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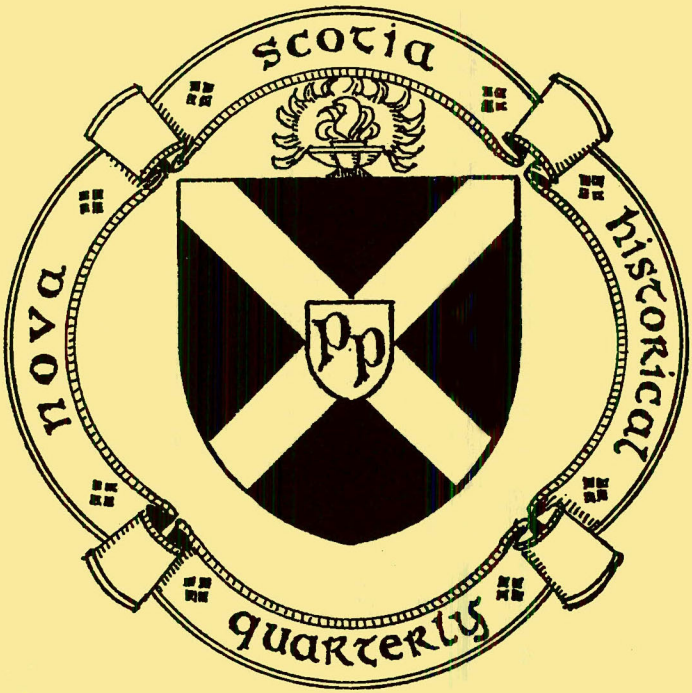

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The Halifax Explosion - 1917

EVELYN M. RICHARDSON

I was fifteen when, at the beginning of the 1917-18 school year, my father became principal of Alexandra School in Halifax and moved his family from Clark's Harbour to Bedford. (Bedford, because houses in war-time Halifax were almost unobtainable). The move meant changes for each in the family, except for Ashford who was with the Canadian Army in France. After his eighteenth birthday in September, Douglas enlisted and moved into Halifax barracks, proud of his uniform—especially, I thought, of his jingling spurs, though he drove an Army truck and was never near a horse, let alone astride one. My sister and three younger brothers went to the Bedford grade-school; I attended Halifax County Academy, with its many teachers (instead of one for the High School Grades, and that one my father) and its hundreds of pupils all strangers.

Small coastal steamers had been our familiar means of transportation, apart from "Shanks' mare". Now Dad and I became train commuters, as were most of the working population and High School students of Bedford and neighbouring suburbs. (There were by then several automobiles in Bedford, but no one considered driving to *work,* and buses had not yet appeared there.) I soon learned that trains, like ships,

had distinct personalities, varying from the aristocratic Ocean Limited, which whooshed past Bedford station in high disdain, through the less snobbish afternoon DAR (I caught this when delayed in town by errands for Mother, or by school events) to the chummy "locals", whose fatherly conductors put up with considerable skylarking by "train pupils", especially on the 1:20, which carried us home after the nine-to-one High School day.

I usually caught the 8:20 Milk Train with the other Bedford students, and I came to know and like my fellow pupils; but they had been schoolmates from Grade 1 and I sometimes felt outside the group. Often I was homesick for my former chums, for the big home in Clark's Harbour, for the sputter of gasoline engines and the sound of foghorns instead of train whistles, for the leisurely ebb and flow of tides instead of inexorable railway time-tables. Most of all I missed my former companionable morning walks to school with Dad. Halifax teachers made allowances for train pupils arriving late and leaving early, but Dad had to be at his school before the Milk Train even reached the city. Now and then I sacrificed an hour's morning sleep to take the 7:30 Suburban with him, and on the morning of December 6th, I waited as he kissed Mother, then left the house beside him.

Hollows still held some of yesterday's light snow, but the crisp air was windless, while the eastern sky was clear and pink with coming sunrise. Bedford lies on granite shelves which rise, one behind the other, from the Basin shore; our home stood on the highest shelf then occupied, and the road, which ended at our house, was a long roundabout way; we always took a shortcut to and from the station. This path sloped unevenly through a tangle of bushes, down some natural stone-steps, across a field, and through heavy alders which snapped back in my face if I followed Dad too closely. We came out onto the main road, only a few yards from the red station. That morning I was the only student; most of the

waiting passengers were working men who, pipes in mouths, stood about the platform in neighbourly groups discussing the latest—and, as usual, discouraging—war news. Dad joined one of the groups then, when the train had clattered happily down the grade and stopped with shreiking brakes, swung aboard with the others and disappeared into the smoker for his morning pipe.

For train pupils the half-hour morning ride meant a last chance to catch up on neglected homework, while the train rattled and swayed along the curving shores of the Basin and Narrows. After I had handed my ticket to the conductor, I settled down to study, looking up only when the train made its abrupt stops to pick up passengers from the open-faced shelters along the way. At busy Rockingham with its maze of rails, plumes of black smoke and of silver steam stood upright in the clear air above the freight-yards were engines were switching coaches, or shunting the many freight-cars bringing supplies for overseas, for Halifax's swollen population, for the Royal Navy and the Canadian forces. The freight-yards ran to the shore and, beyond them, scattered across the Basin's width, a few large merchant ships lay at anchor, plainly the start of another convoy.

At Fairview the train swung sharply to follow the Basin's curve, through black Africville then between steep Rockhead and the shore. There was another unbalancing swerve as we turned along the Narrows, and my eyes went to the wooded Dartmouth shore less than half a mile away.

Had I known of the changes before I would pass that way again, my mind might have registered, and my memory retained, more precise details; what I recall is no doubt a composite picture from many mornings.

Our track soon ran through the multi-railed marshalling yard which spread between the Narrow's piers (within the

hour to be destroyed and never replaced) and the foot of Richmond Hill (also doomed.) To us in the rain Richmond became a mere rock-face for the square working-class homes clinging to the hillside were above the railway cut.

The Suburban clanked into the dim cavern that was North Street Station and added its shreiking steam to the crash of cars being coupled, the rumble of baggage-trucks and the shouts of hustling baggagemen. Whistles shrilled, bells clanged, brakes screeched, empty boxcars boomed as they collided, while unidentified bumps and jostlings contributed their bits to the cacophony. The sooty walls and lofty glass and iron-work roof bounced all these back and forth, along with clouds of steam and smoke, whiffs of hot grease and showers of cinders. I savoured every racous note, every mote of air pollution, as I swung off the train steps.

Often, as we students walked the wooden platform, there would be a long troop train on a siding. We would glimpse dim khaki shoulders behind dusty windows, then young faces pressed against the glass, silently pleading for a smile and a wave, even from strangers, before they marched to the pier for embarkation and the battlefields. Most of the faces belonged to boys little older than we, but with knapsacks, rather than schoolbags, on their shoulders.

On that December morning the racket of wheels was still in my ears, the swinging aisle still under my feet, during the minute before my eyes found Dad among the spilled passengers. Together we walked to the long station stairway, climbed it and came out into the clear air. The cabs which would await later trains were absent but light wagons and slovens with their teams of Clydesdales and Percherons were bumping across the cobblestones of the freight-yard approaches. On such a morning I welcomed the mile-and-a-quarter walk to school, and we briskly crossed to the foot of North Street. Its southern corner held the small store where the "train

gang", on our way to the 1:20, daily squandered our pooled wealth for cookies and candies to tide us over until we reached home and waiting lunches. As we passed the store I glimpsed the gentlemanly white-haired owner and his son, "young Mr. Adams", busily starting their day at display window and counter.

Halifax had soon taught me to take hills in my stride and, hitching my heavy schoolbag into place, I bent to the steep incline of North Street. We moved through the cold black shadows cast by the crowded low-roofed houses, while the upper windows of the imposing King Edward Hotel across the street flashed back the red-gold rays of the climbing sun. At Brunswick Street with its fine homes, we turned south. Dad and I seldom exchanged words on those morning walks; both minds being engrossed with the day's diverging interests; for me it was enough to be walking, in the old way, beside him.

Halfway to the Academy, Dad crossed the street to Alexandra School, its bricks warmly red in the morning sunshine. Soon smaller houses with wider gaps between them allowed me glimpses of the harbour. Much of the charm of my early morning walks to school lay in the fact that, alone, I need not hide my ignorance of the city, nor my delight in many of its aspects. I always slowed my pace as I passed the little Dutch church, for across its long disused burying-ground I had an unbroken view of the waters of this great naval base, embarkation port for Canadian troops, and assembly point for Allied convoys—one of the nerve centres for the war effort. Often British battleships, wearing distorting camouflage patches of black and brown, green and blue, came and went up and down its length, or rode at anchor. Now and then I saw a zebra-striped troopship—perhaps the OLYMPIC, queen of them all. Cargo steamers, laden with war supplies, or food for starving Belgium, headed in for Bedford Basin to await convoy. Always there were tooting tugs, and

harbour craft scurrying like water-spiders. On the walk back after school I would see and hear foreign seamen mingling with British and Canadian bluejackets on the streets.

A bit further along, I could look down into the street below across the wide glass roof of the newly completed Market, so steep is the Halifax hillside at this point.

Originally the southern part of Brunswick Street had been Barracks Street, and North and South Barracks still stood at either end. Behind the dark-red board fence of North Barracks were the rooms where Douglas now ate and slept, the yard where he drilled—a soldier among soldiers, yet still my brother. I walked along the base of the Citadel, to me the city's most impressive and fascinating feature with its grassy glacis, ramparts, garrison soldiers, its storm-drum and time-ball, its stirring notes from unseen bugles, and its noon gun. (I was never in the city to hear the nine o'clock evening gun.) There were no buildings on the Citadel side of the street; those on the opposite side were mostly old wooden dwellings in drab paint, pressed check to jowl and crowding the sidewalk. At the end of the street stood the red brick, three storey Academy.

When I took the "early" train, as I had that morning, I was the first pupil or teacher to push through the heavy oak doors of the girls' entrance. I sometimes spent time in final study; oftener I stood at an upper window overlooking the yard of South Barracks, with its sentry guarding the gate and a squad performing morning drill, while the sergeant's unintelligible barks and the answering thuds and rattles of arms came up to me over the high Barrack's fence. Teachers and pupils filtered in before the nine o'clock bells summoned us for morning Assembly in the Hall on the third, or top, floor.

I sat midway in one of the rows of hard chairs—of course on the "girls' side" of the middle aisle. A black dress here and there stood out among the white middy-blouses, as

black bands marked the coat-sleeves of several boys. Such signs of prevalent losses, and the newspapers' ever lengthening "Killed in Action" Rolls, prevented Halifax from even briefly forgetting the war. The opening hymn had been sung, and the some two hundred pupils had seated themselves; at the lectern our principal was beginning the daily Scripture reading; two men and four women teachers sat sedately in platform chairs behind him; one master was on duty in the hall outside. Beyond the high recessed windows the sky was blue and bright; the sun-cast pattern of one window's sashes lay across the middy in the chair ahead of me.

Suddenly I was clutching that chair, while the brick Academy rocked and shook. Then came a tremendous booming roar, and heavy pictures hit the floor as if flung by a mighty and furious arm. Walls and ceiling rained sheets of crumbling plaster, window-panes shattered and crashed floorward. A tall girl in a front row leaped to her feet and turned a white face behind her. "My God, girls," she cried in wild despair, "The Zepps!!"

Friends on either side gently drew her down, whispering, "Sssh, Jean, ssh." Bowed face in hands, Jean sshed.

I thought, *Not Zepps. A shell from a German surface raider.* I later learned that most people guessed at torpedoes from an enemy submarine which had somehow got through the steel net guarding the harbour entrance. None of these contingencies was ever far from Halifax minds, for the Germans could be expected to risk much to deny Allied shipping this western anchor to the convoy route.

Most of us sat stunned and expecting a second blast. Jean's involuntary cry was the only sound of hysteria, but at the back of the Hall four girls rose and started for the stairs, where panic and tragedy could follow the least mishap on the old, winding, plaster-and-glass buried steps. A quick-witted classmate sprang to the doorway and barred it with her out-

plaster. The slatternly, thinly-clad women who stood staring at the piles made no move to let us pass. Like sleepwalkers they did not see us; like sleepwalkers we stepped out into the street and went around them. Farther north the homes were large and well-kept, but these now lacked doors and windows, while the few people we met looked straight through us in a disturbing, trance-like way that soon became familiar.

At Alexandra, we naturally crossed the street so that I could see my father. The instant we stepped through the shattered front door, we knew this school had been much harder hit than the Academy. We had seen nothing to compare with Dad's Grade IX classroom. Shreds of green blinds flapped at paneless windows, or were strewn across the floor where broken desks lay upon their sides, and slashed books and papers (many impaled upon long glass stilettos) mingled with inches-deep plaster and glass. Worst of all, the litter was topped by blood-soaked handkerchiefs and rags. Dad was at his desk, bandaging the gashed thumb of one boy, while another stood waiting and watching a bright red stain spreading across the cloth that rudely bound his wrist. Otherwise the room was empy, for most pupils and teachers had left for their homes.

Things were getting beyond belief. "Breaking up housekeeping, Dad?" I asked from the doorway. And was instantly overwhelmed by shame for my grating flippancy.

At my voice Dad's head came up, and relief flooded his face. *What had he feared?* He plainly recognized my brashness for the frightened cover it was, but I dared not run into his arms. I somehow knew that would prove too much for both of us. He told me gently, "Douglas is all right. He stopped here on his way back to barracks to report for special duty. He had driven his truck to Pier 2, but had started back before the blast." Everyone knew Pier 2, the Canadian terminus for the great troopships. *Why a blast at Pier 2?*

At my blank look Dad explained, "A munition ship blew up in the Narrows." *So neither a Zepp, nor a sub, nor a surface raider had been to blame.*

The information regarding Douglas was not wholly reassuring. That any of our family might have been injured had not previously entered my mind; for the rest of the day that possibility never left it. Dad did not mention his own narrow escape. While the last pupils were filing into the classrooms, he had stepped to the hall's fountain for a drink. Satisfied, he had lifted his head and taken a backward step when the building rocked and a fist-sized piece of molten metal came hurtling through the wall and buried itself in the floor, exactly where he had been standing. Nor did he mention that many if his pupils had been savagely slashed by flying glass, nor that Miss Clark, his vice-principal had had one eye pierced. (Hundreds of people throughout the city had been killed or maimed, and other hundreds blinded, by blast-driven glass.) Later we learned that many of his pupils went home to find their families gone—wounded and taken to emergency hospitals, or dead among the wreckage in a gaping cellar.

Instead of burdening me with his knowledge and fears, Dad passed me a dollar. "Trains may be late, so buy some food for yourself and your friends. After I've closed up here, I'll meet you at the station corner." He resumed bandaging the boys' cuts.

In the corridor we were joined by Hazel (my Bedford chum and one of Dad's Grade IX pupils), white-faced and shaken but unharmed. Four sober girls left Alexandra, and at every northward step we saw increasing havoc. On North Street the houses were completely shattered, barely standing and utterly deserted. The King Edward Hotel had been gutted by fire; the charred doors and window apertures offered frightening views of the black ruin inside. At the foot of the

street the door of Adams' corner-store hung crazily on broken hinges and the big front window lay in plate-glass shards among what had been an enticing display of baked goods. Dad had said to get food; we decided on a sultana cake which appeared untouched. "Young Mr. Adams" brushed it off and passed it to us in a paper bag, smiling at us as he always did, though he offered none of his usual teasing quips, and moved as if following some chalked diagram behind his eyes.

We returned to the sidewalk and began the wait for Dad. There was a dismaying lack of movement on the usually bustling corner. A few women on foot, some weeping, some plainly beyond tears, came along the street from the north and passed us. Now and then a horse-drawn cart, hastily laden with household belongings and topped by crouching children or old people, moved slowly south; but most survivors had left the area before we reached it. I shall never forget the sloven that came up the hill from the waterfront. The bent driver on the high-perched seat in front clung weakly to the reins, while the team's shod hooves and the iron wheels rang funerally upon the cobblestones. A dozen ashen-faced men sat upon the sloven floorboards and sagged against the sides with closed eyes. They wore the uniform and red pom-pom caps of the French navy. (Though no account I have ever read mentioned a French naval ship in the harbour that day.) One propped himself desperately upright upon rigid arms, as if knowing that to fall forward meant he would never rise again. I turned appalled eyes from the drained faces and bloody bandages, but I could still tell myself it was for warmth's sake that the two quiet figures stretched upon the sloven floor had been covered by canvas.

Death had not entered our picture of the morning, but in truth it was all around us, for we were standing on the southern edge of the city's greatest devastation; on these now empty streets, and in the wrecked houses, many lives had

ceased between breaths. We could see the blasted stumps of sidewalk trees and telephone poles which had been snapped off. Missing walls of homes revealed cracked rafters and beams, like broken bones; twisted iron bedsteads with gutted mattresses and torn bedding dangled from the edges of slanted ceilings into the tossed and broken furniture of the rooms below. But the hotel's bulk hid from us the bitter ruins of Richmond Hill. There houses, churches, schools and factories had all been completely flattened, and fires ignited by blast or upset stoves were (even as we stood waiting) cremating the dead and killing people trapped in the wreckage.

Suddenly Hazel, tired of waiting, declared, "I'm going to slip across to the station and down to the Information wicket. There might be an earlier train out." She was back almost immediately, her face blanched, her grey eyes enormous. "I couldn't get down," she whispered, shuddering uncontrollably. "There's a dead man lying across the head of the stairs."

(We never went down the familiar stairs again for when, weeks later, some city schools reopened, the new railway approach in the south end of Halifax had been rushed into use.) We couldn't know that the exploding munitions ship had been only a short distance from the North Street terminal; that the explosion had lifted rails, tossed freight cars, killed yardmen, and buried more than sixty people under the wreckage of the station roof. Their bodies lay in the desolation behind the red façade at which we now stared, horrified and confused by Hazel's discovery.

On the heels of Hazel's return, four bare-headed soldiers came running towards us from the north, shouting for any who might hear, "Fire! Wellington Barracks Magazine on fire! Move south. Into the open! Everybody south!"

They hurried past us to spread their warning. My friends obediently started south, down Barrington Street. But I

thought, *This is where Dad said he'd meet me. If I'm not here when he comes, he might go into danger looking for me. I must stay.* The others turned and called to me and then, when I refused to budge, came back and with gentle patience, and sound arguments, convinced me I could serve no purpose by being brave or stubborn; that Dad would expect me to obey a military order, and that he would have heard the warnings. Someone's watch said 11:30. I conceded, "I guess if he were coming, he'd be here."

My memory retains nothing of our southward retreat until we are standing halfway up the eastern slope of Citadel Hill, one of several silent groups expecting a second explosion. On the calm and glistening harbour a few ships are moving seaward. All visible streets are deserted. The sun still shines, the sky above the Citadel is clear, but all over the North End plumes of black smoke are rising and a cloud of smoke hangs low. We are hungry. I remember the cake and take it from the paper bag. It crumbles in my hand, riddled by glass, and I throw it angrily to the ground. Worse than disappointment is disillusionment. That friendly "young Mr. Adams" had taken our money for this. At such a time! (I was ashamed of my resentment when I later learned that pretty Mrs. Adams, who sometimes served us, had been lying dead in the family rooms behind the shop—perhaps killed by pieces of the same window that had ruined the sultana cake —and understood that her husband, like many others that morning, had been following a routine while in shock.)

The useless cake turned my thoughts to the corner and my desertion. But Dad had not come seeking me. I never heard him mention that day's experiences, and it was after his death that I learned from Mother the stress he had been under as he bandaged his injured pupils. Though most telephone lines were torn down by the explosion, the section between Alexandra and the office of the Supervisor of Education (in the Academy building) somehow escaped. The

Supervisor and Dad had been boyhood chums, and as soon as this friend received information about the disaster he had phoned Dad; told him of the exploding munitions ship and added—because he felt he must—the anguished words, "And, my God, Fox, they tell me Bedford's been *wiped out.*"

Many years later I met Dr. John Martin, who had been teaching at St. Patrick's Boys School while Dad was a Alexandra. He told me, "I knew your father well. I'll always remember that on the morning of the Explosion, after he had looked after his own injured pupils, and checked every classroom and cloakroom in case some frightened or homeless child had hidden or returned there, he came down to St. Pat's. To see if he could help *us.* He was the first who could give us any explanation of what had happened."

Leaving St. Pat's, Dad had started for the station, but had met warning soldiers who told him everyone had moved south. My friends had been right; he did not attempt to find me. He set out on the nine mile walk to Bedford and what he feared awaited him there. A newcomer to the city, the only route he knew was through devastated, and again threatened, Richmond where soldiers were turning back all but fire-fighters and rescue squads, since grief-striken searchers could only hamper others' efforts as they risked their own lives. The necessity to avoid these sentinels, as well as detour around fires and wreckage-blocked streets, added miles to his walk.

Along the razed crest of Richmond Hill he came upon what must have been one of the most piteous sights of that heartbreaking day. During winter months, the city's primary grades did not "take in" until 9:30, so that many small children, with little schoolbags proudly over their shoulders, were on their way to school through the sunny morning, when at 9:05 the concussion and deadly gases from the exploding ship swept up the hill, levelling buildings, starting fires and

snuffing out lives in the second it took to draw a breath. Singly, or in comradely twos, tender little bodies lay upon their faces, unmarked, their clothing not even dishevelled. "As if," Dad said, "they had lain down to rest." He stopped and knelt beside one after another, turning each over to feel for a heartbeat, watch for a breath, unable to believe they were beyond help. It was long before he could avert his head and walk past one of these tiny victims. He had told Mother of this when he finally reached home that afternoon. "We had known griefs," she concluded her account to me, "but that was the first time I ever saw your father break down."

Fears for his own small children must have added to Dad's sorrow for the small unknowns, but once he was through the burning North End, he could look across the Basin and see Bedford homes still standing, and to note the absence of flames and smoke.

Not long after my friends and I reached the Citadel we learned somehow that the thing to do was to move westward, away from the harbour's munition ships and possible enemies, away from the forts' magazines. We joined a slow stream of refugees in carts and on foot. At that time the West End of Halifax was thinly settled and the Citadel had protected it by deflecting much of the shock. As we walked the empty streets the only visible signs of damage were broken windows with torn blinds and shredded curtains. We crossed the extensive grounds of the Boys Industrial School (afterward a city airfield) and large country estates with imposing homes, went over the North West Arm bridge and, as we took the St. Margaret's Bay road, passed the homes on the heights just beyond. This was all strange to me, who knew little more of the city than the route to school and a few of the downtown shops.

Then we were in open country, and the road held only a trickle of barely moving carts and dazed, footsore stragglers,

each bound to a hoped-for haven with relatives or friends. After another mile or so we came to a roadside hayfield with a tarpaper shed at the foot of its hillside slope. We left the road and joined the several persons standing about, or sitting despondently on the outcropping rocks. All had the now familiar air of numb endurance—except a tall thin soldier in "fatigues", with a Glengarry cocked on a black head, a merry grin and a limp. He had built a small fire and his dark eyes were friendly as he beckoned to us, Come and share it.

An exclamation from Hazel sent our eyes to another khaki-clad figure, this one emerging from the hayshed. We recognized Lester, a Bedford boy and the inseparable companion of Hazel's older brother. It was perturbing to see one lad without the other, and we let Hazel go alone to meet Lester but, after a brief conversation, she returned smiling. Lester had assured her that her brother was unharmed. So was Lester's sister, a teacher at Richmond School. (The happy significance of this escaped us at the time.) Lester had been at company drill in the Fort Needham yard when the ground swayed under him and a dead calf fell from the sky to land at his feet. (To a concussion that carried a half-ton anchor shaft two miles or more across the Halifax peninsula, a calf would be a mere straw; but where—from waterfront, railyard or city street—did it pick up a calf?) How Lester happened to get from Fort Needham to the field I never heard, but Hazel relayed why he tarried there. "He's looking after a coloured man whose throat was cut by glass. Down in the shed." Graduated from High School in June, teenage Lester and his chum had enlisted in the Army Medical Corp. The young recruit was taking the care of the dying negro much to heart, and he spent long periods in the shed, returning to our group about the fire with an ever more serious face.

We learned that the soldier's name was Laurence; that he came from the mining town of Springhill; had been invalided home from France and, on the previous evening had

arrived at recently opened Camp Hill Hospital for Veterans to receive treatment for his wounded foot. (This explained the limp and the strong emenation of formaldehyde about the fire.) "The hospital windows are all smashed," he told us, "people were trying to nail blankets over them when I left." As the seriously injured began to overwhelm the new hospital's staff and as yet limited facilities, all ambulatory veterans had given up their beds and left the building. "I'll manage O.K. Many's the night I've slept out in my greatcoat," he reassured us cheerfully, patting the long skirt of this heavy woolen garment. I thought he sounded very soldierly, but not very practical, and I hated to think that perhaps Ashford, too, had had to spend winter nights with only his greatcoat for covering.

Through the lagging hours silent individuals left the field to be replaced by successive, but more widely spaced stragglers who stood briefly and wordlessly beside the small fire, then moved along. Only our group of four schoolgirls, the wounded veteran and the Medical Corp recruit did not disperse. We girls soon realized we were fortunate in having our coats; most of the women we saw wore only thin cotton dresses and were blue with cold; a few had coats, but these were inadequate and obviously not the wearer's.

Some time during the afternoon a young woman in a torn dress, and with a crying infant in her arms, turned into the field. She passed her burden to one of us and sank down wearily upon a rock. "You've got a fire." she said. "And, anyway, I just can't carry the poor little thing any farther."

"What's its name?" one of us asked sympathetically, assuming she was its mother.

"I haven't any idea," she answered dully. "My house fell in on me. I don't know how I managed to get out. All around people were running, or trapped and screaming in the fires. I ran. Someone put this baby in my arms. I kept run-

ning. They'd got it out of a burning house maybe. Or found it blown out on the sidewalk. I don't know."

The infant wore no coat or bonnet, but when it was passed into my arms I saw that its clothes were of excellent quality and lovingly fashioned. The "long" dress, which babies then wore for the first three months, was beautifully hand-tucked and embroidered. But it was stiff with huge rusty stains, and I couldn't deceive myself about these; I knew with a pitiful certainty, *The mother's life blood; she would never have given up her baby.*

The young woman continued, "I haven't anyone to turn to, and nowhere to go. The baby will be better off with you girls." She stumbled to her feet and went slowly out of sight beyond a bend in the road.

The infant cried ceaselessly. Hazel and I, as the oldest girls in large families, had had some experience with babies, and we took turns fondling it and holding it near the fire, or under our coats against the warmth of our bodies, but it only sucked at its cold little fist and screamed, or whimpered, with hunger.

The occasional cart still went by, loaded with pathetic belongings and family members. After what seemed endless hours of our futile efforts to comfort the baby, one of these stopped. It was drawn by a scrawny nag and topped by several dirty, shivering children. The driver, a sturdy young matron wearing a man's rubber-boots and a huge reefer over a bedraggled dress, got down and crossed the field to our fire.

"I heard a baby crying," she stated simply.

When we had explained she offered, "I'd better take it. I have relatives ten miles farther on, and if I can get that far, they'll have milk."

We gladly relinquished our charge. She returned to her driver's seat, and had snuggled the still wailing infant inside the breast of her big coat when she picked up the reins and moved out of our further knowledge.

Shortly after this our group gained its final member, Patsy's older sister, who had been wandering aimlessly since the blast struck the downtown dry-goods store where she clerked. Soon pretty Dottie and susceptible Laurence had established a *rapport* which excluded schoolgirls, and Patsy was leading our attempt to coast down a small snow-crust on our schoolbags. We were ashamed of our frivolity when Lester came from the shed and we saw his face. Despite all he could do, the black man's last blood had ebbed into the sodden hay.

As if this were a signal, the sky, which had been a blue silk canopy, became a frayed grey blanket smothering the sun; a rising wind brought a stabbing chill and the smell of storm. The field was revealed as bleak and lonely; the fire by which Laurence huddled was now no more than a symbol of warmth and all the field's scattered bits of wood had been consumed. We were cold, hungry and miles from home. By then the magazine at Wellington Barracks had been flooded and most refugees had returned to the city, but we could not know this—only that we must try to get home, danger or no. Lester, now our accepted leader, had seen railway tracks near the foot of the slope. "We can walk these to the junction at Fairview—only two or three miles—and get on the Bedford road there," he encouraged us.

But Laurence's home was far from Bedford. Again he protested, "Don't worry about me. I'll be all right here. I've slept out in my greatcoat before." I was tired and worried enough to want to shake him—*and* his greatcoat. But he was one of us now, and the thought came, *Perhaps he thinks he can't walk far on his wounded foot and doesn't want to hinder the rest of us.* We couldn't leave him there in

the field . . . Then, on Dottie's charming invitation to be a guest in her home, he joined us—not limping too badly, although we had to wait now and then for him to catch up with us as we made our way along the railway ties.

As we set out, dusk swooped down, though in the lowering sky it was impossible to know how much was nightfall, how much smoke from burning Richmond and how much the murk which heralded snow. At Fairview, Lester left us, turning back towards the stricken city and the work awaiting all those able to keep upon their feet.

Halifax owed much to the Armed Services during that appalling day and night, and for many days and nights to come. Besides the fire-fighting and rescue work shared with civilians, the army at once proclaimed martial law, seized important supplies for equitable distribution, placed sentries and kept mounted guards on patrol. They rushed hundreds of bell-tents to the North Common and set them up. The navy provided patrols and turned ships into floating hospitals. Meanwhile city authorities seized every available building for emergency hospitals, food kitchens, or shelters for the homeless. Schools served as morgues. Encouragingly, the first trickle of what became a flood of relief supplies began to reach the city and despite the cold, the lack of power and communication lines, the work of rescue and succour went on among the wrecked and burning homes.

Our group saw or knew nothing of this suffering and self-sacrifice; once we turned towards Bedford the devastated city lay behind us; it was frightening enough that no usual gleam from house window or street lamp pierced the blackness of our plodding way. Then, nearing Rockingham, we saw the rear-lights of a stopped train. We could scarcely credit our eyes. Tiredness left our legs, the straps of schoolbags cut our shoulders less cruelly. We ran for those lights, and reached them in time to climb aboard the DAR train as

it began to move. This train had approached within four miles of the city (nearer than that the rails had been torn up) and was now carrying slightly wounded and homeless persons "up the line" where they would be cared for. Most commuters had already made their way home, and we recognized none of the other passengers. Many of the faces had a bandage angling across the forehead, or holding a jaw; all were emptied and dulled by shock and grief. Even the conductor's usual ruddy, good-natured face was pale and haggard.

Hazel and I sat across the aisle from the double seat of the others, and the train crawled slowly towards Bedford. On my infrequent night rides I had liked to watch the cosy homes slip by, to glimpse the lighted kitchens and living-rooms, with now and then a pink glow through bedroom curtains above them; to picture the people in those soft-lit rooms, all those lives, so different but so like one another's, and mine. Now the houses were black blobs, stations were passed undetected, or faintly glimpsed in the gleam from the train windows, or in the swath cut through the darkness by the headlights as the train rounded one of the shore's many curves—the only lights in all the black night. The comforts of a seat and the warm car, my reflected face drifting, ghostly blurred, across the night-backed window, made it agony to keep awake, but as we approached Dottie's and Patsy's station, something in the voices across the aisle caught my attention. The sisters had become afraid that their strict English father might not welcome a soldier they had "picked up", and they were stammering distressed withdrawals of their earlier invitation. Again Laurence was promising to make out somewhere in his greatcoat. Then Rose (with her long golden hair still neat, her good manners still intact, even after such a day) was assuring everybody that Laurence could come home with her. The sisters left the train with somewhat shamefaced, but relieved, goodnights.

I think mine was not the only sinking heart when the brakes sighed and the four of us stepped down upon the Bedford station's deserted platform. Nowhere could we see a glimmer of light nor a movement. The silent brakeman swung his lantern, but sent no hearty "All aboard" to echo from the depot's windowless walls. The train started with subdued huffings, as if reluctant to break the queer silence. The tail light blinked away tears, the whistle wailed for the day's catastrophe, as the engine sadly climbed the grade, and was lost in the distance.

Like me, each of the other girls had no doubt been picturing her home, once reached, as a sure haven; each must now be wondering, *What will I find where I left family and home this morning?* I sensed that Rose was remembering her mother's suspicion of soldiers—her own boys were too young for the services, and garrison troops were not the brothers and their chums who, for me, typified soldiers. Hazel's home would welcome any in need (in fact it was already sheltering a refugee family), but Hazel was even shyer than I, and she has no brother overseas. It was up to me. I moved nearer to where Rose and Laurence faced each other in embarrased silence. Before Laurence could again refer to that greatcoat, I told them, "I have a brother in France. If our house is still standing, there'll be room in it for a returned soldier."

Laurence limped the few steps to join me. Wearily we all exchanged goodnights and, as I led Laurence across the road to the shortcut, the darkness swallowed both Rose and Hazel, as they walked in opposite directions towards their homes.

When we came to the first rocky steps, I remembered the sweet clear darkness of the late-August night on which I first reached Bedford. How Dad had met the train, had lit matches here to light the way for us children, how he had pushed the alders aside for us. *Where is Dad?* Then suddenly,

What am I doing here in these lonely woods with a strange soldier? Suppose . . . I knew a heartbeat of panic. Behind me, Laurence stumbled and I caught a whiff of formaldehyde. *Silly! Laurence would never harm me. And how his foot must be hurting. I should have taken him the easier way around, even if it's longer.*

Finally we broke out of the last bushes and I stopped short. *Home should be right in front of us. Can that be it? Only that blacker square against the black sky?* But as we walked around the black square towards the back door, I could feel a warmth and homeiness through the walls, and the knot which had been tightening around my heart all the way from the station loosened slightly.

Still I had to brace myself to open the door to our kitchen-livingroom. Lamplight and—Yes! Dad. Mother. My sister. One. Two. Three brothers. All unharmed. *Thank God. Thank God.*

Soot lay thick on many surfaces, especially noticeable on a tubful of wet white laundry. (The explosion had blown the stove-pipe down in the midst of Mother's morning wash). My favourite painting by Mother was pinned to the wall by three long glass spikes; the windows were battened tar-paper. I had never seen, and probably never shall see again, such a completely charming room. Nor such beautiful people. Such radiance as the weak kerosene lamp shed over all.

Mother was never one for words. After a long look at me, as I paused in the doorway, she stirred the fire and moved a kettle forward. "I kept your supper warm," she welcomed me.

I remembered my manners. "This is Laurence," I said, turning to the tall soldier behind me, grey-faced from pain and weariness.

Dad was already moving forward with outstretched hand. "Come in, son," he said. "Come in. Let me have your greatcoat. I'll hang it up."

Suddenly I was dizzy, from hunger and long cold miles, but mostly from warmth and happiness—and with relief at Dad's solution to a nagging problem. *Of course! That's what to do with greatcoats. Not sleep in 'em. Hang 'em up!*

I hadn't known when I arrived safely home, but I soon learned about the magnitude and horror of what had happened to Halifax that morning when the MONT BLANC, a French munition ship, had collided with the Norwegian relief ship IMO, and caught fire. Despite the heroic efforts of fire-fighters from naval craft, the culmination was the greatest madmade explosion before Hiroshima. The MONT BLANC became shards of red-hot metal and piercing shrapnel, while the concussion from the explosion scythed down everything in its path. Buildings collapsed and buried their inhabitants, fires sprang up immediately. Small vessels were sunk and many people drowned by the great wave created when MONT BLANC exploded, and which washed over the northern section of the waterfront and adjacent streets.

An accurate count of victims was impossible but 2,000 dead, 6,000 maimed or blinded, and 6,000 rendered completely homeless were the figures which came to be generally accepted.

Statistics are impersonal. The bereaved, maimed and homeless were *people*. That winter on the streets of the crushed city, valiantly striving to regain its feet, reminders were everywhere. Among the saddest sights were the children with an empty eye-socket showing the dull blue discolouration which marked the Explosion's wounds. The commons long held the make-shift wooden shelters which replaced the army tents where people had died and babies had been born during the wild blizzard which struck less than twenty-four hours

after the fiery blast. At Richmond School many teachers and approximately a hundred children had perished when the building collapsed upon them; two hundred children and all the staff of the Protestant Orphanage died, and fifty were killed at St. Joseph's.

By mid-January the least damaged school buildings were reopened to staggered classes, and Halifax had begun its fight back to normalcy.

When Waverley Wished For Gold

JOHN HARTLEN

"Arsenical pyrites, you are aware, are often found here with gold . . . "
—In letter of February 25, 1862, from Henry How, King's College, to Henry Poole, concerning Poole's 1861 "List of Geological Specimens collected during survey . . . under orders from the Provincial Government."[1]

"It's gold!" Everywhere in Nova Scotia, in the 1860's!

In May, 1860, John Pulsifer found some gold at Tangier. His was "the earliest discovery of gold in Nova Scotia made known to the public", the Chief Gold Commissioner reported.[2] But, there were other prospectors. And, some hid their find. So, Nelson Nickerson of Sherbrooke "was discovered by the sound of his hammer. On the 18th of October, 1861, when this fact became generally known, over two hundred assembled on the ground who on that day, as is generally supposed, obtained gold by breaking quartz, to the amount of $400. worth", the Gold Commissioner wrote.[3]

Late in 1860, Joseph Howe, Provincial Secretary, William Anderson, Surveyor and Magistrate, and Henry How, chemist and mineralogist of King's College went, guided by

Indians, to the newly found and remote Tangier diggings. Joseph Howe described the scene, and the times, in a letter to the Lieutenant Governor, the Earl of Mulgrave.

> "On arriving within half a mile of the diggings, traces of the operations of the adventurers were discoverable. Trial holes were found, and wherever a quartz rock was seen, it had been broken up by those in search of the precious metal."
>
> Howe continued, "As we advanced these "signs" accumulated, and the sounds of mauls and picks rang sharply on the ear, till we found ourselves in the midst of a scene of active industry (however misdirected) in many of its features interesting, and novel to our country . . . Some were digging pits, some smashing the quartz rock . . . Some were washing the earth with tin pans beneath their knees, and others were preparing to construct pumps to throw out the water, which at two or three feet below the surface appeared to encumber all the pits we saw—Their camps were scattered round with a circuit of two or three hundred yards, and were all composed of bark and spruce boughs . . . there was something extremely exciting in the contemplation of zeal and energy displayed. When the results were known, there was something half sad and half ludicrous in the scene—the buoyant step and flashing eyes of the new comers, just rushing out of the dense foliage, in hot haste to be rich, contrasted strangely with the subdued and doubting expression of those who had been digging and washing all day without a sight of the glimmering ore . . .".[4]

In 1861, six hundred men prospected at Tangier.[5] At year end, gold had been found at nine other locations. One site was Waverley.[6] Here, too, Joseph Howe was at the scene, and wrote to Lieutenant Governor Mulgrave,

. . . "gold was discovered on a wooded hill in the rear of Mr. Charles P. Allan's farm at Waverley, on Lake Thomas, about ten miles north from the Harbour of Halifax. I visited the place on Saturday last (Saturday, August 31, 1861) and found that some hundreds of dollars worth of gold had been taken out of the quartz boulders, lying about the surface of a hill some fifty acres in extent, rising rather abruptly from a small lake and marsh on its western side . . . The accounts rushed to the ground, and an ardour for speculation seemed to suddenly take possession of the whole community of Halifax. A company was immediately formed . . . and in the course of two days some fifty applications for claims were lodged with the Commissioner of Crown Lands . . . "[7]

The company formed was an association of Halifax merchants, named the Chebucto Mining Association.[8] The hill is American Hill. The farm was the property of Charles P. Allan, a Halifax furniture dealer, whose like for Sir Walter Scott's "Waverley Novels" was the reason for the name of his cottage, and the name of the village.[9] And, the name of the "small lake and marsh" that Howe wrote of is Muddy Pond.

The most important vein, or direction of gold, in West Waverley at the time was the Taylor vein, "first found on the free claim, selected by Taylor as discoverer."[10]

For other prospectors at Waverley or elsewhere, a standard Indenture form was soon devised, allowing the Lessor,

"To have and to hold the said tract of land, and the said beds, veins, and seams of gold, and gold bearing quartz, and all the other gold bearing rocks, and gold bearing earth, and gold, whether in quartz or otherwise . . . until the full end and term of twenty one years." Typically, the Lessor contracted to keep his mine in good repair, to expend a stated number of days in working it, and to keep books and records.[11]

By British law, ores were to be prospected only downward, within the vertical projections of property sidelines.[12] And in 1861, the Nova Scotia Commissioner of Crown Lands wrote his opinion that "Gold and Silver, classed under the head of royal mines, unless specially granted, remain the property of the Crown and, independent of any legislative authority, may be disposed of as the Crown wills. The Proprietor of the soil may, consequently, be restrained from working them. In addition to this constitutional right, our provincial statutes, by penalty and by forfeiture, make the restriction general", Commissioner Fairbanks wrote.[13] So, in a memorandum dated September 30, 1861, the Commissioner stated his long-titled "Rules and Regulations To Be Observed Respecting Claims For Working The Gold Fields In The Several Localities Where They Have Been Discovered."[14]

By the first regulation, "With respect to the privilege of prospecting for gold, or any other Minerals, over private property, liberty must first be obtained from the Commissioner of Crown Lands, the deputy on the spot, or the proprietor; the Mines and Minerals being vested in the Government, the right of entry to work these can be enforced if the proprietor refuses his consent", the Commissioner warned.

By Fairbank's other regulations, lots were to be surveyed by the Crown. The lots were to be rectangular, and numbered and staked at four corners by four stakes, or by holes drilled in solid rock. The sizes of lots were initially fixed at 33 by 30 feet, or at three quarters of an acre, or 250 feet by 140 feet, the longer dimension running in the direction of the strike, or vein. There was no limit on the number of claims, or lots. Small lots rented at $20 per year, or $5 down, the balance in ninety days. The price for larger lots was $160, or $40 down, the balance due in ninety days. The concession to "instalment renting" had been won earlier, by Tangier prospectors.[15]

Rentals were payable to the Crown, with an option to the Crown to levy a royalty fee or percentage in case that gold was found. One fifth the rental was to be paid "to the Proprietor of the Land . . . provided he gives his assent to the working of the mines within the licensed area".

A further memorandum of October 26, 1861 from Commissioner Fairbanks stated some changes in the gold finding regulations, including one that "Areas of five acres will be hereafter leased."[16]

The 1862 Assembly Journals reported six 5-acre lots, and 31 three-quarter lots rented for $6,960 total at Laidlaw's Hill at East Waverley. The rental proceeds to the Crown from Allan's farm, where gold was first found at West Waverley, totalled $140.[17]

The 1863 Assembly Journals reported 40 dwelling houses, "at an estimated cost of $3,560", and six steam and one water-powered crushing machines at a cost of $53,000 were built at Waverley since the start of mining operations two years earlier.[18]

Lieutenant Governor Mulgrave, following a visit to Waverley in 1861, described the crusher at Laidlaw's Hill in a letter to the Duke of Newcastle as "erected by Mr. Belt — a gentleman who has had considerable experience in Australia, and who now represents an English Company who have taken claims in this Province . . . It has 12 stampers, and has crushed 26 tons in the 24 hours, at a charge of $4 per ton." (The "English Company" that Mulgrave wrote of was the Nova Scotia Gold Mining Company of London, England).

Mulgrave continued, "I had a conversation with Mr. Belt the other day, when he informed me, that he had no longer any doubt, that most of the quartz in this country would yield a profit . . . yesterday, I saw two bars of Gold

which had been purchased at Sherbrooke and Wine Harbour, and I understand that, at least, 150 oz. will be sent home by the next steamer. Under these circumstances, I trust that I am not overly sanguine in thinking that there is little doubt that colony will soon rank as one of the gold producing countries of the world", the Lieutenant Governor wrote.[19]

But, Nova Scotia was not to become a major gold producer.

The Province's total gold production in all the years from 1862 to 1976 was 1.1 million fine ounces, less than the total of 1.7 million ounces produced in Canada in a single year, in 1974.[20]

From 1862 to 1976, four Gold Districts, Goldenville or Sherbrooke, Caribou, Oldham and Waverley produced 40 per cent of the Province's gold, the remainder having been produced by 61 other Districts.[21] Waverley's total gold production from 1862 to 1976 was 73,353 ounces, or 6.4 per cent of the Province's gold. More than one half Waverley's gold was extracted by year end 1868.[22]

Who prospered?

For Nova Scotia miners themselves, the gold soon went.

The 1864 Assembly Journals reported,

"During the height of the excitement in the Winter and Spring of 1862, the ground throughout the Gold Districts was covered with a greater depth of snow than had been known in Nova Scotia for many years. Nevertheless, during that season, many hundreds of mining areas were taken up by persons who had never seen even the surface soil of the tracts they applied for, upon the mere conjecture that they contained rich deposits of gold. The Spring opened, the snow disappeared but, in most instances, no Gold was found glimmering on the surface of these mining lots".[23]

In 1863, newly appointed Chief Gold Commissioner Samuel Creelman had referred to his new job of making "reports and plans respecting private lands required for mining purposes, with a view to ordering their re-investment in the Crown, and for ultimately settling the rate of Compensation to be paid to the proprietors."[24]

By the next spring, this policy was opposed by some landowners. And the Gold Commissioner's office recommended to discontinue "the seizure and re-investment in the Crown of lands already granted . . . likely to be wanted for gold mining purposes."[25]

> By 1864, the Chief Gold Commissioner concluded, "One important fact . . . is, tendency of mining lots already leased to small proprietors to fall into the hands of comparatively wealthy individuals and partnerships, or incorporated companies, the original lessees having seen the futility of holding them when they were unable to incur the outlay required to work them to advantage."[26]

Others wrote more plainly than the Gold Commissioner: so, "There are still streaks in California, Australia, and Vancouver Island, where a pick, shovel, and cradle, complete a mining outfit; but NOVA SCOTIA IS ESSENTIALLY THE RICH MAN'S DIGGINGS", mining promoter Alexander Heatherington wrote in large, uppercase letters in his 106-page "tourists and investors" Nova Scotia goldfields guide.[27]

In the 1860's, "It was a period of speculation: American and English speculators aimed at getting rich by fair means or foul, with the result that gold mining in Nova Scotia received a blow from which it took fifteen years to recover", Malcolm wrote in "Gold Fields of Nova Scotia."[28]

In 1866, six mining companies were working at Waverley.[29] A visitor to Waverley in June of 1866, who signed himself "An Occasional Contributor" to the Acadian Recorder, wrote,

> . . . "There is a lack, however, of the private enterprise so prevalent at the first discovery of these and other diggings, small companies with limited means have disappeared before the operations of larger companies . . . For the whole distance along the diggings road and piles of broken quartz and slate surrounding the pit houses are the unmistakeable evidence of the industry going on beneath the surface; at a distance of every ten or fifteen feet on both sides of the road a pit has been opened and new shafts are daily being sunk . . . It (work) never ceases except on Sundays, and then only from twelve o'clock, on Saturday night till one a.m. the following Monday."

The writer continued, "Situated at the diggings is the house of Mr. Krackaweizer, the enterprizing agent of the Lake Major Mining Company. Built in the most modern and commodious style and adorned besides (it) forms a great contrast to the dingy looking shanties in the vicinity." But "wages are good", the writer added.[30]

> For wages, Heatherington wrote in 1868,
> "Miner's wages have varied little since gold mining began. The present rate is from $1.10 to $1.50 for pitmen; boys and carters receive from 75 cents to one dollar; and mechanics get from $1.50 to $2.00 a day. Amalgamators are paid $75 to $100 per month; and mining captains, $75 to $150. Board and lodging can be had at most of the diggings for $3 or $3.50 per week."[31]

But, for some, the wages weren't enough. For Heatherington believed, while "the gold stealers are generally black sheep more familiar with shot drill than with drilling rock . . . It is estimated that quite ten per cent of the gold is pilfered below; and the fact is well corroborated that while the Tudor Lode on Mr. Burkner's property at Waverley was being bored at its most productive part, a gang of twenty four men

at work upon it, massed their pickings and stealings together, and divided them equally at the end of each month, and their share *per man* (Heatherington emphasized) for two months in succession amounted to over sixty dollars".[32]

And, to corroborate Heatherington, the Nova Scotia Department of Public Works and Mines report on the Waverly Gold District reads that, in 1865, in addition to the 13,102 ounces of gold reported extracted at Waverley, "At least $50,000 to $60,000, or 2.500 to 3,000 ounces, if not more were stolen."[33]

Still, Heatherington believed that "Waverley has gained prosperity; its development being mainly due to notoriety, its notoriety, as stated, to its proximity to town. The same amount of labor expended in any other district would have given quite as good, if not better results, for the average per ton is low, and the profits from mining in this district are due to the large scale on which operations have been conducted. From a settlement containing about twenty farm houses in 1860, Waverley has risen to a village of considerable importance, whose inhabitants may be estimated at nearly two thousand", Heatherington wrote in 1868.[34]

The "notoriety" that Heatherington thought of may have stemmed from an earlier incident at Waverley. The Morning Chronicle of December 27th, 1865 reported,

> "On Christmas Day a row occured in the village of Waverley, during which a man named John McPherson, a native of Prince Edward Island, was shot, and it is feared mortally wounded. He received twenty eight shots in the breast, from a fowling piece . . . It is stated that the wounded man was not a party to the row, but was merely passing by at the time of the occurence . . ."[35] and "The one street running the whole length of the village is graced on either side by numerous grog-

geries which flourish and spread their pernicious influence throughout the whole settlement," a visitor to Waverley wrote.[36]

By 1868, Waverley's "gold rush" had ended. From the Census of 1871 until 1901, the population of Waverley was constant, at about 1,000 persons, less than the total of "nearly two thousand" reported by Heatherington.[37]

In 1870-71, the Geological Survey of Canada Progress Report and Hind's "Report On The Sherbrooke Gold District" stated reasons other than crime and pilfering for the early decline of the gold mining industry. These included the rash expenditure of capital to purchase mining rights; the too hasty construction of elaborate machinery for treating the ores; and "picking the eyes out of the mine", or selecting the richest ore material, having a value far in excess of anything likely to be an average yield, for stock marketing and land speculation purposes. Other reasons reported were too high dividends payments, and the frequent incompetency of mines managers.[38]

The Assembly Journals recorded that, in 1872, Waverley's American Hill Mining Company had been let to "a company of miners who have employed, altogether, some 16 men."[39] Malcom's "Gold Fields" report stated that operations by gold mining companies in Nova Scotia had "almost completely discontinued" by the same year.[40] And, the Department of Mines Report for 1873 read,

> "A complete change has taken place in the system of working the Gold Mines, and with the change there has been a great falling off in the number of men engaged, and a consequent decrease in the yield of gold. The change referred to, is the almost total discontinuance from operating by companies and the introduction of the system of working the mines by tribute.

"Two or more practical working miners agree among themselves to take a mine, often one that an agent for a company has failed to work at a profit, for a term of six months or a year, with the understanding that they pay to the owners a percentage of the value of the Gold extracted."

The 1873 Mines Report continued,

"The great objection to tributing . . . is the desultory method it introduces. The backs of the leads are stripped, and the trenches thus made, become reservoirs for water. No more timber than is absolutely necessary for the immediate safety of the mine, as a rule, is used, and in districts where the country rock is fissile, a crushing in of the walls sooner or later takes place."[41]

Another "serious disadvantage" to the system of tributing was neglect to keep plans of the mine workings, according to Malcom.[42] "Tributing" was widespread in Nova Scotia gold mines, especially in the 1870's, 1880's and in the 1930's. By 1878, the Waverley District "did not share in the general prosperity, but produced less than in any previous year since 1870 . . . Much prospecting was done, without success."[43] In 1882, one mine was opened but, "The District, however, still continues in a depressed state."[44] And in 1886, Nova Scotia gold mining "average earnings per man per day and year, at 300 working days, $18 per oz. was $3.25 per day, or $975 a year," the Assembly Journals recorded.[45] But if the mines were failing, where and how deep should a gold mine be?

In 1863, J. Campbell wrote in "Nova Scotia Gold Fields" that, "without a through trail by deep sinking, miles of a run containing millions worth of gold may be abandoned as worthless."[46] The next year the Gold Commissioner reported, "Few mining areas upon any of the gold fields exceed 100 feet in depth."[47]

By 1900, geologists were pondering a new Geological survey of Canada "pay zone" theory. By that theory, certain auriferous or gold bearing veins might not have showed at the surface at all; and "Certain facts point to the existence in most Districts of zones extending to a considerable depth in which a succession of auriferous, interbedded quartz veins of similar character and extent lie superimposed one above the other," Malcom explained.[48]

In 1906, Mr. T. A. Rickard was hired by the Nova Scotia Government to report on the condition of gold mining in the Province. His report was "never made public, though it has always been accessible," the 1926 Mines Report stated. Rickard wrote, "There is no justification for the idea that gold ore persists to a depth of 14 miles, or even the eroded eight miles. There is ample testimony for the belief that it rarely reaches below one mile. Of a thousand discoveries of gold ore about nine hundred will persist to 500 feet, one hundred to 500 feet and one to 1,000 feet in vertical depth, Rickard argued.[49]

By 1910, the Legislature was prepared to encourage deep mining, by offering financial assistance to sink a vertical shaft to a depth of 2,000 feet.[50] The deepest excavation at Waverley was dug on the Dominion Lead, or vein. [51]

The Waverley Gold District report states that, in 1876, "On the underlying Dominion Lead, the main shaft reached 128 feet."[52] By 1895, its depth was 500 feet.[53] In 1898, the main Dominion shaft was down 640 feet, and tunneled at its 225 foot level, a distance of 687 feet west and 625 feet east, and cross tunneled north and south to join other leads at the 225 foot level. Seven additional shafts, from 35 to 290 feet, were sunk on the Lead. A ninth Dominion Lead shaft, its depth unmarked, is shown on a Geological Survey plan of the Waverley Gold District.

But, the Dominion Lead's gold bearing quartz vein, 15 inches wide at the surface, showed "a mere film of quartz" at its 500 foot depth, Malcom's "Gold Fields" report stated.[54]

In total, the 1898 survey of the Waverley Gold District showed 138 mining shafts at West Waverley, dug on some 24 leads or veins; and an additional 31 shafts or mining pits with depths unmarked. Thirty two shafts were dug to 200 feet and over; 27 from 100 to 200 feet deep; and the remaining 79 shafts with known depths ranged from 12 to 100 feet.

At East Waverley, a tunnel was begun in 1888 five feet above lake level, and driven 640 feet into the side of a 200 foot high hill; and a ventilating shaft sunk over the tunnel to reach the quartz on the "Barrel Lead".[55] "Shaft Number 1" at East Waverley had reached a depth of 400 feet, inclined at 55 degrees by 1898; and was tunneled at four levels, or depths. A second shaft had reached a depth of 220 feet, and a third, named the "Pig" shaft on the 1898 survey plan, was down 60 feet. Eighteen other mining shafts or pits are shown on the 1898 East Waverley survey map.[56]

In the next years from 1901 to 1903, a few tributors were at work at West Waverley; while Laidlaw's Hill at East Waverley was once again extensively mined. The gold returns during those three years totalled 7,805 ounces, or about one quarter the amount of gold extracted in Waverley's three peak gold production years from 1864 to 1867.[57]

In its 1903 report, the newly formed "Waverley Mining Company" stated, "Labour is cheap and good, drillmen $1.60 to $1.75, muckers and trammers, $1.25 to $1.40. Timber is plentiful and the climate is that of lower New England. Supplies are quickly and easily obtained from Halifax." The Waverley Mining Company employed from 70 to 160 men in the years 1901 to 1903, before its license was cancelled.[58]

By 1926, the interest of mining officials was once more centred on the gold mining industry. The Nova Scotia Mines Report for that year contained several technical papers supporting that policy direction. "Nova Scotia gold has hardly yet been touched", one mining engineer wrote.[59] And, "Generally speaking, it is only the larger companies, with the necessary funds to block out and develop large bodies of ore, that can produce gold at a cost sufficient to justify mining it," the Mines Minister reported in 1926.[60]

Considerable gold mining activity followed. So, at Oldham, "The Old Sterling Slope, which reached a depth of 1900 feet was unwatered to the 700 foot level, a vertical distance of about 350 feet," the 1926 Mines Report stated. Other work was reported in 1926 at Goldenville or Sherbrooke, the Province's longest producing gold district, at Cochrane Hill, Beaver Dam, Kemptville, in the Killag District, at Malega, Moose River, Mount Uniacke, Stormont, Tangier, and in the Leipsigate District in Lunenburg County.[61]

In April, 1935, the newly formed Lake Thomas Gold Syndicate commenced mining operations at West Waverley, by "agreement with the Gold Fields American Development Company, an American subsidiary of the parent company, the New Consolidated Gold Fields, London, England, owners of the mining equipment installed at Waverley by Minerals Limited had earlier been incorporated under the laws of Nova Scotia.[62]

The Lake Thomas Syndicate wrote in its 1935 Waverley "Dominion Mine" prospectus, "In the Hardy vein alone . . . it is estimated that there are 300,000 tons of ore now available . . . Taking an average value of $15 per ton, this body of ore would produce $4,500,000 and supply a 100 ton mill for approximately ten years . . . We own and offer 1,000 units of this Syndicate at $20 each . . . Watch Waverley. We strongly recommend participation in this offering, the "Syndicate wrote.[63]

In December, 1936, the Lake Thomas Syndicate operation was taken over by Waverley Consolidated Gold Mines Limited, under the same directorship as Lake Thomas Syndicate.[64] Then, "Work ceased September, 1937 . . . until larger mining and milling equipment can be installed", the 1937 Mines Report stated.[65]

In April 1938, an entrepreneur under agreement with the Waverley Consolidated Gold Mines erected a small plant for treatment of the mine tailings lodged at Muddy Pond.[66] And in November of 1938 two groups of tributors left the mine workings at West Waverley, to commence work at East Waverley on two sections of the Barrel Lead on Laidlaw's Hill.[67]

A mines inspection report of April 26, 1939 for Laidlaw's Hill read, "Of the 17 men previously working, only 8 are carrying on now."[68]

Or, perhaps there was no gold . . .

Some years earlier, in 1924, a paper entitled "An Investigation of The Tailings And Rock Dumps At The Gold Mines of Nova Scotia" was printed in the Nova Scotia Department of Public Works And Mines Report. The document stated, "The recent demand for arsenic, with the consequent increase in its price, has revived the hope that some of the old tailings dumps could be profitably re-worked for their gold and arsenic content."[69] In 1925, arsenic itself was mined near Waverley by the Wellington Arsenic Company.[70] By the next year, gold mines at Sherbrooke or Goldenville and elsewhere were recovering arsenical concentrates as a by product of their operations.[71] Earlier, Malcom had reported in "Gold Fields" that companies had been formed at different times to recover arsenic from the mispickel, or arsenopyrite, in which gold itself is sometimes found, but without success.[72]

A "Table of Samples And Assays of Old Tailings Dumps" in the 1924 Mines Report showed that mine dumps, or wastepiles, contained traces of gold, silver and arsenic. But, ironically, it was claimed by some mining experts that "lavish use of cyanide for dressing the (mine milling) plates gradually leached the gold from the tailings dumps", so that the re-mining in 1924 of mine waste in places where cyanide had been used in gold milling in the early part of the century would not be economical. "This explanation is very plausible, as cyanide was used freely, and the dumps being small would be pretty thoroughly saturated by the dilute solvent solution," according to the 1924 Report.[73] And, at Waverley, "In 1901, a cyanide plant was erected by Sidney Smith, but after treating 2,000 tons of tailings, it was shut down, not enough gold being extracted to make it pay," Malcom's "Gold Fields" report stated.[74]

An entry in the "Table Of Assays" in the 1924 Mines Report for the east Waverley Gold Mining Company read, "All In Lake". The approximate tonnage of mine waste material in the lake is unknown, by the 1924 Mines Report.[75] The exact location of the East Waverley mine wastepile is on the short waterway between Lakes William and Thomas, once a part of the Shubenacadie Canal River system. The effect of the mine dumping was to narrow the waterway between the lakes, while providing a convenient location, downhill from the mine workings, for the placing of mine waste material. Its location, along with the removal of the Canal drawbridge at Waverley, is likely one reason why Canal owner Lewis Fairbanks was "harrassed by persons opulent and in high places," as reported by Mary Lawson in the "History of The Townships of Dartmouth, Preston and Lawrencetown."[76]

The East Waverley mine landfill site is now used as a baseball playing field, while the lakes show traces of arsenic silt as a result of previous lakeshore gold crushing operations;

and are (in 1976) recommended by health officials to be tested monthly for arsenic water contamination.[77]

Four additional tailings or mine waste dumps are located at West Waverley, by the 1924 Mines Report.[78]

FOOTNOTES

1. 1862 **Assembly Journals,** Appendix 2, p. 59. Henry How analyzed geological specimens collected by Henry Poole. Poole had prepared his "List of Geological Specimens Collected doing survey, under orders from the Provincial Government, in the Western Part of Nova Scotia by Henry Poole, in 1861," in 1862 **Assembly Journals,** Appendix 2, p. 36. A similar report was done for Eastern Nova Scotia by J. S. Campbell, in "Report On The Gold Fields" (A report to the Commissioner of Crown Lands), 1862.
2. 1863 **Assembly Journals,** Appendix 6, p. 7 For early gold discoveries, see especially A. Heatherington, **"A Practical Guide for Tourists, Miners, and Investors and All Persons Interested in the Development of the Gold Fields of Nova Scotia",** 1868.
3. 1862 Report of the Chief Gold Commissioner, cited in W. Malcom, **"Gold Fields of Nova Scotia",** 1812, p. 226.
4. 1861 **Assembly Journals,** Appendix 9, p. 2.
5. W. Malcom, Op. Cit., p. 240.
6. 1863 **Assembly Journals,** Appendix 6, p. 30. The ten locations were: Tangier, Wine Harbour, Sherbrooke or Goldenville, Stormont-Isaac's Harbour, Stormont-Country Harbour, Oldham, Renfrew, the Ovens at Lunenburg, Lawrencetown and two discoveries at Waverley on August 23 and September 14, 1861. (Latter dates from W. Malcom, Op. Cit., p. 251).
7. 1862 **Assembly Journals,** Appendix 2. (Letter of September 4, 1861, Howe to Mulgrave).
8. W. Malcom, Op. Cit., p. 251.
9. Waverley Ratepayer's Association Booklet, **This is Waverley",** p. 7.
10. W. Malcom, Op. Cit., p. 252.
11. Vol. 18, **Gold Mines Records,** Public Archives of Nova Scotia. The indenture from which this wording is copied is a standard printed oversized blue form, that seems to have been commonly used for a time in the letting of claims.
12. Arnold Hoffman, **"Free Gold, The Story of Canadian Mining",** 1847, ch. 6. The restriction re vertical projections was stated also in Fairbank's memo (see note 14, below).
13. 1862 **Assembly Journals,** Appendix 2, p. 25 (Letter from Commissioner Fairbanks to Joseph Howe).
14. **Ibid.,** Appendix 2, p. 30.
15. 1861 **Assembly Journals,** Appendix 9.
16. 1862 **Assembly Journals,** Appendix 2, p. 31.
17. **Ibid.,** p. 32.
18. 1863 **Assembly Journals,** Appendix 6, p. 30, Table B-5.
19. **Ibid.,** p. 5. Mulgrave was at Waverley on October 21, 1861.

20. Nova Scotia Department of Mines, **"Geology, Minerals and Mining in Nova Scotia,,'** Information Series No. 1, 1976. Total Nova Scotia gold production from 1862 to 1976 is listed at 1,139,390 fine ounces. Also, Statistics Canada Catalogue No. 26-2901, **"General Review of Mining Industries"**, Total Canadian production for 1974 was 1,698,392 ounces.
21. Nova Scotia Department of Mines, "**Geology, Minerals and Mining In Nova Scotia"**, 1976. The figures are: Goldenville or Sherbrooke, 210,152 ozs., Caribou, 91,381 ozs., The total is 460,181 ozs., or 40.4 per cent of the total of 1,139,390 ozs. for all 65 "Gold Districts".
22. **Ibid.** Also, 1927 **Mines Report,** p. 739. Waverley produced 39,642 ozs., or 54 per cent of its gold total of 73,353 ozs. in the years 1862 to 1868, incl.
23. 1864 **Assembly Journals,** Appendix 9, p. 3.
24. 1863 **Assembly Journals,** Appendix 5, p. 6.
25. 1864 **Assembly Journals,** Appendix 9, p. 12.
26. **Ibid.,** p. 4.
27. A. Heatherington, Op. Cit., p. 105.
28. W. Malcom, Op. Cit., p. 6.
29. **Ibid.,** p. 253.
30. **Acadian Recorder,** July 2nd and 4th, 1866, p. 2.
31. A. Heatherington, Op. Cit., p. 117.
32. **Ibid.,** p. 119.
33. 1927 **Mines Report,** p. 729.
34. A. Heatherington, Op. Cit., p. 58.
35. **Morning Chronicle,** December 27, 1865, p. 2.
36. See note 30.
37. Census of Canada, **"Population By Census Subdivisions,** 1871-1941."
38. Cited in W. Malcom, Op. Cit., pp. 6, 7.
39. 1873 **Assembly Journals,** Appendix 11, p. 23.
40. W. Malcom, Op. Cit., p. 7.
41. 1873 Mines Report, cited in Edwin Gilpin, **"The Mines and Mineral Lands of Nova Scotia,"** 1880, p. 44.
42. W. Malcom, Op. Cit., p. 118.
43. 1878 **Assembly Journals,** Mines Report, Appendix 6, p. 42.
44. 1883 **Assembly Journals,** Mines Report, Appendix 6. p. 8.
45. 1887 **Assembly Journals,** Mines Report, Appendix 6, p. 59.
46. J. Campbell, **"Nova Scotia Gold Fields",** 1863, cited in A. Heatherington, Op. Cit., p. 38.
47. 1864 **Assembly Journals,** Appendix 8, p. 4.
48. E. R. Faribault, **"The Gold Measures of Nova Scotia and Deep Mining",** 1899, In 1926 **Mines Report,** pp. 193-205. Also, W. Malcom, Op. Cit., p. 104.
49. T. A. Rickard, **"Gold Mining In Nova Scotia",** In 1926 Mines Report, pp. 163-177.
50. W. Malcom, Op. Cit., p. 9
51. Data on mining excavations at Waverley in this and following paragraphs are as reported on the Geological Survey of Canada 1901 **"Geological Survey Plan of the Waverley Gold District."** The survey at Waverley was done in 1898—see W. Malcom, Op. Cit., p. 256.

52. 1927 **Mines Report,** p. 717.
53. **Ibid.,** p. 719.
54. W. Malcom, Op. Cit., p. 251.
55. **Ibid.,** p. 255.
56. see note 51.
57. 1927 **Mines Report,** pp. 722-739.
58. Papers on Waverley Gold District in Department of Mines Library. Also, W. Malcom, Op. Cit., p. 225.
59. J. C. Murray, **"Gold Mining In Nova Scotia",** 1926 Mines Report, p. 191.
60. 1926 Mines Report, p. 5.
61. **Ibid.,** pp. 72-80.
62. Papers on Waverley Gold District in Department of Mines Library. Also, 1934 Mines Report, p. 102.
63. Papers on Waverley Gold District in Department of Mines Library.
64. 1936 Mines Report, p. 130.
65. **Ibid.,** 1937, p. 137.
66. **Ibid.,** 1938, p. 124.
67. **Ibid.**
68. see note 63.
69. 1924 Mines Report, p. 189.
70. **Ibid.,** 1925, p. 163.
71. **Ibid.,** 1926, pp. 72-81.
72. W. Malcom, Op. Cit., p. 72.
73. 1924 Mines Report, p. 192.
74. W. Malcom, Op. Cit., p. 253.
75. 1924 Mines Report, p. 199.
76. Mrs. Mary Lawson, **"History of The Townships of Dartmouth, Preston and Lawrencetown",** 1893, pp. 33-38.
77. See note 79.
78. 1924 Mines Report, p. 199.

Nova Scotia's Aid For The Sufferers of The Great Saint John Fire (June 20th, 1877)

DORIS PHILLIPS

One of the most disastrous fires ever to occur on this continent took place one hundred years ago, in Saint John, New Brunswick, on Wednesday, June 20th., 1877. The city was virtually wiped out.

Seneca once stated: "Fire is the test of gold; adversity, of strong men." Since its founding by Loyalists in 1783, Saint John suffered adversity often through fire,—but this sixteenth recorded fire was truly a great conflagration. Fanned by gale force winds, it burned out of control for nine hours, and laid in ashes 2/5 of the city. A baker fed bread to the hungry people the next morning as long as his supply lasted.

That same morning of June 21st, in Halifax guns were booming and bells chiming to celebrate Natal Day. It was a beautiful day as citizens woke, anticipating the festivities, which would be climaxed with a grand military promenade concert. Mr. Sichel at considerable expense and trouble had arranged this concert, as a private enterprise.

The Electric Telegraph office was destroyed in the fire, and it was nearly midnight before workmen were able to set up a line of communication. Thus, on the morning of Halifax's Natal Day, word came over the wires of the disaster. The spirit of gaiety in Halifax turned to one of grave concern for the sister-port and its inhabitants.

By handbills, Mayor M. H. Richey called a meeting for 3 o'clock in Temperance Hall in aid of the stricken city. Despite the short notice it was well attended. Many Halifax people had relatives and friends in Saint John, and the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church had held meetings in Halifax for the past four days, and several Saint John clergyman had occupied Halifax pulpits the previous Sunday, so there was great sympathy for the sufferers.

The Acadian Recorder of June 22, 1877 states that on the Temperance Hall platform were the following men: His Worship the Mayor, Archbishop Hannon, Sir William Young, C.L: Reverends Geo. M. Grant, George W. Hill, Dr. Topp, Dr. McGregor, Messrs. J. S. Maclean, W. J. Stairs, William Ackhurst, Honourable R. Robertson, Dr. Farrell, M.P.P., members of Halifax City Council, and other leading citizens. The Lieutenant Governor was in the Chair, and Mr. William Compton was appointed Secretary. Sir William Young read a telegram from Mayor S. Z. Earle of Saint John, of which the substance was, (according to the Acadian Recorder): "Whole business portion of the city destroyed. Thousands homeless and without food. Send all the cooked provisions that can possibly be got." A message of sympathy was passed, which invoked aid of the civil, military and naval authorities. Another resolution, after some discussion, (there was a question as to the legality of the procedure), was put to the meeting, and unanimously supported, requesting the City Council to borrow $10,000 for the relief of Saint John. A subscription list[1] was taken up, which received an excellent response, as is shown by the Treasurer W. S. Stirling's report

of $9040.07 actually paid in and $6000 subscribed but still to be collected. Many subscriptions of both firms and individuals ranged up to $500, and some firms had already wired Saint John to draw on them as soon as they learned of the fire. A General Committee was then appointed to oversee the collecting and Relief operations, which consisted of 55 men.

The timely gift of 50 barrels of flour, by Moir & Co. was much appreciated. When Mr. Sichel learned of the fire he offered to donate the entire proceeds of the concert to the Relief Fund. The mayor ordered the whole of the Public Gardens to be opened for promenaders at the concert. At such short notice however, they could not be illuminated. The concert took place in the rink, and its proceeds of $207.50 swelled the relief fund total.

There was prompt action at the western end of Nova Scotia, in Yarmouth. About $2000 was quickly subscribed, and the town hoped to raise $5000 rapidly. Businessmen hastily gathered clothing and provisions[2] and the steamer "Dominion" sailed, on the 21st, with a delegation "to see the ruins, and look after their friends" a newspaper account relates.

At Friday's Halifax committee meeting Hon. W. J. Stairs, reported that four carloads of food, and tent shelter for 4000 persons had left Thursday evening by special train for Saint John. The Mayor and correspondents went also. The H.M.S. Argus had sailed early Friday morning with more tents and supplies. More contributions had been received, totalling $500. A motion was made that "one person from each ward be appointed chairman for his respective ward with power to select not less than six persons as their own associates." Messrs. Dunbar and W. H. Hart were added to the general committee. It was determined to appoint an executive committee of seven to meet in the Council Chamber at 10 a.m. every morning and receive reports from sub commit-

tees. The ward chairmen appointed follow, together with their selected and approved associates:

Ward I—W. H. Neal, chairman, Alds. Brookfield, MacIntosh, Hart, Messrs. T. A. Ritchie, Henry Peters, W. Dunbar, James Stairs, J. J. Bremner, George Ackhurst, W. L. Lowell, Wm. Chisholm, Peter Ross, E. Morrison and Jas. MacIntosh.

Ward II—W. H. Hart, Chairman, A. Hesslein, Dr. Trennaman, Dr. Keith, R. B. Boak, J. F. Phalen, Thomas Spelman, R. Urquhart, Robt. Taylor, Levi Hart, Brooks Chipman, George Rout, Michael Power, A. H. Crowe and P. McKerrow.

Ward III—W. Ackhurst, chairman, Dr. Farrell, M.P.P., Alds. Forsyth, Connolly, and L. G. Power, John Doull, E. J. Lordly, John Pugh, H. G. Stayner, Patrick Duggan, Patrick Dillon, Thomas Walsh.

Ward IV—H. H. Fuller, Chairman, G. J. Troop, Wm. Esson, Edward Donohue, Wm. Duffus, Matthew Scalon, Willoughby Anderson, Thos. Walsh, W. M. Harrington.

Ward V—C. F. DeWolfe and R. W. Fraser, Chairmen, James Crawford, E. Jost, M. Lindsay, G. Franklyn, W. M. D. Pearman, D. H. Pitts, H. Blackadar, E. Bligh, W. Woodill, P. Hayden, B. Walsh, G. Wiswell, Thomas Power, J. M. Inglis and John Ead.

Ward VI—D. M. Story, Chairman, Robt. Pickford, J. H. Anderson, A. W. West, W. Veith, Isaac Creighton, John Mosher, Daniel Sullivan, Edward Leahy, Joseph Kaye, and Alds. McPherson, Nisbet and Taylor.

The Executive committee of seven appointed were: His Worship the Mayor, Hon'bles W. J. Stairs, L. G. Power and Dr. Parker; A. G. Jones, Esq. M.P., D. Cronan, and Thomas Ritchie, Esqrs.

Mayor Ritcey had wired that Blankets and Clothing of all kinds were immediately required. Mr. E. Lawson had communicated with the Ordnance authorities and reported that articles might be purchased as follows: Rugs: 9 d. sterling each; blankets 75c each; grey blankets 1s 2d. each. The following were appointed a Purchasing and Forwarding Committee, and Mr. Lawson's report was referred to them: W. Ackhurst, chairman. Alds. M. J. Power, Smith and Forsyth, and J. S. MacLean. T. E. King contributed $500 worth of readymade clothing.

For the use of storing contributions of clothing, etc, the City Market was offered and accepted, with Mr. H. P. Burton and Mr. John Cameron in charge of the reception and storing, sorting etc.

Mr. Naylor and Dr. Woodill went about town with a team that afternoon to collect contributions of clothing from door to door.

Messrs. Thomas and Co. contributed a case of hats, and Baxter Brothers a number of mattresses.

On the morning of the 22nd Dartmouth Town Council met. Present were His Honor the Recorder and Councillors Farrell, Turner, Mott, Stairs, Campbell and Walker. In the absence of the Warden, Councillor Mott acted as chairman. A public meeting was called for that evening in the Institute.

All seven Saint John newspapers had been destroyed, but printer George Day offered the use of his press, and thus a small issue of the Daily Telegraph was issued on June 21st. The Globe likewise got out a paper. The enormity of the disaster, as republished by the Acadian Recorder, spurred efforts all over Nova Scotia, as well as in all Canada, Great Britain and the United States to aid this 'city in ashes'. All along the line of the Intercolonial Railway people sent food and supplies. The railway offered to ship relief free of charge. Twenty thousand homeless was an appalling figure.

In Saint John a public meeting was held on Friday, June 22nd. Mayor Earle read telegrams from near and far, offering aid. Her Majesty Queen Victoria wired sympathy. Mayor Hamlin of Bangor, who had arrived with provisions from that city, spoke. He was followed by Mayor Richey of Halifax, who reported the public meeting there. Two cases of goods given by Anderson Billing & Co valued at $600, contained pants, vests, coats, shirts, skirts, mantles and hats. F. N. Baker sent 32 dozen 1 lb. cans of lobsters, and G. P. Mitchell & Sons had given 20 barrels of cornmeal. J. W. H. Rowley was on hand and spoke for the Yarmouth delegation. A large case of clothing was sent from William Cummings & Son, of Truro, and Canning, N.S. sent a cheque for $279.90. Mayor W. H. Sleep of Amherst spoke, and presented $400 on account, with promise of more, from his town. North Sydney had wired offers of coal. Sydney wired to draw $400 through the Bank of Nova Scotia. The Sons of Temperance National meeting in Detroit had wired $300. Boston's mayor brought an initial cheque, and said the steamer *Gallatin* was being sent with provisions. Mayor Earle read the following telegram from Pictou, N.S.: "New Caledonia Club sympathizes with their friends and your city in your awful calamity, and send by to-day's express, provisions and clothing for the destitute. The town sends to-morrow. Daniel T. Hislop." Annapolis Royal subscribed $1242. Boards of Trade sent prompt aid, as did the various Lodges to their fellow-brethern. Ottawa sent word that a special train with tents from Halifax and Quebec and huge quantities of foodstuffs would leave Montreal June 21st, and was to be delivered, no matter what hour, immediately on arrival. Hope and thankfulness replaced the feelings of doom in the hearts of Saint John's people. Mayor Richey's announcement that as he was leaving Halifax he was handed an envelope containing a dollar and eight cents, the savings of a little boy, prompted a query of his name, and when given, the meeting gave a hearty cheer for Willie Morrow.

The commodious Victoria Skating Rink in Saint John became the centre for Relief Work and was truly 'the busiest spot in town.' Floors were laid and stoves installed, and aid dispensed. More than 300 who could find no other shelter were fed, housed, and slept in the rink for nearly two weeks, and the rink was visited by thousands requiring aid. The Acadian Recorder of June 23, 1877 gives this picture in a special dispatch: "The platform around the rink is occupied by homeless men, women and children, most of them only half-clad, and many of them infants so young that this exposure and hardship must endanger their lives . . . the only happy ones are the children large enough to run about, whose laughter and prattle contrast strangely with the lamentation that surrounds them."

The special train from Halifax was heartily cheered as it pulled out of North St. Station, heading for Saint John. A party of the 97th Regiment occupied one of the cars, 2 cars were filled with bell tents, marquee and hospital tents, and four freight cars were filled with meat, bread, biscuit, tea, coffee, molasses and other staple foods. The troops would erect tents for the homeless, and do patrol duty. A detachment of the 62nd Regiment of militia and some artillery also were sent and encamped several days in Saint John, maintaining order and helping blow down the walls.

Saint John city had granted the use of King Square for merchants to set up temporary quarters. Many businesses advertised new quarters. The Post Office was now in the Court House, (which had not burned—nor did the jail). It is interesting that, through the foresight of Postmaster Ellis, seventeen bags of mail were sent to Reed's Point about 3 p.m. and a boat was seized to convey the Queen's Mail to Carleton. When the post-office doors closed at 5 p.m. flames were licking the walls, but "not a mail was lost, nor a letter misplaced" and the mail was delivered the next day!

The Province of New Brunswick voted $25,000 for immediate Relief. The Dominion Government gave $20,000. Other contributors of large amounts (in money plus supplies) were: Boston; Chicago; Bangor; Halifax (which gave upwards of $25,000 in money and provisions); Fredericton; Glasgow, Scotland; Hamilton, Ont.; Liverpool, England; San Francisco; Toronto; Maritime Association, New York; Philadelphia; Portland, Maine; New York; London, Ontario; Charlottetown; and Montreal.

The fire, which started in bales of hay in a warehouse, consumed everything south of King Street, as well as the Dock/Mill St. area and wharves. Eighteen deaths resulted, and many people were injured. Sixteen hundred and twelve dwellings, with 2780 families in them, were levelled, as well as many public buildings and business establishments of all occupations; (5 banks, 13 churches, 2 orphanages, 7 hotels, 3 theatres, 6 schools, several Lodge quarters; City Building, Customs House, Post Office, Gas Works, along with numerous private businesses. Ten miles of streets were burnt over. Property losses amounted to $30,000,000, and insurance coverage was only about $7,000,000. Some ruined local insurance companies could pay nothing, but most, especially old English Companies paid up promptly and also contributed towards the relief fund. It seemed incredible that well-built brick and granite structures (such as the Victoria Hotel,—claimed to be the finest in the Dominion) and the seemingly impregnable Bank of New Brunswick were now skeletons—although the vault miraculously stood intact. Even before the ashes had cooled, men talked of rebuilding. But libraries and works of art and many treasures could never be replaced.

"Why", many asked, "did the water supply fail so early in the evening of June 20th?" The superintendent of the Water Works asserted that the supply of water *was* adequate, but the great waste by taps left open caused the pressure to become poor. The gale was the real culprit: with that wind it

was stated that all of the water in the harbour could not have kept the fire from spreading. I quote an interesting editorial in the Acadian Recorder of June 22, 1877: "Had a spark ignited in Halifax during the raging windstorms of Wednesday, who can determine, despite our unlimited water supply and excellent fire department, the extent of the mischief and the amount of the consequent loss . . . We have before us a long document from the City Engineer's report for 1876. He alludes to the alarming dearth of water at one time last year when 'happily rains came' . . . and speaks of the need to stop the enormous waste of water. Speaking of the leak at Nickerson's dam, the Engineer states: "It appears never to have been satisfactorily finished, and there is evidence of a leak as far back as 1848. I repeat, it is advisable to stop the leakage and to make the structure permanently secure. Should pressure cause the dam to burst, the city (of Halifax) would be deprived of water for months." Brought to public notice at this time, this caused much anxiety.

Nova Scotians were dismayed also at the number of N.S. vessels which were unable to escape from the Market Slip, where they were anchored, the tide being too low. Eight were totally burned, and one other suffered serious damage before it was towed from the Slip.

NOVA SCOTIAN VESSELS BURNED COMPLETELY IN THE MARKET SLIP

(Taken from R. H. Crowell's history)

Schooner "Angie Russell" 25 tons, from Canning, N.S. She had discharged a cargo of fish. Owned and commanded by Capt. Boylan; Schooner "Bear River" 37 tons, owned in Bear River by Capt. Winchester and others. She had on outward bound cargo; The schooner "Ella P." 23 tons, from Barrington, owned and commanded by Capt. Thurber, cargo, fish; the "Eliza Jane", 27 tons from Bay Shore, cargo, salt. Own-

ed and commanded by Capt. Bent; "L. L. Wadsworth" of Westport was a small fishing-schooner of 12 tons, owned by Capt. Brown, loaded with fish; the Schooner "Lily" of Weymouth, 8 tons registry, Capt. Israel; "Martha Rowan", schooner of 25 tons, from Westport, had cargo of codfish, Capt. Peters master and owner. The schooner "Star", 13 tons, Capt. Benson, also hailed from Westport, and had fish; the "Justice" from Westport, badly burned, was hauled out in time to prevent total destruction. Other N.B. scows and wood-boats were destroyed. Total losses of vessels and cargoes was about $40,000.

Mr. William Nannary's Theatre Group, which had performed on June 19th at the Academy of Music in Saint John, and were scheduled to enact "As You Like It" on the 20th, suffered the loss of most of their wardrobes in the fire. Some were rescued, but afterwards were stolen. Their business agent was Mr. W. E. Kelly of Halifax.

Despatches told of brave and daring acts during the fire. Young Johnny Murphy, a mere child, jumped from the second-storey window of his home with his younger brother in his arms. Men rescued women from burning buildings. But there were also cases of looting, and much drunkenness,—even an incendiary was feared to be at large. Tombstones in the Old Burying-Ground provided protection against the intense heat and flying sparks for many people and the few things they had saved.

On June 22nd the Halifax executive committee approved $2000 for the purchase of material and called on women to make up the garments required so urgently in Saint John. Over 100 women of 22 congregations responded, with Miss Cassie Fairbanks Secretary, and Mrs. Lawson, Mrs. Stephen Tobin and Mrs. W. S. Sterling a purchasing committee. Further funds were given to buy a quantity of underclothes. The needles must have flown, as one week later, their large ship-

ment was sent off to Saint John. Mattresses, stoves and dry and barrelled herring were sent by the Executive committee also, and at July 2nd subscriptions in the Halifax-Dartmouth report totalled nearly $25,000.

As a result of Dartmouth's public meeting, by July 2nd receipts from there totalled $2188.02. Most of these had been private donations. Among firms contributing were: Dartmouth Union Fire Company, $100; (Halifax section, $200); Employees Rope Walk, $17; collection at Christ Church, $44.66; Lemont & McDonald, $7; Union Protection Co., $50; John Wisdom & Son, $20, and about $500 more was expected, Treasurer George McKenzie stated.

Various means were employed to raise funds. Among these were the Amateur Musical Association concert, an entertainment at the Boys' Industrial School, a strawberry Festival on July 10th by the Ladies of the Free Baptist Church, bazaars, etc. The Deaf and Dumb School sent a parcel of clothing and $19 to the fund; the Halifax Quoit Club met to take up subscriptions.

It was resolved at a Halifax Fremasons' meeting, Grand Master Colonel Laurie presiding, that subscriptions be collected. Numerous individual amounts were given, plus amounts donated by Hiram Chapter, Windsor, $50; Welsford Lodge, Windsor, $50 and Virgin Lodge, $40, states the Acadian Recorder of June 28, 1877.

Among I.O.O.F. donations: (from Geo. Stewart's History): Pictou, N.S. Eastern Star Lodge, $200; Granville Ferry Guiding Star Lodge, $30; Spring Hill Eureka Lodge, $50; Vale Colliery, Moore Lodge, $50;—as well as supplies sent from many places, and from Fuller Lodge, Stellarton, $50. A notation appeared in the Acadian Recorder that Orient and Mystic Lodges, Halifax met June 28th to arrange relief for the secret distribution by the Saint John Lodge to needy brethern.

Thus, through the benevolence of countless "friends in need", the city which had been laid waste, was able to rise from the ruins. As one minister said in his sermon on the Sunday after the fire: "The scene is not wholly black, there are some bright spots. All is not lost, for we yet have Hope. There is genuine goodness in the human heart, as has been so nobly demonstrated."

John Boyd addressed a Saint John Public meeting with plans how merchants and others with any collateral, such as insurance money, might borrow from English firms willing to loan the city money, and by borrowing at 5% and loaning at 6% everybody would be able to obtain housing over his head. Subscriptions from many places continued to be sent, as well as provisions.

And so the old Loyalists City rebuilt . . . the city whose motto is well exemplified by its inhabitants with their indomitable outlook:

"O Fortunate One Whose Walls are Now Rising"

FIRMS SUBSCRIBING AT THE HALIFAX PUBLIC MEETING JUNE 21st, 1877

Note: Individuals are not listed, as too numerous . . . Some of these firms wired Saint John Relief committee to draw on them, and thus also appear on the Saint John list. However, most of the contributions were lumped into the $10,000 which the Halifax Relief committee promptly sent to Saint John, along with large quantities of supplies.

Wm. Stairs, Son & Morrow, $500; Doull & Miller, $500; J. Tobin & Co., $500; A. & W. Smith, $250; Esson & Co., $250; S. Cunard & Co., $250; Bauld, Gibson & Co., $500; E. G. & C. Staymer, $200; James Butler & Co., $150; E. Morrison & Co., $250; R. Boak & Son, $250; F. Carvell & Sons, $100; T. A. S. DeWolf & Son, $100; J. Silver & Co., $100; Lawson, Harrington & Co., $100; Mahon Bros. $100;

Macdonald & Co., $100; W. L. Lowell & Co., $200; H. Hesslein & Sons, $250; Weir Bros. & Co., $25; Almon & Mackintosh, $200; Pickford & Black, $400; Smith Bros., $200; G. P. Mitchell & Sons, $75; A. Stephen & Son, $50; Meagher & Chisholm, $75; Union Protection Co. $100; Motton & McSweeney, $50; E. Albro & Co., $50; Employees of E. Albro & Co. $50; McDonald & Rigby, $50; Rumsey, Johnson & Co., $50; Wm. Harrington & Co., $50; Healey, Whitman & Co., $50; D. Fraser & Son, $25; Muir & Blackadar, $20; Clerks and employees of S. Howard & Sons, $51.50; J. Harold & Co., $25; Richardson & Tupper, $20; Muirhead & Longard, $30; J. N. & T. Ritchie, $50; G. A. Kent & Co., $25; Little & McElwaine, $10; Employees of W. U. Tel. Co., $14.50; Barnaby, Healy & Co., $15; Davidson & Crichton, $25; W. G. Ross & Co., $20; Convent of the Sacred Heart donation, $15; W. & C. Silver, $100; A. M. McLeod & Co., $250; Smith & Co., $4; Employees of N.S. Printing, $63.50; Emp. of J. Scott, $8.50; I. Hogan & Sons, $20; Union Axe Co., $25; Domestics of the Halifax Club, $17.00; Benefit Society of the emp. of Halifax Gas Light Co., $100; Officers Bank of N.S., $45; Proceeds from Mr. Sichel's concert, $207.50; Forsyth & Co., $50; Thompson & Co., $100; St. Luke's Cathedral evening collection, $6.00; Employees at W. & A. R. R. Station, $8.26; Smp. do Kentville, $100; Emp. of Smith Bros., $3; Emp. of Dempster's Mill, $20; W. B. Mumford & Sons, $10; D. Reid & Co., $10; Farquhar & Forrest, $200; J. Pugh & Son, $50; A. G. Jones & Co., $250; Nurses, Infants Home, $2.50; L. Houlett & Co., $50; emp. Moirs & Co., at Bedford, $50.40; at Halifax $41.50; Union Engine Co., $200; Giffin & Norris, $5; White & Simmonds, $20; Irish & Smith, $20; Davis & Sheehan, $20; Lordly & Simpson, $20; Gordon & Keith, $50; P. & J. O'Mullin $50; Brown Bros. & Co., $50; employees T. E. Kenny, $54; emp. Yates shoe factory, $31.51; officers of Prov. & City Hospitals, $19; officials of Halifax Penitentiary, $33; Halifax City Police force, $51; J. S. MacLean & Co., $500; emp. R. Taylor & Co., $18.50; James Fraser & Sons, New Glasgow (sent through Halifax), $25; and Minehaha Temple, $5; Avery, Brown & Co., $100, Cooke & Co., $10; T. Tolloway & Son, $20; and Clayton Bros. $25.

SUPPLIES SENT FROM HALIFAX TO SAINT JOHN BY HALIFAX FIRMS: J. W. M. Kinnear & Co., 5 barrels flour; P. McInnes Co., 100 blankets; J. T. Power & Co., 50 barrels flour; Thomas & Bligh; Burns & Murray; Jennings & Co. (sent on the special train, with Halifax supplies)

LIST OF MONEY DONATIONS FROM NOVA SCOTIA (This has been compiled from information in the histories of George Stewart and Colonel Conwell.) AMHERST, $1000; ANNAPOLIS, $554; ARICHAT, $367; BEAR RIVER, $105; BROOKVILLE, $5.23; BRIDGETOWN, $393.92; BRIDGEWATER, $128.25; CANNING, $279.90; DIGBY, $700; GREENVILLE, $16; GUYSBOROUGH, $121; HALIFAX BOY, $1.08; HALIFAX, $10,000 (in cash); HALIFAX GARRISON MEN, $564.71; INTERNATIONAL MINES, $100; LIVERPOOL, $819.27; LONDONDERRY, $15; LOUISBURG, C.B., $27; METHODIST & BAPTIST CHURCHES OF CALEDONIA, $3.37; MUSQUODOBOIT, $5.25; NORTH SYDNEY, $400; NEW GLASGOW, $1000; PARRSBORO, $100; PICTOU, $1-232.46; PORT LATOUR, $68.27; PRESBYTERIAN CHURCHES WENTWORTH, N.S., $13; RIVER JOHN, PICTOU CO., $381.50; ROGERS HILL, $40.36; SPRINGHILL MINES, $218.95; ST. CLEMENTS, ANNA. CO., $20; STEWIACKE, $40; SYDNEY, C.B. $295.40; TRURO (public meeting) $2000; TRENTON (concert) $61; WINDSOR, $4287.32; WEYMOUTH EAST CONGREGATIONTIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL, $20; WENTWORTH PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, $3; YARMOUTH, $836.73.

Sent to Oddfellows' Fund: Pugwash, Crystal Wave Lodge, $11; Westville, Scotia Lodge, $50.

SUPPLIES received, acknowledged by Saint John accounts, therefore they must have been sent direct, from Nova Scotia towns and firms.

AMHERST, (to value of $1100); ANNAPOLIS, clothing to value of $742.37. ARGUS H.M.S. By order of Admiral, provisions (16100 lbs pork, 6552 lbs. beef, 3100 chocolate, 580 lbs. tea. (large quantities of supplies from Halifax also came on the Argus) BAYFIELD, clothing; Burns & Murray, supplies; BRIDGETOWN, supplies and clothing; Cummings, Wm. & Sons, Truro, supplies; DIGBY, provisions and clothing; GREAT VILLAGE, supplies; HALIFAX, 2525 blank-

ets, large quantities supplies, 50 stoves, 4 crates clothing; 2 barrels beef, 80 mattresses, 300 pillows. (Halifax sent as much or more in supplies and provisions as she did in cash, one source says. Hart & Co., Halifax, supplies; Jennings & Clay, Halifax, clothing; KENTVILLE, supplies; LOCKEPORT, clothing and bedding; LAWRENCETOWN, 29 packages clothing; LONDONDERRY, supplies; MAHONE BAY, clothing (Conwell gives this as Malone Bay, C.B.); McLean & Blaikie, Londonderry, supplies; NORTH SYDNEY, cargo of coal; Peke & Eaton, Halifax, tea; PORT MEDWAY, clothing; Primrose & Co., Halifax, 5 barrels flour; SACKVILLE, N.S., provisions; Stewart, C. J. Co., Amherst, supplies; ST. CLEMENTS, Anna. Co., supplies; STEWIACKE, clothing; Taylor, Robt. A. Halifax, boots and shoes; Thompson & Bligh, Halifax, goods; TRURO, goods; UPPER CLARENCE, supplies, WINDSOR, supplies; WOLFVILLE, supplies and clothing; YARMOUTH, supplies.

The above lists are by no means complete, as thousands of individuals sent subscriptions. Aid was furnished, in some cases for years; but I have tried to give a picture of the prompt response to the call for need. During the first few days after the fire over 20,000 homeless were given shelter, food and provisions. After the first two weeks, the 300 being housed and fed in the Victoria rink were moved to tents down on the Barrack Green, until homes could be built.

FOOTNOTES

1. Contributions by Halifax Business Firms are listed at end of this article. Private individual donations are far too numerour to list.
2. 109 barrels flour, 21 bbls. oatmeal, 28 bbls. pilot bread, 3 crates hams, 3 bags rice, 2 barrels beef, 1 barrel crackers.

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The History of The Apple Industry of Nova Scotia - Part 4

KEITH A. HATCHARD

THE CALKIN PIPPINS

Among the group of horticulturists that were experimenting with new varieties of apple in the Cornwallis area of the Annapolis Valley in the early part of the nineteenth century was Ahira Calkin. This group was led by Charles Ramage Prescott and among the names of merchants carrying on business in Halifax in 1817 is that of the firm of Prescott and Calkin Ltd., purveyors of fresh fruit on Granville Street.[1]

Ahira Calkin is acknowledged as the introducer of the Calkin Pippin and the Calkin's early varieties of apple to Nova Scotia and, like so many of the early apple-industry pioneers, his is a story that is related to one of the pioneer family of New England settlers and is notable for significant contributions to the early colonial societies.

Hugh Calkin, forefather of Ahira, had come out from Chepstow, Monmouthshire, England in 1640 to settle in Gloucester, Massachusetts, with his wife Ann, and several children.[2] Several generations of the family were born in the

New London and Norwich, Connecticut regions following Hugh Calkin's move to Norwich in 1663. Hugh Calkin's great-great, grandson, Ezekiel Calkin, became a grantee at Cornwallis, N.S. in 1761. He was also one of the signatories to a writ of partition for the Township of Cornwallis that was drawn up in 1767.

Ahira Calkin was the only son of Ezekiel Calkin and Ann Dewey of Lebanon, Connecticut. Ezekiel Calkin had married Ann Dewey at Lebanon in 1748.

Ahira Calkin was born in 1752 and, in 1772, he married Irene Porter, by whom he had eleven children, namely, John, James, Anna, Elias, Edmund, Ahira, Jr., Lois, Emily, Ezekiel, Israel and Charles.[3] Ahira farmed in Cornwallis for most of his active life and, in the early part of the nineteenth century, he was one of that small group of farmers, who, under the auspices of the King's county Agricultural Society and it's short-lived off-shoot, the King's County Horticultural Society, were experimenting, along with their gardeners, on new varieties of apple. Ahira died in May 1828.

Ahira's son, Elias, was a rugged, independent type of individual who, instead of moving back to the United States, as so many of his brothers chose to do, took his young wife, in 1815, to a new homestead which he had built for himself in the rugged hinterland of West Cornwallis. He chose a forested area that was about five miles distant from any public highway and far removed from any other settlement. This isolated existence must have made life extremely arduous for Elias Calkin. He had to clear the land of forestation before he could start farming and he had to contend with the wild animals, such as black bears, that were extremely numerous in those parts at that time. It must have been especially hard for his wife and family of eight children that they raised in this isolated spot. Elias had married, on Nov 9th, 1814, Mercy, daughter of Benjamin and Abigail (Hovey) Burgess.

Thus was forged a link with another family of Plymouth Colonists and also with none other than Franklin Delano Roosevelt, thirty-second President of the United States, a descendant of the same Burgess family.

It was in the wild West Cornwallis homestead that John Burgess Calkin was born on Nov. 16th 1829. He became one of the foremost educators and authors that Canada has produced.

John Burgess Calkin received his early education from a rather remarkable man who was later to become his father-in-law. This was the Reverend William Sommerville of Cornwallis, a clergyman of the Reformed Presbyterian Church. William Sommerville, who had been born in Ireland and graduated A.M. from Edinburgh University in Scotland was a scholar of distinction and a gifted teacher. He found a most enthusiastic pupil in John Burgess Calkin, who, subsequently, attended the Free Church College in Halifax before beginning his life's work as a teacher in the autumn of 1848. He taught at the district school at Sheffield Mills and then at the Cunard County Grammar School. In May 1857 he began an association with the Normal School at Truro which was to last for another forty-three years and was to see Truro become an acknowledged centre for the art of teacher training. After a short stint as Inspector of Schools for King's County in 1864, he returned to Truro to take charge of the English and Classical Dept., and in 1869 was appointed to the position of Principal of the Normal School with special responsibility for the departments of psychology and pedagogy. He held this position until his retirement in 1900. Among the books which John Burgess authored, while at Truro, are *General Geography of the World* (1869) *Introductory Geography, History of the Dominion of Canada, Brief History of Great Britain, Historical Geography of Bible Lands,* and *Notes on Education.* Many of these books were standard text-books in schools throughout Canada for many

years. In recognition of his services, John Burgess Calkin was presented with the degree of M.A. by Acadia College in 1870. The honorary degree of LL.D. was conferred on him by Dalhousie University in 1909.[4]

The grandson of John Burgess Calkin, also christened John Burgess Calkin (1904-1959), became a highly respected educator and industrialist in the United States. He taught Chemical Engineering at the University of Maine and, in 1956, became President of the firm of Calkin and Bayley, industrial consultants of New York City.

As with the other New England families like the Prescotts, Starrs and Eatons, that sent members to Cornwallis to pioneer the Nova Scotia apple industry, we find the members of the family that stayed in the United States making notable contributions to society in their own country.

Dr. Marshall Calkins (1828-1922), of Wilbraham, Massachusetts, fifth in descent from Hugh Calkin of England, a pioneer in gynecology and author of a number of authoritative medical books,[5] was head of a rather remarkable family. His wife Adelaide Calkins (1831-1909), was a philanthropist and an early worker for the improvement of the lot of women and children in society. His daughter-in-law, Alice Haile Calkins, (1865-1934), was also a philanthropist and indefatigable worker on behalf of women's clubs and in social and charitable activities.

Charles Walbridge Calkins, (1842-1918), of Grand Rapids, Michigan, was seventh in line of descent from Hugh Calkin of England. In addition to a distinguished career as a military man and as a lawyer, Colonel Calkins was one of the leading authorities on Shakespeare and Shakespearean subjects. He was the writer of an extensive thesis on Shakespeare as a lawyer which he entitled *William Shakespeare: Barrister*[6]

It is interesting to note that the American descendants of Hugh Calkin chose to add an 's' to the family name, whereas the Canadian descendants have retained the singular form, Calkin. It is also interesting to record that Hugh Calkin of Chepstow, along with his son, John, was one of the original proprietors of a tract of land nine miles square around Norwich, Connecticut, which was ceded to the whites, in 1663, for seventy pounds sterling. There were thirty-five original proprietors, so they obtained a large area of prime New England territory around the Thames River for just two pounds each.[7]

In Nova Scotia, the descendants of Ahira Calkin, the apple pioneer, have displayed notable talents for industry as well as education. Elias Calkin's second son, Benjamin Howes Calkin (1819-1893), came in from the remote family homestead at Wellsford, King's County, to begin clerking in the General store of Daniel Moore at Kentville. The enterprising Calkin spirit soon asserted itself and Benjamin was soon in business for himself. He married Mary Pennington of Whitehaven, England, by whom he had seven children, Thomas Pennington, Julia Lavinia, Barry Howes, Nellie Brockbank, Mary Catharine, Hugh Earl and Emily Marcia.[8]

Benjamin Howes Calkin was a man of influence in Kentville. He served as a Justice of the Peace, participated at Court of Sessions and served as a county councillor for two years.[9]

It was Benjamin Howes Calkin's eldest son, however, that really put the Calkin name back into public view. Thomas Pennington Calkin was born in Kentville in 1860, and after early education in Kentville, he attended the grammar school at Truro and finished his formal education at the Pictou Academy. He returned to take over the family business after the retirement of his father in 1883 and he was quick to sense that the most profitable future of the business

lay in the hardware field. He phased out the other activities of the business and by the time that war broke out in 1914 he had built up the largest hardware business in King's County serving most of the Western part of the Province. He was, by this time, a town councillor and President of the Board of Trade. Thomas Pennington Calkin married Agnes Doherty of Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, on 26 November 1890, by whom he had three sons, Roy, Darrell and Garth.

The firm of T. P. Calkin Ltd., which today has a major wholesale hardware facility in Halifax, has retained the founders name and still has a member of the Calkin family, G. Thomas Calkin, among its Board of Directors.

Other members of Ahira Calkin's family of descendants have contributed significantly to the commercial interests of the Valley community. Arthur E. Calkin was elected auditor for the first town council of Kentville on 1 February 1887 along with Thomas Pennington Calkin and George E. Calkin served as Postmaster for Kentville from 1867 to 1876.

In addition to their contributions to the horticultural and commercial field, the Calkins were strong supporters of the Presbyterian churches that were established in the Cornwallis area. Ezekiel Calkin, along with practically all the other representatives of New England families, had brought with him to Nova Scotia, the strong Puritan Congregationalist faith of the New England colonists. In Nova Scotia the various non-conformist religions formed a varying pattern of alliances with each other until the United Church of Canada brought them together under one council when it was formed out of the Methodist, Congregationalist and the majority of the Presbyterian churches in Canada, in 1925.

Before the arrival of Ezekiel Calkin, various Irish and Scottish Presbyterians such as the Reverend James Murdoch and the Reverend Samuel Kinloch had established Presbyter-

ian churches at Grand Pré and Horton.[10] Then, with the arrival of the Reverend Hugh Graham in 1885, the conversion of the Cornwallis Congregationalist Church to the Cornwallis Presbyterian Church was initiated. Ezekiel Calkin's family were early supporters of the Cornwallis Congregationalist-Presbyterian church and the family of Jeremiah Calkin, formerly of Lebanon, Connecticut and one of the Horton grantees, features prominently in the annals of the Horton Presbyterian Church.

Ahira Calkin's grandson, John Burgess Calkin, has left us a graphic picture of the nineteenth-century Cornwallis Presbyterian Sabbath when he writes:- "The Sunday service was an all day affair. It included a morning sermon and an afternoon sermon, with an intermission of fifteen minutes, so that the worshippers could eat the lunch they had brought with them in their pockets. In church people were accustomed to stand in prayer, with their faces turned from their minister. This peculiar custom, the turning of the back to the minister in prayer, was probably originally intended as a protest against reverence for the minister as a priest. The hymns were lined out before singing, two lines at a time, sometimes by a rapid sort of chanting of the words. The minister's stipend, like the priest's portion under the Mosaic dispensation, was paid in farm produce, a quarter of lamb or veal, a roast of beef, a cheese, or whatever happened to be most plentiful and in season among the parishioner's produce.[11]"

The Presbyterian's life in Nova Scotia was not all gloom, however, and John Burgess Calkin has also left us the following equally graphic picture of people's amusements and holiday observances:- "Our fathers were sons of toil, but they were often able to get amusement out of their work. In many places, 'frolics' or 'bees' were common, in which all the neighbours for miles around would assemble to help one another. There were 'piling frolics', 'husking frolics', 'raising frolics', for all of which it was essential to have some stimu-

lating drink, mostly rum. When Christmas Eve came, the Christmas back-log, of larger size than the backlog of other days, was rolled into position hard at the back of the fireplace, the smaller sticks being built up in front. Early on Christmas morning the children of the household were astir, Breakfast was soon over and preparations for cooking the dinner were begun. A long string was twisted from the coarser fibres of home-grown flax. One end of this string was fastened to a large nail in the beam directly over the hearth. To the other end which came down directly to the fire, was attached a turkey, or goose, or perchance a young pig. The cooking process was thus carried on by the heat that was radiated from the open fire. But that the cooking might go forward evenly, the roast must be kept ever on the whirl to bring all sides in turn before the fire. The impetus for this circular movement was given by hand, so that constant attention was needed. But to keep the string from being untwisted and falling to pieces, with constant disaster to the roast, the whirling had to be now in one direction, then in another."[12]

Ahira Calkin, born 8 Nov 1752, married to Irena Porter by the Reverend Benajah Phelps in the Cornwallis Congregationalist Church on December 24, 1772, died May 1828, brought more than horticultural skills to the burgeoning Annapolis Valley apple-growing industry. He brought also a sense of business acumen that, for a brief period, was instrumental in placing the name of Calkin in partnership with the illustrious name of Prescott. His descendants have consistently displayed, to varying degrees, characteristics of that same skill in business, along with a quick response to the call to public service. In Dr. John Burgess Calkin, the family gave to Nova Scotia one of the most patient and best beloved scholars that this Province has known. As was stated at the time of Dr. John Burgess Calkin's death, "We shall not prosper if we fail to honour our noble sons".

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Sir J. S. D. Thompson: A Prime Minister's Family Connections

ALLAN E. MARBLE and TERRENCE M. PUNCH

Only one native of Halifax City has been Prime Minister of Canada. That man is the focal point of the genealogies presented here. John Sparrow David Thompson was the product of a mixed Irish and Scottish ancestry. Both the Thompsons and the Pottingers are presented, as well as the Saunders and Affleck lineages of Lady Thompson. We make a departure from the Series pattern by presenting female as well as male lines. This is done to permit presentation of a complete picture of a wide family circle

THOMPSONS

The name Thompson was a fairly numerous one in Ireland. MacLysaught, the modern authority on Irish surnames, reckons it to be the second most numerous purely non-Irish surname in Ireland. He adds that without the intrusive "p", it is of Scottish origin. Otherwise, it is of English descent. Sir John's paternal ancestry leads to the City of Waterford, Ireland, where his forebears were fairly substantial master craftsmen. The Sparrows, who also figure in Sir John's ancestry, were largely of "the people called Quakers".

Thomas Sparrow, cooper, of Waterford, made his Will on 12 February 1796, and it was proved in 1797. His first wife, whose name is not stated, was buried on 10 March 1792 (St. Patrick's, Waterford), having had at least three children:

1. Mary Sparrow, to whom we shall return presently.
2. Jane Sparrow, who married 22 Oct. 1797, (Trinity, Waterford), Henry **BROWNRIGG.** At least four children can be mentioned from this marriage:

(1) Sarah, who married a Mr. WOODS.
(2) Maria Jean.
(3) Eliza.
(4) Henry T. Brownrigg, a butter merchant, who died in April 1851; by his wife, a Miss Ross of Cork, there were three sons and two daughters. One son, Henry, was a medical student, and the youngest daughter was named Jane.

3. Ann Sparrow, the youngest daughter, who was buried 26 July 1791 (St. Patrick's Waterford).

The eldest daughter, Mary Sparrow, married 20 Dec. 1789 (Trinity, Waterford), William **THOMPSON** of Waterford City. She died on 11 Feb. 1832, apparently more than thirteen years after her husband died, although no specific record of his death has turned up.

William Thompson's parentage cannot be ascertained. Most likely, but not by any means certainly, his father was William Thompson of Knockacroy [sic], whose Will dated in 1769 mentions a son, William. We must therefore be satisfied with starting the Thompson lineage from William Thompson and his wife, Mary Sparrow. On 2 Feb. 1801, William leased premises on Patrick St., Waterford, for the lives of his wife, Mary Sparrow, and their two eldest sons, William, aged 11, and John, aged 4. This instrument refers to him as William Thompson of Waterford, stuff dyer. We have the names of three sons to William and Mary (Sparrow) Thompson:

(1) William Thompson, born ca. 1790, living in 1838; father of at least two sons, both of whom were living, unmarried, at New York City in 1862:
  (1a) William Thompson.
  (2a) Frederick Thompson.
(2) John S. Thompson, to whom we shall return presently.
(3) Joseph S [parrow?] Thompson, living at Waterford, Ireland, in 1862; married Marianna —— (alive in 1847), by whom he had at least five children:
  (1a) William, b. 1839, living 1860.
  (2a) Mary, b. 1841, d. 14 Oct. 1856.
  (3a) John, b. 1844, d. 1852.
  (4a) a son.
  (5a) a son.

The second son, John Thompson, was born about 1796, and died on 21 October 1867 at Halifax, Nova Scotia. When he was about 21 or 22 years of age, he moved to London where he remained until late in 1826. Following a brief visit home in Waterford, he came to Nova Scotia, apparently having told relatives he would stay only four years here. Letters written early in 1828 indicate that he emigrated to Halifax from Waterford in the spring of 1827. Three ships which may have brought him to Halifax are mentioned in the newspapers. The **Novascotian**, 3 May 1827, announced the arrival of the barque **Liberty**, with 127 passengers from Waterford, 21 days out.

Again on 7 June 1827, that paper reported the brig **Cherub** after a passage of 37 days. And, on 14 June 1827 the **Bolivar** made port, taking 40 days to cross.

Once in Halifax, Thompson threw himself energetically into the business of a newspaperman and teacher, which were not his original callings in life, it would seem. By a deed of 4 August 1836 he bought the presses and type of William Cunnabell for £102. He had a long and useful career as a journalist, and otherwise. From 1839 until his death he was on the executive of the Halifax Mechanics' Institute. He was a vigorous temperance advocate, and a Halifax County school commissioner. Twice (1843-44; 1848-54) he was Queen's Printer for Nova Scotia. He married, 24 March 1829, Charlotte S. (1801-1887), daughter of David and Janet Pottinger of the Orkneys, and of Pictou, N.S. They were the parents of seven children:

(1a) Mary Thompson, b. 26 June 1830, d. of dropsy, 19 July 1848, unm.

(2a) Jane Thompson, b. 28 June 1832, d. 8 Nov. 1847, unm.

(3a) William Thompson, b. 2 Aug. 1834, d. 20 Feb. 1882, at Grahamstown, Cape Colony, in South Africa. As a young man he had been appointed Deputy Surveyor of Crown Lands for Lunenburg County, but the appointment proved unfortunate, so he left the province in December 1859 and practiced his business of surveying in South Africa for the remainder of his life. No firm evidence of a marriage or family has been found.

(4a) Charlotte Thompson, b. 14 May 1836, d. 8 Oct. 1906; m. (as second wife) 17 May 1867, Daniel **SARGENT**, Collector of Customs at Barrington, N.S., b. 27 Sep. 1826, d. 4 Dec. 1917, son of John Sargent, Jr., and of his wife, Sarah Wright Doane. They had seven children:

(1b) John Sparrow Thompson Sargent, b. 24 Mar. 1868, living at Sydney in 1923; m. 20 Mar. 1893, Minnie (b. 18 Aug. 1873 at Hopewell Cape, N.B.), daughter of Ira and Elizabeth (Reade) STEEVES. Issue, born at Moncton:

(1c) Grace Elizabeth Sargent, b. 6 Feb. 1894.

(2c) Jean Beatrice Sargent, b. 22 July 1896.

(2b) Percy Pottinger Sargent, b. 22 Nov. 1869, a trunkmaker at Amherst; m. 30 Aug. 1905, Ellen Augusta (b. 19 Aug. 1882 at Amherst), daughter of Edward D. and Mary (Fife) McDONALD. Issue, born at

(1c) Vivian Marie Sargent, b. 25 Oct. 25, 1906.

(2c) Bertha Geraldine Sargent, b. 16 Apr. 1910.

(3b) Arthur Winthrop Sargent, C. E., of Seattle, b. 19 June 1871; m. 27 Apr. 1915 at Worcester, Mass., Nellie Maud (b. 2 Nov. 1883 at Halifax), daughter of Edward Effingham and Ellen (Fraser) WATSON. No family.

(4b) Stewart Richan Sargent, b. 8 Jan. 1873, d. 27 Aug. 1901 at North Sydney; m. 10 June 1896, Katherine (b. 24 Feb. 1877 at North Sydney), daughter of Joseph and Jane S. (Green) MOORE. They had one daughter:

(1c) Kathleen Thelma Sargent, b. 18 June 1901, d. 25 Nov. 1901.

(5b) Albert Glover Sargent, b. 11 May 1874, d. 9 Apr. 1882.

(6b) Joseph Heinrich Sargent, b. 28 May 1875, Assistant Secretary of Northern Life Insurance, Seattle; m. 23 Dec. 1903 at Halifax, Frances (b. 1 July 1878), daughter of Elijah and Frances (Foster) COVEY, Halifax. Issue:

(1c) Charles Edward Sargent, b. 29 July 1908 at Seattle.

(7b) Charlotte Elizabeth Sargent, b. 6 Oct. 1878, living in 1917.

(5a) Joseph Thompson, b. 5 Feb. 1838, d. 1 Sep. 1867 at Galveston, Texas, of yellow fever; m. 23 May 1865, Emma Elizabeth (bapt. 10 Feb. 1836, d. 1867), daughter of Joseph and Elizabeth HAMILTON of Halifax. No family.

(6a) Elizabeth Thompson, b. 25 Mar. 1842, d. 7 Oct. 1918 at Barrington, N.S., unm.

(7a) John David Thompson, of whom presently.

John Sparrow Thompson of Waterford and Halifax, publisher, temperance champion, teacher, author, and father of Halifax's only native prime minister, is buried in an unmarked grave in the northeastern quarter of Camp Hill Cemetery, Halifax. The third son and youngest child was the future Prime Minister of Canada.

John David Thompson, who added the name Sparrow to his name as a young adult, became Sir John Sparrow David Thompson, Prime Minister of Canada, 1892-1894. He was born at Halifax on 10 Nov. 1844, and died very suddenly at Windsor Castle, 12 Dec. 1894. His career as a political figure and jurist was one which witnessed his rise to the highest positions while still a relatively young man. He was Attorney-General of Nova Scotia at the age of 33, and Premier by his thirty- eighth year, a judge of the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia at the same age, and Attorney-General of Canada at forty. At forty-three he was knighted (K.C.M.G.), and at the time of his death he had just been sworn to the Imperial Privy Council. He married on 5 July 1870 at Portland, Maine, Anna E. (26

June 1845-14 Apr. 1913), daughter of Capt. James and Catherine (Saunders) AFFLECK of Halifax.

The Baptism Register of Brunswick St. Methodist Church suggests that Sir J. S. D. Thompson's birthdate was 10 Nov, 1845, rather than the more commonly accepted 10 Nov, 1844.

Children:

(1b) Col. John Thomas Connolly Thompson, barrister; director of government's Economy Control during World War II, but resigned following his outspoken charges of waste in government operations. He was born 20 Oct. 1872 at Halifax, and died 12 Feb. 1952 at Ottawa, unm.

(2b) Joseph Thompson, b. 6 Aug. 1874, d at Toronto; m. Maud TEMPLE, and had issue:

(1c) Eleanor Thompson, who died unm.

(2c) David Thompson, deceased; m , and left three children:

(1d) David Thompson

(2d) Janet Thompson

(3d) a daughter, who lives in the U.S.A.

(3b) Mary Aloysia Thompson, b. 18 Mar. 1876 at Halifax, d. 13 June 1917 at Nelson, B.C.; m. 28 Sep. 1905, Edmund Carlyon **WRAGGE** of Toronto, who died at Nelson, B.C., 31 Mar. 1972, son of Edmund and Lucy (Carlyon) Wragge. They had three daughters:

(1c) Helena Aloise Wragge, b. 30 June 1906, living 1977 at Ottawa, m. 16 Jan. 1935 at Nelson, B.C., Douglas Irving **CAMERON.** They have two children:

(1d) Mary Ann Camerson, b. 31 Dec. 1935 at Ottawa; m. 16 Jan. 1960 at Ottawa, Walter Bradley **MITCHELL,** and had issue (all living 1977 in Montreal):

(1e) Douglas Cameron Mitchell, b. 31 Oct. 1960.

(2e) Margaret Jane Mitchell, b. 23 Feb. 1962.

(3e) Susan Bradley Mitchell b. 5 Sep. 1964.

(2d) Douglas Irving Carlyon Cameron, b. 30 Nov. 1938 at Ottawa; m. 15 Nov. 1968 at Ottawa, Karen Elizabeth GOSTICK. They have two child-

ren (living 1977 at Ottawa):
(1e) Heather Elizabeth Cameron, b. 10 Apr. 1971.
(2e) Susan Ann Cameron, b. 3 Nov. 1971.

(2c) Nan B. Wragge, b. 22 Oct. 1910, d. 24 Oct. 1910.

(3c) Lucy Ottilie Wragge, b. 20 Aug. 1911, living 1977 at Toronto; m. 15 Sep. 1933 at Toronto, Esmond Vernon PINKHAM (who died 12 Mar. 1973 at Montserrat, West Indies). They had two sons:
(1d) John Carlyon Pinkham, b. 26 July 1934; m. 3 June 1961 at Toronto, Suzanne Helen MacKAY. They have two sons, living 1977 at Toronto:
(1e) Dean Carlyon MacKay Pinkham, b. 2 Sep. 1962.
(2e) Geoffrey MacKay Pinkham, b. 5 Mar. 1964.
(2d) David Wragge Edmund Pinkham, b. 25 June 1936; m. 21 Dec. 1966 at Toronto, Barbara Jane WITH. They have two children, living 1977 in Toronto;
(1e) Christine Barbara Pinkham, b. 17 Dec. 1969.
(2e) Thomas David Pinkham, b. 17 Mar. 1973.

(4b) Mary Helena Thompson, b. 29 Mar. 1878 at Halifax, d. Sep. 1944 at Toronto; m. Edwin Robert MacGREGOR, deceased, having had two daughters, both of whom live 1977 in Toronto, unm;
(1c) Ann MacGregor.
(2c) Margaret MacGregor.

(5b) Annie Mary Thompson, b. 19 Nov. 1879, d. 17 Aug. 1880.

(6b) a son, b. and d. 9 Dec. 1880.

(7b) Frances Alice Thompson, b. 17 Dec. 1881 at Halifax, d. 30 June 1947, unm. She was crippled by a childhood illness, which may have been polio, but pictures of her as a child show her as a pretty and intelligent girl.

(8b) David Anthony Thompson, b. 2 Aug. 1883, bur. 21 Mar. 1885 at Halifax.

POTTINGERS

David Pottinger emigrated from Kirkwall, Island of Pomona, Orkney Islands, in 1804 to Pictou, Nova Scotia, along with his wife, Jessie Walls. The first mention of David Pottinger in the Pictou Records appears in the Presbyterian Church Records for 1809, where it is recorded that he became a member of the congregation. In 1811, these same Church Records indicate that he had been killed sometime during the year. His wife, Jessie, resided in Pictou until she died there on 5 Oct, 1857 in her 88th year. She left a son, three daughters, and ten grandchildren. The children of David and Jessie (Walls) Pottinger were:

1. Charlotte S. Pottinger, b. 1801, d. 9 Jul, 1887 at Barrington, m. 24 Mar, 1829 John S. THOMPSON, whose family is traced elsewhere in this article.
2. William Richan Pottinger, b. ca. 1803, d. 17 Apr, 1886 at Pictou, married Catherine —— (ca. Nov., 1803-19 Apr, 1886) a native of Scotland. William was a cooper in Pictou during his working years, and he and Catherine had at least eight children:
   (1) Mary Ann Pottinger, baptized 4 Sep, 1831.
   (2) Margaret Pottinger, baptized 15 Nov, 1833.
   (3) David Pottinger, baptized 26 Mar, 1837, d. 27 Dec, 1837.
   (4) Peter Isaac Pottinger, baptized 26 Aug, 1838.
   (5) William Pottinger, baptized 1 Jul, 1839.
   (6) Jessie Pottinger, b. ca. 1840, d. 8 Apr, 1905, unm.
   (7) John Wallace Pottinger, baptized 14 Mar, 1842, living at Pictou as late as 1871.
   (8) David Pottinger, b. 7 Oct, 1843, d. 5 Jan, 1938, m. 1907 Mary Louise Fisher of Moncton. David entered the employ of the Intercolonial Railway in 1863, a Company for which he worked for the next fifty years. In 1879 he was appointed General Superintendent of the Intercolonial and from 1892 to 1909 was General Manager of the Canadian Government Railways. For his contribution to the development of railways in Canada, David Pottinger was created a Companion of the Imperial Service Order. The obituary of his death in Montreal in 1938 indicates that he left three children.
3. Janet Pottinger.
4. A daughter.

LADY'S THOMPSON'S FAMILY

Sir John S. D. Thompson, as a young man was a Methodist, and the lady he wished to marry was a Roman Catholic. Such a mixed marriage was not then permitted at Halifax, so the young couple travelled to Portland, Maine, where Annie Affleck became Mrs. Thompson, on 5 July 1870. John Thompson became a Roman Catholic the following year, being received into the Catholic Church on 21 April 1871. His change of religion was one of conviction and not one of convenience because of his marriage. Lady Thompson's ancestry leads back to Newfoundland, Ireland, and Berwick upon Tweed.

James SAUNDERS and his Irish-born wife, Joanna EVOY, came to Halifax from Newfoundland about 1830. Records such as the 1838 census refer to him as a tavernkeeper or a shopkeeper. Apart from a son who died young, this couple had four daughters:

1. Mary Saunders, b. 1817, d. 6 May 1892; m. 15 July 1836, James KEARNEY, shopkeeper (1805-28 Oct. 1868), son of Patrick and Catherine (McDonnell) Kearney of Co. Cavan, Ireland. They had seven children:
   (1) Bridget Genevieve Kearney, d. young.
   (2) Patrick Augustine Kearney, b. Lunenburg 1840, d. 19 June 1851.
   (3) Mary R. Kearney, b. 1843; m. (as his second wife) 8 July 1879, Joseph W. YOUNG of the Merchants' Bank of Halifax, who was born in Co. Galway in 1827, and died at Halifax, 3 Sep. 1892.
   (4) Theresa Maria Kearney, b. 31 Oct. 1847, d. 26 Dec. 1905, unm.
   (5) Justina Johannah Kearney, b. 25 Sep. 1849, d. 19 Dec. (1854).
   (6) Elizabeth Angela Kearney, b. 1851 d. 3 May, 1912, unm.
   (7) Alice Kearney, b. 1853, d. 28 Aug. 1925, unm.
2. Catherine Saunders, to whom we shall return presently.
3. Joanna Saunders, b. 1824, d. 24 Oct. 1890; m. 15 Aug. 1850, William DEVINE, a cooper born in Newfoundland (1815-27 Oct. 1885), and had seven children:
   (1) Catherine M. Devine, b. 1852, living 1871.
   (2) Joseph Devine, b. 1854, d. 31 Dec. 1857.
   (3) Mary Devine, b. Mar. 1856, d. 18 May 1856.
   (4) William J, Devine, b. 1857, d. at New York, 2 Jan. 1911, leaving four children.
   (5) Ann Devine, b. 1859, living 1927 (Sister Mary Pius, Sisters of Charity of Halifax).
   (6) Daniel L. Devine, b. 1861, living 1871.
   (7) Mary Elizabeth Devine, teacher, b. 1865, living 1927, unm.
4. Alice Saunders ("Aunt Allie"), b. 1825, d. 20 Jan. 1892; m. 1844 or 1850 (secondary sources differ, but 1850 seems the more likely date), Capt. John PUGH ("Uncle Jack"), merchant and MLA (1878-82), born at Kings-

town, Co. Dublin, Aug. 1821, d. at Halifax 23 Sep. 1900, son of Thomas and Ann (Burns) Pugh. They had six children, one of whom died in infancy. The other five were:

(1) John Burns Pugh, b. in Ireland in 1851, d. at Halifax, 30 Nov. 1883, unm.
(2) Alice J. Pugh, b. Halifax 1854, living 1900; m. Herbert KINGSFORD (living in Peru in 1900), and had a daughter, Alice (living 1936 at Bromley, Kent, England, unm.)
(3) Mary M. ("Minnie") Pugh, b. 1856 d. 8 Mar. 1927, unm., at Bedford, N.S.
(4) Henry James Pugh, b. 1857, living 1941 at North Battleford, Sask. He had a long career as a bank official at various points in the Canadian west.
(5) Margaret C. Pugh, b. 1859, d. 16 Feb. 1941, unm.

We return now to the second daughter,
Catherine Saunders, born in Newfoundland in 1822, died at Halifax, 11 Apr. 1889. She married 24 July 1844, Capt. James AFFLECK (lost at sea in the summer of 1870, on a voyage to the West Indies from Halifax). Capt. Affleck was born in the border city of Berwick upon Tweed, England, the son of James (Adam?) Affleck and his second wife, Margaret Smith. When he was about twenty years old, in 1840, young James Affleck made his home at Halifax. By his marriage to Catherine Saunders, Capt. Affleck had eight children:

(1) Anna E. Affleck, b. 26 June 1845, d. 10 Apr. 1913 in Toronto. Although no great intellectual merit has been claimed for her, Lady Thompson was an attractive person, a faithful wife, a devoted mother, and a supporter of the cause of women. She was an original member of the National Council of Women of Canada and served as its Dominion President. The issue of Sir John and Lady Thompson are traced above.
(2) Johanna Affleck (Sister Mary Helena), bapt. 5 July 1847, d. 28 Feb. 1925. Her obituary refers to her as the last survivor of her generation of the family.
(3) John Laughlin Affleck, b. 3 Sep. 1849, d. 30 Nov. 1854.
(4) James E. Affleck, b. 1852, d. 27 July 1878 at Londonderry, N.S., unm.
(5) Peter B. Affleck, b. 1854, living 1903 at New York City; m. 26 Oct. 1880, Fanny M., b. 1856, daughter of Patrick and Anne (Dillon) FORRESTALL of Halifax.
(6) Francis A. Affleck, b. 1856, drowned in the Northwest Arm, Halifax, 25 Jan. 1873.
(7) Mary Helena Affleck, b. 1860, bur. 25 July 1864.
(8) Frances A. Affleck, b. 1863, d. 11 Jan. 1903; m. 11 Nov. 1891 at Ottawa, (Sir) Joseph Andrew CHISHOLM (9 Jan. 1863-22 Jan. 1950), son of William and Flora (Mac Kintosh) Chisholm of St. Andrew's, Antigonish Co., N.S. The public career of Sir Joseph as a jurist and mayor of Halifax is well known. He was editor of a two-volume set, **The Speeches and Public Letters of Joseph Howe.** He was the president of the N.S. Hist-

orical Society in the 1920's, and read several papers to that body, including one on John Sparrow Thompson. The Chisholms had six children:

(1a) Mary Patricia Flora Chisholm, b. 19 Sep. 1892, ; m. 1917 (as his second wife), Dr. William Francis MacKINNON, M.D., F.A.C.S., b. 29 Aug. 1877 at West Merigomish, the son of William and Janet (Boyd) MacKinnon, and died at Antigonish, 27 May 1952. They had six children:
- (1b) William Francis MacKinnon, MLA for Antigonish 1956-70, b. 19 Dec. 1919; m. Agnes CAMPBELL.
- (2b) Dr. Kenneth J. MacKinnon, M.D., living 1952 at Montreal (Royal Victoria Hospital).
- (3b) Maureen MacKinnon; m. Colin MacGILLIVRAY of Antigonish.
- (4b) John MacKinnon, living in Halifax in 1952.
- (5b) Rev. Gregory A. MacKinnon, living in New Waterford in 1952.
- (6b) Patricia MacKinnon, student at McGill in 1952.

(2a) Frances Charlotte Chisholm, b. 25 Dec. 1893, d. 11 Nov. 1959 at Antigonish; m. 192-, Dr. James Norbert LYONS, M.D. (d. 19 Apr. 1930), son of James N. Lyons, barrister, and his wife, Catherine V. Purcell of Halifax. They had issue:
- (1b) Dr. James Norbert Lyons, b. 1926 ("not yet four" at father's death), living in Halifax in 1956, and at North Battleford, Sack., in 1959.
- (2b) Joseph Chisholm Lyons, b. 1928, living in Halifax in 1955, and Toronto in 1959.
- (3b) Frances Lyons, b. 30 Mar. 1930, living in Halifax in 1949, and Montreal in 1959; m. J. J. MURPHY.

(3a) Gwendoline A. Chisholm, b. 31 Aug. 1895, d. 25 Jan. 1925, unm.

(4a) Catherine Chisholm, b. 20 Sep. 1896, Sacred Heart nun, died between 1950 and 1959.

(5a) Ellen M. Chisholm, b. 11 Nov. 1900, d. at Wolfville, N.S., about 1976; m. Professor William Russell MAXWELL (b. 1900 at Stellarton, N.S., living).

(6a) a premature son, b. 4 Jan. 1903, d. 5 Jan. 1903.

A NOTE ON THE SOURCES: In genealogical terms, the secondary material in print on Sir John Thompson is not very useful, although occasional clues may be obtained. A scattering of newspaper vital statistics has been found, and Sir Joseph Chisholm's article on John S. Thompson provides a sympathetic and valuable picture of that individual. The authors of the present genealogy have had recourse to a wide

array of primary sources. We have been fortunate in obtaining the assistance of two of Sir John's descendants, of one of Canada's leading historians, and the foremost Irish genealogist. As a result, considerable information has been printed here which appears for the first time anywhere. Sensible of our debt of gratitude to all these persons and sources, and desirous of facilitating research for future scholars, we append a very full listing of our sources of information.

SOURCES

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Hopkins, J. Castell.: **Life and Work of the Rt. Hon. Sir John Thompson,** Toronto, 1895.

McAlpine's Maritime Provinces Directory.

Waite, P. B.: "John Sparrow Thompson" in **Dictionary of Canadian Biography,** Vol. 9.

Contributors

EVELYN M. RICHARDSON, the well known author of *We Keep A Light,* was born at "Emerald Isle", Shag Harbour, Nova Scotia. She received her early education in Clarks Harbour and attended The Halifax County Academy and Dalhousie University.

Other books by Mrs. Richardson are *Desired Haven, No Small Tempest, My Other Islands,* and *Living Island.* Her articles have appeared in many national magazines and periodicals.

She was the recipient of the Governor-General's Award Creative Non-Fiction for *We Keep A Light,* and the Ryerson All Canada Fiction Award for *Desired Haven.* She has also received the Certificate of Commendation, 1971, American Association for State and Local History and the Diploma de Honor, Officina de Accion Femenil Niecico, D.F.

She was the Past President of the Cape Sable Historical Society, Barrington, Shelburne County, where she resided until her death in 1976.

JOHN H. HARTLEN was born at Waverley, Nova Scotia in 1940. He was educated at Queen Elizabeth High School and Dalhousie University, Halifax. At Dalhousie, he completed a Bachelor of Commerce Degree and was awarded a Diploma in Public Administration.

Mr. Hartlen has worked extensively in statistical research and computers administration.

His interest in researching "When Waverley Wished For Gold" stems from personal experience: he is the Waverley resident whose illness in February, 1976 was diagnosed as chronic arsenic poisoning, which led to the discovery of other arsenic related illnesses in his family and at Waverley and elsewhere, and to the Provincial Arsenic Task Force investigation of causes of arsenic groundwater contamination.

Mr. Hartlen lives with his family at Waverley.

DORIS ETHEL BAILLIE PHILLIPS was born in Saint John, New Brunswick, and received her early education there. She attended Acadia University, Wolfville, Nova Scotia and business college in Saint John, New Brunswick.

Many of Mrs. Phillips' poems have appeared in numerous Canadian poetry magazines and her articles have been published in several newspapers and journals. In addition, she is the author of an impressive list of stage and radio plays some of which have been presented on both regional and national CBC networks, Dominion Drama Festival and Mermaid Theatre. Several of her works have won awards and honourable mention.

Mrs. Phillips is a member of the Canadian Authors Association, a Council member of the Nova Scotia Writers Federation. She and her husband are retired and live in Halifax where she continues to write poems, articles and plays.

KEITH ALFRED HATCHARD was born at Poole, Dorset, England and received his early education there. He attended Sir George Williams University and Saint Mary's University where he was granted the degree of Bachelor of Commerce and Master of Business Administration.

He has written numerous University papers and is interested in local history and genealogy.

Mr. Hatcher is Senior Contracts Administrator at Hermes Electronics Ltd. of Canadian Marconi Company and resides in Dartmouth, Nova Scotia.

ALLAN EVERETT MARBLE is a native Nova Scotian. He was born in Truro and attended school there and in Dartmouth. He continued his studies at Dalhousie University and Nova Scotia Technical College where he was awarded four scholarships and an Honours Bachelor's Degree.

He has written numerous scientific abstracts and papers pertaining to medical research and is the author of a book on Genealogy, published in 1966.

Mr. Marble is chairman of the Genealogy committee, Nova Scotia Historical Society and is a member of the Nova Scotia Institute of Science and the Royal Philatelic Society of Canada.

TERRENCE MICHAEL PUNCH was born in Halifax and received his early education in Halifax public schools. He received degrees in Arts and Journalism from St. Mary's University in 1964, and the degrees of Bachelor of Education and Master of Arts since that time.

He is a member of the Canadian Historical Association, the Irish Genealogical Research Society, the Historical Association, the Nova Scotia Historical Society, the Charitable Irish Society, and was elected a life Fellow of the Royal Society of Antiquarians of Ireland in 1963. Mr. Punch was a member of the Centennial Committee of the N.S. Teachers' Union in 1966-67, and was winner of the first prize in the historical article section of the literary contest held in 1975 by the Nova Scotia branch of the Canadian Authors' Association and the Department of Recreation.

He lives in Armdale with his wife, Pam, and three young children.

Book Reviews

LORNA INNESS

Telephone Man, by Don Flick
76 pages, paperback, published October 1977
Petheric Press, Halifax, N.S. $3.95

This book is a light-hearted account of the "zany adventures of a young telephone man in pre-war Halifax."

As a young man still uncertain about a future career but interested in electricity, Don Flick worked for nine years for the Maritime Telegraph and Telephone Co. Ltd.

Much of that time was during the Depression which accounts, in part, for the fact that Flick spent that much time working long hours at low pay for a company he disliked.

The book contains colorful anecdotes about installing and repairing telephones in breweries, houses of questionable repute, and under circumstances that might be termed "colorful."

Some of the hazards facing the telephone man at that time are delineated in this passage:

"In addition to the fire traps endangering the house dweller, the telephone installer was himself vulnerable and needed to have all his wits, as well as his tools about him, when going into some of the basements I have entered. Rotten stair treads, loose bannisters, missing last treads, etc., were commonplace irregularities and expected. A well in the middle of the basement floor was something else again. I don't know how deep it was; I didn't reach bottom, but it was five feet in diameter and covered rather inadequately by two eight-inch boards.

"The illumination from the small dirty casement windows was dim. While walking along the basement, head up, tracing the telephone wire, my foreward foot entered the well opening. Luckily I had a firm hold of the wire or I would have been in for a surprise and a cool ducking at least."

But, for the most part, Flick's recollections are of the humorous anecdotal variety, recounted in a rambling style.

Flick did some writing and published a small magazine while working for the telephone company. He served overseas in World War II, and, on his return to Canada, worked for a Toronto publishing house.

He published a weekly newspaper in Ontario and also operated a printing business.

Flick now lives with his wife in Port Joli, Queens County.

Micmac Indian Medicine, by Laurie Lacey
74 pages, illustrated, paperback, published February 1977
Formac Limited, Antigonish

In recent years there has been an increase of general interest in what Laurie Lacey describes as "the virtues of plant substances."

Lacey's own interest in the subject began while he was studying anthropology at Dalhousie University. While there was some material about Indian medicine, Lacey comments in the preface to his book that he "was not aware at the time that Micmac plant medicine was an on-going practice and that it was alive and well on Micmac reserves today."

Lacey discusses the difficulties "in describing Micmac disease and treatment in European categories," and the fact research was limited to Micmacs in present-day Nova Scotia and Newfoundland only, and not, for example, in New Brunswick.

Allowance has also been made for the effect of European bias and prejudice over the centuries. Where possible it has been eliminated; if this was not possible, allowances have been made for it.

Lacey discusses the early chroniclers of Micmac medicine and subsequent writers who have gathered information on the subject. He cites Nicholas Denys' The Description & Natural History of the Coasts of North America (Acadia), 1672, as "probably the best account of early Micmac Indian culture."

Lacey divides his book into descriptions of Indian medicines and practices in the period prior to the arrival of Europeans and Micmac use of medicine today.

In each category section, the various plant medicines, medicinal compounds and animal medicines are listed alphabetically.

In the early period, the scent of the leaves of wadaptekwasowek (buttercup) was inhaled to relieve headache. The plant was also used to treat skin cancer. Skunk cabbage plants were also tied into bundles and "sniffed to relieve headache."

Among the Micmacs today there are medicinal uses for such commonly seen plants as the alders which grow in such abundance in this province, yellow birch, black and red cherry, dogwood, fir balsam, water lily, maple, wild parsnip, pitcher plant, teaberry, willow and many more.

The book also contains black and white photographs of some of the trees and plants used for medicinal purposes.

This book is a valuable addition to both Nova Scotian Indian and nature lore.

The Cranberry Connection, By Beatrice Ross Buszek
222 pages, spiral-bound, paperback, illustrated, published September 1977
Published by Beatrice Ross Buszek,
Printed by Black Printing, Middleton $5.95

Before the white men came to this province the Indians knew the benefits of the small red berries which grew in swampy areas. They used the cranberries in a variety of ways, one of them being the preparation of cakes of dried venison and fat drippings.

The early settlers used cranberries and the Loyalists brought with them the cranberry tradition and turned the harvesting into a kind of social gathering.

The approximate date of cranberry development in Nova Scotia is given as 1870. A Capt. Hall is credited with the first cultivation of the wild cranberry for export in this province.

It was 100 years after the beginning of cranberry cultivation that the first can of cranberry sauce was packed in Hanson, Massachusetts, in 1912.

These and other interesting items of cranberry lore are contained in the footnotes in this new cookbook which is devoted entirely to recipes using the red berries.

Beatrice Buszek's interest in cranberries developed when she found a small house in the Granville area several summers ago. The house was situated at the edge of a large bog and walks through the area and an interest in botany led to a keener interest in cranberries and the urge to produce a book devoted to their history and their use.

As the hours devoted to research increased in number, Mrs. Buszek's enthusiasm grew. So did the variety of recipes. They came from family and friends, from books and tattered old scribblers.

The recipes are grouped in a loose order in the book; fruit topping, drop cookies, pancakes and cranberry mincemeat spareribs appear together on facing pages, but an index is there for quick reference.

The recipes and notes appear in hand printed form, much as they might on recipe cards.

The book is illustrated with sketches in black and red.

The book was compiled at the little house in the bog at Granville Centre, a house which Mrs. Buszek has named Cranberrie Cottage.

Sea, Salt & Sweat, By Nova Scotia Department of Fisheries 109 pages, paperback, illustrated, published September, 1977 Nova Scotia Communications & Information Centre, Box 2206, Halifax $2.

This publication is sub-titled "A Story of Nova Scotia and the vast Atlantic Fisheries," and would be useful supplemental reading in schools where some basic information about fisheries is taught.

This is a timely publication in view of the changing aspects of the fishery in the wake of the declaration by Canada of a 200-mile limit.

The book traces the history of traditional fishing rights and patterns off our shores, the types of boats used and the methods of fishing.

The role of the cod fishery since the first European fishermen came to the shores of North America is discussed in detail, and illustrations show the early fishing vessels and the procedures for sun-drying cod and handlining on the banks in the 1830s.

The illustrations are by L. B. Jenson (Vanishing Halifax, Wood and Stone and other books about Nova Scotia), and the various craft used in the fisheries are beautifully shown in his finely detailed pen and ink work.

The Tancook schooner, whaler, the Bluenose type schooner, the indispensible dory are depicted, along with lesser known vessels of considerable interest—the Chebacco boat or large shallop used largely by Loyalists in the 1800s, the Pinky schooner used about 1875 (a cousin of the better known Chaleur Bay Pinky) and the smaller, lapwork clinker boats which are increasingly hard to find these days.

There is a chapter on the Cape Island boats—the "workhorses" of the fishing fleet, the longliners, seiners and draggers, deep-sea and stern trawlers.

There are diagrams of the methods of trawl fishing, as well as maps showing the fishing banks of the Northwest Atlantic, the major sea scallop fisheries of the Northwest Atlantic, a relief map of the Atlantic's floor, a detailed map of the general location of fishing ports in this province, a map showing the boundary areas set down by the International Commission for the Northwest Atlantic Fisheries and a map showing the boundary of the Canadian 200-mile fisheries zone.

In addition, Jenson has included illustrations of the major species of fish—groundfish, pelagic and estuarial, crustaceans, mollusks, etc—found off our shores.

This book provides an excellent basic outline of one of our most important resources and industries.

Halifax: An Affectionate Portrait, By Frances Davies
hardcover, 80 color plates, published September 1977
Printed by Heritage Press, Published by Rockcliffe Productions Ltd., P.O. Box 3015, Halifax South, P.O., Halifax $19.95

Frances Davies is a well-known Haligonian photographer and an associate of the Royal Photographic Society of Great Britain. She is fascinated by the nature of Halifax, the atmosphere of the city, its images, and inevitably this fascination, coupled with her photographic talents, led to this book.

It is a collection of 80 color plates showing many facets of the city—harbor scenes, old houses, modern buildings. The book spans the seasons; spring blossoms in a park are among her camera's subjects as are snow scenes.

Aside from a brief introduction by Dr. Isabel Macneill, O.C., O.B,E., there is little in the way of text. Only brief captions identify the photo subjects. The quality of the pictures is such that the reader hungers for some detail, historic or personal, to give a better understanding of why the particular subject appealed to the photographer, of what part the subject might have played in the city's history.

Dr. Macneill has added her own personal recollections of the city in the introduction to this portrait of Halifax, a book she describes as "a work of love and understanding."

"Halifax", points out Dr. Macneill, "is an old city, like an old person, the face reveals the character. It is all here and any Haligonian will cherish this book. Others who may have visited briefly, or heard about Halifax will enjoy the 'memorials and things of fame' and things of beauty Frances Davies has recorded with her camera."

In addition to the regular edition at $19.95, Halifax, An Affectionate Portrait is available in a signed limited edition (100 copies) at $195.

A Terrible Beauty, By Heather Robertson
239 pages, hardcover, illustrated in color and black and white, published September 1977
James Lorimer & Company Ltd., Publishers, $29.95

This book is a major work of tremendous impact. It is in part a history, profusely illustrated, of the collection of Canadian war art. In this respect, it is breathtaking.

Its greater impact is as a deeply personal history of Canadians shown by the paintings and the text—a collection of reminiscences by people who experienced war and its effects.

The book follows another work by Heather Robertson, The Salt of the Earth, in which she traced the role of immigrants in the development of the Canadian west. While working on this book she was impressed by the number of photographs which showed the sons of these immigrants in uniform on their way to Europe to take part in the war to end wars.

It was also that war which saw the beginning of the Canadian war art collection through the efforts of Lord Beaverbrook, and the change in approach by the artists themselves—moving the war out of the studio into the front lines.

Whether it is Women Making Shells by H. Mabel May, the view of tiny fields from a small plane in Franz Johnston's Beamsville 1917 or the "tattered band of heroes" straggling across a bridge in Entering Ypres At Dawn by Cyril H. Barraud, one is struck by the way in which the artists have captured for all time the essence of a moment of considerable dramatic impact.

The book is divided into two main sections, one dealing with the Great War and one with World War II.

Some of the artists whose work is represented in the World War I collection were members of the Group of Seven, other later painters have come to be among the best-known and most successful Canadian artists today.

The list of artists includes: Lawren P. Harris, F. H. Varley, A. Y. Jackson, Leonard Brooks, Alex Colville, Molly Lamb Bobak, Arthur Lismer, Jack Humphrey, Miller Brittain, Pegi Nicol MacLeod, Bruno Bobak, C. W. Jefferys, Carl Schaefer and Jack Shadbolt, among others.

Moving as the pictures are (and their reproduction in this book is excellent), it is the small extracts from the personal experiences of Canadians which give the book its forceful quality. Recollections on tape, bits of poetry written during the war, snatches of popular songs still remembered, incidents which remain today as vivid as they were at the time, extracts from letters written home—all of these impressions, deeply personal and vivid, make up a larger picture of the Canadian war experience.

Lightly, By Chipman Hall
127 pages, hardcover, published September, 1977
McClelland & Stewart Ltd., $8.95

Lightly was the winning entry in the 1976 competition held by the Nova Scotia Branch of the Canadian Authors Association in conjunction with the Nova Scotia Writers Federation.

It is a brief (127 pages) but extremely moving story of a young boy and his grandfather and it is set in a small coastal fishing village, not unlike many in this province.

The lad is being raised by his mother and he tries to counter the effects of an unsatisfactory home life by seeking solace in the things at the shoreline and sea which hold a fascination for him.

The action of the novel takes place during the summer following the lad's grandfather's retirement to the little cove after many years at sea,

The older man senses the difficulties facing the boy. Slowly the older man endeavors to teach the boy about the realities of life and death and help him attain the strength to face and deal with both.

The story is told with great sensitivity. The writing is sentimental without being maudlin, the dramatic effect is obtained without overkill.

As a first novel, it meets a high standard.

Hall was born in Halifax and received degrees from Carleton University and Dalhousie University. He studied film and television arts in London, England, and worked in those fields in Britain. In Canada he has worked as an editor with Canadian Press in Halifax and Saint John, and as assistant editor with the CBC's As It Happens.

Canadian Children's Annual 1978, Ed. Robert F. Nielson,
176 pages, paperback, illustrated, published October 1977
Potlatch Publications, One Duke St., Hamilton, Ont., L8P 1W9

The Canadian Children's Annual was launched several years ago by Robert Nielson who felt that young readers in this country should have their very own annual instead of having to read American or British publications.

The fledgling venture has now become a tradition with Canadian children, providing them with interesting stories, articles, historical notes, instructional puzzles and games, nature stories, Indian lore, stories of ships and the sea and some items that are just plain fun.

The 1978 edition contains, among others, items about Emily Carr, the painted caves of Altamira, Canadian firsts, cities and towns of Canada, and a visit to the museum.

An article by Betty Sanders Garner deals with the Halifax Explosion of December 6th, 1917, and the Explosion Window in St. Paul's Church, the pane of glass which was shattered in the shape of a human profile.

As with the earlier annuals, this one is strikingly illustrated and presents an interesting, colorful book which will provide hours of fun for youngsters.

The painting on the cover is by Ken Danby and shows a young boy leaning against a colorful horse on a merry-go-round.

In a time when it is of increasing importance for Canadians, especially young Canadians, to learn more about each other and about their country, this annual renders a distinct service.

Canadian Frontier Annual, Ed. by Brian Antonson & Gordon Stewart,
111 pages, paperback, illustrated, published October, 1977
Antonson Publishing Ltd., 12165-97th Ave., Surrey, B.C. $5.95

This is a periodical which began in 1972 as a quarterly, known as the Canadian Frontier Magazine. In 1975 it was published as a semi-annual by Antonson Publishing Ltd. The magazine first appeared as an annual last year and present plans call for it to remain an annual in the future.

The 1977 edition has just appeared and it offers a colorful variety ranging in locale from coast to coast. "We do our best to maintain a balance right across the country," commented Gordon Stewart in connection with the annual's contents.

Of particular interest to Nova Scotians are articles dealing with Joseph Howe by Arlyene Corkum; an account of the