

Osgoode Township

Historical Society & Museum

at the
Old Vernon School

Newsletter

VOLUME XXV

NO 2

Jun 1998

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

With summer just around the corner, we are looking forward to a busy season at the museum. At the moment our hours for having the museum open are Thursday, Friday and every second Saturday from noon to 4:00 p.m. for June to September. Also during July and August the museum will also be open on Sunday from 1:00 to 4:00 p.m. We also try to accommodate anyone wishing to visit the museum at other times. Those interested should call the museum (613) 821-4062 and leave a message (with name, phone number and requested time) on the answering machine and we will get back to you or you may contact any member of the executive (phone numbers were in the last newsletter.)

Planning is well underway for the Pioneer Day and Strawberry Social which will be held on Saturday, 25 July, 1998 at the Museum in Vernon from noon to 4:00 p.m. This year we look forward to a very busy afternoon with displays of our farm machinery and artifacts, live demonstrations of horse shoeing and a blacksmith, antique cars, displays of our historical records and publications, along with the Strawberry Social and live entertainment. Please come out for this interesting afternoon and bring along your friends.

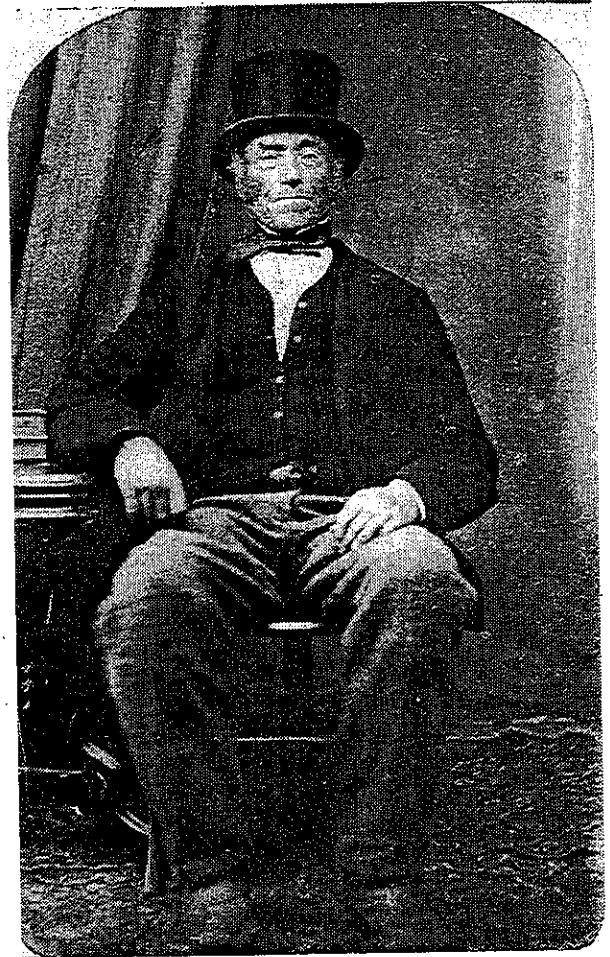
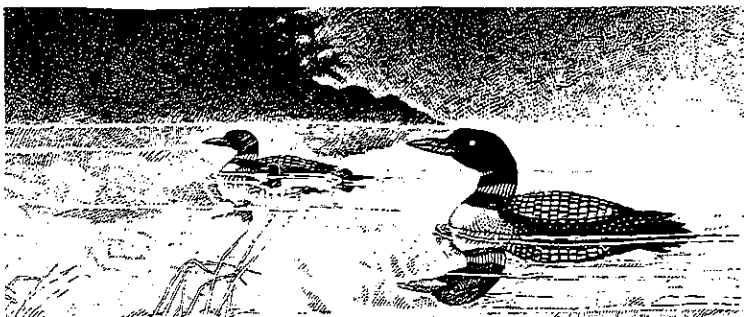
Again this year the ladies have made a lovely quilt and donated it for our Annual Raffle. Tickets are available from most members or contact Alice Craig. The draw will be in December.

In April 1, I received an interesting e-mail from one of our members, Bob McKercher in Albury, NSW, Australia. He and his wife Hilary plan to be in Canada in January 1999 traveling on their honeymoon. Hilary is an archeologist who specializes in Australian pre and post contact archeology. She is also a consultant who specializes in Aboriginal issues. If their time schedule works out we may be fortunate enough to have Hilary give a talk about Australian pre-history and aboriginal history for our January 5th meeting. Something to look forward to!

We look forward to hearing from our out of town members, please send your suggestions and ideas to us by mail or e-mail or any other means. For e-mail, I can be reached at dihughes@magma.ca.

Best wishes to all for a good summer.

Doug Hughes



Alexander Thompson

PIONEERS OF OSGOODE TOWNSHIP

ALEXANDER THOMPSON

When researching for the Thompson ancestor of my wife Beatrice Muriel Thompson, I found myself visiting the village of St Andrews West, situated on the banks of the Raison River in Cornwall Township, in Stormont County. There, in the shadow of the towering spire (212 ft) of St Andrews Roman Catholic Church, stands the former church now used as the Parish Hall. It was in this first church, (1788-1802), that "Father William Fraser," on July 1st 1834, performed the marriage ceremony uniting **Alexander Thompson and Eleanor Casserly**. Alexander born 1805, County Cork, Ireland (probably of Scottish ancestry). Eleanor is presumed to be the daughter of John and Mary Casserly of Cornwall Township. (No parents were mentioned in the church register.)

A number of their children were born in Cornwall Township. The family moved to Osgoode Township in the early 1840's, settling on the east ½ of lot 13, conc 6. John and Mary Casserly of Cornwall Township bought east ½ of lot 15, conc 6 and all of lot 16, conc 6, (300 acres) on January 18, 1849 for 120 pounds, from John McDonald of Cornwall Township. This agreement was witnessed by Alexander Thompson. On Feb 12 of that same year Alexander bought the east half of lot 15 from his father-in-law for fifty pounds.

The 1851 agricultural census states Alexander Thompson owns 100 acres, 20 acres under cultivation, 80 acres bush. The township assessment for 1872 states 40 acres clear, 6 cattle, 8 sheep, 3 hogs, 2 horses, 5 dependants. The 1875 assessments states 6 dependants.

Known children; Catherine, Peggy, Mary, John, Anne, Jane.

Catherine Thompson - Born 1835, married Patrick Keany, Born 1810, County Sligo, Ireland, son of Michael Keany and Helen Kelly of Osgoode Twp at Our Lady of the Visitation Church, South Gloucester, January 9, 1835, moved up into the Gatineau Hills, raising a family of 7 boys, 5 girls.

Peggy Thompson - Born Nov 1st, 1836 Cornwall Township (no further information)

**PIONEERS OF OSGOODE TOWNSHIP CONT'D
ALEXANDER THOMPSON**

Mary Thompson - Born Sept 29, 1838. Married John P Murray (born 1826) "Widower" (Honora Foran) with four children, lived on lot 10, Conc 6 Osgoode Township in 1862. Children Michael, Margaret, John and Eline. Daughter Margaret married John Fitzsimons of Metcalfe. Seven children were born to this couple.

John Murray and Mary Thompson had 12 children

(1) Elizabeth Murray - born 1862 married John Malone, son of John Malone and Ellen Meagher of Osgoode Twp. (Lot 11, Conc 6) on Nov 26, 1889 at Our Lady of Visitation, South Gloucester - 3 children. (2) Catherine Murray - married Michael O'Brien, son of Michael O'Brien and May Ann Nolan of Osgoode Twp. June 2, 1896 at South Gloucester. - 2 children. (3) Michael Murray - single. (4) Alexander Murray - unknown. (5) William Murray married a Sloan, (6) Mamie Murray - married Joe Louzon, (7) Teresa Murray - married Walter Johnson, (8) Paddy Murray - unmarried, (9) Mary Ellen Murray - unmarried, (10) James Christopher Murray, (11) Peter Joseph Murray, (12) Frances Murray (no info). Mary (Thompson) Murray died July 7, 1891.

John Thompson, born 1842 Osgoode Twp. Married Jane Moran of Osgoode Twp, left Osgoode in the early 1860's traveling north over hills, through beautiful valleys often times overlooking the fast flowing, picturesque Gatineau River, settling near St Therese P.Q. - 7 boys, 4 girls.

Anne Thompson - Born 1846, married William Burns of Temiskaming June 18, 1889, South Gloucester.

Jane Thompson - married Brunet and had 3 sons.

Eleanor (Casserly) Thompson died 1855-56, buried in an unmarked grave. (?)

2ND MARRIAGE

Nov. 3rd 1857. Alexander Thompson (widower) married **Julia Murphy**, widow of Michael Sweeney in our Lady of the Visitation Church, South Gloucester. Widow Sweeney had 6 children - Elizabeth, Michael, John, Mrs Cain, Mrs. Hurley, and a daughter who died young. Two sons were born to Alexander and widow Sweeney - (1)**William** born 1863 in Osgoode was killed while working on bridge construction in the State of Montana. (2)**Alexander** born Sept 7, 1860, married Stephanie Keegan, daughter of John Keegan and Alice Huggart in Maniwaki, July 8, 1885. Alexander left home in Osgoode at age 18, traveled north on the same trail that his half brother John had traveled 18 years earlier, settled on lot 3 in Kensenteen Twp. P.Q.

Alexander Thompson Sr. at the age of 89 years, due to an aggressive health problem was removed from his home on lot 15, Conc 6 in Osgoode to his son John's farm home near Maniwaki leaving his wife Julia and her daughter Elizabeth Sweeney on the farm. This stalwart looking gentleman died June 26, 1899. His body was laid to rest in the Catholic Cemetery overlooking the Gatineau River, Maniwaki, P.Q., so far from the land of his birth.

After Alexander's death, his son Alexander Jr. came back to Osgoode Twp and removed his mother Julia, and her daughter Elizabeth Sweeney (his half-sister) to his homestead on lot 3, Kensenteen Twp. Near St Therese, P.Q. Patrick Kehoe (deceased) long time resident of Osgoode Twp. Recalled as a young boy a tearful farewell as his mother "Johanna Fenning" bid good bye to their long time friends and neighbours.

Julia died April 1st, 1903. Her casket was transported from Maniwaki by train to Ottawa, thence to Manotick Station, where Pat with his father Patrick Kehoe met the train with team and express, transporting her casket to

St Catherine Cemetery at Metcalfe where her body was laid to rest beside that of her first husband, "Michael Sweeney." Elizabeth Sweeney remained on the farm with her half-brother Alexander Thompson and his family til her death in 1916.

Alexander Thompson Sr. has indeed left an indelible imprint in the Ottawa Valley and other parts of this continent. If any of our readers can produce more information on this gentleman and descendants, it would be much appreciated.

Michael Daley

OSGOODE TOWNSHIP
HISTORICAL SOCIETY & MUSEUM
NEWSLETTER

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Open Sundays from 1:00 - 4:00 during July & August with a volunteer



A PART OF OUR TOWNSHIP HISTORY

Michael Daley

A letter recently was forwarded from the Metcalfe Post Office to local historian, Jim Rowan of Metcalfe. The address on the envelope reads "The Post Master, Metcalfe, Ontario." Jim, a long-time member of the Society, forwarded it to me to check out. The letter reads:

Dear Postmaster

Could you kindly have someone phone me, if they can find a record of a Mrs John Rodger Fraser. Would like her name, and if available, her maiden name.

She would have been born circa 1855 and died circa 1886.

Don't know which churches are down there and if they have their own churchyards, or whether you simply have a public cemetery...otherwise I would write to the churches down there directly.

We are completing the village history here and we know that the good Doctor came to the village as a single parent to raise three sons all of whom became physicians themselves.

We suspect that she must have died there in Metcalfe perhaps giving birth to the last son, or another child.

Dr. Fraser practiced a decade in Metcalfe before coming here and he was there directly after medical school, so the only place she could have died is down there.

Thank you for your help. Sincerely, (Rev) Gordon A Young, Co-ordinating Editor, Lakefield Heritage, Lakefield, Ont.

DR JOHN RODGER FRASER CONT'D

With the help of Society Secretary Shirley Lowe, we searched the cemetery records relating to the Metcalfe area. Shirley came up with the following inscription: **FRASER: Lorna Campbell, born 24, July, 1883 died 20 Jan, 1886. John Gordon - born 25 August, 1884 Died March 1886.** I forwarded the above information to Rev Young. The inscription on that time-worn tombstone in Metcalfe Union Cemetery provided a link with the past to the present in the village of Lakefield, Ontario. Mr. Young called, March 7 with more informative information, Mrs Fraser gave birth "July 25, 1886 to a still born child."

Three more sons were brought into the world, all became Doctors, one took over his father's practice in later years. Mrs Fraser died May 1st, 1917 age 61 years. It is with a great sense of pride, in the work by members of the society in compiling church records, cemetery records, etc, that we could solve, in a few moments, and contribute facts that elude the Lakefield residents for many years.

The following excerpts are taken from the Lakefield Heritage Book, and contributed by Rev. Gordon Young of Lakefield, Ontario.

Dr. John Rodger Fraser

Dr Fraser was one of our longest serving Doctors in the village and probably the best remembered, although he passed away Sat. Feb. 3rd, 1945 at age 89 and still in practice, although by then a somewhat limited practice. Curious about why this most successful Doctor should suddenly up and leave a good practice down in Metcalfe, Ont., we wrote there to ask if perhaps there was a loss of a child. Thanks to Michael Daley, we now know at least that his reason in part for his leaving (and he was greatly loved down there in that rural practice) was that two of his first children died down there shortly before he left.

Hence when F.H. Dobbin (news reporter and local historian) asked for a brief family history, Dr. Fraser curtly brushed him away. We now know why.

The two children were, LORNA CAMPBELL FRASER born Tues July 24th, 1883 and died the year he left Metcalfe, on Wed Jan 20th, 1886 and JOHN GORDON FRASER, born Mon Aug 25th, 1884, and died 3 months after his sister, on Sat Mar 20th, 1886. From Daley, we also learn that ELLEN EVANS, whom Dr Fraser married in Montreal could likely have been connected directly (or indirectly) to family of Evans down there...It would make some sense why he set up practice down there instead of returning to his native home in Hawksbury.

There are several stories that just too many people remember, that there has to be some element of fact to each one.

It is estimated that he spent at least a thousand hours sleeping in a chair beside a dying child. Helpless without today's antibiotics, he would be extra-ordinarily grumpy for several days particularly after the child's death. He was known to throw an empty tea cup against a nearby wall if someone came into his office to whine, and would do so shortly after the child's death. A dying child thus was not borne easily by him. Perhaps he blamed himself for the loss of his two children down in Metcalfe. Some villagers suspect that before coming to Lakefield he had lost a child and this made him particularly sensitive in this area. As we now know, he lost two within three months of each other. What a tragedy! No wonder children were so special to him.

It has been said far too often, that it's likely true, that the liquid medical preparations he dispensed from his small pharmacy were made from locally produced moonshine whisky. His pharmacy was not large by any

means. He understood the relationships between Doctors and the pharmacy business. But he'd give you a "sample", as Doctors do even today and it is to this we are referring to.

Also, if the local Drug Store was closed, say in the wee hours of the morning, he would thus have some medicines "on-hand" to take with him when he went out on the urgent call. He also kept a horse hitched in the small stable at the rear of the property so that it would not take him that long to get out to a desperate patient. He had two so that there was always a "fresh" horse ready to go.

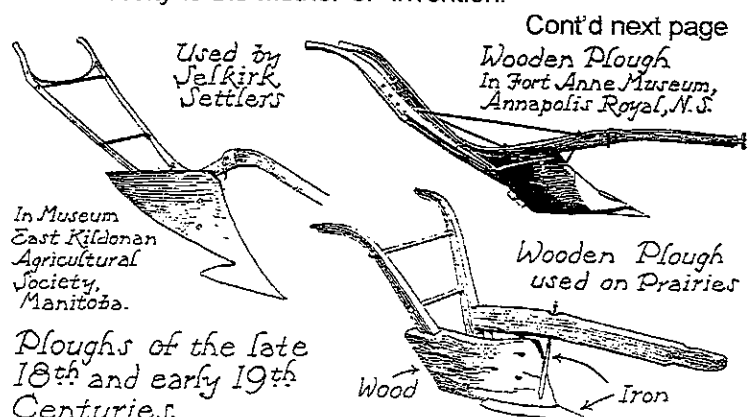
On two separate occasions in almost identical accidents, the good Doctor saved the men by using the same technique. The first accident occurred some time shortly after his arrival here in the village. A sawyer (saw operator) was opened up from the crotch to well above his belly-button by the saw. Miraculously, the vital organs were not seriously damaged, only badly bruised. Fraser, it is said rushed down to Moore's Sawmill where the where the man was put on a makeshift stretcher, a strip of cloth tied around the open wound and then Fraser plopped a chunk of 6 x 6 timber on top of the wound until the man could be taken up to his surgery.

There, Fraser ordered someone to go down to Dutton's Harness Shop and return with a belly band for a horse, another was sent to fetch a cedar shingle. Two bottles of whiskey were then fetched from Leahy's Hotel. The sawyer was then lightly anesthetized and then Fraser went to work. Taking a swig from the one whiskey bottle, he poured half the contents of the other into the gaping wound, washing the entire area with the whiskey. Then he began to sew, all the while humming some tune to himself. Several hundred neat cross stitches closed the gaping maw. By then, the belly band from Jimmy Dutton had arrived as had the cedar shingle. Fraser had another gulp of whiskey and after wiping the top, soaked a sheet of gauze with the remaining whiskey. A clean cloth was placed over the soaked gauze and then the shingle. The belly band was slipped over and then pulled tight.

The saw operator was back at work the next day wearing the harness band and cedar shingle compress under his shirt. He lived another 47 years, dropping dead of a heart attack at the age of 73.

Shortly before the McManus Mill closed for good, their sawyer met with a similar accident. This poor man lost his "privates" in this accident, but otherwise treated exactly the same way. In both cases, it is said that the hundred plus cross stitches used were the most remarkable sewing that anyone had seen. As both stories go, it is said that Dr. Fraser just sat there as though he were a tailor, humming along as he sewed away. The McManus sawyer lived another 28 years and dropped of a stroke at age 67. Clearly, it was not Fraser's treatments that killed either man.

Dr. Fraser was also a an innovator, although he apparently never thought of himself as innovator apparently, but he routinely did such things as c-sections years before they were in vogue. Plus a host of other procedures that he quickly dismissed as "necessity-is-the-mother-of-invention."



DR FRASER CONT'D

The Doctors of today might cringe at some of his methods, but it is said with some truth to it, that if you were going to die, it would be in the hands of Dr. Fraser. He was known to try every trick in the book to save someone and then try other things as well. And while he was not by any stretch of the imagination an alcoholic, you knew he was getting really frustrated at getting something fixed or getting someone well when he'd ask for a "shot of something strong." A quick shot of whatever and then he'd stand there and fume some more, muttering and then the pacing began again. When it is all said and one, it must have been absolutely horrid for men like Dr Fraser who in their own minds knew that there was a cure or a better way out than what they had, and were powerless to change the lot thrown at them.

Some of the heroics he pulled off were often considered "miracles," but which were in fact, a series of great gambles that seemed to come to him that other Doctors were not so blessed with. He lost his share too, let's not kid ourselves. But he did have the lowest "saved to death" rate, it is thought by several in the village to any of the Doctors in the village in that pre-antibiotic/hyper sterilization era. Whether he did or not, we do not know for the statistics simply are not available. But the impression certainly is there and has remained down the years since his passing.

Of all the village Doctors, none are referred to with as much affection as "Doc J.R." He was known to go out in the most frightful weather to attend whatever was needing tending and like many Doctors was not embarrassed to accept a slab of beef or eggs, or firewood or coal for payment. What he couldn't use, went to either the Anglican Minister at the time, or the Parish Priest for the needy that they knew of in the village so that it wouldn't go to waste. "Waste was evil" he was reported to have said a thousand times or more. Perhaps in the end, it was his ecumenicalism that endeared him to the villagers and the apparent gruffness everyone knew was just a cover for a really soft hearted man, who had been deeply hurt by his own tragedy.

Unlike other Doctors, he rarely had regular office hours and like Dr Renwick the Dentist, he could be had up until midnight most nights of the week. Today they call them "workaholics"... but it was his "heart pain" that likely drove him relentlessly to become a workaholic.

Dr Fraser was always seen at every social that was going on in town, often visiting one or more the same night and thoroughly enjoyed the high school dances, charming the young girls especially. But we should not read a whole lot into that, it was likely the loss of his daughter.

His passing like that of Dr Alex McKenzie, the Headmaster of the Grove School meant a village day of mourning. Doubtless that might have annoyed the Doctor who saw time-off as a waste.

In an incident in which it is recalled in the Fire Dept Section, George Graham heroically saved a young man and desperately tried to save a girl from a car in the canal. Fraser it is reported, was rightly annoyed that the man was saved and not the girl. It was his fault" Fraser fumed and in his logic, because it was the young man's overly amorous ambitions towards his girlfriend that caused the accident, Fraser felt it was the young man who should have paid the ultimate price. Once again was it his daughter that led him to give poor George the bawling out?

Poor George Graham it is said, just stood there in warm blankets thoroughly mystified at Dr. Fraser's tirade. Fraser was there as acting coroner, as he was the village's long standing Medical Officer of Health and as such was authority. The outburst however, was typical "Fraserisms", many of which are very humorous, but should not be repeated in a public form where

children read them. It was obvious, however, that there was no mistaking what the good Doctor wanted, needed or was telling you.

He was known not to make apologies for his bluntness to adults, but if it slipped out with a child in his presence there would be an immediate apology.

When the Rev. Dr Masterton came to St. Paul's, he and Dr Fraser were an unbeatable pair at bridge and in poker. Two of the deadliest card-sharks in the entire village! It was said that they were so good at their games that they began to run out of folks who were willing to play them.

The money that the pair collected at these card parties went into a Trust Fund (most Ministers have a "discretionary fund") that was used to help the needy in the congregation. St. Paul's in those days was always cash strapped it seemed, and there never seemed to be much of a surplus for such needy occasions. How many people were helped by these card-sharks we will never know with precision.

It is with sincere gratitude we acknowledge the contribution of the Metcalfe Post Mistress Mrs Craig without whom we would never have been able to contribute to this fascinating story on Dr Fraser who practiced in Metcalfe Village prior to 1886.

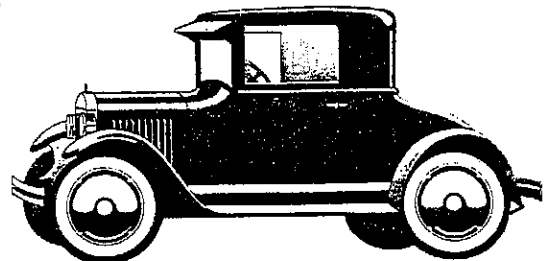
** The Village of Lakefield is situated on the Atonabee River, gateway to the beautiful Kawartha Lake District, part of the Trent Severn Waterway system Michael Daley*

STROLLING

Today I strolled thro' bush and dale
 Along the high land and the swale.
 The sky above gleamed bright and blue,
 All trees took on a ruddy hue.
 The rodent track before me lay
 They stretched from me to far away
 A black squirrel scolded from a shrub,
 A prickly ash my leg did rub.
 The air was bracing, fresh and clean.
 I yearned for pals to share the scene.
 My thought went many miles away
 Of pleasant moments, sweet and gay.
 I pondered as I strolled along
 And cheered my thoughts with pleasant song.
 Will some poor creature, such as I
 In years to come, when once I die,
 Meander thro' this forest glade?
 Perhaps a laddie or a maid
 And I think the thoughts, the same as me
 To worship sky and shrub and tree?
 If that poor soul was all distressed
 By prayer and nature, he'd be blest.
 But we must grant each one his way,
 Perhaps we'll cheer some future day.

Harry M. Anderson

* Harry Anderson (1902-1994) was one of the founding members of OTHS, the Corresponding Secretary for many years



MORE ABOUT LEARNING IN BYGONE DAYS

submitted by Elizabeth Stuart

It was the year 1914 when the writer, at age 7, first walked to Dalmeny Public School. The education system in Ontario has changed dramatically since then. No one tried to educate us then before we were able, physically, to walk to school. The Stuart children walked morning and night nearly 2 miles. The Waddell children had to walk 3 miles before the road was put through the blueberry marsh, shortening their walk to Springhill by half. But with the road surface of coarse crushed stones, making walking unpleasant in summer and with snowbanks in winter too deep for short legs, most of us had perfect attendance records. I give high praise to those young teachers who did such a good job on us in our one-room schools.

I was teaching at Thousand Islands Secondary School when Premier Davis accepted the recommendations of the Hall-Dennis Report. I heard him speak of the advantages of large schools formed when rural schools would all be closed. Later I attended a meeting at the Dalmeny School and strongly disputed his claims given by a young man from the Department of Education, a stranger in a rural community. Of the nine Department Heads at TISS, eight had come through a one-room school. The students doing mediocre work were those bussed for years from one of the early Consolidated Schools.

Our early schools had "classes": primer, 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th. Either one year or 2 years could be spent in each class. Since every one in the schoolroom could hear everything that was taught to each class, it was possible for clever children to finish school in 5 years. Evelyn Mason MacNabb was telling me that she had moved from Ottawa to the school at Grant (Limoges) when Jennie Stuart was teaching there. Evelyn had always been in a room where there was only one class. She tried her "Entrance" from Jr 4th but as she could not concentrate very well when other teaching was going on, she asked to study outside the school and was granted permission as long as she came inside if she saw the Inspector coming.

Even by 1950, 80% of our schools were less than 10 teachers, and students having spares would sit in unused seats at the back of other classes. When teaching at Tweed in the 30's, we had 4 teachers for 5 forms. Every one of the 40 seats would be occupied. Certainly there was no teacher "preparation time" in my years of teaching taken at the expense of the taxpayer. And the pupils did not suffer. Herbert Allan Leal became a Rhodes Scholar, Principal of Osgoode Hall, Chancellor of McMaster University etc. etc.

Eight "grades" in elementary school replaced the "classes" which meant that students had to remain too long in elementary school. And with one or two years of Kindergarten, a child could have been schooled for ten years before entering a high school. Many were already bored with education.

We tried our "entrance exams (into high school) at Osgoode Station. Exams set by the Department of Education, presided over by a stranger, and marked under the guidance of the "Inspector." There was grammar, arithmetic, literature, composition, hygiene, geography, art, spelling, reading, history, writing and science. I stayed with our Aunt Nancy Reid on the Main Street and we country people enjoyed the novelty of the sidewalks - with no sign of "stress" amongst that crowd of youngsters.

High School

I went with my sister to the Kenmore Continuation School in 1920 - more than 7 miles away over poor roads. Continuation Schools had been established

early in the century so that rural children could receive Secondary School education more cheaply. There were two teachers for the four forms: 1st, 2nd, 3rd, and 4th. Each teacher taught half the subjects with 2 forms being in each room. The class period were only 15-20 minutes long and Teachers learned how to teach the most in the least time, and students learned how to do as much homework as possible. The students had time off but never the Teacher. The school day was 9 - 12 and 1-4 with two short recesses. Students could be trusted without noon hour supervision. There were four final exams written the first year: botany, art, Canadian history, geography; and four the second: arithmetic, grammar, zoology, physiography. Again, these exams were set by the Department of Education, presided over by strangers - in our case by Mr Norris, Vice Principal of Lisgar Collegiate - and corrected in Toronto. All students took the same subjects and besides the four subjects dropped in the first two forms, everyone took French Latin and English.

With two in our family attending school, the cost of board was \$32 a month. So, for the first two months, we went every day by horse and buggy, taking a bag full of hay. The horse was tied in the Temperance House sheds where we fed and watered him at noon. Other pupils closer to Kenmore drove throughout the year.

But after two months, roads in November were almost impassible. We stayed in Kenmore with another aunt, Mrs Hugh Watson, who lived across from the Continuation School. That building was formerly the Kenmore Baptist Chapel until 1910, built in 1856-8 by David McGregor and John Dewar. The carpenter was probably James Taylor, brother of the Taylors mentioned in the last Newsletter. This old frame building, now a home, is the oldest building in Kenmore, I believe.

For 3rd and 4th form there were 12 papers: English literature and composition, ancient history and English history, Algebra, geometry, physics, chemistry, Latin authors, Latin grammar, French authors, French grammar and the finals could be written at the end of either the 3rd or 4th years and all 12 papers had to be written in the same year. If you wrote at the end of the 3rd year and missed more than one or two, the whole 12 had to be repeated. My sister wrote the 12 in 1922 and failed French authors. She wrote it again in August.

But in 1922, the department decided students should spend four years in High School before getting Junior Matriculation. The maximum number of papers a student could write in one year was nine unless a student had only 10 to finish schooling.

In 1922-23, I could only take nine subjects and gave up French authors, Latin authors and Latin grammar. My father said I would have to stay at home on the farm while my sister went to Normal School - we had no hired help then, and I would go back to Kenmore after Easter in 1924 when our teachers would be reviewing the years work and write off the 3 subjects I lacked. Our Principal, Miss Tannie Fraser considered this situation unfair for us who had to pay our board. From then on she taught four years of Latin in the first two years leaving only 10 subjects for the final year. The Wood twins, Alice and Annie, and Verlie Hawkshaw from Dalmeny, were ones I

remember in that first class. In later years, Verlie was working at the Department and found her marks were in the 90's. I received first class standing in Latin that year although I had been away from it for nearly two years. And again, the following year. I received firsts in Latin at Lisgar when I took 12 subjects in 5th form. I mention this to illustrate the skill our teacher had when using the old fashioned method of teaching. Every student in the class had to participate. There was never



LEARNING IN BYGONE DAYS CONT'D

any need of streaming. My father had learned his Latin the same way and never forgot it.

But when Tannie's father, Davy Fraser, himself a teacher, died, she went to teach in Winchester with her friend Rebecca Stenhouse. Her Latin students were not used to her methods and got up a petition against her teaching. She left Winchester at Christmas and went to St Thomas where she was head of the English Department. She had her M.A in English.

When I was teaching at Lyndhurst Continuation School, the Inspector, Mr Mills in commenting on the teaching of Latin by the principal, Clarence Curtis said, "I have only one teacher who can teach Latin." I surprised him when I said, "I know who that is".

One year Tannie spoke to the teachers at their Easter Convention about how she taught four years Latin in half the time. When she retired she was featured on television for her teaching of Indians at a school in Manitoba. My principal, Clarence Curtis, was later Professor of Industrial Relations at Queens.

Latin was for many year, a requirement for a Bachelor of Arts degree. When I graduated from Queens in 1932, a student from Winchester missed his Latin for the 2nd time. He tried again many times. I wonder if he was one of those who had signed that petition. I hope he was granted his degree when Latin was no longer a requirement.

When we had provincial standards, our rural schools could compete with any. Our teachers did a full day's work, not using class time to prepare their day's work, or disrupt the school year with "P.D" days, all at the added expense of the taxpayer. Our exorbitant school taxes are the result of the power the selfish unions have gained to the detriment of us all.

Elizabeth Stuart

✓ Don't forget your 1998 membership \$10.00 yearly
 We appreciate your support
 ✓ Plan to attend the Pioneer Day planned for July 25. Strawberry Tea * Live horse shoeing * Antique Cars * Entertainment

KEMPTVILLE ADVANCE

OSGOODE STATION 1881

Osgoode had but one shingled roof in 1867, it now has 2 general stores, 2 carpenter shops, 2 telegraph offices, 2 churches, a school house, tavern, blacksmith shop, cooper shop, grain emporium and shoe shop.

Osgoode Station exported 67,000 bu. Of oats to a Chaudiere firm.

Edward Burr sold his hotel to Frank young of Hazeldean for \$4,000.

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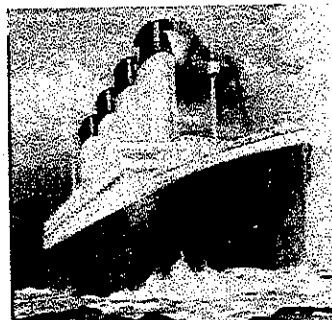
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"OLD RELIABLE": RESEARCHING THE CANADIAN HISTOR OF R.M.S. OLYMPIC, SISTER OF THE TITANIC

submitted by David Gray

When my grandfather, John Gray, went to war in 1916, he traveled on board the White Star liner, RMS *Olympic*, sister-ship of the ill-fated *Titanic*. His short diary entries and his longer letter home describe the incredible size of the ship and the challenge of accommodating and feeding the 5000 Canadian troops on board. His experiences have prompted me to research the history of *Olympic* from the Canadian perspective.

Olympic was launched a year earlier than *Titanic*, survived the war, and served as a trans-Atlantic liner until 1935. However, in spite of the recent renewed interest in *Titanic* and the White Star Line following the success of the Imax film "Titanica" and a new movie "Titanic", still most Canadians



are not aware of the existence of *Olympic*. A third sister-ship, *Britannic*, launched in 1914, served as a WWI hospital ship, but sunk with a loss of about 20 lives after hitting a mine in the Aegean Sea in 1916.

Like *Titanic*, *Olympic* was not scheduled to stop at any Canadian ports. Southampton and New York were her usual ports of call. However when war broke out, *Olympic* was selected for the job of bringing Canadian troops to Europe. As a troopship, *Olympic* was armed with light guns and painted in the dazzle paint camouflage scheme common to WWI vessels.

She was given the name "Old Reliable" by the people of Halifax, Nova Scotia, in respect for the clockwork regularity of sailing to and from Europe while she served as His Majesty's Troopship between 1915 and 1919. Carrying upwards of 5000 Canadian troops at a time, *Olympic* made many sailing from Halifax. On the return voyages she carried wounded soldiers back to Canada. During the demobilization of the Canadian troops at the end of the war, *Olympic* again carried thousands of soldiers, this time from Southampton home to Halifax.

Thus the *Titanic* sister was known to thousands of Canadian soldiers, and many personal remembrances of the ship and her wartime efforts do exist in Canadian homes. These letters and post cards, written on board to be sent back home, give a personal touch to accompany the official statistics of *Olympic's* wartime contributions.

I would like to enlist the help of readers in my search for any materials that relate to the *Olympic*; post cards, letters, diaries, photographs, papers, artifacts, or other souvenirs. If you have or know of any such items that could be copied or photographed, I would be very pleased to hear from you.

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