

A. Vibert Douglas

Memairs

"Pelgins were we All" ⁷⁴ Miss
Chapters 4 to 6

2303.9
Box 3

Little White Calf

When my grandmother Douglas decided to rent Daisy Cottage on Forsyth Island near Gananoque, Ont. for the summer of 1895, my father and George and I had already become members of her household at 285 University Street almost opposite her old home for twenty years in the Wesleyan Theological College beside The University St. gate of the McMill campus. ~~George and I were born on nearby Lorne Crescent. Our mother died of Bright's disease a week after my birth in December 1894. George was then two and a half years old. Father and Grandma and her daughters my Aunts Mary and Minda, decided to join forces and we moved into their 3-storey house from that time until her death in February 1935. Aunt Minda was ~~our~~ mother to us both.~~

Grandma purchased from the government the little $\frac{1}{3}$ -acre island called on the map by its ^{Mississauga} ~~Mississauga~~ Indian Reservation name Little White Calf. ~~land~~ She engaged a practical builder named Pitt to build the house. She and my father and Aunts drew sketches of the plans for the 2-storey, 6-bedroom house with ^{walls of} blue granite ~~walls of stone~~ from the quarries ~~at~~ at the head of Bostwick Island. Pitt was a good stone mason. He worked ~~on~~ all that summer and lived in a small hut on the island during the winter of 1895-96. We moved in in the summer of 1896. Grandma renamed the island Ashkirk after the hamlet in Scotland where Grandfather was born. Ashkirk has given joy and delight to five generations and many scores of friends.

Ashkirk faces Gananoque across an open stretch of about a mile. Close by on the east is Big White Calf then the

* Her bid of \$351 topped the bid by the \$1.00 which my father had suggested to her.

summer residence of Dr Atkinson of Gananoque - about two hundred yards to the west in ^{the lower end of} Hog Island, then owned by Judge Macdonald of Brockville, whose relatives the Miss Mowatts of Kingston had a cottage half way up the island. Their house is no longer standing - across the centre of Hog was a small farm ^{and a} farm house now owned and enlarged by the ^{children}. The farmer when we were children was Besaw who used to row morning and evening to a dozen or so nearby islands delivering milk - He had several cows on the island, the whole north end of Hog being pasture ~~now~~ very overgrown - In our earliest years at Ashkirk, Grandma had the farmer buy her a cow which he would pasture with his, and then it became his in late September when we returned to Montreal. Hence in our childhood summers we had all the milk to drink that we wanted and there were many milk puddings + junket sprinkled with maple or brown sugar - We were a family of ~~six~~ ^{six} when my father was able to be with us, plus one or two visitors plus a man and a cook-general. Until George was old enough to take on the tasks, we had to have a man to row to town for mail + supplies, pull up the boats at night, cut the grass, saw and chop the wood for the kitchen stove, get the large ice blocks out of the ice house and up into the refrigerator, clean the knives daily with a half potato and Wellington powder - no stamless steel in those days - and trim and fill the many coal oil lamps.

Until the first few years of this century we always came up to Gananoque on S.S. Alexandria, a side paddler with, I think, a walking beam, ^{she} ~~which~~ left the canal wharf in Montreal at 4pm on a Thursday, proceeded up the river and canals, reaching Gananoque about 3pm

Unless, as often happened, delays at the locks caused her to be late. On one occasion I remember that we docked so late ^{at night} ~~at night~~ ^{midnight}, that we had to go to the International Hotel ~~for the night~~ until morning when Jack MacDonall rowed us over to Ashkirk, coming back later for our trunks.

Jack, Charlie and Billy MacDonall were three ~~Scottish~~ brothers who worked for us and other islanders from time to time. They were born down on Stave Island, their father being a Scotsman, their mother an Indian squaw. Mrs Jack ^(Sarah) MacDonall was an Irish woman with a high penetrating voice that could carry across the water half way to Gananoque. She, ~~was~~ ^{even} more than her husband, was indeed a "Jack-of-all-trades". They owned the island just above ours, separated from Hog by only a branch of the marsh. All three brothers had punts and could be hired to bring over the cord wood or loads of large rocks from Forsyth island quarries or sand from Forsyth-owned Leck island. All three men drank, Jack with more and more moderation, Charlie with increasing frequency and Billy became a sober member of the so-called Holy Rollers and obtained steady land employment. So it was increasingly Jack who worked for us. George and I learned much about many things from him. He was very good to us children, welcoming our tagging around with him as he repaired the docks or cut dead branches with our man, or worked in thigh high rubber boots building the stone walls around so much of the island and the causeway from the bay to the summer-house beyond which was the long dock. Grandma supervised the stone work with vigilant eye, and had Jack or Charlie put in the willow stakes which have grown into such fine trees in these seventy and more years.

The willow roots sprouting out coral red in early summer, turning rusty brown as the water level falls each late summer, have formed great bastions in which the muskrats make their nests. One year Jack Macdonald made a beautiful little punt for George and me, probably about 1905. He would only allow Grandma to pay for the lumber. We called her the Neptune and used her for fishing, for bringing loads of earth from the clay banks at the foot of Hay Island, and four or five mornings a week for loads of small rocks, chippings, from Forsyth quarry pier or the water edge quarry facing Hay Island. These we unloaded to build up the low places inside the walls. This beloved punt was stolen ~~and~~ one winter. Much earlier my father had bought us a very tiny punt with beautifully made little pin oars. In this we both learned to row and I can remember when we were not allowed to row outside the bay ^{although} ~~they~~ then we could both swim like little fish. Out from our front dock was a large smooth rock to which at five and a half I could just wade and I vividly recall the triumphant thrill of suddenly discovering that I could push off from it and swim. After losing the Neptune, George made a much larger punt, and called it the ~~Alpswater~~ ^{Alewaters} after the little mill stream that runs through the Scottish village of Ashburk, a small tributary of the river Teviot whose name

we had given to our new Knapp-built row boat. When Jack MacDonald saw the name ^{Lake} ~~Water~~ painted on the stern of the punt, he said scornfully to George, "Why didn't you call her Buttermilk!"

In those last years of the old century a Ganawogue man ^{named Millette} had a one-mast scow which could be hired to take loads of anything over to the islands. Several times Grandma had Millette bring over a load of earth from the mainland. I remember one early June we arrived at the front dock, bag and baggage, all dressed up in our best, even the small girl had to have ^{her best} shoes, ^{coat} hat and gloves for the journey from Montreal. Millette's scow was at the north west side of the island with a plank from her deck down which two men were unloading the earth to a pile in front of the kitchen door. Of course I had to ~~run~~ run straight over and up the plank, slipping on the damp loam and falling with a splash into the river. Typical of Aunt Mina's marvellous patience, I was comforted not scolded, one of the big trunks now brought from the boat to the veranda was unlocked and dry togs ~~for~~ were unpacked.

~~Other~~ Other scows of those early days were the ^{Britton} ~~Britton~~ of Bowmanville, belonging to Charles Britton who used her to bring coal for his Ganawogue factory. ^{from Oswego} ~~from~~ ^{she had} ~~two~~ two masts and slowly tacked back and forth or ploughed her way with a favourable wind across the lake. ^{where} ~~at~~ ^{longer} ~~longer~~ was no longer sea worthy her owner sank her off the west side of his large island, Mudlunta. Over the years, one mast fell and then the other, her hull rotted away and but little of her skeleton remains visible today. Another

and much larger sailing ship which plied with cargoes in and out of Gananoque was the Horace Taber whose name was painted large across ~~the~~ ^{her} high flat stern. She made a brave sight Tacking up and down the north channel with all sails filled. [Between the two wars (One year) she was repainted from ~~bow~~ ^{stem} to stern and to our unending merriment she reappeared with the name Horse Taber. I do not remember when she vanished from our waters, but we missed her, as also the ^{steam} ships of yesteryear. There was the dear old Pierpont, stubby bow, wide beam, side paddles and walking beam, plying daily between Gananoque and Kingston. Once each summer Aunt Mary took George and me up to Kingston where we would do some shopping, revel in the treat of having ice cream, probably have lunch with Miss Machan if she were not down at her cottage Ferncliff; then back on board the Pierpont after a street car ride out to the Penitentiary and back by the City Park where one memorable day the conductor of the open car stopped his engine near where some boys were playing football, caught the ball which one boy had kicked to him, kicked it ^{vigorously} ~~back~~ back and then proceeded on his trolly way. This little episode is typical of those less hurried days as the Victorian era drew to its close, as also the fact that the Pierpont on her return trip to Gananoque would diverge from the North Channel below Cut Island and come down our channel, stopping abreast of our island, ^(long enough) ~~so~~ that our man ^{already alerted by the ship's} could ~~row out~~ pull along side & help us down into the row boat. Sometimes a visitor coming over on the ferry boat from Clayton would be delivered at our island in

The same way. The Gananoque - Clayton ferry in our first years was the Valeria. The route to Clayton was up the Stay Island channel and across the lake to the head of Grindstone. Thus she passed close to the beautiful point of Forsyth Island ~~the~~ by Daisy cottage where we were in 1895. Grandma used to tell me that I, a baby of half a year, had the habit of waking early when she would sit at that point with me on her knee and point to the little Valeria as she went by saying "boat," and that by September I was saying my first word - boat! The Valeria was followed by the Yennet whose ~~captain and~~ owner was Capt. Kenny. As motor cars became more and more numerous after the turn of the century, two larger sturdier ferries were required, crisscrossing one another off the head of Grindstone several times a day. ^{One was called the Missisquoi.} With the opening of the Dry Lee bridge at the end of the thirties this river activity came to an end.

Twice daily the Island Wanderer came down our channel doing her tourist rounds - Alexandria Bay - Clayton - Gananoque. Her approach about 3.45 pm was the signal for us to leave our hammocks and books and have our daily swim before afternoon tea was brought out onto the veranda. Grandma believed that too long in the water was debilitating so our swimming in those pre-1914 years was confined to a quick one before breakfast and 10 or 15 minutes before tea. On very hot nights we could have a dip before bed time. Other familiar boats were the America,

a large tourist boat which came into our waters on special occasions and, always exciting to us, on a moonlight excursion with searchlights. We would wave and shout from between the oaks by the rocky shore, no willow being then high enough to spoil our view. In fact the ridge pole of the house was higher than any of the oaks in those early years. Another sturdy ship was the Britannic. I think she followed the Pierpont on the Bananogue - Kingston run. Here again as motor transport developed, the old more leisurely era was superseded by the new.

A clear memory of those earliest years centres on the little red table and chairs, George and I sitting at either end of the small oval table, Aunt Mina on the larger small red chair and in her hands the 10-inch terrestrial globe with which she demonstrated the three motions of the earth, rotation, revolution and the wobble of its axis. In eight years of public and high school, I never heard a mention of precession. All my school teachers, with one exception Mr R. E. Howe, class master in final year at Westmount Academy, seemed afraid of any knowledge outside the prescribed syllabus. But Aunt Mina had a broad range of knowledge and interest and in due time she drilled us in mental arithmetic. Grandma drilled us in spelling and taught us to read and memorize many of the psalms and great Bible verses. Aunt Mary, playing in the fading light of Sunday evenings, without score, familiarized us with many airs and arias of classical music.

I can only remember one occasion when Grandma came with us to Kingston. That was in 1904 on our return from having spent 20 months in Britain. We needed a new row boat. Grandma preferred the Knapp skiffs to those made in Ganansque by Ramsay or by Andrew both of whom were really excellent craftsmen. She thought Knapp's were safer and as neither she nor my Aunt could swim, safety was uppermost in her mind. She decided on the long family size skiff which we called the Ashkirk and the 16-foot skiff, an excellent craft in riding any sea, which we named the Teviot. The Ashkirk was second hand when we got her, but in ~~excellent~~ ^{very good} condition. When George rowed stroke and I bow she slipped through the water beautifully. As we grew older and stronger nothing with oars could beat us for speed. We took great pride in our boats and we helped Aunt Mina make a leg-of-mutton sail which could be put in either skiff. Sailing with or across the wind was glorious but tacking was impossible even with the lee-boards which George made.

As we got to High School age we began to dream of owning a real sail boat. All our small savings went into our savings accounts in the bank and by about 1909 George found that the builder George Andrew had one of his 16-foot dinghies for sale at a very

reasonable second-hand rate, probably around thirty dollars. Our cup of happiness was full indeed as we proudly sailed her over to Ashkirk and anchored her in the Bay. After much deliberation about a name George suggested "Triton" and Triton she is to this day. Though whether she will ever sail again I do not know. We soon discovered that she would not sail very close to the wind and many tacks were needed to sail home from town if a S-W wind were blowing, or to make the head of Leek Island if we wanted to picnic there. But this did not deter us from entering the annual dinghy race at Gananoque where perhaps ten or fifteen would compete. We never came in the upper half, but neither did we ever come last!

Sundays were observed in Grandma's household within strict Wesleyan Methodist traditions — no games, no fishing, no afternoon swim, no sailing just for the pleasure of sailing, and, weather permitting, the row or sail to Gananoque for the 11 o'clock service in Grace Methodist Church and the 4.30 o'clock row up to Half Moon Bay for the informal service as we sat in our boats. Not even what seemed to George and me a most calamitous event was allowed to break the morning routine. We awoke one Sunday morning after a wild windy night to find our beloved Triton gone. She had obviously slipped her mooring and drifted down the river. Miserably slowly, dragged the hours through breakfast, until church time, and then ^{the wind having died to improve it,} the row to church and return to dinner. Eagerly we ^{then} set forth about 1.00 pm in the Tevost with our small sail down towards the Narrows, knowing full well that if the Triton had drifted through that ^{gap} our hopes were completely gone. We scanned the head of Sugar Island, went a little way down its eastern side, then rowed back and continued down the main channel on and on towards the Narrows. At length I spotted what looked like a boat on the rocky shore ~~of~~ ^{at} about 200 yards to the left of the Narrows. George jubilantly confirmed it as

The Triton and we excitedly altered course in her direction. Now our worry was how badly damaged her hull would be. We pulled in alongside to find her perched on three rocks close to the shore and half full of water. We got aboard & pumped & bailed finding to our great joy that the water did not run in again very fast so we knew her bottom boards were not stove in. When most of the water was out, we waded in and eased her off the rocks. Then began the long pull to tow her ~~up~~^{home} against current and breeze. We both rowed except when I went aboard her to do more bailing. Happily the wind dropped as the afternoon advanced and we made better progress. When we were about two miles from Ashkirk a little breeze blew up from the north. We joyfully transferred ourselves to the Triton, made fast the Tervist at the stern, hoisted the sail and ~~sailed~~^{came} triumphantly home to a great welcome with a pot of tea and ~~some~~ biscuits and cake. After that near tragedy we never left the Triton in the bay at night without ~~the~~^{San Esteban} rope from the base of her mast to the willow at the summerhouse.

Another Triton episode occurred many years later, in 1924 September. George had married Olga the previous February and established their first home in Cambridge, Mass. They came up to Aunt Mina and me at Ashkirk at the close of May. Olga stayed with us all summer while George took his provincial prospecting party into the bush north of Lake Huron. On his return in September the four of us set off in the Triton for Grindstone to pick apples in the deserted Thurso orchard just below the village of Thurso wharf. We filled three large potato sacks and stowed them under the bow deck. Aunt Mina collected a basket of specially nice rosy ones. When

we tacked out from the lee of Grindstone we found that the wind had risen to near gale force. However we were four in number and heavily ballasted with apples so we did not pull into the lee of Grindstone to take in a reef but proceeded up around the head of Leek and let out sail to slant across to the head of Bluff. ~~Before~~ I kept bailing ~~but~~ we were far too heavy in the bow and took in a lot of ~~heavy~~ spray so ^{on}. The waves were the longest I have ever seen out there and as the Triton plunged down the front of one huge wave her bow went deeply under the back of the preceding wave. The weight of water on the bow deck was so great that she did not lift out of it & George shouted "Throw out the apples". Olga rushed forward & grabbed Aunt Mina's little basket of specials & tossed it overboard but her weight added to that of the apples & water made things worse & as she came back aft at our shouts the gallant Triton lifted her bow free. Frantic bailing followed as we scudded on and into the relatively moderate wind and waves across Forsyth bay. All the way over Aunt Mina never uttered a word though she was very frightened. But after we got home and into dry things, we ~~the~~ all laughed merrily over the jettison of her special basket of red apples.

We did a great deal of fishing in those early years, mostly still-fishing for perch to provide lunch or supper for the family. We could usually catch a few off the end of the long dock which ran north east from the summer-house, but usually we went out in the punt or row boat to the end of Hog Island or off Forsyth or Scraggy or Lemon or for variety much further afield. We would troll using a wobbler or silver spoon to & from the fishing ground or sometimes for an hour or more to Beck Is. or around Bostwick, ~~or~~ ^{and} wherever Grandma wanted to be rowed on the daily outing ^{which followed} ~~with her~~ after afternoon tea. A nice pike ^{or a} ~~and occasionally~~ black bass was occasionally hooked and safely landed to our immense joy. No question of pollution then although after the first World War we were advised to boil our drinking water or add a desert spoon of chloride of lime to a pail of water every morning. Our first windmill was a wooden structure but as the oaks grew higher than the cottage ridgepole this windmill no longer functioned in a light breeze. About 1920 it was replaced by the galvanized steel one which ^{then} towered above the tree tops and only blew down in the winter of 1972. None of us had spent an entire summer there since 1949 which was the last year it was ~~the~~ put into working order.

George loved to go fishing before breakfast. He would awaken me and put our trolling lines & fly rods into the boat and, being a sailing Captain's grandson, bring two large hard tack biscuits. How I disliked this spartan sustenance but would not for the world voice my disapproval, and at 5³⁰ am anything was better than nothing. One morning we had a real adventure. This

must have been about 1908. ~~1910~~. We were out in the open water
 above Hay and Huckleberry Islands when we saw the head
 of some animal swimming northward. George rowed
 up to it, a young deer with big dark eyes. I got into
 the bow of the rowboat and dropt a noose of the
 painter over its head. It rolled over on its side and
 delivered a broadside of kicks at the rowboat. We
 feared it would crash through the side of the skiff so
 we let it go but rowed along side heading it for
 our island, a good mile and a half away. It went
 ashore in the bay but dashed across to the north side
 and took to the river again. We rowed around after
 procuring a longer rope and again caught it.
 We towed it up to the farmer, Besaw, on Hay Is.
 who offered to let us put it in his barn. This
 had a small room with a high small window
 on its N.W. side & a window in the door. ^{We gave} ~~and~~
 it straw ~~for~~ to eat and ~~he~~ went home for
 breakfast, then returned to look at our deer. As
 soon as the frightened creature saw our faces
 at the door, it turned and made one beautiful leap
 through the little window, about 12" x 18", as I
 now think after all these three score years. We
 saw it bounding gracefully across the field &
 into the trees lining the far side of the island.
 We dashed to our boat and rowed around
 the head of the island but though we searched
 the far channel we saw nothing more of our deer.

Perhaps just as well, for we had no idea as to what we would have done with it. This little episode led to my first ~~little~~ article in print for I wrote an account of it as a letter to the Sunday School weekly paper!

Jack McDonald told us the largest perch were to be caught at the mouth of Big Bay. This was a long row up the Inner Channel on the north side of Howe Island. There by a stake at the mouth of this great deep bay we certainly did get large fat perch & many of them. I remember only three or four times when we went that far. The last time was one summer when the McArthur's of London were at the Finley's Island, Sagasteweka. Mrs McArthur was a daughter of Mrs Finley. Kathleen was nearly my age and a grand sport. We rowed up very early one morning and in about an hour we caught over a hundred & gave a few to Miss Coleman and a few to Miss Shillington - all cleaned, skinned and ready to cook. Her father, A.G. McArthur was a J.P. in the borough of Kensington who lived to be the oldest member of the Reform Club on Pall Mall. Kathleen became a medical doctor about 1921 and played field hockey for Cambridge and later for England.

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The Granite Quarries

Mr Robert Forsyth came out to Canada from Thurso on the north east coast of Scotland. I know not when, but probably in the 1870s or earlier he had bought and established granite quarries on Forsyth Is., ~~and~~ on Leek and Juniper and, in American waters, a great cliff + surrounding land on Grindstone Is. There were two small quarries on Forsyth Is. and a long pier with push-car tracks for loading the barges in the bay facing Sanamogue, a mile to the north. At least one quarry was on Juniper and two on Leek and the largest of all on Grindstone. Mr Forsyth built a house for himself on the narrow strip of Forsyth Is. between the two deep lovely bays, ^{also} a cottage called Daisy Cottage on the point near Hay Island for his quarry manager and a smithy, no longer standing, between the two houses. It was falling to pieces but still a place to explode when we were small. Quarrymen were brought out from Thurso to work these sites and on Grindstone Is. he established for his men the village of Thurso which still exists although its adjacent orchard has been long neglected. This beautiful red granite found ready markets down the river as far as Montreal and up the American side as far as Rochester and I think on up to Cleveland. Many of Montreal's finest residences on Sherbrooke St and Dorchester were faced with Forsyth granite, while smaller blocks were used for street construction, on Beaver Hall Hill in Montreal for example.

The Forsyth granite was not stratified and many bore-holes were necessary to lift blocks suitable for

shaping up by the stone masons into building blocks. When new quarries ~~of~~ ⁱⁿ stratified granite on the American mainland were developed, production costs were so reduced that ~~the~~ ^{Robert's} Forsyth's quarries ceased to pay and he became bankrupt in his efforts to support his quarrymen. This must have occurred about 1890 since Grandma had to have our cottage built of the blue granite from the small quarry operated for a few years at the head of Bostwick Island. After the death of Mr Forsyth ^{in 1880} ~~before my~~ recollection began, Miss Jeanie Forsyth ~~kept house for~~ ^{kept house for} her father, with tender ~~and~~ ^{and} self ~~sacrificing~~ ^{sacrificing} care in their Montreal home during the sad frugal years before his death in 1902.

Miss ~~Jeanie~~ Forsyth was a close friend to our family and often stayed a few days with us at Ashkirk, prior to moving into her own island house with a faithful, sweet faced Irish maid Brigid Hogank. ^{or if she had procured a tenant for her cottage,} George did many errands for her taking over her bottle of milk, when Besan sold out ^{to Albert Harris of Mr Conger} ~~the~~ milk was delivered daily to the islanders; or shopping for her in the Town. We were given complete run of the island and of Juniper and Leek for picnics. We could take all the stone we wanted from the pier and quarry (where a smooth loading place for our punt was named by us St Catherine's Dock after the first dock on the left bank of the Thames below the Pool of London) and we could have all the wood from dead trees which we could saw up or chop. In return we kept the path all around the island clear. Often we swam & had a sunset tea picnic at the ~~at~~ ^{at the} west point of the island. One summer when a tenant

was in her house, Miss Forsyth was staying with us and told us the good news for her, but far from welcome to George and me, that she had an offer of purchase of Leek Island. This was probably about 1910. A large launch landed at our dock and two ladies came up to the veranda, daughters of Governor Reece of New York State, Miss Reece and Mrs Kipp. The deed of sale was signed as George & I looked on from the wings. The new owners called their large white supply launch the Leek and their fast streamlined varnished boat the Onion. They built the central lodge and cabins for family and guests at the far end. Of course we never landed on the island again until it became a National Park in 1971. Miss Reece died leaving her sister as sole owner. Late in the first world war, ^{Mrs Kipp} she equipped the cabins as a recuperation camp for U.S.A. wounded service men and installed Dr Runyan as medical officer. She evidently fell in love with him for when he came back from England in the autumn of 1919 the news was that Mr Kipp was divorced and the owner was now Mrs Runyan. After the death of the doctor, Mrs Runyan's unbounded energy led her to buy the fine grey stone house in an acacia grove in ~~San Francisco~~ ^{San Francisco} she transformed into the Golden Apple. When Albert and Mrs Harris sold the farm on Hog Island, they became the managers of the Apple. Its cuisine had already become famous from Montreal to Toronto and to American visitors. Miss Forsyth died in 1928 ^{in Montreal} and

Another place of interest is Blink Bonnie. This pretentious residence was the home of Charles McDonald of

* When her executors sold the island we lost what had been for us a greatly loved 'possession'.

New York, whose ^{grand-}father is credited with the founding of Gananoque and whose house was the large red brick ^{house} in the park, now the Town Hall. Charles McDonald also built the elaborate stables beside his house, and at the water front the large boat-house now used by the Gananoque Boat Line. His private yacht was the Rex, a trim little ship which often wended its way up among the islands. I remember him as a white haired elderly gentleman who ^{father} once in the early years rowed across to call on Grandma. ^{Charles's} son James, also of New York, was given the Title deeds of Blink-Comie by his father with the mutual understanding that the old gentleman would continue to reside there every summer. But, sadly, James died several years before his father and the widow, ~~who had no desire to~~ with scant regard for her father-in-law, sold the property to Miss Edwards who turned it into a very attractive hotel. With a great compassionate large heartedness Miss Edwards arranged that Mr McDonald would ~~reside~~ ^{come} to a suite of rooms kept for him each summer. His health and memory were failing and she tried to give him the illusion that he was still owner of his old home. With the coming of the second world war Miss Edwards wrote to me that she would take two or three children from Great Britain for the duration. I arranged that the young sons of a fellow of Trinity, Oxford (nephew of an old first war colleague of mine in London) should go to her, but the parents changed their minds and kept the boys in ^{England}.

The Reverend William Hall and wife came to Canada from Ireland and he became a Wesleyan Methodist minister, greatly beloved by my Grandparents, both of them. He had charges in several Upper St Lawrence towns and then Grace Methodist Church in Gananoque. They arrived in the Spring to find the manse in such a bad condition that they decided to camp on the south end of the island lying close to the west side of Tidd's Is. Senator George Taylor had his summer home at the other end. The Halls bought half the island and built a cottage which remained in the Hall family until the 1930's? ~~Mr Hall~~ The manse was put into reasonable living condition and the Halls served that Church for the usual three or four year period after which he was transferred to the Montreal Conference and eventually became Principal of the French Methodist Institute, a school for French (and occasionally Italian) ^{protestant} boys and girls. William Hall baptized me in December 1894 when he was minister at St James Methodist Church. Their family consisted of a jolly group of three sons and a daughter, Bessie, and a nephew & niece, Alex and Bertha (afterwards Mrs Courtney Shillington of Belfast who once told me that as a girl she determined never to marry a man shorter or younger than herself or a first cousin. She did all three!) They were a lively family of young people, all a few years younger than my Aunts whom they treated as sisters. To ~~get~~ circumvent the Methodist prohibition about

sailing for fun on Sundays, they would persuade their mother that many many long tacks were needed to get across from Chark to their island, the Oriole's Nest. - It was a family habit for each member of the family to repeat a Bible verse before Sunday supper. My Aunt told us of one occasion when they were guests and Richard Hall came out with the verse "The young lions do roar and suffer hunger" which indeed led to roars of laughter. Richard's wife told us that once at the island when George was about six years old he announced belligerently "I hate the Americans", and when she remonstrated, "But you don't hate me and I am half American", he looked hard at her and replied, "Then I hate ^{the} half of you".

The Finleys were another family of close friends of ours. Mr Samuel Finley was a Montreal merchant with a large grey stone house at 2 Bishop St. later razed to make way for the Ford Hotel, afterwards the C.B.C. building, on Dorchester St. They had bought their island & built their large cottage, Sagasteweka, some years before Grandma bought Little White Calf. Mr Finley was the first Treasurer of the Wesleyan Theological College, so the family friendship must have begun at least by 1870. Their family numbered seven: Fred became a physician and Dean of Medicine at Meesie; Mary and my Aunt Nina founded the Old Brewery Mission and she married Dr Frank Dawson Adams who became Professor of Geology, Dean of

Applied Science and Acting Principal of McGill in the year between Sir William Peterson and Sir Arthur Currie when Sir Auckland Geddes was Principal in absentia; Maud who married A. S. McArthur and lived in London; William one of whose daughters ~~is~~ ^{was} Mrs Euid Duncan Graham of Toronto; Greta whose friendship George + I valued deeply; Arnold; and Kathleen who married Dr Fred. E. Wright of Washington ~~and~~ whose children now own Sagasteweka.

The Colemans and Haarnels also antedated us on the two islands just up-stream from Ashkirk. Dr Arthur P. Coleman was professor of Geology at The University of Toronto, ~~who~~ ^{He} obtained his F. R. S. for pioneer work in glaciology. In his early years he explored in the Rockies ^{the first to} climb ~~many~~ several mountains. ^{Mt Coleman north of Lake Louise is named in his honour} His writings ^{Ice Ages} ~~about~~ ^{His writings} about these expeditions and his classic ~~Modern and Ancient~~ ^{Modern and Ancient} are good reading. When over eighty he planned to go by car with a young Quaker driver to the top of the three highest mountains in New England to confirm his theory that these had been islands in the ^{ice age} last. This must have been about 1937 when Olga and the children were with me at Ashkirk. Mrs Coleman bowed down to ask me to go with him which I did the next day. We crossed by ferry at Prescott and stayed in a motel at the foot of Mount Whiteface, highest in the Adirondics. Next morning we drove up the

Toll-road noting the ^{evidences of} glacial action and the erratic boulders, all which evidence ceased at about 4000 ft altitude to Dr Coleman's great satisfaction. We then crossed Lake Champlain to Burlington, searched at the University for the fossil ocean whale excavated from the lake cliffs there, and confirmed as a salt-sea specimen by Professor Agassiz (1807-73) of Harvard. We learned that it was in the Town hall at Montpelier, Vermont state capital, where at length we saw it. Dr Coleman said similar whale bones had been found in a brick yard in Montreal and as far inland as Smith's Falls. We found the same 4000 ft limit for glacial action on Mt Mansfield and the next day on Mt Washington. My first and only two efforts to learn to drive a car occurred on this trip when ^{after supper at our motel in Vermont} our young chauffeur offered to teach me, and attempted to teach me everything in the first twenty minutes, even double clutching down a hill when I became so intent on understanding what ~~that~~ ^{this} meant that I forgot to look where we were going & we ended up in a wide wet ditch full of ferns. We were towed out by a horse and spent an hour cleaning mud and ferns off wheels, windows ^{& doors} etc. The next day I was urged to try again, made three timorous efforts to get up a steep railway embankment and, on succeeding, I stalled on the track. Thus ended my brief career as a car driver. Miss Helena Coleman was a remarkable woman. In her childhood she had been hit by an apple on the ~~back~~ spine, almost completely paralyzing her lower limbs. Her arms and shoulders

developed immense strength so that she could progress on crutches, heaving her two feet forward and even lowering herself into her row boat. Once in the boat she was intrepid at the oars, back and forth to town in almost any wind. I have seen her row a visitor over to Huckleberry and Cartwheel Is to show them the interesting geological formations there when a strong south wester was tossing white caps down the lake. Miss Coleman on earlier days had written some poetry and a story and occasional contributions to various magazines. Her love of music was very deep and she played the piano quite well. She had many visitors at Pinehurst. I well remember Marjorie Pickthall; "G. B. Lancaster," an English lady novelist who lived many years in Australia; the geologist from Bristol, Dr Harrison and his wife, and others. Miss Coleman, in spite of her disability travelled more than once in Europe. ~~in France~~ She was in Germany just before the first world war and was shocked at the callous ^{arrogance} ~~insult~~ of young Prussian officers who forced civilians, even herself, off the sidewalk in Berlin as they ^{swaggered} ~~walked~~ along several of them abreast. She was an unforgettable person seeking out interesting things whether white waterlilies or pitcher plant, ^{she was} ~~and~~ a wonderful friend to both old and young.

Dr Eugene Haanel built his cottage on a glacially smoothed sloping shelf of granite just across the narrow channel from the Colemans. He was born in Germany and in boyhood began to hate Prussianism. As he approached military service age

he determined to leave Germany. He got to the U.S.A., found work, studied at night and at length entered university, graduating with high honours in physics. Having taken citizenship he could then return to Germany for post-graduate work. He was fortunate in studying under Professor Röntgen. Returning to the States with his doctorate, he was appointed Professor of Physics at Syracuse. One day he received a letter from Röntgen telling him how he had set up a discharge tube with an inclined anode from which an invisible highly penetrating radiation was produced. This was the birth of X-rays. Dr Haanel went into his laboratory and set up his tubes, borrowed a pickled frog from the adjacent zoology laboratory and took the first X-ray photograph in North America. A few days later the newspapers carried the story of Röntgen's discovery. Professor John Cox of McGill immediately got to work and took the first X-ray photo in Canada, the hand of his assistant showing bone structure and ring on finger. This photo hangs in the Macdonald Physics Building at McGill all through my years as student and lecturer. Dr Haanel was invited to head the Physics Department of Victoria College, then at Coburg, later in Toronto. Thus Canada acquired a great citizen and man of wide vision. He became a Civil Servant in Ottawa, founding the Fuel Research Board. His son, Ben, followed his father in this work, and I think ~~Ben's nephew~~, a grandson,

is engaged in this same important research. As George and I approached our middle years, Ben became a valued friend and the sisters Florence (a talented artist) and Ruth (Mrs Lawson) and the oldest one, Mrs Bowles whose husband was a pioneer in medical radiology in Ottawa; his nephew is Eugene Forsey.

Across the channel from the Haanel's was Idlewylde, with an elaborate Victorian house, owned by a Gananoque family whose motor boat we often saw taking priests and nuns for a outing on their island. That house was burned to the ground, perhaps 20 years ago and never rebuilt. Further along the head of Hog Island ~~was~~ ^{is} a small island which had a one room cottage and lean-to, said to belong to a cobbler in Gananoque; and beyond the point lies a rocky island with some fine trees owned in those days by Mr Fullerton, now ^{by Professor Pollack of Queens}. Beyond this ^{upstream}

1. In mid channel are the two little islands and reef known as Spectacle Reef where a white four sided light house used to shed its light; the lighthouse keeper had a small cottage on a point of Beau Rivage, now a Provincial Park. Similar lighthouses were on Burut Is.

upriver and Jack Straw Light and the Narrows Light
 below Gananoque. Cut Is. is indeed a dumb-bell,
 on whose narrow damp isthmus the pitcher plant
 used to grow. The small island just off the ~~west~~ ^{east}
 end belonged to the ~~Smiths~~ ^{Mercers}, one member of which
 family found it a haven from asthma. The
 boat house ^{is} still there, facing down our channel,
 with its roof of two slopes up to its ridge pole. ~~was~~
~~But~~ Just above Cut Is. is a small rocky
 island on which Rev. James Allen of Toronto had
 Pitt built his cottage just before ours was built by
 the same ^{able} contractor. George and I never liked
~~Mr Allen~~ ^{Allen} because he was so ^{happen to} unfriendly to Grandma
 when our boats would be close together at Half
 Moon Bay and he made obvious efforts to avoid
 seeing her on a hangover, from the years of conflict
 with Grandfather over the advisability of establishing a
 Wesleyan Theological College in Montreal, a conflict ⁱⁿ which
 the Toronto clerics were defeated, but only ^{one} of them retained a
~~his~~ bitter resentment. Mr Allen occasionally took charge of the
 Sunday evening service. He had a rather harsh rasping
 voice and in spite of Grandma's gentle disapproval,
 George and I persisted in calling him Nutmegs. We
 were incorrigible in our aversions for three other local
 people whom we named Apollon, Beelzebub and Satan.
 We often practised rapid get-away-to-the-rescue. George

would push out the skiff, I would run for oars and paddle if they were not already in the boat, in we would jump & off to the imagined scene of trouble. Twice we had the thrill of real action. Once we saw Beelzebub, a white haired thin oldish man, going up in his motor boat to his island and fire broke out & smoke rose from the centre. Off to the rescue we went expecting to take him off his doomed launch but he quite ignored us ^{and our offer to ~~take~~ him ~~off~~ before his task expired.} Somehow ^{we} put out the blaze due apparently to a small leak of oil. ~~Another launch came over but~~ Beelzebub needed no assistance! Another time a young Gananogian was courting the daughter of an islander up the river and was sailing home in his skiff when a sudden violent squall came down from the west. We saw it coming & ^{watched} ~~saw~~ him ^{just} passing our island ~~just~~ as it hit him. In a moment he was capsized & the skiff ^{was} whirled on before he could grasp it. Off we went at top speed, took the rope of his skiff, rescued his oars & sail & then picked him off the shoal ^{to which he swam} across the channel from Dr Atkinson's island (a low water year). The squall was quickly over and there was not much water in his skiff so he got in and rowed himself home. We felt really sorry for him because he was mortified at having ^{had} to be rescued.

Just beyond the head of Hay Is. (which is now owned by a blind American Professor Russell) lies Castle's Island with its fine sandstone cliffs smoothed & rounded by centuries ^{of use and} of lake waves. Mr Castle & his family, two daughters, lived in

Rochester and before motor boat days, he would row from the New York mainland around the head of Grindstone to spend summer week-ends with his family. He began the habit of going on Sunday evenings with a few other islanders to Half Moon Bay at the east end of Bostwick Island for an informal service of hymns, prayer and an address given by or selected for reading by any layman or a clergyman on vacation at one of the islands. Early worshippers were the Trileys, Halls, Wallaces, Allens, Dicksons, ^{Richmonds} and Douglas family. In the earliest years around 1900 Mr Dickson often took the service, reading a suitable short sermon, later Mr Nelson often presided. He was a friendly American who had bought the second island up the north channel above Gananoque. He was a short plump little gentleman who always wore a white or cream vest on Sundays and we nicknamed him Robin Whitebreast. Soon boats from Gananoque & from boarding houses as far down as Dry Lea (after motor boats became common) joined in the service. When our cousins Bishop & Mrs Hamilton were on furlough from Mid-Japan & spending part of the summer with us, he would be invited to conduct the service. I remember one ^{such} Sunday when I had little Patrick, aged about 5 years, in the bow of the Teviot, at the close of the service ~~he~~ whispering to me "Didn't Uncle Heber make a nice preach."

The land enclosing Half Moon Bay was presented to the Town of Gananoque by the owner of the whole lower third of Bostwick, Mr Wallace of New York whose nieces spend about 5 months of each year at their cottage on the west side. The gift was explicitly for the preservation of the Bay.

for Divine Service under a committee to include the Mayor of Gananoque, the Ministers of the three Protestant churches, 3 Townspeople who owned cottages on the islands and 3 cottagers from other places. After that the services tended to become less informal, the three ministers took turns at the pulpit and moved the hour to mid afternoon so as not to interfere with evening worship in their churches. ^{But the tradition remained for} One of the Mrs Wallaces had become Mrs Nissen whose husband was the designer of the Nissen Hat so important in the war years, and afterwards. The property further up the island had been partly cleared for a farm - Turcott's farm and boarding house ~~was~~ ^{became} well known. Turcott himself had lost a hand in some accident and did wonders with a metal hook, including taking his guests out sailing in his large, slow but sure punt The Spray, perhaps I should describe her as a rounded prow scow that lived up to her name. Just above Turcott's is a small island called Roseneath where the Miss Richmonds of Kingston lived. Further up in a bay was the cottage of Professor and Mrs Dupuis also of Kingston, Once each summer we would row Grandma up the river to call on Mrs ~~Wallace~~ ^{Mercer}, the Misses Wallace and Mrs Dupuis. At the next high rocky point was the Underwoods boat house and cottage and the last place before Mermaid Is was the Dicksons. Late one summer, possibly about 1910, after we had been at a supper picnic with the Finleys and McCertons with a bonfire at the south end of their island, we had only been home an hour or so when we saw a great glow up the channel. Though we had seen the bonfire thoroughly extinguished we were full of apprehension. ~~As~~ ^{As} we hurriedly rowed up we saw

x The singing of Anward Christian Soldiers as the boat dispersed at the close of the service.

that the fire was far up the channel. It was the Dickson's house with flames dramatically engulfing it right down to its stone foundation.

At the south end of Bostwick is Black Duck Is. with its house and on Bostwick just across a large house, boat places owned by the Rouse family who are from the U.S.A. and owned the first power boat on the river, a covered boat with engine amidships and a little smoke stack. Perhaps it burnt naphtha. It would come puffing down through our ~~little~~^{narrow} channel and George and I would run for our little cap pistols and fire a salute. No willows then to half-obscure the view of the shoals and any passing boat. This must have been about 1900. After we all returned ^{in 1904} from our 20 months sojourn in the British Isles, we watched the whole evolution of motor boats from the Black Duck through the "put-put" stage to the racing boats like the series of Dixies, the Canadian Maple Leaf and the Duke of ~~Wellington's~~^{Westminster's} Pioneer. Somewhere around 1910 these three were to race at Alexandra Bay. Miss Shillington hired George Funnell to take her house party from Longhorema (Little Forsyth Is) down to watch the race. George and I were invited to go to our intense delight. We had read about the Pioneer racing ^{ing} at the Solent where she had won the European title and we hoped she would win. But ~~alas~~ she never ran well after being shipped over the Atlantic and on this occasion broke down on the second of three laps to our intense disappointment. Dixie won easily. Mildred Shillington sister to Cravenay Shillington of Belfast and cousin to the Halls had bought their lovely island from

Miss Forsyth early in the first decade of this century. She and sometimes her two younger sisters came out for the summer from London and engaged Jack and Sarah McDonald to look after them. Mildred was a young woman of great character. On the outbreak of war she mastered motor mechanics, bought and equipped a lorry soup kitchen and with one assistant ^{Miss Perry} they went to France & pushed up as near the front line as they could get, serving hundreds of ~~Frenchmen~~ ^{soldiers} as they came away from the trenches. The French put no obstacles in their way, but early in 1915 spring the British took over that portion of the line and were adamant that they return to England.

Just off the foot of Britton's Is. and due south from Ashkirk are two small islands ^{now} united by a bridge and boathouse spanning the narrow channel between them. This had no house ~~but~~ when I first remember it - But a house - boat was moored on the east side and occupied about 1900 by Professor and Mrs Mace of Syracuse, an historian in very poor health. Grandma was concerned about them & was poked up to take a pot of soup. ~~to the~~ after his health improved he and his brother-in-law, later Dean of Engineering at the same university, Professor Graham, bought the island upstream, south of Britton's. The two wives were Quaker sisters, gentle and friendly. Dr Mace was a great gardener. He built a walled garden below his house with wire netting to keep out rabbits and he frequently gave us fresh lettuce or other of his produce. The Grahams grew huge beautiful pansies in beds in their sun baked rocks. The Mace's daughter & Mr Gowing & their sons own the Mace property now. A little further up the river, just above Half Moon Bay, Dean Street, also

of Syracuse, built a cottage at a later date. The two little islands where the Maces began, was bought by Professor & Mrs Nichol of Cornell, a pioneer in pressure of light measurement. They built the attractive cottage later owned by the Misses Williams. They and their mother came from a town near ~~Walesley~~ ^{Poughkeepsie} College, N. Y. They had travelled extensively, ~~and~~ ^{had} wide interests and were all terrific talkers. When the mother could not get in a word at table, she tinkled a little bell, the daughters would be silent and she would have her say. I stayed a night with them in 1945 when I visited ~~Walesley~~ ^{Smiths} College. Its president was a man who a year later when in Switzerland visited the Geneva headquarters of World University ~~Service~~ ^{Relief}. He was told of the Recuperation Centre for students ^{at Combloux, France} from the countries recently occupied who had lost their health in forced labour camps or prisons in Germany, many ^{broken} ~~nerously~~. He volunteered to take some wrist watches over to them as gifts. At the Swiss-French border when approached by customs officers he exclaimed "Rien, rien" with ^{historical} gesture which drew up his cuff revealing several watches on his wrist - no explanation that they were gifts to ^{convalescent} French, Dutch & Belgian ~~soldiers~~ ^{resistance} and underground workers would suffice. He was forced to phone Geneva for money to pay the duty and fine.

Agnes Maule Macchar holds no small part in my island memories. Her father had come out from Scotland
The Rev. Dr. John Macchar,

as Chaplain to the regiment stationed on St. Helens Island
 at the Montreal harbour, later moving to Kingston where he
 was one of the founders of "Queen's College", ~~where~~ ^{and he succeeded} its
 first Principal, Rev. Dr. Thomas Liddell, as Principal ^{of Queen's} from
 1846 to 1853. He did not live to see his only son, a lawyer
 John Maule Machar, give his services to the College
 as Lecturer in English, 1864-66 and during the brief life
 of the early Law Faculty hold a professorship 1881-84.
 Miss Machar's home was near the Park on Sydenham St
 but her great love was for her large property west of
 Gananoque with its ravine at the back - where
 maiden hair fern grew - its fine grove of trees and
 its granite cliffs on the river front where her cottage
 still overlooks the river to the foot of Hog Is, our
 island, Forsyth Is and Hay and Grindstone.
 She lovingly tended little flower gardens set
 in the rocks between cottage and cliffs; she composed
 poetry ^{both} descriptive and narrative of the Indians and
 the coming of Frontenac. Some ~~poems~~ were published
 as Lays of the True North. She wrote historical
 essays about Kingston and Upper Canada. She
 painted in watercolour and oil. Her mind was
 stored with poetry. Interested in all manner of
 people and things she welcomed young and old
 at Ferncliffe where a faithful housekeeper
 provided the simple necessities of life. A
 miserable scruffy little brown dog ran or limped along
 wherever Miss Machar went, always accompanying her

* * * would start off towards the rushes, then George and I would push off, he would overtake her + I would seize her bow rope. She would skip her oars, then taking us with a gentle smile and thoroughly enjoy being towed to her little bay.

in her ~~in the~~ skiff when she rowed over the river to visit friends, often coming to tea at our island, sometimes bringing a Kingston friend who was staying with her. One such guest was Miss ^{Machar} King, a gifted pianist, who needed no pressing to play on our large square piano. She later became the wife of Professor Gummer of the Queen's mathematics department, himself also a talented musician. ^{Miss Machar was very independant and would} ~~would firmly refuse to be rowed home so she~~ * *

Two Queen's students, Robert Chambers and his brother, sons of a professor at an American college in Turkey, spent part of some summer vacations at Ferncliffe. I remember a picnic excursion with them down the river to Zandow's Bay. One of them had a somewhat mean sarcastic attitude to small boys which George naturally resented very bitterly. ~~But~~ Miss Machar who died in 1927 left Ferncliffe to these young men, by that time both professors in the U.S.A. Eventually one brother took over the entire property and spent his summers there with wife and daughter, Olga and I called on them one afternoon and I remembered Mrs Chambers overwhelming effusiveness when she learned that the Greek poet George Russell had been an intimate friend of the Crichtons. Olga did not relish being the object of this enthusiastic, almost incredulous envy.

Miss Machar could not bear to see misery and suffering in man or beast or insect. She was always helping lame ducks over their fences or trying to reform ^{some} never do well family in Gananoque. She had a sweet gentle sense of humour and would smile as she recounted to Grandma in her soft monotone her fruitless efforts to reform some ungrateful drunk whom she had befriended. One afternoon we were all at a tea party on the Finleys veranda when the wind was blowing briskly down the channel. Tea was almost over when little old Miss Machar

pulled into sight. Miss Finley and George went down to the wharf to meet her. When she came up to the veranda she explained her very late arrival as due to a water-soaked bee which she saw floating past the boat. She had unshipped the oar and tried to scoop it up, the wind whirled her boat around + she rowed back to try again but ^{once more} again she drifted back. Time and again she chased after the bee and at last succeeded in getting it onto the blade of the oar, so waterlogged that it could hardly creep up. All this time she was drifting down stream. The climax of the story which caused her ^{quiet} ~~real~~ amusement was that when she got the oar into the boat + gently pushed the bee off the oar - it stung her!

My last sight of Miss Machar was at the head of her long flight of steps leading down to her dock and boat house. She had plucked a red rose, smelled its fragrance, and given it to Aunt Mina. Frail, white haired, and smiling she said goodbye and quoted Whittier, "I know not where His islands lift / Their fronded palms in air / I only know I cannot drift / Beyond His love and care".

Every August until about 1910, ~~Grand~~ Uncle James and his wife ~~Grand~~ Aunt Mina came to us at Ashkirk and how they loved it. Fishing for perch was his endless joy. George + I had the task of keeping him supplied with minnows,

far more plentiful in those years before the pollution problems beset us. We often fished with him and fortunately they both loved the cooked perch as few days passed without one fish meal. But we grew very tired of skinning them. We were very fond of Uncle James and listened avidly to his stories of life in the mid west where he tried farming only to lose his first crop just on the eve of harvesting by a tornado. Then he pioneered the enterprise of putting steamboats on the Red River, getting into association with Jim Hill who amassed wealth after Uncle James broke the partnership because of ethical principles. Returning to Montreal, he set up as a builder and contractor. Some of his granite or limestone ^{faced} houses still stand on Sherbrooke St and residential streets of Westmount. Unfortunately he was no business man and expected others ^{to have} his own high standards of integrity, only to be cheated and exploited. He tried to interest the government in a canal from Lake Ontario through Lake Simcoe to Georgian Bay, but to no avail. In spite of all his misfortunes he never became bitter nor lost his simple religious faith. His later years were spent in the home of one or other of his married daughters in New York State, in or near Syracuse. One daughter, Mrs Tenhune had no children, another Mrs Briggs, wife of a Presbyterian minister in Syracuse had two daughters, one of which we knew, Leslie Welch who visited me in Kingston twice in the 1960s and once at Ashkirk when Patrick and Audrey were there. She left me her silver tea pot now in their possession. The third daughter of Uncle James died long ago in Montreal, her only son having died in his twenties. So Leslie was the last of that branch of the Douglas family.

Grandma also used to invite our Grand Uncle

John Douglas, the second of the three sons born to John Douglas the miller of Ashkirk, ^{John} had wanted to be a Methodist minister like his younger brother George, but his throat was not equal to public speaking and he became a successful business man in Minneapolis. He was a sincerely devout man. His wife Elizabeth was a member of the first class to graduate from Bryn Mawr. She died before 1900 and I do not remember her at the island. But Uncle John came for short visits in August until ~~about~~ ^{young} time in first decade of this century. He and Uncle James made a striking pair, grey haired ^{and bearded}, upright, six feet tall or near it, both retained something of their early Scottish accent. Grandma always conducted family prayers after breakfast unless one of these brothers-in-law or her nephew Heber Hamilton was with us. Uncle John's prayers were dignified and somewhat eloquent; Uncle James had the simplicity of childhood and the richness of King James version of verse after verse which he strung together without effort. I remember an evening, when the sky was studded with stars, standing with Uncle John by the wickery, the expanse of sky above us, not covered by oak leaves as at present. He quoted the entire Whittier poem: "The spacious firmament on high, / and all the blue ethereal sky / The spangled heavens, a shining frame, / Their great Original proclaim." Another vivid memory is the solemn face of Uncle James in the row boat pulling in at the front dock, the Aunts down to meet him, and his quiet words, "He's dead." President McKinley of the United States had

been assassinated, shot in Buffalo by an anarchist. This was August 1901.

My Father's health began to cause anxiety about this time. It was eventually diagnosed as tuberculosis. In July 1901 he spent his last vacation at Ashcroft. In the evenings at our bedtime he told us a continued tale of travel and adventure by sea and land, but I remember nothing of it, nor did George. Father was advised to go to Denver, Colorado. ^{after a year or more} Grandma decided that she, my Aunts, and George and I would go to England. We sailed from Montreal on the Lake Erie in September 1902 and did not return until June 1904.

During the summer of 1903, Grandma gave the cottage to the James Douglas family where Granduncle John joined them.

Bluff Island, lying just south of Little Forsyth which Miss Shillington bought about this time, was purchased by Mr Nordoff whose son in later years co-authored The Mutiny on the Bounty. The Nordoffs built a tennis court and the foundations of a house but then health reasons compelled them to live in California. However the Shillingtons were given the privilege of using the tennis court and here George and I learned to play a brand of tennis that was never very proficient. The first War ended all that.

On Howe Island part way to Kingston a rich American chemist, Mr Nickle, had an elaborate house, ^{Nokomis Lodge with extensive} grounds and large boat house. His steam yacht was called The Nokomis. Somewhere about 1910 we heard that the famous University of London chemist, Sir William Ramsay, was his guest and would be brought to the train at Gananoque on his host's yacht. We knew that he had been the discoverer of helium as a terrestrial element hitherto only known to astronomers as an element present in the solar spectrum of the ~~corona~~ ^{photosphere} chromosphere.

hence its name from helios, The Greek word for sun - George had been reading Carlyle On Heroes aloud to us on Sunday evenings the previous winter and he and I were real hero worshippers. So we rowed over towards the railway wharf and in due time The Nokomis steamed down the channel. On the bridge stood two men and one of them in dark travelling suit was obviously the famous scientist Sir William Ramsay.

Sports Day became an annual event with much thought given to the order of events, the programmes prepared for the three spectators and the trophy. One summer we bought a small three-handled mug on which were the words "Never say die, Up man and try". It is still in the cottage, on my bureau where it has given me happy remembrances for many years. In the water there would be ~~be~~ swimming races, the long plunge, ~~and~~ a running long jump from the front dock and a hurry-scurry race with George in the Ashkirk and I in the Teriot at ^{the start}. On the lawn we would have high jump, broad jump, hop-step-and-jump, 10-metre dash (the one thing I might win without a handicap); then a cricket match and an over hand bowling contest. Our Marathon race was an estimated one mile, the course being twenty six times ~~around~~ from ^{the} rockery down to the bay, around behind the (then) five oaks, up to the Kitchen Landing, across the top of the lawn and around the rockery. Even George did not cover the course in four minutes. Only once did he enter the August

Civil Holiday water sports in Gananoque. We never had a canoe until about 1910 when "Aunt" Bessie Hall gave us hers. George soon became a very proficient and powerful paddler. He entered The Gananoque hurry-scurry — a run down the Railway wharf, a dive and swim to anchored canoe, and then paddle about 50 yards to the finish line. I was watching from the Teviot and was completely thrilled when he won. His blue pennant is on the wall of the small bedroom and also the group picture of the first post-war McIsid Harrier ~~Club~~ of which George was president and a member of the intercollegiate team.

Early in May 1913 I finished my first and George his second college year. He and I went up and opened Ashkirk on May 10 so that he could put in a month of practical engineering work in Skinner's factory where harness, including hames, was manufactured. This would not only provide the subject matter for the compulsory Summer Essay but also bring him a little cash. The previous year he had worked in the CNR ^{shops}, then called The Grand Trunk ~~Railway~~ ^{Shops}, in Lachine, long hours of hot heavy work. To be at Ashkirk and row over in 10 minutes and up The Creek to the factory wharf for 7 am, back at the island for a quick lunch, then return until the six o'clock whistles and to Ashkirk for a swim and supper — this was wonderful. It was a terribly cold May and I was not sorry to spend much time at the kitchen stove, a new and challenging experience for me. On May 11 I swam about three strokes in the freezing cold water and did not go in again for three weeks. but George plunged in daily. Grandma and

^{and the work}
~~our Aunt's~~ came up about the middle of June and then
~~been assaulted, shot in Buffalo by an anarchist.~~
~~This was August 1901~~
ceased to be cook-general and George's factory work ended.

George had matriculated from The Westmount
Academy in June 1911 ^{with high standing in the province} and entered the Faculty of Applied
Science at McGill University in the autumn. ~~and~~ That
1911 summer was the last one in which we ~~all~~ ^{did} not close up
Ashknirk until the very end of September. Grandma
had always said that if George and I did some regular
study of the following September's school work we could
miss those first four weeks ^{of school}. It was a good bargain
for us and we conscientiously carried it out. This was
easy for me as George knew just what I had to cover and
helped me continually. He loved imparting his knowledge
which may explain how, at the age of 39 when he became
~~an~~ Carnegie Professor of Geology at Dalhousie University,
he took to teaching like a duck to water. I remember
sailing with him in the Triton back and forth across the foot of
The Lake ^{in 1911} when he taught me the formulae and proofs of the
rules of combination of indices in multiplication,
division and powers. " x to the m times x to the n
equals x to the m ^{plus} n " we shouted to the south west
wind. Then would follow the proofs, all visualized without
benefit of paper and pencil. The happy result, thanks entirely
to George, was that in the test on the September work the day after
I returned to school in October, I was the only one in the class
who made 100%. Our good friend, and often ski
companion on Mt Royal, Etienne Bieler, older brother of
our artist friend André, had led the province in the
1911 matriculation examinations. I set my heart on doing this
in June 1912 and was quite obsessed with this ambition, working
single mindedly all the 1911-12 school year. In late July 1912

we had a family picnic at Leek Island and rowing one boat home I got the strong impression that the results of the examinations might be in that day's Montreal Gazette. So on arriving at Ashkirk I insisted on going over to Gananoque to collect the afternoon mail at the Post Office. There I hurriedly opened the paper and found the list, hardly believing my eyes on seeing my name at the top of the list by a margin of 50 marks. I was so overcome with emotion that my eyes were streaming over as I rowed home. George had come half way over in the Ashkirk to meet me and his jubilation knew no bounds and embarrassed me greatly. Dr and Mrs F. D. Adams were staying with us at the time and shortly afterwards she sent me the silver and gunmetal Swiss wrist watch which I still wear on occasions when my every day one is not functioning. That September George had to go back to Montreal for the McGill survey course. I think it was that year that the British Law Society met in Montreal and George managed to evade the door keepers and (without a ticket) dash up to the 'gods' in His Majesty's Theatre where he heard Lord Haldane give his great address on 'Sittlichkeit', the unwritten laws of behaviour between nations. Two years later we recalled that address with added interest when Lord Haldane was forced out of the office of Lord Chancellor ^{by public opinion} because of his earlier outspoken admiration for German ^{by public opinion} thought.

The summer of 1913 was ^{Grandma's} last one at Ashkirk. On July 2 George was 21 and on September 12 Grandma was 82. Again he had to return early for McGill work but he came up late the evening of her birthday with a present for her and she had a surprise for him - Mrs Finley had given her a little velvet pouch containing, I think, five golden sovereigns because of his 21st birthday. That afternoon had been so perfect, mild, windless, sunny,

The soft September haze and beginnings of autumn colours, that I had rowed Grandma and Aunt Mina up to Mermaid Is. for our afternoon tea. We pulled into the little bay on the west side and while Grandma sat comfortably in the stern, Aunt Mina & I made a fire & boiled the kettle. Rowing slowly home we enjoyed the reflections of ~~grey~~ rocks, ferns and autumn shades of foliage. That year because she was so frail, we went back to Montreal in a parlour car. The following Feb 10 exactly twenty years after her husband's death, Grandma awoke in a daze, remained unconscious all day and died at midnight. ~~What~~ George and I owed more than we could ever put in words to our Grandmother whose love and influence, and through her the influence of our Grandfather, had surrounded us from our infancy.

The following summer brought August 1914 and that changed our world.

Early Montreal Memories

Our home in Montreal was on ^{the east side of} University Street above Prince Arthur next door to the large grey stone Burland house, ~~on the east side of the street~~. The sidewalks were thick boards or planks of various widths from 8 to 12 inches or perhaps some of them wider. Little boys played marbles on the smoothest of them, and a few little girls. A beautiful alley, especially a smokey, was a treasure. My father gave us each a bag of lovely ones when we were quite small. Grandma made cotton striped bags for them and these are still at Ash Kirk. The street was lighted by gas lamps and the lamp-lighter, with his long pole for turning on and igniting the gas, was a familiar figure as he made his way from post to post at dusk. I do not think there was any snow removal on the side streets. Corporation men with blue jackets over their winter ~~coats~~ ^{clothing} shovelled the snow into banks by the sidewalks, and these great banks became our forts as we dug out their centres. Sometimes a corporation man, annoyed at the bulge out to the roadway caused by our central excavations, would put his shovel right through the wall of our castle.

Opposite our house and a little further up the hill lived Henry Burks and six mornings a week ^{one could} ~~we would~~ see him and his sons leave their house and walk down to their store and offices. Further down the same west side, was the Wesleyan Theological College ^{by the McGill} Campus Milton St. gate and its Principal's residence where Grandma had lived for 20 years prior to 1894.

On the other side of the Burland house was a house with an arched driveway into the garden and stable, behind what had been Sir William Dawson's house, occupied at this time by his daughter ^{Mrs Harpington} & her family of two girls and ~~a small~~ ^{their young} brother, Will, who was often our playmate. I remember once we three little ones shovelled the snow off their veranda and were rewarded by the older sister with two or three sugar candies each. ^(another brother is now, in 1978, The Chancellor of McGill University) In their back yard was a horse chestnut tree and one spring we found nuts that were sprouting little white rootlets. We took these home. Grandma at once said we would take them up to Ashkirk to plant them. ~~so~~ She kept them in damp flannel until we all went up in the old SS Alexandria Mine was planted down on the east side and died before we went to England in 1902. George's was at the north side and grew into a beautiful tree well covered with flowers ^{each spring} until the end of the 1950s when branch after branch died and the high water years have now finished it. Little ones grown from Kingston nuts are now, in 1974, about a foot high.

One of my earliest memories centres around our stable, a useful storage place for garden tools and household junk. Up in the hay loft was a large wooden table gathering dust and odd rubbish amongst which was a broken thermometer some of whose mercury had run out. These little globules of quicksilver fascinated me, coalescing to form large drops and breaking up again when played with. I remember my Aunt warning me to beware of the little pieces of broken glass which could cut my finger, and never never to put mercury in my mouth. One spring day when the garbage was being put out into the back lane, onto which the stable opened, I escaped unnoticed into the wonderful new world of the lane.

I ~~and~~ wandered up to where it opened into a field or overgrown empty lot with fresh green grass coming up between discarded junk. I remember my feeling of wonder and discovery, a very frightened Aunt found me wandering contentedly there and brought me home where Grandma quietly told me never to go off alone again, for there were bad men in the world who might hurt me or run off with me. I never went up that magic lane again. This was my first awakening to the fact that there was such a thing as evil in the world. It was also my first experience of the joy of exploring unfamiliar places, which in my own small way I have been doing ^{off and on} for three quarters of a century on six continents.

I suppose talk about my Mother, dearly loved by all who knew her, very early led to my realization of the mystery of death. I well remember my earliest prayer, "may we all die together," and I can again feel the indefinable dread of separation. And now five of that family of six are gone; my Father in 1904, my Grandmother in 1914, Aunt Mary in 1921, Aunt Minnie in 1935, then a decade with no family loss but the tragic slaughter of many fine young men whom I knew as students, but 1958 brought the death of my beloved brother, 1967 of his daughter Elizabeth, 1971 his son John, followed a few months later by my sister-in-law, Olga. So every decade has brought a time of facing anew the stark mystery of life and of death, and at no time have I felt myself far removed from the threshold of the unseen world.

Queen Victoria ascended the throne on June 20, 1837, so my ~~floating~~ wisps of memory of June 20, 1897 form

the earliest ~~of my~~ memories to which I can affix a firm date. I was two and a half years old and we were still in Montreal that June day. I can clearly recall my Aunt telling me that if I would rest quietly in bed that afternoon, I would be taken up onto the roof to see the fireworks on Mount Royal - I remember as I lay half awake seeing the end of the Burland's Union Jack floating in the breeze in and out of my field of view through the dormer window. And I remember my father carrying me up through the hatch onto the dark roof ~~and~~ ^{to see} the rockets and flares on the mountain top.

Another early memory has historic value. Robert Stephenson, British bridge engineer who died in 1859, had constructed his famous Tubular Bridge across the Menai Straits and about the middle of the century he built a tubular bridge where the Victoria Bridge now spans the St Lawrence. When it was decided that a large new bridge was essential, Aunt Mina took George and me on one of the last days before ~~it was~~ the old tubular bridge was closed for demolition. I remember being in the train in the dark, emerging into the light at the station on the south shore and returning through the darkness again. It was impressed upon us both that this was of historic significance. The date was ^{early autumn 1897, for} ~~for demolition began in October of that year~~ ^{in 1900}

After the outbreak of the South African war, Lord Strathcona raised a cavalry regiment known as the Strathcona Horse. Montreal gave them a great send off, thousands lining the route of their final march through the city. A few years later a monument to the fallen was unveiled in Dominion Square. My Aunt took us to both. ^{Years} later, in 1914, when I was a student at McGill, Lord Strathcona

died and a solemn memorial service was held in the Royal Victoria College hall, beginning with the Dead March in Saul and concluding with Chopin's Funeral March which followed ~~the~~ the old English prayer which I have never forgotten, "Prevent us O Lord with Thy blessing, and further us with Thy continued help, that in all our ways, begun, continued and ended in Thee, we may glorify Thy holy name"

In 1901 the Duke and Duchess of York visited Canada. Aunt Mina brought George and me back to Montreal from Granby to see them drive along Dorchester St and under a magnificent floral arch somewhere near the foot of Mountain Street. Mr Samuel Finley had erected a bank of benches in his garden at the corner of Bishop and Dorchester and invited us to watch the procession there. Afterwards we hurried up to the McGill grounds to see their arrival at the university where I think an honorary degree was conferred on the Duke. Little did George and I imagine that ~~seventeen~~ ^{seventeen} years later we would both stand before him, ~~the~~ ^{then} King George V, at Buckingham Palace investitures.

My earliest recollections of the McGill campus are of a little stream that ran down on the east side of the Arts Bldg ~~and~~ behind the Wesleyan Theological College, now the site of Divinity Hall, towards Sherbrooke St where it disappeared, ~~and of the~~ ^{there was a} small bridge by which one crossed it on approaching by the Milton St entrance. I cannot remember that it was anything but a narrow foot bridge. In those earliest years of ours a nursemaid came four or five mornings a week to take us out. I remember clearly walking with her into the grounds one day and hearing the ~~the~~ strident bells of fire engines on McTavish St. We crossed the campus to the west gates where on the far side and a little ~~way~~ ^{way} up the hill

a house ~~was~~ ^{had gathered} in flames, and of course a crowd of onlookers. Firemen with helmets were at work with their heavy hoses, flames leaped from the windows and I was so terrified that we had to turn back homeward. I suppose I was about five years old. I remember asking ~~the~~ repeatedly whether the fire could spread to our house. The picture of that little campus stream suppling between its grassy banks is very clear to me. I do not know when it was sent underground, but I am sure it had disappeared when we came back to Montreal after our 1902-4 sojourn in the British Isles.

During those years when we lived on University St. we attended St James Methodist Church on St Catherine St. The congregation of the old St James downtown had moved up into this imposing new churd, sometimes referred to as the Cathedral of Methodism. In 1889 ~~at~~ at the opening service, our Grandfather had preached the sermon, his text being the verse in Haggai, ~~beginning~~ "The glory of this latter house shall be greater than of the former . . . and in this place will I give peace." The winter of 1889-90 ~~was~~ ^{had been} a hard cold, stormy one with much unemployment. Talking it over with her Father in his study at the College one evening, the idea was born of establishing a soup kitchen for hungry men. Muna Douglas ~~enlisted~~ ^{invoked} the interest of her friend Mary Finley, later Mrs F. D. Adams. They soon enlisted the help of a devoted group of young women from Dominion Square Church and Douglas Church (at the corner of St Catherine and Chomody Sts and called after Grandfather during his lifetime; these two churches ultimately merged to form Dominion-Douglas United Church on Westmount Boulevard.) The soup kitchen opened on Thursday Feb. 27. 1890 in a vacant

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Cottage at 168 Dalhousie St. This proving far too small, they moved to the empty old Williams Brewery on College St. Hence the name Old Brewery Mission which became official in 1892 with the opening of the spacious building on Craig St at Little St. Antoine with a full time superintendant, Mr J R McConica, a product of the ~~rescue~~ rescue mission on Water St. New York City. My Aunt's interest in the Old Brewery Mission never flagged during the remaining forty three years of her life. The O.B.M. played a part in our early and later years. Once when we were quite small Aunt Mina took us down to a service at the Mission and I have never forgotten seeing that roomful of ~~homeless~~ ^{destitute} men singing "Where is my wandering boy tonight." Many a man down and out through illness, misfortune, alcohol has found at the Mission sympathy and a helping hand, food and clean clothing, nights' lodging and hope, and many that my Aunt knew ~~she~~ became useful respected citizens through some transforming Power found there. When we grew older George and I went down to the Mission twice a year to help with preparations for and serving of huge dinners, the Christmas Day dinner for men who queued up for a block or more awaiting their turn to enter the warm festive hall, and the high tea with cold turkey and salad, pie and lovely cakes, for the mothers of the Thursday afternoon Mothers Meeting presided over by my Aunt for over forty years. She was an expert carver and George and I learned by watching her at our own table; so we had good opportunity to practise the art at least once a year at the O.B.M. where we would carve until our hands ached.

Neither of us ever went to school prior to the autumn of 1902. From Grandma we began to learn to read and

were drilled in spelling from a ^{book} ~~book~~ which, if my recollection be correct, was called Mavor's Spelling Book. A terribly dull book for reading was Peep of Day which I disliked, and ~~Kingseys~~ ^{Kingseys} Water Babies which I never understood, and the first few verses of St John's Gospel, ^{which I soon knew by heart.} She taught us many Bible verses and some of the Psalms. Aunt Mina started us on numbers and simple mental arithmetic. Aunt Mary sometimes quoted poetry, her repertoire being mostly the sadder kind. I can still remember the eerie feeling I had when she quoted "Quoth the raven, Never more." Both Aunts could play the piano by ear. Often in the evening glooming Aunt Mary would play arias from the classic operas or melodies of the great composers. Every Sunday evening Aunt Mina played hymns from memory and a Beethoven excerpt from the Twelfth Mass whose resounding chords I can still hear. Thus George and I acquired a love for good music but neither of us inherited any talent for playing piano or other musical instrument.

On my sixth birthday, a Sunday, a stranger was brought home for dinner. Aunt Mina had made a two layer cake covered with pink icing, studded with dark chocolates and small white candles. I can still see it. The guest was Mr Watchorn of New York who, on every subsequent ~~visit~~ business trip to Montreal, came to call on Grandma. Another Sunday when a stranger was invited for dinner, he asked the small girl if she could ~~say~~ ^{repeat} the text of the sermon. My family were ^{deeply} distressed to hear me reply that I did not know where the text came in the service! - I'm later

years after grandma became too frail to attend church, George and I always told her the text and the substance of the sermon over a cup of tea which ~~was~~ ^{was} tied over the time from arrival home ~~to~~ until dinner was put on the table. This was excellent ^{memory} training and stood us in good stead in subsequent years.

One of Grandma's close friends, Mrs E.H. Botterell kept a horse and carriage, or sleigh in winter time complete with buffalo robes, and tinkling bells on the harness. Now and again she would send her coachman to take Grandma and others of us for a drive. George and I were always taken and in winter in spite of hot bricks and water bottles my feet were always painfully cold. But ^{in those years} ~~days~~ on a frosty sunny day Sherbrooke St would be a gay sight and ^{also} the roads in the mountain park, with fine sleighs ^{with furred coachmen} and a few men on horse back and some tobogganers and snowshoers in blanket-coats with bright wide woolen sashes ^{and red tuques} and all the sleigh bells jingling. A drive in the autumn or spring usually took us out the Cote St. Antoine road where at about Victoria Street or a bit further west was a toll-booth. I don't remember how much the toll was, but beyond were acres and acres of apple orchards, the justly renowned Montreal Fameuse, and fields of melons, Decarie melons. All that uniquely rich land has become city, Notre Dame de Grace and Montreal West. We read that an effort had been made to grow Fameuse apples on the royal estate at Sandringham, but the soil there was not the volcanic soil mixed with Ottawa valley silt of Montreal island, and the apples lacked the true flavour.

As early as I can remember there were streetcars on St. Catherine St. but transportation was chiefly horse-drawn. The well-to-do had their carriages and coachmen, their sleighs in winter with buffalo robes and harness bells. People like my Grandmother telephoned for a carriage when occasion demanded, such as driving down to the canal wharf to go aboard the old Alexandria each spring. all deliveries were by horse-drawn carts or vans. A sad sight was to see one or two horses straining, slipping, falling at Guy and Sherbrooke Sts on an icy winter day trying to pull their sleighs of coal up the hill, the drivers all too zealous with their whips. Walking was, however, the chief mode of transit - ~~most~~ ^{most} Saturday mornings Aunt Mina walked down to the Bonsecours Market coming back laden down with provender. On Easter Saturday she would take us with her for the market would be a gay sight inside and out. Outdoors all the horses ^{and carts} were decorated with bright paper roses and on the harness and whip. Indoors every stall was trimmed with these gay roses and one was pinned into every carcass in the meat section. All the French Canadian and Irish market men had a rose stuck in cap or on apron and good will and friendly jovial greetings pervaded the whole scene. Every spring and autumn we drove out to our lot in Mount Royal Cemetery. George and I were always rather oppressed by these pilgrimages to the burial place of our great grand parents, our Grandfather and our mother. after trimming the shrubs, weeding or other little chores, Grandma would produce candies and a biscuit before the drive home.

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That my father was suffering from tuberculosis must have been discovered in 1899. ~~He~~ ^{after a short stay at Saranac he} was sent to a sanatorium in Denver Colorado. It must have been just before he left Montreal that Buffalo Bill and his Circus came. I was too small to be taken but father took George who was so impressed that for a year or more he made up all manner of games for us to play together. By 1902 father's health was so much improved that he was able to take up some professional work in accountancy ^{in Denver}. The medical advice was for him to remain in the mountains for two years more. Grandma and our Aunts decided to go to England for those two years, remain there until father could join us and then we would all return to Montreal in the autumn of 1904.

Accordingly all the furniture was stored and we left 285 University street in the spring of 1902, spent the summer months at Ashkirk, returning to Montreal in September ~~to~~ to embark on the Lake Erie of the Elder-Dempster Line, bound for The Port of London.

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Interlude 1902-4

Strangely I remember nothing whatever of the Atlantic crossing on the Lake Erie, but I vaguely recall a feeling of strangeness and confusion when we docked at the Port of London. Trunks and passengers we bundled ^{onto and} into a black squarish cab, horse-drawn of course, and drove the long way across London to the spacious house of Mr and Mrs McArthur at 28 Linden Gardens, Nottingham Gate. With marvellous hospitality Mrs McArthur took us all in and kept us for several days until my Aunt found us a winter abode. Mrs McArthur was the second daughter of Mr and Mrs Samuel Finley of Montreal, a remarkably kind and capable woman whose three children, Marguerite, Alex and Kathleen spanned the ages of George and me. Mr McArthur was as impractical as his wife was practical. The son of Sir Alexander McArthur, ~~he~~ he was an omnivorous reader a fountain of information on classical and modern literature, on politics and on history, particularly the history of old London. He was ^{a Cambridge graduate} I think ~~trained~~ trained in the law, but his inheritance made its practice unnecessary. Thus he had leisure to give his services as a Justice of the Peace for the Borough of Kensington, to aid his beloved Liberal party ^{and} enjoying his membership in the Reform Club on Pall Mall ~~and~~ of which he eventually became the oldest member. This was a typical English professional class family employing two or three servants and a "Nanny" whose task it was to take the children to school, to take them for an afternoon walk or romp in Kensington Gardens and to preside over nursery supper. George and I had to settle somewhat uneasily into this pattern so different from our own home life. But we learned to love the Gardens and the Round Pond where young and old sailed their boats, the older skippers,

middle aged or elderly with a serious concentration which contrasted with the happy carefree abandon of the children.

I remember our first morning in London, grey and wet. George and I were decked out in bicycle capes and off we went with Aunt Mary on a London bus to see St Paul's Cathedral. Every morning we went somewhere, The Tower, the Abbey, The shops. If we came back on a bus along Knightsbridge, sitting whenever possible in the front seat on the top of the bus where we could talk to the driver, there was the excitement of stopping at the foot of Silver Street, now called Church Street, so that a third horse could be added to help pull the bus up the hill to Nottinghill Gate where it would be unharnessed and ~~taken down~~ ^{led the queue again.}

Very soon we went by train to Heathfield, Sussex, a little town north of Eastbourne as boarders in the house of Mr and Mrs Wilson. Channel View ^{it was called} ~~so called~~ because on very clear days the English Channel was just visible. Mr Wilson had been a school master at Harrowgate school for boys, had lost his health and settled on a small chicken farm in this lovely downland of Sussex. As his health improved he began to teach the "sons of the gentry" in day classes and agreed to include me as well as George for the autumn-winter-spring terms of 1902-03. The class of about a dozen included the son of the local doctor, of a retired engineer and ^{an} admiral. I was included in everything and played goal keeper on the football team. I remember nothing of what I learned, but recall the weekly sessions in the barn where Mr Wilson had fixed up a small chemistry laboratory. ~~Here~~ he did various things to my complete mystification. He was very kind to George and me taking us up the fields to collect the eggs of chickens, duck and geese. The

geese terrified me, but I loved the rabbits. One day Mr Wilson took us with him to buy more rabbits and he gave us each one to carry home. I can still feel that warm furry throbbing little body in my hands and my apprehension lest he slip out of my grasp. There was a large unkempt field beyond the field where the geese were kept, enclosed like the others by high hedges. Here on windy days George and I had a wonderful game imagining ourselves knights with long lances galloping on our great horses after sheets of newspaper which we threw into the wind and then chased down the field to spear them on our lances.

The large estate in that vicinity belonged to Lord Heathfield. On it stood ~~a~~ old grey Trafalgar Tower, so called because a forebear had fought valiantly ~~in~~ the Battle of Trafalgar. It had become a museum with armour, weapons and grim instruments of torture. Grandma made acquaintance with a friendly old lady, Mrs Bubb, whose lovely garden boasted I do not recall how many different varieties of daffodil, jonquil and narcissus. Sometimes Grandma hired an elderly man with a donkey ^{and trap} ~~baggy~~ to take us further afield than she could walk. George and I would beg to jump out and walk for the pace was slow as his owner led the donkey by the bridle. To Cross-in-Hand was one drive. To Jack Cade's monument was another and we learned its grim inscription off by heart: "Near this spot was slain the notorious rebel, Jack Cade, by Alexander Deane, Esquire, Sheriff of Kent, in anno domini 1450. His body was taken to London

and his head placed upon London Bridge. This is a warning to all rebels". Longer drives with a horse and carriage took us to Mayfield where a gentle nun showed us through the ancient convent, showing us the very tongs with which St Dunstan tempted by the Devil while working at his forge, caught the Devil by the nose. Legend has it that to sooth his burnt nose he made three jumps to Tunbridge ^{Wells} to bathe it in the spring which has been sulphurous ever since. We saw Sevensey Castle, that fine Norman fortress built by William the Conqueror at his point of landing, and Battle Abbey by the plain ^{of Sevenac} where King Alfred was slain. We looked over the low wall at the home of Rudyard Kipling. We visited the picturesque town of Lewis where greatly to the amusement of our Aunt, Grandma insisted on finding and pointing out to us the home of Tom Paine, the free thinker. To Grandma he was a godless unbeliever, with her heritage of fifty years of Grandfather's nineteenth century Methodist orthodoxy. ~~and~~ Only after many years did I read his life and realize his sincerity and fine qualities, so it was with different eyes that I again looked at his house in 1970 when I visited Lewis during the General Assembly of the International Astronomical Union at the University of Sussex — eyes and a mind sixty seven years older.

At the close of the school year we said good-bye to the Wilsons and went into lodgings overlooking the sea at Eastborne. George and I revelled in the beach, gathering shiny pebbles and starfish, wading in the sea, making sand castles with moats and turrets. With Aunt Mena we took long walks on the Downs, visited the Wish Tower, went around Beachey Head at low tide.

Here in the late spring of 1903 we had our first ride in a motor vehicle, a motor bus, and were duly thrilled. The occasional motor car was to be seen on the streets, all open cars, the lady occupants all with their broad brimmed hats tied down securely with scarves. Here too we heard the famous negro choir, the Jubilee Singers, and we were taken to an evangelistic service in a large tent. I was emotionally deeply impressed but would not at any price have confessed this, even to George.

After a week or two in Eastbourne we went for a few days to Tunbridge Wells where we walked on the Pantiles, drank a few sips of the horrible iron and sulphur water in which centuries earlier the Devil had bathed his nose burnt by St Dunstan's red-hot tongs, and we played joyously ~~up~~ on the Common where large, much sculptured sandstone rocks were wonderful for climbing upon. Then we set off for a whole summer of ^{travel} ~~going~~ from place to place up the east coast, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, and back to London.

Ely was our first lengthy stop. We all loved the cathedral and the town. ~~We~~ were in lodgings just off the Common for about two weeks. Every morning we went to the cathedral, examining in detail nave or transept. The carvings in the octagon depicting the life of Queen Etheldreda and amused by the ancient wording of one scene, "the boxing of Queen E." in which her body was being laid in its coffin. Or we examined the Lady Chapel where Cromwell's men had defaced every ^{profile} ~~face~~ but one which after much hunting we found. ^{and thought he looked like Kruger!} Or we wandered in the cloisters and precincts. All the elders had a keen interest in history and everywhere we went a little local guide book would be purchased. Much of this enthusiasm rubbed off on George and me, and as we rarely saw too much in one day, what we did see and hear impressed itself deeply in our memories.

* We brought back to Ashpirk a small brass knocker representing the Lincoln Imp. It is fastened to the cabinet door of the writing desk.

From Ely we took two one-day trips. In Norwich we visited the cathedral and its grounds running back to the river; we walked through the great Market Square and up to the Castle, a museum on one gallery of which was the collection of stuffed birds including a case full of humming birds; all this I remembered when fifty two years later I was again in Norwich, but the humming birds seemed to have flown away. The day in Cambridge is rather a blur of many colleges and courts, ~~and~~ dining halls and chapels, with one clear memory of a fine mulberry tree in the centre of one court, a tree previously known only in a nursery rhyme.

We left Ely with reluctance for Peterborough, visiting the ~~fine~~ cathedral with its elaborate west facade, and going on the same day to Lincoln ^{where we stayed} for a few days. Its commanding position on the brow of the hill, its entrance Gate through which we saw some ^{stately} municipal procession pass to enter the great west door; the legend of the Lincoln Imp and the fine little figure of that imp high up behind the chancel, all these were unforgettable. Our next ~~place~~ was York that old, old town dominated like most cathedral towns by the Minster, ^{steeped} in history, impressive without and within. We noted the fine, some very old, stained glass windows, listened to the organ and the chanting of evensong; we walked on the ancient city walls and through the narrow picturesque streets. Then we went on to Durham, with its grand Norman cathedral on a hill overlooking a bend in the river Wear. Aunt Mina had been reading to us from a slim paper back, one of a series of Robin Hood stories. Our minds were full of ^{Norman} knights in armour with lance and sword and battle-axe, of outlaws with longbows, ^{quarterstaves, pikes} and great brave hearts, of dungeons and secret passages, of treachery, ~~and~~ intrigue and hair-breadth escapes. So when we saw the Sanctuary Door with its great Sanctuary knocker we were filled with visions of ancient times and, not for the first time, history became very real for us.

Crossing into Scotland at Berwick was a great event for all of us. We got off the train at Hawick, a kindly policeman outside the station suggested a lodging and we found ourselves in the comfortable humble home of two middle aged sisters who made the porridge every evening, stirring it with a wooden stick. Next day we went north ^{by bus} through the lovely Lowlands, otherwise known as the Southern Uplands, to Ashkirk hamlet near the confluence of the Aikwater and the Teviot. We turned up the road on the left stopped at the smithy where the clang of hammer on red hot horseshoes-in-the-making ceased while the smith pointed across the road to the grey stone two-storey grist mill, no longer in operation, and ^{opposite it on a slight rise} ~~across the road from it~~ around the bend of the road a couple of whitewashed cottages in it. Farther up which the miller of Ashkirk had lived, John Douglas our Great Grandfather. In that cottage his three sons were born, the youngest, George, our Grandfather. From this quiet hamlet the little family had migrated to Montreal in 1832 when Grandfather was seven years old. We wandered up the hillside road to the Kirk, but in its graveyard we could not find any trace of the name Douglas. No one we spoke to remembered back seventy one years. We went into the old mill and saw the great granite mill stones and the under thrust mill wheel. Grain was lying on the floor and still was when my niece Mary and I looked into the decaying old mill in 1973. ^{the one Grandma bought from the smith in 1903} The knocker on the front door at Ashkirk is

Taking the afternoon bus, we arrived in Edinburgh. Grandma, George and I waited what seemed to me a very long time in a dingy sitting room of the Y.W.C.A. while ^{the} aunts went off to seek for suitable lodgings. Aunt Mina returned to take us to

rooms in a high terrace overlooking The Meadows on Warrender Park Crescent. Here we remained for nearly six weeks. There were few interesting places which we did not visit. The Castle and Princes Gardens drew us many times, and the Royal Mile down by St Giles Cathedral to Holyrood Palace. I was bored and depressed by all the dismal courts and closes on the north side ~~into~~ so many of which Grandma delighted to linger, recalling from the guide book the famous people who had lived in these high grim buildings. But the stone-crowned Cathedral fascinated us, ~~with the~~ ^{and the} adjacent Museum, three items of which remain in memory: a heavy oaken door with huge bolt sockets through which, when the bolt gave way, a brave man thrust his arm to delay the pursuers long enough for hunted dissenters to make their escape by a rear door; the ancient hassock flung by indignant Jennie Seddes at the Episcopal cleric who called a prayer a collect, ~~with the words~~ "Take that and may the devil gie ye a colic in the wame"; and an old, old psalter with the wonderful paraphrase "Ye finny monsters of the deep / Wag wag your tails about / Ye cod fish on the sand banks leap / And loud his praises shout." We attended ~~church~~ service in many famous churches. ~~At~~ The eloquent preachers, Drs Black and White ministered to large congregations. Grandma made sure that we heard one or both of them but my memory is vague on this. And of course we went up to Arthur's Seat. Roslyn,

From Edinburgh we made several trips, visiting Leith and Portobello where George and I had the thrill of donkey rides on the sands; and Melrose where we stayed two days, exploring the lovely ruined abbey in sunshine and by moonlight, and Dryburgh Abbey with Sir Walter Scott's Tomb, and Abbotsford. Early one morning Aunt Mina, George

and I walked to the Eildon Hills and partway up the ^{harrow} ^{midnight} ^{you} ^{of} ^{the} ^{infernal} ^{yowls} ^{of} ^{the} ^{alley} ^{cats} ^{on} ^{the} ^{high} ^{stone} ^{walls} ^{that} ^{separated} ^{the} ^{back} ^{yards}; another is of happy care-free hours of play in the meadows and walks to the arch made of the jaw bones of a huge whale and to the monument to the faithful little dog Rab; yet another is the solemn sadness of our elders on receiving news of the death of Mr Samuel Finley who had been the Treasurer of the Wesleyan Theological College and a family friend for many years.

We went by char-a-banc through the Trossachs, sleeping one night at Aberfoyle where after supper, in the long northern twilight we walked up a hillside through soft damp spagnum moss. I wanted desperately to have a turn at sitting by the driver looking down at the horses, so after the lunch stop I slipped out early and climbed up to the seat on the driver's right hand, but Aunt Minna was too nervous of my safety and I had to give way reluctantly to her insistence that I come back to sit by her. Another memory flashes back to my mind, how intrigued I was by the guide book description of the monument to the Duke of Wellington below the Calton Hill, "the Iron Duke, designed by Steele and cast in bronze".

Eventually we resumed our way northward. At Dundee we went early one morning to see the fishing fleet come in, and to buy a sole by kindness of a skipper who said the catch was all to be auctioned off. On the way north we had briefly stopped at Stirling. At Aberdeen we marvelled at the lovely glistening grey granite, we visited the University, and going down the rough road to Balgownie Brig George & I ran on ahead, I fell & cut my knee and ever since have had a trace of Scottish gravel underneath the scar.

Inverness followed, with its castle and suspension bridge, now replaced to take the heavy motor traffic. By boat down the Caledonia Canal to Fort William under the shadow of Ben Nevis, on whose slopes we soaked our feet in wet sphagnum moss. I remember nothing of the magnificent scenery from there to Oban which for some reason I rather disliked although half a century later I loved it, its harbour and the islands.

Glasgow remains in my memory of that first visit for ~~three~~ ^{four} things: St Mungo Cathedral with Rob Roy legends, The Acropolis across the river where with Grandma we wandered amongst the ancient tomb-stones, a pursuit she greatly enjoyed although she was far from being a morbid person; the ship yards with their din of hammer on metal; and my first realization of poverty and degradation, shocked by the sight of bare footed women ^{on the muddy streets} with ~~thread~~ ^{torn} shawls over unkempt hair, drenched by the rain, ~~on a muddy street corner~~. This brings to my mind another Edinburgh memory of ^{two} little ill-clad children, boy holding small sister by the hand as they gazed longingly into a pastry shop window, Aunt Mina giving them two pennies, and seeing them emerge from the shop each biting into a large sticky sugar bun.

I was a bit bored by a boat trip down the Clyde to Bute, ~~but~~ I remember ~~with~~ ^{with} vivid pleasure our visit to Ayr and Burns Cottage where I invested a shilling in a souvenir table napkin ring. Now ^{it is} at Ashkirk together with one George had bought at Sterling.

I recall nothing of the trip over to Belfast but can never forget the long drive in the closed cab with trunks on top, from the harbour out to Strandtown, a southern residential suburb where Mr and Mrs Courtney Shillington had their lovely house, Glenmachan Tower. As we turned up the road towards their

property, we passed the entrance gate and Lodge to the house owned by the Greaves. For some reason our cab-horse shied and turned suddenly thus overturning the cab dumping the trunks and suitcases onto the road. The five of us inside were tumbled off our seats. The poor cabbie picked himself up, steadied his horse and then opened the door above our heads. George and I were helped out and down onto the road, and then my Aunt, while the cabbie kept ~~asking~~ ^{wailing}, "But how will we get the owd woman out?" By this time the Lodgekeeper and his wife and children were on the scene to help and Grandma was assisted up, out and down and taken in to the Lodge. Someone was despatched up the road to tell Bertha Shillington what had happened. In the meantime George and I played with the Lodge children. A middle-aged Miss Greaves came down from the "big home" very distressed. ~~and~~ ^{She} had her coachman bring their ~~car~~ ^{bycicle} out to take us up to the Shillingtons. Just then a very agitated "Aunt Bertha" came hurrying down the road, greatly relieved to find Grandma none the worse for the mishap. Bertha Shillington was formerly Bertha Hall, an old Montreal friend to whose wedding in St George's Church on Dominion Square, I had been taken two years earlier. Theirs was a palatial house and the extensive grounds with a little stream in a gully and good woodlot were marvellous for our hide-and-seek games.

We had one grand day at the Giants Causeway with its spectacular array of four, five, six, seven and even eight-sided tight fitting basalt columns, and at Dunlough Castle approached only by a narrow railless causeway over what seemed to me a rather fearsome deep jagged moat filled ^{at high tide} with surging ocean water. These were the very early years of motor cars and it was in a comic paper given us on the train coming back to Belfast

That George and I discovered the rhyme, so often quoted in later years: "Motorcar on the hum / Sudden jar Kingdom come." We went by train to Dublin, finding rooms somewhere behind Trinity College. I remember a herd of cattle being driven through a street and Aunt Mary's frightened retreat into a corner shop ^{passing me with her.} Here too the women and children with bare feet saddened me as we walked here and there. ^{We visited} St Patrick's cathedral and yet older Christ Church where excavations were in progress on its south side, ^{revealing an} earlier crypt. ^{We saw} the Castle, Trinity, St Stephen's Green with pond, bridge and duck, and the Bank where we were shown the little machine for checking the weight of golden sovereigns, discarding the over weight at one place and the underweight at the end.

The train to the south took us through the Vale of Avoca, where Parnell's house was pointed out to us on a wooded hillside, to Wexford where Grandma was born. She was so young when her father brought his family to Toronto that she had no memory of where their home had been, the Factor's home on an estate near Wexford Town. We searched church records here and there for the name Pearson but to no avail. On we went through that lovely countryside to Cork where the drive to Blarney Castle and George's ~~abstain~~ desire to kiss the Blarney stone, ~~was~~ thwarted by nervous Aunts, form my only clear recollections. Then came Killarney and a long drive by the lakes, a stop at the Meeting-of-the-Waters where we watched an artist on a narrow spit of land step back and back to survey his canvas; fascinated we saw him retreat one pace too far, lose his balance and fall into the lake. Our unconcealed mirth was gently rebuked by our elders who were relieved to see the unfortunate painter emerge safely. Muckross Abbey too,

I remember, and vaguely a large empty house beside a beautifully kept formal garden. Returning to Dublin we sailed across to Holyhead and took train through Stephenson's tubular bridge and over the Welsh countryside to Conway - Its castle and suspension bridge I vaguely remember, and the mountain village of Trefwedd near Snowden, famous for its horrible medicinal ~~spring~~^{waters}, one small sip of which was more than enough for us. We went into a small, very old church where some of the original stone seats remained. Somewhere here Grandma learned the story of Mary Jones, the little ^{Welsh} girl who walked miles to a church which had a Bible chained to a pillar. This led some inspired man to found the British and Foreign Bible Society so that there might be a copy of the Scriptures in every home.

We stopped two or three days in Chester, walking on its ancient walls, enjoying its red sandstone cathedral and quaint streets, and driving to Gladstone's home, Hawarden. Then came Stratford-on-Avon with Shakespear's home, Anne Hathaway's cottage and the little river on the bank of which no. Theatre ~~then~~ had been built. And so back again to London where we settled in at 31 Chepstow Place off ~~of~~ Westbourne Grove, ~~and~~ not far from the McArthurs. Here we stayed all the 1903-4 winter. I think Grandma was very glad to settle down to a more leisurely routine of life.

Miss Lecky, a grandniece of the historian, a tall erect Quaker lady, had a private school in a terrace house on Pembroke Square about ten minutes walk west of our house. To this school of perhaps a dozen little boys and girls, George and I went five mornings a week. Aunt Nema always saw us to the door but we came home alone happily rolling our hoops. On one

memorable ^{day} we heard shouting behind us and saw a run-a-way
 cart horse racing madly along the street. A courageous man
 rushed out from the sidewalk and seized the reins at
 its head, bringing it to a trembling halt. ^{at Miss Lecky's} George began the
 study of Latin. ~~There~~. We committed to memory many Psalms and
 some English and Scottish ballads, The Norman Baron, The
 Abbot of Aberbrothock among them. Geography was emphasized,
 favourite questions being where was Napoleon born, name
 the Channel Islands. A map of Gt. Britain, blank save for the
 County boundaries, would be hung up while Miss Lecky with
 a pointer in hand indicated this space and that to which
 in each case we learned to give the correct county name.
 In turn we had to go up stairs to practise piano scales or
 simple tunes. One term an athletic Lecky niece took us through
 the iron gate into the square for a strenuous half hour of
 ball or tag before we went home. But the really broad
 and unforgettable education was London itself. Many
 afternoons and week ends we went to historic places, to parks,
 museums, art galleries, ^{The Zoo, markets,} churches, to Kew Gardens, and to
 Hampton Court and its maze. One day in the South Kensington
 Museum ~~at~~ we stood in a long queue awaiting our
 turn to enter a dark cubicle, move a lever and see a
 faint glow of light — the first public showing of the
 mysterious ~~the~~ substance radium. On Sundays we went to
 service in many different places, quite often close by ^{to} the Baptist
 Church ~~where~~ ^{to hear} the well known Dr. Clifford, a powerful spokesman
 for the non-conformists. I remember going to City Road Chapel
 and the burial ground opposite it where the Wesleys are buried,
^{To Spurgeon's Tabernacle} to the City Temple, to St Ann's Soho where the Bach Passion Music
 was sung in Easter week, and on Easter Sunday to Westminster
 Abbey where we sat in the north transept under the out-stretched
 marble arm of Gladstone, heard a sermon on the text "For as

in Adam all die, etc" and listened to the young chorister soprano sing Handel's "I know that my Redeemer liveth". Down in Bishopsgate was the home of Sir John Crosby, formerly of Sir Thomas More. Surrounded as it was by office buildings, its demolition was threatened to make way for yet another ^{office}. Loud lamentations appeared in the daily papers over the destruction of its stately baronial hall, a gem of the finest architecture of its kind. So we went down to see its oriel window with crest, its minstrels' gallery and fine high timbered roof. Fortunately public opinion prevailed, funds were raised and stone by numbered stone, beam by numbered beam, it was removed to its present site on Chelsea Embankment near Beaufort St. Twenty years later Crosby Hall, standing on property which had belonged to Sir Thos. More, was bought by the British Federation of University Women as the centre of what has become an international residence and meeting place for women scholars from over fifty countries.

During our year in London we witnessed ^{three} ~~two~~ spectacular processions. One was the funeral procession of the Duke of Cambridge. He was an uncle of the King and a Field Marshall. We rented a window in a house on the route of the procession where it turned north off Bayswater Road. Soldiers on foot, soldiers on horseback, military bands, on and on, one detachment after another, and at last the gun carriage, the riderless horse, the cushion with the insignia, the royal mourners, representatives of ~~army~~ army and navy, ~~and~~ of government and church. This was an impressively solemn occasion. In contrast was the jolly jostling crowd which lined the streets near the Mansion House to watch the Lord Mayor's Show, the procession of City officials, policemen, foremen ^{and soldiers} escorting the newly accredited Lord Mayor of London ^{in his gilded coach} from the Guildhall to the Mansion House. When the time

Came for the Opening of Parliament, the Aunts asked the doorman at one of the government offices on Whitehall, ^{The Privy Council,} whether there were an upper window from which we could watch the procession. He assigned us to one window for which before we left he received a generous tip. Down from the Admiralty Arch came the huzzars, the six grey horses with outriders, the gold coach with ~~the~~ King ^{Edward VII} and Queen Alexandra, truly a spectacle of fairy tale pomp and splendour.

'50 autumn gave place to winter and ~~spring came~~ ^{winter to spring.} It had been planned that Father would then join us and a visit to Paris would be followed, as summer waned, by our return all together to Montreal. But it was not to be, Disquieting news came of severe Bright's disease and then suddenly ^{in mid-june} that he could not live very much longer. ~~In early June~~ We sailed for Montreal on the Dominion Liner, ^{S.S. Canada} went straight up to Ashburk and leaving Grandma and Aunt Mary there, Aunt Mina, George and I went by train to Denver. We saw my Father, very weak and ill, for a short time each day. He died on July 11, 1904 and next day we started the journey home. George and I were dropped off at Sananoyne, Aunt Mina went on to Montreal where the funeral took place with interment in our lot ~~at~~ in Mount Royal Cemetery beside the grave of our Mother. July 11 was a day we never forgot. George was just twelve and I not yet ten.