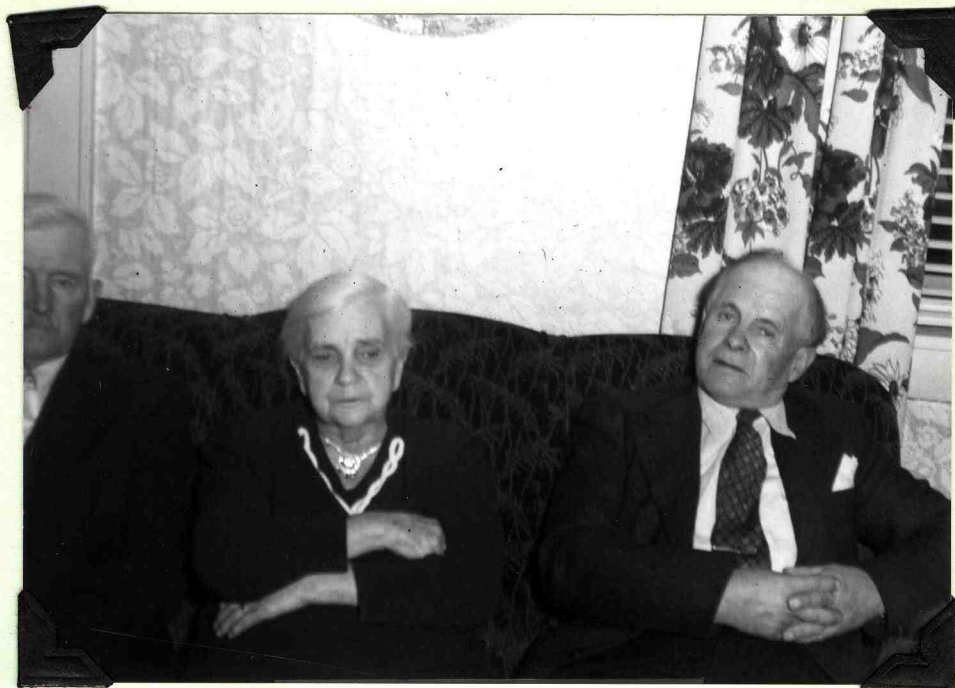


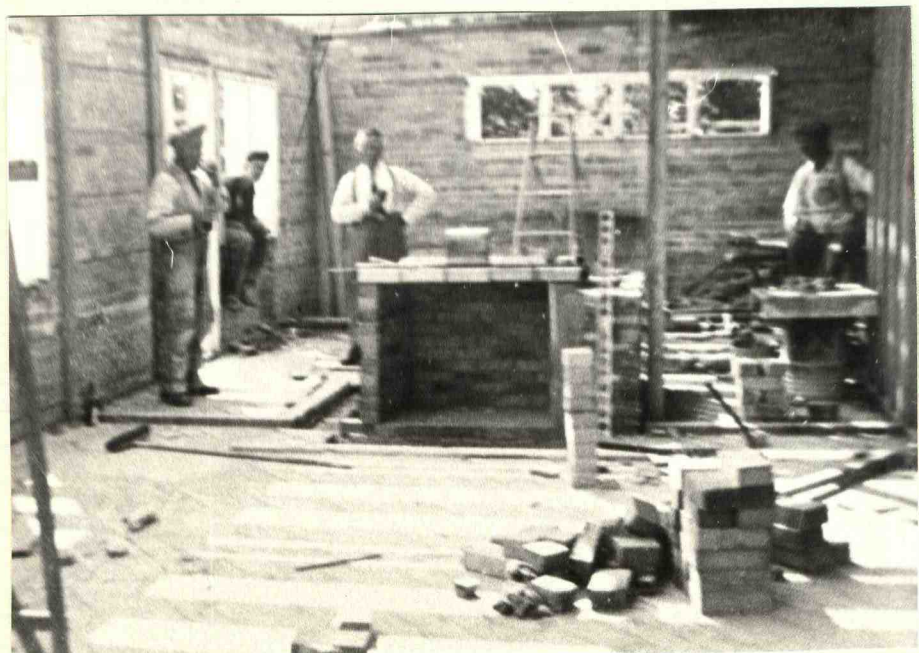
HILDA + RUSSELL
MCDOWELL



RUSSELL LILLIAN WALTER



OLD CHOPPER SENT TO MILTON AGRICULTURAL MUSEUM.



BUILDING H. JOHNSON HOUSE



ANNA WALTER EZRA CATHARINE ORN + IDA
MCDOWELL ADAMS BUCHNER

Eighteen and eighty-six versus nineteen sixty-five

I watched the building of the Tillsonburg, Lake Erie And Pacific Railway being the first railway to be built in this locality and my brothers worked at (the wages paid were one dollar and twelve cents per day) the construction of it. It was built from Tillsonburg to Port Burwell mainly by the persevering efforts of John Teall. Thus developed into a road that ran four mixed trains per day, carrying an estimated one hundred thousand passengers in a year. An excursion train, often every day in the summer to the greatly advertised summer resort and picnic grounds at Port Burwell. I cut shingles beside the railway track at Eden and had a perfect view of the railway travel. The railway was later extended to Ingersoll. When the railway was first built, there was song which was in part:- Goodbye Old John Fick with your horses so slick, for we are going through Bayham by rail.

When I was a little fellow, there was a balloon ascension at Port Burwell and an excursion train ran for the occasion. I found I could get a child's return ticket from Eden to Port Burwell for fifteen cents. I found twenty cents in a pocket of my father's Sunday pants, bought a ticket, saw the balloon ascension, and got a licking when I returned home. It was surprising what a blow out us kids had at Port Burwell on that extra nickel. We could get a package of Long Tom popcorn for one cent, also a big stick of hoarhound candy for one cent.

We had heard by this time, that there were horseless carriages built and used in the United States. It was just Hearsay as no one here had seen one, so when one day we heard an awful noise on the road in front of the house, we rushed out to look and I saw a horseless carriage disappear down the hill, so we ran back where we could see the west hill and, saw the carriage go on, right up the hill and out of sight. Then we dashed out to the road again to see the track it had made.

I had by that time seen the first safety bicycle, the first railway, and the first automobile but it was years after that before we saw Guy Johnson in his aeroplane fly over our farm on his way to Straffordville. Standing there viewing his plane was a very wonderful experience.

All these things had happened, but our family and our neighbours remained honest and forthright. Early to bed and early to rise was the paying off, causing us to be prosperous. Filtering up, through past generations we had heard that the cows always knelt down to pray at twelve o'clock, every night, but no one could say for sure, as no one had been up and around at that time of night. We all went to bed soon after dark, and was safe in the land of nod until four o'clock in the morning. The days were quiet and usually the day after was the same as the day before. Although sometimes we had a day to remember. One such day was when a Scot came walking down the road playing a homemade bagpipe, and another day Lew Davidson came down the road riding a jackass. We seldom saw a jackass face to face in those days, and one fellow said the reason why was because we had few looking glasses.

At that time if you had a little money, which we always had, you could get anything you might want. You could have a doctor come to your house, any-time, day or night for two dollars. You could buy cheese or beef steak for seven cents a pound. On the farm we used to kill thirty five hogs at a time and take them to Aylmer and get three cents per lb. dressed. A good cow would sell for eighteen dollars. A sheep would sell for four dollars. Potatoes would sell for twenty cents per bushel. Around the first of May we would wash the sheep in the Otter Creek, and after that we would shear off the wool. Then some nice day around the twenty-fourth of May we would load up the wool early in the morning, and take it to Mr. Clutton's woollen mill at Vienna to be made into rolls, ready for spinning. We would go on to the lake at Port Burwell for a holiday, then pick up the rolls at Vienna on the way home. We had a spinning wheel and would spin our own yarn. We had a churn and would make our own butter. We would also make our own soap, candles and matches. We smoked and cured our own meat. We smoked pork and dried beef. We canned our own fruit and dried our apples and pumkin.

At that time a person did not need a certificate or a license to do any special work, so I started an evolution from one job to another. I got a job with Mr. James Leach, working in his shingle mill, edging, packing and firing the boiler of the steam engine. Then I worked for Mr. Merrit Burwell and afterward Mr. John House in their saw mills, firing and cutting slabs.



WALTER McDOWELL BUILDING ON RIDGE ROAD



Eighteen and eighty-six versus nineteen sixty -five

I worked for Mr. Ed Tillson in the wheat mill, oat mill and the stave mill. In the stave mill we made staves for wooden barrels. I worked for Mr. Dr. MacIntyre in the Novelty Works, making show-cases. I worked for the Maple Leaf Harvest Tool Co. around twenty years, polishing forks. I worked for the Morrow Screw Co. at Ingersoll making primers for shrapnel-shell for the Russians. I made cement blocks for Charlie Burwell in the daytime, and made cement blocks for George Thomas (hisoposition) at night. (Yes, I sometimes worked at hard labour night and day) until George got mad because I was not there in the daytime to help his customers load the blocks on their wagons. So I quit working for him and continued to make blocks for Charlie Burwell and supplemented at night by unloading a car of cement for Mr. Ed Torrens. The new car held eight hundred sacks. I would load the sacks on the wheelbarrow and wheel them into the warehouse and pile them ten sacks high. I would start around ten o'clock and finish around five in the morning, having lifted sixteen hundred sacks, besides wheeling them into the warehouse.

I worked one summer for the Canadian Pacific Railway, under Charlie Hopkins foreman of the bridge and building gang. I finally developed a general contracting business. I had the Rural Mail contract out of Eden for twenty-four years and thousands of building contracts.

At the beginning of nineteen and sixty-six I had to quit the contracting as the men that wanted twelve to fifteen dollars a day are only around a dollar a day. The men do not seem to earn much anymore. They are educated nowadays. It could be that some youths when they finish university do not know very much. I wonder if the large schools for sub-normals are being built for the university students. The so-called educated person should be pitied because they have been taken to school (not even sent to school, they have been taken to school) and then when at school, they are told where to sit; they are told to come in and told to go out; told what to read and what to write.

The best years of a person's life is from one to twenty-one. So, if a person is kept in school, even taken there, fed, clothed, the building is provided, and the seat they sit on, now, I am sure that if a person does not have to do anything for themselves for twenty-one years, (the best part of their life gone) they are not going to do anything constructive the rest of their life. We do not need to say that they will not work. We do not need to say that they know anything. We do not need to say that they cannot read or write. But they are to be pitied; they have had very little chance to learn. They have the best part of their life wasted and they are discouraged. They now might have to try to get their own living. How can they? They have no practical experience. They might rob a bank or peddle dope.

My ancestors came from County Down, Ireland, in the early 1800's about the time that Sir John Alexander Macdonald family moved here from Glasgow. Sir John A. was born in Glasgow Jan. 11th, 1815, being the third child of Hugh Macdonald a native of Sutherlandshire. The family emigrated to Canada in 1820 settling at Kingston, Ontario. At the age of fifteen Macdonald entered a law office; he was called to the bar in 1836 and began practice in Kingston, with immediate success.

In 1844 Macdonald was elected to the provincial assembly as conservative member for Kingston. A sentence in his first address to the electors strikes the dominant note of his public career - I therefore need scarcely state my firm belief that the prosperity of Canada depends upon its permanent connection with the mother country, and that I shall resist to the utmost any attempt (from whatever quarter it may come) which may tend to weaken that union. In 1847 he was made receiver - general with a seat in the executive council.

One of the first acts of the Reform government which succeeded that which Macdonald was a member was to pass the Rebellion Losses Bill. In the controversy on the British connection which followed that event, Macdonald helped to found the British-American league, which had for its object the confederation of all the provinces, the strengthening of the connection with the mother country, and the adoption of a national commercial policy. He remained in opposition from 1848 till 1854, holding together under difficult circumstances an unpopular party with which he was not entirely in sympathy. The two great political issues of the time were the secularization of the clergy reserves in Ontario, and the abolition of seignioral tenure in Quebec. Both of these reforms Macdonald long opposed, but when successive elections had proved that they were supported by public opinion, he brought about a coalition of conservatives and moderate reforms for the purpose of carrying them.

Eighteen and eighty-six versus nineteen sixty-five

Out of this coalition was gradually developed the liberal-conservative party, of which until his death Macdonald continued to be the most considerable figure, and which for more than forty years largely moulded the history of Canada. From 1854 to 1857 he was Attorney-General of Upper Canada, and then, on the retirement of Colonel Tache he became prime minister.

Levi Walter McDowell
of Eden, Ontario.

Happenings in Eden and to Eden persons as told to Catharine McDowell by her late father, Levi Walter McDowell.

1 Mrs. John Pygall (Sybil) opened the Methodist church door. A big dog decided to go in, under her hoop skirt to do so, and she rode the dog up the aisle of the church.

2 Mr. and Mrs. Ira Caswell, small son Blake, John Pygall and his housekeeper were crossing the railroad bridge near Tillsonburg to reach a peach orchard when they were about in the centre, a Wabash train came from the west. Ira held Blake who lost his hat which was never found. They all hung on and were not hurt. (Walter McDowell bought a revolver of Ira Caswell which he inherited from John Pygall.

3 Told by W. McDowell and Fred Chandler - a Rev. Sherman chewed tobacco and spit under the pulpit. His son Ed, (described as a fool of a boy with big feet) used to milk their cow in the church shed. Boys would throw stones on the roof to scare the cow. George Bennett the schoolteacher, caught Chet Buckborough, over in the same Baptist shed (licking the pig with a gad) putting rope across the gravel sidewalk to trip people.

4 Other episodes - sneaking out food from a turkey supper.
- names mentioned were Ira Caswell, Silas Burwell, and same boy Chet.

5 Seventy pupils at Eden public school to one teacher - downstairs - all went sleigh-riding at noon hour (Minor Phelps hills) The teacher strapped all of them with a hickory pointer.

6 Havelock Neville rang the school bell when Iva and Charlie Leach came from California on the train with an inheritance of \$100,000.00

7 Jack Viggars shot at the train with an air rifle - Archie Pow of Tillsonburg was called in - Mr. Pow was the policeman from there.

W. J. McDowell, Bayham, Dies here, Well-known Farmer Passes at Home of Son William James McDowell, well-known farmer of Bayham township, died at the home of his son, Coville McDowell, 41 West Avenue, Thursday morning, after a long illness. Mr. McDowell, who was born in Bayham sixty-seven years ago, had spent his life there except for nine years in Saskatchewan. He came to St. Thomas a few weeks ago to visit his son. Three sons survive, Coville, of this city; Roy and Arthur, of Saskatchewan, and three brothers and sisters, Walter Russell, Maitland, Mrs. Alex McKie and Mrs. Neil Ketchabaw, all of Bayham. At rest at the P.R. Williams & son Funeral home, where the funeral service will be held Saturday afternoon.

Funeral of a day
William James McDowell - The funeral of William James McDowell, well-known and highly esteemed resident of Bayham, whose death occurred Thursday at the home of his son, Coville, 41 West Avenue, took place from the P.R. Williams & son Funeral home Saturday afternoon, where Rev. L. W. Reed, pastor of St. Andrew's United Church conducted the services. The cortege then proceeded to the Eden Baptist church, where Rev. H.D. Moore conducted the service. Interment was made in the Eden cemetery. During the service the choir sang "I am Waiting Only Waiting" accompanied on the organ by Mrs. W. Stilwell. The pall bearers were Ira Stilwell, J.L. Burwell, Fred Chandler, Milton Inman, Harley Howey and C. S. Frances. Among the beautiful floral tributes surrounding the casket were: spray "father" Coville and family; Ada Burwell and family and many others. In attendance out of the city were: Mr. and Mrs. Russell McDowell, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Bowes, Arnold McDowell, of Eden.