

Lakeside Memories

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Lakeside, Oxford County, Ontario

AS IT WAS

Much has been written and more has been told about the pioneers of this wonderful land. Of how they cleared a spot in their forest holdings on which to build a cabin and establish a home. Of how the forests were whipped back, farms established, communities and hamlets formed, prospered and grew to villages, towns and cities.

Evidently these pioneers were a hardy lot, but realized their dependence on one another in sickness and in health. Their tolerance of one another's political or religion beliefs (although some times with reservations), was, to say the least, a dire and welcome necessity. Not withstanding all things which divide mankind and which too often are exploited, they practised the golden rule. Ready hands were always willing to help; in joy they were with one another and in sorrow sympathy and kindness were all around.

At the first, this little story does not deal directly with the settlers but rather with the first road builders. Once the road is started and improved throughout the years we will watch the happenings not only on it but adjacent to it as well. A particular stretch of road is not intended; we may wander far.

I write mainly such as I was told by my elders, and maybe I reached into the hall of dreams as well.

Expressions and words used are not always my own and sometimes those of long ago. My style of writing and the handling of the language are not meant to antagonize anyone.

I hope it will please the many.

Language purists give me little concern.

AS IT WAS

Military and so called roads of exploration were the base from which the districts were surveyed, municipalities formed, concession and side roads designated, and lots numbered. In some municipalities, the roads run north and south, while in others east and west; whereas the side roads are at a right angle to the concession. Lot sizes may vary in different areas. Consistency we are told is a jewel, but these are hard to come by. As you read this little story try to place it in your own area; many of the happenings as related could apply in your area as well as mine. In every new country there are older parts, and many techniques and skills make life easier in the newer parts. So much for inheritance. Thanks.

This part of the district (Brock) was surveyed in the early eighteen twenties. Each concession, the land between the roads, was divided into lots of two hundred acres each. The distance between the roads (concession) being seven eighths of a mile. The concession roads ran a little west of north. Running at a right angle to the road and between every fifth and sixth lot, a side road was surveyed. The concession and side roads each had an allowance of sixty-six feet.

The settler was no dumbbell as he chose a spot for his home where water was available and one where he could get away from it if you realize what I mean. No doubt he was briefed in some small way how to build it. But one thing for certain he was admonished TO OBSERVE THE LANDMARKS which designated his holding. These landmarks were dressed stone about two feet long, rather oval shaped with one end tapering to a blunt point. The landmarks with their blunt points were placed in the ground at the corner of each lot. If the lot was halved to designate one hundred acres they were placed half way between the concession roads. These landmarks are

known as cornerstones and not only designate lots, but those which face the road mark its limit as to private property. Using the landmarks as guides the trees on each side of the road allowance were blazed as to its dimensions. Marking the bark on the trees left the allowance well marked. Corrections could be made when less trees were around for sighting a line.

The district council had several road building crews each of which was in the charge of an expert who knew his work and could handle his equipment to the utmost. Most of his men were experienced and knew what was expected of them and how to do it. Whereas the settler, if he wanted some money (who don't), could get work and if he had a yoke of oxen make even more snaking logs.

Naturally the road builders worked from a base; here it was the Governor's Road [Hwy. #2]. Along this road supplies were available at certain points or at settlements close by. The equipment was of the best: saws, axes of all kinds, crowbars, handspikes, stump pullers, scrapers, log boats, stone boats, chains of all sizes, etc. and tools to keep everything in top shape besides stumping and blasting powder which they not only knew how to use but store as well. The power was supplied by horses and oxen. Of course, there had to be a camp to shelter man and beast; had to eat and sleep as well you know. This camp, well protected and close to water, could last for miles of building then a day or so later move farther on.

The road building seems to have been in several stages. The first crew tackled the forest going straight from the blazed allowance (right of way) removing trees, stumps, boulders and laying corduroy. If a river was to be crossed they did not bother to build a bridge leaving that detail to the next crew, but rather looked for a ford by which to cross. The first crew's main object or concern was a roadway to open up the country so to speak. The settlers were promised access to their holdings; the promise was being fulfilled. At first the full road allowance was not cleared but rather about one third or twenty-two feet straight down the centre was the first road. This strip gave lots of room for passing. The cleanup of the rest of the allowance could wait for another crew to complete and perhaps a year or so at that. The forest had to go. Man, the master, with his skills and tools, would cut a swath and soon a road, imperfect perhaps, yet a link to the settlement. No more would the settler follow the Indian trails either to his holdings or to bring supplies. Men with axe and saw soon felled the stately trees and with their know-how pushed on. During fall and winter was the best time for tree cutting, no leaves to blind the expert where he wished to fell his tree. Not so many 'skitters' either. No matter the time of year the work went on, snow or leaves notwithstanding.

The crew were particular not to fell any trees on a settler's property. This at times was very difficult to control. Trees do not always fall where they are supposed to and sometimes they lodge, so cut another one to get the lodger down. One extra for the settler to take care of but the trees on his lot might come our way. Once the trees were down they were trimmed of their branches which were neatly piled along the side and when dried would make good kindling to keep the log fires burning. If at all possible the trees were felled towards the clearing with trimmers and loggers keeping well back out of harm's way. The trees were logged in sizes that horses or oxen could easily move them to be skidded [put on log boats] and later burnt. However, not all the felled trees met the same fate. The boss knowing the conditions ahead felt that perhaps when needed enough suitable logs for corduroying would not be available, so many cut and skidded in a different place. If not needed they too were destroyed. Corduroy logs were a foot or more in diameter and twenty-two feet long. The boss also had his eyes peeled for good bridge and culvert material; the supply seemed limitless, so only the best missed the torch. Sometimes the settler with a rail fence in view cast covetous eyes on easy splitting timber close to his line; perhaps too, nice straight oak for his cabin, and red cedar trees for shakes meant a good roof. He was as welcome to all of them as flowers in May as long as they were removed as soon as possible.

The trees went down, but the stumps remained. Well back of the loggers and trimmers the stumpers worked. What a job. There could be a clearing but no road, not with stumps. The tree goes down but the stump has to come out, no doubts here. Perhaps if a few roots were 'grubbed', horses, oxen or the stump puller could loosen the nuisance (plenty of other names as well). But for many the best to loosen them from mother earth, to which they seemed to have a solid attachment,

was a good charge of blasting powder. Expertly placed the big ones soon became little ones and if this didn't work another one would. Whether in whole or in part, that stump had to be pulled to the side. As the oxen loosened it, as much of the earth attached to it as was possible was knocked back into the hole; shovels, picks, crow-bars or what have you were used. Remember that hole had to be filled with earth or stone or both and where they are the closest is hanging on to the stump. How's that for an observation? With most of the earth and stone knocked away the stump was on its way with the knocking process continuing. As yet the good earth is hard to burn, but the stumps were doomed. Stones were good for filling holes; if too large to move a blast or so settled that, in other words cutting the big down to size.

Oxen supplied most of the power to move stumps and stones. A yoke of oxen well broken to work could do just that; being strong, docile and patient they were not as subject to instant fright as the horse. The horse was used for the more classy operations and the bringing in of supplies. The ox could slush in the swampy parts and corduroying found him at his best. He was not supplied with, nor did he need, the elaborate harness of the horse.

The horse works alone, teamed with more than two abreast, or tandem, good companions and it works. The ox is not a loner but works yoked to another and sometimes tandem. Pioneer times saw just the yokes of oxen. The yoke was a piece of hard timber so shaped as to fit snugly to the breast. To keep the yoke in place, a well shaped and smooth hickory sapling attached to the timber went over the neck; sometimes this was adjustable. In the centre of the timber (yoke) a clevis was inserted to which a chain was attached to fasten to logs or stone, or if when drawing a cart, a tongue would be fastened. Horses pull while oxen shove: strength with weight means power. Oxen were guided by their driver with a gad; in the old days a beech gad.

Up ahead the cutting crew have reached swamp which means soft timber and muck. But muck or not the road must go on and be made solid. In these spots the road was corduroyed; a system used (still is) to beat the wet spots. Here well selected logs are laid close to one another and forced to do so until the spot was passed. If one layer of logs didn't do the trick then another and another were laid until a solid base for the road was found. The muck gurgled up each side but rose very little (as much as to say you'll hear from me often). Another barrier was passed. Like corduroy cloth the new road was rough and would soon be covered with earth and gravel. Earth was in good supply and as a general rule a gravel knoll close by. Soon the docile oxen would wind their way through the trees and cart the earth and precious gravel to cover the corduroy! To the settler a gravel knoll was a gold mine. (Still is.) Corduroy layers sure knew their work. The logs, straight and uniform, were forced close together by handspike or pole. There was no haphazard dumping so to speak; the best of logs for the job were used and no tilted logs were left to spoil the expert's work. The finished part was level corduroy. We have seen the work and the results of the first crew's efforts — a road, imperfect maybe, but a link to the outside. The follow up crews would build the bridges, improve the original culverts, refill the stump holes, cut down the hills, make the fills and gravel the whole bit. Kind of polishers so to speak. The settlers if on their own could make a little cash hauling gravel or working on the road; while under the Statute Labor Act their services were mandatory. The road builders perhaps did not notice nor care very much, as far as that goes, but the forest life was disturbed. The birds would lose their nests and perhaps their young. The squirrels would chatter and scold. The fox would move to a new den. The racoon would watch his tree home go down. The honey tree, the black bear loved so well, was levelled, but he just padded along licking his lips and looking for another one. So it went, dispossessed or was it merely moving day or rehabilitation. The small creek chattered as much to say, "Your flimsy and make-shift culvert can direct my flow but I'm in a hurry and am going on, culvert or not."

Thanks to the road builders, who were pioneers you bet in their own right, the road, a link, was forged to the chain of settlements. More settlers would move in; a hamlet would spring up with a general store, a hotel, a blacksmith shop, a woodworking shop, a school, and church. We're in clover now. What a wonderful blessing the first roads were.

Trips to the settlement would take less time now, and what few products the settler had to sell or barter would move to market in better shape. Soon mills to grind flour and roll oats would be

built in the hamlets or along the streams as well as saw mills to saw logs into lumber. The settlement, or a new one, enters a new era. Perhaps the settler's cabin had a dirt floor or one of nicely split and hand dressed white ash; soon a plank floor. Oh boy. At the settlement lime was being burnt. Soon mortar would replace the clay between the cabin logs and the fireplace would be chinked. Lots to be done, but like hen's teeth money is scarce. The pioneer and his wife put the most important things first; the rest could wait for a while. Soon a post office would be established at the hamlet.

The whole world looked brighter. Yet the settlers realized that all the good things they now enjoy would not be possible (in part at least) without the skills, and know-how of the many different occupations. Pioneering is not a one-way street nor is it an easy one, but rewarding in so many ways.

Our country was built by the efforts of the many; not the few, no matter how much publicized. And the many will support and maintain it. There are still stumps on the roadside. The second and third crews did not remove them all, others did not burn, with the roots still left. If pine ones with roots attached, the settler looked them over and if he could see enough to make a stump fence along his concession line he was very much interested. He promised to remove them right smart quick. Permission granted.

The holdings begin to take on the appearance of little farms. The cabin together with the log barn and spring house make quite a unit while in among the stumps patches of grain appear. The settler needs fences to protect these and to keep his critters from wandering. The rail fence is the solution. Good splitting timber was used for the rail; the rail-splitter liked a finished product from six to eight inches through and ten feet long. It was not necessary that they be square split. The rail fence was built much the same way as a cabin, only zig zagged more. It was seven or eight rails high. They were mostly of the stake and rider type and when properly laid were as solid as a rock. Cedar and pine were much preferred for rail, as they would last longer than the more plentiful hardwoods. We have watched the road being built and noted the fenced and neat homes alongside.

More people move in up and down the road. The hamlets grow, constables and magistrates are appointed. Liberty is not licence and the law applies here as elsewhere. Jails are not too far away for serious offenders. Money is scarce and fines as levied for minor offences were often paid by work along the roadside.

Here we see Long Jim working out his fine by grubbing out stumps. The magistrate knew he had no money and as his offence was minor sentenced him under the Stump Act to grub out and remove so many stumps and fill in the holes. The magistrate chose the stumps and certified the work before the fine was paid. Long Jim grubbed a lot of stumps and filled a lot of holes. He did not relish the comments and taunts of the passersby but kept on grubbing. He was not the only one so fined. He too had his laughs at some who had tormented him while they too were grubbing.

The road was a gate, which opened a new territory; opportunity was knocking and hard at that. Those industrially inclined checked things over. Here beside this fast flowing stream would be an ideal spot for a mill. The stream would give the power to turn the wheel if a dam was built to form a millpond. The settler might sell enough land to make a complete setup; must go and see him. The settler had that which the would-be miller wanted and knew it; however cash looked good as well to the settler. Finally it is agreed that as a higher water level would spoil the entrance to the farm, more fill and a longer bridge were needed. These improvements, at the miller's expense, came first. No monkey business. So the deal is made. Soon a mill.

There is plenty of stone for the mill foundation and piers for the wheel. Mill, millpond, dam and race are all necessary to complete the unit. Here we see John Ross with pick and shovel, and all by himself at that, digging the race which will lead the water to the wheel which will create the power for the mill. The dam holds back the natural flow of water diverting it to the race where gates to the wheel control the flow and the desired amount of power. The millpond is a reserve of water and when well filled creates the maximum of pressure in the race and to the wheel.

When the mill is not working, the race gates are closed and once the millpond is full the water goes on its merry way over the dam's spillway! The mill is built just below the dam; the foundation is of stone, whereas the upper part is frame but well built of solid timber. The wheel, of the overshot type, faces the race and as the water from the race strikes a series of flanges or buckets on the wheel, it is kept in motion, (the source of power). The shaft enters the cellar; a series of jacks multiplies this power and there is aplenty to turn the stones and do any other work which demands power. Sometimes a low water level means no grinding; hot summer days take their toll of the precious water but the pond will be full come morning, no doubt of that.

The dam is of two parts: the earth fill and the spillway. The earth fill is about fifteen feet or more wide at the ground-level whereas its height and length would depend on the size of the pond; earth is plentiful, no doubt deepening of the pond site could supply plenty. The spillway is of timbers securely fastened not only to the earth fill, but deep in the stream bed as well. It is somewhat lower than the earth fill and is not very long and is meant to release the natural flow when the mill is not working or the pond is full. Here too are gates which can be opened if a freshet [river flooding] occurs. The miller is worthy of his toll (charge for grinding); eighteen pounds for every bushel. He has scales.

The settlers are clearing the land and the forest is patterned now. The cabins and barns show not only industry but thrift as well. The whitewash gives a bright and homelike appearance. The road still needs attention, perhaps it always will. Long Jim still works the road. Although an expert in pulling stumps with oxen, he too cannot always fix the chain just right but tries again. Accidents will happen. He goaded the oxen on. The chain slipped and lashed poor Jim; he was seriously hurt. His helper went for aid but it was too late. Long Jim was dead. As far as anyone knew he had no kinfolk here about, nor did he have any particular religion. The neighbours huddled; let's go and see Frank [Francis German]. Hear him talking the other day; said he was 'agin' these church burying grounds. Maybe he will help, which he did. I'll cut off an acre of cleared land from my farm for a 'buryin' ground, if it is understood that there are to be no questions as to one's religion (or lack of), race, rich, poor or anything else now and forever. Poor Jim had found a grave. [1845, Lot 26, Concession 13 now known as Lakeside Cemetery on the Hill]

The womenfolk prepared the body for the 'buryin'. He had few clothes and a winding cloth was used as they did not have a shroud; the menfolk shaped an oak box and dug a grave for Long Jim. Sandy was well versed and said a few words for Jim. After the funeral the neighbours built a small fence around the grave as Jim's memorial.

In among the stumps, the settler grows some wheat, oats and corn: wheat for bread, oats for porridge and cakes, and corn for pone. These with a few vegetables and native fruits together with game and he feels his family will live well during the winter. However he gathers some herbs and roots as medicine in case of sickness. He must have salt which is necessary not only in the cabin but for his livestock as well. Perhaps when in the settlement he and his wife can purchase a few winter necessities. These settlers are happy work is beginning to pay off. The winter passes, spring with its promises is here again and they hope marauders will not spoil their crops.

Marauders there are aplenty not only from the bush, but from the sky as well. What the settler fears most is the passenger pigeon. Once they take a notion to land nothing can stop them. Their numbers are so great few or many killed makes little difference. Eating everything they can find, their weight will break tree limbs. They have no fear of man and his guns or curses either. They come in such numbers as to darken the sun, while the sound of their wings is a steady roar. The settlers watch as the cloud goes by, hoping their holdings will not be a landing place, but they realize there could be more.

Soon the settler's grain will cradle [a grain cradle is a scythe attachment that looks like a large claw] and he can tote it to his barn and flail the grain from the straw, then let the wind winny the chaff away; corn too will soon husk, dry and shell.

As usual the road needs the stump holes filled once more, gravel the wet spots and check the corduroy. The men working on the road realize that once a solid base is found and with

improved drainage the bad spots will go; but that time may be a long time away. Where a break in the forest appeared the road is turnpiked [barrier]. On these stretches a good foundation will soon be found.

But as we watch along the road we see coming towards us a tall man neatly dressed in black, with a flowing beard and kindly eyes. He walks uprightly carrying a small bag. It is the minister no doubt calling on some of his flock, maybe a christening; not a wedding as we would of heard about it long ago. Heard tell Sandy's folk are hard up. No matter where he goes or the cause of his visit, he is welcome as his kind words and inspiration are good for all. Perhaps too when in the neighbourhood he will call on Donald who has not been to the Kirk [church] for quite a spell. He must not let the flock wander too far astray.

It is Sunday morning. The world is still with just the song of birds to break the stillness. Soon the road will guide the settlers to the church of their choice (if there is one). Some too will meet in a neighbour's cabin where I hear tell a Circuit Rider will meet his flock. Many prefer the deep ritual and the established customs of their native land. Sunday is not only a day of rest but rather one of thankfulness and worship. Perhaps along the way they will greet their neighbours with a cheery hello. Of course it is a fuller day for some than others. Here we see Sandy near his cabin getting ready for the Kirk. The cart has a nice floor covering of cedar boughs. Mary has been up long ago; it is no small task to get the 'younguns' scrubbed and prettied while she herself must get ready. Sandy's memory is not too good this day, no wonder with all his humming. So she has to have a close eye on him as well. Sandy is the precentor [song and/or prayer leader] at the Kirk. All day yesterday his thoughts were on the service. He hoped his 'fork' [tuning fork] would strike the right note and that he could lead the singing as it should be led as well as the doxology and any Psalms the minister wished for the service. Of course he had his favourites, "That Man Had Perfect Blessedness", "Old Hundred" and "The Shepherd's Song". He often wished that the minister would give more notice as to the Psalms for each service; whereas Mary claimed that he might as well hum one as another.

Sandy was a good musician and could make the fiddle talk as well. The service of course was a long one: Mary packed a lunch knowing of course that the first part was in English, then lunch, a battle with the younguns and another service in Gaelic for the older folks.

Sandy guided the oxcart to the Kirk and, as a good precentor should be, was there on time. It was a long day. After the younguns were abed Mary said, "Sandy I'm tired just like the younguns. Why two services? I hope that when the younguns grow up they will make a change or the older folk learn English. You slept through both sermons."

"Listen Mary I was not sleeping merely meditating on the minister's great words."

"Sandy! Sandy! Do tell. Do you have to snore to meditate?"

"Perhaps on the Sabbath tempers should not be frayed, Mary please stop your jawing."

"Aye, I will. In another seven days the Kirk again, two services and all. Perhaps little Betsy will be more careful when scrubbing and not get soapsuds in her eyes." Poor Mary.

Many new settlers arrive, some on foot, others in an oxcart while a few have a horse to ride along the road to their different destinations. The man who just walked by has come a long way; he has very little. The small box on his back, together with an axe and gun are his only possessions. His father and kin were much too active at an inopportune time and lost everything. Still, John thinks, this is my country as much as theirs; I will move west. He well knows what it means to be hated and does not love in return; however he accepts the same as an ugly fact. Perhaps a better day will arrive and injustices will be corrected. Here in this part he hopes to start a new life and although with a long memory, he resolves to make the best of it and try to get along with all his neighbours. No doubt many feel much as he does.

The great Reform Bill was passed in Great Britain and here too many to whom the vote was denied will, in a few years, be given their right. Elections could last a day or so. The voting was open or rather name your choice; the officials counted the oral votes. We want to know your politics,

seemed to be their great desire. My politics are my own; don't care what you or anyone else thinks. I vote so and so and mister you mark it that way. However there were a few to be persuaded one way or another and on these many pressures were brought to bear. Politics, church and school, perhaps because they touch everyone in a different way, are so much community that they have a tendency sometimes not only to create friction among neighbours but in families as well.

At the hamlet [Lakeside], let's call it village, we understand a post office will soon be established [opened 1856]; no more will the settlers depend on their neighbours to bring their mail from the settlement, but rather go a short distance and pick up their own. Understand you can buy these new postage stamps for letters; sealing wax is always messy and sometimes hard to come by. Now perhaps the settler can have a newspaper of his own, not one that has been handed around.

"I tell you Mary, I hope the younguns learn to read, write and figure, some better than we have taught them, in that new schoolhouse down the road. I sure hope they do; and if they learn those things half as well as they seem to be learning to fight it will be alright. They're getting good at it."

"Ah Sandy, hush up about the fighting, the Master [teacher] is doing his best. After all he does not receive too much, what with lodging around [moving from house to house], making fires and keeping the place clean, he leads a 'queer' life. Give him a chance, fighting and all."

"Mary please stop your jawin."

Along the road two neighbours are gabbing. Understand by the paper and what I hear that counties, or so they call them, will soon take the place of the districts. Smaller units so they say; better government all round. Let's hope so. Can't be any worse. Hope they leave us alone, so as some of our own folk will still make up the council. Don't worry some will be 'fer' it others 'agin' it. Yes or no, what can we do about it? With these changes, Sandy I hope the schools are not forgotten. So do I.

Along the road things are a busting out all over. The bush is moving back and we see several fields, nicely fenced. These rail, or as some people call them snake fences, represent a lot of work, not only in splitting and toting but in building as well. Where there was only grain among the stumps, now we see fields of grain, not large fields maybe, but fields anyway. We see cattle and sheep. The farm produces enough to feed both man and beast and some to sell as well. Mary now can card and spin lots of wool for clothing. She does not mind, but is rather glad; even if she still jaws about that second service. Things look and are good. Many cabins have an addition and the barns are improved. The settler, let's call him farmer, has more to sell; grain, wool and butter. These added to his former products means he has to go to the settlement more often. Let's call the settlement town which it now is. With prosperity, maybe store clothes all around and extra bolt of cloth as well.

Hear talk of a railway being built through town. This means larger markets, not only for farm products but wood as well, besides extra money in slack times working on the new railway. Money is more plentiful and as Donald says, "I've been without for so long, it sure looks good." Most farmers now have a span of horses [a pair], but keep their oxen for logging and of course for removing stumps and stones.

In the village everything is on the move; no more just a crossroads. However, some better system must be found to control the squatters. Even if there is a registered plan, there are still difficulties. The hotel with a sign reading "Meals at all hours", another one "Accommodation for travellers" is sure doing a good business. [located on the south-east corner of Lakeside, now a private residence.] The storekeeper hopes to build a new building for his store and the post-office as soon as bricks are available at the new brickyard down the road. Blacksmith shop, woodworking shop and the harness maker, in fact everyone is cashing in on prosperity.

A new mill is being built [1859 on part of what is now 256524 Sunova Cres. at north end of the lake] and hear tell it will be some building with walls three bricks thick, two stories with a cellar for the boiler and engine. Sure an up to date steam mill with a capacity of seventy barrels of flour

per day besides grinding feed and sawing lumber. Some mill, must be at that with a smoke-stack seventy feet high. They sure are burning bricks at the new brickyard [established in 1859]; don't seem to be able to keep up with the orders. [The brickyard made yellow bricks as can still be seen in the Anglican Church, General Store on north-west corner, and Brown's School.]

Here we are happy and content, Hugh noted after reading his paper. But there is another war a-going in Europe, down in the Crimea [Crimean War 1853-1856] and on top of that things are not too rosy across the border; mostly talk so far, with a few skirmishes. Why people wish to enslave those of another race is hard to understand; maybe money. But I understand such has always been the case. It sure looks like war and no doubt a bitter one at that.

The road keeps up with the community or perhaps it is the other way around. With Statute Labour and council work, gravel and repair work to culverts and bridges over the rivers and larger creeks, it is getting better all the time.

The farmers have fences along the roadside and, as Hugh says, not to keep your neighbours' critters out, but to keep your own at home. Lots of travel up and down the road. The steel wheels of the wagons can sure crush the fresh gravel and help to make a better foundation. The railroad [1908] brought a market for lumber and kept the sawmills a humming, some speak of a market for ship masts, which would be alright as there is no scarcity of suitable timber. The European war and the one in the States makes a steady demand, and at good prices, for all farm products. More fields are appearing; the bush has met its masters and is going down. The mighty are falling.

What few newspapers there are keep the people informed as to how the world moves; everyone is watching their own country and hoping there will be a confederation of the Canadian colonies. Lots of talk, fer and agin. Can't look for perfection (that will never come), but it sure looks and sounds good as of now. We're fer it. And come it did. Confederation Day is a big one and why not. Lots of celebrations all over the place: let's celebrate! Here we see the lumber wagons with boards across for seats, carrying many of the young folk to the county seat for the celebration. [Woodstock] Twenty miles there and twenty back; dust and heat matter little as they are happy and glad. I bet Mary is glad too but still jawin about that second service; however she will soon win.

Granny says if you have a dollar some loose tongued varmit is always after it; but to get it is a horse of another colour. As we watch, we see a peddler with a wagon load of wares calling at each farmhouse where he shows his stock. The lady of the house is on the defensive. Of course the kids want everything but such will not be the case maybe a trinket or so but that is all; whereas maybe she will buy a bolt or so of cloth.

Next comes the tinker with his noisy load; he can mend any tinware or at least he says he can. What a stock; lots of new tins and his candle molds and wicks find a ready sale. He has iron kettles from the smallest to the cauldron type all of which will last for years. Way back and well protected is a keg of powder besides different sizes of shot and musket caps. He can also sell you a new musket or rifle. What a load! The tinker is more than he makes out he is; a good one to have call.

The ashman is next; he is somewhat different, and will barter a few cakes of modern soap (his name) for what hardwood ashes you have left over after making your own homemade variety. Homemade soap, a combination of lye and animal fat, is boiled to a desired consistency, allowed to cool, then cut into cakes for a years supply. What dirt you can't get by scrubbing will burn away. The modern soap is a beauty aid.

It never rains but what it pours so Granny says and who do we see but the medicine man and if you have the miseries or are 'hard up' he has the cure. This will cure anything from chill-blains to headache and all in between; good for man or beast, only in different doses, mark that. The salve used externally (I hope) will cure rumatic, boils, warts or any other outside irritation. Good for him.

The Indians do, they say, have Treaty Rights to the black ash wherever they can find it. This they peel and weave into baskets of many shapes and colours which they peddle from place to place. Their workmanship is of the best and they make many sales.

Granny says so many pedlars are worse than a 'sore fanny in fly-time'.

Money is more plentiful. Interest is always interesting but there are other things as well; our homes come first.

Perhaps it is well the road is well kept as there is plenty of travel, what with people hauling brick and stone and lumber to build new houses and bank barns. Soon the first cabins and barns will be used for storage. When new houses are built, one thing is common to all, there must be a large kitchen, not only to cook and serve most of the meals, but to make room for the big kitchen stove (takes lots of space). These ranges, as the makers name them, are supposed to heat most of the house (?). They are hungry for fuel and sure make a big hole in what bush is left. Along the road we not only see many new homes but new schoolhouses and churches as well. For somewhere it is written, "tear down the old and build greater."

The bank barn, with a stone foundation, is of two levels. The lower one to house the livestock while the upper one is storage for feed. Sure things are on the go, what with new houses, barns and a big kitchen range. Things look good, with barn raisings and housewarmings.

Cradling grain is no cinch. Strong arms, back and determination to have the job done at the proper time, means long hours and hard work. Young Sandy is not lazy and can do a good day's work. One night after reading the paper and checking the advertisements he said to his wife, "Jane we used to cradle grain among the stumps, now we have several fields. Cradling, as far as I'm concerned, is out. They talk about railroads and McAdams and his roads, but right now McCormick and his reaper take first place as far as I'm interested. Next year I'm a-having one and a mowing machine as well. I don't mind work and expect to do it, but for nights I've been so tired and sore that you could hang me on a peg behind the door and I would sleep like a baby. This flailing grain is another backbreaker that is out of date; perhaps my brothers and I can make arrangements to buy a threshing machine as well."

"Sandy how about money?"

"We'll make it some way, we always have. We have horses to power the horsepower and plenty for it to do. Why wait?"

They didn't. The new barns were filled with sheaves. Then flail all winter. The colder the day the better; one had to thump to keep warm.

The road system is changed. The county council is responsible for the mileage they select. Whereas the township is responsible for the maintenance and improvement of the balance of the roads; or the local council has no choice. The road—now long since roads have seen many changes.

In the village a doctor, fresh from college, has started to practise his profession. [Dr. Thomas Sparks 1867] Now long drives to the office will become short ones; nor will the doctor from town be called on to make long trips in all kinds of weather. The new doctor has a smart turnout and with his little black bag under the seat, together with a lot of knowledge and know-how to go along, he sure is very welcome. Of course around the stove in the village store, he is the new topic of conversation, everybody is pleased and hope that he can cure their miseries. Hear tell that he will pull a tooth for a quarter and a whole mouthful for a dollar. Every one hopes that his shingle [business sign] won't fall down.

The farms are spreading out. Not only are there fields of grain but each farm seems well stocked with plenty of livestock. Beef, pork, wheat and butter make a fair living and pay both church and state, but this butter business is over done. No doubt that is why we see a cheese factory being built. [Lakeside Cheese Factory, north-west corner of 29th Line and Road 92] It is quite close to the road, on a little knoll, with good drainage and a good well, an ideal spot; at least one more market for milk. Patrons close by will bring in their own supply; while routes to pickup the supply of

patrons farther afield will be formed. Thirty gallon milk cans are not so easy to handle, leave alone cart to the roadside milk stand where the milkman will pick them up as part of his load and deliver them to the factory. These milk wagons are generally of the lumber wagon type with a flat top or platform with good hardwood slats three by one laid an inch apart. This will carry a good load of cans. The space between the slats takes care of any spillage, whereas a piece of lumber between the slats keeps the load from shifting.

Each can has the owner's name on a little brass plate, soldered on the side and on the top as well. Once the load reaches the factory and is ready to be unloaded, a lever with two hooks attached is lowered, then the hooks are fastened to the can handles and the can is lifted to the weighing platform. If the milk is satisfactory, it is weighed and placed in the vats; if not it is sent back. The milkman has delivered his load, seeing that each patron's supply is properly weighed and recorded, let's hope. But as yet his job is not finished as he must return the whey, that part of the milk not used for cheese, to the farmer's stand. This is used as hog feed. To the farmer, to have the milk on the stand on time is a daily deadline. When the whey is emptied, the cans must be washed and made ready for the next day's supply. As a general rule the womenfolk wash the cans, for as Jane says, "Men are just no good at this job". It is understood by each patron that when the cheese is sold he must take his turn and deliver a load to the railhead in town. Best to have the wagon and rack in good shape, but in particular the harness as the team does not like town, leave alone the trains with their steam and whistles and who wants a mixup or runaway. It doesn't take long to get a good sized load with eighty pound boxes, but be sure to keep the flat side down or you're in trouble.

The road sure is improving, leave alone the criticisms around the stove in the village store. Rail and stump fences certainly drift the roads with snow come winter. The sleighs have tough going, what with pitch holes and drifts to put up with together with their narrow gauge the going gets real rough. If there is sickness in the community the neighbours see to it that the doctor makes his call and is safely home again. No fooling here for as Sandy says, "Can't tell who will need him next".

Snow storms do not last forever. However, in time the roads pile full and the trail is narrow and hard packed, while on each side the snow lays as nature left it. What jackass invented the sleigh with its narrow gauge? No wonder the horses crowd; it is merely a battle for solid footing and the smaller of the team takes the rap. The hill cuts are full. Looks like the fields will have to take some of the traffic. The neighbours are agreeable and why not? They all need a road. Granny does not put too much faith in that bear and his shadow bit, but notes that as the days lengthen, the cold strengthens.

There is always work to do, some logs to take to the sawmill, as most farmers need some lumber around come summer. The January thaw loosens the trail some and now no doubt would be a good time to hook a plow behind a sleigh and plow the roads out, which would widen the trail; no doubt there would be large blocks of packed snow, but still a great improvement. The horses don't mind, not so much crowding and most of the pitch holes are gone. The bells on the horses give warning, I'm coming, if you have a good place to meet, wait a spell we'll soon be right along. Upsets are not very pleasant.

The roads are open and there is a dance in the big house beside the hill; it is cold outside but a warm welcome awaits within. Sure there will be a good lunch at midnight. The kitchen table is shoved back in one corner and on this the fiddler sits waiting for the dance to begin as much as to say let's start while the caller stands close by. Once the fiddler has his fiddle tuned to his liking the dance begins. The caller calls for enough couples to fill the different sets. Soon the floor is filled with happy people and the dance is under way. Swing 'em around, balance all, up and down, address your partners, and all go left. The caller keeps things a-humming as he knows they prefer the square dance, so does he.

But young Sandy's waltz music hits the spot with reels, first the heel and then the toe and many others. Of course there are good dancers, some just learning, while some say they would like to but feel clumsy besides I've a tin ear for music.

The man of the house is playing cards with some of his cronies in the next room. He is most anxious that there will be no lull as both he and his wife want everyone to have a good time and he will leave his game, even if he holds the best hand he has had all night, to keep things moving. A waltz signals the end, the guests thank the host and hostess, then away home. Cold as it was there was no need for fire in that big kitchen stove. As Jack goes to the barn to get his horse he notes that the bridle bit will be too cold for his horse's mouth and will have to be warmed. He rubs it thoroughly and soon he is away and stops at the house to pick up his lady love. When they arrive at the gate, his horse would like to turn towards home but a gentle tug on the lines changes his mind. Now he knows where to go and sets his pace. The air is still and frosty, the man in the moon looks down and with a smile sees the snow sparkling like diamonds. I wonder if he hears the squeak of the runners and the sweet chime of cutter bells. Soon Old Sol will take over, the myriad of stars will lose their shine for a while and another day will break.

Soon spring in all its glory will appear; the snow will soon go and the sap start running. Maple syrup time is a busy time, no doubt of that; sap to gather, syrup to cleanse, sugar to make and treacle to put in jugs. But there is plenty of wood to fire the kettles. All this together with chores around the house and barn make for busy times. Spring too is the time for Granny's sulphur and molasses tonic which to the younguns at least is not tasty or anyone else for that matter, even if it is a builder upper as she claims it is. The crows will be the first birds to return; soon other birds in bright colours will nest around the farm.

This time of year the roads take a licking. Soft and muddy spots appear where the frost is not all out. Donald says a good rain would help, that is, if it is not too heavy as to wash out the culverts. While Granny claims they will dry in time, always have, and the agents will show up too quick. It will soon be seeding time again. These new implements sure do help. Isn't that drill something? What next? Now the seed is sown evenly, no more of this broadcasting by hand, too much here not enough there. Around the stove in the village store the regulars, after giving the council a going over, are beginning to wonder what is happening to the rising generation with all this new machinery. The decided opinion of the stovers is that the world is going to the dogs, and fast at that; new buggies, cutters, reapers, engines, threshing machines etc. and they don't seem able to get a horse fast enough. What next? One of the stovers who said very little when the young were on the block, looked them over and said that it's not only the young people but others as well. Hear tell that Donald has brought his wife a sewing machine and get this a machine to do the washing. Now you know what will happen to us all. Boys oh boys.

Granny is right. Since the trees are full again and the roads in fair shape, it is time now for agents who seem to have an eye for your dollar and will sell you anything which includes sewing and washing machines. Now look here Sara I bought that big stove for you, it takes more fuel than the boiler at the mill. I've split and toted so much wood that my back and arms are beginning to tucker out. So you want these, maybe they would be alright at that, so buy them, can't say what you'll want next. Sara and the girls are happy, no doubt John is too but does a little jawing. Some things different all the time, what with barn raisings, fencing and all the farm work everybody is on the go.

The road too is busy and now the mail comes every day; the regulars are generally there to pick up their own and perhaps their neighbour's as well. The mail carrier, sometimes has a few passengers. Strangers are given the once over. Wonder who he is? What's he want? Quite the dude; could be a government man. Lots of questions, but no answers and imagination takes over.

Coming down the road, we see a train of Gypsies working this way. These covered wagons are sure great, in daytime shelter from the sun and rain, and at night sleeping quarters; of course an extra tent or so for each wagon. Eight wagons in this train means a lot of people. The driver of each wagon and his wife are up front, while the younguns and the older folk are in the back and some walk alongside. Their dress is different. The men being strong for sashes, while the womenfolk seem to prefer dresses of many colours, (Granny says their own garb). Jewellery seems to have an especial fascination; necklaces, finger rings, and earrings are much in evidence. These earrings are quite large and of many colours and are very often worn by the men as well. But one thing is

certain, these people are clean and tidy. Behind each wagon is a string of horses (trading stock). The men, besides being good horse traders, are ironworkers as well and many a household and farm gadget meets the approval of a cautious buyer and after some haggling a deal is made.

The women tell fortunes and will read the leaves in your teacup; some say that if you saucer your tea their spell is broken. Who knows. They also sell jewellery and sashes and will pierce your ears as well. Handy people at that.

All is not quiet. From some of the wagons we hear the sound of Gypsy music strumming and singing; but on they move. Their dogs seem to have equally divided the roadside that is for hunting purpose and move with the train. When game is caught fights ensue with barking and yelping at a great rate. Collie the farm dog up ahead hears the commotion, takes a cautious look and decides that he wouldn't mind taking on one or maybe two of them for a good fight, but the whole pack, oh no. Under the woodshed for me, until they are out of sight. The groundhog, if he has time (too bad if he don't), scampers for his nest under the big stone. They scratch and dig at the hole, but he is safe but a little weary. The dogs move on.

The Gypsies are headed for the campsite they have known for years, but on the way and at the campsite, horse trading is their main occupation which is an art in itself and they are artists. The jargon seems never ending with new phrases and old ones to meet every occasion: sound in wind and limb, don't bite, crib or kick, even Granny can handle him, can hook him up in a glass buggy (don't say he wouldn't kick a buggy to pieces). There are outlaws among men and there are outlaws among horses which every one realizes; the trading stock has good and bad so let the buyer or trader beware. A deal is a deal. Boot or not is just that; take your medicine. Most horse traders consider themselves expert and hate to admit that such is not always true. The train will camp for a week or so and then move on to greener pastures.

Times change. The forest is whipped back but along the roadside there are no trees. Where once was plenty, now is scarcity. Council decided to plant so many maple trees along the roadside, in each mile or so of road. These could be planted on one side or the same number on both sides; keeping the young trees close to the farmer's line, but on the road allowance. As usual plenty of argument and chat but very little hostility.

A heavy rainfall can sure wash the old world clean, but if too heavy creates freshets which do damage aplenty not only to the crops, but to the roads as well. Culverts go out and washouts in many places. The last one was too much, for the dam at the old mill went out. The owners claim that they will not rebuild. So the old mill will stand still which is too bad as it was the first to be built. The owners claim that steam is too much opposition; besides it is dependable. The creek, however, goes on its merry way, as much as to say free at last.

Granny can't understand with all the churches hereabout, there could be any need or reason for the camp meeting up the road; the flocks must be a wandering. These camp meetings can last for a week or two, with the services being held in the evening; no doubt some will walk the sawdust trail. Granny is not agin these meetings but she never thought some of these folk were such as they confessed to be and still don't believe it. However, as she says, maybe her knowledge of such things is very small indeed.

It's quite a spell since Long Jim was buried and many have been buried on the hill since then. Death never takes a holiday. Such was decided by the regulars. They were noting Andrew's death. Most of them had attended the wake with at least one of the neighbours or relatives close by the coffin at all times. The morning of the funeral a few of the neighbours dug Andrew's grave. Things have sure changed since Long Jim's funeral. Now Andrew is extolled by a man of the cloth with his coffin draped in black and on the top is a little silver plate on which is carved his name in full, his age in years, months, and days, together with the date of birth. The undertaker is from town. Both he and his assistant are dressed in black; very mournfully attired and with their high hats and all, they look very sad. The hearse is sure handsome with its plate glass window, draped with braids and tassels of black, and with two lamps up front. The whole carriage seems high. The undertaker's seat is above the circle where the front wheels can turn. It is sure high, this however

allows them to look in all directions. It is meant for the last ride and a team of black horses will carry Andrew on his last ride.

The pallbearers are supplied with black gloves and after the service will carry the coffin to the hearse, with the mourners close behind. At the cemetery gate, and when the mourners are close by, the undertaker opens the hearse, the pallbearers with their black gloves gently lift the coffin. The minister leads the way to the grave followed by the coffin borne by the pallbearers with the mourners close behind (the women folk in black and heavily veiled). Then follow the friends and neighbours. The last mile, or is it?

After the graveside service and when the mourners are well back, the pallbearers return the gloves to the undertaker, and fill in the grave, being very careful to round it properly. The mourners who loved Andrew best return home. There is much sadness, but they realize they must carry on and that even if time is a great healer, memory will linger on.

Most of the village householders own a cow; must have milk you know. From early spring until late fall, these cows can pasture the roadside by the authority of the Cow Tag Bylaw. The price per animal is two dollars. An official tag is supplied to prove that bossy has her rights. This tag is fastened to a wire loosely placed around the cow's neck. In the morning the cows gather at a certain point and then the leader, sometimes with a bell around her neck, takes over.

The regulars claim that which way the cows take is a pretty good weather forecast. If it is to be hot, they pasture for a while, then move to the shady spots and water until the day cools; if it is to be wet and cool then another direction where there is not so much shade but plenty of grass. Mrs. Mac's cow is the leader and she seems to know the best places. Some folks claim that with her stub horn she can open any gate in the county; however there is no doubt, the herd can make a mess not only of a garden, but a field of grain as well. They walk in single file and as they come to a farm lane they notice collie the farm dog in an open gateway. Very discreetly they pass by on the other side of the road, biding their time until the gate is still open and collie is sleeping under the woodshed. The garden is good eating; but the leader decides not to pass that way again for a few days. There will be commotion in the farm home; the kids and collie will get a going over. Who left the gate open? And that mutt sleeping as usual. No garden left! Looks like potatoes and turnips this winter. The village cows and Mrs. Mac's in particular were not forgotten. Upon my word, my cow would not do a thing like that.

See young Bob walking towards the village on the way to town where he has a good job. The regulars are pretty hard on him, claiming he is citified. Granny says perhaps he judges by a new standard, forgetting that the old one is still applied to him; after all he's a good boy and has a lot of brains. He'll tame down in a year or so, when he marries that neighbour girl he's courting. The wise ones should not begrudge the town people a few brains as they need aplenty.

The doctor is a hard worker; on call night and day. Watched him driving home yesterday and he looked sad and beat. You could almost hear his thinking, "I gave my best with everything I have and know, someday there will be a cure. When I do not know, but hope soon, too bad." Today he is more his own self; it's a fine baby. I'm glad for them, but yesterday was different. Neighbours are great, soon Betsy will come along, as she stays for a spell after the doctor is gone.

The regulars have their troubles, don't know what the world is coming to, getting worse all the time. A few years back the steam engine's boiler stood upright, now there is a new type with boiler flat. Yesterday while driving down the road, Charlie met one of these new engines and with smoke and steam pouring out of the thing his team nearly had a fit. Can't understand how they can get a team to pull it. See by the papers there is a new one, traction engine they call it, which can travel on its own power. What next? We cradled and flailed a lot of grain. The young folks, and I'm sorry to say a lot of the older ones, are lazy what with their new type threshing machines and other gadgets.

There has been trouble out west. Seems to be settled now. Somebody will take or be given the blame. Like the Fenian raids it was soon over. There is trouble also in South Africa and the

Russian bear is growling at the Japs. Seems things never settle, maybe they never will, yet every one hopes for the best.

There is some talk of a telephone line being built with a central in the village store and a telephone in some farm house, a mile apart on each road, (make money from tolls). [The Medina Telephone Exchange opened in 1903 with the Lakeside phone located at Dr. Murray's in Lakeside] The regulars claim there will be opposition and that another line allowing anyone who wishes a phone to have one; both rumours proved true. If a deal can be made there is plenty of cedar and spruce for poles. The council decided that the poles be well set back on the roadside. Several men are on the job. Seems to be a contest as to who can dig the hole the fastest before the pole is set. The two insulators which carry the wires are spiked on. The pole then is raised by hand, high enough for the pike poles to take over. Soon another pole will be in the ground and when packed solid in mother earth is ready for the wires. The lineman, with the aid of his spurs, climbs the pole, stretches and fastens the wires and on they go. That man Bell is a wonder. The central in the store [in Medina] has a few switches close by to transfer one line to another. Let them ring. I'm not going to answer that until these molasses stop running; don't want a mess all over the floor, curious besides. Hello central. Two telephone lines in a few years, things are getting up to date.

The tollgates along the main roads are going fast, no more running the gate on the way to town. It is Sunday morning and the world looks good; the trees are full and nature is at its best. Donald and his family are on their way to church. The buggy is well filled, five in all: Donald, his wife holding the baby, and the two older ones facing their parents in the little seat down front. Perhaps that facing bit is alright once they start to fight. Mother settles that. He's pulling my hair again. The other day on the way to town, when I was counting windmills, he pulled my hair so much that I lost track and only reached twenty-seven and there were more. The road is dusty and no doubt these dusters [loose fitting long coats] help keep the Sunday clothes clean—maybe some help anyway. Not too much room in the buggy box for all those feet, so Donald drives along with one foot hanging out. Looking over the crops as they move along, he says little but listens to the kids' chatter and troubles. They jog along knowing they have plenty of time, but all drivers do not jog. A buggy pulls alongside and after a friendly hello to all he asks to race you to the corner Donald! Keep on going boy, I'll meet you and your plow horse some other time, not today. Things sure change. Mary won at last. Just the one service now and an organ and choir fill the church with music; however Donald wonders if the minister added the two sermons together.

On the way home Donald mentioned the row about the organ, noting that it was sure a hot one. After all some did not like to make the change. The precentor and his tuning fork were alright so why change to these new fangled ideas. But maybe, he would have trouble with these new hymn tunes. It's all for the best I'd say.

The school is down the road from the village. [S.S. #10 located at present day 256370 Sunova Cres., built 1864] Quite a walk anytime but the walking is good and who cares; besides there is always the chance of a ride. In the winter when the lake is frozen the distance is some shorter. As Donald's children leave home, Jamie drops behind a little. I know why you are behind, trying to coax collie to come with us. He needs to learn a lot but let him be; you have enough trouble in school already. Poor collie he comes a little way, then goes back home. But he'll be there at night to give a welcome. Once they reach the village, they join the crowd. The girls walk ahead. The boys a short distance behind: they sure look nice. Jamie breaks rank and goes ahead to pull (but not too hard) the braids of one of the girls. She knows who it is and don't care too much, but anyone else and the fat would be in the fire. Mary's mother was in town yesterday and bought her a new slate. What a dandy, with nice plaid covering the wood frame and from the box of slate-pencils, she sneaked Jamie a few. Of course there is the odd fight to liven things up. The school seems full, but not as many scholars as there were a few years back, when many of the boys went to school only in the winter months, farming in the busy seasons. The regulars, and such there will always be, claim that school costs are keeping people down. The idea, two hundred and fifty dollars for the teacher and twenty-four dollars to the caretaker, besides other costs: taxes, taxes, scandalous, we need new trustees. What's the world coming to?

The federal government is building a frame survey tower seventy-seven feet high east of the village—down right wasteful. [A triangulation station, built in 1914, was 100 feet high with a 36 foot square base. It was the basis for topographic and engineering surveys. There is small concrete monument set in the fence line just east of Lakeside to mark its location.]

These new automobiles sure cause concern. There was one in the village the other day. Everyone was interested, gave it the once over and opinions differed as to its usefulness. The regulars, or at least most of them, wrote it off as a fad, just another way to get your money; there is nothing that can take the place of a good horse and buggy. Others and the younger ones who were around claimed it was here to stay. Take your choice. Of course there were laws to control its use. Some smart people sit in the Legislature and have their eyes on the next election, while one province has banned it completely (don't want it, oh no). On the way to town Frank was getting along fine when lo and behold an auto came up the road. That driver of his almost had a fit, reared up, rolled her eyes and tried for the ditch. Finally the thing stopped (the law says: stop.) The driver, or whatever they call him, said a few pretty words to the horse and led it by. "Are you alright," he asked Frank.

"Sure am and thanks. I'm going to have one of these cars before too long, if I can swing a deal."

"I hope mister that you have no more trouble and that I meet no more."

Perhaps it is a good thing there is a veterinary in the village. According to the regulars, what with traction engines, railroad engines and these new cars, the poor horses are scared to death. No doubt the next crop of colts will all be scatter brained and they might need help.

After many surveys a new railroad is being built [1908]. This one passes right through the village. There is plenty of work, what with cuts and fills, then the tracks, trains and a station. Seem to be paying good wages—four dollars a day for man and team and a dollar and a half for labour. Even the water boy who carries water for the men to drink gets fifty cents a day. The contractor has a deadline to meet, maybe more help will be needed so as the steel can be laid on time. Once the tracks are laid, then the trains. The parallel lines of steel, just like the roads of long ago, open a new era. No more trips to town with farm products will be necessary, and supplies of all kinds will be shipped in.

Happy days for most people, but for Joe the mail haul is over. In all kinds of weather he and his father before him have carried mail, passengers, supplies of all kinds, and boxes of bread, which went over the counter at five cents a loaf. Many claimed this price outrageous and away out of line. It is a funny thing, regulars not withstanding, that every one is over paid, except the one doing the talking.

As Granny used to say things are beginning to perk up. Many new buildings are springing up all over the village. In the north part of the new store [north-west corner, built 1903] a branch bank is ready for business. The village waterworks pipe water to every house in the village [Lakeside Water Works 1906]. Things are ideal and a station as well. The farmers are building silos—concrete and stave. It takes about seven days to hand mix a concrete one while the stave goes up in a day.

The county is building a new stretch of road. The gravel is crushed at the pit and loaded in self spreading wagons. Three or more of these wagons, when hooked behind a traction engine, make a gravel train and haul the gravel to the new road. After the gravel is spread a steamroller goes to work and packs it down, again and again; McAdam's deal and some road when finished. But the train certainly makes a mess of the so called backroads over which it travels.

This rural mail delivery, which is said to be on the way, is the topic of much conversation; folks away from the post-office seem pleased. The regulars claim that it is the last straw or the one which will break the country flat and as flat as water on a platter at that. Ridiculous with more men to pay. What's the world coming to?

Things are pretty gloomy in the village; the bank's gone bust. There is much talk. Names and most of them not of the nice variety are flying fast. Hope the country is not broke, but I sure am and taxes and much more to pay. Frank said that there was no run on the bank as there was nothing to run to. Some slicker no doubt has his pockets full. We'll have to wait and see.

The summer resort is doing a big business and why not, with a dancing pavilion (not so many house parties any more), boats, bathhouse (which is a skating rink in winter), coney island in the middle of the lake, a big horse barn and a half mile track. Whoopee vans meet all the trains and sometimes an excursion swells the crowd. Things sure change. [Located where Tree Tops now exists, opened circa 1908.]

It's June and time for Statute Labour. The path master notifies all on his beat that if possible he would like everyone to be on the job on the designated day. Have your gravel boxes large enough to haul the right sized load. If you do this and we all work together, we can improve a good stretch of road. The path master is a good guy and has his own opinions. As the wagons are being loaded, he notes that this nonsense of road work has been going on for over ninety years. Why the council does not abolish this system is hard to understand. The roads are their responsibility, so look after them and for double measure, scrap the Cow Tag law as well. The work goes on. Care is taken to leave a sand seam alone and not to put any large stones in the load. In a day or so all who are liable under the act have done their time and a stretch of road gets a new coat. Statute Labour or road work time is pretty nice. The horses are on grass and saunter along. As you pass the house on the way to the pit, you hear a hearty, "Hello, how are the folks?" Do you know, that little word hello is easy to say and nice to hear. On the job you hear lots of the miseries of mankind and the stupidity of those in authority. Talk is cheap. If it carried a price tag there would be few listeners. But the year is 'at the June' and it is good to be alive.

Things are not too good in Europe and it looks like WAR. [WW1,1914] There is gloom, but all agree, that if it does come, it must be won and come it did. Guns are now the speaking tubes, and take the place of the diplomat. Arguments are no good. It is a national effort; the call is for men. In every locality the call is heard. Young men enlist in the service of their choice and are off to war. In the village hall each service man, on his last leave was presented with a wristwatch, as a token of appreciation, and assured a warm welcome home awaits him. But not all came home. It was pretty rough to deliver to parents the message that their son was wounded, missing or killed in action. The women folk knit socks and filled boxes with goodies for the soldiers. Thanks to the Navy most of them were delivered and were a welcome link with the homeland. Things were pretty rough at the start, but at long last and after a terrible price of young men, the war was over. Soon the soldiers would be home to a well deserved welcome. We will not forget, let's mean it. "The war to end all wars" is a slogan but to make it stick the diplomats of the different nations formed The League of Nations. Of course there's different opinions. Let us hope these can be resolved. However it is an honest effort and the hopes of mankind perhaps will be fulfilled. Perhaps a new era is dawning, the women are to receive the vote and why not?

The automobile did not prove to be a fad and is here to stay. Its cost is not too great. Some cars selling for as low as four hundred ninety-five dollars. Have a good summer dobbin [horse], rest up for winter. Many young men are leaving to work in the automobile factories and, believe it or not, the wages are five dollars a day. These cars seem mean to start at times. The doctor had his troubles and a backfire broke his arm. It is reported that soon a starter will be on the market and better lights as well. Here's hoping.

As usual, the regulars have their troubles and move to the new store across the way as the old store is torn down to make room for a new church. Here too, stove belly philosophy will be expounded. Still they are a pretty good bunch at that and will do anything at all reasonable for you. But as has been said, in all ages and perhaps will be until the end of time, don't know what the world is coming to. Besides other taxes, a new one, income tax is started to pay for the war. However the politicians claim, this will soon be dropped and of short duration.

The roads take another division. Some are taken over by a new department of government, that of Highways. Increasing motor traffic has made it necessary to better maintain and improve the

roads from one built area to another, and designate these connecting roads across county lines as highways that could extend for miles. It is a start. Many miles will be taken over. Pavement is being laid, bridges rebuilt and each highway given a number. All things cost money and to build and maintain a three cent per gallon tax is levied on each gallon of gasoline used by a motor vehicle (this tax for stated purposes only?). Good highways sure cost. In the old days, toll was paid at the tollgate. Now every gas pump is a tollgate. The regulars claim this three cent tax is highway robbery. All the roads are not highways. Many concession and side roads are beginning to feel the effect of motor traffic. Cars are getting bigger and the trucks a lot heavier all the time. Heavier, wider and stronger bridges and culverts are needed; while the road bed needs widening in many places. As always a gravel pit is a gold mine.

Uniformity (legislated) is desirable, Statue Labour is abolished and the council has control over the few roads left to them. Make the roads safe seems to be their slogan. The Cow Tag Bylaw is abolished, no more bossie sleeping in the middle of the road. Perhaps now a fifty, fifty chance to harvest a garden, but there is a howl from those who have to buy milk at four or five cents a quart.

Granny used to say everything has a place, no doubt every building has a place as well. The village hall certainly is not an architectural masterpiece. It was not meant to be such, but rather a meeting place. Here before the coming of the nickelodeon in town, many concerts were held: bell ringers, magicians, step-dancers, medicine-shows, singers, etc. Name it and the old hall knew them all; besides presentations, dances, card parties, inquests, church services, Sunday school, lodge meetings, community meetings, protest meetings, meetings of all kinds were held. What a place. Here too the vote is taken for all levels of government. Must not forget political meetings where the speakers waxed eloquent (at the least they seemed to be satisfied that such was the case). Hustings, grassroots, what expressions. How about suckers? Equal rights to all, special privileges to none, or privilege of any kind for that matter. Opinions differ on many matters, no matter what the slogan is, and there is a lot of heckling. Why this? Why what? Besides getting the vote out on election day (have to have votes to win) most elections are won or lost on what the politicians call small things. But with this and that and a lot more, the politicians have done a pretty good job; in fact where can we be beat?

Along the roads there are many changes. In some places the trees the council planted years ago are now used for fence posts, in other places the utility companies are trimming them to suit themselves. One bunch talks reforestation, what we see is deforestation. The cemeteries which for years were neglected are now being cleaned up. Shrubs which were planted at the grave were allowed to grow wild. Tombstones were fallen down and overgrown with trash. There will be objections (desecrating a grave etc.), but these must and will be resolved. We soon forget it seems and as Granny said so long ago, "A bawling cow soon forgets her calf".

Many of the farmers are buying tractors and heavier machinery, things will move now, or at least they think they will. In this village some have bought trucks and are in the trucking business, here, there and all over. Ask us. There is also a new radio. Don't believe it, some smart aleck in the basement with a phonograph. What next? On top of all the wonders hydro or electric power is on the way; soon electric lights will replace the coal-oil lamps which made candles look sick. See the odd aeroplane; they fly the oceans and around the world. Mankind has conquered the skies. The regulars are not too hard on the radio. Plenty of programmes and in the fall the world series and wrestling and in the winter hockey games. It has its drawbacks, as visiting among neighbours is fast disappearing. The council is being pressured to keep the roads open in winter. They hold an open mind, feeling that as the highways and county roads are snow plowed, why not ours? As usual lots of opposition, let them sweat.

The pendulum swings. The depression or oppression, as you choose, hits the world (evidently post war domestic needs were satisfied). Markets were poor not only for farm products, but all other kind. Men are walking the roads looking for a good meal and a place to sleep, riding the rods from one jungle to another. The regulars claim that money is not properly divided and chant the old refrain, the rich have more, the poor less. The politician's job is to see that money is more properly divided, that the purchasing power of the many is increased. Many customers with

money in pockets to spend make for prosperity. Mother's allowance, the baby bonus, unemployment insurance, old age pensions and many other services place money in many pockets. Everyone does not agree but all take their own cut and claim it is not enough. Soon things get better, wages rise and so does the income tax (which was to be of short duration). Sure it was tough going, but the people must and will win. To keep the municipalities from going broke the provincial government has set up a Department of Municipal Affairs. Sometimes the local boys get bigger than their britches and they need supervision.

In Europe two braggarts, feeling their importance and with an eye on economic difficulties, feel that now is a good time (if ever there was one) to start a war. Cruel, terrible and ruthless they strike in Europe and Africa: war again. The League of Nations has failed to do that which it was intended to do and hoped it could do. The rest of the world strikes back. Armies, navies and air forces, except in a few instances, are sure on the defensive for awhile, but as supplies increase and the armed forces are made ready, the tide turns. A sneak attack puts another great power on each side. Is there no end? The sinews of war flow in and the braggarts are taking an awful pasting. The little Caesars see the handwriting on the wall; their names are recorded in history as criminals. They desert the people they fooled by suicide. In the far east, their ally didn't last long after a couple of nuclear bombs.

Twice in twenty-five years a warlike European nation started war. The allies decided the best way to handle them was to divide their country, and keep it that way, thus cutting down their potential for war. Once more we see the nations of the world anxious to preserve peace. The United Nations is born. Let us hope (what a word hope is) that this new organization will resolve many of the world's problems; no doubt nuclear reprisal will be a deterrent as well. For years the effort was all to war. On the home front, prices, wages and profits were frozen, many commodities were rationed, foodstuffs had to be sent to our forces and allies, and the factories worked to the full making munitions and the sinews of war. The war comes first; we have to win. Rationing was not much of a price for the civilians to pay. The war was over and won. If it hadn't of been won, think it over, there would be no protests against government or anything else, the furnaces would take care of that. Count your blessings and give thanks. The old world took a pasting—the victor and the vanquished, certainly needed a lot of domestic goods. The transition to a normal economy takes time of which there is plenty. "Lest we forget those who fought and died."

New self propelled graders keep the roads in good shape, but these roads have seen a lot of graders. A log first was used (drawn on a slant), then the heavy type with its two large wheels to regulate the blade, and pony graders (a small variety of the large one) have all had their day and been discarded. After all, this is the age of power. The highway department takes over more roads. Here the right of way is widened and pavement laid. Many county and township roads are paved as well. All paved roads are classified as to province, county or township and are well marked with safety in view: white lines, double lines, yield signs, stop signals, end of pavement signs, railway crossing signs, speed limit signs, distance to police signs, school signs, hospital signs, detour signs, men working signs, pedestrian crossing signs, etc. Sign Off. The self powered grader with a snow plow in front keeps the road open in winter for all kinds of motor traffic. If it cannot do the job a snow blower can. This snow ploughing, besides keeping the roads open, causes a lot of bitterness: my road is last, don't fill in my driveway or knock over my mail-box, and so it goes. Of course the snow fences in the farmers' fields keep much drifting snow from the roads.

The homes are improved. The coming of HYDRO opened the door. Now besides good lighting and the many household gadgets, there is improved plumbing and heating. Too bad most of the big stoves are gone (once a symbol). The farm buildings have their share of gadgets and have lights aplenty. The radio is sure great and now there is television. What next? Now you can see as well as listen to your favourite program and catch the styles.

Haven't heard from the regulars for quiet a spell as the big stove is gone from the village store, more or less disposed? But still wondering what's the world coming to. As usual the schools get a going over: form an area, school sections should be abolished, more good for less money, so much talk some say. Meetings are held, some sections for, others against any changes. Some

areas are formed and some sections remain as they have been for years. Then all of a sudden, bang the provincial government, one area for each municipality. That's settled, then bang again, county board of education; settled again.

The old government tower east of the village which was blown down years ago is now replaced by a microwave tower [1959] close to the original site. However the government marks are still there and serve as exact points for surveying crews.

The nations of the world seem divided, you'd almost think they were choosing up sides like the kids do at school. The Russian bear is growling. The divisions watch each other very closely, confusion and misunderstanding, or is it an attempt on the bear's part to disillusion the people around the world. The Atlantic Charter encouraged many of the colonies of the old colonial powers to seek nationhood; old names disappear from the maps of the world, while the emerging nations take new ones. They all need money which they take with open hands and then close quickly. Then you are told to go home, we will chart our own destiny (might need more money). Many people from some of the European powers, and with no colonies left, seek new homes in this land of promise. Along the road new names are on the mail boxes, some names are easier to pronounce than to spell. For years the regulars talked tariff, high, low and in between. We still have tariffs, but much of the international trade is controlled by agreements, another system is used that of depreciating or appreciating their domestic currency, "Breton Woods" [1944].

First it was the log school down the road then the little red school at the crossroads. The schools always seem to demand a lot of attention, tear down the old ones, or sell them and build central schools. The arguments fly thick and fast: cost too much, better opportunities for the children, etc. etc. Argument or not the central schools are built. [A.J.Baker Public School in Kintore built in 1959] The school bus with its precious load is on every road; its colour and lights are easy to distinguish.

The politicians debated for a long time the desirability of approving a Canadian flag (our own) and a national anthem (our own). As usual many arguments. Finally parliament selected a national flag and its reception is varied but still our country's flag. The anthem was evidently the people's choice and seems to have been decided without too much opposition. Animosity will die in time and the flag and anthem will be accepted by all.

Many farmers, as they like to say, are going big (some feel that way): big barns, big silos (the sky is the limit), poultry houses, combines, tractors, machinery of all kinds, special crops, feed lots, piggeries etc. etc. Big ideas and big debts. It certainly seems they are trying to produce food cheap at the primary level; while after it is processed and retailed, the sky is the limit. What a field day for agents and bankers.

The old road, if you choose to call it that, has seen many changes. It opened the country for the settler and alongside much has been accomplished. It has been surveyed, blazed, cleared, corduroyed, bridged, gravelled, graded and its right of way has been a cow pasture. It has been subsidized, insured, oiled, snow ploughed, widened, paved, marked, numbered and taken toll. It has carried telephone, telegraph and hydro lines and has been crossed by railways and pipe lines. If the road could talk what a story it could tell. History in itself maybe, but it has seen a lot, and perhaps like Tennyson's brook goes on forever. It is a bridge from the past into the future.

The villages as well as the countryside change. With most of the employment in the towns and cities, the village is more or less a dormitory. The highways take a lot of the freight and passenger traffic and the once welcome railway has tough going. Most of the so called country doctors are gone. With good roads and a fast car, the doctor from town can make a country call in no time flat. Hospitals are close by to give the sick the best of attention. Along the road, where once was a store or post-office, only memory marks the spot.

We hear a lot of talk and are bombarded by newspapers, radio, television and professional speakers. This seems to be the age of the commentator (a business of its own), please listen to me. The brainless computer is a wonderful invention, but only as reliable as those who work or manipulate it. Men and women are still the masters and if they listen to all the claptrap that is

directed their way, they will soon have the brainless computer direct their lives and a lot of self-styled informants do their thinking. The fight never ceases to control the human mind. We hear about inflation, deflation, environment, ecology, pollution, over population, nuclear war etc. etc. Frustrated perhaps we are supposed to be, but cheer up the funny farm is a-waiting. Power galore to people not elected (commissions etc. etc.) to direct our lives. Perhaps this is a new type of pioneering, they haven't enough oxen. Once again the fight never ceases to control the human mind and get his money. Sometimes we reach for the stars. They seem hard to reach, even if we have reached the moon. The faith of our fathers is still the keystone.

"Lead kindly light"

The so called brush wars, the ones which give the politicians plenty to worry about are still raging and perhaps always will and as Robert Service notes, "there is death and destruction on every hand". The picture of that hungry child in some far off land which was shown to us so many years ago is still the same (need a new picture), still living but not clothed. Some do not appreciate our way of life, the evolution of democracy is ignored. In the span of this little story, many advances were made in government, the lot of mankind was made easier, many diseases which puzzled the doctors are now curable, transportation and communications are the best. We have good school and colleges, plenty of time for recreation, our social services are such that all are well looked after in sickness and health. Some are not satisfied and never will be. They want the honey but expect the state to find the hive; maybe this is a land of milk and honey. Some would like to take over (we know) but the majority rules. With all our universities, we seem to be subjected to the degree cult with the professors as cure alls. Our educational system (I prefer schooling) places academics as tops and quite often the result is conform to our way of thinking. To learn and continue to learn throughout life, we will obtain an education. Pressure groups such as corporations, trade unions, bankers, federations, consultants, economists etc. etc. have their place, which is not on top of the people. Theories much too often, if ever, are practical. This is our country, let government direct its course. Textbook economics and the rantings of some with an idea a minute might fill to overflowing the pockets of the so called businessmen; whereas producers of real wealth would become peasants. An Uncle Tom arrangement to get the cotton (money) picked. Shades of the economic whip.

Since the first road builders and settlers, the landscape has not changed and it never will; the hills, valleys and streams are still here. As you drive along the road, you notice what is considered an unused gravel pit, all grassed over. It could be a pit used by the first road builders; perhaps a scar to some people.

All monuments are not in the cemetery.

Several of the native trees, animals and birds we see no more,
Man alone did not destroy, Nature looked after its own.

As it was long ago and still is: you and your neighbours still practise the "Golden Rule".

The world's alright (it's the only one we have) and this is a might fine part of it.

This little story has carried you over a long period of time. We have watched the road builders and pried into the lives of many who travelled it and lived adjacent to it. I hope you enjoyed the telling and will appreciate some of the forgotten past which I have tried to tell.

Donald Seaton
Lakeside, Ontario
August 26, 1971

Donald Sutherland Seaton (1895-1977)

Donald Sutherland Seaton (1895-1977) was the son of Francis and Mary (nee Sutherland) Seaton of Lakeside. His siblings were John, Jane 'Jennie', and Francis. They attended public school in Lakeside. In order to attend high school in Woodstock, they travelled by train. The family resided in Linden Lodge located at present day 25th Line # 256594.

Donald wanted to become a lawyer; however, due to his father's ill health, he stayed home to run the farm. He married Elizabeth 'Bessie' Constance Butler and they had four children: Donald, John, Alexander, and Hugh. They lived at Sandy Acres located at present day Road 92 #923347. Four years later they moved to Linden Lodge. When Donald's brother Francis married and took over Linden Lodge, Donald and family moved back to Sandy Acres. Donald and Bessie moved to Lakeside when their son John married and took over the farm. It is interesting to note that members of the Seaton family still reside at these two locations. Their presence in Lakeside began in 1850.

Edited by Joyce Day, Lakeside.

June 26, 2017.

The editing of "Lakeside Memories" has been limited to just what was necessary to make the story easier to read. This consisted mainly of the removal of many of the quotation marks and eliminating the hyphen in compound words.

I have added square brackets in places to help define words, and to give dates or the location. Much of this information was obtained from East Nissouri Township: People, Perseverance, Progress 2012 which I helped to write.

Every attempt has been made to retain the voice of the author during this process.