

pinched until I was sore, and my ribs ached from elbow punches, I began to cry. Noticing the tears running down through the dust on my cheeks, Fanny Johnston and Nellie Gray, who sat opposite me, asked what was the matter. I was about to explain when a harder pinch than usual warned me to keep quiet, so I answered "Nothing". Surmising the cause of my trouble they took me between them and I was comfortable the rest of the way.

In due time we reached Sandy Town and we youngsters were surprised and delighted to see another four-horse team with a load similar to ours pull out ahead of us. The Sunday school there had decided to join us in celebrating Dominion Day.

Instead of a banner as we had, they had a large Union Jack on a staff at the front of their wagon, but they had no streamers on their horses and many taunts were thrown at them by our boys at the inferior appearance of their turnout.

As their horses were fresh they soon left us behind, but they had lost most of their pep before they got over the first sand hill, and as our horses had their second wind, so to speak, we were soon up with them and our lead horses had their noses at the tail of their wagon. Some of our boys who still had some stones, being pretty good shots, would rise occasionally and throw a stone over the heads of the Sandy Town people and expertly nick one of their horses, giving it a start that would give some of the passengers a crick in their necks that would last them all day. There was a constant demand voiced by our younger set that they go faster or let us pass. Mr. Bennett finally succeeded in subduing these speed fiends and a semblance of order was again restored.

As the sun rose higher, the clouds which had threatened rain in the morning had disappeared and the heat became almost unbearable. The horses became streaked with sweat and dust. As we had overtaken several of the buggies and a few teams with wagons, we formed a regular procession and the dust rose in clouds. It was often impossible to see the wagon ahead of us, and at times we could hardly see the length of our own wagon clearly enough to distinguish faces. Occasionally a vagrant breeze would carry away the cloud of dust so that we could see the other rigs ahead for a few minutes. This seldom happened, however, and most of the time we made a dust screen that would put to shame the smoke screen laid down by a moder battleship.

Some of the boys, becoming hungry, had found a basket in a convenient place and had taken advantage of the blinding dust to practically clean it out before being discovered and the temptation removed. The dust screen had enabled them to make a very successful raid.

About this time someone called out "Here is Vienna hill."

Of course every one was on the alert to take in the sights, as Vienna had been, to us, quite a celebrated place and many of us had never seen it before. The thing I remember especially about the place was that we had to cross the river twice on the longest bridges I had ever seen, and was quite worried, fearing the bridges might not be strong enough to carry our load. We crossed them safely, much to my relief, and after climbing a long hill Mr. Bennett said we would soon be able to see the lake. Someone asked him what the lake was like and he said: "It is a great big pond of water, only it is so big you cannot see across it."

I remember I had always had a very high regard for Mr. Bennett and anything he ever told us at school was gospel to me, but when he intimated there could be a pond of water we could not see across he dropped several points in my estimation. Why, I had seen Tillson's pond and everybody knew that was the biggest pond in the country, and my baby brother could see across that. I decided there must be a catch in this somewhere. Very soon, standing up in the wagon, Mr. Bennett said: "There, I see the lake now."

At this announcement there was a general scramble as we all wanted to see it too, and in the scuffle Oscar Millard, our smallest passenger, tumbled out of the wagon. As someone had seen him disappear over the side, a halt was called, but there was so much confusion that we had gone some distance before the drivers could be made to understand there was something wrong and stopped the horses. Oscar was a wiry little chap and, like a cat, he fell on his feet and was running after the wagon as soon as he struck the ground. He had caught up with us by the time the wagon had stopped, and reaching down, Ed. Chandler took him by the arms and pulled him aboard and we were off again.

Soon we came to a little higher ground, and Mr. Bennett, pointing to a place where the ground dipped between two hills, said; "See that dark line across the sky down through that hollow? That is the lake."

I saw a line there plainly enough which I knew, of course, was a cloud. I can see it now as plainly as I saw it then. I was disappointed at not seeing the lake when he sat down and said it was out of sight again.

It was not much longer before we came to the village of Port Burwell, and driving across the valley we climbed a steep hill to a fine picnic ground on a cliff overlooking the lake.

It was a tired, dirty, but enthusiastic lot of humans that swarmed out of those wagons. Every one was starved, and the women and older girls at once set about spreading tablecloths on the grass. The tired horses were watered and fed and some of the older boys were sent for water to make lemonade.

We smaller children were underfoot most of the time as we watched the most surprising things being taken from those baskets. There were roasted chickens, pies, tarts, cookies and sandwiches galore. There were jars of pickles, jars of cold tea, and someone had brought a big watermelon. All the baskets had a liberal coating of sand and as much as possible was shaken off, but sand is clean dirt and would hurt no one, so little was said and less was thought of it. In a surprisingly short time the tables were ready and a call was sent out for all to come.

I remember I had kept pretty close to the scene of the dinner operations, but most of the boys had slid down the cliff and were off on an exploring expedition. I had completely forgotten about the lake as my mind was otherwise occupied, until I went with Mr. Bennett to see what had become of the boys. On reaching the edge of the cliff I was frightened at the awful height as well as by the immense distance I could look without seeing anything but what appeared to be water. Looking down to the foot of the cliff I saw the waves rolling in, but could not understand what they were. A number of tiny figures could be seen running along the sand and Mr. Bennett informed me they were our boys and asked if I cared to go down with him to get them. I most decidedly did not and scampered back to the tables as he disappeared over the cliff on his way down. Within half an hour he was back with the boys.

It was with considerable difficulty that the enthusiasm of all at the sight of the feast was quieted long enough for our minister, Mr. Laird, to say a short grace, after which we did full justice to those good things, and in record time. There was, of course, some squabbling and grabbing, but every one had all they could eat--and how we did enjoy it.

As soon as we had finished dinner we youngsters headed for the "beach" as they called it. It was the first time I had heard the word used in this connection and did not know what they meant, but I thought it had, in some way, something to do with beech trees. I soon learned what it was, however, and I remember, after getting down on the shore and assuring myself that it really was water, and realizing I could not see across it, I reinstated Mr. Bennett to the pedestal of integrity from which he had been dethroned, in my mind.

We played along the shore for a long time, following the waves back as they receded and rushing shoreward as they rolled in, and throwing stones into the water. As we followed the beach along we finally came to the pier, and someone noticing some sailing vessels up the harbor we went back to have a look at them. They were moored well up the river and as we came near we saw there were three vessels, each with three very tall masts on which the sails were furled. One of these, I remember, was the Caspian and another was Erie Wave. I spelled out the first name and an older boy pronounced it for me. We had all filled our pockets with the smooth stones from the beach and one of the boys attempted to hit one of the vessels with a stone. This, was a signal for a general bombardment, which was kept up until all our ammunition was gone, but none of us could hit a boat.

We were about to return for more stones when someone came to call us back to the picnic ground. We were delighted when we arrived there to see the cloths again spread and another repast ready.

When we had finished eating we were told not to leave as we were to start for home at once. This announcement was met with a howl of disapproval, and it was with a great deal of difficulty that we were held together until the horses were brought out and the dishes and baskets were ready to be put in the wagon. Several times a number of the boys would make a break for the shore to get a supply of stones to be used on the return journey, but were frustrated, and long enough before we were ready we were loaded and on our way home.

The dust was just as bad going home as it was in the morning, and as all were tired, we noticed the discomfort more. Towards evening Charlie Johnston suggested we sing something, and someone started singing "Nellie Gray." As we had a Nellie Gray with us, and it was generally understood that she was soon to become Mrs. Johnston, this was not considered to be in good taste. Charlie, who was a good singer, started one of the hymns we used in the Sunday school and all joined in and so helped to relieve to some extent the tediousness of the journey.

It was long after dark when we arrived home and several of the smaller ones had fallen asleep, tired out with our long, hard, but enjoyable day.

That picnic made an impression on me that I will never forget, and though I have attended many picnics since which I have entirely forgotten, the details of that wonderful day remain with me.

When I saw those men boarding that airplane to ride 300 miles in two and a half hours, I wondered if they would get as much thrill from it as I did in riding through the sand and dust, in a springless farm wagon, for five hours, that 16 miles to my first picnic.

-Transportation-



Peter Burwell & family of Eden



At the first plowing match at "Mitch's"

Peter Burwell of Eden put on a demonstration at the International Plowing Match, near St. Thomas, on Wednesday with his team of oxen, "Jiggs and Wimpy." Mr. Burwell drove the oxen while Kenneth Waterworth of West Lorne took the plow handles. Russell Mitchell of Eden and Harold McConkey of Straffordville were busy for a while on Wednesday, on account of the big crowd, tacking up more "No Parking" signs. It was estimated that between 50,000 and 60,000 were in attendance.

at the "Mitch" Hepburn farm



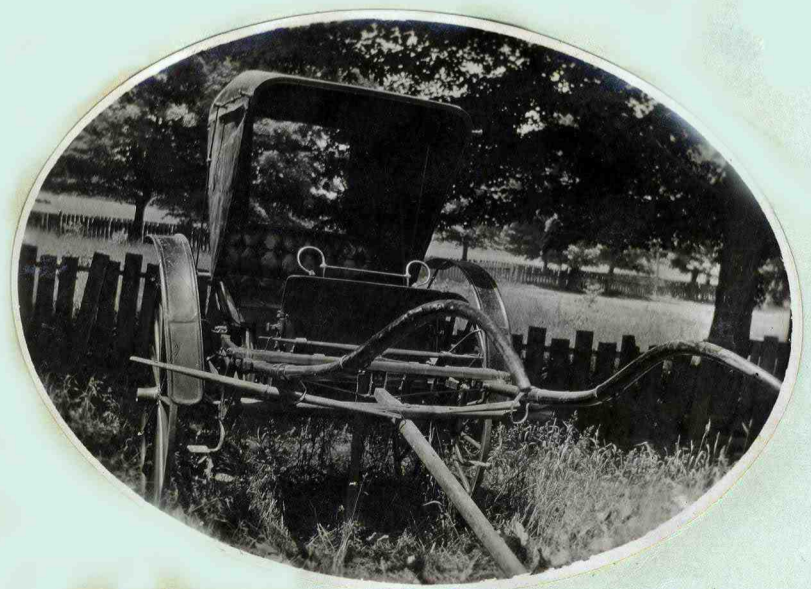
John Pygall & wife (Sibyll Caswell)



Len Fembleton in Bannercroft North of Peterborough About 1920



An old-timer owned by Mr. Abram Gray about 1880



Another old-timer owned by Mr. Abram Gray about 1880.

# PLASTER

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**WHITE and GREY  
LAND PLASTER,**

ALWAYS ON HAND,

IN QUANTITIES TO SUIT FARMERS AND GRAZIERS,

At Moderate Prices, and

**CALCINED  
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West of G. W. R. Station.

**D. M. ROBERTSON.**

INGERSOLL. February 11, 1869.

J. S. Gurnett. Printer, Chronicle Office, Ingersoll.

## Days When Toll Roads Were Common in Area

### ANNUAL REPORT

OF THE

**Directors of the Ingersoll and Port Burwell  
Road Company,**

Submitted to the Annual Meeting of the Shareholders convened at the Queen's Hotel, in Tilsonburg, on Monday, December 8th, 1873.

GENTLEMEN, — Your Directors in submitting this, their Twenty-Fourth Annual Report, beg to call your attention to the following statement :—

#### ASSETS.

By balance from 1872				\$769 17
	1872.		1873.	
	Gate No. 1	\$1750 52	Gate No. 1	\$179 00
	" 2	1778 63	" 2	1795 00
	" 3	1462 75	" 3	1208 25
	" 4	1417 50	" 4	1170 50
	" 5	1276 00	" 5	1381 75
	" 6	482 25	" 6	537 70
	" 7	1030 25	" 7	992 75
	" 8	906 42	" 8	1004 25
		\$10104 32		\$9669 20
			Mail Stage Toll	408 00
				\$10846 37

#### DISBURSEMENTS.

Paid for 87,510 feet of Plank	.....	\$2130 13
Plank Repairs	.....	1135 54
Gravel and Gravel Repairs	.....	2321 08
Clearing Snow last Winter	.....	223 98
Auditors and Directors	.....	51 00
January and July Dividends	.....	2392 80
Stationery and Postage	.....	22 90
Gate Keepers' Wages	.....	1392 00
Toll House Repairs	.....	10 27
Bridges and Culverts	.....	68 65
Secretary and Superintendent's Salary	..	500 00
Treasurer	.....	50 00
• Balance	.....	548 02
		\$10846 37

Moved by L. Burwell, seconded by E. D. Tilson, and resolved, that the Report just read be adopted.

**THOS. BROWN, Pres. & Treas.**

**R. H. CARROLL, Secretary.**

Tilsonburg, December 8, 1873.

Harry Rowland, Printer, Tribune Office, Ingersoll.

FEBRUARY 7, 1872.

#### Miscellaneous.

#### PERSONAL.

If the person who visited my house on Monday night relieved my pockets of their contents will return the bunch of keys (if he is done with them), he will save me considerable trouble. My Post-office box is No. 689. But if he prefers to deliver them in person, I would be glad to make his acquaintance and take his measure for a suit. At the time if he will water me I will go with him and show him how easy my safe is opened; one only requires to know how; but in future it will require another key, as the locks will all be changed.

D. S. ADAMS,  
51 King street west.