

RIVERMEN, SHANTYMEN & LUMBERJACKS

In the last century, the Ottawa Valley was the heart of the Canadian economy. The stands of gigantic white pine, now long gone, were the foundation of Canadian wealth. Philemon Wright, began the export of square timber to Britain in 1806 which continued for 100 years.

In 1810 Britain began to import white pine from Canada. It took a gang of 6 men a whole day to cut and square a log, which means a raft of 2000 pines represented about 12,000 man/days of hard skilled work not including the effort of dragging the log to the river. Lumberjacks and shantymen spent as many as 8 months of the year in isolated lumber camps or on dangerous log drives. They worked 12-16 hours a day in snow or freezing water, always in danger of injury or death. In 1845 alone, 80 men lost their lives on the Ottawa River. For their labour and their hardships, good lumberjacks and loggers were paid \$1.25 a day plus food.

Living conditions were primitive. The shanty was usually a long cabin with one door and no windows. Pork and hard tack were the diet and not until the end of the 19th century were such items as tea, beans, peas, fish and molasses added to it. Shantymen brought their own cups, plates, and cutlery. Rows of bunks and pine boughs for mattresses line the shanty, rafters hung with drying socks, moccasins and boots. Isolation and lack of diversion often led to heavy drinking and fights.

In 1826 John MacTaggart, under the command of Colonel By, surveyed the route of the Rideau River to the Ottawa River in view to hasten the course of transportation of timber. At this time rivermen bringing rafts of timber, had to lodge on the Hogs Back and then manually push the rafts off the ridge to complete the trip. MacTaggart and his men found the ridge to be 45 feet above the Ottawa River. Finding it too impractical to break through (60 feet wide and 2 miles long), they proposed to raise the river by a dam to a level equal in height to Entrance Bay. This was completed in 1829. Swampy conditions in Dows Great Swamp meant wallowing about in water to set the course. They decided to wait for frost. Part of MacTaggart's lengthy journal notes:

When night drew on, 2 of the axe-men were sent off to rig the wigwam shanty by the side of a swamp. ...When the party got to the place, there was a very comfortable house set out, a blazing fire with a maple back log,

Osgoode Township Historical Society & Museum at the Old Vernon School Newsletter

VOLUME XXI

NO. 4

1994

ranging along for a length of 20 or 30 feet. There, on the bush hemlock would we lie down, roast pork before the fire on wooden prongs, each man roasting for himself; while plenty of tea was thrown into a large kettle of boiling water, the tin mug was turned out, the only tea-cup, which being filled, went round until all had drunk; then it was filled again, and so on; while each with his bush-knife cut toasted pork on a shive of bread, ever using the thumb-piece to protect the thumb from being burned; a tot or two of weak grog finished the feast, when some would fall asleep, others to sleep and snore; and after having lain an hour or so on one side some would cry "Spoon.!" - the order to turn to the other - which was often an agreeable order, if a spike or tree-root or such substance stuck up between the ribs.

Reclining thus, like a parcel of spoons, our feet to the fire, we have found the hair of our heads often frozen to the place where we lay. ...In Dow's great swamp, one of the most dismal places in the wilderness, did 5 Irishmen, 2 Englishmen, 2 Americans, one French Canadian and one Scotsman, hold their merry Christmas of 1826, - or rather forgot to hold it at all."

Excerpts from *Ottawa, City of the Big Furs* by Robert Haig

Ann Leighton-Kyle

1994 - A YEAR TO REMEMBER

Here in Eastern Ontario, our autumn season has now passed us by, leaving us with memories of a countryside bedecked in natural splendour with lush green meadows and golden stubble set amidst the majestic colours of red, green and gold. The aftermath of a bountiful summer with hay, grain and corn crops in abundance and the outstanding autumn weather, contributed to harvesting of crops in record time.

Michael Daley, Editor

FROM THE PRESIDENT'S DESK

Here at our Osgoode Township Historical Museum, 1994 is slowly drawing to a close. We have enjoyed a good year and met a lot of new friends, which certainly makes life worth while. I want to thank all those people who have made donations to our Society which has helped to keep us functioning.

Those of you who have toured our museum and agricultural display building, while surely agree that we have an excellent representation of artifacts pertaining to the early days of our township. A few new artifacts have been added this year, thanks to our donors.

Our guest speakers during this year have been very enjoyable, the topics have varied from trips to Ireland, Scotland, dried wild flowers, building a replica of a first World War airplane, the founding of a neighbouring heritage society, the now defunct New York Central Railway that ran from Tupper Lake, N.Y. to Ottawa. Also, the Blueberry Marsh in Osgoode Township where people came from miles around to pick blueberries. A special

thanks to all the speakers.

We would like to see more members attend our monthly meetings. The first Tuesday of every month. We will be there to welcome you.

I think you will have to agree that our editor Michael Daley does a superb job on our Newsletter. A good friend of mine, who is a qualified printer was reading it at my place one day and he was very impressed. We may have him as a guest speaker in the new year.

A little food for thought anyone?

- ★ Good character, like good food, is usually homemade.
- ★ A repairman is one who can smile when everything goes wrong.
- ★ Consideration for others can mean taking a wing instead of a drumstick.

Thinking of drumsticks, reminds me that Christmas time is not far away. To all our members let me extend a very Merry Christmas and a prosperous New Year.

*Never a Christmas morning
Never an old year ends
But someone thinks of someone
Old days, old times, old friends.*

Murray Little

**DON'T FORGET TO RENEW
YOUR 1995 MEMBERSHIP -
\$8.00 INDIVIDUAL/ \$9.00 PER FAMILY**



**Annual General Meeting
of the
Osgoode Township Historical Society
will be held at the Museum on Feb. 7th,
1995 at 8:00 p.m. Presentating;**
* Financial Report
* Selection of committees & officers
Your attendance and input is welcomed.

**OSGOODE TOWNSHIP
HISTORICAL SOCIETY
& MUSEUM
NEWSLETTER**

Published quarterly at the Museum in Vernon.
Objective: to promote, preserve and publicize history
in the Township of Osgoode and to foster genealogical
research. Circulation: 250

Editor: Michael Daley, 2100 Stagecoach Rd.,
Greely, Ont. K4P 1M1
Museum staff: Donna Bowen, Membership: Alice
Craig, Typesetter/Layout: Ann Leighton-Kyle

Mailing Address: Box 74, Vernon, Ont. K0A 3J0
Tel: (613) 821-4062

Membership: \$8.00/yr (single) \$9.00/yr (family)

The Grant Cemetery

The community in Cambridge Township known as the Grant Settlement (now Limoges) was cleared of the original pine and eventually farmed late in the last century. (The 1862 map shows very sparse settlement in the north west corner of Cambridge and none at all in the First Concession.) Many of the first settlers came from Osgoode Township in the 1870's and 1880's and thus the record of names, with birth and death dates found in the Grant Cemetery are vital to our archives.

A rough description of the cemetery and records of the monuments was done by O.G.S in 1982 and is available at our museum, but a visit to the cemetery can be an interesting and poignant experience.

According to Evelyn McNabb's history of the settlement, the property for the cemetery was purchased (or donated) in 1878 and registered by a deed, 7 Feb. 1893 from Peter Stewart to the trustees of the Baptist Church.

The site is at Lot 25, Concession 1, about one half mile east of Cambridge Forest Estates, approximately one acre, enclosed by a wire fence and surrounded on three sides by the pines of Larose Forest plantation. The foundation of the church can be seen just to the west of the entrance to the cemetery.

Like most of our pioneer grave yards, many graves are unmarked, but are indicated by sunken plots, as well as family ploys are indicated by small corner stones, some plots having no monuments at all.

Common to white pine terrain, the soil is light and sandy and does not permit good grass cover, however, the site is neat, clean and shows evidence of care.

There are about 45 grave markers, all are yet readable and in fair condition. One of interest was fallen at the time of the O.G.S record and has since been replaced by a new monument. It is to the memory of Duncan Stewart, age 69 in 1869 and his wife Janet Sinclair, age 74 in 1869. Another stone indicates that Simeon Stoodley died in 1877 age 79 years and 9 months. Hence these three named were born approximately 1800, 1795 and 1798 respectively and represent the oldest marked graves.

There are many records of children's deaths; one monument to 5 children, one age 16 years, the others all less than one year.

Of interest also are deaths of persons of various ages in the years 1918 and 1919 which are probably the result of the "Flu" epidemic of those years. I believe it is important to note that most of the children's deaths occurred prior to the turn of the century and that it no doubt indicates that parents were then becoming more aware of proper child care, since a similar pattern exists in many of our cemeteries.



While this cemetery is remote, lonely and practically surrounded by forest, it is reassuring to know that it is still cared for and visited frequently. My thanks to Evelyn McNabb for drawing my attention to it and for providing copies of her 2 booklets concerning the Grant Settlement.

Bob Usher

I Am Proud To Be a U.E.

Back in the year 1914, my happy little world included Osgoode Station where trains came and went every day. Dalmeny where, early in the morning, farmers brought milk to a busy cheese factory, took home whey and bought groceries from the corner store. Kennedy's corner where hardworking Jimmie Kennedy made many things happen in his blacksmith shop and where, on the adjacent corner, every Sunday a Baptist Choir and congregation made beautiful harmony that was enjoyed half a mile away. And there was Vernon that had an active Church Hall used as a Day School, a Sunday School, a Concert Hall for Plays, Debates, Spelling Bees, and Porteous' store, where produce was both bought and sold, and shoemaker Gagnon's shop where footwear was made and repaired. Who needed any bigger world?

But 1914 was the year that I first walked the two miles to and from the Dalmeny Public School. And that was the year, in August, that an event which occurred in Sarajevo changed the world. How did our remarkable young teachers in our country schoolrooms ever cope with those stirring times? We knew indeed that we were part of the British Empire. In spite of there being only an organ in the room, we learned and sang every patriotic song known:- *Rule Britannia*, *Britannia Rules the Waves* (And we were glad that she did.); *Land of Hope and Glory*; *Mother of the Free*; *The Maple Leaf Forever*; *O Canada*, and of course *God Save the King*; which was sung every day. As well, we packed boxes with homemade candy and other food, and we enclosed letters to soldiers living in far away dirty trenches. Those valuable boxes were made in Byron Moses' Mill in Vernon.

Our leaders in those days considered the study of history essential for every class. So every day we learned a little, for we were exposed to the history of other classes as well as to that of our own. And geography went along with the History. When the "Great War" ended, my beloved young uncle did not return and by that time the dreadful influenza was rampant, leaving more empty chairs in the community.

During each year I spent in secondary school, there was again History to be learned in every grade and by then the map of Europe, which we had become accustomed to, had been altered. I know that I did not appreciate this big new world that was opening up to me. During the years 1914 to 1947, I was either learning or teaching some history of some time, of some place, in the world. But it was only when the book history of schools had come to an end and I began discovering the wealth of information on my own past that was stored in the Dominion Archives on Wellington Street that I first realized that all the previous history that I had learned was indeed part of my own history and not that of another world.

I knew that my father's people had come directly to Osgoode Township during the years 1827-1840. At least a dozen of my ancestors are buried in Spring Hill Cemetery. But I knew little about my mother's mysterious Stevens ancestors. The people who came into Canada early, had death directly with the few authorities in power. I handled the paper on which an ancestor, Wm. Stevens, wrote in 1794 to *His Honour Peter Russell Esquire administering the Government of the Province of Upper Canada*, asking for land and stating that he had come

from Vermont. In 1797, he was living on 200 acres in Plumhollow, next to what became the cheese factory. His new wife, Lanah Stevens U.E., was asking for 200 acres as daughter of Nicholas Mattice, late a Soldier in Butler's Rangers. It was back in 1970 that I first knew that one of my ancestors had been a Loyalist. It was just last August that I finally took the time to put together complete proof of my descent from this person that I had never heard of until I saw her application. All the history that I had ever learned or taught about the American Revolution took on a new significance.

Bastard Township in Leeds County was settled in 1794, 33 years before the first home was established in Osgoode, and yet there are better records of that settlement than of ours here. The Census was taken almost yearly of the population there. Butler's Rangers, one of the many military groups raised in the Colonies after 1776, had been at Niagara in 1783, and the Census was taken there, names and ages, including the family of Nicholas Mattice with 4 of his children. Lanah was "Macdalin." Her birth is recorded in the Dutch Church Records, Scholarie, Vol. 1, Part 1, p. 107 - *born Dec. 22nd, 1776, bp Jan. 18, 1777 Maria Magdoleen, dau Joh Niclaas Mathees and Maria (Baker)*. Her grandparents were sponsors. Nicholas himself was born 1752.



It was more difficult to secure my own birth certificate. I was born on July 7, 1907 in the house where I am living, on a Sunday evening when people were coming home from church, so mother always said. I found later that no doctor was present and there was yet no phone. Father went to the road when Uncle Alex and Aunt Maggie Ann McConnell were coming home from church. Aunt Maggie Ann stayed with mother while Dad drove to Metcalfe to get "Old" Dr. Morrow who, on that day, would be celebrating his son's 2nd birthday (Lynn Morrow.) For many years Osgoode records were not sent regularly

to the Registry Office as they should have been. Our family had difficulty getting birth certificates, required when crossing the border during the WW II years. I went to Dr. Morrow and his little book showed - *Cam Stuart \$5.00*. A letter was sent stating my birth. The reply came back: "Were you present at the birth?" Of course he was not. After more delays, Father went to Toronto and the High School Entrance Exams records were sufficient to certify my birth. This was the first certificate I needed to establish my descent - through my mother - from my U.K. ancestor, one of the 32 gr. gr. grandparents that I had way back then.

This proof of descent will be continued in the next Newsletter. Why am I proud of this particular ancestor? Would there have been any Canada if there had been no Loyalists who wished to remain under the British Flag which to them was assurance of good government? They suffered great hardship and losses and were the first refugees to this country. There were no condominiums waiting for them when they arrived.

Elizabeth Stevens Stuart

In Search of Their Roots

Mr. & Mrs. Louis Schwab, from Portland, Oregon, U.S.A. visited our farm in June of 1994, searching for their Tobin connection from Eastern Ontario. I referred them to visit our Museum, where Donna Bowen and Elizabeth Stuart contributed such information that we have on file on the Tobins. The 1861 Census records, listing Moses Tobin and his wife Maria with family; John P., James W., and Charles (born in 1860).

I received a letter dated Sept. 11, 1994 from Louis Schwab and I quote in part only. *We have just returned from our 5 month, 18,000 mile tour of the U.S. and your part of Canada. We went to Butte, Montana and found my Grandfather, Charles Patrick Tobin's death certificate. It states his father's name was Moses A. Tobin and his mother's name was Maria McSweeney. I also found the death certificate of his brother John P. Tobin. On it they listed his father's name as Moses Tobin and mother's name as Marie Sweeney.*

Enclosed also was a copy of Charles Tobin's death certificate. It gives his birthdate as the 15th day, 10th month, 1860.

The question now is, are they one and the same?

Michael Daley



PERSONALITY OF THE PAST:

Pat Dewan

by P. Michael Dewan (1970's)

My uncle, Pat Dewan, was, without doubt, the most widely known man in Osgoode Township. For several successive years he was Municipal Assessor and Tax Collector. This latter job entailed the picking up of payments in cash. For very few were the property owners who had bank accounts and who were in a position to pay by cheque. Incidentally, he was one of the first farmers to open an account when the Union Bank established a branch at Osgoode Station. From him I received my first cheque for work done.

Uncle Pat was a master penman, almost revered by the rural folk as a "grand writer." Because of his beautiful 'hand' he was thought to be well educated. As some of the humble people would say "He had a good schooling." And true, even with a few short years in primary school, he had mastered the three R's - all of which did serve Pat well in his municipal duties.

Pat Dewan paid only cursory and intermittent attention to his farm. The chores, tasks, crop rotations and main operations were left, for the most part, to his maturing sons. It was thought by neighbours that Pat preferred to be on the road. His goings indicated that the neighbours were right. He had many side lines, besides assessing, to justify his cross-country sallies with little grey mare, Nellie, and his gig. He was Agent for and erected Frost wife fence. He sold hay forks and pulleys, plow points,

binder twine and other articles generally used on the farm. These articles were not assorted and were scattered helter-skelter on the driveshed floor. The result was an annoying delay when Pat himself away, Aunt Ellen or a member of his family waded through the melange to find the article requested by a customer.

In many a building new and old, Uncle installed a wooden hay fork track. The farmer supplied the necessary scantling, usually ash, oak or maple. Then Pat supplied the remainder of the equipment which included carriage for the track, hay fork, pulley and ropes. Installation time was charged for, as well as equipment at a profit. In the case of wire fencing, his policy was different. As long as the farmer had anchor, brace and line posts in place, end braces and brace wire installed, then Uncle, if given some farm help, made no charge for the erection of the fence. I have ever been grateful for the training which, during my teens, he gave me in these operations.

Pat Dewan was a man of many skills. He was an expert at hewing and making square timber with the broad axe. It is a safe conjecture that he squared the timber for the majority of the barns erected within miles of his own home. On barn-raising days, his singular agility was a distinct asset. No one else matched him in his ability to climb. Height had no fear for him. As the raising progressed, he would hop from wall plate to purlin and run along it, fleet of foot as a cat. Observers, apprehensive, held their breath, while Uncle seemed thoroughly to enjoy his superior ability to serve.

Pat Dewan was six feet tall, straight and well built. His hair remained heavy and black to advancing age. From my earliest memory, he had a sandy beard and moustache. He and Nicholas Turner took up the Sunday offertory collection. Nicholas also had a red beard and was of similar stature and, as a youngster, I got the impression that they had been purposely matched for the job.

Uncle was of genial personality; he was invariably in good humour, enjoyed a joke and was a pleasing conversationalist. And too, if it were eventide, he was in no hurry home. No wonder he was popular and remembered across the Township.

Pat had a few peculiarities. He was unusually supple and quick of step, and at manual work, with only a few feet to go, he would advance and turn about with a sprightliness that it was a joy to behold. In the open, you were likely to see him hook his first finger, press it to the right side of his nose and then to the left and at each

press, give a slight sniff. Promptly, he would pucker his lips and horizontally send forth a spit so minute that it was scarcely visible.

Any day that he had a few spare moments, he was likely, without warning, to barge into our farm kitchen, place a chair in the centre of the floor, give his trousers an upward pull and sit down straddle-legged with his arms resting on the back of the chair. Then immediately, he began a most friendly conversation with all in the household as kitchen work continued. When asked to repeat a remark or statement, he would preface his repetition by "I say" - "I say it is very cold today." The slurring of the 'ing' in words like going was common in the countryside but not with Pat Dewan. His "ings" were sounded out clearly and emphatically and one sensed with self-satisfying awareness.

Now and again, Uncle did decide to farm for a day. On one such occasion, he had in his hitch a mare named Paul, singularly slow and lifeless. Of this, I



was made well aware for I had borrowed her once to make a three horse team. Paul constantly lagged behind. She was the most exasperating animal I had ever driven. Talk to her and she was as if she did not hear. Stroke her and she was as if without feeling. Well, one day when Uncle was driving Paul, he lost his patience and the hired man related that in the distance he heard him say, "I say, Paul, I will give you a licking, Paul, I say, I will give you a hell of a licking some day when I get time."

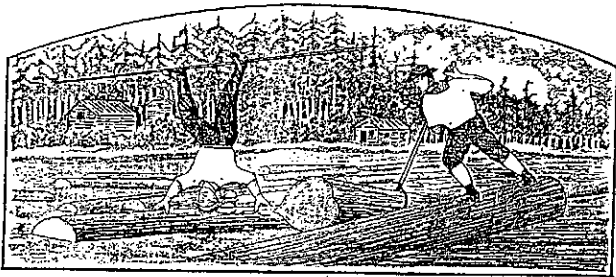
So versatile were the aptitudes of Pat Dewan, so warm his personality and so wide his circle of friends and admirers, it is a safe prediction to make, that not in many years will his like be found again in the Township of Osgoode.

The MacLarens (McLaren) of Osgoode

From the files of the Osgoode Township Historical Society Archives

Probably the first MacLarens to come to Osgoode were the two men Peter and Donald. They were no relation, though both of their parents came from Scotland. Donald had been well known as a paymaster on the construction gang on the Rideau Canal.


Peter MacLaren was the father of the "MacLarens of the Bridge End." Donald MacLaren was the father of the "MacLarens of the Stone House." Though not related on the start, they were not very long in attending to the matter, for Peter's son Donald married Anne MacLaren of the Stone House. She was a first cousin of Donald MacArthur, which relationship rather tied them up with yet another family of MacLarens. This was the family of Squire MacLarens who lived in Kenmore and gave the village its name. Squire MacLaren was a brother of Mrs. Duncan MacArthur. There was still another family of MacLarens known as the Cooper MacLarens, as they had been coopers in the old country. The head of this family was Dan MacLaren, or one-eyed Dan as he was known. He was related to the MacLarens of the Stone House.



Donald MacLaren had a son John, who was known as a "character." He went by the name of "Blasting Johnnie," or "Spitting Johnnie." Many stories were told of him and his doings. He was not a tall man, as were the MacLarens of the Bridge End, but he was very strong. One time he froze his feet and the toes on one foot had to be amputated. This was done for him by Donald

MacLaren of the Bridge End. He had always admired big boots and though his feet were no longer so big, this did not deter him from satisfying his desire and he had made for himself a very heavy pair of boots about size 12. At an earlier time he had broken a leg which had never been set properly. These big boots and the halting step made the sound of his tread very distinct and he could thus be easily detected by his shuffling gait whether it was during the day, or in the dead of night. And it often was in the dead of night when he passed, as he thought nothing of heading for Ottawa, or Morrisburg at 9:00 o'clock in the evening and walking all night, probably with a heavy load on his shoulder. His father left him a life time lease of the 250 acre farm and the big stone house. These as a rule he kept rented out, but he did not rely on this alone for a living. He collected and sold, in Morrisburg, old iron. It is said that he made quite a bit of money at this job. Also for 40 cents a shot, he blasted rocks and dug wells. He would be seen leaving home early in the morning with an assortment of hammers, picks and crowbars etc. on his shoulder. A load of such as would crush many a shoulder, but he would carry it for miles across country to where his job was waiting. Once when digging a well for the MacArthurs, he set a blast in the bottom of the well and it failed to go off. He went down to investigate and when he tried to tap it out, it suddenly went off. The spectators gathered around feared the worst, and hesitated to look in the well. Finally as the smoke began to clear, Mr. MacArthur called down "Are you there Johnnie?" and the answer came back, "I'm all right, send down the bucket."

Author Unknown

 **Editors Note** There are many descendants of the above MacLarens' families still living in the township and beyond. The MacLarens of the "Bridge End" were so named, because their native home in Perthshire, Scotland was built at the end of a bridge. The MacLarens of the "Stone House" were so named because of the stone house on Lot 37, Concession 9 in which they lived. **M.D.**

Two older widow ladies were talking in the lounge of their retirement village. "Well," said, "Jane has just cremated her third husband." "Yeah, that's the way it goes," replied the other widow. "Some of us can't find a husband, and others have husbands to burn!"

Membership

Name _____

Please Check

Address _____

New Member

Renewal

Tel: _____

Use Archive/Museum Services

Signature _____

Interested in being a volunteer

Kemptville Advance 1892

June 23, 1892

A very sad accident occurred at Manotick on Friday last by which a team of horses belonging to Mr. Patrick Dolan were drowned. His son was driving. The animals got scared near Mr. Dickinson's grist mill and ran up the mill square, up Hill Street, turned to Tygh Street where the boy was thrown out and then made their way down the hill into the river and before anything could be done, they were at the bottom with the wagon and harness. Mr. A Collins and T. Thole had a narrow escape from being drowned being out in a boat.

Aug. 25, 1892

Miss Campbell of Metcalfe is apparently arousing the interests of the people of Reid's mills in the art of music. Her capacity as a teacher of the above is widely known. We wish Miss Campbell every success.

Sept. 1, 1892

A \$100 free for all trotting and pacing race will take place at Metcalfe on Wed., Sept. 14, also a \$60 half mile running race and a \$60 three mile trot.

Sept. 8, 1892

Cheap return railway tickets to Toronto Exhibition via Prescott for sale at the Advance office. Only \$1.50 on Monday and Wednesday of next week, to return until Mon 19. This will be favourable to those wishing to visit friends in the towns and cities along the G.T.R.

Oct. 6, 1892

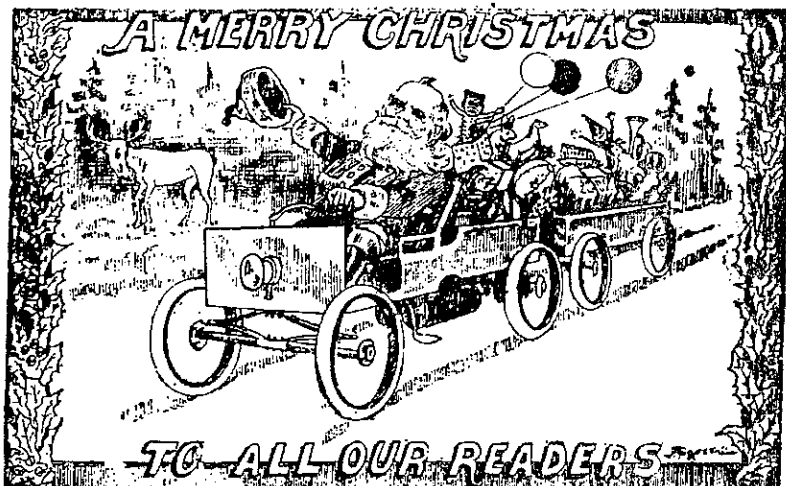
A boiler exploded in a saw mill owned by Jas. Lalong, Embrun village, 3 miles from Russell. Pierre Stone and J.B. Lazure were instantly killed and 5 others were badly injured. The mill is a total wreck.

Nov. 3, 1892

Prize winners - Eastern Provincial Plowing Match near Merrickville. Oct. 19.

Osgoode is the Banner Township. John McKendry who distinguished himself last year by carrying off the gold medal, won the highest prize this year. A.C. McPhail who was also a prize winner last year in the Boy's Class took first prize this year in the Men's class and W.J. McDonald who was looked upon as a mere youth while in the contest, scored highest in the boy's class.

submitted by Shirley Lowe



Canadian Christmas

Few who could skate were able yesterday to resist the temptation to put on the steels and betake themselves to the ice — open air ice, a good way of spending Christmas Day. The rinks were running but the attendance was light, for all were skimming over greater sheets of ice than any within cover. The Dartmouth lakes had thousands and the smaller sheets were thronged. There were it was estimated 1,500 on Stanford's pond.

The Halifax Herald,
December 27, 1898

THE FEATHERWEIGHT MIG-MAG WEBBED

PRICE—\$4.00 PER PAIR.

The STARR MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Limited,
Manufacturers — — — Dartmouth.

Rocking horses, great and small; wax dolls, little and big; fiddles Paganini couldn't play on; swords, guns, pistols, and cannon the Yorkville Cavalry couldn't use. Even Santa Claus himself must be puzzled somewhat to select, so varied the assortment, so wonderful each article in its way.

The Globe, Toronto,
December 24, 1859

SANTA CLAUS
Choisissez les
Pianos Morris
Pour Cadeaux de Noël

W. H. LEACH
2440 RUE STE-CATHERINE

General Eyre, now in Canada, has offered a prize to the Montreal Snow-Ball Club, to be awarded to that member who shall fire the greatest number of snow balls in a given time.

British Colonist, Victoria,
December 24, 1858