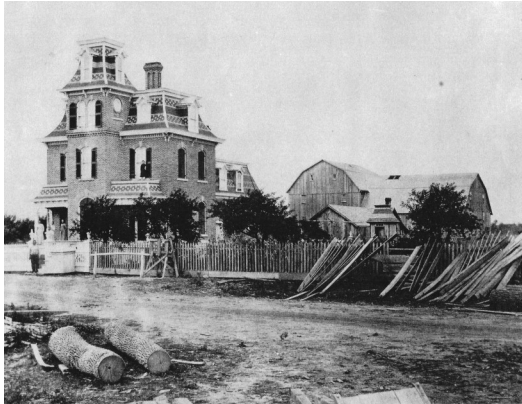


August 22, 2021

"LINCOLN'S LOST LANDMARKS"



The above picture is of Adam Huntsman's brick house on Spring Creek Road between Spiece Road and Campden Road in Tintern. It was built sometime before 1874 and was destroyed by fire in 1934.

Elinor Mawson says in her book "Uncle Abram":

"Adam Huntsman's house on Spring Creek was more extraordinary. As he was in the business of building houses, he could lavish time and material on it and he did. It was a three-storey brick house with a mansard roof and a cupola from which, on a clear day, one could see Brock's monument on Queenston Heights twenty miles away. The cupola was reached by a circular staircase that had taken 78 man-days to complete. The rooms had walnut trim and high ceilings with cornices and were furnished with new horse-hair furniture."

Across the street from the house was the Huntsman Mill, as shown below. David Bertran built this mill and it was in operation by 1815. It was also the year David died. Both David Bertran and Robert Huntsman came from Sussex County New Jersey. Sometime later Robert Huntsman operated the mill and sadly in 1837 he fell from the tramway and died.



Friends of LINCOLN'S HISTORY BOARD NEWS

The Archives re-opened on July 21st, and are now open each Wednesday from 9am to 3 pm, by appointment only.

Many thanks to Darlene Rittenhouse who made a generous donation to the *Friends of* Lincoln's History in honour of her late husband Rick Rittenhouse.



Here are James and Beth Wagner. They hand delivered the Archives a copy of their new book "And Then There Were Ten", which are the Biographies and Reminiscences of Eddie & Blanche Burton. We thank them for the great addition to our collection of family histories.



The above picture is of our treasure room at the Archives.

Members are encouraged to send in family stories, histories, pictures, or even queries you may have. We are always looking for news items. Please email us at: lincolnarchives@gmail.com

The items you see on our newsletters are items we have in our possession at the Archives.

If you wish to make a comment or have a question concerning the Newsletter, Please contact Karen Hughes at: kharchive@cogeco.ca

TINTERN

Businesses Directory in 1885

Population 75

Tintern was first settled in 1797 by John. S. Perren . It was named after Tintern Abbey on the Wye River in Monmouthshire England. Some of the first families to settle near Tintern obtained land from the Crown in 1797. Tintern's early days must have been a very busy and industrious town. The population in 1884 was 60 and by 1895 had increased to 100. The first post office opened in 1872 by Ben Crumb. Before the post office opened, the settlers had to get their mail from Campden. Several mills were established in Tintern.



O'Reilly's General Store in Tintern

Yes, Herb O'Reilly sold his store, and serves Tintern folks no more. For thirty years he has supplied the people of the countryside. Often from his loaded shelves, the farmers fed and clothed themselves. For well they knew, what e'er their need, be it overall's or seed, That Herb would have it that's for sure. Even drugs that worked a cure. And screws and bolts and shingle nails, and frying pans and milking pails. He stoked the finest brand of cheese, the best of coffee and of teas. And sure as anything on earth, you always got your money's worth. For he was as honest to the core and any fault he would restore. Sometimes he'd score an extra win when some stranger wandered in And found what he'd been searching for at Tintern in O'Reilly's store. He's rated high by all us folks, he's shared our sorrows and our jokes. And though his shrewdness is a fact, he never failed the kindly act. And when a culprit would encroach, he always found a kind approach. He added luster, even fame, and favour to the Tintern name. We're all so grieved to see them go, but partings come, t'was ever so. So to him and his family too, we offer our thanks, sincere and true A country merchant, fine and square, you'll find no better anywhere.

By: Mrs. Arthur Ecker



The picture on the left is a rocking chair that was made by John Strong of Tintern.

In a newspaper article by Bill Soby in January 2002, he stated that:

"John Strong made regular chairs that he sold for \$5.00 each. He also fashioned washing machines, spinning wheels and barrels using a lathe operated by horsepower"

The current owners of the chair are David & Cheryl Spiece.

- | | |
|------------------|-------------------------|
| Isaac Book | Livestock |
| G. Clark | Brick Manufacturer |
| Mrs. F. Comfort | Dressmaker |
| Andrew Dean | Miller |
| C. Haist | Carpenter |
| Mrs. E. Haist | Fancy Goods |
| John Haist | Carpenter |
| William Haist | Mason |
| Adam Huntsman | Saw Mill & Carpenter |
| John Huntsman | Butcher |
| Jeremiah Johnson | Photographer |
| J. Lane | Carpenter |
| G. Loveland | Blacksmith |
| Mrs. E. Michener | Music Teacher |
| D.W. Moore | Apiarist |
| William Parr | Wagon Maker |
| J.S. Perrin | Shoemaker |
| J.W. Reece | Livestock |
| J.T. Romp | Blacksmith |
| D.D. Romp | Postmaster |
| W.H. Stubart | Builder |
| John Strong | Wheelwright & Carpenter |
| A.B. Summerman | Butcher |
| C. Young | General Store |

Superior Stores
A BIGGER DOLLAR'S WORTH
 WE SELL THE BEST FOR LESS
 Groceries at Saving Prices for Friday and Saturday, June 24th and 25th

Dainty Leaf Cheese, 2lb. 25c French's Prepared Mustard, 8 oz. jar. 12c Sweet Mixed Pickles, family jar. 25c Cuts, per bottle 20c Extra Heavy Rubber Rings, red or white. 4 doz. 25c Heavy Zinc Rings, per doz. 25c Plastic Cups, colored, per pkg. of 10. 15c	CRISCO No. 1 Size 21c Lux Toilet Soap 3 cakes 21c BENSON'S CORN STARCH per pkg. 10c PURE Orange Marmalade 40 oz. jar 23c	Parovox, 7 1/2" 3 for 25c Fly Swatters - wire 15c rubber 15c Fly Collar 4 for 15c S. O. S. 4 pad 15c 8 pad 23c Interlock Toilet Tissue 3 large rolls 25c Columbia Matches "Strike anywhere" 3 for 25c Gillet's Lysol, Cash and Carry 2 for 25c
---	---	--

BORDEN'S Reindeer Coffee 8 oz. 18c 16 oz. 29c
Winfred McPherson B.K. No. 1 Vitamin Enriched 64-0-22 Please Your Customers - We Deliver First
Superior Baking Powder 5 oz. 15c 16 oz. with coupons 25c

TINTERN PUBLIC SCHOOL



The top picture is of the Tintern School

The middle picture is a class picture from 1944 with Charlotte Horn as Teacher

The picture below is a class picture from 1936-37 with Lloyd Knox as the teacher. This picture gives us a glimpse of the interior of the school.



The first school in this district was the “Gee” School in Gainsborough. It was at the south end of the Campden Bridge on the Twenty Creek and it opened in 1798. In about 1812 the children were switched to a little log cabin on Lot #8, Con. 10 in Clinton Twp. In 1850 the town council gave money for the construction of a new brick school in Tintern. The new brick school did not withstand time and a new frame school was built in 1868 on the north west corner of Lot #7, Con. 10 in Clinton. Many improvements were made over the years. New slate blackboards were added around 1910. They had been using black paint prior. In 1918 the school was remodelled, with new floors and a new stove. A well was drilled in 1923 to supply water and outhouses were also erected. In 1935 a piano was purchased to teach music. In 1945 additional land was purchased to build a playground.

The little school house on the banks of Spring Creek was a landmark for 89 years. Sadly it burned down in 1957. The children then had to travel to Campden for school.

JORDAN HARBOUR

SCHOONERS ON THE JORDAN

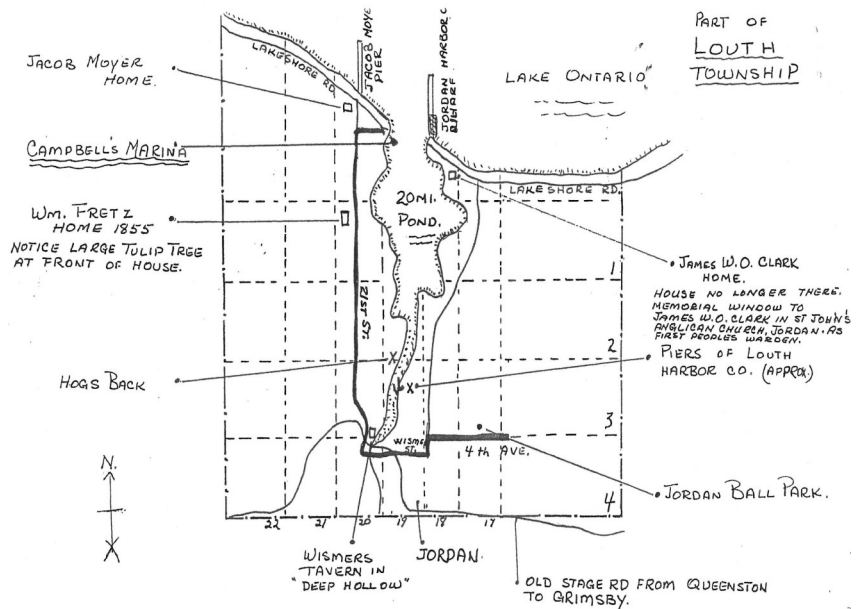
By: Wesley Frank Nunnamaker

Before the railway bridge was built,
 And Jordan Creek was clogged with silt,
 Large schooners regularly made
 Their way up it in search of trade;
 Except when Winter would enfold
 It in her arms of ice and cold.
 Then frozen stream became, instead
 A road for settler's team and sled.

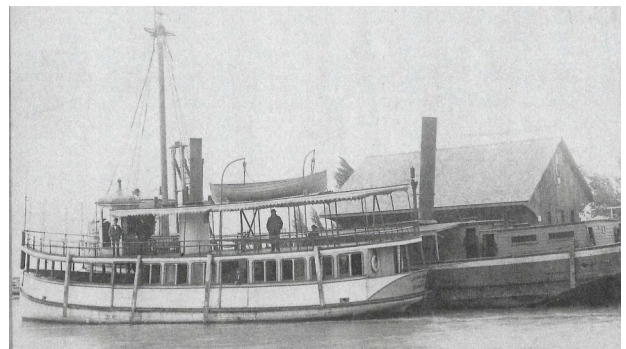
But when Spring set the waters free,
 The pioneers would pause to see
 The schooners with white sails a bulge,
 Too full, as they'd over indulge
 In the crisp air which they inhaled
 Hungrily, as they proudly sailed
 Before the playful summer breeze
 From inland ports and overseas.

All noiselessly the ship would sail,
 Shaping its long and veering trail
 That widened far behind the aft
 In eddies that sparkled and laughed
 In chorus line toward the shore,
 And, touching it, were seen no more:
 As if a wand in fairy land.

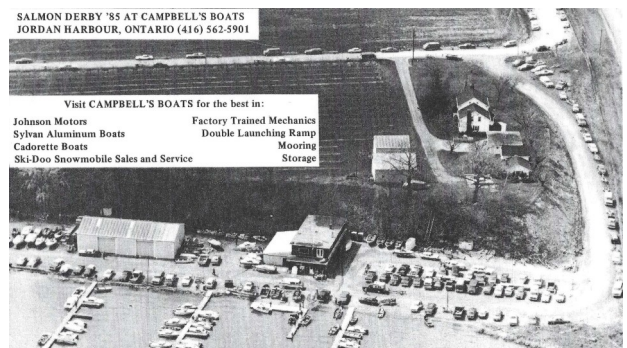
A friendly stranger of the crew,
 Who seemed to have no more to do,
 Would wave back to welcoming cheers
 Of those Stout-hearted pioneers,
 Who'd watch the ship till out of sight
 While memory, the minds delight,
 Took flight, once more to freely roam
 Mid old familiar scenes of home.



Ex Yacht Club



Jordan Harbour Company boat docks.



Campbell's Boats

JORDAN HARBOUR MEMORIES (1927—1939)

By: Madeleine (Beattie) Hoxie (November 2013)



With the assistance of photographs taken at Jordan Harbour during the summer of 1927, this represents my earliest visit to that wonderful place of my childhood. I recently found a postcard dated Aug. 5, 1927 and written by my mother to her brother telling him about my parents taking me (age 4 1/2 months) for my first canoe trip from Jordan Harbour across the Bay to Jordan and back.

My parents Florence (Jones) and Lawrence Beattie were visiting Dorothy (my Dad's oldest sister) and Kenneth Moyer at their Jordan Harbour cottage. Ken was the second son of Elmer Moyer of Vineland. As well as being related they were very close friends of my parents. The Moyers were married on May 27, 1924, so they probably bought their cottage in 1926.

Their one room cottage was on the east side of the harbour, facing south. It was made of wood and stained dark brown, with their back door at the water's edge. Cottages were furnished with basics in those days. To get from St. Catharines one would pass by cottages at the "Fifteen", the "Sixteen" and the "Eighteen", before we got to Jordan Harbour, the "Twenty". The roads along the lake were mostly dirt but were very picturesque. Jordan Harbour had been used as a commercial harbour much earlier. I have an article written by C.M.J. Snider of the Toronto Telegram and copied to the Grimsby Independent (around April 1945) writing about my late Uncle Jesse Clarence Jones' memories of earlier days before 1812 that were passed through the Jones family.

I suspect that there was an ice storm in the winter of 1926 or 1927, which damaged a good many of the cottages at the harbour. Dad told me that he bought our cottage (on the west side) after it had been badly damaged by ice. Dad was an expert canoeist and had a small hobby business of repairing canoes so he probably used his skills, as well as those of his friends and relatives, to repair the damage and move the cottage to the other side of the road. Dad's main business was the recent purchase of a "Bixby's Book Store" on St. Paul Street at the top of James Street from Mrs. Caroline Bixby in January 1926. The business was started by her husband in 1860. My Dad named it "Bixby-Beattie Book Store". Over 150 years later that business is now known as "Beattie Basics" and owned by my son, Ted Hoxie.

The wide sandy beach was a God-send especially to children who loved to go barefoot most of the time. There were some stones near the water's edge. If small flat stones were found, we would skip them across the water. After a thunder storm, the edge of the lake could be covered in seaweed and sometimes dead fish, with noisy seagulls squawking about. We might find some fresh or old clam shells and periwinkles which were harder to find. The road between the front door and the sand was very narrow and mostly used by the locals. Our side yard was fenced in with an old garage on the property. I think that we only used it for storage. The back area was small but large enough for an outdoor firepit for cooking. Lots of bullrushes and cat-tails grew in the water behind with some kind of a dock as we canoed both in the harbour and only on the lake side in calm days. The white water lilies that Mother liked so were closer to the Jordan railway bridge.

Our brown—stained wooden cottage had a beige-yellow trim around the roof and the door. The front porch was screened in with usually an old cot on the front porch. The centre section had our parents bedroom on one side and my sister and I had built-in bunk beds on the other side of the hall. From my top bunk I could climb into the rafter where the only storage was. Above the curtained doorways you could see all the rafters. The back porch was screened in with a picnic table and a hot plate for cooking. Later on we acquired an ice box. A Mr. Bob Johnston, later a mayor of Port Dalhousie, made twice a week summertime ice deliveries and was very popular with us children when he might give us ice chips on a hot day. Later on we had electricity and added a fireplace to replace our small wood stove. Some days it could be very drafty and cold.

The east side of the harbour had cottages both on the beach and the harbour side of the road. Small boats could easily pass under the bridge. People would fish from the bridge as well as their banks on either side. The gathering place was on our side of the bridge where Jerry Nicklin and his wife had the neighbour store. Mrs. Nicklin would make a lot of special foods for sale like mint jelly, horse-radish, jams etc. We could often tell what she was cooking by the delicious aroma that wafted about near the store. Mr. Nicklin always wore a hat. My Dad said it was because he was probably bald. They were very popular with us children. That's where we went when we had a penny to spend for a couple of candies kept in a large glass and wooden case. The adults went there for mails, papers, magazines and maybe a few books as well as basic groceries. Ice cream was a special treat as the cottagers did not have refrigerators and the store didn't have it every day and often not more than one or two flavours.

Continued.....

Across from the store was a wonderful park with the tallest of trees, probably Elms. Among the trees were three great swings which let you soar up to the sky as it seemed. There was lots of space to play catch or hide and seek. One winter, there was a fisherman, his wife and daughter Audrey Cudney who was about my age, spent the winter in two large tents on the beach side. His fishing boat was nearby when he wasn't out fishing to make a living. To me they were real pioneers. One winter when a relative lost his job in Hamilton, the family of four stayed in our uninsulated cottage. With only a fireplace and a wood stove to keep warm. My two little cousins found it a real cold challenge to walk to the Jordan School and back each day.

There was a fairly new swing bridge across the entrance to the harbour that linked the east and west cottages. The water was deep there and was lined with Amateur fisherman on most week-ends as well as the banks at each side. Canoes and row boats could easily pass under the bridge. From the beach we would sometimes see the lighthouse at Port Dalhousie where small ships could dock and a few motor boats were stored. The last Welland Ship Canal opened in 1932 and we would often see the Lakers and Ocean Liners line up on the horizon of the lake waiting to enter the canal at Port Weller. We could often see some lovely sunrises and wonderful and spectacular sunsets over Lake Ontario.

Once or twice each winter when the ice was frozen hard we would skate behind our cottage. I learned to skate with a kitchen chair. Once we went down from Jordan Station, where my Grandmother Jones lived to under the railway bridge to skate. Dad built a fire to help us keep warm and to cook hot dogs. My Mother was an exceptionally strong skater and was always the last to stop skating. The beach was beautiful in the winter when the waves pounded the shore making gorgeous snow sculptures along the water's edge.

I don't remember learning to swim, probably about three years of age. My Dad also taught me how to canoe at a young age. My sister, Marian had a July birthday so I have lots of photos of small parties under the big willow tree beside the garage. Our parents welcomed visitors so we often brought school friends out for a day or two. Besides swimming and swinging at the park, we would make interesting sand castles, canals and small villages. The surrounding brush and stones would add to our designs.

A couple of summers in late August, there was a "Skeeter Day" when the group would spend the day shooting clay Pigeons over the lake. The children were all compensated by giving us presents. Marian and I were given dolls. What a long, noisy day that was! The only other noisy time on the lake was when a certain power boat roared by pulling a wooden surf board behind. He drove like a mad man trying to dump each passenger off almost as fast as they were able to get up. Occasionally a person would manage to stand up before he would be thrown off by the constant circling of the boat. Sometimes it looked like a lot of fun but my parents said "NO".

Summers at Jordan Harbour bring back great memories of happy family "get-togethers". My parents each came from families of six children, so I was lucky enough to have twenty aunts and uncles whom I knew well. As the oldest grandchild in the Beattie clan and the oldest of most of the Jones clan, I had the joy of knowing all my cousins. That is probably why I became the Family Historian. Almost every Sunday that we were at the cottage, we had company drop in to visit and most would stay for a picnic supper in our yard. Dad would move some benches to the side yard for the adults to sit on. The children and some of the adults would sit on the sandy-grass. Mother was a wiz at putting food together for everyone. One memorable Saturday, The Jefferson girls (My older two cousins) came by driving a car, Maybe a Chev with a rumble seat and running boards. They took Marian and I (probably ages 7 and 9) for a thrilling ride around the area. We didn't have a lot of traffic even on the week-end. Occasionally the Jones would travel from Jordan using their horse and wagon.

Times were changing!! I was now twelve and just finishing public school. Beyond our control the province wanted our property to form a new highway, the future Queen Elizabeth Way. That summer they brought our land and the cottage was moved to Reginald Rittenhouse's farm to be used as a summer house for farm workers.

My last memory there was when the highway crew had started to fill in behind the cottage with a bed of clay as a base. After a rainy wet day at the cottage a gang of us, including our family decided to have a clay fight covering each other from head to toe with soft wet clay. Mother Nature had a big surprise for us....when we all went into the lake to clean up, the wind had changed, bringing in very cold water from the middle of the lake. It was painful trying to get the clay off in what felt like ice cold water.

Beamsville Mystery Solved - By: Ruth M. Smith



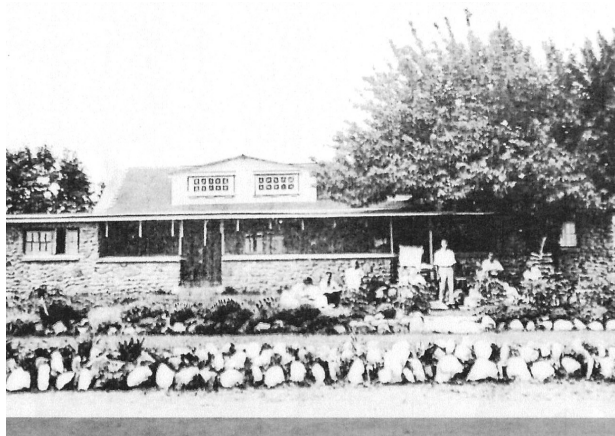
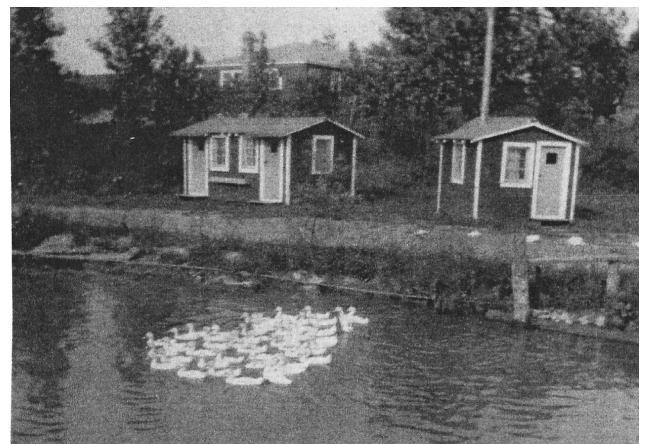
The arrival of the Hamilton, Grimsby and Beamsville Electric Railway was still two years away. In 1895 the H G & B reached only to Grimsby. The company ran a bus from Beamsville to Grimsby to connect with the trolleys. It made 12 trips per day to Grimsby. It was this early bus that must have ran for the two years.

WILLOW COVE LODGE By: Ruth M. Smith

Gladys Costen and Margaret (Penny) Haskell, two ex-service women in the CWAC (Canadian Women's Army Corps) who had been stationed at the Royal Military College in Kingston were discharged from the army as medically unfit and were advised by army doctors to "work outdoors". On May 1, 1945 they purchased 6 1/2 acres of land in Clinton Township. Part of Lot 13 in the Break Front from Benjamin Byck and Jane Byck. Gladys and Margaret named their piece of land Willow Cove Farm. This piece of land with a small cottage on it was located on both sides of Willow Cove which ran from Lake Ontario, situated between Sann Road and Ontario Street, north of Beamsville. Gladys and Margaret set about creating a small farm with some fruit trees and then began growing Tomatoes, corn strawberries, etc. With produce from their farm they travelled to the Hamilton Farmers Market three times a week, and once per week to the Kitchener Market. They also set up a fruit and vegetable stand at the corner of Sann Road and the QEW. Later they also started raising geese to sell. They were the only ex-army women to take up farming when they were demobilized and their progress was followed by newspapers and radio programs as far away as Hamilton and Toronto. Luckily the women kept a scrap-book with some of the newspaper articles. The army doctor's prescription had been correct, for after a very few years they were healthy young women.

Eventually they built some cabins along the east side of the cove, as well as a tuck shop. Now that they became the proud owners of the Willow Cove Lodge.

On May 2, 1955 the Willow Cove Farm & Lodge were sold to Anne Logan. Margaret had married Ed Balfour of St. Catharines and Gladys left to work with her brother Stan Costen in real estate in St. Catharines.



Blossom Lodge By: Ruth M. Smith

On the east side of Willow Cove Lodge was a house which may have become known as Blossom Lodge. In 1921 Thomas R. Todd purchased 2 acres on part of Lot 13, Break Front from Charles R. Librock and his wife, Stella. In 1933, Thomas R. Todd and his wife, Birdie Walker Todd sold the two acres to Florence Jeckells. Florence sold the two acres to Anne Graham Logan on Sept. 29, 1945.

It is most likely that Thomas R. Todd and his wife built the summer home by the lake. They owned the land for 12 years. Mrs. Jeckells lived there for another 12 years. This home possibly became known as Cherry Blossom Lodge, when Mrs. Jeckells owned it.