

ONTARIO, 50 YEARS AGO

RECOLLECTIONS OF WORK IN COUNTRY BY MR. CHARLTON.

Settling In a New Home Half a Century Ago—A Thriving District—Work On a Pioneer Farm—No Self-Binders Then—Cradled Three Acres a Day—The Northern, Clearings—Reciprocity In Work.

I was born near Caledonia, New York, in 1829, writes Mr. John Charlton in The Globe. My parents were of Scotch and Northumberland stock. I went to Canada West, now Ontario, with my father, April, 1849, when I was twenty years old. With him were my three brothers and five sisters. When my little brothers and myself parted from the rest of the family at Buffalo and struck out alone we anticipated a tedious journey. We had one span of horses and a single horse, with a lumber wagon and a buggy. We crossed the Niagara on the ferry boat at Black Rock. Major Kirby was then the Canadian officer of customs at Port Erie, and I had heard many stories of his strictness and severity. In my load I had a barrel of sugar, a quantity of tea and some groceries, and I was in doubt as to how I might get along with the Major. He was very courteous and kind, however, and in reply to my full statement of what the load contained he informed me that all goods destined for the family use of immigrants were free of duty. An hour and a half was taken to make the entry and explain how the rest of the family and goods had gone up by lake steamer to Dunnville, and then on the Grand River to Brantford. After this, with kind wishes for our welfare, he sent us on our way.

From Port Erie we went along the mountain through Smithville and Ancaster to Brantford, and from there on to Ayr, where we arrived in four days. We stopped for dinner and to feed our horses at Dolman's Hotel, Ayr. The barroom was filled by a crowd of excited Scotchmen, who were discussing the attempt to close a road between Ayr and Jedburgh by falling trees into it, and were filling in the pauses in heated argument by taking drams of whiskey. I could understand very little of what was said, and had serious misgivings that our Scotch neighbors, though sound Presbyterians, would not form very congenial acquaintances, a misgiving which happily was without foundation, as the sequel proved.

After dinner at Dolman's we drove around by Nithvale to our new home, which lay one mile south of Ayr. The farm upon which we were to move contained two hundred acres, to which another one hundred acres was added within a month. The soil was a rich load of household goods in the house, which was vacant and ready for our occupation, we drove to our father's uncle, William Scott, one mile farther south, where we stayed overnight. Leaving my mother and I remained next day to Cainsville. Landing three miles below Brantford, for a load of our goods which had been left there by the steamer Dover.

In the New Home.

We were soon settled in our new home, and I was at work ploughing with the team I had brought from New York. Andrew Muir became our hired man, and a very efficient and industrious man he was. In a short time we had sowed a fair amount of oats and peas, and had planted potatoes. I had been used to working in New York, and understood the business very well. I found that the work agreed with me, and I soon became tough and seasoned, and could perform all the kinds of work that I had to do with ease. The soil, it was easy to see, was an excellent one, and the prospect for an adequate return for the farmer's toil was so much better than it had been in Cattaraugus that I was highly pleased with the country, and as I had nothing to do but stay at home and work I determined to be contented whether I liked the people very well or not. Fortunately we were not long in discovering that the neighbors around us were pleasant, intelligent and of the virtues of honesty and industry fully developed. I found no difficulty in being satisfied with my surroundings, and we all made up our minds to decide that the move to Canada was a good one.

My father and mother, I remember, immediately after our arrival connected themselves with the congregation of the United Presbyterian Church at Ayr, of which Alexander Ritchie was pastor, which naturally increased the disposition of our Scotch neighbors to treat us in a friendly manner. I soon learned to use the Scotch dialect with considerable facility when I desired to do so, and made acquaintances as rapidly as I wished to do.

A Thriving District.

Ayr at this time was a thriving, and not by any means an unattractive country village of perhaps five hundred inhabitants, surrounded by a productive and a well-cultivated country. The Scotch farmers understood their business and gave different attention to it, and our neighbors with scarcely an exception were thrifty, frugal people, who were year by year reducing the debts upon their farms and adding to their stores of worldly substance.

Canada West, or Ontario as it has been called since confederation, was at this time increasing at a reasonable rate in wealth and population. Men were hopeful of the future and had faith in the country. The immigration was considerable, and the emigration to the United States comparatively light. The population of the Province was about 900,000, and its increase up to this point had been fairly rapid. The Huron district was just settling up and was then called the Queen's Bush. Brantford contained about 3,500 inhabitants, Paris 1,700, London 6,500, St. Thomas 1,200, Simcoe 1,400, Woodstock 2,000, Galt 1,100, and Guelph 1,750. Toronto was a city of less than 30,000; Hamilton had something less than 14,000, with a number of pushing, enterprising business men who thought its geographical position would enable it to take the lead of Toronto in a few

years, and whose efforts to secure increased business and rapid growth earned for their town the title of the "Ambitious City."

The English Corn Laws had been repealed but a few years, having been in force up to 1846. Under their operation the country had enjoyed great prosperity, for the Canadian as well as the British farmer was protected in the British market, and the price of wheat was considerably higher in Canada than at corresponding points in the United States. Now, with the removal of the exceptional advantages conferred by the Corn Laws, a period of depression had set in, and the future of the country seemed slightly clouded.

Work On a Pioneer Farm.

After the spring crops were put in we turned our attention to ploughing the fallows for wheat. By the time this was done, and the Swedish turnips sown and potatoes dressed out, hivesetting commenced. Ours was done in the old-fashioned way. The grass was cut with the scythe, and the hay raked up by hand. Mowing machines, horse rakes and patent forks were then unknown, and I mowed, raked and pitched hay till our hay crop of over fifty tons was all secured in good order. Very soon after having the harvest came on. The beautiful fields of red chaff wheat were a sight that the mountaineers of Cattaraugus could not furnish. All of the crops were with the cradle and bound into sheaves by hand. I was accustomed to the use of the cradle, and could easily lay down three acres a day. With a very moderate amount of assistance we put our crop of sixty acres of wheat into the barn. Then came the hay harvest, and soon after the oat harvest. Both of these crops we cared for with our own help. At the proper time the summer fallows were thoroughly harrowed to keep the soil from being washed away, and the stubble was then cross-ploughed, this work not being completed till after the oats were cut. Late in August we commenced on the third ploughing, called the "seed turning," which left the land as mellow as a garden. Between September 10 and 20 the wheat was sown, a half a day's thrashing having previously been done for seed. Then came the cutting of clover seed, the digging of potatoes, the fall ploughing, and the pulling and storing of turnips and various odd jobs.

As soon as convenient after the fall work was done our wheat was thrashed with an open cylinder machine, as separators were not then in use. The straw had to be raised from the floor in front of the machine, and the grain separated from the chaff with the hand fanning mill. When our wheat crop was thrashed we found that the yield averaged a little over twenty-six bushels to the acre, notwithstanding that most of the land was quite stumpy. Unfortunately the price was low, and the greater part of the wheat we had to spare, after saving bread and feed, was sold at about 50 cents per bushel. At this time Dunnville and Brantford were the chief points for the shipment of grain or flour from Brant, Waterloo, Oxford and parts of other counties adjacent to them. All grain for shipment had to be teamed to these places. After the Great Western Railway was built, in 1854, Paris became our principal market town, though we still went to Brantford at times.

Life on the farm was a pleasant and an active one. I was not troubled with a desire for dress, jewellery or ornaments. There was always work to do, and I found great pleasure in doing it. In the winter I allowed the others to do the work about the barn, but I did most of the work that required the use of the axe, which relieved me from doing chores and gave me more time for reading and study at night. The second winter after we came to Canada I did most of the work in cutting our own wood, and cutting enough more to pay for an open cylinder thrashing machine bought of John Watson of Ayr. This wood my brother George teamed to Ayr. In one of my years on the farm I lost but one day, and that was spent in fishing for trout in Cedar Creek, where my father and brothers frequently, or at least occasionally, went. I had very good sport and caught a good string of fish, but it was not pleasant working through the dense cedar swamp where the stream ran, and I concluded that work on the farm would pay better and was just as enjoyable.

No Self-Binders Then.

In 1851 we had a very heavy harvest to take off. We had put in eighty acres of wheat the previous fall; sixty acres of it was on sod. The land was all summer fallowed, being ploughed three times, thoroughly cultivated and put in the best possible shape for the seed. The wheat grew rank and luxuriant and when it came into head the growth of straw was heavy enough for forty bushels to the acre. When the grain was in the milk a couple of heavy thunder and rain storms beat the stalks down badly, and more than half the crop was either lodged or twisted by circular gusts of wind into "swirls." When the grain was ripening a few misty, muggy days prevented going into harvest, and when the weather cleared up so that work could commence all the wheat in the country was dead ripe. The result was a sharp demand for harvest laborers, and as we were off the main line of travel from the Queen's Bush north of us, where most of the harvest help came from, we could not get a man, and there was nothing for it but to go on with our harvest with our own help. We had two hired men and could run two cradles with the necessary help to take up after them and shock up the grain. Andrew Muir and I did the cradling; Peter Bawtinhamer and my brothers George and Thomas bound after the cradles. Bawtinhamer was as active as a cat, and could take up after one cradle and help my brothers with the other. My father and younger brother, shocked up the sheaves and brought water and lunch. With a determination to do our best we set to work: we were in the field in the morning as soon as the dew would permit work to commence. At mid-forenoon a light lunch was brought to us in the field and then we kept on till dark. The work was very heavy and we averaged three acres per day to each cradle in the swirled and lodged wheat, which was fully equal to four and a half acres

per day in an ordinary crop of wheat that stood up nicely. It is needless to say that this was all that muscle and will power could do. Before we could get any help about fifty acres of our wheat was cut and in stock. The waste from shelling was less than we expected, and we got through with the herculean task with more comfort than we anticipated. After our own wheat was cut I turned in and helped some of our neighbors. I cradled eighteen days in wheat harvest that year, and was obliged to lie up a couple of days with a lame side when the battle was over.

The farmer of to-day with his binders delivering the sheaves ready to be put into shock knows little of our sensations in facing a harvest of eighty acres of heavy lodged wheat, with two cradles and the number of men and boys necessary to keep up to them. Hard work and severe muscular exertion were the order of the day on Canadian farms fifty years ago. The condition of things existing then was not without its advantages, however, for when hardships are endured, hardy, self-reliant men are produced.

The Northern Clearings.

At this time the work of the pioneer was nearly completed in the section where my father settled, but in many of the surrounding sections the work of clearing away the primeval forest was still in progress. North and northwest of us, in the region embraced in the counties of Huron and Bruce and a portion of the counties of Wellington and Grey, was a new country which was just being settled and which received the name of the Queen's Bush, to which I have previously referred. It is now a well-settled and highly-cultivated country. At the time of which I write, many of the settlers were in the habit of clearing south through haying and wheat and oat harvest in Brant, Oxford and other settled counties. Some only came for the wheat harvest, as wages

were the best then. The small sum of money earned would often suffice to pay the settler's taxes and buy a much-needed supply of meat and flour, while he was waiting for his modest crop. The wages in haying and oat harvest were usually 75 cents per day and board, and in wheat harvest \$1. On rare occasions the wheat harvest rate would be \$1.25 or \$1.50. Many men who afterwards were the owners of large and valuable farms, well stocked and with good buildings, were glad in this way to earn a few dollars with which to meet the most pressing needs while bravely struggling with the backwoodsman's difficulties, and with patient toil laying the foundation of future competence and independence. The pioneer in his own way was a hero, and we hardly realize now how much the State owes to these hardy, courageous men who with patient toil subdued the wilderness and fought a brave and winning battle with privation and poverty, emerging from the ordeal at last substantial and well-to-do citizens.

HONORS IN HUMBLE LIFE.

Imperial Service Medal For Letter Carriers and Light Keepers.

The London Chronicle in a recent issue says: An interesting honor list appears in last night's Gazette, the recipients being retired members of the Colonial Civil Service, who had occupied quite humble positions, such as letter carrier, lightkeeper and messenger.

Upon these the King has conferred the Imperial Civil Service medal, which was instituted by His Majesty for the recognition of long and meritorious service in branches other than administrative and clerical.

The following is a list of those upon whom the medal has been bestowed: Bonner, George, lightkeeper, Point Aconi, Province of Nova Scotia.

Curry, George, lightkeeper, Isle of Coves, Province of Ontario.

Cusson, Narcisse, letter carrier, Montreal, Canada.

Francis, Robert, coxswain, Harbor Master's Department, Saint Helena.

Roy, Joseph, messenger, Attorney-General's Department, Province of Quebec.

Short, William Stephen, letter carrier, London, Province of Ontario.

Tremblay, Dorilas, lightkeeper, Portneuf, Province of Quebec.

Our Best Investment.

Hon. H. R. Emmerson, Minister of Railways and Canals, recently was the guest of the Canadian Club of Cornwall at a dinner. Hon. Mr. Emmerson spoke at considerable length on Canada's national railway, the International. He related the history of the road from its inception to the present day, and claimed that the building of this railway, linking the various Provinces, had cemented the bonds of confederation. The International had opened up trade between upper Canada and the Maritime Provinces, and Ontario got the greater share of the benefits. It had brought the people of the various colonies together, and had helped to wipe out sectionalism and make Canada a nation. He claimed that the money spent on the Intercolonial was the best invested money in Canada. The interest on it came in the development and prosperity of the country. In this it was like the money spent on canals and subsidizing railways.

SKIN DISEASES

Salt Rheum, Pimples, Erysipelas, Ringworm, Shingles, Scald Head, Itching Sores.

All diseases of the skin are more or less directly caused by a bad state of the blood, which produces acid humors and corrupts the secretions. No one can expect to have a clear, bright skin when the blood is in a disordered condition, and the stomach, liver and bowels acting feebly in consequence.

All the above skin diseases, in fact, any disease arising from a bad condition of the blood, are curable by

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

through its wonderful cleansing, purifying powers on the blood, and its renovating action on the system.

Mr. A. Squire, Dominion, N.S., tells how he was cured of Salt Rheum. He writes: "For years I suffered with Salt Rheum and was unable to find a curable remedy out of all the medicines I took, and Physicians consulted. Finally I was urged by a friend to try Burdock Blood Bitters, and after a very short space of time I was completely cured. I shall always recommend B.B.B. for such cases, as I consider it an indispensable remedy." Price \$1.00 per bottle or 6 bottles for \$5.00.

The Queer Little Ermine.

The ermine is a queer animal. It is one thing in winter and another thing in summer. In winter its fur is as white as snow, and it is called the ermine. In summer it turns a reddish brown on the upper part of the body and a light yellow on the lower part, and it is then called the stoat. This change is familiar to naturalists, but not to ordinary people, and the ermine and the stoat are therefore generally regarded as distinct animals. The fur of the ermine is much valued. At one time it was a mark of royalty, and the state robes of judges and magistrates were lined with it as an emblem of purity. The ermine is so cunning in its ways that it is almost as difficult to catch it as it is to "catch a wren asleep." In fact, about the only way to capture it is to mark its course from its home and then strew mud in its pathway. When the dainty, fastidious little animal reaches the point where the mud is strewn it will lie down and subject itself to risk of capture rather than smirch one of its snow white hairs.

The Fatherly Centipede.

There once was a poor old centipede, Who found himself in the direst need. He had a thousand legs, you know, And that is just what caused his woe. A wife and family beside, With good stout shoes he must provide. So he bought a shoe store out complete, For his babies had ten thousand feet, And he had no money left at all. For his heart was big, but his purse was small.

Who's It? Quit.

"For the drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty." "I figured out years ago," said a prosperous farmer, "that with very moderate drinking I'd drink an acre of good land every year. So I quit."

Do You Think

For Yourself?

Or do you open your mouth like a young bird and gulp down whatever food or medicine may be offered you?

Do you have an intelligent thinking woman, in need of relief from weakness, nervousness, pain and sickness, then it means much to you that there is one tried and true honest medicine or known composition sold by druggists for the cure of woman's ills.

The makers of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, for the cure of weak, nervous, run-down, over-worked, debilitated, pain-racked women, knowing this medicine to be made up of ingredients, every one of which has the strongest possible endorsement of the leading and standard authorities of the several schools of practice, are perfectly willing, and in fact, are only too glad to print, as they do, the formula, or list of ingredients, of which it is composed, in plain English, on every bottle-wrapper.

The formula of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will bear the most critical examination of medical experts, for it contains no alcohol, narcotics, harmful, or habit-forming drugs, and no agent enters into it that is not highly recommended by the most advanced and leading medical teachers and authorities of their several schools of practice. These authorities recommend the ingredients of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription for the cure of exactly the same ailments for which this world-famed medicine is advised.

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A booklet of ingredients, with numerous authoritative professional endorsements by the leading medical authorities of this country, will be mailed free to any one sending name and address with request for same. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Hot, dry flannels applied to the face and neck will be a effective remedy for jumping toothache.

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(INCORPORATED 1832.)

CAPITAL, - - \$3,000,000
RESERVE FUND, \$5,250,000

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