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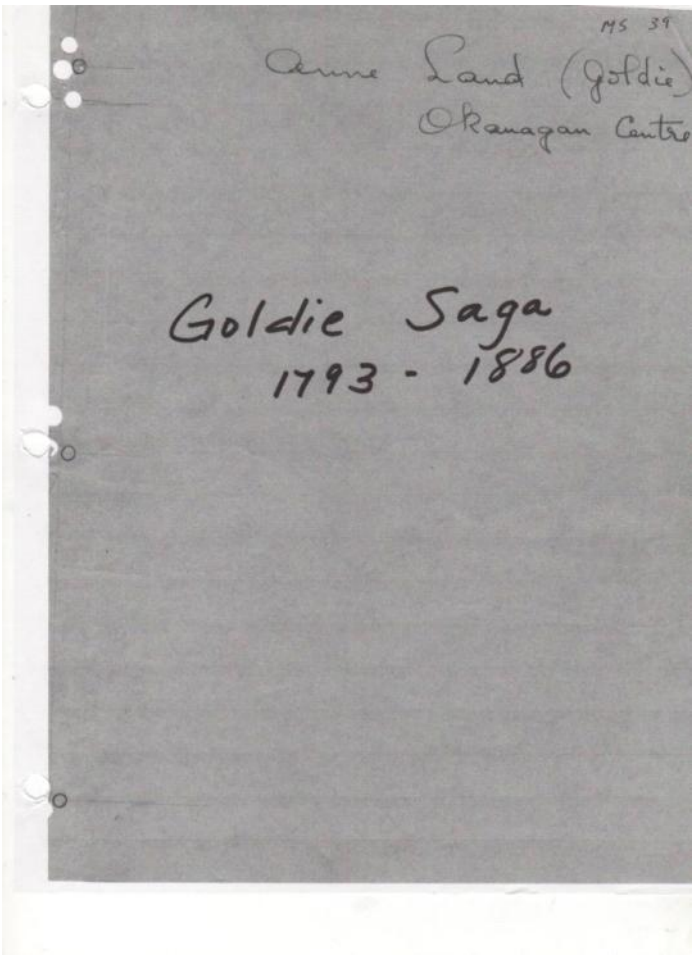

Anne Land (Goldie)

Okanagan Centre

Goldie Saga
1793-1886

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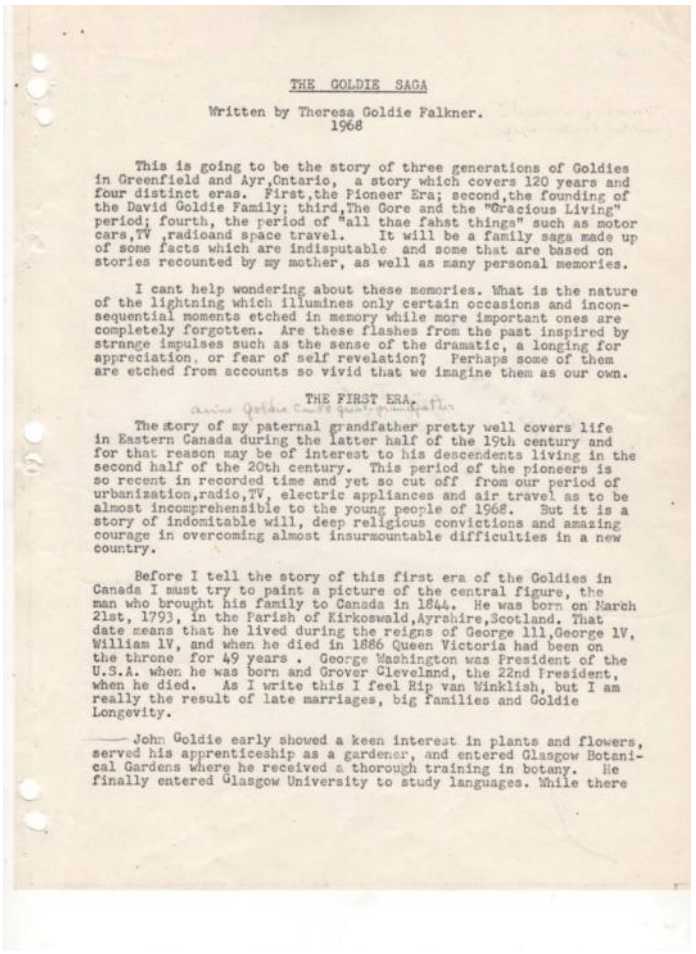

THE GOLDIE SAGA

Written by Theresa Goldie Falkner.
1968

This is going to be the story of three generations of Goldies in Greenfield and Ayr,Ontario, a story which covers 120 years and four distinct eras. First,the Pioneer Era; second,the founding of the David Goldie Family; third,The Gore and the "Gracious Living" period; fourth, the period of "all thae fahst things" such as motor cars,TV ,radioand space travel. It will be a family saga made up of some facts which are indisputable and some that are based on stories recounted by my mother, as well as many personal memories.

I cant help wondering about these memories. What is the nature of the lightning which illumines only certain occasions and inconsequential moments etched in memory while more important ones are completely forgotten. Are these flashes from the past inspired by strange impulses such as the sense of the dramatic, a longing for appreciation, or fear of self revelation? Perhaps some of them are etched from accounts so vivid that we imagine them as our own.

THE FIRST ERA.

The story of my paternal grandfather pretty well covers life in Eastern Canada during the latter half of the 19th century and for that reason may be of interest to his descendents living in the second half of the 20th century. This period of the pioneers is so recent in recorded time and yet so cut off from our period of urbanization,radio,TV, electric appliances and air travel as to be almost incomprehensible to the young people of 1968. But it is a story of indomitable will, deep religious convictions and amazing courage in overcoming almost insurmountable difficulties in a new country.

Before I tell the story of this first era of the Goldies in Canada I must try to paint a picture of the central figure, the man who brought his family to Canada in 1844. He was born on March 21st, 1793, in the Parish of Kirkoswald,Ayrshire,Scotland. That date means that he lived during the reigns of George lll,George lV, William lV, and when he died in 1886 Queen Victoria had been on the throne for 49 years . George Washington was President of the U.S.A. when he was born and Grover Clevelnnd, the 22nd President, when he died. As I write this I feel Rip van Winklish, but I am really the result of late marriages, big families and Goldie Longevity.

John Goldie early showed a keen interest in plants and flowers, served his apprenticeship as a gardener, and entered Glasgow Botanical Gardens where he received a thorough training in botany. He finally entered Glasgow University to study languages. While there

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THE FIRST ERA
Anne Goldie Land's great-grandfather

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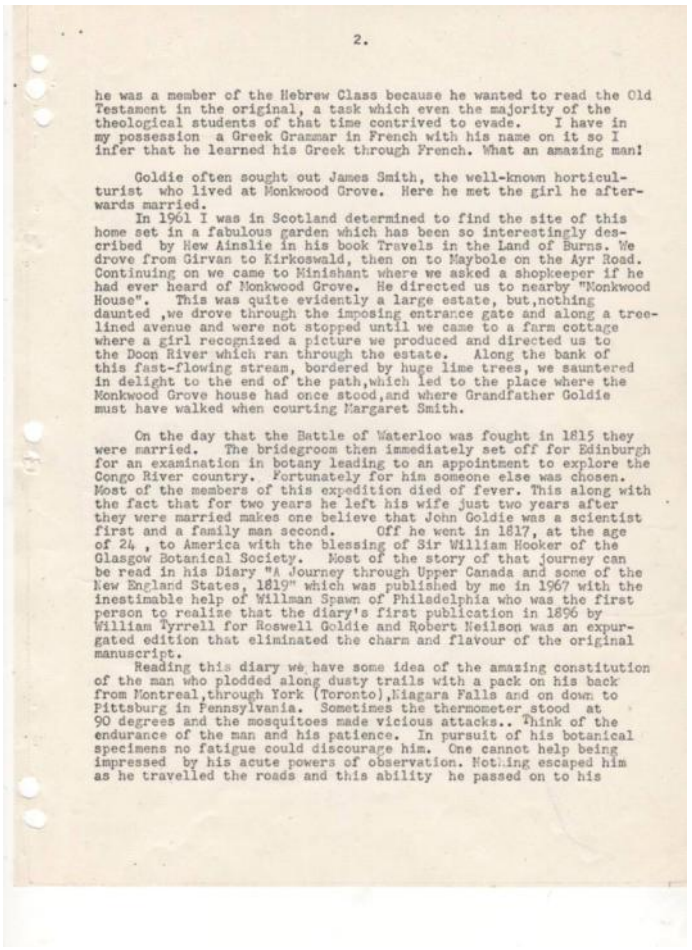

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he was a member of the Hebrew Class because he wanted to read the Old Testament in the original, a task which even the majority of the theological students of that time contrived to evade. I have in my possession a Greek Grammar in French with his name on it so I infer that he learned his Greek through French. What an amazing man!

Goldie often sought out James Smith, the well-known horticulturist who lived at Monkwood Grove. Here he met the girl he afterwards married.

In 1961 I was in Scotland determined to find the site of this home set in a fabulous garden which has been so interestingly described by Hew Ainslie in his book Travels in the Land of Burns. We drove from Girvan to Kirkoswald, then on to Maybole on the Ayr Road. Continuing on we came to Minishant where we asked a shopkeeper if he had ever heard of Monkwood Grove. He directed us to nearby "Monkwood House". This was quite evidently a large estate, but,nothing daunted ,we drove through the imposing entrance gate and along a tree-lined avenue and were not stopped until we came to a farm cottage where a girl recognized a picture we produced and directed us to the Doon River which ran through the estate. Along the bank of this fast-flowing stream, bordered by huge lime trees, we sauntered in delight to the end of the path,which led to the place where the Monkwood Grove house had once stood,and where Grandfather Goldie must have walked when courting Margaret Smith.

On the day that the Battle of Waterloo was fought in 1815 they were married. The bridegroom then immediately set off for Edinburgh for an examination in botany leading to an appointment to explore the Congo River country. Fortunately for him someone else was chosen. Most of the members of this expedition died of fever. This along with the fact that for two years he left his wife just two years after they were married makes one believe that John Goldie was a scientist first and a family man second. Off he went in 1817, at the age of 24 , to America with the blessing of Sir William Hooker of the Glasgow Botanical Society. Most of the story of that journey can be read in his Diary "A Journey through Upper Canada and some of the New England States, 1819" which was published by me in 1967 with the inestimable help of Willman Spawn of Philadelphia who was the first person to realise that the diary's first publication in 1896 by William Tyrrell for Roswell Goldie and Robert Neilson was an expurgated edition that eliminated the charm and flavour of the original manuscript.

Reading this diary we have some idea of the amazing constitution of the man who plodded along dusty trails with a pack on his back from Montreal,through York (Toronto),Niagara Falls and on down to Pittsburg in Pennsylvania. Sometimes the thermometer stood at 90 degrees and the mosquitoes made vicious attacks.. Think of the endurance of the man and his patience. In pursuit of his botanical specimens no fatigue could discourage him. One cannot help being impressed by his acute powers of observation. Nothing escaped him as he travelled the roads and this ability he passed on to his

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grandson, Dr. William Goldie. I remember how often my brother Bill used to try to teach me to be more observant, to watch for flowers hidden to the casual observer, strange habits of birds, sudden outcropping of rocks on the shores of streams giving evidence of rapids ahead. And he would say "Don't look ahead when crossing that muskeg (of which I was terrified), just take one step at a time". Bill told me that such things as these had been brought to his attention by our grandfather, who, by the way, he resembled in so many ways, in character, in walk, and in scientific outlook.

Czar Alexander 1 of Russia had established a botanical garden at St. Petersburg and in 1824 grandfather was sent with a collection of plants for a Scottish section. He made a second trip to Russia in 1830 during the reign of Nicholas 1 whose government, recognizing his botanical knowledge requested him to make a report on the flora of some of their more recently acquired territory. It must have been during this visit to St. Petersburg that the Czarina, when inspecting the garden had occasion to talk to grandfather. In answering he said "I will do that Your Majesty". She corrected him saying "You mean I shall"! A lesson that all Goldies might well take to heart.

There is another story about this trip which accents the science—over-sentiment side of his character mentioned before. This man of science was reserved and a real Scot who seldom had a word of praise for his family, but in spite of this inability to express his inmost thoughts he was deeply affectionate and sentimental. He had a desire to return from this Russian trip with 50 golden guineas to pour in the lap of his Margaret. When he landed in Scotland his earnings lacked this full amount so he stopped along the way to make it up by working on a farm, while grandmother sat sick with apprehension at home when he did not arrive at the appointed time.

Now comes a period about which none of the family seemed aware until it was brought to my attention when I was loaned the story by University of Toronto Professor Wright of his grandfather Neil Mackinnon's trip in 1833 to this country accompanied by John Goldie and a David Newbigging. There seems no doubt from the description that it was my grandfather. I was given permission to copy the section of this family record in which mention was made of John Goldie. The three men arrived at New York from Scotland and left on June 29th, 1833, for Troy, taking 12 hours on the boat trip up the Hudson of 157 miles at 14 miles an hour. Leaving "this beautiful place of about 15,000 inhabitants" they took passage on one of the Erie Canal barges bound for Buffalo about 356 miles from Troy.(I have pictures of the barges of 1833 with sleeping cabins below and a flat deck on top). Mackinnon says "We found that we had gone 36 miles farther than as necessary and were obliged to retrace our steps next day to the town of Niagara where

there is a daily steamboat to York." Evidently grandfather went to Montreal for some time. When he returned "Davie and Goldie left here on the 25t ult.(July) to reconnoitre the country to the west, say the Gore and the London districts, with a view to fix upon an eligible place for business etc. They are, besides, to examine several tracts of land for sale by the Government and the Canada Company.....I am to wait here until they fix upon a place." Professor Wrong then writes "It was perhaps unfortunate for Mackinnon that, just when friends in Canada were helping him to select a place for settlement the chief of them and the best informed, Mr. Goldie, was obliged, owing to the death of a brother, to return hurriedly to Scotland. Later Goldie settled in a progressive district,while, misled by seeming promise Mackinnon settled where there was no real future." This is the only evidence I can find of this second trip which John Goldie made to Canada.

In 1844 the future in Scotland looked black for a growing family. Grandfather's two eldest sons, James and William, had come to the United States two years before. He now had to think of his other two sons,John and David, and the four daughters Elizabeth,Jane Margaret,and Mary. His mind turned to Canada which he had seen long ago as a land of promise. One of his friends had emigrated and written of land to be procured nearby. This Thomas Fulton was settled on a farm he had called "Belig" situated about a mile north of the little village of Ayr on the Roseville Road quite near where the present Greenfield Mill stands. Long years ago the farm was sold to the C.P.R. to make way for a gravel pit.

So Grandfather's third and final trip was in 1844 when, at the age of 51, he brought Grandmother and six of their children to make a new life in this still undeveloped land. He left his home "Wrightfield" near Alloway,and not far from Burns Monument, where he had carried on a nursery business for many years. This house is still there and still a nursery.

The port of arrival in Canada was Montreal. From there they came by water to Hamilton, and by wagon to Galt on what was then known as the Stone Road. In Galt they had to wait for another cart to take them to Ayr with all their possessions. These they piled on the verandah of a Main Street Hotel and Grandmother and the four girls sat on the steps waiting. Two women who lived across the street from the hotel invited the immigrants to have a cup of tea before resuming their journey. The immigrants were delighted to accept this friendly gesture. When they came out Grandmother said to the girls "That wasna' tea we had." She had never heard of green tea which was a common beverage in Canada West at that time.

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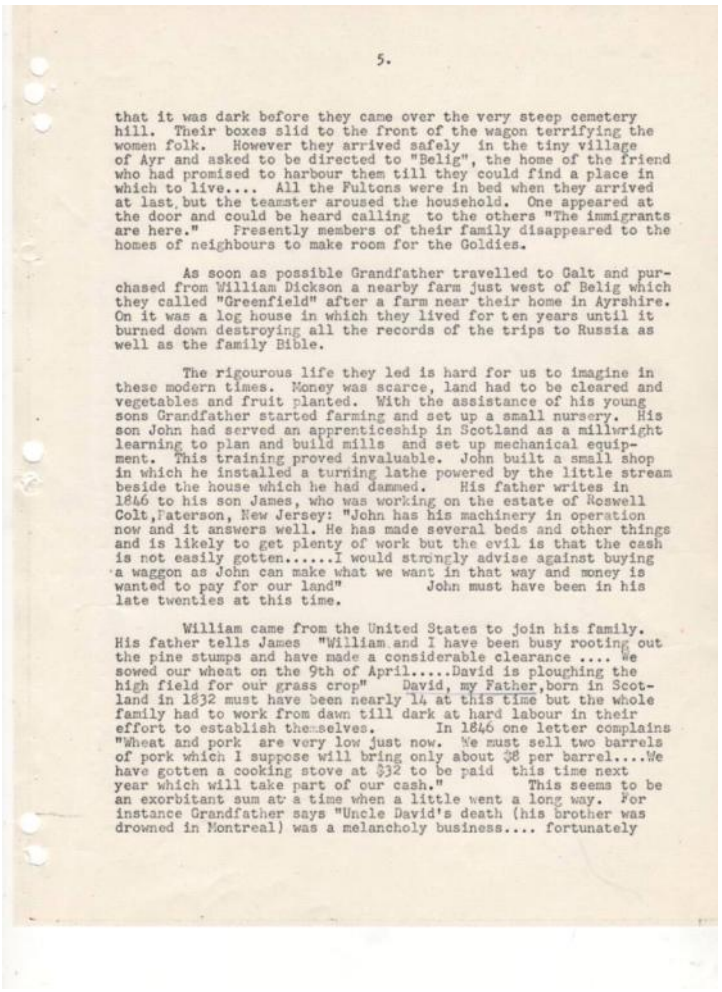

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that it was dark before they came over the very steep cemetery hill. Their boxes slid to the front of the wagon terrifying the women folk. However they arrived safely in the tiny village of Ayr and asked to be directed to "Belig", the home of the friend who had promised to harbour them till they could find a place in which to live.... All the Fultons were in bed when they arrived at last, but the teamster aroused the household. One appeared at the door and could be heard calling to the others "The immigrants are here." Presently members of their family disappeared to the homes of neighbours to make room for the Goldies.

As soon as possible Grandfather travelled to Galt and purchased from William Dickson a nearby farm just west of Belig which they called "Greenfield" after a farm near their home in Ayrshire. On it was a log house in which they lived for ten years until it burned down destroying all the records of the trips to Russia as well as the family Bible.

The rigourous life they led is hard for us to imagine in these modern times. Money was scarce, land had to be cleared and vegetables and fruit planted. With the assistance of his young sons Grandfather started farming and set up a small nursery. His son John had served an apprenticeship in Scotland as a millwright learning to plan and build mills and set up mechanical equipment. This training proved invaluable. John built a small shop in which he installed a turning lathe powered by the little stream beside the house which he had dammed. His father writes in 1846 to his son James, who was working on the estate of Roswell Colt,Paterson, New Jersey: "John has his machinery in operation now and it answers well. He has made several beds and other things and is likely to get plenty of work but the evil is that the cash is not easily gotten.....I would strongly advise against buying a waggon as John can make what we want in that way and money is wanted to pay for our land" John must have been in his late twenties at this time.

William came from the United States to join his family. His father tells James "William and I have been busy rooting out the pine stumps and have made a considerable clearance .... We sowed our wheat on the 9th of April.....David is ploughing the high field for our grass crop" David, my Father,born in Scotland in 1832 must have been nearly 14 at this time but the whole family had to work from dawn till dark at hard labour in their effort to establish themselves. In 1846 one letter complains "Wheat and pork are very low just now. We must sell two barrels of pork which I suppose will bring only about $8 per barrel....We have gotten a cooking stove at $32 to be paid this time next year which will take part of our cash." This seems to be an exorbitant sum at a time when a little went a long way. For instance Grandfather says "Uncle David's death (his brother was drowned in Montreal) was a melancholy business.... fortunately

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he had joined the Odd Fellows and his widow has 10 pounds a year from them for life." Evidently this pittance was considered enough to keep her from want.

About this time William wrote to his brother in New Jersey asking if he could get him a gun. "I would like to have a day in Blenheim at the deer. We cannot afford powder and shot for a shot gun but a small rifle would not take the fourth part of the other. Send a newspaper soon and write the cover with milk which you would hold to the fire until readable. It will save postage and money is very scarce here at present. We will do the same."

The winter of 1846-47 was without much snow and Grandfather complains "the want of snow has prevented oxen work-- we cannot even get firewood drawn by them, the ground being bare or covered with ice.....David has gotten a fine new waggon now and torments me daily about horses. The iron work of the waggon is $60 which will be heavy upon us but we needed it much. John made the wood work and Thomas Hope says it is worth $90.

During the summer of 1847 much time was taken up by the building of a dam and raceway, and in draining "the low field which has taken a vast deal of labour.... We have frame wood prepared for a new house for a thrashing machine to be turned by the wheel of John's turning lathe....David laughed at your advice to to give out the steers to be broken. He saw no difficulty in managing that. I was alarmed about it too, but hope that they will be gotten broken without any serious danger. They have been yoked 4 or 5 times and the last time drew a sleigh with a small log from Daly's wood, and were wonderfully quiet. If they get well trained they will be a fine yoke and will do us for a long time..... last year we saved a bushel of spring wheat which came from Kingston. We have 19 bushels from it and from the same quantity of our own we have only about 6. It is a superior grain. This year we shall have about 4 acres of it..."

Evidently James needed a watch so his father wrote to him "We have gotten a wooden clock, and I have no great need of a watch but do not know how to get it sent to you."

John Goldie and a Mr.Fuller bought a sawmill and moved it beside the dam powering the lathe but the dam broke and it had to be moved near the river across the road from the house---"a hard job. Wm.fell off the lower storey and was a good deal stunned.".. "On the 13th of June (1847) we had a severe hail storm,with thunder which did great damage. Many of the leaves were knocked off the trees, and many of the buds were broken which has injured their growth greatly. All our vegetables...were totally destroyed, peas cut to pieces. .All the apples on the west side of the trees cut as if by knives and were much hurt.. In many places it has

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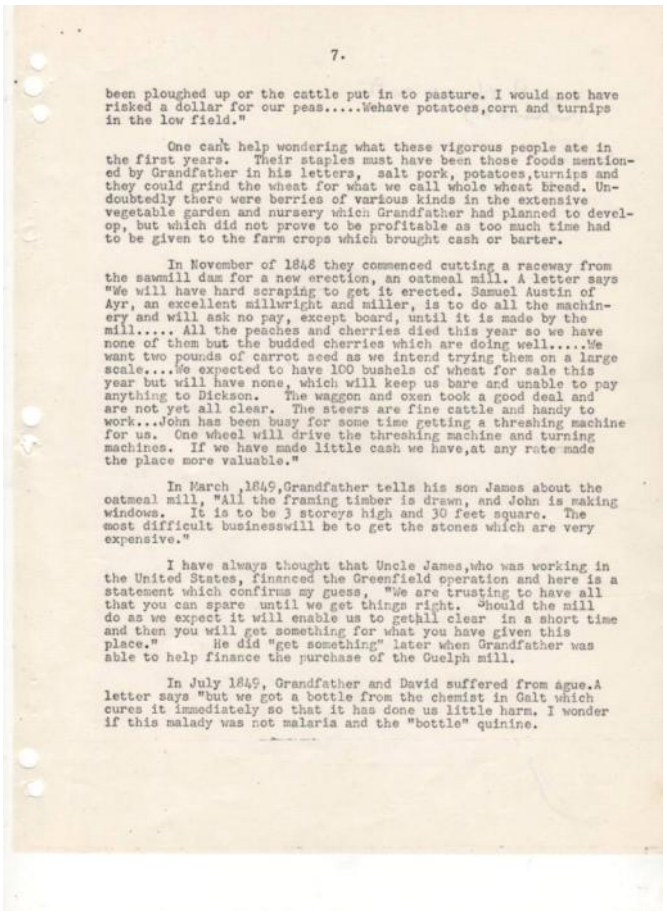

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been ploughed up or the cattle put in to pasture. I would not have risked a dollar for our peas.....Wehave potatoes,corn and turnips in the low field."

One can't help wondering what these vigorous people ate in the first years. Their staples must have been those foods mentioned by Grandfather in his letters, salt pork, potatoes,turnips and they could grind the wheat for what we call whole wheat bread. Undoubtedly there were berries of various kinds in the extensive vegetable garden and nursery which Grandfather had planned to develop, but which did not prove to be profitable as too much time had to be given to the farm crops which brought cash or barter.

In November of 1848 they commenced cutting a raceway from the sawmill dam for a new erection, an oatmeal mill. A letter says "We will have hard scraping to get it erected. Samuel Austin of Ayr, an excellent millwright and miller, is to do all the machinery and will ask no pay, except board, until it is made by the mill..... All the peaches and cherries died this year so we have none of them but the budded cherries which are doing well.....We want two pounds of carrot seed as we intend trying them on a large scale....We expected to have 100 bushels of wheat for sale this year but will have none, which will keep us bare and unable to pay anything to Dickson. The waggon and oxen took a good deal and are not yet all clear. The steers are fine cattle and handy to work...John has been busy for some time getting a threshing machine for us. One wheel will drive the threshing machine and turning machines. If we have made little cash we have,at any rate made the place more valuable."

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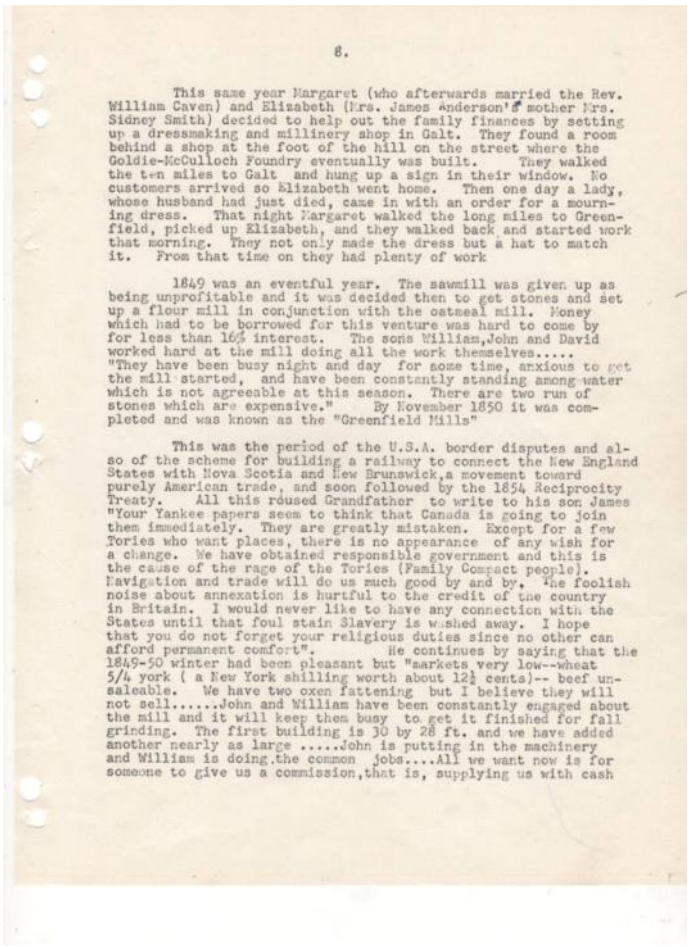

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This same year Margaret (who afterwards married the Rev. William Caven) and Elizabeth (Mrs. James Anderson's mother Mrs. Sidney Smith) decided to help out the family finances by setting up a dressmaking and millinery shop in Galt. They found a room behind a shop at the foot of the hill on the street where the Goldie-McCulloch Foundry eventually was built. They walked the ten miles to Galt and hung up a sign in their window. No customers arrived so Elizabeth went home. Then one day a lady, whose husband had just died, came in with an order for a mourning dress. That night Margaret walked the long miles to Greenfield, picked up Elizabeth, and they walked back and started work that morning. They not only made the dress but a hat to match it. From that time on they had plenty of work

1849 was an eventful year. The sawmill was given up as being unprofitable and it was decided then to get stones and set up a flour mill in conjunction with the oatmeal mill. Money which had to be borrowed for this venture was hard to come by for less than 16% interest. The sons William,John and David worked hard at the mill doing all the work themselves..... "They have been busy night and day for some time, anxious to get the mill started, and have been constantly standing among water which is not agreeable at this season. There are two run of stones which are expensive." By November 1850 it was completed and was known as the "Greenfield Mills"

This was the period of the U.S.A. border disputes and also of the scheme for building a railway to connect the New England States with Nova Scotia and New Brunswick,a movement toward purely American trade, and soon followed by the 1854 Reciprocity Treaty. All this roused Grandfather to write to his son James "Your Yankee papers seem to think that Canada is going to join them immediately. They are greatly mistaken. Except for a few Tories who want places, there is no appearance of any wish for a change. We have obtained responsible government and this is the cause of the rage of the Tories (Family Compact people). Navigation and trade will do us much good by and by. The foolish noise about annexation is hurtful to the credit of the country in Britain. I would never like to have any connection with the States until that foul stain Slavery is washed away. I hope that you do not forget your religious duties since no other can afford permanent comfort". He continues by saying that the 1849-50 winter had been pleasant but "markets very low--wheat 5/4 york (a New York shilling worth about 12½ cents)-- beef unsaleable. We have two oxen fattening but I believe they will not sell.....John and William have been constantly engaged about the mill and it will keep them busy to get it finished for fall grinding. The first building is 30 by 28 ft. and we have added another nearly as large .....John is putting in the machinery and William is doing.the common jobs....All we want now is for someone to give us a commission,that is, supplying us with cash

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Four years pass then we hear "On Monday the 2nd of Janu-ary, 1854, the house took fire from the top of the chimney and in half an hour after being noticed all was in ruins.. Fortunately it was during the time that the men were at dinner else all would have been destroyed.... The greater part of our things were got out yet a good many were burned or otherwise destroyed and amongst these were all our potatoes which were in the cellar. For a few days we were scattered among the neighbours. But luckily the old house at the sawmill was emptied the next day and we have taken up our abode there for a season as it will be the autumn before we can get a house erected. We have agreed to have a brick one which will be just about the same expense as wood,- lumber being very dear, - but we cannot get these delivered till July. This would have been a severe trial to us had it happen-ed any time before; but we have great reason to be thankful to God that there is a prospect of our making something out of the mill this winter that will enable us to build a house...Yesterday we bought a span of horses at $280 and it will cost a great deal to get them furnished but we thought it would be better to have horses than oxen when there was so much teaming required....Our prospects are good with the mill. I think that by spring there will be a profit of $200 on the fall and winters work at least if the flour market does not fall."

June,1854: "Surely you have had a bad sort of ague about Paterson. We generally get rid if it very soon here. There are several remedies which prove effectual but they are local and I do not know their composition. There is one you will be able to get which is a good one, Osgood's Cholagogue".

In 1854 the new house was built on the ruins of the old one. Because it was made of brick it was always referred to as "The Brick House". There it stands today as beautiful and strong as ever but it has now become known as "Greenfield House". The good-looking picket fence along the front and extending from the creek which had been of such use in turning wheels in the earlier days, to the thorn hedge which Grandfather had planted to demon-strate that thorns would make satisfactory barriers in this country, was still there in 1966 but in 1968 it had been demol-ished. It had stood for 114 years. This is the house which was occupied for several years by David Goldie's son George until 1910 when it was sold to the Guthries. George Guthrie was the first occupant after the mill was sold and now in 1968 his son Jim runs the farm and keeps the house in excellent condition.

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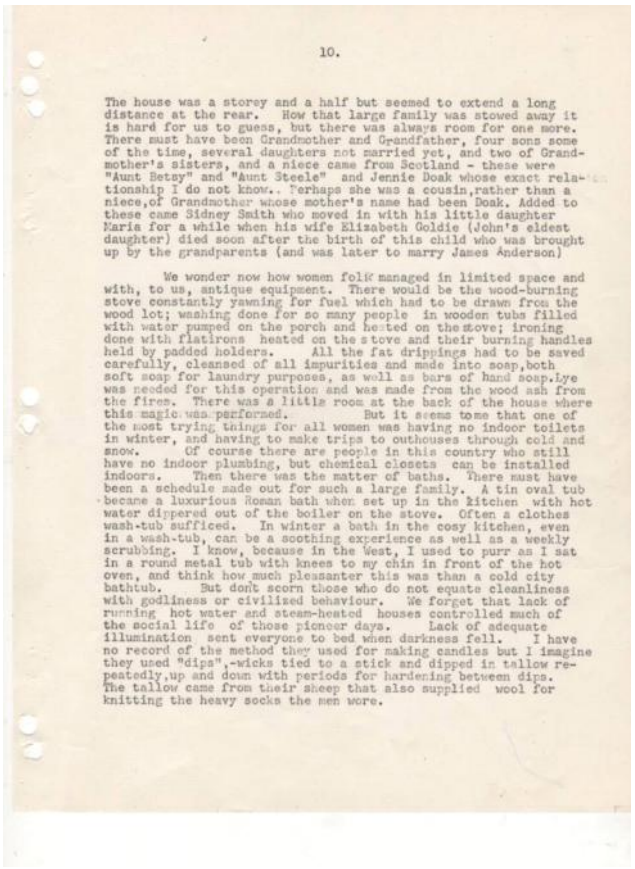

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The house was a storey and a half but seemed to extend a long distance at the rear. How that large family was stowed away it is hard for us to guess, but there was always room for one more. There must have been Grandmother and Grandfather, four sons some of the time, several daughters not married yet, and two of Grandmother's sisters, and a niece came from Scotland - these were "Aunt Betsy" and "Aunt Steele" and Jennie Doak whose exact relationship I do not know.. Perhaps she was a cousin,rather than a niece,of Grandmother whose mother's name had been Doak. Added to these came Sidney Smith who moved in with his little daughter Maria for a while when his wife Elizabeth Goldie (John's eldest daughter) died soon after the birth of this child who was brought up by the grandparents (and was later to marry James Anderson)

We wonder now how women folk managed in limited space and with, to us, antique equipment. There would be the wood-burning stove constantly yawning for fuel which had to be drawn from the wood lot; washing done for so many people in wooden tubs filled with water pumped on the porch and heated on the stove; ironing done with flatirons heated on the stove and their burning handles held by padded holders. All the fat drippings had to be saved carefully, cleansed of all impurities and made into soap,both soft soap for laundry purposes, as well as bars of hand soap.Lye was needed for this operation and was made from the wood ash from the fires. There was a little room at the back of the house where this magic was performed. But it seems tome that one of the most trying things for all women was having no indoor toilets in winter, and having to make trips to outhouses through cold and snow. Of course there are people in this country who still have no indoor plumbing, but chemical closets can be installed indoors. Then there was the matter of baths. There must have been a schedule made out for such a large family. A tin oval tub became a luxurious Roman bath when set up in the kitchen with hot water dippered out of the boiler on the stove. Often a clothes wash-tub sufficed. In winter a bath in the cosy kitchen, even in a wash-tub, can be a soothing experience as well as a weekly scrubbing. I know, because in the West, I used to purr as I sat in a round metal tub with knees to my chin in front of the hot oven, and think how much pleasanter this was than a cold city bathtub. But don't scorn those who do not equate cleanliness with godliness or civilized behaviour. We forget that lack of running hot water and steam-heated houses controlled much of the social life of those pioneer days. Lack of adequate illumination sent everyone to bed when darkness fell. I have no record of the method they used for making candles but I imagine they used "dips",-wicks tied to a stick and dipped in tallow repeatedly,up and down with periods for hardening between dips. The tallow came from their sheep that also supplied wool for knitting the heavy socks the men wore.

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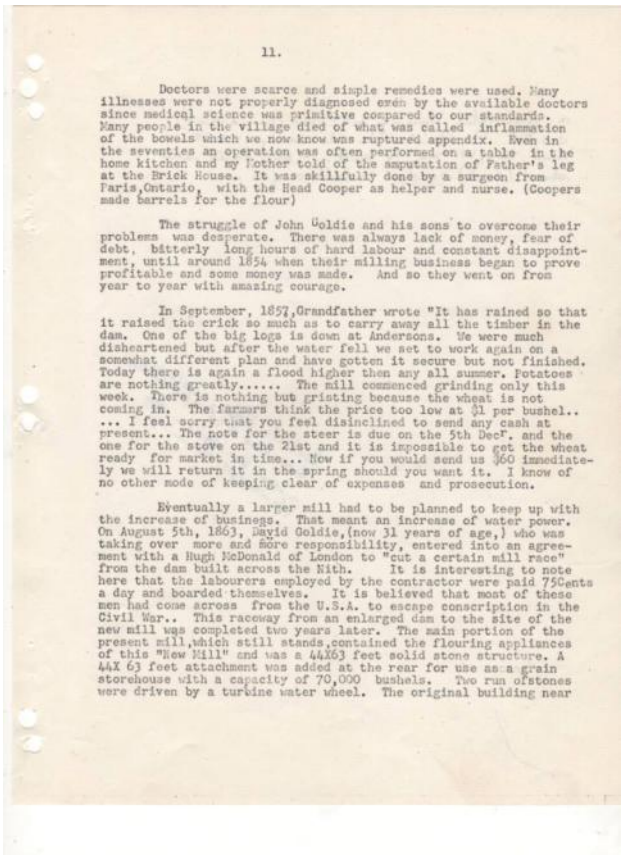

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Doctors were scarce and simple remedies were used. Many illnesses were not properly diagnosed even by the available doctors since medical science was primitive compared to our standards. Many people in the village died of what was called inflammation of the bowels which we now know was ruptured appendix. Even in the seventies an operation was often performed on a table in the home kitchen and my Mother told of the amputation of Father's leg at the Brick House. It was skillfully done by a surgeon from Paris,Ontario, with the Head Cooper as helper and nurse. (Coopers made barrels for the flour)

The struggle of John Goldie and his sons to overcome their problems was desperate. There was always lack of money, fear of debt, bitterly long hours of hard labour and constant disappointment, until around 1854 when their milling business began to prove profitable and some money was made. And so they went on from year to year with amazing courage.

In September, 1857,Grandfather wrote "It has rained so that it raised the crick so much as to carry away all the timber in the dam. One of the big logs is down at Andersons. We were much disheartened but after the water fell we set to work again on a somewhat different plan and have gotten it secure but not finished. Today there is again a flood higher then any all summer. Potatoes are nothing greatly..... The mill commenced grinding only this week. There is nothing but gristing because the wheat is not coming in. The farmers think the price too low at $1 per bushel.. ... I feel sorry that you feel disinclined to send any cash at present... The note for the steer is due on the 5th Dec', and the one for the stove on the 21st and it is impossible to get the wheat ready for market in time... Now if you would send us $60 immediately we will return it in the spring should you want it. I know of no other mode of keeping clear of expenses and prosecution.

Eventually a larger mill had to be planned to keep up with the increase of business. That meant an increase of water power. On August 5th, 1863, David Goldie,(now 31 years of age,) who was taking over more and more responsibility, entered into an agreement with a Hugh McDonald of London to "cut a certain mill race" from the dam built across the Nith. It is interesting to note here that the labourers employed by the contractor were paid 75Cents a day and boarded themselves. It is believed that most of these men had come across from the U.S.A. to escape conscription in the Civil War.. This raceway from an enlarged dam to the site of the new mill was completed two years later. The main portion of the present mill,which still stands,contained the flouring appliances of this "New Mill" and was a 44X63 feet solid stone structure. A 44X 63 feet attachment was added at the rear for use as a grain storehouse with a capacity of 70,000 bushels. Two run ofstones were driven by a turbine water wheel. The original building near

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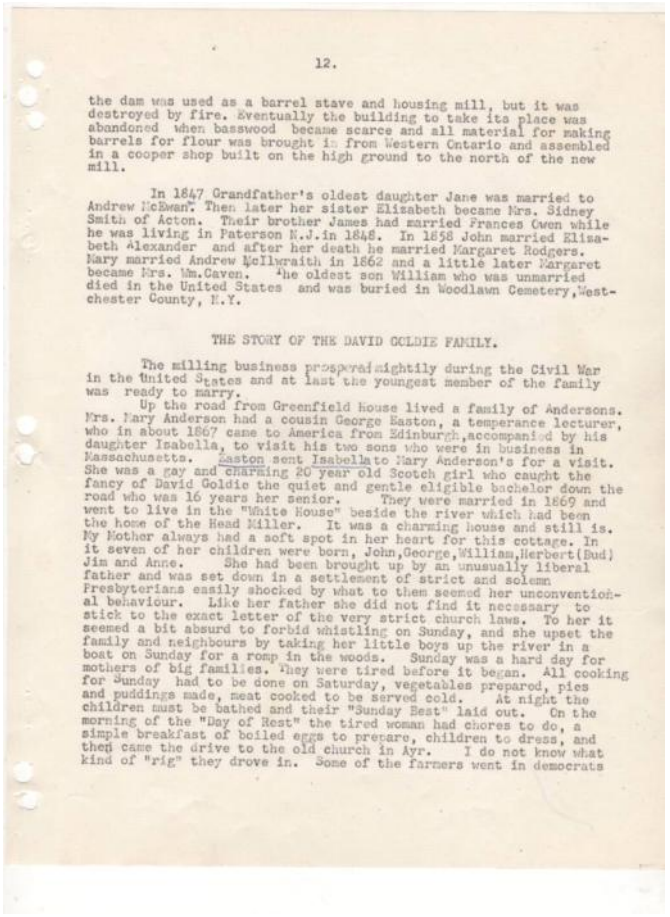

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In 1847 Grandfather's oldest daughter Jane was married to Andrew McEwen. Then later her sister Elizabeth became Mrs. Sidney Smith of Acton. Their brother James had married Frances Owen while he was living in Paterson N.J.in 1848. In 1858 John married Elisabeth Alexander and after her death he married Margaret Rodgers. Mary married Andrew McIlwraith in 1862 and a little later Margaret became Mrs. Wm.Caven. The oldest son William who was unmarried died in the United States and was buried in Woodlawn Cemetery,Westchester County, N.Y.

THE STORY OF THE DAVID GOLDIE FAMILY.

The milling business prospered mightily during the Civil War in the United States and at last the youngest member of the family was ready to marry.

Up the road from Greenfield House lived a family of Andersons. Mrs. Mary Anderson had a cousin George Easton, a temperance lecturer, who in about 1867 came to America from Edinburgh,accompanied by his daughter Isabella, to visit his two sons who were in business in Massachusetts. Easton sent Isabella to Mary Anderson's for a visit. She was a gay and charming 20 year old Scotch girl who caught the fancy of David Goldie the quiet and gentle eligible bachelor down the road who was 16 years her senior. They were married in 1869 and went to live in the "White House" beside the river which had been the home of the Head Miller. It was a charming house and still is. My Mother always had a soft spot in her heart for this cottage. In it seven of her children were born, John,George,William,Herbert(Bud) Jim and Anne. She had been brought up by an unusually liberal father and was set down in a settlement of strict and solemn Presbyterians easily shocked by what to them seemed her unconventional behaviour. Like her father she did not find it necessary to stick to the exact letter of the very strict church laws. To her it seemed a bit absurd to forbid whistling on Sunday, and she upset the family and neighbours by taking her little boys up the river in a boat on Sunday for a romp in the woods. Sunday was a hard day for mothers of big families. They were tired before it began. All cooking for Sunday had to be done on Saturday, vegetables prepared, pies and puddings made, meat cooked to be served cold. At night the children must be bathed and their "Sunday Best" laid out. On the morning of the "Day of Rest" the tired woman had chores to do, a simple breakfast of boiled eggs to prepare, children to dress, and then came the drive to the old church in Ayr. I do not know what kind of "rig" they drove in. Some of the farmers went in democrats

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Up the road from Greenfield house lived a family of Andersons. Mrs. Mary Anderson had a cousin George Easton, a temperance lecturer, who in about 1867 came to America from Edinburgh, accompanied by his daughter Isabella, to visit his two sons who were in business in Massachusetts. Easton sent Isabella to Mary Anderson's for a visit. She was a gay and charming 20 year old Scotch girl who caught the fancy of David Goldie the quiet and gentle eligible bachelor down the road who was 16 years her senior. They were married in 1869 and went to live in the "White House" beside the river which had been the home of the Head Miller. It was a charming house and still is. My Mother always had a soft spot in her heart for this cottage. In it seven of her children were born, John, George, William, Herbert(Bud) Jim and Anne. She had been brought up by an unusually liberal father and was set down in a settlement of strict and solemn Presbyterians easily shocked by what to them seemed her unconventional behaviour. Like her father she did not find it necessary to stick to the exact letter of the very strict church laws. To her it seemed a bit absurd to forbid whistling on Sunday, and she upset the family and neighbours by taking her little boys up the river in a boat on Sunday for a romp in the woods. Sunday was a hard day for mothers of big families. They were tired before it began. All cooking for Sunday had to be done on Saturday, vegetables prepared, pies and puddings made, meat cooked to be served cold. At night the children must be bathed and their "Sunday Best" laid out. On the morning of the "Day of Rest" the tired woman had chores to do, a simple breakfast of boiled eggs to prepare, children to dress, and them came the drive to the old church in Ayr. I do not know what kind of "rig" they drove in. Some of the farmers went in democrats

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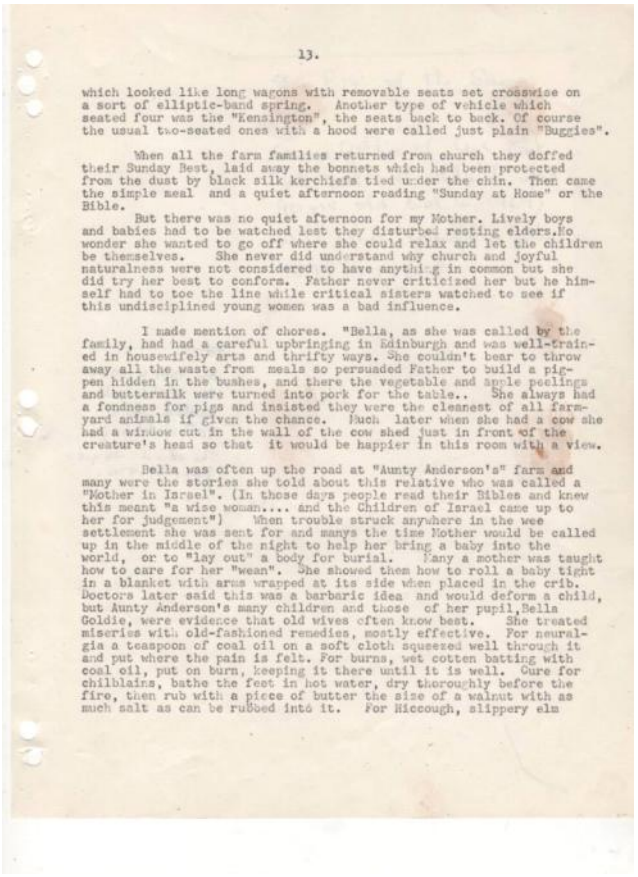

13.

which looked like long wagons with removable seats set crosswise on a sort of elliptic-band spring. Another type of vehicle which seated four was the "Kensington", the seats back to back. Of course the usual two-seated ones with a hood were called just plain "Buggies".

When all the farm families returned from church they doffed their Sunday Best, laid away the bonnets which had been protected from the dust by black silk kerchiefs tied under the chin. Then came the simple meal and a quiet afternoon reading "Sunday at Home" or the Bible.

But there was no quiet afternoon for my Mother. Lively boys and babies had to be watched lest they disturbed resting elders.No wonder she wanted to go off where she could relax and let the children be themselves. She never did understand why church and joyful naturalness were not considered to have anything in common but she did try her best to conform. Father never criticized her but he himself had to toe the line while critical sisters watched to see if this undisciplined young women was a bad influence.

I made mention of chores. "Bella, as she was called by the family, had had a careful upbringing in Edinburgh and was well-trained in housewifely arts and thrifty ways. She couldn't bear to throw away all the waste from meals so persuaded Father to build a pigpen hidden in the bushes, and there the vegetable and apple peelings and buttermilk were turned into pork for the table.. She always had a fondness for pigs and insisted they were the cleanest of all farmyard animals if given the chance. Much later when she had a cow she had a window cut in the wall of the cow shed just in front of the creature's head so that it would be happier in this room with a view.

Bella was often up the road at "Aunty Anderson's" farm and many were the stories she told about this relative who was called a "Mother in Israel". (In those days people read their Bibles and knew this meant "a wise woman.... and the Children of Israel came up to her for judgement") When trouble struck anywhere in the wee settlement she was sent for and manys the time Mother would be called up in the middle of the night to help her bring a baby into the world, or to "lay out" a body for burial. Many a mother was taught how to care for her "wean". She showed them how to roll a baby tight in a blanket with arms wrapped at its side when placed in the crib. Doctors later said this was a barbaric idea and would deform a child, but Aunty Anderson's many children and those of her pupil,Bella Goldie, were evidence that old wives often know best. She treated miseries with old-fashioned remedies, mostly effective. For neuralgia a teaspoon of coal oil on a soft cloth squeezed well through it and put where the pain is felt. For burns, wet cotten batting with coal oil, put on burn, keeping it there until it is well. Cure for chilblains, bathe the feet in hot water, dry thoroughly before the fire, then rub with a piece of butter the size of a walnut with as much salt as can be rubbed into it. For Hiccough, slippery elm

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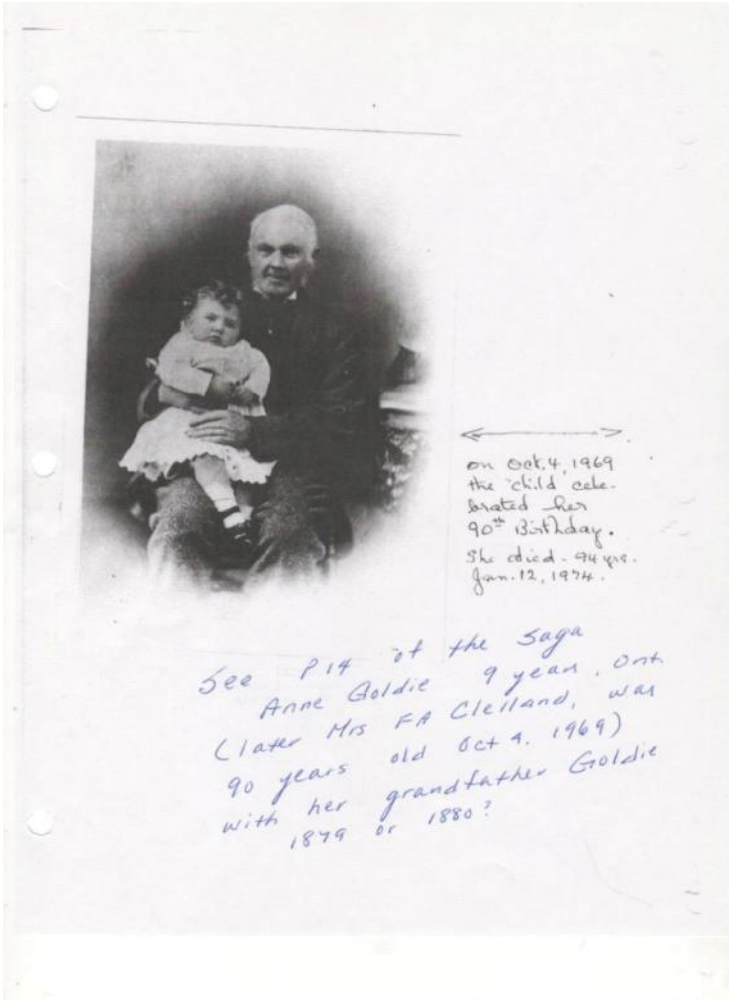
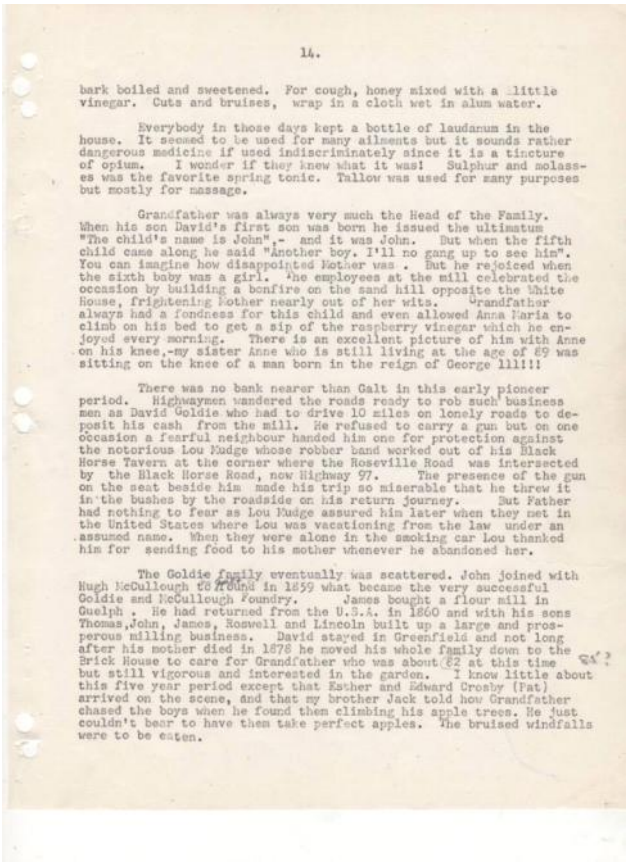


On Oct. 4, 1969 the "child" celebrated her 90th birthday. She died -94 yrs- Jan. 12, 1974

See p. 14 of the saga. Anne Goldie 9 years, Ont. (later Mrs. F.A. Clelland, was 90 years old Oct. 4, 1969) with her grandfather Goldie 1879 or 1880



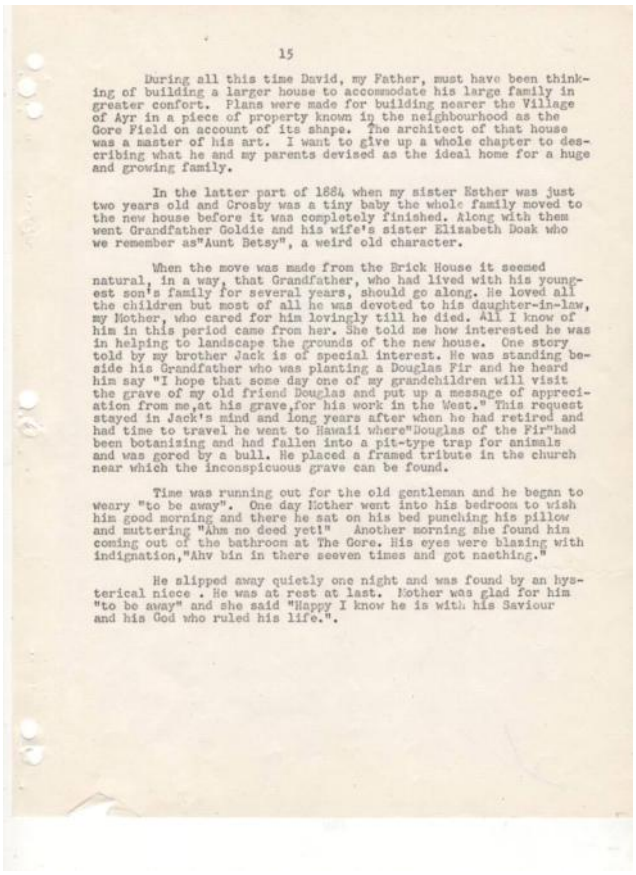
bark boiled and sweetened. For cough, honey mixed with a little vinegar. Cuts and bruises, wrap in a cloth wet in alum water.

Everybody in those days kept a bottle of laudanum in the house. It seemed to be used for many ailments but it sounds rather dangerous medicine if used indiscriminately since it is a tincture of opium. I wonder if they knew what it was! Sulphur and molasses was the favorite spring tonic. Tallow was used for many purposes but mostly for massage.

Grandfather was always very much the Head of the Family. When his son David's first son was born he issued the ultimatum "The child's name is John",- and it was John. But when the fifth child came along he said "Another boy. I'll no gang up to see him". You can imagine how disappointed Mother was. But he rejoiced when the sixth baby was a girl. The employees at the mill celebrated the occasion by building a bonfire on the sand hill opposite the White House, frightening Mother nearly out of her wits. Grandfather always had a fondness for this child and even allowed Anna Maria to climb on his bed to get a sip of the raspberry vinegar which he enjoyed every morning. There is an excellent picture of him with Anne on his knee,-my sister Anne who is still living at the age of 89 was sitting on the knee of a man born in the reign of George III!!

There was no bank nearer than Galt in this early pioneer period. Highwaymen wandered the roads ready to rob such business men as David Goldie who had to drive 10 miles on lonely roads to deposit his cash from the mill. He refused to carry a gun but on one occasion a fearful neighbour handed him one for protection against the notorious Lou Mudge whose robber band worked out of his Black Horse Tavern at the corner where the Roseville Road was intersected by the Black Horse Road, now Highway 97. The presence of the gun on the seat beside him made his trip so miserable that he threw it in the bushes by the roadside on his return journey. But Father had nothing to fear as Lou Mudge assured him later when they met in the United States where Lou was vacationing from the law under an assumed name. When they were alone in the smoking car Lou thanked him for sending food to his mother whenever he abandoned her.

The Goldie family eventually was scattered. John joined with Hugh McCullough to found in 1859 what became the very successful Goldie and McCullough foundry. James bought a flour mill in Guelph. He had returned from the U.S.A. in 1860 and with his sons Thomas, John, James, Roswell and Lincoln built up a large and prosperous milling business. David stayed in Greenfield and not long after his mother died in 1878 he moved his whole family down to the Brick House to care for Grandfather who was about 82 at this time but still vigorous and interested in the garden. I know little about this five year period except that Esther and Edward Crosby (Pat) arrived on the scene, and that my brother Jack told how Grandfather chased the boys when he found them climbing his apple trees. He just couldn't bear to have them take perfect apples. The bruised windfalls were to be eaten.



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During all this time David, my Father, must have been thinking of building a larger house to accommodate his large family in greater confort. Plans were made for building nearer the Village of Ayr in a piece of property known in the neighbourhood as the Gore Field on account of its shape. The architect of that house was a master of his art. I want to give up a whole chapter to describing what he and my parents devised as the ideal home for a huge and growing family.

In the latter part of 1884 when my sister Esther was just two years old and Crosby was a tiny baby the whole family moved to the new house before it was completely finished. Along with them went Grandfather Goldie and his wife's sister Elizabeth Doak who we remember as"Aunt Betsy", a weird old character.

When the move was made from the Brick House it seemed natural, in a way, that Grandfather, who had lived with his youngest son's family for several years, should go along. He loved all the children but most of all he was devoted to his daughter-in-law, my Mother, who cared for him lovingly till he died. All I know of him in this period came from her. She told me how interested he was in helping to landscape the grounds of the new house. One story told by my brother Jack is of special interest. He was standing beside his Grandfather who was planting a Douglas Fir and he heard him say "I hope that some day one of my grandchildren will visit the grave of my old friend Douglas and put up a message of appreciation from me,at his grave,for his work in the West." This request stayed in Jack's mind and long years after when he had retired and had time to travel he went to Hawaii where"Douglas of the Fir"had been botanizing and had fallen into a pit-type trap for animals and was gored by a bull. He placed a framed tribute in the church near which the inconspicuous grave can be found.

Time was running out for the old gentleman and he began to weary "to be away". One day Mother went into his bedroom to wish him good morning and there he sat on his bed punching his pillow and muttering "Ahm no deed yet!" Another morning she found him coming out of the bathroom at The Gore. His eyes were blazing with indignation,"Ahv bin in there seeven times and got naething."

He slipped away quietly one night and was found by an hysterical niece . He was at rest at last. Mother was glad for him "to be away" and she said "Happy I know he is with his Saviour and his God who ruled his life.".

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"The Gore"

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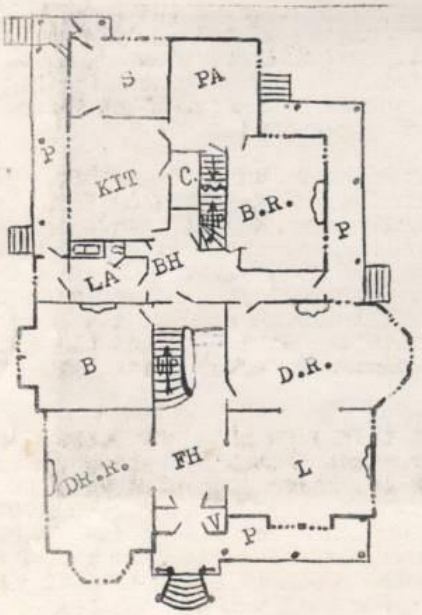
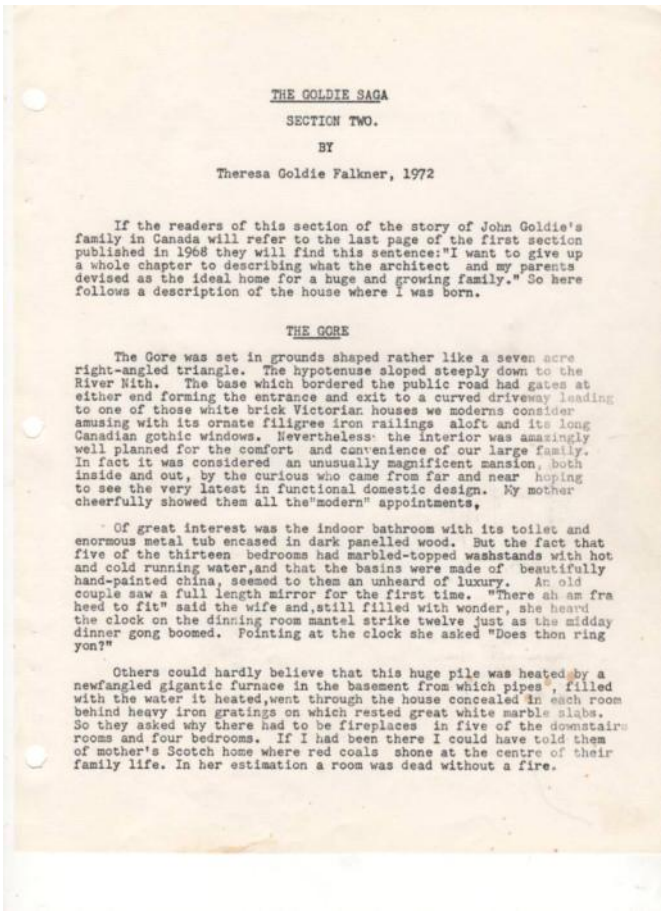
1884.



Outside Wall
Support
Window
Fireplace

P~Porch
V~Vestibule
DR R.~Drawing Room
F.H.~Front Hall
B.H.~Back Hall
D.R.~Dining Room
L A~Lavatory
KIT~Kitchen
BR~Breakfast Room
PA~Pantry
S~Scullery
L~Library
C~Cupboard
Bedroom~B

"The Gore"



THE GOLDIE SAGA

SECTION TWO.

BY

Theresa Goldie Falkner, 1972

If the readers of this section of the story of John Goldie's family in Canada will refer to the last page of the first section published in 1968 they will find this sentence:"I want to give up a whole chapter to describing what the architect and my parents devised as the ideal home for a huge and growing family." So here follows a description of the house where I was born.

THE GORE

The Gore was set in grounds shaped rather like a seven acre right-angled triangle. The hypotenuse sloped steeply down to the River Nith. The base which bordered the public road had gates at either end forming the entrance and exit to a curved driveway leading to one of those white brick Victorian houses we moderns consider amusing with its ornate filigree iron railings aloft and its long Canadian gothic windows. Nevertheless the interior was amazingly well planned for the comfort and convenience of our large family. In fact it was considered an unusually magnificent mansion, both inside and out, by the curious who came from far and near hoping to see the very latest in functional domestic design. My mother cheerfully showed them all the"modern" appointments,

Of great interest was the indoor bathroom with its toilet and enormous metal tub encased in dark panelled wood. But the fact that five of the thirteen bedrooms had marbled-topped washstands with hot and cold running water,and that the basins were made of beautifully hand-painted china, seemed to them an unheard of luxury. An old couple saw a full length mirror for the first time. "There ah am fra heed to fit" said the wife and,still filled with wonder, she heard the clock on the dinning room mantel strike twelve just as the midday dinner gong boomed. Pointing at the clock she asked "Does thon ring yon?"

Others could hardly believe that this huge pile was heated by a newfangled gigantic furnace in the basement from which pipes, filled with the water it heated,went through the house concealed in each room behind heavy iron gratings on which rested great white marble slabs. So they asked why there had to be fireplaces in five of the downstairs rooms and four bedrooms. If I had been there I could have told them of mother's Scotch home where red coals shone at the centre of their family life. In her estimation a room was dead without a fire.

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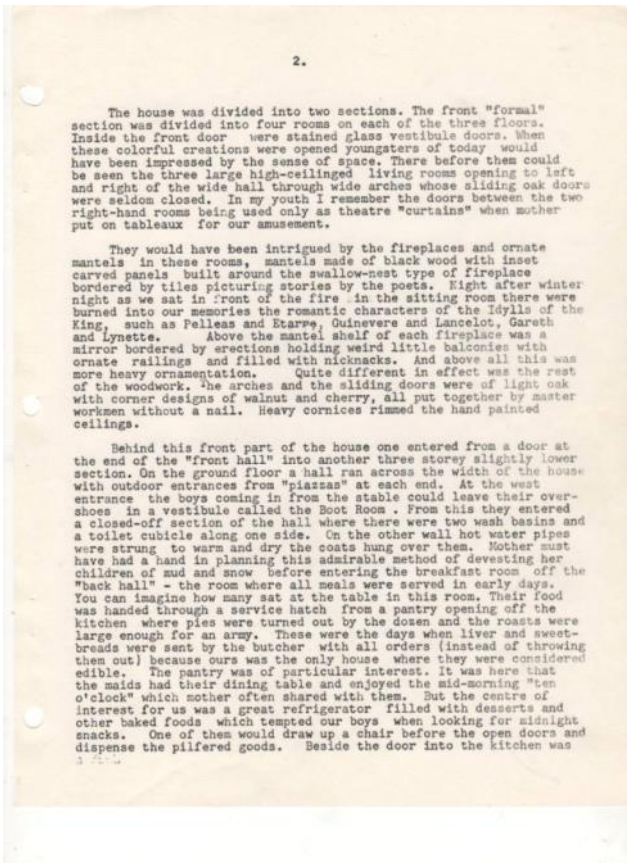

2.

The house was divided into two sections. The front "formal" section was divided into four rooms on each of the three floors. Inside the front door were stained glass vestibule doors. When these colorful creations were opened youngsters of today would have been impressed by the sense of space. There before them could be seen the three large high-ceilinged living rooms opening to left and right of the wide hall through wide arches whose sliding oak doors were seldom closed. In my youth I remember the doors between the two right-hand rooms being used only as theatre "curtains" when mother put on tableaux for our amusement.

They would have been intrigued by the fireplaces and ornate mantels in these rooms, mantels made of black wood with inset carved panels built around the swallow-nest type of fireplace bordered by tiles picturing stories by the poets. Night after winter night as we sat in front of the fire in the sitting room there were burned into our memories the romantic characters of the Idylls of the King, such as Pelleas and Etarre, Guinevere and Lancelot, Gareth and Lynette. Above the mantel shelf of each fireplace was a mirror bordered by erections holding weird little balconies with ornate railings and filled with nicknacks. And above all this was more heavy ornamentation. Quite different in effect was the rest of the woodwork. The arches and the sliding doors were of light oak with corner designs of walnut and cherry, all put together by master workmen without a nail. Heavy cornices rimmed the hand painted ceilings.

Behind this front part of the house one entered from a door at the end of the "front hall" into another three storey slightly lower section. On the ground floor a hall ran across the width of the house with outdoor entrances from "piazzas" at each end. At the west entrance the boys coming in from the stable could leave their over-shoes in a vestibule called the Boot Room . From this they entered a closed-off section of the hall where there were two wash basins and a toilet cubicle along one side. On the other wall hot water pipes were strung to warm and dry the coats hung over them. Mother must have had a hand in planning this admirable method of devesting her children of mud and snow before entering the breakfast room off the "back hall" - the room where all meals were served in early days. You can imagine how many sat at the table in this room. Their food was handed through a service hatch from a pantry opening off the kitchen where pies were turned out by the dozen and the roasts were large enough for an army. These were the days when liver and sweet-breads were sent by the butcher with all orders (instead of throwing them out) because ours was the only house where they were considered edible. The pantry was of particular interest. It was here that the maids had their dining table and enjoyed the mid-morning "ten o'clock" which mother often shared with them. But the centre of interest for us was a great refrigerator filled with desserts and other baked foods which tempted our boys when looking for midnight snacks. One of them would draw up a chair before the open doors and dispense the pilfered goods. Beside the door into the kitchen was

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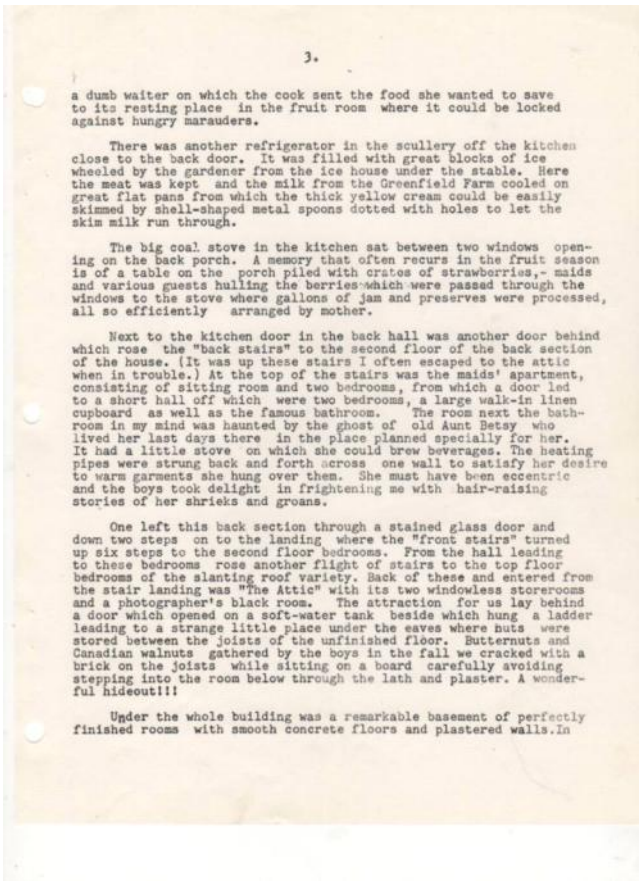

3.

a dumb waiter on which the cook sent the food she wanted to save to its resting place in the fruit room where it could be locked against hungry marauders.

There was another refrigerator in the scullery off the kitchen close to the back door. It was filled with great blocks of ice wheeled by the gardener from the ice house under the stable. Here the meat was kept and the milk from the Greenfield Farm cooled on great flat pans from which the thick yellow cream could be easily skimmed by shell-shaped metal spoons dotted with holes to let the skim milk run through.

The big coal stove in the kitchen sat between two windows opening on the back porch. A memory that often recurs in the fruit season is of a table on the porch piled with crates of strawberries,- maids and various guests hulling the berries which were passed through the windows to the stove where gallons of jam and preserves were processed, all so efficiently arranged by mother.

Next to the kitchen door in the back hall was another door behind which rose the "back stairs" to the second floor of the back section of the house. (It was up these stairs I often escaped to the attic when in trouble.) At the top of the stairs was the maids' apartment, consisting of sitting room and two bedrooms, from which a door led to a short hall off which were two bedrooms, a large walk-in linen cupboard as well as the famous bathroom. The room next the bathroom in my mind was haunted by the ghost of old Aunt Betsy who lived her last days there in the place planned specially for her. It had a little stove on which she could brew beverages. The heating pipes were strung back and forth across one wall to satisfy her desire to warm garments she hung over them. She must have been eccentric and the boys took delight in frightening me with hair-raising stories of her shrieks and groans.

One left this back section through a stained glass door and down two steps on to the landing where the "front stairs" turned up six steps to the second floor bedrooms. From the hall leading to these bedrooms rose another flight of stairs to the top floor bedrooms of the slanting roof variety. Back of these and entered from the stair landing was "The Attic" with its two windowless storerooms and a photographer's black room. The attraction for us lay behind a door which opened on a soft-water tank beside which hung a ladder leading to a strange little place under the eaves where nuts were stored between the joists of the unfinished floor. Butternuts and Canadian walnuts gathered by the boys in the fall we cracked with a brick on the joists while sitting on a board carefully avoiding stepping into the room below through the lath and plaster. A wonderful hideout!!!

Under the whole building was a remarkable basement of perfectly finished rooms with smooth concrete floors and plastered walls.In

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a dumb waiter on which the cook sent the food she wanted to save to its resting place in the fruit room where it could be locked against hungry marauders.

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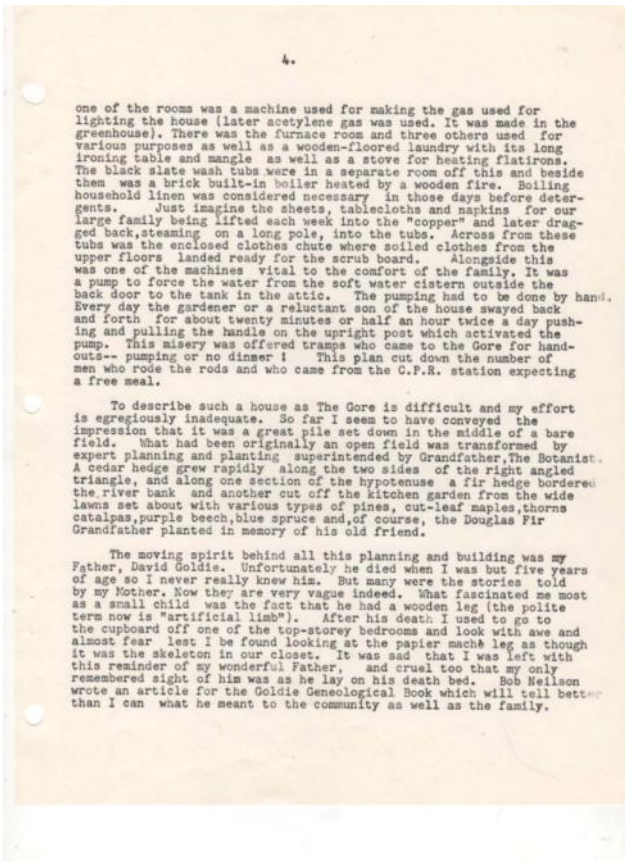
The big coal stove in the kitchen sat between two windows opening on the back porch. A memory that often recurs in the fruit season is of a table on the porch piled with crates of strawberries - maids and various guests hulling the berries which were passed through the windows to the stove where gallons of jam and preserves were processed, all so efficiently arranged by mother.

Next to the kitchen door in the back hall was another door behind which rose the “back stairs” to the second floor of the back section of the house. (It was up these stairs I often escaped to the attic when in trouble.) At the top of the stairs was the maids’ apartment, consisting of sitting room and two bedrooms, from which a door led to a short hall off which were two bedrooms, a large walk-in linen cupboard as well as the famous bathroom. The room next the bathroom in my mind was haunted by the ghost of old Aunt Betsy who lived her last days there in the place planned specially for her. It had a little stove on which she could brew beverages. The heating pipes were strung back and forth across one wall to satisfy her desire to warm garments she hung over them. She must have been eccentric and the boys took delight in frightening me with hair-raising stories of her shrieks and groans.

One left this back section through a stained glass door and down two steps on to the landing where the “front stairs” turned up six steps to the second floor bedrooms. From the hall leading to these bedrooms rose another flight of stairs to the top floor bedrooms of the slanting roof variety. Back of these and entered from the stair landing was “The Attic” with its two windowless storerooms and a photographer’s black room. The attraction for us lay behind a door which opened on a soft-water tank beside which hung a ladder leading to a strange little place under the eaves where nuts were stored between the joists of the unfinished floor. Butternuts and Canadian walnuts gathered by the boys in the fall we cracked with a brick on the joists while sitting on a board carefully avoiding stepping into the room below through the lath and plaster. A wonderful hideout!!!

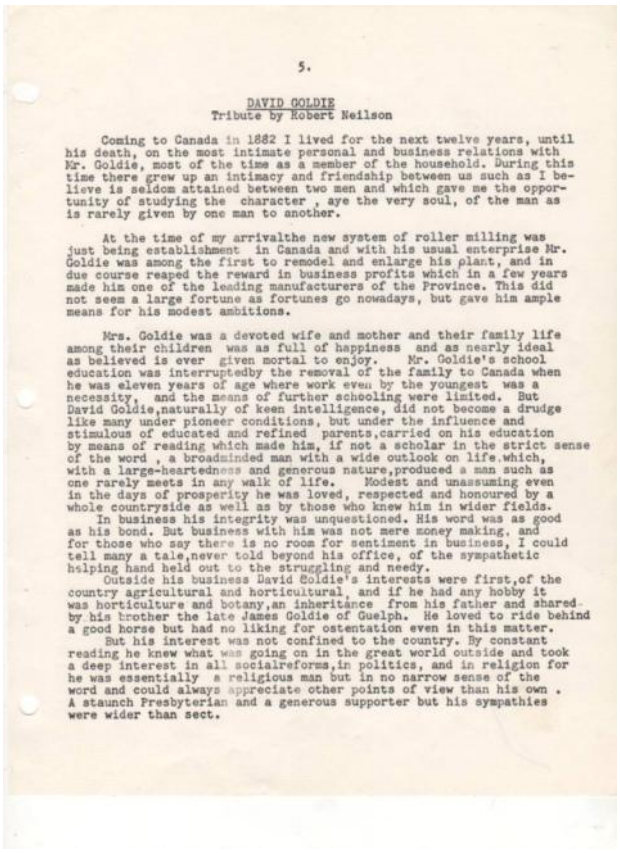
Under the whole building was a remarkable basement of perfectly finished rooms with smooth concrete floors and plastered walls. In



one of the rooms was a machine used for making the gas used for lighting the house (later acetylene gas was used. It was made in the greenhouse). There was the furnace room and three others used for various purposes as well as a wooden-floored laundry with its long ironing table and mangle as well as a stove for heating flatirons. The black slate wash tubs were in a separate room off this and beside them was a brick built-in boiler heated by a wooden fire. Boiling household linen was considered necessary in those days before detergents. Just imagine the sheets, tablecloths and napkins for our large family being lifted each week into the "copper" and later dragged back, steaming on a long pole, into the tubs. Across from these tubs was the enclosed clothes chute where soiled clothes from the upper floors landed ready for the scrub board. Alongside this was one of the machines vital to the comfort of the family. It was a pump to force the water from the soft water cistern outside the back door to the tank in the attic. The pumping had to be done by hand. Every day the gardener or a reluctant son of the house swayed back and forth for about twenty minutes or half an hour twice a day pushing and pulling the handle on the upright post which activated the pump. This misery was offered tramps who came to the Gore for handouts-- pumping or no dinner! This plan cut down the number of men who rode the rods and who came from the C.P.R. station expecting a free meal.

To describe such a house as The Gore is difficult and my effort is egregiously inadequate. So far I seem to have conveyed the impression that it was a great pile set down in the middle of a bare field. What had been originally an open field was transformed by expert planning and planting superintended by Grandfather, The Botanist. A cedar hedge grew rapidly along the two sides of the right angled triangle, and along one section of the hypotenuse a fir hedge bordered the river bank and another cut off the kitchen garden from the wide lawns set about with various types of pines, cut-leaf maples, thorns, catalpas, purple beech, blue spruce and, of course, the Douglas Fir Grandfather planted in memory of his old friend.

The moving spirit behind all this planning and building was my Father, David Goldie. Unfortunately he died when I was but five years of age so I never really knew him. But many were the stories told by my Mother. Now they are very vague indeed. What fascinated me most as a small child was the fact that he had a wooden leg (the polite term now is "artificial limb"). After his death I used to go to the cupboard off one of the top-storey bedrooms and look with awe and almost fear lest I be found looking at the papier-mâché leg as though it was the skeleton in our closet. It was sad that I was left with this reminder of my wonderful Father, and cruel too that my only remembered sight of him was as he lay on his death bed. Bob Neilson wrote an article for the Goldie Geneological Book which will tell better than I can what he meant to the community as well as the family.



5.

DAVID GOLDIE
Tribute by Robert Neilson

Coming to Canada in 1882 I lived for the next twelve years, until his death, on the most intimate personal and business relations with Mr. Goldie, most of the time as a member of the household. During this time there grew up an intimacy and friendship between us such as I believe is seldom attained between two men and which gave me the opportunity of studying the character , aye the very soul, of the man as is rarely given by one man to another.

At the time of my arrivalthe new system of roller milling was just being establishment in Canada and with his usual enterprise Mr. Goldie was among the first to remodel and enlarge his plant, and in due course reaped the reward in business profits which in a few years made him one of the leading manufacturers of the Province. This did not seem a large fortune as fortunes go nowadays, but gave him ample means for his modest ambitions.

Mrs. Goldie was a devoted wife and mother and their family life among their children was as full of happiness and as nearly ideal as believed is ever given mortal to enjoy. Mr. Goldie's school education was interruptedby the removal of the family to Canada when he was eleven years of age where work even by the youngest was a necessity, and the means of further schooling were limited. But David Goldie,naturally of keen intelligence, did not become a drudge like many under pioneer conditions, but under the influence and stimulous of educated and refined parents,carried on his education by means of reading which made him, if not a scholar in the strict sense of the word , a broadminded man with a wide outlook on life.which, with a large-heartedness and generous nature,produced a man such as one rarely meets in any walk of life. Modest and unassuming even in the days of prosperity he was loved, respected and honoured by a whole countryside as well as by those who knew him in wider fields.

In business his integrity was unquestioned. His word was as good as his bond. But business with him was not mere money making, and for those who say there is no room for sentiment in business, I could tell many a tale,never told beyond his office, of the sympathetic helping hand held out to the struggling and needy.

Outside his business David Goldie's interests were first,of the country agricultural and horticultural, and if he had any hobby it was horticulture and botany,an inheritance from his father and shared by his brother the late James Goldie of Guelph. He loved to ride behind a good horse but had no liking for ostentation even in this matter.

But his interest was not confined to the country. By constant reading he knew what was going on in the great world outside and took a deep interest in all socialreforms,in politics, and in religion for he was essentially a religious man but in no narrow sense of the word and could always appreciate other points of view than his own . A staunch Presbyterian and a generous supporter but his sympathies were wider than sect.

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During a busy life he had less opportunity for travel that he would have desired, for few men saw more, or appreciated more,when abroad than Mr. David Goldie. Besides various trips in Canada and the United States, he however enjoyed several voyages to Europe, and once visited the West Indies.

I have written at greater length that I intended, but I have been led on by my heart as well as my recollections to write of one whom I knew and loved these thirty years.

"He was a man, take him all in all
I shall not look upon his like again."

For the first ten years after The Gore was built father was kept busy overseeing the Greenfield Farm, superintending the landscaping of The Gore gardens ,building the greenhouse where gardeners helped him produce prize blooms, especially crysanthemums. The stable also got his attention. Father loved horses and there were always two in the stalls to draw the buggies and cutters which were acquired as soon as the new house was occupied. He had to find a spring to supply the house with drinking water and then he built a windmill close to it down the hill at the river's edge, an efficient contrivance which was a delight to watch when the wind was high. It served until electricity came to the village much later and supplied the power--unromantic but more effective. The spring was a favourite for my young brother and myself. We could cup our hands to lift the cold sparkling water as it fell from the hillside pipe into a sunken barrel. All about it was lush growth and we loved to find the pods on the touch-me-not and see them explode at the touch of a finger.

Father must have had to superintend the building of the gardener's house which faced the road at the extreme end of the base of the triangular property where it met the hypotenuse. Opposite this house was a stump fence behind which grew a "slippery ellum" and a "choke cherry" tree visited often by us youngsters who were always seeking something to chew or eat.

I am sure father was well satisfied with the whole establishment which he so carefully planned with the architect,Mr. William Mellish, and he never could have regretted spending 18 to 20 thousand dollars which was a fortune in those days.

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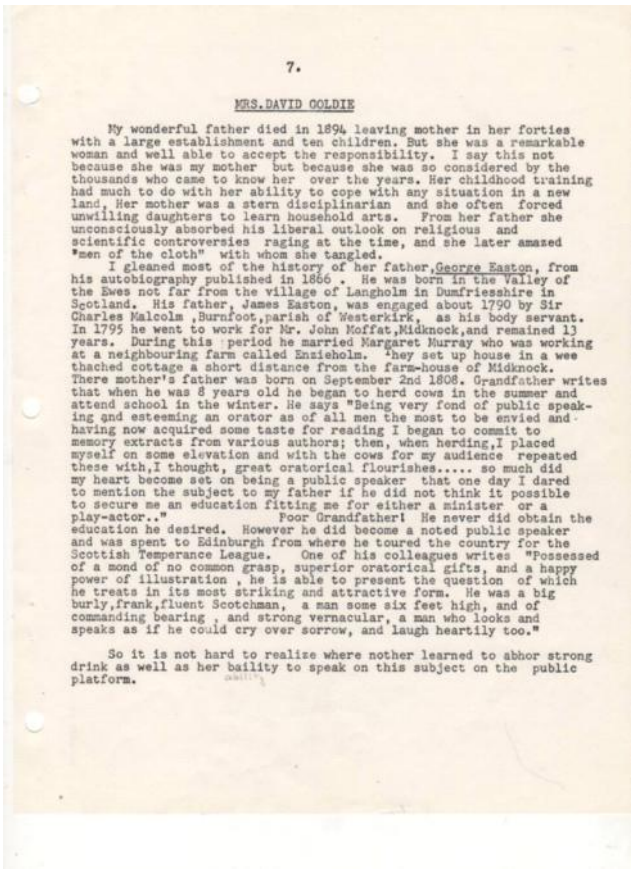

7.

MRS.DAVID GOLDIE

My wonderful father died in 1894 leaving mother in her forties with a large establishment and ten children. But she was a remarkable woman and well able to accept the responsibility. I say this not because she was my mother but because she was so considered by the thousands who came to know her over the years. Her childhood training had much to do with her ability to cope with any situation in a new land, Her mother was a stern disciplinarian and she often forced unwilling daughters to learn household arts. From her father she unconsciously absorbed his liberal outlook on religious and scientific controversies raging at the time, and she later amazed "men of the cloth" with whom she tangled.

I gleaned most of the history of her father, George Easton, from his autobiography published in 1866 . He was born in the Valley of the Ewes not far from the village of Langholm in Dumfriesshire in Scotland. His father, James Easton, was engaged about 1790 by Sir Charles Malcolm ,Burnfoot,parish of Westerkirk, as his body servant. In 1795 he went to work for Mr. John Moffat,Midknock,and remained 13 years. During this period he married Margaret Murray who was working at a neighbouring farm called Enzieholm. They set up house in a wee thached cottage a short distance from the farm-house of Midknock. There mother's father was born on September 2nd 1808. Grandfather writes that when he was 8 years old he began to herd cows in the summer and attend school in the winter. He says "Being very fond of public speaking and esteeming an orator as of all men the most to be envied and having now acquired some taste for reading I began to commit to memory extracts from various authors; them, when herding,I placed myself on some elevation and with the cows for my audience repeated these with,I thought, great oratorical flourishes..... so much did my heart become set on being a public speaker that one day I dared to mention the subject to my father if he did not think it possible to secure me an education fitting me for either a minister or a play-actor.." Poor Grandfather! He never did obtain the education he desired. However he did become a noted public speaker and was spent to Edinburgh from where he toured the country for the Scottish Temperance League. One of his colleagues writes "Possessed of a mond of no common grasp, superior oratorical gifts, and a happy power of illustration , he is able to present the question of which he treats in its most striking and attractive form. He was a big burly,frank,fluent Scotchman, a man some six feet high, and of commanding bearing , and strong vernacular, a man who looks and speaks as if he could cry over sorrow, and laugh heartily too."

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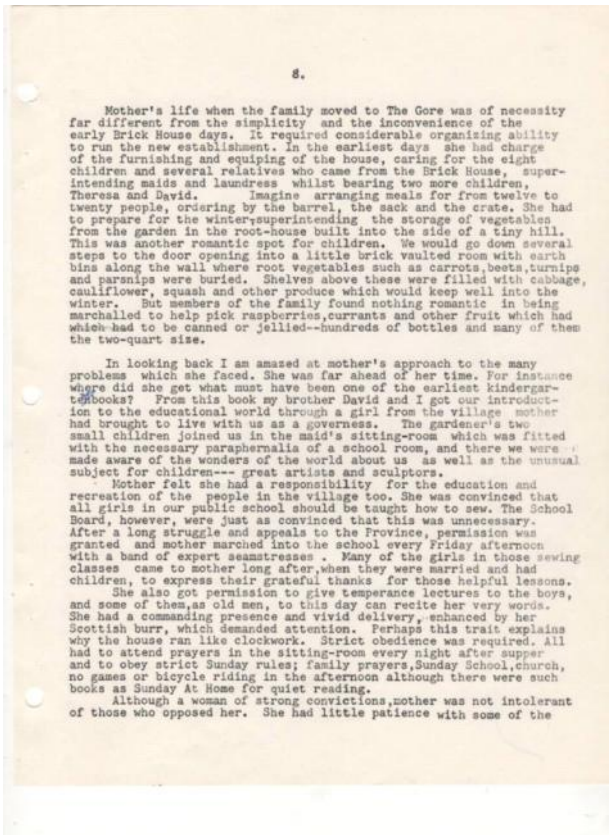

8.

Mother's life when the family moved to The Gore was of necessity far different from the simplicity and the inconvenience of the early Brick House days. It required considerable organizing ability to run the new establishment. In the earliest days she had charge of the furnishing and equiping of the house, caring for the eight children and several relatives who came from the Brick House, superintending maids and laundress whilst bearing two more children, Theresa and David. Imagine arranging meals for from twelve to twenty people, ordering by the barrel, the sack and the crate. She had to prepare for the winter-superintending the storage of vegetables from the garden in the root-house built into the side of a tiny hill. This was another romantic spot for children. We would go down several steps to the door opening into a little brick vaulted room with earth bins along the wall where root vegetables such as carrots,beets,turnips and parsnips were buried. Shelves above these were filled with cabbage, cauliflower, squash and other produce which would keep well into the winter. But members of the family found nothing romantic in being marchalled to help pick raspberries,currants and other fruit which had which had to be canned or jellied--hundreds of bottles and many of them the two-quart size.

In looking back I am amazed at mother's approach to the many problems which she faced. She was far ahead of her time. For instance where did she get what must have been one of the earliest kindergartenbooks? From this book my brother David and I got our introduction to the educational world through a girl from the village mother had brought to live with us as a governess. The gardener's two small children joined us in the maid's sitting-room which was fitted with the necessary paraphernalia of a school room, and there we were made aware of the wonders of the world about us as well as the unusual subject for children--- great artists and sculptors.

Mother felt she had a responsibility for the education and recreation of the people in the village too. She was convinced that all girls in our public school should be taught how to sew. The School Board, however, were just as convinced that this was unnecessary. After a long struggle and appeals to the Province, permission was granted and mother marched into the school every Friday afternoon with a band of expert seamstresses . Many of the girls in those sewing classes came to mother long after ,when they were married and had children, to express their grateful thanks for those helpful lessons.

She also got permission to give temperance lectures to the boys, and some of them,as old men, to this day can recite her very words. She had a commanding presence and vivid delivery, enhanced by her Scottish burr, which demanded attention. Perhaps this trait explains why the house ran like clockwork. Strict obedience was required. All had to attend prayers in the sitting-room every night after supper and to obey strict Sunday rules; family prayers,Sunday School,church, no games or bicycle riding in the afternoon although there were such books as Sunday At Home for quiet reading.

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old church rules. I remember her telling of the time when the elders of the church were to meet to strike off the rolls the name of a young woman who had had an illegitimate child. She warned my father that if he took part in such an iniquity she would not be home when he returned. She asked "Where is the man? Are you thinking of striking him off the rolls also?"...This practice was discontinued. Another time there was a congregational meeting at which she rose to speak. Imagine! A woman raising her voice in the church! One of the elders followed her out of the meeting and said "If I had of knew you was going to speak I would of stopped you." Poor old St. Paul! He suffered often at mother's hands for those passages in his Epistles when he held forth about women. She fought strenuously for votes for women. She would be off to Ottawa with a delegation or to speak at a meeting in the County, always leaving a well-organized house belying the gossip of conventional villagers that she was neglecting her family. That she did not have even a municipal vote aggravated her. She said "I pay the highest taxes in the village and cannot vote for Council, but the butcher boy who is simple-minded has that privilege because he wears pants." But mother was not a feminist in the modern sense of the word and was amused by the great Anna Shaw who,when lecturing in Ayr at mother's invitation, shouted from the platform "Gentlemen, step down and out of the chariot of government and we shall life the reins and whip up the horses of state." Of course women did finally win the franchise and she was overjoyed. Eventually however she was sadly disappointed that they did not accept the challenge of the new responsibility. Not long before she died, when she told me of her great disappointment, I decided to take an active interest in politics and encourage women to be aware of the opportunities of initiating reform legislation especially in the municipal field. So it was mother's influence which made me persevere in the organization of the Association of Women Electors which has achieved so very many changes to benefit the citizens of Toronto.

Having so many boys of her own mother sought to keep them from the village pool room and attract their friends by installing a billiard table, originally in one of the third floor rooms, but eventually it was moved to the room behind the drawing room. It was there that she took the visiting provincial president of the W.C.T.U. To this lady billiards were somehow connected with the devil, and mother as president of the Waterloo County organization had to have her defection from the narrow path considered at the executive level. To her this was " a pairfect piece of downright nawnsense". Finally at one of her County meetings it was suggested that members cease putting condiments on their dining tables lest they encourage a thirst for strong drink, and at that she gave up her connection with the society. "Fykemeleeries" she called them. But to the end of her days she called whiskey "that stuff" and refused it even as medicine except when in desperate pain.

There was no end to her imagination in keeping everyone busy and stimulated. She organized sheet -and -pillowcase dances as well as

9.

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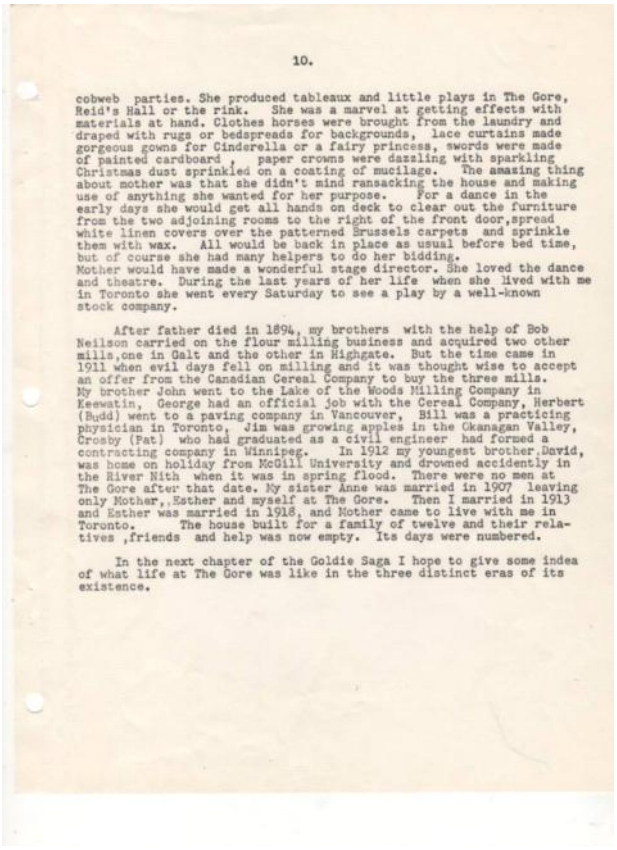
Having so many boys of her own mother sought to keep them from the village pool room and attract their friends by installing a billiard table, originally in one of the third floor rooms, but eventually it was moved to the room behind the drawing room. It was there that she took the visiting provincial president of the W.C.T.U. To this lady billiards were somehow connected with the devil, and mother as president of the Waterloo County organization had to have her defection from the narrow path considered at the executive level. To her this was “ a pairfect piece of downright nawnsense”. Finally at one of her County meetings it was suggested that members cease putting condiments on their dining tables lest they encourage a thirst for strong drink, and at that she gave up her connection with the society. “Fykemeleeries” she called them. But to the end of her days she called whiskey “that stuff” and refused it even as medicine except when in desperate pain.

There was no end to her imagination in keeping everyone busy and stimulated. She organized sheet-and-pillowcase dances as well as



cobweb parties. She produced tableaux and little plays in The Gore, Reid's Hall or the rink. She was a marvel at getting effects with materials at hand. Clothes horses were brought from the laundry and draped with rugs or bedspreads for backgrounds, lace curtains made gorgeous gowns for Cinderella or a fairy princess, swords were made of painted cardboard , paper crowns were dazzling with sparkling Christmas dust sprinkled on a coating of mucilage. The amazing thing about mother was that she didn't mind ransacking the house and making use of anything she wanted for her purpose. For a dance in the early days she would get all hands on deck to clear out the furniture from the two adjoining rooms to the right of the front door,spread white linen covers over the patterned Brussels carpets and sprinkle them with wax. All would be back in place as usual before bed time, but of course she had many helpers to do her bidding.
Mother would have made a wonderful stage director. She loved the dance and theatre. During the last years of her life when she lived with me in Toronto she went every Saturday to see a play by a well-known stock company.

After father died in 1894, my brothers with the help of Bob Neilson carried on the flour milling business and acquired two other mills,one in Galt and the other in Highgate. But the time came in 1911 when evil days fell on milling and it was thought wise to accept an offer from the Canadian Cereal Company to buy the three mills. My brother John went to the Lake of the Woods Milling Company in Keewatin, George had an official job with the Cereal Company, Herbert (Budd) went to a paving company in Vancouver, Bill was a practicing physician in Toronto, Jim was growing apples in the Okanagan Valley, Crosby (Pat) who had graduated as a civil engineer had formed a contracting company in Winnipeg. In 1912 my youngest brother,David, was home on holiday from McGill University and drowned accidently in the River Nith when it was in spring flood. There were no men at The Gore after that date. My sister Anne was married in 1907 leaving only Mother,,Esther and myself at The Gore. Then I married in 1913 and Esther was married in 1918, and Mother came to live with me in Toronto. The house built for a family of twelve and their relatives ,friends and help was now empty. Its days were numbered.

In the next chapter of the Goldie Saga I hope to give some indea of what life at The Gore was like in the three distinct eras of its existence.

10.

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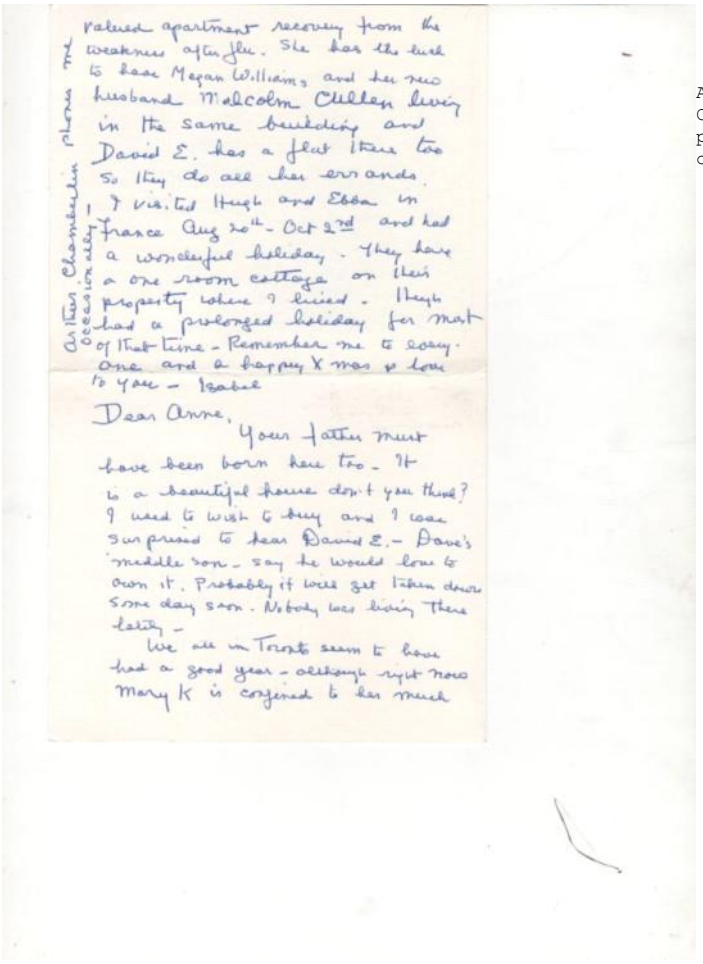
July-04-11
1:07 PM

See P.12 of "Goldie Saga"
First 6 or 7 of David Godie's (Ays)
Children were born here.
House still standing (Dec. '85),
but empty

July-04-11
1:07 PM



valued apartment recovering from the weakness after flu. She has the luck to have Megan Williams and her new husband Malcolm Cullen living in the same building and David E. has a flat there too they do all her errands. I visited Hugh and Ella in France Aug 20th - Oct. 2nd and had a wonderful holiday. They have a one room cottage on their property where I lived. Hugh had a prolonged holiday for most of that time. Remember me to everyone and a happy Xmas + love to you - Isabel

Arthur Chamberlin phones me occasionally

Dear Anne,

Your father must have been born here too - it is a beautiful house don't you think? I used to wish to buy and I was surprised to hear David E. - Dave's middle son - say he would love to own it. Probably it will get taken down some day soon. Nobody was living there lately.

We are in Toronto seem to have had a good year- although right now Mary K is confined to her much

July-04-11
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Spring 1984

Theresa Falkner, 94 was women's activist

Years ago, when Theresa Falkner was asked to name her occupation on an application form, she wrote "busybody."

One of the founders of the Women Electors' Association, the first female appointed to the Toronto Library Board and a member of numerous other community groups, she delighted in telling that story herself.

"You need varied interests to make life interesting," she told an interviewer 20 years ago.

She died Tuesday in Queen Elizabeth Hospital at 94.

She was a "strong-willed woman who fought for women's rights long before it was fashionable," her son William said last night.

Mrs. Falkner used to recall how her mother drilled the family on women's rights, or the lack of them. But she always insisted she wasn't a feminist.

She first hit the public eye when, as a worker with the Big Sisters association, she helped Ethel D. Small win a seat on Toronto council.

Obituary

Falkner

Mrs. Falkner attended every meeting where the woman alderman was present but found she was "completely ignored."

This led to the formation in 1938 of the Women Electors' Association, a non-partisan organization to arouse women to take an interest in public affairs and to support legislation believed to be in the public interest.

"A few determined women can work miracles," she said later.

She was the "official observer" at City Hall for 20 years, writing and circulating reports of meetings.

Her stature rose to the point she was given her own parking spot.

In 1962, she received the Civic Award of Merit.

She leaves son William, of Windsor and six grandchildren.

A funeral is to be held tomorrow at 1.30 p.m. at St. James' Crematorium on Parliament St.

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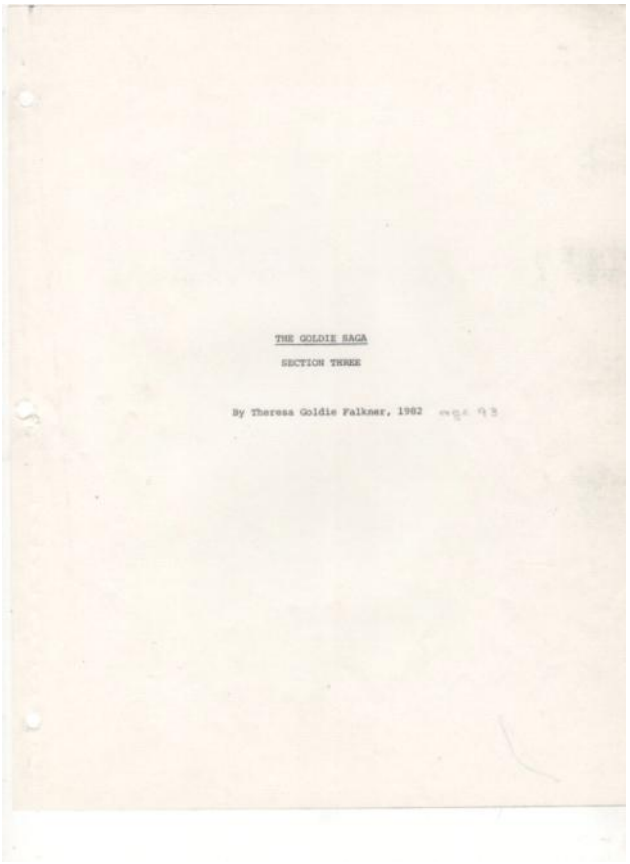
THE GOLDIE SAGA

SECTION THREE

By Theresa Goldie Falkner, 1982

The Goldie Saga

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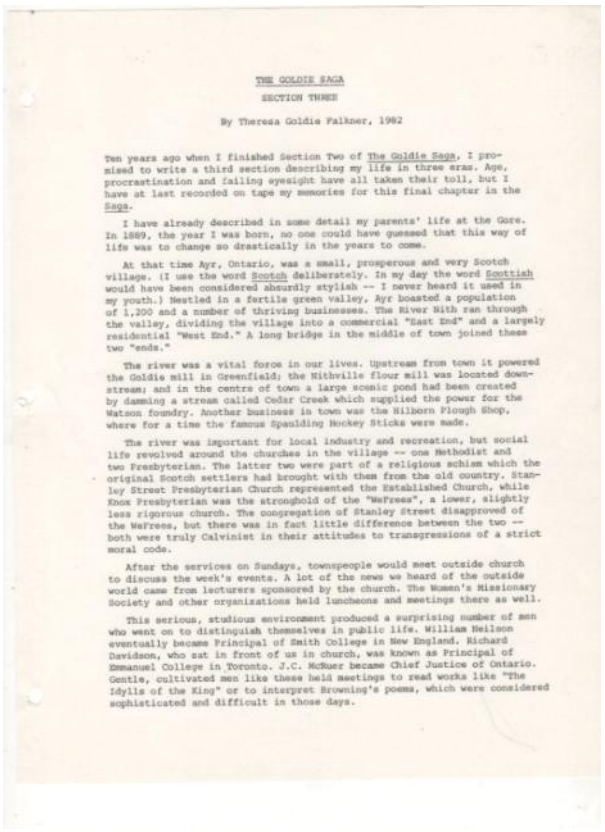

THE GOLDIE SAGA

SECTION THREE

By Theresa Goldie Falkner, 1982

Ten years ago when I finished Section Two of The Goldie Saga, I promised to write a third section describing my life in three eras. Age, procrastination and failing eyesight have all taken their toll, but I have at last recorded on tape my memories for this final chapter in the Saga.

I have already described in some detail my parents' life at the Gore. In 1889, the year I was born, no one could have guessed that this way of life was to change so drastically in the years to come.

At that time Ayr, Ontario, was a small, prosperous and very Scotch village. (I use the word Scotch deliberately. In my day the word Scottish would have been considered absurdly stylish -- I never heard it used in my youth.) Nestled in a fertile green valley, Ayr boasted a population of 1,200 and a number of thriving businesses. The River Nith ran through the valley, dividing the village into a commercial "East End" and a largely residential "West End." A long bridge in the middle of town joined these two "ends."

The river was a vital force in our lives. Upstream from town it powered the Goldie mill in Greenfield; the Nithville flour mill was located downstream; and in the centre of town a large scenic pond had been created by damming a stream called Cedar Creek which supplied the power for the Watson foundry. Another business in town was the Hilborn Plough Shop, where for a time the famous Spaulding Hockey Sticks were made.

The river was important for local industry and recreation, but social life revolved around the churches in the village -- one Methodist and two Presbyterian. The latter two were part of a religious schism which the original Scotch settlers had brought with them from the old country. Stanley Street Presbyterian Church represented the Established Church, while Knox Presbyterian was the stronghold of the "WeFrees", a lower, slightly less rigorous church. The congregation of Stanley Street disapproved of the WeFrees, but there was in fact little difference between the two -- both were truly Calvinist in their attitudes to transgressions of a strict moral code.

After the services on Sundays, townspeople would meet outside church to discuss the week's events. A lot of the news we heard of the outside world came from lecturers sponsored by the church. The Women's Missionary Society and other organizations held luncheons and meetings there as well.

This serious, studious environment produced a surprising number of men who went on to distinguish themselves in public life. William Neilson eventually became Principal of Smith College in New England. Richard Davidson, who sat in front of us in church, was known as Principal of Emmanuel College in Toronto. J.C. McRuer became Chief Justice of Ontario. Gentle, cultivated men like these held meetings to read works like "The Idylls of the King" or to interpret Browning's poems, which were considered sophisticated and difficult in those days.

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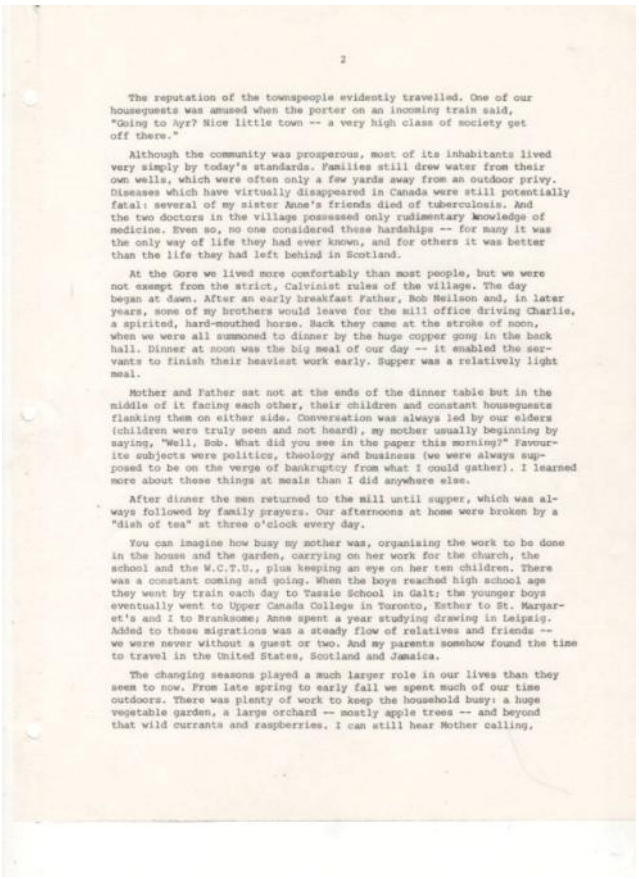

The reputation of the townspeople evidently travelled. One of our houseguests was amused when the porter on an incoming train said, "Going to Ayr? Nice little town -- a very high class of society get off there."

Although the community was prosperous, most of its inhabitants lived very simply by today's standards. Families still drew water from their own wells, which were often only a few yards away from an outdoor privy. Diseases which have virtually disappeared in Canada were still potentially fatal: several of my sister Anne's friends died of tuberculosis. And the two doctors in the village possessed only rudimentary knowledge of medicine. Even so, no one considered these hardships -- for many it was the only way of life they had ever known, and for others it was better than the life they had left behind in Scotland.

At the Gore we lived more comfortably than most people, but we were not exempt from the strict, Calvinist rules of the village. The day began at dawn. After an early breakfast Father, Bob Neilson and, in later years, some of my brothers would leave for the mill office driving Charlie, a spirited, hard-mouthed horse. Back they came at the stroke of noon, when we were all summoned to dinner by the huge copper gong in the back hall. Dinner at noon was the big meal of our day -- it enabled the servants to finish their heaviest work early. Supper was a relatively light meal.

Mother and Father sat not at the ends of the dinner table but in the middle of it facing each other, their children and constant houseguests flanking them on either side. Conversation was always led by our elders (children were truly seen and not heard), my mother usually beginning by saying, "Well, Bob. What did you see in the paper this morning?" Favourite subjects were politics, theology and business (we were always supposed to be on the verge of bankruptcy from what I could gather). I learned more about these things at meals than I did anywhere else.

After dinner the men returned to the mill until supper, which was always followed by family prayers. Our afternoons at home were broken by a "dish of tea" at three o'clock every day.

You can imagine how busy my mother was, organising the work to be done in the house and the garden, carrying on her work for the church, the school and the W.C.T.U., plus keeping an eye on her ten children. There was a constant coming and going. When the boys reached high school age they went by train each day to Tassie School in Galt; the younger boys eventually went to Upper Canada College in Toronto, Esther to St. Margaret's and I to Branksome; Anne spent a year studying drawing in Leipzig. Added to these migrations was a steady flow of relatives and friends -- we were never without a guest or two. And my parents somehow found the time to travel in the United States, Scotland and Jamaica.

The changing seasons played a much larger role in our lives than they seem to now. From late spring to early fall we spent much of our time outdoors. There was plenty of work to keep the household busy: a huge vegetable garden, a large orchard -- mostly apple trees -- and beyond that wild currants and raspberries. I can still hear Mother calling,

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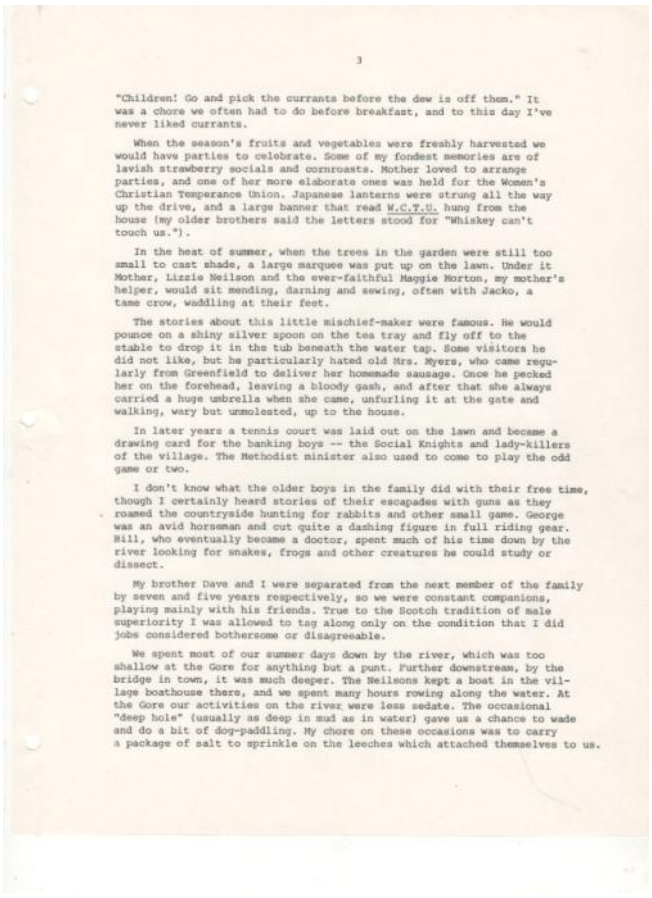

3

"Children! Go and pick the currants before the dew is off them." It was a chore we often had to do before breakfast, and to this day I've never liked currants.

When the season's fruits and vegetables were freshly harvested we would have parties to celebrate. Some of my fondest memories are of lavish strawberry socials and cornroasts. Mother loved to arrange parties, and one of her more elaborate ones was held for the Women's Christian Temperance Union. Japanese lanterns were strung all the way up the drive, and a large banner that read W.C.T.U. hung from the house (my older brothers said the letters stood for "Whiskey can't touch us.").

In the heat of summer, when the trees in the garden were still too small to cast shade, a large marquee was put up on the lawn. Under it Mother, Lizzie Neilson and the ever-faithful Maggie Morton, my mother's helper, would sit mending, darning and sewing, often with Jacko, a tame crow, waddling at their feet.

The stories about this little mischief-maker were famous. He would pounce on a shiny silver spoon on the tea tray and fly off to the stable to drop it in the tub beneath the water tap. Some visitors he did not like, but he particularly hated old Mrs. Myers, who came regularly from Greenfield to deliver her homemade sausage. Once he pecked her on the forehead, leaving a bloody gash, and after that she always carried a huge umbrella when she came, unfurling it at the gate and walking, wary but unmolested, up to the house.

In later years a tennis court was laid out on the lawn and became a drawing card for the banking boys -- the Social Knights and lady-killers of the village. The Methodist minister also used to come to play the odd game or two.

I don't know what the older boys in the family did with their free time, though I certainly heard stories of their escapades with guns as they roamed the countryside hunting for rabbits and other small game. George was an avid horseman and cut quite a dashing figure in full riding gear. Bill, who eventually became a doctor, spent much of his time down by the river looking for snakes, frogs and other creatures he could study or dissect.

My brother Dave and I were separated from the next member of the family by seven and five years respectively, so we were constant companions, playing mainly with his friends. True to the Scotch tradition of male superiority I was allowed to tag along only on the condition that I did jobs considered bothersome or disagreeable.

We spent most of our summer days down by the river, which was too shallow at the Gore for anything but a punt. Further downstream, by the bridge in town, it was much deeper. The Neilsons kept a boat in the village boathouse there, and we spent many hours rowing along the water. At the Gore our activities on the river were less sedate. The occasional "deep hole" (usually as deep in mud as in water) gave us a chance to wade and do a bit of dog-paddling. My chore on these occasions was to carry a package of salt to sprinkle on the leeches which attached themselves to us.

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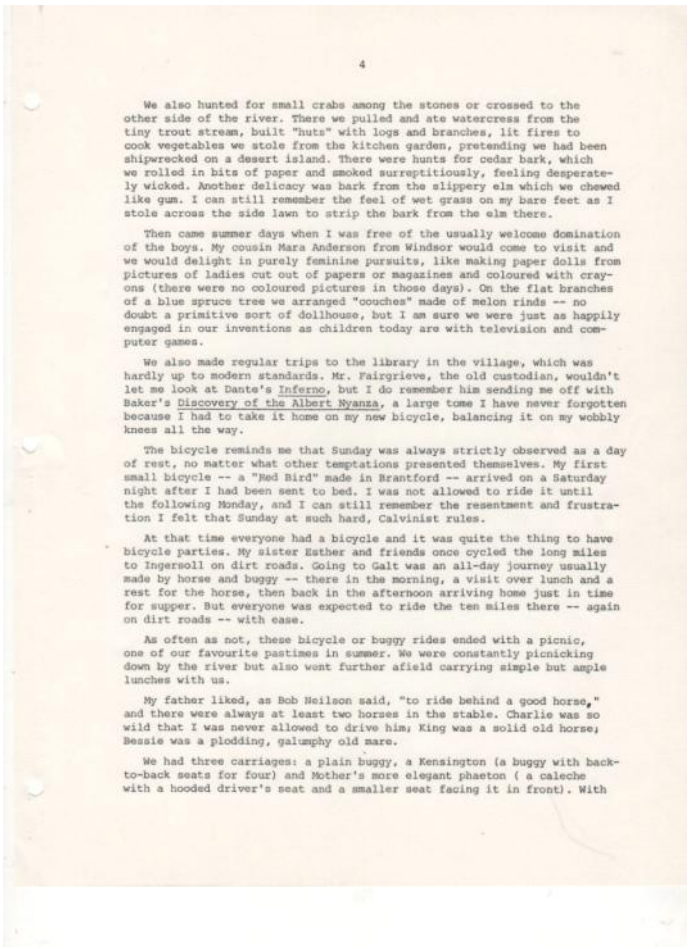

We also hunted for small crabs among the stones or crossed to the other side of the river. There we pulled and ate watercress from the tiny trout stream, built "huts" with logs and branches, lit fires to cook vegetables we stole from the kitchen garden, pretending we had been shipwrecked on a desert island. There were hunts for cedar bark, which we rolled in bits of paper and smoked surreptitiously, feeling desperately wicked. Another delicacy was bark from the slippery elm which we chewed like gum. I can still remember the feel of wet grass on my bare feet as I stole across the side lawn to strip the bark from the elm there.

Then came summer days when I was free of the usually welcome domination of the boys. My cousin Mara Anderson from Windsor would come to visit and we would delight in purely feminine pursuits, like making paper dolls from pictures of ladies cut out of papers or magazines and coloured with crayons (there were no coloured pictures in those days). On the flat branches of a blue spruce tree we arranged "couches" made of melon rinds -- no doubt a primitive sort of dollhouse, but I am sure we were just as happily engaged in our inventions as children today are with television and computer games.

We also made regular trips to the library in the village, which was hardly up to modern standards. Mr. Fairgrieve, the old custodian, wouldn't let me look at Dante's Inferno, but I do remember him sending me off with Baker's Discovery of the Albert Nyanza, a large tome I have never forgotten because I had to take it home on my new bicycle, balancing it on my wobbly knees all the way.

The bicycle reminds me that Sunday was always strictly observed as a day of rest, no matter what other temptations presented themselves. My first small bicycle -- a "Red Bird" made in Brantford -- arrived on a Saturday night after I had been sent to bed. I was not allowed to ride it until the following Monday, and I can still remember the resentment and frustration I felt that Sunday at such hard, Calvinist rules.

At that time everyone had a bicycle and it was quite the thing to have bicycle parties. My sister Esther and friends once cycled the long miles to Ingersoll on dirt roads. Going to Galt was an all-day journey usually made by horse and buggy -- there in the morning, a visit over lunch and a rest for the horse, then back in the afternoon arriving home just in time for supper. But everyone was expected to ride the ten miles there -- again on dirt roads -- with ease.

As often as not, these bicycle or buggy rides ended with a picnic, one of our favourite pastimes in the summer. We were constantly picnicking down by the river but also went further afield carrying simple but ample lunches with us.

My father liked, as Bob Neilson said, "to ride behind a good horse," and there were always at least two horses in the stable. Charlie was so wild that I was never allowed to drive him; King was a solid old horse; Bessie was a plodding, galumphy old mare.

We had three carriages: a plain buggy, a Kensington (a buggy with back-to-back seats for four) and Mother's more elegant phaeton (a caleche with a hooded driver's seat and a smaller seat facing it in front). With

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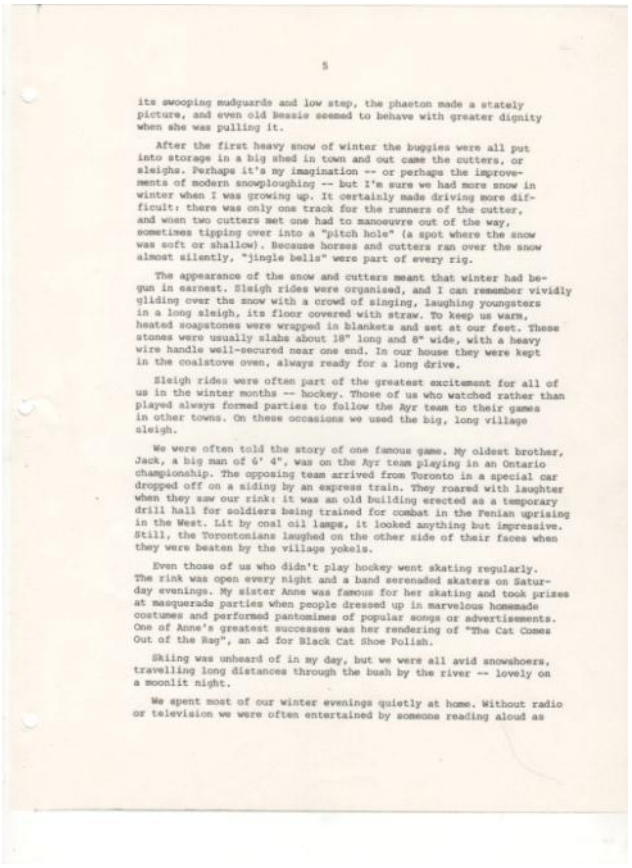

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its swooping mudguards and low step, the phaeton made a stately picture, and even old Bessie seemed to behave with greater dignity when she was pulling it.

After the first heavy snow of winter the buggies were all put into storage in a big shed in town and out came the cutters, or sleighs. Perhaps it's my imagination -- or perhaps the improvements of modern snowploughing -- but I'm sure we had more snow in winter when I was growing up. It certainly made driving more difficult; there was only one track for the runners of the cutter, and when two cutters met one had to manoeuvre out of the way, sometimes tipping over into a "pitch hole" (a spot where the snow was soft or shallow). Because horses and cutters ran over the snow almost silently, "jingle bells" were part of every rig.

The appearance of the snow and cutters meant that winter had begun in earnest. Sleigh rides were organised, and I can remember vividly gliding over the snow with a crowd of singing, laughing youngsters in a long sleigh, its floor covered with straw. To keep us warm, heated soapstones were wrapped in blankets and set at our feet. These stones were usually slabs about 18" long and 8" wide, with a heavy wire handle well-secured near one end. In our house they were kept in the coalstove oven, always ready for a long drive.

Sleigh rides were often part of the greatest excitement for all of us in the winter months -- hockey. Those of us who watched rather than played always formed parties to follow the Ayr team to their games in other towns. On these occasions we used the big, long village sleigh.

We were often told the story of one famous game. My oldest brother, Jack, a big man of 6' 4", was on the Ayr team playing in an Ontario championship. The opposing team arrived from Toronto in a special car dropped off on a siding by an express train. They roared with laughter when they saw our rink: it was an old building erected as a temporary drill hall for soldiers being trained for combat in the Fenian uprising in the West. Lit by coal oil lamps, it looked anything but impressive. Still, the Torontonians laughed on the other side of their faces when they were beaten by the village yokels.

Even those of us who didn't play hockey went skating regularly. The rink was open every night and a band serenaded skaters on Saturday evenings. My sister Anne was famous for her skating and took prizes at masquerade parties when people dressed up in marvelous homemade costumes and performed pantomimes of popular songs or advertisements. One of Anne's greatest successes was her rendering of "The Cat Comes Out of the Bag", an ad for Black Cat Shoe Polish.

Skiing was unheard of in my day, but we were all avid snowshoers, travelling long distances through the bush by the river -- lovely on a moonlit night.

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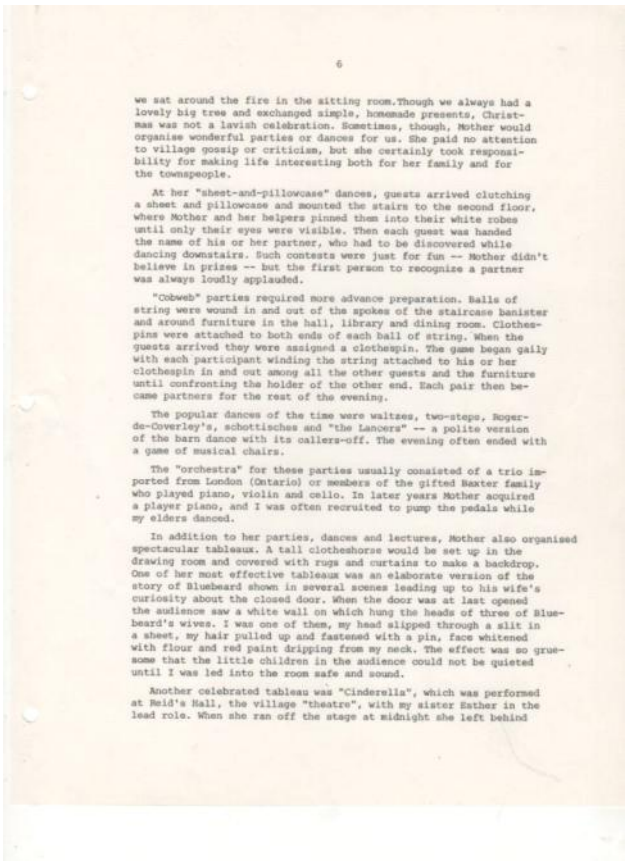

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At her "sheet-and-pillowcase" dances, guests arrived clutching a sheet and pillowcase and mounted the stairs to the second floor, where Mother and her helpers pinned them into their white robes until only their eyes were visible. Then each guest was handed the name of his or her partner, who had to be discovered while dancing downstairs. Such contests were just for fun -- Mother didn't believe in prizes -- but the first person to recognize a partner was always loudly applauded.

"Cobweb" parties required more advance preparation. Balls of string were wound in and out of the spokes of the staircase banister and around furniture in the hall, library and dining room. Clothespins were attached to both ends of each ball of string. When the guests arrived they were assigned a clothespin. The game began gaily with each participant winding the string attached to his or her clothespin in and out among all the other guests and the furniture until confronting the holder of the other end. Each pair then became partners for the rest of the evening.

The popular dances of the time were waltzes, two-steps, Roger-de-Coverley's, schottisches and "the Lancers" -- a polite version of the barn dance with its callers-off. The evening often ended with a game of musical chairs.

The "orchestra" for these parties usually consisted of a trio imported from London (Ontario) or members of the gifted Baxter family who played piano, violin and cello. In later years Mother acquired a player piano, and I was often recruited to pump the pedals while my elders danced.

In addition to her parties, dances and lectures, Mother also organised spectacular tableaux. A tall clotheshorse would be set up in the drawing room and covered with rugs and curtains to make a backdrop. One of her most effective tableaux was an elaborate version of the story of Bluebeard shown in several scenes leading up to his wife's curiosity about the closed door. When the door was at last opened the audience saw a white wall on which hung the heads of three of Bluebeard's wives. I was one of them, my head slipped through a slit in a sheet, my hair pulled up and fastened with a pin, face whitened with flour and red paint dripping from my neck. The effect was so gruesome that the little children in the audience could not be quieted until I was led into the room safe and sound.

Another celebrated tableau was "Cinderella", which was performed at Reid's Hall, the village "theatre", with my sister Esther in the lead role. When she ran off the stage at midnight she left behind

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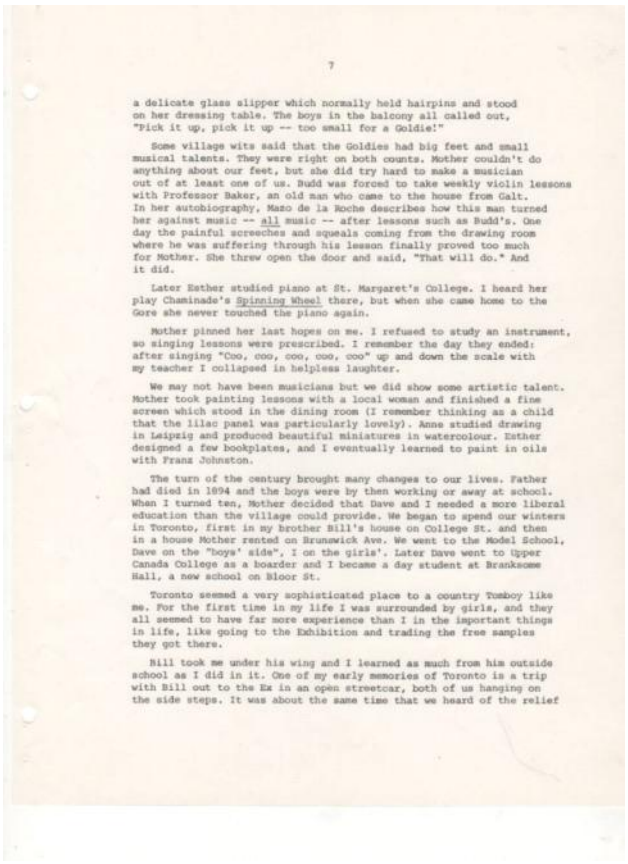

a delicate glass slipper which normally held hairpins and stood on her dressing table. The boys in the balcony all called out, "Pick it up, pick it up -- too small for a Goldie!"

Some village wits said that the Goldies had big feet and small musical talents. They were right on both counts. Mother couldn't do anything about our feet, but she did try hard to make a musician out of at least one of us. Budd was forced to take weekly violin lessons with Professor Baker, an old man who came to the house from Galt. In her autobiography, Mazo de la Roche describes how this man turned her against music -- all music -- after lessons such as Budd's. One day the painful screeches and squeals coming from the drawing room where he was suffering through his lesson finally proved too much for Mother. She threw open the door and said, "That will do." And it did.

Later Esther studied piano at St. Margaret's College. I heard her play Chaminade's Spinning Wheel there, but when she came home to the Gore she never touched the piano again.

Mother pinned her last hopes on me. I refused to study an instrument, so singing lessons were prescribed. I remember the day they ended: after singing "Coo, coo, coo, coo, coo" up and down the scale with my teacher I collapsed in helpless laughter.

We may not have been musicians but we did show some artistic talent. Mother took painting lessons with a local woman and finished a fine screen which stood in the dining room (I remember thinking as a child that the lilac panel was particularly lovely). Anne studied drawing in Leipzig and produced beautiful miniatures in watercolour. Esther designed a few bookplates, and I eventually learned to paint in oils with Franz Johnston.

The turn of the century brought many changes to our lives. Father had died in 1894 and the boys were by then working or away at school. When I turned ten, Mother decided that Dave and I needed a more liberal education than the village could provide. We began to spend our winters in Toronto, first in my brother Bill's house on College St. and then in a house Mother rented on Brunswick Ave. We went to the Model School, Dave on the "boys' side", I on the girls'. Later Dave went to Upper Canada College as a boarder and I became a day student at Branksome Hall, a new school on Bloor St.

Toronto seemed a very sophisticated place to a country Tomboy like me. For the first time in my life I was surrounded by girls, and they all seemed to have far more experience than I in the important things in life, like going to the Exhibition and trading the free samples they got there.

Bill took me under his wing and I learned as much from him outside school as I did in it. One of my early memories of Toronto is a trip with Bill out to the Ex in an open streetcar, both of us hanging on the side steps. It was about the same time that we heard of the relief

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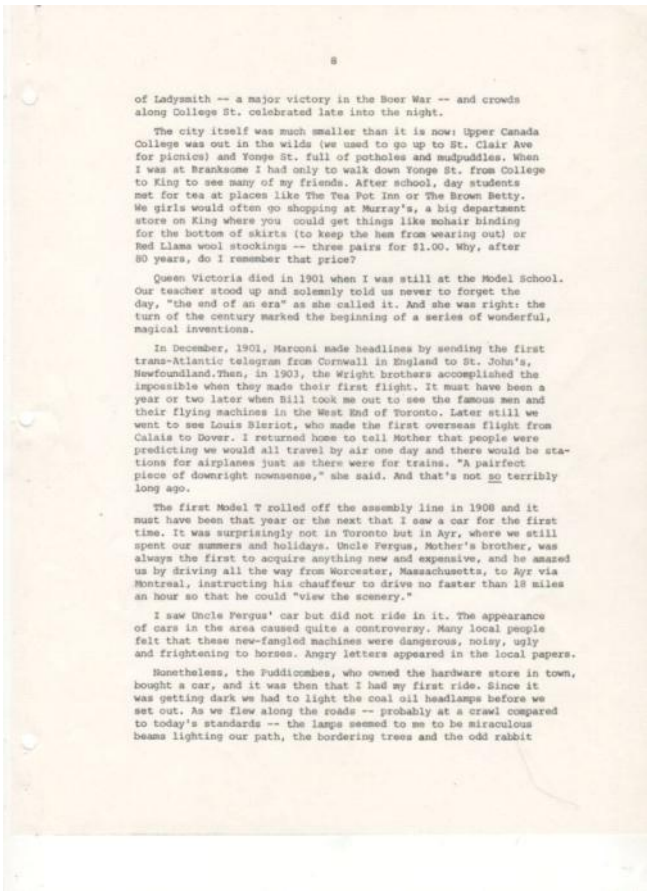

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of Ladysmith -- a major victory in the Boer War -- and crowds along College St. celebrated late into the night.

The city itself was much smaller than it is now: Upper Canada College was out in the wilds (we used to go up to St. Clair Ave for picnics) and Yonge St. full of potholes and mudpuddles. When I was at Branksome I had only to walk down Yonge St. from College to King to see many of my friends. After school, day students met for tea at places like The Tea Pot Inn or The Brown Betty. We girls would often go shopping at Murray's, a big department store on King where you could get things like mohair binding for the bottom of skirts (to keep the hem from wearing out) or Red Llama wool stockings -- three pairs for $1.00. Why, after 80 years, do I remember that price?

Queen Victoria died in 1901 when I was still at the Model School. Our teacher stood up and solemnly told us never to forget the day, "the end of an era" as she called it. And she was right: the turn of the century marked the beginning of a series of wonderful, magical inventions.

In December, 1901, Marconi made headlines by sending the first trans-Atlantic telegram from Cornwall in England to St. John's, Newfoundland.Then, in 1903, the Wright brothers accomplished the impossible when they made their first flight. It must have been a year or two later when Bill took me out to see the famous men and their flying machines in the West End of Toronto. Later still we went to see Louis Bleriot, who made the first overseas flight from Calais to Dover. I returned home to tell Mother that people were predicting we would all travel by air one day and there would be stations for airplanes just as there were for trains. "A pairfect piece of downright nownsense," she said. And that's not so terribly long ago.

The first Model T rolled off the assembly line in 1908 and it must have been that year or the next that I saw a car for the first time. It was surprisingly not in Toronto but in Ayr, where we still spent our summers and holidays. Uncle Fergus, Mother's brother, was always the first to acquire anything new and expensive, and he amazed us by driving all the way from Worcester, Massachusetts, to Ayr via Montreal, instructing his chauffeur to drive no faster than 18 miles an hour so that he could "view the scenery."

I saw Uncle Fergus' car but did not ride in it. The appearance of cars in the area caused quite a controversy. Many local people felt that these new-fangled machines were dangerous, noisy, ugly and frightening to horses. Angry letters appeared in the local papers.

Nonetheless, the Puddicombes, who owned the hardware store in town, bought a car, and it was then that I had my first ride. Since it was getting dark we had to light the coal oil headlamps before we set out. As we flew along the roads -- probably at a crawl compared to today's standards -- the lamps seemed to me to be miraculous beams lighting our path, the bordering trees and the odd rabbit

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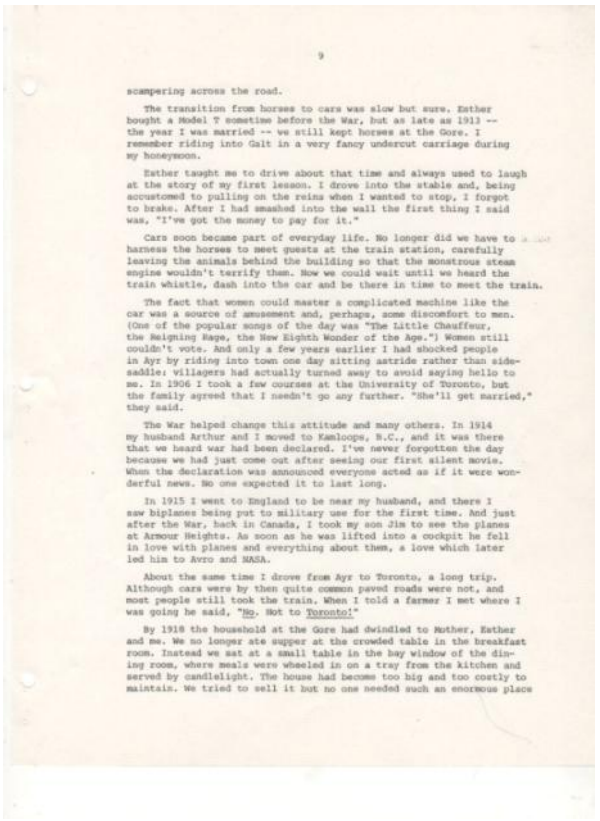


scampering across the road.

The transition from horses to cars was slow but sure. Esther bought a Model T sometime before the War, but as late as 1913 -- the year I was married -- we still kept horses at The Gore. I remember riding into Galt in a very fancy undercut carriage during my honeymoon.

Esther taught me to drive that time and always used to laugh at the story of my first lesson. I drove into the stable and, being accustomed to pulling on the reins when I wanted to stop, I forgot to brake. After I had smashed into the wall the first thing I said was, "I've got the money to pay for it."

Cars soon became part of everyday life. No longer did we have to harness the horses to meet guests at the train station, carefully leaving the animals behind the building so that the monstrous steam engine wouldn't terrify them. Now we could wait until we heard the train whistle, dash into the car and be there in time to meet the train.

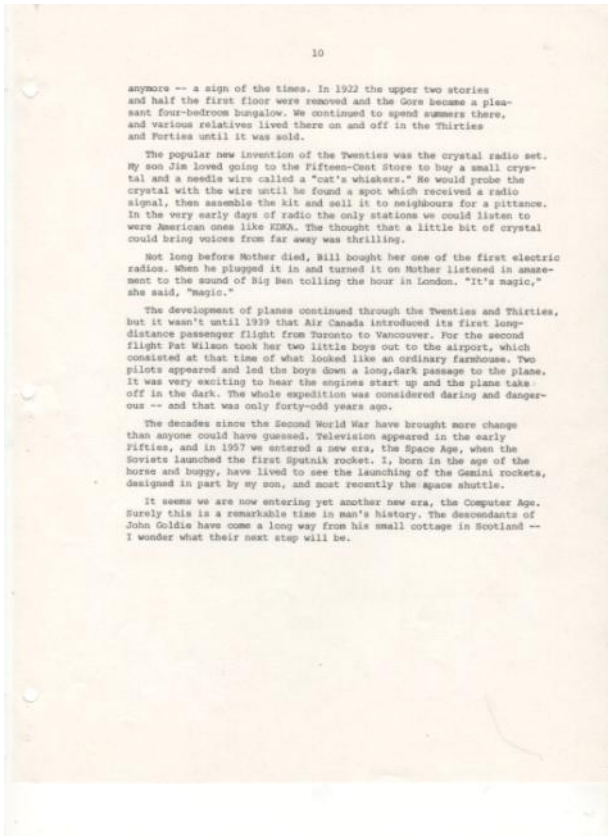
The fact that women could master a complicated machine like the car was a source of amusement and, perhaps, some discomfort to men. (One of the popular songs of the day "The Little Chauffeur, the Reigning Rage, the New Eighth Wonder of the Age.") Women still couldn't vote. And only a few years earlier I had shocked people in Ayr by riding into town one day sitting astride rather than side-saddle; villagers had actually turned away to avoid saying hello to me. In 1906 I took a few courses at the University of Toronto, but the family agreed that I needn't go any further. "She'll get married," they said.

The War helped change this attitude and many others. In 1914 my husband Arthur and I moved to Kamloops, B.C., and it was there that we heard war had been declared. I've never forgotten the day because we had just come out after seeing our first silent movie. When the declaration was announced everyone acted as if it were wonderful news. No one expected it to last long.

In 1915 I went to England to be near my husband, and there I saw biplanes being put to military use for the first time. And just after the War, back in Canada, I took my son Jim to see the planes at Armour Heights. As soon as he was lifted into a cockpit he fell in love with planes and everything about them, a love which later led him to Avro and NASA.

About the same time I drove from Ayr to Toronto, a long trip. Although cars were by then quite common paved roads were not, and most people still took the train. When I told a farmer I met where I was going he said, "No. Not to Toronto!"

By 1919 the household at the Gore had dwindled to Mother, Esther and me. We no longer ate supper at the crowded table in the breakfast room. Instead we sat at a small table in the bay window of the dinning room, where meals were wheeled in on a tray from the kitchen and served by candlelight. The house had become too big and costly to maintain. We tried to sell it but no one needed such an enormous place



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anymore -- a sign of the times. In 1922 the upper two stories and half the first floor were removed and the Gore became a pleasant four-bedroom bungalow. We continued to spend summers there, and various relatives lived there on and off in the Thirties and Forties until it was sold.

The popular new invention of the Twenties was the crystal radio set. My son Jim loved going to the Fifteen-Cent Store to buy a small crystal and a needle wire called a "cat's whiskers." He would probe the crystal with the wire until he found a spot which received a radio signal, then assemble the kit and sell it to neighbours for a pittance. In the very early days of radio the only stations we could listen to were American ones like KDKA. The thought that a little bit of crystal could bring voices from far away was thrilling.

Not long before Mother died, Bill bought her one of the first electric radios. When he plugged it in and turned it on Mother listened in amazement to the sound of Big Ben tolling the hour in London. "It's magic," she said, "magic."

The development of planes continued through the Twenties and Thirties, but it wasn't until 1939 that Air Canada introduced its first long-distance passenger flight from Toronto to Vancouver. For the second flight Pat Wilson took her two little boys out to the airport, which consisted at that time of what looked like an ordinary farmhouse. Two pilots appeared and led the boys down a long,dark passage to the plane. It was very exciting to hear the engines start up and the plane take off in the dark. The whole expedition was considered daring and dangerous -- and that was only forty-odd years ago.

The decades since the Second World War have brought more change than anyone could have guessed. Television appeared in the early Fifties, and in 1957 we entered a new era, the Space Age, when the Soviets launched the first Sputnik rocket. I, born in the age of the horse and buggy, have lived to see the launching of the Gemini rockets, designed in part by my son, and most recently the space shuttle.

It seems we are now entering yet another new era, the Computer Age. Surely this is a remarkable time in man's history. The descendants of John Goldie have come a long way from his small cottage in Scotland -- I wonder what their next step will be.

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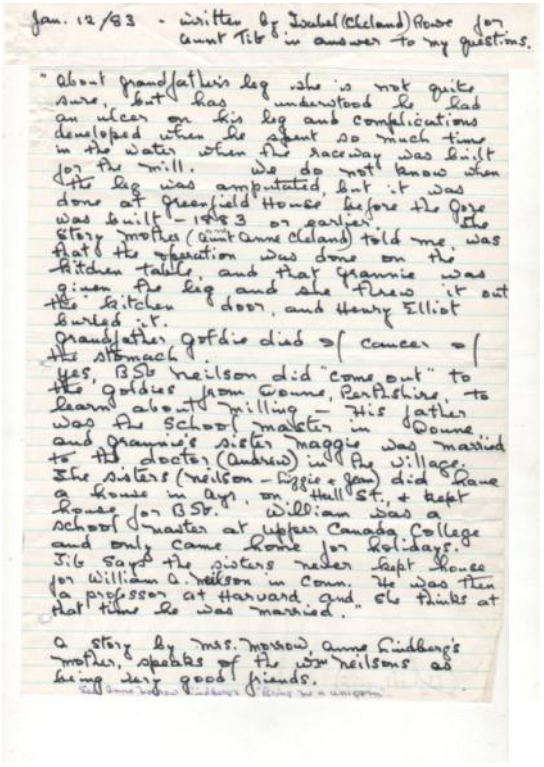
Christmas 1977
age. 88 yrs.

blind - age 93

Taped and typed by David Everett Kilgour

July-04-11
1:07 PM


Jan. 12/83 - written by Isabel (Cleland) Rowe for aunt Tib in answer to my questions.

"About grandfather's leg she is not quite sure, but has understood he had an ulcer on his leg and complications developed when he spent so much time in the water when the raceway was built for the mill. We do not know when the leg was amputated, but it was done at Greenfield House before the Gore was built - 1983 or earlier. The story mother (aunt Anne Cleland) told me was that the operation was done on the kitchen table, and that grannie was given the leg and she threw it out the kitchen door, and Henry Elliot buried it.
Grandfather Goldie died of cancer of the stomach.
Yes, Bob Neilson did "come out" to the Goldies from Doune, Perthshire, to learn about milling - His father was the school master in Doune and grannie's sister Maggie was married to the doctor (Andrew) in the village. The sisters (Neilson - Lizzie + Jean) did have a house in Ayr, on Hall St., + kept house for Bob. William was a school master at Upper Canada College and only came home for holidays. Tib says the sisters never kept house for William A. Neilson in Conn. He was then a professor at Harvard and she thinks at that time he was married.
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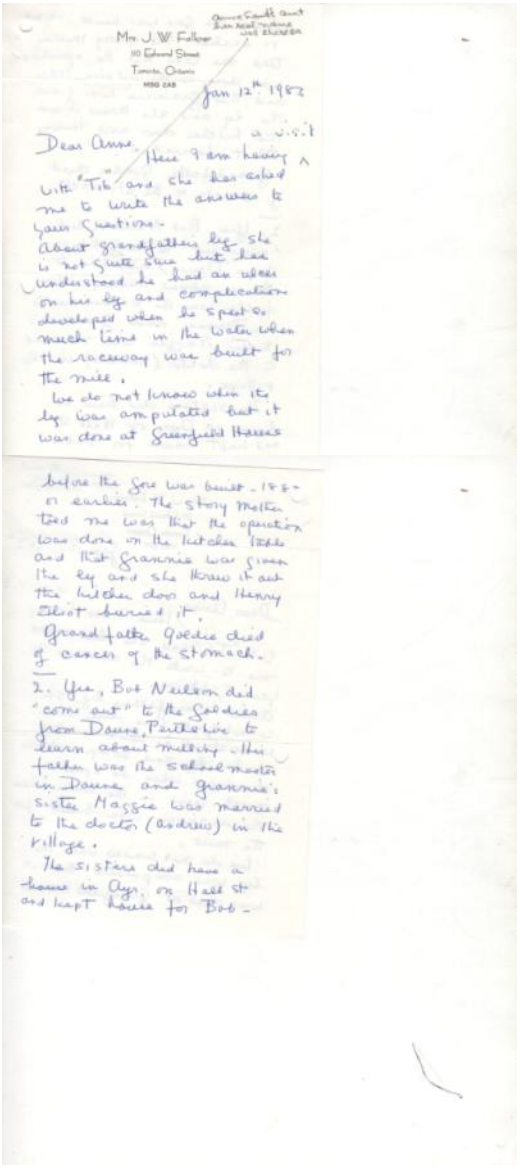

Jan 12th, 1983

Dear Anne,

Here I am having a visit with "Tib" and she has asked me to write the answers to your questions.

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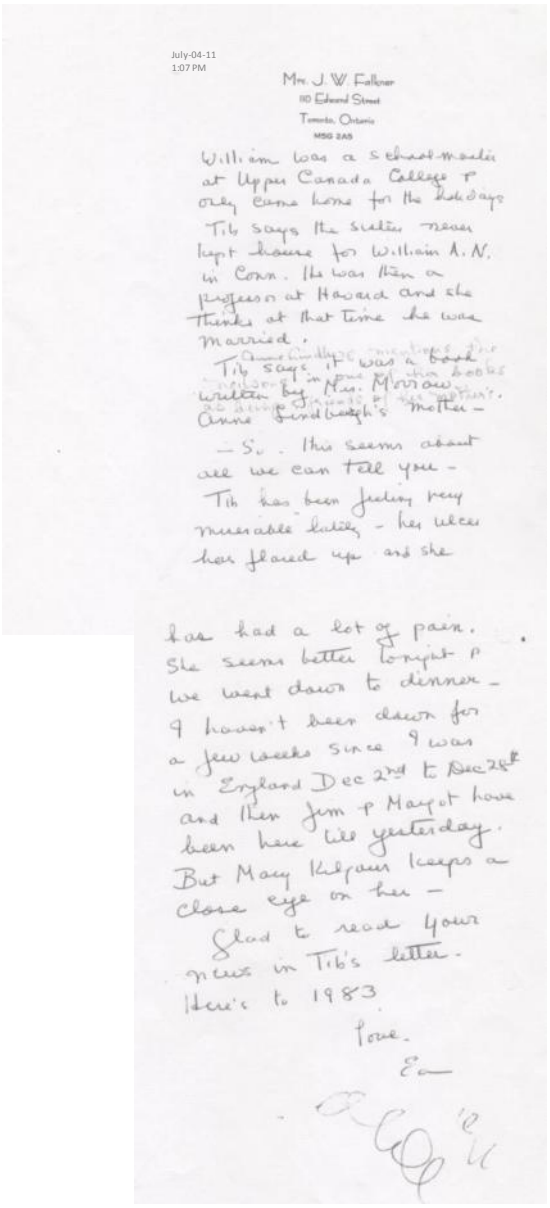

July-04-11
1:07 PM

Mrs. J. W. Falkner
110 Edward Street
Toronto, Ontario
M5G 2A5

William was a school master at Upper Canada College & only came home for the holidays

Tib says the sisters never kept house for William A. N. in Conn. He was then a professor at Harvard and she thinks at that time he was married.

Tib says it was a book written by Mrs. Morrow - Anne Lindbergh's mother -

- So. This seems about all we can tell you - Tib has been feeling very miserable lately - her ulcer has flared up and she has had a lot of pain. She seems better tonight & we went down to dinner - I haven't been down for a few weeks since I was in England Dec 2nd to Dec 28th and then Jim & May got home been here till yesterday. But Mary Kiljaeen keeps a close eye on her -

Glad to read your news in Tib's letter. Here's to 1983

Love.

E.

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Tib says it was a book written by Mrs. Morrow - Anne Lindberg's mother- Anne Lindberg mentions the Neilson's in one of her books as being friends of her mother.

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Love

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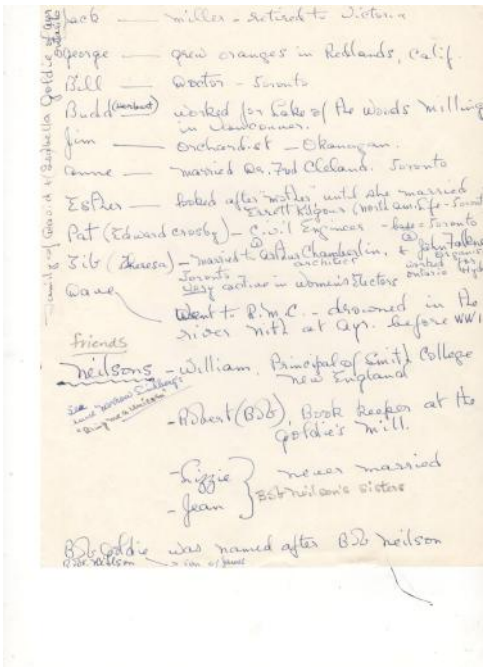
July-18-11
3:44 PM



Jack	Miller - retired to Victoria
George	Grew oranges in Redlands, Calif.
Bill	Doctor- Toronto
Budd (Herbert)	Worked for Lake of the Woods Milling in Vancouver
Jim	Orchardist - Okanagan
Anne	Married Dr. Fred Cleland. Toronto
Esther	Looked after mother until she married Errott Kilgour (North Am. Life, Toronto)
Pat (Edward Crosby)	Civil engineer, base=Toronto
Tib (Theresa) John Falkner	Married to Arthur Chamberlin (architect)and organiser worked for Ontario Hydro Very active in Women's electors
Dave	Went to R.M.C. - drowned in the river Nith at Ayr before WWI

Friends

Neilsons-	William, Principal of Smith College, New England Robert (Bob). Book keeper at the Goldie's Mill Lizzie Never married. Bob Neilson's sister Jean Never married. Bob Neilson's sister

Bob Goldie was named after Bob Neilson
Bob Goldie was the son of James Goldie