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THE CITIZEN, OTTAWA, CANADA, SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1928.

OLD-TIME STUFF

REMINISCENCES OF THE OTTAWA OF EARLIER DAYS.
Personages, Scenes and Incidents Recalled for Evening Citizen Readers
—COMPILED BY GEORGE H. WILSON.

St. Andrew's Church to Soon Mark Hundredth Anniversary

On September 28th Ottawa Church Will Reach Its Century Mark. Interesting Historical Sketch as Reprinted from "The Message," Organ of the Men's Association of the Church. A Splendid Number of Ministers Served the Church.

On September 28 next the congregation of St. Andrew's church, Ottawa, will celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of the opening services.

In this connection "The Message," a monthly magazine published by the Men's Association of the church, carries in the April number an interesting historical sketch of the church, which the O.T.S. today reprints as being of general interest owing to the fact that St. Andrew's is one of the oldest (if not the oldest) of Ottawa churches. The story follows:

THE SKETCH.

The congregation of St. Andrew's church is the oldest or almost the oldest religious organization in the city. Men of Scottish Presbyterian stock formed an influential portion of the "first population of Bytown, and the founding of a "kirk" would not be long delayed, we may be sure. Leading men in the community, like John McTaggart, from Galloway, civil engineer and clerk of works, the man who decided where the Rideau Canal should be constructed, and Isaac, his brother, the first "corporation engineer"; Thomas MacKay, the contractor for stone construction work of importance, such as barracks, bridges, etc.; Robert Drummond, prominent in building the Chaudiere bridge; also James Fitzgibbon and James Ferguson, the latter honored by being chosen the first chief magistrate for the infant community—these were representative examples. Of course John Scott, of Scottish Presbyterian stock, was actually the first mayor, on the incorporation of Bytown in 1848. It was Thomas MacKay who built in 1838 a massive stone structure like a castle, and locally known as "MacKay's Castle," for a residence, and this later became Rideau Hall, the residence of the Governor General.

First Services.

Doubtless the first services were of a missionary character, and we know that the Church of Scotland authorized the Rev. Dr. Machar, of Kingston, to conduct religious services. A recent historical writer tells us of the first Presbyterian missionary to Nova Scotia, Dr. James McGregor, as continually pursuing "his lonely journeys by foot, or on horseback, through the solemn aisles of the forest," and writing religious poems of real merit to relieve the tedium of his solitary wanderings; but the travelling preacher, on his way to Ottawa, must have had even more difficult experiences in the absence of roads, through country much of which was tangled forest and much of it lake and river.

Quick Work.

Within 18 months of the decision to build a town, and name it after Colonel John By of the Royal Engineers, Nicholas Sparks had generously given a site, and no time was lost in building a stone structure known as the "Scotch Church."

With a determination and energy, surprising even in Scottish pioneers, the first St. Andrew's church was erected. The following extract from a statistical report of the Presbyterian Church in Canada in connection with the Church of Scotland, dated 1868, refers to this early structure, and the remarkable rapidity of its erection:

First Minister.

"St. Andrew's church—a plain stone building, erected in 1828, is now the oldest Protestant place of worship in the city. Its walls were run up in a few days by a large number of workmen engaged on the canal, and temporarily out of employment. To meet the wants of a gradually increasing congregation, it was enlarged in 1834. The first minister of the charge was the Rev. John Cruickshank from the presbytery of Fordyce, Banffshire, whose call bears date, 17th September, 1829. He was inducted to the charge on the first Sabbath of March, 1830, by the Rev. John Machar of Kingston."

Were "Respectable."

The Kingston Chronicle, October 11th, 1828, reports the opening of the church on September 28th, 1828. The congregation, it is recorded, was "numerous and respectable." Flattering friends assert that this reputation remains unchanged today, and it is certain that the sacred site for Presbyterian worship has never changed during the long period of one hundred years.

"His testimony and His law
In Israel He did place,
And charged our fathers it to show
To each succeeding race.

"That so the race which was to come
Might well them learn and know,
And sons unborn, who should arise
Might to their sons them show."

Five Stages.

Five stages may be said to mark the story of our church.

First. Occasional services must have been authorized by the Church of Scotland, and were conducted by Rev. Dr. Machar, whose venerable daughter, the gifted Miss Agnes Machar, often worshipped with us. She died at a great age, not long ago, in Kingston.

The Auld Kirk.

Second. The erection of a stone church, known as the "Kirk." In Bouchette's old plan of Bytown, published in 1832 (Brit. Dominions in North Amer. Vol. I) it is marked as the Scotch church, west of Kent street. In 1834 it was enlarged as already stated, but the old photograph, dating back to 1854, and bearing in the margin the description: "The Auld Kirk, erected 1828, demolished 1871," is clearly the enlarged church, with the manse to the rear, not the first building opened for service a hundred years ago.

Box-like Pews.

The interior was that of the plain unadorned Scotch kirk, with box-like high-backed pews, eight-sided pulpit, precentor's desk below and overshadowed by the conical sounding board, while above the heads of the congregation extended long black-varnished pipes carrying heat from ugly box stoves.

Near Town Pump.

The pulpit was at the east end, and at the north end was a projecting porch and arched door. A series of pointed windows along each side gave light. It was a plain stone structure, surrounded by a low stone wall, outside which, just at the northeast corner, stood the well-known "town pump"—a stone erection with trough for horses. It was a quaint, well-loved sanctuary. The "kirk session" was not chosen until 1829—on Jan. 9th of that year three elders being ordained: Hon. Thos. MacKay, Daniel Parker, and Thomas McDonald. The grandfather of Mr. McDonald, one of the first elders of our church a century ago, we are proud and glad to remember, is Mrs. F. H. Chrysler, one of the most highly esteemed and active members of St. Andrew's church today.

Rev. John Cruickshanks.

Third. The appointment of the Rev. John Cruickshanks as the first settled minister, whose ministry lasted from 1830 to 1843.

Two Short Terms.

His successor, Rev. Alex. McKidd, remained only until 1846, and then followed the Rev. Wm. Durie, whose unselfish and untiring labors in alleviating the suffering poor during a plague of ship fever caused his early death.

His brief ministry from spring to fall the died in September, 1847) is an unforgettable memory.

Rev. Alex. Spence.

In July following, Rev. Alex. Spence commenced his long ministry (1848 to 1866) and his zealous work was supplemented by his esteemed wife, Mrs. Spence, a typical mistress of the manse.

Church Enlarged.

In 1854 the church was enlarged and later a manse was built in rear of the church. The progress of the congregation in numbers, activity and wealth and the increasing years of Dr. Spence justified the appointment of an assistant, and the Rev. J. H. McLaren served in 1861 and was followed by Rev. D. M. Gordon (1866-1869), and when Dr. Spence resigned and went back to Scotland in 1868, Mr. Gordon had so won the esteem and affection of his congregation that he was invited to the pulpit.

Pathetic Story of a Huntley Crime; Brother Killed Brother While Insane

Tragedy Near Carp in the Year 1864 Shocked the Township. Murder Discovered by a Neighbor. Brother Fled to Far North Lumber Camp. Died Six Months Later of a Broken Heart.

Mr. Robert Johnston tells of a tragedy which startled Huntley township in the year 1864 and which had unusual pathos attached to it.

The tragedy involved the killing of one brother by another. The brothers (names suppressed) were bachelors and had lived together with every evidence of harmony for years. Then suddenly the countryside was startled by the news of the patricide.

The murder was discovered by a neighbor who had visited the barn and found the victim with his skull crushed in by an axe or some blunt instrument.

Temporarily Insane.

The brother had made no effort to dispose of the remains, and the theory was that the murderer had gone temporarily insane.

When the neighbor found the brother and accused him of the crime he made no reply and could not be induced to say anything.

The neighbor then hunted up Constable Matthew Evey and told him of the crime. But when the constable visited the scene of the crime, the murderer could not be found. The constable hunted for weeks and word was sent to the outside world, but without result.

Died in Camp.

Some six months later a man took sick and died in Pembroke, which gave cause to Victoria Lake in the Opeongo country. Before passing he confessed that he was the missing brother for whom the police were looking. He expressed great sorrow for his act, but did not throw any light on the reasons for the crime.

Died of Regret.

The camp foreman did not make any effort to arrest the man as it was evident that he was at his last. It was then revealed that the man had arrived at the camp about two weeks after the crime. He was remembered low silent and uncommunicative he had always been.

It was the belief of all in the camp that the man had died of a broken heart, as he had not had any recognized malady.

Celebrated Election In Merrickville, 1867

The Great Municipal Fight of That Period

A Smiths Falls reader of the O.T.S. sends the following poem which was published in the Merrickville election of 1867:

* * *

E. H. Whitmark and Henry Merrick
Are there are out,
And really it is splendid,
To see them shaking hands about.

To see how south they're rounded,

And then you'd laugh, were you to see
Their blandness to each lady;
Saying "now, your man to vote for me."
And then they'll kiss the baby.

Some think that Hank will grudging pay
His promise to each body,
But I think he will be generous
And that will be half shoddy.

E. H. will give to every man
An office fat with plunder:
And do their best to can
To keep the taxes under.

And splendid sidewalks, twelve feet wide,
Will circle through the Village,
And groves of trees, with flowers beside,
Will bloom without our tillage.

To every Church in town he'll give
Bell and organ splendid,
And those who by the whiskey live,
By him will be defended.

He had my girls last night to tea,
By special invitation,
And sent them home him full of glee
And lofty expectation.

He promised each a waterfall,
A set of hoops expansive,
A jaunty hat, so very small,
So chaste, yet so expensive.

If they could only get Pope
To vote for him on Monday,
He'd throw in another hat for Ma,
To flaunt at Church each Sunday.

H. D. keeps still—some think he's stiff
George Brown's big sheet before him:
But if held give E. H. a lift,
He'd fall down and adore him.

But there he sits, calm and content,
With neither party blended,
Preparing for the Parliament,
Great, Speechful, long and splendid.

Come up and hear E. H.'s speech.
Touched up with gestures graceful,
Ye can and Reform are to reach
The height of his pedestal.

—Merrickville, Dec. 20th, 1867.

Can Any Reader Help in These E. H. Quarrily Enquiries?

Former Resident of the Seventies Now In London, England, Is Still Interested in the Old Home Town. Old Memories Revived.

How the Old Time Stuff does travel. Here is a case of the O.T.S. travelling from Ottawa to Ottawa, U.S.A., and back from Halleck, Minn., to Church End, London, England.

And what an interest the "old boys" everywhere do take in the narratives of the O.T.S.

The following letter from the Rev. Harold J. Quarrily, of Halleck, Minn., and from his father in London, tells its own story. Mr. Quarrily, of London, lived in Ottawa in the seventies, as his letter reveals.

AN APPRECIATION.

Rev. Mr. Halleck writes:

"Will you please forward me, but my dear old dad is so very glad and interested to be reading your page of "Old Time Stuff," I have sent many copies to him with the result that I get the enclosed.

"It is a great joy to me, his youngest son, to have the opportunity of being able to send your paper and I can assure you, sir, that your paper is more eagerly looked for and more appreciated.

"Dad returned to the Old Country with my dear mother around fifty years ago. Dad's full name is James Henry Quarrily, while mother's maiden name was Annie Pelton.

"They resided in St. Alban's church, Hull, which I understand was burned down, but that was some years back—(1909).

Who Can Help?

"Could I get a photo of the old church and may I ask if you can help me answer the questions Dad puts forward and if you will let have any this sixteen years' ministry can never be forgotten.

A New Church.

In 1872 the old church was replaced by the spacious and beautiful building with its elegant spire—our much loved house of worship today.

The corner-stone was laid by Dr. Gordon on June 16, 1872. When Dr. and Mrs. Gordon came to the West, the citizens generally felt it hardly less than a blow to their own people.

Dr. Gordon's Career.

After several years in Winnipeg, Dr. Gordon went to Halifax and in 1904 accepted the principalship of Pine Hill Theological College and later became principal of Queen's University, Kingston, which position he held till his death.

Dr. Gordon's son, Dr. Alex. M. Gordon, was assistant minister at St. Andrew's from 1913 till he went on active service to the front as a military chaplain in 1914. He is now minister of the Scots Presbyterian church at Quebec.

Dr. Herridge.

Rev. Dr. Herridge succeeded Dr. Gordon, and his eloquent and lofty preaching during 39 years of ministry, which closed in 1919, made St. Andrew's pulpit famous all over the Dominion.

As successor to Dr. Herridge the Rev. George D. Kilpatrick carried on fruitful and exceedingly popular work in our church until early in 1926.

Visitors Story of How the Capital Came to This City

Version of the Fight for the Capital As Told by the Correspondent of the London Illustrated News in 1860. National Prejudices and party Factions for a Time Thwarted the Queen's Choice.

Stories of how the Capital came to Ottawa, especially the versions of disinterested parties, always make good reading to residents of Ottawa and elsewhere.

The following story, written by the correspondent of the London Illustrated News in 1860, is a case in point.

The News correspondent wrote:

* * *

It is not probable that the majority of your readers are aware of the circumstances under which Ottawa came to be selected as the political capital of Canada, and the risk of being tedious to the better-informed minority, it may be as well to recapitulate the events which led to this decision. From the union, in 1840, of the till then distinct provinces of Upper Canada and Lower Canada until the year 1858, national prejudices, fanned by party factions, had prevented any decision as to a permanent seat of legislature being agreed on. The members from Lower Canada, representing mainly a people of French extraction, and attached to the Roman Catholic religion, insisted that some place in the eastern section, either Quebec or Montreal, should be named. The members from Upper Canada, on the other hand, almost exclusively of British descent, and attached to some Protestant denomination, were equally peremptory in advocating the claims of the western section of the province. For nearly a score of years the question came up periodically before the legislature, awakening on each occasion acrimonious debates, in which national and religious animosities were roused, and producing, of course, a degree of ill-feeling which to this day has not been entirely lived down.

Each succeeding ministry found this difficult question a lion in its political phase, and those only made political advantage by it whose public existence was most probably sustained by keeping alive the worst passions and most dangerous prejudices of the contending races. So nearly were parties divided, and so closely did each section stand up for the claims urged by its own people, that a few of these agitators were able to hold the fate of a ministry in its hand when this question came on, and at length, as a temporary solution of an ever-recreasing difficulty, a singular compromise was effected. A "peripatetic" capital was agreed to, and the seat of government was shifted quadrennially from one end of the province to the other. Under this ridiculous plan it happens that the political capital, which is this year at Quebec, almost at the eastern extremity of settlement in the lower section, was last year at Toronto, which is still nearer the extreme western boundary. The great evil entailed by the repeated moving of all the government staff, together with other disadvantages, some serious, and some also absurd, at length forced upon the government the necessity of checking a system surrounded with so many disadvantages. The task of selecting the site of a permanent capital was one which no ministry could be found bold enough to undertake, and it at last came before the House in the light of an "open" question.

The result of the appeal was, as might have been foreseen, unsatisfactory to all parties, and at last the Lower House consented to leave it to the Queen herself, asking Her Majesty to exercise the royal prerogative and name some permanent seat of government for the province. This request was graciously acceded to, and Ottawa was selected. Measures were immediately taken for carrying out the imperial decision by the erection of the necessary buildings, and the Prince of Wales a few days ago had the best proof of the obedience with which Her Majesty's subjects in this province hailed her decision by the ceremony which he has just been called upon to perform towards the new far-advanced structure.

Settler Built Walls, But Not Roof; A Little Story Early Admaston

Man Who Followed Him Found a Home Almost Ready to Hand. First Settler Likely Had Been Unable to Put the Roof Timbers Together. Thought He Was Only Settler, But Fire Brought View of Neighbors.

This little story tells of the experiences of one of the pioneers of Admaston township in Renfrew county—sixty years ago.

Elisha Francis, father of Mr. Peter Francis, 226 Cooper street, moved from the Rideau country to Admaston township a few years before Mr. Peter Francis was born, and he settled at a point on the north side of the Bonnechere river, which afterwards became Northcote post office.

At that time, 1845, trains only ran as far as Sand Point and passengers had to leave off there and walk from Sand Point into Admaston.

Struck Luck.

Elisha Francis struck a bit of luck. When he had located his farm, he discovered that some squatter had been there before him and had built the four walls of a log house. The man had for some reason changed his mind when he got as far as the roof and did not finish it.

Only Roof to Build.

Mr. Francis' theory was that the man had not known how to frame a roof and had given up in disgust.

Anyway Mr. Francis, knowing how, had gone ahead and put on the roof and soon had a very comfortable home.

When Mr. Francis went into Admaston township he was the only settler for miles around, but a few days later discovered in a peculiar manner that there was a neighbor only half a mile away.

How Discovered.

The discovery came about in this way. To clear his land, Mr. Francis rather foolishly set out a fire in the bush. The fire got ahead of him and burned for two days before he could get it under control.

Found Neighbors.

Fortunately the trees were all green pines and did not burn rapidly. After the trees had fallen, Mr. Francis was able to see quite a distance. Half a mile in one direction he discovered, to his joy, two neighbors' shanties.

Unfortunately the bush fire burned the top soil off a large part of the new farm and it was years before much could be done with a large part of the land.

other items that would interest Dad and help to revive old memories.

"My dear mother passed away last year. It has proved a big loss to Dad, and anything like your page of Old Time Stuff helps to brighten him up quite a lot. (We are glad to help—Editor.) I enclose copies of extracts from Dad's letters.

"Anything you can do to help throw light upon old Ottawa will be accepted with our deepest thanks, and Dad's outpring gratitude.

"HAROLD J. QUARTLY,
"Paul First Pres. Church, U.S.A."

* * *

REMINISCENCES

Mr. J. H. Quartly, who wrote the letters from which the following extracts, lives at 75 Cornwall ave., Church End, Findley, N.E. London, Eng. In one extract Mr. Quartly says:

"I remember about 1872 a Mr. Alfred Moore, with whom we were then living, going out one afternoon for a walk which lengthened into a week. Asked where he had been he informed his wife he had been over the river somewhere by Calumet Point, and had put up at one of the farms. I wonder whether you have come across anybody who could remember this.

"I am very interested in your Citizen supplement of 'Old Time Stuff' and in Pembroke many of the old names mentioned there, in, especially that of the name of 'Clemow' one of whom was a solicitor with whom we have some business.

"If you can try to have a look at some of the Ottawa Citizen issues copies about 1871 to 1872 or '74, and you will see a big advertisement that I used to put in that paper when I tried to carry on a business as the Ottawa Servants' Agency. There you will find the names of certain old residents, also that of my old 'Governor' McLean, who advertised hundreds of miles of timber limits to be sold by auction for the government."

Editor's note—The McLean referred to above was evidently Mr. Hector McLean, who was a well known auctioneer of the period.

Mr. Quartly wrote:

Beautiful Woman.

"Mrs. McLean, his mother, was considered the most beautiful woman in Canada and was the picture of the Empress Eugenie of France. She was a Miss Johnson. Her brother held a good position with Bates' wholesale.

"I have known Mr. McLean to sell many square miles of timber limits on the street in front of the Grand Union hotel on Elgin street."

* * *

INQUIRY ANSWERED.

Another extract reads:

"By the by, I should be glad to know if you could find anything about a Mr. John Martin. He used to live on Biddy street (afterwards called Lisgar). He was in the employ at that time of the Union Bank. He and I used to play quoits on the roadway of Biddy street, where we both lived."

An Answer.

Editor's note—The Mr. John Martin referred to was messenger for many years for the Union Bank of Canada and very well known in the Capital. His death occurred several years ago, but members of his family still reside in Ottawa. The family name was latterly at 250 Lisgar street.

If there are any of the O.T.S. readers who remember Mr. Quartly the O.T.S. would appreciate it if they would write him to his London home and further cheer him up and thus help carry out the O.T.S. policy of helpfulness.

Ottawa Lady Workers Prominent in Sixties

Among the Ottawa lady philanthropic workers of the sixties were:

Mrs. E. Griffin, Mrs. Powell, Mrs. L. Bates, Miss Jamieson.

A Tragedy of the Snake Island

Ed. Old Time Stuff: As I am an Osgoode boy and a reader of your paper, and have seen in it so much about Osgoode, I would like to mention one item that happened in the sixties. It was at a place that lies between the old Prescott road and Metcalfe, called Snake Island. This place was a marshy piece of land and was covered with water and wild rice and marshy hay and had a great number of snakes. It was well named Snake Island. The snakes were some of them five feet long and measured twelve inches in circumference.

As the story goes, a poor family lived in the settlement by the name of John and Sally. They were very poor and kept a cow. Now John was a man who could not see anything hungry and he knew the cold winter was coming. Sally was quite different, and took things easy. But they always combined each other in laying out for their requirements.

Helping the Cow.

So John told Sally he was going down to the meadow to mow hay for the old cow. John got ready, got his scythe sharpened and his lunch and old clay pipe and tobacco and off he went down to the meadow to mow. John sized things up and picked out the best place, as he thought, and started.

Bitten By Snake.

He was not long mowing when one of those big black snakes bit him on the leg. But as luck happened there was a man came that way and saw John. You might call him the good samaritan. He went to John, bound his wounds and took care of John.

But poor John died. Some verses were made up about the fatality and here they are:

She laid him out upon the bed, and a
big red nightcap topped his head,
Right noodle link a noodle link a
toddy yea.

Sally dressed herself from head to toe,
to Johnnies funeral she did go,
Right noodle link a noodle link a
toddy yea.

And all the way she went along saying curses be upon that serpent snake,
Right noodle link a noodle link a
toddy yea.

Now all ye boys a warning take to shun the place of the big black snake,
Right noodle link a noodle link a
toddy yea.

I do not know what became of Sally or the cow. In this day the place goes by the name of Snake Island.

S. R. M.

Great - Great - Grand - Daughter of "Priest" Brown, Pioneer Methodist Minister, Lives in Ottawa

Some Stories About the Old-Time Preacher Told by Mrs. Peter Francis, of 226 Cooper St. The Old Walford Church.

A great-great-granddaughter of "Priest" Brown was made in the Methodist minister anywhere on the St. Lawrence front, is now a resident of Ottawa.

This lady is Mrs. Peter Francis of 226 Cooper street.

A brief reference to the activities of "Priest" Brown was made in these columns a couple of months ago.

"Priest" William Brown was not at first an ordained minister, but was made a regular minister in his later years. He was a farmer of strong religious convictions, who felt the urge to preach and did preach, when he could spare the time from his farm work.

Mr. Brown, about 1795 settled at a point four miles from Kilmarnock Island on the Rideau, in the direction of Easton's Corners.

A Large Field.

At the outset of his voluntary missionary services Mr. Brown had as his field all the country from the St. Lawrence front back to the furthest northern settlement. He rode on horseback alone through the bush by grass and trails to carry the ministrations of religion to even individual settlers in the sparsely settled district.

Began Young.

Priest Brown was only 26 years of age when he came to Canada from New York state.

Walford Church.

His first regular charge was at Walford township, of which Merrickville is now the chief place. The Walford "chapel," where he was first located, was erected by the Methodists of Walford in 1830 and still stands in reconstructed form. The church as at present constructed will hold about 100 persons.

There was a gallery in the original frame church, but that was taken out.

Anne Brown.

A daughter of Priest Brown (Anne Brown) lived till only 24 years ago. Anne Brown was married, also first married a Methodist minister named Francis, father of Mrs. Peter. On the death of her husband she recurred to Canada and married a Mr. Livingston of Gananoque. On the death of her second husband she returned to Holmes Corners where she lived there till her death at 90 years of age.

This Anne Brown, according to the stories told by Mrs. Francis, was in her teens quite a playful lady.

About the year 1830 when Anne was a girl of about 14 years of age, she used to be held in the Methodist church at Walford. The church was a sort of community centre.

At one practice Anne was in a playful mood. When the leader asked her to "trim" the tallow candles, she proceeded to snuff the candles out one after the other, pretending that they had gone out during the trimming process.

In the Dark.

At that period there were no matches—only flint and steel. The leader had to go home to prepare the building who had a flint and steel and had had to laboriously light the first candle (the others being lit from it) while the class had a merry time in the dark.

A Goat Story.

Anne owned a pet goat, which, like Mary's lamb, followed her one night when she went to singing class.

The teacher told her to let the goat out, but instead of letting the goat out, Anne opened the door to the gallery and let it go up there.

In a short time the goat began starting around the gallery and making a disturbing noise. The teacher was so irritated that he dismissed the class.

Descendants.

A grandson of Priest Brown was Rev. Wm. Brown of Brockville, a playful mood. When the Sunday school inspector of Dundas, and the great-grandson was Dr. Brown of Morrisburg. A son of Priest Brown was a well known blacksmith, who lived at Holmes Corners in the fifties.

Horseshoe Prices.

A set of account books which Mr. Brown kept, and which is now in the possession of Mrs. Francis, show that in 1832 Mr. Brown made for a customer one new shoe and calked a set two other shoes for the sum of two shillings sterling.

Not Much Money.

Mr. Brown was a farmer as well as operating a blacksmith shop. His book shows he handled very little cash, as whenever he did blacksmith work for any farmer, the farmer paid him by doing labor of some sort on the Brown farm in return.

Carp River Used to Teem With Suckers in the Sixties

In the Spring High Water They Went Up a Hundred Creeks and the Farmers Stayed Up Half the Night Threshing Them into Nets and Traps. Were "Meat" on the Table for the People. The Taming of the Carp in 1891. Some Reminiscences.

Mr. Robt. Johnston, 194 Bell street, this week tells O.T.S. readers some Carp, and thereabouts, stuff. Mr. Johnston has been a resident of Ottawa for over 35 years, but was born on the 3rd line of Huntley, about midway between Carp and Ashton. He forgotten the scenes of his boy and young manhood.

In the early days there were many of Mr. Johnston's forbears in Huntley. Grandfather Robert Johnston went to Huntley from Ireland some time in the twenties. There was one thing about Robert Johnston, the farmer—no one could accuse him of not trying to make a living, for, according to his descendant, Mr. Johnston not only farmed but ran a blacksmith shop, made harness and conducted a barrel factory. Robert Johnston was known far and wide in Huntley. He lived until 1883. The pioneer had four sons and five daughters.

Carp In 1864

Mr. Robert Johnston's first recollections of Carp and Huntley date to 1864, when he was 10 years of age. Carp at that time was quite a small place. He remembers that it had three general stores, a tin shop, two blacksmith shops, three churches (Presbyterian, Anglican and Methodist) and two hotels were kept by Wm. Dorley and John Brown, one of the pioneers of whom he recalls was W. J. Featherston. The Presbyterian minister was Rev. Mr. Sinclair, the Anglican minister was Rev. Mr. Godfrey. The Methodist minister's name he does not remember.

Carp Today

Carp today boasts a grist mill, a small saw mill, and the factory where "Mallo Creme" is made.

Level the Carp

Associated more closely perhaps than anything else in Mr. Johnston's memory is the Carp River. Just as the people of Richmond love the little rock and the people of Rideau love the Bonnechere and the people of Arnprior love the Madawaska, so Mr. Johnston loved, and still loves, the Carp.

Why the Carp river was called the Carp he cannot understand, as, so far as he could see, there never was, nor never a carp fish in the river. There were, however, thousands upon thousands of suckers, sunfish and mudpouts.

Meat On the Table

For the people who in the sixties lived along the banks of the Carp river the sucker was the fish, the suckers were literally "meat on the table."

Few Returned

In the spring when the water of the Carp overran its flat banks, as ascended up the hundreds of small creeks that fed it, the suckers followed. Few of them returned. By the thousands they fell victims to the traps and nets of the farmers.

The farmers who had worked hard all day at their farm chores spent half the night torches in hand beating the creeks and forcing the suckers into waiting nets or into cunningly devised traps.

Canning Schemes

When the creeks were full, these farmers would build dams with one lowest through a sluiceway or flume, at the end of which was a big and strong net.

Each morning the net would be almost choked with suckers, which would be divided between the besters.

Crooked Stream

The Carp, according to Mr. Johnston, is one of the most crooked little streams to be found anywhere in Canada, and it has the peculiarity of running in a different direction to that of all its tributary streams.

The Carp has its rise in drowned lands near Richmond and flows in a tortuous fashion till it finds itself in the Ottawa, near Chats Falls.

Overflowed Banks

Prior to the early fifteties the Carp used to overflow its low banks badly. For example, 35 acres or more of Mr. Johnston's own farm used to be yearly flooded prior to 1891, when the river was dredged by the provincial government on a sort of local improvement scheme.

Ottawans Did Work

The work was done by the Barrett Bros of Ottawa, who shipped their dredging machinery and boat in parts to the Carp and put them together on the spot.

The little river was dredged to a width of about 65 feet from the 13 to 2 line of Goulbourne, to two miles west of Carp—a distance of about 12 miles. This improvement took from the Carp its spring menace.

One Point Exploded.

When the rampike was reached part one of the ghost story was exploded. Fire was coming out of the top of the rampike.

Investigation showed that a few days before and had made a fire in the hollow of the old rampike. They had worked its way up inside of the rotten tree and had caused a cavity like flame to emit from the top of the rampike.

Sure He Had.

At the top of the hill at Holmes Corners they asked a young man if he had heard anything of a buggy going a long time ago. He had not in front of his house.

He replied that he knew all about the matter as he had been in the buggy and had had the ride down the hill.

How It Occurred.

It seems that he and a young friend had sat in the buggy at the top of the hill, that they had wrestled and had started the buggy down the hill. At the foot of the hill (400 feet) the road travelled by the gentleman and his wife had turned sharply to the left and they had therefore not gone as far as the point at which the buggy had stopped. The youth laughed heartily when told how he had scared the man and his wife the previous night.

Said "Rampike."

The story of the exposure of the ghost story got round and after that when someone would tell a real ghost story of the creepy sort, someone would say "Rampike" or "Holmes Corners" and then everybody would laugh.

An Investigation Spoiled Perfectly Good Ghost Story

But for Special Enquiry Carp and Vicinity Might Have Handed Down to Posterity a Tale of a Buggy Which in 1869 Travelled at Night Without a Horse, Said of a Strange Light in a Rampike.

There are real hair-raising, creepy ghost stories at the narration of which people sit silent, afraid to scoff, afraid to contradict. There are other ghost stories which are of a comical bread. In fact they are not ghost stories at all. They are stories of ghosts which somebody thought he saw in a dark but really harmless.

This is one of the "hadn't" sort and illustrates how many normal persons get over-imaginative at times, see things which they clearly don't see, and then tell about them with frills.

This story of the story is told by Mr. Robert Johnston of Bell street.

Back in 1869 there lived near Carp a certain respected citizen who had held official positions in the township and was much respected.

Very Strange.

One morning this gentleman this wife was it did seem strange to his neighbors by telling them that the night before, just after dark, he and his wife had seen two very strange occurrences that had induced occurrences undoubtedly.

He told that when approaching the cross road to Holmes Corners (three miles from Carp) he and his wife had seen a strange light at the top of a rampike (tall broken off pine tree). At the foot of the hill (400 feet) the road travelled by the gentleman and his wife had turned sharply to the left and they had therefore not gone as far as the point at which the buggy had stopped. The youth laughed heartily when told how he had scared the man and his wife the previous night.

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Decided to Investigate and Asked Mr. Johnston to go with him.

The pair drove over the road followed by the strange light at the top of the rampike.

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