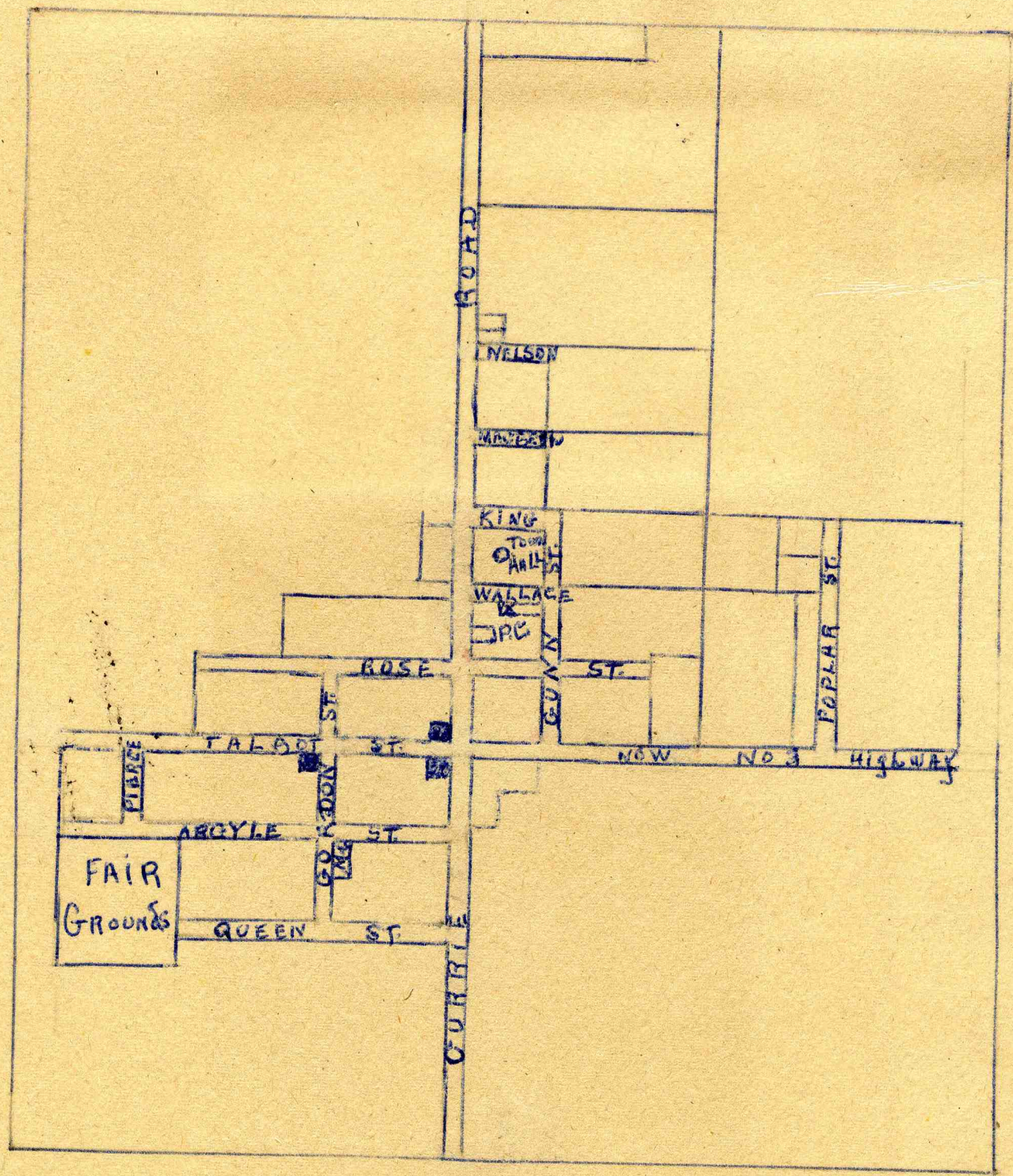


- 3 HOTELS
- OLD TOWN HALL
- X OLD SCHOOL
- ☒ PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
- ☒ METHODIST CHURCH



MAP OF WALLACE TOWN IN 1877
 COPIED FROM HISTORICAL ATLAS OF ELGIN



WALLACETOWN IN THE SPRING

The following verses have been received from the fighting line from a Wallacetown boy who is doing his bit "Somewhere in France." They were written, he says, "in one of my blue and spare moments" when his thoughts reverted to the old town and some of the pleasures of his school days.

It's away out here in Flanders,
 In the long and dreary nights,
 When a chap thinks most of his boyhood days,
 And recalls many weird sights.
 So it is with me to-night,
 When the wind thro' the cracks does sing,
 That I was thinking of my happiest days
 Which I lived in Wallacetown, in the spring.

When the snow was disappearing,
 And the creeks were flowing high,
 And the sun in all his glory
 Shone from out an open sky;
 When each maple owned a bucket,
 Overflowing with its sap,
 When at school we'd say in a whisper,
 "John L. Pearce is going to tap."

Then on Saturdays and after school hours,
 When Curtis had rung the bell,
 Would the seats and desks be closed with
 a bang,
 And we'd rush into the street with a yell,
 We'd never go home—not likely—
 There would be wood to split—no fun—
 But off we'd go to a sugar bush
 And see for ourselves the day's run.

After sampling the sap in each bucket,
 And the stuff boiling down: Oh, so good!
 Would Scotty Mac say to Bill Crehan:
 "This is better than splitting that wood."

Then homeward we'd go very slowly,
 With a smile from ear to ear, you can bet,
 At the door I would blush 'fore my mother;
 "My boy! Where've you been? Feet wet?"

Every night during the run would this happen,
 Or there'd be a social at five cents a lick:
 But it only lasted a fortnight,
 And always half of us sick.
 Then later when the snow had all melted,
 And the buds on the trees making way,
 Would we watch for a sign from the butcher:
 "Fish are up!" I can still hear him say.

Then all of us long for the week-end,
 When we could all try our luck up at Black's;
 And we'd get the old net from the woodshed,
 On the morrow pack off to the Maos,
 With Scotty, myself, Ed, and Archie,
 Would we trail up to Robinson's line,
 And taking our turn at sweeping the creek,
 We'd sweep to Concession Nine.

So, these are the days I think of—
 When everybody was a king:
 To me they were the happiest—
 In "Wallacetown in the spring."



G.M. KEILLOR

WALLACETOWN

ABOUT 1890



At the
CROSS ROADS
of
TALBOT STREET
AND
CURRIE ROAD



"ONTARIO HOUSE"

This hotel was owned by MR. JOHN DROMGOLE AND OPERATED by his family for many years. It was destroyed by fire in 19... HAS BEEN REPLACED by SUPERTEST SERVICE STATION.

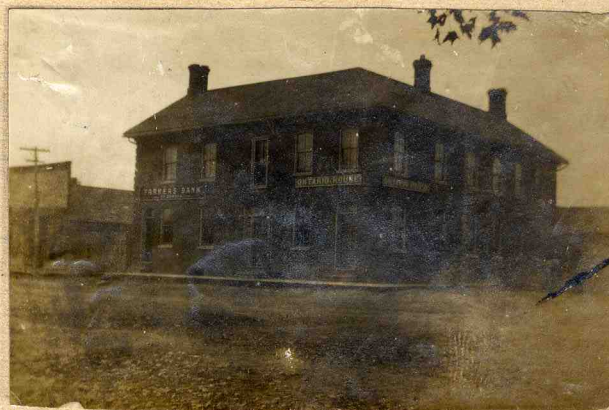
ON the right, is MR W^m. CHAPMAN'S blacksmith shop. In EARLIER days, it was DIRECTLY ON this CORNER, the post office and home of ROBERT GUNN AND daughter BELLA, stood. MANY YEARS later, the post office was MOVED to GUSACK'S STORE. [picture below]

When blacksmith shop days WERE OVER, AN up-to-date GARAGE was built by SAM DAVEY IN YEAR 1922

CAMERON'S GENERAL STORE

ON left. IN the CAMERON-family FROM 1882 UNTIL 1935.

The I.O.F. [FORRESTERS] MET IN upper part for their MONTHLY Lodge MEETINGS.



ANOTHER VIEW

NOTE the sign "FARMERS' BANK" OVER DOOR ON WEST CORNER

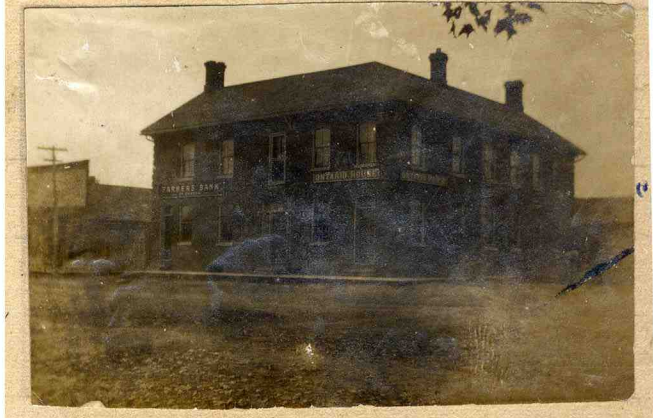
of hotel. This opened here for BUSINESS IN YEAR 1907, but CLOSED AGAIN IN A FEW MONTHS.

The building at EXTREME left, in EARLIER days WAS AN UNDERTAKING PARLOUR, MANAGED by JAMES CULLEN, who LATER moved to WEST LORNE AND OPENED PARLOURS there.



Wallacetown's main street, looking from the west. In this pioneer community, some of the first businesses in West Elgin were established and out of here the first mail couriers rode west on horseback.

[left] - PRESENT - Post Office
WALLACETOWN



Cameron's
Store
↓



WALLACETOWN

About 1890