

A. Vibert Douglas

Memoirs

"Pilgrims were we All" ^{77.}/₁₅
Chapters 1, ~~4~~ 4 + 6

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GRANDFATHER VIBERT

John Arthur Vibert was born on the Isle of Jersey in 1827. He was christened at St. Brelacks Church, St. Aubins, Jersey. This church was built in 1111 A.D. and near it is the Fisherman's Chapel built in 986. As a boy he shipped on a barque, the Rambler. In the Caribbean Sea in 1843 they were chased by pirates. The captain had the men put their caps on hand spikes by the rail, thus misleading the pirates who fell astern and were eluded in the night.

John Arthur became mate of a coasting schooner which was wrecked in 1848. At the age of 21, he was made captain of the topsail schooner St. Ann owned by Capt. John Le Boutillier. On one of many trips to the Gaspé he married Sybil Shaw, Granddaughter of Moses Shaw, who was born in 1766, the third of eleven children of Moses Shaw born in 1735, probably in either Gaspé or Cape Breton where his family record is inscribed in a Bible which belonged to a Mr. Jefferson of Cape Breton. For their wedding trip my Grandfather took his bride on the St. Ann to Jersey and thence to Cadiz, Naples, Civita Vecchia and Ostea, from which they visited Rome.

His next ship was a brig, The Brothers owned by John and Elias Collus Co. He loved this ship and often talked to my Brother and me about her, on our Saturday visits to him in Montreal. In the years 1904 until 1915 when we both went overseas. He would tell of his mutinous Portugese crew, how he showed them his marksmanship by daily placing a bottle at the end of the deck and from the bridge firing one shot from his big wooden handled pistol splintering the bottle everytime. He gave this big revolver to George. On one voyage out of Jersey he raced Capt. Le Boutillier in the Dawn, regarded as a faster ship, both laden with fish for Brazil. The Brothers reached the harbour first, unloaded the tubs of fish, and was sailing out of the port as The Dawn sailed in. A strange adventure befell him on one occasion in the ~~North Atlantic~~. His Portugese sailors muntinied and got control of the ship, locking the Captain in his cabin until they neared a small island where they rowed him ashore and then sailed off, leaving him with but faint hope of rescue. As he paced the shore realizing how slim was the chance of any ship passing within hailing distance, he noticed a dark speck on the horizon which gradually became larger as slowly, slowly, slowly it approached. At last he could make out that it was a small lifeboat. Anxiously he watched it drifting nearer, hoping against hope that it would drift ashore on his little island — which it did. He had no charts but he knew the region well and set off to row to the nearest port. How I wish I could remember where he landed after long hours of rowing. Luckily he was given a passage on a ship just leaving for the port at which The Brothers was to unload.

There the police were notified and the culprit sailors were caught. Grandfather collected a new crew and sailed away in his own ship.

In the Brothers when the cargo was destined for London, he would tie up at St. Catherine Docks just down stream from the Tower of London. He had many memories of that Dock dating back to his earliest boyhood days when one night he was awakened by the clang of bells, went on deck and enquired of the policeman on duty what was happening. "The Tower of London is on fire" was the reply. The fire was soon contained, extinguished, and peace prevailed. But the following night he was again awakened by bells ringing out in all directions. Again he went on deck to interrogate the policeman whose reply was "The Prince of Wales is born." This was 1841.

After his retirement he moved his family from Gaspé to Montreal where he became Port Warden. A stroke left him somewhat paralyzed and enfeebled during his later years. He died in 1920.

There are Viberts not only in Jersey but in the south of France, particularly in the Cévennes, where as Huguenots they suffered persecution in bygone centuries, some being captured, killed or condemned to the galleys. A little further east on the Italian Coast I have seen roadside advertisements for a liqueur which goes by the name Viberti. Did the Viberts of Jersey come originally from that Mediterranean Coast bringing with them the great heritage of Huguenot character?

GRANDFATHER DOUGLAS

George Douglas was born in the Village of Ashkirk on October 14, 1825. He was the third son of John Douglas, the miller of Ashkirk, and Mary Hood of Hazeldean. At that time the Village was in Roxboroughshire but readjustment of Shire boundaries later placed it within Selkirkshire. It lies on the main road from Hawick to Edinburgh on the banks of the little stream Aylewater, a tributary of the lovely Teviot river. The Old Mill, still standing in 1978, operated by an underthrust waterwheel, is just above the highroad bridge near the Post Office and what was, in 1903, a flourishing smithy. The Village straggles up the left bank of the Aylewater to the Kirk and its rather bleak graveyard. This is lovely rolling country well watered by picturesque trout streams, the Scottish Lowlands in contrast to the Highlands, but better described as the Southern Uplands.

Seeing no bright future for himself and his sons, John Douglas determined to take his family to Canada. He sailed westward in 1831 and a year later, after six weeks at sea, his wife and sons, James, John and George docked at Quebec. The steamboat St. Patrick took them to Montreal which became their home. The first victim of the dread cholera was a passenger on the same ship.

Great Grandfather found clerical work for the Corporation and later became a Clerk in the Customs Office, a position he held until his death in 1860, his wife having predeceased him by eight or nine years. They are buried in our lot, A (1) 49 in Mount Royal Cemetery.

The three boys were educated at The British and Canadian School. Later George studied classics under Rev. Mr. Black of La Prairie. He had great manual dexterity and determined to train in Marine Engineering with the firm Sutherland and Burnett; but he was not physically robust enough to stand the heavy, hot foundry work and a severe illness forced him to withdraw. On recovering a measure of health he entered a firm of Cabinet Makers where he became a skilled craftsman. The desk with six drawers and eleven pigeonholes in our possession is evidence of his beautiful workmanship.

Although at first the family had become members of St. Gabriel's Presbyterian Church, gradually they were drawn into the warm friendliness of the Methodist Church where at the age of eighteen George began to feel the call of the Christian Ministry and the need to direct his reading along the lines of philosophy, history and theology. His natural ability, his earnest devotion and his gift for words eventually led to his appointment as a

"local preacher". His first sermon was delivered in a ward of the Montreal General Hospital. In 1848 he went to Quebec where he passed the theological examinations before an august Dr. Richey.

By the end of 1849 George had saved enough to take him to England where he planned to enter the Theological College in Richmond on the Thames. He sailed from New York to London and took the qualifying examinations for entrance to the College. With joy and enthusiasm he began his studies but almost immediately was faced with a great challenge and a grave decision. His already wide background of reading and his undoubted pulpit ability had been noted. He was urged to accept ordination at once and to proceed immediately to the Wesleyan Mission in Bermuda. Ordained in London on March 1, 1850, by the Rev. Thomas Jackson in St. John's Square Chapel, he sailed on March 2nd from Southampton.

My Grandfather loved those close-knit islands, the rich foliage and wealth of flowers, the birds and the fish, but most of all the friendly, responsive people whom he served in Hamilton, St. Georges and St. Davids. He became Chaplain to the regiment of the 42nd Highlanders, The Black Watch, at that time stationed in Hamilton where there was then no Presbyterian Church. But before two years had passed he contracted malaria and an insidious blood infection from which he never fully recovered and which in later life robbed him progressively of sensation in hands and feet and almost total eyesight. In 1852 he was forced to return home.

During his convalescence he matriculated into the McGill Medical School where he studied for one winter, but the spring brought such improvement physically that he was constrained to return to the Ministry. He was appointed as a supply to Melbourne in the Eastern Townships, then to Montreal's East End Church and in June 1854 to Sydenham Street Church in Kingston. During his three year ministry he was married to Maria Bolton Pearson, daughter of Robert Pearson, Clerk in the Crown Office, Toronto. Their first daughter, Mary, was born in Kingston before they moved to Toronto where he was appointed Superintendent of the West Circuit. Here their daughter, Mina Elizabeth, was born in 1858. The next move was to Hamilton, the birth place of their third daughter, Alice. Use of his hands became so impaired that he took steerage passage to England to consult the nerve specialist, Dr. Brown-Seguard whose diagnosis was length of days perhaps, but inevitable increasing muscular incapacity -- a grim prospect for a young man of thirty-five. On completion of his three year term in Hamilton, he returned in 1863 to Montreal for a year without appointment. Then being somewhat improved he went first to the Griffintown Church, then to the St. James Street Church, forerunner of St. James' Church on St. Catherine Street where in 1889 he

preached the opening sermon on the text "The glory of this latter house shall be greater than the former, saith the Lord of hosts, and in this place I will give peace". Haggai II 9.

During these years at St. James' Church, often at the new mission Church in the West End, and in 1871, at Dominion Square Church, his reputation as an eloquent speaker (and he was endowed with a fine presence and rich melodious voice) led to many invitations to give addresses or preach throughout Ontario and Eastern Canada and in the United States. He was delegated to go over to London to address the Ecumenical Council in 1881 and ten years later to Washington when the same Council met there. He delivered the main address in Halifax in 1882 to celebrate the Centennial of Methodism in the Maritime Provinces. In Albany in 1868 he gave the Missionary Address at a great Methodist Conference. McGill University conferred on him its LL.D. in 1870 and shortly afterwards Victoria College (Toronto) followed with a D.D.

Soon after his return to Montreal he became aware of the need to establish a theological College in affiliation with McGill University where candidates for the Methodist Ministry could be trained within the environment with the special problems of the Province of Quebec. He conducted a running battle with the ultra-conservative church officials in Toronto for several years. In 1873 the battle was won and he sent with typical humour, a telegram to his family in Montreal, "Satan's hosts vanquished". The Wesleyan Theological College was authorized on the McGill Campus. The first classes were held in the basement of Dominion Square Church with six students. The Chairman of the Board of Directors was the Hon. James Ferrier; the Principal was the Rev. Dr. George Douglas, the Treasurer was Mr. Samuel Finley.

For nearly twenty-one years he inspired young men to give of their best to the Christian Ministry and, in the words of Dr. Adam Clark, to "intermeddle with all wisdom". As his sight waned his daughters read to him and wrote lectures, addresses, sermons at his dictation. His amazing memory retained these when read back to him. His indomitable courage never failed, his delightful sense of humour carried cheer wherever he went, and "the dynamic radiance of his personality" was felt by all who knew him. He died on February 10, 1894.

His daughter, Mina, prepared the book Discourses and Addresses published by William Briggs, Toronto, 1894; and wrote the Biographical Sketch, from which most of the above facts have been taken. His grandson, George, could just remember sitting on his knee; I was not born until ten months later, but both of us felt his influence powerfully surrounding us as we grew up in our Grandmother's home.

3

GRANDMOTHER DOUGLAS

Maria Bolton Pearson was born on Sept. 12th, 1831, near Wexford in the south east corner of Ireland. Her father, Robert Pearson, was a stern Plymouth Brother, a handsome upright man of firm rigid principles. He was Factor or Agent to an Estate on the outskirts of Wexford, and as such was disliked by the peasant people who resented the Anglo-Irish Protestant land owners. Dislike grew into bitter hatred as the religious animosities reached ugly proportions in the middle and late 1830s.

The local priest, Father S. was an educated man with tolerant liberal views and he and my Great Grandfather were good friends with many common interests. When the situation began to get out of hand, he told Mr. Pearson it was unsafe for him to ride about the Estate after dark, and if he had to do so, he must come over to his house and borrow his horse, of a different colour from the Agents. "If they see you on my horse they won't dare to touch you". One dark night as he rode home and was approaching a bridge, he saw crouching forms by the bridge, heard a muttered oath and the angry ejaculation "Ach, he's on the priests' horse".

One Sunday morning as the congregation was leaving the Church after Early Mass, they saw a man with his roll on his back leaning against the church wall. Assuming that as he had not been to Mass he must be a Protestant, the men rushed towards him shouting menacingly. The man fled down the road, saw an open door up a driveway and rushed in, up the stairs, into a room where two small girls, Elizabeth and Maria Pearson, were not yet up. The priest came over and ascertained that the fugitive was a Roman Catholic tramp. He dispersed the angry men but he saw that things were getting beyond his control and his advice to Mr. Pearson was to take his little family and leave the country.

The Pearsons sailed in to Montreal and took the river boat to Toronto where they knew relatives were living although they did not know their address. But this was a Sunday morning, the relatives were Episcopalian, so they drove directly from the wharf to the Church, where at the close of the service, they found their relations.

Mr. Pearson obtained a good position in the Provincial Civil Service and became Writer to the Signet. Mrs. Pearson did not live many years. I do not remember my Grandmother ever speaking about her. Of her Father she always spoke rather sorrowfully. His stern religious convictions did not make him a loveable man. When Grandma fell in love with the earnest, eloquent, young Methodist Minister, George Douglas, her father refused his permission for her to marry him. She had the strength of character to make her own decision, but Mr. Pearson would neither attend the wedding nor give her his blessing. This was in 1854 and their first home was in Kingston.

Grandma was a very beautiful young woman and on into old age. She was of slender build with a quiet, gentle dignity; she had large brown eyes, dark brown hair only partly turned to silver in four score years. She died exactly twenty years after her beloved husband, on Feb. 10, 1914. Her home on University Street, Montreal, almost opposite the Wesleyan Theological College where they had lived for so many years, became our home on the death of my Mother of Bright's Disease, a week after my birth, in December, 1894. We were a very close-knit family. Grandma, Aunt Mary, Aunt Mina, Father, George and I. What tender care and love our Aunts bestowed upon my brother, aged 2½ years, and upon me, an infant, not only in our childhood but as long as they lived. Sadness invaded that happy home when my Father contracted tuberculosis pouring over his overload of books in an accountant's office. More than three years of banishment to Denver, Colorado, achieved nothing except the onslaught of Bright's Disease, to which he succumbed on July 11, 1904.

George and I realized how great our loss was more and more deeply as the years passed and when Grandma died in 1914, the first part of our life ended — the first Great War came five months later and a new era began.

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. 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 stripped cotton bags for them and these are still at Ashkirk. 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 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 Birks and six mornings a week one could see him and his sons leave their house and walk down to their store and offices. Further down the same west side by the McGill Campus Milton Street Gate was the Wesleyan Theological College 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. Harrington, and her family of two girls and 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 there. She kept them in damp flannel until we all went up in the old S.S. Alexandria. Mine was planted low 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 1950's 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 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 Mina 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 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 wisps of memory of June 20, 1897, form the earliest 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 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 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 demolition began in October of that year.

After the outbreak of the South African war in 1900, 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 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 to Montreal from Gananoque to see them drive along Dorchester Street 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 years later we would both stand before him, 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 Building behind The Wesleyan Theological College, now the site of Divinity Hall, towards Sherbrooke Street where it disappeared. There was a small bridge by which one crossed it on approaching by the Milton Street 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 strident bells of fire engines on McTavish Street. We crossed the campus to the west gates where on the far side and a little way up the hill a house was in flames, and of course a crowd of onlookers had gathered.

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 repeatedly whether the fire could spread to our house. The picture of that little campus stream rippling 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 Street, we attended St. James Methodist Church on St. Catherine Street. The congregation of the old St. James downtown had moved up into this imposing new church, sometimes referred to as the Cathedral of Methodism. In 1889 at the opening service, our Grandfather had preached the sermon, his text being the verse in Haggai, "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 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. Mina Douglas 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 Streets 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, February 27, 1890, in a vacant cottage at 168 Dalhousie Street. This proving far too small, they moved to the empty old Williams Brewery on College Street. Hence the name Old Brewery Mission which became official in 1892 with the opening of the spacious building on Craig Street at Little Street. Sr. Antoine with a full time superintendant, Mr. J.R. McConica, a product of the rescue mission on Water Street, 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 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 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 preparation 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 Mother's 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 ~~twice~~ 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 brown 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 Kingsley's 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 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 gloaming 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 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 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! In 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 tied over the time from arrival home 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 on a frosty, sunny day Sherbrooke Street would be a gay sight and also the roads in the Mountain Park, with fine sleighs with fur cloaked coachmen, a few men on horseback 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 do not 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 street cars on St. Catherine Street 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 Streets 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 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 Canadians 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.

That my Father was suffering from tuberculosis must have been discovered in 1899. 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 embark on the Lake Erie of the Elder-Dempster Line, bound for the Port of London.

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, horsedrawn, 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 Aunts 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 was an omniverous 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 in law, but his inheritance made it 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 enjoy his membership in The Reform Club of Pall Mall 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 old 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 Nottingham Gate where it would be unharnessed and led down the hill 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 because on very clear days the English Channel was just visible. Mr. Wilson had been a Master at Harrogate School for boys, had lost his health and settled on a small chicken farm in the 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, ducks 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 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 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 Pevensey Castle, that fine Norman fortress built by William the Conqueror at his point of landing, and Battle Abbey by the plain of Senlac where King Alfred was slain. We looked over the low wall at the home of Rudyard Kipling. We visited the picturesque town of Lewes where greatly to the amusement of our Aunts, 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. 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 Lewès 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 goodbye to the Wilsons and went into lodgings overlooking the sea at Eastbourne. 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 Mina 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 on the Common where large, much sculptured sandstone rocks were wonderful for climbing upon. Then we set off for a whole summer of travel 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, a 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 it's coffin. Or we examined the Lady Chapel where Cromwell's men had defaced every profile 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.

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, 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 nursery rhyme.

We left Ely with reluctance for Peterborough, visiting the Cathedral with its elaborate west facade, and going on the same day to Lincoln where we stayed 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. We brought back to Ashkirk a small brass knocker representing the Lincoln Imp. It is fastened to the cabinet door of the writing desk. 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 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 long bows, quarterstaves, pikes and great brave hearts, of dungeons and secret passages, of treachery, 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 Alewater and the Teviot. We turned up the road to 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 little rise around the bend of the road, a couple of whitewashed cottages in the farther of 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 the 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 knocker on the front door at Ashkirk is the one Grandma bought from the smith in 1903.

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 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 Princess Gardens drew us many times, and the Royal Mile down by St. Giles ~~Cathedral~~ ^{Church} to Holyrood Palace. I was bored and depressed by all the dismal courts and closes on the north side in so many of which Grandma delighted to linger, recalling from the guide book the famous people who had lived in those high grim buildings. But the stone-crowned Cathedral fascinated us, and the 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 Geddes at the Episcopal cleric who called a prayer a collect, "Take that and may the deil 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 service in many famous churches. The eloquent preachers, Drs. Black and White ministered to large congregations. Grandma made sure that we heard one of both of them but my memory is vague on this. And, of course, we went up to Arthur's Seat.

From Edinburgh we made several trips, visiting Rosylyn, 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 ~~nearest one~~.

One very vivid memory of Edinburgh is the infernal midnight yowls of the alley cats on the high stone walls that separated the back yards; another is of happy carefree 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 "Bobby". 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 on 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 Mina 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 Steell 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 and I ran on ahead. I fell and 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 spagnum 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 four things: St. Mungo Cathedral with Rob Roy legends, The Acropolis across the river where with Grandma we wandered amongst the ancient tombstones, 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 torn shawls over unkempt hair, drenched by the rain.

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 sugarbun.

I was a bit bored by a boat trip down the Clyde to Bute, but I remember 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 Stirling. 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 Aunts, while the cabbie kept wailing, "But how will we get the owld woman out?" By this time the Lodge Keeper and his wife and children were on the scene to help and Grandma was assisted up, out and down and taken into the Lodge. Someone was dispatched 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 house" very distressed. She had her coachman bring their brougham 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 wood lot 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 Dunlose 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: "Motor car 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 pulling 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 it's 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 overweight 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 house 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 desire to kiss the Blarney Stone, 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. Muchcross 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 the train through Stephenson's tubular bridge and over the Welsh countryside to Conway. It's Castle and suspension bridge I vaguely remember, and the mountain village of Trefrew, near Snowden, famous for its horrible medicinal 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 house, Hawarden. Then came Stratford-on-Avon with Shakespear's house, Anne Hathaway's Cottage and the little river on the bank of which no theatre had then been built. And so back again to London where we settled in at 31 Chepstow Place off Westbourne Grove, 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 Pembridge 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 Mina 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 it's head, bringing it to a trembling halt. At Miss Lecky's George began the study of Latin. We committed to memory many Psalms and some English and Scottish ballads, The Norman Baron, The Abbot of Aberbertock among them. Geography was emphasized, favourite questions being "Where was Napoleon born? Name the Channel Islands." A map of Great 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, to Hampton Court and its maze. One day in the South Kensington Museum 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 substance Radium. On Sundays we went to service in many different places, quite often close by to the Baptist Church 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 City Temple, to St. Annes 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 crests, 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 Street. 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 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 and navy, 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 was 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 hussars, the six grey horses with outriders, the gold coach with King Edward VII and Queen Alexandra, truly a spectacle of fairytale pomp and splendour.

So autumn gave place to winter and 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. We sailed for Montreal on The Dominion Liner, S. S. Canada, went straight up to Ashkirk 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 11th, 1904, and next day we started the journey home. George and I were dropped off at Gananoque, Aunt Mina went on to Montreal where the funeral took place with interment in our lot in Mount Royal Cemetery beside the grave of our Mother. July 11th was a day we never forgot. George was just twelve and I not yet ten.

LITTLE WHITE CALF.

When my Grandmother Douglas decided to rent Daisy Cottage on Forsyth Island near Gananoque, Ontario, 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 McGill campus.

Grandma purchased from the government the little 1/3 acre island called on the map by its Mississagua Indian Reservation name Little White Calf. Her bid of \$351.00 topped the list by the \$1.00 which my Father had suggested to her. 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 from the quarries at the head of Bostwick Island. Pitt was a good stone mason. He worked 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 summer residence of Dr. Atkinson of Gananoque. About two hundred yards to the west is 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 *Rice family of New York*. 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 and junket sprinkled with maple or brown sugar. We were a family of 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 and 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 stainless 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 left the canal wharf in Montreal at 4 p.m. on a Thursday, proceeded up the river and canals, reaching Gananoque about 3 p.m. 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 that we had to go to the International Hotel until morning when Jack MacDonald rowed us over to Ashkirk, coming back later for our trunks.

Jack, Charlie and Billy MacDonald were three 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) MacDonald was an Irish woman with a high penetrating voice that could carry across the water halfway to Gananoque. She, 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 Leek 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 Hog Island, and four or five mornings a week for loads of small rocks, chippings, from Forsyth quarry pier or the water edge quarry facing ~~Hog~~ Island. These we unloaded to build up the low places inside the walls. This beloved punt was stolen 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 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 Alewater after the little millstream that runs through the Scottish village of Ashkirk, a small tributary of the river Teviot whose name we had given to our new Knapp-built-rowboat. When Jack MacDonald saw the name Alewater printed 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 Gananoque 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 and 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 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 were unpacked.

Other scows of those early days were the Britton of Bowmanville, belonging to Charles Britton who used her to bring coal from Oswego for his Gananoque factory. She had two masts and slowly tacked back and forth or ploughed her way with a favourable wind across the lake. When she was no longer seaworthy 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 skelton 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 her high flat stern. She made a brave sight tacking up and down the north channel with all sails filled. One year between the two wars she was repainted from 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 had lunch with Miss Machar if she were not down at her cottage Ferncliff; then 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 and then proceeded on his trolley 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 that our man already alerted by the ship's toot, could pull along side and help us down into the rowboat. 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 Hay Island channel and across the lake to the head of Grindstone. Thus she passed close to the beautiful point of Forsyth Island 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 Yennek whose owner was Capt. Kenny. As motor cars became more and more numerous after the turn of the century, two larger sturdier ferries were required, criss-crossing one another off the head of Grindstone several times a day. One was called the Missisqua. With the opening of the Ivy Lea 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 p.m. 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 rockery, 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 Gananoque-Kingston run. Here again as motor transport developed, the old more leisurely era was superceded 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, familiarizing 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 rowboat. Grandma preferred the Knapp skiffs to those made in Gananoque by Ramsay or by Andress both of whom were really excellent craftsmen. She thought Knapp's were safer and as neither she nor my Aunts 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 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 Andress had one of his 16-foot dinghys 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 was blowing, or to make the head of Leek Island if we wanted to picnic there. 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, the wind having dropped to moderate, the row to church and return to dinner. Eagerly we then set forth about 1:00 p.m. in the Teviot 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 about 200 yards to the left of the Narrows. George jubilantly confirmed it was 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 and pumped and bailed, finding to our 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 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 Teviot at the stern, hoisted the sail and came triumphantly home to a great welcome with a pot of tea and biscuits and cake. After that near tragedy we never left the Triton in the bay at night without another 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. We were far too heavy in the bow and took in a lot of spray so I kept bailing. 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 and George shouted "Throw out the apples". Olga rushed forward and grabbed Aunt Mina's little basket of specials and tossed it overboard but her weight added to that of the apples and water made things worse and 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 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 would usually catch a few off the end of the long dock which ran north east from the summerhouse, 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 and from the fishing ground or sometimes for an hour or more to Leek Island or around Bostwick and wherever Grandma wanted to be rowed on the daily outing which followed afternoon tea. A nice pike or a 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 put into working order.

George loved to go fishing before breakfast. He would awaken me and put our trolling lines and fly rod 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 5:30 A.M. anything was better than nothing. One morning we had a real adventure. This must have been about 1908. 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 dropped 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 alongside 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 Hog Island 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 and a window in the door. We gave it straw to eat and 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 and 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 article in print for I wrote an account of it as a letter to the Sunday School weekly paper!

Jack MacDonald 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 and many of them. I remember only three

or four times when we went that far. The last time was one summer when the McArthurs 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 and 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.

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 1870's or earlier. He had bought and established granite quarries on Forsyth Island, on Leek and Juniper and, in American waters, a great cliff and surrounding land on Grindstone Island. There were two small quarries on Forsyth Island and a long pier with push-car tracks for loading the barges in the bay facing Gananoque, a mile to the north. At least one quarry was on Juniper and two on Leek and largest of all on Grindstone. Mr. Forsyth built a house for himself on the narrow strip of Forsyth Island 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 explore when we were small. Quarrymen were brought out from Thurso to work these sites and on Grindstone Island 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 Street 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 in stratified granite on the American mainland were developed, production costs were so reduced that Robert 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 Mrs. Forsyth in 1880, Miss Jeanie Forsyth kept house for her father, with tender and self-sacrificing care in their Montreal home during the sad frugal years before his death in 1902.

Miss 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 Hogan, or if she had procured a tenant for her cottage! George did many errands for her taking over her bottle of milk, when Besaw soldout to Albert Harris, milk was no longer

delivered daily to the islanders. He also shopped for her in 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 and had a sunset picnic 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 and 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 equipped the cabins as a recuperation camp for U.S.A. wounded service men and installed Dr. Runyan as Medical Officer, and she evidently fell in love with him for when we came back from England in the autumn of 1919 the news was that Mrs. 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 Gananoque this 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 has already become famous from Montreal to Toronto and to American visitors. Miss Forsyth died in 1928 in Montreal. When her executors sold the island, we lost what had been for us a greatly loved 'possession'.

Another place of interest is Blinkbonnie. This pretentious residence was the home of Charles McDonald of New York, whose grandfather 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 boathouse 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 whose father once in the early years rowed across to call on Grandma. Charles' son James, also of New York, was given the

title deeds of Blinkbonnie 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, 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 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 Island. 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 1930s. The Manse was put into reasonable living condition and the Halls served that Church for the usual three or four years 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 and 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 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 Church 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 Aunts 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 Street, later razed to make way for the Ford Hotel, afterwards the C.B.C. building, on Dorchester Street. They had bought their island and 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 and Fred became a Physician and Dean of Medicine at McGill; Mary and my Aunt Mina 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. G. McArthur and lived in London; William, one of whose daughters was Mrs. Enid Duncan Graham of Toronto; Greta whose friendship George and I valued deeply; Arnold; and Kathleen who married Dr. Fred E. Wright of Washington, whose children now own Sagasteweka.

The Colemans and Haanels 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. He obtained his F.R.S. for pioneer work in glaciology. In his early years he explored in the Rockies, the first to climb several mountains. Mt. Coleman, north of Lake Louise is named in his honour. His writings about these expeditions and his classic Ice Ages, 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 last ice age. This must have been about 1937 when Olga and the children were with me at Ashkirk. Miss Coleman rowed 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 Adirondacks. Next morning we drove up the toll-road noting the evidences of glacial action and the erratic boulders, all which evidence ceased at about 4,000 feet 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 Agarsiz (1807-73) of Harvard. We learned that it was in the Town Hall at Montpelier, Vermont state capitol, where at length we saw it. Dr. Coleman said similar whale bones had been found in a back yard in Montreal and as far inland as Smiths Falls. We found the same 4,000 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 this meant that I forgot to look where we were going and 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 and doors. 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 spine, almost completely paralysing 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 Islands to show them the interesting geological formations there when a strong south wester was tossing white caps down the lake. Miss Coleman in 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. She was in Germany just before the first World War and was shocked at the callous arrogance of young Prussian officers who forced civilians, even herself, off the sidewalk in Berlin as they swaggered along several of them abreast. She was an unforgettable person seeking out interesting things whether white waterlilies or pitcher plant. She was a wonderful friend to both young and old.

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 Rontgen. Returning to the States with his doctorate, he was appointed Professor of Physics at Syracuse. One day he received a letter from Rontgen 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

Rontgen'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 hung 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 Cobourg, 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 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 Haanels was Idlewyld, with an elaborate Victorian house, owned by a Gananoque family whose motor boat we often saw taking priests and nuns for an 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 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 Queen's. Beyond this, upstream in mid channel are the two little islands and reef known as Spectacle Reef where a white four sided lighthouse used to shed its light; the lighthouse keeper had a small cottage on a point of Bean Ridge, now a Provincial Park. Similar lighthouses were on Burnt Island upriver and Jack Straw Light and the Narrows Light below Gananoque. Cut Island is indeed a dumb-bell, on whose narrow damp isthmus the pitcher plant used to grow. The small island just off the east end belonged to the 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 ridgepole.

Just above Cut Island is a small rocky island on which Rev. James Allen of Toronto had Pitt build his cottage just before ours was built by the same able contractor. George and I never liked Mr. Allen because he was so unfriendly to Grandma. When our boats would happen to be close together at Half Moon Bay and he made obvious efforts to avoid seeing her -- 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 this one of them retained a 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, Apollion, 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 and 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 and 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 rescue him before his tank exploded. Somehow he put out the blaze, due apparently to a small leak of oil. Beelzebub needed no assistance! Another time a young Gananouian 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 and watched him just passing our island as it hit him. In a moment he was capsized and 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 and sail and 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 Island (which is now owned by a blind American Professor Russell) lies Castle's Island with its fine sandstone cliffs smoothed and rounded by centuries of ice and lake waves. Mr. Castle and 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 Finleys, 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 Gananouque. 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 Gananouque and from boarding houses as far down as Ivy Lea (after motor boats became common) joined in the service. When our cousins Bishop and Mrs. Hamilton were on furlough from Mid-Japan and 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 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 spent 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 the singing of Onward Christian Soldiers as the boats dispersed at the close of the service. One of the Mrs. Wallaces had become Mrs. Nissen whose husband was the designer of the Nissen Hut 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 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. 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 Island was the Dicksons. Late one summer, possibly about 1910, after we had been at a supper picnic with the Finleys and McArthurs 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 we hurriedly rowed up we saw 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 Island with its house and on Bostwick just across a large house, both places owned by the Rouse family who are from the U.S.A. and they owned the first power boat on the river, a covered boat with engine amidships and a little smoke stack. Perhaps it burned naphtha. It would come puffing down through our 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 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 Lougharema (little Forsyth Island) down to watch the race. George and I were invited to go to our intense delight. We had read about the Pioneer racing in the Solent where she had won the European title and we hoped she would win. But 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 Courtenay 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, went to France and pushed up as near the front line as they could get, serving hundreds of soldiers as they came away from the trenches. The French put 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 Island 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 when I first remember it, but a houseboat 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 and was rowed up to take a pot of soup. 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 Brittons. 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 backed rocks. The Mace's daughter, Mrs. Gowing and their sons own the Mace property now. A little farther 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 and 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 Poughkeepsie, New York.

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 Smith College. It's President was a man who a year later when in Switzerland visited the Geneva headquarters of World University Relief. He was told of the Recuperation Centre at Combloux, France for students from the countries recently occupied who had lost their health in forced labour camps or prisons in Germany many nervously broken. 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 histrionic gesture which drew up his cuff revealing several watches on his wrist - No explanation that they were gifts to convalescent French resistance workers would suffice. He was forced to phone Geneva for money to pay the duty and fine.

Agnes Maule Machar holds no small part in my island memories. Her father had come out from Scotland, the Rev. Dr. John Machar, 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. 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 Street but her great love was for her large property west of Gananoque with it's ravine at the back - where maidenhair fern grew - it's fine grove of trees and it's granite cliffs on the river front where her cottage still overlooks the river to the foot of Hog Island, our island, Forsyth Island 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 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 in her 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 Muriel 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 independent and would firmly refuse to be rowed home so she would start off towards the rushes, then George and I would push off, he would overtake her and I would seize her bow rope. She would ship her oars, turn facing us with a gentle smile and thoroughly enjoy being towed to her little bay.

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 Landon's Bay. One of them had a somewhat mean sarcastic attitude to small boys which George naturally resented very bitterly. Miss Machar who died in 1927 left Ferncliff 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 remember Mrs. Chamber's overwhelming effusiveness when she learned that the Irish 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 ne'er 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 Finley's 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 and she rowed back to try again but once more 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 amusement was that when she got the oar into the boat and 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, 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 and I had the task of keeping him supplied with minnows, far more plentiful in those years before the pollution problem 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 Street 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. Terhune 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 1960's 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 some time in the 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 rockery, 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 Ashkirk. 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, 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 Grand Uncle 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 foundation 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 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 swimming races, the long plunge, a running long jump from the front dock and a hurry-scurry race with George in the Ashkirk and I in the Teviot 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 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 Civic 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 McGill Harrier Club of which George was President and a member of the inter-collegiate 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 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 7:00 A.M., back for 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 11th I swam about three strokes in the freezing cold water and did not go in again

for three weeks, but George plunged daily. Grandma and our Aunts and the cook came up about the middle of June and then I 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. He entered the Faculty of Applied Science at McGill University in the autumn. That 1911 summer was the last one in which we did not close up Ashkirk 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 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 Mount 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. Soon 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 everyday 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 without a ticket, managed to evade the door keepers and dash up to the 'gods' in His Majesty's Theatre where he heard Lord Haldane

give his great address on 'Sitlichkeit', 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 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 Island for our afternoon tea. We pulled into the little bay on the west side and while Grandma sat comfortably in the stern, Aunt Mina and I made a fire and boiled the kettle. Rowing slowly home we enjoyed the reflections of 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 woke in a daze, remained unconscious all day and died at midnight. 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.