

From one to eight-thirty p.m. the spot was a veritable bee hive, and one was reminded of a poem of early childhood that went something like this,--

"How doth the little busy bee
Delight to bark and bite,
And gather honey all the day,
Then eat it through the night."

Now, boys, all together, yau-heave! Pins this way! Where's the axe? Hi there, give us a lift! What are you fellows doing over there; here's where you are wanted! Hand us that crow bar! These and like expressions set the summer breezes moving in merry circles.

The barn is an up-to-date structure with cement foundation and will have a hip roof. It will accomodate 32 head of cattle, several teams of horses and have six box stalls. The cellar for storing root crops is commodious and well arranged. The building is 45' x 70' with an unusually heavy frame, the timbers for which is furnished by the owner from trees growing on the farm. As recently as yesterday standing trees were cut and taken to the saw mill, squared and brought back, and to-day form part of the frame work of the barn. No: don't make the mistake of saying that enterprise and energy is confined to the cities.

Balsden and Blewett are the contractors, and furnish siding and shingles, the contract price being \$2,200, so that the barn when finished will cost over \$3,000.

Percy Blewett was the hero of the day, for on him fell the entire responsibility; and being a Yarmouth boy, it was refreshing to hear on all sides the compliments paid him,

that one so young had accomplished so much, and was able to manage men and work so admirably. Evidently Yarmouth is proud of its young contractor.

At six p.m. word was passed the men that the bents were ready for raising. Sides were chosen, captained by William Tansley on the north and Murray McTaggart on the south, and the struggle began. Slowly and surely the huge timbers were lifted into place, and the babel of voices might have been heard for miles. Fortunately nothing happened to mar the success, and when 4 out of 5 bents were in position a halt was called and supper announced. Here was a sight that gladdened the hearts of men, for the ladies had furnished two long tables on the lawn, large enough to accomodate all, and a jollier time was never seen.

Well, "nuf-sed," who couldn't eat such tasty well-cooked victuals? It was luxurious, and gave ample evidence of the wealth of the host. And the young ladies? Yes, they were there, the best in Yarmouth who served the hungry workers with a charming grace that was a sauce to their appetites. There were Blanche, Hazel and Ethel Gilbert, May and Edna Heydon, Lila and Gertie Hughes, Mabel Westlake and others equally attractive whose names were not learned.

THE LOCKE FAMILY

In this machine age I wonder how many of us, as we drive along our paved highways in our motor cars ever give a thought as we pass the beautiful farms with every modern convenience including hydro and water systems, that back in 1833 just over one hundred years ago the world was first thinking of steamer service on the Atlantic as we are thinking to-day of airplane service.

The highways were merely trails through dense forests where no human foot had ever trod and we enjoy this heritage only because our ancestors possessed the calibre upon which great nations are built. They endured loneliness, disappointments and privations, that we, their children might live in comfort, yes, even luxury.

In 1837 Mr. William Locke and his sons arrived at Cobourg Harbour with a herd of pure bred Devon Cattle, the strain of which is now extinct in this territory. Mrs. Locke having preceeded him in a sailing vessel, was waiting his arrival. But Mr. Locke was delayed owing to storms and the salt water washing the decks destroyed the hay which they had brought to feed the cattle and it was necessary to land at Montreal and lay in a supply of hay for the remainder of their journey.

Meanwhile, the landlady at Cobourg, who had given Mrs. Locke rooms began, with all this delay, to have suspicions to which landladies are prone when roomers do not pay; and their husbands fail to appear as promised.

The little woman's purse grew leaner and leaner, in fact quite empty and still day by day no boat hove into Cobourg Harbour. The stiffening landlady was put off from time to time and finally would be put off no longer. She grew furious, threatening to turn her lodger into the street. "I can't pay," gasped the later in desperation. "But I tell you again my Husband when he comes will have plenty. I cannot help the boat being late. But, I promise you, you will be amply paid!" The landlady went downstairs sullenly. How was she to know the woman had a husband at all? Even if she did he might be at the bottom of the sea by now, with his purse, cattle and all. On the other hand if the woman was honest it would be a great harm to refuse her shelter, and she being really a kind person quite willing to entertain angels unawares, besides if she turned the lodger away how could she claim her past board bill should there come a happier turn of affairs.

As for the lady upstairs, she was growing decidedly uneasy- whatever could be keeping the man? Daily she watched the harbour. This small woman from England never seemed to get over being weary. She was not partial to walking. She availed herself of every opportunity to sit. When she went to church (and this was one of the things, the landlady gave her credit for) it was as much an occasion for physical as spiritual rest This woman

of course taking the utmost precaution to camouflage her purpose propped her bustle. The style of the time delighted in the heinous beauty of those bulky appendages for female attire, and this lady slyly propped that bustle, I say, against the back of the church pew and leaning back upon it, apparently enjoyed the service more than any other function of the week. It was a real rest and the tired lines on her face would smooth accordingly.

In due course, her husband and sons arrived, and inquired at the lodgin house, "Be there a lady hereby the name of Locke?" Of course, the little Englishwoman was overjoyed and said "Well, now the first thing you do, William, go and pay that woman my board for overtime; she's been nigh frantic and like to have put me out of doors!" "But you had plenty lass," he exclaimed in amazement. "It is in my bustle" she said fishing that article of her apparel from a heap of clothing on the bed, "But not in my purse ye won't find much in that, and did ye think foolish man, I would slit open my bustle and let folk know about the gold? And so endanger both myself and the money? I told the woman true, I couldn't pay her till ye came, for I didn't dare!" "I suppose not," replied her husband with a grin, and went downstairs to appease a landlady beaming with smiles.

From there they proceeded across the country settling in what is known now as the Township of Yarmouth, on the farm now owned by Mr. Fred Lewis.

The present Locke homestead was purchased by Mr. William Locke in 1839, from a Mr. Miller, Mr. William Locke (the son) married Jane Box of London Township, and came directly to the present Locke homestead. Two daughters and five sons were born of this union; the younger son Charles still resides on the homestead. But it was not as it is to-day, Mr. Miller having constructed a frame house which was the first of its kind in this district and was considered a very modern up-to-date home. The house consisted of a large parlor at the front with a bed room off this room. The front door was on the side with a narrow hall leading to the parlor and extending to the dining room with four small bedrooms on each side. The dining room was very large and contained a fireplace which would hold six foot logs of wood at one time. A large attic above this part was used as a store room, and the part was used by a travelling shoe-maker who came once a year to make boots and shoes for the family. There also was a lady who came once a year to do the family spinning. The kitchen was very large and had in a stove which was called "King of stoves, with the oven at the top".

A trail let through the forest to the village of St. Thomas, which was situated at the bottom of the Hill at the West End.

Some of the settlers at that time were Mr. and Mrs. Easterbrook, and at their home Mr. and Mrs. Locke spent Good Friday, that being Mr. Eastabrook's birthday;

Mr. and Mrs. Eastabrook were Mrs. Albert Archibald's grandparents. Mr. George E. Casey owned the land now Owned by the Waterworks. Mr. Casey later became a member of parliament. Other settlers included the Mann's, Miller's, Hill's and Penhales.

The present brick house on the Locke homestead was built in 1873.

I think we should all be grateful that we have been given the privilage of living in this present age with its many labor saving devices but like our ancestors we must press forward. With our forest rapidly diminishing we are facing a problem of cheap fuel for heating purposes and I feel that a means will be invented by which this can be done by hydro. I believe Providence placed such wonders as the Niagara Falls on the earth's surface for a direct use in making heat for the people. If this is so and an invention can really compass the great problem of cheap heating with coal what a boon to the world.

Even the frozen Labrador might be lighted through its long winter nights and be warm and cozy within. In that day the Grand Falls in Quebec will be the mine of gold and comfort.

Whittier tells us: And all of good the past hat wrought,
Remains to make our own time gold. And step by step since
time began, Has seen the steady gain of man.

Fern Burton Locke.
(Mrs. W.E.Locke)

May 25, 1933.

1966 ----

The farm purchased by William Locke from a Mr. Miller in 1839, was occupied by his youngest son Charles until his death in 1945, when it passed on to his son Percy R., some of which has been subdivided into a choice residential district where a number of new homes have been erected.

THE EDGEWARE ROAD

The first recollection that I have of Edgeware Road dates back to when a young teacher, who travelled back and forth to her school, told me that it was a beautiful drive with its hills and low land area through the wooded parts.

The first thoughts when we speak of Edgeware are where is it and how did it get its name. The families which settled on the road were from Devonshire, England at least the majority, and Edgeware was the name of a road in England. The Edgeware Road lies between the ninth and tenth concessions of Yarmouth, and north of Talbot Street. On the map the road begins at the Dunwich and Southwold townline, passing through Southwold and Yarmouth to the Malahide boundary line. I do not think it is called by that name in Southwold. The road is not travelled all the way through but it is surveyed. On account of the number of hills the road was not used.

Now let us consider the farms bordering on the Edgeware Road through Yarmouth starting at the Wellington Road. The Freeman's and Eastabrooks still are in the family, for four generations. The Axford farm is part of the Eastabrook farm, Mrs. Axford was formerly a Miss Eastabrook. The Emery farm was known as Barnard's, the Carter was formerly owned by Mr. Billings. If I were to tell you all the farms in the tier lots north and south Edgeware, it would take too long for some have been sold three or four times.

The farm owned now by Mr. Hill, was owned by Mr. Bobier, sold to Daniel Coughlin at his death, was sold to Mr. Fitch, then to Mr. Hill whose father owned the farm across the road which they had taken from the Crown and still own. On the south we have land owned by Mrs. Sarah Casey, mother of the late George E. Casey, West Elgin a member of Parliament for a number of years and now owned by the City of St. Thomas for the Waterworks. The Locke farm on the corner was clergy reserve. The Brady farm taken from the Crown is still in the family name. Mann's land taken from the Crown was divided between two sons, John and Jahiel and now owned by William E. Locke and Gordon Loveday. Albert Campbell's farm formerly owned by Mr. and Mrs. Jeffreys, - Uncle and Aunt of Mrs. John Miller and Mother of Norman Miller. The next 100 acres was taken by Mr. Cole and sold to Mr. Tibbets and is now owned by Mrs. John A. Campbell. Then comes the George Dennis farm, first owned by the Gilberts, then a Mr. Potticary, sold to Matthew Penhale and then to the present owner George Dennis.