miles east of Baysville on the highway. Cabins. Sandy beach. Meals. On the lakeshore. Acc. 20. Rates \$12.50

Mrs. Teakle, Baysville

Strathheid— On the lake at the river mouth, 2 ½ miles east of Baysville. Boats and canoes. Near fine beach. Running water. Acc 10. Fine meals. Rates \$ 13-\$15.

G.A. Robertson, Baysville.

Weltonia Lodge—On the lakeshore, one mile east of Bigwin Dock. Cabins.

Mr. Welton, Grove Park P.O..

White House—On the west shore of the Lake of Bays. Road leaves the Baysville, Huntsville Highway, 7 miles north of Baysville. Acc 50 Rates \$12-\$15.

George Aldred, Newholme P.O.\_

Guests taken at private homes-

Mrs. Lockman—Dorset / Acc 15. Home meals.

Mrs. Angus McKay Sr. Dorset. Acc 10

Ed. Sampson—Dorset. Cabins.

Sandy McKay—Dorset. Cabins

General Stores

Baysville—Wm Langmaid. Smith's Hardware and Grocery. Alf. Winder, Refreshments.

Glenmount—Hugh Thompson

Dorset—Clayton's Outfitting Store, Licenses issued, Burk & Avery Ice Cream Parlour. McKey's Store, see our twin bear cubs.

Boat Liveries. Enquire at any of the general stores. Langton House at Bayville. Molesworth's Boat Livery and repair shop at Grove Park. Geo. Russell Jr., Hollow Lake Landing. J Bartholomew's, 'Long Jack', Hollow Lake Landing. Bigwin Boat Livery, enquire at Bigwin Dock.

Canoes—Hugh McEachern, Dorset, builder of first class canoes.

Garages—Well equipped and courteous garages are to be found in Baysville and Dorset.

#### Pasteurized Milk

Brown Bros. Baysville. Farm located four miles east of Baysville. Daily delivery of pure milk. McDonalds Farm at Brown's Brae.

#### The Daily Mail, Passengers and Express

Norman Kelly, Baysville, operates a daily mail and express service through the district. Routinely meets the afternoon train and bus in Bracebridge for passengers to Dorset and intermediate points. Special trips by appointment.

#### Real Estate

Geo. A. Robertson, Baysville, Gordon Dollar, Dorset, Harry Robinson, McKey's Store, Dorset.

#### Builders

Saw and Planing Mills are located at Baysville, Norway Point and Dorset. They will be pleased to quote on your requirements. Competent contractors and builders are available.

#### Post Offices

Baysville, Bigwin Inn, Brown's Brae, Glenmount, Grove Park Lodge, Dorset.

**Lake of Bays Region Tourist Accommodation—Imperial Oil Map & Folder**

Lake of Bays, Baysville, Dwight and Dorset

Name	Post Office	Proprietor or Mgr.	No. rooms	Rates	
				Day	Week
Baysville Hotel	Baysville	J. Rowe	10	\$2.50	\$12.00
Bigwin Inn	Bigwin Island	C.O. Shaw	232	5.50	38.50
Britannia Hotel	Kingsway	Mrs. M. P. Rogers	164	3.50	18.00
Burlmarie Hotel	Baysville	P.B. Bastedo	44	2.00	12.50
Dorset Hotel	Dorset	Todd Wattie	25	2.50	17.00
Dwight	Dwight	P.F. Newton	15	3.00	14.00
Fox Point House	Fox Point	Thomas Salmon	25	2.50	13.00
Garryowen	Dorset	John Ball	42	3.00	20.00
Glenmount Hotel	Glenmount	Hugh Thompson	25	2.50	16.00
Gouldie Manor	Dwight	K.H. Smith	36	2.50	16.00
Grandview Hotel	Glenmount	T. Garry	20	2.50	15.00
Grove Park Lodge	Grove Park	G. Wallace	29	2.50	16.50
Hemlocks	Birkendale	C. W. Irwin	30	3.00	15.00
Hollow Vy Ranch	Dorset	Lock and Sons		2.50	15.00
Idlewylde	Baysville	T.B. Brown	25	2.50	12.00
Island View	Fox Point	Mrs. Salmon	30	4.00	16.00
Langton House	Baysville	John L. King	30	2.50	12.90
Lumina	Fox Point	T.H. Hungerford	35	3.00	18.00
Maples	Dorset	J.G. Burk	11	2.50	12.00
Mtn. Trout House	Dorset	Ben W. Russell	31	2.50	15.00
New Moon Lodge	Baysville	Dr. P. N. Gardner	25	2.50	15.00
Nor Loch Lodge	Dwight	Mrs. J. Holden	15	2.50	14.00
Pine Grove Inn	Dwight	Harry A. Corbett	60	3.00	18.00
Point Ideal	Pt. Cunnington	G. Boothby	25	3.00	18.00
Riverview Hotel	Baysville	Chamber Bros.	25	3.00	15.00

Robertson Inn	Baysville	R. & H. Chambers	25	3.00	15.00
Ronville Lodge	Birkendale	J. W. Emberson	53	3.00	17.00
Rose Bank	Baysville	J. L. Roberts	15	2.50	12.00
Whitehouse	Baysville	George Aldred	30	2.50	14.00

This Imperial Oil Map and folder is dated 1940.

## **Baysville Schools— A short history**

Compiled and published by the Baysville Women's Institute

First school—opened April, 1875 (now the Anglican Parish Hall)

The founder of Baysville, Mr. W. H. Brown, donated land for the first school, when enough had been cleared for a small village site in 1872-73. In 1874, a municipal council was formed, and the taxes called \$301.98 were used mainly to build a log school house. The location became known as "the school house hill". Miss Louise Marsh, daughter of Captain Marsh was the first teacher when school opened in April 1875.

After the saw mill was in operation, lumber for the school was cut and this (siding) was done in what was known as "board and batten".. the school was also used for religious services until churches were built.

In 1882, when Mr. Bushell (W.H.) came to Baysville as teacher, he encouraged the older boys to attend school during the Winter months. The attendance was often 90. He taught book keeping, and store keeping, and many regular high school subjects. Several pupils later passed examinations as teachers and served schools in the district. After 13 years of teaching, Mr. Bushnell turned to carpentry, and contracted to build the new school for \$644.25 in 1897. A few years later the roof was raised to add a second class room. Mr. Harvey was principal for seven years and many of the older residents of Baysville attended school during his tenure.

Mr. J. Butler was another outstanding principal of the second school, teaching 13 years before and after World War I.

The original school was bought in September 1919 by the Anglican congregation, to use for services after their church was burned. It was moved a short distance, and re-sided. It is still used as their parish Hall.

The present modern two room school was built in 1955, having been delayed by the war and shortage of materials after. The cost was \$32,000.00; how prices have changed.

There have not been as many Secretary treasurer's as teachers—Mr. W. H. Brown, Mr. J.D. Smith, Mr. Robert Ellis, Mrs. J. J. Robertson and presently, Miss Blanche Piper.

For many years, grades 9 and 10 were taught in the senior room, but, in 1929 the first school bus service was started to Bracebridge High School for pupils to continue. This was one of the first such services in Ontario. Later, pupils were taken to start with grade nine, which was more satisfactory.

From Baysville school have come many who have taken, and are now taking a prominent part in the fields of education, industry and business. This has shown not only their ability but their willingness to use that ability.

### **A short history of Bethune United Church, Baysville**

written by Miss Alberta Langford on the occasion, of Bethune's Anniversary during Canada's Centennial Year.

Officially, the Bethune Church was organized by Rev. Allen Findlay a Presbyterian, in 1876. Evangelistic work had begun before 1876 with the efforts of students, ministers from both the Home Mission Boards of the Methodist and Presbyterian Churches.

Rev. Findlay began this church with a small membership roll of 13 people and services of worship were held in the public school. The Haw family supplied most of the first few members.

In 1882, a student of Knox College was posted to Baysville. His name is no longer recalled, yet he was well liked, and, it was mainly due to his efforts, that the small congregation decided to build a church with volunteer labour. To reduce the unnecessary and weakening competition for souls, Rev. Findlay persuaded the Methodist Board of Home Missions to withdraw their student, and the Methodists concurred. Thus, we were 'united' as soon as the congregation was organized, that is, long before the 1925 union.

Mr. John Robertson, of the area later known as Brown's Brae, had been inducted as elder in his home church in Scotland. He was this church's first elder. Although Mr. Robertson lived some nine miles away from the church, in a day when there were no paved highways, he attended worship faithfully with several members of his family.

Churches are built by generous people to-day. They were then too. Some of the pioneers who built Bethune, were truly God's instruments. These are some of them.

Mr. Alex Prestall—one of the elders, and a stone mason by trade, built the foundation. Others hauled the stones, which are always plentiful in Muskoka. Other cut logs, which were cut into lumber at Mr. W.H. Brown's Mill. Mr. Brown had machinery for his small mill moved in from Burford, and the Government gave him the water rights at the falls where the present dam stands. The mill occupied the spot where the current "Corner Coffee House" stands. With the water rights, Mr. Brown was given a large tract of land adjoining the mill. Baysville was later built on this land. Mr. Brown shared his good fortune with the church community by donating the lot for the church. He also donated lots to the Roman Catholic and Anglican churches, who later built on them.

Mr. Walter Secord built the church chimney. Both the foundation and chimney required no repairs, until the church was moved and remodelled in 1961-62. It was officially re-opened in May 1962.

Mr. Roberts Rhodes, a plasterer, plastered the first building. This plaster was intact, until the building was moved.

Mr. J.D. Smith, a hardware merchant, tinted and painted a beautiful archway at the front of the church. The words, "Praise Ye The Lord" were printed over this archway. Later, Mr. Smith grained the woodwork and frosted the window panes.

When the building was completed, after much labour and sweat, the pioneers were deservedly proud, and loved Bethune church.

The church was named Bethune after a Presbyterian minister whom the congregation knew well.

The present church is the product of love, labour, and sweat as well. The members of the committee who directed the remodelling were; Rev. S. Littlewood, Mrs. J. A. Robertson, , Mrs. S. A. Hanes, Harry Voysey, Gordon McCormack, Joseph Morrow, and Jack Brown. The mortgage for the building was cleared during 1966.

Financial problems still beset us continuously to maintain the life of our congregation, especially during the winter.

A great many ministers have served here since its original formation. A total of 63 ministers. Besides the many faithful laymen who have served on countless committees, these are the men and women who have shepherded them

List of names

Besides the many ministers who have served this church, there have been many more who have supplied the pulpit, especially during the summer months so that the congregation might worship at 11:00 a.m.

Charles Forth, Samson Littlewood, Dr. Laird, Prof. Peck are some of these.



Baysville Centennial Celebration

Official Opening of Bayville Centennial Park

And

Unveiling of Centennial Plaque

Sunday afternoon, July 2, 1967      3.00 p.m.

Baysville

This village is almost as old as Canada. In fact, it was opened for settlement in 1868, and had been surveyed six years earlier, in 1862.

It is aptly named—since there are four bays in the immediate vicinity.

To-day, as we dedicate our Centennial Park, we pay tribute to those who chose this attractive site.

Programme.

This is Sunday, Oct. 15<sup>th</sup>, [hand written: 1968] and Ron and I are visiting with Mrs. St. Clair Ferguson, on the Baysville Road, at Menominee Lake—address is Huntsville R.R. 2.. Mrs. Ferguson has very kindly consented to tell me something about the experiences of her grandmother and grandfather, when they came here as early settlers. I have asked her to repeat what she has just told me about the arrival of her grandparents from Dorset in two canoes.

My grandfather was Jeff Avery, and he started out from Dorset, with Grandmother, in two canoes. He had his cook stove in his canoe, and a few cooking utensils that they would use, and of course grandmother in her canoe, had two children—a boy and a girl, bedding, and groceries that they would need for the time being. They paddled all the way from Dorset to Menominee Creek, Lake of Bays. When they got here, it was almost dark, grandfather picked up the cookstove out of the canoe, put it on his back and carried it up to the location—where he had located. This was very close to Menominee Lake—just on the shore of Menominee Lake. Grandmother brought the children, and the blankets, and groceries. When they got here, they had no building—but, grandfather did find an elm tree, and he peeled the bark off the tree, and made a shelter for them for the first night. They lived there, and cleared the ground as they went along, day by day. When the children were playing, they went along to the creek. This was my mother, she was just ten years old, and, she was looking along the creek, just playing, and she leaned over, and she saw a large fish. She leaned over, put her hand down, got hold of its gills, and pulled it out, and it was a three-pound speckled trout. She brought it home, and, when grandfather, saw it, he said, “Annie, if you could get a fish like that, the lake must be teeming with them.” So, he went over and set a few lines in the lake, and he caught three 5-7 pound trout in about an hour. So, they brought them back, and, they had fish.

They planted their potatoes—they would save the eyes, and plant them—this was on the 10<sup>th</sup> of June—and they had potatoes that year.

Mrs. Ferguson believes that her grandparents were the first Avery's on the lake. I asked her if she knew who Ebenezer and Deborah Avery were. She did not know, but said perhaps Sid Avery would know. She also told me that her grandfather's brother also came to the lake—his name was Will. They called him William Avery, and I think that he stayed here and helped Grandfather build the house. They built quite a large house that was made of plaster, and they brought the sand to mix with the lime, from Lake of Bays. It was a rough cast house; it was quite a large house. For years it was a land mark, but it is no longer standing. It was just over here in the field—but it is gone now.

The Jeff Avery's lived here, until they went to Oregon. Grandfather was quite a man. He would talk to other men, and they would talk of another part of the country that was booming. So, grandfather would say—“come on Jane, let's go—and they would pull up stakes.”

Grandfather would pick a good sized tree that would make a good canoe. He would climb up this tree—sort of shinny up it. He would cut around—then stick his knife through the bark, pull the knife after him, as he slid down, and, when he would get down the bark would simply fall at his

feet. He would roll that up. Put it in the lake for maybe a week or so, then bring it out, and form it into a canoe.

Then to sell it, he would take it down to Lake of Bays, tow it behind his canoe, and he would go for miles down the river, until he would find somebody that wanted to buy a canoe. After the canoe was sold—he would probably be near Bracebridge, he would buy his groceries there, put his bag of flour on his shoulder, and head off, through the bush home. Sometimes, grandmother would be alone for two weeks while he was doing this. One time he was away for two weeks. He thought he would be home earlier than that. He was late getting home, and grandmother had burned her last match. She had bread rising, and she didn't know what to do. She went down to the lake, and she called yoo-hoo, and she kept yoo-hooing, and she saw two Indians coming around the point in a canoe. So, she waved, and she called to them, and they came in to the shore. She made motions to them, trying to make them understand that she did not have any matches. They motioned to her to go-- so she came up the path, and they followed her. They took flints from their pockets, rubbed them together, and started the fire in the yard, and they tried to explain to her that she must always keep it going. She often said, that if it had not been for the Indians, they would never have survived.

The Indians did many things for my grandparents. Once, when one of the babies was born, grandmother was very, very sick, and, there were no doctors, (I think, Uncle Jim was the baby), and an Indian came along with the hind leg of an otter. They thought they were doing something wonderful for the grandmother, bringing her a big treat. So, grandfather had to tell them that they were so pleased to have this hind leg of an otter and he said when they had gone, he cooked it up for the dogs. They would never think of eating otter--, beaver, yes, but not otter. The Indians showed grandfather a lot of herbs that helped them out a lot. To this day I still use herbs that my mother told me about. There is a cure in the bush for every ailment you have. Gold thread, the only root that is a real golden colour—can cure ulcers.

Where did these Indians come from? Well, I believe they came from Bigwin Island. Is it your impression that Indians lived on Bigwin Island? Oh, of course they did. Why they lived right over there. You mean 12 months a year? Yes, when my mother came here. Well, I will go on with my story. After they had been a few years, grandfather thought they should have a cow. So, on one of his trips to Bracebridge, he bought himself a cow. This cow was milking, and he led her home through the bush, and carried a bag of flour, but, he put the groceries on the cow's back. Well, they had that cow milking, four years steady. She never had a calf, because there were not any other cattle around. But, they kept milking her. And, there wasn't any grass here. But, the Indians had lived here. There was an Indian graveyard on this side of the lake, and Indian village on the other, and mother told me, that when she was ten years old, and, her little brother was with her, and it was their job to get the cow night and morning. In order to get something to eat, the cow would have to go across the creek, she would go up the other side of the lake, to where the Indian Village was. She said that there was a pile of ashes as big as a house—just ashes and, around these ashes, grew wild buckwheat. And, there were also pin cherry trees—they always grow after a fire. And, this is what the cow ate, because, there was no grass you see. So, night

and morning, mother, and her little brother would go to get the cow—tie her up and milk her—then, let her go back.

But, in the winter time, to feed her, grandfather would cut the beaver hay, down in Lawrence's beaver meadow, between here and Baysville, and bring it home in the canoe. Grandmother would help him do this, and mother would stay home and look after the children here in the old log house, across the road. They would make a big stack of this hay, down near the edge of the bush. Grandfather made a sort of lean to, over the haystack, with a door, and they put the cow in there with this haystack and she could eat all the time if she wanted to. Mother would go down in the morning, and milk her—clean out the manure—and the cow stayed there all winter. This, they did for four years. Then, some of the neighbours, I think the Ferguson's had come into the country by that time, and they had a place up here at Lynx Lake. They brought a steer with them, and a cow. But, for four years they had milked her. They had not, until that time been able to breed her so she would freshen.

When the grandparents arrived, there were no longer Indians living in this Indian village. All there was left, was this pile of ashes. There is no sign of those ashes now. Across the lake, there was the graveyard, and there was a stone wall built up, 4 feet high, right in front of the graveyard. They had cleared all the trees off, from where they had the graveyard, and made it just like a field. Mrs. Ferguson is under the impression that the Indians moved from here to Bigwin Island. Then, when Mr. Shaw took over Bigwin Island, I think they moved from there to Rama. Two years ago, I happened to be in Orillia, and there was a squaw there, a very elderly lady. I asked where she was from, and she said Rama. I asked if she knew anything about Bigwin Island. Not too much now, she said, I have an uncle who could tell you more than I can. But, I know that even after I moved here, Indians came from Rama. I saw one Indian one day, get out of a car out here, and he made a bee line straight through the bush. Now, he was checking on the graveyard, to see if anything had been disturbed. The wall is all washed away now. My mother and I were all over that lake in a canoe, and she pointed out to me, just where the graveyard was, and just where the village was.

Mrs. Langford told me that it was her understanding that there had been some Indian relics found over there, arrow heads, etc.... Mrs. F. said she thought there had been, that her brother had a place, just about three miles up here, and one day he was plowing, he found a skinning knife. I remember my husband's father once told me, that, when he was a boy, he was coming down through the bush from Menominee Lake, when they struck the bush, over here, his father picked him up, and put him on his back, because, there was such a big field of maize, that the little boy could hardly get through. He said this big field of maize, was just back of the village.

The Ferguson's who came up there first, were Mrs. F's husband's grandparents. This Lynx Lake, where they settled, was down behind the little church at Newholm. Mr. Thomas Salmon stayed with them at one time, for a while. They left there, and built a new home, and that is how the place got its name. The Ferguson's kept the post office, and they had to name it. The new home

was not on the present highway, but on the old road. I could show you where their home used to be. There is a lumber mill built right where the Ferguson's homestead was.

Or, if you wanted to go around where the school used to be, and come around this way, you could see where the old homestead used to be. They came as settlers too—Mrs. F. thinks a little bit later than her grandparents. My husband's father and my uncle were great friends—they used to hunt together—they used to get deer at any time of the year, for, at that time, there really wasn't a hunting season. There was an abundance of everything.—one Sunday, two years ago, I was alone in the house, and happened to go to the door—and there were two deer standing at the fence looking at me.

There are several Avery's in Dorset—all cousins of Mrs. Ferguson's. Mrs. F. thinks her grandfather Jeff Avery guided—also his sons Jim and Jack. She thinks it would have been Jim Avery who guided Mr. Tone. Mother died in 1940, and she was 80 years old. At that rate, the Avery's must have come here in 1870. For they came when she was just 10 years old.

My grandfather was a very strong man. He was short—but he was powerfully built—square. My grandfather was Pennsylvania Dutch. He used to walk to Baysville to the stores there, to get flour. He went there one day to get flour, and at that time, the store had a verandah. There was a bunch of men sitting on the verandah, as grandfather came waddling up, for he was short and fat—all the Avery's are short and fat. The storekeeper said—well Jeff, what can we do for you today? And, grandfather replied—I'd like a bag of flour. At that time, they had the flour piled up on the verandah. The storekeeper said—"well there's four bags there—if you think you can carry them, I'll give them to you." Grandfather said—"all at once?" "Yes", said the storekeeper—"You'd have to carry them all at once," the other men started laughing, they thought it was a big joke. Grandfather said—"you mean, just carry it home?" "Yes", said the storekeeper, that's just what I mean. Grandfather said, "Will you give me some men to load me, or do I have to load myself?" "No", he said "you don't have to load yourself". "I'll give you some men to load you." So, they put one across his chest, one across the back, and tied one on each hip—400 pounds of flour. The storekeeper said, "I don't believe you can do it until you get home, or you can't have it" Grandfather said. – "I'll take your bet." When they got about half way home there was a tree blown over, it was just about so high from the ground. Grandfather Jeff said, "if you'll stand and watch me that I do not put down one of these bags, I'm going to sit down, for I'm getting rather tired—so, he sat down for half an hour. Then he got up, and came the rest of the way home, with the four bags of flour.

I told Mrs. F. that Mr. Harry Salmon had told me that story, also one about a man who had gone into Dorset to buy a cookstove. When he got to the store, he saw that they also had some liquor or beer for sale, and, he had made the comment that he surely would like some of it, but, he didn't know how he could manage it along with the stove. The storekeeper said that they would be easily managed, so, they put the case of beer in the oven, loaded the stove on the man's back, and, away he went.

Mr. Salmon said that I might think that the early settlers up here were great tall strong men, but, they weren't – they were short, but stocky and powerfully strong.

I remember hearing a story, and this is a true story—about a woman who lived out Allensville way, who owned a store. She hired some boys to work for her. At that time, they had flour in barrels. They had to lift those barrels up off the ground onto the verandah, and roll it into the store. And, these two strapping boys were struggling with the barrel. She came out of the store, and said—“What are you kids trying to do?”—and she picked it up herself, and put it onto the verandah. It was just the knack with which she did it. And, people were amazed—but she was used to doing it.

My mother was strong too, you know, she was a very strong woman. She had great presence of mind, and did things wonderfully well. I remember when I was a kid, we had a cyclone that took our house down, there were nine of us living in the house. This was five miles north of Huntsville, where we were living at the time. It was Sunday night, and mother was getting supper ready. It was a log house—and dad was trying to shove me out, and I was bawling my head off. I was only three years old—the youngest one of the family. It was pouring with rain, and they started to call the roll to see if anyone was seriously hurt, or killed. One of the boys had logs on top of him, all you could see of him was a hand. And dad was yelling “Annie, Annie, come on over here and help me move this log.” My brother, on whom the log had fallen, was about twenty, dad felt his hand and it was cold, and, he was so excited he couldn't lift the log himself. Mother came over, and said—“Get out of the way Bob”, and she took hold of that log, and just heaved it, by herself. Then, she grabbed hold of Jo and pulled him up. He had a black shoulder for quite a while, but it was not broken. My brother Bob also had some logs on top of him, so mother had to up-end some more logs to get him out.

The children of the neighbours across the road had been left alone, and they were so frightened. After mother had us all accounted for, she went to the barn to check on the cow. I was soaking wet from the rain, so my sister took me to the barn. She put me besides this cow, and from the warmth of the cow, I got warm. Then, she ran over to the neighbour's place across the road, and the children were so frightened, they couldn't keep the door closed—so they ran outside and got under the wagon—and were holding onto the grass under the wagon. Mother brought them back into their house, and fixed up their fire for them, then asked them if they wanted to come over with her children. I don't remember whether they did or not, but I know she looked after them. Then she came back to the barn, and one of the kids said “Oh, mother, you're hurt,”—and there was blood trickling down her leg, and she didn't know it. Her leg apparently had received a gash from the door frame. But, she just kept going—and her ankle was cut—right across.

And, when my mother was eighty years old, she was all over that lake in a canoe. There wasn't a wave on that lake that would bother her at all.

We were talking about birch bark canoes. Mrs. F's uncle used to make them—the uncle's name was Nehemiah Avery—but everyone called him Miah. There were twelve of them in the family

—Jeff Avery had twelve children. After grandfather moved to Oregon, Uncle Miah lived here for some time—he married a girl from across the lake—then, he eventually moved to Spragge, then, from there to Thessalon. He was at Algoma Mills for a while- then, he moved to Blind River- they ultimately moved to Toronto.

Speaking of other families in the area. I think the Dale's moved away too—I understand they moved to Blind River too.

Sometimes, when I get bored, and I do get bored with housework, I just go out and walk. I have eight hundred acres here that I can walk over. I can start here in the morning, and walk, all day, and still be on my own place.

## **Interview with Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Green, Tuesday, Oct. 17, 1976.**

I am trying to find out if the Cain's were the very first settlers at Cain's Corners.

The Cain's were the first to occupy the old Cain House—but there were Baker's lived across the road—and Mr. G. seemed to think that they had arrived about the same time as the Cain's.

Mrs. Cain of Cain's Corner was Mr. Green's grandmother—after Mr. Cain's death, she married Mr. Gerioux. Mrs. Green (Mr. Lloyd's mother would have been 101 years old now, his father, 108). The family came from a town near Brockville when she was about 7 years old. That would have been 94 years ago—so they must have arrived around 1873. They stayed there for a while, but the father was very ill, so they returned to the town they had come from. Then, a little later, they came back and settled. Mr. Lloyd's mother's brother's boy, is still living in the original homestead. He is a grandson of the original settler.

They came originally with a view to farming. Mr. Cain did not live very long. He was dead before 'Grandma' was married, and she was married when she was 20. Grandma told about Lloyd's dad watching when she used to go down to the spring, and carrying the pails of water up, and eventually they married. But, he said how he had noticed her when she was just a tiny girl, carrying the water up the hill.

When Mr. Lloyd's dad first came up, to this part of the country, he first located on the lot that the Howard's used to own. The end of the rail road track was at Gravenhurst, when he first came up. He didn't like this first lot, for he said he never saw the sun, until 10 o'clock in the morning. He moved from there across to Clovelly Point. The old homestead was sold to Dickson.

“Information needed for registration regarding dad's and mother's birth place. Mr. Richard Green, born Sept. 22, 1859, born at Fergus, near Owen Sound. Phoebe, Jane Cain, born July 16, 1867. Born at Caintown, Ontario Leeds County.”

I asked Mr. Lloyd, if he knew who Sam Green was. He said that Richard Green was his father, Bill Green, Jim Green, Jack Green and Wesley and Bob. Sam Green was no relation. There was another one too—Sandy—he homesteaded at Needler's Point, and Bill lived alongside of him. Grandad's mother and her twin sister came from Ireland. They came over from Ireland, and married, and settled over there. They settled over there on the Clovelly Shore. I remember grandma talking about these twin girls, and they were as pretty as pictures.

In about 1910, about a mile and a half of lake shore sold for about \$25. When the first of the cottages was built there, I wasn't big enough to harness a horse, Dad would put the harness on the horse. The lumber all came in by navigation, and I would help to haul it up to the first three cottages built at Clovelly.



It is Mr. Lloyd's opinion that Indians camped on Bigwin Island—but that Chief Bigwin lived there all year long. I was told that he had had a dinner with the Green's in their home when he was in his nineties. At that time, he told them that he had cleared part of what is now known as Langmaid's Island, but was then known as Hump Island—and he had grown potatoes on it. Mr. G. asked him how he managed to kill the potato bugs. Chief Bigwin laughed for about five minutes, and said at that time they had never heard tell of potato bugs. –During the same visits, he asked Mrs. Green to play Rock of Ages on the organ. He used to smoke, chew tobacco, but then, he joined the Salvation Army, and gave up both of them. He was very interesting—he was here for the whole day with us. The children had found an unusual piece of stone, and they brought it down and showed it to him, and asked him what it was. He said it was an old Indian Skinning Knife. The Green's showed this to us. It is a piece of stone, if I remember correctly about 8 inches long, blunt one end, and flattened out at the other. Chief Bigwin was practically blind when this was shown to him, but he identified it easily by the feel of it. The children asked him all kinds of questions, and he told them many stories. And, even over here at Aunties Point, which is Kerrimuir now, -- it belonged to Auntie Williams, and was called Auntie's Bay. Apparently years and years ago, old Mrs. John Brown, that had the Post Office at Brown's Brae—well, this woman, they always called her Auntie Williams, and she stayed with them for years, and then when she died; she left them all this property down here. And, they named it Auntie's Bay, and Aunties Point, and that is how it got its name. The Brown's lived there. They used to be up at Brown's Brae—the old building is still there. Mrs. Green thinks that Duncan Brown was John Brown's father. Mrs. Robertson told me that when she taught at Brown's Brae, she lived with the Duncan Brown's. According to Mrs. Green, they were Johnnie's parents. Billie Brown (Farmer Brown was not related to the Brown's of Brown's Brae). The property next to it—where Dave is now,— that is where I was raised. The property also included the part across the road where the market garden is too, 100 acres. Where Harry Salmon is, there were people by the name of Feren lived, Sam Feren. Mrs. Green's people, the French's came up here in 1910—when Mrs. Green was 9. I was telling Mrs. Green about the reference in Tom Salmon's diary to Mrs. Feren's death—she said that that must have been Sam Feren's mother—because the Sam Feren's moved away from here, and she died elsewhere. The old Anderson place, where the potholes are on the golf course—Mrs. Feren was an Anderson—and that house was built for them. Mr. Green said that it is marvellous country—I can look out that window, and see where I was born 68 years ago—at Clovelly Point now. He said that they had a bit of a mining claim started there, but it's kind of a game of freeze out. There's a bit of gold, a bit of silver—but, it's too deep I guess. It would take someone with money to go after it.

I asked them if they had ever known any of the Marsh's. Mrs. Green said that she had known the girl who had married Captain Marsh's son—she was Dr. Bastedo's sister, Mabel Bastedo. She was killed in an accident over in Europe—I think that it was in Vienna. But, I believe that he is still living. The Ryckman's that live in Baysville, just near Kelmar Marine—the wife, Mrs. Ryckamn, is a daughter of Mrs. Fred Bastedo who lives with and is being cared for by Miss Eva Booker in Bracebridge.

Burlmarie belonged to Burlie Bastedo—this is where it got its name. Burle was a man, and I think that his wife's name was Marie, and they called it Burlmarie. Mrs. Thomas is over eighty, and I think that she was born down the river in Baysville-- so, the Bastedo's have been around for quite a while. Her mother was a Bastedo. Sheriff Bastedo —he was the sheriff in Bracebridge for years—he was an uncle to Mrs. Thomas.

Mr. Green said that he had a priceless door jamb once. He got it over here at Wilbur Deeler's? The whole thing right down, all seven feet of it was covered with memoranda—the dates the lakes froze over, etc., all kinds of dates and information. Mr. Brown told them that it must have been over a hundred years old. Mr. Green took it off carefully, and stood it up outside. Someone, not realizing the value or importance of it, took it away, and it was gone.

Mr. Green spoke of the preliminary work that had been done in grading etc., in preparation for the railroad to come through there. When I asked him if he knew why the project had not been completed, he said that C. O. Shaw had bought them out, because he did not want the competition to his Navigation Company. Otherwise, Baysville would have been a very big town to-day- Mickle and Dymont, and Shier's and all those companies would have been up here.

I asked Mr. Green if his father had ever been interested in lumbering—he said not in a big way—more small jobs. I asked about Jim Green—there was a Jim Green who was an uncle of Mr. Lloyd's – also a Jim Green a son—that is a cousin of Mr. Lloyd's. He married one of the Rowe girls in Baysville, a daughter of the family who owned the hotel.

Mr. Lloyds was in charge of the whole river gang, when I was only 16 years old. When I went down to the office, it was really funny. The foreman looked at me – I wanted to get hired on as a river hog—this was at Deer Lake, on the Magnetawan River. He said—you're a young looking boy for a river hog—you should still be going to school. Well where did you drive? We used to play on the logs, you know, when I went to school at Wattie's Creek. I was only about seven or eight years old. And, I said—I'll ride anything that will float me. He shook his head, but he finally gave me a job. I wasn't there very long until he saw that anything that would float me, I'd go any place with it. And I wasn't there very long, until I was in charge of eight men.

The camps were over here in the field around 1930. The cook used to have his wife come weekends, and she'd stay here with us, and he would come and spend the week end here. One week end, he went to Bracebridge, and it came up very stormy, and he couldn't make it back, so his assistant came over here to me, wanting to know how to make pie crust. I tried to tell him, but it was difficult, for he was going to make it in such a huge quantity. He came back over and said they couldn't get the pastry to stick together, so he wanted to know would I come over and make the pies. Anyway, away I went, and I made 35 for him—but, they had everything you could imagine. I said it was no wonder they could cook. Those shelves were laden with nuts and raisins and currants—just everything you could think of. To repay me for having his wife come for week ends, the cook always used to make me a beautiful three storey Christmas cake.

Mr. Green said that the Alligator was just dismantled—no more use for it. And the old Jo boat too. Mr. Green worked on the steamboat for 9 or 10 seasons—Mickle and Dyment, Shier's—I handled all R. J. Hutcheson's logs on the lake. I used to draw gasoline for the Portage to the Nielson's cottage at Dorset, for they wouldn't carry it on the Navigation boat. His mother and father, in later years, they used to have a \_\_\_\_\_ on the scow, and she used to move on in the Spring, when they started out on the lake, with her organ and her bird and her chickens. Away they'd go, and she'd go right around the lake all Summer. It was a house scow. She'd park it at every place they'd stop, where the bark was piled, and the cordwood to be loaded on, and they'd tow it up to Bigwin and to the Portage. She had a regular house right on the scow. And, the tourist people used to come in, they were so fascinated seeing this on the water. At that time they lived around Langmaid's Island, right around there—on the South Portage road, where you first hit the lake there. She'd spend the whole Summer like that. At one end of the scow was where they kept the cow and the horse and, the chickens and everything and the other end of the scow, where they lived. There was a breezeway for about ten feet through the centre. It was a real home on the water. She did that all Summer long, right until the freeze-up in the Fall. One of these last Winters, I don't think they bothered to move back into the house, they just stayed right on the house scow. They would have been somewhere around 1924 or 25. Mr. G. thought they had started to do this around 1918. Auntie's Bay used to be quite a place for dumping logs and cordwood—and sometimes they would park down here. And then, they used to have them all up along Norway Point there. And, when they were parked up there, all the people from around the shore used to come up to see them. They were so amazed to see this place with an organ in it, and a bird. Mrs. Green said that they have a picture of the old house scow, which she will look up for me, and let me have a copy made.

Mrs. G. said that she wishes she had the logs from their old log house. Her dad has sold the place to Mr. Kelly, he sold it to someone else, and he sold it to Mr. Goss, then, it was sold to the King's and then to the Hopkins. The old house was close to the old original road—but it went close to the Brown's. The new road went right through that property.

There are still supposed to be two pots of gold buried at Ten Mile Creek at what they called the Hawk's Nest. Chief Bigwin told the Green's that the pot of gold had been dug up on Bigwin Island. The Iroquois and the Algonquins had a battle there. One pot was supposed to have been removed but there are still two there.

When Mrs. Green was a child—at Billie Brown's farm, our farm, and the Gaysford's farm—they all farmed—they had their own stock—we had our own meat, and cured our own pork and raised vegetables—everything for our own consumption. And yet to-day, there is nothing, the land is just waste. Where the market garden is now—my dad cleared that land, and he was so thrilled with his new fallow. I remembered him taking mother on Sunday afternoons down to see the great crop of oats he had. And, he used to have a wonderful garden. He used to go up the lakeshore, you know, like a market gardener, like Ross Heaney goes with his chickens. They used to have milk fed chickens, and he would take chickens and eggs and vegetables every Tuesday and Friday—and, drive with the old horse and buggy. Now, it seems a shame to see all

that land bare, and nobody doing anything with it. We were a family of ten, and my father grew enough to keep us. I can remember him killing the pigs, and taking them out to the old milk house, and curing the pig sides of bacon, and curing the hams. But now, all that land has just gone to waste, and people have to go and buy everything, when they could still do the same today, if they would.

## **Drive with Mrs. Langford around Lake of Bays, Monday, July 31, 1967**

Mrs. Langford—Would you tell me a little bit about the person who was known as Oskeononton.

Until I met him at Mr. Molesworth's, I didn't know him as Oskeononton. I knew him as Louis, the French Canadian, who sold baskets with his mother, and he used to stop at Fox Point several times, for week-ends.

How old would he have been then?

Seventeen.

How much later was it that you saw him at Molesworth's?

About fifteen years.

And, in the meantime, what had happened to him?

Mrs. Kennedy had discovered him on Bigwin Island, according to their booklet, and had helped with his education, as a singer.

So, you feel then, that this description of him as an Indian, was just to make it a little more romantic?

Yes, as Mr. Molesworth said, you have to embellish it, to 'take'. Just to say Louis, a French Canadian, wouldn't have gotten him anywhere.

Did he look like an Indian?

In war paint, and feathers, yes. But, if he were dressed in a sweater and blue jeans, he wouldn't look any more like an Indian, than I do.

That is very interesting, for I believe that many people are under the impression that he was really an Indian.

Well my husband put on the long head dress that he gave to Molesworth, and my husband looked as much like an Indian as two pins.

It is all the fact that the dress makes the man.

Well, the dress made the nationality of that man, anyway.

Re Ronville

One of the McCutcheon girls, married William Marsh, the son of Captain Marsh who had the mill at Marsh's Falls. The old people never lived at Marsh's Falls. But, they did start to build the White House. When he left Baysville, Captain Marsh came up to the site of the White House and started to build there. Captain Wilkens finished it. Captain Wilkens was a military captain who came here from England. Captain Wilkens's grandson lives in Baysville now. Captain Wilkens came here a widower with one son, and settled in Baysville, and he went up to the White House and he liked the looks of the place, and thought it would be a nice place for him to settle, with his son. The son wasn't very old—he was an only child. They built the rest of the White House, to some extent—now, I don't know to what extent. But, the Captain Marsh's came to Huntsville. They left the White House, and came to Huntsville. They got this land at Marsh's Falls, because there was a mill site. The mill sites were all set out in the original survey, mill sites, places for dams—all kinds of things. The mill site was on the survey, and the Captain Marsh's located there. There was another brother, Dick Marsh, that located the hundred acres adjacent to Bill Marsh.

I understand that Ronville was built about 1880, do you think that that would be about right?

I was born in 1886. Mae was 4 years old when the Mary L was launched at Marsh's Falls, and she was built by Captain Marsh to run opposition to Huckins and Brown of Baysville in the Excelsior, which was afterwards brought over here. Mae was born in 1884. The Mark L must have been launched in 1888- to be a navigation company. It was known as the Huntsville tug on Lake Simcoe. McCutcheon's must have come here about that time, or perhaps a little before. Captain Marsh wanted to take Summer visitors. And, the left hand section of the house—it's in three sections—a short one, a tall one and a short one. It's the one on the furthest side, with the coloured glass front door, that the McCutcheon's built.

In a way, Captain Marsh was responsible for them getting started then, wasn't he?

Yes, he was. He sort of egged them on to take a few people.

### Baysville

The first four families in Baysville, were the Brown's, the Henderson's, Landgmaid's and Robson's.

Do you know how those families happened to come in the first place?

They were all neighbours around Paris and Burford. The Marsh's came from the same place, but they did not come at the same time as the four families. Grandfather W. G. Robson came in 1869 for three months, with two sons, the two oldest sons. They returned again for three months in '70 and '71 and that Fall, he moved the family from Paris.

Mr. Robson was a friend of Mr. Ryerson, of the Ryerson Grammar School. (A friend of mine had a book that records W. G. Robson having homesteaded for Mr. Ryerson. I do not know what the book is called.) Mother did not come in the Fall of 71, nor my grandmother, when Aunt Mary Robson brought the rest of the family—the younger ones. Mother came the next Summer, and she drove. She brought my grandmother and she brought the little Landmaid girl. She was the oldest of the Langmaid children—between 5 and 6-- they drove from Burford.

There are none of the Langmaid's left at all. (Mr. Henderson, who is being buried in Baysville today, is the last of the Langmaid's grandchildren.)

Just behind the Newholm church, from the highway, was the site of the original home of the David Ferguson's. That was where Mr. Thomas Salmon stayed, when he first came to the Lake of Bays area. He walked through from Port Sydney—liked it here, met the Ferguson's, and they asked him to come over here. Later, the Fergusons moved about a mile and a quarter east, and built their new home, and that is how this area got its name. Their home was not on the present highway. The old road ran south of it.

The old township hall is the old farm building, formerly painted red—which is east of the church, and across the highway. The old Brunel school, is the school that is closed up, on the right hand side of the road. The Seymour mill, or what was the Seymour mill, was to the right of the highway, not far from the school. Mrs. Sinclair Ferguson's home, she is the wife of a grandson of the Ferguson's, is on the left side of the highway, just east of Menominee Creek, it was her husband who planted the pine trees that line each side of the road.

As you drive in the Langford Road, the first home on your right, a red house with a green roof, was the original Sam Langmaid house. He was a bachelor, a younger brother of Mr. Langmaid who ran the store in Baysville. A little further along, you come to another red house on the right, quite large, which was the original Mark Langford house. Mark was the oldest son of Thomas Langford. There is a house across the road, another red house, with white trim, which was Mr. Langford's sister's house, Mrs. Pretzo? Pretsell?. The next house on the right, which is a white frame house, is the site of the original Thomas Langford homestead—there have been several houses on the property, through the years. The property across the road, where there is now a red house, and a greyish green roof, belonged to Joseph Langford, another brother of Mr. David Langford. He did not ever have a home on the property, but he owned the property. He located the hundred acres there.

In Baysville, across from the present post office, is the original William Brown home, now occupied by his grandson, Scottie Campbell. The old vacant house, now used by George Ellis as a store house was the home of Sam or Dan Van Clieaf. The green house with the red roof, just at the corner of the bridge at Baysville, belongs to a Mrs. Ferry—she is a daughter, of Sam Henderson. The Dorland store, was the original brown who settled here. The home that Miss Alberta Langford lives in, is the red house, with the Telegraph sign on it. Mr. and Mrs. Robson

and their family settled immediately opposite where Miss Langford lives now. Miss Langford's house, is the Haw House. The Haw's were her grandparents.

White wheels is the original house, it has never been burned, and it was built by Mr. Anthony Robertson, somewhere in the 1870's.

The Arthur White cottage, was owned by Jesse Ryerson, and Mr. W. G. Robson homesteaded here for them, three months every year for three years, and did the settlement duty, and lived in that house.

We are now on #117, just beside where the original Boothby property was. Facing up the hill, on the right hand side, about 20 rods, we'll say, the Indian Trading Post was started, but it was never finished and that was where Father settled, in this house. I can get the name of the man that had that place. He was an Englishman. But, it belonged to the Hudson Bay Company. I think the name is in Father's diary. He lived here for several years, and worked with the Indians, learned to make moccasins and canoes—and tan hides-- and make snow shoes, and trapped and hunted, until 1883, when he married Mother, who lived on the Ryerson place—or in Baysville, but had been here at the Ryerson place.

There were three Robertson men, and two sisters. The sisters were Mrs. Secord, at Echo Lake, and Miss Annie Robertson, who was the second Mrs. Egbert Boothby, of Point Ideal. There was John Robertson of Grove Park, the youngest of the brothers, George Robertson the oldest of them, of Norway Point, and Anthony Robertson, at what is known now as White Wheels.

Grove Park was started as a lodge or hotel by Mr. John Robertson, but not until after he had lived here for many years.

The Boothby's lived up on top of the hill, just to the south of the Robertson property.

The Boothby family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Boothby (Henry), and their six boys, and one girl. They were all born in England, and came to Canada when they were quite small. Mr. Boothby located one hundred acres for each of his sons and daughter, when they became old enough, which was 21. At one time, he expected his son Egbert, who was the oldest, to turn over his hundred acres, and Egbert Boothby refused to do so, so his father turned him out, and he went to the States, and was there five years. Then, he came back, and he married Lily Morrow, and settled at Port Cunnington.

The Haystack Bay History said that Egbert and Edward moved to the Port Cunnington area, and that they bought property from their brother Harry who was also there, but it didn't give any account of Harry. Do you know if he ever was there, or not?

Yes, he owned the Cockshutt property at Waltonberry's/Waltenbury Portage, at the end of Haystack Bay. To me it is known as Waltonberry's Portage, because Waltonberry's lived there-- and Harry Boothby owned it.



The first school which was held at Dale's Mill, was private lessons, you might call them, given by either Mr. Burk's or Mrs. Burk's sister. I don't know her name. It might have been Van Alstine, or it might have been Durham. Anyway, there were six children including Mrs. Dillon at Birkendale, and one Wilder, Nellie Dale, Milton Burk and Ollie Wager. Mr. Dale offered them the use of the office, to have lessons in, but they were not under the Department of Education. Well then, while she was looking after these kids, when they could get there, the section decided to build a school, up in the Pinery towards Goose Lake on the Dorset Road. The first teacher in that school was Nettie Olderkirk (?) a sister of Mrs. Charlie Irwin, of The Hemlocks. In later years, the school was moved, and they had different teachers. The last one, I believe, was Mrs. Van Alstine.

Visit with Mrs. Langford in Hospital—Thurs. Aug 29, 1968

Mrs. L. told me that Rev M. Brown, and several other ministers used to board at Grove Park, in the Summer. Then, several of them built cottages along what is now known as the Glenmont Road. She said that most of the older cottages had been built by them.

Then Wawa was built, the place was too gay for them, so Rev Brown started up a cottage colony at Bona Vista.

Mrs. L. had previously told me about Sir Edmund Walker (he hunted with the Dwight Wiman group—and used to come over to Fox Point to visit with Mrs. Salmon, before he would return home)—his name was Byron. He had been offered a knighthood long before—but, would not accept it, unless he could be known as Sir Edmund, not, Sir Byron.

### Visit with Mrs. J. J. Robertson—Wed. Oct 4, 1967

Mrs. Robertson taught school at Brown's Brae—lived at Duncan Brown's home.

Miss Elizabeth Robson taught school at Gordon's Corner's—she thinks that Miss Elizabeth was the first teacher there. She (Miss R.) used to go to school on horseback—also used to take Mrs. R's husband, when he was a little boy, also on horseback, and she taught him.

It was a mile from the lake, where the school was at the four concessions, and the school was right there—about ½ mile from where the Robertson's were at Norway Point. I lived with the Duncan Brown's but of course I knew the Robertson's. Kate had gone to school here in Baysville. I knew the Robertson's before I went up to teach at Browns Brae. The Robertson's came up here in 1872. There were the three boys—George, John and Anthony and Agnes. She married Mr. Secord. [some difficult to read pen writing here]

When Mr. Brown came in first, they wanted to put up the mill—W. H Brown. He stayed at the Langford's when he first came up. The first day, I think, my father went down with him, to look at the mill site, where the mill was later built. He got the site—of course, it was only staked out—likely on the trees. My father came down with him—to where his location was. Well then, he stayed with the Langford's that night, and went back the next day.

And then, he came back again, and they built a little shack. I think my father was only a young boy of 16 or 17, and he helped Mr. Brown, and Mr. Brown had brought in another man, a Mr. Secord. He was a young man too, and he and my father helped Mr. Brown to put up the mill.

Then, there was a different road coming in from where my father lived. It isn't the road they have now. The road went on another concession—then, it came down on the eighth and ninth concession, where it is yet, and that was past where the Langford's lived—right down to the river here. And Mr. Brown stayed with the Langford's when he was in first.

I think my father worked with Mr. Brown for a long time—because—after he had been working with the mill, he got a good idea when they were taking out logs—how much lumber there would be in a log—how much usable timber. He learned so much about it that he passed a scaler's examination. He was a scaler, and he worked in a camp as a scaler and clerk, for Mickle and Dymont, for years. But, it was from working with Mr. Brown, that he learned how much timber there would be in a log. And he got a scaler's licence for that.

Mrs. Robertson's father and family came to Bracebridge- she thinks—in 1870. My grandfather got sick, and I think he went back—but, his son, Mark, stayed, and he made the location, and, when they located, that was the nearest they could get to this Township—it was about 5 miles on this road—there wasn't any settlement.

Mr. Thomas Langford was the father. The oldest son was Mark (Mrs. R's father). Then, there were two boys—the twins—Joe and John. They were between 15 and 16, and my father was between 17 and 18, when they came to Bracebridge. Mrs. Robertson and her sister were born three months before her uncle David was born. We never called Dave—uncle.

Mark Langford's first home was burned. They had a big fire here in Muskoka—and, I think the early settlers had all their crops burned, and their homes too, and, they built again, on this end of their lot—the road came in another direction, but then, they came down on this concession—a concession closer to the river.

The house where Mrs. R. was brought up—the old part is still there—it was built of logs. Shortly after it was built, Mr. Brown had his lumber mill going—and, our first home was logs—but, I think before they lived in it, they had the siding made, and, the siding was put lengthwise—vertically over the logs, and then, a strip over the seams, and, they called that batten—board and batten—the batten was about three or four inches wide.

Was there any covering over the logs inside? There were boards inside, and my mother passed cotton all over the boards—heavier than the present factory cotton—then, papered on top of that.

Heat? Stoves—pipes took heat to other parts of the house.

There was a big living room in our house, and a kitchen, and two bedrooms. The upstairs wasn't finished at that time, but it was later on.

When Inez and I were children, father had built a bunk as he called it, and we slept in that for a while, before we had the two bed rooms.

When Henry came, there were three of us. Then father built this bunk, and Inez and I had the bedroom next them. Later on, they used that as a kitchen, but, at first, maybe they used the one big room for a living room and kitchen, but then, they built a kitchen. Later, father put a stairway upstairs, and we had three bedrooms upstairs.

The living room was a great big room—for that was their first room—there was a kitchen built on to the side of it, but then, there were two bed rooms off the one room. I don't know whether those two bedrooms were built before we were born or not. Housekeeping then, didn't seem much different than it does now. We have grown up with it, and the changes have been gradual.

Mrs. R. doesn't think the early settlers had such hardship—not when she was small, anyway. I suppose the first shacks that they built—where they lived first for a short time, before they built a real home. It wasn't long before the mill was going here—and they had timber then, and siding, and all that—it wasn't so long. We never realized that there was much change.

How many hotels used to be here? There used to be three—this one here—and one up on the next street—right on the corner leading down to the cemetery—there was a hotel—not where the Findlay's store is now—but, on this side—it was quite a big hotel—, because the lumbering was going on all the time, and there were far more people in here then, than there are now. It was called Howard's Hotel. The one here was the Baysville Hotel. Then, there was one up at the other end of the village, where Piper's are now—that was Higgins' Hotel. It was the same people as the Higgins' Hotel in Bracebridge-- they were relatives.

Pulford House—right down here—when you go down on this street here—right to the bridge—that is where we had a Summer Hotel for 12 or 13 years. It had previously been the Pulford House before we got it.

Mr. Henderson built it. There was so much lumbering going on—that there was an awful lot of drinking—well, Henderson (Mrs. W. H. Brown's brother) he thought the amount of liquor here was terrible, so there was a vote taken, and they carried the local option—whether they would have a hotel or not. They carried it—it is over 70 yards now since the first vote was taken, and it was carried, and we didn't have any liquor sold here then. Of course, there was lots of it, in and out, but there was no legal place. I think that Dorset even used to be worse than here.

The logs all went through here, that were cut around the lake—they were hauled to the narrows there, and then they were let loose—you see, they went through the dam here—of course, it wasn't this dam—but, there were still the Falls there you see, and the logs floated down here, and went through the dam here, and down the South Falls, and on to Bracebridge and to Gravenhurst. They were towed from Bracebridge, I think, down to Gravenhurst—to Mickle's.

The Booker's lived up in Ridout there—the concession where the Brown's Brae School was, where I taught. There were four concessions there, the Booker's road went East—the North, one of Duncan Brown's boys had the lot up above—Neil Brown then, Archie Brown lived opposite to where the old folks were—this was up where the school was—where the four concessions were. Then, the Booker's road went away up past that.

The Booker's were early settlers, because, Mr. Booker was quite an old man when I went up there. He went back to England. I think he got word to go back, and he got some money, I don't know how much, because he never told anybody. But he didn't even tell his family that he had got any. But, when my son was teaching up at Brown's Brae, later on—he made out his will for him, and he had quite a bit of money left. And, after he died, the girls built a house back there.

The road to Booker's was really only a road in the Winter time. One of the girls died while I was teaching there. She was in my entrance class. She hadn't been there for a couple days, and then the other two children came to school, but they didn't say anything about Bessie being very sick or anything. But, Mr. Booker came over, and he had gone out another concession to send for a doctor, but, before the doctor got there, she died. Mrs. Brown and I went over that evening, and

stayed all night with them. Oh, it was an awful cold house. I never was in a place like it. We had to sit with our feet in the oven all night, to try to keep warm.

Captain Marsh and his family lived in Baysville. Their house was where Langmaid's store is now. Along the road, a bit from Mrs. R's home, is where he had his dock or wharf—where the Mary L used to be kept, and you can still see some stones where it was.

(Miss D. Robson had told me that her brother John, was born in that house)

**Mr. Karl Campbell, and his daughter, Betty—Thurs. Aug. 8, '08**

What should be included in any history of the Lake of Bays area?

Miss C. The supply boats that were used on the Lake—the river drives—that I hear them talk of, and the saw mills that used to be on the lake.

Mr. C. – the hotels, and the lumberman going back and forth to their camps. Mr. C. does not mean the resort hotels, he means the old hotels. He believes that the now Lincoln Lodge was one of the very first in the entire area, it was first known as the Jelly House. Jelly was the name of the people who operated it. Mr. C. believes that part of the original hotel is still there. The original bar is either still there, or was, until very recently. The high bar, with a rail. The Norfolk House—right along side of Mr. Findlay's store—right on that corner across from the Findlay's. The Jelly House later became Rowe's Hotel. Mrs. Rowe was a Jelly. Higgins Hotel was on up the street further—right in front of the Community Centre—on the Main Street—facing the Main Street. The Orange Hall was across the street from it.

These hotels operated 12 months of the year. In early times, these hotels catered to the lumber men, and the travelling public—they were not tourist hotels.

The hotel that the Robertson's had was in later years. It was originally the Pulford House. Then, it became The Robertson Inn. That was always just a Summer time hotel—may have opened around 1904. It was a temperate hotel.

Next door to Norman Kelly—the large red house—that was the Norfolk House.

Miss C. The logging—when they stayed at hotels—they'd come so far along. That was more a Winter occupation—they didn't do that in the Summer.

In the Summer months, they did the log driving, or, in the Spring, anyway, and then, the supply boats—they ran in the Summer, on the Lake.

Mr. C. said his grandfather, W. H. Brown, had come originally in 1869. That was more of a scouting expedition. The following year, he settled. This house was started in 1872, which is only

the brick part, though—the front part. This part of the back, was done about 35 years ago—the old back here was torn away. Mr. Charlie Burk told Mr. C. that some of the bricks in this house, came down from Dorset, in a birch bark canoe—came from the brickyard there. Mr. B. told that to Mr. C. during one Fall Fair day. That used to be a big day here. Jack Munroe—he used to row his stuff down to the Fall Fair here. That was from Fox Point—12 miles away—vegetables and stuff.

My grandfather built the first dam—to get the water power to run his mill. What year it was built, I don't know. There were three sets of step logs in the first dam—and then, the rest was what we called a curtain. When the water got up so high, it just ran over.

Mrs. J. J. Robertson has a picture of the first dam.

We used to go with the supply boat to Garry Owen.. Fenn and Anderson were the first men to operate the supply boat. They were from Bracebridge. They had a store up here, where Mrs. Armstrong lives in Baysville. They also had one in Rosseau. Anderson was Fenn's son-in-law. The supplies came by road. Mr. C. was on the supply boat 1910-11-12. Then, Mr. Langamid took over, and ran it—I don't know how many years. Mr. C. is not sure of the exact date that Fenn and Anderson began the supply boat service. It was Mr. Henderson's boat. The supply boat operated on Tuesday's and Friday's. We would take our orders on Tuesday and deliver them on Friday. Of course, we took other things besides. The supply boats delivered to cottages and resorts, but, as far as the resorts were concerned, it was mostly the young people who came down to get chocolate bars and so on. You would not have taken Garry Owen's meat to them, for instance? No,-- well, they had their own meat—they killed their own.

How many stops did you make? We'd leave here at 7 o'clock in the morning. We'd get ready the night before, and we'd start out—and, on one trip, we'd go up the south shore, and around that way—back by the north shore. The next trip, we'd go first by the north shore, and back by the south. The north shore wasn't very busy in those days. The first stop after we got up in the lake, would be White House, then, Clovelly, then Bona Vista. Then, we'd cut across to Point Ideal—then, Port Cunnington—Fox Point. We didn't go down that long bay at Fox Point, and we didn't go down that long bay at Lumina. Nor, did we go in to Dwight. It used to be 10 and 11 o'clock, before we'd get home at night.

Mr. C. is under the impression that the supply boats were discontinued during the war time. Mr. C. doesn't think that Mr. Will Howard participated in the supply boat operation—but, he had a stone here though, for quite a few years. And, they had the hotel there—the Norfolk House. Mr. Howard's store is where Findlay's store is now.

Who are some of the people who would have to be included in a history of Baysville—W. H. Brown, Jelly's, Piper's, Richards (Richards ran the Jelly House later)—just one of the Richards left—of the older family—he is in a home in Toronto,- the Alldred's, the Langmaid's, the VanClieaf's, the Smith's.—Mrs. Robertson has the Tweedsmuir History of Baysville.

Dwight Wiman club. It may have been that the Club's connection with the Brown's, was the fact that they used the Excelsior. It was built right down here at the dock. I think that a man by the name of Hussey built it. (When the Langford's came in—they came in within three miles of Baysville. They took the concession out to the next line—to what we call the Langford Road.) My grandfather, he came up con. 1 or 2-- he followed the river more or less.

Mr. C. is under the impression that Mr. Dwight was responsible for the telegraph coming in to Baysville. Mr. C's mother had been at school in Toronto. His uncle's office was near the school—he had set up a key for her to practice on. Later, she operated the telegraph in Baysville. Mr. C. is sure that Mr. Dwight had been in the Brown home. It used to be a sort of meeting place. People coming from the lake to Bracebridge would often stay here overnight.

Felt there was every likelihood that Mr. Dwight had given books to the people of Baysville, but he does not know any details of this.

For some reason, the tape recorder stopped recording. I am not sure how much I missed—but these are some of the things.

Mr. C. went into some detail about the people who used to stay over night in his home.

I would like to get the names of as many of the owners of the different hotels, and as much in order, as possible.

Van Clieaf—Roy's father

Green—Idywild [sic]

Peter Brown

Robertson's—who they were—where they lived

The lumber camps that were here—and the log drivers.



**Mrs. P. C. Stewart—Friday, June 20/69**

Re Mrs. Dawkins—her mother and father were Irwin's

Her brother was living here, when we came here—Will Irwin. There was a sister too—if I remember correctly. Her name was Carrie Irwin, she was a Mrs. Tooke, and she lived for years at Port Sydney—died some years back. I wonder if those Irwin's were connected with the Irwin who married Jessie Robson. I don't know definitely, but I have an idea they were brothers.

Harry and Alex were sons of Mr. and Mrs. Dick Salmon (Mrs. Irwin). At one time, Harry and Alex operated the store where Ecclestone's are now. Alex went overseas in the first world war, and didn't come back.

One of my aunt's sister-in-law, married Tom Salmon's other brother, Alex. One of Mum's sisters married a Henderson—and her husband's sister married Alex Salmon--lived in Bracebridge. There is just one of their family left—Gladys—can't think of her married name—guess one son is living too.

The Langmaid's came to Baysville in the 70's. As far as I know, Mum was 5 or 6 years old, when they came to Muskoka—78 or 79. The older sister, Lily, had come up before that. She had come up with the Roberson's a little before that. Grandma Lagmaid's Mother and father had come up a little ahead—they are buried in the Langmaid plot.

Grandfather's name was John Langmaid. He was a shoemaker, and a good one. I was always under the impression that Uncle Billy was born in Baysville, but I am not sure. Mrs. S. thinks that the picture she showed me must have been taken in Brantford before they came here. There is grandma and grandpa, and Aunt Lily standing behind them. In Grandma's lap is Uncle Billy. On Grandpa's lap is Aunt Etta, who was next to Uncle Billie. My mother is sitting there, next to her mother's knee and Mary, who became Mrs. Henderson, is next to grandpa. That's five. These are the children who came to Baysville; but there were others—10 who lived—2 who died in infancy. After Uncle Billie, there was Sam, then Louise (she was Mrs. Winder) and Louis (they were twins), then Harry, who was killed in the first world war, in 1918, just about a month before the war ended, and Cecil. He was the only one of the boys who married. His wife was one of the Kelly girls. There were two in between somewhere, who died—two girls—and they were both Alice Louise.

When they came to Baysville, as far as I know, they settled on the site of Kelly's service station. The home was still there in the 30's. Grandma died in 38, and the house was still there then.

They had a lot of land. I don't know how much was his. A brother had also come visit the grandparents, and after the grandparents died, he lived with grandma or grandpa. Much of this property that they got in land grants belonged to Uncle Sam. They had a great deal of land up at Echo Lake (where my cousin, Vera Moore's cottage is)—that was land that was left in the

Langmaid estate. Uncle Billie paid taxes on it, till he got tired of it—there was no will left or anything, and he put it up for sale, when Alf Winder was the assessor. He knew about it, and they bought it in.

Then, there's another place, land around where the Dept. of highways lay gravel—land in there, and across the road—that belonged to the Langmaids. One uncle lived there until his death—on the Langford road. The Hanes bought some of what belonged to the Langmaid's.

The grandfather did no farming. Uncle Sam did. They always had cows, chickens, milk, eggs. Grandma was a great chicken raiser. She worked at that. That was the real fact of the matter. Because, she used to keep the tourists there supplied with chickens, eggs, milk and butter, etc....

Grandfather practiced shoemaking. They put uncle Billie into business across the street, where Findlay's store was, when he was about 18, then he was in a store right beside where the Langmaid house was – where the service station is now. Then the next move he made, was to the store which he kept until his death. He kept store all his life. He ran the supply boat too. I can remember that old supply boat. It was still operating in the 80's and it was operating almost as far back as my memory goes. I think he started operating that when he was in the store right inside the home.. All that land there belonged to the Langmaid's-- from the corner, where you go up to the churches, and up to the next block there—and away back over the hill. When they put that by-pass right in front of the Anglican Church, they bought that property from Uncle Billie.

Then there was the next son who was Sam, and I guess he followed in Uncle Sam's footsteps—and he was the farmer in the family. He farmed up on the Langford Road property. The next one was Lou—he was rarely at home. The husband of the sister next younger than mum was a lumberman. He was what in these days, they called a walking boss—he looked after the camps, and that. I think Lou did some clerking in lumber camps before he went overseas—around Baysville, Dorset, and Hollow Lake. Then, when Uncle Len moved away from Baysville, and went to work for—I think it was the Canadian Lumber Co., up on towards New Liskeard—about 40 miles or so out of North Bay, Lou worked there in the depot, where the supplies went out from, in the office for a number of years after he came back from overseas. He was my favourite of the whole family, and it makes me sick to think about it, for the war just ruined his life.

Harry was next. He was the one, if there had been money around, which there wasn't in Baysville—he would have been educated. His greatest ambition was to be a preacher. He was a very fine chap.

Cecil was the youngest boy. He married a Kelly, and lived across the street.

Louise, twin of Louis, and Mum's youngest sister, married Alf Winder. He was a Barnardo Home boy—was raised by people by the name of Deakin, who lived up at the mouth of the river—they kept a tourist house for years. There are members of that family still come to Baysville. I saw a daughter recently. Her mother was first Mrs. Green, then, Mrs. Brown. She had two Green girls,

and two Brown girls. The older in each family is still living. Their mother was like a foster sister of Alf's. Then there was another sister who had a tourist place up there too.

I had a picture of the band they used to have in Baysville. Grandpa founded it. He was so full of music, and he started to get deaf, when he was 21. He was totally deaf long before he died in 1920. Grandpa was a grand old person. I loved him very much.

Jack Winder is on the staff on the U. of T.. He has his Ph.D. Jack is 13 years younger than Vera. Economics—B. A. and M. A. from Toronto, and Ph.D. from the U. of Chicago.

Louise—m. Alf. Winder

Etta—m. Sandford Holt—kind of a heel, but his family were talented and wealthy. Lived out in the Burford region all her life.

Mary—m. Henderson—lived in Baysville, just where that little park is, beside the river. There was a road there between it and the river. Aunt Mary's husband was a cousin of Mrs. Fairy's father. After Aunt Mary left Baysville, she moved to North Bay, lived there until her death.

Lily—Mrs. Joe Brown. Her husband, and Aunt Mary's husband were first cousins. The Brown's and Henderson's were related. He was one of the Baysville Brown's. Karl Campbell's mother was a Brown. Uncle Joe was her brother. They lived in Bracebridge until they got the children educated.

Of the whole family, there wasn't a Langmaid to carry on the name.

## **Thursday, Sept. 16, 1974—Mrs. Fred Van Cleaf**

The first Van Cleaf who came here was Dan Van Cleaf. He was married when he came here. Did he have any children when he came here? Oh, I would think so.

At first, they went to the North Shore, and then, they came over here. They settled somewhere around behind Bigwin Inn. Mrs. Van Cleaf doesn't know the date when they arrived, nor when they moved to Baysville. They came here from down around Coboconk, in the Haliburton area.

Do you know why they happened to come up here? He was a trapper. They had a small piece of property which they farmed, but, he mostly trapped. They had one son who was a tanner. He tanned hides, and made moccasins and all that kind of work, for the camps—for the men who worked in the camps. Do you know how many children Mrs. Dan Van Cleaf had? Maybe six or seven, John, Dan, Henry, Mrs. Green (she married Mr. Jack Green). And then, there was another girl who died when she was about 17.

Where did Mr. Dan Van Cleaf settle when he came here—was it right in Baysville? No, up on the old Dorset road—beyond Gordon's Corners. Actually, it was closer to Dorset than to Baysville. He did a bit of farming, but it was mostly guiding and trapping. It was the son Jack, who used to make snowshoes--and tanned hides, and made moccasins. He had a wonderful business in that for a good many years. He had that right in the village of Baysville, here.

Did Dan Van Cleaf ever move down here. No, but his wife did. I remember when she lived here. She lived right where Cal Martin has his home, and she kept Home Boys. That's how she made her living—keeping these Home Boys who came over from England. She would have 5 or 6 at a time. I remember that, because we went to school with them. Your husband Fred would have been her grandson, and so would Roy.

Did you always live in Baysville? Yes, I was born here. My name was Brownlee. Ted Brownlee is my brother. My husband's father disappeared in 1903- the same year I was born. He was the one who drowned. The other one was a Green. He was the one who owned Idylwild. Then his wife married a Brown. He must have died when his family was quite young. Oh, yes, Roy was only about 8 months old.

How did the mother even manage? Oh, she had a terrible time. She had to go into the lumber camps and cook, and did laundry, etc... She had six children.

Re the hard times the pioneer women had. Mrs. V. told me that Gordon Robinson's Mother told her what a hard time they had had, when they first came up—away back on that farm. That was before they even had candles here. They used to use 'grease rags' as she called them. Then, she saw the candles, then the coal oil lamps, then, the hydro. There were about four different types of lighting in her life time.

I know Mrs. Langford told me that over at Fox Point, they used to put a piece of cloth in the grease, and it would burn.

**Interview with Miss Eva Booker, Bracebridge, October 18, 1967.**

Mrs. Bastedo, formerly of Baysville, is living with and being cared for by Miss Booker. Mrs. Bastedo had two daughters in Baysville, and two in town. Miss Booker suggested that I see Mrs. Ralph Ryckman in Baysville, and she should be able to give me information about the Bastedo family. The Bastedo's were very early settlers in Baysville.

My father came from England, with mother, on a vessel—the trip taking about three weeks—sailing. Father was a policeman in London, mother was a nurse. Her name was Maria Chacksfield. They came up to Bracebridge here, and there were only about twelve houses here. And, they went on up to locate land, because that is why they came, from England—to located land. They were only married about three months, when my mother and father came out. They didn't have very much with them, and they went on up the lake shore to try to get land that was level and nice. However, most of the good land had been taken up by that time. So, we were back about a mile from where the Wawa was.

My oldest sister was taught by Miss Elizabeth Robson, when she taught at Gordon's Corners. She used to get to school, (Miss R.) either on foot, or on horseback. Old Mrs. Duncan Brown gave her a cucumber one day and she ate it.

My father came up to Muskoka first, and left mother down near Toronto. I think my oldest sister was born there. He started to work there, for some time, and he couldn't find work, so he came up here to get a place. So he was here the first year, and put in oats, cleared a piece of land on our neighbours—John Curry—I don't know whether he let him take off the first crop. Then he beat it back to mother—I think it was around King. Then, he stayed with mother awhile—and my brother was born, before they went back to Muskoka. He built a little cabin there. They got a cat and it froze to death. You could scoop the snow off the top of the bedding at night. It's a wonder they didn't freeze to death—the poor old pioneers. It was not a log cabin—just a big slab at the door, you know—they kept the fires on, and the smoke just went out the holes. A porcupine came in one day, my father used to tell me.

But they had quite a time making roads and trails through the bush. They used to come down to the Lake of Bays, and had a boat there, and when they wanted groceries, they went to Baysville in the boat. And when, my sister, one time, somebody got lost, away out on the back road—Silverthorne—some people lived back there—about a mile and a quarter back—we call the back road now, and she hollered, “One man out, he's lost.” She hollered him out. They just had trails, you know.

Mr. Curry was related to Mrs. Duncan Brown. She was an old Scotch lady, and they all could talk Gaelic. When he came up there, he had a sweetheart, and she died, and he never married..

He came up there, and lived and worked right on the next lot to our place. I remember we children used to go over to see him, and he had cattle in the fields. Frisky cattle, and we used to get up on the fence, for we were afraid of them.

The Morrow's lived along that road too, beyond Mr. Curry. There was another family—a Mr. William Morrow. They had two children—Joe and Lily. Some of Joe Morrow's girls are living in Baysville now (Mrs. Jack Rowe, and Mrs. Ed Brownlee) and the son married one of the Watson family—she was Sam Van Clieaf's daughter—Verdie—and she had quite a family—one of her daughters—married Joe's son—Lawrence I think his name was, or Clarence—my father registered him. He was the town clerk up there.

Mr. Booker left his boat near where the Ritchie cottage was built, (Lithgow). Peter Brown's house, that is Duncan Brown's son, lived up on the farm between us and the lake. We used to walk down the road through his place to the lake. Father used to walk down the road through his place to the lake. Father used to draw hay for him, I think. We never really had a real road from our place to the lake. We had to come out to the little school house, and then go down to the lake by horse or foot. The other back road we went on, there was a road from my place out to where my brother had a farm. Father wanted to buy a farm for my brother, before mother died, my brother was not very particular about buying the place. He was only a young fellow about 18, but father paid off, and paid off, as well as he could, and finally we got a little legacy from England. He wanted to pay it all off, so he took our legacy--my sister's and my little brother's, and that finished it. My brother took wood off it later on, but his wife didn't want to live up there. You see, the end of the road, is up near where my mother is buried. There's kind of a cemetery there. There had been a church there at one time. I think it was burned down. The early settlers had a church there. The Scotch people wanted it down by the lake, so they built it down near where we went to school—at Brown's Brae. They had a church at Gordon's Corners too.

My brother came from the West this Summer, the only one that's left.

I was only about 15 when I gave my heart to the Lord. I was so glad. I was hungry for something, and dissatisfied, you know, like young people are—and then I found Him. I am glad to tell others of what He has done for me. I had a wonderful Christian sister. She lived with me here. I built this little house. 14 by 12, She had lost the sight of one of her eyes down in Toronto working. I asked her to come here. She tried to get work here in town, but she couldn't. She wasn't able. The house wasn't very warm—we had no furnace, and not much in the way of facilities, the water wasn't in yet. But finally, the water got in. She went out to our sister in Penticton, and nursed her. After she died, she came back to another sister in Edmonton, and nursed her. My sister was a wonderful saint. She has been gone over five years. – There were eight of us. There were two boys, and six girls. My mother was only about 49 years old when she died. Father never married again. I kept house for him for some time, as did my oldest sister, and my sister who lived with me here. One of my sisters went to live with Mrs. Bastedo when she was about 8, and stayed there until she was about 15. You see we had quite a big family and there wasn't enough bread to keep them going, so he let them go out to get their food—and she didn't

get hardly any schooling. It was hard times in those days. My mother would be up about three days after a baby was born—out trying to get wood. She wasn't used to that being in England, and a nurse, you know.

She went out to post a letter to my sister. My sister was married, and had a little boy, and she was bound she was going to go up to see my sister, so my father said he would sell a sheep or a lamb or something to get some money so she could go. They lived up here near Emsdale. It wasn't that far you know. I don't know whether he drove her, or some other man drove her up. She just felt that she must go. She didn't live long after that. The water used to flood the road between our place, and where she had to go to get the mail—away up at Maple Ridge, the old post office on the back road.

My brother put a nice little picket fence around mother's and Bessie's graves, but, it got broken down. I think father was 93 when he died.

I lived in the States for ten years. I went there for six months to nurse my niece—and stayed for ten years. Then my sister and I worked for Mr. and Mrs. V. R. Smith. She was cook, and I was house maid. My sister did not want to remain in our home after father died. She wanted to be out where she could be more use—and she thought I should not remain there. So, I sold the place. I would like to have gone in to see it this summer when my brother was here. We rented a car, and were out that way, but the car was too low to take that road. I have been here to stay, after I came back from the States, about 9 or 10 years.

Smith's used to live down at Gordon's Corners and the Thompson's. Harry Salmon lives in the old Sam Feren's place. Mr. Smith lives across the highway from them. There were two Thompson daughters. Miss Booker could not remember the names of the men they had married. The Smith's used to work at the John Boothby's down near the lake, when they were taking off the lumber. There were Edward, Egbert, Harry, Tom, and Billie and John. I knew them all—well, not Harry, for he went away out west. Tom had the mill. Alice was the only daughter. She lived with Tom, and then he died. I think he got gored with a bull.

Grove Park Lodge was the John Robertson place. John Robertson, and Anthony Robertson, this girl up here's grandfather—this Eileen Thompson, Reg Thompson's wife—they have five children here, living just up on that hill, well, their father was Anthony Robertson—their mother's father. She's in the hospital now, has been there for years—Mrs. Mason is her name. She married a Mr. Mason from up at Sand Lake. She was Anthony Robertson's daughter.

Egbert Boothby married John Robertson's sister, Annie. The old Boothby homestead was up behind Grove Park, up through the bush. There used to be a road up from the old Bailey place, but more up towards Dorset. There used to be a road up to—well John Boothby lived there latterly—the father and mother died, and John and his wife and children lived there.

The Beverly's bought that lot that belonged to Peter Brown, between us and the lake. The old foundation of a house that is up the hill is the remains of the Peter Brown house. He lived there as a bachelor. Then, he finally went to Baysville, and married one of the Deacon girls. She had been married to a Mr. Green. After he died, she married Peter Brown. They had two daughters.

Mrs. Beverly wanted to adopt one of the Arbuckle children. The Arbuckle's lived in that house of Pete's and she got awfully sick. And Mrs. Beverly was caring for the little baby. Tommy Arbuckle is dead now, but his son lives up near where the cemetery is. They have seven children. Evelyn, she married John Preston—and lives not very far from where the Anthony Robertson house is.

Where the Arbuckle's live now—that belonged to Miss Booker's brother. John Booker. That was the lot that my father was so bent that my brother would buy, before mother died.

Gordon's Corners was called that because there was a family there by the name of Mr. Gordon—they settled there first. But that was far back, and I can't remember much about them. There used to be little Sunday School at Gordon's Corners. My father and sister had something to do with it. The Methodists came down from Dorset, and we had a Sunday School there. My little brother had a suit on that day, that had little anchors on it, and he was so proud of it. He was only a little fellow—you see when mother died, he wasn't four. He missed mother so much, he used to cry at nights.

The Silverthorne's lived up on the back road. Then, up on my brother's place, was a family of Conway's, and they moved away. Mr. Conway married one of John Dickout's sisters. Lucy Dickout was a teacher that taught in that school up there. My sister used to go to the Gordon's Corners school. She had to wade through snow way up.

The Doney's lived at Maple Ridge. They went out west. There was Mary Doney and Jim Doney. Eliza Doney married John Remy. My sister that lived in Edmonton married his brother Joe Remy.

My brother married a Shrigley. They had a mill up there, and they moved the mill down to Trout Lake, back of us there now. Miss Booker's sister-in-law was Edith Shrigley. I asked if she were Charlie Shrigley's daughter—she seemed to think that perhaps she was his sister. Ida Shrigley married a Mr. Clarke, and he died, and she came back up and kept house for my brother after his wife died, and Bessie and Stanley were boy and girl then, and let them go to school. They lived in that little old place—it was a blacksmith's shop, just across from the Anglican church in Dorset. Then, one of the Burk boys had a son, his wife was in a mental hospital. They had five children, the youngest was only about ten months when she took them. Maude Shrigley was living then, another sister, and they worked together that winter, and I guess my brother helped them. Then, they moved back to their own house in the Spring.



The Sparkes lived up the lake, across the bay from where the tramway was, near Anderson's. My sister Bessie worked for them, up there on the lake.

My sister Bessie died in her sixteenth year. My father was on his way to Huntsville to get a doctor, Ben Feren, brother to Sam, was guiding him, and they got lost on the way—and when they got there she was dead.

My father got his bread baked the first year he was here, way across where Gaysford's were living—they lived this side of Will Brown's towards Baysville—he used to carry the bread home, across the lake, and it would be frozen hard by the time he would get there. When mother baked bread, she would use a kettle—they used to make coals, then they would put the bread in this bake kettle, and bake it that way. They had no stove—just a fire that you kept going. I don't know how they lived.

## **Brown's Brae Road, and Back Road to Dorset**

With Dorothy and Jessie Campbell—Tuesday, Aug. 6, '68.

A little way along the road leading to Brown's Brae, there is a slight break in the trees—a NO HUNTING sign up—that path leads to the old sugar bush. There used to be, and may still be a house in there, where they made the syrup and sugar. This was done by Harold Robertson.

Then, you come to the old school house. There is someone living in it, and there is a For Sale sign on it.

Next, we come to the church. It was called Gibson Presbyterian Church. The pews had been taken out, and these were taken to the Baysville United Church. Not sure when it was built—probably around 1900, or before.

The next driveway to the right, after passing the church—was the original Brown's Brae. It was the home of Duncan Brown—then later, his son—John Brown. There was first a beautiful brick house—to the right of the frame house that is there now—with roses growing over it, and lovely old china in it. That house was burned, and everything was lost. The remains of the old barn are still there—big timbers. The frame house was built after the brick house was burned. Mr. McGarvey later occupied the frame house—had the post office there. They also used to sell fresh homemade bread, and sticky buns, but, the old house was a lovely old home—brick, and ginger bread trim.

The next place we come to—is the old McKenzie home. He was quite a character, too—Jessie said there was a story about him, that she would tell me later. The house was still there, and then, Mr. Kelly bought it. It is very overgrown. The home may be gone, but, I imagine the remains of the old barn may be there.

Next, we come to Gordon's Corner's. There was never any habitation around here during the Campbell's time. The first place, was the place the Thompson's had. Then, there was another little shack put up since we came up here, and then, Mr. Smith's was next. Jessie said that there had been a blacksmith on the S. E. Corner of Gordon's Corners.

Between Baysville and Bracebridge—half way, by the beaver swamp, there was Piper's Camp. They used to take in travellers in the early days—when they stopped overnight on their way to their new homesteads.

The Thompson's lived about 100-150 yards along from Gordon's Corners—towards Dorset, on the right hand side. They were a very notorious, depraved family—they were real hill billies. Actually, the father came from the Portage, and he wasn't so bad—but the mother, and the daughter and the sons! The Thompson who lived here used to be fireman on the Iroquois.

Maple Ridge—large clearing on right. Do not know who used to own it, when they kept the post office here. Mrs. Bertha Robertson could tell me that.

Right at the Dorset end of the Maple Ridge Farm—across the road—there is a little path off to the left—that goes to the little old grave yard.

Just at the entrance of the path, past the big rock, is where Jessie's and Dorothy's brother Ewen's ashes were scattered—along this pathway, leading to the little cemetery. During the service, two partridges came out of the woods, sat on the rock, and clucked the whole time.

Go along the pathway, quite a way, and off to the left, is a tiny enclosure (wooden fenced) where Mrs. Wm. Booker is buried—also her daughter Bessie. There is a stone—

<u>Booker</u>	
Marie	1848-1893
Bessie	1885-1901

There is an old truck or car, parked to the right of the pathway, and that is where one turns in to the left. Along the path, and, just before you come to the Booker graves, is another little enclosure where two Garrison brothers are buried. There is a stone-

<u>Garrison</u>	
Jonathan	1859-1892
Sylvester	1859-1877

The graves are at the foot of a large, three trunked birch tree.

Immediately you pass the little path leading to the graves, you come to the Arbuckle's. (I understood Dorothy and Jessie to say that if you follow the path that leads to the graves, and keep on going, you ultimately come out at the Booker farm.)

Next, you come to a road leading off to the left, that says, Private Road. That road leads to a lake, behind the Booker property.

As we drive on a little farther, we come to a lake on the right—and it is, or was, called Corner Lake.

**Tues. Sept 30/1969—Mr. and Mrs. Jack Rowe, and Mr. Joe Morrow**

Mrs. Rowe's and Mr. Morrow's grandparents—Mr. and Mrs. Morrow—lived right at the end to what we refer to as the Booker Road. Acc to them, it was not called that when they lived there—nor anything else. People by the name of Currie lived next to them, then, the Booker's. Mr. Morrow's dad took over the old homestead. They knew nothing about their grandparents—they were fairly young when their dad died. Gladys may know. Richards used to have a lumber camp right near the little stone bridge. As far as they knew there were no other families lived along that road in their time. It was their dad's sister who married Egbert Boothby—Point Ideal.

Duncan? And Neil Brown were the two who went up north—but, they came back, and Uncle Neil died up here.

Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Brown farmed up where the old homestead is. They had the post office there for years.

There were tourists taken in there, but we are not sure whether it was during the time that the Duncan Brown's lived there—or their son, John. (It was advertised in the booklet as Fairview Farm,— John Brown, prop.. Joe Morrow thinks his sister Gladys has picture of the Morrow Srs. Aunt Margaret I guess gave them the place in there at Kerrimuir Park.)

John E. Brown got Kerrimuir Park—that is what they called Auntie's Point. There was an old lady lived in there, who used to run around doctoring people—and they called her Auntie. Auntie was in no way connected with the Brown's, but she left her property to them. Actually, it was supposed to have been my mother's, but John E. got it, and he moved down there.

I tried to find out something about Auntie Williams—if she were ever married. There was a barn, and a blacksmith shop on her property. She was greatly in demand when people needed help during illness, just the same as Mrs. Sam Van Clief was. None of them remembered Mrs. Williams—but they had heard much about her. There had just been a wagon trail into her property, but when John E. Brown got it, he made it so that cars could drive over it. It was a private road for a long while.

Old John E. was quite a character himself, you know. He was a blacksmith too. He could make anything. And, he was like those Fisher's he was musical—he could play the violin. He used to get all dressed up, and get the horse and buggy, and leave at noon, to go to a dance a night. Mum used to play the violin too.

Joe M.—you know, I think the one I heard about Auntie Williams from was Dan Watson's mother—Mrs. Jim Watson,— she could tell you about her. You should go up and have a chat with her.

Mr. Rowe—does anyone in your family have any pictures of the old hotel in Baysville? Perc, at Brown's Brae there—he would be the one most likely to have one. When mother died, he got all her pictures.

**Mr. Gordon Robinson—Baysville, Tuesday, Oct. 14, 1969**

Mr. Robinson's grandparents settled about five miles along what is now known as the Heeney Lake Road. Were your father's people pioneers up here too? No, they lived east of Ottawa. He came here to work in the lumbering business.

What lumbering companies were in operation near Baysville? Well, about the time I was born – 80 years ago—Victoria Harbour Co. was taking lumber out back there where they lived on the Heeney Lake Road. There was a camp back there, and they were taking square timber out—they hewed it and made it into square timber—sticks maybe 60' long 40-60, whatever they would make.

About the time I was born, there was an old man and his son, and they had a yoke of oxen, and they boarded at our place, and they were skidding that lumber down to the creek.

I was born in my grandparents home. My mother and father were living there. Then, they left there, and went to Victoria Harbour. My dad was a sawmill man in the Summer, and then, in the woods in the Winter. Then, we came back to Bracebridge, and he worked in a sawmill there for about three years. We ran a boarding house in Bracebridge. Then, from there we went to Ottawa, and were there for three years. My uncle was a contractor. He built some of those big houses in Ottawa, and my dad worked for him. But my dad was really a barn framer, and a carpenter.

We came back here in about 1902, I think. That was the year of the big epidemic of the smallpox. The camps up north were closed down, and, in Ottawa, every house, pretty near, was placarded—smallpox here, diphtheria there, and scarlet fever here. We headed for Muskoka again, because we thought it was a healthier place.

When we came back to Baysville, my dad located lots 10 and 11 first--then, lots 8 and 9 which was flatter. We built a good frame house. It is still there, but, the porcupines and the swallows have taken over. My dad built the house, but mother and I helped with the carpenter work. Mother helped to build three places.

I had 400 acres back in there. I had a hunting camp. I trapped most of my life. I wasn't like most of the trappers. I saved some of what I got. Yes, it was the beaver skins that really helped me out. I followed it right up till about 15 years ago. Then, I had to sell my camp back there, and my property. I think it was too much frying pan that hit me.

My granddad located I think back in the 70's. I have the deed upstairs in the trunk—one of the old original deeds, and there is a seal on it as big as my hand. I saw the mate to it in a museum down between Barrie and Collingwood. There's a good museum down there along that road.

I bought my granddad's property from him when he was living in that place—and then, I cancelled another fellow's location on the place my dad had first. He sold it—he never got a deed

—he just sold it by word of mouth to another fellow for \$200. Well, the barn and the house—it would hardly pay for the nails, if you had to buy them to-day. Well, he didn't get anything for it—no, not a cent. That was a Frenchman. He'd cut a cord of wood—bring it out to Baysville—get a bottle of whisky, and go back. You could get a bottle of whisky for about 75¢, and the wood was worth about 75¢ a cord. Old Joe Reilly. Well, he drank himself to death- that is what he did. Well, he lived there, and he had a big Clyde horse, and fat as mud—a Holstein cow, pigs, chickens—just enough for himself. And, of course, he lived mostly on venison—hunting.

My grandfather farmed. He had about 40 acres cleared. You should just see the stone fences they put up. There were three generations worked on it. I put in about 8 years on it. Then, I had two kids—and I hadn't got much education—so I decided I had better move out. But, I didn't intend really to get rid of the place, and I was just doing alright. I was getting into registered cattle. I used to keep three horses, and all my implements were good, and I built big dry sheds to put them in. Many used to say that my yard was cleaner than the ones in Baysville. The place where I was born, those 200 acres, I sold to a lumberman, John G, Goldman of Bracebridge. You cannot drive in a car past Heeney's—but I go in all the time in my tractor.

There have been three dams and three bridges here in my time here—but, I don't know the date of when the first dam was built in Baysville. Mother said she told Mrs. J. J. Robertson a lot about the early history of Baysville—but she didn't get half of it.

Even the houses around here—there is a lot of history connecting with them all—even to this place here. This place—well, you know where Howard's Hotel used to be—on the corner across from the store. Mrs. Rowe bought it, and Hammond lives there now. There were three licenced houses here at one time. Rowe's Hotel, Dick Richard's on the corner where Lincoln Lodge is—then, Jelly had one where Mrs. Findlay's house is.

Howard's lived in that hotel, and they had three sons. Bill was the oldest. He started to build this house. He was going to get married. When we lived in Bracebridge, running the boarding house—Humphrey's was the General Store. We used to deal there. Right where the cannon is in the park—that is where we lived. There was a little factory there too.

Bill Howard was going with Sadie Humphrey in Bracebridge. He got this place nicely started—then, they broke up. Then, Mr. Harvey, who was the school teacher here, he married one of the Langford girls, and he took over this, and finished building it. Then, he had to go to Collingwood, and the J. J. Robertson's took it over. It was he that I bought it from—43 years ago. They wanted 1800 dollars for it. They had a \$1000 note to meet on the hotel. I had a few shillings. I think that I had a cheque for \$500, and the rest was in cash.. Well, old Jim, there was a lot of Scotch there, and we couldn't dicker. There were two others wanted it, but, they had no money to put down. So, we kept on sawing back and forth, and I said—no—it had to have too much repairing done to it for \$1800—it's not worth it.

If I could have known, I could have been a millionaire. I could have bought 100 acres from Shier's at Dickie Lake, with a good barn, for \$100. Why, you couldn't have built the barn for \$100, even then. But, we didn't want lake property—we wanted town property. Johnnie Green lived down there where Hammond lives now—it was for sale for \$300. Where Clayton Preston lives was for sale for \$800. I got him down to \$1350 here. I sold all my things out there. My dad had an auction sale, but, I didn't. I had a buggy, I paid \$132 for – I sold it for \$50, and the varnish wasn't off the wheels. But, I kept my implements.

And, of course, the wife has worked the same as I have, to fix this place up.

When we burned our first fallow--my dad sent word to Shier's that we were having a fallow burn--and to send a couple of men in to protect our camp in case the fire got away from us. Miah Avery was one they sent in, and Jo Reilly. I knew that Miah Avery. He lived up at Menominee Creek. It was kind of a rough cast house there. It's gone now. Miah--they went up to Spragge--that's where they went.

Then--you know those old Rod and Gun books. My brother was 17 when he signed up in the war, and he was taking those books. I have them there from 1910-18. My brother didn't come back, and mother saved those books, and she asked me if I'd like to have them. We had a blacksmith's shop in there. I could blacksmith myself, and my young lad, he started to do a little at it too, and he made a little pair of tongs, and mother had them too, and, she said would you like them too, and I said sure. And, when he was about 8 or 9, we were sending an order to Eaton's, and he wanted a little axe. So, we ordered--but, the handle was too short. So I made another handle for it. I made axe handles from the time I was a kid--used to make them for the camp. Well, mother gave me the axe, the tongs, and those books. The axe and the tongs are out in the garage there. They are just as good as the day we got them. Mother used to use the little axe when she went sharing? rabbits--she used to keep a lot of hens, and she used to feed them rabbits.

Jack Avery was a brother of Miah's and Jim's, I figure. I used to drive the river up at Hollow Lake--driving for Mickle. That Winter hadn't been much lumbering going on, and all the foremen were up at Hollow Lake--Murdy McKay--oh I guess there were half a dozen of them. And I was working with a fellow from Haliburton, and his gang--Jack McNiece--and old Tim McBride, all those old timers. There was a heavy north wind blowing this day. We were on Wolfe Creek. The wind blows up Wolfe Creek--it's on the south side of the lake--it was like a little lake in there. The logs had to be brought down to the boom. There were some booms right across the mouth, you see. Well, this was second lunch--3 o'clock in the afternoon. And so, I ate my lunch, and Jack Avery--I don't know whether he had a glass eye, or it was crooked or something--we used to call him glass eyed Avery or something. Well, he lived right there at the mouth. There was a nice sand beach, you know, and there was an old maple fish pole there, about as long as from here to the door, and a little black hook on it, and there was a bucket there, and some minnows in it. Well, as soon as I ate my lunch, I got the pole and some minnows and I walked out these booms, and they were dancing up and down, and I sent out to the second boom, and,



the first thing I knew, I had a lake trout on--about ten pounds. He gave me quite a "rassle"--the old pole would go under the boom and back--and, I yelled to the lads--look out, I'm coming, and I got squared around, and I just ran right up the sand beach. They got the pee vee's?, and they started at the trout--they got him. Then, I went out again, and I got a dandy big speckled--about three pounds, I guess, and I got him, and I went out again, and I got another speckled. Then, there was a big argument on--leave Robinson here--he'll do more good fishing, than he will up the ditch. But, this fellow I worked for, he said--no, I want every man up the ditch there. This Jack Gilgrass?--he was a foreman from up in the park, there--but, there was nothing doing up there. He said--come on with me in the punt. We can't do anything up there anyway. There was such a bad wind, that the logs were blowing back as fast as you'd bring them down.

So, we went up there, and put the rest of the day in. But, that's how I knew Jack Avery lived there.

The sister that married Atcheson—she was an Avery—she had a wooden leg. I stayed there overnight. I went to Huntsville, to deal horses-- and I came back with a three year old colt, and I couldn't ride him, and I was pretty near played out, and I stayed at Atcheson's overnight. The night I stayed there, the other girl was getting married (not Margaret Ferguson), and I said—who is the lucky guy, and, they said—oh, another Atcheson, and he was the one who lived on the other side of Billie Tucker, and he was supposed to have burned Billie Tucker's house down. He wasn't too bright.

To burn fallow? You cut all the trees down, pile them all up, and burn the whole thing at once. There were many bad fires caused by these, if the wind was not blowing the right way, and the fire got out of hand. You chop up everything—branches, bush etc., and just leave it where it lies—and then, you just get the wind right, touch it off, and let it go.

One time a road gang started a fire up at Dickie Lake—it spread, and for a while it looked as if the village of Baysville would be wiped out. All the men would go out to fight the fires. You didn't get paid for it then, like you do now. You did it to protect your property.

I have quite a few antiques. My dad had a big sand flat—you know—good land—new land, and then, the camps in there, and all the manure from the camps. My dad could really grow stuff. But say, I think it froze there, every month in the year—up along that flat. So then, he took to clearing up the hills—to grow potatoes etc. There were huge big maples up there. Well, we tapped 300 of them with troughs—sap troughs, you know, and spikes. I was up in the museum in Huntsville a year ago, and I said—you know, I have a lot of stuff I should give you. They had a blacksmith shop. The shaving horse I've got, I made in the bush. I brought a lot of stuff out. I made two bark canoes. I made one this Summer, and I made one two years ago. I sold it this summer for \$100. Joe Morrow said—I want you to show me how to make a bark canoe—you are about the last one around who knows how to do it. Well, I said—I'll show you this summer. Well, where are we going to get the bark. Well, I said, there are about three trees yet good ones.

They were quite a way from here—but we went and got them—where I used to trap, you see, all down through the Black River.

I had three piece gun'ls you know, one on each side, and one goes over the top on a bark canoe—and, of course, on a canvas canoe, there are just the two on the side. So, I had the gun'ls up there, split right out of the bush you don't get them out of a log, you know, or out of a board—this is split in the bush. You could get a tree then, to split. I find the biggest trouble now, is to get a cedar—it's harder than to get a bark. I could go now and get two more barks, if I wanted to—maybe more. But, I know where I can get more for to splice them, you see--probably 8 or 10 feet, or a tree, but, it's not every tree that's any good. You've got to know your bark. There's frost checks, and sun checks, and all that stuff, and shell bark, and everything.. But, these gun'ls, that I had up overhead in the garage—I could have made a 16 foot canoe with them, and they were split right out of the bush. You'd fall the tree, and split it, and whittle it out—cedar. So, I gave Joe the gun'ls. I thought, well, I guess I won't make another canoe. Sometimes I think I will, and sometimes I think I won't. So, I thought I'll show Joe how to do it. None of the rest will take an interest. You can't get the young lads to do it now. But, in my day, you had to make what you wanted, or you didn't have it. The same with snowshoe. I learned it myself. Nobody showed me how to make snowshoes. I made about six different styles, you see., and sizes and lengths, and the tanning hide and everything.

Old Jack VanClieaf, you know—when he got too old to go along, I used to go with him. I used to take my canoe, tent and blankets, and go away up to Hollow Lake, and up the East River, and hunt canoe barks, you see—I'd get a couple for myself. And Jack, he was making them to sell them. We came down there one morning-- oh about daylight, when the lake was calm, and I had eight barks across my canoe—just about that much out of the water, you know. Jack was a son of Dan Vanclief. There was Jack, Sam, Hank and George. I think there were 4 boys and 4 girls—maybe 3 girls. Old Dan was a trapper. I guess they all trapped. But Jack, he had more ambition than any of them. Hank and Bob Green got drowned up in the Lake of Bays, coming from the White House—building the White House dock. The year we came from Ottawa, was the year they were drowned.

We were cleaning up the land—and he had a potato patch there-- and he was picking the stones out of the potato patch—and he found—like a sheep's head made of limestone. I've still got it—it's out in the garage there, along with the museum junk I've got out there. It's like a lid for something. There's like two little holes bored through the bottom. It's Indian made alright. This guy that has all the Indian stuff—Harry Henderson—Mrs. Fairy's brother—he died last year—killed in a car accident. Well, I showed him this—just like a sheep's head, you know—ear, nose, and neck and breast. He said—what do you want for it? Oh—I said—I don't want to sell it. He said—I've got one like it, and I'd like to have that. Well, I don't want to sell it. I don't want to sell any of my junk, you see—that's the trouble—although Dan Watson came here one day—and I had my horse shoe rigging—the box. I wanted to sell it to Barry Walsh—he had horses there, going barefoot on that payment. I said—well, I'll give it to you for five dollars, and I'll bet

you couldn't buy the hoof trimmers for five dollars. Dan said he would like to have it, so I gave it to him for five dollars.

But, up there on that hill, where my dad found that thing—the Indians must have lost it there, or put it there—right in the wilderness, it was—right in the bush. I was going to put it in the museum, put the number of the lot, and who found it there. Harry Henderson said—I'll trade you a muzzle loading pistol for it. Oh, I don't want any muzzle loading pistol. I've got all the pistols I want. I had 10 guns. I've given four of them away. I've got 6 yet. I had two—I paid 345 dollars for them. And, the trouble is—who to give them to—that's it. I asked my son—he didn't want a shot gun. I have a 10" barrel, Smith and Wesson, and there are a lot want it around here—but, there are none of them going to get it—not even my own people, you see. Because, they are a dangerous thing. I've had them all my life. At the hunt camp, I had a big old calendar hung up there, and I had marked down over 500 things that I had shot with that—and, it's only a 22, single shot—but it's as good as any rifle, if you can handle it.

At the time Mr. Robinson was born, his dad walked from the old homestead, which was 5 miles out the Heeney Lake Road, into Bracebridge—to get the doctor—Dr. Bridgland, and then, when he came back—he walked back—and he brought an eight day clock with him. Dr. Bridgland came by horse and buggy.

We had two rifles at home—an old 44-40, and a 38-40—Winchester. I shot at marks, but they wouldn't let me carry them. I asked John Preston if he still had that gun I had shot the deer with, when I went hunting with my uncle. Oh yes, he said—some of the Arbuckle's have it—they borrowed it. The gun I used was almost as heavy as I was. It was at that time I shot my first deer. On our way home with the deer, which we had dressed-- we came across a moose—eating bugs off a birch. Now, said my uncle—you have to hit him in the head, or he'll turn on us. Uncle, he upped the old combined? gun—just across his hip bone—never cut the hide, and away went the moose, and me after him. Uncle, yelling—come back, come back. I was behind a hemlock—there was a gully there—and I couldn't see the moose. Then, all of a sudden, I saw him—standing with his head over his shoulder, looking at me. I pulled the old 44, and he just shook his head, and snorted at me. I pumped again, and that time, he went down. So, went down, and walked all around him. Uncle came down, and said--Man alive you've shot somebody's cow—now, you're in for it. At first I thought I had. I didn't kill the deer—but I did get the moose. The first shot, I had hit him through the ear—the next was right in the eye. That was just the starting of my life. Uncle used to hunt for us, when I was small. Then, after he got old, John Preston, and Clayton, his sons, neither one of them was any hunter. So then, I hunted to feed them, for years then.

You were telling me about Jack Van Clieaf telling you that he had bought the Secord Place on the backroad. When he was a boy, he found about 500 birch bark baskets—that the Indians had. They used them, instead of the sap troughs. Someone told me the Indians used to boil the sap in birch bark before they had kettles—is that right? Yes, you can make tea in the bush in birch bark.

How do you keep it from burning? Well, as long as there is sap in it, it won't burn. But, if there is not enough of it, it will burn across the top of it, if the flame gets up to it.

Jack VanCleaf gave me the tapping goudge that Mr. Secord had up there. It has got a handle on it, and they pound it, and it's kind of like a little adze.

When I was a kid about 11 or 12 years old, Secord was the only one around here who had a democrat. I had an appendicitis attack back in there. It was in the Spring, when the flood was on—Echo Creek—and there were four fellows waded the creek, and carried me across on a stretcher or springs, or something or another. A farmer on this side took his team, and Secord's democrat, and took me to Bracebridge. There were four doctors came in and examined me. There was an abscess on the appendix, but, they couldn't operate. They decided just to let it take its course, and, as luck had it, it broke the right way--and I rallied all right. So, when I was 17, I went to Toronto, and had an operation.

The Echo Creek went through our property.

There must have been Indians all in through this country. My grandmother, and my mother, and Harry Preston—they were kids, and they stayed in there and underbrushed, and my Grandad, he went to Hamilton, to make some money. One night, just before dark—they were in the old shanty—and two Indians came, and wanted to stay all night. She said they were all right. They did not bother them or anything.

They lived on potatoes, one Winter. And, the next farmer, out there, they lived on turnips. My grandfather said he had to pay \$5.00 a barrel for the seed potatoes. Of course, you could grow potatoes, once you got the seed. The land was good. All the work they did. Why did they go back into those stone quarries, walking past all the good farms.

Old Dan Gammage—he said when he came up, he said he had to cut some wood—and he cut a black ash, and he said he didn't know the difference. It's just water-soaked—black ash is. And the wife's parents—Waite—they came up—they didn't know anything about farming. But, they had it better down there, nearer Bracebridge. Their property was near Fraserburg, and it went down to the lake. But they never hunted, and they never fished until I got down there trapping, you see. Then, I used to shoot deer, and give them venison, and there was fish galore there. When I finished trapping, I used to fill a crock or two of fish—salt them, and bring them up here. Mr. Robinson showed me a picture of a catch he made in Oakley twp—101 speckled trout in one night.

Mrs. Robinson lived to be 97. Mr. R said—I thought Mother would make 100. She never recovered from a fall she had.

If you could see all the work those people did in that country—all the stone fences—hundreds of cords. I was rooting around the stones one day, and I found an old draw knife. It was all bent, but, I brought it home.

When I was a kid, back at Grandad's—there were these young men going to college, and they used to come around selling stuff—stereoscope views- 75¢. I've got it yet—the stereoscope, and about a dozen packs. At that time there were some comic ones. One was about a servant girl Bidy—and it shows how Bidy served the tomatoes undressed—and it showed her serving them with her just slip on. They thought that was terrific. I wonder what they would think if they were to see some of the stuff now.

And you know—the old ox yoke. And my grandad was supposed to have had the biggest team around here—old Buck and Bright—and I remember them. It took a good man to lift the yoke—it was made of beech. My dad made a breaking? yoke for the yearlings—out of bass wood. And you know, I burned the both of them. I was boiling water to bend my timber for making bark canoes. That beech was polished so beautifully, and 1" iron—the big D and the ring and all that.

I left my old hand made turnip slicer there in the barn, and the two flails hanging up on a pin on the thresh floor—and they were all stolen. I've got to make a pair of bows for Betty Campbell. She's got a yoke down there, and there are no bows in it.

I showed the draw knife to Stan Lockwood. I said—I guess it's been through a fire, and got warped. No—he said—that's the way it was made. He said it is not a draw knife—but a cooper's knife—for making barrel staves. The handle was broken off it—just the iron.

I used to make horse hair watch chains. I made one for mother—48" long—little links—double. I made one for my dad—a double chain, and I've got one. I was going to give it to the museum.

**Sept. 25, 1970—Mrs. Effie Tyrrell—out the back road.**

The Anderson's were my mother's grandmother and grandfather, and apparently, as nearly as I can remember from what my mother and grandmother told me (mother's name was Chevalier, and Grandma Brown was an Anderson-- Mrs. Tom Brown. She had first married a man by the name of Chevalier, and later, Tom Brown. Tom Brown was Dave Brown's grandfather. There was W. H. Brown in Baysville—he was one of the first pioneers to come to Baysville—Then, there was Duncan Brown, they came from Scotland, at Brown's Brae. Then, Grandpa Brown—he came over from Scotland. He had been educated as a teacher. But apparently he had some kind of lung trouble, and he was advised to leave Scotland. He married Grandma, who was Mrs. Chevalier. She was Catherine Chevalier. She was married in Beamsville.

The Andersons' were early pioneers. There's a little graveyard around Terryberry's somewhere. Mr. and Mrs. Anderson, and quite a few of the family are buried in the little tiny cemetery. I am not certain of the exact time they came up here. You see, Mother passed away, when I was nearly 18, and my sister and I we had to raise, well, my brother was older he wasn't much care—but, the two little girls, they were only 6 and 8—and we had to raise them. Grandma used to talk to me, and tell me of the hard times, and mother used to talk to me, and tell me about them coming from Beamsville, and it was her mother who got them to move. Apparently they had a farm. Her husband was quite a bit older than she was. He had a farm, and he was a teacher. First, his wife died, and Grandma stayed on and took care of the children, then, she married him, in about a year's time. Then, she had five children, which was my mother, and Clara and Chris, Uncle Lou, who was drowned in Lake of Bays and Sardis Chevalier. Mrs. Langford used to tell me all about the Sardis Chevalier's. The Anderson's were Mr. and Mrs. John Anderson. And, the old Anderson place is where this little cemetery is. Then, there was the Terryberry's. You see, she was an Anderson. She was mother's aunt—Aunt Margaret—and then there was a Mrs. Orrie—she was another aunt. I don't know just where the Orrie's place was. They didn't stay too long. It wasn't too many years before they went back. Then, there was Mrs. Bill Fisher—she was another sister. I think there were 9 girls and one boy in Grandma's family. Mother was Mary, Mary Chevalier—for she was from the first family, you know. I have even forgotten Mr. Chevalier's first name—it was Jacob, or something like this. Sardis was mother's brother, and then, there was Lou—he drowned – the Mary L. upset him. He was drowned in a canoe—way down in the Narrows near Baysville. He went down in the canoe—down to the store one evening, and I suppose to get the mail, and they think what happened, as there was another fellow with him. And, he had his coat on. And, when he drowned, he had no coat on. He was In his shirt sleeves. They think that he got too warm paddling, - and a bark canoe is dangerous, you know. It was just about the time that the Mary L. would be going down, and upset him. He couldn't swim. And, it was my father's father and he grappled him up, with his old sailor's grappling hook. Dad had it for many years. I don't know what became of it. My grandfather on my father's side was a sailor. Mother's name before she was married was Mary Catherine Chevalier. She married Wilbert Eheler. And then, Grandma, in later years—I suppose mother was around 13 or 14—she married Tom Brown, and then, she had five children by him. She had ten children altogether—my grandmother. Billie Brown, Uncle Bill, he lived up there for many years—then Dave is his son.

Did your father's parents settle up here too. Yes, they came from Colchester, Nova Scotia. They settled at Lountford? first—and then, they kept moving, and finally settled at the place where Polly and Lloyd Green lived. That was my home, you see. And part of Polly's and Lloyd's house was the old original house.

Did you ever know of Bheler's who settled around Oxtongue Lake? Yes, that was my Uncle Bill. That was dad's property for a while. He bought that for the timber. He took off timber—that's what he used to do in the winters. He took off timber for several Winters. And then, Uncle Bill used to live with us until he married, and then, that was his home. And then, he sold it to the Baker's. Mrs. Baker, you see, was my father's sister, and also Uncle Bill's sister. She was Sophera Eheler. She was the youngest girl in the family, and Uncle Bill was the youngest boy in the family. So, after dad got the timber off, and I guess it was too far to go up there to work, and to go up there and stay—I guess he didn't like "batching" it too well. He never lived up there--he took his team, he always had a good team. He used to do that in the Winter time—take out logs.

There was just one Baker—not two brothers as I had understood. I believe he was a home boy. His daughter Beatrice came to visit me last Summer—and it was the first time I had ever met her. After Mr. Baker died, Mrs. Baker went to Orde Valley, Nebraska—then, she went from there to Sask., and they drove with a team of horses, and a covered wagon, that they had made themselves, and they took a pony or a horse, and they drove from Nebraska to Milford, Sask to Uncle Bill's place. Mr. Baker's name was Alfred—Alf Baker. -I asked Mrs. Tyrrell if she knew whether Mr. Baker had started the building of the red brick house at Cain's Corner which was later owned by Frank Blackwell. She did not know—but she said a Mr. Cain, an O. P. P. had a place near her—and his wife Chris, and he might know—Art Cain. Lloyd Green's mother was a Cain, and my mother was a bridesmaid for Lloyd's mother. She worked for a minister by the name of Mutch, in Huntsville, and Dick and Phoebe came out to get married—anyway, they had no witnesses, no bridesmaids or best man, so mother stood up with them. Phoebe was always very close to mother. She used to come across the Lake of Bays to visit mother every year. She always used to bring the new baby over to show mother—and that was about every year. Angus Green—that's Phoebe's son—he married my sister, Muriel. They lived at Ajax—of course, he has passed away. They were cousins to this Art Cain. Chris is a Huntsville girl.

When your grandparents came up here, and settled up near where the Terryberry's were, what would they do to make a living? I often wonder, you know—we seem to think that we have a hard enough time—but now grandmother (Chevalier)—she had no grown up boys—she had no husband—some trapper gave her a deer skin, and put a deer skin rope on to it—for her to draw, and that's how she used to go to Baysville on snowshoes from Black Point—that was their locality, down on Black Point—from there up to the Terryberry place—they were all settled along there apparently. She used to go to Baysville on snowshoes, and get her corn meal. She used to take corn down, she told me, and get it ground, she'd leave so much, and then they'd give her ground corn meal for her corn, you know the old grist mill used to be across the river from Smith's store. Grandma used to take down so many pounds of corn, and she brought back

corn meal, and I guess the corn meal was practically what they lived on instead of flour, you know. Then, she told me one time, that she got a few sheep, and she kept them all—kept every lamb, no matter what it was—a he or a she—and she used to keep them, and shear them herself, and then she had her carding equipment—I can remember her showing me that—and it was thrown out on the old stone fence. She showed me that, and she told me she used to make her own yarn, and she knit this old fisherman a pair of socks each year, and he'd given her enough salmon for her to keep the family for the Winter. -For one pair of socks. She used to salt the salmon into kegs, and then, she'd take it out and freshen it, and then, they'd have it for the winter. So I think that was pretty much the way they used to live. And, they used to dry their berries—they used to have berry boards—and they would pick berries, and put them on that, and dry them, and have them for the winter.

The great grandparents—the Anderson's, they used to farm—they would cut the bush out, and keep at it, year after year, and grow stuff. And, they would get a cow and a pig. At first it was only for their own use—but later, when the camps came in, the men used to be able to sell hay to the camps—and anything like that they had, and potatoes, and beef and turnips, and everything that would be eaten in the camp. When the first pioneers came in, there was no one to sell to.

Grandma told me that she was a very, very silly woman to part with her farm in Beamsville. But, her people kept writing her and telling her what a wonderful place it was, and of course she didn't know what she was getting into, she said she sold her stuff, and a lot of the animals she had to give away, and came up in here to the Muskoka District, and she said, was it ever a struggle, with those five small children. Mother never went to school until she was 11 years old. There was no school around to go to. And then, there was Mrs. Ruggles, that lived down at Rosebank—that was her place. She came to see grandmother one time, and she said to Grandma—won't you give me one of your little girls. Of course grandma didn't give mother away, but she said—well, you can have Mary, if you'll send her to school. And, Mrs. Ruggles just had a family of boys. Mother said she used to be teased and tormented nearly to death. Anyway she stayed there until she was 16, and she went to the Baysville school. That's how she got to know all these old ladies that used to go on Fair days to see—like Mrs. Dawkins—she knew her, and this other lady that used to drive the mail Carrie? and then of course the Wright's and all, of course they all went to school together. I think that Mrs. Dawkins' mother lived up near the Bastedo's somewhere. Her mother was Carrie Irwin—she was the one who drove the mail from Newholme to Baysville. I can remember us going down to Baysville with mother—and maybe it would be her day to drive the mail, and she'd have this old buggy, and a horse, and you'd see her pile on the mail bags, and away she'd go with them.

Mrs. Tyrrell's father bought his father's share of property, and moved the old house down and joined it on to the house on the property that had been located by the Drake's. A family by the name of Drake had had it first, and I think dad bought that. Anyway, he had the house all built and ready before he and mother were married. He had moved his father's house, which had been away up near the Gaysford's by the line fence. The Gaysford's weren't there then. Dad bought



that property from an old man by the name of Mr. Balmer, and then he sold it to the Gaysford's when they came over from England.

A man who bought part of this property, Mrs. T. could not remember his name--anyway he had one horse, and everybody else had a team of oxen. This one horse, and two teams of oxen moved this one part of the house that Polly and Lloyd lived in down just from the line fence, and moved it down, and joined it onto the place that the Drake's had built.

Did your dad farm in there, Mrs. T.? Oh, he farmed right back to Echo Lake. You know where the University camp is. That used to be a turnip patch, the last time I knew it. He farmed from where Teakle's are now--down by Rev Hazlehurst's place, and he had that all in crops, and back to the Gaysford's, and back to Echo Lake. He used to work like a beaver. He grew more feed than we needed for our animals. He used to sell hay and straw and oats and stuff to the neighbours, who maybe didn't have too much. He used to sell his beef. He would never kill a beef until it was two years old, and then he would kill two or three or four. He would put the Winter hay rack on, and he would load all this beef--I can remember seeing the big loads of beef going into the camp. Where would these camps be that he would sell to? At Hollow Lake--then, down the Black River Road too. There used to be a camp down there. Dad used to work for that man too. Mr Pyeburn? was the foreman of that camp--That was Mickle's camp. The first Rill Lake Road used to be called the Black River Road. All the lumbermen used to go in that way.

Mrs. Tyrrell, when you lived at your old home, as a child, who were some of the other people who lived in that area? or, any other area that you knew. There used to be Phillips--that's the Hazlehurst place. Of course I never remembered them, but I used to hear mother and dad talk of them. They lived there when they were first married. Then, Dan Van Clieaf--that was old Mr. Van Clieaf--he bought it, and he lived there for a few years--that would be the original Van Clieaf--now I believe the property belongs to a man by the name of Tate. Then, there was our place--then, next to that, there was an old, old lady--she was a kind of an old nurse--Auntie Williams. She later lived with the Brown's at Brown's Brae. Auntie's Point is where the Bayview Cabins are. Those people up on the hill are the ones that bought the Bayview cabins from the Taylor's. Mrs. Taylor was Mrs. Gaysford's daughter--they lived at Niagara Falls for quite a few years. Well then, the Fosters bought the Bayview Cabins, then, just about two years ago they sold the Bayview cabins, and came and bought this place. I don't think that the Fosters ever owned the actual point. I think Jack Brown left quite a bit of his property to Kathleen Brown--that was Peter's daughter, you know. And, Mrs. Peter used to be a Green, Nellie Green. Bob Green was drowned in the Lake of Bays. Mrs. Tyrrell didn't know anything about Auntie William's personal life--whether she had ever been married, etc. I know I used to hear my dad say that the men, to keep the roads up, they used to have to do what they called Statute Labour. Well, dad was always put on as a foreman, because he always had a good team, and he could haul out the big rocks. And he said along would come Auntie Williams in the morning with a shovel on her shoulder, to work with the men. She wouldn't pay in lieu of the work. I suppose maybe the old girl didn't have the money. Of course the men were not going to have a woman working with them. They would tell her to go on home, and one would take a day, and somebody else would take a day.

Her property ran right up to the fence very close to where Lloyd and Polly lived--very close to their cabins, and that was all Auntie Williams property, and that was the nicest stand of hemlock you would ever want to look at.

I don't know who got it--it just disappeared, after I grew up.

Did you ever know Auntie Williams, or was she gone before your memory? Oh, she was gone. All I knew about her was what I heard dad and mother say. I guess she was quite an old girl. Duncan and Mrs. Brown took her in and they gave her a home at the old Brown's Brae place, and then, she gave Jack her property. It was certainly a nice nest egg for him. She used to nurse, an dmid-wife, and I guess there were a good many little children who had whooping cough, and she'd save their lives, with her old remedies. I guess she was an old woman when mother was a young woman--because I know I heard dad say that she used to walk so doubled over--she got so old, that her nose almost touched her chin. I never heard where she came from, although it would appear that she must have been old when she came up here.

When my father used to go to Oxtongue, he used to go into the Thompson's (Wack Thompson) at the South Portage, and have dinner, and he used to tell us kids about them. There were little brothers and sisters--some were dark, and some were white. They used to be awfully good to anyone going in--because dad said he would always pull in there, and feed his horses, and have his dinner with them--and he'd be coming back down.

I used to hear Aunt Jane Chevalier talk about Aunt Mary (Robson)--and Mrs Langford told me all about her too.

The Yeat's--he was an old gardener from England--he lived on the old Gaysford place (it was Drake's who located the old Gaysford place)--then Mr. Yeat's came over from England, and he got it. And then, there was an old man by the name of Baler--he had it--and they got so old, that they were old when they came there. They got flu one Winter, and they couldn't seem to shake it--so they wanted to go back to the city. Dad bought every thing, and then he sold it to Mr. Gaysford, when he came over from England.

Now. I'll just tell you where you would get an awful lot of advice. Mrs. McCormack has Mrs. Sam Robinson's history--right from the time they came over and located--the Preston's, and she's got that, and there is all about the first dam, and the second dam, and everything, and she's got that, and she's supposed to have a book printed, and, I don't doubt that Mrs. McCormack would help you out.

Another one in Dorset, and, I know only too well, that you would be welcome, would be my son-in-law--Reg Burke, and Reg has a history of the old Remey family--which was his mother's family on his mother's side of the house, she was a Remey, and he has a history of all the old people--the first people who came in, I looked at it one time, and it tells about some man, I forget the name now, --but he was shot. He was watching for a deer--he had a black fur hat on--and

somebody saw him, and shot him, because they thought he was a bear. Well, Reg has got that all down in his book, you know. Reg is married to my daughter--I only had the one daughter. You turn that corner going to Haliburton. The first house is the Morris's, then, the next, on the same driveway, is Reg and Olive's. It's a white house, with blue trimmings. It is on your right going to Minden, Reg would be only too glad, and it would do Reg an awful lot of good, to have somebody to talk to --because he has been so sick all Summer. He hasn't worked all Summer. My daughter cooked at the hotel, and my granddaughter Marilyn, was head waitress in the hotel dining room--a little short, dark girl. Reg is just like Charlie, his dad--he loves to talk. Daisy Langford used to tell me a lot about Mr. Burke. He had a long mustache, and she said that at the end of the sugar make, they'd have a sugaring off--making taffy. So, Charlie, he gets the taffy stick, and he starts dabbing the girls' hair. So, two or three of them caught him, and they started dabbing his mustache. So, I was telling Reg about it, and he said--you know, I heard my dad talk about that. He said I never felt so embarrassed in my life. These girls, grabbing me, and putting taffy in my mustache. He didn't have a mustache when I knew him. He was a wonderful old man.

Does the name Cassidy mean anything to you? Well, I worked for Mrs. Frank Cassidy for a year and eleven months. Mrs. Cassidy was Florence Smith, you know--from Baysville. That was in the store at Dorset. Frank had the confectionery store. He bought Sparkes' part? when he went away, and he had a pool room, and, I couldn't tell you what in the world--he had too many pokers in the fire, to tell you the truth. He wasn't able to look after things, and a lot of the work used to fall on me--and all those children to look after, and the cooking and the washing, all by hand, too.

I tried to explain to Mrs. Tyrrell that I am interested in finding out how the people lived--what they did, the hardships they endured, etc. Mrs. Tyrrell said in referring to her father--that they had had a good living. I don't think there was anyone of the Lake of Bays who had any better--not that I want to boast about it--but I don't think anyone lived much better than we did, or set a better table than we did. Mother was a very saving person. Dad farmed in the Summer, and he always had sheep and cattle, and he was a good hunter. He used to go out and get two or three deer, for the Fall, you know, and hang them up in the barn. And then we had a pair of pigs, and of course, the food from the farm, fed the pigs. There was very little that we had to buy, like you do now, you know. And then, as soon as he'd get the grain off, some times he wouldn't even stay home for threshing. He'd take his team, and he'd go into the camps, and he used to go all over. He used to go away up to the Park, and he used to go down on the Moon River, and he'd go all over, and he'd do the skidding--he'd skid logs. And, as soon as the skidding would be done--he'd go into the drawing of the logs. By that time, it would be Spring, and he'd come home--he'd hire a man or two, and he'd cut the Winter's wood, and make syrup--and, start all over again. Well then, that piece of land that he had cut the wood off--he'd burn that, and then, he'd have that as a new piece of land. That would be an oat patch, or a turnip patch--usually a turnip patch. Then the next year, he'd have oats in it, and then he'd seed it down, and have hay. And that's the way we used to live, you know.

Our property was good land, but, oh my goodness, was it ever stony. My poor sister and I, many a sore finger we had, picking stones, and throwing them on the old stone boat. Dad was kind of hard hearted, you know. We'd be kind of whining about it at night, and looking for a little sympathy--and he'd say--oh, if you would do a little bit more, your hands would be tougher. My sister, she comes up from Ajax, Muriel, and we quite often talk about the times at home--and she says--you know those other girls, they got everything. And, it's a fact, you know, they did. And, when dad died, they just fell in for whatever there was left--and, she said--we were the ones who did the work, weren't we? And I said--never mind, we got along without it, so we aren't going to cry about it now.

But there were others around the neighbourhood who, I am sure did not live as well. Oh yes, I don't know whether I should mention names--but there were the Hammond's and the Yeats. Poor old Tom--he had a sick wife, she was always ailing. And often now I think that maybe if she had had good meals, it would have helped her. I remember once in a while, my sister and I used to take the ice chisel, and, we used to go out and chop a hole. And some Winters we'd get a trout, if we were lucky. Other Winters we wouldn't get any. We used to get lots of ling, but dad wouldn't let us bring a ling in the house. They were too much like a snake to suit him. Anyway, this time, my sister got this huge great big ling. Dad was splitting wood out at the wood shed door He said--take that thing out--you are not going to take that thing into the house. Oh, it was a huge one. Mother said to Muriel--do you want to get rid of your ling? I know somebody that it would do an awful lot of good. You watch for Tom coming back--you see, we could see away down the road. It was all cleared then, and we could see away down to where the Teakle's live now. When you see Tom, take it out and give it to him. He was telling me that Sarah, that's was his wife, was so hungry for fish, and he was trying so hard to get a fish for her (Mrs. Yeats)--he had married Srah Hammond--she never was very strong. So Muriel was really tickled to give her ling to Tom. Tom came in later, and said it was the only thing that put Sarah on her feet. He had taken it home and cleaned it, and she had had three great big pieces of fish for her dinner, and she started to get better right away. Muriel was so happy about that. I guess she didn't get enough to eat. They just had a little old house--it's in there still, around Teakle's--no land or anything, I suppose it would just keep Tom hustling to get enough hay to keep a cow, you know.

When you lived where Polly and Lloyd used to live, did you have much association with the Baysville people, or, were you too far away for that? We didn't go to the Baysville school--we used to go to Brown's Brae. And, that was four miles to Brown's Brae. I have seen my sister and I start out for school--and Lily Gaysford, after she came from England, and all there would be would be Dalt Rowe's, the stage boys cutter track, and horse track. And we used to walk the rail fence up by Clear Lake--up where the Harry Salmon's is now--and we used to walk the fence, so as not to have to wade through the snow. And the teacher would have Muriel sitting in a seat on one side of the snow, and me on the other side, trying to get us dried out. You know, in those days, girls wore long woollen dresses. When we started to school the teacher was a Miss Stewart--but mother had us pretty well on, you know. We could read, and do figures and sums. When mother went to school--it was all a-b-c. When we started to school, it was aw, and bu (phonetics). She started to teach us this, and we thought she was crazy, and she thought we were

crazy. And Lena and Jessie Terryberry were about our age, and they'd get us off to one side, and try to tell us--but we still insisted it should be the way our mother had taught us.

The little church was there when Mrs. Tyrrell went to school. Mother had a fellow come to stay with her. He was a Home boy--Harry Hudson--dad would be away in the camps, and he used to stay with Mother, and I can remember Mother telling me what a little scamp he was. He used to go in and crawl underneath the church, and the church wasn't finished yet. Harry would hide under there, until the Brown's would be coming home from school--that was Uncle Bill, Uncle Tommy, and Jennie and Maggie--they were drowned, you know--they were skating up to the Robertson's. I can remember that. They were going to George Robertson's--and were going to pick them up--and then they were going over to Boothby's, or some place like that--and they were going to have a little skating party. That was in January--1900--I was only a little girl--but I can remember it. They were found--I think my father found most of them. He grappled for them, with Grandpa Eheler's old grappling hook.

This lad would hide under the church--then, he'd come home, and mother would say something to him, and he'd have a big story to tell her, about what the teacher had done that day. And, when she checked oh him, he had never been to school at all. Oh, he was a corker. These Home boys were all English boys--Bernardo Home boys. Then, they got another boy by the name of Will Bradley--and I can remember mother and dad talking about him. They said he was a most wonderful fellow. I can remember him coming to see us in later years. There were a lot of Home boys up here.

Mr. Tyrrell went to the St. Catharine's Steel Co., during the war, to work.

Mrs. Green used to run Idylwild. Mrs. Tyrrell worked for her when she was a young girl. Her mother came to see her one day, and made her pack up her belongings and come home, because she was so overworked. She used to have to go away over to Burnt Island Bay to get the cows before breakfast--then get washed and cleaned up and go into the dining room to serve. That had been her home--and it was Bob (Green) who named it.

When Mr. Tyrrell went to St. Catharine's--they had a horse--32 years old--old Molly Mickle. I got a neighbour to take her away and do away with her. I wouldn't give her away to someone--because she used to have to have special food. She had no teeth. I felt contented to know that she wasn't suffering. I took the old dog, and I went to St. Catharine's. I went in and got a job. Pat was overseas--I got a job of cooking in the cafeteria, and I stayed there pretty well four years, and then, came back home.

**Mrs. James Watson-----Sept. 1973**

When you and your husband were first married, you settled at Dickie Lake--then, you went West--came back, and went up to the Gilmour farm, and lived there for a year or so. I stayed all Winter with my parents, on the back road, just a short way out of Dorset--then ultimately came to where I am now.

On the Back Road, from where the Tramway went through--James Avery lived there on the Homestead. I remember being there. Mr. and Mrs. Avery lived there, and the family was small. Orrie lives there now. Then, there was the James Norton farm--then, the Horner's, then, the Harry Kinney place, next to Paint Lake. Then, Ben Bigelow's--then, up to Gio Marks (check this with Daisy), at Maple Ridge, where they used to keep the Post Office. (Gio Marks lives at Maple Ridge.) Next was Joe Tyrrell's, on the same side as the Marks. Then, the next one was Arbuckle's--and the next one was Alf Thompson's. They are gone now--and the young people moved down to Gravenhurst. The next one was George Morrow's -- same side as Maple Ridge--before you came to Gordon's Corners. That was practically all the people who were living at that end of the road, until you came to Gordon's Corner's.

There were the three roads there--one, to Brown's Brae, one to Baysville, and one to Dorset.

On the Brown's Braw road, if you would go down about two miles, on the left hand side, there used to be people by the name of Dan McKenzie. That place was all grown up now. You would never know there had ever been anyone there. Then, on down, about 1 ½ miles further, you would come to the church, and on the left side was Johnnie Brown's place. That was where Duncan Brown had settled--Johnnie's father, and for whom it was named. They kept the Post Office there for a long time, and, when we would go to school there, we would go in and listen to Tina play the organ for us. Tina was Mrs Rowe's and Mrs. Brownlee's mother.

The road between the church and the school--it took you in to Booker's and Joe Morrow's. There were just the two families of Morrow's in that area--the Joe Morrow's, and the Morrow's on the back road. Arthur Morrow was Joe's brother. They were the original settlers. Arthur settled on the back road, and Joe was his son. He was on his father's property.

Coming down from Gordon's Corners to Baysville. The Hill's were the first ones on the left side going towards Baysville, there used to be some settlers whose name I have forgotten--a big home, a big barn, a big orchard. It is all gone now. Then, we came on down to the Gilmour's place. It was a little place at the Gilmour's that Jim fixed up, where we spent a year or two. There is no one in it now, nor in the Gilmour house. Mrs. Gilmour and Mary lived together. Mary went to town one day in the Winter--the house caught fire, and Mrs. Gilmour would have been burned, if it hadn't been that my mother came over and saved her--got the poor old lady out, and took her to the house. Mary came back, and the house was all in ruins. (It was GILMOUR)

I guess the Sam Van Clieaf's place was next--my father--in off the road. Then, on down the road again was the Humphrey's. Then, on the left side was Billy Glass and his family. And, on down again, was Albert Allen. He lived by the old church that used to be there by Allen's Lake. Allen's Lake is up the road about five miles from here--a little lake in by itself. There's a creek goes in, and a bridge goes across over the creek. Then, going on down further, there was the Wildcat School on the left. It was 4 ½ to 5 miles away from here. I went there, but not at first. At first, I went to the Brown's Brae school, but it was a long way away, and it was a long way to walk morning and night. Once they built the Wildcat School, we went there. There was a wildcat seen there, and it let a couple of screeches out of it, too. That's where it got the name, Wildcat. It was around noon, when the Wildcat appeared. The teacher had us all sit still. Then, things quieted down--and she got me to go down to Mr. Allen's --me and Jack--to tell Mr. Allen to come down with the gun. And, we ran as hard as we could to Mr. Allen's. It wasn't far--just about the same distance as from here to Hap's. We didn't waste any time, and we didn't look back. It was on the steps going into the school.

Coming down still further--after we leave the school--was the Joseph Allen's. They were the old people on the left. Mrs. Allen was there, and Mr. Allen had died. Her son lived with her--Johnnie Allen, and one or two of the girls. On up the road, on the other side, was Charlie Allen--one, of the sons. He was married to a Marks girl from Maple Ridge--Alice Marks. They moved away to the West.

Next were people by the name of wells--in beside another little lake, and, they sometimes called it Allen's Lake too. But, the other lake, they called it Wildcat Lake. Is the school still there? No, it is torn down. You would never know that there had ever been a school there. Then, on down from Wells--that's all built up with tourists houses ow--on down was Ed Grey's--the old home is all torn down. Then, on up the hill further, across Eco Bridge, was Mr. Lambert's home. He lived there for years. They sold out, and went away with the daughter, Jennie.

From there on down, there used to be a log building that Jack Hammond lived in. Then next, was Bill Hammond's. They have gone away from the place.

Then, I guess next, you come to the McKinnon home. It's still there--up around the corner a piece. And, there used to be another old house, on the right hand side again--the Dickie home--that Dickie Lake got the name from. It's torn down now. But, the old McKinnon home still stands--but, it is grown up with trees, so that you can hardly see it now.

This isn't the old Secord home. We used to live in the old Secord home. We bought from Uncle Jack Van Clieaf. Him tore it all down, and re-built again.

Then, on down here is the old log house. Bell's own that now--but, it was owned by different ones in my time. That is the original log house that is there. It was let go for a long time, and it was used as a sheep pen. Then, somebody got it, and fixed it up--put more logs in around the side of it, and fixed it up into a nice house. Mr. Bell got drowned in the River--where it opens up

wide--he was walking across to do some work--cutting ice up by Bastedo's, and the current wore the ice so thin, and he hadn't realized it wasn't safe, and went through it. There was another young man--Stewart Dollar--he was drowned in the same place another time.

Mrs. Watson's grandfather--Mr. Dan Van Clieaf (he was the original Van Clieaf who settled up here)--when he came up here, did he farm at all or was he mostly a trapper? He was a trapper. We lived on our old homestead up here, and he used to paddle across to Echo Lake. He lived over here on what they called the Shier lot, and there was quite a nice house over there at one time--but, I don't think it is standing now, they used to go back and forth--paddle across to Echo--go down the creek--paddle up Rill Lake, somehow or other, and he always came to our place on his journey home, and have lunch. We had a fiddle at home, and he always played a little tune for us. Then, he would journey on for home again.

And he was able to make a sufficient living with his trapping? That's right.

What about your Dad--did he farm, or was he a trapper? He did both. One of the Van Clieaf's was quite famous for making snowshoes. My Dad made snowshoes--also buckskin moccasins, and buckskin mitts--a great quantity of them in the winter time. They tanned the hides, and Mother would do most of the sewing. Dad did quite a lot of the snowshoe work, and she got so that she could make snowshoes too. Who was your mother? She was an Eheler. Mrs. Tyrrell's father, was my Mother's brother. Was Mrs. Tyrrell's brother one of the Tyrrell's that lived up the back road? Yes, he was a son.

Have you ever heard the expression--The Six Hundred? --referring to Mrs. Dillon's picture? No.

You told me that you had first attended the Brown's Brae School--then, the Wildcat school. Did you know that there had been a school at Gordon's Corner's? There had been a church there at one time. I don't remember the school. I know there was quite a lot of buildings there. The church was small. I have been told that there was a blacksmith's shop there, and hotel--probably a boarding house for lumbermen, etc. I know there had been some old log buildings up along that road at one time--unoccupied, and they were pretty old looking and the tops were all off them. But, they had been buildings, one day, for people to live in--but, they had all disappeared. Even the ones at Gordon's Corners have gone long ago too. I remember going to church there. And the Dickout's, and a lot more of them, used to walk to church at Gordon's Corners--and the minister's name was Mr. Barlow.

Did you ever hear your parents or grandparents talk about church services being held in the homes, before there were churches bilt up around these parts? We used to have a church along the road there, where Jack Hammond lived--a log church--it was all hewed logs. It was well put together. That is on the way up to Gordon's Corners, and they used to hold church there years ago. It was just a church. Of course, later on, when people didn't go to church--people lived in it. It was a big, roomy building, and it was well put together. It was too bad to have it torn down. It



was torn down, and moved down to The Narrows. People by the name of Pengelly bought it--and had it erected again, and had a nice cottage made out of it.

What did you, and other young people of your age do for fun--for pleasure? Well, we never thought too much about pleasure. We knew how to work and help our parents. I used to do an awful lot of outside work with my father. I was the oldest, and I used to help him a lot, and, a meantime, when I had a chance, I'd go in the house, and do home work. I used to love fishing. We'd go down to Rill Lake. We had a canoe down there--and we'd go down, and get two or three nice trout, and come home with them. I'd take my little sister on my back, and take her down for company--put her on a little grassy island--and tell her not to move, while I caught the fish. I'd catch two or three fish--put her on my back again, come across to the shore, then, put her on my back and come home, and have three nice trout. Dad liked to fish too. Sometimes he'd come down, and not get any.

We had quilting bee's. We made quilts and mats, and all sorts of things--cotton carpeting, hooked rugs, out of all kinds of wool and rags. You could get the best of wool in those days. The Bird Woollen Mills was going then in Bracebridge at that time--good yarn, and good yards of cloth--very reasonable.

How would you get to Bracebridge, Mrs. Watson? In those days, we would go by horse and democrat, or light wagon. You'd have to get up very early in the morning in order to make the round trip before dark--get your bits of shopping done--and get home before dark. And, years ago, they tell me, that old Mr. Brown, down here, and, Mr. Langford, the very early settlers, before there was a Bracebridge road, really--in order to go across the water--they'd go down the bank, over stones, and get across the best way they could--and back up on the other side--and walk in to Bracebridge, and take out a basket of butter, and a few eggs, and deal them off out there--and come back with a bit of tea and sugar, and the things they needed. That was long ago, when they hadn't the conveniences we have to-day. How they did it, I don't know.

I remember the big house that the Avery's had near Newholme. My Dad and I went to Huntsville once, and, coming back, we stopped at Avery's, and had lunch, and fed the horse. I remember the Avery's that were there then. It wasn't Jimmie--I think it was Jack Avery. The old homestead is gone, and Mrs. Ferguson lives on the property.

I told Mrs. Watson the story about Mr. Avery walking to Baysville to get some flour, but, I wasn't sure what store he had gone to. She told me that one of the earliest stores is where Langmaid's store is now, and it was run by a Mr. Higgins.

Mark Langford carried a stove from Bracebridge to Baysville--to have a stove in his home--carried it on his back.

Hard and all as the men worked, the women really had the hard work to do--helped in the fields--brought up the children--no nurses nearby--keep the fires going. They had the long hours.

I used to keep my bread in a boiler--when we first came down to the place. We had a stove in the kitchen, and a small heater in the front room. But, when we went for bread in the morning, it was frozen right in the boiler, even with the fire on. It was a well built house that Secord put up--but it was a large house. But, I used to be frightened of fire. I'd [supper? stoper?] [out? put?] [?] with the [cold? cole?], then have the fires going all night, in case the roof would catch fire. Mrs. Tyrrell lost her home, away up on the hill, you know.

Did you get in to Baysville often? Yes, I used to get in to Baysville often, but I don't get there much any more. In the early years I used to get down quite often, We used to walk from the farm--six miles. My mother used to walk down too--get a few parcels, and walk home again. And, we never thought a thing of it either. One time I walked down in the winter time, and froze my ears. I had a pair of buckskin moccasins on too, at the time, and I was slipping right along. Poor Effie, I've seen her with her nose frozen, too--taking the two kiddies to school. She used to drive Pat and Olive to school. One morning I had been to Baysville--and, I met her down here by the old log house, when I was coming home. She was on her way down, and her nose was clear white. I told her--Effie--your nose is frozen. So, she got a handful of snow, and started to rub it. She got out of the cutter, and rubbed her nose well.

Mrs Watson, what hotels were in Baysville, when you were young? The hotel--Perc Rowe owns it now, I believe--Nellie Salmon's husband--just across the road from where the Fenn Anderson store used to be. That is where Aubrey Hammond lives now.

The Howard's were the first ones that I remember, who ran that hotel--years back--Bill Howard. His family were pretty well grown up, and some of them worked for him--the girls. They had a good business there too--a lot of comers and goers, when the camps were running. They had a store there on the corner too, and one of the girls--Mary Howard, she used to practically look after the store. They sold out afterwards. I don't remember who bought it from them--but it has been in two or three different hands since the Howard's had it, and, I understand that Perc Rowe owns it now.

Dick Richards originally owned the hotel they call the Lincoln Lodge now. He sold to Jim, my husband, and then, we let the Richards take it back again. Then, they made arrangements with the Rowe's, and the Rowe's had it for a while. Then, they got sick of it, and the Richard's had to come back in again. Then, they sold again. I don't know whether it was to Mr. Menzies, or whether there was someone else before him.

Two brothers by the name of Chambers owned a Summer hotel beside the river. They built it, and ran it for a few years, and, it really went ahead very well. It was sold to the Robertson's--then, it was burned down. It was a lovely, big building.

While I was visiting Mrs. Watson, I was shown some pictures which are in the possession of Mr. Jack Van Clieaf, who is Mrs. Watson's oldest brother. He is holding an enormous beaver skin--shot up around Swastika.

Mrs. Watson's daughter's name is Posten.

Mrs. Watson has a box of old pictures, and she has offered to let me look through them.

Mrs. James Watson--Box 42. Baysville.

These dates etc., regarding Dorset, have been recorded by Charles E. Burk as close to his remembrance as possible.

In 1859 the first settler was Francis Harvey. He built a small store and began trading with the Chippewa Indians, and, from his trading, the Dorset Bay got its name Trading Lake. The settlement was called Cedar Narrows.

In 1862 the second settler was Zack Cole. Sometime after his arrival, Cedar Narrows was changed to Colebridge. The only brick kiln to be built in this part was by him. His son George was the first white baby born here.

The Twp. of Sherbourne was surveyed in 1862 and takes its name after the town of Sherbourne in Dorsetshire, England.

1865 Sam Green and McDaniels settled.

1869 Allen Phillips settled, in 1879 a post office was opened and he was the first P. O. Master, and mail carrier, receiving \$50.00 a year for each post. There was one mail a week, every Saturday.

1870 Paul Gifford

T. E. J. Salmon arrived about 1876, and he changed the name to Dorset, a reverse from Sherbourne in Dorset, England, to Dorset in Sherbourne Canada.

1872 J. B. Shrigley arrived. He built the first saw mill on the Hollow Lake River, run by water power, and cut his first lumber in 1874.

1873 Alvin Phillips

1875 Mathew McCaw, boat builder

1877 C. H. Burk

1877 Robert Robinson

1878 T. Bateman

1878 Abraham Lockman

1878 George Tutt, first Reeve of Dorset

1879 Frank Hoover arrived. He built the first school house in 1880. On land now occupied by the Dept of Lands and Forests. The school was later moved to the head of the Bay. Miss Elmyra

Burk was the first school teacher, and her sister Clara was the second, sisters of C. H. Burk. Dr. Curry was the first school inspector.

1879 First store built where Clayton's store now stands, by Tom Ball

1879 First hotel built where Hotel Dorset now stands, by Charles Drake.

1879 First steam boat on the Lake of Bays. Name of the boat was either Wabineau or Wabinick. Captain Huckins was the first captain.

1880 Edway A. Remey settled with his family, watchmaker.

The Dorset-/ Baysville road got to Dorset, the fall of 1880. The road had been built at the rate of four miles per year.

1892 The Gillmore Company arrived and built the Tramway.

1907 Big Dorset fire. Three stores and hotel burned.

**Interview with Mr. and Mrs. Alexander McKay—Tues. Aug. 9, 1966**

Mr. M. came from Purbrook

Mrs. M. came from Germania—12 miles out of Bracebridge

Mrs. M., born in 1880, Mr. M will be 94 this year

Came to Dorset permanently in 1906. Mrs. M. said that they visited here in 1901

Brother in the timber woods—2 sisters cooked for him—brother looked after business for Mickle Dymont and son.

Mr. M. was in the M. D. camps for 12 years. Came here in 1906—had three children then—here almost sixty years.

First time we came to Dorset—present hotel had burned down, and store across from it had burned down. Mr. M. thought that Langford had had the store when it burned down. Mrs. M. thought that the Speers brothers had owned the store. They kept the store in the church, while the store was being re-built—1901- in Presbyterian Church—now United Church.

Mr. McIlroy owned the hotel when it was burned down—new hotel built—old one had verandahs across front—upper and lower.

The first settler was Frances Harvey—he used to live in the house the other side of the Anglican Church—where Burk's live now.

Mr. Langford's people all lived above Baysville a little bit. Mr. Langford had a mill in Baysville—then, the son Milton (?) bought it from him. Then, they started a store in Dorset—also tourist business—was there for years. Hotel Genoseo—beside snack bar—where Mrs. Sampson's road goes in to her. Had drug store where Mrs. Sampson's house stands now.

Frances Harvey first settled down where the Forestry school is now—then, in Dorset. The street the McKay's live on is called Harvey.

Zack Cole—“used to drink a lot of liquor”—lived where Robinson's store is now.

Arvin Barry has a book his Mother kept from the time she was a young girl—pasted things I it—Mr. Barry's mother was Mrs. Tyson's aunt—Mrs. M. thinks that we might be able to get some dates etc. from that source.

Mr. Clayton had been in post office—retired two years ago—son took over—got him tray, and inscription is on it.

Mrs. Clayton was married, before she married Mr. Clayton. Mr. Robinson has not been in Dorset as long as Clayton's.

Mrs. Robinson was Mrs. McKee at one time. They had a store. Mr. McKee died—she married Mr. Robinson. All her children are Mr. McKee's, except Brad. Mrs. Lillo—Mrs. Robinson's daughter.

There were two bars in Dorset—were afraid to let the little girls go down town.

Was hotel where Mr. Robinson's store was—it burned down too, later on—youngest son was born then, had to watch the sparks flying over to the sawmill. Later, cleaned out all the brush, logs, etc., for brother's mill.

Mr. M. used to run camp for M. D., cut timber, not far from Dorset. The logs went all the way to Gravenhurst. Mr. M. thought that he was with M. D. for about 25 years.

Everything was brought in by boat at first—there was no trucking. It came from Huntsville, to Dwight and Dorset, and then, was taken to the camps.

M. D. and Shier—lumbered all through this country.

Monday, Sept. 25, 1967—called on Mr. Arvine Barry, Dorset—hoping to get further information about some of the persons who were mentioned in Mr. Salmon's diary.

Mr. Barry is a son of Hattie Remey—daughter of E. A. Remey, who settled in Dorset in 1880.

The following is some material that Mr. Barry lent to me.  
This is an account of the trip to Muskoka.

E. A. Remey's Book,  
Springfield, Ontario  
arrive here, April 2, 1874.

Leave for Muskoka, June 14<sup>th</sup>, 1880. Arrive at Dorset Post Office July 1<sup>st</sup>, 1880. 16 days on the road. July 5, to take possession of Lot no.5.

Also on the front page, is the following notation.

To the Honourable Commissioner of Crown Lands, Toronto

Dear Sir,

Please to cancel my location on Lot. No. 6 on 14 Concession of Sherbourne, and you will oblige,  
Yours Truly,

E. A. Remey

Dorset, Ontario.

Copy.

Our trip to Muskoka, Ontario, 1880

June 9.

Leave Uncle Jesse Weaver's, Springfield with a yoke of steers, and wagon load of household effects, and family and dog, and get to Wm. Charlton's and leave part of the load. Then go to D. Woolley's place, and could not go any farther with steers, as one of them was baulky, and would not climb the hills. Then, hire team to take our load back to Uncle J. Weaver's. Then, trade steers off for horses.

And, on Monday June 14<sup>th</sup>, one o'clock, take a fresh start, and got to Jonathan Jarvis's place, 2 ½ miles west of Ingersoll, and put team and wagon in his barn, and sleep in wagon.

15. Leave there at nine in the morning, and stop on the road, and then wagon tongue lengthened (15 cts), and stop 16 miles north of Ingersoll, 3 miles south of Harrington, 3 ½ miles east of town line, with Adam Green. Took our bed in the house. (no charge)



16. Leave there 8.30 a.m., and arrive at Maplewood, 10.45, and mail card to J. Weaver and Mrs. Yoder. The roads are level here. 2 miles from north line.
17. Stop one mile north of Wellesley at Joseph Yansen's, and give him 50 cents for beds and Horses' hay.
18. Stop 5 miles south of Alma at George Yunes ?. Had meals, beds and grass for horses--no charge.
19. Stop ½ mile east of Arthur at John Churcher's. Had meals and beds and horses to pasture and jug of milk. Charge -- 50 cents.
20. Stop at George Hosick's, 3 ½ miles and south of Laurie.
21. Took our beds in house. Had potatoes and eggs, and horses to hay and grass. Charge \$1.50
22. Cut 2 foot of wagon box, and got to Aberdeen's, 3 miles east of Primrose. Meals and team to hay. Good place, no charge.
23. Stop at Duff's, one mile west of Cookstown. Sleep in wagon in barnyard. Horses to hay. He was rich. No charge.
24. Passed through Barrie and camped about 2 ½ miles south of Barrie, and man gave grass for the horses.
25. Came to Orillia. Camped. Hay for horses -- 10cts.
26. Stop at Robinson's 5 miles south of Gravenhurst. Dried their bedding, and slept in house. Hay for horses. One loaf of bread only -- 50 cents.
27. Sat, Stop one mile south of B.B. at ---- camp in yard.
28. Horses to grass - Sunday - 50 cents.
29. Stop 5 miles West of Baysville at Murdan's. Meals and horses to pasture - 50 cents.
30. One mile north of Baysville, the wagon wheel sprung again. I went to James Allen's (that was Joe Allen's father's home) - 3 miles, and he got part of load, and took to his place. 8 miles to McKinley's. 75 cents to take load to Mose Hewitt's landing. Father ? drove on within a half mile from to Bob. Robinson's. Supper and breakfast, horses to pasture, no charge.

July 1.

Drove to Allen Phillips, Dorset Post Office. Put the horses out to pasture. Got his boat, and Frank Hoover went with him to get the load, and leave it at Phillips, and the team, and went over to F. Hoover's on Harvey Lake, (new Otter Lake.)

The following appears to be a letter, or a draft of a letter from Mr. E. A. Remy to his aunt and uncle. It is written in pencil, the paper is very old—torn in some places, and in some, the writing is so faint that it is difficult and sometimes impossible to decipher it.

North Pole, Oct. 7<sup>th</sup>

Dear Uncle and Aunt,

I will have to commence writing to you or I will forget what I have to write. I have forgot some now. I will give you what I have much or lit. Well I declare I have passed Muskoka and am settled in a log house on a hill.

I will commence at the beginning, where the steer balked is where hills began, and I think he must have knowd that and would not climb the hills like we have. It was a continuation of hills from there to here all but a little space in the Township of Garafraxa and I think they was all washed down in the swamps of which it was composed off and covered with corduroy. Yes the hills are continued one from her as I can learn they must be and one big hill at the pole as I have heard some say. I will bet it is a big rock or boulder by what I have seen and hard. Hold on a minute I must bring in the waggon I left 2 feet of the box on the road so it would be easier to go down and up the hills that come close together at the bottom, and the tongue lengthened in the next place. A man drove up behind our caravan and his horse turned around short in the ditch and did not want to go to Muskoka, and made two buggys out of one after we joined them together. The next worth of note was meeting a Democrat containing 3 men and a woman on top of a Big hill. Their horse was scittish and I told them to lead them by. But they said they was all right and started to go by and their team wanted to go to Muskoka to and Backed short around in the ditch and spilt them all out. They all got up one man abusing me for having my wagon covered and the woman saying her ankle was kilt. But they soon got their luggage together and we drove on.

And the next was 2 men and a little girl in a Democrat with a Beautiful team of Big Black Colts that would out shine George Neigh's crack up team trotted up to us the man talking and laughing. The horses came to a stop and I got out and I wanted to lead them by. But they said they would go without and they did go Back up in the ditch spilling them out and would have crushed the driver under the wagon and broke the wagon if I had not jumped and caught and turned the horse he got squeezed as it was pretty bad. Nothing Broke only the Belly Band I toggled it up and drove on.

We stayed at farm houses whenever we could get a chance and run our chances fiting flees mice and Bed Bugs of which we found plenty. One evening we could not get a house to stop but they would------(cannot make out what follows here—perhaps they offered them the use of the barn). So I put in one Bundle and started for another and the horses started to follow me, and

Mrs. Remey pulled on one line more than the other it being dark and backed down in the ditch very near upsetting the whole cargo. Then the next the Baby got choked on a piece of Biscuit so that we thought it would not recover but we give it some watter and I turned its head down and slaped it on the Back and loosened it.

Then when we got one mile north of Gravenhurst in the woods one of the hind wheels of the wagon caved in and I built a fire to keep the flies? off the children and pried up the wagon and cut a crotche and put the wheel on and drove back to Gravenhurst and got 8 new spokes in and the tire sett which cost \$2.75 and this side of Baysville the same wheel got kinked so bad that I had to stop in the woods and built a fire and go 3 miles for a man with a wagon and oxen to load half the goods on and when we got the 3 miles ahead again it was 12 o'clock at night. Then I drawd? the family and part of the load in my wagon and next day hired the man to take to load 8? miles, and it cost me \$4.25 and I could not hire him or any one else to team over the 4 ?

miles to Colebridge the road was so rough and I hired a man to drive the load across to Hewitt's Landing in the morning, and one mile for 75¢ and I drove over God could not call it a road just holes and boulders through a road just underbrush, so you would not get lost in the woods Soon Eliza? would not stay in the wagon. I had to take the Top of wagon off. The children could hardly keep in the wagon—waggon. then when we got within a mile of Colebridge we could not find the road and I started out on a search of the trail and I had not been gone long when the children all began screaming and crying and I started for the waggon and found them all tumbling around as though they was all mad. the gnats was biting them so bad. The Indians call them no see em but their bites is like fire and the skin swells gets red and burns for hours after. I built a big smoke and started to hunt the road. It was quite - - - as luck hapened I found it and we drove on --- ½ mile from Colebridge. and staid the night. Next morning July 1<sup>st</sup> we passed through Colebridge and arrived at Phillips Dorset P. O. and stopped and F. Hoover was coming across the portage. I turned the horses out to pasture and when Frank arrived him and I took Phillips boat and to Hewett's Landing down the lake for the balance of our load. Brought it Back had our dinner and a rest and after tea we all walked across the portage to Hoover's one mile and a half.

It is about time to finish our moving here. I hitched on the wagon with part of the load and crossed the portage and got over verry good but coming back I could not keep the box on only by chaining it on and Frank put a big tin pail in the box for me to take over and it thumped arround until it broke one of the ears ? out and I had all I could do to keep in the Bottom of the box as it thumped arround almost as bad as the pail.

The road descends most of the way accrost the portage. I loaded on the balance of the load and on the side where the hind wheel kinked so bad it tipped the wagon over on the side with 2 wheels up and if it had not been for 2 trees it would have went Bottom up. I got the horses hitched to the side and turned it right side up and got to Frank's all right and tied the wheel so that it could not go arround as half of the spokes broke out and that carried the load all right to Frank's. I unloaded and drew the wagon to one side and left it. Then the things that came here by

the cars ? did not get here for three weeks after we did. Then I took the wagon and drew half of the load across all right and went and loaded on the rest of our things and got half way across and the hind wheels gave way and broke half of the spokes off. I took out the stove and loaded the things on the front of the Box and tied the wheel up and got across with the load and then I took the hind axle and the two front wheels and made a cart and went after the stove and brought it over and one of them wheels almost went down with it. and so ended our moving in Muskoka. and thanks to the old wagon in Springfield. It would have lasted for several years. It is very hard on new wagons here on the road. we met a man with a white caravan in a new wagon this side of Bracebridge. Frank and I wanted to get some lumber in and we took of the Broken wheels of the cart and the Spokes of the Broken hind wheel and fixed up the cart and drew part of it over and had to – it one side as Both of the wheels is played out. One of the hind wheels is good yet and in the Spring we may up a cart out of the ruins. We have got up a light sleigh that I ironed ? off from the wagon. I have used up the box in an out house.

**Dorset – Vacationland. --- The Telegram, Sat. Aug. 11, 1956.**

Crossroad for Boats and Cars

By Peter Ward

Telegram Staff Reporter

Dorset—Here the roads of Muskoka and Haliburton cross.

From a 500 square mile section of both districts, by water and highway, summer residents converge to get their mail, food, papers, and conversate on.

Cars are lined waiting access to the one-lane highway bridge every Saturday, while the dock beside and beneath the bridge, serves as a parking lot, service station and meeting place for thousands of pleasure boats.

Centre of the activity is Clayton's Outfitting Store. Where you can buy anything from a spool of thread to a pick axe.

Here also, D. W. Clayton, postmaster for 34 years, hands tourists news from home, and accepts homeward bound postcards.

Dorset isn't a town. It isn't even an incorporated village. And it's split right down the middle. The easterns [hand crossed out and written: Western] half is in Ridout Township, Muskoka District, and the western [hand crossed out and written: eastern] half is in Sherbourne Township, Haliburton District.

The signs at Dorset's boundaries, give the population as 345, but, in the Summer, Mr. Clayton figures there are about 10,000 in the area Dorset supplies.

The boom lasts from mid-June to mid-September, but, when the winds get too cold for the fishermen, Dorset reverts to what it used to be.

The men go lumbering and trapping.

Trading keeps Dorset going, and, trading built the settlement's first home in 1859, when Francis Harvey opened a trading post. He built up a lively business with the Chippewa Indians from Bigwin Island.

A few years later, Zack Cole, one of the surveyors who had put through the roads in 1854, settled here. The trading spot became known as Cedar Narrows, named for the trees that drooped over the highway ford.

Harvey moved out soon after Zack Cole arrived, but Zack opened a hotel, Dorset's first. Zack was the leading citizen, and he changed the community's name from Cedar Narrows to Colebridge.

In 1880, when lumbering fever hit the district, Colebridge was big enough for a post office. But, there was already a Colebridge on the Postal lists, so Zack's place was dubbed Dorset. Until then, area records are sketchy, but, from then on, thanks to the self-appointed historian of Dorset, things are carefully written down.

Hattie Remey was born at the Narrows, in 1885. Her father and mother had settled here five years earlier, Mr. Remey supporting his family by carpentry and watch repairing.

When she reached womanhood, Hattie began writing down what her father could remember, and cataloguing important events as they occurred.

Her desk is piled high with note books on Dorset. Her old-fashioned script writing has traced the important events in the lives of nearly everyone who ever lived here. Even the regular summer visitors have a place in her chronicle.

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While Hattie (Mrs. Hiram Barry) was growing up, Dorset was a thriving timber town. Three big companies, the Mickle and Dymont Lumber Co., the G. D. Shier Lumber Co., and the Gilmour Lumber Co., operated here.

In 1885, the Gilmour Lumber Co., built a chute and canal system (the tramway) to bring its logs down the Trent Canal, more than 300 miles to its planing mill.

It consisted of two lifts and nearly two miles of chute leading to Wren Lake, headwaters of the Trent.

The company first planned to build the mill near Baysville, 15 miles from Dorset, but taxes were prohibitive. The canal system was operated for one year, then abandoned, because it didn't pay.

Lumbering slipped into oblivion by 1930, but then, the tourists found this lovely country of lakes and rivers. Holiday spenders have boomed the town's economy ever since.

But, the timber trade is not forgotten—just modernized. Eight miles south of Dorset on Hwy. 35, is the U of T Forestry School, run by the lands and Forests Dept.. There are usually 30 or more students studying here the year round. They come from every forest district in Ontario to learn timber cruising, pest control and conservation.

Hopes in Dorset are that someday, the hills stripped of trees in the late 1890's and early 1900's, will again support a major lumbering industry.

Lumbering may come back. But Dorset will always be a tourist center from June to September.

Mr. Barry also lent me a calendar of the anniversary services of Dorset United Church 1894-1944.

Written in pencil is the following note—Methodist Church—1893.

Dec. 10, 1984—the opening of Knox Church.

**The following information is from scrapbooks lent to me by Mr. Arvine Barry.**

Cover—Fargo Trucks

Fred Fisher d. 1945

Resident of Muskoka since 1876. Came to Canada in 1867—79 years, unmarried—Mr. Tom Fisher, Bracebridge, brother, Mrs. Gay, sister.

Mrs. Mary Ann Robertson d. 1944—operated Grandview for many years. Daughter, Mrs. Gilbert Mason, Bracebridge. Was daughter of Duncan Brown pioneer of Brown's Brae.

John Booker d. 1944—68 years. Born in Bradford 1875—son of late Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Booker—came to Brown's Brae when 9 months old with parents and older sister, Mary. In 1908, married Miss Edith Shrigley who d. in 1929

Hiram Barry—carried on taxi business, first with horses, then, with a truck. Purchased first I. H. truck in these parts in 1913, conveying tourists to the various adjoining lakes.. For 15 years, he operated the Dorset Garage.

W. J. B. Smith—store keeper in Baysville.

1946—Feb. -logging-operations are in full swing in Baysville. Mr. Sam McLean had his trucks hauling the Kelly-Ellis logs. S. A. Hanes Lumber are about half finished their sleigh haul.

John Boothby—77 years—d. 1946

Sardis Chevalier 89- d. 1948

Chief Bigwin-- whose great grandfather was king of the Ojibways, is 96 years old, was born in Rama, and came to Bigwin Island in 1861. He was chief of the Reindeer Tribe of the Ojibways, the Chippewa Nation. In 1914, this venerable Indian dined at Buckingham Palace, with the late King George and Queen Mary. Our late King decorated him in 1935, and sent him a British flag of which he is very proud.

Chief Bigwin states that one of his tribe found treasure in a brass kettle on Bigwin Island. The chief claims that his ancestors buried it for safe keeping, under the hill to the south of the little bay on the south side of Bigwin Island.

John Avery—Dorset d. 1947 73—buried at Paint Lake—son of Jefferson Avery—b. at Newholm. Present at funeral was Myra Avery, brother, 84.

Alex McLennan—d. 1947 wife was former Elizabeth McIelwain



Mrs. And Mrs. S. G. Avery—25<sup>th</sup> anniversary—1947. Mrs. Avery, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Angus McKay.

Mrs. Angus McKay—d. 1947-80- widow of Angus, who died some years ago. He was a former lumberman in the Dorset area, and carried on extensive interests there for many years. Was Miss Jessie Crozier.

Catherine Kirtz Robson d. 1948—at home of her sister Mrs. W. H. Irwin, E Dwight. Born in Brant County, 1865—with her parents, the late Grieves and Deborah Robson, 5 brothers and 4 sisters, came to Lake of Bays in 1876, where she had spent most of her life. Only Mrs. Irwin, -Jessie-survives. For many years, Miss Robson was postmistress at Birkendale.

### Muskoka's Unique Railway 1903-1948

Of more than passing interest to thousands of visitors to Ontario's famed Muskoka district, is the information, that, after 45 years of continuous service, the two old wood burning locomotives used in what is known as the "World's Shortest Railway", are to be replaced with two shiny new engines this year, says the Welland, Port Colborne Evening Tribute. The quaint, narrow gauge railway operates between North Portage on Peninsula Lake, and what is known as South Portage on Lake of Bays. The trip, extending about a mile between the terminal points is one of the thrills experienced by tourists and holiday makers bound for Bigwin and other Lake of Bays points via Huntsville and the boats of the Huntsville-Lake of Bays Navigation Co..

A standard train on this line usually consists of the two engines required to negotiate 110 foot grade, two passenger coaches (remodelled relics from the old Toronto Street Railway), and one baggage car.

There was a time, when large quantities of cargo, including timber, were hauled over this unique railway, but to-day, traffic is confined almost exclusively to passengers, and their voluminous Summer baggage.

Mr. and Mrs. Nehemiah Avery celebrated 60<sup>th</sup> on March 31, 1961.

Mrs. Was Nellie Terryberry. Mr. Avery, 87, b. in Haliburton district. Mrs. In Grimsby.. Retired as wood worker three years ago. "Longs for the Summer time to go fishing. Whenever I could get away from the lumber camp I would hire out as fishing guide for tourists. Until 2 years ago, he hunted deer and bear regularly."

Mrs. J. B. Shrigley—poem written in Golden Wedding Day—Sept;18, 1905.

"Riverside," Dorset.

[Handwriting: Scrapbook - lent by Arvine Barry]

**Molybdenum—in the Foundry—grey—cover**

Miss Maude Shrigley—d 1953—youngest daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Shrigley, pioneers of Dorset, who came here in 1875 (1874)/ B. 1880, a life time citizen of Dorset.

Dorset Hotel—re-opens 1951. Now operated by Messer. Stephenson and Johnston, proprietors of Albion Hotel, Bracebridge. Mrs. Schofield- Mrs. Franz Johnston. (They took over after Mrs. Maude Campbell and Mr. Winch left for Minden.)

John Robertson—pioneer citizen d. 1953—in his 81st year.

Sam Langmaid d. 1954, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Langmaid—68 yrs. Bachelor—leaves brother Wm. of Baysville, 4 sisters—Mrs. Henderson of North Bay, Mrs. P. C. Cole of Huntsville, Mrs. Alfred Winder of Baysville, Mrs. S. Holt of Paris.

Mrs. Samuel John Feren- d 1955- 91 years. lived in Niagara Falls. Mrs. Feren moved to Lake of Bays with her family when she was 16. She lived there for many years—then moved back to this city in 1924. Her husband d. in 1940.

Mr. Sam VanClieaf- d. 1951 87 years.- leaves his wife and three daughters Mrs. Barry, Mrs. Watson of Baysville, and Mrs. Harold Robertson of Brown's Brae- 4 sons- Wilbert and Jack of Matheson, Sam of Toronto, and Henry of Baysville.

Seeing Muskoka by Captain L. B. Fraser 1954—55 ?

Of the once active flotilla of busy tugs on the Muskoka Lakes, just one is still in active service—the small tug, Niska, owned and operated by Capt. H. J. Croucher. This little tug has the proud distinction of having sailed on all navigable waters in Muskoka except Kashee Lake. I do not know where she was built, but, along about the turn of the century, she was owned and operated by the Mickle Dymont Co. of Gravenhurst as a pleasure boat, and at times was used in light towing. After the Co. built the powerful tug Grace M., the Niska was taken to the Severn River, where she sailed for a number of years. She was then taken to the Lake of Bays where Capt. Grieves Robson had her re-built with a good sturdy steel frame extending her width, and fitting her up as a trim little passenger boat also doing some towing in the Spring.

There was very little of the old boat left; probably the keel and the name, and not quite all of the name, as, up until that time, her name was spelt Nishka, but here, the h was dropped, and her name had since been Niska.

Capt. Robson and his steamer became very popular. He ran a private service, chiefly for the accommodation of settlers, and continued this service for a number of years. It was on the little

Niska that Cameron Peck, a nephew of Capt. Robson's, learned to love sailing, at which he became an expert waterman, and a few knew the lakes as did Cameron Peck, and, when he became a man, steamboating became a hobby with him.

### **Molybdenum Steel—blue—cover**

Maria Jane Robertson-- a well known citizen of Ridout Twp. and the Lake Of Bays community—wife of the late John Brown Robertson, passed away at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Egbert Boothby, Sr.- 1937

Mel Munroe- d. 1952 life time resident of Fox Point, and Postmaster there for the past 14 years. Melville Leopold Monroe was born at Fox Point in 1889. He was the son of the late John and Charlotte Monroe, who were among the earliest settlers in the district. He will be remembered as one of the best old time fiddlers in the district.

### A Christmas at Dorset in 1874

The following article from the pen of Mrs. J. B. Shrigley of Dorset, was published in the Huntsville Forester on Dec, 26, 1912. The late Mrs. Shrigley was a regular contributor to the Forester for many years. Many of her poems appearing in these columns were later published in brochure form, and were widely circulated. Mrs. J. W. Clarke of Dorset, a daughter, is still living at Dorset. To her we are indebted for a reprint of this article.

Christmas- 1874- written for the Forester by Mrs. J. B. Shrigley, Dorset

At Christmas time, one's thoughts are apt to turn back to other Christmases, and more often to those of long ago. Thus, my thoughts to-day have strayed to my first Christmas in the wilds of Muskoka, or, so near the boundary line, that we scarcely realize the difference. Having left the Old Niagara District, with all its cherished associations, lured by the great pine forests, and grand water powers; by fate, or fortune led, we found and founded a home in the vicinity of what was then known as Cedar Narrows, the Dorset of to-day. Situated at the head of those far-famed waters, Lake of Bays, nestling amid the rock bound mountains, its picturesque and rugged beauty has attracted from far and near, the many in search of rest and recreation.

But, to go back, the only habitation at that time, was the rather commodious hewn log house of Mr. Z. Cole, which, in after years, formed the nucleus of the one time Fairview Hotel. The only other settler, was Mr. Allen Phillips, who had located on the Bay, a short distance above Cedar Narrows, or The Bridge, as it was often called. On this memorable Christmas, their family, with ourselves, was invited to a Christmas dinner at the hospitable home of Mr. Cole.

Among the substantial and dainty dishes, which graced the bounteous board, the one which memory most vividly recalls, was furnished by that intelligent and industrious little animal, which shares with the Maple Leaf, the honour of being chosen the emblem of Canada.

Another incident, quite as novel, was the old time ceremony of setting ablaze the Christmas pudding, to commemorate the day, it was proposed to make a record of the names and ages of all present, a record which I still have in my possession, with the exception of the two who were still in their cradles, the writer is the only representative for that company left in Dorset. Some have sought those fields, which is said are ever green, and some, to that land from whence no traveller returns. The first heavy snow came that day, and, it was found almost imperative for some of the party to mount snowshoes—another novelty—and break a track for the return trip. At the time of which I write, the only means of ingress from the outside world, was by the Bobcaygeon Road from Minden, or from Baysville, by row boat or canoe in Summer, and, in Winter, over the highway, king frost had constructed.

Mem'ry brings me fresh and green  
That long bygone Merry Christmas,  
Skipping all the years between.

Charles Wesley Irwin- d 1952—whose home is at Birkendale. Mr. Irwin, who was born in 1881, first moved to Muskoka in 1895. Was a son of the late Mr. E. Irwin, and the former Catherine Cope of Birkendale. He m. Blanche Ouderkirk, a daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Ouderkirk of Bracebridge—leaves 2 daughters—Mrs. T. E. Salmon Norman—Toronto, and Mrs. Reekie—Ottawa.

Picture of the old wooden bridge, first to be erected following the establishment of navigation bw. Huntsville and the Portage. It was replaced in 1900 by the first steel bridge, which, in turn, was replaced by the present modern structure.

Mrs. Katherine Frances Irwin—relict of the late Wm. Irwin of the Hemlocks, Birkendale, died on Wed. after a protracted illness- 1914.

Rod and Gun- and Motor Sports in Canada  
Spring Fishing Number—April, 1907

Article on Dorset, -- A Fine Tourist Region

---Every hunter, tourist, fisherman, camper, knows the value of a good guide, and steps have been taken at Dorset to secure this great advantage to every visitor. An organization has been formed, which might well form a model for similar ones throughout the province. The local guides, without waiting for the Gov't to adopt a system of organized guides, formed one of their own. They took no local or restricted view, either, but boldly and successfully launched "The

Ontario Guides Association". The organization was born only one year ago, but it is in flourishing condition, and promises to long survive and extend its usefulness and service.

Rates Fixed- \$3 per day, and expenses

Picture—John Sparkes, R. S. Cole, John Remey, Chas. McCann, Arch Mossington, Geo. Cole, Geo. Loucks, Wm. C. Sparkes, R. Thompson, Tom Spears, Ben Shrigley, Don Phillips.

Sec Treas—Chris Sawyer                      Alvin Phillips—Pres.

## Arvine Barry --clippings

The following is an article from the Forester, dated April 11, 1907

### Dorset is Fire Swept

Business portion wiped out, and owners lose heavily.

Dorset, April 8. -- On Sunday morning, April 7, the village was visited by the greatest conflagration in its history, when the principal business part was completely devastated. The fire originated in the kitchen of the Dorset House. The chore boy had arisen at 6.30 o'clock and kindled the kitchen fire, and then went to the stables to attend to his duties there. About a quarter of an hour later, one of the girls came down to begin preparations for breakfast. On opening the door leading to the kitchen, she was met by dense masses of smoke and flame. She turned and rushed upstairs to give the alarm, thoughtlessly leaving the door open, letting the other part of the house immediately fill with smoke and flames. The fire spread with such rapidity that within a few moments, the whole building was enveloped. The proprietor, together with his family and boarders, barely escaped with their lives, several of them through the upper windows to the balconies, and thence to the ground. Some received very severe injuries in so doing. In an incredibly short time, the Post Office, store and barber shop of Mr. Frank Cassidy near the Dorset House, and the store of McKee (?) and Col, across the street from the Dorset House burst almost simultaneously into flames. Speers store was next to start, and only by the willing and strenuous efforts of the entire population, the house of Richard Cole was saved, although it burst into flames several times. The progress of the fire was thus checked, and well it was, as the whole village on this side of the river, situated as it is, would have been in ashes.

By almost superhuman efforts of men, women and children, a large portion of the Speers' stock was saved--the building owned by W.C. Spark is a complete loss.

The post office papers, and the greater part of Mr. Cassidy's household effects were saved, although very little stock from his store was saved.

McKee and Co. are losers to the amount of \$5000. The building was owned by N. Langford. The Dorset House, owned by D. McIlroy -- loss is very much in excess of insurance.

Speers will do business temporarily in the Presbyterian Church, and McKee and Co., in their own building across the river, while Mr. Cassidy will keep the post office in the Langford cottage, adjoining the "Alvira".

Mr. McIlroy is already at work clearing away the debris, preparatory to rebuilding on a larger scale, and hopes to be doing business within a month.

Clippings -- Arvine Barry -- from Bracebridge paper

Seeing Muskoka -- Captain L.R. Fraser

### **C.H. Burk, now 96 years old, came to Dorset in 1877**

In the early days of the development of Muskoka, there was in every settlement one or more public spirited men who had the interests of the settlement at heart, at all times casting about for something that would improve the lot of those engaged in a life and death struggle with the forces of nature. But the British race of people from time immemorial were the greatest of all colonists and perhaps ninety percent of the men who came early to Muskoka were from the British Isles. They were by nature adventurers who loved to go out into the unknown, to pit themselves against all impeding obstacles with a fixed determination to win, which the great majority of them invariably did.

Among those who came early to Muskoka was C.H. Burk. Charlie Burke was 20 years of age when he came to Muskoka. Cedar Narrows, or Colebridge, as it was called at that time, was his destination. Arriving in 1877, he came to Shrigley's, who were friends of his family near Welland. Charlie came as the advance agent of the Burk family. At the time of his arrival, there were only four families in the Colebridge settlement. The Shrigley's built a sawmill on the river that runs out of Hollow Lake. They came three years earlier than Mr. Burk. They also ground grain, and during the first few years, it was nearly all corn that was grown. The first winter or two it was mild, and they made maple syrup every month all winter. So, with plenty of corn meal and maple syrup, johnny cake with them was a staple, and they named the bay above the narrows, Johnny Cake Bay.

Hollow Lake was at that time known by the Indian name Kehweambijewagamog meaning, "Lake of Many Sounds". Zachariah Cole built and operated a hotel and boarding house north of the bridge. Many lush stories were told of Zack Cole in those days, but none seriously to his discredit. Mrs. Cole had a reputation for putting up good meals, and that alone would cover a multitude of crude errors. She was reputed to have had a keen sense of humour in which she indulged to the delight of her guests.

To the Cole's was born the first white child (a son) in the Lake of Bays area. It is not recorded how long Zack ran the hotel, but he passed on during a winter of deep snow, and, as there was not yet a cemetery in Dorset, he was buried in the garden behind the hotel.

Dorset, as the village is now called, was almost completely isolated during the winter. Lumbering had scarcely started, and travelling salesmen came in the summer time only.

The Spring following Zack's demise, a traveller who had been there the year before, came to the hotel, where Mrs. Cole was busy. After a few preliminaries, he asked, "Where is Zack?". Still enjoying her jokes, she replied "Out in the garden". "Well, I'll go out and have a chat with him,

said the traveller. But the garden was deserted. No one was in sight. Going back into the hotel, he said, "Zack does not seem to be out there." "Oh, yes, he's out there, come on, I will find him." Going into the garden, she pointed to a spot behind some rose bushes. "Dig down five feet, and you will find him" she said. She had her joke, then, bursting into a flood of tears, she told the whole sad story of how Zack had passed on, leaving her alone to look after the business.

Allan Phillips lived on the north side of the Bay, and kept the Cedar Narrows post office. The bay was for a time called Phillips Bay. In 1879 the name was changed to Dorset. That same year, the Hoover family came, and their daughter, now Mrs. Luella McEachern, still lives in Dorset.

It was in 1859, the first white man to settle in Dorset, arrived. He cleared land on what is now the Hiram Barry property, built a small store and began trading with the Chippewa Indians, and the few white settlers who were coming in. From his trading with the Indians, the Dorset Bay got its name Trading Lake. A few years later, the trading post was burned.

But to get back to Charlie Burk. He and a Tom Bateman, in 1878, went back to Hardwood Lake, four or five miles from Dorset. There they cleared two acres of land, built a log cabin, and planted a vegetable garden. Charlie then went back, and brought his parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Burk and family. For the first winter, they lived at Hardwood Lake, but, finding it difficult to keep the road open in the winter, they moved back to what was known as Jim Drake's Hotel, south side of the Narrows. A year later, a school was built where the forestry buildings are now. It was opened in 1881, with Miss Elmira Burk, a sister of Charlie Burk as the first teacher. She later married Mr. Charlie Shrigley. Some time later, Charlie's parents made their permanent home at Birkendale, but ambitious Charlie was restless, eager to make money faster. He spent some time in Michigan, then came back to Muskoka to cadge supplies from Bracebridge to Dorset for the Gilmore Lumber Co. This was in 1893, and Dorset was beginning to boom. He also ran a mail route between Birkendale and Huntsville.

In 1901, he married Miss Ina Remey. They took up residence in Huntsville and for a while, conducted in partnership with Tom Draper, a dairy business. By 1906, he had sold out in Huntsville, and moved back to Dorset. In the same years, with his two brothers-in-law, John and Joe Remey, he went prospecting in Gowganda, developed and sold silver claims. For a while, Charlie lived at Effingham. This was in 1910. Here, he was engaged with a fruit company, delivering and shipping apples. But, he found it hard to stay away from Dorset, and in 1919, he bought the large mercantile business from F.A. Cassidy, and moved back to Dorset. This was his last move. Here, he carried on business for a number of years then sold to his son Earl, and Orrie Avery, and the firm name was changed to Burk and Avery, who carried on until 1944 when this fine, large store was completely destroyed by fire.

Charlie Burk lived an active, progressive life, raised a family of three boys and two girls, made many friends, and to-day, in his 96th year, he is still young in spirit and active in body. Of British ancestry, professing Protestant religion, in politics conservative, and an ardent Orangeman (not



too bad a label) to-day he still lives in Dorset surrounded by his family, all married, and all living in Dorset. He blames or credits his length of days to good health and hard work.

When he came to Cedar Narrows in 1877 the journey was made by train to Gravenhurst, by boat to Bracebridge, and then on foot to Baysville. The first night, the road only went as far as Echo Lake, from there to Dorset, there was just a trail. The Gov't spent \$400 per year to build four miles of road. Charlie Burk had the pleasure of seeing his son Earl become reeve of the municipality and warden of Haliburton County, also giving the family name to an earl port of call on Lake of Bays, Birkendale. With best wishes for health and happiness, we salute Mr. Burk as one of Muskoka's worthy pioneers.

Arvine Barry -- clippings

### **Old Muskoka Family, McKay's hold Reunion**

Over six hundred invitations were sent out to the descendants of the late Alex McKay, Sr., and their families, to come to a McKay family reunion to be held last week end. Well over three hundred responded to the invitation, and gathered on Saturday at the K.J. Crockford farm on the Muskoka River near Bracebridge. A picnic and programme was greatly enjoyed by these many members of the McKay family, many of whom were meeting for the first time. They had come from places throughout Ontario, across Canada, and in the United States, and they began arriving Friday. The greatest number came on Saturday around noon, to enjoy the afternoon and evening programmes.

Beside the McKay family name, there were Ruggles, Crockfords, McLennans, Corrigan, and others. "You see" said Ken Crockford, at whose farm the reunion took place, "in my grandparents' family there were five sons, Angus, John, James, Alex and Hector, and there were five daughters, Margaret, (Mrs. Gilbert Ruggles), Mary (Mrs. John McLennan), my mother, Catherine (Mrs. William Crockford), and Euphemia (Mrs. Robert Ruggles).

On Sunday, members of the family gathered at Fraserburg Church for a Communion service, when a memorial communion set was dedicated.

The reunion was held in memory of Mr. and Mrs. Alex McKay Sr., who settled at McKay Lake in the Purbrook -- Fraserburg area about 1867.

Their son, Alex McKay of Dorset and his wife, and Mrs, Hector McKay of Guelph, are the only surviving members of their generation.

## Alvine Barry -- Clippings

Mr. and Mrs. Jack VanCleaf of Baysville -- celebrated their Diamond Wedding Anniversary. Sixty years ago, Margaret Anderson, and Jack VanCleaf were married in Huntsville. They made their first home at Black Point, near Glenmount, Lake of Bays. All their sixty years together have been spent in McLean Twp., the last forty in the house in Baysville where they now reside. Their son, Mr. Dan VanCleaf also lives in Baysville. Their daughter, Mrs. L. Alldred, lives in Toronto. Another daughter, Lucy, passed away a number of years ago.

Mr. Van Cleaf will be known to many as the tanner who made the famous VanCleaf snow shoes and moccasins, worn for years by bushmen throughout the country.,

William Richard Cassidy -- The death of W.R.C. of Dorset, Ont., occurred at Mound Park Hospital, St. Petersburg, Florida on March 25, 1955, after a lengthy illness. He was the beloved husband of Ellen Jane Mossington, and father of Percy J., and Hilde, Mrs. Ernest Kelly, Dorset. He was in his 79th year.

William Glass Keown -- passed away on June 25th, at his residence on Oxtongue Lake, after an illness of 3 ½ years. Mr. Keown was born on July 9, 1889, Dwight, being the son of George and Margaret Glass Keownm, and the grandson of William Keown, who, with his family, was among the earliest settlers in the area. Following the death of his father, George Keown, the homestead was sold, after being in the hands of the family continuously for about seventy years.

William grew up on the farm at Dwight, and attended the local school. Early in life he showed marked ability as a carpenter, and mechanic. In 1914, he was married to Harriet Jane Monroe, the daughter of John and Charlotte Monroe, of Fox Point. This happy marriage united two of the pioneer families of the area. Building himself an excellent house across the road from his father, he established himself in Dwight. He was a member of the Presbyterian Church, and for 50 years was a member of the L.O.L 418, and for some time of R.E.P.603.

Alvine Barry--Clippings

### **Who discovered Muskoka and named the Lakes?**

As Port Carline has long been recognized as the “Hub of the Lakes,” it would be well in this article to give a history of the lakes, and the district surrounding the village, and to recount the story of how the Muskoka Lakes came to be named.

Muskoka’s history since 1860 is the account of settlement of the district. One is led to presume that before that time Muskoka was a wilderness, utterly unknown to white people. Certainly it seems to have been unknown territory to its neighbours in Simcoe County to the South who were told it was a land of rocks, never to be settled. Prior to the late 1850’s, Muskoka was an Indian hunting territory and a land of mystery. One historian has said, “No doubt the Indians helped to maintain the mystery about Muskoka by their masterly silence, which was, of course, to their own interest.” In the 1850’s the Gov’t did consider turning the area into an Indian reservation; it was well for later development of Northern Ontario, that instead, they decided in 1859, to build a colonization road north from Washago.

But the land was not entirely unknown to white men. Like the Indians, white fur traders had followed the water route from the Ottawa River up the Petawawa, then by portage to the source of the Oxtongue River, and down it to the Lake of Bays, down the south branch of the Muskoka River to the main River and Lake Muskoka, then, down the River again, to Georgian Bay.

In this early period of the last century, it was Hon. William B. Robinson who named Lakes Muskoka, Rosseau and Joseph, In 1853, it was a Gov’t geologist, Alexander Murray, who named Lake of Bays, Mary Lake, Fairy Lake, Oxtongue and other lakes.

In the Muskoka Herald of July 31, 1902, an article was republished from “The Presbyterian” on Muskoka, asking who discovered Muskoka as a Summer vacationland, suggesting such names as Prof. John Campbell, W.B. Mac Murrich, K.C., Mr. Justice Maclennan and other early summer residents.

In part answer to the question as to Muskoka’s discovery, an article was contributed to the Herald, and published on Aug 28, 1902, from Rev. Dr. Gray, who said that if he cannot tell who was the first to discover Muskoka, as a healthy summer resort for outsiders, he could shed some light on what person was the original discoverer of Muskoka.

Rev. D. Gray’s article, in part, from the file of The Muskoka Herald 1902, follows--

When the Muskoka Club, consisting of Prof. Young and Messieurs Howlan, C Cumming, Bain and Prof. Campbell, paid periodical visits to this wild region, they discovered on the island, now known as Yohocucuba--from the placing together of the first two letters of the surnames of the

Club--the ruins of a fair sized house, whose roof had fallen in. Within its walls stood trees of considerable size, as well as the remains of a garden. These, and other indications, stirred up the fine historical imagination of Prof. Campbell, and led to his supposing that some white settler had taken up his abode amid the wilderness forest of Muskoka, and, long years before the arrival of the Club, had built for himself a home, far from the maddening crowd, on the lovely bosom of Lake Joseph. Full of romantic and enthusiastic ideas about the old building, Prof. Campbell was induced to become the sole proprietor of the island, and to give it the name so ingeniously constructed by him. Through him, Yoho has become the most celebrated place in the district and has for many years been the centre of mental, moral and religious influences, which have extended over a wide circuit of country, and a large circle of Summer visitors.

Surmising that the Yoho cottage was built by some Indian trader, inquiries instituted with a view to getting at the facts in connection with its erection. Many years ago, one of the prominent citizens of Ontario, was the Hon W.B. Robinson. He was for some years member for the County of Simcoe, and at one time was commissioner of Crown Lands. He was one of the chief Indian Traders throughout Northern Ontario, and was a most intelligent, and well informed gentleman, and famed for his influence over the Indian population. He was interviewed with regard to the ruins on Yoho, and he described in graphic fashion how he found the Muskoka District, an eligible field for a large trade with the Indians. He and his partner had established two chief Trading Posts, one at Yoho, and the other near the mouth of the Muskoka River. He told how they had built the cottage on the island, and what hard labor and sore limbs they had in helping to put the logs into position. They also had their garden, which they cultivated with care and success. The bookkeeper of the firm was Joseph Rosseau. As original discoverer of the place, Mr. Robinson gave its name of Lake Joseph to that beautiful piece of water, and Lake Rosseau to the lake of that name, through using the christian and surname of his bookkeeper for that purpose. On the other hand, Lake Muskoka was named after the small band of Indians who lived along its shores. The evidence of Mr. Robinson, as communicated to the writer makes it certain that he discovered Muskoka, and gave their present names to the three chief lakes.

To add a few words to the article of 54 years ago, Yoho Island is located in Lake Rosseau, directly in front of the former site of the C.N.R. Lake Joseph Station Wharf. The Indians along the shore of Lake Muskoka, were followers of the great chief Mesqua Ukee, who had fought with the British in the war of 1812-14, and whose name means, "not easily turned back in the day of battle." He was the recipient of a silver medal from King George for his military assistance at the time. He lived at Rama, and the greater part of Muskoka was the recognized hunting preserve of himself and his followers.

The writer has discussed some of the above data with Premier Leslie Frost who has a great knowledge of this part of the province. Mr. Frost says that the trading firm with which Mr. Robinson was associated was that of Robinson, Borland, and Rowe, which worked out of Newmarket in the very early days. His recollection was that the Rosseau mentioned in histories of early Upper Canada, was a very considerable trader in his own right, and the Rosseau who was a clerk with the firm at Yoho, may have been a son or relative.

Hon W.B. Robinson was a member of one of the most prominent families of Canada. One brother, Sir John Beverley Robinson, was Chief Justice, and had been a leading political figure; he was associated with the so-called family compact. The Robinsons appeared to have had faith in the development of Canada; another brother, Peter, founded Peterborough, named for him, by bringing in large parties of Irish settlers and aiding them himself to get started.

Of the next generation, Hon. J.B. Robinson, Q.C., was Lieut Gov of Ontario from 1880-1887; Governor's Island, on Lake Joseph was his summer residence, and he was the first hon. pres. of the Muskoka Lakes Association, when it was organized in 1894.

R.J.B.

Bracebridge Herald Gazette --1956

## CHARMING PAINT LAKE AN INTERESTING AND ROMANTIC LOCALITY

By Harry Linney

To obtain information about some phase of history of a community, one naturally and obviously approaches a resident who is generally informed on other subjects and who has been in touch with the people there for long years, and, more particularly, when that one has been a guide to others for years and years.

Such a one is Josh Horner of Paint Lake in the Township. He has resided at the one spot for over sixty years, and for half that time has been guiding and hunting and fishing men and women through the lakes and hills of Ridout and adjoining townships.

Josh Horner came to Ridout Township with his father in the fall of 1878. Besides young Joshua there was a sister and a brother.

On arriving in Muskoka, the Horner's stayed overnight at Bracebridge and looked about for a day. Their destination was Ridout. Early one morning in October, 1878, they started eastward and reached Wilson's Falls by noon. Not counting stops to talk to settlers on the way, they had been driving three hours.

They had one horse hitched to a democrat, and, in the democrat with themselves were their belongings.. They soon found that their conveyance was too light for the newly made road, and decided at Wilson's Falls to obtain a wagon. The father walked back to Bracebridge and hired Fred Sander's team and heavy wagon to make the trip and a young men accompanied the elder Horner to drive.

When four miles east of Wilson's Falls, they broke down with a snapped axle. The driver returned to Bracebridge for repairs, and the Langford's were young fellows assisting their mother on the new farm. Mrs. Langford—the Horner's always referred to her later as Aunt Langford—washed their feet, fed them, gave them beds, and after they had retired, she greased their boots and dried their socks. So kind was Auntie Langford to them in the long years afterwards they thought of her in the spirit of worship.

On the second day of the trip, when the driver appeared with the repair for the broken axle, he had a sleigh for them, as it had snowed during the night and slipping was better than wheeling. Into the sleigh box they transferred their belongings, these having started from Bracebridge in a democrat, then to the heavier wagon, and, for the third change, to the sleigh.

The Horner's arrived at Baysville at noon. From that busy village Horace Demara drove them to within four miles of Paint Lake, at that day, called St. Mary's Lake.

That was as far as they could drive. The road, such as it was, had only been cut out that far. Four miles east of Baysville there was a settlement formed of the families of Samuel McKinley,

William Stevenson, and Thomas Smith. A little further on Thomas Silverthorne and Sylvester Silverthorne had cut out clearings, and further on was Sylvester Garrison.

At Paint Lake were the Kenney's and the Bigelow's heroically trying to move back the wilderness to make homes.

Bernard Kenny was a pensioned school teacher. He and his wife were living in isolation, utterly at sea in knowing what to do first in making a start in a country they had resolved to make their home. Thomas Henry Kenney, Hillary Kenney and Ethel Kenny are children of Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Kenney, and were born in Ridout.

Joseph Bigelow the elder, had located in 1877. He was very kind to the early settlers. He was French, gracious in manner, a fine man. It was Joseph Bigelow who conveyed the Horner family and their belongings across Paint Lake in his punt.

Mr. Bigelow and his wife were formerly at Scugog Island. Their children were Joseph, John, Benjamin, Mary, Washington, Alexander, Hannah and Eweenie. The latter married one of the Smith's down near the river, south of Baysville on the Gravenhurst Road. Hannah married Frank Tyrrell, and lives in Toronto.

Before the winter established itself in earnest in 1878, the Horners had a cabin erected, and made comfortable for their first winter in Muskoka. The severity of the weather surprised them. It was bitterly cold, and the snow was deep.

They worked in the camps for the lumberman. The first operations in which the Horner men had anything to do with William Edward Dodge. He was one of that Dodge name who rose to be lumber kings. Later, Mickle-Dyment and son purchased the Dodge interests, and, as we know, the M-D firm continued their lumbering operations for half a century.

Josh Horner, in telling us of the early days of Ridout, said that, "All we could grow in shape of hay and garden vegetables were marketed with the big lumber camps."

James Norton, a neighbour of the Horner's on the east side of Paint Lake settled on his farm in 1879.

James Avery is a real old-timer, another worthy citizen. He bought his farm from Jack Thomas, who in turn had bought from William Orser, the original locatee.

William Horner, father of Josh, was killed in 1892, when on his way to Baysville Fair, his team ran away.

Alfred Thompson is 87 years old, James Norton is 89, and James Avery is 7



The old settlers of that part of Ridout are all splendid characters. Many have lived there for years, over sixty years.

It is to such, the Bigelow's, Kenneys, Averys, Nortons, Horners, Demaras and others, that formed the first community life at Paint Lake, after the Indian habitation, and it is to them, that the original prosperity was brought about. Further along in the Township, the Coles, Burks, Phillips and other families were the trail blazers. Before reaching Paint lake, were the Peter Palmers, the John Dickies, the John Parlees, the Dickouts, the McKinleys, Stevensons, Smiths, Silverthornes and Garrisons.

Not many of these are left. The originals have mostly been called to the better life, others have moved to other sections, some to older Ontario, others to what a few years ago was called New Ontario, others to the Canadian West. Farms in large numbers are untilled and seemingly uncared for.

The tourist has saved the situation. James Avery and Josh Horner are two well known guides, reliable, sure, safe. They look to tourists for their livelihood, earned as guides in those vast wilderness stretches.

On the other hand, there are the tourists who are buying large areas of land, others buying points or other favourable shorelines of lakes. The Township is growing in population even though a large part live there only when days are balmy and unsurpassed for beauty and recreation. Many there are on Lake of Bays and Trading Lake, Paint Lake, Dickie Lake and other beautiful water stretches.

## Colebridge

Correspondence of The Herald

Mr. Zack Cole intends showing a specimen of bricks made here by him at the approaching County show. Your Bracebridge brickmakers had better look to their laurels, as the bricks are of the best. Mr. Cole is now engaged in putting up a lime kiln, and will thus add the manufacture of brick to his already numerous industries. The limestone on his place, is of excellent quality.

The Bobcaygeon Road is being completed to this place.

Mr. J. F. Murdoch, late of Stoneleigh, has opened a General Store here, and stands a fair chance of building up a flourishing business.

[PEN NOTES on these pages 4-141, 4-142 some illegible and not typed here]  
An article by Harry Linney, entitled

### **Off Beaten Trails in Muskoka**

Paint Lake, and other romantic spots, await visitors to Ontario's Summer Playground—direct link with picturesque past.

Not for close on three score years, has Paint Lake in Muskoka been known by its official name of St. Mary's Lake. In fact, in early sixties, when two big fur companies, The Hudson's Bay, and the Northwest had sub posts on the Trading Lake waters, Indians, on completing their exchange of furs for supplies, were in the habit of retiring to Paint Lake for weeks at a time. On the shore towards Franklin Township, in the deep north bay, the Indians had a Camping ground. Traces exist to this day.

Here was found a soapy, slimy clay, which the red skin mixed with sumach and painted his body, and transformed himself into a fighting warrior brave for a day, but as innocent of offence as the white settlers who were then finding their way into Ridout Township, among others, Frank DeMara, Peter Palmer, Ivor [crossed out and written: Oliver] Kenney, [hand written: James Bigelow] Richard Stringer, and Moses Hewitt.

It was the Indian's use of this peculiar clay, that changed the name of St. Mary's Lake to Paint Lake. Moreover, the change was a welcome one, because, in the adjoining Township of Brunel, was a more important, and even more picturesque lake, named for a daughter of Chief Menominee—Mary's Lake at Port Sydney.

In the environs of Paint Lake and Dorset, so easily reached from the lines of the Canadian National, were, in those far off years, the Yellowheads—three families, headed by Samson, Elijah and Peter. These Ojibways, with headquarters then at Rama, made regular trips through to the Trading and adjacent waters, spending a good deal of time at the narrows—Dorset. These three Yellowheads were connections of William Yellowhead, an Ojibway Chief, famous in an earlier day. He was wounded when fighting in the ranks of the British army, in the war of 1812, and carried a bad scar from a wound on his face, to his death in 1864. Tradition has it that he was 104 years old when he died, and made frequent trips to his Muskoka hunting ground in the two or three years before his passing.

Another important Indian, was Bigwin. There were two families—John and Robert, and, with their wives, [hand written: and children] numbered ten or twelve. They were more than usually industrious. They were the original owners of the largest island in Lake of Bays—Bigwin Island. It was here, and at Aunty's Point, on the same water, that the Indians took their fur. Other families, were Noah and George Norsnake, Pickler, Quinbush, the George's – George, John and Peter, nine families of Joe's—including Squir, Stinson, and Cousin. To these Ojibway's encamped on Paint, Trading and Hollow Lake, came Thomas Goffatt of Orillia, D. J. Mitchell of

Penetanguishene to barter for fur. After the exchange by the red skin of his furs, for sugar, trinkets and calico, [hand written: and flour] it was the custom of some of them to make for retirement to The Narrows, or to go to the big island, Bigwin, or to go to Paint Lake. At these places, they would feast eyes and stomach. The women arrayed themselves in new calico dresses, beads, and other ornaments, and the men spent their time fishing and hunting. Between times, canoes were mended, and new ones built, moccasins made of the newly tanned skins and snowshoes put in order for the approaching Winter. [hand written: and, preparations made generally for the next trapping season]

These were Northern wilds in those days. In 1864 stately pines reared their forms above the surrounding forest. The Ojibway, and Algonquin tribes were in their last days of picturesque glory. The village at the narrows was a happy spot. The only wood the Indian used was birch, and, his birch bark canoe, so carefully made, was his only means of transportation over vast reaches of water.

The Indian and his squaw, have given place to the white man, the first of whom, as fisherman, in these stretches were Erastus Wiman, and H. P. Dwight. The canoe, under the competition of power boats, railways and automobiles, has become less a factor in commercial transportation.

There is probably no more picturesque period in comparatively modern pioneer life, than that furnished by the railway workers when the first steel penetrated northward from Toronto, and log cabins still standing along the Canadian National right of way, bear mute evidence of the first chapter in the struggle to roll back the map of Ontario, northward. Little does the Summer visitor to the Lake of Bays and Muskoka, as he is swiftly carried to his destination, in the most modern railway equipment, know of the initial battle fought to create this attractive Summer playground, made possible, only by the tenacity and courage of these railway pioneers.

It might be interesting here to compare the pre-railway method of transportation, with that of to-day. Before the completion of the steam road to Gravenhurst, all freight was carried over roads, in an indifferent state of repairs, to the first lake head, where it was trans shipped to boat in Summer time, and thence carried by water, as far as possible, and re-loaded again on freighter wagons. Spills on the road were many, and letters are still extant wherein the complaints of settlers and general store keepers, were eloquently voiced as to the damage done their shipments in transit. One letter, in particular, written by an indignant settler, says that he ordered a stove for his wife, and, that upon its arrival, owing to upsets on the road, it was so badly smashed, as to be useless. When it is considered that cast iron suffered after this fashion, the condition of other and more fragile shipments may be left to the imagination.

To deal comprehensively with the development of the Muskoka and Lake of Bays district as one of the premier Summer resorts would be impossible, owing to lack of space. But briefly, it may be said, that once adequate transportation facilities were provided the rare beauty of the lakes and islands soon acted as a magnet to attract Summer residents, and from then on, its growth was steady and sure, so that to-day, it contains not only many beautiful cottages, but the district also

boasts of magnificent Summer hotels. Again, in the poetic names of islands, lakes and streams in the fanciful past recalled, and to one who is interested in folk lore, many are the entrancing legends and traditions which await him, who will take the trouble to seek out the origin of their nomenclature. Indeed, it may be said, that no place in Ontario is so famed for its romantic background, so alluring in its scenic appeal and so popular among tourists as are the Muskoka and Lake of Bays district. These spots are inseparable from thoughts of holidays, and who, with a holiday on his hands could choose a more suitable region, close to his reach, easy of access, and yet so filled with the joy and sparkle of life?

From second article

John Bigwin, on many occasions, called on Mrs. Thomas Langford, and Mrs. George Robertson, and exchanged fish, venison and baskets for flour and bread. During one winter in particular, John Bigwin's young daughter was very ill with tuberculosis, and these women found time, in all their other duties, to help him care for the child. One day, John brought with him, one of his sons, then a young boy, and the Langford family were very much interested in his snowshoes, spoke afterwards of his reserve, and noted when he was eating, that he could not be heard chewing his food, so quiet was his every move.

The pine has gone, and those who took it—the Dodge's, Gilmore's, Mickle's and Dollar's will soon be only a memory.

The second article, from the Muskoka Herald, July, 22, 1926

#### Origin of Paint Lake's Christening

Almost the same as preceding article which was undated.

To those who pass these waters seeking pleasure and recreation, driving over roads undreamt of in the days of oxen and corduroy, a holiday will be improved by a peep back at first days. These lakes are alluring and popular. They abound in interesting historical tradition. They were the camping grounds of our first families, and now, they are inseparable from thoughts of holiday, and will add joy and sparkle to the lives of any who care to ramble, to fish or to study.

Thursday, April 4, 1968 At the moment, I am talking with Margaret Dayment, at Community Service, and, I have asked her to tell me about some of her early experiences in Dorset.

Margaret and her family first went to Dorset about 1908. They left Toronto on the midnight train, to Huntsville, arriving there about 7 o'clock in the morning, transferred to a boat, went up the river, through Fairy and Peninsula Lake to the North Portage—crossed the portage on the little old train, to South portage, got on another boat, and went on up the lake to Dorset, arriving there around noon time.

Our entire family was there, mother, father, sister, brother, and myself, - and the dog. We went there to spend our vacation at a hotel—the Elvira House, run by Mr. and Mrs. Langford. This hotel was later called the Genoseo, and it was then run by a Buffalo woman. The main floor had the dining room, living room and kitchens, and verandahs, and there were two floors above with bedrooms. There were two other hotels in Dorset at that time—the brick hotel at the corner of the bridge, and, across the bridge, there was another frame hotel—I don't know the character of it—it was a rough sort of place. There were two general stores—Langford's store, opposite the brick hotel, at the corner of the bridge. (The brick hotel was in Haliburton, and the Langford's store was in Muskoka). Across the bridge, there was another store run by a local man, Mr. McKee. The Mr. Langford who ran the store was the same gentleman who operated the hotel. The store is now operated by Mr. Clayton. I think Mr. Clayton bought it from Mr. Langford, when he gave up the hotel and the store, and went out to Western Canada. The Mr. McKee who ran the other store was not a young man—he was in middle age or perhaps a little over—he had grown sons, and they helped with the store too. Possibly, Mrs. Robinson is the widow of one of the sons.

Once we were up there, there was an epidemic of Diphtheria broke out, and they traced it to the frame hotel on the far side of the bridge, and they closed it up, they inoculated all the people, and shot all the dogs and cats, and tried to eliminate all the livestock. I don't know how the health authorities finally stamped it out, but it wasn't of very long duration—I don't think there were too many patients. It had been caused by food etc. that had been allowed to collect in the basement, and had not been properly attended to – they said that things had rotted and that the place was in bad shape.

At that time, there was no evidence of any lumbering operations in the immediate neighbourhood.

The family continued going to Dorset for a number of years—they saw the building of Bigwin, and were at Dorset at the time of the Wawa fire.

Our Summers there were very uneventful, but very pleasant. On the week ends, we used to go back about seven miles to another lake, to a fishing lodge, that some Toronto members owned, and we spent our week ends there then we came back to Dorset the beginning of the week.

The lodge was located on Red Chalk Lake, and Clear Lake. There were two lakes with just a passage between them. We had to go up through Paint Lake—cross that, and then, up on the East side of the lake was our portage, and the road ran past that—what road there was—but, we portaged our things there, and then went up quite a rise to the other two lakes. The guides used to lift the canoes up, but anything heavier than a canoe was left there at the portage. Josh Horner was one of the guides, and an Avery another. There were several Avery's and, there, was more than one went out to the lodge with us at different times. But, Josh Horner was the main guide—he was really in charge of the lodge all year round. He looked after it in the Winter time, and opened it up. And got things ready in the Spring—he was really in charge of the place. The Horner home was a very small place when Josh lived there—I think that he must have made much more money with his guiding and that sort of thing, than he did with his farming, for, there was very little farming done there. Mrs. Horner was quite an active person, but when we first went up, Josh was not married, a lot of people were a little bit surprised when he got married. I have an idea that she was a school teacher.

## Monday, Aug. 12/68 at home of Mr. Stanley Booker

### Pictures

McKay's sawmill – Greenaway's house, right on the sharp corner past the Alex McKay house—Mrs. Sandy McKay lives right where the old mill was—right directly down towards the lake from the Alex McKay house.

The original Shrigley homestead—on way towards Hollow Lake Lodge—on the Hollow River. Old homestead, and sawmill—that was the attraction. They came here to get the timber, so that this house, as you can see, is situated up from the river bank, and there's an old team of oxen on the hillside. That is just beyond Hollow Valley Lodge—there is nothing there now where the old homestead stood.

Dorset in the old days—beside what is now the Dorset Hotel. There are two stores. They are separated—two distinct buildings—there was a little alley way in between. When Burk and Avery ran the store later, they were roofed over, covering both buildings, but the alley way was in evidence inside the store, and one store was at a higher level than the other. In other words, you want up a step, to get to this store.

There is a store, where Clayton's is now—probably run by Newton Langford. Mr. Booker did not know whether Mr. Langford was the original owner of the store.

There is a house, now occupied by the Cassidy's. It is on the Kawagama Road—three houses past the stop sign—fancy trim on house. Mr. Booker is under the impression that the house was built by a Phillips—a brother of the one who built the house where Hugh McEachern lives.

The narrows was not bridged until the construction of the Bobcaygeon Road—was originally shaded by a fine stand of cedars—when Francis Harvey opened a trading post there, for the Chippewa's of Bigwin Island, the place became known as Cedar Narrows.

What do you consider the important things to be included in any history of the area?

I would divide it under certain headings—

The settlement—a sequence of the settlement—the early settlers—brought up to fairly recent times

Transportation—this was the vital thing to the settlement

The administration of the two townships—but this would be a strictly localized thing—not of particular interest in doing the history of the larger area.



Transportation—started out just by canoe travel—the water routes—they were the whole basis of the settling—progressed to steamboats—then the roads came, and the steam boats went out. There was a whole change in the mode of living, because of the change in transportation. When you think of transportation, you immediately think of the old steamboats, and the people connected with them, such as Captain Marsh, and the Robson's, and of course, in later years, Rutherford and Mr. Shaw.

Nick Sawyer was carrying a week's supply of groceries—a bag of flour—and a five gallon can of coal oil—he met one of the old timers driving down with a team of oxen—so he just put his foot on the hub of the wagon wheel—never set anything down—carried on a conversation and when they were through chatting, moved his foot, and continued on his way.

The following is from the minute book of the School Board in Dorset. This was lent to me by Mr. Booker—and the book was kept by the Sec. of the Board—his grandfather, Mr. J. B. Shrigley

Trustees met at School House, and agreed to employ A. Braston to cut wood for the school at \$1 per cord.

Dec. 10./88

Trustees met at J. A. Russel's and signed agreement with Miss. E. Thorn to teach the school for one year at a salary of \$10, commencing on the first of Jan., 1889. J. B. S.

Dec. 22/88

Trustees met at J. B. Shrigley's and appointed J. Mossington auditor for ensuing year. Resolved that the sec. apply to the Township Council to issue a debenture for \$100 at 8 percent, payable in ten equal annual instalments of principal and interest. J. B. S.

Dec. 29./88

Trustees being all present at the school house, after fully discussing the matter, it was decreed prudent that notice be given to Miss. E. Thorn—that the trustees would terminate the agreement made with her, on the 10<sup>th</sup> day of Dec. 1888, to teach the school for one year. Requested that the sec. be requested to give notice in writing to the aforesaid Miss Thorn, teacher, that they, the aforesaid trustees would terminate the aforesaid agreement, on the last teaching day of June, 1889. J. B. S.

Notice dated Jan. 1, 1889, delivered by J. B. Shrigley

July 13/89

Trustees met at J. B. Shrigley's and signed order for debenture money-- \$99, on Charles D. Curry(?). resolved that the Council be requested to levy \$30 on the section trustee rate for 1889. Resolved that the school be opened on the 1<sup>st</sup> of Sept, for a term of three month, and that the secretary request the inspector to secure a teacher at \$10 per month.

J. B. S.

Dec. 14/89

Trustees met at Cole's Hotel. Resolved to close the school until May. G. A. Phillips was appointed auditor. The sec.-treas. was authorized to lend the school section no.1, Sherbournes, \$9 to help pay their teacher.

J. B. S.

July 1890/

Trustees met at J. B. Shrigley's and resolved to employ Miss Ida Shrigley to teach the school term, at a salary of \$10 per month if satisfaction is given. J. B. S.

Dec. 24/90

Trustees met at J. B. Shrigley's and appointed Hector McEachern auditor for the current year  
J. B. S.

Jan. 1/91

Trustees met at School House

Present—H. V. G. Sawyer Resolved to purchase a new stove pipe for school and have it put up.  
Resolved to open the school on the first of Feb. and the sec. is authorized to procure a teacher—  
salary \$ 10 per month. J. B. S.

Jan 10/91

Trustees met at J. B. Shrigley's and requested the sec. to write to the Reeve, and ask him to have  
the trustees rate of 1889 cancelled. J. B. S.

Dec. 12/91

Trustees met at Dorset, and appointed Daniel P. Prosser, auditor. J. B. S.

Sherbourne, Dec. 31/91

Trustees met at the school house, and instructed the sec. to engage Miss Thorn to teach the  
school, if she can be had at a salary of \$18; and if not to write to Miss Staple and offer her the  
situation. Trustees all agreed to pay the sec. \$5 per year salary, commencing with the year 1891

J. B. S.

P. S. It was also agreed to open the school on the first day of March, if a teacher can be had.

J.B.S

Dec. 3/92

Trustees met at Dorset, and agreed to engage Mr. Eli Owens to teach the school for a term of 10  
months, commencing on the last day of March, 1893, and ending on the 15<sup>th</sup> day of Dec.  
following, at a salary of \$144 for the term. Joseph Mossington was appointed auditor. J. B. S.

Dec 28/98

Trustees met at the school house—present—David Crumby, James Russel, Henry Sawyer. It was  
agreed that the school should be opened from the 15 day of April, and kept open for a six month  
term. J. B. S. sec.

Dec 27/99

Trustees met at the school house. Present—David Crumby, Henry Sawyer, Samuel Sawyer. It  
was resolved to keep the school open six month during the years 1900, commencing on the 15<sup>th</sup>  
of April next.

Hollow Lake, Dec. 26/1901

Trustees met at school house, and resolved to open school on the 1<sup>st</sup> of May for a term of six  
month, and not to pay a teacher more than \$18 a month. J. B. S. sec.

Trustees—Samuel Sawyer

Christopher Sawyer

David Crumby.



The following is an article on Sherbourne Township taken from a booklet entitled History of the Provisional County of Haliburton in the Province of Ontario  
A brief history of names in the County of Haliburton with the dates of first improvements in County and towns—compiled by R. H. Baker.

There is no date when this was published, but inside the booklet is a picture of the county council officials—1898.

This township was surveyed in 1862, and takes its name after the town of Sherbourne in Dorsetshire, where Thomas Ridout was born. A street in Toronto was also named Sherbourne by Mr. Ridout.

The village of Dorset is on the boundary line between the township of Sherbourne and Ridout, where the Bobcaygeon Road crosses Cedar Narrows, the outlet of Trading Lake. When we first knew the place, it was called Cedar Narrows, but, when Zacharia Cole moved there, and went into business, the name was changed to Colebridge, and, many years after, to Dorset.

Mr. J. B. Shrigley built the first water power saw mill at the head of Trading Lake, and, there are buildings still standing in Dorset and vicinity built of lumber saw at the Shrigley's mill. Mr. Angus McKay later built a steam saw mill which still supplies lumber for the neighbourhood.

Dorset village has become quite a centre for tourists, many of whom come by train to Huntsville, thence by steamboat to Dorset, and on up the lake to points where fishing is excellent. The country is very pretty.

It is only a few miles to Hollow Lake which lies in four townships, and is one of the largest lakes in Haliburton County.

**“Wildwood Flowers” and other poems selected from the writing of Mrs. J. B. Shrigley,  
Dorset, Muskoka, Canada.**

Wawa

Not alone where Wawa rested,  
Weary Wawa in her flight,  
When the spirit of the Northland  
Called and beckoned day and night.

Weary winged, but ever onward  
Till these waters met her gaze;  
Sparkling waters, moonlit water,  
Far-famed waters, Lake of Bays.

Not alone where Wawa rested,  
On the sand-strewn, wave-washed shore,  
Nestling mid the reeds and grasses,  
Left a charm forever more.

Not alone to flying Wawa,  
Was the lake a guiding star,  
For the spirit of the Northland,  
Called the paleface from afar.

Called him from the crowded cities,  
From the tramp of busy feet,  
From the strife, the noise of traffic,  
To this quiet, cool retreat.

Some, from homeland cities fleeing,  
Some, from lands beyond the sea,  
Some, where Stars and Stripes are floating,  
From the land they call the free.

Some, from sunny, southern cities,  
Seek the Northland’s cooling shade,  
Or, in light canoe disporting,  
Fearless, free, as Indian maid.

Not alone where Wawa rested,  
Midst the reeds and grasses green,  
But in many a spot the wigwams  
Of the paleface may be seen.

Some in bays, in sheltered havens,  
Where the forest lingers near;  
Where the evergreen and beeches  
Harbour still the timid deer.

Some where birches, tall and ghostly,  
Stand like guardsmen, night and day,  
Some beneath the spreading maple,  
Emblem tune of Canada.

Some amid the hemlocks nestle,  
Where the soft winds whisper low  
To the nestling in their branches,  
As they rock them to and fro.

Some, where summer breezes blowing,  
Wash the waves upon the lea,  
In whose moaning fancy often  
Hears the moaning of the sea.

Grand, proud Wawa, while I yield it  
Gladly all its meed of praise,  
Mem'ry traces other beauties,  
All thy own, fair Lake of Bays.

## The Old Mill

The river runs just as of yore,  
But the waters idly play,  
For the mill is gone; the mill they turned,  
For many and many a day.

The old, old mill that stood for years,  
In grim, unyielding pride,  
And watched the river's ceaseless flow,  
In its calm or swollen tide.

I miss the sound of the dear old mill,  
The clatter of its wheels,  
And a feeling of sadness and loss,  
Oft' o'er my spirit steals.

For I know 't is the cruel hand of time  
That touched it in its flight,  
And left the traces of its power,  
The strong, as frail to blight.

We miss the old familiar form  
That linked us with the past,  
Whose gray and battered walls revealed  
A tale of flood and blast.

We miss thee, old mill, with thy cheery ways,  
That gladdened us many a day.  
We miss thee, yes, as a faithful friend  
That has passed from our sight away.

But 'tho thou art gone from thy place, old mill,  
And we hear thy noise no more,  
And the waters flow, unchecked by thee, as in the days of yore.

Tho thou art gone, thy works still live,  
Through the changes that have come,  
For in days long passed, they were builded strong,  
In many an early home.

Yes, builded strong, by sturdy hands,  
In the home of the pioneer,



Are the planks and beams thy busy saw  
Had cut, those homes to rear.  
The homes that stand as monuments,  
To years of patient toil,  
Of those who laid the forest low,  
And turned the virgin soil.

Of those whose battles fought and won,  
With axe and hoe and plow,  
With many a stroke of sturdy arm,  
And sweat of dauntless brow.

Fear not, old mill, thou art not forgot,  
Too many thoughts will spring,  
Too many scenes of other days,  
Around thy mem'ry cling.

**Mrs. P. C. Stewart Tuesday, July 23, 1968**

Mrs. Stewart is a granddaughter of Zacharia Cole, the first [hand crossed out and written: second] white settler in Dorset.

Date Mr. Cole came to Dorset—my father was born there, and the brother older than he. The older brother was the first white child born on the Lake of Bays. My father was born in 65, therefore, I figure that Uncle George must have been born about 63. So they must have come in the early 1860's.

Grandfather came from Brighton—that is where he was born. They were U. E. Loyalist stock. His father had come from Pennsylvania—was of the Pennsylvania Dutch.

As he came before the Free Grant Act, and before the extensive advertising, have you any idea what brought him to this part of the country?

That is a question I have often asked my father, especially after I had been down in Southern Ontario. He didn't have the remotest idea. It must have been just the pioneering spirit, I guess.

The grandmother and grandfather had three or four of a family, when they came up here. I know there were at least four of them that were older than my Dad.

When they first came up—their hotel was built practically on the same ground as the Robinson's store—only a little lower down. Then, later, after they had given up the hotel, they lived up on the hill diagonally across the road from there.

My father's name was Richard. The older brother Cole was born before they came there, and I am sure that there were two of my aunts who were also born before then. I know one was, because she was older than Uncle George.

They had a large family twelve, I think.- John, Emma, Clara, Kate, then there is one whose name I cannot remember. She died, and I found some data about her. They found it in a cornerstone of a building in Bracebridge, when they were razing it. It was paper. Then, there was Uncle George and Papa, Uncle Wym, Aunt Bert, and . That's twelve.

Mrs. Stewart is under the impression that they built the hotel very shortly after they came to Dorset. Then, there's another place there, that was originally built by them too, I think. I think it is still there. That is the house I was born in. It is over in the field—rather to the right of the Robinson's. I don't know who lives there now. It was the Clayton place in my time. It is covered with Insull brick. The house is closer to the new bridge than the log house which is fairly new.

What would your grandfather do for a living? The hotel and farming. They had all that land clearing in behind that beach, and right up in the village—to the Narrows there and above the

Narrows—all that was property that he owned—practically all of what is now Dorset, on that side of the bridge.

Did Mr. Cole at any time have a store? Not that I ever heard of, and I am sure that if he had, I would have heard.

Do you know what the hotel was called? I never heard it referred to by name. I guess it was just Zack's place, or something like that. My own father never liked it, and he didn't like to even think about it.

Mrs. Stewart does not know the first owners of what is now the Hotel Dorset. The first owners that she was aware of, were the Cassidy's., and there is a daughter and a son of theirs live in the house just to the right as you come off the bridge. The eldest daughter, and the one son live there. Mr. Cassidy is the one that Mrs. Stewart remembers as the owner of that hotel. I don't know how far back that hotel goes, and I never did know anything about its previous ownership.

Then, there was the Elvira House. I have a snap of that some place. The Newton Langford's ran that. The only ones of them that are left are in Edmonton. Mrs. Stewart is under the impression that Newton Langford was a cousin to Mark Langford.

Mrs. Daisy Langford was a friend of my mother's and my father's family/ My mother's family came from Baysville.

My grandmother Cole, she was an old Irish woman, and, shall I say—pig headed. I guess was a good word to describe her? But, she has what it took to be a pioneer. My father has told me of her walking from Dorset to Minden, and carrying a baby, because she had to get some teeth out—all by herself, on that old trail, she had courage. And whatever bit of education the children got, especially the boys, it was she who gave it to them. Judging from what my father had told me, my grandfather was a hard man, He was working the land, and if they could do anything, they had to do it. He has told me of walking through the stubble fields and tramping them in his bare feet. And, even though there was a school not too long after they came—well, my father went to school about two months. Whatever else he got, was from his mother. She taught them.

The Remy's were my mother's closet friends, for they were the only ones close to them, when she first went there, after she was married. We knew the Remy family well, and I guess they helped to bring me up too. They used to be the baby sitters for her. I never actually saw the hotel. It was gone before my time. The family lived right in the same building as the hotel. Mrs. Stewart said the hotel was not log, but frame. Mrs. Stewart and Arvine Barry have pictures of the hotel.

Where would your grand parents have got their supplies? They had to go to Minden and Lindsay. And, a lot of the time they went on foot—and carried it, to begin with. I have heard papa tell about carrying those things—100 lb bags—from Minden.



**Visit with Mrs. P.C. Stewart, Huntsville, Sept, 1968, accompanied by Margaret Bowlby**

Mrs. Stewart told me that the Newton Langford's left Dorset in 1911. I asked Mrs. Stewart if she knew when the Langford's built the hotel there. She said she would have been 15 in 1911 -- and she has vague memories of them building the place -- I must have been quite small -- it probably was built somewhere around 1900.

Zack Cole was born around Brighton -- down near Trenton--and that countryside, when you get away from the lake, is pretty rough country too. I guess there were pretty glowing pictures painted of the country up here, and free land was the thing they thought of more than anything else.

Mr. McIlroy, who used to own the Hotel Dorset, used to say they never needed a clock in their house. They always knew what time it was, when they saw me going to school.

Mrs. Stewart has just shown me a very fine picture of her uncle, Mr. George Cole--the first white baby born in the Dorset area. She has offered to lend me this picture to have a copy made. I shall do this in the Summer of '69.

Mr. and Mrs. Zack Cole had 12 children. Of this group, Zacharia Cole is the only one buried in the Paint Lake cemetery. Mrs. Z. Cole is buried out in Vancouver -- 2 of the daughters lived out there. She thinks Aunt Minnie was buried in Bracebridge.

After Zacharia Cole died, Mrs Cole carried on. She died just shortly before 1920. She was an indomitable sort of person. She walked to Minden -- carrying a baby -- to have a tooth out--and walked back the next day. She had a brother living in Minden at that timeTheir name was Coulter.

I have always understood that when my grandparents came to what is now Dorset, there were Indians living there. The fact that they have always been spoken of as the first white family there, indicated that there were Indians in the vicinity, at least.

There was an old gentleman by the name of Harvey, and his sister ? [hand written: daughter] lived in Dorset when I was a little girl, and that table there in the corner, is what they gave mother as a wedding present, and, it was an old one then. It had belonged to some of their family. I think the Havey's died quite a while before we left there. They lived just where Earl Burk's house is. Did you ever hear of or know a family by the name of Barker? Yes, when I was a kid, they used to tease me about her, when I'd start off to school with a long stride, and they'd say "There goes Lou Barker." I always had an impression that they lived up past the school. I used to see her coming from that direction. She used to take great long strides--with her long skirts swishing. I don't remember him, but I remember her very distinctly.

When I was a kid, we used to have a sugar bush, a little further along up on top of a hill--that was nearly as high as the hill where the Look out is. All I remember was Lou Barker. She was past a middle aged woman, when I was a kid.

Did the Allen Phillips live in Dorset until they died, or did they move away? Mrs. S. didn't know.

Mother's family came to Baysville when she was 6 years old. She was born in 73--so that would have been around 79--or, perhaps earlier.

What families should be included in a record of Dorset's early history? Cole's, two families of Phillips, the Shrigley's, the Mossington's, the Francis Hoover's, --the McEachern's are an offshoot of that. Allan Mceachern is a grandson of the Hoover's. I think the original McE. was Eachern Mceachern. I remember him distinctly. Hugh and Allan and Donald are still living there, and Jessie. The Burk's were an early family. Because Charlie Burk, and my uncle John, who was born before the Cole's came there, and older than uncle George--when they were young lads, they ran away. They were going to see some adventure. I forget where they got to. But, Grandma being a determined person, she wouldn't give up, even with the limited resources they had at their disposal at that time. She had them tracked down and brought back. I knew more about that as a youngster, but it has gone from my mind. But, Grandma was the one who just wouldn't give up.

Mrs. Stewart knew the Fisher's. Whether the old gentleman was a pharmacist or not, I don't know, but he had a drug store right at the top of the hill there, right where the Anglican Church is now.

Mar. --There was Leonard Fisher, and Fred Fisher. Mrs. S. thinks there was another one. There was one Mr. Fisher drowned in the Lake of Bays, but they were not sure which one it was.

There's a Norman in Bracebridge. He's a brother of Leonard and Fred. He was a florist on the Main Street of Bracebridge.

Mar. --Old Mrs. Fisher had a piano which she brought from England. She didn't bring any music, but she used to play operatic airs on the piano, and we could sometimes hear the music about a mile down the lake at Garry Owen.

My dad had taken me out to a political meeting--Sir Sam Hughes, (not Sir, then)--he was speaking in what was the hall in Dorset, then. It was practically across the street from the Fisher's, and on the way home, he saw this clock in Fisher's window. He went in and bought it for mum--I guess for her having spent a lonesome evening, while we went politicking.

Were the Clayton's regarded as Dorset people? They came from Hollow Lake but they have been in Dorset since the family were quite young--they started to school there. Mrs. Clayton (Wes'

mother) was a Sawyer. His grand father was a settler too, and I think they must have come almost directly from Ireland. Jerry (Wes's father) was very Irish--a real Irish brogue.

Another old family was the Tryon's. One of their daughters lives up here in North Huntsville. She is a Mrs. Smith. She was Winifred Tryon. There was a large family of them. The big ones were grown up when I was a kid going to school. I went to school with the middle group, and then, I taught the younger ones, when they moved out here. Winifred, one of the younger ones, was one of the ones I taught. Tom, George and Rose, Violet, Lily, Charlotte and Charlie. The younger group was Winifred, Florence, Alfred and Milton, and one more whose name I can't remember. They were a large family, and were early people there.

Where would your grandparents have obtained clothing? I guess the only thing they could do was to go to Minden or Lindsey. There was no road to get to Huntsville or Bracebridge. Minden and Lindsay were their contacts with the outside world.

I remember Dad used to do something for the police--I forget what he was called. And, every once in a while, he had to go to Lindsay for a court case. It was the centre for that section then.

The Sparkes were there quite early. When Mr. Sparkes was young, he was either English or Welsh, my grandfather was a shoemaker in Baysville. Mr. Sparkes lived with my grandfather, and apprenticed with him in the shoemaking trade at one time. I have a chest out there in the hall that he made for mother before she was married. They lived next door to us in Dorset. But his father lived outside of Dorset, on the lake. I don't know if there is still a clearing there or not. That is where the Sparkes family lived as a small youngster. We used to go across the ice in the Winter to see them.

The Spakres' son who made the chest for mother, lived right next to us, up the hill in Dorset, where Jack Mack's lived in recent years. They had a family of two, Grace and Gordon. They used to say that he was jack of all trades, and master of none. He was a carpenter, a shoemaker also a photographer. I have a picture of Grace Sparkes and me, that he took and enlarged. Mr. Sparkes Sr. farmed.

Mar. --Who was it that ran the Mountain Trout House at Hollow Lake? Russell. Did they have any connection with Dorset? Jim Russell, I think it was. Well, only that they were Hollow Lakers that used to come to Dorset to shop. Ben Russell was one of them. The Russell's were originally trappers, as were the Sawyer's.

What I can remember about those Hollow Lakers, the Sawyer's--they used to come to Dorset to do their shopping, and to have a good drunk. There was always lots of excitement around the village when they came to town.

The Cole's hotel, and the Dorset Hotel across the river were open 12 months a year.

I can give you the address of that cousin of mine in Sudbury, because her mother was like Hattie Barry--she was interested in old things. In fact, it was from her that Hattie got this picture--from this aunt of mine that lived in Sudbury. There's just the one daughter there now--that is all that is left of her family. She was the youngest of the Cole family--the aunt who lived up there.

**Visit with Mrs. William Cassidy, daughter of Joseph Mossington—at her home on the road to Hollow Lake—Sat. Aug 17, 68.**

Mother and father came here with their children—Mrs. Cassidy was about 3 years old. Mrs. Kelly, Mrs. Cassidy's daughter, told me that her mother is 89—so that would be about 86 years ago—approximately 1882.

There weren't very many houses in the area then. We went away up to Otter Lake to live—north east of here. Otter Lake is the first lake towards Livingstone Lake—towards Livingstone Lodge. Then, we moved down to the house to the right of this one (west). So, from then on, we were more residents of Dorset.

Do you know what it was that brought your father here? He was really fond of the bush, and hunting and trapping, and that's about all he used to do. (He hunted with Tom Salmon). He did butchering before he came here, and he worked in the woollen mill. I think it was near Barrie.

The Remy's were here before my father was. There was a family of four Mossington's—Harry, Arch and myself. ??

The house that the Mossington's went to at Otter Lake, had belonged to the Francis Hoover's -- the Hoover's moved down here, just a little way from the corner—just a little way towards Otter Lake, from where I turn right to come to Mrs. Cassidy's. Mr. Hoover was a carpenter. He helped build my father's house down here. Mr. Mossington mostly made his living by hunting, trapping and guiding.

The Shrigley's lived along this way—about an eighth of a mile further along from here. The mill was on this side of the river.

This house had formerly belonged to the Alvin Phillips. Allen Phillips came to this area ahead of his brother Alvin—he lived across the water where Hugh McEachern lives now.

What did Allen Phillips do for a living? He mostly guided, and that was the same with Alvin Phillips too. They didn't cultivate the land much.



Asking re the Dwight Wiman group, and the time they were at Livingstone Cottage. There is an old building on Livingstone Lake. It is called The White Hall. According to Mr. Kelly, and Mr. Maguire—that was Livingstone Cottage

Who are some of the people whom you remember in the early days? The Phillips, the Hoovers, the McKay's. There were three McKay brothers-- Angus, Alex        Sandy was a son of Angus.

The store that is now Clayton's, was the only store in Dorset originally. Then, there was the hotel right across the road. There were people by the name of Cole had a hotel on this side of the river. The Alvira House was only a tourist hotel. Mrs. C. knew Mr. and Mrs. Cole. After Zack Cole died, Mrs. Cole—Sara Ann ran it—then George Cole, after his mother passed away.

The house at Otter Lake was not log, but frame—no doubt the lumber had been obtained at Shrigley's mill. There was Shrigley's mill—then later, Angus McKay's mill—then, there was a mill at Birkendale—Dale's mill. Mrs. C. had seen the Dale's, but was not acquainted with them. Mrs. C. believes that Allen Phillips passed away here. The Alvin Phillips moved out west. Who was Harry Phillips? A son of Allen.

There was a family just up the road here. Their name was McCaw—Matthew McCaw. (Where Mr. Maguire lives)

Mr. Hoover lived about a half a mile from here, over to the corner, and up a bit.

The Hect or McEachern's. They moved in after they started to build the roads up farther north. Mrs. McEachern was Mr. Hoover's daughter. All the McEachern's that are here now, are descendants of theirs. Hugh McEachern is a son of Hector.

There was an old, old man—he and his daughter lived two or three houses from the river—Francis Harvey—a little way out of Dorset—where Earl Burk lives now. He was here when father moved here. There was a blacksmith's shop here. Whether he worked there or not, I do not know.

Mrs. C. went to school in Dorset. One of her teachers was a Miss Murdoch who later became Mrs. Lockman. Mr. Robinson, from near Minden was another teacher.

The school was down at the corner here, right by the Stop sign—then of course it was moved across to the other side of the lake—and then, they built another one down near Dorset.

Ida Shrigley taught at Hollow Lake school. That school was 4 miles from here. Mr. Owens was from near Minden too.

There used to be just one church in Dorset—the Methodist—just about where it stands now. It was built after we came here. Before the churches were built, the ministers used to come into the

area once in a while, and there were services held in the homes. There had never been a Roman Catholic Church in Dorset or in the North Shore. Occasionally priests would come in, and have services in homes. And, other ministers used to do that too—until they could have a church, and get a minister. The only R. C. family that Mrs. C. could remember were the McIlroy's.

Mr. Cassidy was from Walkerton—well, Riversdale, near Walkerton. We were married at his place, then we came here. We stayed with father for maybe a week or so. Then, my husband bought the Allen Phillips home. I think they had passed away. Then, the Cassidy's bought the Alvin Phillip home—and that is where we were visiting. After my husband died, I went to live with the children—my boy, and Hilda—Mrs. Kelly—but we still come back here. My husband did carpenter work.

Did you know people by the name of Spark's. Yes, he was a shoemaker. He lived in Dorset but his mother and father lived across the bay. William Sparks was the son's name—I forget the father's name.

Showed me a picture of Mr. McKay—with horse and cutter, diagonally across from the Methodist church, which shows in the background. It was just across from where the Anglican church is now. Mrs. Clarke's house was right beside it. She was a Shrigley.

The other picture is an interior view of the Anglican church—when it first started. There are now pews—just wooden benches—no backs. On a platform there is a table covered with an altar cloth—a pulpit, and lectern on either side--and a pump organ further to the right. Behind the altar, there is a larger cross on the wall, which appears to be made of evergreens, and flowers and on each side of this, also on the wall, are similarly made garlands. The minister's name was Hazlehurst, and he stayed in Baysville. He would come to Dorset to conduct the services of worship, and he came as regularly as he was able.

In the picture of the old school, Harry Phillips is standing in the doorway beside the teacher—Miss Murdoch. This is the school that was up at the corner.

Shrigley's Mill—Dorset House (the hotel across the river)  
McCaw's house—two houses to left of Cassidy's- the original house is still there. Mr. Maguire bought it and renovated it. The part at the right in the picture, was removed.

Colebridge Hotel – S. A. Cole

In the early days, the cedars used to almost meet in the centre of Cedar Narrows.

The Dorset House is where the brick hotel is now.

In the Cole's Hotel picture, the men are all sitting out there, you see. The ladies up on the balcony would be Mrs. Cole, her daughter, and the help they had to have in the hotel. Who used to use these hotels? Fisherman and lumberman.

Were there any lumber camps around here in the early days? Oh yes. Mr. Alex McKay was boss in one of the camps. Mr. MacNamara was another. In the lower left hand corner of the picture of the interior of the church, is the name R. Risher. He used to take pictures. He had the drug store here. Mrs. C. thought that they had arrived after the Mossington's. The Fisher's were great musicians--violin, banjo, etc. He was married, and had a family. They lived right in the village.

S. A. Cole is not very clear. There appears to be a date in front of the name.

Mr. Maguire said that a man by the name of Gilpin ran a hotel here, and man by the name of Maguire--no relation to him. He went to Emsdale from here. Acc. to Mrs. C. Mr. Gilpin ran the Cole's place after George Cole gave it up. I do think there used to be a lot of drinking going on in the hotels here.

Were there ever any other hotels? Jo Cassidy's place up the road here, in later years--she really just kept the lumbermen, when they had to come out from the camps--they would stay with the Cassidy's. It was a large house, just beyond Mr. Maguire's, but it is now torn down, and there is a little bungalow there.

Mickle Dymont came in and operated around Hollow Lake

J. D. Shier L. Co., was up at Hardwood Lake.

Havelock, Livingstone and Eyre, those were the townships that Mickle lumbered, and Hendon, and half of Oakley.

Shier lumbered McLintock

These were the camps where the men went in, and stayed all Winter long. It was just too hard to get out, and too far to go. There is nothing there now, the wood of the buildings, has all decayed.

There is an old lumber camp that we used to go in to--Mr. King from Toronto. We used to go in to his fishing camp in the Spring (Mrs. Kelly is speaking)- and one time we went by Hollow Lake, and just where we left Hollow Lake, there was an old lumber camp there, alongside a creek, and part of it is still there. The building was there, but the roof had caved in.

In at the camps around Hollow Lake, there would be no way they could get out during the freeze up--there was no road--they would have to wait until the lake was well frozen over.

Mrs. Kelly said that she had a copy of a newspaper which had been published in Dorset. How she came by it—when she and her husband were married—they went to live in her grandfather Mossington's house. We were trying to do some renovating, and, in the wall of the kitchen, I found this old newspaper. I can't tell you the date of it, but it is quite yellowed and brittle, and was published here.

Mr. Shrigley had an office in his house up by the river—and, after the place was abandoned, I can remember going in there, and seeing all these books—and they had just been left. I don't know what kind of books they were—for I was just a youngster—but, we were playing there, and we went in this old house, and I remember seeing all these books in there.

The old house on Livingston Lake, that is called the White Hall, was originally Livingstone Cottage. It is occupied by a man by the name of Boehm from Kitchener. I don't know if he owns it outright, or if he is with a club. You can get in there by car. There is a road that has just recently been built, just gravel, but good.

**Mrs. Wm. Cassidy, Mr. and Mrs. E. Kelly—Sat. Aug. 24, 1968**

Can you remember what your family's first home was like—the one which had been built by Francis Hoover? It was frame—there was a living room and a kitchen—I think the bedrooms were upstairs. I was only four or five when they moved down here, the house here had a living room and a kitchen, 2 bedrooms downstairs, but there was an attic—there was a cook stove in the kitchen, and a box stove in the living room. The bed rooms were headed from the living room—there were no pipes. Were the furnishings bought, or were they made by your father. One bed was made by a man that kept a store down at Dorset, but the rest of the furniture must have been brought in by father.

How did the food differ from the food which you have now? Father had a little garden—grew potatoes, and small vegetables. We had a root cellar below the house, and they could store the vegetables there over Winter. Meat? A lot of deer, but we could get meat at the store. There was always a store here when we were here. Couldn't remember having heard the older people talk about what they did for supplies before there was a store in Dorset.

Medical services—having babies—what did women do for help in those days? There was an old lady who used to assist with child birth. Mrs. C. thought she was called Grannie Williams. I wondered if it might have been Auntie Williams. Then, there was Mary Robson. Women were pretty much dependent on them, or on a neighbour who would act as a mid-wife. Doctors? There was a doctor in Huntsville. Mr. K. (76) said that there was only one doctor in Bracebridge when he was a kid. It wouldn't be easy to get a doctor out here. A horse and cutter would have to go out to get him, to let him know he was needed. Mrs. C. didn't know any of the old remedies that were used—said the women just had to do the best they could.

Who planted and cared for the gardens? The man, or woman. I guess they both had a hand in it.

The winters must have been cold. Oh, were they ever. And long. Yes. What did you do for some kind of social life? I guess there was very little if any. At Christmas time, they used to have a little entertainment in the school, and the school was down here at the foot of the hill. There was no church activity, because there was no church until quite a while after we came. Maybe the ladies, and there weren't very many of them, used to meet, and have a quilting bee. Mr. K. The women had to stay right at the cook stove.

When there was a school, how important was education regarded by the settlers. Did the children attend regularly? Yes.

The Paint Lake Cemetery is regarded as the Dorset Cemetery. Do not know when it began. What was done at the time of death before there was a cemetery? There were no undertakers, they just depended on the people around—the neighbours. It would be a home made casket. Mrs. K. I can remember it being pointed out to me, that children are buried in their own yard. Mr. K. and some are buried up at Hollow Lake on an island.

Then, there's another little cemetery down opposite Bigwin Inn—at what they used to call Bailey's place. Bailey's first wife is buried there, also several Boothby's. Mr. Hoover was buried in his own yard, and their daughter's first baby died, and it is buried there too.

Gordon Dollar made a casket for Charlie Van Clieaf's little youngster. Mr. Dollar came over and got a nice wide pine board from my father (Mr. K.)- the reason for this was because of the bad storm—this little youngster died—a terrible storm came—the roads were blocked, and the lines were down. So, Mr. Dollar got this pine board from my father, made the casket, and I think Mrs. Dollar lined it—it was very nice—and I suppose they buried the little youngster at Paint Lake, I don't know—that's not so terribly many years ago—perhaps 30.

Mr. Joseph Mossington was a trapper—what did he trap? Beaver, rats, fisher, otter, bear, marten. He would sell these furs to the buyers in Minden. When he first came here, he and the Sawyer men, and the others who trapped paddled to Minden, and they sold their furs to the buyers there.

Where did the Sawyer's live? Hollow Lake. There were so many of them. Hank (Henry) was the oldest—Chris, Sam, Nick, Bumpus (Louise Cole gave him that name). He's been dead 50 years. The Sawyer's were here before the Mossington's. Maybe there were Indians here when they came.

How often did the fur sales take place? Twice a year. At Christmas, and again in the spring. The furs must be prime. From May until November, there would be no trapping.

Do you know the area in which your dad trapped? Up to Fletcher—you would know Ernie. Mr. K. I used to trap the same ground that he did. He trapped in the Twps. Of Livingston, Beck(?) and McLintock, and away up into Crown Lake—he had a trapping camp at Crown Lake. That's in Livingston, right near the Park. Mrs. C's brother had another place that he built, at this end of Crown Lake, between Crown and Ragged—half way across the portage between Crown and Ragged. He bought it from Tom-?- Archer. They came up from Minden and Haliburton—up through the bush. Mr. K. used to trap with Archie Mossington.

We left here with a car—then, went part way with canoe and supplies to Wolf Lake—then we portaged into Crown, and went over to the trapping shack with the canoe. He had two canoes there, one on Ragged, and one on Crown, and I took mine up —and then, we started to trap. We went up about the last week in October. We had to cut wood first, get the supplies in, then, get the traps fixed, and then, we get the traps. You were not supposed to catch anything before the first of Nov. Beaver I think, was the 15<sup>th</sup> of Nov..

We used to catch marten, beaver, otter. In fact, we shot one otter—two of them were up on the log at the same time. Fisher, at one time, was worth \$125.00 each. They are about the size of a small dog, and they are awful vicious. They would bite you, and tear you all to pieces.

We had to go around every day, and check the traps. Would most of the trapped animals be dead, or would you have to kill them? 90% of them drowned. The traps used to be set right close to the water, and they would jump into the water. A fisher won't, because a fisher never goes near the water. He jumps from one tree to another. He's quicker than a squirrel. He'll jump 10 feet up a tree. But, he never goes near the water. He lives on porcupines—turns them over, and guts them.

When you would go in, in Oct., when would you come out? About 4 or 5 days before Christmas. We'd phone the buyer, and he'd come over here from Bracebridge or Parry Sound.

It was one man's job to stay in the house, and skin the animals, and the other's to check traps, and bring them in. I've carried a 60 lb beaver through the bush for three miles, if you got two or three; you'd have to skin a couple, you couldn't carry them back. It's an hour's job to skin a beaver. But a mink, or a marten, or a fisher, you can throw them in a pack sack and bring them in, and the other fellow would skin them and stretch them. The skins had to be hung up to dry. Some hides are split and some are skinned whole. On these, you turn the fur inside, and put the stretcher in—with the skin side out to dry. And tanning would be done by the person who bought them, not by the one who caught them.

A marten is like a small beagle dog, only quicker. We were only allowed to catch seven of them, that is all they would allow us—7 between us. They had certain places in the bush they would cross every week or two, and you would always set the traps in the same place. We have got two of them in a night and a day. They are the same as the wolves—they cross in the same place every so often.

How about the foxes, Ernie? Oh, the darned foxes—he's not worth very much.

The fisher stay away up in the tall timber—away up in the wilds—mostly in the pine country. There was a lot of pine up in that country at that time, it's all gone now.

Fisher is not very long—the otter is the long, slim animal—and he's wicked—he'll split a paddle in two, if he bites it.

We didn't have to take supplies to last us the entire time. We used to go out to a mill four or five miles away, and pack sack supplies in from there. But, we'd take a lot in with us when we'd go too. Meat was the big problem. We never got a venison, all the time we were there. I never even saw one. There are wolves there, and moose, and deer, but I didn't ever see any.

There appears to have been no shortage of meat in the early days, but how would you keep it without refrigeration?

They used to bury meat in the snow. And, you can hang up venison—don't take the hide off—and, only cut off what you want to use.

Mr. K. To keep meat in this country without ice, all you have to do, is to get venison, or ½ a beef, boil it three parts, not all the way, put in 2 quart jars, and pour grease on it, and, it will keep there for years. I've done a whole venison that way. Take the bone out. Just leave the meat. All you have to do, is take it out of the sealer, put it in the pot, and it's as good as ever. It won't spoil, as long as it is covered with grease. It will keep for months. I have spent months in the bush here surviving—never came out—I'd wear out a pair of these things (trousers) every week—all these twps., all the way from the Park to Rama twp—down near Severn Bridge. I spent two summers there, and that is how we kept meat—we always had it ahead.

Then, in the earlier days, fish was more plentiful. The first time I was in Hollow Lake, I caught 25 fish in an hour, anywhere from 2-10 pounds. Sixty years ago, I went over this road, away up to Boundary Lake—there were 40 of us on a boat. We were a day and a half, some of them were two days, and, when they got out of the boat, they had a bag of whisky apiece. We moved to Vera? Bay—up here where the dam is. I celebrated my 17<sup>th</sup> birthday there. Another fellow and I went out fishing. We lived on fish—4 meals a day. We used to get up about 4 or 5 o'clock. There were always big pans about that long, full of fish. But now, you could fish there day after day, and never get a bite.

There's an old fellow by the name of Dave Sawyer, I don't know where he lives now. He was up on Hollow Lake—must have been there 80 years—he can still go out and get a fish, but nobody else can get a fish at all. He knows exactly where they are at certain months of the year. As far as I know, he's up there some place. He was staying over here at George Fuller's—but, I don't know where he is now. He's all by his lonesome. He's 94 or 95. I don't know whose son he is. There were about four different families. He was a brother of Nick's. He's a tough old scut. I don't know whether he's Sam's son or not.

They used to carry their flour to Hollow Lake, 4 miles—100 lb bag. It was nothing to put on a pack sack of 100 lbs. It's alright, as long as the weight doesn't all come in one place. The path to Hollow Lake used to be more difficult than it is now. There was a big high hill, ½ mile long.

I remember when I was a boy, old man Ferguson drove the mail from Newholm to Baysville. He had a horse, and it wasn't a buggy, but a cart—a two wheeled thing—just room for the mail bag in the back, and him in the front. He was an old man, with whiskers down to here (waist). He had a brother that was a tramp, and he came to our house one time, when I was only a kid. My mother had potatoes boiling in the kitchen, we were all in the front room, and the boss was over in town. Some young lad saw old John coming into the house, told my dad, and he came home, and booted him out. I think old man Ferguson used to bring the mail once a week. – it's not far down to the Lake of Bays from where the Fergusons lived.

Mr. C.—Tom Salmon used to trap with the men too.

I told them of the tribute that John Robson paid to his Aunt Lizzie. She really kept things going at Fox Point. Uncle Tom would take it for so long. Then, when he would get fed up, he'd go out



to the work shop and make some snow shoes or moccasins. Mr. C.—Tom Salmon used to go with a party of fisherman, and he did the cooking. I know dad used to with them, and some of the Sawyers.—Grieves Robson was coming over here from Birkendale,— he got lost—so, he built a fire, and stayed where he was all night—went to sleep—and, he came over to father's place in the morning, and dad could see that his clothes were all ashed and he passed some remark about it. Grieves said, oh yes, I built a little fire, and went to sleep,- You know, he might have caught fire, and burned to death.

One day, on a fishing trip, Tom Salmon was baking some bread—he had it rising on some high up spot, and all at once, there was a great big bunch of dough fell down on top of him. It had risen till it got so big, it fell over on the side, and fell on him.

Mrs. K.- Mr. and Mrs. Pelton, from Conneaut, Ohio, were the first people to bring a car to Dorset. They had a cottage just around on this point out here-- Selby's now own it. The car was a Franklin, and if you could get a ride in that car you were in seventh heaven. It was a wonderful car, and the roads in those days were terrible. I was very tiny, but I can remember having a ride in that car. They came for many years.

There were no restrictions on the number of deer which hunters could kill in the olden days. Mr. K. is of the opinion that that is why the deer are not as plentiful now.

Mr. K.- first year we were married, and we were living in this house over here, and I went out hunting one day, and about 40 minutes after I left here, I had my deer. Percy was here too, but he didn't go (Mrs. K's brother). My wife and I lived on it till Christmas.

There should be some picture of the hides stretched out drying—don't know if we have them or not. They do it a certain way. Beaver is opened up, and then, it's put on a board. Then, the others have stretchers that go inside the skin—the fur side is turned in, and the skin out, and the stretcher is put inside. Mr. K. We used to put beaver on a door, not a board. Mrs. K. Anything flat so that you can make it a nice shape. Or, you can make a hoop out of a gad. Mrs. C. That's the way the Indians did it first, then they laced the skin on the hoop, and let it dry.

Was there any sign of Indians around here, when you first came? Just old Sam—he was a settler for a long time—Sam Beaver—he used to live right here where the Locks live, and he lived around the corner here—he just constantly moved. He'd have his little cabin one place for a short time, and then he'd grow tired of that, and he would move, perhaps just a short distance, and he'd set up his little cabin in a spot.

Mrs. C. – That's the way they lived anyway, isn't it?

He was alone—did not have a family—at least when he was here. He might have trapped a bit around here, but I don't ever remember him working. Mr. K.—Yes, he worked one Winter for a while, at Hollow Lake—not very long. He and Jim Crumby—they both came out after they got

about 15 or 20 dollars. I think people helped him. I know tourists on the point used to help him in a monetary way, and they gave him things. Hartzel, an Anglican priest, gave him blankets. He visited him, and found his bedding so sparse for a cold Winter. I remember him coming to Clayton's, and buying him a lovely pair of grey blankets.

It is still possible to find arrow heads and things at Hollow Lake—up the far end of the lake at the beach—that's what they call The Ranch there. Seems to me we found an arrow head there once. Right at the end of the lake, there's a marvellous beach—three miles long—people from time to time find arrow heads and things that the Indians had. It sounds as if there had been an encampment there.

It's only a mile across from Menominee Lake to Menominee Bay on Lake of Bays. They used to put a dog out on one lake, and chase the deer over the other. I know one fellow who shot 30 deer there one time, just for the hides, to make moccasins.

When my father first came into what is now Dwight, there were 50 or 60 Indians there. That was away back before 1880. They were taking logs away from there--- out of the OxTongue River. He made timber up on this country he and old Sardis Chevalier. Sardis was one of the greatest axemen in this country. They used to hew great big pines. The first drive that went out of here was all squared timber—out of this bay—my uncle took it out of here—Tim Kelly. My father was Michael Kelly. They logged up here long before the Chicago fire, and that was in 1881.

My father's father settled in Newholm, at Lewis's corner—where you turn in to Britannia—they settled along in there some place. Didn't know his name (maybe Joshua?). I was just a little duffer, when he died. My father worked in the lumbering camp before he was married—then he went to Michigan—got married—then, he came back here to Baysville. He was working with some lumbering company when he was at Dwight—does not remember whether it was Shier's or not—but I think so. They used to take the logs, and the squared timber was shipped to England.

Mickle and Dymont logged up in here. Strickland's logged in Haliburton in Hindon Twp. Strickland's were in before Gilmore's. Gilmore's had 100 teams of horses going up through here. It was Gilmore who had the Tramway. They portaged them from this lake, into the Trent waterway. It took two years to get the logs down there—that old tramway—that's why they went broke. Mr. K. My father knew Mr. Dwight well—I often hear him mention him.

I knew Dave Langford well when I was a kid. I worked on a boat, and he was Captain—the Equal Rights.

The Tyrells' used to live down here—between here and Paint Lake. One lived where Crozier's live.

Effie Eheler—married a Tyrrel—her sister married Harry Salmon. They (the Eheler's) lived four miles this side of Baysville. Lloyd Green's place is where they were raised. Where all those

white birches are now—it used to be hay there—near the farm house. I remember one time my father had a team and rig,, and we took two bag loads of clothes up to them. The old man was a regular slave driver—old man Eheler, their father. He wouldn't give them any money to buy any clothes to cover them. This Eheler was married to Sardis Chevalier's sister. That's why they looked after them, and used to give them stuff, because he and old Sardis used to work together.

Alvin Chevallier, he must be 70. He could tell you a lot about that side of the Lake of Bays. He's pretty well crippled up. He's been a hard working man. Old Sardis was a hard working man too.

Mrs. K. I can remember when I was quite small, Alvin Chevalier's mother and father padding up to the Dorset dock, and they had lamb in their canoe. Mr. Clayton bought the lamb from them to sell in the store, and they had paddled from their place, which is quite a paddle—and they were elderly then too, and then, maybe before they would reach home, the wind would get up, and they'd go up through the Narrows, and put through the open part of the lake, and it would be quite rough. Before they left, they would buy their supplies, would trade their lamb for whatever they needed—tea, flour, sugar, etc...

Re the Gouldie's coming by canoe—according to Mr. K. the canoe was the best means of transportation. The Bobcaygeon Road was very rough, and not run straight. Some places it was 30 degrees west of north, and some places 30 degrees east of north.

Mrs. K. In Miss Reynold's book, she tells that Hiram Barry was the first man to put a car on the Bobcaygeon Road, and he carried a couple of planks with him, to help him over the rough spots.

Talking of Charlie Burk and his stories at one time we got bread off a steam boat in a big wooden crate, which had a rope handle at each end. Then, when the crate was empty, it would be placed outside the store—in front—until it would be taken back by the boat. Mr. Burk would sit on one of these crates, and quietly begin to pleat his pants. Everyone would then know, that a story was in the offing. Old Jim Norton, and old Mrs. Thompson from Garrison Heights-?—coming up the road to the shop she called in to borrow a bag from old Jim to wrap a baby in. She had had the baby on the road out there, and she carried it up here to Dorset. He was tighter than the bark on the tree, and he didn't want to give her a bag.

Mr. Kelly's grandfather came from Ireland to St. Mary's. My father went to school three or four days in St. Mary's. The teacher took a black snake whip to him, and another lad and a girl. There used to be a step up one side of the fence, and down the other, and he didn't catch them going over the fence. He and the girl, and her brother, camped in a little shack beside a railroad, every day for two weeks, instead of going to school. Then, they moved up here. Came to Brunel Twp. (I spoke with Mr. K. about Joshua Kelly locating in McLean. He said they may have just squatted in Brunel)

My uncle Tim Kelly walked from Baysville to Bracebridge and Port Sydney and carried two pigs in a bag—two little pigs—live. There were no roads up there any place, only trails.

The railway only came to Orillia when grandfather came—there was a pla [?] brddge from Severn Bridge to Gravenhurst. There was no dam in Baysville when he came. There have been three dams in Baysville since I was born--wood, stone and cement.

My sister was Irene Cole's Aunt—married to Cec Langmaid.

I ran an Alligator on this Lake of Bays for seven summers—towing logs from way up in here. They'd drive them down here—this bay's been full of logs—pine logs—and they'd boom them out down here, and from there I'd tow them to the narrows at Baysville—and no tourist or anybody would bother me. Now you can't land anywhere between here and Baysville let alone have a block of logs there. I put a block of logs one time—a white pine—that high—in at the Wawa dock there, and stayed there for three days in a storm—couldn't move—had a mile and a quarter of 3/4 inch steel cable on it, and a 1500 lb anchor—I'd let the anchor out, and then wind it up—night and day, never stopped. I was working with Mickle and Dymont. I was the Captain on the Alligator. I had a double crew.

The Alligator had to lay up in windy weather. Every time I'd land here in Dorset, the darned thing would be full of kids. It was an awful noisy thing, you know—a side-wheeler. I've got a lot of pictures of it, but I don't know who has got them, my brother or sister. Launches from Bigwin used to come up and tie up alongside of us. We moved very slow, you know, but, it was an awful powerful thing. They would run on land, as well as on water. You could portage them, two or three miles. They had one up on Hollow Lake at one time too. I think the engine from this one, was in the one up at Hollow Lake. I think Peck bought the Alligator.

Mid-wife—Auntie Williams—Auntie's Point,- Auntie's Bay.

Three Brown's drowned at Black Point. Brown had a farm, before you get to Auntie's Point. Father and son, Billie Brown, used to row a boat to Baysville to get supplies. Had two sisters and a brother drowned at Black Point—skating—at least 70 years ago, or more—they were grown up too.

Roy Van Clieaf's father—Henry Van Clieaf, and Bob Green—Lloyd's uncle disappeared. They lived at the Narrows, where you go out of the lake into the river, at the foot of the lake, on the right. They had a contract to build a dock at the White House, and they went up there, and disappeared. People said at the time, that another brother, Sandy, was jealous of them, and put them in the stone pier there, but they had a hand sleigh and saw—and show shoes on—and were going down the lake between Langmaid's Island, and another island there, and went through the ice. They searched for them, but never found them. Twenty one years afterwards, someone reported that they had seen Hank in Cleveland, but was never heard tell of. As soon as the ice went out, I remember, and I was just a wee bit of a kid—a bunch of men went up in boats and canoes to drag for them—it's awful deep there at Langmaid's Island. There is one place at Black Point over a mile deep. That anchor I was telling you about, and cable, would just swing. I had to drop it three times to pull a block as far as that second house up there.

Mrs. K. There's an old man comes to our place to do the assessing in Bracebridge—I got talking about that, and said that somebody saw a hand in the dock. I think he owns property right at the White House, where the dock was built—Mr. Knowles. He's married to a Porter—they lived right at Ball's / Corners, where you turn to the right to go to the White House.

Lloyd's father—they all lived up in that section—the brothers were a hardy bunch, but a little quarrelsome among themselves. At that time a contract for a one or two hundred dollar job was worth quite a bit to a family.

I remember when my brother and I were little, (Mrs. K.), Dick Green and his family had a scow with a house on it, and they were anchored down where the road goes close to the water here, and they had an organ in it and we thought that this was just something to live in this scow in the water. They towed tan bark.

Lloyd's brother, Lou, he's quite a bit older than Lloyd—last I heard of him, he lived at the portage. He should know quite a bit about the Lake of Bays, because he has spent all his life there. He's over 80, he's the oldest of the family. He's married to a Hammond girl that used to live on the old Baysville road. I haven't seen her—don't know whether she is still living or not. Lou is the oldest of the Dick Green family. He used to have a little steam boat on the lake too.

## Visit with Mrs. Cassidy, Mr. and Mrs. Kelly—Sunday, Sept. 1, 1968

Who trapped with Mr. Mossington—couldn't remember

Mr. M's trapping cabin was on the portage between Crown Lake and Ragged Lake.

How did he get in there? Would go up by Hollow Lake, or by Fletcher and go around that way. It would be by canoe, portaging it 5 or 6 times on the way—or, by snow shoe, during the Winter.

What is this body of water that you face, called now? Mrs. C. – I have always known it as Phillips' Bay—it used to be called Johnny Cake Bay—also Trading Lake. There used to be a trading post here at the Narrows.

There are pictures here of a gentleman by the name of Albert Braxton—shows his log cabin, and it shows him plowing. He was located at Hardwood Lake. He just disappeared from him, and no one ever heard of or from him again, no one even knew where he went. The Lockman's were neighbours of his at Hardwood Lake. They were the ones who realized that he had gone. No one knew where he went, or why he went. He was alone—no family.

Picture of Allen Phillips, and wife Dorothy?-, and daughter Hattie and Emily. They also had a son, Harry, not shown in the picture.

Picture of Don Phillips, (Alvin's son, and his dog team—his sister Nell, and mother's brother, Archie Mossington, was taken just down past the white cottage to our right.

Picture of Mrs. Alvin Philips, Mrs. Lockman, and Mrs. Cassidy.

Another picture of an old homestead at Fletcher Lake, and it belonged to the Allen's. There were two families of Allen's up there—also two Clayton families, old Mr. Clayton, and his son Jeremiah (Jerry)—(Wes Clayton's father and grandfather), also the Cunningham's and Dart'

Obit.—J. T. Mossington—the death occurred at Dorset, on Aug. 18, of Mr. Joseph Thomas Mossington. Deceased came to Dorset 43 years ago, when a young man in his early 30's. Prior to coming to this district, he was engaged in the woollen mill industry, and Clarksburg, Barrie and Alliston as weaver and spinner. During all his years here, Mr. Mossington devoted his time to hunting, trapping and fishing. He not only knew the Muskoka and Algonquin Lakelands country well, and delighted in them, but he was widely known to American writers and sportsmen as a most efficient and devoted sportsman and guide. He lived at Dorset, on the road between Trading and Hollow Lakes. Mrs. Mossington died in 1914. The family remaining, are Mrs. Wm. Cassidy and Archie Mossington both of Dorset. Harry died in 1918. (another brother). The burial was in Baysville Anglican Cemetery on the 20<sup>th</sup>, where his body was laid beside those of his wife and son. Rev Mr. Warder, of St. Ambrose Anglican Church read the funeral service, and the bearers

were Angus and Alex McKay, Jeremiah Clayton, Fred McKay, George Stewart, and Charles H. Burk.

Picture of little hotel, or boarding house, that was on the road up to Hollow lake—2 houses removed from where Mrs. Cassidy's home is now, beyond the Maguire place—run by Mr. and Mrs. Joe Cassidy. Front centre is Mr. Charlie Mickle Jr. Others are men who worked for him at the lumber camp—Hollow Lake. Mrs. Cassidy's husband is at the extreme left of back row—hand on post.

Mickle's did a lot for the country—so many of the men would not have work, if there had not been camps to go to in the Winter time. Joe and Frank Cassidy were uncles of Wm.

Mr. K. I used to be able to carry my own weight when I was 18-25-30, four miles before I laid it down for a rest.

Newspaper—Mr. and Mrs. Frank Cassidy were the first couple to be married in St. George's church in Baysville, 50 years ago, Oct 13, 1903. The church was built largely through the efforts of Mrs. Cassidy's fathers, late J. D. Smith of Baysville. Mr. K.—I knew his father too—J. R. Smith. Another of his sons was Hubert Smith. It was Jim Smith who kept the store.

J. R. Smith lived right where Hank Van Clieaf is living in Baysville—right behind Roy Van Clieaf—this side. That house is where I played in when I was a kid. My father built that about 75 years ago.

Tutt—Mr. and Mrs. George Tutt—Mrs. Tutt enjoys the distinction of having been Canada's first municipal treasurer in 1890, when she and her husband lived in Dorset. Tutt, at one time a well known athlete, was for 16 years Dorset reeve. During his term of office, the town hall was built, and side walks were built. Mrs. Tutt was made treasurer, and jointly Mr. and Mrs. Tutt worked for the benefit of the community in which they lived.

Mrs. C. The main reason dad came here was that he was so fond of the bush. Working in the woollen mill, I suppose he would hear other men saying what a wonderful place this was, and oh, the hunting was grand—you could just go out and shoot a deer, or catch a fish, any time.

Mr. K. I remember when I was a kid in Baysville, we could go down to the river, we only had to go about 100 yards—the mink would run right over our bare feet, and rats, coons. We used to catch them alive, and put them in a box. By next morning they would have chewed their way out. My brother and I used to have them lots of times. Finally someone told us to build a wire box. It got then, so we could keep them. The river was full of rats. You'd get \$1.00 for a mink-- 10¢ for a rat. Why, it was nothing to get a deer. I have seen 37 of them in one night, with a light—on Echo Creek—that's going down from where Tyrrell lives. He lives on Echo Creek—goes into Echo Lake, and down to Muskoka River, and Fraserburg. We were out there one night, three of

us in a bark canoe, and we counted 37 going down one marsh alone. It was nothing to get a deer there.

Mrs. C. I don't know what dad thought we were going to live in when we got here. He was fortunate enough to be able to get a house (Francis Hoover). Of course it was a mile up the hills to get at--but, he was lucky to have a shelter.

Mr. K. The women put in a lot of lonely days and nights here.

There were lots of fellows got broken legs in the camps here, and never got them set, and they'd come out with a crooked leg in the Spring. Did you ever work in a lumber camp? Yes, I started in as a swamper—cutting trees for the teamsters to get logs—that was the lowest paid job in the bush then-- \$16 a month, and board. You had to be at the bush—sometimes you had three miles to walk before daylight—you'd never see the camp in daylight, except on Sunday. It would be dark before you'd get in at night. That camp was in McLean Twp—about 4 miles out of Baysville, J. D. Shier's camp—it was run by Jack Green, Lloyd Green's uncle.

Was that what they called a camboose camp? It was built like a small settlement—different bunk houses, a blacksmith's shop—a cook house—just ordinary bunks, built up on the wall, you know.

What time would you get up in the morning, to leave for the bush? You'd leave camp by 6:30. Lots of times, you'd walk at least 1 ½ miles before daylight.

We used to drive the river here, from here to Muskoka Lake starting at \$35 a month—wade in the water all day—4 meals a day—breakfast—5, lunch—10, tea—5, and supper—10 at night. Mrs. C. I guess there were not any coffee breaks then.

I drove that South Branch, from Baysville to Bracebridge three times in one summer.

What is a River Drive like? Well it's a bunch of logs—this bay full of logs—they would be towed down to the Narrows at Baysville, then, at Baysville, you'd cut the boom, and let the logs run in the river, there's a current there that would carry them to Bracebridge. The boom would be towed down by the Alligator—I've plugged that river full—2 ½ miles to Baysville, full of logs—a full summer and winter's work for the mills one tow.

I once laid up at Black Point, in that bay there, 3 days and 3 nights in a storm, I had over a million feet of logs, in a double boom. And, I laid up at the Wawa, up against the dock—about 100 logs got out on me, but I laid there three days too—the white pine that high (more than 2 feet) was washed up on the beach—took half a day to wind it off with the cab.

When you take them over the dam at Baysville, where do they go then? They go right down through to the forks of the river, where the north branch and the south branch meet at Bracebridge, and then down to the Muskoka Lake, and then down to Gravenhurst. Shier's had a



mill there right at the forks of the river. Mickle Dymont had a mill at Gravenhurst and another Co. in there, I forgot the name of it—there were three or four small mills there.

The logs would float down the river, but you would have to pry them off the rocks. Where are you, when this is taking place? You have to wade out where the log is. There is water up there sometimes (chest) white water. You have to have experience to do that. How many men would accompany a drive. Oh, maybe 25 men—cook—foremen—2 teams of horses, wagons. Move every day. The last time I, drove, we moved every day.

Mrs. C.- Imagine all those men sitting at a table, eating. Mr. K.- no bloody tables on the drive.

Was the food good in the lumber camps? Oh yes, most of the time. Early days, it was salt pork and beans, but, in later years, they had to put in good supplies, or they wouldn't get the men. Are there any lumber camps in operation now. Not around here, not what you would call lumber camps. They do everything now with bulldozers and trucks. They can log here in the winter time, and draw them right out. The first time I went up here, there were stuck-?- logs at Boundary Lake—that is away up above Hollow Lake. They used to take to the middle of July to get them to the Muskoka River.

Stricklands were in here in Hindon Twp before Gilmore was. I have seen skidways of logs left in the bush—great big pines. You could take a stamp-?- and hammer, and punch a hole right in them—years before the Gilmores were here.

Gilmores went right through here, and up the Otter Lake road—right up to Canoe Lake—they took logs from there right down to Trenton. When did the lumbering business start to boom? It was before my time. My father and uncles took out square timber out of this bay down here—dumped down by Angus McKay's mill before he was there—that's a long time ago.

Mr. K. That picture looks to be the slide at 10 mile Bay, or maybe at Paint Lake.

Mr. K. There used to be a slide like that at Muskoka Falls- and, it's 1200 feet from top to bottom. Jim Campbell used to be a foreman for Shier's, and his father built it. When they got through working there, there was a fellow said to old man Campbell—he was going to ride the first log through it, or eat his breakfast in hell—and, he's been eating there ever since. There was a bull went through there, and he came out alive. It takes 30 seconds to go the 1200 feet. There's a place where you could stand in the middle of it—it's still there yet. If you would stand there, half way down, on a knoll, and have a gad in your hand, and tap the front end of the log, as it was going down, you couldn't hit the tail end of a 16 foot log too, it goes by you that quick. I was there with Ed Cassidy—we camped there, and put logs over for weeks at a time. I have tried three or four times to hit the front and end of a log, but it can't be done.

'Moving' picture—thinks they are moving supplies into a fishing camp. Mrs. K. saw her brother, and another fellow transport an enormous camp cook stove in that way, and they had to portage it too—they had to load that on themselves at the dock, and get it off, and get it up to the camp. They took all the lids off, and the doors to make it as light as possible

Mr. K.—Mrs. C.'s brother and I built a sleigh in the bush—a hand sleigh—7 feet long, and about 24" wide. We could put 700 pounds on it. It would take two of us to pull it up a knoll.

Picture of the Abe VanCleaf and Archie M. with hand sleigh, and shoe shoes heading for the lower end of Crown Lake. This is how trappers went in their cabins before cars. You can drive in to Crown Lake by car now.

Marsh's navigation moved to Temagami—they ran a boat on Temagami, after they sold out to C.C. Shaw.

I started at the Forestry in 1930. I took pine logs, or spruce, from Baysville to Bracebridge—20 miles—full of them—about 50 men on the drive--what they call bow men, running jam, and men on the tail, sweep on the river. It would take all summer to clean? it then. When I was only a kid, that river at Baysville used to be full, day after day. They'd run logs over there, night and day, for three weeks. There were logs that had been cut away up in the country during the winter time. The old Mohawk Belle used to tow logs down to Baysville too, before the Alligator got on this lake.

Picture—moving via canoe—that's Harry Mossington in one canoe (mother's brother, who died)—maybe his father is there too.

Picture of slide. They used to float logs down that in Hollow River. There is a place where it is rocky, and they couldn't bring the logs down any other way, so they built that slide. Mother said it might be a slide down where the tramway was, but I thought it was Hollow River. Mother's brother is walking up it, carrying a canoe.

**Mrs. Cassidy, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Kelly -- Monday, Aug. 11, 1969**

Mr. K. -- I have seen 20 miles of white pine logs, all the way from Baysville to Bracebridge. They would have belonged to Mickle & Dymont, Rathbun, and Shier's. How would they have known whose was whose? They had a sorting jack at Bracebridge above Shier's Mills, and Rathbun's and Mickle & Dymont's went on down the river, and Shier's put theirs on the side.

I drove that river three times in a Summer. Sometimes, they would have what they would call a union drive--one foreman would take the whole thing down. Then, they had men on the sorting jack all Summer. Then one time, Art Henderson had a new boat house, right at the end of one of the new bridges there, and he ran a pine log about 40: through--and filled up his slip. He was going to take it down to the mill after the drive had gone through. Old Mick Malloy, the walking boss, he came along one day, and happened to see the thing there. Art put it in--he wanted to cut it into lumber.

My father was in Baysville long before that dam was there. The first dam must have been built 10 or 15 years before I was born. W.H. Brown had the first part of a dam there, when he put the mill in, but the dam wasn't built for a while after that. But then, before Mick Malloy's time--the lumber companies all paid their share of the dam--of the building of the dam. Same way up this river here.

This bay used to be packed full of logs at one time. I measured the last pine that was taken out up near the Park--Greenaway was taking it out for Cook. They were up bigger hills than that tower hill, and two and three logs were all the truck driver could take. I have measured lots of white pine logs there, 30-44: through. They could never have taken them out with horses. Horses would never have been able to get up the hill. And, they were all sanded in the Winter time--both ways. The truck came out to Wolfe Lake--and took them out. I saw Cook up there--Cook said--Come on over--I want you to look at a couple of boards. And, he had two planks there, one birch--32" wide, one pine --36" wide--not a pimple in them, in snow white.

The Arbuckle's, they cut a lot of the logs with power saws. They could only cut so far through, and then, so far through the other way. They live at what they used to call Garrison Heights--They took pictures of all these pine logs in the bush, and took pictures of them hauling--had movies--and showed them around this section of the country.

According to Mrs. Cassidy, the Barker's were not here, when the Mossingtons arrived here. I often think--in those days, about people coming from the city--to live here. What would they see in it? I often wonder what would make them want to come in the first place. It would have been a terrible upheaval in their lives. I often used to wonder why people would be interested in a little shanty.

Mr. K. --But, if they hadn't come, this country would never have been opened up. This German family up here, they have just come here within the last year--and, it's the first time they have ever had a piece of ground they could call their own. The man works for Abernathy up here at the Mill, and the wife works at Hollow Lake Lodge. They are just thrilled to have that little piece of property.

Donald Phillips used to take the mail into the lumber camps by means of dog team.

Sparkes Sr. lived on Bayview Farm--over there at Harmer's place. Harmer bought it--right opposite McTagart's Island--couple of miles, or a bit better. (Narrows Road, according to Daisy.)

The following items are from a scrap book that belongs to Mrs. Cassidy

Obit. - Mr. C.H. Burk - 1955

The death occurred Aug. 14, at Huntsville Memorial Hospital of Charles Hamilton Burk of Dorset, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Burk of Birkendale.

Born at Beaver Creek, in the twp. of Gainsborough, 99 years ago, and coming to this district in 1877, he married Ina Remy, who pre deceased him in 1941, at Dorset in 1901. He was a member of the L.O.L. and the Methodist Church. He is mourned by his daughters Adelia, Mrs. Wes Clayton Marion, Mrs. Angus McKay. Also mourning are three sons, Earl, George and Reginald of Dorset.

Robert T. McCaw

Robert T. McCaw was born nearly 63 years ago at Dalhousie, Lincoln Cty and, when he was only 6 months old, his parents, the late Mr. and Mrs. Matthew McCaw brought him to Dorset. He grew to manhood in Dorset, and became a marine engineer. His first post was on the steamer Florence, on the Lake of Bays, during the time (1894-1897) that his father operated passenger and freight service between Dorset and Huntsville over the Portage, owning the steamer Equal Rights on the Huntsville waters, and the steamer Florence on the Lake of Bays.

Later, Bob McCaw, as he was always known to his friends, worked as marine engineer on Lake Nipissing for a while, and later on the Muskoka Lakes. He often acted as engineer in saw mills.

Annie Langmaid Cole Huntsville paper

The death of Annie Langmaid Cole in T.G.H. Nov.11, 1961, was a shock to her many friends in Huntsville. She had been ill for four weeks. She was in her 88th year.

Born at Mount Vernon in Brant County in 1873, she was a daughter of the late John and Eliza Langmaid. She was educated in Baysville, married Richard S. Cole in Aug. 1892, and first came to this district -H- in 1910.

The Cole family was believed to be the first white people in the Dorset area. Her husband predeceased her in 1939.

Picture of Mr. and Mrs. Francis A. Cassidy, of Barrie Road, Orillia--the first couple to be married in St. George's Church, Baysville--50 years ago on Oct 13th, 1903. The church was built largely through the efforts of Mr. Cassidy's father, the late J.D. Smith.

#### George Simmons

At the residence of his daughter, 52 Evelyn Ave., Toronto--March 8, 1955, George Simmons of 105 Mississauga St. W., Orillia--beloved husband of Susie Baker--father of Genevieve of Windsor, Catherine, Mrs. Edward Neill of Toronto--in his 81st year.

#### J.T. Mossington

The death occurred in Dorset on Sat. Aug. 18th, of Mr. Joseph Thomas Mossington.

Deceased came to Dorset 43 years ago when a young man in his early thirties. Prior to coming to this district, he was engaged in the woollen mill industry at Clarksburg, Barrie and Alliston, as weaver and spinner. During all his years here, Mr. Mossington devoted his time to hunting, trapping and fishing. He not only knew the Muskoka and Algonquin lakeland country well, and delighted in them, but was widely known to American writers and sportsmen as a most efficient and devoted guide.

He lived at Dorset, on the road between Trading and Hollow Lake. Mrs. Mossington died in 1914. The family remaining are Mrs. W.A. Cassidy and Archie Mossington, both of Dorset. Harry died in 1918.

The burial was in the Baysville Anglican cemetery on the 20th where his body was laid beside those of his wife and son. Rev. Mr. Warder of St. Ambrose Church read the funeral service.

#### Archie Mossington

March 2, 1961--after an illness of two months. The deceased lived at Dorset, and was a son of the late Joseph and Maria Mossington. Born on March 14, 1887--received education at Dorset, and was self-employed as a guide and trapper for 55 years. He was a member of the Anglican Church. He was not married.

#### Mrs. Hiram Barry

Oct. 23, 1957--at the home of her daughter, Mrs. C.R. Isles of Niagara Falls, Ont.--in her 73rd year. She was the former Hattie Remy, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Edway Remy who

came to Dorset as pioneers in 1880. She was born in 1885. On May 23, 1906, she married Hiram James Barry of West Guildford, who predeceased her, July 10, 1942. She was a prominent citizen of the community--and a member of the Pres. Church, having rendered her services as organist to the Methodist, Pres. and United Church services. Mrs. Barry was also active in Sunday School work, and for a time, was Sup. One of her hobbies was keeping scrap books, and she was quite an historian.

Mrs. Jessie Irwin -- March 11, 1961

Born in Brant County, Jan. 6th 1871, she was the former Jessie Chisholm Robson, and was the second youngest of the 10 children of Deborah and Grieves Robson.

In Oct. 1876, the Robson family came from Paris, Ont. to Baysville, where they spent the Winter, and then moved to the Ryerson place on the South Shore of the Lake of Bays. Later, they settled at Birkendale, Lake of Bays which became the family homestead.

In 1906, Jessie Robson was married to William Harry Irwin of the Hemlocks, Lake of Bays. They had no children, and he predeceased her some years ago. For the last few years, she has made her home at Dwight where her niece, Miss May Salmon, and her nephew, Mr. Eric Salmon, lived with her. Until recently, when her health declined, she had always been active in church and community affairs. She was an elder in the Dwight United Church.

### Moonlight Excursion

If anyone is interested in the headline, and has raised any hopes, they are too late---about 73 years, to be exact.

The moonlight excursion referred to, took place on Aug. 24, 1888, and recently came to the Forester's attention through an old poster which was brought into the office the other day by Jack Hatkoski of Dwight. The poster, printed by the Forester Press on Aug. 10, 1888, came from the files of the late Mrs. Jessie Irwin of Dwight, and is remarkably well preserved for its years.

It is interesting to note that the excursion was arranged by the Fisher Brothers, and was held on Trading Lake (Lake of Bays). The steamer Mary Louise was scheduled to leave Colebridge (Dorset), and call at Robertson's Landing, Ten Mile Bay and Baysville.

The fare was 50¢ single, and 75¢ double. Refreshments were served on board, and a quadrille band furnished music for dancing.

The poster will be put on display in the Huntsville Museum.



**Information relating to Dorset      lent to me by Mrs. L. Barry**

Tom Ball—built first store by the bridge—sold to Parkinson 1884, then, to Lawrence and Delancet.

Francis Harvey—first white settler, 1859-60, lived on the site of the present home of Mr. and Mrs. Barry. He had a store, and traded with the Indians—Chippewa Indians at Bigwin Island.

Newton Langford—first kept store in 1879—d. 1941

First school teachers at school at foot of mountain (fire rangers)—Elmira Burk—then Clara Burk, sisters of Charlie Burk

School opened after New Years—1881

Clara married Joe Allen

Other teachers included Katie Robson of Birkendale, and Lena Brown of Baysville.

Tom Salmon named P. O., Cedar Narrows. It was kept by Allen Phillips, where H. McEachern now lives, then, Bob Robinson, then, Newton Langford in the village.

Tom Ball first store in 1879.

Jim Drake built hotel this side of the river, Zack Cole, on the other side.

Hotel burned 1907—new hotel built in 1907.

Hotel Ganosoyo burned in Dec. 3, 1927

Charlie Wilcox hotel 1946—Boys working in kitchen 1947

Burk Avery store burned Nov. 22, 1944,

Hiram and Arvine built Dorset Garage in 1927

Jim Avery—died Oct. 12- 1942. Mrs. Jim Avery June 9/45

50<sup>th</sup> anniversary—April 16/38

Tom Woods in hotel—Hiram worked there 1922

Angus McKay in hotel 1919.

Jack McNamora's—after Anthony Gregory in the Narrows Hotel 1929

McIlroy in new hotel again 1912

McIlroy in old hotel when burned out in 1907—new hotel built in 1907—Iroquois Hotel

Anglican Church burned 1907

Johnson bought Hotel from Winch & Maude Campbell

Anthony Gregory      in hotel 1929-30



George Johnson—d. Narrows hotel—1931  
1934—July 12 Celebration in Dorset—d. hoot 1500 people  
Winch & Maude Campbell in Hotel 1948-49  
Birkendale P. O. burned 1935  
A. T. Wattie in hotel 1935 [?named Iled] hotel

Harry Irwin—d. 1938

Frank Hoover—moved here 1979—d. 1918  
Mrs. Hoover d. 1936

### Barry's and Remy's

George Bailey Barry—Mary Jane Sawyer Barry—parents of Hiram

George b. 1857            d. 1926  
Mary                      d. 1923

Hiram Barry—d. 1942—married Hattie Remy May 23, 1906

Arvine Remy            1907  
Kathleen Remy Velos    1908    m, Gordon Nelson Avery—1925—  
Elmir                    1909,    died one day later  
Helen Louisa            1910  
Evelyn Eileen            1912    m, Ivan Cunningham—1931  
Marcella Jean            1913  
Noreen Lucille          1917    d. June 1918  
Ethel Norinne            1919    m, CR. Isles—1940  
Lenley George            1920

Edwey Alonzo Remy m. Mary Louisa Smith            Dec. 27, 1872  
Moved here from Springfield, July 1880  
Edwey b. Lambeth 1846- d. 1912  
Mary b. Southwold 1854 d. 1925

John—1873—Strathroy                                    d 1941                                    Elizo Doney, Conning  
Joseph William 1875 Springfield                                    d. 1936                                    Victoria Booker  
Ino Isadora    1878                                    “                                    d. 1941    Charlie Burke—son of George.B of Dunn  
Charity Louisa 1879                                    “                                    d. 1940                                    Bryon Seeber  
Hattie Velos Nono    1885    Dorset (Harvey Lake, now Otter Lake)  
Mary Ethel            1887                                    WM Barry

Wm. Burk—d. 1927

Gideon Burk d. 1937

Charlie Burk b. Beaver Creek—South River 1857—come to Dorset 1877  
m. Ino.

children—Earl, Adelia, Marion, George, Reginald

Mrs. John Booker d. 1929

Mr. John Booker d. 1944

Stanley Booker Ellen Sword 1937

Wm. Booker d. 1941 93 years

Hiram Barry purchased on IH. Truck in March 1913—brought it in on the ice from Huntsville

Shirley Ball of Garry Owen d. Feb 23, 1939

Lenley Barry -Eileen Bye 1947

Uncle Charlie Burk d. 1955—98 years

Hattie Barry d. 1957

Milton Burk d. 1960 79 years

Irene Cole m. Percy Stewart 1927—had moved to Huntsville 1910

Richard Cole m. Annie Langmaid of Baysville—1892

George Cole d. 1945

Doreen Cole d. 1928

Gordon Dollar m. Helen Lockman in 1926

Gordon d. 1947

John Dickout d. 1937

Josh Horner came here in 1878

B. at Newcastle 1865—d. 1952

Mrs. Josh Horner (Mary) d. 1960—86 years

Mrs. Peter Loucks d. 1933

Peter Loucks, conveying mail to Baysville, found dead on road March 7, 1930

E. Lockman d. 1930 m. Aggie Murdoch 1890 she d. 1952

Mark Langford d. 1940

Dave Langford d. 1959

Mossington—Joe M d Aug 17/ 28, Mrs. M. Feb/ 13, Archie—March/ 61, Harry

Mrs. Fred McKey m. Harry Robinson Nov. 1931

Jim McGarvey d Feb 15, 1934

Mrs. Jim McGarvey d. Feb. 25, 1934

Catherine McKey m. Don Lillow 1940

Donald Phillips—missing in avalanche—found body 10 days later

Harry Phillips—killed 1946 cutting telephone poles

Alvin Phillips d. 1936

Mrs. Alvin Phillips d. 1941

George Robertson of Baysville, shot himself in car, Norway Point, Dec. 4

Henry Sawyer—d. 1931, 86 years

Wm. Cassidy—d. 1955

Charlie MicKlewr Killed April/ 33

Hector McEachern m Lowela Hoover

Dan McIlroy d. Jan 29/ 36

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Shrigley—Golden Wedding—1905

Ida m. John Clark—1913—after he died, came back here, 1926

Mrs. Shrigley d. 1929

Mrs. Ben Shrigley died 1947

Albert Shrigley d. 1950

Mrs. Wm. Sparkes Sr. d. 1910

Mrs. Charlie Shrigley (Elmira Burk) d. 1908

Charlie Shrigley d. 1893

Maud Shrigley d. 1952

Fred Fisher—lost horse through the ice, March 27, 1929—men had to save him.

Charlie Burk b. 1857—came to Dorset 1877.

Roy Van Clieaf 8 months old, when his father disappeared in 1903

Harry Salmon bought Joe Avery's property at Clear Lake

Birkendale P. O. burned in 1935

Helen had newsstand and stewardess on Iroquois—1930  
Mohawk Belle before that boat—launched Summer 1908.

Nehemiah Avery d. 1960—98 years

Hiram and I, with 5 children moved to Fonthill, Nov. 20, 1916, when Great War was on. Hiram worked on the laths at Canada Forge, Welland. Returned May 1919. Our house built in Fall, 1907, moved in in Spring 1908

Bob McCaw d. Mar 22/ 40

Henry Sawyer d. 1931—86 yrs

Mrs. Wm Sparks Sr. d- Nov 19/ 1910

**Wed. Sept. 11, 1968 -- Mr. and Mrs. Lenley Parry** had dinner with us at our cottage. The following is information given to me that evening by Len.

Len suggested that I should see Joe Avery in Niagara Falls re Chief Bigwin, the Hoover's, etc.

I used to hunt with Joe Avery, and in the evenings, he used to tell me many stories. Some of them do not correspond with Florence Murray's book. He said that Chief Bigwin said that when the first white man came up, he asked the Indian what this territory was called, and, the Indian said, "Mmm---Skogi." (Skogi ducks), and Chief Bigwin maintained they then called it Muskoka. ---- An Indian would always say "Mmmm", before he would come out and answer you. Chief Bigwin always swore up and down that this was Skogi territory. He said that that is where Muskoka got its name,

Joe can tell you about the year the Indians wintered up here. They got caught in a big snow storm, and they had to stay on the south side of Paint Lake, and they stayed all winter, in by these big bluffs there, and they built lean-to's and stayed there all winter. That is the only time the Indians stayed here in a tribe. I think there were 30 or 40 of them. Other years, they were just here in the good weather--then, they would go back to Rama, or wherever they came from, for the winter season.

The first white person in Dorset was Francis Harvey. He came in 1859. I had his home, or trading post on the site of the Barry home. All I know is what Mother had said--when they built the house there--1907--they ploughed up about 100 arrow heads out of the garden, the first year--that definitely was where the Indians had encamped. When I was a little boy, I was still picking arrow heads out of the garden--different ones wanted them, and I gave them away, and I've only got about 2 left. The last one I found was about 1940-41. If you went around there with a rake you would probably still find arrow heads.

Eileen--when we dug the foundation for our basement, we found lime. Harvey had his home there, with all his trading goods in. He'd gone up into Algonquin Park to trade for furs, and when he came back, his house was burned, and all his saws, axes, etc., were burned. Uncle Charlie said it was queer. He said he felt he knew who it was--some person did this sort of thing more than once.

Mr. Harvey left after Zack Cole arrived, but he came back later, because his daughter was here. When he was here originally, there was never any mention of his wife being here. He was just running a trading post on his own. But somehow, this daughter got to Dorset afterwards.

The second settler was Zack Cole. He had worked on the Bobcaygeon survey. In the first place, they intended to survey right through to North Bay, but they only got as far as the Oxtongue River on the survey. Zack Cole came along, according to my uncle Charlie Burk, and he looked after the cattle that accompanied the survey party. They supplied milk, then, as they needed meat, he would kill off a beef. And, when they came to what is now Dorset (they named it Cedar

Narrows when they got there) Zacharie Cole said --If I want to live anyplace, this is the place for me. So, when the survey crew left, he went down and married a Coulter from Pine Springs, about 11 miles south of Dorset. The Coulter's and the Kent's had cleared the territory down in there. Zacharie married the Coulter girl, and they came back to Dorset, and of course, when they were married, and living in Dorset, George Cole was the first one to be born there--as George always said--he was the first white black person ever to be born in Dorset--he was dark of hair and skin.

I wondered how the Cole's made a living between the time they came to Dorset, and when they built the hotel. If they farmed, to whom would they sell things? Well, mainly all they needed was salt. When my grandfather came here, that was the only thing they had to get--salt. They didn't worry about flour and sugar. They grew corn, and made corn meal. They made sugar from the maple syrup. I suppose the closest grist mill was Allen's Mill up on Fletcher Lake.

A lot of the early settlers followed along with the lumber companies--in order to earn some money to buy necessities--they would leave their wives and children at home.

Re lumbering--they were taking some squared timber out of here before any white man came to Dorset. They were coming over from the Ottawa River and taking it out of Algonquin Park. Because I can remember Uncle Charlie Burk telling about when old man Harvey would go up into Algonquin Park and run into lumbermen up there.

When Uncle Charlie Burk and Jim Avery came up into this country, they lumbered up at the head of Hollow Lake, or what we call Lake Kawagamog now, because, up where I hunt, on the East River--in those days, there was just a little creek coming down. Now, it's a river, and it's quite wide. The hydro built a dam on Lake Kawagamog, back in the teens. They raised the water up about 12 feet. The first time Uncle Charlie went up to Lake K., there was a big pine grove all up through there--that's all under water now, and there's nothing but big pine stumps all up through there. That would have been in the 80's when they took that pine out of there.

When I was a little boy, there were stumps all along our shore, that had rings in--where the boats used to run a cable in, and hold out, when they were driving logs, and I would say the water must be raised 14 feet. We have a picture of when they had a little floating side walk at Dorset--across where the bridge is, and, there was a team of horses driving a wagon across, and I'd say the wheels would be under water about a foot--just a foot of water--and there was this little floating dock that people could walk across--so you wouldn't get wet. Bur, the water was so shallow you just drove across, didn't need a bridge.

The Remy's settled on Otter Lake, and it was in the 90's when they built the dam on Otter Lake. There's a picture of this large island on Otter Lake. They put the dam then, to float logs down by Camp Lake and Otter Lake. Now, instead of one big island, there are three little long islands. My grandmother would decide, she's better get some fish for a meal. She'd go down, and it would only take her about 20 minutes to get 4 or 5 speckled trout, clean them, come back up, and they'd have fish for a meal.

The Remy's stayed with the Hoover's, until they got their place built. The Hoover's lived across from where Joe Fuller's house is now--beside George Fuller's present house--after they moved from Otter Lake.

Donald McEachern would be a good one to get in touch with re the Hoover's--he lives on the Paint Lake Road. When you go in there the first place on the right is Orié Avery's. Go, until you make a sharp right turn, and you go down until you come to the lake, to the farm house, There's a big barn there, and Donald McEachern lives there--just past the cemetery on the right hand side.

The Allen Phillips must have come in the early 70's. When the Philips came, they had definitely been taking squared timber out of Algonquin Park for quite a while, for Uncle Charlie, and one of the Phillips went up into Algonquin Park trapping, and they were going along on this river and all of a sudden, they found an old root house, and in the root house were two or three old barrels. This Phillips knocked open one of these barrels, and it was full of salt pork. In those days, they used to have lots of salt pork in the camps to feed the lumbermen. He said they soaked it three or four house--changed the water--worked it--squeezed it. They cooked it, but it was still very salty. Uncle Charlie was one who wouldn't even eat oat meal porridge with salt in it. Where Hugh McEachern lives now, was Allen Phillips.

What should be included in such a history? When I look back to the stories that Mother used to tell, they had a happy, carefree life. They didn't have money--they didn't have everything that you would want. But, the family were fairly clever people. Mother's brother, Uncle Joe--he made I don't know how many banjos--he made a drum--he made violins, and my Mother, when she was a little girl learned to play the banjo, and they had lots of music. They had nothing else to do. Uncle Joe Remy had the first sail boat on the Lake of Bays--he built it. We have a picture of it, taken from a distance, then they lived next to where Hugh McEachern lives now, The Remy's didn't know anything about sailing--but, I suppose a lot of that stuff came naturally to them. The Remy's came from near Port Colbourne. Maybe they had seen sail boats on Lake Erie. I have the old croquinole board at home that Uncle Joe made--we have the old cradle that Uncle Joe made--that Mother was a baby in--and my brothers and sisters, and our boy too.

This old croquinole board is all made out of one pine board. And, in those days, they made all their own furniture. My brother, in his home has all the old chairs that my grandfather made. When he first settled up at Otter Lake, he made all hardwood chairs. I don't know how many of them are left. A lot of them were given away when my Mother and father moved out and went to live in Font Hill during the first world war. They gave a lot of that stuff away. Some of the stuff they still had, and when they did move back, some of the people gave them some of their furniture back. But, that furniture still stands up to-day.

Mother had picture there--when they were little girls, they used to have picnics--they used to delight in going out with the canoe--and going on a trip on Sunday. They'd go down to Port Cunnington. They thought nothing of going down to visit people at Dwight--go down, and take the short cut across Port Cunnington Peninsula there, carry the canoe across, and paddle over to

Dwight. And, quite a few times, mother went to Huntsville with her brothers. They'd paddle all the way to Huntsville--carry the canoe over the Penninsula, and over the Portage. I've often heard mother talk about the good old days, where now, every time you turn around, it costs money, and you are in too big a hurry to ever stop and say hello to people. You haven't got the time now, because if you take the time out, you don't get anything accomplished. They cultivated the land where I was born. I own part of it now. That little piece of land they planted, and they got over 100 bags of potatoes the first year. It didn't take much land to produce anything in those days-- $\frac{4}{5}$  ths of an acre, and not all of it was cultivated. My dad was away at the camp at the time, and Andy Jenkins dug the potatoes. You can't make land produce anything like that now.

Re the 12th of July--they liked to wear their ribbons[--oh, they really enjoyed that. At the Dorset celebration in 1934, there were 1500 people present.

Religion played a big part in people's lives in those days. Mother was not an overly religious person, but, she believed in religion. She was Presbyterian--then, went with the United Church. She wasn't narrow.

In her younger days, all she ever played was Flinch - whist - then, when I was a small boy, she started to play Pedro. She didn't mind what you did on Sunday. If we wanted dad to play the violin, he played. Mother didn't approve of drinking. But, if it were Christmas, and any of her son-in-laws wanted to have a drink, that didn't matter to her--it was their own business.

People worked every day in the week. Sunday they had off--went to church, visited with each other. We often used to go to the lumber camp, because there were people to visit there. We children used to head for the kitchen, for we always used to get a piece of raisin pie, and anybody could get a meal there. If someone were coming down out of the bush, he was entitled to a meal there, and he could stop overnight there too. On Sundays, all the wives would go up to visit their husbands--they were given a meal, and were made to feel right at home.

When my father was 14, he worked for the Gilmore Lumber Co., in Algonquin Park. They never even had a window in the camp. All they had was a cup, a plate, and a knife. That was their own. And, they had a big fireplace built right in the middle of the room, and they kept a stew kettle on it and you helped yourself. There was a hole in the roof, and my father said that was the only light--what came down through the roof--and now, the only time they had anything that was cooked by the cooks for them was on Sunday morning, and the cook had to make pancakes for the whole camp. So, my father said, you took your turn, and you got hot pancakes. The rest of the time, you went up and helped yourself at the fireplace there. The cook had everything there, but you went up and helped yourself. But, it was fun on a Sunday. Now, my father couldn't eat with a fork--right off the bat he has that knife. He could put a dozen peas on that kife blade and never drop one. And, he always ate with a knife.



He worked there when he was 14 -- 67 years ago about 1900. He learned to talk the deaf and dumb language. He said the band saw up there was so noisy, that you couldn't talk to anybody-- so you used your sign language.

My father only went to school for two months for two years--that was in the Summer time--July and August. They couldn't go in the Winter time because they were too far away from the village of West Guilford--and the snow would be too deep. So, he'd be home all Winter long. That's how my father came to learn to play the violin. His father went to Lindsay one time, and he said-- What would you like me to bring you back? My father said--I'd like to have a violin, so, when Grandpa came back, he brought the violin., Well, it was only about six months until my father had mastered the violin.

Dave and Jim Crumbie. Dave was the one who got married, and he married a woman by the name of Sarah, and they were pretty famous for making moonshine. They always did a lot of fishing, and 9 times out of 10 they'd get drinking, and Sarah didn't drink as much as Dave. This time when they were fishing, and Ben Russell was just a little boy paddling down Hollow Lake-- and Dave and Sarah were out there on the lake with a canoe--it upset, and Ben heard old Dave yelling--"Help--help--save Sary -- help --save Sary -- she's like a teapot -- takes water at both ends." Even though his wife was drowning, he had to make fun of it.

Another time--before Dorset went dry--it was in the winter time, and old Dave had bought a flask of whiskey at the hotel. When he went to walk across the bridge--he'd had too much to drink--he missed the bridge and he went down between the dock and the bridge--he was just tipping the bottle up to have a drink, and he stepped onto the ice, and went down through, and he lost the bottle. The bottle went "gud, gud, gud, gud, gud."

Old Dave said, "Old Davie knows you're good, but old Davey can't reach you."

When did Cole's Hotel cease to operate? I don't know. It burned down, but I couldn't tell you when it burned down. Then, when they re-built they called it The Red Onion. I don't know who operated it then. It was in the teens--when they piped water down from the town, up off the mountain there--they got cedar logs that were hollow. Some of the pipes they made out of boards, and they piped water all the way down from the spring up on the mountain--all the way to the old Red Onion. Then, I believe it was typhoid fever went through, the department of health came from some place, and they condemned these water pipes. They claimed that is what caused it. So, they quit using it. The last remains of that pipe I saw, was about eight years ago. They dug a piece up near the school there, and it was still sound as a drum underneath the ground.

Either Hugh or Don McEachern would know about that water system.

T.J. Woods was the old game warden--deaf as a rock. You could fire a gun right behind him, and he couldn't hear it.

Don Phillips was killed by an avalanche, and Harry Phillips was mauled by a grizzly bear, out west.

Why did these settlers years ago always have to build away up on a hill? Why could they not have built down close to a lake? They could have brought the wood in by boat. In the winter time, they could have hauled it in by an ox. When my grandparents came up here, my grandfather had an ox team on the wagon. Up at Otter Lake, my grandfather built up on a hill. It was 500 yards down to the lake to get water. Mother said she remembered grandfather having a yoke, and carrying water on his shoulders. Lockman's built up on top of a big hill at Hardwood Lake.

Re social gatherings--they always used to like to have box socials. They'd have a square dance, and all the women brought a lunch. Then, when it came midnight, they'd auction off the boxes of lunch, and Fred McKey, he was the most extravagant man in Dorset--he'd bid anything, just to get everyone a way up, to make as much money as possible. Now, he was a Catholic, but the social might have been for the Meth or Pres. church. Fred was game for anything. Sometimes Fred would end up with three box lunches, and he would have three women sitting with him. Fred McKey was a real cut up. He always had to have a 17th of March dance, and he paid for that. Of course, in those days, all the women would bring lunches to a dance. But, it never cost any money. Fred would rent the hall, and he used to pay my mother and father to play for the 17th of March dance. And, I can remember it, because I used to sit there until 4 o'clock in the morning, and I'd fall asleep. I can remember my father used to put a couple of chairs together there, and I'd lie on the chair and go to sleep, and my father kept his back up against me so I couldn't roll off. And I'd wake up around three or four, and oh so wanting to go home, and so sick and tired of hearing the music. But, I still loved my father playing the violin--he could just do anything with that violin. He had taught himself to play by ear. Then this Prof. Bowden taught him to play by note. Then, my father said he didn't appreciate playing by note, because he could notice when he'd play for a dance, people didn't appreciate that, so he said I just had to try to forget everything I knew and go back to playing by ear. And, my father said he could see that people were enjoying themselves more when he was playing by ear.

And, Mother said they always used to go from house to house on a week end and play Flinch. And, you surely had to follow the rules, or you were "flinched."

Mother said that every once in a while Uncle John or Uncle Joe would say --Well--we should have some fresh meat, and mother said the boys would be gone a couple of hours, and they'd come back with a deer. And, anybody who could hunt or trap, always had lots to eat. Mother said she never remembered them worrying about where their next meal was coming from.

Norman Fisher in Toronto would be a good person to talk to. His grandfather had the first drug store in Dorst. They don't have a drug store to-day. Actually they used him as a doctor, for there was no doctor around then. He was really the first "doctor" in Dorset. He has a copy of a letter that was sent back to England to the relatives, all about their trip coming over from England. I

am not sure when that was, but I think it was in the 1800's. The hill from the Anglican Church down--we always referred to it as Pill Hill, on account of the drug store.

He would have information on the Fisher's. Now, the Fisher's were smart people. A lot of people maybe think that they weren't, but mother has pictures when they were in the old band. They used to have a wonderful band here in Dorset. My uncle made some of the drums and things like that. I don't know how big a band it was, but the Fisher's played in that band. Mother often used to mention about the Fisher's band. Then, Fred, he played the banjo as well. They added a lot to it.

When Fisher's sold the drug store, all the drugs went down to Burk and Avery's, and it burned down in 1944. I remember there were all those little blue bottles with the fancy tops--they had all colours of crystals in them--all kinds and colours of powder--everything you can think of. It sat on their shelves for years. They didn't know what to do with it. Then, it was all destroyed in the fire. But the Fisher's were people to be mentioned.

The Barker's--lived on top of the Hill--Barker's Clearing--we used to go up and gather beech nuts and apples in the Fall. When the Dept. of Lands and Forests were building the road up to the Look out, and got up about 100 yards from the highway, they started to run into the remains of the old buildings. They ran into the house first, then, just past that, they hit the spring, and, as soon as they started to bull doze, the water boiled out, and they had a terrible time trying to stop it up. The only person living who might remember the old buildings, would be Mrs. Cassidy. We had a picture at home when they had everything cleared off that mountain--it was bare. Imagine anyone clearing that mountain off to grow anything. They must have been early settlers. They stayed until about the time that Tass Lockman came. Lou Barker married, and left. That was in Sherbourne Twp.

Angus McKay was here about 1900, but Alex didn't come until about 1907.

George Tutt--voted in as secretary of the school board--they wouldn't let him write a cheque without someone else's signature. They didn't have that much money. The most they ever had was \$235 to pay the school teacher.

Re International Harvester truck. In The Forester, it told how people lined up on the Main Street, and the dogs barked. The fellows came up from Hamilton, and they drove the truck down the Main Street in Huntsville before they brought it in here on the ice. The driver stayed for one week to instruct my father how to drive the truck. The mechanic stayed for two weeks, and the I.H.Co. paid their board. The mechanic stayed to show my father how to repair it. That was all put together piece by piece in Toledo, Ohio. I thought the old truck came from Chicago, for that was the headquarters of the I.H.Co., but, it was assembled in Toledo, Ohio, then shipped to Hamilton, and brought from Hamilton to here. How do I know that--2 years ago, there was a man standing out at the gas pumps one night, around 80 years of age. He was looking out at the lake. He was looking for the home of the gentleman who had bought the I.H., one of the first vehicles

owned in Dorset. He said that in 1913, they had come up to Dorset. We had assembled the truck in Toledo, and when we built the trucks in those days, we knew where each vehicle was going to, and when we heard it was going to Dorset, we checked up, and we found that it was quite a sportsman's place. So, we decided that if the truck were going in there, that we were going too, and do some hunting. So, we came in, and hired your dad to run us over to Hollow Lake. 802nd M.W. (motor Wagon). We still have the original horn, and the seat are in the garage.

They always made their own vinegar here. Any housewife who was able to live in this country, could make anything. They brought great big potash pots here, big cast iron pots, and they used to boil the sap down in them. They made their own sugar from the maple trees, instead of stopping with the syrup--they'd boil it down further, and make the sugar. For vinegar, they used to tap the white birch trees, and get the sap to make vinegar. You can also sour the maple tree, and make vinegar out of it. I think they call that a sweet wine vinegar, but Mother always used to say that Grandpa always tapped the white birch for vinegar. Then, they had to have the mother to put in it.

We used to have boxes and boxes and boxes of beans when I was a kid. They would pick them in the Fall of the year when they were dry--put them in boxes--put them upstairs i the attic where it was good and dry, and there would be no chance of blue mold. And, on the winter nights, that was something to do--to shell all of those beans. We used to dry the corn too and shell it in the winter time. And apples--oh in the Fall of the year the girls were always peeling apples. They used to peel them in a curl so you could put them on a string, and hang them up to dry. Then, all you had to do was soak them.

Eileen asked Len to tell me that his father cadged for years. Yes--well that was the idea of my father getting the truck--was to cadge supplies to the lumbering camps. He dealt with Claude Wardell. He used to buy a lot of supplies from him for the lumber camps. We still have old bills at home--never been used. He would leave home--go to Huntsville, load up and he'd come back as far as Millar's Hill, where he would stay at Millar's overnight. Then, he'd go on through the next day with the team of horses. When he got the truck, he could make the trips to Huntsville in one day, hauling two sets of sleighs. So, my father figured that he was going to make lots of oney with that truck, running on the lake--it had very high wheels. When he travelled on the ice in the winter time, he travelled one route on the lake. And then, with the barn--there was a door on the barn, and then a door going out the other side. He hauled everything in there, and used to harness the teams up, and then strike off with the sleighs for the lumber camps.

There were lots of midwives. All the women would help. When my grandmother died, my mother and Aunt Ino (Mrs. Charlie Burk) and somebody else, laid Grandma out. That was in 1926-27. There was no undertaker. Gordon Dollar used to make the caskets--the Clerk of the Twp would pronounce them dead, and he'd make out a death certificate. Nell Dollar used to line the caskets.

I remember my first tooth being pulled. Doctors and dentists used to come up to hunt. We always knew the day they were coming out from their hunting camps. They always spent a day at the

hotel. They travelled by boat--the old Iroquois, or the Mohawk Belle--across the portage, then to Huntsville via the Algonquin or Ramona,. The first time I went down to the hotel, mother took my sister Norri ? and me down. Of course, I yelled blue murder, because I thought they were going to kill me. I think it hurt more to cry than it did to get the tooth pulled. Then my sister started to cry. She swore up and down that the dentist got hold of her tongue. There was no freezing. One fellow held your mouth open, and the other pulled. Whether they got the right tooth or not, I don't know but anyway, we were always happier afterwards. They always charged 25¢ for a tooth to be pulled.

Joe Avery might be able to give you information re the area in early times--he knows all about the Avery's. He can tell you some great stories, and he knows what he is talking about. In his day, he has been a very handy man. Now, the Avery's were accused of getting fish, years ago, and breaking the law. At the same time, they were being paid by the Dept. to net these fish--strip the spawn out of them, and put milt on them. They'd take the eggs home, put them in moss, and they had to keep them at a certain temperature. They had an old oil stove going there, and they had to keep watching those eggs, and turning them, and after they kept them so long--they had to ship them out, they had to put them in crates, pack ice in with them--to Bracebridge by stage coach and then, they went to the hatchery. But, everyone thought the Avery's were breaking the law. They didn't know about the eggs.

Joe Avery was a son of Jim who was a son of Jefferson. Miah was a brother of Jim's. Len felt that Ebenezer Avery was a connection too.

When old Jeff came up here, he used to come up here by himself quite a bit. He was trading with the Indians. He and Alfred Thompson came from Boston--he followed, after Jeff had come up here. When Jeff would paddle across Lake Ontario, he'd leave at night, to miss the wind. Then they came up through the Trent Valley Canal System. And of course, he made his headquarters down at West Guilford--where he traded with the Indians--or Grass Lake down there--Mrs. Avery came up with him that time. And, I can't recall, Joe would be able to tell you, whether they brought any of their children with them then, or not. But anyway, she was going to have a baby, so they stayed that Fall. He knew she'd have the baby on the way back, so they dare not leave. So, they built a log shack down at Grass Lake, and they stayed there that Winter, and I think it was John who was born there at Grass Lake. Then they moved from there to Newholm, and then, some of old Jeff's children came up after that, but not all of them came up here. Some of them settled down around the Rice Lake area, down around Omemee. One of his sons came up to Omemee, and you'll run into Avery's down there--Harry, Herb, Leon [] a cottage up at Hollow Lake. I think Mr. and Mrs. Avery were buried at Newholm. The only one of Jeff's children I ever saw was Jim, Nehemiah, Mrs. Atcheson, Aunt Annie Atcheson. One of her feet, was a clubbed foot. She had a high heel about 4 or 5 inches high. There wasn't a better fisherwoman in this country--there wasn't a man that could outdo her on the net, either. I can remember one morning, when my sister married Gordon Avery, who was a son of old Jim's, I went down with Gordon, and Annie was bringing in her bag of fish--about 8 o'clock in the morning, and she must have had about 50 or 60 lake trout in that bag. And, she'd be every bit of 65 or 70 then. And, she could

handle a canoe too--it didn't matter how rough it was. She could set a night line--she could hunt--she could do anything.

Joe--you'll find he is a real interesting fellow. All the boys will tell you, they should have listened to old Jim Avery. Old Jim Avery told the boys--there's no reason for anybody to starve in this country--because, there's all kinds of roots you can dig out of the ground, if you know where to look for them--what roots you can eat, what gives you the energy, etc. Then, I started scrounging around in the bush, and I used to bring home gold thread. When I was young, I had canker sores in my mouth. Old Mrs. Shrigley used to bring a jar of cream down for me [] day, and old Johnnie Booker used to go up onto the mountain and bring down gold thread. In mother's doctor's book, and grandpa always added to the doctor's book, for he had his own remedies for everything--you took the gold thread and steeped it, and made a tea. Then, you rinsed your mouth out with it. That was supposed to cure the canker sores. My mouth got cured, whether it was the gold thread or not, I don't know.

Re the picture of Dorset--That's where the wireless was in that building, where Jack Mack's garage is now. Eileen--Sam Brown died after I came here, and Mrs. Mack preached the funeral service--Mrs. Jack Mack.

Re picture of lumbering up at Kimball Lake. Joe Cassidy--he always had a great big gold watch chain, and he would never wear mitts, no matter how cold it was. Len's father--he was what they called a top loader. It was before they loaded logs with a jammer. They used to say that no one could put a load of logs on like my father. When the teams used to pull in at the skid way, they'd always head for my father's skid way, because he would tie a load in such a way that they never came off. You see the teamsters were always afraid of one of these logs sliding ahead and hitting the horse, when they were moving down some of the steep hills. They used to take on the back sleigh--to wrap a chain around a runner here, and that's what they called a bitch hook, and just hook it on the chain and then, as soon as the sleigh pulls ahead, it pulls back there and it tightens up. And then, it just drags all the way to the foot of the hill. Then, as soon as you get to the foot of the hill, you have the team back up a bit, unhook the chain, they pull ahead, and you pick the chain up, and they keep on going.

Another picture--there's some of the fellows--old Joe Cassidy again, he was the boss--Bill Cassidy--Hiram Barry--Charlee Sawyer.

Charlie Sawyer was put on the trap line once, and shot himself accidentally. The bullet lodged back of his shoulder blade. He managed to get back to camp--he got a fire going--got into bed. He could just remember afterwards in a daze--he doesn't remember how many days he lay in camp. Sometimes he got up and got a fire going again. Finally he started to get weak. He made tea every once in a while. Then, he figured he was going to freeze to death--so, he started down Hollow Lake, and it's 11 miles down there, and in the winter time. Long Jack Bartholomew lived at this end, where George Brock ? is now--by Mountain Trout House, he happened to look out, and he thought it was a bear, and he wondered how come the bear was out of its den in the

Winter time. He grabbed a rifle and went out, and here was Charlie, coming on his hands and knees. Somebody was up at the head of Hollow Lake the next day, and found that he had come all the way on his hands and knees down that lake. They took him out to the Bracebridge Hospital, and he was 30 some days recovering from the bullet wound. They had to take the bullet out, then he developed pneumonia, but the son of a gun survived.

Another picture of Mr. Barry top loading. What they do--this chain is anchored to the sleigh, and it comes out and comes over a log, and then the team either pulls up here, or they have a snatch block, and the team goes out the other way, which they are doing there. As that chain is pulled over to that snatch block, it pulls the log up, and there's a fellow on each end of this log holding it with a cant hook. Sometimes they only used one man, and he has to go round and round with the cant hook, and my father stands up, and he places the log where he wants it, and he tells them whether to bring it in here, or whether to dump it [on? over?] the top, and stop it here.

My father once had both shoulders pulled out of the sockets. There was a fellow got caught in the skidway, and the skidway broke loose, and my father held it till they got him out. Then, they told my father to let her go, but my father couldn't let go of the cant hook--for, all of a sudden, his shoulders came out of joint. He was in the hospital for just about a year, because he couldn't use his arms. Yet, he recovered the use of his arms, and never had trouble with his shoulders.

Picture of a lumber camp up in Algonquin Park--it was one of the first camps they put a window in.

### Tramway Pictures

1. House, where Hill's place is now--before you come to Twp. Office, and you start up that grade--on left hand side--past Anderson's--just where you get down into the hollow, you'll see the bank is cut out--and there is an old wooden gate with fencing on it. That is where this old tramway came through. Just past that gateway, you'll see a sign that says C.R.Hill. You'll go down there, and that old house is down there. Mr. Bayer ? bought it, and made it into a cottage. The walls in it are about two feet thick. They had a boiler in it, and they figured they had to make the walls thick, in case the boiler blew up. The big boiler was in there, at the water. The logs were pulled up an endless chain, and dumped into the trough here. Now, these two big flumes--that was pumping water up, and dumping it into the trough. Notice the short pants. The fellows had cut some off the bottoms of their pants for patching elsewhere. This tramway was quite an undertaking.
2. Now, this is the trough--the road coming to Dorset, comes right along here now, and, just before that sub station, is where this cuts around--and then it goes right across where that big Hydro line runs--and it runs around behind Jack Crozier's place, and this ran all the way over to where you turn off the road to go up to Cecil Anderson's (gravel pit on Paint Lake road)--that was where this trough ended. And this trough was made out of boards from the Lake of Bays. It was cedar that they cut along the shore. This is a railing on the

far side of it--and there was a walk all the way around on this, and there's a telephone line. They had a pole every so often along the trough, and there was a phone on every pole, so that if anything happened, they could call back to here and stop it. The Gilmore Co. were modern, you know. They used every bit of modern equipment they could. If anything happened, then, they wouldn't dump any more logs in. Then, it came over to where the gravel pit is. That's the end of the trough there. Then, it ran up ½ mile to the Tramway, on an endless chain again. The logs were floated in that big trough, in water right to there.

3. Then the logs ran up to what we call the Tramway. That is below the Ridout Dump on the Minden Road--that flat land before you get to Raven Lake. All the way back this way on the flat land was flooded--they had a dam on it. These logs were duped onto this flat land, when it was all flooded right into Raven Lake, and this is where the logs was dumped in to that flat land. They had a carbon light on that old Alligator, Uncle John Remey is standing there on the Alligator, with a poker--Ben Sawyer. When the logs got into Raven Lake, they ran down the dam, down there at the Black River bridge. When you get to the Forest Ranger's school, there's a bridge, and it's a little narrower than the road, and you have to go across that bridge. Just past that bridge, on the left hand side, they dug a ditch, right clean into St. Nora's Lake. Well, that's the creek that runs back of the Forest Ranger's school. They dug a ditch right along to there, and the logs were all floated in there. And, when they got them as far as St. Nora's Lake, they had no trouble, because they ran them down the Trent Valley Canal System,.

The reason they wanted to get them out there, was that down at Trenton the Gilmore Lumber Co., had all this money invested in this big saw mill. So they thought that if they hauled all of the logs down to Trenton--that would be the ideal thing to do--bring the logs to the mill. And, that's what made them go bankrupt, because, there were still logs coming out of this country, when it froze up in the Fall of the year, and, as my father said, it was choked right full of logs, right from Raven Lake in to St. Nora's Lake. Then, a lot of these logs--they didn't know how to handle them in those days--and they were sunk by the next year. They wouldn't stand floating that long, and, it was back, oh in the teens that they found that if you went into the bush, and girdled the hemlock tree, the first year, then, go in in the Summer time, and cut bark all the way round, then, they could cut them the next year, and they would float. That dried them out enough to absorb air, and they would float. But, the firm went bankrupt.

But then, one of the Gilmore brothers, he got some money some place, and he built the Gilmore sawmill at Gravenhurst, and then, that Gilmore Hotel. They most likely owned it, because they called it the Gilmore.

When did the Tramway operate? Different people have different opinions on it. One man who was living at the time, said it ran from 1893-1895. Others say it was going in 1900. Old Harry Kenny said that when he was a boy, he used to go up to watch it--and that there used to be a lot of water leak out of the trough.



Then, the Gilmore Co. all became rich again, because they went into mining. They went out west. Having at the time been worth a great deal of money, I suppose they had no difficulty in raising funds to get started again. They quit the lumbering business. But, nobody seems to know what happened to the old Alligator that was out on Raven Lake.

Re Alligator on Lake of Bays--was pulled up on beach. Maybe the metal was sold for scrap during the war, and the rest rotted away.

Down at Shirley Anderson's Gift Shop, there used to be another building as big as her Gift Shop--towards the end of the dock, and it was full of boom chain--and all of that chain disappeared during the war. Who had the authority to sell it, I don't know--because that belonged to Mickle and Dymont.

A good picture of the Mary Louise

Two issues of the Dorset Drain Pipe. The Minden Echo printed it, Publisher ran hotel, and his mother said it was too bad he couldn't have stayed here--he was an interesting fellow. Fitzgerald--Feb and March, 1915.

Marvellous picture of screech owls.

Len described trip on Mohawk Belle and Iroquois--you would hear nothing but the water rushing away from the boat--no sound of engines up there at all. It was so peaceful and quiet.

Bill Murray of the Portage was the engineer of the Iroquois--he was in there at the boiler--at the motor. On the Mohawk, it was always a Bullock that looked after the furnace--oh, would they ever get black. About once a week, they'd blow out all the tubes in the boiler--at Dorset. When he'd come out of there, would he ever be black, and just soaking wet. It was hot down there. I don't know how they ever put up with it, handling all that four foot wood--throwing it in--and there wasn't ventilation. Alfred and Alvin and old Sardi Chevalier cut wood for that boat for years and years and years. They'd haul 100 cords of wood to Dorset, and pile it on the dock--not all at once--but, they'd keep coming up with the old barge. It was piled high, in all kinds of piles there. You used to see great piles of wood over at Chevalier's, and when the wood would get low in Dorset, they'd back up their steamboat, and hock it up there, and I supposed they hauled wood to Bigwin Inn too. I don't know. They had to have wood there to run the Steamer Bigwin, and to run that generator there for electricity.

We used to have our own Lake of Bays Telephone System. My father used to do the odd bit of repairing on them. He used to have to go to Baysville to pick up hones, batteries, etc., at J.D. Smith's. He was the headquarters for the L of B Telephone Co.

E.B. Speers owned Clayton's store. Wes Clayton bought it from him.

Grandpa Remy was one of the first Elgin Watch jeweller's in Canada. He had a good business, but, he was in business with his brother, and some thing happened. Of course, mother was close mother, and, maybe mother didn't know everything--but, up until the day Grandpa died, grandpa was still sending money back. Whether he was paying off something that his brother had done--what happened, we don't know. We have some of his watch catalogues. Grandpa was great for sewing things together--little magazines--we still have some.

They used to row a boat from Dorset to Baysville and back.

David Roche's grave--the grave is marked by stones (he was with the survey party)--the grave is in past Norm McKay's--up past the church--and across the highway, then, follow that road right up. But, you'd have to be prepared to walk. You couldn't walk right in to it.

## The Outfitter of Dorset—(Wes Clayton)

Lent to me by Margaret Bowlby

The sign reads—D. W. Clayton, Outfitting Store. To hundreds of Summer tourists, it represents an unusual shopping experience. As one American visitor to the Lake of Bays put it, “A call in at Clayton’s, is like a visit to my boyhood,” this store had everything but the cracker barrel.

For somehow, in spite of the great influx of vacationers, Clayton’s of Dorset, Ontario, has managed to retain the delightful confusion of an old-fashioned store.

Not one inch of space escapes use. Even the ceiling astounds newcomers, with a variety of pots and pans, kettles and lanterns suspended above their heads.

The owner, and manager of the store, D. W. Clayton, had watched its progress from a modest beginning, to its present status, with affection as well as pride.

When I was 19, I left this area to work in Toronto, Wes Clayton recalled. I roomed somewhere between King and Queen Streets, and worked 11 ½ hours each night. I was homesick for the North Country, and, one night I walked past a little store on Yonge Street, all lit up with Christmas lights, and I said to myself—“that’s for you Wesley—a store of your own.”

With what little money he had at the time, Clayton bought a canoe in Toronto, and had it shipped to Huntsville. He paddled the 25 miles back home, to save extra fare. “I began to make good my dream, by working for hire, and as a guide.”

Clayton, one of eleven children, was born at Fletcher Lake, and it was not surprising that he wanted his store to be in that area. I worked for ten years, saving every penny I could, until I had \$3800. Then I purchased this store from Ed Speers, 37 years ago.

The early years produced their share of labour for Clayton, and his wife Dorothy, whom he married soon after he had established himself as a merchant. Our stock was mainly cattle feed, lumberman’s and trapper’s supplies, including equipment and food staples. In those days, folks around here baked their own bread, and made other home needs, everything came to me by boat, and, it was hard work. Why, I remember rolling as many as 72 barrels of gasoline from the dock to the store house myself. In those days, it was necessary to buy as much as possible, when the last boat docked before the freeze up. I could buy baskets from the Indians, but I had to send teams for supplies that ran out—he reminisced.

To-day, the store is divided into a fairly modern groceteria, up-to-date cold storage and butcher shop on one side. The other side retains its character despite the many new lines of merchandise included. A boat livery service offers canoes and other water craft from Clayton’s dock. This addition to the store was acquired recently.

Wes Clayton has been postmaster of Dorset for the years he has owned the store. Perhaps that is the reason why Clayton's is the headquarters for enquiries. Many a week-end guest is directed to a Summer cottage in the area, and tourists find answers to such questions as, "Where is the closest Catholic Church? -- How do you get to Selby's Point?—What is good for black fly bites?"

Although July and August are peak months for tourists, May is one of the busiest for Clayton's. --Fishing parties write, and let me know their arrival dates. From the itemized lists they send, I ship supplies to their cabin, and arrange for a licenced guide, and a cook as well. Last year, Clayton issued 200 fishing and hunting licences.

In the old days, Clayton and one clerk ran the store, and Dorothy baked pies to entice customers to their door. To-day's Summer stage numbers eight, and all are kept hopping to look after the tourist's needs. Mrs. Clayton prepared the meals, and plays the role of Mother to this holiday staff. The Clayton's son, Jack, is in charge of the meat department, and both daughters have worked in the store with their parents.

Although Wes Clayton was recently offered enough cash for the business to retire, he refused. -I am hoping to open a hardware store near the dock—he said—with the pioneer glint of a new venture in his eyes. For, Clayton's has been built on memories, as well as merchandise.

"I'll never forget the day a moose came out of the lake, and came across our lawn, as casually as a customer."

Summer customers too, gather their share of memories, to take back to the orderly city shopping.

**Mrs. C. Dawkins—St. Anne's Towers—661 Dufferin St.—Apt. 503**

Friday, March 28, 1969.

This is a story about the Robertson's at OxTongue Lake. (There are still some Robertson's at Dwight—Johnnie Robertson lived there.)

The Robertson's were really pioneers. I think they came from St. Thomas. At the time, my husband was all through that country. He was with the lumber company, buying and selling, and hiring and firing, and just anything there was to do. He was with Rothburn's. He had to go to OxTongue Lake. The Asbury's lived at one end, and the Robertson's lived at the extreme other end of OxTongue Lake.

Mrs. Robertson told me that her husband had worked on a farm at St. Thomas. And, when she was young, he would be away—they worked long hours, you know, and she had her babies, and there were a number of other young women there. And, they used to meet at the beach, and they had such a lovely time together.

But, the husband finally decided he was going to take up land, and start out on his own. He went from Orillia—he had to go by stage coach, I suppose, to Huntsville, and, from there, he went right through the bush up to the other end of OxTongue Lake—to choose a farm. He built a log cabin,— and then finally she went by the same route. When she got to Huntsville, they went through the bush on a stone boat, to the extreme end of OxTongue Lake—with her two little boys. This was in the Fall. Well, they were there all winter. He made a boat. He got a log, and dug it out, and made a boat out of it, and they cleared some land. In the spring, they put some seeds in. I think they said it was barley. And then we went to the farm where he used to work in St. Thomas to earn some money, and she was left there all alone, with those two little boys, not a soul any place near her. She had a sickle, and, when the grain was ready to cut, she would cut it with her sickle. And, they had the boat, and they used to go out in the boat in the evening, and paddle around. And, when it got dark, they'd go in and go to bed.

Then, he came home in the Fall. And, later on in the Winter, he took sick. He had a bad throat, and, on towards Spring, it got so bad, and she was there all alone, and she didn't know what to do. She thought he was going to die. She thought he's choke. She couldn't think of anything but quinsy. So, on Sunday, when she was sure he was going to die, she bundled these two little boys up, to send them to the neighbours—down the lake, three or four miles down on the ice, and the ice wasn't very good. She said she watched them go around the point. She didn't know if she would ever see them again—they were going for help. And, they were just out of sight when this thing in his throat broke, and of course he was better right away. But the little boys were gone, and she said she just paced the floor, and she just didn't know what to do. She couldn't leave her husband, the boys were gone- they were just small, and she did not know whether they would ever get there or not. But anyway, they arrived at the Asbury's. There was a church service there that day, so then, they came to her rescue. (What had been wrong with her husband was that he

had a husk of barley in his throat. He had got it in the harvest and it had been there all this time, and finally it broke.)

Mrs. Dawkins parents went to Baysville as settlers. Her father's name was Irwin. He died when she was quite small. She doesn't remember much about Baysville—they moved to Huntsville. Then, she lived in Dorset for 16 years. The Remy family were my neighbours. Mrs. Remy was just wonderful to me—then, the Mossington's and the Phillips.

Did you go to Dorset before you were married? Yes,—my folks went—that's how they were friends of Nellie Christilaw—they lived down in that district more—they were pioneering again. I wouldn't know much about Baysville, except what I have heard.

It was the Alvin Phillips that Mrs. Dawkins knew. Our house was occupied at one time by the Lockman's, I think,— then, the Tutt's bought it. They moved to Brantford when we bought that house. It was next door to the Remy's. It was a great big house. Hugh McEachern is there now. It doesn't look much like it did when we were there. There were seven bedrooms in that house.— Mrs. Dawkins didn't know that this had first been the Allan Phillips house.

Mrs. D. knew Mr. Harvey, and his sister Miss Harvey. He was never married as far as she knew.

Allan Phillips had the post office there. By the time we got there, there had been an addition built to that house, and there was a square hole cut in the door of one of the bedrooms. We never did anything about it—and it was like that when we left. They told us that that had been the post office. But, we didn't know the Allan Phillips.

My friends were the Simmons and the Langford's—Newton Langford. Mrs. Simmons was Eunice Langford's sister. They were Baker's. They came from Gilmore. They had a boarding house there, when the Gilmore Co. was up there, and Sue wasn't married then. She met George Simmons up there. Genevieve told me this morning that her father was the first leader of the Huntsville Band. He came from Bracebridge. Then he came to Dorset with the Langford's. I think he lived in their home I think he came from England as quite a young boy, and the Langford's had been in their home out near Bracebridge, and when Newton came to Dorset, George came too, and he worked in the store there, and that is where he met Sue Baker. Well, she lives here now.

I told Genevieve you were coming, and she said—oh, if she wants to know anything about Muskoka, tell her to call Art Blackburn. He lived in Huntsville—he lives in Toronto now. He married a Huntsville girl. I can't remember what he did.

The Baker's were already in Dorset when we went there. The father was living, and there was Charlie and Lou. People said that Charlie wasn't very good to his father, but Lou was especially good to him. She worked just like a man/ Charlie finally built a shack up in the bush some place. He didn't live at home—and Lou took over. They lived just where you turn to go down by the

lake—just up there. And I used to see her. She always had a new hat at Easter time. She went to church regularly—but she was a character, and finally—I don't know whether she had an ad in the paper—or whether the man she married had. Anyway, they got together, and were married. He came from Dundas, I think. His mother and father came—very nice, dignified people—we never could quite figure it out. But, Lou was kind. She used to cut wood, and bring it to our place. She had an old white horse, just worked like a man.

Mrs. D. said the Barker's didn't live on the hill, when she knew them. They used to live just on the turn of the road, where you used to turn to go in to Huntsville. They lived on the right hand corner, just as you turn—right in there. I think the McEachern's lived there for a while, after the Barker's were gone. Old Mr. Barker died, and Lou was married to this man, and eventually they went away. I don't know what happened to Charlie. I guess he died too.

There was a family of Loucks lived in Dorset. One of the boys went to school, and he just wouldn't learn—he was dumb. Genevieve Simmons was always trying to help him. She was just a little girl. One night she was saying her prayers, and she was saying such a long prayer—the mother wondered what she was saying. And, she got curious about it, and asked her. Genevieve said she didn't want to tell her, because she might laugh. Finally she said she was praying that Syd Loucks wouldn't have any mistakes the next day. But he did—so she lost faith.

George Cole was a marvellous husband and father, but, he couldn't open his mouth without swearing. They lived back there, you know, and they were smart that Cole family—they were clever. George was such a good hearted fellow. He married a girl—Mary Tyrell—and she was just as dignified as could be. They had a little girl my daughter's age, and, at night, she'd go over to play, after she'd get into her nightie—and he would romp and play with those children—and call them all the names you could think of—he loved them. My mother came to visit me once, and she said—I wouldn't let Kathleen go over there—and, didn't Kathleen tell them.

When Mrs. D. lived in Dorset, old Mrs. Cole, and a younger daughter, Mrs. McCrindle, lived in a big home across from the hotel. The Galpins I think, were there, and later, the Roberts?? Mrs. Cole was a character but she had a tough life. He was a real old timer, you know—an old bush man. They had that big family, and she worked so hard. She seemed to have a bitter feeling towards life. My mother was a great admirer of hers. George was a good fellow—a good neighbour. All that family were clever—and they turned out well.

The senior Remey's were my neighbours, and were they good to me. Hattie was a little girl—maybe 12 years old, and Ethel would be 10—when we went there to live. And, when Kathleen came, oh they loved her. They came over and sat with her, and took her out. Mrs. Remey was an outspoken, straight forward person. I couldn't have had better neighbours.

Mrs. Remey said they never should have taken that country away from the Indians. And, when she came, they lived away up on a hill at Otter Lake. They told me that she had some of her babies alone. He'd be away, and she'd be alone. And, she never, never liked that country. She

came from around St. Thomas, and I think her people were quite well to do farmers, or whatever they were. She never got to like that country. But, she made up her mind that she would be a good wife, and whatever her husband wanted, she never complained. So, lots of times, she wasn't very happy. She was marvellous to know, and I knew her so well.

Mrs. D. lived there from 1896-1910. The Mossington's were there, and then Joe Cassidy's, and the Hoover's, and the McEachern's—the McEachern boys went to school with our children, and Nell Phillips did too—Nell Mossington was a friend of my children, and Jessie McEachern. She is Mrs. Crewson, now—living up at Otter Lake. I used to go to see her mother, Mrs. McEachern. She used to play the organ, and Mr. McEachern played the violin. We used to have Christmas parties, and have a wonderful time.

Were the Lockman's there, when you were there? Yes, when we were there, the Lockman's lived up past where the Hoover's lived—I don't know how many miles away. They ultimately moved down to Dorset, but I do not believe it was in my time.

The Shrigley's were a very fine family.

The Langford's summer hotel was in Dorset, when Mrs. D. lived there. They kept building on to the hotel, when they were there. It was a poorly built place. They had wonderful people come there, year after year. They gave them a wonderful time. They had a little launch—The Bluebell—and they used to go on picnics in it, and quite often asked me to go with them.

The Pelton's were from Conneat, Ohio. He was a Holy Roller. He had been a very wicked man in his day—so he said—he had made lots of money, and he believed in trying to repay it, if he knew whom he had cheated—we tried to make good to them. They had a little point up there—it was a lovely place in the trees. They had the first car up there.

Mrs. Bert Shrigley had T.B.. She was in bed for a long time. The Pelton and the maid, believed in faith healing. They used to go to try to heal her. It didn't work. When she was able to come out, I'd go away around the bay there, and meet her, and we'd have a little picnic on the side of the road. Then, she would go back. It was a sad case. It must have been a burden for the Shrigley's. They didn't need that. Bert Shrigley used to go, I couldn't tell you how many miles to get eggs. She was supposed to have raw eggs.

Finally, he belonged to some lodge, and they thought if she went to a warmer climate, she would be better. So, they went to Virginia. He went first. Then, she left. My husband was on the boat, the day she went out. Her sister-in law was going with her—Ida Shrigley. She took sick, and they had a dickens of a time getting someone in Huntsville to take her in—people were afraid, because she had T.B.

Finally, they were able to continue on their way, and when they got to Conneat, Ohio, where the Pelton's lived, she went to bed for a couple of days, and then, they took her to church on Sunday,



and she was anointed. They went up to the front – some in wheel chairs. She was anointed and healed. She went back to the Pelton's, and she didn't feel any different. But, she wakened that night, and she knew she was cured. She visited me three or four years after she came back, and stayed with me in Huntsville, and she said that she was cured. It was her faith. The Pelton's said that the only explanation they could give, was that they—were not strong enough when they went to her beside in Dorset, and prayed, or, whether she didn't co-operate or not, I don't know. She really was cured.

Her doctor was Dr. Hart. He hadn't any belief in that sort of thing. So, she went out to see him, and told him all about it. She said the doctor said her lungs were badly scarred, but, she didn't have any T.B. She is the only person who I ever knew who was ever really cured by faith.

The Sparkes farmed. But, in our time. They started taking tourists around the Lake of Bays. Some of those women just worked themselves to death. The first Mrs. Sparks died—then, Mrs. Cunnington.

Mrs. Ball was a marvellous woman. He was a strange kind of man—he never left that place. She looked after all the business. I never heard of him being up to the store, or going any place. She was such a going concern. Garryowen was first owned by the Hamilton's. Before the Ball's bought it, they lived along in by Birkendale—along in there. They had a rented place there, when they first came. Then, they bought the Hamilton place, and they fixed it up. The logs were peeled logs, and I think they stained them, and they had a stone fire place.

Mrs. Ball was a lovely person. If she read an article or a recipe in a magazine, she'd send it on to you. I know she wrote a note to my mother, and told her when she washed her blankets the first time, she washed them in cold water, not hot. She washed hers in the lake, and the dressing that was in the blankets, just floated around in the water they were beautiful. In those days, you'd never think of putting anything woollen in cold water.

My brother's two kids were up at Dorset, in the store, and they heard—oh, the men used to sit around and talk,— and one said to the other.- Do you know what I heard to-day? Sardis Chevalier had a horse die on him. Well—said another one—that's nothing, I heard that Fred Fisher had a hundred bushels of potatoes freeze on him.

The fisher's who had the drug store, lived right there at the drug store right in the back. They had a daughter—but she never came up to Dorset. I think she was a problem of some kind, and she never came to Dorset.

It was Frank Fisher who told my husband about Pete Brown, in Hearst. Frank Fisher had been a neighbour of the Brown's. Frank was living up in Hearst, clearing land for a Mrs. McLeod in Bracebridge. The place was supposed to boom, and they had to do so much improvement. Frank Fisher was there. Bill was the older one. He was in Bracebridge, the last I heard of him. He had the Florist's shop. Then, there was Frank, Fred and Lenard. I guess they are all gone now.

Mrs. Frank didn't like his way of life, and he didn't like her way of life. She was a city gal.

I think Leonard married after our time there. They were all at home then and they were musicians, you know. They had a regular string band—they were clever.

Fred Fisher lived somewhere down along the lake there—didn't know where Frank lived.

Fred Fisher was lost one time. He went away, and everyone was sure he had been drowned crossing the lake.

There wasn't any place for him to be, except on the bottom of the Lake of Bays, and everybody was looking for him, and it was cold. The ice was just breaking up. Finally, they found him—visiting at Tom Salmon's place. Well—they wished he had drowned, they said. The Remy boys were freezing to death, looking for him. Fred Fisher could drown as far as they were concerned. He didn't know enough to report when he had gone away.

My husband brought Mrs. Robertson to visit me. He thought she could have a holiday, so she came down. She was a marvellous story teller. She could have told you enough to fill a book.

Mr. and Mrs. D. had gone up to Hearst. While there, they met Frank Fisher. Pete Brown had been away for years and years—and his mother, Mrs. Duncan Brown, had never heard from him. But, she always kept hoping he would return-. She kept a light burning in the window every night, and watched and watched.

One day, my husband said to Frank Fisher—I saw Pete Brown in a store in Hearst, to-day. Frank then told my husband the story about the mother waiting and watching for him, and worrying about him being away so long, and not knowing where he was. He said, if you see him again, tell him to come see me immediately. So, my husband took a livery horse, and I went with him, and we went along a country road- and he had an idea where it was. So, we drove along, found a team of horses having their noon day meal from some logs made like a manger. There was a shack there, covered with brush. He stopped the horse, and called—Pete—a man came out, but it wasn't Pete Brown. So, he told the man he was looking for Pete Brown. Well, he said,— this is where he lives. He said, we've been together for years. They came from the West. They had tried things around through the West,, and finally decided they would come down to Hearst. They were both called Pete. So—my husband left the message.

Pete Brown did go to see Frank Fisher, and he came home to see his mother. Right in the bush, that was. I don't know whether they stayed there or not.

There was a family, I think the name was Patterson.- Clayton would remember. They lived away—well it would be on the way from Dorset to OxTongue Lake, away in the bush. The man was sick, and he died. And, there they were miles and miles from anyone. The mother couldn't leave,

because she had children, and she couldn't do anything about burying her husband. Apparently, he was in the habit of coming to Dorset for supplies, and, when he didn't come, Mr. Cole, and, this is what those men, rough and all as they were, how good they were—he thought he must go to see what was going on. Well, it wasn't an easy trip, you know. But, he didn't hesitate at all, when he began to think there was something wrong, and, sure enough, he found that the man had died—he wasn't even buried. The wife was there along with her children—eating anything, squirrels, or anything she could get. And, he brought her out with the children. I don't know how long they kept her—but they would keep her until she could better herself. That's what pioneers were like. The early pioneer had little cash, but, they gave of themselves in service to each other. These people lived away in the bush, and why anyone would ever settle there, I would never know. And why the Roberts would have settled where they did, is a mystery. They just went through the bush, she told me, on this stone boat, and her two little boys with her.

Johnnie Robertson (son) did live in Dwight—there is some of their family anyway. But, they might not know that story, you know. Mrs. Robertson told it to me, when she came to visit. She was a marvellous story teller very Scotch—but we had a lovely time. She was going to visit someone else, farther down the Baysville road. I think that name was Eheler. And so, she went one day—she went on the stage coach. And, my golly, the next day, she was back again. I couldn't believe my eyes, when I saw her coming. Oh, she couldn't stay there—a terrible place—Mrs. Eheler wasn't a house keeper, and the children were not well behaved, so she came back, and I had a double visit from her, which I was thankful for. She was a lovely, tall, nice person. I don't know that she had ever had a holiday before.

Re church services held in homes. I told Mrs. D. that I had read, where an early Summer preacher, had held Sunday services at the Robertson's. Mrs. D. said that she was sure that that would be so. The day the little boys walked down to the lake, the service was being held at the Asbury's.

The Robertson's home is a Summer place now. The lovely years she spent up there. She loved companionship. She told me about how as a young woman—she and others who were young, and having their babies, used to take picnics to the beach, and, what happy times they had together. Up there, she didn't go anyplace. There wasn't any place to go—until she came to our place.

Re Lou Barker. Their marriage was arranged through advertising—either he did or she did. He came up. They drove to Bracebridge, and were married, and drove back to her place, and that is where they lived. When I left there in 1910, they were still there. I don't know when they moved away. His mother and father came up to visit—very nice people, they were, and we often wondered what they thought of Lou. I am trying to think of someone who might know something about her, but can't think of anyone, unless it would be Mrs. Simmons.

Mrs. Stewart told me that Mrs. Dawkins' parents were named Irwin. They were early settlers in Baysville. Mr. Irwin died—and Mrs. Irwin married Dick Salmon—a brother of Tom Salmon. They were the parents of Mr. Harry Salmon.

## Visit with Mr. and Mrs. Hudson—Sunday, March 30, 1969

Who were your relatives, who settled up at Long Lake?

Mrs.-- James Stewart, and Jeremiah Pamenter. They were uncle and nephew. Jeremiah Pamenter was James Stewart's sister's son.

They came from Toronto. I am not sure when they went up. Mother (grandmother) went up to visit them first in 1884 or 1885, and they had their place established then. But, how much ahead of that they had gone up—whether it was a year or two, I do not know. Mother was Jeremiah's sister, and she was 18 when she first went up to see them—to visit. She was born in 1866. The other sister was 5, when they first took her up to visit, and she had never seen water before, and she got quite mad when she lost one of those big hats in the water. They were in a row boat, and they wouldn't let her walk out to get it. They had cottages later on up at The Maples. She grew up and was married, and her name was Maxwell.

James and Jeremiah went with the idea of establishing a farm. They cleared over 100 acres. They were Crown Grant lands, and they each had 200 acres—but, they only worked the first 200, and they had grain, potatoes, berries. At the back, where Mitchell's now have their place, was cattle—a stable and cattle. Of course, I don't remember that. I remember the remains of it, when I was a kid. They had a big orchard up on the hill, and you still come across the occasional tree up, there, that has gone back to its natural state.

Were the Boothby's there, when your people arrived? They must have come about the same time, from what I can make out. Alice was born up there—she was the youngest Boothby. They came over from England, with six sons. They lived in the old Ryerson place for a while. I know that the Boothby's lived in the old Ryerson place for a while. I know mother told me that Mrs. Boothby was what years ago was considered a lady—and, when she came here, she had no clothing at all, except silks and satins—beautiful clothes—and, she had been waited on. She came out to the country with six sons,— to a wilderness—and then, they built the house up on the hill—behind where the Log Cabin Gift Shop is now. They took the barn down two years ago, and that was the last of it. There is a very deep well up there. Every year, I am afraid that someone is going to fall down that well. It is 75 feet deep—where the old house used to be.

Mr.—They used to have their own blacksmith's shop—and, they even had something I have never seen, but, was told about—for to cut down trees by gasoline. That was something, in those times—and their own milk house and they had gas lights in their house.

Mrs.—I didn't see them working, but I saw the tubing and that, for them, when I was a youngster. For the gas lights—the carbon, then a little stone—put them in a tank, and screw the top on, and there's just a drop of water comes in, just like the old fashioned bicycle lamps, and the gas goes through, and you light the gas in your house.

The frame of the house was all pinned—there were no spikes in it—beautiful flooring, logs all morticed in, and wooden plugs. That house has been re-erected in a modern style in Elmvale—all the material is up there—one of the great daughters owns it. She had the place torn down piece by piece, and they moved it to Elmvale.

The Boothby's had about 300 acres, and the biggest part of it was cleared, and every field had a stone fence around it, and he could tell you what was in every field. He didn't do any work himself much. He just went around with a white coat on, and told the boys what to do. Every field was planted at a certain time, and it was reaped at a certain time. It was all done to schedule. It was the model farm of Muskoka, and people used to come from all over—Guelph, and every place, to look at the farm. I didn't ever see this, but Mother has told us about it many times.

Mrs.—By the time I was growing up, John had taken it over, and it had gone sort of haywire. John was one of the sons—John, Tom Willie, Egbert, Harry and Edward. Then, the grandsons got it and they got far more money working on the road. They ran the road through in 1932,— they got money working on the road, than working the farm, so they just let it go, and that's what happened to the farm.—the land used to be good growing land.

When mother used to go up, they would take the train to Bracebridge—stay there all night, then, take the stage or the jumper up to Baysville—then, the old Mary L. up the lake. If the Captain was in good humour he'd come to that big stone behind Langford's boathouse. If he weren't he'd stay out in the lake, and blow his horn, and uncle Jim would hook up the oxen, go out to the big lake, row out, and bring them in. And, he used to send 17 bags of potatoes down to Toronto every year—potatoes that grew up there.

James Stewart was the uncle. Jeremiah Pamentor was the Mother's brother. They were there, and they abandoned that house, and built the present house that we live in, when his youngest daughter was going to be born. She'd be 63 this year. Jerry went out to Penetang to work. He needed more money with a wife and three kiddies. He left Uncle Jim in the house. Then, he died there, and Auntie came back, and she built what is now Rob Roy Lodge—so that was the second place on the lake there.

What other settlers came in around that Long Lake area? Well, in our area, there was no one else came in, until Molesworth's came in, but that was much later.

Uncle Jim died in 1925. He left Mother's brother a lot, and he built a place the next year.

Fisher's owned the top half of the lake, but, their place was on the big lake.

The Fisher's parents owned the drug store in Dorset, and lived there. There were the four sons, Bill, Frank, Fred and Leonard, and a daughter Florie. She married a Gay, and became Florie Gay.

She had a daughter Jean. She used to live in Toronto. Norman would know where. She was a darling.

Fred's house burned down in 1938. His mother had music she had brought from England—stacks of it—the opera's and everything. They brought their piano from England too, and unloading it at the lake shore, it went into the lake. They had to fish it out. But, they dried it out, and it went on for years. In the window of the little house, Fred had all the coloured glass apothecary jars. When the house burned down they just melted into balls—music, piano—it was all destroyed. Where was that house? Frank, Fred and Leonard—they all had their places on the big lake, about ¼ mile past our place. They owned that whole strip—right down. As far as I know, none of them lived on the Booker road.

When they were there, there wasn't the road that is there now. Our road ended it. There was a road came from Brown's Brae to our road and then, there was just a path. We went through with oxen.

But, if we went to The Maples—she was a Hamilton—a sister of hers was Mrs. Montgomery. Mother and she were great friends for years.

Mother would make arrangements, prior to coming up—on such and such a day, I am coming to visit you. So, we'd take our boat, row up to the top of Long Lake, and walk through to Ball's (Garryowen—and that day, uncle would be down there with his boat, and take us from there, up to The Maples. It was a day's drive around those roads to Dorset. It was just too much.

There was a place up on Round Lake when uncle first got his Crown Grant and that was Fred Bigg's. he lived up in Dorset for a while. The later, they moved down by Fisher's. He homesteaded at Round Lake.

I'd love to have been here, when Mother was a girl. –18—19—20. She said you went to bed early, because there was nothing else to do. You had a candle, and that was all. Grandmother sent herself a rocking chair up there—she was tired of sitting on benches. Mother said you would just about be in bed, and you'd hear a yell, and see a light. She'd look out, and there would be all the Fisher's and a bunch from the other side—and, a basket of sandwiches. They had all come by boat. They had decided they wanted a square dance—they had brought lanterns. She said they often used to go to Hamilton's on a Saturday night for a square dance. She said you used to take sandwiches. You didn't make a little package—you'd take a basket—pack them in a boat, and away you'd go. Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Sr. were alive then, and Maggie, and the one who married Gid. Burk, and the Fisher's. she said it didn't matter who you were—everybody gathered together, and had a wonderful time. Fred and Leonard had their fiddles. They didn't call the violins—they called them fiddles. She said they would play by the hour, and you would dance until you would think your feet would fall off.

Mother said that one time they went over to a dance at the Fisher's. The old belief was that if an unmarried girl jumped over a broomstick, while dancing with an unmarried man, she would be considered married to him. Mother didn't care for this fellow to start off with—but they were dancing, and they had jumped over a broomstick. He was all for taking her home, and there was quite a squabble over it. He was determined, but Mother was having no part of it. However, she said she never jumped over a broomstick again.

Grandmother would go up for two months, and take the boys. Mother was the oldest—next to Jerry—then, there was the family below, and Mother would keep house here. Then, grandmother would come home, and mother would still go up, and still keep the youngsters up there—so they had between three and four months up there each year. Evidently there was not as particular about going to school then, as now. They had to pay to go to school here. The bridge went out at the Don, and they had to pay 2¢ a day to be rowed across the Don. Toronto here has been alive for us because she used to tell us so much of the history. She was raised at Little Trinity Church, at King and Parliament Streets. I worked as secretary to the minister there for four years. They have all their old records there, complete from 1842, and I found my great grandparents' marriage certificates—on both sides—births, baptisms, and it was just like seeing Toronto come alive, to read the names of Toronto of this area down there.

When they were building the A. and P. at Queen, during the digging, they came across an old walk—Mother told them what it was—the old board was that used to be on Kingston Road—when it wasn't Queen Street at all. To us, all these people have been alive, - just hearing her talk, and telling us all about it.

Edith Fisher (Mrs. Leonard)—her brother, and the mother—lived at Wolfe Lake. As you go to Dorset, past the Narrows, and up the hill—there's little lake on the right hand side. Before you get to Paint Lake—That of course, was in the bush—for there was no road past our place. And, they homesteaded up in there—in a chocken house—lived there for a long while.

Tom Boothby's place was hopeless. It was completely in the bush—miles from anywhere. The only way you could get out, was to come back through our place, back our road—which, as you know, ends at the end of our place. There was just a path from there—two miles back into the bush. He gradually made it wide enough to bring the team out. But, he and his sister lived back in there for years. Then later, when the new road went through, they brought a road out to the main road. But for years, they just came out through that back road—miles from anywhere. Tom Boothby had a saw mill. All the lumber was brought out through our place. He built Goorin's? and Gatz's?—all those places along the lakeshore there- they were all built by Tom Boothby.

check on above

Mother used to say that when she was a girl, they used to row over to Bigwin Island, and have picnics, after the Indians left. There were no buildings there. Mother said the Indians used to



camp over there, but they never bothered them. The Indians never lived there all year—just camped. They used to use the island for hunting, and, as a stopping off point.

I think that Eva Booker used to go with Willie Boothby. They were engaged to be married. For some reason or another, she became fanatically religious—and poor Willie—it broke his heart, and eventually his mind broke. Willie may still be alive.

Willie? Porter—lived out the Brown's Brae Road—had to walk through a field from John Preston's. He had never thrown a tin can away. He had stacked them, and he had walls of tin cans. He had a beautiful garden, and a nice little garden—clean and nice—but you had to walk through these passages of thousands and thousands of tin cans to get into it.

There are a lot of places in there. The old post office pretty well fell to pieces until somebody bought it.

There used to be a house on Wolfe Lake, made of birch logs—the Lockson's? built it, and moved out of the chicken coop.

Mother used to know the Robertson's at Grove Avenue, and when her brothers were small, they used to spend a lot of time down there at the Robertson's. Evidently Mrs. Robertson used to make much better home made bread than mother and her sister ever did. She says, you'd send the boys off in the morning, expecting them back in two or three hours, and she said you would be lucky to see them back in two or three days.

One of the Boothby girls married an Avery, and they had a Summer resort on Hollow Lake. We drove out there once, years ago. It was all hills, and I think we had 15 flats between Dorset and Hollow Lake.

Aunt Lily was Jerry's sister. She built what is now Rob Roy. On a post card, written by her to the Pamenter's, she told them she had rented the cottage (1913)—The card was addressed to them, care of Fox Point.

## Atlantic Crossing—The Ganges

1870 A.D.

-W.R.Fisher

- June 25— Saturday. Sailed from Victoria from Docks at 11 a.m., in S.S. Ganges.  
1 p.m. Anchored off Gravesend. Committee left us at 2 p.m.  
6 p.m. My dear friends Godridge Mansell and Charlie came down to bid us good-bye
- June 26— Up at 5 a.m.. Fine morning.  
8 a.m. Breakfast, coffee & biscuit. All well. Parents' wedding day.  
8:30 weighed anchor.  
11.00 Divine service held on deck  
1 p.m. Dinner—soup, potatoes & biscuit.  
6 p.m. Tea—biscuits and butter. Sally and Fred very poorly from the motion of the ship.  
10 p.m. – passing Beechey Head
- June 27— 6 a.m. Passing Isle of Wight. Frank poorly.  
8 a.m. Rough  
12 noon. Off Portland. Not so rough  
1 p.m. Dinner—Boiled pea soup. No bread, only biscuit. Capt. Mason, most kind and humane man. Sally and Fred well.  
5 p.m. Saw through the glass, the coast of Devonshire.  
8 p.m. Lost sight of land  
9 p.m. Game of whist below for an hour.
- June 28— 70 miles from the Lizard. Wind favourable. Going 9 knots. Sea calm, but tossing of ship is terrible. All sails set. Sally very ill. Florrie very poorly. Dine each day at 1 p.m.  
6 p.m. off Scilly Islands. Willie poorly. Sea rough. Ship pitching tremendously. The other children keep well. I never enjoyed anything so much in my life, barring the misery below and I keep constantly on deck.  
8 p.m. Had whisky and water with the Rev. J. Paton. Half an hour's difference in our time and Greenwich.
- June 29— Rose at 7 a.m. we do not undress, it being quite public. Sally better. Leonard very poorly.  
10 a.m.- 280 miles from the Lizard. Running 10 knots an hour.  
12 noon. Are now in the broad Atlantic Ocean. I have experienced no sickness. There are on board 714 Emigrants, 49 in crew—total, 763.  
3 p.m. Going 10 knots. Sally and Fred very sick. Nearly all ill on board, and have been, since we entered the channel. Saw a large number of porpoises, and they followed the ship some distance.

8 p.m. Great swell on sea. 400 miles from Lizard. Going 9 knots. Fred very ill.

- June 30— Up very early. All sail taken in.  
8 a.m. Perfect calm. Going 38 knots per watch of four hours. Not a breath of air on this expanse of water. All well. We are an hour slower than Greenwich. A sail seen homeward bound. Not a ripple. Went into mate's cabin last night. Whisky etc... All the officers on board are thorough/genuine good fellows.  
11 a.m. I went down in the engine room/ She has two boilers, each containing 1000 gallons of water--six furnaces which consume three tons of coal per hour. The engines are 300 horse power, and the screw does 60 revolutions per minute. The heat in the furnace room is 160 deg., in the engine room, 70.  
12 noon Quite [hoy]. No air. Ran 114 miles from 8 last night till this morning. Distance at 8 a.m. from the Lizard, 514 miles.  
5 p.m. Going at 9 knots. Captain says we shall be at Quebec about Monday week. A fresh breeze this evening. All well.  
8 p.m. Passed a Norwegian sailing vessel bound homeward. We were in 20.11 west longitude. The excitement was very great, being the first vessel we have passed close, since we lost sight of land. Gave three hearty cheers. A slight breeze has sprung up.
- July 1 A vessel passed us close at 5 a.m. Also a Dutchman at 6.30 a.m. We hoisted our colours. They also.  
8 a.m. Heavy wind and rain. Obligated to hold on. We are an hour and a half behind Greenwich. Wind dead against us. Sea very rough, occasionally coming over the deck, though our bulwarks are 30 feet from the surface of the water. Very grand sight. Never was happier. All Quite well Great sickness on board. The surgeon has suffered ever since we got into the channel. We are going only 7 knots an hour. A knot is 6080 feet, being longer than our English mile.  
9 a.m. Fog coming on. Fred very sick.  
3 p.m. Fog very thick--Going only half speed. The whistle blowing every two minutes. Chatted with the Captain for an hour and a half.
- July 2 Saturday. Whistle blowing all night.  
7 a.m. Fog very tick, wind. Sea very rough. Can go only at half speed. We are rather more than half way across the Atlantic. Should not have worse weather than now. We anticipate being at Quebec tomorrow week- Sunday, July 10th.  
12 noon. Fog cleared off. Going full speed. More wind.  
6 p.m. All well. Blowing a gale. Waves washing over the fore-deck  
9 p.m. Quite clear. Wind dead against us, and every possibility a very rough night.
- July 3 My brother Charles' birthday.  
9 a.m. Tremendous sea came over and down into the lower deck, and sopped us all. Very grand is the sight now before us. The waves at intervals are considerably

higher than the deck, and appear as though they would devour us. No service this morning--too rough. Dull and wet.

3 p.m. Sun has shown himself. Quite fine. All well. Brilliant sun set.

9.30 No service this evening. Chaplain came down into lower deck and held a short service.

- July 4  
Rose at 7. Another change in wind, but still against us--going only 5 ½ knots. Supposed to be at Quebec tomorrow week. Captain obliged to change our course on account of sea which has caused the vessel to roll from side to side violently. All well. Have myself experienced no sea sickness.  
12. noon. Appointed assistant surgeon in place of the doctor who still continues ill. Fine, but very rough.  
2 p.m. Dined with chaplain and Captain in cabin, and shall board with them till the end of the voyage.  
6 p.m. Still rough. Whisky with Captain and Chaplain. Vessel rolling a great deal. Going only 6 knots. At noon today, we were only 1250 miles from Quebec.
- July 5  
Beautiful morning. Wind and sea abated.  
8 a.m. Breakfasted with Captain.  
10 a.m. Went around ship, and ordered necessaries for patients.  
2 p.m. Dinner. Soup, poultry, meat, pies, every day.  
6 p.m. Tea--consists daily of ham, lobster, sardines, meat, etc.
- July 6  
Splendid morning. All well. Going 8 knots.  
8 a.m. Breakfast-- a plentiful supply of everything. 400 miles from Cape Race. Sea perfectly calm. Extracted a button from a child's ear. Captain most kind -- invited wife to dinner.  
7 p.m. Going 8 knots. Very fine and calm. Passed the "Gertrude" a Norwegian vessel. Great excitement on board.  
8 p.m. Our dear baby taken suddenly ill, having been suffering from diarrhea some few days. Brandy with Captain. Sally supped in cabin.
- July 7  
Rose at 7. Fog. Going 7 knots. Very cold, and sea rough. Hawkins very ill. Fog thick. Going only ½ speed.  
4 p.m. Dear Hawkins taken worse, apparently for death. Was brought to Dr. Sargeant. Captain kindly made my wife take his cabin for the night. We administered wine and beef tea every few minutes.  
7 p.m. Rev. J. Paton christened our dear child -- John Hawkins Fisher  
11 p.m. Child slightly rallied, having been pulseless some hours. Continuing the wine etc., Fog very thick. Only just moving.
- July 8  
Sally and self up the whole night. Baby not worse this morning. He is terribly emaciated. Sally breakfasted in the cabin.

8.30 a.m. An accident has just occurred to the engines. Main shaft broke --likely to be detained ~~several hours~~ some time. At 4 a.m. a magnificent sunrise. Wind and sea calm -- perfectly clear. Sounded the depth of the ocean -- 40 fathoms, or 80 yards. Bottom consists of sand and shells.

10 a.m. Foggy -- In middle of great bank of Newfoundland.

12 noon. 250 miles from Gulf of St Lawrence. Started afresh. Child about the same--takes more nourishment.

2 p.m. Dense fog prevails. Only doing half speed

4 p.m. Dear Hawkins much worse -- insensible to light, and no power in swallowing.

8 p.m. Child sinking. Dr. Sargeant has just seen him, and gives hope of him. Had grog with Mr. Paton.

12 night. Child still in same state. Sally and Mrs. Ward will sit up all night.

July 9

I slept on sofa in cabin.

8 a.m. Hawkins still alive. Taken a few drops of brandy at intervals during the night.

9.30 Sounded the bottom, 45 fathoms. Broken shells. We are off the great bank, and on the green bank of Newfoundland. Fog very thick.

12 noon. Dear Hawkins sinking rapidly. Quite unconscious. Fog still very thick. A breeze springing up.

1.45 p.m. Our dear infant died, after four convulsive sighs. The Captain ordered the flag half-mast high. His little remains, consisting only of skin and bone will be consigned to the mighty deep tomorrow afternoon. He died 90 miles from Cape Race E. by N. Newfoundland, latitude 45.52 N. Long, 55 N. We met with the greatest kindness and sympathy from both Mrs. Ward and Mrs. Mullett, also from the Captain and Chaplain.

5 p.m. Captain ordered a little coffin to be made for the baby, and is doing all he can to alleviate the sufferings of his mother. We cannot help feeling it hard that he should have met with a watery grave, being so near land. But, it matters little.

7 p.m. In his little rough coffin, two bars of iron at the bottom, and holes round it to sink it--a pillow inside--the coffin painted black.

9 p.m. A gale has followed the breeze. Everything obliged to be lashed to the deck. All ordered below.

July 10

Sunday -- My sister Louisa's birthday.

9 a.m. Just seen the dear child for the last time. Captain has covered the coffin with flags. My dear wife bears up pretty well, but does not like the idea of him being put into the sea.

12 noon-- first sight of land. Cape Breton to the left of us.

4 p.m. Our dear infant was consigned to the mighty ocean. The burial service was read most beautifully by the Rev. J. Paton. Previous to the funeral, divine service was held on the after deck. The text taken from 18th Matthew, 10th verse--"Take

heed that ye despise not one of these little ones” etc., He spoke most affectionately to us--the bereaved parents. The coffin was plunged into the ocean 16 miles from St. Paul’s Island, bearing N. by W. Lat 47.5 N. Long. 59.50 W. The depth was 1200 feet.

6 p.m. Now opposite St. Paul’s Island, and entering the Gulf of St. Lawrence. St. Paul’s lies between Cape Breton and Newfoundland.

8 p.m. Now just midnight Greenwich time.

8.30 Again lost sight of land. All well. The Rev. J. Paton gave Willie and Frank each a Bible, and wrote in the following: W.R.Fisher - from the Rev. J. Paton, Chaplain to The Ganges -- The Atlantic -- July 10 -- 1870 -- with every earnest wish.

9 p.m. Had champagne with Mr. Paton.

July 11      Rose at 6 a.m. Sea smooth, wind cold, and very dull. Have lost all motion of vessel

10 a.m. Sun came out. Bids fair to be a fine day. I was rather poorly early this morning, but it has passed off.

12 noon. In sight of Cape Gaspe. Quite warm. Captain very kind to us. I have my grog every night.

2 p.m. Passed close to a Norwegian sailing vessel. It is an exciting sight to see all on board --760 cheering. The colours of both vessels were hoisted.

5 p.m. Champagne with Mr. Paton. -- still fine, but wind getting very cold.

July 12      Up at 6 a.m. Land on both sides. The guld like a sheet of glass, not a ripple--no wind. Our promised land--the Canadian--is on our left. The land on our right is Labrador. Great excitement amongst all, at nearing their destination.

8 a.m. Four hours and a quarter between our time and Greenwich.

10 a.m. Another change in the weather. Cold easterly wind, and no sun.

4 p.m. Pilot on board, 150 miles from Quebec. Pilot tells us we must stop at quarantine -- Grosse Island -- 30 miles from Quebec to be inspected by the Gov’t surgeon, to see if any epidemic on board. We are sent on the Island, only inhabited by the surgeon and parson 6 months in the year, and all patients are put in hospital till they are convalescent.

6 p.m. Woman confined. At 5 p.m. girl named Emily St. Lawrence after the river.

6.30 Anchored off Grosse Island. Inspected by surgeon--passed.

8 p.m. Started for destination.

July 13      My dear mother’s birthday. Scenery on both sides of the river is beautiful--all fir trees, and dense furze. Cottages on both sides are of wood painted white, and forest trees at the back makes the view most picturesque. Foggy--obliged to cast anchor at 8 a.m.

9 a.m. Off again, the fog having cleared. The sun quite warm. We shall be at Quebec at 6 p.m.

6 p.m. The Rev. Chaplain has just christened Flora, Leonard and Constance, and given each a Bible.

9 p.m. Arrived at Quebec. No sooner had the Ganges stopped alongside the jetty, than some hundred people were over the bulwarks, and rushing off to the nearest beer stores. The consequence was that the ship the whole night was one scene of riot. The Captain did not interfere, but let them have their fling.

12 night. Great row and fighting, but soon they tired themselves out.

July 14 All the emigrants left the ship -- 11 a.m., except lying in patients. No emigrants allowed to go beyond. Immediately after the emigrants had left, the ship was moored into the middle of the river, while the Captain was on shore, settling affairs.

12 noon. The doctor and chaplain just left for Toronto, to meet the emigrants there.

3 p.m. We weighed anchor for Montreal. Quite warm and pleasant.

6 p.m. My wife had tea with us in the cabin.

8 p.m. Magnificent sunset. We have about 180 miles to go to Montreal. The scenery up the river on both sides is sublime. I now beginning to feel anxious as to my future prospects in this apparently desolate and foreign country.

July 15 Up at 6 a.m., my last morning on our three weeks journey.

7 a.m. Leonard and Constance very poorly yesterday. A delightful morning. We now begin to feel the heat. Just entering Lake St. Pierre -- a vast expanse of water, beautifully calm and bright.

3 p.m. In the rapids. We have been steaming hard for more than an hour, and have not gone a dozen yards, the current being so strong.

7 p.m. Arrived at Montreal.

Sat. July 16 The Captain has kindly given us permission to remain on board till Monday. I have been walking about the whole day for a house or apartments. I have offered double price, but could obtain none. People objected to so many children. The first person I spoke to on Canadian shore was an old servant--Emily--who lived with us while we were at Laytonstone. I find she is married, and came out on the Ganges last voyage in May. The husband was a chronometer maker in England, but now is put to filing brass at 25 shillings a week.

July 17 Very tired and footsore from walking about so much yesterday. Freddy very ill--suffering from sore throat.

Monday We all left the Ganges at 4 p.m. and went to St. George's Home about one mile off--a home for shelter for emigrants for a day or two till they find employment. Everything very clean, etc, but great restrictions--obliged to be in bed each night at 9 o'clock. The weather is most intense, being 112 in sun, and 90 in the shade.

- Tuesday Dear Constance taken ill. She has been suffering from diarrhoea ever since we left England.  
4 p.m. Taken very much worse. Went for Dr. Drake. He came soon after, and announced her case hopeless. My dear wife feels much her great afflictions, having no one to sympathize with her in her trouble.  
7 p.m. Just returned from the Ganges, where I had tea with the Captain. Found a letter there for me in answer to an advertisement. A doctor wanted at Franklin Centre, 50 miles from here.
- Wed. Very restless night with Constance.  
8 a.m. Am afraid she is sinking rapidly.  
3.30 p.m. Our dear little Constance died, after half an hour's slight convulsions. Our trouble is indeed great. The master and matron are very kind. The dear child is moved out of our room. We have only one, but am thankful to say we have it to ourselves.
- Thurs. Fine, and very hot. The clergyman came to the home, and read the funeral service over our dear child, which is the custom in the hot climates, and told us to leave Montreal at once, or we would lose all our children, as he says--no children so young coming from England in the summer will live here.  
10 a.m. All that remained of our child was buried in Mount Royal cemetery, a magnificent and picturesque place 4 miles from here. A hearse made principally of glass, so you could see the coffin the whole distance, drawn by a white horse with white plumes. Sally, Leonard, Willie, Frand and myself followed. No mourning required. As we were dressed--so we went. We followed in a buggy. All carriages here are called buggies. The grave was dug while we waited, only two feet deep, and amongst the largest trees I ever saw. No service read over her there, and all was over.  
8 p.m. A letter from Franklin Centre, to go down tomorrow morning
- July 22 We all left St. George's Home at 11 a.m., and went to German St. and took two rooms of an emigrant who came over with us.  
11.30--I left by train for Montreal, and got to Franklin Centre about 5.50. When I arrived there, the fellow wanted me to buy his practice. A swindle. It cost me 5.00 dollars besides the anxiety of leaving my dear children for so many hours, all of whom were very ill.  
11.30 p.m. Left Franklin Centre in a cart, and had 18 miles which I had traversed in the afternoon across the most rugged country to go, before I could get to the railway.
- Sat. Got back to German St. at 10 a.m., found the children very ill. In fact, I was afraid to go home. The mortality here amongst children is very great.



- July 24 Not out. Too tired and low spirited. I can hear of no employment anywhere.
- Monday I went to La Prairie at 11 a.m. Heard there was an opening for a Dr. It was a French village, and no house to be had. Leonard very ill.  
2 p.m. Dined on the Ganges
- Tuesday Dined on the Ganges, and bade farewell to Captain Mason, the best and kindest of men. The Ganges will leave Montreal for Dublin tomorrow.  
Wed. Again went to La Prairie, and settled to go there on Friday.
- Friday We left Montreal by the 9 p.m. train for Toronto. The Emigrant agent passed us to Toronto, but my luggage, being overweight, had to pay eight dollars for it.
- Sat. July 30 We had a terrible night of it, what with the carriage being full, the jolting, which is something awful, on the Grand Trunk Rlwy and poor Leonard, being as ill as he could be--made the 16 hour journey appear endless. However, at 1 p.m. we joyfully came in sight of Toronto, and at 1.15 we detrained. My wife and children had to remain at the railway station till 4 o'clock, before I could find any place to go, and then was obliged to take them to the Metropolitan Hotel at 1 dollar a day each. Dear Leonard would not have lived the day through otherwise.

Here ended our journey, thank God, and here endeth my log.

July 30, 1870

W.R. Fisher

## The Fisher Family of Dorset

Two newspaper clipping -- 1906

### Mr. Fisher's Death

#### **Well known resident of Dorset succumbs to sudden illness.**

Mr. Raymond Fisher, for nearly twenty years, a resident of Dorset, died suddenly Tuesday about 10 o'clock.

He had been suffering for some years iwth heart trouble, but was much better till about an hour before death took place.

The deceased was a druggist by profession, and carried on business in Dorset. He was well known, and had many friends. He was born in England and spent most of his life there. Mr Wm. Fisher of Bracebridge is a son and there are three others, Frank, Leonard and Fred, and one daughter Florence. Mrs. Fisher also survives her husband. The sympathy of many friends is extended to the bereaved.

### The Late Mr. Fisher

Mr. Raymond Fisher was born at Dartford in Kent, England, on May 16th, 1835. In 1855, he entered upon the study of medicine and surgery in Guy's hospital, London, graduating in 1859.

He married Sarah B[o]dy Raymond, of London, the same year, and started to practice in Stratford, in Essex, where he remained until 1870, when he sailed for Canada, arriving in Toronto in June.

He took a position with the Globe Printing Co., as city collector, which he held until 1880, when he moved to Minden, Haliburton, and three years later to Trading Lake, near Dorset, Muskoka, where the family carried on farming for ten years, finally settling in Dorset. Here, Mr. Fisher opened a drug store, in October, 1894, carrying on a successful business till his death, which occurred on the 29th ult., at the age of 71 years and 13 days.

The deceased, who was a prominent member of the Dorset L.O.L., no. 754, was most highly esteemed by his many friends i Dorset, and those of earlier days in other parts of the province.

A widow, a daughter Flora, of Toronto, and four sons, Wm. R. of Bracebridge, Frank I., of Franklin, Fred H., of Ridout, and Leonard I., of Dorset, remain to mourn his decease.

The remains were interred in the Church of England cemetery at Baysville.



**A Letter from Mrs. Raymond Fisher to her son Frank -- addressed--**

Mr. Frank Fisher,  
P.O. Brown's Brae,  
Ont..

Dorset, Ont.,  
Monday, April 15th/07

My dearest Boy,

Have been looking for you all last week, but, seeing you can't leave, must now send you a line to let you know we are all right and well, thank God.

Oh, how nearly we came to losing our home and all we had last Sunday week. You will, I'm sure, imagine what a dreadful fright and shock it gave me. I stood in the middle of the road, and watched the fearful flames leap from one side to the other. I didn't see one shadow of a chance for Langford's and Sparkes to be saved, and, I knew well if they went, ours must. I thought so much of our dear, old Dad, as, during the last, I had him to speak to, and console me--but, every woman and man were in the thick of usefulness--all the women were at Tom Spear's, taking his things up to the Presbyterian Church--so he fortunately has provisions--he has fitted shelves, and a counter, and is selling. McElroy, of course, saved not one thing--came out in their night clothes and some had to jump from the windows. The man lighted the fire in the kitchen at 6.30, and left it, to feed up, and, when he came in, the room was all in a blaze. He came up to Dan, and the five of them had only just time to run down stairs. Poor Mo is burned badly about his face, as he ran up again, not seeing Pat out, but he was getting out of back window. Cassidy's, of course, caught directly. Florence and Nellie Phillips saved a few things--bed and bedding, and baby's clothes and her own. Fra of course, was saving the P.O. property. They are keeping P.O. ("Pro Tem up at Joe Cassidy's--that's why you did not hear from me next day--it's so awkward to get anything posted, and we only get our mail when someone brings it down--have had none now since Friday--trust it will be altere Leo has been working on church so Sparkes since Tuesday--is not there day. We've been up at 6 all last week, and it was quite a long day's doing for me. Fred was here from your place, and left next day. He has got to attend to Mr. Ball's stock, milk, etc., so he will be tied home. George McKee was to have done it, and told Fred he'd be down there Sunday--but he won't go, he says, till Lake opens/Fred will be vexed, I know, for he didn't want the job, night and morning. Thank you dear, very much for the butter you sent by McKenzie. If you drive up, could you bring me about 2 more pounds. I have some, but don't want to miss out, as there no meat to be got new. We are living on eggs. 'T is so fortunate we have them to eat. Old McKee has a quantity of flour in his storehouse over the bridge, which has been a blessing for everybody. People could sell all the butter and eggs they could bring up, if they would, as there is neither.

Try and come up as soon as you can--3 of the hens are laying now. Hope you are all well. Love to dear May, and tell her the fine weather's coming, and hope to see her, and darling Babe, as soon as we get something to eat.

With fondest love dear--from Mater

Expect this will bring you, before it reaches you.

**Letter addressed to Mr. Frank Fisher, Brown's Brae.**

Written by Mrs. Anthony Robertson

Pine Grove Farm,  
April 8th.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Robertson request the pleasure of your presence at their daughter's birthday party on Monday evening, April 10th. Come about seven, and please bring your banjo with you.

P.S. We will give you lots of Maple Taffy.

Your Friend,  
Jessie

LAKE VIEW HOUSE

GRAND CONCERT AND BALL

SOMETHING RARE

A GRAND CONCERT AND BALL WILL BE HELD AT THE PORTAGE

P O R T A G E

ON

TUESDAY EVE., JULY 29TH '90)

---

Comic and Sentimental  
Vocal and Instrumental  
English, Scotch, Irish and Dutch Songs

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The Following Artists will take part  
Mrs. Thos. Willis, Miss Henderson, Will C. Tait, Fisher Bros., and  
Signor Lawrence, Banjoists, Mr. J. Morrison, Basso, Capt. Sacret, Tenor  
John Capell, Pianist

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This will be one of the rarest treats given in these parts, so don't fail to see and hear it. Boats will, run to Portage from Huntsville, Dorset and Baysville and return.

Concert to Commence at 8.30

Double Ticket for concert and Ball, 40 cents, Single Ticket, 25 cents.

Refreshments on the premises.

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Forester Print, Huntsville.

GRAND HOP

on

HALLOW-E'EN NIGHT

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By desire of a number of parties, there  
will be a

BALL & SUPPER at the LAKEVIEW HOUSE

on

FRIDAY EV'G, OCT. 30TH '91

music by the  
FISHER BROS., OF TRADING LAKE

The STR. WIMAN will run to the Portage that evening, leaving the Huntsville wharf at 8  
o'clock, sharp.

TICKETS:

DOUBLE, FOR BALL AND SUPPER, 90 CENTS

SINGLE, 50 CENTS. TO BE HAD ON THE BOAT.

JOHN G. HENDERSON, PROP.

FORESTER PRINT\* HUNTSVILLE.

## Visit with Mr. and Mrs. Norman Fisher

--Tuesday, July 1, 1969

Mr. Norman Fisher's maternal grandparents, McLeod ?, settled at Woodville, which is not far from Lindsay. His wife was a sister of Duncan Brown, who settled on the Lake of Bays -- Brown's Brae--

My mother came up here with a sister-in-law to have a holiday, and they met this backwoodsman, Frank Fisher, and they got married, so this is how I arrived here, and how I have all these Scottish relatives.

The Duncan Brown's had a son John, (Jack), and he took over the place after his parents died. Who was Peter Brown? Peter Brown, I think, was another brother. He had a Summer resort, right about Baysville--Idylwild. Aunt Dorcas and I went to visit this Peter Brown one time.

John Brown lived at Brown's Brae for some time--then, he moved right out of there--went down to Kerrimuir--he had a large portion of property there--and he was selling lots, and building cottages.

Invitation which Mr. Fisher lent me was written by Jessie Robertson--Mrs. Anthony Robertson. Jack Brown had three sisters anyway--there was Mr. McGarvey's wife--and the Robertson's that had Grandview Hotel, that was just over from Glenmount--was another sister, and Lena--she married a minister.

Mr. Fisher--referring to his paternal grandmother--she had had every advantage in life,--and then for her husband to bring her over here with eight children. She came from a very sheltered home. When they were in Toronto, it probably wasn't too bad. But then the boys said, --you must come up here, -- and it was primitive.

The grandfather had been a doctor in England, at Grey's Hospital. I don't know what made him decide to leave England.

My uncle Fred, in this little house he was living in, had a great many hand painted miniatures of my grandmother, and great grandmother and great great grandfather--priceless--they were all lost in the fire.

But, they probably enjoyed it up here Oh, did they ever. These brothers were in demand everywhere--all Winter long, for dances they had. Father played the fiddles.

These boy had no formal education. They were taught, I think, right at home, and very well by their mother. We have letters that my father wrote when he was 7 or 8, and they were beautifully written, and beautifully phrased--very English phrasing. He was only 7 when he came to Canada--but you could always tell he was English. The cause of controversy between my Scottish relatives, and the English ones, was that the Scots hate the English.



All the McLeod children were born in Canada, all the Fisher's in England. The shrewd old Scot did pretty well. He had about three farms all around Woodville. Those were the days when they burned thousands of trees to get rid of them. Some of that property was even more heavily bushed than it is up here, and now it is all farms.

When my grandfather arrived in Toronto, he worked for the Globe. He was foreman of Collections, or something of that kind. When he left to come up to Muskoka, the boys who worked under him, presented him with a very formal document--beautifully worded, to the effect that they appreciated having known him, and they all signed it.

Lizzie Langford, married Wm. Fisher, brother of Frank, Fred, and Leonard--elder brother.

Mr. Boothby Sr. was an Irish Emigrant--I guess a pretty good family. He worked his sons for all they were worth. He had that farm, with every field fenced in stones. Didn't they have the farm next to your father's? No, you are thinking of the Booker's. I am a little hazy where the farm is--somewhere up behind Grove Park. I don't think there could have been too happy a relationship between the father and sons, because he was sort of Lord of the Realm--had the farm brought up to model proportions. He came here and decided he was going to farm. And, if you are going to farm, you have to get the rocks out. So, he got the rocks out, and made fences of out them.

Alice and Tom lived together. Alice wasn't all there--perhaps due to the life she had led. Tom built a lot of cottages around here. He had his own saw, that he ran with a car engine or something. He cut his own wood. He owned a lot of property around here--and he wouldn't sell a lot unless you contracted for him to build the cottage.

They had built a very lovely home back there--with all new furniture--ready to move in--but Alice wouldn't and they continued living in this little hut about half as large as our living room--dirt floor--thatched roof. I saw this kitten going in under the door, and the next thing I knew, it was coming out under the roof. The barn they had for their cattle was a hundred times better than the home they lived in. I don't know whether the new home was ever occupied.

The Egbert Boothby's who lived beside Grove Park, were great friends of my father's. They used to have lovely parties there.

According to Mr. Fisher's memory, the Egbert Boothby's always lived there. According to Mr. and Mrs. Fisher, the Egbert Boothby's had no children.

It was a terrible thing that people overseas were enticed over here--there weren't even roads for settlers. But these people just survived, and that was all. And, many of them didn't survive, and many of them went West.

**Mr. and Mrs. Norman Fisher**

**--Sunday, August 10, 1969**

Norman Fisher is under the impression that the Fisher's got burned out in Minden, and then came to Dorset. This was around 1890.

Did any of the sons live with the mother and father in Dorset? Leonard didn't marry for quite some time. My father located on a farm just west of the Booker's--am not sure of that date. Fred stayed with the parents--then some time later, the property where we are now was taken up--they must have lived there from a little before 1900. But, they still owned Pill Hill. They must have sold it shortly before we came up in 1910. The older brother Bill lived in Bracebridge.

The three brothers were musical--Fred, Leonard and Frank. Were they self taught? Oh yes, I don't think they could read music--but they could surely play. They were known all over these parts for their playing.

Looking at a picture, there is a view--looking from F.J. Fisher's farm in 1881--it looks as if there has been clearing there.

From 1914--from then on, my father was in Hearst. Then, he came back here and stayed here, and we lived in Toronto. So, I only used to see him a few weeks in the Summer. I didn't see him much until I was about 16.

When mother was back on the farm there--in the Summer time--she used to come out and tell fortunes. It was just a gag really. She couldn't read fortunes any more than I can. Jack Brown used to get all the gossip about the tourists--some little thing about each one of them, he'd tip my mother off, and she'd come in and tell their fortunes. This Jack Brown was quite a card. He was ready for something, all the time.

I remember there used to be teams go by--they were taking lumber out. I can remember the screeching of the sleigh treads in the very cold weather. These guys would be coming by on these great big high piled logs, and they'd get to our place, and mother would have hot tea all ready. So, they would stop there, and I can recall wrestling with these fellows. I would win the fight. These fellows would roar like anything. There was a camp out there.

I also nearly beat a couple of calves to death. I'd drive them into the snow, and wallop the bejeebers out of them. This was great fun for me, but one little calf wasn't all that strong, and my father caught me at it. I took on a rooster one day, and he got me in a corner and pretty nearly took my eyes out.

The greatest fraternizing was with my mother's uncle, Duncan Brown. I went to the church, and used to sing, and when everybody else stopped, I was still singing.

I lived there for six years, but can't remember much--left before I started school.

I think it was mostly Winter time, when they used to go around playing for dances. In the Summer time, everyone was too busy. A lot of the playing would just be in peoples homes.

Uncle Leonard was a carpenter. He built the place where we are living, which was a lot better than what my dad built. That was the place we had and sold. From the old farm, he took all the old lumber over. My Uncle Leonard worked quite a bit with builders, and he got so that he was quite a good carpenter.

Fred was here, there, and everywhere. My grandfather died in 1906--so Fred lived with my grandmother. She did not die until about 1927. He did a kind of farming. He owned a lot of property, but he only sold according to how he liked people. If he liked you, he practically gave the property away. If he didn't like you, he wouldn't sell.

The store that the Salmon's kept at Fox Point--was that like a little general store? Yes--seems to me, that walking up the hill there, the store was to the left side of the hotel. You went in, and took anything off the counter or shelves--just like the serve-yourself stores today. They must have had the prices on, but, Mrs. Salmon trusted everybody.

I worked at Glenmount for awhile. Mr McGarvey ran the store. I remember being driven to Baysville to be sworn in as Deputy Post Master. (I was sworn at a few times too.) The store was up at the hotel, looking out at the old golf course.

Somebody called Terryberry lived up there--just a piece up the hill from Grandview.

## Interview with Mr. Leonard Avery

--Monday, July 28, 1969

Jeff Avery was a U/E. Loyalist--came from the United States.

He settled by Menominee Creek. I never knew of him having a house down on the Lake of Bays or even on Menominee Lake. The old house was right there beside where Mrs. St Clair Ferguson is now. After my dad was first married, they lived there. I was born there.

Have you any idea when your grandparents went on to Oregon? No

Did your grandfather do any guiding, or was there any one to guide in those days? Yes he did. He was quite a good bushman. As a matter of fact he had been a scout in the war. My dad has often told us about the episodes in his life--as far as guiding and bush work were concerned. At that time we didn't get tourists as we know them today. We got a few wealthy Englishmen--would be touring out to Canada, and would come to the woods to hunt or fish, and he often told me different little episodes.

Once he had two Englishmen with him. One was of the nobility--and he told him (Jeff) to fill his pipe. He had been accustomed to having servants, and to having them do as they were told. Jeff objected to that, for he was busy cooking something, and he said--Well, when I get finished here, I will. Well, said the man, I'll give you to understand that I am the son of an English lord, and you are my servant, and you'll do as I say. --No, I won't, replied Jeff, and he left them, and they had to get out of the woods the best way they could.

Another one was--these two fellows were hunting, and, after a few days, they got a little fawn. Jeff said--Well, we might as well skin the fawn, and cook it, and eat it. It was only small. On no, they weren't going to do that. They were going to save the deer. They hadn't had much to eat, because they had counted on having better luck. So, after everybody had settled down--of course, in those days, they didn't have the accommodation they have now, but, they had some kind of shelter--and, they had a big fire, you know. SO, after they went to sleep, Jeff skinned the fawn, roasted it, and ate a quarter of it.

It is amazing that your grandparents ever found their way in here, but somehow, it is even more amazing that these tourists found their way in here too.

Well, at that time, there were a good many remittance men. They had been kicked out of England for different depredations--and they were sent, well--to Canada at that time, but now, Australia gets a good many of them.

Now I know of a fellow named Hood--Bill Hood, think his name was. He was quite a sharp fellow. He was a good trapper too, and a good hunter, but, he was quite a sharp man. He sent to England--to some organization over there--or else advertised in their papers--but he got a lot of these fellows they wanted to get rid of--boys--and he said he'd teach these fellows how to farm

and trap in this country, and they could make their living here. And, they paid him. He'd take them in the woods--locate land, get a lot and take them right in there, these green English boys, and they chopped down the trees, and cleared up land, burned all the brush, and everything, and they'd all stop, and wash up, and dress for dinner. They were paying him for it. He was getting the land cleared up to grow stuff, you know. And then, come the Fall, he would take two at a time, and take them on a trap line, and teach them how to trap, and then, he'd keep all the furs. The next year, they were on their own. And, they had an awful time making an existence, because, they had nothing behind them--they had no equipment--no traps, or anything. They just had the knowledge. They were fellows who had come from England.

These remittance men used to come up to Dorset. Zack Cole used to keep the hotel at Dorset, and George Cole, and Dick. I knew them quite well. I didn't know Zack Cole. His tombstone is up in the graveyard here--but, I remember old Mrs. Cole. They used to do a lot of business with these remittance men. They'd stay at the hotel and drink. They used to have quite a time with them--one way and another. One shot himself, one day. IL used to hear so much about it from George, Zack's boy. He was older than I, but I used to guide with him. --The last time George Cole was here, he just stood and looked at the trees and the hills, and everything. Oh, he just loved it here. He was awfully sorry he ever went West.

The Cole's gave up the hotel. Neither one of the boys drank. They kept hotel all their lives. Dick was a very strong temperance lman. He lived in Huntsville. He was an awfully good guide--an awfully good worker. George was too. Dick was as clean as a whistle. George, on the other hand, would have an old coat on that was half covered with paint, and his hat, and everything else.

I remember I was guiding the Irving party from Toronto. They used to fish at Hardwood Lake, and George was such a happy-go-lucky guy, you know. He never had anything decent on, he didn't care. They came down, and they happened to see his wife. She was a Tyrrell, and, boy, were they ever surprised. She was that neat and clean and tidy--and George looked such an awful mess. But, George was well liked. And, Dick was a fine man.

Was your dad a guide too? Yes, that is what he did all the time. Ever since I can remember, he was guiding. He was one of th earliest guides, and he guided up to the time he couldn't lguide any more. He had a farm, and so forth--grew stuff on it too, but he guided. And afterwards, when we grew up and could guide, why we made a regular business of it, and we had equipment, and we had canoes, tents, etc.--we would be guiding all Summer. We would practically never get home. And, we used to go to Temagami. We used to guide in Temagami an awful lot.

Did you folks guide completely on your own, or were you ever with anybody else? No we would have other guides if we needed to--if the party was big enough--say, Archie Mossington or maybe Dick Cole--he guided with us a lot, you know. But, if there was just our family, there were the four of us, you know--probably that would be enough. But, if we had an extra man in the party, we might have to hire someone else. I guided until 1918, when I moved away.

In the Winter time, in the early days, my dad went to the woods, and he was a great woodworker. He was a good mechanic. He used to make sleighs, the big logging sleighs--and, he used to make all the equipment they needed, like cant hook stocks, and pee wee (pee wee?) stocks, and all that wood work for the lumber camps.

Once he was in this lumber camp, and he was the only married man there, except one other, whose wife was the cook. And, she was going to have a baby. They didn't expect it quite so soon. So, dad had to officiate at the birth. I remember one fellow we used to guide from Buffalo. We got to know him very well. He was a great friend of ours. So, he used to write to dad, and he would address his letter, Dr. James Avery, Dorset.

Did you ever com in contact with the Dwight Wiman group. No, that would be a bit out of our territory. We used to go up to the Park--to Hollow Lake. We used to come down the Oxtongue, sometimes. But, as far as any over that way--we knew these fellows, the Gouldie's and the Backwell's, but we never guided with them. At least I never did. You see, again, it was a lack of communication. There were no automobiles. You didn't run down there every day, you see. We lived at Dorset, and they lived at Dwight.

Where did the people come from, mostly, that your mainly guided? in the early days, they were English. There were some from Toronto, but, no place else. But, after I started to guide, they were mostly Americans. There wasn't the money floating around in Canada, at that time, that there is now, and these fellows did have money. A lot of them had a lot of money. Most of them were really well off--some of them were millionaires, and we found out, that people who weren't well off, people who didn't have enough, and were just out for a vacation on a shoe string--they were a lot harder to get along with, that people who had lots of money. Oh boy, they would want to work you to death. The other fellows, they were tickled to death if you used them decently, you know,

Somebody else, you may be interested in, is old John Bigwin. I knew him, but only in later years. I didn't know him early, but my dad did. Dad was down there with John Bigwin's Father, trying to find the treaty money--the gold--and blankets, or whatever else they got, and buried on Bigwin Island. Now, what happened it, that they couldn't find it again at the time, or didn't go for it again--if they were chased off by another tribe, or something--I couldn't be sure. But, John Bigwin did say, and I could find out, because my brother was there--and he was very interested. He has a picture of John Bigwin, hanging up in his house. He said they buried this money, and they wanted dad to go and see if he could help them find this treasure--whatever it was--it was treaty money. Whether it was gold, or whatever it was, it was treaty money. And dad, after looking the situation over felt that the thing was under water. Because, in the meantime, they had built the dam at Baysville, and raised the Lake of Bays so many feet. John Bigwin's father's name, as near as John Bigwin could tell--it was an Indian name--but he gave the English translation. When John Bigwin's father was born--they named the baby--the first thing she saw of interest after the baby came. And, she saw this duck out on the lake, and, the nearest he could

tell us was that the name of the duck was Yellowhead Squawki--so that is what his father was called: Yellowhead Squawkie (Chief Yellowhead).

Then, John Bigwin was born--and they tell me that if you fly over Bigwin Island, you can yet see a swath--like if you fly over this country you can see all the old lumber roads--they may be 75 to 100 years old--the trees are grown up to the same height--but they are a different colour. You can see every old road, old logging roads. They tell me you can see a swath right across Bigwin Island, where this wind, a tornado or hurricane, or whatever it was, swept across Bigwin Island. And, that was the morning he was born, and that Island should have been called Big Wind. They named him Big Wind, and that is what the Island was called, because they had just moved on to that island.

Is it your impression that these people lived on the island 12 months a year, or just during the hunting and fishing seasons? Oh no, the tribe stayed there. I am not sure about this, but it seems to me there was something about them being chased off the island, because there was some reason they didn't get that treaty money. Some other tribe was after them, and he lived on Rama reserve at the last--and some young Indian came and beat him up something terrible--because he wanted to be chief, and he was the only pure bred Indian. He thought if he could get a pure bred squaw, that they'd get all the treaty money for the tribe. The rest of them were marrying into the French. Old Bigwin, he was quite an old guy--and he said there was only one pure bred squaw--and that was Hannah--and he asked her, and said if she'd marry him, they'd have this treaty money. She said--oh, no, you are too black. I am going to marry a Frenchman. So anyway, he said, oh, I married a nice woman--she weighed about 300 pounds.

The reason I know about him, is that when he came up here, to our place, there happened to be a fellow by the name of Stewart--he was a chemist, and lived in Philadelphia--but, he worked on the atomic bomb at Niagara Falls, N.Y., at the Hooker, and he used to come up here quite often with my brother from the Falls--he knew him well. And, he took quite a notion to Bigwin, and he tried to get him fixed up. He tried to get glasses for him, but, he had cataracts. They couldn't do much for him. But, he had him out around our place all the time, so we got to know him. He was an honest-to-God character--there was no doubt about that.

Mr. Avery cleaned the brush off Bigwin Island. I worked for Mr. McKee. We cut all the trees, to build the hotel. I think that was the last Summer I was up here.

Did you ever hear your father speak of any Indians living around these parts? We had one live here not too long ago--I knew him well--Sam Beaver.

I never knew of any groups around here. Of course, we had lots to do with the Indians in Temagami. A lot of them were pretty good mean too, in spite of all they say about the Indians. I had quite a trip one time, with one.

There was a fellow that I knew quite well in Niagara Falls, N.Y. He was a lawyer, and his name was Ned Franchot. The Franchot's had a cottage at Garry Owen--that was his brother, and his mother. Their son Stan went with another fellow named Reishman from Buffalo--went up there late in the Fall, in October for three or four days, and they went from Latchford, in through, and they were going to Florence Lake. Well, 15 years before that, my father and Ned Franchot, and another chap by the name of Westcott and I, we went through from Florence Lake, and through to Obabika. Nobody had ever come through there, and it took us six weeks altogether, and we cut our way through there, and made the portages, and found these lakes, and came through. My father was a great bushman, and, of course, that was what we called the Nasmith Creek Route, because there was a Nasmith Creek shown on the map.

Well, these kids went up there, and they were going to Florence Lake, and their dad said that the last thing he told them was--don't try to come back by Nasmith Creek--because he had talked so much about our trip there, he thought the kid might. Well, the kids never thought any thing about it, and, as soon as they got up there, they said--Let's go back by Nasmith Creek. Of course they got lost. And, Ned came over where I worked, he was a lawyer for the same company that I worked for--and he wanted to know if I would go up and try to find these two kids--they really weren't kids--they were 20 and 22 years old--young men. I said --yes--I don't know whether I could go through that place again--nobody had been through there for 15 years, but I said I would try. Well we got to Toronto, after about three or four days. He waited. Boy, his wife was just wild for him to get after these kids. And, he was a cousin of the movie actor, Franchot Tone, this kid was. Everybody in Temagami knew about it as soon as we got there. But, we stopped in Toronto--the members of Parl.--they all came down to the train. They knew all about it--they came down to meet him--the big shots, and said that a plane was at our disposal at Sudbury, and I decided that I would go in the canoe over the trip we had been on before, only from the reverse end, to see where we could pick up these fellows.

Well, my brother knew about it. I had called up my father here, and wanted to know if he could go--but he wasn't in good enough shape. So, I said--well, I'll get somebody. My brother got on the train at Huntsville and he said that my dad had said to tell me not to go alone--but to be sure to get somebody. All I could do was get an Indian, you know--so, at Bear Island--it was late--the tourist season was over. They were guides, you know. As soon as I came in to the store, they all knew just who I was. Because, when anybody gets lost, it's a big deal, you know--up there in the woods. So--I said I want to get somebody to go with me up to Florence Lake, and I said, I am going up by way of Obabika--through--I forget the Indian name. It's Round Lake, and on up through Obabika River, and I want somebody to go with me, and, I want the best Indian there is. This guy, he stepped out. Well, he said, the best Indian isn't here. He's gone fishing with his wife. But, he said--I am the next best. There didn't seem to be any doubt about who was the best able. So, I said--How soon could you get ready? In five minutes. I said all right you be down at the dock in five minutes. I had the canoe, and I had all of my equipment. We had the launch there, and Ned took us up Obabika Lake, and we started off. And, this was with an Indian, and he didn't know me, and he thought--well, here's a greenhorn, and I'll have to look after him. But it happened that I could 'kinda' look after myself. So, I know know what struck me--but, going up



in the boat--Ned Franchot was in the launch (he came back and took the plane afterwards--but, going up, we towed the canoe.) I said to him. Now--before we get off, you had better tell this Indian that I am going to be the boss. Because, I didn't want any trouble with him, you know. Because, you know how they are--a guide 'kinda' takes over, and he didn't know me, and I figured that he would probably try to tell me what to do,. And, I wanted to go there, and I wanted to have my own say. I don't know, it may have been a rather silly thing to say, but, it worked out better than I ever imagined. As soon as I got started, we went up Obabika, and went through Obabika River, and he said--Oh, I don't think we better go through there. Nobody ever gets through there. We'd better go down--on up the Orston? River (that was the conventional route). I said --no, we are going this way. --No, no--we can't do that. Well--I said, I'll tell you what you can do, You can either do that, or, you can get out, and you can find your way home, the best way you can, for, I am going to go. Well--he stopped, looked all over the place, and he didn't say anything--and he looked at the paddle. Well, he said--you're the boss. I meant to tell you before, that what Ned Franchot did say was--Alex, in all cases of doubt or uncertainty, Len will decide what is standard practice. The INdian turned to me, and he said--what did he say? He said--I'm the boss. Oh, he said, that's all right. But then, it wasn't all right, because he wanted to go the Orston. I said--no, we are going this way, because, if they are going to come down, they'll come this way. They'll not come down the Orston.

So, we went, and we paddled till dark, and we camped. We just had a sailcloth--and we built a fire, and had something to eat, and we boiled our tea, and went to bed--got up at daylight, and started off again. You never saw a better man in your life to be with. Oh boy, he was a dandy. He said no Indian had ever come through there, but, there was one place he had crossed the river one time when he was lost--near the rapids. But, he said--boy, am I coming back here to trap. But anyway we got away up there, and we got pretty close to FLorence Lake--and we saw their tracks, on a portage. They used to carry chocolate buds with foil around them. That whole gang of Franchot's--they always carried them. So--I saw the foil they had thrown away. Then, I looked where they had camped. And, we used to camp with a figure 4 on two poles, and a canvas, stretched strong, you know, and, nobody had ever camped that way. Because I had made the figure 4's for them, and they just drove them in these logs, and stretched the canvas, and then, they knocked them out, and the next day, they used them again. And, these kids had this camping equipment and I knew it, and I could see they'd been here. But, the Indian was a little wiser than I, and he said--yes, they went, and they came back--there were tracks both ways--I hadn't noticed that. Anyway, we missed their track again. They went into a swamp--but, we saw where the tracks came out. So, we went on out, and we got to Florence Lake, and here were these guys. They had left all their equipment in the swamp. They got an idea, that is they followed the water, the would come out in Southern Ontario someplace. Why, going through these swamps, you know, they couldn't do it. And, they left their tent and all their equipment--but, they kept their canoe. Their shoes were off their feet--they were in great shape--nothing to eat, you know. We picked them up, the first day in Florence Lake--they'd got back as far as Florence Lake again.

How long had htey been lost? They had been away about three weeks--so they were lost about two weeks. And, all they had the last day, were two strips of bacon, and one chocolate bud. And,

no watch, no shoes on--they were worn right off their feet, and, they'd got that black old frying pan, and they'd lost their soap, and they were as black as could be.

I'll bet they were glad to see you. Were they ever. I wanted to give them a drink. Ned had given me a flask of whisky, and the doctor over there at Niagara Falls, N.Y., gave me these capsules to break under your tongue--like a hypodermic thing you know--but you take them orally, instead of by injection--and those things we had, and bandages--for, we didn't know what we would find--broken legs, or what. We were looking for a burned up canoe, all the time, you know, so we were quite pleased to get them. And, was that Indian ever tickled. Boy, he wanted me to stay right up there, and join the tribe. Be the third best Indian? Yes, I guess so.

That's the best trip I ever had. I had a lot of trips that were more leisurely, and all--but, for a wild trip--we saw bear, and moose, otter. It was in the Fall, you know--oh, all kinds of animals. At that time you'd call a moose, and you'd hear one answer here, and there, and all over. You'd call them with a birch bark horn, and oh, they were all over the place.

I can imagine that the mother was glad to see those kids, not to mention their father too. Well, the trouble was, their mother was in Boston, and their father was in Niagara Falls, N.Y.--they weren't living together at that time. And of course, she was just right after him. And, he said he could understand an anxious mother. He waited two or three days, after he asked me to go. They generally get out themselves--but, those guys in Toronto from the Parliament Buildings. They called me to one side at the station, and they said they didn't want to tell the anxious father, but there was no hope for the kids. They said they had known of several cases of the same kind, and they always found them dead. But, they weren't dead.

The boy who was lost was Stan Franchot. Old Madame Franchot used to be at the cottage at Garryowen until she died. And, Dick is dead, and Ned--the whole outfit. Stan is dead--so is Franchot's son, all of them. Stan died very young of a heart attack, and so did young Reishman die.

That was really a good trip, and I enjoyed it. That Indian, he wanted me to join the tribe. I'll tell you what he said. I said--I am not an Indian, and I wouldn't belong to the tribe--they wouldn't let me trap in here. Well, he said--you look more like an Indian, than lots of Indians.

There weren't many pure bred Indians up in Temagami. They were mostly mixed with the French. I often felt sorry for those people. They were living with the Indians, and they had the same problems--they should have had the same rights as the Indians--that is, for hunting and fishing. They couldn't tell them from the French, you see. They were half breeds, and they were out. But, I guess there's going to be a better deal for the Indians.

Did you folks used to trap up here too? Oh, yes. What would have been the area where you trapped? Well, we trapped down the Black River--out to Raven Lake, Stoney Lake, and all around here--all these lakes around Lake of Bays. There were no regular trapping grounds at that

time. Now, there are prescribed areas, where my brother traps now--Orrie--he has an area, and he gets a quota of 50 beaver a year, and other fur too. But, he has a definite trapping ground--the same trapping ground my dad used to have--only it's a definite area, and no one else can trap on it. But before, as long as you were a Canadian citizen, you could trap any place in Ontario. This made it tough for trappers, because there was always wrangling about trapping grounds.

When you trapped, did you go alone, or in pairs? Oh, we'd go alone, never in pairs, not trapping, If you were going away out--oh, my dad used to fire range, in the Summer time, for quite a few years in the Park and he'd travel all the time, and he'd travel alone, week in and week out. He'd come home on Saturday, every other week. But he'd travel alone all the time. They don't do that any more.

As far as the trap line is concerned, a day is as much as you would run at a time--usually--unless you had an outpost trapping shack--some place where you went a long ways. But, the way now, since they've got it in areas--if you go one day out on this chain of lakes--then, you go the next day, and the next day--by the time you get around, it's time to go again--but, it's only one day's trip in each case. The only time I ever had any trouble trapping--I never did too much trapping--not as much as some of the rest of them. Because, I was the older one of the family, and I moved away when I was 22, and so I only trapped in those years up to that time. Some of the rest of them stayed home and trapped a good deal longer. But, the only trouble we ever had--was--you'd start out in the morning, probably from home, and you'd have a day's trip, and you'd know it was going to take you a day's snow shoeing to get there and back and set your traps, or whatever you had to do. You'd start out at daylight, and it would keep you going. Maybe it would come a frosty, cold morning, and, about 9 o'clock, the sun would be up, and you'd feel a little south wind coming. It didn't look good, you know, and, by noon, it would be all clouded up--the snow would start to melt--it would get on top of your snowshoes, and every time you'd lift your snowshoes, you'd lift pounds and pounds of snow, and, by the time I'd get, maybe within hearing distance of home, (the old homestead is just over there, you know) I'd hear dad. He'd be out, and shoot. You'd answer him. In 20 minutes, he'd shoot again, and I'd answer him again. THEN, he'd know if you were closer to home. Then, that was all right--you'd be home. But, they would be uneasy about you, you see. But dad would shoot us in. If we weren't coming closer on the second shot, then, he'd know something was wrong and he'd come out. But nothing was really wrong. None of us got drowned, or anything we fell in the lake, and so forth.

On the first trip, you'd get as far as you could go in a day--setting traps and come back that night. The next trip, you'd do the same thing, taking another route. By the time you got done, you had a route that would keep you going every day of the week. If you had five trails, you'd be five day's trip. And, it would depend a lot on the weather. You might get soft snow, and not be able to get back that quickly. You had good snowshoe trails, after you once got them broken, but, if you get soft snow on top of snowshoes, boy oh boy, do they ever bog you down.

When you went out to collect the animals that were in your trap, would you skin them right there? Well, it would all depend. Mink, you wouldn't--they're small--you'd carry those. But, if

you had beaver, you'd skin the beaver, or else, if you didn't have time to skin him, you'd hang him up someplace where nothing could get him, and cover him, so the ravens couldn't get at him--and leave him there, until you'd come next time. If you got too much on your hands, and you couldn't do it, then, you'd just have to leave them. You couldn't carry the beaver--and otter, the same way. But, if you had a lot of canoe work to do--you had to have a canoe in the Fall--but of course, in the Winter, you didn't. If you had quite a bit of canoeing, then of course you'd take them, and just carry them across the portage.

When you got these furs, where would they be sold? In my time, my dad used to buy fur a lot. Jews used to come and buy them before--these peddlars would come around with their horse and cutter, and their packs. They used to buy fur. They would come right to your home. There was a fellow by the name of Suskind ? --he used to come. There was another guy he used to stay at our place some times. They used to buy fur. But, in later years, my dad used to buy fur, and Fred McKey? used to buy fur at Dorset, and I think that's all that bought fur around here. There used to be quite a lot of rivalry as to who was going to pay the trappers the most. They used to go from one to the other.

What would your dad do with the fur that he bought? He bought for a fur company in Toronto. He bought for the George Montieth Fur Co.--he came from the Montieth House, on Lake Rosseau. He went down to Toronto and started the fur business.

Fred McKey was Mrs. Robinson's first husband. They came from Victoria Harbour. The first one to come up, as I remember was George McKey. He came up, and used to clerk in the camps--in the lumber camps--he was a brother of Fred--an older brother. He lived up there, and his daughter lives there yet--just above Len Barry. Then, he was in business--started a store--George did--and they called it Bowman & McKey (Bob Bowman)--in Dorset. Then, Fred came up. Where he fitted in, I am not sure--but, they were all store keepers--then, the old man came up too, about that time--when Fred came--and they were all store keepers. Old man McKey was a shoemaker by trade. Then they had that store across where Carl Baturensky is now. Fred had that store. Old Dan McKey owned it--he was in with his dad here. Well, I think he bought the old man out actually, as far as the store was concerned--but, not the property, the old man of course, got old, and he got married again, and he signed the store over to his wife, and Fred had to get out, and build another store. And, he built that store where Robinsons is now.

That's where Cole's Hotel was. I was there watching it burn down. The whole thing burned completely. It was a pretty big building. It all burned down. What could you do? There was no fire fighting equipment. It was burning and burning--but, there was one place in the centre--oh, I supposed it would be about 30' by 20', and it seemed to last so well, even when all the rest was burned down--and, Mrs. Cole said--well, that's the original old log building--and that is what it was, too. It was slow burning, because it was all logs. I don't know the year it was, I know I was only a young lad at the time.

Did you know people by the name of Sparkes, up here--the Sparkes Sr.? Oh, yes, I knew old Charlie Sparkes. They lived on Bayview Farm over there--on Harmer's place, right opposite McTaggart's Island.

How far is that out of Dorset? Well, it's a couple of miles or better. You can see it right across from Nielsen's, on the opposite side from Neilsen's. He had quite a big farm there, and he called it Baysview Farm. And, they used to keep tourists. He was an old English fellow. He raised Jack and Bill. Bill used to keep store in Dorset, there--right beside where the hotel is now--He had a store there for quite a long time. He married.

I knew old Charlie well. In the Winter time he used to come out--they had a road cut out, and they used to come out by our place--right out by our place to the main road. The main road of course, was the old road that goes down there. And, of course, the same thing happened to him that happened to old man McKey. His wife died. And, she was an awful good, nice woman too--but, like most men who have had good women--they think they are going to get another good woman. He married an Irish woman, and she made him move to Ireland--right away. He had to sell his place, and was gone. It just broke his heart.

I saw a fellow come there at the Falls, George Mumford, and he was in the first world war. He was a lieutenant, and he used to come up to Sparkes' when they kept a Summer place, and he used to come up in the Fall. He worked for the Power Co. He was standing on the pier in England, Liverpool, or some place, and he saw old Charlie coming along down the dock, and he said he just stood, and never said a word. He, of course, had a uniform on. Old Charlie came up to him and saluted, and said--I beg your pardon sir, but could you tell me where His Majesty's ship so and so is? He said, --right over there, Sparkes. He whirled around, and said--George Mumford. He was taking a ship over to Ireland, and that's where he ended his days.

Millie Sparkes was here to see me last year--Jack's sister. She said Jack was in an old folk's home. I think Bill is dead.

I knew Alvin Phillips. I didn't know Allen Phillips, unless that was Curly Phillips that got killed in an avalanche. My dad used to hunt with Alvin, Harry was the youngest of Alvin's boys--then there was this Curly and then there was Donald.

I remember old man Harvey. He used to have pads on his knees. He had arthritis, and he used to go on his hands and knees up there to cut wood. He lived in that house where my sister lives--Mrs Burk--right on top of the hill in Dorset. That house is over 100 years old. Old man Harvey used to get these things on his knees--these pieces of leather, and he'd go on his hands and knees across that field back of Lockman's place there and those places back there, and cut wood--and bring it over. He had arthritis. I never knew what it was till later--and I realized it was arthritis. He had two old maid daughters, and the poor guy, you know, they wouldn't let him smoke. They had some idea that smoking wasn't good for him, I guess, but anyway, I remember Angus McKay, when I was a kid--and he'd come to me when he'd see me in Dorset--and he'd go into the store, and buy a plug of tobacco, and give it to me to give to old Harvey. They wouldn't pay

any attention to the kids--but if a man came along and gave it to him, they'd take it away from him.

The Fisher's were very musical. Well, they had a band--a brass band, you know. Len Fisher used to be the band master. Mr. Raymond Fisher used to come in case of illness--you couldn't get a doctor, you know. He'd come down, and they said he'd been a doctor in England.

Mr Avery's old uncle, who lived to be 97--said that Paint Lake used to only half as big as it is now--before the dam was built at Baysville. The water in the Lake of Bays must have been raised at least 10 feet.

## Newspaper Article--McLean Twp. Pioneer Buried Last Thursday

When the red man was the sole occupant of McLean Twp., Mr. and Mrs. Jeff Avery started to hew out a new home at Menominee Lake. Among their four children at that time, was Annie, Mrs. Robert Aitcheson, then, 10 years old. There were no clearings in McLean Twp, and the first cow imported into the Twp was by the Avery family. Lack of trails at that time, necessitated taking this animals through the woods from Port Sydney. The family had moved from Haliburton, where Mrs. Aitcheson was born--to Dorset, thence to McLean Twp.

In 1868, the marriage was consummated between Miss Annie Avery, and Mr. Robert Aitcheson, and the new home was established in the Twp. of Chaffey. Nine children were born to this union. Eight are left to mourn the loss of a loving mother--3 of whom--Bob, of Brown's Brae, Simon and margaret, Mrs. St. Clair Fergusen of Newholme, are still living in McLean Twp. Of the other children, Joe is at Niagara Falls, Mayme, Mrs. Tom Doupe of Carliss, Alta, Annie, Mrs. Bent Harris of Wrexeter, Ont, Jack of Kingston, Ont, Mrs. Charles Catton of Chippewa, Mr. Aitcheson pre-deceased his wife in 1926.

Mrs. Aitcheson died at Bracebridge on Tuesday, Sept 17th in her 80th year. The funeral was held from the home of Thomas Catton in Huntsville on Thursday last, Sept 19th, with interment in Memorial Cemetery. The services were in charge of Rev. Hardy of the Baptist Church. Pall bearers were three sons--Bert, Joe and Simon, and three sons in law--Bert Harris, Charles Catton and St Clair Ferguson.

Two brothers are also left to mourn the loss of a loving sister--Nehemia of Tudhope, New Ontario, and James Avery of Dorset.

Jefferson -- head of the Avery clan

Jeff Avery - b. March 14, 1832

m

Jane Brentwell - b. April 18, 1841

Julia (Letty) -- Oct. 14, 1859

Annie --Aug. 2, 1861

Nehemiah --Jan. 18, 1863

James --June 1, 1865

Simon --Jan. 24, 1867

Ned (Charles Edwin)--Oct 21, 1868

Carrie --Aug. 31, 1870

Mandy --July 12, 1872

Jack --Nov. 26, 1874

Vina --Jan. 11, 1877

Orrie --Oct. 31, 1879  
Tressa --June 4, 1884

### **Mr. Len Avery -- Monday, Aug. 18, 1969**

The old road--the first I can remember about the road--it was terribly rough--awfully bumpy--it would jar you to death. The first time a buggy with a top on, that you could let down, came by--my mother held me up to the window, because, that was the first buggy she had ever seen come in. I was young then, but I can remember it--that was a big deal--that first buggy over that road. And, the road wasn't much better for a long time afterwards. It was awfully stoney. Even as a young lad I drove the staff in the Summer time, when I was out of school, from Dorset to Baysville. It was pretty hard on equipment and buggies--they used to go banging along.

the boat business at that time was a big deal. If you got an island, you were sitting on top fo the world. But now, you want a cottage on the mainland, because of cars.

I used to paddle from Huntsville in, and think nothing of it. Now, to paddle a couple of miles is quite a trip. But that was the mode of transportation, more or less--by canoe--and they were all birch bark, except when they got the first ones of basswood. They made cedar canoes, but basswood was the main wood used. And heavy, did they ever soak up water. But, birchbark canoes were light, and, if they were well made and you knew hot to handle a canoe, so that you wouldn't break it up, they were a good substantial canoe. You could guide with them with tourists. The Indians up north made canoes, but, they never were as good canoe makers. They made birchbark canoes all right--but they didn't know how to make good ones. In fact, they all leaked. I never saw one that didn't. You'd come to a portage, and you'd find a bunch of sticks that they had thrown out of their canoe. They had them to keep from getting wet going across the lake, because the canoe leaked. At the other end, there was another bunch of sticks that somebody else had left, and they just picked them up, and put them in the canoe. They'd kneel on them, or sit on them to keep dry.

One time my dad was up there, and an Indian was trying to make a canoe--using spruce roots, and they are very good too. But he was using clout nails. They are a nail that clinches. He was trying to drive these nails in thorough the gunwale of the canoe, and he'd drive the nail in, and it wouldn't bend. My dad was watching him, and he said--I'll tell you how to do that--so, my dad showed him. It just shows you that everyone has to learn.

My dad made a lot of canoes He used to make our canoes. He never made me a guiding canoe. By the time I was big enough to guide, you could buy them. There were more wooden canoes around then. But, I have used lots of canoes that he made for trapping and fishing. He guided for years in birchbark canoes. The canoe you saw in the Huntsville museum, I think was the last canoe he made. There was a lot of bark that you could make canoes out of in this country at that time, and, up the East River, until a few years ago--but it was all cut down--just ruined it. They



thought they were getting a fortune, to get all this white birch, to make veneer. But, it was no good. It was too old and punky. It used to be that they wouldn't take a tree if it had knots in it, but now, they patch them. But I don't see many birchbark canoes any more. They are quite a novelty.

I always considered there was more community life in a place the size of Dorset, than in a much larger place. Everybody knew everybody else. They didn't have any movies--but, they'd have box socials--usually connected with the churches. And there were entertainments. And the talking that went on. Neighbours would come in. They didn't have to have any invitation. They'd come in for the evening, and they'd stay, and you visited. There weren't even any gramophones. Then, when they came along--I think we got about the first one around here--the neighbours used to come in and listen to that. Then, I remember when the first telephone came in. That was a big deal too. They nailed the thing on trees, all the way out to Huntsville. They formed the Huntsville and Lake of Bays Telephone Co., and they just put knobs on trees, and nailed it on the trees, and you couldn't get much out of it. They only had one wire. They only had one wire. The other wire was a ground--and they had one wire going through the ground, which is not very satisfactory. I think that Ed Speers was the president of the Co., Hiram Barry had a lot to do with it too. Hiram was quite a go-getter. Anything that came up--Hiram was for it. He was interested in the railroad too. Mr. Avery felt that the railroad was an election scheme to get a member of Parl. in. They had grading done at Baysville--ready for the tracks, and they had teams and dump wagons, and scrapers. And my dad said--well, they weren't going to put a railroad in. They'd start at the end where they can get their rails and stuff in--which would be Bracebridge. But, in order to get the votes they started at Baysville, and as soon as the election was over, it fell through.

Then, Sir Adam Beck, in his time, he had a survey made right through here--through this country--for an electric railroad. As soon as the survey was examined, and they saw the mountains, and the gullies--why, you could never do it. Instead of having someone who was familiar with each twp--some old timer, who knew the level places--and they could have gone through with it then. But they took more or less a straight line. I saw their survey--walked over it two or three times--not for the purpose of walking over it, but because I was going some place. It was going over one mountain, and down, and another one. There is enough flat land in this country, that it might have been possible--if you just knew how to do it. But, they didn't, and that killed it. But that was a legitimate scheme. That was just before they build the Hydro down at Niagara Falls.

As far as entertainment was concerned--I only knew of one family that was isolated for the Winter. They lived up above Dorset at Fletcher Lake. That was Joe Allen and his family. They were isolated for the Winter. When he'd come down in the Spring--he'd drive oxen down--drive into Dorset. It would take him all day to get down. Then, he'd come down again the next Fall. They would all be different lengths--the length of the shoes he had to buy for his kids.?? who kept the store there, said that when Joe Allen came down, he had enough wood to start the fire in the morning. The sticks were the lengths of the kids' feet. The Clayton's used to live on the lake, and the Knott's--but they all got out of there. But Allen stayed. He was in that west bay, and his

house is there yet. And, when I went over--he wanted milk, I think. We used to go over every day. But anyway, I went over to see him. He had 3 or 4 boys. Walker, the oldest--was by his first wife--but I didn't know the first wife. His second wife was a Marks ? old Gid Marks, who lived on the Paint Lake Road, up at the end of Paint Lake, it was his daughter that he married. And he had a fellow by the name of Elmer, and he's alive yet, too. Mrs. Robinson said she saw him last year--and, another boy, and two girls. He had his own mill, and his own water power, and he ground his own corn. I don't know whether he ground wheat, or not. I think he bought flour when he came down. But he ground corn. And, when they'd have a meal--I was over there lots of times at night, when I'd be going for the milk--and they'd be eating their meal. They'd have corn pone on the table, and they'd have white bread. Well, when they had all got done eating this corn meal bread--then, they'd take a piece of the white bread--just like you'd take a piece of cake. But, they always had lots to eat, you know. They had a big farm. He was a great worker--and all his boys. They had miles and miles of fields. And, they used to take beef to the camp--and sell hay. Of course at that time, in the lumbering, they needed a lot of hay.

But, they were really isolated, and yet, they got along well. Those kids seemed to be just as intelligent as other kids--except they had a kind of exaggerated idea of their intelligence. The old man had taught them that. They lost that though, when they got out. He was an old English fellow. When I went in there one night, he was teaching the boys to fence but, instead of the light foils usually used for fencing--they were using two axe handles.

But these youngsters were smart. They went to school. There was a school teacher used to come over from Hollow Lake, and come across the portage up to Round Lake--and across the portage. I used to feel sorry for her. There was a school at Fletcher Lake. I think Wes Clayton went to school there. But, at the time I am speaking of--just the Allen children were in school. The school teacher was married. Her husband used to take her there on Sunday--pick her up again on Friday. But she had to walk those four miles through to the lake all alone. She must have boarded at Allen's during the week, or some place like that. The Knott's were there of course, at that time. Bill Knott is buried up there in the Paint Lake cemetery. The boy, he had bad luck. He went up north at the time of the gold rush--he got a claim, and it was quite a valuable claim. I think he got \$75,000 for it. He came back here, and of course he was in love with some girl, and they were going to get married. Everything was all set. Then, he went out hunting--and he fell, and his gun accidentally discharged, and it killed him.

Old Allen was up here on the first survey that they made. He hit Fletcher Lake, and he liked it up there, so he decided to build a place there. He was an Englishman, and he had a wife. Then, he married again, and they got along well. they had plenty of everything. He made his barn, and it's still there. And, the lumber in it is only four feet long. That is all his carriage would take--cut it in 4 foot lengths. Mrs. Robinson owns that now. When he went out, he sold it. He owed a store bill, and Fred bought the place from him. It's a big place--it's half of Fletcher Lake, you know. He bought it for \$500, and that was a big price at that time. But, it's all grown up now. They have reforested the place. There is nobody om Fletcher Lake now, except cottagers--but not on that

side where he was. They don't want to sell any of that property. They are waiting for the road, I guess, to come around that side.

But, all along the Minden Road, the people didn't get out--but, they were just like the people here--they had neighbours. There was only one thing--and I don't know whether it was a drawback or not--but it was hard to get a doctor. You just couldn't have got a doctor out here from Huntsville in the early years, but, I don't know whether it would have made much difference, anyway. They used to tell about old lady Williams--she lived down there near Baysville, and she was very old. The doctor had to come in one day. He had come to see someone else, and they told him he had to go to see old lady Williams--she wasn't in too good shape. She didn't go too much for doctors, I guess. But, he called anyway. She said she had not been too good. Well--she said--I'll die quick enough, without any doctor's help. This was Auntie Williams.

All the women acted as midwives. I know right well, there was no doctor there when I was born. I remember the old ladies that would come. Old Mrs Crozier helped down here. Old Mrs. Morrow was there when I was born.

The school was at Paint Lake, when Mr. Avery went to school. It was smaller then--a piece was added later.

In the early days, the men all farmed a certain amount--and had cattle. Most of them did hunting--most of them trapped a little bit--and went to the woods in the Winter time--to the lumber camps. And that's the way they made their living. Now, Mr Norton, who owned this place--all around here--he used to lumber. But, in my time, he never did, because his farm was big enough that he could cut hay, and cart beef and stuff to the camps. But, he was the only one that I knew of, who made his living entirely by farming. The other fellows, they had to do different things. In later years, they did a lot of guiding in the Summer too.

This life had a tendency to make people their own boss, more or less. It was pretty hard to learn how to take orders. In the woods, if you did your work, there was no foreman who was going to say anything to you at all. If they did, you'd quit right there. The Allen's, for instance--they were by themselves--and they were their own boss. Anyone in a city or town, working for someone who says something--they just shrug it off. People in this country, even ones still here, who have never left here--they've got their own ideas, and they don't take kindly to taking orders. You knew what to do--and you went ahead and did it. That was all there was to it. When the guiding came up--nobody told you what to do, You looked after that--you told them. So, when anybody started to horn in, there was trouble. Other than that--the people were pretty much the same as in other places.

The men were not lonely. They got out, and were with people. The women liked to get out. And, of course, there was church. They all went to church.

My father-in-law, Norton--he owned all this. He came fro down around Cornwall. I think he came from New York in the first place--landed in Quebec some place. Then, he got working for some of my folds--my uncle, and he got up here. He left home when he was very young. His family were all Catholics, and, when he got up here, he married Margaret Dale--John Dale's sister from Birkendale. They used to have church in the school house there. So, they went to the school house, and they sang in the choir--and everything else, with the Protestants.

In later years, his brother tried to look him up. They hadn't heard from him. He didn't bother. He was too busy working, anyway. And so, he came up from Cleveland, and he said--Well Jim, how is it you brought all your children up Protestants? Gosh, my father carried you to mass on his back over some swamp down in Quebec there, and now, you have brought your children all up to be Protestants. Well--he said--there was no other church, and it didn't seem to make much difference whether they were Catholics or Protestants.

My wife was his daughter, and, in the early days, she had an operation for goiter. I knew this doctor in Cleveland. He was a specialist in goiter. He had been up here and I had guided him, and I knew he was about the best in the world.

This fellow--my wife's father's brother, lived in Cleveland, and of course they were Catholics, and we were Protestants. He wanted me to stay at his place, but I stayed down nearer the hospital. He'd drive down on Sundays to get me. This friend of his came in, and he was Protestant. He said--Joe, is there a church around here? I promised the wife I'd go to church. So, I said--when you drive me down to the hospital, you can drop him off at church. So, he let him off--but the guy was lost in Cleveland, and he didn't know how he was going to get back. So, he said--where will I see you after church? And Joe replied--I'll be sitting right beside you. So, he wasn't such a good Catholic, after all.

In the early years, who you voted for, meant a lot more than what your religion was. These politicians would come in, and they'd talk and talk, and they'd fight, and get real bitter about it. But, if a child were sick in the night, a person would go to the one they'd been fighting with for help, and the whole business would be forgotten.

Anybody who was here as an early settler, and who stayed here, and made a success of it, and made a living, he had a good wife--because a man couldn't do it alone.

The women worked like dogs. They raised large families--cared for their homes--worked in the gardens. Unless a woman would help, and work at everything she could, from morning till night, they couldn't have made a go of it.

And then, when the tourists came along, they took them in, to make a little money. And then, there was quite a little rivalry as to who would board the school teacher. Not only that, but, if it looked like rain, they'd help out and pitch hay too. And a lot of them didn't have warm homes--it

was impossible to heat some of them. In a lot of them, they'd have to cover up the bread at night, so that it wouldn't freeze.

Our house was always warm. It was made of great big logs, and dad chinked it, and he plastered it. Now, you wouldn't know it was a log house, because it's got siding on the inside, and the outside. We never had water freeze. Other folks had to dump water out of the pails, so it would not freeze and burst the pails.

This fellow had a cat, and the cat was out at night. They let it into the kitchen--not right into the house--but, it was part of the house. In the morning, it was frozen to death. And I know it was awfully cold in that house too. We went up to stay once, when our folks were away. We got a blanket, and put it around us, and had a lantern, and we all sat around it. You'd freeze to death, in the damned place. Worse than any trapping shack, or anything that I was ever in in my life.

**Messrs Len, Sidney, Orrie Avery**

**--Sunday, August 31, 1969**

S. --Well, this was something John Bigwin told me many years ago, when he used to come up with Stewart at Sand Lake. He told me what he thought of the country when he was a boy. When he was about 5 or 6 years old, he came with his parents to the head of the Lake of Bays, at Dorset, and they met Zack Cole there. John took a look at him, and he said --My goodness, he must be an awfully sick Indian. He had never seen a white man before.

John Bigwin was 94 years old, and he came to Huntsville for its 60th anniversary, and he saw Sid Avery and said--Jeff Avery.

When the Jeff Avery's came to this area, they spent the Winter of 1869-70 in the Dorset area, then moved on down to Menominee Creek. They lived up by Fuller's on the Haliburton Road, a bit south of Dorset. What Jim remembered mostly was making maple syrup with the Indians. They had all birch bark containers, and they boiled the sap right in a birch bark pot. The sap was inside, and it wouldn't burn.

I can't figure out why anyone came to this country. They were all better off in the places they left. They had roaming spirits.

O. --Well, you take Menonimee--that's nice flat country.

S. --Our family had been in this country since 1650. There is no recorded memory in our family of ever crossing the ocean.

English Bloods tells about British settlers. There were two classes of settlers came here. One was the British settler, and the other was the Canadian, and there was always a strife between the two--because the Canadian knew the country, or the system, that is--if he landed on a piece of land that was flooded by beaver, and level, and was easy tillable, the Canadian took it, and left the

rock for the English people. This caused quite a bit of strife. There was a feeling between the English and Canadian settlers in those early days.

The Avery's were ramblers, you know. The forefathers first came to Mass. Then, two brothers went up into Nova Scotia, and two came up here. Now, I can't find much trace of the other brother who came up here--just dad's people. But the two brothers who went to Nova Scotia, they pretty nearly died out in Nova Scotia.

Was Ebenezer Avery related to your people? Mr. L. thinks there was an old tin type at home of an Ebenezer Avery. He was in the war, and he died in Libby Prison. He was a U.E. Loyalist.

I mentioned that Art Halwig had told me that the first owner of his property was Ebenezer Avery, and the second was Bob Robinson.

S. --Ebenezer wasn't a brother of Grandad, and he wasn't a son. He could have been a member of the other brother's family.

L. --He must have been named after that old duck.

O. --If he was that close to us, and on the Lake of Bays, we should have known him. Uncle Miah was the oldest son. There were none of Grandad's contemporaries here that we know of. I don't know Grandad's sisters and brothers--I have no idea of their names.

Do you know how long they stayed at Menominee, before they moved West? O. They stayed till '91 because L. was born in their house at Menominee, and they were there.

O. --We have the two elderly aunts, still living in Oregon. I think all the Avery children were born before they moved West.

Did you Grandad farm down at Menominee? Not for a living. They had quite big fields--quite a sizable place. He trapped and hunted--he was a bushman. His wife came from Ireland. She came over on a boat called The Sea Horse.

O. didn't know that Frank Fisher had ever lived on the Booker Road. He just knew of old Mr. Morrow, the blacksmith and the Booker's. There are only the two places now that are assessed. Some lawyers from Toronto own one place.

How far from Baysville to Menominee? Four miles. Mr S. Avery has pictures in his snap album. C. --there was a wedding picture.

Nanaragamon--name given to Lake of Bays. David Thompson changed it to Forked Lake--this from Florence Murray's book--then, Trading Lake, then, Lake of Bays--but, the bay at Dorset is still called Trading Bay or Lake. There wasn't the flow of water there then, that there is now. The

dam at Baysville raised it 12 feet, he thinks. Trading Bay is in front of Nel Dollar's -- Phillips' Bay, is the one, above. S. has picture of bridge across Avery's Bay (Phillips' Bay), never even heard it called Avery's Bay.

Re path leading to Booker cemetery, and Garrison cemetery. They say Maple Ridge is nearer to Paint Lake than place pointed out to me by Dorothy and Jessie. They think that that clearing was the Van Cleef's. There's a road going in on each side of the field to Martin Lake.

O. --I've driven a team or horses along that road (path leading to Booker cemetery) to Booker's and Morrow's--and got the horses shod at Morrow's.

Pioneer map of Muskoka -- 1954

Uncle Miah said they paddled down the lake from Dorset, and they met some body else at Black Point--that was the only other settler there was--somebody at Black Point. They went down and viewed the property at Menominee. Well, at that time, the Indians were there, and they had a farm across the lake, and they used to bring the cattle down the creek (the Indians) --I suppose, to pasture. They had a long house there, and several families lived in this house. The Avery's were on Menominee Creek and their property ran all the way from Lake of Bays to Menominee Lake. There were big fields there. They had to cut down the big pine, where they settled, and make a clearing, and make a house--I guess of pine logs. Until the house was built, they'd have a lean-to of some kind.

They put a crop in--put in corn, and stuff like that, and they put it in where a lot of these big logs fell. They burned the brush, then, they put the potatoes and corn and stuff right alongside of these logs, and had a wonderful crop, because of the black and charcoal and new ground. The stuff really grew, because the sun shone in there, and I guess they probably had enough moisture that it didn't dry out too much, and the heat of those black logs just made the corn grow really well.

L. --The first corn they got to plant--my dad told me--they got out of a wild goose's crop--they had shot the goose. He said it was wonderful corn. The next year, they had lots of seed.

S. --They had lots of courage--and weren't easily discouraged, or they'd have been gone long before.

O. --Well, there were lots of fish, etc. --and, if they could grow enough potatoes. It used to be that all they had to buy was salt and pepper and sugar and flour. They used to make soap too. Used the ashes from the w[?]

What would you include in such a history?

To try to give a picture of what the country was like at that time. And then, the people who were in it. The names of the people. The pictures will tell what the country was like. It wasn't as

beautiful as it is now. Take Garryowen, there. It's just sitting out there, with just a fringe of trees along the lake, and it's bare, right back to where the highway is now. It looks altogether different now, with woods right up to the cottage, you might say. The big pine trees were gone, before many of the settlers arrived. As the settlers came in, the lumber companies came in to get their pine lumber. This pine cut around here was a tremendous thing. People can't get an idea in their mind what it was really like. When you could see that bay at Dorset filled with logs, and the bay down below, filled--all with big pine logs, that came down from this bush. Well, when they took them out, it left nothing but slash, and, any fire that would start in that would just burn the country up. But, where the pine was itself, that wouldn't burn. I can just remember some of the pine. You could remember it, Len, --Oh, I cut pine there so big you couldn't get a saw across it--a cross cut saw. All Winter long, all virgin pine, up on Wildcat Lake, Boundary Lake, and drove them down to Bracebridge. Mickle and Dymont, I worked for, and Shier's too had a drive at the same time. They ran their logs together to Bracebridge, and sorted them out on a sorting jack, there. One went on down to Gravenhurst and one stayed in Bracebridge. Those logs came down from up above Hollow Lake--up the East River, and up at Boundary Lake--up in the Park, and up at Wildcat Lake, we cut the logs, and drove them--they came down through Hollow Lake. Every log was stamped, because we had two lumber companies running together down there. It wasn't a joint drive until it got to Bracebridge. They all had to get the water, when the water was coming. The one was right behind the other. When they got there they all had to jam up. I was on the sorting jack there, for three or four weeks--you'd watch the marks, and sort them. There would be two of us on the sorting jack, one for each company.

They started them together at Baysville--down the river. I ran Fairy's Rapids, there. I was one of the few that ever ran Fairy's Rapids in a punt--in a painter?? The old man gave me heck too, when he heard about it. Those pines were so big, you couldn't put your arms half way around them, and we used to get in wrong with the teamsters, because, when we cut those big trees, we wanted to make as few logs as we could out of them, so we wouldn't have too many cuts to put in them--and they would want them short, so the horses could handle them. So, we were always fighting with the teamsters. And so, we settled it with old Murdy ? McKay. He was the foreman at the time. And, we asked Murdy--how long do you want those logs cut? And, he said--cut them as long as you can--clean logs--if you run into a knot--cut it there. Make it 10, 12, 14, 16--you see they wanted a clear log on each side, which is only logical. So, that settled the argument

Wild Bill Burns--he came down from Haliburton way. A lot of those fellows came from down Haliburton--and he used to drive a team. They were the wildest bunch of birds. There were the three of them--Les, and Bob and Bill. Wild Bill--I don't think he'd fight anybody, but he used to take an awful effort. These giths used to take place all over--down at the camp, etc. Dan McIlroy used to start those. They'd have lots of money when they came out and they'd go to the hotel, and he had a counter there, and he used to serve them liquor, and of course, they'd get really plastered, and they'd start a fight. Well, they wouldn't need to start a fight. Somebody else would come along, and say something to them, and they'd walk outside to settle it.



Lan--Well, those fellows tried to get home. A lot of them never made it. I've heard Dan say--what is the matter with that blacksmith? He isn't drinking anything. Why don't you get him in? He's a pretty good fellow--get him in here and get him started. And, the poor fellow--trying not to get his cheque cashed. He wanted to go home. He never did get home. they got him in, let him take a drink or two. And then of course, the fellow hadn't been drinking all Winter, and they just made a business of it, and, the next morning, he'd be drinking again, and right back to the camp they'd go, and them, with families. It was a shame. But, Dan was good at that. He'd cash their cheques--he was really good at that drinking business.

None of those hotel keepers, as far as I know, had any compunction about taking every cent they could get, and they got it all when they got those fellows started--they got the works.

I learned my lesson early--and it was a good lesson , and saved me perhaps hundreds of dollars. A fellow I worked with all Winter--and he started to worry. He was going home--he lived down near Ottawa some place. I didn't know him except from working with him all Winter. He said--well, yu know--I've got this money coming to me--this cheque--but, I don't want to get it cashed, or I'll spend it. He wasn't asking me for any money--but I said--well, I'll lend you five dollars, Charlie, and that will take you home--you won't have to cash your cheque, and you can send it to me. He went out, and I never heard anything more from him.

But, then the boys came back, that had gone out at the same time, and I said, what became of Charlie--did he get through all right--through Dorset? He said--no, he didn't--he spent his whole Winter's wages there, but he said he was going to save five dollars out of it to send to you.

Do you know anything about that? Yes, I said--I know about it--but I never got the five dollars. He had spent that too, you see. But, that taught me a lesson. I never lent any of the fellows five dollars again.

I mentioned about Mrs. McKay being afraid to let the children go down town because of the hotels.

Len--Oh, and on the 12th of July, it was really a bash. Those fellows would walk all over your feet.

You know, they didn't get much money, and their wives and kids needed it--just like Dan McIlroy said about the blacksmith--if we could just get him started--and he got every cent the guy had, and all many of the others had, too. Some were young fellows, no older than I was -- 17 or 18--they never got home--they'd be back in about three or four days--working in the camp--they never made it--mostly fellows from Minden, Gellert, and down through there. They'd sit around the camp, and talk about Jones and Mortimer's Hotel--that was in Minden. And they could get drunk down there too.

Orrie lives in the house he was born in. Sid was born in what they called the Shanty--where they lived while they were building the other house. Oscar ?? had the place, and the shanty was on it. We lived in it, the first Winter Len remembers it. It was a small place, two bedrooms, about the size of our living room--without the dining area. It was warm but a couple of the kids got diphtheria, and died at that time--only two they lost, when they were very young. They got a doctor in. But by the time you got a doctor--you had to go half way--then wait, and come on in. He couldn't do much. We went to old man Fisher, and got some medicine, but it didn't do any good.

Think house was built in 1900, for Orrie was born in 1901. When I was redoing the house--it was a storey and a half--I put the windows in, and made the rooms the full height. I took the paper off the wall that Mother had put underneath, onto the boards. She had put newspapers, and an awful lot of them were 1901. So, the place was built, I imagine, in 1900, and finished up in 1901.

Len--The wall paper in most of the houses was newspapers. They never got real wall paper. It was clean--good insulation, and kept the logs and chinks and stuff from falling. This was a log house, the first home on the right on the Paint Lake Road--you can see it from #118.

Livingstone Lake used to be known as Round Lake. Chappie Boehm owns Livingstone Cottage--his father used to go up there. Chap Boehm built a cottage on the Garryowen property--only had it about two years, then he sold it.

Sir John Eaton had been guided by the Jim Avery's, and every Christmas, he used to send up a big basket of fruit.

Len--my dad used to guide--we all did--the Tone's. Tone was pres. of Carborundum. Ernie Baxter was sales manager. One morning Tone sent for him. He wondered what was the matter, and he said Mr. Tone was sitting at his desk, and there were tears running out of his eyes, and he said--well, I've lost one of my best friends--Jim Avery has died. There was an unusual bond between the guides, and the people they guided. When two people are alone on trips, they get to be good friends, that is if they are congenial at all. Ernie said Mr. Tone broke down.

I had a great trip with Mr. Tone--of course, I also guided Jerry and Franchot. I went one time into South Clear Lake. We had cut a trail from Black Lake, which was on the Black River--we had a camp there--dad had, and he blazed a trail across to Clear Lake, which was 2 ¼ miles across the bush--instead of going around by Horse Lake, Dam Lake and Centre Lake--it was longer.

Mr. Tone couldn't make the portage that night, because of a recent operation. So Len stayed behind with him. Len was tired, for he had had a day's paddling. Then, he had portaged things across--and then had to bring all the stuff back again, and he and Mr. Tone stayed together. Len went to sleep. Mr. Tone woke him up, because he heard wolves, and he asked Len if they would hurt them. No--said Len--and went back to sleep. When he awoke in the morning, he commented on his good sleep. Yes--said Mr. Tone--you didn't miss a breath.



**From Mr. S. Avery, Huntsville**

**--Sunday, Aug. 31, 1969**

Golden Wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Jim Avery --1938--April 16

Excerpts

The sons are Len, Joe and Gordon of Niagara Falls, Sidney of Huntsville, and Orrie of Dorset. The daughter is Mrs. Earl Burk (Elsie) of Dorset.

Mr. and Mrs. James Avery are real pioneers of Muskoka, and have seen the district develop from a pioneer settlement to its present prosperous state, and, in that progress, both have played their part.

Mr. Avery was born in 1865 in Guilford Twp, Haliburton County, about thirty miles from where he now resides, and, in 1869, when he was four years old, came to the Lake of Bays with his parents, the late Mr. and Mrs. Jefferson Avery who settled at Newholm.

Mrs. Avery, whose maiden name was Ellen A, Bigelow, has resided in Muskoka since 1875, in which year she came with her parents the late Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Bigelow to Baysville from Port Perry.

Mr. and Mrs. Avery were married in Baysville in 1888. Most of their married life has been spent at their present home where they moved in 1892.

Mr. Avery has engaged in farming and lumbering, and has become famous as a guide for hunting and fishing parties. He has played a prominent part in the municipal life of Ridout Twp.

James Avery, Muskoka Pioneer, passes at Dorset

One by one, the ranks of our pioneer citizens are being depleted. The latest vacancy has occurred through the death in Dorset on Monday, Oct. 12, of James Avery, a resident of the locality since 1869. Mr. Avery was in his 77th year.

His death followed on illness which has kept him inactive for a long time. Last Winter, he spent most of his time with his son Sidney in Huntsville, returning to the homestead in the Spring. He has been ailing all Summer.

Burial took place in Paint Lake Cemetery.

In 1869, when a lad of four years, the family moved to Dorset, and, in 1871, to near Menominee Lake, where the homestead is located. He was the first settler on the south shore of the Lake of Bays. Other pioneers were Charles and James Drake, who lived on the East shore. Thomas Salmon, veteran settler, now living at Fox Point, came to live with the Avery family about 1874.

He brought groceries and provisions in from Mark Lake (now Port Sydney), before there was any settlement at Huntsville, or trading here was possible. These goods had to be packed over a bush trail of 9 ½ miles.

In 1888, Mr. Avery was married to Miss Ellen Alzina Bigelow, who still survives him. The family consisted of 7 boys, and 2 girls. One boy and one girl died in infancy, and Ernest, a son, died in 1912, aged 22. Two brothers, Nehemiah, or Northern Ontario, and John, of Whitney, and 3 sisters in Portland, and 1 in Western Canada, also survive. For 14 years Mr. Avery served on the Ridout council.

When Mr. Avery first came to Dorset, it was called Cedar Narrows. Later, it was known as Colebridge, and finally, Dorset. In the early days, Mr. Avery did much trapping and fishing, and was among the first to travel through and fish in what is now known as Algonquin Park.

## Article--no heading

[hand written notes: [?] to Lloyd Green, [?] probably written about 1915]

One would hardly suppose a man would live here some years in the lumber country, and never spend a day, at a camp. Yet, I venture to say that many of you who, have lived in Muskoka towns for many years, have never spent a day or a night in a Lumber Camp. My very first 24 hours experience was gained last week. In a vague way, I knew how the operations were carried on, and how the men lived. But, it was very interesting to watch those operations.

As long as I can remember, I have seen saw log teams on the road, and, as a boy, had gone with them to the bush. But that was not lumbering, as the big fellows do it. The saw mill was in the village and the young farmers used to haul the logs from the pine bush, about three miles away. They used ordinary sleighs, with regulation bunks, and it was not unusual to see a team hauling one pine log as a load. Sometimes, there were two, or even three or four logs on a sleigh, but those were comical loads compared with those I saw in the bush last week;

Lumbering seemed to be carried on in those olden days, in a more carefree way, than at present. There were no roads, except the roads the teams with sleighs made themselves. Pitch holes became deeper and deeper, as the roads got older, but the teamsters didn't seem to care. They would congregate in two's or three's on a sleigh, while we youngsters drove the teams. It was a proud day for a boy, when he was first entrusted going back and forth, night and morning.

My first view of a camp or shanty, was in my early days in Muskoka, when there was still some lumbering within a few miles of Bracebridge. Occasionally, young folks from town, used to go to the Leishman Camp out Macaulay way for a dance. Dandy dances they were too. The cook was a fiddler, who knew the inspirational tunes. The only accident we had, was the night the tap of the molasses barrel came open. Girls wore real dresses then, with long skirts, and lots of material, so that when "Swing your partners" was the call, those skirts made sweeping circles. Unfortunately, they swung against the tap of the molasses barrel, and nobody knew it until a general slipping began. Everybody was plastered with molasses, but it was a sweet dance.

It seems to be more serious now, probably because lumbering is so much further back and probably because it is taken so much more seriously. I am not sure that I am starting at the beginning of this story. Anyway, last Wednesday, I accepted the kind invitation of Messrs Shier to visit their camp, which is located about ten miles from Dorset, and about forty miles from Bracebridge.

It was a delightfully mild Winter day and the teams of drivers were in good fettle, and that forty mile drive was a real delight. The last eight or ten miles was through solid bush, without a sign of humanity except the track made by horses and sleighs, but I am not sure that either can be classed as humanity. Anyway, Roy and I eventually reached the camp having successfully evaded millions of snowballs fired from eight hoofs of that team, on that mild Winter day. By the way,

Mr. William Langaid, of Baysville did not escape as well, he, having been cut so badly that day, by a hoof snow ball that he had to have surgical attendance.

What is camp ilke? I'll tell you. After climbing up and down countless hills,--it is all hills except the hollows, --From the top of a hill, one looks down on the camp, nestling in a deep valley, where gurgling stream four feet wide makes a never ceasing melody. The camp's one street--on one side the stables, and feed sheds, cookery, men's residence, teamsters' residence; on the other side, are the blacksmith's shop and office. They are all log buildings, chinked and plastered, one storey high, strictly rustic architecture. Etiquette demands a call at the office--a commodious building, divided into three parts, a vestibule, a departmental store, and a combination parlour, and officers' sleeping room. The visitors were privileged to bunk there, and were very comfortable indeed.

The cookery is a large airy building, with three long dining tables, store rooms and kitchen. The perfume of good food greets the visitor, because every day is baking day in this cafe, which is presided over by Mr. Lawson, and Mr. Heeney. What do the lumbermen eat? The old tradition was fat pork, beans, molasses and bread. That may have been once, --not now. Breakfast--sausages, ham, bacon, potatoes, peas, tomatoes, corn, beans, pies, cookies, tarts, tea, coffee. If you can think of anything else that is good, they had it. It would be great to board at a lumber camp, and just bum in the bush, only one drawback, but I will come to that later.

The next places to inspect are the men's residences. There are two, one for the teamsters, the other for the other men. I was curious why teamsters were separated from the others, but it was easily explained. Teamsters, said my informant, have to get up rather early, to get their horses fed, but, there is no need to waken the others till four o'clock. I thought that four o'clock was a joke, but it wasn't. A little while after I went to bed, I was awakened by a great racket, from the direction of the cookery. It was the order to get up, and, sure enough, it was four o'clock already. Teamsters had been up an hour or so, and had horses fed and groomed. Roy and I had breakfast with the cooks, last of all, and when we left the dining hall, at a quarter to five, we saw the last team vanishing into the darkness of the bush. That, is my only objection to boarding in a lumber camp.

The men's residences, are commodious combinations of living rooms, and sleeping berths, the berths being double deckers like Pullman cars, only different. The ubiquitous round sheet metal stove is here as every where. That souls of artists occupy the bodies of lumbermen is evidenced by the drying racks. Men do not always reach camp with dry clothes, you know. From the ceiling of the camp, hang dozens of drying racks--some plain uprights, with crossbars, but some, made in fantastic shapes from freak shrubs. I sure had to ask what for.

But we haven't time to stick around camp, so we follow the trails to the bush. It is the last day of the log haul. The skidways are near the lake and the boys are loading light. The road is level here, no hay hills, no sand hills. What are they? If a hill is very steep, they put sand on the down

side, so that the horses can hold back the load. If it is not quite so steep, they use hay for the same purpose. There are other names not intended for publication.

Loading light, did you say? Well, yes. They were only passing on light loads of 50 or 60 logs, when we got there. Angus Green had a few rows on a sleigh when we got there, just the beginning of a 50 log load, but he smoothed it out a bit, and piled up 76 logs. It was a real load to me, but, when Ambrose Flaherty got the reins gathered up, and gave the word, the horses walked away with it. Later on, foreman James Green, made a load, just for exercise, and, when he stopped calling for three more, he had 88 logs on the sleigh. I'll tell the world, 88 hemlock logs, taken as they come, make a stack, rather than a load. How did they get them on? Easy. Just use a jammer. Ever see a jammer? Well a jammer is a sort of portable derrick, with chain and pulley. From the pulley chain, a double chain extends on each end, being a handy fastening hook. From each end is a bull rope held by two men who hook the chains around both ends of two or three or more logs at a time. Up the road is a team, hitched to the other end of the chain. The loader gives the commands. "Going up", he yells, and the horses zip up the road, and hoist the logs over the sleigh. "Hold." and the chain team stops, while the logs are posed. "Down." and the team backs up, and the logs settle into cosy places. "Pull 'em Out", and away go the horses pulling the chains from the loaded logs. It is really remarkable how quickly a load of logs can be handled by an expert gang using a jammer. Mr. James Green of Baysville is the manager. Mr. Albert Robinson, scaler etc., Mr. Michawl Malloy of Bracebridge has charge of making the dams.



4-257

\*\*\*Handwritten section to be photographed/insert PDF

Treasurer's Accounts  
Union School Section No. 1 of  
Sherburne, Aidout, Mac Kenzie &  
Franklin

This book was found by Mr. & Mrs. Ernest Kelly, when they were house cleaning the wood shed of her mother's (Mrs. Tom Cassidy) home on the road leading to Hollow Lake. It was in an old chest there.

The house had previously been owned by Alvin Phillips.

The book was lent to me by Mr. Kelly on Sunday 1-6/70.

Ammon Return Dec 1881 No 1 77

1881  
Merricks'

March 22 . Post paid by K. L. Lawrence,  
received by the Municipality  
of St. John's, Acad  
New Brunswick

145 00

1881  
Remer Co

March 22 Paid Maurice Warner,  
contractor for building  
Return House

130 00

" . Paid G. J. Keating for store and  
fixtures, stamps & c. shown

9 60

" . Paid G. J. Keating for the 1-sticks

30

" . Paid Hall & Rogers for  
notes paid and shown

45

" . Paid postage for Robert Lee Law

1 04

March 22 - Total paid by Merricks Co

141 39

" . Post paid out

141 39

March 22 Balance left

3 61



Wages

1881  
Petroleum

Aug 21 Gas remaining on hand

3 61

Dec. 17 Balance forward on hand

2. 51

Dec. 19 - Balance to Credits by

1 10

1882

Jan 1 Gas on hand

1 10

Feb. 20 Balance on hand at this date

1 09

650-7

Account

1881  
Bancos

Aug 12 Paid to type for petrol

propose from Aug 21 up to this date

26

Paid for repairs to boat

2 25

Dec. 17 Paid repairs to typewriter

2 51

Prosser Wm. L. Smith and Thomas Stone

1882

Feb. 10 Paid postage up to this date

29

" 20 Paid for lease typewriter, Wm. L. Smith and Thomas Stone

75

" 20 Paid for parking tax

5

1 09

1882.

Brought over from last page.  
Balance on hand  
Carried forward.

83 11  
83 02  
9

1882  
Dec. 27 - Balance by E. O'Keefe  
and journal passed.

1882

Wm. Cameron - brought forward  
May 17 - Paid George Blackie for  
apple string wood  
" 19 Paid G. Cole for wood  
May 14 By order from Blackie  
- Paid Mrs. Blackie  
Dec. 19 Paid Village

72 50  
25  
200  
27  
83 02

1882  
Dec. 25. Balance by E. O'Keefe  
and journal passed.



1883

Balance *in hand* 9

Jan. 8 - Received from the ship of the District 53

Jan. 15 - Received from the steamer of Peabody and the steam of *Stem Eye* 54 00

April 3 - Received from the steamer of *Stem Eye* 13 51

Aug. 25 - Received from steamer of *Stem Eye*, the *Lypholita* 21 00

Sept. 8 - Received from *Stem Eye* 24 00

for *Stem Eye* No. 1. 122 13

1883

Jan. 22 Paid for St. Anthony, the account against the District 53

Jan. 22 - Paid Henry Higgins for cutting some of *Stem Eye* 50

Feb. 12 - Paid by order of trustees to Mrs. D. E. McAllister, teacher 15 00

Feb. 24 - Paid by order of trustees to Mrs. E. E. McAllister, teacher balance of *Stem Eye* for 1882 3 00

March 14 - Paid by order of trustees to Mrs. D. E. McAllister, teacher 15 00

April 3 - Paid by order of the trustees to Henry Higgins for *Stem Eye* for *Stem Eye* 1 50

1883

Apr 23 - Paid by order of the trustee to Mrs. R. S. McAllister, trustee Salary for March.	15 00
Apr 23 - Paid salary for March	9 00
May 21 - Paid by order of the trustee, to Mrs. R. S. McAllister, trustee - Salary for April	15 00
June 29 - Paid by order of the trustee to Mrs. Eliza Reed, the balance of the salary	1 00
Sept. 10 - Paid by order of the trustee to Mrs. R. S. McAllister, trustee - Salary for May & June	30 00
Nov 17 Paid the loan for me and the fourth week of interest.	2 62



1883

Dec. 1 - State Income 1-Received  
during the year, up to this  
date

Balance on hand at this date

122	13
120	51
1	62

1883

Dec. 23 - Paid for the Blind, on the  
part the month of July

Dec. 1 - Balance account up to  
this date

12	20
36	
120	51

Dec. 24<sup>th</sup>, 1883

Receipt and found correct -

Wm. G. Mc Law  
J. D. Murphy

490-7



1884		1884	
March 3 - Balance brought forward	1 62	March 4 Paid to Mrs. McMillen in testimony pay	18 00
March 3 - Received by mail from Treasurer of State of Pa., bounty grant	18 25	March 14 Paid Mrs. McMillen, balance of pay	10 00
March 14 Received from G. C. McMillen to pay Mrs. McMillen balance of pay	10 00	March 31 Paid G. C. McMillen money bounty to pay mother	10 00
March 31 - Received from Treasurer of State of Pa. bounty for the year - 1883	14 00	June 30 Paid Mrs. McMillen bill on pay	5 00
Aug 9 Received from Treasurer of State of Pa. bounty for the year - 1883	15 05	Aug 11 Paid by mail to Mrs. McMillen bill on pay for traveling	10 00
Aug 23 Received from Dr. Brown bounty for services - per school fund	49 60	Sept 6 Paid by order of Treasurer to Mrs. McMillen bill, head on pay	33 57
		Sept 9 Paid Mrs. McMillen bill on school fund for the year of pay for the year - 30/12/1884, - 4 at 1/2 rate per 100 the order	18 00

4-265

Lesson Section No. 1.

1884	Reidman & the others			
Dec. 29	State Comptroller	106	52	
Dec. 29	Receipt from J. Adams, Rhode Island, 3rd 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000			
Dec. 29	Receipt from J. Boyd New England - paper & fee	2	37	
	Receipt	109	43	
		104	95	
Dec. 29	Balance on hand	4	48	

1884	Reidman & the others			
Dec. 29	State Comptroller	104	5	
	State during the year		38	
Dec. 29	State during the year 1884	104	95	

Dec. 29  
1884  
Receipts from  
J. S. Phillips



1885- Same Order No. 1.

Jan. 19	Balance brought forward	4	28
Feb. 2	Received from the Treasurer of Pennsylvania - 1884 interest on it for 1884	26	00
Feb. 2	Received from Treasurer of Pennsylvania of interest on it for 1884	11	40
Aug. 22	Received from Treasurer of Pennsylvania - 1884 interest on it - for Robert Grant	31	50
Aug. 22	Balance as found at the end of the fiscal year Cassie's m.	73	38
		53	89
		19	49

1885- Same Order No. 1.

Jan. 19	Paid money for freight and express charges on bags for pickers		60
Feb. 6	Paid to Mrs. J. C. Bell, teacher, amount of salary Dec. 31st, '84		37
Aug. 22	Paid to Mrs. J. C. Bell, the balance of her salary due at April 5, 1884 Also teacher's order No. 1 Dec. 31st, 1884	4	00
Aug. 22	Paid to Mrs. J. C. Bell	12	00
		53	89

89c-7

1885-	
Aug 25 - Bankburg papers	19 49
	18 86
Dec. 30 - Balance on hand	63

1885-	
Nov 7 Cash paid in order for wood to G. G. G.	41 50
Dec. 21 - do Cash in order to W. Brown for trucking	14 00
Dec. 30 Balance c.t.	36
	18 86

Dec. 30<sup>th</sup> 1885.  
 Booked and spent correct -  
 J. B. Aubrey  
 Clerk the papers



1886

Jan 1 - Banker's Trans  
 Mar 29 - Received from Mrs. Beatty  
 check for \$52.50  
 May 15 - Received from Mrs. Beatty  
 for \$10.00  
 Aug 8 - Received from Mrs. Beatty  
 for \$52.50  
 Oct 31 - Reported for \$129.00

52	50
10	90
52	50
13	90
129	53

1886.

Mar 29 - Paid to Mrs. Beatty  
 P. Mason's order for  
 " " Radio Brown for rent money  
 " " Radio Brown  
 April 7 - Received from Mrs. Beatty  
 for \$4.50  
 " 12 - Paid to Mrs. Beatty, Mason's order  
 for \$17.42  
 May 15 - Paid to Mrs. Beatty  
 for \$9.50  
 May 13 - Received and charged on  
 Mrs. Beatty's order  
 Aug 8 - Received from Mrs. Beatty  
 for \$36.00  
 Oct 15 - Paid to Mrs. Beatty for  
 rent \$1.60  
 Oct 20 - Paid to Mrs. Beatty for  
 rent \$2.00  
 " 31 - Paid to Mrs. Beatty for  
 rent \$6.00

20	00
6	00
4	50
6	00
17	42
9	50
1	35
36	00
1	60
2	00
6	00
110	37

690-77

1886

Dec 23 - Cash brought forward

Balance a/c  
Dec. 23<sup>rd</sup>, 1886

129	53
113	61
15	92

Bookings - S. A. Henry  
G. A. [Signature]

4-270

1886.

Dec. 23 - Cash brought forward

to type & penmanship

110	37
3	24
113	61

14



1887

Jan 11	Balance brought forward	15	92
Feb. 12	Received from Mr. Burt, balance of balance of Burt's	39	00
Aug 25	Received from Mr. Burt, balance of balance of Burt's	11	00
	Received from Mr. Burt	11	55
Oct. 15	Received from Mr. Burt balance of balance of Burt's	46	00
		153	47

1887

Jan 11	Paid to Burt by order of Burt	2	00
Jan 11	Paid to Mr. Phillips by order of Burt	2	00
Jan 12	Paid to S. A. Perry by order of Burt	5	00
Jan 13	Paid to J. Provington by order of Burt	2	00
Feb. 26	Paid by order of Burt to Mrs. LaRue (Burt's order - assigned by the holder of the order) - the balance of the order.		
June 10	Paid to Mrs. Gunn by order of Burt (Burt's order)	1	00
April 7	Paid to Mr. Burt's order for printing cost for paper	3	24
		57	24





1888

N.S. No. 1

1887

Shashone

Jan 26	Balance from last year's account -	21	90	Jan 28	Paid to order of Mrs. Lee, to H. & Co. Cash, for money the police fund	10	00
Jan 28	Received from Treasurer of Police Dept. and Shashone for use of Police fund copying plate	1	00	July 14	Paid to order of Shashone, to H. & Co. Cash, for drawing account last year and the opening.	1	00
Aug 13	Received from J. D. Burt, Municipal Treasurer, the two ledgers for the year 1887	50	00	July 23 -	From H. & Co. O. Shashone, fee for drawing up agreement.	50	
Aug. 15	Received by me from Mr. D. Brown, County Treasurer, the sum of one dollar, from Police fund for the Receipt, No. 1, Shashone	50	00	July 23 -	Paid to Mrs. Lee, with to the Cash for replacing Police fund.	5	00
		152	90	Aug 23 -	Paid to Mrs. Stewart, for glass, pencil, soap, etc., for police.	417	
				Sept. 1	Volage account - up to date	36	
						117	33

1888  
 P. S. No. 1

1888  
 Mrs. Horner.

1888  
 April 1 Hotel Comm. & board expenses

1888  
 April 1 Comm. & board expenses

April 1 By balance on hand

April 1 Paid Mrs. C. B. for cleaning porch & stove

" 15 - Laundry present

" 15 - Laundry

" " Village of Longwood

" 22 Paid for picture stove

Dec. 21 By balance on hand

" " Village of Longwood

Dec 5 - Paid Mrs. Horner

" 9 Paid E. Horner

" " Paid in making exchange

" " Paid

Dec 13 Paid Agnes Horner

Dec 31 Paid A. Horner

4-274

132	90	17	33
17	90		57
115	00	17	90
12	75		37
			75
			40
127	75	10	00
45	59	2	25
82	16	10	25
	72	20	00
		1	50
			5
			2
		45	59

Book by  
 F. S. & Henry  
 Williams & Co.

Book by  
 F. S. & Henry  
 Williams & Co.



21. 8. No. 1 - *Wheat*

1889 J. B. King by - *Wheat*

Dec. 21, 1888	To Bal. from 1888, <i>Wheat</i>	82	16
Feb. 18	" County Grant - 1888	9	00
Mar. 30	" " " " " " " "	5	63
June	" " " " " " " "	37	
July 2	To Cash for G. A. King's " " " " " " " "	40	00
" 6	" " " " " " " "	19	00
Aug. 23	" " " " " " " "	60	00
Dec. 16	" " " " " " " "	43	00
Dec. 15	" " " " " " " "	9	00
Dec. 27	To Bal. on hand	268	16
		267	92
			24

*Wheat*  
 } H. S. Heasler  
 G. A. King

4-275

1889 J. B. King by

Feb. 12	To Cash for <i>Wheat</i> notes per " " " " " " " "	51	00
Mar	To Cash for <i>Wheat</i> notes	3	00
Apr. 19	" " " " " " " "	65	00
May 22	" " " " " " " "	82	00
July 2	" " " " " " " "	30	00
Aug. 27	" " " " " " " "	26	00
Dec. 15	" " " " " " " "	40	00
Nov. 4	" " " " " " " "	50	00
Dec. 15	" " " " " " " "	25	00
	To Cash on hand	60	00
		63	00
			37

*Wheat*  
 } H. S. Heasler  
 G. A. King  
 Dec. 27<sup>th</sup> 1889

17

4-0-76

Drucklin  
 E. J. The Section  
 Gen. Mgr.

1890  
 Dec 25, 1889 Balance from Drucklin  
 " " " of Vegetation grant - 1889  
 April 19 " Economy - grant  
 " " " use of plant stone  
 May 10 " structure - 1889  
 Dec. 15 " for plant grant

Dec 31. Bal. on hand

10 65	24
9 10	10
1 00	10
40	40
80 00	99
1 20	111 02
9 97	

1890.  
 Dec 25 - 1890 balance on Reg. grant  
 " " " Paid R. R. No. 2 - Boston  
 April 19 Reg. postage & stamps  
 " 19 " Stationery  
 May 12 Paid Thomas' bill for R. R. freight  
 July 22 Paid Vegetation's order per  
 J. D. The Regs  
 Aug. 16 Paid Drucklin for  
 printing this report  
 Dec. 16 Paid R. R. per Drucklin  
 " 20 Paid R. R. per Drucklin  
 " 23 " " per J. D. The Regs

Drucklin - E. J. The Section  
 Gen. Mgr.

9 00	65
47	25
44	40
5 00	50
15 00	50
35 00	80
75	111 02



1891		1891	
Jan 1	Sal. from last month.	Jan 3 -	to Brown for phone
Feb 7	Exp. into bus Sal. 1890	" 7 -	" into bus for bus
Mar. 28	" County fund.	Mar. 28	" Sal. for bus
Aug. 13	to Brown from George Nutt	Jan 17 -	" Sal. for phone
Aug. 29	" from last month 1891	Jan 30 -	" Sal. for bus
Sept. 5 -	" Telephone fund.	" 31 -	" Sal. for bus
Dec. 12	to Sal on account	Mar. 28	" Sal. for bus
Dec. 12	to Sal on account	Aug. 2 -	" Sal. for bus
Dec. 12	to Sal on account	June 8 -	" Sal. for bus
Dec. 12	to Sal on account	Aug. 14 -	" Sal. for bus
Dec. 12	to Sal on account	Aug. 31 -	" Sal. for bus
Dec. 12	to Sal on account	Sept. 5 -	" Sal. for bus
Dec. 12	to Sal on account	Sept. 5 -	" Sal. for bus
Dec. 12	to Sal on account	Dec. 12 -	" Sal. for bus

George Nutt  
Horton Langford

George Nutt  
Horton Langford





Debit Lee Com

1898

Dec. 28/92	- By balance last month	2	85-
	- By fair purchase		5-
Dec. 17	- " Gen. S. Funds	100	00
" 22	- " County Funds	10	30
Apr 12	- " Fair S. Funds	10	00
Aug. 17	- " Depreciation Fund	15	72
June 24	- " Balance from D. A. N. H. T.	85-	00
Dec. 13	- " Returns " D. A. N. H. T.	85-	00
	✓ Bal on hand	368	92
		358	64
		10	28

Dec. 28<sup>th</sup> /93

Excesses by us, and  
fund assets:

Mr. E. H. Case }  
Gen. A. L. Lee } Reserves

66-7

Debit Lee Com

1893

Dec. 30/92	- By profit on General report	2	85-
" "	- " General misc. Long		5-
	Reserve fund assets (Gen. S. Funds for teacher)		
	to Longwood purchase (Planning)		
Jan 24	- " Longwood	100	00
" "	- " Longwood & S. H. T.	10	30
Feb. 17	- " Report D. A. N. H. T. under	10	00
" "	- " Order on School	15	72
" 22	- " Order on County Fund	85-	00
" 22	- " Sell at Longwood	3	12
June -	- " P. J. B. Property	1	88
Oct 30	- " Fair teacher on per day	5	00
" 2	- " Order on P. W. Property	1	25-
Apr 25	- " Longwood account	1	11
Aug 17	- " Fair purchase paper per teacher	30	00
Jan 23	- " Fair teacher on per day	87	00
June 24	- " " " "	86	70
Sept. 20	- " D. A. N. H. T. (S. H. T.)	1	00
Dec. 13	- " for teaching, S. School	68	00
" "	- " teacher - De L. Property		15-
" "	- " for changes		
		358	64





1895-

Jan 1 - Balance on hand  
 By General Return Yarns  
 Mar. 4 - " " for Yarns  
 Aug. 13 - " " for Yarns - 1895  
 " 16 - " " for Return Yarns - "

Dec. 21 - Balance on hand

Banking and General Expenses

E. G. Young }  
 R. L. Young }  
 R. L. Young }  
 R. L. Young }

8	89	219	59
100	00	210	34
18	70	9	25-
29	00		
65-	00		

1895-

Jan 31 - B. C. in the history - 1894  
 " " " for last year  
 Apr. 18 - " " J. G. Young (supplies)  
 May 2 - " " for E. G. Young (Travel)  
 Feb. 22 - " " for E. G. Young (Travel)  
 March 4 - " " for E. G. Young  
 March 4 - " " for E. G. Young (Travel)  
 June 20 - " " for E. G. Young (Travel)  
 Aug. 13 - " " for E. G. Young  
 " " " " postage  
 " 19 - " " for E. G. Young  
 Dec. 4 - " " " " " "  
 Dec. 9 - " " " " " "  
 Dec. 24 - " " " " " "

80	00	210	34
2	00		
1	75-		
33			
1	25-		
06			
18	70		
24	00		
46	00		
1	00		
20	00		
10	00		
1	25-		
4	00		
210	34		





1897

Dec 31/96 - Balance carried forward - 1896

Jan 15 - By Straws for milk - 1896

Feb 4 - " " " " " "

June 24 - " " " " " "

July 15 - " " " " " "

Aug 29 - " " " " " "

Balance owing to Sherman

In amounting to me, and find the balance in debt - to Sherman, the sum of twelve dollars and fifty-six cents - \$12.56

Recklin's J. E. Sherman  
 E. E. Henry  
 Dec 28, 1897

4-283

13	01
70	00
50	00
30	00
19	30
55	00
237	31
249	87
12	56

1897

Dec 31/96 - N.C. per Edley's inventory

" " " " " "

Jan 6 - " " " " " "

Feb 3 - " " " " " "

" 24 - " " " " " "

Mar 4 - " " " " " "

June 26 - " " " " " "

" " " " " "

" " " " " "

July 15 - " " " " " "

" 16 - " " " " " "

Aug 21 - " " " " " "

" 25 - " " " " " "

" 30 - " " " " " "

Sept 27 - " " " " " "

Balance owing to Sherman

95	20
1	00
108	30
7	17
20	00
3	00
75	00
4	00
40	00
30	00
30	00
3	25
50	00
20	00
249	87
237	31
12	56

27

1898

Dec 31 1897 - Repair Johnson's seat 1897  
 Jan. 10/98 " " " " 1897  
 Aug 1 " Hospital Grant - 1898  
 Nov 5 " for Relief Grant - 1898  
 Dec 21 " Part of Amos's seat 1898

Balance on hand

Articles, and formal passed -  
 basic books  
 Oliver's books } articles

70	00	70
80	00	80
18	75	18 75
50	00	50 00
60	00	60 00
278	75	278 75
274	31	274 31
4	44	4 44

1898

Dec. 30/97 to Balance from last acct. 12 56  
 " 31 " T. O. per Mrs. S. B. Allen - teacher 16 50  
 " 31 " Mrs. Wagon - meeting price 50  
 " 31 " Mrs. Wagon - sewing 1 00  
 Jan 3 " " to Eugene & teacher 25  
 " 17 " Mrs. Roaker cleaning S. House 75  
 " 21 " Louise & Hilgys - dress 75  
 Feb 2 " Wagon Wagon - bought shoes 30  
 " 19 " Wagon Wagon - Kenney 60  
 " 26 " " Wagon for sewing 1 40  
 Mar. 15 " " Mrs. Wagon 20 00  
 " " " Mrs. Wagon 49 50  
 Apr. 15 " " Louise & Hilgys - B. House 2 50  
 May 5 " " Paid GERTT - acct 60  
 " 9 " " R. Wagon - cleaning P. House 75  
 " 30 " " per Mrs. Wagon 95  
 June 28 " " " Mrs. Wagon 2 00  
 " 30 " " " Mrs. Wagon 35 00  
 July 13 " " " " 15 00  
 Aug 19 " " " Mrs. Wagon - cleaning S. H. 75  
 Nov. 19 " " " per Mrs. Wagon 1 45  
 Dec 14 " " " " 1 40  
 " 21 " " " per Mrs. Wagon 00

12	56	12 56
16	50	16 50
1	00	1 00
25	00	25 00
75	00	75 00
75	00	75 00
30	00	30 00
60	00	60 00
1	40	1 40
20	00	20 00
49	50	49 50
2	50	2 50
60	00	60 00
75	00	75 00
2	00	2 00
35	00	35 00
15	00	15 00
75	00	75 00
1	45	1 45
1	40	1 40
00	00	00 00
274	31	274 31



1899		1898	
Jan 1 - Balance on hand from last acct -	4	44	5 00
Jan 9 - By sale of stock & shares for Retradite	2	50	50
" " P. House Furniture & Electric Furniture House - Furniture	2	00	
Apr 2 26 - Bal. found & paid, byp. Missouri	90	00	
May 3 - By sale of land - byp. Missouri	20	50	
May 24 - P. J. Grant - Co. Missouri	40	00	
Dec. 20 - General Police Fund - byp. share.	112	00	
	271	44	
1899		1898	
Jan 1 - Postage & Delivery - 1898	5	00	5 00
Francis House - Missouri			
Mar. 21 - N.O. - George Cole	3	00	95
Apr 3 - " " - in Rice Bureau	5	40	
" 27 - " " Francis House - Furniture	55	00	
" 28 - " " byp. Little Rock - Missouri - salary	1	00	
May 5 - " " - Estate - Phillips	1	00	
" 5 - " " - byp. Kerner	30		
" " " " - byp. Kerner	40		
" 15 - " " - byp. for Langford - acct	50		
June 12 - " " - for the Langford - acct	25	00	
June 30 - " " - byp. Little Rock - Missouri - salary	50		
May 12 - " " - byp. Kerner	1	00	
" 30 - " " - byp. Kerner - cleaning S. House	2	30	
Apr 5 - " " - byp. for S. House	37	50	
Apr 5 - " " - byp. Little Rock - Missouri - salary	117	50	
Dec. 19 - " " - byp. Little Rock - Missouri - " "	5	00	
Dec. 26 - " " - Estate - Phillips for Bank of S. House	255	08	

4-285

1899	<p>Dec. 26 - TD. Homecoming - 73.75</p> <p>" 26 - " " Sherry table - 13.75</p> <p>" 18 - " " for. Homecoming - selling books</p> <p>Homecoming</p>	<p>2.71</p> <p>2.58</p> <p>12</p>	<p>44</p> <p>63</p> <p>81</p>
1900	<p>Jan. 17 - News printing - 38</p> <p>Balance - general &amp; Public News.</p>	<p>38</p>	<p>00</p>

1900	<p>Dec. 27 - Same day afternoon party - NO. 1 - Robinson School Section</p> <p>Jan. 13 - Fair Post. 45</p>	<p>5</p> <p>45</p>	<p>00</p> <p>81</p>
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For the undersigned and his  
 You examined the records  
 and books of the Treasurer for  
 the year 1899, and found the  
 Accounts correct; appearing in  
 a statement prepared here  
 and receipts;

Wm. in Chairman's Rank  
 " " Municipal Officers

Geo. J. Stutz  
 Hon. S. Sparker Jr.

630-4



Copy of letter written to Miss Kellie, and  
Mr. Harry Brinsington

Berkendale, Aug 20<sup>th</sup>  
1901

Dear Kellie and Harry.

We are going to have a  
reception dinner for Charles and Ino, on  
Thursday 22<sup>nd</sup>, and desire your presence.

Your friend,  
Ingra Shugley

P.S.

Dear Kellie -

If I do not see Bob Mc Law on  
the boat to day, will you please ask him for me,  
and explain why I did not write him. I  
expected to see him, and invite him personally.

Dinner at 12 o'clock noon,

Ingra Shugley.

(Mrs. Kelly told me that her mother attended  
the party - went with Bob. Mc Law. - Ingra  
Shugley had been Ingra Burke - sister to Charles.)

Sent to me Sunday, Sept. 6/01

## **Mr. Hugh McEachern--Tuesday, July 14, 70**

Ochtwan--head of Hollow Lake. Later called the Chemo Place. When they put the dam on Hollow Lake, it was washed out.

Hotel Dorset burned in 1905--April 5.

Finished rebuilding in 1907--2 years later. Frank Cassidy had store beside it. Bowman and McKee, Mr. M. thinks, had the store across the street. Bowman pulled out, and McKee moved to where Baturensky is.

The school was on the road to Hollow Lake--towards Cassidy's, between the road and the lake. Mr. M. helped to build the bridge. Helped wheel cement for piers. The foreman was Morris from Orillia. My father worked on it too. \$1.50 a day, for a 10 hour day.

The Florence Main, later called the Mohawk Belle, ran for many years.

Frank Cassidy had the store beside the hotel. Ed and Tom Speers had the store beside him--bought, or had it rented from Bill Sparkes. Speers pulled out--sold to Charlie Burk. Both went to Gowganda. Tom stayed. Ed returned some years later to Elk Lake.

After the fire, Newton Langford built the store where Clayton is now--built in 1906 or so. Ed Speers bought from Newton Langford. Newton Langford went west from here.

Re Phillips--three brothers came. Allan came first in 1871--and built the house in which Mr. M. lives. Left later, with his wife, 2 daughters and one son, and went to Espanola. The C.P.R. was building, or had built past North Bay. He went by canoe up the Spanish River, and finally settled on Lake Biscotasing. He lived there pretty nearly all his life--but left eventually, and died down near Stratford. Phillips came from Cornwall. Grandmother was just a little girl, when they were building the canal there. Alvin came a little later. The other brother was Rowland--16 or 17. He died here as a young lad. Allan Phillips lost two children, a girl and a boy, who was drowned. The three are buried on this property. Rowland had gone up to the Park. He took sick up at Tea Lake. He got back, and died here.

Grandmother came in the 80's--was already married--came from around Aylmer--Nilestown--somewhere in that area. They settled up at Otter Lake--a little over a mile away. Their daughter, was Mr. M's mother.

Father came with the lumbermen. Mr. M. was born in 92. The father came five or six years before that. He left here and went to California. Then he came back, and he and Miss Hoover were married--Eackern McEachern.

The Bobcaygeon Road was supposed to have been surveyed as far as the Magnetawan River.



Francis Harvey--trapper, trader. Mr. M. has heard that there was another trading post as well as Harvey's.

We have heard Alvin Phillips and Joe Massington say that, in low water, there was just a creek in Dorset--and you could jump across. There was no dam in Baysville until lumbering. Rathbun's started lumbering in 1892. Gilmore's came about the same time. Don't remember Cole's Hotel.

Nell Phillips married Bert Wilkins of Baysville.

"Fairview" burned August 23, 1907. John Gilpin had it then.

Started bridge soon after.

Bill Sparkes built beside Cassidy's. Sold to Speers. They left, then returned, and bought where Clayton's are.

Mr. M. thinks the last logs they took over the tramway, was in 1897.

Booth built from Ottawa, up the Madawaska--one end from Parry Sound--next at Canoe Lake. They drew boilers from the Tramway up to Canoe Lake, by sleigh, past Hoover's place on Otter Lake road.

The Shrigley Mill was a water powered mill.

The Rathbun's came in 1892--and came at Otter Lake--Ten Mile Creek--brought logs to Lake of Bays over log slides--wasn't so long, one was  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile long.

**Sunday, Sept. 24th, 1972--at the Home of Mrs. Orrie Avery, also Present is her Sister, Miss Kate MacKay.**

They have consented to share with me their knowledge of the early history of Dorset--either that they personally remember, or that they have heard.

Miss MacKay, could you tell me who was the first MacKay who settled in or around Dorset, and approximately when he came?

It would be my father, Angus MacKay. My mother and father were married March 26, 1889, and they came to live here immediately after that.

Where did they settle? The first Winter, they were on Hollow Lake--at the head of Hollow Lake. My father had a lumber camp, and my mother was with him. My oldest sister was born there in December.

I think they came down to Dorset in the Spring, and they settled in what was called the Dorset House. That was in the same location as what is now known as the Dorset Hotel. He was in business in Dorset. He built a saw mill on the Lake of Bays, above the bridge there, up on the Bay--what was known as Trading Lake. I mentioned it having been called Johnny Cake Bay, and Miss MacKay said that it must have been long before their time, for she had never heard it referred to that way.

When my oldest sister was old enough to attend school, there was a school up on our bay--Trading Lake, right at the turn, where you go down to Hollow Lake. The first school was there. Then, there was a school when my older sisters were still going, right at the top of the hill across from the Anglican Church. Then, one was built where the present school now is.

The second one you mentioned, was that instead of or as well as the first one you mentioned? I believe the first one was a log school. The second one was not built as a school, but was used as such. All of us, except the first two attended the third school. Our oldest sister, and oldest brother went to the school at the head of the Bay. They also went to the other two. I am not sure, but I have an idea, that the building where the second school was located, might originally have been built as an Orange Hall.

Mrs. Avery--On July 12th, one of the residents would dress up as King Billie. We had a white horse, and he used to ride the white horse in the Orangemen's parade. I remember dad saying he thought he outdid King Billie himself--he was so fitted out. He looked so realistic.

The 12th of July was a really big "do." They used to build arches. They had to make all their own entertainment then. They took their religion a lot more seriously than we do today.

The house we lived in in the 1890's was a frame house. Father had the mill--so there was lumber. There was a big stone there, that had 1894 chipped on it. I don't know whether that is when the mill was built, or not. 1894 was the year the Presbyterian Church was built. That is one that is now the United Church. I think the Anglican Church may have pre-dated that by a year or two.

The people who gave the property for the three churches were Mr. Harvey and his daughter. She always went by the name of Miss--Harvey, but she was really Mrs. McCallum. She was the nurse who attended my mother when I was born. She was a trained nurse from Montreal, and she didn't bring her husband with her--but, I don't think he was dead. She came up to her father who was a trapper, and he was from Kingston. He first lived down at St. Nora's Lake, when Miss Harvey came to her father. Then, they had a little house, just about where Len Barry's house is now. He was a little man, and he was lame, and they always lived there. She used to live with Grandma when I lived there too, and she was so cranky.

On our church deeds it was recorded that they gave the property to the three churches--the Anglican, the Methodist, and the Presbyterian, The deed for the property for the Presbyterian church, was drawn up in our home, and, they also gave the property for the road that goes up past the church, and the lawyer said, "Since you are going to give the road, you should be the one to name it." She said that she couldn't think what to name it. He said, "I would suggest Harvey Avenue" and it is still called Harvey Avenue today. It is on our deeds, and it is on the church deeds. If you were to see the church deeds, you would see Agnes McCallum's name. Mrs. Avery--If anyone tells you it was "Pig Alley," don't put that down.

Miss Kate--the reason it was called that was that the hotel kept the pigs right along the sidewalk. They had a barn and a pig pen. The reason it was called Pig Alley was that there was a drug store further up the Main Street--and that section was called Pill Hill. Pill Hill got even with Harvey Avenue, and called it Pig Alley. The pigs didn't wander, but it was so smelly and so horrible.

The Methodist church was across from the Anglican--just a little below. There's a house there now--but the Methodist Church was up just a bit from that. We were really united long before church union came in--because, sometimes the Presbyterians would have a minister, and the Methodists wouldn't--so, the Methodists came to the Pres. church. The same man taught Sunday school in both churches. If there wasn't Sunday school in one church, there would be in the other. If the Methodists and a minister, and the Pres. didn't--they would go there. If there was Sunday School in both churches, we went to both.

Then, they couldn't keep up the three churches. The man who taught the Sunday School was Mr. Newton Langford. When they moved away, that took one good Methodist family, and, shortly after that, the Methodists came to the Presbyterian Church.

Who were some of the families who lived in Dorset, during the early years when you lived there? Hoover's, Shrigley's, Mossington's, Phillips--the Allan Phillips, and the Alvin Phillips. One lived in the Cassidy House, and one lived in Hugh McEachern house. Allan Phillips came ahead of Alvin.

When my mother and father came here to live--the Mossington's were here, and the Hoover's and the Shrigley's, and the Phillips--and Robert Robinson. He was Mrs. Alvin Phillips father, and the Phillips and the Hoovers were related. The Hoover's lived up on Otter Lake. Then, they later moved down on the Otter Lake Road nearer the village.

Mr. Robinson lived up on #35 Hwy. He was sitting in a rocking chair in the kitchen, and a tornado came through, and it took the kitchen right off the house. Mrs. Avery--it was before my time, but I can remember walking over to Raven Lake with my father, and him telling me about it, as we went past the house--because I had asked why there were so many trees lying down, all in the same direction. I am sure that Uncle Miah Avery told me that when they first moved up here, they spent the first Winter with the Robinson's, and, it was up there on that hill, Mr. Avery

(the grandfather) went down and cleared the land at the Menominee. But, he went back and forth, and the family stayed with the Robinson's.

Was the Dorset House there in the early years? It was there when my mother and father lived in it in 1889-1890. Then, there was quite a lot added to it. They moved into the house where we lived in 1894. It was added to after that, and in 1905, it burned, and the store that is now Clayton's, was burned, and the building down on the docks--and the end of the bridge--at 7 o'clock on a Sunday morning.

Was there any kind of a store in Dorset in those early years? Yes, Mr. Robinson was the first postmaster (Bob), and there was a store called Bowman and McKee. George McKee and Bob Bowman had a store--but I think there was a store there before they had it--where Clayton's store is now. The post office was there too. I think it must have been beside it because, in a picture I have--there are two doors. The bridge was flat at that time, and, it shows in this picture.

There was another store across the bridge--Mr. Tutt had that. He was there when we were just children going to school. When we used to have the 1st of July, and the 12th of July celebrations, Mr. Tutt was the organizer. They lived just across the channel from us--Harry Clayton's house now. It has been moved, since the Tutt's lived in it.

What about the Cole's--did they enter the picture at all in those years? George, and Mrs. Western, and Dick couldn't have been very old then, would they? They must have been, for there was a big family of them.

Did anyone ever tell you about one of the girls? I am only supposing what her trouble was--it might have been T.B.--but I am not sure. She died. She was taken to Toronto by some fishermen--the Dwight Wiman group. (There was a Wiman Cole, and he was named for this Mr. Wiman).

I told them about the newspaper account of this girl's death, and of the fact that they were looking after her funeral, and the erection of a suitable tombstone--which would suggest that she was buried in Toronto.

I remarked that Mr. Cole was buried in the Paint Lake cemetery--but they said no--he was buried where his home was--but his headstone is in the Paint Lake Cemetery. Do you remember the Cole's Hotel when it was operated by him or her? No, I don't remember that. There were Gilpin's there, and I have an idea they came after the Cole's. I am not sure if they were the next ones, or not. There were different ones in there. There were the Roberts. There was a picture of the little portage railway in the Forester a week or so ago. That was sent to me by a Mrs. Bottomley--she was Edith Roberts. They had that hotel for quite a long time.

I remember the day that hotel burned. Mrs. Cole was still in Dorset. She was living just above where the Batarensky's are now. She had a house there. Then she went out west with a daughter.

Down the Minden Road, I always associate with the Coulter's--and with it being Mrs. Cole's home. I think it is where you turn in to go to Buck Slide, and there is a big white frame house. I believe, somehow or other that that was Mrs. Cole's home. (family)

Mrs. Gay (Risher) worked for the Cole's when they lived at St. Nora's Lake. Mrs. Gay was 12 or 13 then.

The George Cole's went west in 1912, but they were out of the hotel a long time before that. George's vocabulary wasn't of the best--but, he had a heart of gold. Mrs. George Cole was a wonderful woman.

As you grew up in your parents home, what sort of activities took place for good times? We had a great many good times in our own home. One sister played the organ--everybody sang, and everybody danced. There were quite a few dances--mostly when the men came out from the camps.

We always had a Sunday School Christmas tree, for all the children in the village. There used to be the Irving Fishing Club that came to Dorset, and, at Christmas time, they would send gifts for all the children--all ages--clothing and toys--and, this was one big thing at Christmas time.

When the men would come out from the camps, there was usually a box social, and, it ended with a dance.

Your father made his living, and supported his family by the mill. Did he have to supplement that income in any way? For a number of years--in the early years, he went to the lumber camps--but later, he cut his own logs. Then, there were other men, like the Boothby's, who used to cut their own logs--and, they would bring them to him to cut into lumber in the Summer time. For years, he did that, more than cut his own logs. But, the last few years, he cut logs too--as well as doing the cutting for other people.

The Sarigley's had a water mill. Mrs. Avery seemed to think it was a grist mill. Miss MacKay thought it was a lumber mill.

There was a mill at Birkendale--Dale's Mill. Then, it was Hill's. Then, there were Clark's in there who were connected with that mill. Some of the lumber for Bigwin Island was cut at our mill, and the lumber for the churches was cut at our mill.

Mrs. Avery--Kelly always brought the mail to Dorset. We lived in a store across from Clayton's, until we were burned out, and my children used to look out the window, when they were small, and my oldest daughter would say--"Here comes Santa Claus." They had seen Kelly putting off the mail. I said, "Well, that is not Santa Claus--that's Mr. Kelly." And, she said "Well, it must be Santa Claus--because he brings all the parcels."

Miss M.--When we were young, there were always so many old men around. Men, who came out from the campe--and, they had beards and moustaches. They did a lot of drinking--and, I always thought they were just old drunks. I guess they were not as old as I was young.

What about the area from Dorset down around through here? The Sparkes lived over by The Narrows. That was Bayview Farm. They were the first around the Dorset area, I think, who took in tourists. Then, Will Sparkes had a store in Dorset--a son--and they had the first telephone office. His store was right at the corner of Harvey Ave., where the parking lot is now--and then, it was Burke, and Avery's. It was a little General Store.

Mrs. A.--You were asking about what they did for entertainment. This was before my time. They had a very active Home Circle--and they had all kinds of entertainment--musical entertainment--and they put on plays, and had wonderful times in each other's homes. Miss M. I can remember the Home Circle--it took in both men and women. The husbands and wives both belonged. Later, they used to have lots of concerts in the churches.

The people who owned that hotel on Pen Lake--they really had a terrific history. Who were they?

The Bigelow's lived between where Mrs Dollar lives, and the Silver's and the Ward's. There was Stan Silver and his mother--and, she smoked a pipe. Mrs. Silver had been a Ward--Ezra Ward's sister. There were old Mr. and Mrs Ward. I guess it was old Mrs. Ward who smoked a pipe. They lived where Ernie Clayton lives now. And, the Silver's lived where the Sears are. It was always called Silver's Creek down there. The Ezra Ward's moved so often, that the story goes, that whenever they rattled the stove pipes, it was a sign that something was going to happen--and the hens all lay down, and put their legs up. That was one of George Cole's stories. The people up here really had a good sense of humour and a good time among themselves.

Mrs. A. --When we were burned out, we lost everything, right to our shirt tails. After it was all over, I remember that (the fire was in the middle of the night) the people who were outside watching the fire--none of them had any teeth. They all came half dressed to help fight the fire--but everyone had left their false teeth at home. You would wonder, in all that turmoil, how one would ever notice such a thing.

Miss M. We had a teacher boarding with us. She came down to me in the middle of the night--and she said to me--"I think there is something wrong, and, it looks to me like it's at Burk and Avery's. It was the end of November, so we had to put on a few duds--and we ran down the road. Mrs. A. "I was in my bare feet, and there was snow on the ground. I had my four year old boy in my arms. We think the fire was set, but, we were never able to prove it. The fire started at the head of our stairs. We lived above the store, and the Burk's lived in the room behind the store, nearest the hotel. But, we were up above the grocery end of the store, and, it was started right at our back door. You came up the stairs, off the side street. Originally, there had been the stores--Cassidy's store, and Sparke's store. And then, when Cassidy bought out Sparkes, they joined the

two together. The front looked like one store, but at the back, there was this alley way, and they closed it down stairs. But upstairs it was open. They used to store things in there, like storm windows, etc. This fire took place about 1944 or 1945.

Miss M. --Mrs. Fisher--the mother, was always a real lady, and they had the most beautiful flower garden, that ever was. They had those big lilies--white, with pink spots on them. I remember sticking my face through the fence to smell those lilies. They were just out of this world. There are still flowers up there, from that garden--forget me nots, orange lilies--lilacs. It was stony up there too. I can remember Mr. Fisher too. You would go into the shop, and the bell would ring. I remember him coming out to the store.

Re the picture I have of old Dorset House, the people in front are Miss M's father--Angus McKay, and his wife, my mother--and Mrs. Minnie Cowl? --The baby is Margaret--the oldest daughter of the McKay's.

Did you ever see a picture of the jail? It was beside the Town Hall. I think I have a negative--but a friend of mine--Miss Vera Meacham--10 Heather Road, Leaside. They came to Dorset first about 1905--and she has a whole album of pictures. It was she who sent me the picture of the flat bridge--and the house that Irene Stewart lived in is in it, and Will Sparkes is right above it. Mr. Meacham was a railroad man, and they came from Chicago. They came from Montreal originally, and they lived in St. Lambert, Quebec. The whole family would come and stay a month--the month of August--Vera and her mother, at the hotel. Then, the father and the boys would go fishing. Afterwards, they stayed with mother and me. They came all those years, and she knew all the people.

Miss M. told me about a map of Dorset--an old one--when it was first laid out--it was laid out in streets. Hector McKay, a cousin of mine has a copy of it. He ran across it in the Council Chambers--and had a photostat copy made of it. He lives in the big high house on Hwy 35.