

OBITUARY

William David Reid

A retired Stationary Engineer of Chrysler of Canada, William David Reid Sr., eighty-five years of age, 449 Wyndotte Street, Windsor, died Thursday at Hotel Dieu Hospital after a brief illness. Mr. Reid came to Cobalt from Scotland in 1908 and returning to bring his family in 1910.

He resided in Cobalt for twenty-eight years working as Stationary Engineer at the McKinley Darragh Mine for nineteen years until the mine closed down and then in the same capacity he worked at the Colonial Mine for six years. Going to Windsor with Mrs. Reid on a visit to their daughter (Peggy) Mrs. Harley Bancroft. They decided to take up residence there.

Mrs. Reid the former Isabella Boyd of Wigtownshire, Scotland, predeceased him as also his youngest daughter, (Peggy) Mrs. H. Bancroft. Mr. Reid married again about one year after his wife's death. He was married to Annie Mortimer who now resides with his son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. William David Reid Jr.

While living in Cobalt, he was a member of the Bethel Gospel Hall, in Haileybury. In Windsor he was a member of the Parkington Gospel Hall.

The funeral services were held on Saturday September 28, at 2 p.m. in the Charles Ellison Chapel of Memories, 659 Victoria Ave., Windsor. Rev. J. H.

Do You Remember This View of Haileybury? October 4th, 1922



Thirty-five years ago tomorrow was a black day, not only for Haileybury but for the North country as a whole.

October 4, 1922! Time is marked from that date and even yet, those of us who experienced the terror of the smoke and flames, shudder when we think of it.

The following description of the fire, written by Mrs. Leishman, will recall, for many happenings at that time.

October 4th never occurs without my recalling the terrifying experience we had when our town and others were almost wiped out by a mighty conflagration caused by a forest fire.

My husband had come to Haileybury two years before having bought the weekly newspaper. I joined him in 1919 we were enjoying our new home and making a "go" of the printing business.

That season was hot and dry although we became anxious after weeks without rain we did not think the big Matheson fire could happen to us for we had ample fire protection with two water systems. Both failed.

Finally, when we realized the fire was very near, my husband and a number of other left their

places of business and helpers and for three days worked until they were too exhausted to go on. But to no avail for at 2 o'clock a strong wind swept the fire into town, first to the railway station on the hill, next into St. Paul's Church. Great sheets of flaming paper blew down the street igniting everything in its wake.

My husband came home and said we would have to get to the lake. I had packed some clothing, flat silver, milk, bread and tea in a basket. We also took blankets and I had put a heavy suit on over my dress as we had been warned that it would be bitterly cold after the fire. We left our home "as is" my laundry basket full of clothes under the kitchen table, all our wedding gifts and treasures in their palces.

We hurried to a place where there was some sort of beach in case it got to hot for us which it did and we waded into the water up to our waists with our arms around each other and wollen blankets over our heads. My husband remarked that unless a miracle happened, we would drift out further and down or suffocate since the building nearest the shore was

on fire and the wind in our direction. Many prayers were answered as a miracle happened when the wind changed at 7.00 p.m.

We huddled around a pile of burning telephone poles and like the fireplace in our home, kept the side next to it a little more comfortable. Soon I must have presented a funny sight for as my suit dried, the sleeves shrank several inches up my arms and the skirt length was far from fashionable. My voile dress underneath remained its normal length. My hair was matted and needed three washings to get the comb through it. Our smoke filled eyes smarted and felt as if they were pierced with needles. My husband had given his coat to an elderly lady and trapped up and down to keep warm. Scores of people were with us in varying degrees of distress. The nuns and children from the convent were huddled together chanting their prayers. But there was humor too-A man remarked in a highly excited voice "I told you so, I told you so, this is the end of the world and the Methodist minister standing nearby said "Oh hell."

About 11 o'clock a fire-man came along with a lantern and

said there were about seventy houses standing in the north end of town and so we followed him to shelter. It was raining now and we walked through rubble, burned chickens, dead cows and horses and finally reached shelter. My husband's sisters were located and took us in but some were not re-united for days. We were glad of a cup of tea made from boiled water for the water system had failed, electricity was cut off and there was no communication with the outside. My husband was so weary, he lay down on the floor in wet clothes and slept. I could not seem to realize the danger was over and kept getting up to look out the window. In the morning we went out to see the devastation.

Both our newspaper office and home were flat. Even the strong room had melted away. The printing press and other equipment had fallen through the floor. An iron bed frame and an iron cook pot were all we found of our home.

At noon, the following day, a relief train came through and all who had relatives were advised to leave with free transportation. My husband insisted on staying and I left to go to the Sault. On the train we were

given coffee and pies were passed around. The only pie cutter was a murderous looking hat pin but we were happy to have something to "stay our tummies." The kindness of people in North Bay who provided for us until the next train came will never be forgotten.

Meantime, my husband was a man of great integrity and he will to "carry on." He got busy at the Red Cross and everywhere he could help. Relief trains came in as soon as the railway was repaired one from Eatons and the Government provided lumber for anyone who wished to start up again. Returning to our home, living room-kitchen, bedroom and bathroom I thought it was wonderful. We still had to stand in line for stables and if grateful, still I hoped I would never see beans again.

Many sad things happened during the fire for eleven lives were lost in the District and untold sorrow came to the first family in the death of Mrs. A. P. Cobbold. Mr. Cobbold died later from severe burns and also, an elderly uncle whose rescue caused their delay. One of the firemen was burned badly in the rescue work and others in the country were trapped in root houses.

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Watt (Baptist Minister) officiated. Two Hymns requested by Mr. Reid were played by the organist, "Saviour More Than Life to Me" and "Abide With Me".

He was buried in the Windsor Grove Cemetery. Pall-bearers were his four grandsons, Wallace Reid, Toronto; Clayton Bancroft, Windsor; Gordon R. Orr, Windsor and Irwin W. Orr, Cobalt; Dodd Cooper, Windsor and C. Briggs Galt; the latter two friends of the family.

Surviving are his widow Annie at home one daughter (Mary) Mrs. Allan P. Orr, Cobalt; and two sons Irvin B. Reid Windsor and William David Reid with whom they resided. One brother Irving who was with the Liverpool Police Detectives when last heard from some years ago. There are seven grandchildren and thirteen great-grandchildren

Out of town friends for the funeral were from Toronto Fort Erie, Cobalt, and Galt,

He described them as friendly highly intelligent and clean.

He also told of an adventure which befell him when he happened to approach the feeding grounds of a colony of sea gulls. Three of them attacked him with beak and wings, in no uncertain manner.

To follow out the theme of Mr. Robb's talk, Mr. Berry displayed a number of carvings which had been done by Eskimos.

The meeting was in charge of the president, Wilfrid Bailey who on behalf of the members congratulated Frank Haskett on his recent marriage.

A report was given on the last bingo game and the Club expressed gratitude to the pat-

rons for their understanding regarding the door prize.

Lorne Berry was present as the guest of William Ferguson.

MODERN GENEVRA

A very old song tells the story of the bride who, with her wedding party, played hide and seek in the old castle. Genevra the bride, hid in an old chest, the lid of which snapped shut. Genevra suffocated and her skeleton was found many years afterwards.

During the past few years there have been many young Genevras of both sexes, who have hidden in discarded iceboxes and airless receptacles and have met the early Gene-

vra's fate but have been found much sooner—but also to late.

Any such object as an icebox, chest, cupboard or trunk into which a child could crawl, should be locked fast to prevent such entry or else fixed so that it can be pushed open from within.

Abie Says... We don't want to brag, but we think you should see our 1-Ladies coats for dress wear and curling; car and duffle coats; teen-agers and childrens coats, in all colors and materials. 2-Shag coats for men, in tweeds and plains; Convoy coats by Croymen, in greys, beige and blues; real he-man sport shirts in wool and doeskin. 3-Our footwear for the entire family, in leather, and in rubber and plastic for that slushy weather that's sure to come.

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