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"OLD TIME STUFF"

Reminiscences of the Ottawa of Earlier Days. Personages, Scenes and Incidents Recalled for Evening Citizen Readers

Here is the story of Ottawa's first photographer, Joseph Lockwood, and incidentally of Miss Alvira Lockwood, who at the age of fourteen, on the death of her father, took up and successfully conducted the business for many years.

Mr. Lockwood passed away in 1859. That is a long time ago. But Miss Alvira Lockwood is with us yet, a most picturesque figure, and a striking link with the past—a cheerful little body with a story worth the telling.

To most people in this modern city the name of Alvira Lockwood probably means little or nothing. But there was a time, fifty years ago, when Miss Lockwood's name was a sort of household word. If the expression "self-made woman" can be applied to anybody, it can be truthfully applied to that splendid little person, who at over 75 years of age is still keeping abreast of the times in a really remarkable manner. When the readers of the O.T.S. have finished this story, they will, we are sure, agree that Miss Alvira Lockwood is a credit both to the past and the present. But we are [illegible] away from the story of Ottawa's first photographer.

When Lockwood Came.

Joseph Lockwood came to Bytown [illegible] Madrid, N.Y., in the early [illegible]. Miss Lockwood is not sure [illegible] exact date. Prior to his arri[illegible]e, the residents had to go out[illegible] their photos, or do without. [illegible]id without.

[illegible] Mr. Lockwood was in [illegible] with a Mr. George [illegible] of Montreal. But after a [illegible] Mr. Martin returned to Mon[illegible] where he worked up a big b[illegible] of his own. Mr. Martin, besides [illegible] a photographer of parts, was a poet. After his return to Montreal he published a book of poems. With this statement, Mr. Martin leaves the story.

First Building Gone.

When Mr. Lockwood came to Ottawa he erected on rented land a frame photo studio and house, on [illegible]

... not know what became of all the negatives, but she presumes they eventually were thrown out by the next tenant, who was not a photographer.

Off to Paris.

Suddenly the scene changes to Paris. In 1883, becoming obsessed with a desire to paint (she had always had a leaning that way), Miss Lockwood closed up the studio and went to New York, where she spent a year under one of the best of the New York art instructors—and then to Paris. It should be explained that previous to this—about 1871—Mrs. Lockwood had returned to Madrid to the old homestead. In 1870 Miss Lockwood built a double tenement house on Rideau street, near Friel. A year later it was burned down. In order to keep her mother out of the mess of the re-building, Miss Lockwood sent her to Madrid. She did not return, and died at the old home.

Saw Hugo Funeral.

Miss Lockwood spent five years in Paris under the great teachers of the eighties. By 1890 she was her-

Fac-simile of Medal presented 1892, to Mr. T. Ahearn, by the Exhibition Association.

self an artist of repute, as the paintings in her studio on Rideau street bear evidence. Miss Lockwood likes to talk of her Paris experiences, particularly about the great funeral of Victor Hugo, which lasted from 10 a.m. to 7 p.m. and was one of the five greatest funerals the world has known. Miss Lockwood says the five greatest funerals were those of Hugo, Napoleon, Caesar, General Grant, and Wellington.

About 1891 Miss Lockwood returned to Ottawa, which had always [illegible]

...

out of business even then because of competition or anything of that sort, but because she desired a better expression for her artistic nature.

Took All Celebrities.

Before proceeding with the interesting story of that rather unique little person, Alvira Lockwood, it might be told that when she retired from business she had no less than 12,000 negatives of modern photos. But this large number of plates did not represent all the pictures she had taken, as she had also made thousands of tin-types, and many ambrotypes. Miss Lockwood does

...

Adam Hauser, William street.

Seventies.

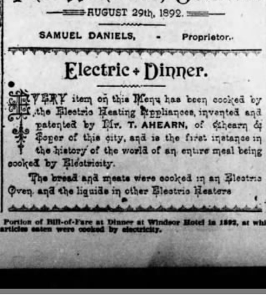
Wm. Notman, Wellington street.
Stiff Bros., 34 Sparks street.
James Wallis, 86 Sparks street.

Eighties.

James Ashfield, 144 Sparks.
L. Belanger, 460 Sussex street.
Nap. Belanger, 140 Sparks street.
J. B. Dorion, 569 Sussex street.
Aug. De Champlain, 89 Duke.
S. J. Jarvis, 141 Sparks street.
Damase Leger, 10 Murray street.
Pierre Menard, 543 St. Patrick street.
C. B. Taggart, 198 Wellington street.
W. J. Topley, 132 Sparks street.
J. D. Wallis, 161 Sparks street.
Ions Bros., Sparks street.

Nineties.

Bunting and Co., 43 Bank street.
Wm. Charron, 460 Sussex street.
Aug. De Champlain, 79 Duke.
J. B. Dorion, 569 Sussex street.
C. W. Parker, 140 Sparks street.
A. G. Pittaway, 58 Sparks street.
Sproule and Connor, 134 Bank street.
W. J. Topley, 132 Sparks street.
Woods Studios, 61 Sparks street.



The Windsor, Ottawa.
AUGUST 29th, 1892.
SAMUEL DANIELS, - Proprietor.
Electric + Dinner.
EVERY item on this Menu has been cooked by the Electric Heating Appliances, invented and patented by Mr. T. AHEARN, of Ahearn & Soper of this city, and is the first instance in the history of the world of an entire meal being cooked by Electricity.
The bread and meats were cooked in an Electric Oven, and the liquids in other Electric Heaters

Portion of Bill-of-Fare at Dinner at Windsor Hotel in 1892, at which all articles eaten were cooked by electricity.

HOW OTTAWA BEAT THE WORLD WITH ELECTRIC OVEN.

In a recent article about the Jamiesons and their Bytown-Ottawa bakery, reference was made to an electric oven (the invention of Mr. T. Ahearn), which created a small sized sensation at the Central Canada Fair of 1892—thirty-one years ago. This article is to elaborate as to this remarkable oven, which was the first electric oven the world had known. The oven which was invented by Mr. Thos. Ahearn (who is today one of the leading electrical inventors and experts of this continent) had a place in the main building. The oven had a brick casing, whitewashed on the inside, [illegible]

...

E. A. Selwyn, E. Steele, F. Shepherd, A. Souter, J. C. Stewart, P. B. Symes, A. W. Throop, P. H. Varney, J. C. Welch, H. H. Williams, R. S. Williams and C. Wurtele.

The society on this occasion presented "The Messiah," the solo parts being taken by Mrs. More and Miss Brokovski; and Mendelssohn's "Come Let Us Sing." Mr. E. A. Selwyn (tenor) took the solo part.

A Canadian Hymn.

There was also rendered by the chorus a Canadian hymn. The words were by Mr. F. A. Dixon, and the music was written by the director, Mr. F. W. Mills. Both words and music were prepared for the occasion. There were two verses, as follows:

Thou whom we all adore,
Gathered from every shore,
One heart with many a tongue,
To Thee our prayer is sung;
Grant us prosperity, honor and liberty,
With true nobility,
Long may our motto be
Honor to Canada.

May race dissensions all
Fade as our leaves in fall,
May laws and manners grow
Pure as our ice and snow;
Last born of nations, we, our flag from sea to sea
In-wove with mightier fold,
Shall yet through all uphold
Honor to Canada.

Many of those who took part in this concert are dead; most of them are dead in fact. Those who are alive are fathers and grandfathers, mothers and grandmothers. So the old world goes.

SOME CITIZEN STORIES DECEMBER 50 YEARS AGO.

The Citizen itself is getting to be pretty Old Time Stuff. It is now in [illegible]

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Ribbons and Laces

By RUBY AYRES

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The story thus far:

It was Grannie Lovelace's "ribbon box" with its wonderful collection of ribbons, laces, and buttons, that first suggested to little Linda the idea of keeping a shop when she grew up. When Linda Dawson's father, a city business man, went bankrupt from no fault of his own, her mother, a snob of the first water, deserted him, and left him to die of a broken heart. And then Linda—left with her grannie and a tiny income—realized her ambition, and went into Lorne and Dodwell's shop to earn her living. She is taken by one of her friends, Nelly Sweet, to a subscription dance, and her dress is ruined—by an upset glass of wine—by Andrew Lincoln, nephew of the Countess of Star. Lincoln tries to monopolize her. Joan Astley, who took Lincoln to the dance, became her enemy. Lincoln takes Linda home in his private car. She does not go into this with her grandmother. Linda and her grandmother move to cheap rooms in Hammersmith. Miss Gillet calls her to attend to a customer one morning. To her amazement she finds it is her mother, who tries to re-establish relations. After a pain[illegible]

...

Nelly tossed her head.

"Oh, very well. If you prefer my room to my company—"

She flounced away, and downstairs. Linda heard her slam the front door after her.

She walked up and down the room, wringing her hands; too unhappy to cry, not knowing what to do with herself.

She hated going out—she felt more lonely in the busy streets than in this quiet room, and yet here everything served to remind her of her loss.

She bore it for a few moments, then put on her hat and went out. As she reached the path a big car turned noiselessly into the street and drew up at the curb. Linda glanced at it casually, then she stood still, for she knew that the car was Andrew Lincoln's and almost at once the door opened and Lincoln himself got out.

When the Black Prince saw Linda he came forward with a little exclamation of pleasure.

"Miss Lovelace! At last!" He took Linda's unresponsive hand in his, looking eagerly into her pale face; then he seemed suddenly to realize [illegible]

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RECOLLECTIONS OF A PRIVATE SECRETARY

By J. L. PAYNE

(Article Three)

Sir Mackenzie Bowell—Not a Born Leader But a Hard Worker—The Australian Mission and the Pacive Cable—The Bowell Administration — The Debacle of 1896 and the Reasons For It — Bowell's Fear of Tupper.

Sir MacKenzie Bowell came to Canada a poor boy, nine years of age, and won his way to the highest post in the gift of the Canadian people. He provided his own equipment as he climbed the long ascent. In a large sense, greatness was thrust upon him, for it had never been his ambition to become prime minister of Canada. He told me so—not once but many times, and he was not the kind of man who talked insincerities. His final flight to high place grew out of a long series of promotions; yet the play of circumstances had more to do with his reaching the peak than anything else. He became the logical legatee of Sir John Thompson's mantle by right of cabinet authority, rather than by commanding merit in a free field.

I was very happy with my big-hearted old chief, Sir John Carling; but Sir MacKenzie Bowell needed a private secretary, and Sir John took the view that my interests would be served by accepting the post. It could not be established as a fact; yet I fancy Sir John had a premonition that cabinet changes were impending which might affect himself. At all events, he yielded to Sir MacKenzie Bowell's request. That was in the autumn of 1892. My new chief was then minister of militia. He had been minister of customs from 1878 to 1892, and made a name for himself in a department calling for high judicial [illegible]

...

another sense, very much. He remained the same affable, approachable, jaunty, sincere man he had always been. But his responsibilities weighed upon him. They were naturally and unavoidably heavy, and he lacked in some important respects the capacity to bear them. If, however, he was having any trouble with his colleagues, he concealed the fact from me. Communicative to a fault about other things, I never heard him utter a syllable about what went on within the Privy Council Chamber. Later, he opened his heart to me unreservedly.

Crash of 1896.

Early in January, 1896, came the crash. To myself it was a bolt without warning. Seven of Sir MacKenzie Bowell's ministers resigned in a body. They were: Hon. Messrs. Foster, Haggart, Ives, Montague, Dickey, Wood and Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper. Such a thing had never happened before in the political history of the country. The people were thunderstruck. The Liberal Oppositionists saw in this event the debacle of the Conservative party and an early ending to their own eighteen long years in the wilderness. To a friend in Parliament, Sir MacKenzie said, "I have been living in a nest of traitors," and the phrase stuck.

Anxious days followed. Sir MacKenzie made a statement to Parliament, then in session, and asked time for reconstruction. In such [illegible]

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