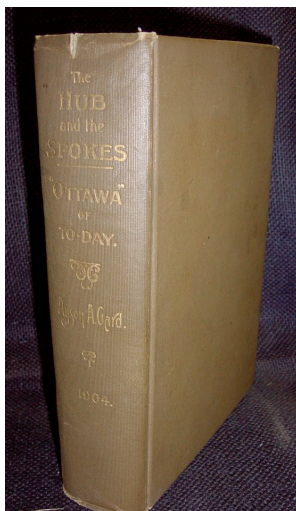


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The Hub and the Spokes or, The Capital and its Environs, - 1904 Ref. CA0001

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PART FIRST.

How Rube and the Colonel Saw Ottawa,
the Beautiful Capital of the Dominion,
the Washington of Canada.

cent fire that swept almost everything clear to the ground for a long and wide scope, running to the bridge which crosses the C. P. R. tracks.

Hintonburgh

Begins at Fourth Avenue, where Somerset ends as it merges into the Richmond Road. The Capucian Fathers' church and school are seen to the left, after which we pass the tree-embowered home of Judge Ross, and a little further along toward Queen Street, we see to the right The Boys' Home. We are soon in the country after passing Queen Street. Two turns and we are going up the Britannia Road, along which the conductor (43) points out prominent places: "Here's the Holland property. There's Fred. Heney's fine house. Fred is *Reeve* of Nepean." I didn't stop to ask him what "Reeve" meant. I had never heard the word before. No, I didn't stop him. "There to the left is the St. Hubert's Gun Club grounds. This is now

Westboro.

That's J. E. Cole's house. Cole owns all this land along here, lands worth \$200 and upward an acre. Yes, very cheap, so near town. That's John McKellar's fine place to the right. That railroad paralleling our track? That is the C.P.R. Yes, the C.P.R. comes into Ottawa from all directions. Great road that, but it looks as though the Liberals are going to get "sociable" in another direction. Yes, here's Britannia," and so he ran on. He knew everything. It's a pleasure to meet with conductors who know, and who are so courteous in telling it as are these Ottawa boys. At Britannia the trolley company have gone to much expense in beautifying the place. They have built a wide pier 1,000 feet long out into the river, which here is Deschenes Lake, of which I shall make frequent mention. It forms here a half circle, along the east side of which are many pretty cottages, and a boat club house. Along the south part of the circle, the land between the road and the lake has been turned into a park, with pavilions, bath houses, &c. The beach is an ideal one for bathing, especially for children. The little ones may wade out almost to the end of the pier without danger. This land where Britannia stands was once a part of a large estate, that of the noted Captain LeBreton, and the Lake was called Chaudiere Lake, by Lieut.-Colonel Joseph Bouchette, who wrote of it in 1832.

The village, with its two churches and neat cottages, is one of Ottawa's most fashionable suburbs. Much is due to Mr. John Jamieson, who, like Bradley at Asbury Park, has made a pretty resort out of what was once but a sand beach.

Some people of national note reside here. I might say international, or even world-wide, as you shall see. A few of them are:

SCHOOLS.

The schools of Ottawa stand high in a province whose school system is claimed to be one of the best in the world.

The widely known mathematician, Dr. J. C. Glashan, is Inspector of all city schools. Mr. Geo. H. Bowie is Chairman, and Mr. Wm. Rea is Secretary-Treasurer of the School Board, composed of three members from each ward.

There are 18 schools in the city, with 92 teachers, or with the principals, 118.

As elsewhere mentioned, in Ontario the Catholic schools are called Separate.

Mr. Terence McGuire is Chairman, and Mr. A. McNicoll is Secretary-Treasurer of the Board. Of the number of separate schools, seven are taught by 31 lay teachers and 12 Brothers, and seven are taught by 59 Sisters.

The school year is ten months.

Normal and Model School and the Collegiate Institute

occupy a large block just beyond Cartier Square, running from Elgin to the Canal.

The Collegiate Institute is under the management of a Board of Trustees other than the Public School Board. They are John Thorburn, LL.D., Chairman, G. B. Green, Thomas Birkett, M.P., Henry Robillard, J. I. MacCraken, D. Murphy, M.P.P., R. J. Sims, R. J. Small; Cecil Bethune, Secretary-Treasurer. The Collegiate is between the High School and College. The pupils have to pay \$20 of the actual cost a year (\$55) of education per pupil, the city paying the balance.

Pretty School Children.

That the school children of Ottawa are bright and intelligent, I need but refer you to the two pictures in the "Gallery," where you may see in "Pinafore" costume a number of them, boys and girls of the city schools.

Cavalry.

The Princess Louise Dragoon Guards.

(Organized 23rd May, 1872.)

Hon. Lieut.-Colonel.—F. F. Gourdeau.

Lieut.-Colonel.—Robert Brown.

Majors.—C. A. Eliot, R. M. Courtney, G. A. Ryan.

Captains.—A. H. H. Powell, H. B. Borbridge, E. E. Clarke,
J. A. Cameron.Lieutenants.—H. P. Fleming, J. R. Munro, J. W. Bush, C.
J. Burritt, J. R. Routh, W. R. Greene, J. P. Boyle, A. Ryan, J. J.
Danby, L. S. Macoun, D. J. McDougal, P. C. McGillivray, R. O.
Croll, T. R. Brown, D. W. Moore, D. C. Merkley, G. A. Noonan,
J. D. Robertson.

Paymaster.—W. H. Cole.

Adjutant.—J. R. Routh (lieut.)

Quartermaster.—J. St. D. Lemoine.

Artillery.

Ottawa Field Battery.

(Organized 27th Sept., 1855.)

Major.—E. C. Arnoldi.

Captains.—A. H. Bertschinger, E. W. B. Morrison, D.S.O.

Lieutenants.—C. H. Maclaren, E. R. Tooley, H. H. Cameron.

Medical Officer.—E. B. Echlin.

Veterinary Officer.—Alex. W. Harris, D.V.S.

Engineers.

Ottawa Company—(Organized 1st July, 1902.)

Major.—C. P. Meredith.

Lieutenants.—A. P. Deroche, E. P. Fetherstonhaugh, O.
Higman, jr., R. S. Smart.

Medical Officer.—W. I. Bradley.

Infantry.

The Governor General's Foot Guards.

(Organized 7th June, 1872.)

Honorary Colonel.—His Ex. The Rt. Hon. the Earl of Minto,
G.C.M.G., P.C., Governor General.

Lieut.-Colonel.—Sydney C. D. Roper.

Majors.—E. E. F. Taylor, Henry A. Bate.

Captains.—Douglas R. Street, C. F. Winter, William T.
Lawless, Donald H. McLean, Agar S. A. M. Adamson, F. A.
Magee, G. D. Graham, J. F. Cunningham, F. C. T. O'Hara, J. G.
Maclaren.

THE OLD BOYS AND THE OLD SONS.

Ottawa is so full of "Old Boys" and "Sons" galore, but in looking over the list I find the "Old Girls" as scarce as any other city I've seen. As elsewhere stated, there are no "old girls" in Ottawa. If it were not general the world over, I'd think it was owing to the youth microbes in the atmosphere. Not only Ottawa, but all Canada is full of Bonnie Scots. Ten generations ago I was one myself—of the Wallace and Ross clan—and to this day I have a kindly feeling toward the auld hame of my forbears. Stevenson, in his *Silverado Squatters*, said: "The happiest lot on earth is to be born a Scotchman," and "life is warmer there and closer; the hearth burns more redly; the light of home shines softer on the rainy street; the very names endeared in verse and music cling nearer round our hearts." No music will quicker touch my heart to-day—ten generations removed—than do the simple ballads of that land of rocks and gallant sons, and so you will have to pardon me for giving precedence to

The Sons of Scotland,

who have in Ottawa a large Camp, with George Gibson as Chief, and John Gordon as Secretary.

St. Andrew's Society

too, are sons of the land of Burns. It is the great social society, and is composed of some of the most prominent people, business and professional in the city. It was established in Ottawa in 1845—fifty-nine years ago. J. G. Turiff is President, H. H. Rowatt, recording secretary, and John McLachlin, corresponding secretary.

Sons of England.

This is a large society, with many branches or lodges. Luke Williams is the Deputy Chairman of the district. As I said, it has many branches, such as Bowood, Derby, Queen's Own, Russell, Stanley, Tennyson, Lion (Boys of England), and the Ivy.

PART SECOND.

PATRONS.

LORD MINTO.

Canada has been singularly fortunate in the men sent out from England to represent the Crown. These Governors General have been, with rare exceptions, most pleasing to Canada, few being so much so as the present Governor, Lord Minto, whose term is so shortly to end.

The Earl of Minto, Gilbert John Murray Kynynimond Elliot, G.C.M.G., D.L., J.P., was born July 9th, 1845. He is the son of the third Earl, whom he succeeded in 1891.

He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge (B.A.), and entered the Scots Guards in 1867, retiring in 1870 with the rank of lieutenant. He was for ten years Brigadier-General in command of the South of Scotland Infantry (1888 to 1898.) He has had a military experience extending over many parts of the British Empire. In 1877 we find him in the Turkish army; in 1879 taking part in the Afghan war; in 1881 as private secretary to General Lord Roberts at the Cape; and in 1883 to 1885, military secretary to the Governor General of Canada, Marquis of Lansdowne. He was chief of staff in the Riel Rebellion in the Northwest (1885).

In 1898 he was appointed to succeed the Earl of Aberdeen as Governor General of Canada. This was a difficult task, following as he did the Aberdeens, who were immensely popular, but so well have the Mintos succeeded, that they will leave Canada universally beloved by the people of all the Dominion.

“Mary Caroline is the fourth daughter of the late General, the Hon. Charles Grey, son of the second Earl Grey, K.G., private secretary to Queen Victoria, and his wife Caroline Eliza, eldest daughter of Sir T. H. Farquhar, Bart.” Thus Morgan intro-

LITERARY PATRONS.

WM. WILFRID CAMPBELL, *Poet.*

This famous Canadian poet was born in Western Ontario. He is of Scotch and English ancestry. His father the Rev. Thomas Swainton Campbell, is the only son of the late Rev. Thomas Campbell, M.A., of Glasgow University, of a Cadet family of the house of Argyll, which settled in the North of Ireland.

Mr. Campbell was educated at Toronto University. He is a prominent Fellow of the Royal Society of Canada, and has done much toward placing it in the front rank among the great Societies of the Continent.

He is a poet of great strength of thought, and depth of expression. As the Athenaeum, has so well said, "The world will stand and listen to him some day." The Toronto Globe in speaking of him, wrote a fact, "In strength and depth scarcely matched by any of his contemporaries." While a well known Canadian classes him as "One of the real living poets to-day in the English language."

A noted reviewer has told so well the poet, that I will break my rule and quote at length his words.

"Mr. W. Wilfrid Campbell is ranked as the foremost Canadian poet and one of the leading writers of verse on the American continent. He has made his reputation as a poet during the last decade, by frequent and notable contributions to many leading American and British periodicals, including, The Atlantic Monthly, The Century, Harper's, Scribners, Cosmopolitan, Outlook, The Spectator and Literature.

"Much of his verse, which has been lately collected in a volume, "Beyond the Hills of Dream" (published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston), has shown him to be, as the Toronto Globe has said, "in strength and depth scarcely matched by any of his contemporaries on this side of the water." He has written several blank verse tragedies, one of which, "Mordred," while published several years prior to Mr. Stephen Phillips' "Paolo and Francesca," challenges comparison with that much-praised drama.

"We have no room in this short sketch to deal with the body of Mr. Campbell's work. Largely dramatic and human, it con-

PART THIRD.

OF WIDER INTEREST.

"DRAMATIC EPISODES IN CANADIAN HISTORY."

Reading matter was very scarce that week we went out fishing, and we had soon finished everything readable in sight, and, as "Z." might say: "In the wurd of Mr. Pickwick, in Huggo's Merchant of Venus, we cried for more—more," and the landlady gave us a holiday number of *The Central Canadian*, of Carleton Place. It was a veritable find. In it were the expressions of many of Canada's foremost men of letters and affairs, under the above heading. These "expressions" must have been collected months or mayhap years ago, as several of the familiar names and faces (it was an illustrated number, and in the "Gallery" may be seen the faces), are those of writers now gone from earth, making it all the more a valuable "find."

They had replied to the question: "What do you consider the most dramatic episodes in Canadian history?" If any one think that this young country has not a history, and a very dramatic one at that—let him run through these "expressions," culled from the words of the great men who wrote them.

The Hon. Geo. W. Ross

thought that "the following events might be considered worthy of illustration—(1) The Origin of Confederation; (2) D'Arcy McGee's last speech, in April 1868—made the very night of his assassination; (3) The Queen placing a wreath on Sir John Thompson's coffin, in Windsor Castle; (4) Laura Secord on her march to Beavertdam; and (5) The burning of the Parliament Buildings in 1849."

DOMINION DAY

Is Canada's "Fourth of July." It is July 1st. It commemorates the confederation of all the provinces, which occurred in 1867.

It was celebrated in Ottawa (1904) by one of the finest military parades and reviews I have ever witnessed, and the finest that Ottawa had ever held.

Owing to the fact that the militia of the fourth district of Canada were holding their annual encampment at Rockcliffe Park, many thousands of citizen soldiers took part in the review, which was the suggestion of Alderman Fred. Journeaux, who cannot be commended too highly for the great success of the day.

The plan of the review was that of Major R. A. Helmer, and so well was it carried out that it was as the working of a perfect clock, and so beautiful, that two prominent officers from Vermont exclaimed: "We have never seen it excelled!"

Besides those of the city of whom I made mention in the military chapter were: Colonel Hodgins, Colonel Cameron, D.S.O., 5th Royal Scots, of Montreal; Colonel H. A. Morgan, of the 59th; Colonel Checkley, of the 56th Grenville regiment; Colonel T. H. Elliott, of the 97th, from Sault Ste. Marie.

One pleasing feature of the review was the part taken by Company V., N. G., 1st Regiment, from Burlington, Vermont, under Captain E. B. Woodbury, Lieuts. O. H. Parker and W. E. Williard; and Company E. N.G., from Malone, New York, with officers: Captain Albert J. Miller, Lieuts. J. T. Huntington and Harold Lawrence; Lieuts.-Surgeon S. D. Williamson; Major Jas. S. Boye, of the 4th Battalion, N.G., N.Y., and Captain Peckham, of the Major's staff.

The whole was under the guidance of the most cordially liked officer in Canada, Colonel Wm. E. Hodgins, commander of the Militia of the Fourth District.

The *prettiest* feature of the day—and this was conceded by all—was the visit of the lady contingents of Company E, from Malone, who gave a beautiful drill, in the evening, on a raised platform or stage on Cartier Square, which was witnessed by possibly 20,000 people.

What most pleased the Colonel and me was the beautiful way our soldiers were treated. It was simply charming, the kindness shown to them every minute of the day! And then the way

Our Flag, the Stars and Stripes,

was respected, and even honored, was nothing short of delightful! In all the long parade it was the only flag unfurled, while

(the first American director in a Canadian bank), and also vice-president of Massawippi Valley Railway Company.

He was appointed U. S. Consul to Halifax, N.S., in 1897, and was transferred to Ottawa (in 1903), the highest consulate in Canada.

The estimate in which he was held by the people of Halifax was shown by one of the most elaborate banquets ever given in the Dominion for an American consul.

SIR PERCY GIROUARD.

In a book of this nature, where so much must be written in a small space, one must pass by man, very many things and many people worthy extended notice, and yet I cannot pass over the name of one of the most famous of Canada's sons, even though he is not to-day of Canada. I refer to Sir Percy Girouard, second son of Justice Désiré Girouard, of the Supreme Court of Canada. He could hardly be less able with such a father, and yet too often it is "like father, *unlike* son." I can but touch the life of this young man, who, at 36, has reached a fame for which millions seek in vain.

He graduated at the Royal Military College at Kingston, fortunately without honors—honor men are usually great only at school. He spent two years in a subordinate position at railway building on the "short lines" of the Canadian Pacific. In 1888 he became a second lieutenant in the Royal Engineers, and was sent to Chatham, England. From 1890 to 1895, he was Railway Traffic Manager at the Royal Arsenal, at Woolwich. In 1896, when General Kitchener was starting on his conquest of the Sudan, he called to him Percy Girouard, and made him his chief over a full staff of able engineers, and that he chose wisely is proven by the results.

In 1896, with the rank of Major in the Egyptian Army, he was made Director of Egyptian Railways, and what followed seems so wonderful that were it not a known fact it could scarcely be believed. He built a line of railway across the great Nubian desert, against obstacles which might have daunted the greatest engineer of the world. It is spoken of as "one of the greatest efforts of engineering science, human endurance and pluck." Think of running a line of 600 miles through hot shifting sands, no water, or anything necessary for road building save that which was brought up as the road progressed. For thousands of years this desert had been crossed with no water on the line to relieve the burning thirst of the caravans, save that which was carried by the camels. This young Canadian, in his wisdom, saw indications of water, and said to his men, "Dig," and a line of wells was established

PART FOURTH.

THE HUMORS OF THE CAPITAL.

MAJOR GROWLEY DON'T LIKE US;

OR,

The Man with the "Ditches" and "Trenches," who is to Take Washington
City in Three Months.

OTTAWANETTES.

Fire Protection and Other Things, of *Lighter* Vein.

Princess Louise presented the medals to the exhibitors, after the Fair, at a banquet held to spend some of the profits of the show. At that banquet were many whose names were great then and others who have since had titles added to their names. Here are some of those present: Sir John A. and Lady Macdonald, Sir Charles Tupper, Hon. D. Christie, (Sir) Mackenzie Bowell, Major and Mrs. De Winton, Dr. (Sir) James A. Grant, Mr. (Sir) Adolph Caron, Alonzo Wright, Hon. James Skead, J. W. Currier, Major McIntosh, A. S. Woodburn, John R. Craig, Ira Morgan, President Wilmot and many others.

RUBE BUYS A PUP.

Speaking of dog shows and things, I am reminded of one of my Ottawa investments.

It was on a Bank Street car. It was evening, the little girl with the basket looked very sad. That she was in trouble I was certain. When little girls are in trouble I too am sad. I watched her face. It was not a pretty face, but a wan pinched face—pinched by poverty. What was in the basket, that she gave it so much attention? Ah, it moves! *What?* Yes, it's a pup. Poor child, thought I, she is taking her one little pet away to sell it to buy bread, possibly to relieve the hunger of brothers and sisters at home. It must not be, she must not sell the dear little thing—her playfellow! No, I will prevent it. "What have you in the basket?" I asked, even though I already knew.

"It's a pup," she said timidly.

"Where are you taking it?" I asked in a gentle tone.

"I'm taking it to a man who wants to buy it," and her voice trembled. I knew it, I knew it, she has been sent to sell her one pet, and oh, how lonely will she be without it. No, I will prevent it. I'll buy the pup and then give it back to her—and make her oh so happy. I do love to make children happy! "How much do you ask for the little thing?" said I, soft like—really "softer" even than I thought.

"My ma said I must ask a dollar and a half, but to take thirty cents rather than to bring it home." I looked at it. It wasn't cheap in so full a market as Ottawa, but what matter, the money would buy bread and relieve hunger mayhap. I would buy it and then return it to her, and bring back the smiles to her sad little face. I was fairly bubbling with joy as I paid her full price. Ah, just as I thought, she smiled! She was almost pretty at that moment—but she smiled too soon. I only expected to see the smile on the return of her pet—why, she even laughed—and that too before I had had time to return her little playfellow. Ah, I know why she seemed so cheerful—she thought of the bread my

An elephant said to a flea one day,
 'I'm big you're small, get out o' the way,'
 Oh it isn't the size of the head.
 The flea hopped on to the elephant's trunk
 And climbed aboard *yust lika de monk*,
 Oh it isn't the size of the head.
 The elephant then ran away with fear,
 For big as he was, he had a flea in his ear,
 Which said: 'It isn't the size of the head that counts,
 It isn't the size of the head.'"

THE DEATH OF POOR PADDY.

Everybody at the boarding house said that he had one of the very best of characters, while all the neighbors within four blocks, declared openly that a more disreputable dog never stole a bone than this same dearly beloved Paddy.

Why this disparity of opinion I could never determine. To be sure he had a reputation of being a fighter. Some said that he would rather fight than eat, but during the whole time that we were there we never knew him to fight once. Possibly the neighbors were right in saying that the reason of this was that he had killed all the dogs in the vicinity that could not get out of his way.

Be that as it may, we never saw him fight, or in the least way attempt to annoy any other dog, save when occasionally one who was not acquainted with him would quietly pass our door with a nice large bone which he had acquired somewhere up town and was carrying home to gnaw at his leisure. When, I say, a dog so ignorant of Paddy's reputation passed through our street, Paddy would bound out at him as though he wanted bone, dog and all, but he never fought, no, not once while I knew him, the other dogs would get away too quick, leaving Paddy the bone. What Paddy wanted with it, however, no one could tell, as the pretty Star Boarder looked after him so carefully that he could not possibly have wanted so common a morsel as a street bone.

Why he was loved by one side and hated by the other was a mystery to us. He was not a beautiful dog—I have never seen one less so, but he was beloved. It may have been that his very ugliness was his beauty. I have seen men about whom this might have been said, but do not know that it might be said of a dog.

But to cut short my sketch, on returning from one of our excursions we found the household deeply mourning the sudden death of poor Paddy. "He was well at noon and dead at night," was the common form in which we were given the news. Of

PART FIFTH.

THE SPOKES.

“UP THE GATINEAU.”

We had said “no” so often to the question: “Have you been up the Gatineau?” and had the questioner look as though he felt real sorry for us at that “no,” that we determined to make it possible to say “yes.” Now we can say “we *have* been up the Gatineau,” and if we are not asked, we simply stop the man on the street and tell him about it. The Colonel and I are sort o’ proud of the fact that we are no longer the exceptions. Some readers may not know of this delightful trip, and to them I mean to talk—the rest already know of it.

The Gatineau is a river nearly as wide as the Miami at Dayton, Ohio, and with far more water. It is 600, possibly 700, miles long, heading in the same portion of the country with the Ottawa. It is not navigable except by canoes and logs, and for them but in one direction, as it has more rapids, cascades and falls than the Ottawa has lakes, and is more crooked than the Meander itself. It is more picturesque than a park, and more worth seeing than many of the far-famed scenes our people go thousands of miles to look upon.

There are two ways of seeing it—one by the railway itself, the other, and better, is to stop off at some of the more important stations, and leisurely wander along its tree-embowered banks, and thus get it’s full beauty.

Gracefield being the objective point, I have not space for the many pretty fishing and camping places along the way. I must, however, “cast” a few lines at

The Big Trout Fish and Game Club.

Late one night a company of gentlemen came to the hotel. We met them next morning at early breakfast. They had come to Gracefield on the train, and were to be driven back to the north-west, 25 miles, to Pythongo Lake. They were members and their friends of the Big Trout Fish and Game Club, which has 137 square miles, with many lakes. They were going out to fish.

Hugh McLean, Secretary of the Club was in charge. Many of my readers will know genial Hugh McLean, member of the big lumber firm of McLean Bros., of Buffalo. Dr. Kemble, of Kingston, N.Y., was going along to look after their bodies, said Hugh, while Rev. Dr. Wm. Young Chapman, of Buffalo, was to—I forget what the Dr. was going along to look after, but he was good-natured enough to have kept the party in the best of "spirits" during the outing, and that's what most fishing parties up here seem to need. Frank Palen, of Kingston, and Wm. Kessler, of Halstead, Penn., made up the rest of the party. Of course, John Gilmour is an honorary member of this club, as is also Hon. W. C. Edwards.

Game Warden.

There is an office which to the outside public is of much importance, so I will give it a sketch to itself, from the fact that Gracefield is in the heart of a great hunting country. Deer are so plentiful, almost within the town limits, that in the fall, hundreds come here to shoot, and they must have to do with the game warden, P. D. Boyer, the genial host of the Victoria Hotel, one of the best kept hotels in the Gatineau Valley. Mr. Boyer is very popular, and most obliging in furnishing information to those contemplating coming for the fishing or hunting season. He knows the good fishing lakes, and the deer "runs," for miles around.

Speaking of hotels, the surprise of our trip was the cheap rates at which one can live while having all the pleasures of an outing at Gracefield, and no matter the appetite one may acquire while roaming about midst pretty scenes, or rowing on the lakes, the menu is always sufficient for any occasion, and good and wholesome is the food.

We did not get out to Blue Sea Lake, a few miles north of Gracefield. The extension of the railway will pass close by it. It is very large, and said to be a fine sheet of water. Castor, with its many pretty arms and inlets, is several miles in length, and yet it is said to be small in comparison to the great Blue Sea Lake.

North-easterly from Gracefield—about 12 miles—is one of the most prominent clubs in Canada. It is

ARNPRIOR.

Population 4,400.

We saw cattle and horses on our way to Arnprior that morning, that one might think were from the blue grass lands of Kentucky. The Colonel, who is always boasting of Ohio farms, when he saw this Ottawa Valley, admitted that, "Although not in Ohio, it's pretty fair land!" Now, as for myself, I never liked the Ohio farms, in fact I liked them less than in any other State. My experience with them was not at all a pleasant one. I had to *work* on them and it's a sad memory.

We passed the grape lands of the Mosgroves, a few miles out. Grapes grow here in great abundance, the Mosgroves having thirty-five acres in bearing, not far from Britannia Park, on the river.

We pass a number of small towns on the way—none of them remarkable for—"What is it Colonel?" Oh yes, the Colonel says I must not forget to mention

Carp,

but now that I have mentioned it he forgets what it is remarkable for, unless it be the pretty gum chewers who got on the train that morning. It seemed that all the pretty girls in town were at the station, and all chewing "wax."

We had heard oft before of a "Carp,"
 But thought it a critic with "harp,"
 "Chewing" all the day long
 On the other man's wrong,
 Like a pretty gum chewer of Carp.

* * * * *

We had ne're thought of it as a town,
 The home of a Jones or a Brown,
 A place with red houses and law,
 Where the girls and old maids work the jaw,
 Like the pretty girls work it in Carp.

* * * * *

But levity aside (the above is levity) Carp's 600 people are all right. They have a pretty little town, a hotel that might well be taken as a model for many another place in the valley; a 350 barrel flouring mill; a bank (Bank of Ottawa); two large general stores; the Moses and Sons cheese box manufactory—(the largest manufacturers of cheese boxes in Ontario, with three mills); and a baseball team that can play ball.

was very hard for me to believe his story, but what was I to do, when, as I said before, he verified each part of it, by the proof to my very eyes.*

Nobody said a word, but one after another filed off to the hut, and left me sitting alone. I have since often wondered why that little gathering on the banks of Burnt lake, came to such a sudden silent ending, but I shall never forget the pleasures of that night. I shall never hear any of those songs sung, or the stories told, but what they will carry me back, in sweet memory to Algonquin Park in Canada.

PARRY SOUND.

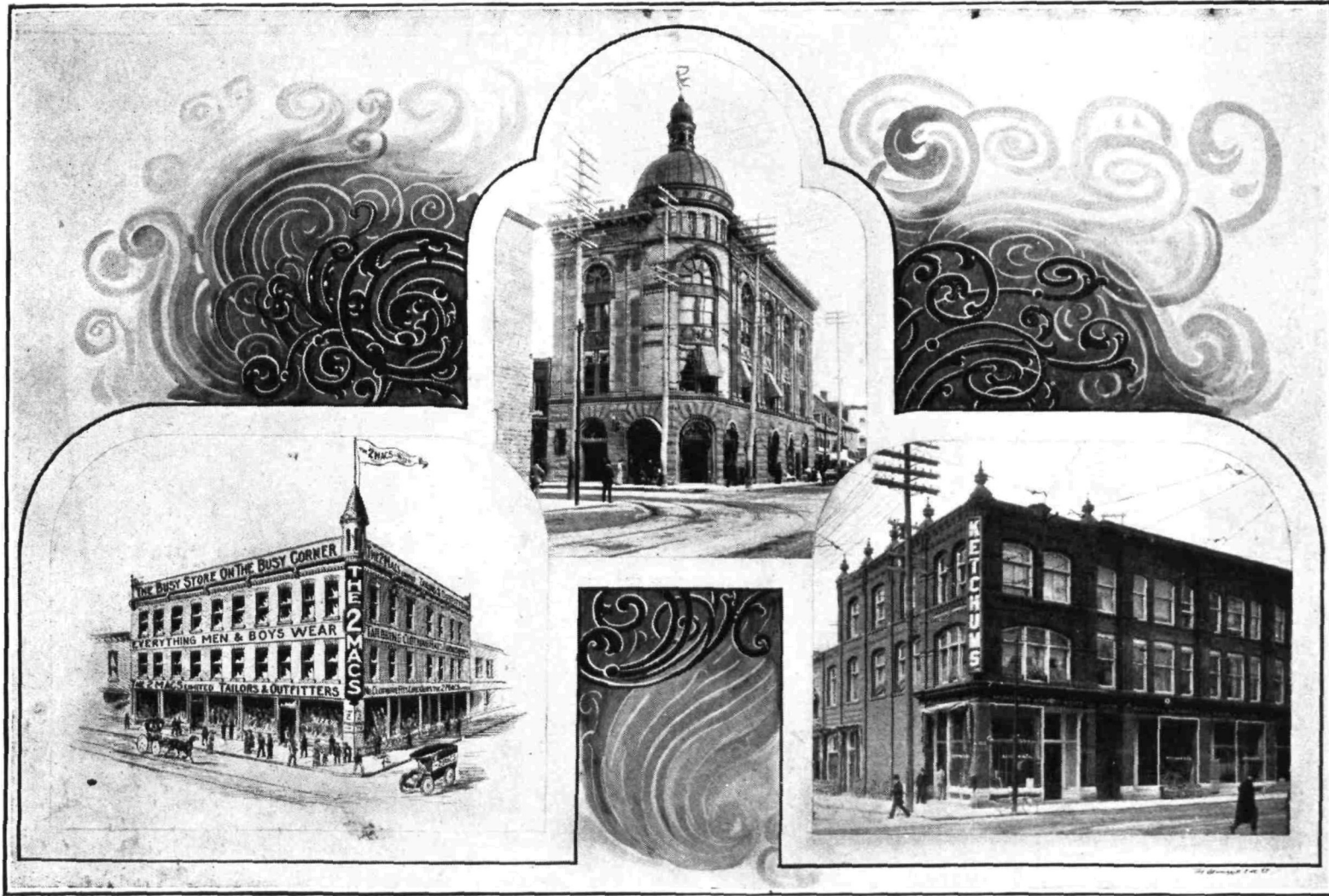
Were you ever in a town and felt all the while that you were in a city? Well that's the feeling one has when in Parry Sound. There is something in the place that makes one feel that this town of 3,000 people is a thriving city. Everybody seems prosperous, and there is an air of business about their manner that is pleasing.

Fair Wages Will Keep the Boys at Home.

I sought the reason and found it, and can you guess what I found? It is one, that might be well for many another Canadian city to look into, and stop its young men from seeking homes in a foreign country, rather than staying to help build up their own land. *Parry Sound pays fair wages*, that is why it has the air of prosperity. I was told that it pays better wages than is paid in any place of its size in Canada. This may not be true, but it does pay good wages, and is in a fair way to become a city of large proportions. It has the location, both as to railroads and shipping. Situated in a shelter harbor with lines of steamers plying in all directions, it cannot but in due time command a vast trade.

"Where is Parry Sound?" As usual I began talking about it rather than first telling you where it is. Well, in the first place it is on a sound of the same name running in from Georgian Bay, some 18 or 20 miles. It is at the mouth of the Seguin river, a considerable stream that furnishes a large power for mills, besides being used for bringing in vast quantities of logs from a wide range of country along and tributary to it. It is 260 miles almost due west of Ottawa, and 140 a little west of north of Toronto. It is the County seat of the County of the same name. It is about 40 years since it was started. The Gibsons first owned the land,

* This story, almost as I have told it, was related to me in Pembroke as true, and the man had not been drinking - anything but water - either.



"THE BUSY CORNER."

"The Two Macs."

Sun Life—E. L. Horwood, Architect.

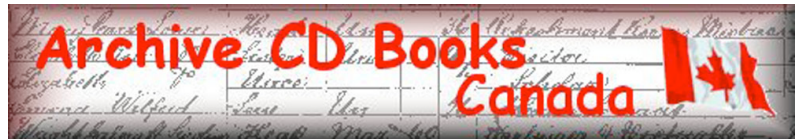
Ketchum's Sporting Goods,



THE OLDEST INHABITANTS. NOS. 4, 5 AND 6 BORN HERE.

1. Captain Thos. Jones, 83 years old.
2. Paul Favreau, oldest fireman in Canada.
3. F. X. Desloges, 87 years old.

4. Geo. Quinlan, born 1830.
5. Louis A. Grison, born 1831.
6. John Litle, born 1832.



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