



The sawyer's office, one of the first restorations.

house behind Cook's Tavern. The brick baking oven where the fire is built in the oven itself and then removed when the desired temperature is reached (a matter of the baker's intuition) always has a little knot of spectators anxious to find out when the current batch of bread will be ready. For though it is then placed on sale in the Village store, there is only one way to be sure of getting it and that is by following it there! A taste of this good warm brown bread is one more pleasant memory to carry away into the twentieth century again.

The Village is rightfully called a living museum, for here is no static collection of mementos but a working community. To the left on entering one sees the Asseltine woollen mill. Here one can watch the whole process of blanket-making from washing and blowing the newly sheared wool through all stages to completion on ancient but still perfectly working machinery. The handsome blankets are for sale to visitors.

In the next building, the sawmill, the eternal boy in every man makes a lingering visit, for the great saw, driven by all its furiously working wooden parts, is like a mammoth wind-up toy that really works. The mill pond which powers these two mills is one of the many beauty spots of the community, with ducks and geese sailing contentedly along its surface. In this tranquil setting it is not surprising to encounter a flock of sheep ambling along the main street and, most beloved by all visitors, two creamy white oxen with broad gentle faces. Few visitors resist the impulse to pat these great calm creatures.

The Village tour taken this past summer by nearly two hundred and twenty-five thousand persons has been aptly titled "a tour through time," for in wandering in and out of over three dozen buildings, one strolls through a whole era. The 1784-1865 period depicted is represented by structures that would have been in a typical community of the time, but in order to mirror the whole span of years within the confines of one area, they have been re-

stored to different dates. Therefore, not all the houses, inns and stores would have existed in the state the visitor sees at any one time.

For instance, the inhabitants of the French-Robertson house, originally in Mille Roches and now restored in the Village to the date of 1820, would not have lived at the same time as, say, the doctor's family whose 1850 house was formerly at Aultsville. Within each building everything, from the costumes for its inhabitants to the pictures on the walls and the most minute dressing table accessories, is in its proper place in time. Thus in the farm complex of the Loucks' family there is presented within one acre of land the whole progress of several generations of one family's fortunes. The visitor sees in one community, Glengarry School of Ralph Connor fame, without missing the charm of earlier "school" as it was held prior to Glengarry days in the home of the schoolmaster himself.

The doctor's house, already mentioned, is perhaps the most photographed of all, a cosy, low, brick house of soft red, behind a white picket fence. Like the other homes it has its family, the Keoghs, and though you will not see them you will be aware of them as you stand amid their possessions, authentic down to the last tiny detail. The doctor's account books stand open, his dispensary with instruments all laid out is ready for a patient, while in the hall hangs his shawl, flung on many times to venture out in the chill night on a mission of healing. His wife had a formal parlour be-



Outside the doctor's house. The tiny bedroom window provides much more light than appears possible.