

Ruth Martin Papers

The *Lake of Bays Heritage Foundation* was entrusted with four precious loose-leaf notebooks in 1995. The pages recorded priceless interviews with descendants of many of the first settlers in Lake of Bays Township. Ruth Martin had the foresight to pursue her interest in our pioneers stories. We owe Ruth Martin 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 19th and early 20th 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 (nee Campbell) summered for many years on Bigwin View Lane. She was born in 1908, and taught at Eastern High School of Commerce in Toronto. She was the social hostess at Bigwin Inn for three summers in the 1940's. When illness prevented her from continuing this labour of love, the Ruth Martin Papers were put in safekeeping with her stepdaughter, Annette Benson. Jane Tate, daughter of Mary Lynn Findlay, who was a friend of Ruth Martin, took possession of the papers. Jane Tate and her nephew, Lee Van Ormer allowed the *Lake of Bays Heritage Foundation* to arrange for their publication. The originals have been deposited at the Thomas Fisher Rare Book Room at the Roberts Library, Toronto.

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

Margaret McBurney
Chair, Built Heritage
May 1996

THE RUTH MARTIN PAPERS

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) (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 9th edition 1914 loaned by Mr. S. Booker ..
3. First Tourist- 100 years ago Huntsville Forrester.....
August 24, 1961
4. Bruce West Program
5. G.T.R. Booklet 1st edition 1908 loaned
by Doris Taplin
6. Early Lake of Bays Hotels Forrester July 26, 1906
Source- Pioneer Village
7. Beautiful Lake of Bays- 1905 Mrs. Asbury's scrapbook
8. Campbell Family's 1st trip by Mary G. Campbell
to Lake of Bays- 1904
9. The Navigation Company Forrester May 28, 1951

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 Sept25, 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. Ashbury’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, 1871
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) Forrester Sep 27, 1962
By May Salmon
- 3. Mrs. Langford- Dwight July 28, 1967
- 4. Drive with Mrs. Lanford Aug 9, 1967
Port Cunnington Road & Jesse Hood & Esther Keown
- 5. Old Residents Gather (Dorset) Ethel’s scrapbook
- 6. Pioneer Days at Dwight Forrester 1925
Mrs. Asbury’s scrapbook
- 7. Interview- Mrs. Norman Boothby Sept 16, 1968
August 19, 1969
- 8. Rev. James McCrea diary notes loaned by Mrs. N. Boothby
(1895)
- 9. Frank Blackwell Recollections Feb 27, 1952
Loaned by Doris Taplin
- 10. Visit- Mr. & Mrs. Charles Corbett Sept 9, 1968
- 11. Interview- Mr. & Mrs. Ralph Blackwell June 7, 1970
- 12. Dwight Tweedsmuir History Sept 16, 1969
Mrs. V. Asbury

13. Notes- Mrs. Asbury's scrapbook
14. Interview re Bert McKeown Mrs. Sadie Woodcock
15. Interview- Mr. & Mrs. N. Boothby Sept 29, 1970

PART II- Stewarts of Dwight

1. The Stewarts of Dwight By Harold Stanley Woodcock

PART III-Dwight-Wiman-Club

1. Visit with Mrs. Langford Oct 13, 1967
2. Interview with A. Dwight Ross Aug 29, 1967
3. Dwight-Wiman Club Bracebridge Gazette
4. Cole Family (Dorset) Nov 22, 1923
Loaned by Mrs. Stewart of Huntsville

PART IV- South Portage- Cain's Corner- Millar Hill

1. Visit with Aylmer Campbell Sept 3, 1968
2. Interview- Martha Burns & October 1968
Robert Burns
3. Story of Millar Hill by A.W. Hiscoke
Asbury Scrapbook
Forester June 20, 1963
4. The Portage Railway loaned by Mrs. E. Kelly
5. Interview- Mrs. Vivian Murray July 26, 1970
6. Interview- Mrs. Jack Boothby Sept 19, 1971
7. Continuation- Portage School Minute Book

PART V- Road from Newholm to South Portage

1. Interview- Miss Effie Alldred July 11, 1968
2. Drive with Miss Effie Alldred Sept 19, 1968
3. Interview- Mr. Alfred Jennings Sept 26, 1968

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 VanCleef 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- Miss Effie Tyrrell Sept 25, 1970
(backroad)
- 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 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 Marg Bowlby
16. Visit- Mr. & Mrs. Lesley Barry Sept 11, 1968
17. The Outfitter of Dorset (Wes Clayton) ... loaned by Marg Bowlby
18. Visit with Mrs. G. Dawkins March 28, 1969
"Robertsons of Oxtongue Lake"
19. Visit- Mr. & Mrs. Lesley Barry Sept 11, 1968
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 Aug 18, 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
28. Hugh McEachern July 14, 1970
29. Interview- Mrs. Orrie Avery Sept 24, 1972
& sister Miss Kate McKay

"A village whose happy people give it a Heart of Gold" - Toronto Telegram November 8, 1958

By Russell Cooper

Dwight – It is only a little country village but its residents have a heart so big and warm, that it radiates love and kindness in every direction.

Situated at the intersection of Highways 35 and 60, Dwight is halfway between Huntsville and Dorset. Lake of Bays is its southern boundary. Dwight is 150 miles south of Toronto. Wight is on the western edge of the Haliburton Highlands, and just a few miles from Algonquin Park.

Dwight is a relatively new village. The first settlers were English, Irish, and Scottish decedents who sought their fortunes in the north. No one in Dwight made a great fortune, but many families found happiness and contentment. This happiness is visible on the faces of residents. The Gouldie's, Keown's, Quinn's, Salmon's, Robson's, and Blackwell's are among the first families. They are still well-known names in Dwight. Edmund James Gouldie was the first settler, and today, several of his great grandchildren attend Dwight's new Public School. Edmund Gouldie was a trapper and hunter, and Lake of Bays seemed like a good place for him to settle.

Land was cheap. In fact, it was free to settlers who would guarantee to spend at least six months of the first two years on their grants. Lake of Bays was originally named Trading Lake because the Rama and Mississauga Indians met there to trade with the white men.

Frank Blackwell, 94, remembers Edmund Gouldie's first log cabin. Frank's father was a Hamilton stone cutter, who was attracted by the prospects of free grant land grants in Muskoka. The family settled near the Gouldie's around 1875.

Following close on the heels of the settlers were a few Toronto and New York sportsmen and hunters who were attracted by excellent deer and moose hunting. H.P. Dwight, president of the Great Northwestern Telegraph Company in Toronto, was a friend of many of the early residents. When the Post Office requested a name for the growing community, the people decided to call it after their good friend H.P. Dwight.

Frank Blackwell was a hunting and fishing guide for Mr. Dwight and his friends for more than 30 years. "He was good to us, and we missed him when he died." Dwight has been Frank's lifetime home, except for a couple of years spent in the Klondike during the 1898 gold rush. He did some penning, and still has a couple of tiny gold nuggets to show for his effort.

Miss May Salmon, 75 years old, has lived in the Dwight all her life. Miss Salmon remembers when the water level of Lake of Bays was lower and there were wide sand beach . Her father was from England and took the train to Washago. He was an expert hunter and trapper.

Mrs. Jessie Irwin came to Muskoka with her father from Brant Country in 1876. There were no roads and all travel was done by water or bush trails. The deer were so tame they grazed with the cows. One time we had an Albino deer stay with the cattle all summer. Her father built the first road from Dwight to Dorset. She remembers the first sawmill which was opened in the 1880's. The last mill closed down about 15 years ago. Mrs. Irwin's brother was Captain of the Mary Louise.

Dwight's pioneers were religious and quickly established a church. The grandfather of Dr. Harold Stewart, retired Dean of Theology at McMaster University, was the first missionary in the community. He founded the Stewart Memorial Church, a picturesque white, frame building which faces the lake. Ministers vacationing from Canada and the United States have conducted services there.

Mrs. Norman Boothby, daughter of Edmund Gouldie, has been church organist for 30 years. She can easily recall her father's first store, which acted as post office, telegraph office and lodge for hunters and travelers. Mrs. Frank Keown's father was a brother of Edmund Gouldie. Dad came in a couple years after my uncle, and he had the first blacksmiths shop. "Mother was midwife for the community, and for years, she delivered babies in the area. Father also acted as the local undertaker."

Tourism is Dwight's main industry. The summer population swells to about 800 people. The first visitors came by train to Huntsville, and then by boat and rail portage to Dwight.

The Corbett family founded Pine Grove Inn. It was one of three large hotels in the area. Dwight has a fine sand beach which is a major attraction for family vacation.

Gerald Gouldie is the only member of the Gouldie family to follow in his grandfather's footsteps. He learned trapping from his father, and started out on his own at fourteen. "The trapping business is improving each year – we get mink, otter, beaver, and even the occasional bear. His territory extends over the east half of Franklin Township, and, in winter, he often travels eight miles by snow shoe around his trap lines.

First White Settler (Tom Salmon) - Huntsville Forrester, Thursday, Sept. 27, 1962

By: May Salmon

May Salmon is a descendent of one of the first Dwight settlers. Miss Salmon was born on a farm where Foxwood Inn is located today. Foxwood Inn is operated by her sister, Ann Emberson and her nephew Clare. Miss Salmon's father Tom Salmon was a guide and trapper.

Tom Salmon was born in India and was one of three children. Her grandfather was in command of a garrison at Meein-Meer. In 1857 when a mutiny broke out, the women and children were sent to England. They came through the Suez Canal to Sicily where they met Florence Nightingale who was starting an army hospital to care for the wounded. Tom Salmon came to Canada at the age of 17 and worked as an accountant for the Clarke family, who operated a meat packing business. He didn't like the life of an accountant, and headed north to Muskoka in 1857.

Her grandmother was trained as a practical nurse. Her grandfather returned from India, and they had sons Richard and Alexander. Richard worked as an accountant for a Huntsville lumber company. Alexander was the Bracebridge Town Clerk for 45 years before he retired.

Ms Salmon's grandfather on her mother's side, was John Robson, who apprenticed as a printer in England. His wife was Deborah Gray, whom he met when he came to Canada. Mr. Robson was one of the founders of the Globe and Mail newspaper. Miss Salmon attended high school in Huntsville. Mr. J.N. Shearer was the school principal.

The trains came as far north as Washago. Mr. Salmon hitched a ride with a young couple who were headed to Bracebridge to start a hotel. He stayed with them for the winter, and then moved to Mary Lake where he set up a camp on a small island at the end of a portage that connected Mary Lake with Lake of Bays near White House. This trail was an ideal spot to meet with the Indians and trade furs.

In 1860, Grandfather Robson was hired by Egerton Ryerson to build a barn and home on the south shore of the Lake of Bays near Black Point. The barn was constructed of hand hewn timbers. Mr. Ryerson brought visitors who suffered from asthma to his home. Their asthma improved after spending time in Muskoka. Patients stayed at Grandmother Robson's Birkendale House, where the present Birkendale Post Office now stands. There were ten rooms for visitors at Birkendale House. There was no treatment given. Just good food, plenty of rest, and the fine, clean Muskoka air.

Reverend John Robson is a Presbyterian minister at Queen Street Presbyterian Church in Toronto. He resides on property once owned by May Salmon's Grandfather. Miss Salmon's parents moved to Fox Point, where he guided, trapped and manufactured snowshoes. Mr. Salmon built his own box for steaming snowshoe frames. He also taught the Indians how to steam horseshoe frames.

There is an area of the Oxtongue River in Algonquin Park which is still known as the Salmon Hole. Tom Salmon used to trail a fly along behind his canoe while guiding and it is known to be one of the best trout fishing spots in the district.

Miss Salmon's mother died in December, 1942, and her father Tom Salmon died the following summer. The surviving offspring of Tom Salmon are May, Ann Emberson of Foxwood Inn, Mrs. David Langford of Huntsville and Eric Salmon.

DWIGHT – Drive with Mrs Langford – July 28, 1967

Mrs Langford is the granddaughter of William Grieves Robson. On the road leading from Highway 35 to South Portage Road is a large stone house on right built by Robert Meredith.

Northland House was the Gouldie House. It was started by A.G. Gouldie. Norman Boothby's house is next to it – and it housed the first post office in Dwight.

Gerald Gouldie, grandson of Edmund Gouldie lives in a red brick house, second house on the right leading from the highway down to Dwight. The house on the corner was originally built for Edith Bradley, daughter of Edmund Gouldie.

The Corbett's lived at Pine Grove Inn. Frank Blackwell lived in large red brick house at Cain's Corners, diagonally across from Cain's. The Quinn lived north of Highway 35 on the road that leads to Millar Hill.

Cain's Corners was the first road you come to when driving from Highway #35 to South Portage. It was also known as the Bobcageon Road and was the original colonization road leading from Huntsville to Bobcageon. It goes from Huntsville to Hunter's Hill on Oxtongue Road.

The Cain house is the red house with a white verandah, on right side going down to Dwight. Mrs. Cain was formerly Mrs. Geroux. Both Mr. Geroux and Mr. Cain are buried on the right side of road leading to South Portage. The Orange Hall is the unpainted frame building a little further towards the Portage. There were three Cain children: Phoebe- married Dick Green (son Lloyd Green); Alec and George.

Pete Newton's farm is across from Cain's. Later he moved to Dwight, to where Logging Chain Lodge is now.

George Keown lives in the beige house with a red roof on the road leading into Dwight. Billy Keown (George's son) lives across the road and down a bit from George.

Driving towards Dwight along the lake road, the property on left all once belonged to George Keown. The first two cottages were built by the second Mrs. J. W. A. Stewart. Rat Bay is further along the Lake road by Gilmore Hill.

The Cunningham's are just on the left at the beginning of the lake road. They were friends of the Stewart's from Rochester.

The original Haysom house is now owned by Ray Bearness. It was moved from Portage Road to beside George Keown's.

Mrs. Langford's house was the white house with the blue roof, on left as you approach Dwight.

Beginning at the Baptist Church, the contract called for a practical wagon road as near to the present residences as he deemed advisable. There were no civil engineers, no nothing. The road was completed in two years for the sum of eight hundred dollars including building two bridges - one at Marsh's Falls, and at the Beaver Meadow at Birkendale

The Edward Boothby homestead was where the Esso gas station is. Point Ideal was originally known as Hummi's Point. It was then sold to Count Maroni and then to Egbert Boothby.

Drive with Mrs. Langford, Mrs. Jessie Hood (daughter of Edmund Gouldie) and Mrs. Esther Keown (daughter of Archie Gouldie) along Port Cunnington Road - Wednesday August 9, 1967

In 1878, Edmund Gouldie moved to Dwight from Minden. Mrs Hood was four weeks old when they arrived. They lived in a log shack down on the beach near the Dwight pier until their house was built. There was no road from Minden to Dwight. Edmund Goldie owned the land from Cunningham's to where Hatch's are.

The Gouldie's had three children and a baby when they arrived at Lake of Bays. There was nobody else in Dwight. Edmund Gouldie hunted and trapped for a living. There were lots of deer, fish and partridge. Edmund Gouldie paddled 18 miles to Baysville to get a bag of flour. They did not waste food. You could sit on the verandah and shoot a deer.

They built a second house near where the church is. The first tourist house in Muskoka was where Logging Chain is and it burned down shortly after it was built. The neighbours got together and help build a nine room house. There were five bedrooms in the front part, and four bedrooms in the back.

In 1879, Archie Gouldie came from Minden. He located right beside his brother Edmund (where Northland Lodge is now). It was Gouldie House for many years, and then Gouldie Manor. Mr. and Mrs. Archie Gouldie operated Goldie Manor as a summer resort.

Archie Gouldie was a carpenter and Blacksmith. There were no other settlers in Dwight when the two Gouldie brothers arrived. Across the lake, Grandfather Keown (George Keown's father) had settled.

They don't remember Kemp's Mill. Mrs. Keown said Secord's Mill was the first Mill she remembers. Secord's were the first mill owners, then Archie Gouldie, then Fred Quinn owned it when it burnt down. Mrs Langford thinks there was a lumber camp on the far side of the Boyne bridge.

The Blackwell's first settled in Baysville. There was a road to Baysville. The Blackwell sons were Frank, Dick and Billy.

Mr. Bearness's house was moved from the top of Haysom's hill. Then they built a new house across from where Langford's house is in Dwight.

The other family in Dwight when the Stewart's arrived were the Dale's of Ten Mile Bay. Mrs. Christilaw was a daughter of Maggie Dale.

The Dwight and Wiman Hunt Club ball was held at Fox Point in 1876 or 1878. The Dwight and Wiman Hunt Club is one of the the oldest Hunt Clubs in America. The group first went to Baysville, and hunted with the Browns, Langmaids and Robsons. They also hunted in Dorset.

The Robson's were a wonderful family. Mary Robson was a nurse. She was a Florence Nightingale. When Mrs. Keown's mother had a baby, George Robson tied a red handkerchief around the baby's head, put his coat around it, and went on horseback over to Birkendale. The mother had typhoid fever, and the baby would have taken it too. Aunt Jessie looked after the baby for six weeks.

Mrs. Blackwell was a mid wife before Mrs. Archie Gouldie. Mary Robson followed.

Mrs. Langford remembers Mr. and Mrs. Gouldie and Goldsby were in Dorset, and there was a bad storm and they couldn't get up Haystack Bay. They went to our house – and, there was nobody there. They fed the chickens and the pigs, and milked the cows, and went to bed.

Mrs. Hood recalled when Goldsby was born. My brother Artie rode one horse, and took another with my side saddle on it for Mary Robson.

Mrs. Langford recalled when Mr. Innes came into the yard one day at Birkendale. I was playing outside, and he said – is Miss Robson at home? I said – yes – and I started to walk towards the buggy. He said – Don't come any closer – my son has diphtheria. Would you ask your Aunt to come out as far as the fence, and speak to me? I went and called Auntie, and she came out. He explained what was wrong. Aunt Mary Robson went back to the house, and got her clothes – told Aunt Jessie and drove away. Mary Robson was not trained as a nurse. She delivered the first baby when she was 13. They couldn't get doctors, so Aunt Mary Robson would go instead.

Mr. Robson had a supply boat which went around the lake.

Grandfather Langford arrived in 1869. The homesteading rule was you had to live on the property for three months for three consecutive years before you got title to the land. Grandfather came here from Paris to homestead, and brought two of the uncles with him. At the end of the third year, he brought the family – he left grandmother and mother. Mother drove two horses and a buckboard. Mrs. Langford thinks that her grandfather drove too. They built the house and barn and then the family came. They located across from where Alberta Langford lives.

Mrs. Hood recalled the Langford house in Birkendale. It had big log beams in the ceiling. Mrs. Keown recalled where they used to weave the rugs in the loom room. They wove rugs for everybody. Mrs. Langford said she did her last carpet 12 years old. That was when Aunt Mary Robson went to take care of the child with the diphtheria.

Old Residents of Dorset Gather – 1939

There was a gathering of the three oldest Dorset citizens. George Cole, was the first white child born in the Dorset. His father was Zack Cole who came to Lake of Bays in 1863. Indians were the only inhabitants in 1863. Zack Cole lived in Dorset for the rest of his life.

The two remaining “old-timers” are Alex Austin, now of Chaffey, and John Benson, of Huntsville. All are octogenarians and in good health.

A Lake of Bays Quintet - Rev. Dr. J.W.A. Stewart, Rochester, N.Y.

To the editor,

Your Dwight correspondent, in a recent issue asked “What is wrong with our old friend, Dr. Stewart?” Permit me to tell him that I am all right, and thank him for the nice compliment regarding my letter to The Forester.

I would like to call attention to octogenarians on Lake of Bays. They are Tom Salmon, B.H. Cunnington, F.A. Emberson, George Keown and myself. Permit me to pay my respects to my fellow octogenarians. What courage they had to settle in Muskoka, sixty years ago. Far from a railroad, roads, up and down hills and over rock and sand, far from stores and from a doctor. They felled trees, rooted out stumps and gathered stones. They built houses for their families and stables for their stock. They endured the cold and storms of winter and heat of summer. They helped build churches and schools. They prepared the way for sportsman and tourists. There were no automobiles, highways, telephones or radios. Brave men, they were. Much of their life has passed in solitary work.

The sounds they heard were the winds, birds, loons, barnyard fowl and howling wolves. Their tools were the axe, plow, scythe and the cradle. They lived and toiled in close companionship with nature. Many a lesson they learned from the sun, stars and changing seasons. Their might and majesty and beauty of God spoke to them. Now they have reached a serene old age, and are enjoying some of the happy fruits of a long life of honest toil, and uprightness.

I feel it is an honour to be one of a Lake of Bays octogenarians.

“Grow old along with me, the best is yet to be.”

Pioneer Days at Dwight - Huntsville Forester – 1925

Dr. J. W. A. Stewart, D.D.

My first visit to Dwight was in August, 1887, 38 years ago. I have visited every summer since. My Father, Reverend Alexander Stewart succeeded in getting a Baptist church built in Dwight. I assisted at the opening of the church in 1889. I have preached in it every summer since, simply as a “labour of love”. I hope to do so for more summers if my strength holds out.

On my first trip to Dwight, I was sent in from Huntsville by Dr. Howland. I recall E.J. Gouldie, John Pratt, Jacob Debal, William Schafer, Robert Keown, Simon Corbett, Andrew Corbett, the Wells family, the Blackwell's, Thomas Keown, William Keown, William Thompson, John Thompson, Godlip Wood, David Smith, Robert Meredith, F.A. Emberson, William Murray, the Robson's at Birkendale, the Robertson's at Oxtongue Lake, James Cunningham, and others. They made up the widely scattered community. I recall

Gilmore's Hill, but the Gilmore's had come and gone before my time. There was Cresswell's Hill. There was E.J. Gouldie's house, headquarters for lumbermen and sportsmen. Nearby was Mr. Pratt's cottage and Mr. Debald's was a little farther away. There was a little log school house used later by A.G. Gouldie as a blacksmith's shop. That was Dwight.

A sawmill had been there, and all the magnificent pine in the bay had all been removed. My father had a little log house, where my house now stands. E.J. Gouldie sold him the house and an acre of land for \$25 dollars.

Provisions were cheap in those days, but it was not always easy to get what you wanted. I paid 10 cents for a pound of butter or a pound of lamb

There were no steamers at first. Captain Denton took me and my family to Hillside in his little steamboat in 1888. Later Captain Marsh took us in his steam boat and Arthur Osborne took us across the Portage in wagons. Dwight Bay and Lake of Bays have not changed. Their beauty entranced me in 1887 and it's beauty still fascinates me today.

I love Dwight, and the people are very dear to my heart.

I love to come back here every year. When I take the last long journey, my ashes will rest with my Dwight friends.

Interview with Mrs. Norman Boothby, Dwight - September 16, 1968

Mrs. Boothby's father, Edmund Gouldie settled in Dwight in 1878. Edmund Gouldie was the first settler in Dwight. There were Indians here – and grandfather traded with them. Gouldie had a general store where Logging Chain Lodge is now. I am not sure when he started the store. It was a big, rambling old place. There was a store, Post Office and a telegraph office. It was also the first tourist resort, because it was half way between Huntsville, Dorset and Algonquin Park.

Mrs. Boothby was born in 1901 and was five years old when her mother died in 1906 and seven years old when her father died. She is the daughter of the second Mrs. Edmund Gouldie.

Mr. Gouldie built one home that burned, if not two. There was the post office, a big living room and dining room, two bedrooms off the living room, and a great back kitchen, and bedrooms upstairs. The Newton's bought the place from my father. Frank Newton is in Weston. The others are in the States. Mrs. Jim Asbury was a Newton. They call it Asbury's Motor Court now – it used to be Cabinville.

The first house Edmund Gouldie built was close to the Lake. Mrs. Ross has a painting of it. There were stumps around it. The trees must have grown right down to the shore.

Unfortunately the Presbyterian church was sold last fall and is to be torn down. It was used until last April. The proceeds of the sale of the church (five thousand dollars) were to be used to winterize the Baptist church. There are so few people going to church. The church should not have been torn down, because there wasn't anything wrong with it. It would have stood another 75 years. Father gave the property to the church and the people built it.

When old Dr. Stewart was too old to preach, the Stewart church which was Baptist was given to the United Church and one was to be disposed of. Mr. Fleming, a minister decided to close and sell the church – and that was all there was to it.

The first Mrs. Gouldie (nee Irving from Uffington near Bracebridge) died in 1894. The Gouldie's came from Minden. The road used to come up across the corner of the lawn in front of our place here, where our gas pumps are now – and right up to my dad's place up in the field there. It was quite a long time after that they put it down on the lakeshore. I remember the old log bridge quite well.

Among the early families Mrs. Boothby recalled the Corbett's, the Woodcock's past NorLoch Lodge. The Blackwell's and the Ketch's lived just down the road. The Quinn's were the first house on the Miller Hill Road. Miss Ferguson and the Lasiter's live on Miller Hill.

Egbert Boothby was a pioneer also. They grew everything. To go to Huntsville was a chore. It was very difficult to get horses and cattle in here? My father had horses and cattle.

My mother died in Hart's Hospital in 1906, so there was a good hospital then. My dad guided, so perhaps they made some money that way. Mrs. Frank Blackwell always said, that if a monument should be raised to anybody around here, it should be to E.J. and Janet Gouldie – they were pioneers, the first.

My dad had 12 children, 9 in the first family, and 3 in the second.

Alex Stewart was quite a lad. His father had a birthday party for him on his 60th birthday, and invited all the family.

Mrs. Norman Boothby - Tuesday, Aug. 19, 1969

The part of Gouldie House where the staff slept was called Glory Hall. There was also a little store.

The Salmon's were a happy pair. They didn't worry about anything. They did not worry about what they were going to have tomorrow – as long as they had something for today.

Did you ever meet Mrs. Rita Asbury. She is making up a book about the history of the area. She lives at Glen Manor. I don't think she is doing it as a Tweedsnair History. She has a picture of Jessie's mother, and of my father.

John F. Wilson had no teeth. He made teeth for himself out of wood roots and the moisture and the heat make them swell. My, do they hurt – he used to say.

Seabreeze Cemetery. Bodies were removed from there and taken to town. The Robson's, perhaps the Irwin's too. Mr. and Mrs. Alf Wilder are buried there, and their boy. They had twins – Stanley Livingstone and Benjamin Franklin.

Rev. James McCrea Diary Notes (1895) - comments by A.M. Stewart (eldest son on Dr. Stewart of Dwight)

The Rev. James McCrea, now aged 74, came to Dwight in the summer of 1894, as the student pastor of the Dwight Presbyterian Church.

Because of the long walks between preaching appointments, the position of student pastor was no vacation. I sometimes shared these walks with Mr. McCrea, so that I know the region as it was then, but I have watched its changes since.

In 1894, the country was full of rock, and vast forests. Settlers built log cabins and barns and attempted to clear the land for agriculture. The feeling of the pioneers was that something of great good fortune would happen with this land.

Thurs. May 17 – At Galt, started for Dwight

May 18 – Breakfast at the Dominion (where excellent meals are still being served after 51 years) Dinner at the Rev. J. Sleveright's. (Rev. Sleveright was the Presbyterian Minister in Huntsville.) Came by boat to Portage. Stayed at Wm. Keown's overnight. (Bill Keown was the oldest sons of Robert Keown Sr.) He lived near Cain's Corners. We remember his beautiful long, black beard and deep voice. He called he dances, and bid the dancers to "Balance all, and chase the squirrel".

May 19 – Arrived in Dwight. Called at James Cunningham's. (James Cunningham was a founder of the Presbyterian Church in Dwight) to offset the monopoly of the Baptist Church. James Cunningham's left Dwight, and moved to the region south of Callendar. Robert Keown Jr., last son of Robert Keown Sr. arrived from Ireland, bought the James Cunningham place, and now has changed owners. It was located on the old short road to the Portage, overlooking North Bay at Dwight.)

May 19 – Came to Dwight to stay.

May 20 – Preached at Dwight and Cain's Corners.

Sunday, May 27 – Preached at 1) McCutcheon's – 17 present. 2) Dwight – 21 present – collection, 35 cents. 3) Cain's Corners – 21 present, collection 41 cents. (Probably the new minister forgot to pass the hat at McCutcheon's. In observing the small collections, it should be recalled that settlers had very little cash, and that a man could be hired for all day, for such hard labour as digging out huge pine stumps for \$1.00 a day and his dinner. Earlier it had been 75 cents a day. Lumber camp wages were between \$15 and \$30 a month including room and board. Higher wages were paid by the Golmore Lumber Co. importing a lot of Frenchmen, who were disliked by those lumbermen who resided in the Muskoka region.)

Monday, May 28 – a little snow

Tues. May 29 – some snow

Sat. June 2 – Stayed at Mr. McCutcheon's. The name appears on a tombstone in the cemetery back of the Stewart Church at Dwight.

Sunday, June 3 – Preached at McCutcheon's, at Dwight, at Cain's Corners and at Portage – (nearly 20 miles walk)

Monday, June 4 – Mr. McCrea was at Harry Lang's, McGregor's on the Stony Lonesome Road, Quinn's, D. Millar's, and Wm. Keown's. (The homes of these person's, except Wm. Keown's, were on the road back of Hillside, towards Clear Lake (Limberlost), and towards Long Lake. In 1894, along this road there was a whole community, part of which was called the Quinn Settlement with church, and school and farms. All this has now disappeared, and nature is restoring the results of the hard labour of clearing the land, with swallowing up the clearings with cheap second growth trees.

Wed. June 6 – Tea at Simon Corbett's, uncle of the owner of Pine Grove Inn Harry Corbett. The Corbett farm was located on the concession behind Cooper's Lake Road to Angle Lake. There were nine occupied farms on this road. All are now deserted, except for a few sites used occasionally by summer people. Simon Corbett came from northern Scotland. He was a quiet man, of sturdy and loyal religious principles. He read the bible in Gaelic, the language of old Scotland. In July, 1887, he walked to the dedication of the Dwight Baptist Church. But, as he approached the church, he heard the organ being played – to him, "the devil's Kist o' Whustlers".

Upon hearing this unholy noise in the church he turned, and walked back home to his Gaelic Bible. The touch of humor in our view of the strict adherence to old time religious rules is modified by our admiration of those people of long ago who were willing to put themselves to any inconvenience, in order to be loyal to their religious ideas.

Friday, June 8 – Called at Mr. Sawyer's

Sat. June 9 – Went to Dorset to see the Tramway. (The tramway was one of the wonders of the lumbering world at the time. The Gilmore Lumber Co. was about to begin working its limits in pine forests in Algonquin Park. Their mill was in Deseronto. Gilmore's had the timber rights in south west Algonquin Park. The goal was to transport the timber from Algonquin Park to Lake of Bays, then to the Muskoka River and ultimately to Georgian Bay and Lake Huron. A flume was built over the from Oxtongue Lake to Lake of Bays near Dorset. The logs were hoisted up the flume and water was pumped to allow the logs to slide toward Lake of Bays. There were several complications, and altogether, it was a two year voyage for the logs. Nearly everybody in the Lake of Bays region went to see this new idea in lumbering.

June 10 – Preached at McCutcheon's. Preached at Dwight – 39 present. Collection – 80 cents. Rev. R.W. Hill of Hillside preached at Cain's Corners and Mr. McCrea preached at Hillside. (The Rev. Rowland Hill was the first settler on Penninsula Lake. He acquired 700 acres in 1869. Hillside is named for him. His descendants are interested in Limberlost Lodge, and the riding stables on the Meredith Farm.)

Friday, June 15 – Political meeting in the evening.

Saturday, June 16 – Stayed overnight at Mr. Robson's. The Robson's were among the early settlers in Ten Mile Bay, having arrived from London, Ontario around 1870. Cousins of the family were living on a farm near Rochester – where George Robson went, and married his cousin. In 1894, there was a large family of Robson's. They were hospitable and friendly, and interested in promoting good things in the community. Grieves Robson, "Geef", a steam boat captain, was well known all over the Lake of Bays. His daughter now lives in Toronto. The late Mrs. Thomas Salmon, of Fox Point, was one of the Robson sisters. The Robson sisters survive, and are living with their niece, Miss May Salmon, at Dwight.)

Friday, June 22 – Called at Mr. Sawyer's

June 25 – Went to Oxtongue which was an eight mile walk from Dwight. A summer resident of Dwight was looking up history in the old Gore Hill Library at Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass. They found a record of an exploration of the Muskoka River waters which was made about 1850. The explorer wrote of the Lake, which some, in 1894 called Oxtongue because it is shaped like the tongue of an ox.

Mr. McCrea took tea at the Robertson's, after visiting the Asbury's. Johnnie Robertson, one of the three sons, is a resident of Dwight. The elder Mrs. Robertson, came from Glasgow, Scotland. She was a brave woman, who never spared herself in tasks of heavy labour, in order to make a good home for her family. She had a garden of vegetables and flowers, Cleanliness, good order, and hospitality filled her house. While her husband was away earning money to provide equipment for their new home, she and her sons, chopped out a mile of road, built a root cellar, planted a large lot of potatoes, and, when her husband returned, the cellar was full of potatoes, and he could drive to the house, and did not have to stop on the main highway.

Names which appear in the diary for the month of June are, Wm. Murray who lives on the short cut to the Portage. He was a carpenter, who built the original Stewart log cabin.

Eli Leach settled on the pine plains east of Dwight. He was a small man. Big men like Arthur Gouldie cleared the land, and rolled huge logs into log heaps to be burned – and boasted, that while these fellows could beat him at this game. Eli Leach probably had been a horse jockey who was fascinated by the offer of free land in Canada, but found little reward for his immigration from England, in the sandy, burned over lands of the pine plains, where his farm was located.

Mr. McCrea went from Eli Leach's place, and passed John Wilson's up the hills to the skytop farms of the Wells' family. The several sturdy sons of the Wells' family managed to make their most difficult land yield a living until they graduated to a better place. The Wells were parishoners of Rev. J.W.A. Stewart and later of the Baptist Church at Dwight. Mr. Wells was employed at the rolling mills in Hamilton. They closed down every winter, and living was hard. Muskoka appealed to Mr. Wells, as a possible cure for this situation. Like a good church member, he called on his minister. A six year old boy eavesdropped at the door of his fathers study, and peeked through a crack. Old Mr. Wells was saying, "Pastor, I am going to try my luck in the Free Grant District of Muskoka." The result of Mr. Wells decision is seen on the hilltop clearing, which is visible to the north east of Dwight.

Next comes William Marsh, the eldest son of Captain Marsh, who had a house on the south side of the river at Marsh's Falls, near the place where the steam boat Mary Louise was built. Huntsville people will remember Peter Marsh who had a tobacco store in Huntsville. Visitors to Temagami, a few years back remember the late Fred Marsh, steamboat captain on Lake Temagami. The Marsh's came to Lake of Bays in 1872.

Jockey Henderson of the Portage Hotel, and Wm. Meredith of Cain's Corners come next, also, Munroe of Haystack Bay was visited. Judging by the number of 8, 19 and 12 mile walks, our friend Mr. McCrea must have belonged to the Perapatetic (walk around) school of theology.

July 12 – Orangemen's Day. – attended the celebration. The Orangemen's march was from the Orangemen's Lodge at Cain's Corners to Gouldie's store at Dwight. The marchers usually passed in grim silence over the roads, through the fields and forests until they reached the hill overlooking the home of Charles Cunningham of Rochester who were Catholics. The pipes and drums let out shriek blasts. The next

day, some of these marchers would be found cutting hay peacefully, on the land of the kindly Mr. Cunningham.)

July 21 – Tea at Mr. Burk's. Stayed overnight at John Dale's. (These two names are combined to make the name of Birkendale P.O. John Dale had a saw mill on Ten Mile Bay, towards the Dorset Narrows, not far from the present Lupton mill at Goose Lake. Many of the houses on the Lake of Bays were built of lumber from the Dale mill.)

July 23 – At Mrs. Monroe's funeral, Haystack Bay. Services at Oxtongue in the evening. The service was held in the Robertson home.

Other persons visited about this time, were Mr. Ehler of Oxtongue, Jake Debald who had a farm behind Colonel Hatch's on Lake of Bays Lane and Thomas Salmon of Fox Point.

Tom Salmon was born in India during the Sepoy Rebellion. His father was the colonel of a native regiment of Saikhus. Mr. Salmon's adventurous life began with his escape from Sepoy attacks in his childhood. Mr. Salmon died recently at the age of 94. He came to Lake of Bays in 1870, when the region was still an Indian hunting ground.

Peter Newton came to possess considerable property near Dwight. His first wife was the daughter of Tom Keown of Cooper's Lake.

Rev. Dr. Stewart acted as summer pastor of the Dwight Baptist Church for fifty years. He graduated from U. of T. (class of 1875) and received a gold medal. He is still well at the age of 94. (Died June, 1947- age of 95 years and is buried at Dwight.)

The names Francy, Pratt and Arthur Osborne of the Portage appear. Mrs. Geraux (Mrs. Cain before her second marriage) of Cain's Corners is mentioned.

Archie Gouldie is the father of Goldsby Gouldie and younger brother of Edmund Gouldie and Mrs. Esther Keown, the hospitable manager of Gouldie Manor. J.W. Wilder was visited. The Wilder's were among those Baptist settlers who came from Durham, Ont, the home of Rev. Alex Stewart. The Durham settlers invited their pastor to come and preach to them in Dwight. He came, and, after two or three years of seasonal visits he got the Baptist Church erected and enough resident settlers to make a church. There is a Wilder Lake near Durham, Ont. which took its name from this Wilder family.

Mr. Smith of Portage Bay was a carpenter when Mr. McCrea visited.

August 16 – went from Cooper's Lake to Long Lake and had dinner at Dwight Wiman Shooting Club. Grieves Robson and several Stewart brothers stayed at the Long Lake cabin for several days, and made themselves familiar with the Long Lake.

Towards the end of the summer, I went with Mr. McCrea and assisted at a religious service and stayed overnight. The next morning, we borrowed a little bark canoe, and paddled up to Ragged Falls. The big slide was still in good condition. The well worn path from Ragged Falls to High Falls is still remote and primitive, with little changes, except that the great pine trees that leaned over the river are no more. In the distance there was the noise of the bull dozer, growling away, preparing the destruction of the remaining forest.

If there had been some good forest policy at this time, it would have given settlers the hope of unbroken employment throughout their life. The descendants of some of these people might be occupying the places which they have now abandoned.

What is the attraction of industry to Huntsville, when most of the raw material now has to be shipped in? The answer is cheap lumber and labour. The descendants of these early settlers were persuaded to sell their labour for low prices, because their woodland homes and farms did not provide them with a living, and, whatever wealth is produced by the forests, is managed in such a way, that the residents of the region outside of the town, receive little or nothing from the forests, which are the only source of natural wealth to the region.

Frank Blackwell Recollections - February 27, 1952

About 1868, a survey was made of Franklin Township and was available to land settlers. Title was conditional on living on the property for at least six months a year, and clearing a minimum of 15 acres of trees at the end of three years.

Frank Blackwell's father was a stone mason and lived in Hamilton. In the fall he made the journey to Dwight, named after H.P. Dwight of the Great North West Telegraph Company, who had hunted in that area. He met Mr. E. Gouldie who had settled most of Dwight Bay.

Mr. Blackwell took steps to acquire property and proposed to send his sons William and Frank to work the property, while he returned to work in Hamilton. A few weeks later the two lads aged 13 and 15, set out for Dwight.

The boys took the train to the most northern point of Gravenhurst. From there they took the stage coach to Huntsville, where they spent the night. Early the next morning, they set out on foot. It was a wet fall, and on the Main St. in Huntsville, two oxen, harnessed to a cart, were stuck in the mud and churning up the clay as if it were porridge. The bridge was a raft of logs. At Grassmere, the boys met Robert Keown who had just been to the grain mill there. The two sacks of flour lay were on the jumper. Mr. Keown said he could not give them a ride because he didn't have room but he could take their bags. When they arrived there, Mr Keown's wife was making a batch of buckwheat pancakes. It was the first time Frank Blackwell had eaten buckwheat cakes, and he thought they were very good, and, to this day, Mr. Blackwell can make one's mouth water with a description of those buckwheat pancakes.

The first winter, while the Blackwell boys were building their log house, they lodged with the Hassomes. The boys' mother, anxious that her sons should have enough food sent Mrs. Gouldie money. By spring, the boys had built the house. In the fall, Mr. Blackwell came up to check things out. The following spring, the whole family came up to live permanently.

This time they took the stage, again a horse and jumper, which carried one's luggage, while one walked to Baysville, and there, they boarded Captain Hawkins's boat which served Trading Lake (Lake of Bays), and came to Dwight. The mail was fetched from Grassmere.

H.P. Dwight came to Dwight to hunt and fish around Trading Lake and Long Lake. He brought his friends Mr. Millichamp and Mr. Matthews. He founded "The Old Club" on Long Lake. He took great interest in the community, and was always ready to help in any local endeavour. He gave \$60 towards the school when it was built. The land was donated by the Gouldie's. The men of the community gave their labour, and felled the trees, shaped the logs, and erected the school house near where the post office now stands.

The Blackwell boys were in Mr. Gouldie's store, when Mr. Dwight came in asking for guides. Mr. Dwight asked the boys if they would act as guides for he and his party. Of course they jumped at the opportunity. Mr Dwight asked if they could cook? Yes, their mother had taught them. The trip was a great success, though Frank Blackwell recalls he was unable to carry a canoe over the portage. So, while Wm. Blackwell carried one canoe, H.P. Dwight carried the other for young Frank. The boys became their guides from then on.

In the winter time, they took their wagon and horses, and went to work in the lumber camps, cutting timber as soon as the area was opened by the government.

They found the land at the lakeshore was good, but the soil was poor and unfit for farming. The settlers came in droves, attracted by the free land. Within three years of the Blackwell's arriving, there were settlers on every 100 acres parcel between their land and Angle Lake.

Mr. Simon Corbett was the first settler between the Blackwell's land and Angle Lake. The lake was called Devil's Angle from when the first estimators set up their lumber company. They were badly bitten by black flies, so they named it so, from the shape of their lake and their torture.

E.J. Gouldie came from Minden the year before the Blackwell's. He opened a store. Four years later Archie married. He arrived in Dwight, and built a tourist house. The sawmill, which had been owned by Hawkins, was torn down.

When Mr. Frank Blackwell and his elder brother William came to Dwight, there was no one living there, except Mr. E.J. Gouldie.

Mr. Blackwell (father) was a stone mason in Hamilton. He had two sons, William and Frank. About the time when the lads were 13 and 15 years old, the Blackwell's heard of the free land that the Government was opening for farming in the north. The quarries and stone yards of Hamilton shut down for the winter, so Mr. Blackwell was free to get away, and came up to Dwight. Here, he met Mr. E.J. Gouldie. Blackwell returned to Hamilton, and decided to send his sons north to open the property.

The streets and backyards of Hamilton seemed to hold little promise, when they heard of the free lands up north. And, in the winter, when the stone yards and quarries closed down, the stone mason father went up to have a look at this land, and met Mr. Gouldie.

In the fall, the two lads, - 15 and 17 took the train to Gravenhurst which was as far the railway came, and from there, they took the boat to Baysville.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Corbett – 70 Main Street, Huntsville, Monday, September 9, 1968.

Mr. Charles Corbett is the son of Harry Corbett. Simon Henry Alexander Corbett (Charles Corbett's great grandfather) came to Dwight in 1879. When Dad came here he lived with Simon Corbett.

The Corbett's settled in the bush about 2 ½ miles north of Dwight at Cooper Lake. Cooper Lake was where Tom Keown settled (Mrs. Frank Keown's husband's father). Simon Corbett was up in to the east end of Cooper Lake. They cleared the land, it was nothing but rock piles. Why in the world anybody would want to go in and clear the bush when it was piled up the stones. They built their own log buildings. The Wells were up in that country too – east of Cooper Lake. Some of their old buildings on Well's Lake are still standing but the roofs are caved in. We hunt around there every fall. The stone piles are still there. The old rail fences have fallen down, but you can still find the occasional rail. You can see where they tried to make fences out of stone. There was a little orchard there also. They had plum and apple trees – and the odd apple tree still bears fruit. Simon Corbett was Charlie Corbett's great grandfather.

About 10 years ago, we visited Madill Cemetery. One stone was marked – Jennie Grant Corbett. That was my Dad's mother who died in childbirth. They settled in there, when they came to this country – at Silverdale.

My great grandfather spoke Gaelic. I heard my dad mention one time that my great grandfather was very religious. He went to the small church at Dwight regularly, until they put an organ in it. After that he never went back to church. He worshipped by himself. He did not believe in music in the church, so he did his worshipping at home.

The Last House at Oxtongue Lake is still owned by the Blackwell boys of Huntsville. They still use it as a club, and as a place for tourists to go in summer. The Oxtongue River flows right along in front of it. They came for many years, and they used to arrive by steamboat too, and then, from Dwight Dock. Everything was done by team and wagon. They used to bring 8-10 hounds to a party, and they'd be whooping it up. These hunting groups used to come in at the same time, and it was quite a day in Dwight when the hunters came.

Mr. Bert Keown lives in the turquoise siding house, second before the bridge. His father was George Keown. His uncles are Tom, Robert, John, Herb, Willie Tom, Bert and Gordon Keown and quite a number of girls too.

Then the Quinn's – they moved from Millar Hill. They always used to say in Dwight that you had to be very careful in passing remarks about people. Don't mention Gouldie's, Keown's or Quinn's, or you may get into trouble – because it would always be one or the other that you'd be talking to.

The Quinn's used to operate a sawmill at Millar Hill. You can see the old apple trees. A hydro line now goes right up to the top of Millar Hill, and the C.P.R. telecommunications radar tower is there – right on the very peak of Millar Hill for both T.V. and communications. You can see the red light – clearance lights- when you are driving along the highway at night.

When my dad, Harry Corbett, first settled in Dwight, he set up a guiding agency. He outfitted parties. They were all good bushmen and they guided for fishing up through Algonquin Park. Frank Keown and my dad used to take parties up to Temagami. There were two or four in the party - mostly Americans. They went by railroad to Cochrane, and then took canoes to James' Bay and back. Dad used to tell me about the trip

– how they poled the rapids coming back. They couldn't paddle them, they had to shove the canoes. Occasionally they would meet up with Indians here.

Dad was still guiding when he started Pine Grove Inn. My brother still operates it. I remember your dad saying that when my grandfather came up here, they carried their cookstove all the way from Bracebridge. You'd hardly believe it would be possible – because there were only bush trails. Mr. Corbett remembers when the road between Huntsville and Dwight was just a trail (Mr. Corbett is 63). We had our first Ford car in 1919. We didn't have the first car in Dwight. I think maybe Goldsby Gouldie did. But, it was a three hour trip to come out with it. You got over the boulders – it was hard work – because there were stones sticking up in the road. The tires were not too good in those days

You had at least one or two flat tires on the way. You had to take them off the rim to patch them. You didn't have spare tires. Transportation was so important. I go back to my great grandfather. When you see the stone piles, and actually bald rock. I could show you the places they tried to clear up to farm, and how they ever existed, I don't know. Where did they get their seed from.

Aunt Annie Gouldie (Mrs. Archie Gouldie) delivered all the babies in the Dwight area. You couldn't get a doctor here. Diphtheria snuffed out many lives. It was so bad my mother wouldn't let me go outside the door. Esther Keown's sister Helen died of diphtheria – she was very young. She is buried in the Dwight cemetery. They got a doctor out, and as soon as it was known that there was diphtheria in Dwight, none of the children were allowed to go outside the door. At that time there were no undertakers. They made their own caskets and covered them with black cloth. The only two people who went to the cemetery were the father and the minister.

I remember when Mother died. We didn't have grave diggers. The neighbours helped out to dig the grave. They want to dig the grave for mother, and they ran into another old grave – they didn't know who it was. Mrs. Norman Boothby has records of all those who are buried in the Stewart Memorial Cemetery. They had to dig Mother's grave over to one side.

I marvel too at these people, as to how they stood the winters – the deep snow and bitter cold. I can see a big change in the winters from the time when I was living out at Dwight as a child. Then, there was always between 4 and 5 feet of snow. You had to have snow shoes, or you couldn't get anywhere. And, the fence posts disappeared. But, when you think of the stoves those people had, and the old log buildings – there must have been nights when the people had to stay up to keep the fire going.

I went to the public school at Dwight – it is now the Twp. Hall, and in the winter mornings, the inkwells would be frozen solid.

Old timers would never let you leave without a meal, and yet, they couldn't afford it in one sense. Everyone was poor. I don't know where they got their money from. I never did enquire re my great grandfather. They sold nothing off the farm. They just grew enough for themselves. I don't think they even had much money when they came here. So, what they used for money, I wouldn't know. They used to trade labour. The next door neighbour would come and help you, and you would go and help him. There was plenty of game, deer, but getting something to shoot them with was a problem. Dad did tell me that the first gun they had was an old Marlin single shot, but they used it sparingly, due to the fact that ammunition was so expensive. They couldn't afford to buy ammunition, and, I forgot where they had to go to get ammunition. They had plenty of bears. They grew oats, and had an awful time keeping the bears out of the oat field,

And, they didn't have the best of clothes for keeping themselves warm either – old mackinaw's – heavy woollen underwear. They had to look after their clothes – they were mended. They had to be thrifty. I remember at Christmas time – if we got a small bag of candy, that was it – and yet, we were pretty happy.

Mrs. Corbett recalled one year her sister and she got a little brass sewing basket – a little square thing – probably cost a quarter – and we thought it was wonderful.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Blackwell – Sunday, June 7, 1970

Ralph Blackwell's uncle Bill Blackwell came to Lake of Bays in 1869 or 1870. He was about 18 years of age. He located here about four years before my father Frank Blackwell came. That would probably have been in the early 1870's. The first year Bill was here, he cleared the land, and put up some kind of log shanty and went back to Hamilton for the winter. The next year he came up, he put in a little garden and grew turnips and potatoes. Bill located on lot 9 in Dwight on the road to Pine Grove Inn. The lot runs north south.

My Father Frank and his brother Dick then settled here. Dad was about 12 when he came and Dick would have been about 8 years old. I am not sure if they came together. Frank and his brother Bill cleared the land. Dick fished at Cooper's Lake every day and worked around the camp.

Ralph Blackwell's grandfather Richard was a stone carver from England. He worked for the C.P.R. as a stone mason. He worked on stone bridges and abutments for the railroad. He got stone carver's disease which is a chest disease from stone dust. The doctor said he would have to get out into the country. That is the reason they located up here. He sent Bill up to get the land. After they got enough land cleared to have a good garden and they built the log house, and then my Grandfather Richard and my Grandmother moved up.

My Grandmother was a nurse, and she was a midwife and travelled all over the country delivering babies. I guess there would have been a doctor in Huntsville, but she looked after this area.

In the meantime, my Father located up at Angle Lake and my Grandparents moved up to Angle Lake with him. Two or three years later Grandfather Blackwell died. They buried him at Angle Lake. Then, a couple of years later they opened up the cemetery at Dwight, so they moved him down there. Both my Grandparents are buried in the little cemetery in Dwight.

Dick was old enough to locate, so he located. My dad had located two lots. They could do improvements on one lot, and locate another – so he got two. And Dick, he did his improvements on my father's lot – then he got another lot. It took him three or four years to do that. His location was on Angle Lake too.

Bill located at Dwight, which was the last location there. Then, they just kept on going up the concession – about ten lots. As each one would come in, they located further up. By the time my dad was ready to locate, it was all located, right up to Angle Lake. That's why we were at Angle Lake.

John Pridgeon – an old sailor – located just before my Father located. He had lot I on the 10th. He made his improvements, but he got tired of it and he sold his lot to my Father for \$50. So that made 500 acres they had up there. That is the beginning of the Angle Lake properties. Four of these lots have shoreline on the lake – lots 24, 25, 26, and lot 1. Lot 23, that is on the Bobcaygeon line. It is the only one that doesn't touch lake. The lots are 640 feet wide.

The land was good for farming for about 8 years – until the soil wore thin. They never ploughed it. They just raked it over, and put in a crop. At that time, there were lumber camps around the area. He would go out and buy stock in the spring. Then he would pasture them there all summer. In the fall, he would go around to the camps. I know one year, he had about 30 cows. He would take orders and sold the beef to Mickle and Dymont lumber camp on the Oxtongue River.

My Father got an order for one camp of perhaps 2 heads of cattle. He butchered the meat and delivered it to the camp. Then he took an order for the next week or two. He did pretty well on that. They had oxen, I think for whatever work they did on the land. Then, he thought he'd like a team of horses. They went down around Belleville – there were a lot of Percheron down around there, and he liked them. He went down, and he bought one of the first teams that were around Dwight. He drove them from Belleville, up here. He came up the old Bobcaygeon Road. It was just corduroy road, to Dwight. It took him three days to drive them up. They were his prize team. Uncle Dick was home – so they would look after the cattle, and dad would go out every winter – with his team, and worked for Mickle and Dymont. This went on, I guess, for all the time that Mickle and Dymont were logging up there.

Algonquin Park started to open up, so they started to guide in the summer. They got away from farming altogether and just guided. They kept a few sheep after they got rid of the cattle. Then he met my mother. She was orphaned. She lived with one of the Keown family. They met in the early 1890's.

The gold rush started in 1897. Mr. Millichamp was part owner of Bigwin Island and also owned Montgomery's Point.

Mr. Millichamp's son wanted to go to Dawson. Mr. Millichamp did not want him to go alone. Dad went with Mr. Millichamp's son as a guide to the Klondike. They spent the winter and the spring of 1898 at Lake Bennett, and then, when the ice went out, they went down by boat to Dawson, and they had a mine up there, but it didn't pay too well – 60 cents to the pan, or something like that – it didn't bring them any money.

Mother and Dad weren't married then. She went to work for the railroad. She went to the Rockies. She was cook at this Divisional Centre, for the railroad men. On Dad's way back, he got out and walked the platform, and they met again.

Mother's name was Shaw. Tommy Shaw was her brother. Mother and Dad were married in 1900.

The Dwight Wiman group tented for the first year or two at the portage between Angle Lake and Long Lake. Then, they decided to build a camp.

Joe Taplin was walking on the street in Huntsville. An old fellow stopped him and asked if he knew Frank Blackwell. Joe Taplin said yes he lives 10 or 12 miles out in the country. The old man said he went to the Klondike with him in 1898, and he has not seen him since. Joe Taplin said he is at Tom Shaw's farm and he will get him on the phone. They went to Malloy's store and they got him on the phone. Dad came out and spent a day with him.

Ralph Blackwell's Mother was born and raised in the city. Her mother died, and she came from a big family. My Mother's father, Grandfather Shaw had health issues and he couldn't look after the family. Ralph Blackwell's mother was raised by the Keown family. There wasn't any welfare then. His mother was very happy up here. Eventually, my parents came down to Cain's Corners. They lived at Angle Lake. Ralph's eldest sister, Alice, was born at Angle Lake. They were there for perhaps five or six years – and then, they bought a lot at Cain's Corners.

I forgot whom they bought the house from. The house was up when they bought it and my Father bricked it in, and finished it off. That's where I was born. I was there until I was 9 years old. Then, my Father thought he'd like to make a farmer out of me. So they went down below Huntsville to Allensville, and they bought a clay farm. It was a good farm. It was all good land – 200 acres. That's where I got most of my schooling. Allensville was the next Post Office below Huntsville. There was just a store, Post office, church and school. I got my schooling at Allensville public School. I walked 3 ¼ miles to school. I went to high school in Huntsville. It was 5 ¼ mile mile walk to high schools on the old road.

I injured my foot so I went to the farm. I wanted a tractor. The ironwood tractors were coming in then. And, I wanted a manure spreader – and anything that would save labour. Every year, we ploughed about 50 or 60 acres with a hand plough. I would plough and, the last year or two, my dad would take a party, and go off into the Park – and that would leave me there. If he modernized a bit, I might have been a farmer. I thought I would like to go into the garage business – so I got a job with the Muskoka Garage in Bracebridge. I went to Toronto to be a mechanic. Until the war, I worked at a garage. In 1939, I thought I joined the Air Force.

After the war, I located up at Angle Lake. I wanted to work for myself. My boss Mr. Rosewarne had bought a place in Kirkland Lake, just before the war. He wanted to set me up there, but I didn't want it, even though it was a good location.

Dwight - Tweedsmuir History - Mrs. Victor Asbury, Tuesday, September 16, 1969

Edmund James Gouldie, founder of Dwight, came in about the year of 1871. He was a trapper and trader in those days. He settled on the north end of the Lake of Bays. He cleared land, and built himself a log cabin for his family. He had the first store, boarding house and post office. This was located where Logging Chain Lodge is now.

The next settlers were the Blackwell's who were attracted by the prospect of Free Land Grants in Muskoka. Land was free to settlers who would guarantee to spend at least six months of the first two years on the grants. The Blackwell family settled near the Gouldie family around 1875.

Following close on the heels of the settlers were a few Toronto and New York sportsmen and hunters, who were attracted by quantities of huge trout and moose hunting. H.P. Dwight, pres. Of the Great Northwestern Telegraph Co. in Toronto, was one of the first.

Mr. Frank Blackwell came to Dwight at the age of 18. He passed away at his home at the age of 101 on May 27, 1959.

Frank Blackwell and his brother Dick were hunting and fishing guide for Mr. Dwight for over 30 years. Mr. Blackwell persuaded H.P. Dwight and the Wiman Hunt Club to go to Long Lake, where they built their camp. Mr. Dwight became a friend of many early residents. Through his help, the post office and telegraph line was installed in Dwight. He also gave money towards the first log school. When the post office requested a name for the growing community, the people decided to call it after their good friend, H.P. Dwight.

Archie Gouldie came shortly after his brother. Many of the names of descents in the community are the same: Jacob Daybald, John Pratt, Robert Keown - father, grandfather and great grandfather of all the Keown family, Simon Corbett, Andrew Corbett and the Wells family, Blackwell's, Thomas Keown, William Ketch, Godlip Wood, Robert Meredith and sons. Many more names could be mentioned.

Archie Gouldie started the first summer resort. It was called the Gouldie House. It has changed owners and is still operating under the name of Northland Lodge. It was also called Northland Manor at one time, but to most it is still Gouldie House.

Norloch Lodge – first owned by Dr. Pauline Mortoh. It also changed owners several times, but has still the same name. It is currently operated by Mr. Henshaw. Many improvements have been made.

Harry Corbett built Pine Grove Inn. It started out with about six rooms and has expanded to accommodate over 100 people. He operated Pine Grove until his death. Hugh Corbett, Harry's youngest son took over operation of Pine Grove. Harry's other son, Charlie, was home with Mr. Corbett for many years, until he went to work for Hydro in Huntsville.

Taylor Bradley operated a small summer lodge for many years. It is now Logging Chain Lodge, operated by Reilly Tapley.

Other motels, cottages and cabins now operating are Riverside, Glen Manor and Woodcock's Motel.

The first missionary to the community of Dwight was the Rev. Alexander Stewart, grandfather of Dr. Harold Stewart. He preached for many summers. He was a Baptist and walked from Huntsville to Dwight the first time he came. He bought a log cabin, and stayed through the winter of 1887 to oversee the building of the church. On August 17, 1887, the church was completed.

Reverend Stewart's son, Rev. Joseph W.A. Stewart came up for the dedication and was the summer pastor here for fifty years. His son, Dr. Harold Stewart carried on for a good many summers. The church was later deeded to the United Church of Canada on September 24, 1936. Mrs. Archie Gouldie recommended the church be named Stewart Memorial Church, in honor of the founder, Rev. Alexander Stewart.

St. Peter's Church was built in 1889. It was originally Presbyterian and is now United. E.J. Gouldie gave the property, and the church was built by free labour. Mrs. Norman Boothby, daughter of the founder of Dwight, Edmund Gouldie, has been the organist for thirty years.

Archie Gouldie was a brother of Edmund Gouldie. He had the first blacksmith shop. Mrs. Archie Gouldie was mid-wife for the community for years Archie also acted as the local undertaker.

The first lumber camp was located across from the Boyne bridge. The grandfather of Harry Robinson of Dorset operated the camp.

The first mill was owned by Tom Fetterley's – who bought out Robinson's and built a sawmill at the mouth of the Boyne Creek. Mills have been operated since by Archie Gouldie, William Keown and Tom Quinn. The last mill operated by Fred Quinn burnt down in 1938. It has been replaced by Glen Manor cabins first operated by Glen Cyderman and now owned by Jack Hatkoski.

The first school was built of logs and located just across the creek from the post office. In later years, a second school was built behind the United Church. Archie Gouldie moved the log school over to the Gouldie property, and used it for his blacksmith shop. We all remember the school on the flat. The school was moved higher on the property in 1938, with many improvements, such as a basement and indoor washrooms. In 1936, electric lights were installed. In 1961, the old school was purchased by the township of Franklin.

Rev. A.M. Stewart – Alex – oldest son of J.W.A. Stewart

Historian – outdoorsman

Died in Rochester – 1962 – 84 years old

John Robertson – Dwight - 1951 Mrs. Asbury's scrapbook

He was born near Uxbridge in 1872, and moved to Oxtongue Lake with his parents in 1880, at the age of 8 years.

In 1901, he married Isabella Irving, who passed away in 1936.

In 1925, after fire destroyed their home at Oxtongue Lake, the family moved to Dwight, where he had resided ever since. Survived by 6 daughters, and 1 son.

Sisters Ethel – Mrs. Victor Asbury Sr. of Dwight and Dorothy – Mrs. Wm. Sluman of Dwight.

William Glass Keown - 1954

Died at his residence at Oxtongue Lake. Born 1889 at Dwight. Son of George and Margaret Glass Keown, and the grandson of William Keown, who, with his family, was among the earliest settlers in the area. Following the death of his father, the homestead was sold, after having been in the family continuously for about 70 years.

In 1914, he married Harriet Jane Munroe, the daughter of John and Charlotte Munroe of Fox Point.

Mr. Chapin of Rochester engaged him to build his summer home on Oxtongue Lake. Building was his chief occupation for 43 years – to end of his life. Had four sons – Kenneth of Port Cunnington, Stanley, Donald and Bruce of Oxtongue Lake

He had two brothers – Bert and Gordon of Dwight and two sisters

Rev. Harold Stewart's summer home at Dwight was first house William Keown built.

Mr. Bert Keown – Dwight – Monday, Oct 13, 1969 - Mrs. Sadie Woodcock

Edmund Gouldie was the first settler here and owned most of what is now known as Dwight. Archie Gouldie came a little later. He operated a store. My father worked for him in the winter – and he got 15 dollars a month, and he had six children. They had a camp just out of Dwight on a little creek there. They just had a great big pot, like the Indians had – and a thing that sucked the smoke up. And you'd just go over and dig into this Mulligan stew, and you'd just sit wherever you liked. They had bench seats, but no table, and of course, they were all hired help there, and they all stayed at their own homes. Edmund Gouldie was the boss of the camp. My father said that the snow was six feet deep, and they had two shovels, right and left – and you couldn't see the horses' backs, with those banks.

The first Keown's came to Dwight in the 1870's. The railroad only came as far as Gravenhurst. From there, they walked to Bracebridge and then to Baysville where they got Captain Marsh's boat, and came to

Dwight. I don't know whether they came from Alliston and Barrie. My father had a big chunk of land at Oxtongue Lake – about five miles up the road. He got discouraged, and went back and subsequently returned.

My nephew, Bruce Keown, at Oxtongue has a book which documents the early settling of this area. The first tourists that came here were Dwight and Wiman – and they went up to Long Lake and built a hunt camp.

Mr. Roy Callaghan was a park ranger. His memory is very keen. He lives alone at Dwight. Just before you come to the Red and White store. He lives in a little cottage across the highway.

Mr. Keown's grandfather was Robert Keown. He came from Ireland, but we do not know the date. They came over here in a sailboat. It took them six weeks to make the voyage. One child was born on the boat. The grandparents came from Belfast. He settled right across the lake. He had seven children.

Mr. Keown's mother's maiden name was Glass, and she came from Belfast at 17 years of age. My Uncle fetched her from Huntsville in an old buckboard. We lived outside of Dwight in an old shack. Mother cried for two days. Her sister was here ahead of her, and then, she had a couple of other sisters that came out afterwards. Her parents came out later.

I worked this side of Algonquin Park. I worked for the Huntsville Lumber Co. and the Muskoka Wood Ontario Bark. They don't peel bark now, but they did in those days.

Mr. Keown thinks the pine was cleared off the land at Dwight about 1883. Some of the pine was cut here. They had portable mills. Marsh had a water mill at the falls. In later days, they took the logs down to the river with winches. Sometimes it took them three days to get to Baysville – if the wind was blowing against them. Then, they drove the logs down the Muskoka River to Bracebridge. It was a slow but wonderful system. They thought it was great fun, driving down the river. They were just as happy as we are today.

There were 7 children in Grandfather's family. They all lived and died here.

We used to live over the hill there, and my father used to draw hay there. There was no road and no trails. The snow was six feet deep. Father delivered hay to the camps. And, lots of other settlers took meat, pigs and one thing and another in there. There was a hill coming out about ½ a mile from where they grew hay. And then, we lived down here for awhile, and we had some cattle, and she told me, she used to leave my oldest brother with a glass of milk, and she couldn't get the cattle to go back up the bush where we'd moved, you see, and she'd milk, just wherever she could catch one, and carry that milk – and that's two miles up there – and leave him with a glass of milk, and he'd just shove a chair through the house until she'd come back.

And, when we did live up there for a time, and you got a bag of flour, you'd put it on your shoulder, and you'd carry it up to your house, there were no roads. The hardships were terrific, but the people were happy and content.

What is the first house that you remember as a child? My grandfather's house across the bay. I was seven years old. They were up at Oxtongue Lake in those days. Sandy Robertson and Johnnie Robertson built homes and raised their families there. They went to the camps in the winter and had no road, only narrow

trails. When the men went to the camp, the cattle and sheep had to be looked after by his wife and the children. They left the family there all winter, and, I often thought, if fire ever breaks out – they had no way of getting out of there. They had small children – one had 6 or 7 girls – and the other, 4 or 5 boys.

Sandy Robertson had the boys. He was the first brother up there. My father had some property up there. He cleared it. I don't know, but maybe he figured on having a farm up there. Anyway, one time he went up, he found that Mrs. Sandy had burned the brush, and some oats. And, he said – you've made such a good job of it – you had better keep it. So that stopped us from going up that way – but, I figured we were far enough back where we were, here.

My father and some of his brothers went to Alberta for a time and came back. There was so much mud, they'd make for the highest hill they could find, to get out of the mud – to get to where there would be drainage for the land. They didn't stop to think about the stones.

When people settled here there were no laws, no game warden. People finished and hunted, and there were lots of people shot and never heard of again. My father told me one time, when we lived down on the lake – there was a fellow they were talking about – Bill Sawyer – and he and his brother were trapping – over here in Ruggles Bay – across from the Tapley's. He had set traps and the Indians used to come down and get a moose, and they used to snap his traps, and take his fur, and that made him mad. So, he said to his brother one night – he had a place, I imagine it was around where the Tapley's live – he said – I am going over there, and, if those darned Indians come, and and stop there, it's going to be too bad.

He didn't happen to shoot them, but, they had a moose in the canoe – they had a 20 foot long birch bark canoe. This fellow Sawyer cut the canoe right square in two. And, down they went – moose and all. The Indians managed to scramble to shore. And, he said he made them dance the war dance, and jump, and said – if I ever catch you on this ground as long as I live, I'll shoot the whole works. In those times, people lived long distances from each other and anything could happen, and nobody would know it.

And, there would be people living up in the country, and the man would leave to get a bag of flour – and he would never return. They would just get discouraged and just pull out.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Boothby – September 29, 1970

Wack Thompson's daughter Nina is married to Billy Francey. They live in Gravenhurst. Another daughter is Mrs. Bill Murray and she lives at The Portage in the summer time and goes to her daughter's in Huntsville for the winter.

Mr. Alex Thompson had told me about a Mr. Harold Thompson who lives in Huntsville – a son of Willard Thompson.

Mrs. Vivian Murray was Mary Fitzell. The Fitzell's used to live just past Seabreeze. We had a minister named Mr. Bain who used to walk away over there and help them cut their wood – and do all sorts of things for them. Mr. Bain used to board with my aunt – Esther Keown's mother. I imagine he would just have been here for the summer. Although they used to have services in the homes – over where Charlie Dillon lives – where the Robson's used to be. I went to church services over there because I wanted to go for a ride. We didn't get out very much so it was a treat to get out for a ride with the horses.

William Fitzell – and Kitty Fitzell. Father and mother of Mary, are buried in the Seabreeze cemetery – and there is a plaque erected to their memory.

The Boothby's had a farm behind Grove Avenue. It was a good farm. They didn't have much machinery of any kind – everything was done by hand. In fact, in those days, they didn't have a mower. They had a fair amount of land broken up, and they were very particular about planting the potatoes or the corn – or anything that had to be cultivated. They had straight rows – so that you could go both ways, because the rows were both ways. You could take the horse and cultivator, and go both ways. They were the only ones I know of who did it like that in those days. They had cattle and horses – but, no conveniences. The house was more like what we would call a barn, today. You'd wake up in the morning, and the pail of water would be frozen. There was no insulation, whatever. You could see out through the cracks in the siding. There really weren't any farms up here to amount to anything. Hillside actually is the best farming, near where the Hill's are located. It is better land. We had good crops. We sold cattle hay, and we had more cattle than any of them. The old Egbert Boothby farm is about a mile this side of Point Ideal – on the right hand side as you are going in. The farm is close to Port Cunningham Lodge.

They built Point Ideal in 1907. They bought the place a couple years before. I was born in 1896 – Bert is about 81 or 82 – and he was born on the farm. The property was bought from Hummie and had been called Hummie's Point. When dad went down there, the remains of Hummie's cabin were there. The bay where Point Ideal Lodge is was called Horseshoe Bay. It's a peninsula. It is almost an island. There is only a narrow strip – it is 50 yards across.

Do you know where Cockshutt's property is now? That is where Uncle Harry settled when he moved over to this shore. You used to be able to see the house from the shore. Dad's farm and Mr. Cunningham's were side by side – Uncle Edwards was around the end of Mr. Cunningham's – joining Pete Larsen's place

John Boothby stayed on the other shore, in the family homestead. Then, there was Tom – he had a place of his own at Long Lake. He built a new house, and never lived in it.

Bill Boothby was another brother. He was a big man – he was coming across to our place, or Uncle Edward's – one Sunday on the ice – and he got snow blinded – he got lost around Sandy Green's property – that would be straight across towards Baysville from Point Ideal – where Needler's are now. Well, he

got lost some place over there, overnight and froze his feet. He couldn't see what he was doing. He lived in the old homestead – as did Alice. They all lived there, all those years. Uncle Tommy had a mill. He cut all the lumber for all those cottages. Uncle Johnny used to help him. Uncle Bill – he used to look after the cattle and farmed.

We had a lumber camp of our own. That is what we did in the winter – cut logs etc. None of us ever worked in a lumber camp – nor did any of Uncle Edward's sons. We had too much to do at their own places. We sold stuff to the camps – hay, beef, potatoes, and stuff like this.

I understand that your grandparents had a pretty good farm. Was there any market at the time, for any of the things that they grew? Well, they could take any surplus to Dorset – or to Baysville. I know just before Christmas we loaded up a whole sleigh load of stuff – ducks, geese, chickens, pork, beef, and everything else. They also went to Huntsville and sold to the butchers.

Mrs. John Thompson – Alex Thompson's mother made wonderful butter. She used to bring it down in little round patties with an acorn on top.

The whole family used to come over every Christmas for dinner at the farm. It took about two years to build the building at Point Ideal. All the men boarded at the farm. There were six rooms, and then a great big room by the kitchen, about 20 feet long by 18 feet wide. It never was partitioned off. We had cots all along there where men could sleep.

Mother used to work hard – she went out into the field and picked stones – work from daylight until dark. As soon as you got the stones cleared off there was no crop. Uncle Edward did that for a few acres, and the crops were no good anymore. There were stone fences the full length of 100 acres, six feet high and eight feet wide. It takes up a lot of ground. There is the full length – then, there are some in the middle of the field, and some crossways. I don't know whether they have sold some of these stones. Someone has been trying to buy them. There will be a day, when they will be worth some money. They will smash those stones. There are some there that would take a team of horses to roll over – and they rolled these into the fence, to build the walls up. They used to have stone bees, logging bees, wood bees. There would be 7 and 8 teams of horses, and all the men – and they would pick these stones, then, they would turn around, and go and do it to another farm – the same with wood. But, the real bees died out.

THE STEWART'S OF DWIGHT - A record of the family, and its summer experiences

By Harold Stanley Stewart

reface

Chapter 1 – Dwight

Chapter 2 – Alderside Summers

Chapter 3 – Dwight Lore

Chapter 4 – The Cottages

Chapter 5 – The Church

Chapter 6 – Family Material

1 – Genealogies

2 – Biographical Sketches

3 – Domestically Involved

4 – Items to be Remembered

5 – The Uncle Dick Story

6 – Academic Attainments

7 – Military and War Records

8 – Books and Publications

9 – Positions and Honours, etc..

10 – Odds and Ends

PREFACE

This is written to preserve in memory of Joseph William Alexander Stewart and his wife Mary Ann McGinn. It is called "The Stewart's of Dwight" for two reasons. The summer home Alderside is the centre of family life for members scattered far and wide. The other reason is Alderside was the only house that J.W.A. Stewart ever owned. When he was gone, its possessions fell to two of his sons who occupy it for part of every summer.

This is a record of amusing and interesting stories of the Dwight summer experiences. The stories in the chapter entitled "Dwight Lore" say something about the community itself. The family, however, spread out as members married. Nine cottages were built by the Stewarts at Dwight. If one asks why the Stewart's settled in Dwight, the reason is because of the beautiful little white church, brought into being by our grandfather, the Reverend Alexander Stewart. He brought his son to participate in the dedication in 1887, and, ever since, the church has been a centre of our family interest. There is a chapter on "The Church" and the final chapter entitled "Family Material".

DWIGHT

Dwight is situated at the most northern point of Lake of Bays, thirteen miles south-east of Huntsville. Huntsville is one hundred and forty-six miles north of Toronto. The surface of the Lake of Bays is 34 feet above sea level; its area is 17, 000 acres, its shore line about 105 miles in length. The average depth of the lake is 85 feet. The maximum lake depth is 235 feet midway between Clovelly and Norway Point (Fact supplied by the 1957 Lake of Bays Association).

The date the first white man saw Lake of Bays remains unanswered. There have been hints that Norse explorers may have reached the lake hundreds of years ago. We know that Indians travelled the lake long before any white man. The name, Trading Lake, attached to the Dorset end of the lake, reminds us that Rama and Mississauga Indians used to meet there to trade. But, for modern settlement and travel, and for the great recent development of summer visitor and tourist trade, it was the explorations of Alexander Murray, Assistant Provincial Geologist, that pioneered the way. The Forester of Huntsville, in its issue of November 7, 1957, published an account of Murray's travels through Muskoka, which it had received in a letter from Mr. Norman Massey of London, Ont., who, twenty years earlier, had delved into the Provincial Library and discovered Murray's account of his trip.

In his capacity as Assistant Provincial Geologist, Alexander Murray left Lake Huron on June 8, 1853, and in 57 days, he and his party travelled by lake and river reaching Ottawa. He studied the geology of the country, determined the elevations of the lakes, and made a good map. He is the first recorded exploration through the Huntsville area. He was nine days going from Lake Huron to Bracebridge. He chose to ascend to the north branch of the Muskoka River, noting the south branch, as he passed. The night of the 23rd of June, he camped near the present site the Huntsville Locks, and, the next day, he went along the west shore of Fairy Lake to the present site of Huntsville. Then, he turned and went by the route familiar to tourists for many years now, through Fairy Lake, the stream (the canal) and Peninsula Lake, over the Portage, around the Lake of Bays, noting how it emptied into the south branch of the Muskoka River, and that the Hollow River emptied into the lake at the east end. He found, however, that the Oxtongue was the largest river flowing into the lake, so, he followed it up through Oxtongue Lake, and so on to the Ottawa River. He gave the names to Mary's Lake (in his journal, Mary's not Mary), Fairy Lake, and Peninsula Lake – so called from the peculiarity of its shape. At this point, his journal reads: Here, leaving this branch of the Muskoka, we made a portage of a mile and three quarters, over a height of land, our course being south – east, and reached a long, narrow lake, stretching away for several miles which they termed Lake of Bays.

The waters of Lake of Bays flow into the south branch of the Muskoka River. It is broken by very heavy falls emptying into Lake Muskoka, 325 feet below.

Oxtongue Lake was named for its shape. Canoe Lake was named because people were delayed there for three days to construct a new canoe.

Settlement of Dwight occurred slowly. Toronto, whose name is of Indian origin, meaning “a place of meeting”, first appears in 1749 as a trade establishment. Governor Simcoe transferred the seat of government of the new province of Upper Canada, and named it York. In 1834, the name was changed to Toronto. Long before this, the Indians travelled from Lake Huron to Lake Ontario, cutting through Georgian Bay, up the Severn River, through lakes Couchiching and Simcoe up to the mouth of the Humber to Lake Ontario.

Lady Eaton told me that this portage passed close to her country home at King. Governor Simcoe knew about this “Crossing Place”, but felt he needed a shorter military road from York to Holland Landing. In 1793 he built a straight road up to the landing. This road, Yonge Street, was completed in 1796 and, the lake was named Simcoe, in honor of the Governor's father. After York's slow start (its population in 1813 had grown only to 456) settlement began to move gradually up Yonge Street to Lake Couchiching. In 1850 railroads were built from Toronto to Barrie. In 1866, A.R. Cockburn's steamboat “Wenonah” sailed from Gravenhurst to Bracebridge.

On July 1, 1888, the district of Muskoka became detached from Simcoe district. As early as 1859, the Free Grant System was put into operation in the district, whereby a settler could get 200 acres of land free, and an additional 100 acres for every son over 18 years of age. Settlement was slow. The grants were made at Severn. By 1864, only 163 persons had located. By 1870, one hundred and thirty nine thousand acres were established. By 1880, there were 5,100 houses in the district, and 27,204 persons. In 1886, the Pacific branch of the northern and northwestern railroad was completed through the heart of the district to Lake Nipissing, where it connected with the Canadian Pacific Railway.

In the early days of the Free Grant System, some of the settlers had to walk 40 miles to Orillia to post a letter, or buy provisions. By 1871, E.F. Stephenson was publishing "The Huntsville Liberal", and, when it went out of business in 1877, "The Huntsville Forester" made its appearance in November of that year, and has published ever since.

Settlers came to Dwight by three routes. Some came from Minden through Dorset, and by water to Dwight. Edmund J. Gouldie, the first settler, storekeeper, postmaster, and leading citizen arrived in 1875. He paddled the family in from Dorset –consisting of Mrs. Gouldie and three of their eventual twelve children.

The second route of settlement was north through Baysville. Bracebridge was a distributing point for settlers coming to take advantage of the free grants of land. Baysville was the nearest point on the lake to Bracebridge. Captain Hawkins operated a steamer on the lake, and it was through Bracebridge, and then, by this boat, that the second family of settlers, the Blackwell's arrived from Hamilton in 1876.

William Blackwell was a stone cutter in Hamilton. He was drawn north by the free land grants. He and his family took the land north of the present highway 60 and Highway 35 intersection. Tom Salmon followed a surveyer's blazed trail. In 1882 he married and settled at Fox Point.

Huntsville has always been the natural approach to Dwight. The trip from Bracebridge to Huntsville was arduous, and longer than that from Bracebridge to Baysville. In the early days, before the Canal was dredged, persons going from Fairy Lake to Peninsula Lake, had to pole their way through the little connecting stream, and this continued to be the case for years after the first settlement of Dwight. Captain George Hunt settled in 1869, and soon the general location was known as Huntsville. Dr. Francis L. Howland came to the community in 1875 as a young physician.

In 1870, Rev. Hill came through Huntsville, and settled in Hillside. By 1886 boats were built on Lake of Bays by Captain's G.F. Marsh and Denton. The railroad was extended to Huntsville. In 1886, Captain Hunt became the first Post Master of Huntsville.

The original settlers of Dwight were families who knew Grandfather Stewart in Durham. Word came back they had no preacher, so in 1883 Grandfather made his way to Huntsville. He turned up in Dr. Howland's office to ask for directions to Dwight. Dr. Howland introduced him to a young woman who was going to Dwight, and together, they made the journey on foot. Grandfather arrived four years before the Baptist Church was built and dedicated. Grandfather organized the church and baptised 26 people one day in the lake in front of the site of the church. Grandfather bought an acre of land with a log house on it from Edmund Gouldie for forty dollars. This log building was part of what remained of a lumber camp on the west side of the Boyne Creek. A sawmill was close to the Creek between the road and the lake. The church was dedicated on August 17, 1887. The next summer our family travelled from Rochester to Dwight to spend our vacation at Grandfather's log house. Ever since, Alderside has been the summer home of the Stewart family.

When we arrived at Dwight, thirteen years after the first settler, the residents were the Gouldie's, Wilder's, Ketch's, Thompson's, Wood's, Joseph Smith's, Wilkes, Haysom's, James Cunningham's, Cain's, Gereaux's, Meredith's, Keown's, Schafer's, old Mr. Pratt, Corporal Davy Griffith, and others. Over on Ten Mile Bay, were the Robson's, the Salmon's at Fox Point and the Osborne's at the Portage.

Edmund Gouldie's first house burned down. The men of the community, including the Blackwell boys, Frank and Dick, got lumber from the old Kemp mill and helped Edmund rebuild. The house was located where the present Logging Chain Lodge is. Besides the log house which Grandfather bought, there was the remains of the Kemp mill. There were fallen trees which were not cut up and for many years our vacation was clearing the land.

H.P. Dwight was in charge of the telegraph lines in Toronto. He loved to fish and hunt. In 1850 He came to the Muskoka River and Lake of Bays with friends. He wanted to go up the Muskoka River beyond Oxtongue Lake and establish a permanent hunt camp. They had guides for their party – Tom Salmon, Ed and Archie Gouldie and Dick and Frank Blackwell. The Blackwell boys persuaded Mr Dwight to establish a hunt camp on their property on Long Lake, six miles from Dwight. Each autumn, the group gathered for deer hunting. Mr. Dwight was an important business man, and he had to keep in touch with Toronto. As a consequence, telegraph lines were extended to Dwight, and Ralph Gouldie learned the code and take messages.

When we arrived in 1888, there was no road to Oxtongue Lake. Settlers walked to Dwight for mail. There was no road to Port Cunnington. I well remember one day when we went on a steamboat trip, a herd of oxen was taken to Port Cunnington. The steamer stopped a distance out from shore, the gangway was opened, and the oxen were pushed off the boat into the water. Men in rowboats guided them to land. Oxen were often used, being better for the rough country. Water was the best highway, and people had either a canoe or flat bottomed punt.

The early settlers who came to the area, were hunters and trappers who were attracted by the offer of free land. Houses could be built from logs on the land. There was an abundance of game and fish from the lake. Settlers kept a cow, a few hogs and some sheep for subsistence farming. However when the lumber companies moved in the ground lost its fertility for raising potatoes, and the early farms were deserted. The population of Muskoka in this period dropped from 60,000 to 20,000. There were settlers migrating from England and the city. Many were disappointed. Others survived by taking in summer visitors and did very well.

Settlement affected the appearance of the countryside. A settler's first idea was to clear ground enough for a house and fields. Consequently, every here and there, were clearings, often full of stumps, around which wild raspberries grew in profusion. Cleared land was used as pasture for cattle.

Roads were primitive and rough. Rocks and tree stumps made the roads bumpy. Our family started to vacation to Alderside 13 years after Edmund Gouldie first settled. The landscape, due to the rapid second growth of trees, is much more beautiful than it was when we came. The dead pines have fallen, and, in their place are the magnificent new pines, fifty to eighty feet high. And, due to the Dam at Baysville, the lake is always kept at high level, and, like the River of God, described by the Psalmist, is 'full of water'.

ALDERSIDE SUMMERS

A verandah across the front of the log house and a lean-to dormitory was added to the east side of Alderside in the summer of 1889. William Murray added the present living room, front bedrooms and verandah in 1891. Grandfather died in 1904. In 1906, the old log house was torn down and the present dining room, with four bedrooms upstairs, and father's bedroom downstairs was built. The present kitchen was also added, and the dormitory was swung around from being a lean-to on the side of the old log house, to being a lean-to on the back of the new building. Father married Ruth in 1916. Ruth passed away in 1937. Father died in 1947. In Ruth's regime, there were many guests. Innisfree became a summer home for Norman and Marion and their son Erie. Then, Isabel and I built Pine Cone for our family, and later, Fred and Hilda built Riverby. Arthur and Alice followed with The Cedar Chest. Ruth later built Barnaby, Stony Heights and Beacon Lodge. When Father died, he left Alderside to Arthur and myself.

I have fond memories of the trunks being brought down from the attic at 21 Atkinson Street in Rochester, to be packed for the summer expedition. Mother laid out the clothes to assure us that it was time to go to Dwight. An immense wicker hamper was packed with a delicious lunch for the two day train trip. The first day took us as far as Hamilton, and the second day was from Hamilton to Dwight.

The first trip to Dwight was exciting. We reached Hillside by steamer from Huntsville at 6 PM the second day. There was no dock, so we were punted to shore along with the trunks. Grandfather was waiting for us with two lumber wagons pulled by the Hill Brothers. All of us were loaded into the first wagon, and grandfather rode with the trunks in the second. A thunderstorm broke out and the wind made it impossible for us to open umbrellas. The drivers slowly got us up hill, over roots and rocks, on the roughest imaginable road, to Dwight. At last we came down Buttermilk Hill and along the lakeshore to the log house. Mrs. Edmund Gouldie and Mrs. Schafer had a fire going, arranged the beds and made supper for us. Soon we were warm, dry, fed and tucked into bed.

Mother looked out over the bay, and the sparkling water stirred by the breeze, with the green hills beyond, and the fresh blue sky. Muskoka became home to her always. Years later, when she went for a great trip to Europe with her father, her only regret was that it would keep her from seeing Dwight that summer.

Alderside was the first permanent summer settlement on the lake. There was a whole countryside to explore. It took ten minutes to get to the top of Schafer's Hill and a quarter of an hour to traverse it. It was nice after a swim in the afternoon to walk to the top of the rock where you got a great view of the lake. Gooseberry bushes lined the edge of the rock. After running up the hill, we stood there, caught our breath, looked at the lake and filled ourselves with gooseberries.

The settlers' cows ran loose over the countryside before the highway was built. The cowpaths were so cool on bare feet. Mr. Schafer drove his cows along the path from the creek bridge to his

home on the hill. There was a path from the far side of the bridge to Schafer's Falls over to Cooper's Lake. There were paths over Keown Hill, and a short cut to the portage. In many places, wild raspberries grew thick along these paths.

The lake was the main attraction. Before the Baysville dam was constructed, there was a broad sand beach in front of Alderside. One could walk on the sand to Cunningham's spring, and, in the other direction, the sand reached far out in front of the road beside the creek. We played on the beach, digging canals, building castles and wading along the shore. At night the boats were drawn as far up as possible on the sand to keep them from drifting away. The canoes were always turned over to keep them dry. There was an alder growth along our waterfront, hence the name Alderside. We cut out rooms in the alder bushes, and used them as dressing rooms. Each of us had our own dressing room on the beach where we left our wet bathing suits to dry. This arrangement was immensely convenient, for we could be in and out of the lake any time of the day, when anyone let out a shout, "Hurrah, in for a swim".

Mrs. Ketch and Mrs. Burns did the laundry. Tubs were set up on the shore, and a huge iron kettle has hung over a fire of pine roots and sticks and driftwood, to provide hot water. They rubbed and scrubbed and got fresh water from the lake, and poured the soapy water in the sand.

There were lots of perch in the lake before it was stocked with bass. I recall going with father, and Mr Keown, and getting twenty-two perch. The bridge was a good place to fish. Arthur caught a great perch there, and he was afraid to touch it, so he ran all the way home with his pole over his shoulder.

Once when we were bathing, little Norman crawled into the punt and got himself off from shore. The wind was from the north, and he quickly drifted out. Aunt Augusta got into a punt and stood in the bow, and tried to paddle it out to where Norman was, but she kept going around in circles. Finally father came to the rescue and seized a pair of oars and rushed into the lake and swam to Augusta's boat, and crawled in and rowed out and made the rescue. Arthur and I actually attempted putting paddle wheels on the punts instead of rowing. The motion of the boat was beautifully smooth, and we were proud as Punch.

Grandfather died in 1904. He probably missed one summer between 1888 and 1904. The little room back of the chimney in the upstairs front part of the house was known as "Grandfather's room". His interest was missionary work among the people, and he spent much of his time doing pastoral visiting and holding services. Each morning he was up early and went into the lake for his morning wash. The path from the house to the lake was crooked because it went around stumps, roots and obstructions. From my bedroom window I could see Grandfather going down the path, teetering from side to side according to the irregularities. One day I cut roots and removed obstructing bushes and straightened out the path. The next morning, when I heard grandfather start for the lake I leaned over from my bed, and looked out the window to witness the pleasure he would take in the straightened path. I was too young to reckon the force of habit. Down went grandfather, teetering from side to side as always.

We owe our life at Alderside to Grandfather. It was he who first came to Dwight. It was he who bought the first acre of land, the log house and later gave it to Mother. It was he who met us at Hillside with horse and wagons and drove us to Lake of Bays.

Father's interest in Dwight began when Grandfather invited him to assist in the dedication of the church in the summer of 1887. His concern for the church never flagged. While he became immediately interested in the place as a summer home for the family, the church was always a major responsibility. He conducted the worship every year but one in fifty years.

Picking berries, bathing and going for walks and picnics were constant recreations. Father was always a leader in raspberry picking for the table or jam. We were not all equally good at the task. Alex was excellent with an axe, and he cleared many dead pines that marred the landscape. There was one at the top of a high bank towards Schafer's Falls. Alex cut it, and when he had it ready to fall, we all gathered to see the immense splash as it crashed down into the water of our shore, but there a number of dead ones. This condition was probably due to forest fires.

A Sunday night sing-a-long developed at Alderside. We sat on the verandah on balmy evenings, or in the living room around a bright fire on cool evenings. Father would lead with his splendid voice and his wide knowledge of hymns and tunes. Each chose a favourite hymn. I can remember an evening when there were more than forty hymns. But what I remember more, is the beauty of the hymns we sang, and the lasting impression their words and their music made on me.

Father had great pride in the only property he ever owned. He wanted his friends to see and enjoy it. Some were friends of mother's and father's, and some were friends of ours. Some came once, and some came regularly. All were welcome. Deacon Charles Matthews, being one who came in 1889 as almost a first visitor, built us a ten foot dining table. In 1906 a new dining room was built because we sometimes had to add another large table to accommodate everyone. Some summers there were thirteen people all season, while others there was over twenty. The list of supplies for the summer, read like "Solomon's provisions for one day" described in the fourth chapter of first Kings." As I recall, we ordered seventeen large loaves of bread from the bakery. One summer William Thompson delivered three hundred and seventy six pounds of lamb. Mr Keown brought five hundred and twelve quarts of milk. Mrs. Ketch supplied excellent butter.

Usually the family would go to Dwight in late June. Father arrived the middle of July. Once when he was making the trip, he sent a telegram to mother stating the time of his arrival. When he got as far as the Portage, someone said to him, "are you going to Dwight?" "Yes," said father. "Well," said the man, "there's a telegram been hanging around here for a couple of days for someone in Dwight. Could you take it in? The boats aren't going in there today." Father was glad to do it, and he got a buggy to drive him to Dwight. Arriving at the Alderside gate, he handed the telegram to mother to whom it was addressed, telling of his coming.

When Father came to Dwight he usually brought a couple of baskets of black currants, which we made into jam. Then, for half a day after his arrival, we all sat on the verandah and picked the

currants from the stems in preparation for the jam making. It was not, however, only getting food that concerned mother and father, but keeping food fresh after we got it. A big cupboard with screened doors was built for keeping bread and dry foods sweet and fresh. Then father had a large root house dug, underneath the dining room, with an entrance from outside. This was good for vegetables and potatoes. Mr. Ketch build an ice house for milk and butter. The ice house was located on the embankment towards the lake in front of the cottage. This was convenient for filling with ice in the winter. However it got sun on it from dawn to dark, and the ice melted before the end of the season. The other was that the ice had to be carried to the refrigerator. The ice house was moved to a more shaded spot not far from the kitchen door, where it served until we got an electric refrigerator.

Father lived through mother's regime at Alderside, twenty years with Ruth and ten years alone. The last ten summers he just enjoyed being in the house alone with faithful Bella Quinn to look after him. He sat quietly by the fire, or in the sunshine on the verandah. Family and neighbours dropped in to chat with him. He loved to look at the pine trees develop for more than fifty years.

Family picnics always meant a fire on the shore where water was boiled for whatever hot drink we had. At first, it was always cocoa. Mother had a big iron pot with lots of milk, sugar and Cowan's cocoa. As we grew older, we went further to Haystack Island or Point Ideal. At the latter place, we had a picnic one day, and a fierce wind and rain descended on us, just after we got beyond Poverty Island. We kept paddling on through the rough weather, and then had a lot of fun building a roaring bonfire and eating our lunch standing around it, drying off.

Mother loved to go for a dip before breakfast. Our Sunday afternoon walks were a particular joy, when a number of the family would go together. Not all our picnics called for boat trips. One time we went to Oxtongue Lake, eight or nine miles away. Mother walked most of the way, as the ride in the wagon was so rough. She had put in china cups and saucers to use at lunch, and they were packed in a basket in the wagon. When the cups were unpacked, every one of them had the handle broken off. Mother was the organist in the little church. She gathered flowers and arranged them for the pulpit

Beautiful Muskoka

On the east side of Georgian Bay, lies a great district of hills and lakes. This is Muskoka. Whatever is not a hill is sure to be a lake. The water claims all the low levels, and the hills remain a foundations and fortresses of rock. The land yields to the water, the water must consent to be studded with islands, not only in the lakes.

One of the wonders of Muskoka is the number of transformations the climate goes through in a short period of time. In the morning a silver fog lifts from the glassy waters and the half-lights on the hills and bluffs. By noon clouds and rain blur the whole picture, and by night a magic sunset is a vision of peace and loveliness. Storms are grand events. They rage over the hills and churn up the water. And when the storm passes, the warm Muskoka odour rises deliciously of pine and raspberry leaves and other fragrant things.

Muskoka water has medicinal value. It is wonderful to bathe in, and the long stretches of beaches are perfect for bathers who do not swim. If you want a good rest and refreshment, you will find it in Muskoka.

When we went to Dwight for the first time in 1888, Josephine was twelve, Alex was ten and the rest of us strung along down to zero. Hugh was born in the summer of 1889, and the next summer he took his first step on the Alderside verandah.

We walked to Marsh's Falls, Cain's Corners or to the Portage. We took longer walks to Goose Lake, where we swim by the side of the road. Other walks were to the Emberson farm on the south shore of Clear Lake, Quinn settlement on Long Lake and Robertson's on Oxtongue Lake.

In 1894, Greaves Robson took us to the Long Lake Hunting Camp owned by the Dwight-Wiman group. Greaves was an excellent guide, and was a good cook. The next summer he took us to Crozier Lake.

Arthur recorded sixty-six camping trips. In one trip, we travelled from Georgian Bay to Algonquin Park, and from Lindsay up to Sand Lake and the Big East River. Alex was an experienced camper; his name appears in connection with twenty-nine of the recorded trips. Norman comes next with twenty-six, Arthur with seventeen, Fred with sixteen, myself with fourteen, and Hugh will twelve. My greatest trip was in the birch bark canoe, the Sarah Jane, from Dwight to Sugar Loaf Island on Lake Joseph. Another time I went to White Trout Lake in Algonquin Park. There we ran out of food, and had to turn back. After one day, largely on a diet of wild berries, we reached a store, where we were able to stock up again.

On our second trip with Greaves, we used a homemade oil-cloth tent. Garson's, in Rochester, had used immense oil cloth signs to advertise "Fortune's Crowning Diadem".

We were not superlative swimmer, but we swam from Cunningham's dock to Gouldie's dock which is about three quarters of a mile. Norman was a good driver, and sometimes we went diving from the creek bridge.

In the evening, we had bonfires on the shore, and sat around and told stories, sang and roasted potatoes. It is strange now to have to ask permission from the fire warden to have a bonfire.

Arthur and I found two of the best wives in the world by paddling our canoes at night. Hilda came up to Dwight to sing in the church. Fred paddled her up from the Denovan cottage on the South Shore. Norman and Marion did lots of canoeing before they were married. Everyone else wanted to take Marion paddling, so Norman had to work hard, but he was victorious in the end.

The Quinby's lived next door to us in Rochester. After Mother died, Father married Ruth Quinby. Ruth brought new life and zest to father's life and built three cottages at Alderside. We all came to love "Mother Ruth". She was attractive, strong with an excellent sense of humor.

Lois's wedding was another great event. The little church was decorated with daises. Barnaby Lodge was outfitted for the reception. It was a beautiful ceremony and reception.

In the summer of 1937, father came alone. We laid Ruth's ashes beneath a little stone marker in front of the great grey stone that stands in the quiet resting place. Mother and Mother Ruth are there.

Father's passing ended sixty long years he had constantly been the 'man of the house'. He pre planned the destiny of the place he so loved. He left Alderside to Arthur and Harold. The old place needs repairs and improvements each year, but is still homey and comfortable, filled with the laughter of grown-ups and children.

DWIGHT LORE

No name is more highly regarded than Greaves Robson. William G. Robson, was a pioneer of Birkendale on Ten Mile Bay. Greaves was a hero to us – a loyal friend, a camping guide and a man of boundless backwoods experience who possessed a vein of humor that made his tales as humorous as they were interesting. For years, he rivalled Fred Marsh as the best captain and pilot on Lake of Bays.

Mr. Pratt was an early Dwight settler. With two hundred acres, he created a beautiful garden and Manor House. He chose the location of his home at Stony Point, with the river coming down one side, and the land gently rising back from the lake on the other. He laid out terraces, with perennials and built a small house with a glorious outlook on the entire bay. Mr. Pratt was a watchmaker in England.

John F. Wilson had an ingenious mind. His log house was cold in winter so he decided to warm it up by putting a layer of shingles on the outside. He had no shingles, no money to buy shingles, so he overcame this difficulty by shingling his house with tin. Every time he saw a tin can, he brought it home, pounded it flat, and nailed it on for a shingle. Cans of all kinds and sizes were used, from five gallon tins to little fruit cans. I saw the house only a few years ago, while on a walk with Phil Atkinson. He never got it entirely shingled, but at least two sides were finished,

and looked as amazing as Joseph's coat of many colors. John dressed in old trousers pulled up on his skinny frame, and a flannel or cotton shirt.

Jimmy Asbury

Jimmy Asbury had a general merchandise store just west of Pine Grove Inn. The store flourished and most of our local trading was done there. After old Mr. Asbury died, Jim sold the place and moved to Oxtongue Lake, where he set up a store and cabins for motorists. His sons are Vic and Art.

Steamboat Days

The first boat on Lake of Bays was Captain Marsh's Mary Louise. Then came Captain Denton's Florence. Then, followed the Maple Leaf, the Equal Rights, the Iroquois, the Joe, the Niska, the Mohawk Belle and the Bigwin boats.

Captain Casselman worked on Peninsula and Fairy Lakes – but, for a while he was on Lake of Bays. Casselman liked to bring his boat into dock, full steam ahead and reverse the engine and make a sudden stop. Greaves warned him that the propeller was loose, and that he might have trouble. Casselman came storming into the dock and as he ran down the side of the dock, he quickly reversed and the propeller came off. The boat grounded itself on the beach.

Once at a regatta at Birkendale – there was an exciting race between the Mary Louise and Florence Main. Off they went, full speed, down the Bay, and around an island, and back. Ramey, the fireman on the Florence Main was afraid the boat would lose because the boiler safety valve was set too low. He crawled up on top of the deck and sat on the safety valve. The Mary Louise won the race. She rounded the island so fast I thought she would go over.

Our children loved the Mohawk Belle and Captain Tinkus. Often the Mohawk came to the Cunningham's dock. If the children were at the dinner table when the boat came in, they would leave the table in the middle of a meal, and run to the Cunningham's and jumped on board. That meant a free ride to Dwight, and if Tinkus was in a good mood, a chance to steer the boat part of the way.

V The Church

The Stewart Memorial Church has always been the focal point of our family life in Dwight. The stories of Grandfather and Father have indicated their connection with the church. Since Father's passing, the summer service duties has fallen to me. Since 1959, this responsibility has been shared by a committee. I share the pulpit with others who have generously consented. This change has increased interest of the summer community and the Dwight residents.

Nellie Haysom and Sam Wells were the first couple to be married in the church on May 22, 1888. Grandfather performed the ceremony. The church originally was a Baptist Church. For fifty summers, father was minister of the Baptist Church at Dwight. Mother, Josephine, and Isabel played the organ. The care of the pulpit flowers also fell to our family. Hilda was sometimes a

soloist, and this brought her into the family. It has been romance of fifty years of married life. Fred was frequently a soloist, and four of the boys have formed a quartet

Many ministers of note have occupied the church pulpit. Congregations have always been good, with parishoners standing outside at the windows to hear the service.

In the early days, settlers came by boat on Sunday morning. Sometimes, for special services, the steamboat would make an excursion to Dwight. Some walked sixteen miles to morning service.

The church still stands as it was built. The belfrey and bell are dedicated in memory of my Mother.

The Children's Congregation

In 1953, Dorothy Stewart and Madeline Welch started a children's congregation. Children from four to twelve following morning prayers are told a story. Then they assembled around the organ and sing one stanza of "Jesus Loves Me". Dorothy and Madeline carried on for seven summers, and then, the leadership was given to Mrs. Ralph Richardson. Fifteen to fifty children attended each Sunday, and their parents are delighted with this arrangement. Nothing is more enjoyable to the congregation than hearing the children sing. When church is over, the children come running to their parents.

The Late Rev. Dr. Stewart – Huntsville Forester, October 23, 1947

The Rev. Alexander Stewart Sr., founder of the Baptist Church at Dwight, Ontario, was the first of five generations of Stewart's to summer in Dwight. He was born in Dufftown County, Banff, Scotland about 1812. He came to Canada on a sailing vessel at age 18, and arrived in Quebec City and later to Montreal where he worked as a dock hand.

In 1830, northern Ontario was opening up for settlement. The lure of free land caused Alex Stewart to join the procession of British immigrants who came from Montreal. He first settled in Simcoe, Ontario where he managed a sawmill.

Rev. Alex Stewart often walked forty miles in one day. He once promised to preach more than a hundred miles away and was there to preach that Sunday morning. Preaching the Gospel of the Ten Commandments, clean living, Faith in God and salvation in Jesus Christ were the foundation of the Baptist church in the Province of Ontario. The Dwight Baptist Church is the 26th preaching station which Rev. Stewart founded.

He preached in a strong Scotch accent about the "unsatiable riches of Jesus Christ". He converted people in colleges for over fifty years. The polished culture helped, but it was his soul, which inspired.

He was fearless. A woman wished to be baptized. Her husband threatened to shoot Rev. Stewart if he baptized her. He baptized her nevertheless,. Later he baptised the husband.

Toronto ministerial students hoped to make a living in a parish in the new settled country. They complained Stewart had the whole region wrapped up and that they could not make a living. He blazed the trail to God for many people.

In 1877 the Dwight region opened up to Free Grant settlement. Between 1877 and 1887, settlers from older parts of Canada and from the British Isles arrived and laid claims to the new lands.

Some families who knew Rev. Alex Stewart in the Baptist Church in Durham came to Dwight. There is a Wilder Lake near Durham. Two families from Wilder came to farm on land now owned by the Tapley's, across the Bay from Dwight. William Ketch and family also came. Godlip Woods took a farm at Poverty Point. Joseph Smith had a farm across the Bay from South Portage. Then, there were the Thomson and the Wells families and others who had come to the Dwight region.

Rev. Alex Stewart saved \$700 for his old age. The railroad had not yet come as far north as Huntsville. Rev. Stewart appeared in Dr. Howland's office asking for directions to Dwight. A young woman, (I think her name was Burns) was going to Dwight, and the tall, rotund Dr. Howland, introduced the young girl to the old preacher. They walked to Dwight together.

The grandfather of Mr. Robinson of the Dorset store had a lumber camp in front of the Stewart's Alderside home. In 1888 there were some remnants of log buildings including part of a

blacksmith's shop, used by Archie Gouldie. A good log house stood where the Stewart home is today. Rev. Alex Stewart bought this log cabin as a parsonage and an acre of ground for \$40.00 from Edmund Gouldie, the original settler and founder of Dwight.

The old minister lived in this log house all winter. The spaces between the logs were not chinked or plugged. At night, he covered himself with a great fur coat. In the morning, he arose, and shook a pile of snow off his coat.

On August 17, 1887, the church was completed and the missionary's \$700 old age fund was exhausted. There were no chairs. The congregation sat on pine board benches with no backs. The dedication was attended by the late Dr. Joseph W.A. Stewart, minister of the First Baptist Church of Rochester, N.Y. Also attending were Rev. James and Rev. Alexander Grant, Baptist ministers who summered in Dorset Bay. Settlers came in flat bottom punts, rowing to church from across the Bay, Ketch Bay and Rat Bay. The Embersoms and Mrs. Geroux came from Cain's Corners. William Murray came from the Portage. In later years, he married a second time, and, when this writer visited in Durham in 1900, he was comfortably housed in his own home, with a good and able wife making a home for him.

Rev. Alex Stewart continued to come to Dwight for most of the summers around 1900, but, he was too old for further pioneering, and people began to expect preaching with a University flavour.

The house of worship on the north side of the Lake of Bays was the last church he erected. The log cabin parsonage was given to Mary McGinn Stewart (Mrs. J.W.A.) on condition that her husband preach in the church in the summer time. This sacred trust was carried out by the late Dr. Stewart for fifty years, and recently, has been ably taken care of by Rev. Harold Stewart – one of the late Dr. Stewart's four ordained sons.

Rev. Alexander Stewart died in 1904 at age 92. He is buried in the Durham cemetery. His daughter, Miss Augusta Stewart, took care of him before he died. He used to complain to visitors, in his last days, saying – I want to go back and preach in Muskoka, but the family (meaning his daughter) would not let me.

His son, the late Dr. J.W.A. Stewart died on June 26, 1947 at age 95. These two men, father and son, spent their lives preaching the way to God, Salvation and Heaven.

Visit with Mrs. Langford – Friday, October 13, 1967.

The Dwight-Wiman group first came to Baysville to hunt with the Brown's. They went up through Trading Lake to Dorset. Mr. Dwight erected a telegraph system between Baysville and Dorset. Scotty Campbell's mother Lena Brown was the first telegraph operator in Baysville. They sent Jimmy Liscombe in to teach Lena how to operate the telegraph machine.

The Dwight-Wiman group came for years before there was any settlement. Baysville at the time had five licensed hotels, and three stores. It was never a farming community. It was a tourist centre. Tourists and hunters came, and that was it.

Interview with Air Commodore A. Dwight Ross - Tuesday, August 29, 1967.

My grandfather, Mr. H.P. Dwight, was born in Belleville, Jefferson County, New York, on Dec. 23, 1828. He came to Canada in 1847, and joined the Montreal Telegraph Company, in Belleville, Ontario. He went to Montreal, and Toronto, becoming Superintendent and then ultimately President of the Great North West Telegraph Company in 1881. He retired from the management of the Telegraph Company in 1903, but retained interest in the company until his death in 1912.

Dwight began exploring, fishing, and hunting in the Muskoka area in 1863, accompanied by Mr. J.T. Townsend of the Montreal Telegraph Company. Two or three years later he came further north to Lake of Bays or Trading Lake. Shortly thereafter the Dwight Wiman Hunting Club was established on Long Lake, two miles north-east of Dwight. A log cabin was built and still stands in good condition. It is now owned by the Daley family of Hamilton.

Mr. Dwight first came by rail to Gravenhurst, then by canoe from the Gravenhurst wharf to Bracebridge. From Bracebridge, we went overland to Trading Lake by the rough Muskoka Road. One of our earliest guides was Mr. William Hannah of Port Carling who lived with his mother at South Falls on the Muskoka River. He later became a leading merchant and business man. Amongst other friends in the Muskoka district were the Shrigley's who lived at Cedar Narrows. Other guides were Frank and Dick Blackwell, Edward and Archie Gouldie and Tom Salmon.

Mr. Dwight's letter to Mr. J.T. Townsend of the Montreal Telegraphy Company in Brantford dated April 28, 1863 suggests a trip to Muskoka.

Dear Tom,

What do you think about a trip to Muskoka some time in June? It would probably take about ten days. We can go from here by Northern Railroad to Belle Ewart, then, by steamer to Orillia, then, across country by wagon, twenty or twenty five miles to Muskoka Falls, and thence, up the Muskoka River by canoe – two of us in a canoe, with an Indian in each canoe.

If four of us go, it will make a good party. Mr. Grant, who was up there last season, says he never saw such fishing in his life. We must have two tents, and a supply of provisions.

In 1905, H.P Dwight wrote to Mr. Frank Blackwell, and the people of Cain's Corners.

Dear Frank,

I am sending you a box containing a set of bound Walter Scott novel, 26 volumes, for your family, friends, and neighbours. I hope that they will bring you pleasure. The books are easily readable by old and young. I have pasted a numbered library notice in each volume, so you can record who it is lent to. I would suggest you keep a record of each book loaned, and see that it is returned in good time. It pleases me that your friends and neighbours may enjoy this little library for years to come.

As long as I live, I will remember the many happy days over the past thirty years that I have spent among the Muskoka woods and waters, with you as my companion and careful guide.

The following is a letter written by Mr. H.P. Dwight dated, Toronto Aug. 22, 1906 to Mr. E.J. Gouldie. It speaks for itself.

Dear Mr. Gouldie,

I hear there is talk of a liquor licence in Dwight. I hope I shall never see it while I live. It would be a curse to all concerned, and permanent benefit to nobody. I know of nothing more disrespectful and demoralizing than a liquor store in a place like Dwight. It is bad enough in large towns where there are police forces to keep order, but infinitely worse in a backwoods town, frequented by idle lumbermen and disreputable characters. Dwight is a respectful village. One drunken spree will injure the reputation of the place as a summer resort. I know what are the consequences of a liquor license in Dwight. You are better without it.

THE DWIGHT WIMAN CLUB - After Thoughts - November, 1884

Improved conditions in Muskoka

It is two years since my last visit. I have seen evidence of substantial progress. The dwellings are improved, people are well dressed, their faces are bright and cheerful, and the children have grown in stature, manner, and intelligence. There is a spirit of self-reliance and prosperity.

This region is incredibly beautiful. The memory of our Camp constantly lingers in my mind. The placidity of the lakes, high hills covered with Autumn colour and the mirrored lake is a vision which delights me throughout the winter.

We are fortunate to have these memories imbedded in our hearts. The annual trips give so much pleasure and contribute to one's health and physical and mental well-being. The friendships over the many years are more precious than any worldly possessions. No money could buy them. I look forward to many happy reunions in this delightful spot.

The thoughtfulness and goodness of heart of our good friend Dwight and his Canadian associates, are proof of his love for all of us.

Erastus Wiman, Staten Island, November, 1884.

Roberts little story

I went with Tom Salmon, one of the best guides to Cooper's Lake. Tom put out the dogs on the portage between Long Lake and Cooper's Lake. In a short time, they started due north over the hills. The barks grew fainter and fainter, until now and then a high note came to us. Arriving at the lake, we paddled across to an island where we had a grand view of several bays. We waited an hour and heard and saw nothing. I looked up and saw a splendid great buck coming out of the woods into a meadow of high grass and bushes. There were no dogs after him, and he walked about leisurely, looking out at the lake, wondering if it should cross, presenting his fine form broadside to us, and finally walked back a few yards from the shore and stood quiet. In the meantime, we stood still as trees, until Tom said "crawl into the canoe and don't make a noise. Take your rifle, and let me paddle alone." Our canoe glided on the water as gracefully and quietly as a swan. We got under the shore, and worked our way along to the point where we could see the deer, going slower and slower. I had my rifle cocked, and in position, as we rounded the point, where, among the bushes, I could see the antlers. Not daring to speak or even whisper, Tom gave me a punch in the back, and pointed. He paddled along without a bit of noise, to a good position and stopped. I knew it to mean – "fire".

Albert's Reminiscences

An invitation to join the Dwight Wiman Club on their annual hunt was a compliment and great opportunity to spend a few days in the woods engaging in a favourite sport. I left the great metropolis on the evening of Saturday, October 4th, 1884, in company with two members of the Club. We had a comfortable trip and arrived in Toronto about five o'clock the following evening.

We stayed overnight at the Rossin House and had an excellent supper, good rest, bountiful breakfast before boarding the railway to Allandale. From there we boarded the little Steamer "Kenozha" which took us to Gravenhurst and Bracebridge. We travelled seventeen miles over a wagon road to Baysville. The "Master of the Hunt", was Edmund Gouldie, who provided guidance through lake and forest and instructed us in the arts and mysteries of hunting and telling us of the remote country.

We reached the camp on October 7th, and were greeted by our guides and a cook. The log club house was located on the eastern shore of Long Lake. The kitchen had a stove and appliances and there were spacious tents for the guides and kennels for the dogs.

My guide was Frank Keown, a strong, sturdy and well acquainted twenty one years old. He was knowledgeable of the Muskoka region and the manner of all game from squirrels to beaver, deer, bear and moose.

To my good fortune, a splendid buck dashed out of the forest and bounding along the sandy beach with keen hounds following in hot pursuit. My guide counselled me against firing while excited by the chase.

All things must come to an end, and our hunting days are no exception. I am grateful for the many kindness shown to me by members of the Club, fellowship that grew out of our association, and the thoughtful consideration of that member of the Club to whom I shall always be grateful.

Cole Family of Dorset - Bracebridge Gazette, November 22, 1923.

On Sunday June 8th, 1879, the cornerstone of St. Joseph's Roman Catholic Church in Bracebridge was laid by His Grace, Archbishop Lynch. This week the solid brick structure 70 by 90 feet, with vestry 20 by 24 feet was raised three feet from its foundation and placed on a new foundation with a basement. The newspapers of the day were in the cornerstone including the Muskoka Herald, the Free Grant Gazette; The Globe, Mail and Tribune and a weekly edition of the Montreal Post.

Reference is made in the Gazette to a new map of Muskoka and Parry Sound by Rogers and Penson. There are 39 good size maps of the various townships, showing the lakes, rivers, roads, names of settlers and their Post Offices. The Atlas has pictorial illustrations of South Falls, Magnetewan, and scenes in Muskoka.

Many of the Gazette advertisers in 1879 are still in operation today including: Samuel Bridgland M.D., druggist and chemist; W.W. Kinsey; Harness Emporium; J. Pratt, Watchmaker and jeweller; F.G. Pokerney land agent; Temperance House, Baysville; Dominion House, Bracebridge; Queen's Hotel; Sydney Hotel, Port Sydney; James Boyer, Clerk of Bracebridge; E.F. Stephenson, publisher of the Gazette; F.A. Graffe, & Co., publishers of the Herald Darwin Kent; North American Hotel (Ontario Street across from the British Lion) and O.W. Lount, Barrister.

Bracebridge was in the transition stage in 1879. "Several complaints were reported of pigs wandering through the village – gardens broken into and sidewalks filled with offensive manure. On Tuesday night a culprit sneaked off with about \$20.00 worth of clothing from the clothing line of the editor of the Free Grant Gazette.

A notice from the Postmaster General officially announce the opening of a new Dwight Post Office.

Death of Minnie Cole - The Mail in Toronto, June 6, 1879.

A New York paper contains an obituary notice of Minnie Cole, who died in the Toronto General on August 16, 1879. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Zack Cole of Cedar Narrows of Trading Lake. Minnie was probably the first white child born in the district, and was held in high esteem by the settlers, and members of the Dwight Wilman Hunting Party in Muskoka.

Funeral arrangements were made by Mr. H.P. Dwight, Superintendent of the Montreal Telegraph. Members of the Dwight and Wiman Sporting Club will erect a tombstone at her grave.

Mr. and Mrs. Aylmer Campbell, Falcon Road, Huntsville - Tuesday, September 3, 1968

My brother Albert lived at South Portage on Lake of Bays. We were in partnership in the lumber business. We had a sawmill. We moved to the portage in 1912. We had been at Cain's Corners before that. Mr. Cain died and Mrs. Cain married Mr. Geroux.

The other people who lived at Cain's Corners were the Davis's who lived in the big red brick house down on the old east road, across the road was Harry Lang. Peter Newton was on the other side toward Dwight. In 1903 Mr. Davis was renting the red brick house. The Blackwell's bought the house after the Davis's left. There were two Blackwell brothers – Frank and Dick. They were Algonquin Park guides.

Why did you come to Cain's Corners? We contracted 1000 acres of lumbering for R.E. Kinsman of Hamilton. We were there from 1903 until we moved to the Portage in 1912.

We bought the mill from George Cookman. His men cleared Bigwin Island. When we bought the mill it included the little point which ran into Portage Bay. We sold a piece of the point to some people from Brantford, who wanted it for a cottage. A short time later we sold the whole point, and it is now all built up with beautiful homes on it. We operated the mill from 1912 to 1943.

We bought our logs from Egbert Boothby at Point Ideal. Stan Hanes stripped the shore at the back of Britannia and we also bought from him. We towed the logs to the Portage. We bought from private individuals, not companies. We sold the soft wood locally. The hardwood was shipped away. We built cottages at Norway Point, Glenmount and Bona Vista. We had carpenters who took contracts in the fall from people who wanted a cottage built. We had our own boat, and we'd deliver the wood right to the shore for them. We had a good business there for a number of years. When the war started, we sold out.

The Osborne's at the Portage were there when we arrived. We delivered material for Mr. Owen Osborne's cottages near Britannia.

The Portage railway was built before we moved to the Portage. Arthur Osborne managed the railway between North and South Portage. He lived at North Portage.

There were four Thompson families when we arrived. Wellington (Wack) Thompson lived next door to me. He was the engineer of the Portage Railroad. Willard Thompson owned a big farm. Steven and Jack were other brothers. Wellington Thompson (not Wack) lived over in Sinclair, he wasn't at the Portage. Leonard Thompson was at home with his father and mother.

The Quinn's ran the store. Mrs. Jack Boothby was a daughter of John Quinn. She was married three times.

Mr. Murray was one of the old settlers at the Portage. There was a big family of the Keetch's - Charlie, and Alvin's father.

There were two families of Hicks – they had just sold to two Grammage brothers. Their property has been sold for cottage lots.

One family of Keown's lived next to the Murray's on Rat Bay.

Charlie Thompson lived on Rat Bay. He builds cottages. He also works for Hickock's at Dwight.

There was a school in 1912. Miss Mawhinney of Huntsville was the teacher. The log school was replaced by a brick school. They were building it when we came here.

Mrs. Salter is now Mrs. Quinn. She is 93 or 94, and is in The Pines. She is Mrs. Boothby's step-mother.

Mr. Shea worked for us for a number of years, and they lived in a little log house next to McCurdy's store. The Meredith's were between Cain's Corners and the Portage.

Gordon Thompson had a boat livery and ship building. The Algonquin was built on our mill before 1912 and brought over by winches. When they were going down the big hill at the North Portage and it broke it's back. The Iroquois was also built there and ran on Lake of Bays.

C.O. Shaw bought the Florence Main and made her bigger and changed the name to Mohawk Belle. The Iroquois ran on the Lake of Bays for a number of years. Mr. Campbell did not know where Mr. Shaw bought the Florence Main, but it came through Fairy and Peninsula Lakes into Lake of Bays.

Mr. Bailey and his son ran a boat livery service for the Wawa. They lived at Edgewood Farm just up from the Wawa. When Mr. Shaw started to build Bigwin Island, Mr Fisher ran the boat livery to Bigwin Island for a number of years. Mr Fisher and Mr. Shaw had a falling out, and Mr. Fisher then built Pow Wow Point.

Were many of the early settlers still living in log houses when you came to Cain's Corners?

The Meredith's first house was log and was replaced by a stone house. Mr. Meredith was a baker in Alliston. His bread was second to none. The Meredith's house had three bedrooms upstairs and downstairs was a kitchen, dining room and living room with two bedrooms off of it. There was a wood cook stove in the kitchen, and a big box stove in the living room. The stove pipes went through the bedrooms to provide heat. A drilled well provided water to the house.

Peter Newton lived across from the Cain's. Peter was there when we came. It was quite a large house – they raised a family of six children there (4 boys and 2 girls).

Mrs. William Keown (nee Glass) lived at Cain's Corners. She was one of three girls who came from Ireland. Two married Keown's and one married a Quinn. The rest of the family came out a little later on, the father and another sister and Bob. They didn't like it here, and went back. They lived at the Harry Lang place at Cain's Corners for a couple of years. We called Mrs Keown Aunt Eliza. William Keown's first wife acted as a mid wife to the community as did Mrs. Wack Thompson. In

1903, the nearest doctor was in Huntsville. A telegraph line ran from Dwight to Huntsville. Dwight sent a message to the telegraph office in Huntsville on Minerva Street for the doctor to attend.

The Campbell's were one of the first to have telephone service. The doctor often called him to send Mrs. Wack Thompson or Mary Thompson to take care of a patient until the doctor arrived. They went day or night. They did not have formal nursing training, but they provided care to the sick and vulnerable.

Eddie Mathews ran a boarding house at the Portage. He corked boats. He lived where Mary Boothby lives now. There were boarding houses on South Portage and Portage Hotel on the North Portage.

After Mr. Campbell sold out at the Portage he was an engineer at Hubbel Lumber Co. at the Park Gate for 15 years. One year I looked after the two mills – one at the Park Gate and the other at Hollow Lake.

Birkendale had a Presbyterian and Methodist church in 1912. Dwight had a Protestant and Baptist church. Cain's Corner's had a Methodist service held in the Orange Hall. There was a Protestant Church at the Portage. When we lived at Cain's Corners we generally went to Dwight because there were more young people there than at the Portage. At Cain's Corners we had service every other Sunday. All the churches are now gone except the Baptist church in Dwight and Hillside church.

The Stewart church was on posts, and could not be used in the winter time. They are going to raise it up, put in new pillars, and build a kitchen at the back, and put in a heating system.

There was a minister at Hillside and at the Portage. One night every week the Minister came to the Portage for a card party. Everybody put in one cent. There was no other collection. We played for so many months, then, at the end of the season, there would be a prize. If there would be \$5.00, there would be three prizes. We had 6 or 7 tables going. Mrs. Alex Thompson, of Port Cunningham Road was secretary treasurer.

We also went skiing, tobogganing, sleigh riding and skating. There was a square dance once a week. Dwight, the Portage and Hillside had hockey teams. They built a rink in a field and flooded it.

Members of the Cain's Corners Orange Lodge went to Bracebridge and marched in the 12th of July parade. Mrs Campbell said the 12th meant more to her than Christmas.

Interview with Miss Martha Burns and Robert Burns - South Portage Road, October, 1968

Miss Burns parents moved from Toronto to Millar Hill in 1888 or 1889. The Burns came because of the Free Land Grants. They had 200 acres on Millar Hill. Part of the land was cleared when they arrived. The land was previously owned by Mr. Little. Mr. Burns proceeded to clear more land – and the family made part of their living from the land.

The Quinn's and the Lasseter's were there when we arrived. Our original house was a shanty. Later my father built a more substantial house. My Father made a living in lumbering. He worked for the Rathburns, the Huntsville Lumber Co. and Mickle and Dymont's. The mills hired men for the winter and housed them in camps. Tom Quinn Jr. had a camp – and Miss Burns' father worked for him. They had contracts with the big companies and everything was dependent on the water levels. They got the logs out by horse and sleighs. It was dangerous work. The work was hard on the horses. They brought the logs out to skidways to the water around Limberlost, Long Lake and Oxtongue River to the Lake of Bays – and then floated the logs down to Bracebridge and Gravenhurst.

There were no doctors. There were mid-wives and they seldom lost a baby. Diphtheria took a toll on little children. Mrs. Wellington (Wack) Thompson was a mid-wife and she was the most wonderful woman you ever met. During the depression, she was older by this time, and a number of people were fed out of her pantry. She lived at the Portage. Mrs. Millar, of Millar Hill (Limberlost owns that now), and, my mother used to go out. In the winter, she would always lay her clothes out at night before she went to bed. She always said, "I never know when I'll be called out in the night."

My father went to Huntsville to purchase supplies to last my Mother until Christmas. Father came home the day before Christmas Eve. He would not have any money – he just had a cheque. Mother would go to town with him on the day before Christmas to cash his cheque and get supplies and come home late at night. It was an all day journey, and she got up early Christmas morning to start Christmas dinner. She was a wonderful cook. She could make a good meal out of nothing.

There was no refrigeration to keep food in the summer. In the fall we always had a steer and two pigs. We had a small lake for a water supply. Mother had to give up so much when they moved here. They had nice things in Toronto – conveniences, nice furniture – and they had to get rid of them, before they came up. My Father had great aspirations of getting in on the ground floor before the north country opened up and prospered. It never happened. It just got worse and worse.

The land made Mr. Burns very happy. He always paid his tax to keep the land, whether it was good or bad. It was his land. Muskoka grew on them and they really had a good life together. I remember before my Mother died she told my brother and I that "Your father was always good to me". Any money he got he gave to her. Mother handled all the money.

There were no schools on Millar Hill when we first arrived. The first school house was built in 1896 or 1897. Dr. Reazin was the first teacher, and he came before the school house was finished. Millar Hill did not have a church but we always had service in the schoolhouse. The preachers were visiting ministers.

We were all Church of England people on Millar Hill. There was a service every other Sunday. There were breaks because of bad weather. We always had Sunday School. In the winter time, they used to come on snow shoes or any way they could, and, in the summer on horseback. Methodist services were held in the Orange Hall on Portage Road.

For social activities the neighbours had barn raisings and cut winter wood. The women had get together (bees) all day and then have a dance at night.

Robert Burns well remembers the Dwight Wiman group who hunted around Long Lake. He said they were very good natured. Mr. Dwight was the head of a Telegraph Company. He had the telegraph installed in at Gouldie's store. This was the only means of communication because there were no telephones. Mr. Dwight was genuinely interested in the pioneers of the district.

Dwight Wiman sent boxes every Christmas for the people at Dwight and Millar Hill. There were three presents for each child – something to wear, a book or a toy.

Mr. Burns occasionally met the Dwight-Wiman group at their camp but never guided them. When the Dwight Wiman group hunted, it was two deer to a man. In the early years, there was no cold storage of any kind. Quite often, they came to Dwight by steam boat. Then they got as far as Cooper Lake and canoed. Then they backpacked from Cooper's Lake to Long Lake. Everything had to be carried by backpack – all supplies for the whole hunting season. Well, the deer had to be taken out in the same way. It all had to be packed. It was a huge undertaking.

Years later, they came in the other way. They came in by Millar Hill. The portage wasn't so long from Mr. Tom Quinn's. It was only about ½ mile as opposed to the portage from Cooper Lake to Long Lake which was a mile and a half. Our only power in those days was horses. I've seen them going in many times and coming out too with deer. They were a very, very thoughtful bunch of men – and, did everything they could to help the people who lived here.

Mr. Burns generally trapped alone. He trapped over a large area. It took him one week to make the rounds. He trapped beaver, otter, muskrat, mink, fisher and white weasel. The price of fur varies depending on fashion.

He had to go over his lines during the day. Beaver had to be skinned right on the spot because they are too heavy to carry. A medium sized beaver weighs 40 pounds and a large beaver weighs 65-70 pounds. You don't need to get many to have a load. In winter, as soon as you see you've got a beaver in the trap you have to build a fire and bring the beaver out. When it's 30 below it is frozen in 10 minutes. When Mr. Burns is on the trap line, he works from a camp. It would be located up at the head of these lakes that go down into the Lake of Bays. There was one near Limberlost, another near Ragged Falls on the Oxtongue River and one in the Park.

Hunting season is from November 1 until March 31. Mr. Burns stayed out two to three weeks and then came home. He contacted a fur buyer when he came out. He still traps but he can't take the cold like he used to. When it snows and is very cold, he comes home. The winters seem to get harder, the hills steeper, and the bush gets bigger.

The Story of Millar Hill - by D.W. Hiscoke – Forrester June 20, 1963

The Dwight Wiman Club who hunted and fished in Muskoka were very good to the people of Millar Hill. They sent hampers of toys and gifts for the children at Christmas, and books for the adults.

David Millar was born in Dumfries, Scotland and came to Muskoka around 1878. There was an adventurous side to his nature, for he had gone to sea as a young man, and had voyaged to the Far East. It was this same spirit of adventure which enticed him to settle in northern Ontario on the Muskoka River. Crown Land was to be had for clearing the land, and, though it was far from good land, it appealed to him, with its wide views, isolation and challenges.

“Davie” was not the first to land on the hill which later was to bear his name, and certainly he was not the last to leave. The great white pines were felled by settlers axes. The only evidence today of a thriving little community is a clearing of land and piles of stone fences.

Courage, endurance and inventiveness were necessities for someone to survive in such inhospitable surroundings. The legacy which such men and women left to us, is something which will not die with the passing of generations. It took five hours or more in slow moving oxen and wagon to go to Huntsville to purchase necessities.

The settlers came from Scotland, England and Ireland, as well as from other parts of Canada. They came in response to advertisements offering free land to clear the bush. They had visions of lush fields, herds of cattle and prosperity. They suffered trying to scratch a meagre living from the rock-strewn terrain, which compromised their allocation. Nevertheless, it was their land to do with as they wished, and the measure of their success is judged from the fact that they stayed. By the turn of the century there were about 15 families living on Millar Hill Road.

The names of the early settlers were: Quinn, Burns, Langmaid, Dean, Lasseter, Bloss, McCann, Rhodes, Shepherd, and Lee. “Each, in his time played a part in the development of the community and each has left behind their influence on Millar Hill and Dwight.

There is a story of the schoolhouse itself, told by its first school master, Dr. Reazin, a man who was only a year younger than Canada. Having accepted the invitation to teach during the summer vacation from his medical studies, he arrived on the hill to commence his duties to find that his “school” was represented by a huge pile of logs. One may imagine his disappointment, but it speaks volumes for the enthusiasm and industry of the people of the community, that the pile of logs became a school house, inside two days, and, on the third day, classes were held. True, there were no windows or doors beyond openings in the logs, but there was a roof, and there were desks and a blackboard. How did they do it? Well, it seems there was an abandoned school over near Dwight, and what was simpler than to hitch up a team, and drag back a wagon load of equipment to get the great project started.

There were several successive teachers, for the school which operated only during the summer months, when the children could be spared from farm chores. Travel was extremely difficult during the winter months. Youngsters were all needed to do the jobs normally undertaken by the men folk, whose incomes were largely derived from work in the bush, once the ground became frozen.

Money was far from plentiful, and, even as late as 1911, 50 cents a day was the going rate in the saw mill down by the Boyne Creek, and a young lad might earn a quarter for a day of collecting stones in the fields. Work in the lumber camps paid a dollar a day or better, and, a day's pay would buy a 26 oz. bottle of whisky. Two pounds of butter was 25 cents. There was a ready market for such produce, as well as green stuffs, at the camps, and, in later years, at the resorts which began to appear as steamers brought visitors to Lake of Bays.

Sickness was not uncommon and periodically an epidemic of diphtheria took its toll. Neighbours stood by one another to render what assistance they could give.

The people of Millar Hill owe a great deal to the kindness of the members of the Dwight Wiman Club. They came to Muskoka for hunting and fishing, and sent hampers of toys and gifts for the children at Christmas and books for the adults. At Christmas time, there was great activity presided over by Mrs. Billie Quinn, who saw to it that no one was forgotten. By present day standards, the toys were functional and practical.

The Millar Hill school had 25 pupils in 1901 and closed in 1916. The Quinn's sawmill at the Boyne moved to Dwight and slowly the families drifted away. Mr. Langmaid, one of the first to come, remained alone on the Hill. By 1920, the area was deserted. At the foot of the Hill, the Lasseter farm and the Emberson's stone house built in 1894 were the only farms still operating on Millar Hill Road at Highway 35.

The story of Millar Hill may not have contributed much to the economic development of Canada, but, in a changing world, it is well that we should pause, now and then, to honor those hardy pioneers who strove "to seek, to find, and not to yield" – and left behind a legacy which we cherish.

The Portage Railway

The Portage railway started operating in 1900. Arthur Osborne operated a bus service for passenger and freight service between the two lakes, until the railway commenced operation.

The railway was built by the late Captain Marsh, after he tried to get a subsidy from the Ontario Government. Eventually he was successful in getting funding. The amount, we believe, was \$25,000, although the road and the equipment, must have exceeded that amount. Captain Marsh, ill at the time, lived to see the railway completed. He was taken by boat to the Portage, and crossed the portage on the first trip over. He died a short time later.

In 1906 the Portage Railroad hauled tanbark for the Anglo-Canadian Leather Company in Huntsville and Bracebridge. As tourism became more important, the Railway transported passengers and freight during the summer, between South Portage on Lake of Bays, and North Portage on Peninsula Lake.

The railway consisted of one and one eighth miles of 42 inch wide gauge track with a station and dock at the end of the run. The two little saddle-back locomotives, built in 1888 in Pittsburgh, Pa., were originally logging engines from British Columbia owned by the Eddy Match Company. The two open air passenger cars, one from Toronto, the other from Buffalo, were originally horse drawn street cars. There was also an enclosed car from New Orleans which was rarely used. These were all refitted for the 42 inch tracks. Other rolling stock consisted of two flat cars, and two baggage cars.

The railway connected the steamers Algonquin and Ramona from Huntsville to the Iroquois and Mohawk Belle on the Lake of Bays.

On the 1 – 1/8 mile long run from Peninsula Lake to Lake of Bays, the little engines climbed an elevation to one hundred feet, hauling thousands of passengers and tons of freight every summer. The top speed was 14 miles an hour. The cost per passenger was 50 cents for the round trip, and special trips for canoeists and their gear was five dollars.

Mr. Carl C. McLennan succeeded the late C.O. Shaw as a president and owner of the Railway.

The Portage Railway is said to be the shortest complete chartered railway system in the world. The world's smallest commercially operated railway is the proud claim of the Huntsville and Lake of Bays line – dubbed the Portage Railway. Its rolling stock puffs steadily over 42 gauge rails, 1 - 1/8th miles between North and South Portage in the Lake of Bays District.

The little line runs over a hump separating Fairy Lake, and Lake of Bays to complete steamer and motor launch service operating on the two lakes.

The Railway consists of two small engines, two flat cars, and one box car. Passengers ride in what were once a Toronto and Atlantic City horse drawn street cars. The railroad has its own telephone line, round house, water tank and terminals.

Operating only three months a year, the service carried 15 thousand passengers and 500 tons of freight as well as mail last year. Fares have risen in line with general costs everywhere – now 50 cents. In 1947, a return fare was only 15 cents. Despite the increased costs, the tiny train still remains a favourite of summer visitors. Though summer visitors are now its main source of revenue, it was originally built to haul tanbark over the portage.

Early in the 50's the two original locomotives retired to a Chicago Transportation Museum, and were replaced with two larger saddle back engines built by the Montreal Locomotive Works. Then, in 1958, the Portage Railroad ceased operations

Mrs. Vivian Murray, South Portage – Sunday, July 26, 1970

Mrs. Murray was born in 1892. She came to Huntsville with her parents when she was 3 years old. We stayed in Huntsville a year, then moved to Birkendale in 1896. Our family name was Fittell and our home at Birkendale was 6 miles from Dorset and 6 miles from Dwight.

I was married in 1910, when I was 18. The family home burned. My father started to build another home, but he died before it was complete. Mother then came to live with me.

Did your father farm? We grew potatoes and had a cow, horse and a steer. He used to draw his wood with that.

My husband's family was at the Portage before I was married. My husband's father – Bill Murray was secretary of the school and a carpenter. My husband was the last of their children. They had 12 or 13 children.

The MacDonald's settled early at the Portage. They had a mill. The mill was gone when I moved here. The mill was where Gordon Thompson lived, right on the corner.

Wack Thompson lived just below them for many years. He ran the train. I didn't know much about them, until I was married. They had been there for quite a while. Mrs. Wack Thompson was a wonderful, kind woman. She brought most of the babies around here into the world. No matter what Mrs. Wack Thompson was doing – if she was needed, she would go. I sent for her once, and she had some plums on the stove. She took them off, put them on the table, and came. Every day, she would come up and bathe the baby. She would walk up. There was no other transportation.

Mrs. Nellie Murray is a Thompson daughter. She married Vivian's husband's brother. She has a home down here, but her granddaughter Beatrice Carter is now living there. Dora Ketch is another Thompson daughter. She lives in Gravenhurst and is married to Joe Ketch. The youngest daughter is Nora Francey and she lived in Hillside and has now moved to Gravenhurst.

The Santamour's were early settlers. He managed the Portage railroad.

The Jack and Willard Thompson were another early family. They lived where that riding school is. They had two sons – Norman who lives in Toronto and Harold who lives in Huntsville.

In 1910 Campbell's had the mill at the Portage. There were boats and the railway. The log school was where the community centre is now. The community centre was actually the second school building. When they were building the second school, they had classes in the church on the hill. The church has been sold and is now a home. The brick school was built in 1910. The log school was there until then. There was a hotel at North Portage. The hotel had a bar which sold beer. They used to have a big outdoor stand – with a roof on it where they had dances. Then, we had a hall down here, where we had dances. There was a big, long building, on this side of the Community Centre. Gordon Thompson bought it for a boat house.

The Presbyterian church was the only church at the Portage. Grandpa Murray was on the Board of the church and he was secretary of the school.

Mrs. Murray worked for the Ball's at Garryowen. She had such great admiration for Mrs. Ball. I learned a lot from her.

My husband was a school trustee and he farmed. He farmed here as well as worked his father's farm. The hay field was all spruce, balsam and stones. He cleared it all and removed the stones. That's a good field there. He worked too hard. The early people worked from daylight to dark.

The Willard Thompson's farmed. They had cows, horses and sheep. That was all that they did, and they were able to make a living doing that.

The Santamour's job was looking after the dock and boats. Also, they had the switchboard in their home. They live in Gordon Thompson's former house. Then, they moved up to the navigation house. She ran a boarding house at one time.

What were some of the smaller boats that you remember? The Joe – Andy Salter was the Captain. The first time I met my husband, was on that boat. I missed the regular boat from Dorset, and Mr. Salter said he would take me down. I was working at Garryowen at the time.

The Steamer Joe towed logs for the lumber companies. They towed logs on the North Portage. That is where Captain Salter got hurt. The hook on the chain straightened out, came back, and hit him on the head. He never was the same afterwards.

The Equal Rights was a grocery supply boat on the lake. If you wanted anything, you put up a white flag.

The Mary Louise used to run trips. Mrs. Murray knew Captain Marsh

I knew old Mrs. Geroux, who had been Mrs. Cain. I remember the old Meredith house. I never saw old Mr. Meredith. Their son Bob built the stone house – then, he died. Then Tommy Shaw owned it. After he and his wife died, Burns bought it. They sold to Limberlost. During that time, a Mr. Ketch lived there. Then, it was sold to the Moffatt's.

Supplies were ordered and came out by boat. Bill Keown lived on the next farm to us. Mr. Quinn's first wife was a Millar. Then, he married Mrs. Tangate. He had a boy Ted, and she had a girl. Jack Thompson – Charlie's father lived beyond that.

Uncle John Fleming lived across the lake in Dwight.

I worked for the Salmon's one summer – we used to get our mail at the original Birkendale house.

Mrs. Jack Boothby – South Portage – Sunday September 19, 1971

My mother's maiden name was Annie Keown. The Keown's settled in Dwight. Mother married Robert Tangate. My father's parents lived in Brunel Township. When my mother and father were married, they settled on a farm, about half way between here and Dwight.

My Father bought this farm, but he cooked mostly in the winter in lumber camps. He was cooking in the camp near Sudbury when he had a heart attack. I was just 18 months old when my father died. My mother married John Quinn when I was six years old. After my dad died, my mother and her sister Ellen and her husband Louis Keown ran Portage Lodge. They were not the original owners of the hotel. A man named Henderson owned the hotel previously. Mother did not sell the farm, because we went back after she re-married. Mother looked after the Post Office at the hotel and worked in the dining room. My aunt Ellen Keown did the cooking. There was no Post Office at this side of The Portage in those days. Whoever lived here, had to cross over there to get their mail, in those days. The school teachers all boarded and walked the one mile to school.

John Quinn was from Millar Hill. His grandparents lived on the old Millar Hill Road. The Quinn Farm was on this side of the Burns Farm. The last time I was there Grandmother's farm was still there. That was quite a few years ago. Mr. Langmaid lived right across from my grandparents. He operated the Millar Hill Post Office. I don't know if they were related to the Baysville Langmaid's, or not.

When Mrs. Tangate and Mr. Quinn were married, they went back to the farm and he farmed. He worked for Mr. Robert Meredith for many years.

Robert Meredith built the stone house. He had no idea it was going to be the size it was. He just wanted to build a new house. The floors were oak and there was a big fireplace. The house was lovely – but it was never fully furnished. The kitchen was furnished, and the pantry, and then, he had one room downstairs which he called a den. The living room was two big rooms, with an archway between. We had dances there because it was a big open space. Tommy Shaw lived with him most of the time, and inherited the house after Mr Meredith's death. The house was remodelled and sold to Norman Moffatt.

I married John Boothby, son of Edward Boothby of Port Cunnington. They lived right across from the Anglican Church. My husband' brothers Bill and Roy Boothby are still living along with two sisters: Mrs. Green in Lindsay and Mrs. Dan Hughes in Port Cunnington.

When my husband and I were married, we lived for five years on the Egbert Boothby farm at Port Cunnington. The farm was on a long hill on the way to Point Ideal. The people from Point Ideal passed our place every day.

Then, after five years, we moved to the Portage, and bought the store across the road. I wasn't married until I was thirty. My mother died, and I kept house for my dad for ten years and then I went off and worked for two years, and then I was married. Jack was 35. We moved here in 1937 and we kept the store for many years. Jack was the Postmaster. I think Mrs. Hood was the first one to have the Post office. I think her name was Mrs. Bill Hood.

There has always been a store in this particular location at the Portage. The Osborne's were the first people to have this property. They had boarders and ran the stage coach. The boarders worked at the mill down below on the lakeshore. When I was a little kid going to school, the mill was no longer running, but the great big building that housed the machinery was still there. Mrs. Jim Hood bought from the Osborne's and she had both store and Post Office.

Mrs. Boothby does not know where the ship building took place- nor had she known that the Algonquin that ran on the other lakes, had been built here – and taken across to Penn Lake. Mrs. Boothby remembers a boat having been brought across from Penn Lake to Lake of Bays – for they all came to see it. It was brought across on rollers of some kind. They were days bringing it across – and it was drawn by horses.

I remember seeing the Iroquois or Mohawk Belle launched at South Portage. I remember seeing a lady break a bottle of champagne against the boat. We were quite small, and we thought it was a big occasion, and then the boat went down into the water.

Some of the early families who lived around the Portage were Wack Thompson and Willard Thompson (not related). As you come down the road here past the vegetable stand, there is a little narrow road. The first farm you see is Willard's. There still is a barn there. That is where his mother and father lived until they died – and then, Willard and his wife got the farm.

Harold Thompson of Huntsville is the son of Willard. Willard's parents were the first ones on the farm. The Thompson's were one of the first families along with the Ketch's. There were two Ketch families – one lived in a house up here near the school, and the other one lived on a farm between here and Britannia. Alvin is the only one who is living here now.

The Murray's are an old family. Mr. William Murray lived on the next farm to where Mrs. Vivien Murray lives. He was secretary of the school for a long time. The original school was built in 1910.

The Portage Church was purchased from Mr and Mrs MacPherson from Rama Township for \$200.00 on Oct. 3rd 1906. The first trustees of the church were Wm. Murray, John Quinn, and James John Ramage. The Portage Church was a house in 1906, then converted to a church and then was sold in 1968 and converted back into a house again.

Mrs. Wack Thompson was a fine little lady. She was a tiny little person and was excellent when someone was sick or when a baby was being born. Whenever a baby was expected, they would

say – “Send for Mrs. Thompson.” She was a quiet little woman – but, she would be right there. I well remember her coming when my cousin was having a baby. I remember her and Mr. Thompson well. He used to run the little engine for many years. Whenever anyone broke out in some kind of disease, she would come, and decided whether or not to call for the doctor. There were no cars – so the doctor came by horse and buggy, or cutter.

The early families were either Thompson’s or Ketch’s. There was Willard Thompson’s family and Steve Thompson’s family. There were the three brothers, and they all had families and lived here. Then, there was Nelson Ketch – that was Alvin’s father – and then Uriah Ketch that we mentioned here some place, and they had a family – and it seems to me that there was another one. Then, there were the Murray’s and my dad John Quinn.

My mother married a Mr. Saulter before she married Mr. John Quinn. The Saulter’s lived here for a number of years. There was another family of Cookman, Aylmer and Bert Campbell and the two Ramages. There were two farms right in here on the Britannia Road. One was Matt Ramage and the other was Jack Ramage.

Andy Saulter worked for the railroad from the time it was built. His son, Alvin ran one of those little enginges for a long time. He is the one who is in charge of the Segwun Museum in Gravenhurst.

The Santamour’s lived here for many years. He worked on the boats for many years. He used to sail the Iroquois. Then, in later years, when they got down to one boat why the Navigation Company owned this first house on the hill above (where Alvin Ketch lives now), and he lived in it. When there was only enough business for one boat, they stopped running the Mohawk from here, and just kept the Iroquois going – well then, he got to be manager of the little railroad, and he lived in this house above me, until he died. They spelled their name St. Amour. It was French – but, in English, it was called Santamour.

The telephone house is on the left hand side by the dock. It is where the men used to make their telephone calls and where water was stored for the little engine.

When we had the store, my mother used to make meals for the men who drove on the ice, and they would come with their horses. We had a barn and hay, and they would feed their horses, then bring them all outside, and have dinner. That was a half way house between Huntsville and the Portage. There were no roads when they built Bigwin. Everything went up through here, on the ice, when they worked in the winter.

When my mother’s parents came from Barrie, they came by train to Gravenhurst. They took a steamer from Baysville to Dwight. I don’t know the name of the steamer. My grandfather and mother’s two brothers came ahead of time, and built a little shack in the woods. My Grandmother Keown was broken hearted when she saw what they had left down in Barrie and came up the path to a little log cabin in the woods in Dwight. Robert Keown’s grandfather died in 1899, aged 74 years.

Portage School – 1910-1928

Nov. 24, 1912 – moved by John Quinn, and seconded by Willard Thompson, that we notify Mrs. Anderson, teacher for our school, be notified that her service will not be required after December 1, 1912. Moved by Willard Thompson, and seconded by John Quinn that we advertise for a teacher in the Forester, and the Toronto Star. Moved by G. Cookman, and seconded by John Quinn, that the collector refund E. Mahon's taxes back to him, \$3.75. Moved by G. Cookman, and seconded by John Quinn, that W. Murray procure two cords of green wood at \$1.50 per cord, and three cords of hardwood - \$1.75 per cord., and two cords of dry slabs – 75 cents per cord, from Campbell's Mill – carried.

Annual Meeting Dec. 26, 1912. Moved by W. Thompson, and seconded by Thomas Blakelock, that A. Osborne be elected trustee for 3 years to succeed Willard Thompson who has resigned.

May 26, 1913 Moved by Cookman, seconded by Quinn, that we advertise for a teacher, if the present teacher Miss Watson leaves.

June 13th, 1914. – moved by Cookman and Osborne, that the Secretary borrows \$116.50 to pay the teacher's salary up until the last of June.

August 15, 1915 – moved by Bert Campbell and seconded by John Quinn – that the rate for the year be 17 mills on the dollar.

September 7, 1915 – moved by Bert Campbell and seconded by John Quinn that we hire Bertha Chessel to teach in S.S. #2 Franklin for the year 1915 – salary \$450.00. Apparently that teacher didn't last long, for it was moved at the next meeting, that we advertise for a second or third class teacher. Annual meeting – 1915 – J. Hughson act as trustee for the ensuing three years. At the next meeting, that name is spelled Huston.

January 1916, it was agreed to hire Mrs. K. Ketch as caretaker of the school at the salary of \$25.00 for the year.

1917 Mrs. Ketch was hired as caretaker for the year, at a salary of \$20.00 for the year.

1918 annual meeting moved raise the secretary's salary to \$15.00 per year.

1919 – Mrs. Uriah Ketch was hired as caretaker for the school at a salary of \$20.00. Aylmer Campbell hired as assessor for the year, at a salary of \$15.00 and collector for the year at a salary of \$20.00/yr.

Robert Meredith has again been appointed auditor of the books.

1921 annual meeting moved that Vivien Murray, Willard Thompson and William Keown be trustees. Mrs. Earnest was hired as caretaker at \$20.00

1922 Mrs. Earnest was hired as caretaker at \$40.00 for the year.

November 20th, 1923 – moved by Campbell, and seconded by Keown, that the teacher be paid \$40.00. Miss Chisholm accepted the trustees offer to accept \$40.00 and a recommendation.

January 1924 – moved by Campbell and Keown that we get a library for the school – 20 volumes.

April 21, 1924 – moved by Campbell and Thompson, that we pay Alvin Saulter \$15.00 salary for assessing school taxes.

November 5, 1924 – moved by Campbell and Thompson that we pay \$15.00 to the school fair at Cain's Corners, for 1924.

December 3, 1924 – moved by Campbell and Thompson, that we raise the teacher's salary to \$1,000.00 a year.

Annual meeting, 1924 – moved that Wm. Hood be secretary of the meeting
Moved that Gordon Thompson be auditor for 1925.

Moved that Wm. Murray act as trustee for 1925. Signed by Aylmer Campbell and Wm. Hood.
Moved that we get Mrs. W.G. Murray as caretaker for 1925 – salary \$50.00.

Moved by Wm. Murray, seconded by Andy Saulter that the collector of school taxes get legal advice as regards to his duties, and the same to be at the expense of the section, if necessary.

1926 – moved by A. Campbell, seconded by G. Thompson, that we notify Mr. Emberson, that we are in favour of our share of the money that has been returned to him for the certification he used to keep up the R. Meredith memorial prize in the Farm's Club Fair.

Annual Meeting 1927 – Moved by Robert Wright, seconded by Willard Thompson that John Quinn be chairman.

Moved by John Quinn, and W.G. Thompson, that Wm. Francey's tender for ditch and fence be accepted.

Dec. 28 – annual meeting moved that Frank Miller be chairman.

1929 Moved by Wellington Thompson that Gordon Thompson be sec. auditor.

Miss Effie Alldred of Baysville - Thursday, July 11th, 1968

My father, Joel Alldred moved to Baysville on April 7, 1878. They came directly to Baysville. My mother's parents (De Mara) and their daughters (two were single and one married) all settled in Baysville. Grandmother's home was beside Miss Alldred's. It has since been torn down.

We bought White House in 1907. We ran it as a resort until 1952. My uncle George Wilkins' father, Captain Wilkins, and his son George built the part of the White House in Brunel Township. George Wilkins married my mother's youngest sister.

The Wilkins located at Wattie's creek. There was no dam at Baysville. When the Wilkins lived at White House, the Marsh's lived where Forrest's cottage is. The Green's lived where Needler's live. Then, the Marsh's moved to Huntsville. Then, the Wilkins moved away. The Captain came down here, he had a stroke, and died. After Uncle George was married, he lived in the village here. Then, that was when the Marsh's got White House, and they sold it to Christopher Cook, and Mrs. Harris, and we bought it from Cook after Mrs. Harris died. Mrs. Harris was the Harris of Massey Harris and Mr. Cook was her son-in-law.

I think while the Cook's had White House they had guests for one or two summers. It was never a licensed hotel, never anything but a summer boarding house.

Why did the Alldred's come here? When this county opened up, it was advertised extensively. Captain Wilkins came to New York with his son George – he was only 15 or 16, and they had intended to go to California. While in New York, they read about this marvellous country with all kinds of timber, game and fish. Captain Wilkins said – “George, wouldn't you like to go there?” Naturally, any boy would love to go there, so, they armed themselves with guns and fishing tackle etc, and came here. But, there was no road and they walked from Gravenhurst.

The other people who lived near White House during Captain Wilkins time were Mr. Green who was where Needler are now. That is Lloyd Green's grandfather. The Marsh's lived on this side of Needler's, then, Captain Wilkins. There was a saw mill down at Williams' Bay before we moved to White House. Part of the wharf and the mill were there after we moved to White House. I think a Mr. Williams operated the mill, that is why it was called Williams' Bay.

We moved to White House in 1907. There were three Green sons: Sandy, Dick and Will. Sandy lived where Needler are, Dick moved down past Wattie's Creek on the road out to Newholm and Will eventually moved down by Wattie's Creek. When we moved here there was saw mill at Wattie's Creek, run by the Farnsworth boys, and Sam Grey.

When the Alldred's bought the White House – my aunt and uncle were living here at the time, and, they thought they would like a cottage. The cottage in front of the White House belonged to my aunt and uncle George Wilkins. The cottage is still there, and in good condition. It belongs to Douglas Wilkins, son of George Wilkins.

Mr. Patterson of Bracebridge (Patterson Hotel) and his two brothers own the White House now. We initially had 300 acres. We sold 100 acres first. Then, we sold some lots off at the other end. Then, we sold the house and 900 feet. I have been selling bits and pieces since. The last piece I sold was last fall, and I still have a piece at the back. The lots have been sold as cottage lots.

Baysville was quite well populated by the time our people came in. People flocked in here, just within two or three years. The early pioneers of Baysville were the Alldreds, Wilkins, Carl Campbells, Mrs. Ellis (Miss Alldred's sister), Alberta Langford (daughter of Mark Langford), Mrs. J.J. Robertson and Mrs. Fairy (related to Mrs. Brown, who was a Henderson). Mrs. Fairy's father started a saw mill. Mr. Brown already had a saw mill here, and I don't think that Walter Henderson stayed very long – just perhaps 5 years. Alex Henderson had a house where the park is. He was Mrs. Brown's brother. They really were the pioneers. They carried planks, all the way from Bracebridge to build a punt.

Mr. Smith used to have the store here. They also had the hotel where Lincoln Lodge is. The large house beside where Norman Kelly lives, used to be a hotel, and the Smith's were in there for a while.

Miss Effie Alldred - Drive along the White House/Britannia Road - Wednesday Sept 19, 1968

Did you always come to the White House by this road? No, this is a new road. It was built about 1948. This road was built to open up this shore lots. We gave the right of way for this road.

The Green's lived at Williams Bay which is quite large and they had a mill. They made moonshine, that is why it is called Whisky Bay. The pier was here for years after we bought White House in 1907. We used to come down here, and portage over to Menominee to fish. That Bay towards Baysville is Auntie Bay, and Auntie's Point. Jack Brown owned Auntie's Bay, and Auntie's Point.

The second road to the right is Portage Road. You can see the water quite distinctly and Langmaid's, Crown, Little Treasure and Roothog Islands and Black Point.

If you were to take the old Murray Road, it would bring you right out at Newholm corners, where the little church is. That was the original road.

Sam Gray and Harry and Bill Farnsworth had a mill at Wattie's Creek. There was a lot of timber around here. There was a log cabin here, and a mill over there. The Farnsworth's moved away and Sam Gray took over. Sam was drowned on the way back from Point Ideal. He wasn't a canoeist and they never found his body. 6 acres on the far side of the Creek is what Wattie deeded to Wilkins. Out there, is all sand beach. This was the entrance to White House. This was all Trespass Road, and, it went on up to White House, and on to Clovelly.

As you face the cottages, with your back to the water, the right hand section of the cottage on your right, was the kitchen of White House. The left hand side, was the washroom and laundry. The centre part was newly built. That was all our beach – right down to Wattie's Creek. The cottage on the left was built out of the dining room of White House. The dining room measured 50' x 27'.

Just before you come to the pink cottage, you see where the old road to the White House was. After you pass Mr. Wilkins' pink cottage and go along the beach road, you come to another white cottage with green trim, which is built on ground that used to be the White House tennis court. The old green cottage further along was built by my brother, in part payment for White House. It changed hands two or three times, then, George bought it back. When he died, I inherited it and sold it.

When the Wilkins arrived in 1872, there was no dam in Baysville. Not quite half way between the pink cottage and the white cottage, by a large rock, and beside the creek, is the location of the first cabin the Wilkins built, when they first came to the Lake of Bays.

We had happy times at White House. Guests were friends. A young couple comes with their baby of 15 months in their arms. That baby return years later with his bride. Three generations of families came for vacations.

This was all virgin pine here when the Wilkins came. Our dining room pine does not have a knot in it. The Wilkins build their first cabin and then White House in 1880. Uncle George and mother's

sister were married soon after that. Maude was born the next year, she was 2 years younger than George. They moved away from the White House. The Captain wasn't too well, and they lived in one place, and Uncle George and his wife lived where Langmaid's store is. That's where my cousin Maude was born. She's the eldest child. The store was not always used. Periodically, it was used as a store, and then, other times it was closed. When the Ellis's lived there, with George's grandfather and grandmother and a maiden aunt, the store was closed. The front part of that store and mansard roof are original.

Mr Wilkins was an army man, and his father was an army man before him. In fact, when he was standing beside the Duke of Wellington, he had a badly injured arm which had to be amputated. The Captain, who was widely travelled, said that this was the most beautiful spot that he had ever seen, and he said, "Here, I am going to build you a home, George." That was all right, as long as George wanted to hunt and fish, and so on, - but, when he was to be married, and have children, and send them to school, then, that was an entirely different matter.

We then proceeded to White House. You can see four rows of pillars which supported the dining room, and where the kitchen was and the flag stone walk. There is a beautiful fireplace in the dining room. The East Wing, went off the other side. From the verandah at the front, you could see across the lake. The trees were always kept trimmed down. There was a side verandah and a 14' wide one all along the front. The building at the back, was the cold storage. Over there, was the East annex. The house which stands now, was the original house that Captain Wilkins built. But, there was only one fireplace, - the one in the east living room was not there, for that was where the kitchen and dining room were. The front door was an old fashioned door, with windows around it, like mine – beautiful woodwork.

The House was broken into and damaged many times before it was sold to Mr. Patterson. They smashed every spindle. The house now is as the Wilkins built it. They had it plastered. The fireplace on the west living room is not original. The original one was torn down, and the two built exactly alike.

They wanted to build the road very close to White House. I went to Toronto to state my objection to the Deputy Minister of Highways. I explained that we were giving the land for the road, but if the road was to be put where the private road is – there would be no room to park our cars behind the house. They agreed to put the road where Miss Alldred wanted it.

There is the road leading to McCrea's. Now we are starting to come in to Clovelly. There is a Rutherford sign, and C.R. Robertson. Clovelly is a point. How did it get the name? Caven's and Dodson's – they are out on the point. When we moved up here, it was called Huckleberry Point. Then, after the Tyrrell's got it, they called it Clovelly, after Clovelly in England. They look towards Bigwin Inn and Point Ideal. Now an old road comes down over the hill some place here. Now, that is the old Trespass Road that crossed our place. That looks straight out to the channel between Bigwin and Point Ideal. This is where the Green's used to live, that is Llyod Green's grandfather.

Trespass Road was built across someone's property – it's not bought or deeded. This road that we are on is a deeded road. It belongs to the Township. Just beyond the Forrest's sign – that's Needler's Point. You can see the Bigwin Water Tower and Point Ideal. G.H. Needler – the Needler's have had that point since before the first world war.

Just past Needler's is the beginning of Bona Vista, directly across from Point Ideal. There is a sign Bona Vista – private road – no thoroughfare. There is a road going off to the right, which is the old Huntsman Road. That was the road, way, way back – and this road was just built about the time we moved up here. When they built the mill down there they built this road. The Huntsman family moved up here, and lived along this road. The road, if you followed it, will come out on that hill – beyond the bridge, that we came off. There is a grade there, and it would come out at the top of that grade. That's how we came when we first came to the White House. We always took the cattle that way – it's a level road all the way through Huntsman Road and Murray Road, they were the first.

We came out on Brunel Road where the little old school is. We crossed Brunel and turned left at the first corner. Just a short distance along the road, on the right is a little log cabin that used to belong to Miss Emaline Ferguson. Across the road from the cabin, is a mill, and, to the left of it, as you face it, was the site of the new home of Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson – called Newholm, for the post office which was kept there, and this road that we are on, is the old road to Baysville. The cabin was built for Cousin Grace – Ferguson's aunt – Miss Emaline Ferguson. This was the old Baysville-Huntsville road, before Brunel Road was built. We walked along, and Miss Alldred pointed out the 'road' – now just an overgrown path – which led to Baysville. Now, that Huntsman road came out at the top of the hill, and met this road.

The log house was built for Miss Emaline Ferguson. Her mother and father named this corner. They had the post office, and her father came to Baysville once a week, and got the mail. He came in a little buggy. Mrs. Ferguson (nee Hamilton) was from Hamilton. Her brother was a Dr. Hamilton, and I believe Hamilton was named after her family. But, they were very refined people – too refined for this country.

We have just come out from the site of the Ferguson Homestead in Newholm, by the little church at Newholm. The road that is across from the church, on the right of the highway, is the Murray road. It goes through, and connects up with the White House road – at least it did years ago. It is all overgrown now. But, I have walked it several times

I knew the Murray daughter. Mr. Murray was a gardener in Scotland for a Duchess, and he was quite an authority.

Now, we are at the four corners where the little Newholm church is located. As you go down the little road past the church on the way to Port Sydney.

Bigwin Island was a sacred Indian burial ground. Clovelly Point (Huckleberry Point) was one of their trading spots – meeting places. I have dug up two or three Indian Tomahawks at White

House – just a few feet from the house. The last one I dug up had a French marking on it. Col. McCullough was on the point. He used to write for the Spectator – on the history of different areas. He said, “I can’t get it verified, but I understand Clovelly Point was a trading spot, and, it would seem to have been a logical place – just angling across from their burial ground, and, the people coming from other areas e.g. Port Sydney, and then, came on through to Clovelly, via the Murray Road”.

We used to go up to Wattie’s Creek to fish for speckled trout. Wattie’s Creek drains into Bell’s Lake – so Clovelly would be a logical place to have a trading post.

When my family came they settled on 200 acres at Porcupine Lake near Rill Lake.

My father did not want to move from Baysville because he wanted to send his children to school.” Grandmother bought property on the corner, and there was a house on it. I have forgotten the name of the people she bought from. Then she bought the next lot to it. Mother and Father bought this lot that our house is on. I think Mrs. Cassidy lived in the house next to us for a while – but my aunt Mrs. Wilkins lived there most of the time – for a long time – George Wilkins’ wife – they built the first part of the house.

Father and Mother built here. The back part was up before my brother was born in 1880. They didn’t move in right away. When they moved here, Father had a horse and grandfather had a horse. They had young horses. Father took care of things. He fed his horse right on the minute. And, his horses were always in good condition, and could always pull a good load. That was the chief industry here. Everybody wanted materials brought in. They went to Bracebridge one day, and came back the next. Then, after a while, they could go and come in one day. But mostly, it was go one day and come back the next day, with a load, and everybody was just waiting for materials – for building – so, he was kept frightfully busy. But, the Alldred men, most of them could use their hands, could do things, and still can.

Mr. Albert Jennings – Huntsville – Friday, Sept. 26, 1969.

Bona Vista

Mr Jennings parents settled in Bona Vista in 1886. They came as far as Gravenhurst by train. That is as far as it went at that time. Then next year, 1886, the train went to Huntsville. Then they drove from Gravenhurst with oxen and two cows. I think the rail line was built to Bracebridge but the train was not running that far. It came to Huntsville in June, and I was born in September.

They came because of the Free 200 acre Land Grant. They settled about a mile back from Bona Vista in the woods. After that, my mother bought 200 additional acres. My Father took out logs and sold them. The closest mill was at the Huntsville Locks. That was a water mill. The Government bought Cotter's out on the water front there, and pulled the old mill down. That mill was there before we arrived. The next mill was at Port Sydney – Smith's had a grist mill – and, anything they grew, wheat, corn or buckwheat they took there to be ground.

Mother and dad had four children. My Father sold logs and tan bark for a living. They drew the bark to Huntsville, and sold it to the tannery, and sold logs on Lake of Bays. And, there was a lot more settlers between us and the lake. The Fowler's – the Pamanter's bought Fowler's out – right alongside of Bona Vista. These Pamanter's had some other relatives – an uncle – live in from Dorset. The Pamanter's lived at Bona Vista for maybe 5 or 6 years, then they moved back to Toronto. The Fowler's were here long ahead of us. They lumbered, and did a little farming. They were right on the lake.

The Kelly's lived between Fowler's and us. They lived on the lake. We used to call it Kelly's Lake. Fowler's had about 600 acres and they lumbered it. Jim Fowler built that place and then Kelly's took it over. The Kelly's are not related to the Kelly's of Baysville. Willard Thompson of the Portage married a Kelly.

Britannia was previously known as Patmore House. Patmore had a house there, when Mr. White bought it – a pretty little white house. It would be just about the same size as this house. He took in a few summer guests, then, went west. The White's bought there about 1900. They gradually kept on building. Mr. Jennings thought Britannia was running before 1908. His mother died in 1906, and it was running between before then.

Back from the lake is George Lewis – he has been there several years. When the Emberson's of Cain's Corners first came in, they located where George Lewis is. Then, he sold to George Lewis. That was before I can remember, and he located at Cain's Corners. They are on the road before you go up to Cain's Corners – about a mile towards Hillside.

The Green's lived down around the White House – between there and Bona Vista. I can just remember old Mr. and Mrs. Green. They had several sons – Sandy – that's where the Needler place is. Sandy sold to Needler's. Bill, he got the old homestead. Rev Brown of Bona Vista looked after it – they turned it into a golf course, but, didn't do much about it. Then, over near the White House was Dick Green – that was the father of Lloyd. Then, he moved from there, up across Wattie's Creek for a while – and he moved down into Williams Bay. That's where Lloyd built his first house – and moved it across the lake on the ice, afterwards. Then, in Baysville, there was Bob Green – he was drowned. Jack Green lived in Baysville. Their offspring are in Baysville.

Green's School was across Wattie's Creek – on a hill about a mile from White House. That's where Daisy Langford first taught. That is where I first met her. Ernie Ferguson bought the old school. His wife was a school teacher. They bought some land between it and the Lake of Bays, and they moved it down there. The nicest beach on the Lake of Bays is on Williams Bay, up from Menominee Creek, about a mile towards the White House.

Wattie's lived down at Wattie's Creek. Dick Green got their place, and moved from the White House up there. They were out before my people came. Tom Boothby went off to the first World War. Then he came back, learned a little about the mill business, and started up a mill. Oh, he had beautiful timber – grand timber.

Crooks were another old family. They were here before we came. They were on Britannia Road.

All our supplies came from Huntsville. There was no store at the Portage. There was a hotel at North Portage. My parents got to Huntsville by horse or oxen. There was no snow plow. You had to break your own road. It was nine miles.

When the timber was off there was nothing left. An awful lot of them went west. Newholm church was the nearest church to us. That was about 2 ½ miles from our place.

We could have bought that whole Bona Vista strip for \$100 – tax sale. The township sold it for taxes. Just after that, the Rev. Brown came in and bought the property.

The first road we had was right past here, and past our old homestead. Well then, when it got towards spring, and the ice got good, we went to the lake for it.

There was a mill out here, this side of our old place – Holden's Mill – they had an awful lot of rough lumber – nearly all the rough lumber we drew from there – thought that way. Then when the ice got good, they started in with their dry lumber – dressed lumber came in cars, and it was all taken across the ice.

I helped draw all the building material down the lake for building the Wawa. My brother worked for the Boothby's the summer of 1908 putting in the Wawa docks.

There was an active social life. People were friendly. All the neighbours got along well. If you ran out of anything, you could borrow from your neighbours for it, until you got out to town. People helped one another out. If they built a house, or a barn, or anything, they all turned up to help.

There were two doctors in Huntsville – Dr. Howland and Dr. Hart. Women helped one another quite a lot. They didn't bother with doctors as much then as they do now. They got Cold medicine out of the bush in the summer time, and saved it for the winter. You made your own medicine. Mother used pine needles, and they got the heart of an ironwood, and the bark off black cherry – and she'd make her own medicine.

Every Sunday, some of your neighbours would be over. And, it didn't matter when people came, you would have to stop and have lunch or tea. There was a trail from the portage to our old place – down to Greens and the White House. Well, that was a regular trail, with people coming through, you had to stop and have a cup of tea, and lunch, on the road. Everything we had in those days was home made. We grew our own buckwheat, corn, wheat and oats. And, they'd take that all down to Port Sydney to the Grist Mill and get it ground. You'd take a sleigh load of it down and you'd have enough for the year. You would sell a few bags of potatoes and keep a few chickens for eggs and butter and cream.

Tom Salmon walked from Utterson down to Huckleberry Point, near the White House is. The Indians taught him how to make snow shoes and trap and fish. Mr. Jennings thinks that when Tom Salmon located on the south shore – in the old log cabin that had been built as a trading post – that it was the property that the Boothby's later took up.

Wack Thompson and his son ran the little portage train. The son was the engineer. I ran camp for two years down at Bona Vista – at the Pamenter House, and a lot of the Thompson's were working for me there. There were three families of Thompson's. I can remember the Portage, before the railway was there. The ship building place at the Portage was near where the dock is now. The Algonquin was built there. It would be on the right hand side, going across the Portage. Mr. Jennings told me they didn't take the Algonquin across the Portage on the railway – they took it across by horses in the winter time. They took two or three boats across the portage, one way, or another. I can remember that.

I think Mr. Cain was gone before my time. I remember Mr. Geroux. Dick Green married a Cain girl.

Frank Blackwell lived in a big brick house across from Cain's Corners. We used to go up to Cain's Corners to Lodge meetings, and they nearly always put on a supper in this brick house of Blackwell's. Then, they bought a farm down near Allensville – just out of Huntsville. They stayed there until after the 1st war – then they came back up. He had this land back of Dwight there, and they came back there and built cottages, and his son started a mill up there – Ralph.

When I first knew Peter Newton, he ran a kind of a little store or something, in Dwight – he was a great horseman. Nearly all the people down the peninsula, and around the Lake of Bays used to get their horses from him.

The Meredith's were great people. They had two good farms. I think the mother died in Ireland and he bought the two boys out here. One boy got killed by a bear in the early days – that was

before my time, but I heard all about it. Robert built the stone house. He lived in it a few years. He was never married. He left everything to Tommy Shaw who was a Barnardo boy. They had 600 acres of timber there – the grandest timber and it was one of the best farms up in these parts. That is on Peninsula Lake.

There were little dances with the neighbours – social evenings. You didn't see as much card playing then as you do now. They played other games – had sleigh riding parties – about seven couples in a sleigh – all over the lake. We'd go down to Dick Green's and up to Ten Mile Bay. Boothby's were building their summer resort at that time, and, when we were through with our work in the spring, at home – our logs and our bark, and everything – we'd go over and help Boothby – my brother and I – and build there, and take out their wood, and build those docks. And, we'd have parties at night. We always had a good time, and we used to have a lot of fun.

My brother married Mary Blackwell who was raised by the Boothby's. She and her two brothers came out – you know how the Barnardo boys came out – and they took her and raised her – I don't know just how long. Ethel Boothby, their daughter married Tom Draper here in town. Lily Boothby – I used to go around with her a bit, there was Ethel, Lily, Bertie, Norman, and Stan. I think Point Ideal was opened in 1907 or 1906. The folks from Point Ideal used to drive across the lake on the ice to our place – then, on out through the bush to town.

I don't know of a single farm on this side of the lake that cottage people have not got. You can't make a living by farming. You cannot raise enough for yourself. You have to buy more than you can sell. There used to be cattle and pigs sold. My mother used to raise and sell sheep and turkeys. The buyers used to go around in those days, and buy from various people. Then, they'd get a carload together, and ship it to Toronto. We put all our cattle together, and drive them out at once.

The only fresh meat you got in those days in the summer time, were chickens. In the winter, you were all right.

We had a boiling spring, and used to put the milk down there in coolers. We always had a plenty of cook milk. We used to keep our butter down there too. Then we had a root house, dug into the bank – built the sides up with logs, and things could be kept cool in there. In the summer, they packed the butter. There were no tourists, and no sale for butter – so, it would be put in big crocks. Then, in the winter when the butter got depleted, you could bring the butter out and sell it – like you would meat, and it would keep beautifully.

They seemed to have a different way of curing meat in those days. In the fall, maybe we would kill 4 hogs, we'd just keep the sides – keep them fresh all winter – frozen – make head cheese out of the head – take all the shoulders and the hams – they'd salt them all down in a barrel – oh it would keep for years. My job in the spring – I had to take all the old salt barrels (we never bought any fine salt in those days), and I'd take them and dig a hole in the ground, and set this barrel on top of it, and fill it with all hardwood chips, and I'd hang these hams and shoulders all around the top of it, and smoke them. We always had lots of meat, you know, but, it was not always fresh

meat. But of course then, when we started teaming, we'd get fresh meat in town – once we got the roads, and started in drawing stuff. We used to buy a lot of fish in the winter time. In the summer, there were all kinds of speckled trout in the creeks.

In 1934, I was working at Hillside. The foreman, Jack Lawrence, kept his car at the Union Garage. It was 45 below zero for two weeks. And, talk about the wind from those lakes, at Hillside. We went down on a flat spot, where Mr. Moffatt is now, and we built a big fire there and built pole seats, and that's where we ate and went when we got cold. I used to have to go in there and load all my cartridges. You couldn't do it out on the road. It had to be done bare handed.

About the only work I ever did in a lumber camp, was in the spring, when we were all through. I always kept a good team, and I'd go in for two or three weeks. It was an awful job to get teams in the spring of the year. They had so much stuff they couldn't get out. But, we always did a little lumbering for ourselves, you know.

I worked for Hanes and Tennant. The best of the pine timber was all out. Most was taken out in the 1870's and early 1880's. They took timber out from the far end of Algonquin Park, and drove logs down over three hundred miles. We worked in the bush all winter, then, they'd take the drive out in the spring – and they wouldn't get that drive out until the next fall – when they wanted it. Many of the logs went into the big lakes down below Bracebridge. They used to make a lot of square timber out of the big pines. Afterwards, they did it out of the hardwood. Pine Logs would be 3 ½ and 4 feet square.

What was close to the water, when I was big enough to know anything, was pretty near cleared out. They used to draw logs 5 and 6 miles with horses.