

MANIPULATIVE SURGERY

Doctor Locke and Williamsburg



Transcribed & Curated by Chris Willmore
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Table of Contents

<i>Manipulative Surgery</i>	1
“Ontario has a foot wizard” (December, 1929)	4
“The sober and indubitable truth” (November, 1930)	5
“A 40-room, modern hotel” (October, 1931)	9
“The Pain-Killer” (August, 1932).....	10
“The cause of arthritis” (August, 1932)	17
“Where there is no depression” (January, 1933).....	18
STRANGE ATMOSPHERE	18
CAN'T BE PERMANENT	18
52 YEARS OLD	19
FIRST ARTHRITIS PATIENT	19
REX BEACH APPEARS.....	20
SOME TRY TO CHEAT	20
HANDLING THE CROWD	20
BONES “CRACK”	21
FEW CRY OUT	21
EXAMINES AT NIGHT	21
PRINCIPAL THEORY	22
MIRACLE MAN OF 1932	23
PATIENTS FROM ABROAD.....	23
WHEEL CHAIRS RENTED.....	23
PATIENT FROM ENGLAND.....	24
CRIPPLED BOY RECOVERING	24
EDITOR'S SON.....	25
SOME NOT HELPED	25
THE PLATFORM	25
“Transformed sleepy town” (February, 1933)	26
NOT A CHEERLESS SIGHT.....	26
SERVICE TO HUMANITY	27
“The new cement road to Morrisburg” (October, 1933).....	27
“Doctor M. W. Locke and The Williamsburg Scene” (1933)	28
FOREWORD	28
THE FIRST VIEW.....	28
HOME AND SCHOOL	31
VILLAGE REVERIES	33
EDUCATION AND FARMING	35
QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY.....	38
AT HOME AND ABROAD	40
THE COUNTRY DOCTOR	41
DOCTOR-FARMER.....	43
THE MAN AND THE VILLAGE.....	45
A CLOSE-UP VIEW	47
HISTORIC DUNDAS	49
THE ST. LAWRENCE DRAMA.....	51
“Slander case is settled” (March, 1934)	52

"New frame house" (May, 1934)	52
"Tourist camp with delightful cottages" (June, 1934)	52
"Convenient to Dr. Locke" (June, 1934).....	53
"Will get relief here" (July, 1934)	53
"The Pain-Killer Revisited" (October, 1934)	53
"The amazing work of Doctor Locke" (October, 1934).....	63
"He came to 'scoff' at Dr. Locke" (November, 1934)	66
"Dr. Locke explains his theory" (November, 1934)	67
THE TOWN EXPANDS	67
THRONG OF AILING.....	67
THE DOCTOR APPEARS.....	68
MANIPULATION OF HANDS.....	69
EXERCISING MUSCLES.....	69
DOCTOR'S FINDINGS	69
"In their usual prosperous way" (December, 1934).....	70
"Back at work Monday" (January, 1935)	70
"Why it gets the American tourists" (May, 1936)	71
"Dr. Locke in hospital" (March, 1938)	71
"Honored by admiring patients" (July, 1938)	72
"The friendship of a Canadian" (June, 1940)	72
"Died early this morning" (February, 1942)	74
SUFFERS STROKE	74
NEIGHBORS WITH HIM.....	75
"From all corners of the world" (February, 1942)	75
MENDER OF DEPRESSION	75
NO UNEMPLOYMENT	76
"Not carrying on Dr. Locke clinic" (February, 1942).....	77
"Without Dr. Locke" (August, 1942)	77
<i>Appendix: Dr. Grimshaw and Peace River.....</i>	<i>77</i>
"Newly elected reeve of the village" (1916).....	77
"Justice in the north" (1926).....	78
NORTH INSISTS ON RIGHTS	78
TWO SEATS IMPERATIVE.....	79
"The passing away of Dr. M. E. Grimshaw" (1929).....	79
MOURNED BY MANY.....	79
OUTLET ADVOCATED.....	80
"One of the great pioneer doctors" (1929)	80
<i>Appendix: Griffiths v. Locke</i>	<i>81</i>
"Restraining order on Dr. Locke" (March, 1934).....	81

“Change of venue plead is denied” (May, 1934) 81

“Asks \$50,000” (September, 1934)..... 82

“Threw out the \$50,000 damage action” (September, 1934) 82

 DOZEN WITNESSES CALLED 82

“Appeals Locke suit decision” (October, 1934) 83

“Unsuccessful in appeal” (January, 1935) 83



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“Ontario has a foot wizard”¹ (December, 1929)

There lives in the little village of Williamsburg, Ontario, a middle-aged physician who is a wizard at curing fallen foot arches. His name is Dr. Mahlon W. Locke, a native of Dundas county, who was educated at Queen’s University Medical School at Kingston, and afterwards took the degree of L.C.P. at Edinburgh University in Scotland.

Dr. Locke is about 50 years of age and has been in general medical practice for more than 20 years. He studied the fallen arch question in Scotland, and as the result of his knowledge of it hundreds of sufferers have been cured. So wide is his fame that people from all over the United States travel to the little village in which he lives to get treatment from him. One New York resident who was recently at Williamsburg said the place reminded him of a scene of a sacred shrine to which people flocked from great distances to be healed of their infirmities.

If Dr. Locke was not so modest and if he did not prefer the life of a country physician, he would be located in some large city making wealth from his knowledge of the foot arch. But money is not his goal, and he is, therefore, a public benefactor. Dr. Locke has a pair of muscular hands which enable him to pull the bones of the foot back into position. He manipulates the arch and adjusts the bones which have gotten out of place.

Each day dozens of automobiles are parked close to his surgery in Williamsburg, and cripples using canes or crutches surround the place. It is difficult for all to get accommodation in the village, which needs a larger hotel.

One of his recent cases was that of an American who had not been able to walk for 10 years owing to foot trouble which affected the general condition of his health. In six weeks the Williamsburg wizard had this cripple walking naturally and had restored him to health. Other people who have been bed-ridden through trouble resulting from fallen arches have been cured by Dr. Locke in a short time.

Dr. Locke has another hobby – keeping Holstein cattle. He has a fine farm close by and delights in his fine milking herd, for Eastern Ontario is noted for turning out the finest cheese and butter in the Dominion of Canada.

“The sober and indubitable truth”² (November, 1930)

This is the hitherto untold story of a village doctor who, disdainful of the bright lights and the lure of big centres of population, has won his way to the largest practice enjoyed by any specialist in perhaps the entire world. To say that much will probably arouse scornful incredulity; yet the facts of the case should save me from the reproach of vulgar exaggeration or misstatement in any degree.

¹ From Ontario Has Foot Wizard. (1929, December 20). *Border Cities Star*, p. 15.

² From Payne, J. L. (1930, November 1). Skilled Surgeon Near Here treats 350 patients a day at \$1 or Free. *The Ottawa Journal*, p. 26. Written by John Lambert Payne (1859 – 1939).

What I am about to write will probably read like fiction. Nevertheless, it is the sober and indubitable truth, for I have taken the greatest care to ascertain and weigh the facts with the judgment of a trained and experienced journalist. Hearsay does not enter into the story, nor conjecture. I was as amazed while gathering my data as anyone may be in reading them. They make up not only a romance, but a tale of human interest.

Dr. M. W. Locke, of Williamsburg, in the County of Dundas-Grenville, about 42 miles from Ottawa, and six miles from Morrisburg and the St. Lawrence, is the subject of this sketch. I have visited this crossroads village five or six times of late, and have talked with Dr. Locke, but not one syllable of this story did I get from his lips. That was not necessary, and professional etiquette would undoubtedly have been a serious hindrance to his talking with me about his work, for it should be clearly understood that he is not in any sense an adventurer. He has impressed me as a man of ideals and a strict observer of the traditions of his calling. His standing and immense practice have come about because of human need, on one hand, and his success as a specialist on the other, unaided by any other publicity than that given by his patients.

On one occasion when I was at Williamsburg, a gentleman of high standing was brought there by a doctor of considerable reputation in one of our eastern Ontario cities. This, I was told, was a matter of frequent occurrence. In fact, in this particular instance, the doctor had at one time been a patient. A circumstance of that nature rather indicates Dr. Locke's standing with his professional associates.

As to the man himself, I should say that Dr. Locke is about 50 years of age. He was born on a farm seven miles from his present home. As a young man he graduated in medicine at Queen's, without, so far as I could learn, special honors. He had evidently mapped out for himself a career; for on leaving Queen's he went to Edinburgh and took a post-graduate course in orthopedics. Locating at Williamsburg, he began his work as a general practitioner and a specialist in diseases of the feet and joints. For some time he seems to have attracted little extraneous attention, although he soon gained local reputation as a capable doctor.

Strange to say, his march to eminence in his profession had its beginning on the southern side of the international boundary. Some afflicted soul from Watertown, New York State, had found his way to this Canadian specialist and, having been restored to the joy of living, gave out the good news. That was several years ago. How many I could not learn. As for my personal knowledge, it was in 1928 that I first heard about Dr. Locke and his success in treating diseases of the feet. When I use that comprehensive term, it should be at once explained that Dr. Locke does not treat corns and bunions. A suffering and despairing world probably wishes he did.

Dr. Locke seems to have concentrated his skill on that exceedingly prevalent and disabling affliction commonly identified as fallen arches, although he has a considerable percentage of joint and general leg trouble cases. The thought which was driven into my consciousness on my several visits to Williamsburg was that half the world seemed to be suffering from a collapse of the pedal structure. It put me into a speculative mood.

What does this mean? If civilization is bringing its severest physical strain to bear on human feet, a new peril would seem to be menacing the race. During the war period we heard a great deal about flat feet among young men of military service age; but my observation at Williamsburg would lead me to suspect that maladjustment of that nature occurs more frequently among women, in youth as well as maturity. At all events, a count of the number of patients who came under my eye disclosed women in the ratio of 68 percent. Some of these sufferers were girls in their teens. For the most part, however, men and women past 50 predominated.

My first visit to Williamsburg was on a Monday. I reached the village at 10 o'clock on the forenoon, standard time. I had never seen it before. There was no difficulty in finding my way to Dr. Locke's surgery, for it was clearly indicated by a long line of motor cars. A dozen other cars were parked in contiguous streets. Half of all the cars bore American license plates. Among the Canadian cars I identified several from Montreal and perhaps a score from various points in Ontario. Three of the latter had come a distance of over 200 miles. Seven were from Ottawa.

I should say that during my stay of three hours in Williamsburg I was in contact with at least 75 patients, although I did not actually count them. Some of them were on crutches. Others walked with manifest distress. Three or four could not walk at all, and these were treated in their autos. All classes in the social register were represented by these seekers of healing. While some were manifestly rich and came with their chauffeurs and attendants, there were others who seemed to be comparatively poor. What I soon discerned on moving among these people was that they were all hopeful. An atmosphere of optimism, amounting to faith, obtained.

The manager of the local bank gave me much information upon which I could rely. He said that Dr. Locke treated from two hundred to four hundred patients per day, seven days in the week, and that 70 percent of them came from the United States. Of course, during the winter season the state of the roads and the fact that Williamsburg is off the railway cuts down these numbers materially. The doctor's charge, regardless of the nature of the disease, was uniformly \$1 per patient. If two or more treatments per day were necessary, the one fee covered them all. Poor people were exempt. His services to the local and surrounding community, no matter what might be their nature, were given free.

Among the local legends about Dr. Locke and his disregard of money is that of a rejected offer from the Mayos, of Rochester, Minnesota, to setup a special department for him if he would leave Canada and go to the United States. His answer was: "No; my mission is here." Another is that of a wealthy American who sent him a cheque for \$10,000 and had it returned. All this may be fiction; yet there is something in the nature of corroboration in the fact that here is a specialist who might be making \$150,000 a year, and yet is content with, say, \$50,000.

Was there in this location in an out-of-the-way village, almost inaccessible in winter, a subtle or implied protest against the universal tendency of specialists to segregate in the big cities? Or was it merely a demonstration of his desire to serve the rural community in which he had been born? There is a further implication: In fixing his fee at \$1, was there in the back of his mind a definite purpose having to do

with the high and rising cost of medical services? Or was a huge practice, rather than gain, his real aim? I cannot answer these questions, for the sufficient reason that Dr. Locke did not disclose to me his mind; nor did I learn that he had done so to anyone else. This silent man keeps his counsel.

On my second visit I was accompanied by a gentleman whose name is known throughout Canada, a patient, and it was from this friend I learned a great deal about Dr. Locke. I had, of course, seen the doctor and exchanged a few commonplace sentences with him. He impressed me as being intensely devoted to his work. He is above medium height, with light hair and Teutonic features. He radiates intelligence, and his bearing is always strictly professional. But my friend told me he was a singularly silent man, who asks few, if any, questions.

On the occasion of my last visit to Williamsburg, Dr. Locke told me, in answer to a direct question, that before the day was over he would have treated 350 patients. I should, perhaps, say that I have never personally sought Dr. Locke's professional aid.

I have alluded to Dr. Locke's "treatments," and it is necessary to say something about him. While he employs surgery in some cases, in a very high percentage of instances his method is plastic. That is to say, [like] the famous Dr. Lorentz of Vienna, he uses only his powerful hands. Patients have assured me these manipulations are usually quite painful, but I presume it is the doctor's belief that displaced bones and tendons, as well as diseased joints, may be corrected by pressure properly directed. It is because these adjustments, or steps toward final adjustment, usually take up no more than from one to three minutes of time that he is able to give his services to so many patients per day. He begins, however, at eight in the morning and frequently the last auto does not leave his door until midnight.

Dr. Locke's disregard of money has had another than a purely personal aspect. When patients began to flock to Williamsburg, the local hotel keeper and the lodging house people saw themselves beneficiaries by this turn of fortune. They saw no reason why this condition should not be capitalized. But that was contrary to the doctor's ethics. "Make your charges reasonable or I will build a hotel of my own," was his ultimatum. And they capitulated. This strong man does not speak twice.

Williamsburg has a population of perhaps 400. There is a well kept hotel, with accommodation for about a dozen guests. It is usually filled. Every second house has opened its door to lodgers since this movement began, and they are not always able to meet the demand. I should say there are at all times between spring and midwinter at least forty patients lodging in the village for from three days to a month at a time. For the most part these are chronic and serious cases. As I looked about the village I felt that I had never seen so many crippled or limping mortals. Yet, as I have said, they all appeared confident of being cured.

As to Dr. Locke's cures I have no personal knowledge. The banker and others, however, told me astounding stories. I talked with half a dozen Americans, and they also spoke in superlative terms. My purpose in narrating this story is not to discuss the pathological aspects of the situation at Williamsburg, but rather to confine myself to the facts of human interest which stand out on the surface. They are indisputable.

Here is a specialist who is dealing with a greater number of patients per day, per month or per annum than is perhaps any other practitioner anywhere else in the world, and that singles him out as worthy of this chronicle.

I know something of doctors, for in my youth I was a graduate in pharmacy. From the moment I came into contact with Dr. Locke and his exceptional practice the thought uppermost in my mind took the form of two questions: How does he stand the strain? Can he long continue to be the dynamic force in this shrine of healing? Yet in his person and attitude of mind he suggests the answers. He is physically very strong. I should guess his weight at 180 pounds. At no time when I saw him did he suggest a trace of weariness. He has a most engaging smile, and I wondered whether or not in his cheerful mien he conveyed hopefulness to his patients. It seems likely. My conclusion is that he will not crack, because his heart is in his work, and from that source he draws a recuperative sense of satisfaction. All men with big jobs on their hands are like that.

Some highly speculative thoughts, looking to the future, came to me. Is there here in this country village one of the world's great orthopedists in the making? Will Dr. Locke's method set a new standard for the treatment of diseases of the feet? What will be the future of Williamsburg if the answers should be affirmative? The number of patients is steadily increasing. The radius of appeal is widening.

I therefore come back to the question as to whether or not this heavily taxed man will be able to hold out.

And I find myself wondering whether he has found time to write down the theory and practice of his method for the benefit of future generations, [and] whether anything has been done to persuade him to lecture in our medical colleges for the enlightenment of doctors in the making.

“A 40-room, modern hotel”³ (October, 1931)

In order that suitable accommodation may be provided for hundreds of persons who daily visit Williamsburg, a village 25 miles west of here [Cornwall, Ont.], seeking treatment by Dr. M. W. Locke, famous foot specialist, a company is being formed to erect a 40-room, modern hotel, within a stone's throw of the doctor's residence. Excavation has already begun and it is probable that the building will be completed early next summer.

The new hotel, which is being erected at a cost of \$100,000, will be a four storey, brick structure. Several stores will be located in the basement; Dr. Locke's consulting rooms and the hotel rotunda and offices on the main floor and lounge, smoking and writing rooms on the second floor. There will be 40 guest rooms, many with bath attached and all fitted with running water.

³ From Building \$100,000 Hotel Now at Williamsburg. (1931, October 31). *Ottawa Journal*, p. 1.

“The Pain-Killer”⁴ (August, 1932)

In a small Ontario village six miles from the nearest railroad lives a country doctor who has probably the largest private practice in the world. He treats as many cases daily as most large hospitals. Last summer, according to his own statement, he treated between eight hundred and a thousand people a day, and when he takes off his collar, strips down to his shirt sleeves and things are clicking, he attends to them at the rate of three a minute.

His practice is likewise perhaps the most unusual in the world, for he has no secretary, he keeps no books, he makes no appointments and he knows but few of his patients by name. Furthermore, he does business on a cash basis.

There is no catch about this. He is not a veterinarian or a piscatorial specialist on the staff of a fish hatchery; he is a licensed M.D. with a diploma from two medical schools, one Canadian and one Scotch; his patients are real people suffering from real ailments. They come to him in automobiles or buses, and the plates on their cars bear the initials of every province in the Dominion and every state of the Union.

His scale of prices is as extraordinary as his practice. It isn't a scale at all: he has a fixed fee of one dollar, for those who can afford it. If you consider it a bit steep, he makes no charge whatever. That dollar covers one, two or three treatments a day, depending upon how many he thinks you need. You keep your own accounts and settle when you leave. Many patients pay him nothing; no one has ever been able to pay him more than his fixed rate, although a number have tried.

His name is Doctor M. W. Locke; he lives at Williamsburg, about forty miles from Ottawa, Canada. He specializes on feet, treating them bloodlessly, almost painlessly, but the most incredible cures are attributed to him and his income is reputed to top that of any specialist in Canada. It is claimed that he cures rheumatism, neuritis, sciatica, arthritis and the like.

Those who have never been to Doctor Locke refer to him as the “toe-twister,” but most of his patients call him the “miracle man.” Certainly no specialist in the Dominion has ever received the word-of-mouth advertising he has had of recent years. That pleases him, naturally, but he takes no great pride in his success; he seems more amused than gratified by it and is naively delighted that people come so far to see him.

“Why, they're here from California, Maine and Florida,” he tells you. “Of course there's nothing miraculous about my work: I'm no so-called ‘healer.’ I studied in Edinburgh where they pay more attention to feet than anywhere else, and I've developed a theory and a technique of my own. Nobody can feel well if his feet are sick. I put my patients' feet right and Nature does the healing.”

There must be something to his contention, for sufferers in ever-increasing numbers are flocking to him month by month, season by season. Bus lines from Ottawa and other points carry signs [reading] “Williamsburg and Doctor Locke,” and snowplows keep the roads open in wintertime to accommodate the traffic.

⁴ From Beach, R. (1932). *The Pain-Killer*. *Cosmopolitan*, August 1932, p. 61. Written by Rex Beach (1877 – 1949).

I heard of him quite by chance at an informal party in Ottawa, where I had gone for a week of rest and golf and where Canadian hospitality and a pair of weakened arches threatened to interfere with both. Two rounds over hard-baked fairways had left me limping; my arches were lower than the Dow-Jones stock market average.

If you are a golfer and wish to experience the full bitterness of despair, try a pair of fallen arches. You will then realize that a financial depression, however painful, is nothing compared with a metatarsal depression. A few Wall Streeters still play golf, and doubtless some of them are rugged enough to disregard the day's quotations on foreign bonds and hit a good tee shot, but not even an athlete like Jim Thorpe, the Iron Man, could get off a clean drive with his insteps marking a new low.

At the party referred to, I was forced to do a good deal of standing, for there were perhaps thirty people in the room. In time, somebody discovered that my feet hurt – probably during a lull in the laughter, [when] the plaintive yelping of my dogs made itself heard. Anyhow, he said:

“You’d better see Doctor Locke.”

Inquiry as to who Doctor Locke might be elicited the information set down at the opening of this article. A wizard who treated everything from tonsillitis to ptomaine by cracking toes sounded like a joke. Why not cure erysipelas by wringing a man’s ear?

But I was assured this was no Canadian gag and was urged to drive down to Williamsburg just to see the spectacle. “It’s like a big day at Ste. Anne de Beaupré. People come there from all over the country.”

“Who comes?”

“Rich men, poor men, beggar men, thieves; on foot, in tin cars, in limousines with two men on the box.”

“Things are booming down there,” another informed me. “You can’t get a room within miles of the village. All the farmers in that part of the country are taking in boarders.”

“And why does he treat nothing but feet?” some joker wanted to know. “Because he’s in the corn belt. Hey! Hey! He certainly knows his bunions.”

“Kidding aside, he has effected some wonderful cures.”

“Nonsense!”

Everybody in my part of the room now had something to say.

“I’m *not* talking nonsense. He cured me” ... “And the money he takes in!” ... “Mrs. So-and-so drives down there three times a week” ... “He cured a rich American who had been to the best specialists in this country and in Europe. The man wrote him a check for ten thousand dollars, but Locke refused it” ... “Faith cure!” ... “Hypnotism!” ... “Fake!” ... “Marvel!”

So ran the comment, and meanwhile my aching malemutes pricked up their ears. Near by was a doctor. I hobbled over to him and inquired: “Is there anything in it?”

“How can there be anything in it if he sees a thousand patients a day? No physician could diagnose a quarter of that number of cases, much less treat them.”

Later in the evening I talked with another medical man, a well-known Canadian surgeon, who said, "Don't take anybody's word. Drive down and see for yourself. Take a treatment."

"Evidently you believe in him."

The doctor nodded. "I'm forced to believe in him, for he has relieved cases which I couldn't touch. I've sent people to him on stretchers, and he's had them walking. Arthritis, you know, baffles us medicos." I didn't know, but I tried to look as if I did. "About all we can find in the medical books are the various classifications of the disease. There's nothing much about how to cure it, for nobody knows. Locke seemed to be curing it and a lot of other things, too."

"Through the *feet*?"

"Through the feet. Quick, simple, painless. It's his theory that numerous ailments – such as rheumatism, arthritis, sciatica and the like – are the indirect result of fault foot posture, which causes pressure on the posterior tibial nerve and starts a vicious chain of symptoms in other parts of the body. He proceeds on the hypothesis that correct posture, relief of strain or pressure, will permit nature to effect her own cure."

The doctor went into high gear at this point – into a discussion of medical theory and practice, too technical for me to grasp – but I gathered that there are two causes for disease: the predisposing cause, which is trauma, that being a five-dollar word for injury, and the exciting cause, in common language germs. An injury (trauma) prepares a lodging place, a point of attack for those saber-toothed microorganisms which science tells us are lurking around in the human system waiting for a chance to gnaw holes in it. Without trauma, inflammation, weakness or what have you, nature's police force is usually sufficiently strong and alert to control those yeggs and keep them on the move. Even if they muscle in she can round them up, provided she is given what amounts to popular support.

May I say again that this is no scientific treatise, but if the medical profession chooses to adopt my definitions, there will be no copyright difficulties!

"Our feet have a lot of work to do," continued the Canadian doctor, "and while they're strongly built they're by no means foolproof or indestructible. They are the foundations upon which we stand. Suppose I dig a hole under one corner of this house. The weight directly above that hole in the ground will no longer be supported vertically: the strains will be taken up along diagonal lines, and as that corner settles, a crack back yonder in the wall may appear.

"Upstairs another crack still farther back may show up, and on the roof we're likely to find a crack in the chimney clear over the opposite side of the house. The bones of our feet are small and rather badly put together from an engineering standpoint: they are assembled into two arches which support our weight. When those arches lose their shape, strains and stresses are transmitted to other parts of the body as a result of nature's effort to compensate the balance. That results in trauma.

"Locke got his training in Edinburgh, where those Scotch doctors don't permit a patient to walk until the strength of his feet and legs has been built up. He has gone

them one better, and I've a suspicion that he may be years ahead of us. Anyhow, let's run down and see him."

When we drove into the town of Williamsburg about ten o'clock in the morning the place was crowded with the strangest people I ever saw, for nearly everyone limped, shuffled, walked with a cane or with crutches. Some sat in wheel chairs, and out of car windows here and there peered faces lined with the cruel marks of suffering.

Doctor Locke's house and office are on a maple-shaded street. Alongside is a lawn, or what must have been a lawn; the grass has disappeared and it is packed as hard as a clay tennis court. In the center we saw a circle of chairs, benches, boxes and crates, and inside it a revolving office chair.

In this the doctor was seated; patients sat around him and others were standing six deep, looking on. As rapidly as one rose another took his place.

The doctor was coatless and collarless; his sleeves were rolled up and he wore glasses. No white tile or enamel here here; no medical paraphernalia, no mystery or hocus-pocus about this open-air clinic. Shoes came off; feet were outstretched; joints cracked; the chair revolved.

Inasmuch as my companion had arranged by telephone to see the miracle worker in private, we went into the house.

Doctor Locke is a man of about fifty and rather shy. His humorous blue eyes twinkled when I expressed my interest in the stories I had heard about him and my amazement at the spectacle outside.

"It's a sight, isn't it?" he agreed. "People ask me why I don't move to Ottawa or to some city in the United States. Why should I move when I have all I can do right here?"

As we talked I removed my shoes. With practiced touch, he felt my feet and explained briefly to my companion what was wrong. Fallen arches [and] misplacements of the foot bones are most commonly the result of 'flu or grippe or colds which lower the muscular tone, he declared. More often than not, people get out of sick beds and put weight on their feet before their leg and ankle and foot muscles are sufficiently toned up to support it, thus paving the way for sciatica, neuritis, arthritis and other ills. By restoring normal foot posture the predisposing cause of disease is removed and the exciting cause often disappears.

How he went about restoring my normal foot posture I soon discovered. With my left heel resting upon his knee he took the foot in his big strong hands and twisted it. I smothered a grunt, more of surprise than of pain, for it sounded like a bunch of firecrackers.

His manipulation was sure, swift and thorough. He doesn't fool with a foot. When he cracks one it stays cracked.

"Get some proper shoes and I'll have you as good as ever in a few days," he told me.

I hadn't the heart to pester him with questions when there were so many people in need of attention, but my companion and I eagerly availed ourselves of his invitation to join "the circle" and watch him work. We pushed through the crowd in his wake and stationed ourselves behind his chair.

The front-row patients had their shoes off. The first one lifted his right foot. Doctor Locke diagnosed the trouble for us in a word or two, [then] gave the foot a twist; the patient grunted and laughed, then lifted his left foot. Twenty seconds usually sufficed for a manipulation.

Such feet I have never seen: all were misshapen; some were puffed and swollen; others were gnarled and knobby. Occasionally a claw-like hand was outthrust, and this the doctor manipulated firmly but gently. A wheeled chair had been rolled into the circle. It was occupied by a rack of bones – a man whose chalky face and feverish eyes betrayed the fat that he lived in constant pain. When the doctor treated his feet, he clutched the arm of his chair, threw his head back and stiffened rigidly.

The feet and hands of a twelve-year-old girl were badly swollen. She was pathetically frightened. Over his shoulder the doctor murmured: “Tonsils! Don’t know that I can do much for her.”

An elderly woman queried in a choking voice, “What’s the matter with me, doctor?”

“Hold up your hand,” he directed.

She obeyed; her hand trembled.

“Put back your head. Close your eyes.” Her lids quivered. He told her she had goiter and directed her to wait for him in his office. I learned later that he has remarkable success in treating goiter, of course by means other than osteopathy.

As one patient rose, another took his place. Usually each patient handed him a dollar bill which he crammed into his already bulging pants pockets. Some handed him larger bills and told him how many days they had been coming, and he made change.

Meanwhile, more cars arrived and a steady stream of people came and went from his office where his nephew, who assists him, was equally busy.

It was an extraordinary sight. There was something almost Biblical about the faith in those healing hands. Most of these sufferers had tried every other means of relief, and desperation had driven them here. Locke, it seemed to me, was working under serious disadvantages in treating such advanced cases, but that, I dare say, is the lot of any specialist.

A Canadian shoe manufacturer turns out shoes according to Doctor Locke’s ideas, and so great is the demand for them that several clerks are kept busy in the remodeled barn alongside his house.

I found no difficulty in talking to the doctor’s patients, for all were eager to tell of the benefits they had received. A bent, frail woman who could barely get around with a cane informed me that she had long been bedridden and was walking for the first time in years. Another week in Williamsburg at this rate, and she would discard her stick.

A man with a Florida license on his car asked me what I thought of this show. When I confessed it bewildered me, he said:

“I heard of it a year ago and drove my wife up here. She was crippled with rheumatism and in terrible pain; couldn’t get around. At her first treatment the doctor asked if anything ailed me. I told him nothing except lumbago, which was

probably out of line. He twisted my feet and I haven't had a trace of it since. My wife is a lot better, and I think this trip will completely cure her."

At Doctor Locke's request a young woman recited her story to me. She is a teacher in a well-known southern college who several years ago fell a victim to arthritis. Her joints swelled and grew stiff; she lost the use of her hands; her knees were bent.

"I did everything," she declared. "I took various treatments. I spent a season frying out in the Florida sun; in spite of all I could do, I grew steadily worse. I heard about Doctor Locke and came here a few weeks ago, barely able to walk. Now my knees are straight; the swelling in my hands, my legs, my feet is almost gone. I'm practically well. It's – miraculous!"

"What did he do?"

"He merely treated my feet. Think of it! A month ago I was doomed; now I'm going back to work."

Behind the tears in the speaker's eyes was a light of great joy.

It must be a fine thing to kill pain, to break canes and crutches, to bring hope and happiness to despairing hearts.

Naturally no "wonder worker," no drugless healer can conduct a practice of this sort for six years without attracting newspaper notice. Doctor Locke has been written up and reporters have talked with more patients than I could ever interview during the several visits I made to Williamsburg.

I quote from an article in the Toronto Star Weekly by Mr. Frederick Griffin⁵, who likewise made an effort to collect some direct testimony.

"A boy of nineteen, dark, French-Canadian, R. Archambeault of 47 Cathcart Street, Ottawa, is telling a group his remarkable story. Six months ago he dragged useless limbs on crutches. On his feet he wore heavy plates. His hands had not the power to put on his collar and tie. His bent spine perpetually ached. He could not look at the sky. His head stayed down on his chest.

Today, he looks at us humorlessly out of his sad, dark eyes. He lectures us with gravity in his precise English. Elderly people, many of them on sticks, listen eagerly to the youth whose very appearance attests the miracle of his recovery. He stands without trouble, leaning merely upon two sticks. He walks slowly with stiff hips and bent knees, but, queerly, he walks ...

At three, he tells the circle, he had infantile paralysis. It crippled him sadly. From three to seven he could only crawl on the floor with his hands. From seven until recently he was apparently lame without hope, a poor dragging boy.

After three weeks of treatment this boy regained the use of his body sufficiently to get work. Mr. Griffin goes on:

I walk over to a pale woman leaning upon a single cane ... A Miss Holmes from St. Vincent's Home for Incurables, Ottawa. "This is the first summer," she says, "since 1926 that I have been able to walk."

⁵ Frederick Samuel Gilmore Griffin (1889 – 1946).

A victim of arthritis. She could not put on her shoes. There was no circulation in her feet. For five years! ... She was carried to him (Locke) for the first treatment for she could not walk ... The swelling in her feet decreased. The circulation improved ... Not cured yet, but relieved beyond all expectations and with hope, hope. Shoes on her feet and able to walk with a cane.

Across the street from the doctor's house Alex Mustaffa, a Syrian fruit man, has set up a stand, and here is what he told the Toronto newspaperman.

For fourteen years he had fallen arches and abscessed feet. He could get no relief. He could not earn a living.

"I can't get up in the morning and dress myself. Nothing but agony and yelling, 'Yih! Yih! Yih!' Now, by gees, I can stand and walk!"

According to the *Star Weekly* it was newspaperman Frank Coughlin, from Watertown, New York, who made Doctor Locke famous and brought patients to him by the thousands. He was crippled with arthritis and arrangements had been made for an operation when he heard about a priest in Lockport, New York, whom the Canadian wizard had cured of the same disease. Mr. Coughlin visited Locke, was cured and wrote an article⁶ that started the Williamsburg stampede and made the rural "toe-twister" as famous as any Viennese surgeon.

No medical journals, so far as I know, have commented upon Doctor Locke's work, although many doctors in Canada and the United States known about it.

That may be due to prejudice against osteopathy. If, however, by his drugless, bloodless and painless techniques he can indeed rob those dread afflictions, synovitis, arthritis, neuritis and sciatica, of their terrors – diseases which ordinary medical and surgical means often cannot benefit – it seems strange that he is not more widely recognized.

An army of pilgrims assert that those obscure ailments do indeed yield to his peculiar foot treatment, and others besides.

Several pathetic sufferers from infantile paralysis were taking treatments, and while the doctor does not claim to rebuild destroyed nerves or tissues, he does assert that his "foot work" tends to check the creeping progress of the disease, prevent further deterioration and restore to use what still remains.

While his claims are admirably modest, after I had talked with more than a score of his patients it did indeed seem as if sick feet made sick bodies and the statement of my friend the Ottawa physician that Locke appeared to be years ahead sounded by no means exaggerated.

It would be interesting and illuminating from a scientific standpoint to learn how many thousands Doctor Locke has treated and from what they have suffered. But he keeps no record. He does not devote all his time to these visitors, either. He maintains a general practice and the country people swear by him. They say he has attended every confinement in the county and has never lost a mother or a child, and they declare, also, that he will leave his cash customers flat on their fallen arches at a moment's notice and dash off to any part of the county where he is needed.

⁶ I have not been able to find this article, but it may have been published in the *Watertown Daily Times*. It does not appear to have been reprinted by other newspapers.

For these neighborhood calls, I was told, he charges twenty-five cents.

Around such a figure tradition is bound to spring up. Stories about Doctor Locke are told, some of which are no doubt apocryphal. There is the one about the rich patient who handed him a ten-thousand-dollar check which was returned without comment, and another to the effect that a famous American sanitarium offered him some unbelievable sum to join its staff. You will hear, too, that the nearby hotels undertook to raise their rates, whereupon he said:

“If I can treat them for a dollar, you can room them for a dollar. If you try to profiteer on my patients I’ll build a hotel of my own.”

It is rumored that he doesn’t know how rich he is.

How important, how significant scientifically his orthopedic theories may be I leave for others more learned than I to say. Certainly, there are thousands of people who will declare that he has banished their pain and restored them to health.

To those acting men and women who have dragged themselves to Williamsburg, his modest home is a shrine and in their eyes the cures effected by this quiet, collarless country doctor are quite as miraculous as those attributed to Our Lady of Lourdes. Certainly, it is a spectacle worth seeing, and if indeed diseases as baffling as synovitis, neuritis [and] arthritis yield to his painless process it is a pity that others do not copy it.

It was no such affliction that took me to him. I merely had golfer’s hoof. He certainly fixed that. After five treatments I came away with my insteps arched like a cat’s back, and I now have the aristocratic feet of a duchess.

“The cause of arthritis”⁷ (August, 1932)

Dr. G. C. Leach of Hamilton, Ont., has been for a considerable time conducting a clinic for the treatment of arthritis, rheumatism and kindred ailments similar to that of his college class-mate and associate, Dr. Locke of Williamsburg, and the fame of his clinic is growing rapidly due to its success.

Fallen arches, he states, is largely the cause of arthritis as well as other painful ailments and by their correction the joints soon regain their normal function.

At his clinic almost every day can be seen patients from far and wide. Some of them are cripples that have been on crutches for months or years. Two recently from Troy, N. Y., disabled for years from joint afflictions, were treated at Dr. Leach’s clinic and returned to their homes greatly relieved after only a week’s treatment.

A dentist’s daughter who had been a helpless cripple for years has been so improved in a few weeks that she now drives her own automobile and even attempts a game of tennis.

The clinic is attended daily by many and every one reports progress. Truly, a wonderful thing for those suffering!

⁷ From LeRue, W. (1932, August 15). Uses New Plan. *Border Cities Star*, p. 6. Written by William LeRue (1880 – 1962).

A surprising feature of it is – how simple and easy it seems to the doctor. These terrible cases come to the office, some even carried in and placed on his table. The doctor quickly examines them, estimates their general condition, making whatever tests he deems necessary, and is usually able to assure them that they can be greatly helped. The treatment begins, resulting in a very high percentage of recoveries.

“Where there is no depression”⁸ (January, 1933)

It is generally admitted that the economic depression is worldwide – but did you know that there is a little town in Ontario where there is no depression, where new homes and new business places are under construction right now, and where there isn’t even any talk of depression?

There is such a town, and it isn’t on any railway. And it is all built around the extraordinary work of one man – the country doctor who has practiced there since he left Edinburgh University in 1905.

The place is Williamsburg, Ontario, on King’s Highway No. 31, half-a-dozen miles north of Morrisburg beside the St. Lawrence on King’s Highway No. 2 – some 485 miles from Windsor.

The physician is Mahlon W. Locke, M.D., whose fame has become world-wide within the last couple of years through his treatment of arthritis and goitre, disease which he ascribes to fallen arches of the feet.

STRANGE ATMOSPHERE

I was in Williamsburg for several days this month, absorbing the strange atmosphere of the place, watching “the Doctor,” as everyone calls him, work on 200 or 300 patients a day, and trying to figure out how it all happened.

First of all, Williamsburg is a crossroads police village, of a normal population of some 200 souls. At the present time it has a new hotel of 78 rooms with 20 baths, 14 restaurants are in operation, perhaps a dozen new houses, mostly large ones, and in the course of construction, and there is a definite air of prosperity about the place. In the last two years the population, permanent if you like to call it that, has grown to 600, while the floating population of Dr. Locke’s patients and the people who accompany them to Williamsburg ranges from around 300 a day in the depth of winter to perhaps 4,000 during last summer. On the 19th day of last September, he treated 2,700 patients personally.

CAN’T BE PERMANENT

The undoubted prosperity of Williamsburg, however, can scarcely be a permanent thing, as it is based entirely upon Dr. Locke. When he took a vacation from Christmas until the day after New Year’s, the village seemed to become moribund at once, to revive again when he resumed his clinics, or circles as he calls it. If he were to die or leave for good, the village would no doubt return to its old status.

⁸ From Connery, David P. (1933, January 21). BUSINESS IS STILL BOOMING IN DR. LOCKE’S HOME TOWN. *Border Cities Star*, p. 3. Written by David P. Connery (d. 1956).

Williamsburg is a quite undistinguished Ontario crossroads village. The first settlement was made about 1830, and the little community has enjoyed several names – The Four Corners, Cookville, [and] Bell’s Corner. In 1841 a post office was established and given the name of North Williamsburg. By 1873 the place boasted a cheese factory, a saw mill and some fine homes. Then in April, 1891, a fire destroyed about 40 buildings, which was a serious setback. Later new buildings were constructed, and the village, possessing no natural advantages, continued in a state of somnolence until Dr. Locke set up his practice there as the local doctor in 1905, and for a good many years thereafter. Today it might be described as a boom town. There is even a real estate agent, or maybe more than one.

52 YEARS OLD

The centre of all this activity was born in February 1880, in the district, the son of Parker Locke, farmer, and his wife Abigail Barkley. Both of them have since died. Young Mahlon Locke knocked around the world a bit and eventually enrolled at Queen’s University, Kingston, where he obtained his M.D. degree. He was not a particularly distinguished student. Then he took post-graduate work in Scotland, and became a licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons, with degrees in medicine and surgery from Edinburgh University and in medicine from Glasgow. In 1905 he returned to his native heath and commenced practice at Williamsburg, and there he has remained.

He bought his present home in 1910 before his marriage to a Miss McGrure of the district. They have four children, Marion, 14 years old, Parker, 13, Ruth, 10, and Jean, 4, and they live entirely unostentatiously in the family residence, which is the first house to the east of the corner store which stands on the intersection of Highway No. 31 in the heart of Williamsburg. The house is a large white frame building, with offices and dispensary at the west end.

While at Edinburgh young Locke had heard the theory, which is quite well known to the medical profession, that fallen arches of the feet create pressure on the posterior tibial nerve, with the result that pain may be caused at any point between the arch and the brain.

In the course of his practice, Dr. Locke became enamored of this theory, and finally came to the conclusion that fallen arches were the probable cause in cases of arthritis, that terrible form of rheumatism which results in locked joints and which medical science has been able to do little with.

FIRST ARTHRITIS PATIENT

Twenty-three years ago he gave his first “toe-twisting,” as it has been called, for the treatment of arthritis. The village blacksmith, a man named Beckstead, had fallen a victim to the disease and was unable to work, and promised to become a helpless invalid. Dr. Locke adjusted his arches and he is still working every day.

Well, the doctor continued his usual practice, treating more and more local folks through their feet, and occasionally giving treatments to an outsider. According to his neighbors, he was an exceptionally competent general practitioner and surgeon. And it was nothing unusual for him to charge, say, a dollar and a half for setting a broken leg, which would be considered pretty reasonable anywhere.

Some of these patients from outside told of the country doctor at Williamsburg who treated arthritis by twisting the feet, and gradually more and more patients from outside began to come. Then about five years ago the trickle from outside came faster, until two years ago during the summer time he was treating around 300 patients a day, and Williamsburg began to perk up from the influx of money spent for lodgings, meals, and the rental of wheel chairs and wages of chair boys, to push disabled visitors around.

REX BEACH APPEARS

Then Rex Beach, the famous author of "The Spoilers" and many another Alaskan romance, appeared on the scene, was treated by Dr. Locke, and went away singing his praises. And in an issue of the widely-circulated Cosmopolitan magazine last summer an article by Rex Beach appeared telling all about the toe-twister of Williamsburg.

That article was probably the most discussed item that appeared in the magazine last year. It started a flood of patients toward Williamsburg from every State in the Union – in automobiles, by train and by bus. Most of them from afar away were arthritis sufferers, willing to try anything in desperation.

For a long time Dr. Locke has had an extremely simple system of dealing with his patients, a system which does away with bookkeeping and arguments. He charges every patient who is able to pay, a dollar a day. It was his custom to give three treatments, morning, afternoon and evening, for the dollar. This has since been dropped to two, or one treatment, according to the crowd. In addition to this he has a husky nurse who gives the patients leg, arm and neck flexing exercises without charge, before each of the doctor's treatments. When the doctor gives you his first treatment of the day, you hand him a dollar and he shoves it into whichever pocket is handiest. If you offer him more than a dollar he gives change. If you offer him a thousand dollars, as has happened more than once with grateful and wealthy patients, he won't take it. Perhaps, if you are feeling so generous, he will wave to some indigent patient and suggest you give something there, to pay for the indigent sufferer's board and room while in the village.

SOME TRY TO CHEAT

Some people have been known to cheat him, or rather try to, either by pretending they had paid the dollar for the day, or by obtaining more than one treatment at a single circle. But Dr. Locke has a very remarkable memory for faces, and offenders of that sort are driven out at once.

I said there was a flood of patients, and it WAS a flood. During last August and September the average number presenting themselves daily for treatment was one thousand, and on the peak day, September 19, there were 2,700. Many of these, of course, were curiosity seekers, perhaps with slightly fallen arches, but Dr. Locke gave all of them one treatment, beginning in the morning and continuing until after dark until all had been treated. Those whose feet were perfect he would tell to stand aside.

HANDLING THE CROWD

You will naturally inquire how it is possible for anyone to deal with so many patients a day. I did not see him with the large crowds last summer, but I did see him

handle about 250 patients twice a day in “the shed,” as he calls it, which he has built behind his residence to accommodate his patients in inclement and winter weather.

The shed is a white frame building about 60 feet long by 30 feet wide, with a door marked “Entrance” at the west, and an “Exit” door at the east. The interior is lined with wallboard, there is a big stove in the centre, [and] the floor is concrete. At the entrance and end there is a newsstand with Canadian and American papers operated by an arthritis patient who is partially cured. In one corner there is a curtained cubicle with a couch on it, where the nurse gives the neck, leg and arm flexion.

At the east end of the building is a semi-circle of 14 chairs and stools, and inside the arc of the semi-circle is an ordinary office swivel chair. The open end of the arc is for wheelchair and stretcher cases.

BONES “CRACK”

The early arrivals take the chairs and later arrivals stand behind them or sit on the bench which runs around the wall of the building. As one patient is treated he rises and his place is taken by another. When Dr. Locke arrives he takes his seat on the swivel chair, and goes to work on the first patient. Those who are seated already have their shoes off and are in their stockings. Dr. Locke looks at the first patient, seizes a foot, twists it until the bones “crack” audibly, which may or may not hurt the owner of the foot, and then perhaps twists the fingers until they crack too. He does not twist every patients’ fingers, and the pressure he puts on the feet varies with each patient. With some he twists every toe separately. While he is giving the actual treatment to one patient he is studying the next one he will take, making a quick diagnosis, apparently. If you have a question to ask him he will answer it, in a low voice, but he won’t answer two questions at one circle.

FEW CRY OUT

Treatment like that, of course, is exceedingly painful, but as it is done in full view of hundreds of people there is the strongest possible urge on the patient’s pride not to give way to the pain. And so, while I saw perhaps 50 patients being given this unlocking treatment, on legs and arms – the nurse gets right up on the arms while other patients hold up the one being treated – only two out of the fifty moaned or shrieked. The rest just gritted their teeth and bore it.

Of course not all the patients are arthritis sufferers. There are children born crippled or who became crippled as infants. There are persons with chronic joint dislocations. There are sufferers from infantile paralysis or other forms of paralysis. And there are plenty who have just plain sore feet.

EXAMINES AT NIGHT

The clinics or circles are held nominally at 10 in the morning and two in the afternoon, although often the doctor is late. Most evenings the doctor is in his office at nine to examine new patients or answer questions or issue prescriptions. He has his own dispensary, although most of his treatments are drugless, as I have described. He doesn’t want to know any patient’s name, station in life or where he or she came from. All that, he considers superfluous. The treatment is the same for prince or pauper. And he is not much interested in the previous medical history of the chase,

except perhaps for facts that he could not know by quick physical examination to help him make his diagnosis.

At the examination he may say he can do nothing for you, or he may say that he can help you, or he may say that he can cure you. In either of the two latter events, he will say then how long you are to remain for treatments, and perhaps will advise you after a course of treatments to go home and return for further treatments after a period of time, perhaps a couple of months.

PRINCIPAL THEORY

The main theory which Dr. Locke uses in his foot manipulations is that fallen arches (not necessarily flat feet but misplacement of the bones of the arch) cause a pressure of and irritation to the main nerve of the foot, the posterior tibial nerve. This, he maintains, is in many instances translated into pain or decreased circulation of the blood in some other part of the body, anywhere between the foot and the brain.

An arthritis case, the argument is, develops thus. The arches have fallen. The dislocated arch presses on the posterior tibial nerve. The irritation of the nerve causes constriction of the arteries and blood vessels of the foot. The result is the blood stream becomes polluted with uric acid, and this has a toxic effect on the skin, retarding elimination through perspiration. This, combined with poor circulation, hastens the process of blood pollution with uric acid. The uric acid attacks the system at the joints, causing slight growths on the cartilage. These growths first cause limited movement and pain, and eventually cause the joints to become immovable.

On particularly active joints, such as the fingers, the growth of cartilage on the connective surfaces is resisted, and then becomes apparent by the typical enlarged joints.

Dr. Locke's treatment, then, is first to break away the adhesions of the foot arches, work the bones of the foot into proper position, and prescribe shoes of a type which will maintain them in that position. The unlocking of the joints as previously described is undertaken, and he maintains that Nature will do the rest, the pressure on the posterior tibial nerve having been removed.

Incidentally, Dr. Locke has designed a series of shoes to support the arches, of which he sold the design to a shoe company in Perth, Ontario, for \$30,000. The company maintains a store close by his circle, but Dr. Locke will not tell any patient to get shoes unless the patient asks him about the shoes he is wearing. Then he may prescribe either the No. 1 or No. 2 design of his shoe, or if the patient's shoes are satisfactory to him he will tell the patient to have the shoes "wedged." This consists of going to the village cobbler and having a wedge of leather inserted between the inner and outer soles on the inside edge of the shoe, just ahead of the instep, while an oval of sole leather shaved down to the edges is placed inside the shoe just under the instep, curving up the side of the shoe. He advises that the correct shoes be worn for every step that is taken, even during the night, if there has been arch trouble.

Dr. Locke also maintains that goitre (hyperthyroidism) and arthritis are found associated in 80 percent of arthritis cases, and a large part of his practice is the treatment of goitre by means of medicine which he prescribes. He does not advocate

surgical removal of the thyroid gland, the usual practice in dealing with goitre, but gives the medicine in connection with the foot treatments.

In addition, a substantial part of his practice is manipulative or bloodless surgery, aside from the feet.

MIRACLE MAN OF 1932

As a result of the immense crowds which flocked to Williamsburg during the past year, which raised his earnings to an estimated \$150,000 and made him possibly the highest paid physician in the world in this time of depression, the American Medical Association ironically nominated Dr. Locke as the "miracle man of 1932." Medical men do not subscribe to his theory regarding arthritis and the arches of the feet, and many of them do not agree with him on the connection of goitre, arthritis and fallen arches. They maintain that the undoubted cures which have come from Williamsburg are chiefly based on mob psychology – for there is certainly a tremendously powerful urge to be healed in the very atmosphere of the place, just as there is at certain shrines – and of course it is admitted that setting up the arches of the feet is useful for a general state of health and well-being.

PATIENTS FROM ABROAD

However that may be, Williamsburg is a Mecca for the entire continent today and for other parts of the world. While I was there a mother and her crippled daughter from Germany were attending the circles; there was an arthritis sufferer from Buenos Aires; a man from England had just left.

One afternoon last summer a patient told me he walked down the road checking automobile license plates, and found 44 states represented. A substantial number of the patients are wealthy people, and some physicians have been treated there. Chiropodists and chiropractors hover around, trying to learn just what Dr. Locke does, with the hope of cashing in on it.

Naturally, with such throngs of people landing in a little place like Williamsburg, means of accommodation have been gradually provided. Many wealthy visitors stay in Ottawa hotels and motor down the 42 miles daily to the clinic; at the restaurants food is reasonable and in one at least the furnishings, service and food are fully the equal of any to be found in a large city, while prices are low. A full course turkey or chicken dinner is 50 cents. And in the houses which take in patients, and practically all do, the standard charge is a dollar a day per person, although some give room and board for around \$7.50 a week. These are mostly those located a little distance away from the circle.

WHEEL CHAIRS RENTED

Wheel chairs are owned by local residents, and are rented at a dollar a day, including the services of a chairboy. These boys will have half a dozen or more chairs and patients, and their earnings at a dollar per day each run high. The hotel was built by an Ottawa man, and is a frame building, quite elaborately equipped.

A remarkable feature of the place is that there is no attempt to exploit the visitors. Prices are reasonable, and the attitude of the permanent residents toward the doctor might almost be described as adoration.

A large number of the visitors are from Michigan, and a good many Border Cities residents have gone to Dr. Locke for treatment. Among them might be mentioned Col. Sidney C. Robinson, M.P. for Essex West, Miss Charlotte Reaume, daughter of the Hon. J. O. Reaume, M.D., as well as a great many others. A brother of Andrew W. Mellon, U.S. Ambassador to Great Britain, was a patient last year, as well as a member of the family of the Right Hon. Arthur Meighen, former Prime Minister of Canada.

PATIENT FROM ENGLAND

Col. Frank A. Reid, C.M.G., of London, England, who was born in London, Ontario, is a patient who came from England to Dr. Locke. He had suffered from arthritis for many years, and came back to Canada "on sticks." The other day at London, Ont., the colonel went through a series of setting up exercises to show how he had been relieved. "And to think," he reflected, "I have almost cried with agony many a time in the past with the slightest joint movement."

Col. Reid said he went to Williamsburg as the result of a magazine article on Dr. Locke. During the war the colonel, who is a brother-in-law of Charles S. King of Windsor, was assigned to the Canadian Pay and Record Office at Millbank, London, where he remained on duty after the war.

One chap I talked to was a passenger conductor running between Bay City and Chicago. He had come for treatment of rheumatism, he said because he knew a Bay City war aviator named Roy Thomas, who had crashed during or soon after the war. He had gradually become doubled up from his injuries until at last he was bent over so far that his head was between his knees and he could neither turn his head nor look up to know who came near him. He had been treated by Dr. Locke and was now able to turn his head quite freely, get around some and drive his own automobile.

In the house where I stayed was Orville W. Johnston, who was probably Canada's finest jazz pianist, and conducted his own band in leading Famous Players Canadian theatres in Ottawa, Toronto, and other cities. Until he was forced to stop work two or three years ago, Johnston was for a long time carried on the stage and placed on the piano stool for his performance, he was so badly crippled with arthritis. Eventually he was entirely laid up, and he went to Williamsburg on a stretcher about 15 months ago. While his back is still slightly bent and his right leg has a slight crook in it, he walks everywhere and walks rapidly now with a cane. He handles Dr. Locke's correspondence for him.

CRIPPLED BOY RECOVERING

A young man who was brought to Williamsburg from New Jersey by airplane, completely stiff from head to foot with arthritis, was able to move his head quite freely and move his arms a little when I saw him a few days later he was said to have walked 25 feet. A boy of nine from North Bay, whose case had puzzled surgical clinics in New York, London, England, and Australia, as told me by his mother, because he could only put the toes of his right foot to the floor from the day he first started to walk, was apparently nearly cured. He had been there for a couple of weeks, and when I saw him he was able to walk almost flat-footed. He could not quite walk heel and toe on his right foot, but at each step he could get his head down within an inch of the

ground. He was confident he would be able to run and play like other kids within a few weeks.

EDITOR'S SON

The Editor of the Williamsburg Times, the weekly newspaper there, is James Macdonald, former publisher of the Unity (Saskatchewan) Courier. His 17-year-old son Jock was stricken with arthritis a year ago in November. He was taken from Unity to Banff for the hot springs and medical treatment and became worse. Finally his father brought him to Williamsburg in a baggage car on a stretcher. His condition then was that his left arm was solid to his side and could not be lifted. The joints of his right arm were badly swollen and deformed, his left leg was considerably stiffened, he was unable to open his mouth wide, and he had been many months in bed. His right hip was the centre of excruciating pain, and it was necessary for him to lie on air pillows.

Jock arrived five months ago. The day I saw him he looked healthy and was walking about with the aid of crutches. The only stiffness apparent was a slight crook in the right leg. His father said he expected to be able to throw away the crutches shortly.

Since his arrival, the elder Macdonald, who is a former president of the Saskatchewan Weekly Newspapers' Association, has established the Williamsburg Times, which naturally enough, is largely about the clinic, and which has already obtained quite a circulation among Dr. Locke's patients all over the United States and Canada.

SOME NOT HELPED

I also talked to two men who said that Dr. Locke hadn't done them a bit of good. One said he had been coming to the doctor off and on for a year, and he felt no better than when he began. Another said that after some weeks he could see no improvement in his arthritis condition. And it was plainly apparent that there would be many others in the same position.

Although Dr. Locke is a man of very few words – he has to be in view of the number of people he deals with, giving treatments many of which do not take longer than 10 seconds or so – he has a reputation for swift repartee.

On one occasion a wealthy woman, objecting to joining the circle of several hundred people, said to him, "Don't you know I am Mrs. So-and-So, and my husband is a millionaire?" "I'm a millionaire myself," Dr. Locke is said to have replied. "Get in the circle with the others if you want treatment."

Before building the shed, Dr. Locke used to give his indoor treatments in the old stable close by his house. A cutter hung from the rafters – it was a typical old-fashioned Ontario barn. A woman patients objected, one day, to being treated in a stable. "Christ was born in a stable," Dr. Locke told her.

THE PLATFORM

Last summer when the crowds became so large Dr. Locke had a platform build beside his home, of wood, perhaps 30 feet square. Hand railings of gas pipe were set into the platform, converging on an open space in the centre where he sits on his swivel chair to give treatments during good weather in the summer. The patients

stand in lines radiating out from the centre of this circle, many of them sitting on folding camp chairs. One side of the platform is left free of the railings so that wheel chair and stretcher [cases] can be brought up. Treatments are given every day of the week, Sunday included.

Dr. Locke has been obliged to give up most of his country practice through pressure of his work in the village, but still attends to his old friends. He owns a farm immediately adjoining the village, and several other farms in the district.

A man of exceptional physique, broad-shouldered and deep-chested, with the most piercing eyes I have ever seen, Dr. Locke requires all the strength he has to deal with the crowds that flock to him. And it certainly looks as if the American Medical Association will have to nominate him again in 1933 as the miracle man of the year.

“Transformed sleepy town”⁹ (February, 1933)

The story of Williamsburg, Ontario, is, and for some years has been, the story of a dominating personality, Doctor Mahlon W. Locke, whose almost world-wide reputation as a foot specialist and remarkable success has been the subject of feature articles in many of the leading magazines and newspapers in Canada and the United States.

Those who knew the sleepy little town of old, 42 miles from Ottawa, on the road to the St. Lawrence River, would not recognize it today, with its busy centre crowded with restaurants, rooming-houses, modern bungalows and, prominent amongst them, “Lockton Lodge,” a commodious hotel with all the conveniences associated with city hotel accommodation. The hotel, the restaurants and the rooming-houses, appreciating the source from whence they spring, announce with pride that they are approved by Dr. Locke, who, if he is an autocrat, rules for the benefit of his patients and for the good repute of his birthplace. Many attempts have been made to exploit Williamsburg but with poor success ... even the picture postcards of anything connected with the clinic are sold with Dr. Locke’s approval.

NOT A CHEERLESS SIGHT

With one exception this transformation of a town is the most vivid illustration of one man’s pre-eminence in his chosen work, but the exception is even more impressive.

Twice daily from all parts of the town come almost unbroken lines of patients intent on paying their visit to the clinic. Some who limp almost imperceptibly, some who walk with difficulty, many who do not walk at all but travel in wheel chairs ... a few who lie on stretchers, where they have suffered for years. Yet it is not a depressing sight, for cheerful faces and cheerful conversation dispel all thoughts of sadness, so sure are the sufferers that the doctor will succeed and that they will go on their way progressing towards recovery.

⁹ From Fame of Williamsburg Doctor Has Transformed Sleepy Town. (1933, February 11). *The Ottawa Journal*, p. 13.

In the summer months Dr. Locke's daily patients are numbered by the thousand, but even in mid-winter they may be counted in their hundreds and the register of the hotel reveals that they include pilgrims from all parts of North America, including New York, Florida, Quebec, Pennsylvania, Ontario, Kentucky, Michigan, Maine, Ohio, Nova Scotia, Illinois and Massachusetts.

The twice-a-day clinic is held in a long low building behind Dr. Locke's home, and there a seemingly never lessening circle of patients gather round Dr. Locke, grey-haired, serious, except when treating small children, for whom he has always a smile and a joke, while his remarkably powerful looking hands seem instinctively to go to the root of the trouble. That the human foot is, when imperfect, closely connected to other ailments seems to be established by the number of patients suffering from arthritis, goiter and infantile paralysis who visit Dr. Locke with apparently satisfactory results.

SERVICE TO HUMANITY

Rich and poor receive exactly similar treatment and there is no costly after treatment or care. In some cases he recommends the use of a certain type of shoe perfected by Dr. Locke himself to prevent a recurrence of the trouble. To those interested in their own ailments, or in those of others, a visit to Williamsburg will be a memorable event and prove the truth of Emerson's dictum, that the world will make a beaten path to the door of the man who makes or does something better than his fellows. It has not only beaten a path but has re-built a town as a tribute to a remarkable man, graduate of Canadian and Scottish universities who, not by faith, but by knowing to the limit the possibilities of his subject has achieved almost unbelievable results.

"The new cement road to Morrisburg"¹⁰ (October, 1933)

WILLIAMSBURG, Oct. 24 – A banquet was held here Saturday night to commemorate the opening of the new cement road to Morrisburg, when the special speakers were Dr. M. W. Locke and Hon. George H. Challies. There was an attendance of 60, and Rev. Mr. Cronmiller was chairman.

Dr. Locke paid tribute to the council for their speedy completion of the new road and thanked Hon. G. H. Challies, Provincial Secretary, local member of the Legislature, for the support he had given them. He paid special tribute to Mr. Challies and said the residents of Williamsburg could show their appreciation by supporting him in the next election.

Mr. Challies spoke briefly when he offered congratulations to Dr. Locke in the splendid work he was carrying on, in bringing health to many who were crippled. The vote of thanks to Mr. Challies was moved by Mr. Macdonald.

¹⁰ From Williamsburg Celebrates Opening of Cement Road. (1933, October 24). *Ottawa Journal*, p. 13.

“Doctor M. W. Locke and The Williamsburg Scene”¹¹ (1933)

FOREWORD

Birthplace memories add charm to life. The old home county possesses a permanent endearment. And so when Williamsburg, in Dundas County, continued to attract world attention, the interest of former citizens of the county quickly multiplied. Doctor Locke’s success, as a country physician, had long been established but here was a new outburst of achievement.

So to the village I went to behold a busy and bigger Williamsburg. An evening session of several hours with the Doctor, following his kind permission granted me to write this story, was replete with facts and humor. A later interview was likewise of interest. We were born in the same township, Matilda, and many of the characters who passed in happy review were known to each of us. My sincere gratitude is extended to the Doctor for his co-operation, and to Mrs. Locke who kindly responded when certain verifications as to his Williamsburg career were required. I also express my heartiest thanks to Mr. W. M. Barclay, Cornwall, Ontario, from whose studio several of the pictures herein have, by his kind permission, been reproduced.

My knowledge of the career of Dr. Locke and my familiarity with the historical background of the District, gained during several years of teaching and editorial work in Dundas County, have made this task a delight. The purpose of this volume is not only to present the life story of an honored and worthy citizen, but to accord to Doctor Locke his rightful setting as physician and benefactor in his native county, province and country so dearly loved by him.

J. Smyth Carter.

THE FIRST VIEW

Every locality has its coterie of famous names around which cluster endearing memories, historic or otherwise. In Dundas County – where a very imposing group is extant – four of these, occupying advance positions, represent an historic battlefield, a famous Canadian apple, a distinguished Ontario Premier and an internationally famed Canadian physician. Before Doctor Mahlon William Locke of Williamsburg is introduced, let us briefly survey what is significant in surveys – the background.

The village of Williamsburg, located in a township of the same name, has been for many decades a centre of fascinating interest, one of those cordial, care-free places where villagers and farmers mingle in happy accord.

On every side there flourishes one of the finest of agricultural areas, a tribute to the zeal and integrity of the pioneers and their successors. Unsurpassed in its charm and abundance, the spirit of hospitality which has long characterized the homes of village and township, affords a warmth of welcome genuine and sincere.

At various times before the advent of the post-office the village was referred to as “Four Corners,” Cookville, and Bell’s Corners, but in 1841, with the opening of a

¹¹ From Carter, J.S. (1933). *DOCTOR M. W. LOCKE and The Williamsburg Scene*. Toronto: Life Portrayal Series. Written by J. Smyth Carter (1877 – 1959). This was published as a book, which I have transcribed very nearly in its entirety, omitting only some sub-headings given at the start of every section.

post office, it was officially designated North Williamsburg, which many years later was changed to Williamsburg. Life jogged along comfortably at the village through successive decades. As a trade centre Williamsburg was favorably recognized; while daily the mail-stage coaches, with their versatile conductors, leaving Morrisburg for Winchester and Chesterville, gave assurance that the lines of communication were well maintained.

Like thousands of other rural villages Williamsburg had no metropolitan aspirations. It was fully convinced that its growing pains would never take on phenomenal proportions. Some one has recently said that while our grandfathers frequently walked forty or fifty miles to reach the stage-coach, and then were quite willing to wait a day or two until its arrival, we in our sophisticated and hurried life are “mad as hops” if we miss one section of a revolving door. Well, no such foolish speed notions were entertained by Williamsburg in connection with the anticipated growth of the village. And then something happened.

Retracing our steps a quarter of a century – to June, 1908 – there came to the village to reside a young man from a neighboring township. He was a medical practitioner; three important medical Schools, one in Canada and two in Scotland, having given their seal of approval to his qualifications. Possessed of a pleasing personality the citizens of the village and township liked him. He reciprocated their kind attitude. This bond of mutual good-will was intensified as his skill as a physician became known and demonstrated in the varied field of a general practitioner. But in one special feature of his profession the doctor won more than local recognition. His fame spread abroad and consequently Williamsburg experienced a phenomenal growth. To paraphrase a famous writer, “the world soon made a beaten path to his door.” The background of this scene finds true expression in the life story of a country doctor illuminated by that touch of rural romance which fascinates and delights.

There was a time, not so very long ago, when the healing of bodily illness was provided for almost wholly through the administration of drugs. But a great change has taken place during recent decades. A wider perspective, a clearer call to human service and physical betterment has come to the splendid men who comprise the medical profession of the present day. While the “doctor’s prescription” has still a recognized place in the treatment of sickness and disease, the wise physician also prescribes in various other ways. He recommends sane living, sunshine and fresh air, exercise, the habit of happiness, absence of worry, proper diet and, last but not least, keeping the body in that perfect form, so designed by the Creator, through the employment of reasonable mechanical adjustments, particularly of those wonderful servants, those princes of burden bearers, the feet.

In the advancement and application of the last named road to health – proper adjustment and care of the feet – an open door to physical betterment, it remained for the County of Dundas, which has given to the world many men of outstanding leadership, to furnish another capable and proven guide and counsellor.

Contributing to public blessing, through the outstanding personality of her native sons, has become a habit of this famous old County, named in honor of Henry Dundas, Viscount Melville, son of Rt. Hon. Robert Dundas. A considerable galaxy of

Dundas leaders in business, politics and the professions, might here be portrayed, one of whom, in the person of Sir James Whitney, attained to the high position of Premier of Ontario. A military landmark of note, significant to early struggles, appears on the landscape of Dundas County. This is the monument at Crysler's Farm battle-field, along the St. Lawrence a few miles east of Morrisburg – one of the turning-point engagements in the war of 1812-14. Dundas County has also given to the world one of the finest apples, the McIntosh Red. This famous fruit, originated by John McIntosh and later developed by his son Allan, had its original home on the McIntosh farm about three miles west of Williamsburg, where the well-known nurseries are still in evidence.

Bordering on the St. Lawrence, the beautiful shore-line of this famous county has gained the admiration of tourists as they travel the Toronto-Montreal highway, which here skirts one of the world's great rivers. Another provincial highway passes north from Morrisburg to Williamsburg, Winchester and other villages and on to Ottawa, the capital city of the Dominion. Between Dundas and the Ontario-Quebec boundary line two other counties – Stormont and Glengarry – also share premier St. Lawrence location. These three counties have long been united for county purposes, and are familiarly and historically known as the United Counties of Stormont, Dundas and Glengarry, with Cornwall as the seat of government. Dundas County is divided into four townships; two of these, Matilda and Williamsburg, have the St. Lawrence River as their southern boundary, while adjacent to the north are the Mountain and Winchester townships.

In the selection of geographical names much interest frequently attaches. And so it was in this instance when Matilda township, possessing perhaps a royalty complex, was in the year 1787 officially named in honor of the Princess Royal Charlotte Augusta Matilda, eldest daughter of George the Third. That seemed to be getting away to a fair start. Like her sister townships Matilda claims many illustrious sons in industry, finance and the professions. None, however, has contributed more lavishly to the alleviation of human suffering and the general physical blessing of thousands than has Doctor Mahlon William Locke, on whom the eyes of the people of this continent and beyond are focused. The hardihood of the Matilda pioneers, and the integrity and zeal of succeeding generations, have formed the foundations for a successful and permanent heritage. The year 1850 saw the first township council for Matilda elected. In the municipal 'Hansard' we find the name of Locke appearing from time to time among those who assisted in township legislation; while in a Council Board of five, two of these, Carmi Locke and William Locke, are recorded for the year 1879.

Running along through the township records of later decades we might note in passing, that not only the Locke families but as well the Keyes families were enrolled among the citizenry of Matilda. And it is common knowledge, shared by many familiar with neighborhood happenings, that the Lockes and the Keyes always got along famously together.

Progress has been the hand-maiden of this fair township, now freely acknowledged as one of the finest in the Province. While Matilda, with its

comparatively level surface, may lack the romance of the hills, a drive through the township on a summer day brings to view many beautiful farm homes surrounded by broad acres of abundant promise. Here also appear rich pasture fields with finest herds of cattle, since Matilda has an exceedingly enviable record as a dairying centre.

Canadian pioneer life, in its finer form, was fittingly epitomized in Matilda and adjacent townships and counties. Undoubtedly the beginning of so desirable a condition was due in large measure to the superior types of settlers who braved the elements in these forest-clad lands. Referring to the careful placing of these early home makers along the St. Lawrence River, from Glengarry to the Bay of Quinte, Alexander C. Casselman¹² writes:

“The future homes of these vigorous pioneers were not determined by chance. The Highlanders longed for a Highland settlement. The Scotch Presbyterians and the Palatine Lutherans and Palatine Presbyterians asked to be placed in separate communities. Accordingly, in acceding to this petition, the authorities, with a wonderful foresight, so arranged the several conflicting interests of nationality and religion that the utmost harmony has prevailed. The Highland Roman Catholics were placed farthest east beside their French co-religionists; west of them the Scotch Presbyterians; then the Palatines – some Lutherans, some Presbyterians, speaking a different language and forming a barrier between the English to the West and the Scotch and French to the east. Thus [were] laid the foundations of the Ontario which was yet to be.”

What a heritage is shared by Matilda and neighboring townships!

HOME AND SCHOOL

It was in the fifth concession of this United Empire Loyalist township that Mahlon Locke was born in the year 1880. Of added significance is the fact that he was born on St. Valentine’s Day. Now, St. Valentine was a Christian Bishop in the third century who, on a long ago February 14th, suffered martyrdom under Emperor Claudius. One point of similarity presents itself. Doctor Locke, despite criticism from certain quarters, honors his profession by continuing to be a benefactor to mankind in the alleviation of human suffering and in pointing the way to better physical health.

Not only the birth date but the Christian name as well kindles our interest. Before the title Doctor fully usurped the right-of-way, our subject was familiarly known as Mahlon Locke. Scriptural records reveal the fact that the husband of Ruth – the Ruth of the beautiful biblical idyl, the Book of Ruth – was named Mahlon. Love of home and kindred and loyalty thereto, qualities of Ruth’s life, gained the admiration of Boaz who purchased her family rights as a widow and married her. Strange to relate, the ceremony of “taking off the shoe” and holding it up, as a testimony to a transaction in real estate and future happiness resulting from it, was a custom in the land of Bethlehem. It is a far cry from ancient Bethlehem to Williamsburg, Ontario; an odd parallel it surely is, in that the benefactions of the

¹² Alexander Clark Casselman (1860 – 1940).

twentieth century Mahlon are accompanied by the taking off of the shoe – in the Locke clinic.

Although replaced some years ago by a more pretentious structure, the old farmhouse in which the Doctor first saw the light of day is well preserved and does duty as a modern poultry house. The Doctor laughs heartily when, in his own inimitable way, he informs you that he was born in this famous farm building, where hens and geese and ducks now find residence.

Good parents – always a blessing and a benefaction – were the happy fortune of Mahlon William Locke. His father was Parker Locke, a highly respected Matilda farmer; while his mother, Abigail Barclay, was also a descendant of one of those superior pioneer families, which settled early in the district. Thus, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Parker Locke, in the fifth concession of the township, became favorably known as a centre from which radiated those qualities of kindness and helpfulness which constitute the spirit of true neighborliness. It was one of those havens of rural hospitality where visitors were wont to linger.

In the life of every individual the old school of those early, epochal days, holds a proud place. It is a panoramic picture of a sort which never fades. On memory's pages are inscribed in chronological sequence "the daily round, the common task." The school house, the desks, the box stove, the playground, and even the teacher's correction strap, were part and parcel of the public school life at Dixon's Corners, where Mahlon Locke enrolled as a pupil at the age of six years.

If the unwritten records of those interesting years at the township school could tell their story, we should find young Locke an earnest pupil, studious and quick to perceive, yet with his ear exceptionally alert to the sound of revelry or mischief. He was anxious that nothing should escape his notice. And the same merry twinkle which to-day lights up his countenance, when a touch of humor flashes on the scene, was then present in abundant measure. In calm or storm, however, he played the game in the school room or on the play-ground. He has continued to play it all along the pathway of the years, as evidenced by the growing love and loyalty which he has shared during his twenty-five years as a practicing physician.

At Dixon's Corners was enacted much of the drama of the early life of the township. Here the traveler and the passer-by found hospitality and comradeship. A sort of metropolitan freedom pervaded this rural four-corners. Surrounded by an agricultural area second to none, it became a trade center of considerable importance, gaining meanwhile a social prominence of rare distinction. But it was during election days and nights that the hamlet donned its gayest attire. All roads, paths and by-ways led to Dixon's Corners at such times. Barn raisings and "bees" of various types also contributed to the happy life of the community of which Dixon's was the centre. If the entire story could be written and dramatized, it would make one of the most fascinating of screen productions with world record possibilities.

Desirous of learning more of that spirit of devotion and loyalty which had its genesis in the hearts of worthy parents, I inquired of the Doctor as to the teachers who first influenced his life. Quickly his thought flashed over those early school years. He then related several realistic back-stage scenes, one of which I pass along to you.

“My first teacher,” remarked the Doctor, “was Johnston Dawson¹³, of whom I grew very fond. Our contacts as teacher and pupil had a continuing aspect and the friendship thus formed stretched forward into the years. These happy exchanges were often renewed after I came to Williamsburg to practice medicine. Mr. Dawson, then residing at Elma, a few miles distant, still followed his profession as teacher. We were boon companions. When, as Medical Officer of Health for the Township of Williamsburg, I visited the schools, my friend Dawson always accompanied me. Some years afterward he went to Western Canada, where later he died. Before his death he inquired for his doctor friend at Williamsburg, and made certain requests, which were later fulfilled. Following his decease, the remains were forwarded to me at Williamsburg. After consulting with his friends, I made full arrangements for his funeral. Thus closed a chapter of truest affection which began during those early years in the school room at Dixon’s Corners.”

This little recital of faithfulness, carries within it the classic atmosphere of a David and Jonathan friendship. It is often said that in love of others, human nature manifests its highest expression. In further proof thereof, this incident may be justly claimed as worthy of record.

“Moving Time,” in rural neighborhoods, often brings regrets both to the mover and the neighbors. Pleasant ties of many years are broken. Of course, if the transient has not lived up to the code of good neighborship – if his dog has been suspected of killing sheep or if his line fences have been constantly out of repair, thus causing endless trouble, the neighbors become jubilant at the speeding of the parting guest. Not so, however, with Mr. and Mrs. Parker Locke and their three sons, Mahlon, Peter and Duane. Regret because of their removal was lessened, however, by the fact that they were not going far away, their new farm home being in an adjoining neighborhood on the west side of the Matilda gravel road, and a short distance south of Brinston’s Corners.

Eight months after locating at their new place of residence, the family suffered a great sorrow in the death of the father of the home. Highly respected as a citizen, honorable and true, the news of Parker Locke’s passing caused widespread regret.

The problem of the home became then not an easy one. Since, by the parents, the future of their sons had been envisaged in a rainbow of hope, a wise and courageous mother would not falter in her task. The prospect of an education was, by her, not suffered to be clouded by so sorrowful a catastrophe, as subsequent events will prove.

VILLAGE REVERIES

The busy four corners at Brinston’s attracted age and youth. Its genesis and development were not without significance. Construction of the Matilda plank road through the township caused a sawmill to be built there, to furnish planks for the

¹³ From the 1901 census, we learn that Johnston E. Dawson was born in 1862. He then lived with his father, James Dawson, a blacksmith, and his siblings, Sarah J. and Wesley. The latter was a cheesemaker who earned \$800 for six months’ work in the year prior to the census, whereas Johnston earned only \$360 for ten months’ work as a school teacher. The family were of the Methodist faith and lived in Williamsburg.

new highway, and from that beginning the village came into being. The post-office, opened in 1873, was named in honor of Thomas Brinston, a pioneer merchant. Charles Locke, the first postmaster[,] retained the office for nearly half a century with never a complaint entered as to the service.

Brinston's Corners was the home-base of the old Matilda circuit of the Methodist Church, which covered a considerable number of appointments. At the annual gathering of the Montreal Conference of the Church, which included [the] Matilda circuit, the stationing committee was accustomed to hand out many surprises in sending the ministers to new fields. If on the first draft, the plan which characterized the old Methodist system, a minister was not in harmony with his suggested appointment, the second draft might bring him better news. On one such occasion a young preacher, an Englishman, was anxious to know where he was to be located. When final arrangements had been made he was accosted by one of his fellow ministers who inquired of him:

"And where are you to be stationed during the next three years?"

"Well, I've just been a bit worried," replied the English parson in excited tones. "You see on the first draft they had me slated for 'Ell Original (L'Original), but now on the second draft they have me down for Brinston's Corners."

So in the life of the future Doctor Locke, the man who for years has been lighting the lamp of hope and victory in thousands of lives, Brinston's Corners proved to be the real down-town centre – Broadway, Piccadilly Circus and Princes Street rolled into one. Stores and shops were well patronized by the village folk, as well as by farmers for many miles distant, since Brinston's Corners was the hub of an exceedingly prosperous agricultural district. There the fun and frolic of the day reached its zenith in the life of the township. The country store proved to be the local legislature of the district when, at the close of a busy day, villagers and farmers congregated to discuss the problems of the world. Through it all the golden thread of humor and good-natured banter was in evidence, but the battle of flashing wits brought ill to none. If, however, one of the company sat grim-faced as if his "porous plaster were peeling," he was marked for special treatment. Puns, jokes and tricks, all laughter provoking, made the "Corners" a rendezvous of jovial and happy intercourse, where all learned to play the game and take everything in good part. Rainy days brought larger crowds. With the farm chores completed, men and boys just naturally gravitated to the "Corners". Radio service not yet being in vogue, the news of the community and the world could be learned and discussed under happy, care-free conditions.

To get the joke on the other fellow was the delight of all. A recital of one such instance will demonstrate the fact. The morning session at the local parliament had been largely attended. Several additional packing boxes had to be mustered to accommodate the crowd. The discussion was animated. Outside the rain continued; but within the joyous area of the extemporized deliberative assembly, all went merry as a marriage bell. Finally the clock struck twelve, whereupon one of the villagers, Charles Locke the local postmaster, arose and remarked to the others assembled, "Come on over boys and get a clean bite." With one accord they accepted with thanks

and arose to accompany him. The joke was on Charlie but he faltered not, and his good wife, accustomed to the antics of her husband, cheerfully and quickly enlarged the family table. Since there was always a plenteous supply of food in those prosperous Matilda homes, a good meal was soon prepared and enjoyed by all present.

It was amid this atmosphere of fun and fellowship, cloud and sunshine, that Mahlon Locke grew to young manhood. Sometimes, when the changing scene found the younger set in the leading role, he frequently starred as both originator and participator in the fun and frolics of the hour. Hallowe'en tricks were particularly in evidence, with farm gates changed, vehicles perched on tops of buildings, and general pandemonium prevailing.

On one occasion there stopped at Brinston's a well-known farmer-wag from the southern part of the township. When he finally drove away the farmer found seated on either side of him two boys from the "Corners" – Cyrus Munro and Ed. Crobar – while hanging on at the back of the vehicle was Mahlon Locke. While the boys were rendering silent "thanks for the wagon ride," the farmer-wag fired a revolver into the air. The consternation of the three youths provided immediate terminal facilities to their self-invited tour. The Doctor's running accounts of those gay days of his youth, related in intriguing accents, would crowd a larger volume. Perhaps that happy temperament, occasioned by his Scotch, Irish and U. E. Loyalist descent, has accorded him that desirable mingling of keen discernment and good humor, which add spice and reality to life.

EDUCATION AND FARMING

That vital bridge, the entrance examination, linking the Public and High Schools, was crossed by Mahlon Locke at the early age of 12 years, and soon a new life chapter opened with his admittance to the Iroquois High School. Let us remember that during the following years, including his college terms, the three boys at the Locke homestead were responsible for the successful conduct of the farm and the care of their mother. Mahlon assumed his share of that task, by actively participating in the plowing, the sowing, the harvesting and the threshing. It was hard work, but at the close of each week-end or holiday period, he returned to his studies with a great pack of hopes in his heart, determined to get an education. Ardently he pushed forward with passionate intensity of application to a high purpose, although the seasonal interruptions, in Spring and Autumn, calling to the tasks of the farm, prevented him from securing even one full-time term at the School. Nevertheless he carried on in happy and hopeful mood. From school to farm, a distance of seven miles, he frequently walked, and the Doctor recalls with delight that, on his journeys from Iroquois to Brinston's Corners, he was accompanied, on more than one occasion, by a well known township character "Paddy" Payne, a beloved citizen who has long since passed on.

The Iroquois High School, immortalized by Adam Harkness in his volume of earlier years, has a background dear to the heart of thousands of former Matilda boys. It was to many a sort of Aladdin's Lamp, which started them on the highway of opportunity. During Mahlon Locke's attendance there, he pursued his studies vigorously and found relaxation at times in the antics and other distractions common

to student life. One evening a group of his chums, including Frank Armstrong, who had won phenomenal fame as a speed bicycle rider¹⁴, met in conference. A disparaging remark by one of the students, Reuben Locke, who claimed he received a shock when coming in contact with Armstrong's celebrated wheel, brought on a free-for-all fight in which Mahlon participated. They were all friends, but that stored-up energy and fire of youth was as responsive as a miniature powder magazine. Next morning, like the opposing members of the Canadian House of Commons, following a night of verbal fireworks, they were again the cheeriest of companions.

But Mahlon's academic life, at this famous old school, was to suffer an unexpected interruption. One day an explosion occurred in the Science Room of the school and Mahlon Locke, being named as the responsible party, an apology was demanded of him. The future far-famed doctor was actually innocent and, with that sense of fair play which has always characterized him, he refused to apologize. The headmaster of the school was adamant. Like the laws of the Medes and Persians his decree could not be revoked. So Mahlon left the school, which, up to that time, he had looked upon as the cornerstone of future progress.

Back to the farm he went. There was always an abundance of work there. But no thought of permanently continuing in the honorable but laborious occupation of farming came to him. The vision of other paths flashed before him, and he must follow through. The incident at the Iroquois School was food for conjecture. He had honestly played the game, so with his philosophical outlook his motto must be "Forward". In the garden of imagination the next turn in the path would come to view, and it did.

Reviewing the catalogue of farm duties of that day, one of the most strenuous and monotonous was the digging of post holes for the erection of a fence. I speak from experience. One summer day, Mahlon Locke was engaged in that laborious task along the highway adjacent to Brinston's. As an evidence of how well he performed his task, the fence is still there. While thus engaged along came his friend, the student minister, Rev. W. G. Connolly, who at that time was associated with Rev. Thomas McAmmond, Superintendent in charge of the old Matilda circuit of the Methodist Church, which included the Brinston's Corners church, where the Locke family attended. Mahlon and his friend chatted concerning life prospects. The post-hole digging was hard and under such conditions the power of suggestion of better things to come, would surely fall on fruitful soil.

"What do you think of you and me going to Kingston to complete our matriculation and then be ready to enter Queen's this Fall[?]", said Mr. Connolly.

Like a burst of sunshine, after a summer thunderstorm, any suggestion of change brought warmth and gladness to the whole landscape of life.

"I want to complete my matric." [,] replied Mahlon[,] "but I would rather get it elsewhere. What about Kemptville High School?"

¹⁴ "Last night a successful banquet was given in Congress Hall by the members of the Kingston Bicycle Club. [...] It recalled memories of local cycling celebrities of the past. [...] Mr. Frank Armstrong was also a veteran: more than once had he carried the flag of the Bicycle Club to victory. He had represented Kingston at a Dominion meet in Montreal." BICYCLE MEN AT DINNER. (1899, March 17). *Kingston News*, p. 4.

The post-holes were completed, but the labour from that moment forward seemed less arduous. During the weeks that followed the farm work was pursued by him in happy anticipation of resuming his studies – but this time at Kemptville.

In the Doctor's catalogue of memorable days the 23rd of May in a certain year, way back yonder, has a significance all of its own, for on that day, after bidding temporary adieu to the post-holes and the farm chores and kindred tasks and toils, he, unaccompanied by his friend Connolly, went to Kemptville to begin another short chapter in his efforts to secure an education. Arriving there, he interviewed Principal Delaney of the Kemptville School and unbosomed his plans covering the few weeks preceding the fateful examination days. Evidently thinking the time too brief Mr. Delaney, pensively beholding his ambitious student visitor, inquired "Have you anything else to do?"

Assured that the time was fully available and that the effort would be sincere, the Principal happily acquiesced and Mahlon's enrolment followed. He applied himself, heart and soul, to the task before him and ere the close of the following month, June, he had successfully passed his examinations for matriculation.

Exceedingly eventful were those weeks at the Kemptville School, particularly from the standpoint of transportation. On a bicycle of ancient streamlines he made trips to his new school and then home again each week end. Wise economy was necessary but the hope of achievement rendered the task joyous and serene. His daily progress was tempered with those difficulties and reverses which, when successfully overcome, always mark the true measure of the man.

The course at Kemptville was not giving him any trouble, but the bicycle was. Constant repairing of tires and other parts made the going far from pleasurable, and sometimes part of the journey was made on foot. Fortuitous circumstances, however, those friendly lubricants to many of life's troubles, frequently greeted him, proving a friend in need to be a friend indeed. One member of the legion of good Samaritans, who, at various times and sundry places, assisted in rejuvenating the historic bicycle was Will Wright, now Dr. W. H. Wright, Spadina Road, Toronto, who reviews with delight those eventful days.

"At that time", remarked Dr. Wright, "I was occupied in Kemptville as a student dentist. My home being in the vicinity of Brinston's Corners, Mahlon and I frequently made these week-end bicycle trips together. Bicycle griefs, common to both, usually pertained to tires which in those days were not so well constructed as at present. Then, for reasons quite obvious, we tried to make new records in tire mileage. But these tire endurance tests got us into trouble and as a consequence there were frequent roadside sessions, when we did the repairing, swapped patches and helped each other in the rehabilitation of our respective means of transportation."

Doctor Locke retains happy memories of the Kemptville School and of the town which, by the way, is the old home stamping-ground of another celebrated son of Eastern Ontario, Hon. G. Howard Ferguson. As a link connecting those days with the present a visitor to the Locke Clinic at Williamsburg in the summer of 1923 compared notes concerning events of yester-year. The Doctor was delighted to greet Mr. Delaney, his former principal at Kemptville High School.

Grenville County, in which Kemptville is located, embodies in its early history many happenings exceedingly interesting and romantic. Famous in the early religious life of the county is the historic Blue Church, while in the Blue church cemetery along the St. Lawrence lie the remains of Paul and Barbara Heck around whose lives entwines the story of early Methodism in Canada.

But the country which claims as one of her native sons the present High Commissioner at London and as a one time student-guest, the world renowned Williamsburg doctor, has a military background of significance. In 1837, the year of Queen Victoria's accession to the throne, Grenville county experienced a military encounter, the Battle of the Windmill, in which Dundas militia participated, one of the chapters in the Rebellion of 1837-8. Many other battles have since been fought within the confines of the historic county but these were political struggles permitting victors and vanquished to live and fight again.

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

College days begin a changed era. The student enters an absolutely new phase of life. So I enquired of the Doctor as to the setting of his college career and these were his words:

"I went to Queen's University, Kingston, wearing one of Max Vineberg's¹⁵ six dollar suits. You'll remember that Max was a well-known travelling merchant, who sold goods extensively throughout this district. And how singular it is that we should be speaking of him today, because I have just learned that he passed away quite recently. Each fall before returning to Queen's, I got another new suit from Max. The price remained the same, six dollars. I also stuck closely each time to the same shade and pattern – blue with a pronounced stripe. That was my standard Queen's outfit."

Soon after entering Queen's, Mahlon Locke met M. E. Grimshaw¹⁶, a real pal and kindred spirit. They became bosom friends, lived together, attended lectures together – thus forming an active and fruitful partnership in friendship which continued until the death of Doctor Grimshaw some years later. At lectures Mahlon took full notes. "Grim" took none. Then at night "Grim" would read aloud the notes while Mahlon listened. That was unique co-operation, in which each participated in the dividends earned.

During those college years at Queen's there was a counter attraction, which occupied an interesting place in the picture.

"Fearing I might not make a success of medicine," said the Doctor, "I took up boxing, as a sort of second chance proviso. In this 'Grim' joined me and quite regularly one night a week for two college years, we received instruction and practice."

I sincerely believe that this side-light on the Doctor's career is narrated advisedly, particularly on behalf of any irate patient who, wearied by waiting his turn, might try to rush the lines at the clinic. The tutor of the two "meds" in this

¹⁵ Possibly the Max Vineberg who was listed as a 37-year-old peddler in the 1901 census. He was Jewish, of German origin, had emigrated to Canada in 1880, and in 1901 and lived in Montreal with his wife, three sons and six daughters.

¹⁶ Dr. Matthew William Edward Grimshaw (1880 – 1929) was an important figure in the early history of Peace River, Alberta. A few articles on Dr. Grimshaw are included as an appendix.

scientific fistic formality at Kingston, was formerly the middle-weight champion of the State of Michigan. Once each week, the tutor's wife attended a meeting of a ladies' society and that night was ear-marked for boxing instructions at the tutor's home, at a nominal fee of fifty cents each. Notwithstanding the fact that the Doctor has made a phenomenal success of his medical practice, it would appear that the additional physical prowess, resulting from his boxing experience, has stood him in good stead during a quarter of a century of strenuous activity in his profession.

Getting away to Queen's each Autumn, with a real new Max Vineberg suit and sufficient money, present or prospective, to carry him through his college year, meant careful financing and hard work during the holiday season. It was imperative, during those non-college months, that Mahlon should earn sufficient money to balance his budget. So, with his rural experience and his abundance of energy and brawn, he engaged in farm work. One dollar per day for pitching hay or grain in the field was the compensation usually received. This worked out admirably. But after completing his third year at the University and realizing that for his final year his financial requirements might perhaps be increased, he went to the United States, from which land, in recent years, thousands of people have journeyed to his famous clinic at Williamsburg. That summer he engaged with Henry Casselman of Lisbon Centre, New York State, for one dollar fifty cents per day. This fifty per cent. increase in wages made his exchequer look like a lucky ticket at the Irish Sweepstakes¹⁷.

Among the films of memory of earlier years, so precious to the Doctor, the daily program at the Casselman Farm is exceedingly vivid. He arose at 5.30 a.m., milked the cows, attended to the chores, breakfasted and was in the field driving the mower at 6.30 a.m. That looked like a fine healthy start for the day. Mr. Casselman had fifty acres of hay to harvest. One night a fine large field of hay was ready for "drawing in" and the weather did not look very promising. With that spirit of loyalty and interest, which has characterized his life, the student-hired-man suggested to his employer that they work all night. It was agreed to do so. Load after load was brought into the barn. As the huge horse-fork consignments ascended to the mow and were tripped, the Doctor's voice, from out the darkness would resound "Go Ahead!" Those, who have had the joy of being director of ceremonies in the hay-mow, know the game of permitting successive horse-fork loads to dump one on top of the other. This was easier than removing them on the instalment plan. Then when the mountain of hay had become sufficiently high, it was overturned by a good strong shove, causing the hay to go careening away to the farther end of the mow. This special process of distribution does not always add to the ease with which the hay is later removed from the mow, but that's another story. The Doctor's very practical knowledge of

¹⁷ "A great revolving drum containing tickets representing a pool of \$3,393,090 turned slowly before four blind boys while names and numbers, laying the golden finger of chance on all parts of the world, were drawn out in the Irish Hospital's sweepstakes for the Manchester November Handicap. Somewhere among seventy-nine holding horses in the race, five of these being Canadians, is somebody who will come into the tidy sum of \$1,023,820. [...] Over 1,000,000 speculators in the Philippine Islands, Burma, South Africa and all parts of the world joined in the scramble to get a chance on the biggest sweepstake in Ireland." Canadian May Win \$1,000,000 Irish Sweepstake. (1930, November 21). *Edmonton Journal*, p. 2.

agriculture made him a past-master at this function. Getting along toward eleven o'clock his employer, feeling unwell, fell from the wagon and the work of the night ended.

Returning to Queen's in the Autumn, Mahlon was made President of his class for that year. He was popular with his fellow-students and the faculty and soon the speeding months brought the close of the college year and his graduation in the Spring of 1905.

AT HOME AND ABROAD

Preparatory months and years lead us to the arena of the practical – the every day application of knowledge and experience. Mahlon Locke was now ready to take up the duties and responsibilities of his profession. So he engaged with Doctor George Collison, for one year, at his home village, Brinston's Corners. He had bright hopes that "a prophet without honor" might be proven otherwise in that instance. However, he received few calls because no one wanted the "kid" doctor. Each call was for Doctor Collison, who however would sometimes send his co-worker in his stead. Invariably on such occasions the youthful practitioner would be met with the interrogation "Is the Doctor sick?" It was disheartening. The year was slipping past and Doctor Locke found that his financial structure was as lean as a museum skeleton. He had earned only fifteen dollars from a profession which necessitated years of preparation. The senior doctor, who was also a farmer, thought the young physician might be more successful at plowing than at practicing medicine, so he sent him to the wide-open spaces, as a tiller of the soil. But soon an accident occurred, which altered conditions completely. Doctor Locke broke the tongue of the sulky plow. Heavy-hearted, he reported his ill-luck to his boss. Doctor Collison was much annoyed and severely censured the young doctor-farmer, who resented such harshness. He thereupon held council with himself something after this fashion[:] "Should I stand for such humiliation[,] and I an M.D.?"

But the episode proved to be his real awakening. He parted company with the farm and the sulky-plow and went to Sault Ste. Marie, where he took up the practice of medicine for one year. That year records many pleasant memories and success crowned his efforts. A fine gold watch and chain, the former beautifully engraved, he continues to carry, the gift of the Algoma Steel Col, at the close of that eventful year.

Locating at Sault Ste. Marie brought into the picture another happy feature. His friend and college-pal[,] Doctor Grimshaw, was following his profession at Helen Mine, on the north shore of Lake Superior. "Grim's" years at Queen's had opened a chapter of romance. Going back to Kingston to marry the lady of his choice, Doctor Locke accompanied him in the royal rôle of best man. But the finest of plans sometimes fail. The bride-to-be had suddenly changed her mind, the marriage did not take place, and both doctors returned home.

As would be expected "Grim's" reverse had an unsettling effect. Being unhappy, the urge for changing scenes seized him, and he suggested to his friend that they extend their medical education by a post-graduate course in Great Britain. They first went to London, enrolling at a prominent Medical College. Financial budgets have a habit of reversing the chosen order and, while living in London cost in the

neighborhood of ten dollars per week, the land of the Scot, naturally offered something more attractive. So to Edinburgh they went, registering at the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons. Princes Street, Edinburgh Castle and a hundred other historic sights and scenes were entrancing, but our two Canadian doctors had gone to Edinburgh for a specific purpose, and to the attainment of that goal they applied themselves. More than 3,000 students were enrolled at the Edinburgh seat of learning that year. It will be readily recognized that the standard of the college was well advanced and the examination quite difficult when we mention that a very large percentage of the students were plucked. Unflagging effort on the part of Doctor Locke and Doctor Grimshaw brought them through their graduation successfully. Doctor Locke's course at Edinburgh is of real significance to the people of Canada, [the] United States and in fact the whole world, because it was at Edinburgh that he received his initial insight as to foot treatment, for the remedying of certain human ills. These treatments have, in recent years, brought many thousands of suffering people to his clinic, caused thousands to remember his name with deepest gratitude, and transformed a quiet cross-road rural hamlet into a centre of phenomenal activity. This unique and effective method of skilled manipulation of the bones of the feet, was evidently not secured by the great majority of the students, including Doctor Grimshaw.

Scotland, long famed for imparting that plus of knowledge to earnest seekers of scientific skill, has another medical school, which records the name of the famous Dundas County physician on its roll of accredited practitioners. As Licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons of Glasgow, Dr. Locke added another chapter to the qualifications secured from the land of the heather. This two-fold post graduation was an appropriate forerunner to the successful career which followed.

In all of life, there are to be found those interesting contracts which reveal the fact that like circumstances and opportunities do not always bring like results, in the lives of individuals. With that power of intensive concentration on the subject or task in hand, which has ever characterized his life, Doctor Locke aimed to secure the maximum benefits during those months in Scotland. Professors, among the world's greatest, will, in his memory, ever claim a place on the roll of gratitude. Undoubtedly, the Doctor's natural aptitude for manipulative surgery was a further factor in attaining that measure of skill, so successfully applied in subsequent years.

THE COUNTRY DOCTOR

Satisfied with the success which had followed their efforts abroad, the two doctors returned to Canada, arriving at Iroquois, May 1, 1908. Just then a place for a medical practitioner opened up at Williamsburg, where Doctor W. C. Whittaker¹⁸,

¹⁸ W. C. Whittaker was stripped of his license in 1913, for allowing a non-physician to practice in a hospital. "Under the provisions of the medical act of the province, which allows the College of Physicians of British Columbia to deal with their own members in their own way, Dr. H. B. Ford appeared before a portion of the executive body yesterday, charged with 'unprofessional conduct,' in that he countenanced and knowingly assisted a man of the name of Snepper, who kept a hospital, designated the hospital of the British Columbia association, who was not a qualified practitioner. [...] W. C. Whittaker [...] will appear before the commission upon similar charges." DENIAL IS ABSOLUTE ON PART OF DOCTOR TO SERIOUS CHARGE. (1913, March 27). *Vancouver Sun*, p. 5.

well and popularly known, was transferring to Vancouver. Doctor Locke's mother, who so discreetly directed the welfare of her three sons and the home in earlier years, urged Mahlon to locate at Williamsburg. And so to Williamsburg he came, acting on the advice of one whose wise counsel was always fortified by a mother's love.

He opened his new office on June 1, 1908, thus beginning a country practice which has continued for two and a half decades. If he had not possessed an abundant measure of decidedly incurable optimism, he would not have remained, because his first year there was not to his liking. But he was surrounded by wonderful people, in village and township. They were exceedingly kind and hospitable. His services, as a wise and capable physician, grew rapidly in favor and a bond of love and good-will was formed between doctor and people in that locality, which seems to increase with the passing years. His skill as a practitioner took him, not only to every part of the township, but also to Winchester, Chesterville, Inkerman, Aultsville and other more distant points. When automobiles and open winters were less numerous, four horses were required to meet his calls and at times these were all tired out. Horses were fed one bushel of oats per day to keep them fit. Winter months, with blocked roads and epidemics growing apace, proved the most difficult. Frequently, when returning from an arduous journey, a midnight or early morning call would come. He never failed to respond. He was their physician and they were his people. In contrast with present day good roads and superior transportation means those were strenuous years. Busy all day and a large share of the night, [the work] would tax the physical strength of most men. Perhaps the Doctor's boxing days back at old Queen's were now paying dividends.

The Doctor's recital of those arduous winters is thrilling. One night, driving in the vicinity of Bouk's Hill, a couple miles from Williamsburg, the roads being blocked with snow, he got out to open the fence, but his horse galloped without him. The overturned cutter spilled buffalo robes, blankets and the heated bricks, the last named being a requisite for country driving during cold winter nights. These bricks, on more than one occasion set fire to the robes, so care had to be exercised. Worn and weary, the Doctor thought it useless to struggle through the snow drifts, so he wrapped himself up in robes and blankets and cosily encamped on top of the snow. The sight of the horse and cutter minus the Doctor aroused curiosity. Isaac Casselman, commonly known as "Uncle Ike", came to the rescue and seeing the empty cutter and the pile of robes exclaimed "Doc's dead."

During another of those cross country trips, where fields and highways combined to make a passage through the deep snow, the Doctor's fractious steed kicked over the crossbar and fell. Always ready for the unexpected, the Doctor jumped

"Dr. Whittaker [...] denied that 'Prof.' Snepper had prescribed medicine[.] [...] [T]he doctor admitted that Snepper had been in the operating room during Mrs. Foot's case, which was purely a surgical one. Snepper, in this instance, merely dropped chloroform on the mask. In the other three instances where it was charged that Snepper performed operations, Dr. Whittaker declared that these were due to the fact that he himself had not been present." COURT OF ENQUIRY TO PREPARE REPORT FOR MEDICAL BOARD. (1913, March 31). *Vancouver Sun*, p. 4. "Drs. W. C. Whittaker and H. B. Ford [...] were struck off the register [...] for associating themselves as doctors with H. M. Snepper, proprietor of the British Columbia hospital, in South Vancouver." IRRELEVANT EVIDENCE. (1913, May 23).

from the cutter, [and] sat on the horse's head, thus preventing the animal from rising, and called loudly for help.

Throughout the whole country-side, he was not only physician to his people, but lawyer, and general counsel and adviser. He wrote their wills and their deeds and, if "Doc" did it, they were happy and satisfied. Perhaps some of this general acceptability of the Doctor to the community was due to his part as married man and citizen, for in the years since his entering the village as its general practitioner he had become married. His wife, who was Miss Blanche McGruer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alex. McGruer of Williamsburg, became in the truest sense a "helpmate" in his career. Their family consists of three daughters, Marion, Ruth and Jean, and a son Parker.

For some time, during the Doctor's earlier years at Williamsburg, another young man was located there in the practice of his profession. Doctor Duane Locke, dentist brother of the renowned physician, soon became successful and popular. Other fields soon attracted him and he went to Western Canada¹⁹. His death, later, following his return to Williamsburg, cut short a life of real promise. Another brother[,] Peter Locke[,] is successfully engaged in farming at the fine old Locke homestead south of Brinston, referred to earlier in this story.

Kindness and goodwill have been companion qualities uniting the Williamsburg physician and his people. Those years of ardent toil by the village doctor have brought their reward in love and appreciation enshrined in hearts and homes. What notes of thanksgiving have gone forth from the motherhood of the community who valued the attendance of a capable physician in life's most anxious hours. Youth, middle age and advanced years rise up to call him blessed. Yes, he is still their physician, their very own. Crowds at the clinic may await his ministrations but if the call of distress comes, from village or township, he faithfully responds.

And through it all runs the precious thread of human interest which the years have woven into the pattern beautiful. The finest service which his skill would permit was rendered year after year and throughout the whole countryside the small fee charged – and the absence of any fee when circumstances so warranted – are matters of current comment. The golden rule was never subverted to the rule of gold.

DOCTOR-FARMER

Having intimately reviewed the Doctor's vocation, let us briefly touch on his chief avocation. Adjacent to the village of Williamsburg, and but a very short distance from his office, he has one of the finest farms in Eastern Ontario. To citizens all through Dundas County, it is well and favorably known as the Jacob Dan Merkley Farm. The buildings on this farm are very fine, possessing all the modern appointments. Here also will be found a superior herd of thoroughbred Holstein cattle. Since 1913, when the Doctor purchased this farm, he has devoted much effort and spent much money in bringing it to its present high state of excellence. It contains 100 acres of tillable land. He employs a farmer who gives constant and efficient care.

¹⁹ A 1918 newspaper article refers to him as "Duane C. Locke, dentist, Peace River," suggesting he joined Dr. Grimshaw. FEW EXEMPTIONS WERE GRANTED BY LOCAL TRIBUNAL. (1918, June 11). *Edmonton Journal*, p. 6. Dr. Duane C. Locke was born in 1883 and died in 1925.

It is the Doctor's one great hobby – a sort of central power station from which has radiated his continuous interest in agriculture and other rural attainments including his more recent and practical concern in reforestation.

He relates vivid experiences of those years, when after taking care of all his patients scattered far and wide, he would hurry home to milk his thoroughbreds. Personal attention was his ambition, because there were world records in the making. One animal, a two-year-old Holstein heifer, established a world record of 101½ lbs. of milk per day and a further record of 142 lbs. of butter, in 30 days. That world standard stood unbeaten for a considerable time and was then surpassed in the United States by only three-fourths of a pound. From a herd of eight, over 800 pounds of milk were sent daily to the factory. But a watchful eye was carefully tabulating the development and cows below standard were not retained on the payroll. On one occasion the Doctor put seven cows to the test and six of the seven gave 700 lbs. in seven days. A well-known stock man in a neighboring county had a very large herd tested in a similar way and only eight reached the mark of 700 pounds in seven days.

Of course, just then, when the Doctor was dealing in world records, he not only milked his own cows, but was up at a very early hour for that purpose. He recalls arriving at the barn at six o'clock on cold winter mornings and sometimes finding the Government Supervisor, Mr. Grummet, there before him, kicking his toes to keep warm. Of course, the barn containing such value and exactness was kept locked. The inspector would weight the pail and tap on the bottom of it to see that no false bottom was in evidence. The milker was not permitted to carry the milk from the cow to the scales. That little task was accomplished by the Government Supervisor. *"In the face of all that care and caution, which was just and proper," said the Doctor, "we beat the world."*

Before starting in the thoroughbred game, he read much along the line of his hobby. One day he visited his friend and neighbor, Howard Merkley, and purchased a pair of calves at \$125.00. These were the only ones Mr. Merkley would sell. When he got them home, one of the pair had its ears frozen, but at three years of age, this frozen-eared animal started out in the world record class with twenty-five pounds of butter in seven days. At four years thirty pounds; at five years thirty-five pounds; at six years thirty-seven pounds; at seven years thirty-seven pounds; at eight years, a slight recession, thirty-five pounds.

"Since you are making another sort of world record just now with multitudes of people, seeking health, making a pathway to your clinic, do you still maintain your interest in your thoroughbreds[?]", I enquired.

"Very much so," replied this busy Doctor. "Furthermore, anyone desiring to make Holstein records can yet purchase from me offspring of the original sire which made my herd famous. I will also sell cows with this proviso that if, fed in accordance with my instructions, they do not give one hundred pounds of milk per day, they can be returned to me and the purchase money will be refunded."

Love of the farm and rural scenes have always claimed a very real place in the Doctor's life. Thoroughness and scientific direction in his agricultural pursuits have been his guide posts.. His horses and cattle, his barns and crops continue to add a

distinctive zest to life. And well it is, because in his strenuous years as a physician the farm has supplied that needed change and variety. It has been a sort of safety-valve, amid the multiplicity of duties which surround his professional life. In recent years, when throngs of people have claimed his attention, those few occasional hours at the farm have truly been exceedingly pleasurable periods of rest and renewal. The farm duties of each recurring season receive to some extent, his personal direction and approval.

Among his farmer friends – and they are numerous – Doctor Locke is considered an authority and helpful adviser and he finds delight in chatting over these rural problems and situations.

The splendid work of reforestation has more recently been engaging his very practical efforts. On parcels of his lands in Dundas County, he has planted many thousands of trees and further plans are in the offing, in association with the Forestry Branch of the Ontario Department of Lands and Forests. So it is readily recognized that this far-famed physician is also making a considerable contribution to other phases of life. New avenues of public service may follow in due course. In this particular it is freely admitted that doctors measure up exceedingly well as members of parliament. At times, it would seem that their services could be used to splendid advantage, in healing the body politic.

THE MAN AND THE VILLAGE

While thousands of people in recent years have made the Doctor and his famous clinic internationally known, and large numbers of these same people, benefited or cured by his treatments, have gone back to their homes in Canada and the United States as missionaries of better health, it is interesting to learn that he has been practicing this same art since 1908, the year he came to Williamsburg. Coupled with this fact it has been authoritatively stated that not a case of arthritis is known to exist in the township of Williamsburg at the present time. Many people throughout the township give testimony as to these treatments in earlier years. So well known was this fact that folks referred to him as the “Hoof Doctor.”

“Go to Doc. Locke” was a common exclamation. “He’ll fix your feet and you’ll be all right.”

But about eight years ago interest in the Doctor’s unique and very effective work began to extend quite rapidly. Although very enticing offers have come to him, from Montreal and several American cities, to transfer his clinic and his work to those centres, his spirit of devotion and loyalty to the community and people he has learned to love and respect closes the door on all such appeals.

His patients come from all over the continent of North America and some from across the seas. To this far-famed Williamsburg clinic people have journeyed from such distant areas as London (England), Alaska, Oklahoma, San Antonio (Texas), California, Halifax, Edmonton and Vancouver. In addition to the physical benefits received by multitudes of people, Williamsburg and Morrisburg and adjacent localities have enjoyed an era of prosperity directly attributable to Doctor Locke and his wonderful discovery. At Morrisburg and along the St. Lawrence east and west tourist hotels and homes are numerous – many palatial residences being among those

re-adjusted to met this new and unexpected service. A very fine type of lake and river passenger boat is anchored in the St. Lawrence east of Morrisburg and does duty as a popular summer hotel.

Williamsburg village is experiencing a phenomenal building era. Tea rooms, boarding houses, [and] private hotels together with a very modern 70-room hotel, Locketon Lodge, endeavor to care for the people who visit there in such large numbers. The township of Williamsburg in which the village is situated, has a historic background associated with those early days when the U. E. Loyalists settled on the banks of the St. Lawrence. In 1787 the township was named in honor of Prince William Henry, who later as William IV. occupied the throne of England.

Apart altogether from the more recent phenomenal changes which have occurred, the village continues to devote careful attention to the fundamental essentials of civic welfare and progress. A very fine school is well maintained, while two churches, the Lutheran and the United Church of Canada, minister to the people of the village and adjacent localities. The last-named is the church home of Doctor Locke and family.

As Mr. Chesterton was once described as the most conspicuous figure in the landscape of literary London, so Doctor Mahlon W. Locke has aroused, and continues to maintain, the interest and regard of multitudes of people. He is a fine type of citizen and his intelligent kindly face and quiet manner inspires confidence. His laugh is infectious. Not the boisterous type which speaks the vacant mind, but that quiet inward chuckle. So much does he enjoy a good laugh that the glow of his radiant countenance passes the joy on to others. I found him manifesting this same saving grace of humor, whether “reminiscing” on the pranks of boyhood or cataloguing the little human scenes which daily crowd to the full the life of Williamsburg. Surrounded as he is by throngs of people, honored and feted as a great physician and as a man who has brought honor and distinction to Canada, his greatest joy is found during the hours spent in the privacy of his own home and with his own family.

The terms “miracle man,” “super-man” and similar appellations, which certain people unwisely use when referring to the Williamsburg physician, are extremely distasteful to Doctor Locke. Never has he made any claims or statements justifying such references. He is a country doctor who has ministered faithfully and efficiently and who is deeply loved by the people whom he has served. It has not been the purpose of this review to pass along in detail the intimate panoramic purview of Williamsburg activity or the testimonials and experiences of the thousands who have been treated. That opportunity has proven a fertile field for the newspaper and periodical press, and others, and the response has been generous and informative. Rather has the aim been to present herein a close up view of the man – the central figure in the scene. And now follows brief reference to the setting and the methods employed.

Forgetting for the moment all that has been said and written I requested the Doctor to tell me in definite form the purpose and plan of treatment.

“It’s all very simple[,]” he replied with his characteristic brevity. “People come here suffering from fallen arches which cause arthritis and other ills. I put the arches

back into place, thus relieving the pressure on the posterior tibial nerve. Nature restores the balance.”

A CLOSE-UP VIEW

Of course the whole picture is most unique. It could not be otherwise, since to this interesting village has come in recent years, people from almost every walk in life, thousands of fine citizens including a considerable number of the great and the near great, all with a common mission of better health.

Just a short distance from the cross-road village corner is located the Doctor's residence and office, a well constructed but unpretentious building. Adjacent thereto is the famous clinic. So here let us briefly tarry at this shrine of hope and happiness.

The scene within the clinic is animated. Seated in a swivel chair, converging on which are twelve or fourteen lines of patients, the Doctor travels in a circle from one to the other. Shoes are removed before his arrival. His strong hands skilfully applied quickly make the required adjustments. He converses little, but readily listens to any request or explanation. He is very sympathetic. This quality of humaneness finds more pronounced expression when a child or adult, badly crippled, appears in his pathway. His fine generosity in treating many, whose financial condition would deny them the privilege, remains unwritten, so far as human records are concerned. Supplementing the treatments by the Doctor, many of the patients receive further attention from his skilled assistants, by way of the exercise of muscles or the breaking down of adhesions. The very modest charge, to each patient, of one dollar per day, includes the services of both Doctor and assistants. Usually two treatments each day are given by the Doctor but these may vary in accordance with the number of patients awaiting their turn. Long hours of toilsome endeavor on behalf of his *clientele* is his daily program.

But this far-famed Canadian clinic is a sort of moveable feast. Housed within four walls in the winter it migrates in springtime to the out-of-door, where the spacious grounds afford more ample areas to accommodate the throngs. And here throughout the Spring and Summer and far into the Autumn, the work continues. For verily the Doctor believes that fresh air and sunshine, with an occasional shower of rain or snow or a touch of frost, make for improved physical fitness. Perhaps his love of the farm and those arduous years of rural medical practice have accentuated so sensible a philosophy of life. The grounds adjacent to residence and clinic, once radiant with nature's carpet, have long since sacrificed that beauty to the tramp, tramp, tramp of the thousands, a striking parallel to the Canadian National Exhibition park at the close of a two-weeks' annual.

“Cookies” share quite a popular and useful place in the vocabulary of Williamsburg. The gastronomic adventurer, ready to give endorsement to this fact, might quickly envisage that time honored culinary delicacy which Williamsburg homes could supply in finest quality. But he would soon be undeceived upon learning that the “cookies” in this instance are little pads fastened inside the shoes, of many kinds, as an aid to foot health and comfort. The perfection of the art of shoe building, however, approaches its zenith in the Lockewedge Shoes for men and women, “designed and approved by Dr. M. W. Locke”. Although for correction of foot troubles,

which cause arthritis or other ills, these shoes are very effective and in many cases constitute a very necessary complement to the treatments, any suggestion or enquiry concerning the purchase of shoes must necessarily come from the person being treated. The Doctor refrains from taking the initiative but when requested will wisely advise. Some time ago he disposed of the full rights of manufacture and sale of the Lockewedge Shoes for a stated sum, thus disassociating himself with any further financial interest in them. The sale, throughout Canada and [the] United States, of these popular shoes, so generously praised by those who use them, is extensive; and when I mention that in one store recently visited I learned that more than 9,000 pairs have been sold one can readily visualize the considerable returns that might have accrued to the Doctor had he retained the Lockewedge rights. He fully realized that fact; but viewing the matter professionally he at once concluded that his sphere was decidedly that of a physician, rather than a manufacturer. The designing of a shoe, however, which furnishes such wide spread satisfaction, is indeed an outstanding accomplishment for the advancement of human welfare, and adds lustre to the career of the Doctor, who gave close study to its perfection.

Returning to the interesting procedure at the clinic, a glance around the clinic sets aflame a deeper appreciation of life. There is a glow of gladness in the faces of the waiting throng – many of whom are in invalid chairs; no depression of spirit, but in its stead an optimistic outlook as they exchange experiences and chat freely of the happenings of the day. This display of fortitude and good cheer is an object lesson to all the world – one which is greatly needed in this present uncertain and unsettled period.

The Williamsburg portrayal is fascinating and alluring. Transformations of the little village from its peaceful poise to the full-orbed status of a thriving and busy centre, with its new people, new buildings, new hopes, [and] new ambitions adds charm and lustre to the countryside. While all the year round people from near and afar congregate at this renowned health centre, the summer season of recent years has brought them in thousands. What a picture! The most extravagant imagination never could have reached such heights. Homes and hostelrys opened wide their portals, while large numbers of people, unable to secure accommodation in Williamsburg, found sweet rest and abundant welcome in cosy farm and village homes within a considerable radius. Many of the friendships thus formed will extend through the years.

Morrisburg-on-the-St. Lawrence, about six miles south of Williamsburg, wears an aspect of merited dignity. Here passengers arrive from east and west via the Canadian National Railways, all seeking the Locke clinic. Between the two villages buses and taxicabs maintain a shuttle service, speedy and moderate in price. Similar conditions prevail a few miles north of Williamsburg, with Canadian Pacific passengers arriving at Winchester and Chesterville. Add to these the motor car procession, carrying large numbers of pilgrims, and one gets some conception of the Williamsburg crowds.

Possessing an ideal location along one of the world's finest rivers[,] Morrisburg has a charm and an appeal which tourists, traveling the Provincial highways, readily

recognize. It has many points of excellence in its educational and other municipal services. The view from the river-side is entrancing. The swiftly flowing current calls for the best skill of the canoeist while the islands adjacent to the village constitute a picturesque setting. And lest some traveler might become so infatuated with its beauty as to inquire as to the origin of the name, a record must now be made. The village of Morrisburg was named in honor of Hon. James Morris, Canadian postmaster-general, who served in that capacity from February, 1851 to August, 1853.

But a new glory appears on the horizon. The St. Lawrence seaway, which the politically-wise tell us will in due course be a reality, is likely to bring phenomenal growth and prominence to Morrisburg. Possibly a new Canadian city. Its strategic location, in the suggested plans of development, give color to that hope but only the historian of the future can reveal the measure of its fulfilment²⁰.

HISTORIC DUNDAS

But these modern epochal days at Williamsburg were prefaced by realistic scenes of those now distant decades, when a common fellowship pervaded the home and community life of the pioneers. So let us briefly turn the searchlight of history on this Eastern Ontario landscape. Retreating to those decades, antedating the coming of the first white settlers, we soon discover that the Indians were ardent devotees of this land of promise. The old mound at Williamsburg, adjacent to and perhaps partly within the confines of the present village, furnished abundant evidences of the life of its aboriginal citizens. Soil tilling of many years has pretty thoroughly ironed out the boundaries of that pre-historic landmark, yet beneath the surface there undoubtedly remain many relics and hidden treasures. Perhaps we should not further elaborate lest we spur into action the interest and wonder of those worthy citizens who have more recently become owners of village real estate. Nocturnal digging for concealed valuables, would then become a fancied and fashionable feature at Williamsburg.

Beautiful Point Iroquois, which gives added charm to the interesting village of that name, was long ago dominated by that powerful Indian tribe, the Iroquois. Mystery, romance and adventure characterize those colorful days of pow-wow, hunting and barter. The environs of the St. Lawrence river constituted a favorite Indian rendezvous even after the United Empire Loyalists came upon the scene. One of the thrilling epics of pioneer life, vividly presented in the Story of Dundas²¹, is that of the kidnapping of the Matilda youth, "Mickie" Young, and his return home after thirty years spent with his Indian captors.

But the beauty and romance of storied lands found rich expression in the early settlement of the County. Although the fine old Mohawk valley homes, from which the United Empire Loyalists had departed, formed a marked contrast to the forbidding forest-covered shores of the St. Lawrence, the indomitable courage of the new comers knew no defeat. Arriving at Cornwall, then designated New Johnstown, these soldier pioneers were allocated to their new homes in a peculiar way. From a

²⁰ Morrisburg, Iroquois, Matilda and Williamsburg merged into the Township of South Dundas in 1997. As of 2016, the population of South Dundas was about 11,000.

²¹ An earlier book by the same author.

hat each drew a slip of paper on which was found the number of the lot assigned him. Then comes a picture which perhaps no Canadian painter has yet committed to canvas, the procession up the St. Lawrence of that strange flotilla which brought the first settlers to the County of Dundas on the 20th day of June in the year 1784. As each lot was reached, the settler with his family and belongings disembarked, there to begin anew the carving out of a home.

Fitting properly into the situation, the "log house" invariably appears in every pioneering experiment. Many of the Dundas County settlers, located along the St. Lawrence, departed from that custom, however, by constructing substantial homes, approaching in splendor their former dwellings. While several of these historic homes are yet in evidence, their number becomes fewer with the passing years. One, known in later years as the Willard home, did duty, at an earlier date, as an inn and was familiarly known as the "Halfway House", being located midway between Cornwall and Prescott. Among the distinguished guests at Munro House, a centre of rare prominence, presided over by the renowned Col. John Munro, was a member of royalty, the Duke of Kent. Many of the illustrious Canadians and Europeans, who journeyed from Montreal to Upper Canada, enjoyed the hospitality of the famous Blue House, conducted by members of some of the early distinguished families and their descendants. It became a sort of semi-official meeting place for the aristocracy who came "up country." How ideal was the location at the head of the rapids; and many old letters, which a few years ago were, and yet may be, extant, were addressed "Blue House, Rapid du Plat, Upper Canada." In the historical annals of Canada this St. Lawrence river area, including Dundas and neighboring counties, east and west, occupies a place of sovereign distinction. At the town of Cornwall, in Stormont and at Brockville, in historic Leeds, there are available extensive and exceedingly valuable records dealing with the social, political, judicial and military life of this Eastern District.

Nor was the religious quality of life overlooked, during those arduous years of home making. Soon meetings for public worship were organized, constituting a vital force in those pioneer homes and communities. Protestant churches, and later Roman Catholic, began to appear at various places throughout the county. In this connection it is a matter of historical record that the first Protestant Church in Upper Canada was erected in 1789 by the Lutheran denomination, on the banks of the St. Lawrence river, about three miles east of the site occupied by the present village of Morrisburg.

Canada is rich in the romance of the pioneers. But no section of our Dominion furnishes a more genuine testimony to the stalwart genius of the first settlers than does this portion of Eastern Ontario. It possesses a quality and charm all its own. Although the golden thread of history has been woven into a thousand patterns, the countless historical associations hold further opportunities for the artist and the writer, the painter and the dramatist. The field is inviting. Around the individual lives of those early farmers, teachers, parliamentarians, judges, preachers and noble women what further epics of storm and struggle, of victory and achievement might yet be written relative to those periods of home and nation building. The vista is gloriously enchanting.

THE ST. LAWRENCE DRAMA

Supplementing its former glory, recent years have brought a new and vitalizing interest to the good old County of Dundas. The curtain goes up on the wider scene, the blending of the past with the present. How magnificent and extensive is the stage setting! Most of the actors are of a previous century. They vividly portray the thrilling events of yesteryear – an historical pageant reaching away back to that unique St. Lawrence voyage which brought the first settlers to Dundas County. A sequence of enactments follow in quick succession, constituting a vast panorama of old homes and old scenes, further embellished by the picturesque stage coach. Yonder are animated groups of citizens. These represent gatherings addressed by opposing political warriors, those masters of statecraft, during the pre-confederation era, whose successors, in the realm of government down to the present, have endeavored to hold aloft the banner of honor and service. In the parliamentary records preceding 1867, such names as Shaver, Ross, Crysler, Cook, Rose and Brouse attach to Dundas County a significance similar to that of Macdonald and Laurier in the broader range of the Dominion. Other groups, community and church, add color to the dramatic setting. Still others, on this stage of history, appearing in orderly formation, march to the call of drum and bugle, thus depicting the activities of the early Dundas militia and the larger arena of military action, including Crysler's farm and the Battle of the Windmill near Prescott.

In a more recent period the annals of the Great War tell of the noble part played therein by the men of this St. Lawrence area. Material evidence of this is found in the many memorials erected to their memory.

Gliding swiftly along, the fleeting years make their contribution in the arena of men and affairs. The stage is aglow with multifarious views. But, reaching the early thirties, another seeks a place and is readily accommodated. It is the Williamsburg scene. The actors are from varied lands. They have come in thousands. No political or military crusade is theirs, but a peaceful invasion in search of physical health. The village streets are congested; village hostelrys and homes echo with the sound of new voices. Hope is abundant in the hearts of the visitors – a hope like unto that which glowed in the hearts of the pioneers, on these self-same lands in days long since past.

One spot there is in the village at which interest rises to its zenith. It is on the spacious grounds adjacent to a certain residence and office. Here multitudes congregate daily, while actively engaged in their midst, sits one picked out by destiny or genius to encourage and to restore. The sufferers throng him. Calmly yet speedily he ministers to their needs. There is an idyllic touch about it all which fascinates. Few of words, yet of large sympathies, this skilled physician of twenty-five years, winner of the approval of his own people and of thousands of other folk, who have crowded to his doorway, remains unspoiled by the plaudits of the multitudes. Who is this citizen of the world, whose place, in the affections of the people, has been won, not by gaudy show or idle chatter but by the quiet rendering of simple, effective, worthwhile service – the only highway to true greatness? He is, in truth, an unpretentious country doctor; but a will and a brain and a certain quality of heart,

coupled with skilled application in his profession have assigned him an honored and useful place among his fellows.

And his name – Dr. Mahlon William Locke of Williamsburg, Ontario.

“Slander case is settled”²² (March, 1934)

CORNWALL, March 13 – With the posting of a \$5,000 bond as guarantee of the defendants that they would refrain in future from interfering by word or action in the personal or business affairs of Mrs. Maida Knowles, and payment of \$500 to cover disbursements made, settlement was effected at the Spring Assizes of the Supreme Court here yesterday in the \$25,000 slander action brought by Mrs. Knowles against a number of her neighbors of Williamsburg. Minutes of settlement were filed when court opened late this afternoon.

Mrs. Knowles, an artist, had claimed that she had suffered monetary loss and mental anguish as a result of alleged slander and conspiracy on the part of [the] defendants, Orlean Weegar, Alex. McGruer, Alex. McGruer, Jr., and Mrs. Eva Whittaker, to oust her from her position as assistant at the famous Dr. Locke Clinic in Williamsburg. She said in her statements of claim that she had received instructions from Dr. M. W. Locke, Williamsburg’s “miracle man,” and had assisted at this clinic by giving supplementary treatments to “overflow” patients to whom Dr. Locke could not give personal attention. She claimed that as a result of words and acts of the defendants, she had been forced to leave the clinic and carry on treatments at another place in the village.

Among more than 30 witnesses subpoenaed for the hearing were Dr. Locke, Mrs. C. A. Orman, Calgary, Alberta; Mrs. J. Young, St. Augustine, Florida; Robert Napier, Sellersville, Pennsylvania; Mrs. John Koch, Buffalo, N.Y., and many others.

"New frame house"²³ (May, 1934)

NEW FRAME HOUSE, 20 x 26'. Lot 50 x 150, on concrete highway 31: 1½ blocks from Dr. Locke clinic. Concrete basement, electricity, good water, double garage, garden. Reasonable. Apply Sunset View, Williamsburg, Ont.

“Tourist camp with delightful cottages”²⁴ (June, 1934)

TOURIST CAMP with delightful cottages, furnished or unfurnished, large camping area, good water, electricity. At Dr. Locke Clinic, Williamsburg, Box J-140, Journal Office.

²² From Slander Case Is Settled. (1934, March 13). *Border Cities Star*, p. 6.

²³ From HOUSES FOR SALE. (1934, May 18). *Ottawa Journal*, p. 22.

²⁴ From PROPERTY FOR SALE. (1934, June 11). *Ottawa Journal*, p. 20.

“Convenient to Dr. Locke”²⁵ (June, 1934)

Allison Poultry Farm
Tourist Home
Highway No. 2, Half Mile East of
MORRISBURG, ONT.

On the Bank of the Beautiful St. Lawrence

Rooms with or without private bath. Cottages, electrically heated, overlooking the St. Lawrence, with hot and cold water and shower baths.

We specialize in CHICKEN DINNERS with milk fed Chickens and Fresh Vegetables off our own farm. Large spacious dining room with fireplace and screened sitting room overlooking the river. Convenient to Dr. Locke.

“Will get relief here”²⁶ (July, 1934)

Foot sufferers who cannot go to Dr. Locke will get relief here. Elizabeth Spencer Bullis, Chiropractor, 9 Brentwood Apts., 221 Gilmour St., near Elgin Q. 122.

“The Pain-Killer Revisited”²⁷ (October, 1934)

About two years ago I wrote for *Cosmopolitan* an article entitled “The Pain-killer.” It was an account of the methods employed by Doctor M. W. Locke of Williamsburg, Ontario, Canada, in treating arthritis, sciatica, rheumatism and kindred diseases. He treats them by manipulating his patients’ feet. It is a bloodless, drugless, almost painless method, and he enjoys probably the largest one-man medical practice in the world. He charges one dollar a day and that covers two treatments, also such minor surgical operations as his patients may need.

My account of him and his work was intended as a “human-interest” story. I undertook to describe as accurately as possible an extraordinary and colorful spectacle, but neither *Cosmopolitan* nor I anticipated the amazing response that story provoked. Newsstands sold out in a day or so; all available copies were quickly exhausted; the magazine was passed from hand to hand, and wholesale requests came for reprints of the story itself. A flood of letters, telegrams and telephone messages rolled in upon *Cosmopolitan* and myself, all demanding to know if the article was true or if there was a catch in it; if there was indeed a doctor who cured arthritis by twisting his patients’ toes, and if so, how one could get to him and what it would cost.

For months I spent a large portion of my time vouching for the accuracy of my statements, answering inquiries about routes, fares, hotel accommodations and the

²⁵ From Allison Poultry Farm [Advertisement]. (1934, June 16). *Ottawa Citizen*, p. 18.

²⁶ From Foot Sufferers [Advertisement]. (1934, July 21). *Ottawa Citizen*, p. 21.

²⁷ From Beach, R. (1934). The Pain-Killer Revisited. *Cosmopolitan*, 97(4), 38.

like. I must have spent the price of that story in stationery and stamps, to say nothing of time.

For two years, those letters have been arriving, some from as far away as New Zealand, Africa and the remote interior of India. Sufferers seem willing to journey halfway around the world, endure any amount of pain or hardship to go to any expense, in the hope of obtaining relief.

Such a thought rather takes one's breath; it has a sobering effect, for those letters, some of them written in anguish, are like the feeble signals of castaways or piteous cries from out of No Man's Land. They can't be ignored. Neither can one risk misleading seekers for relief.

At the conclusion of the account, after having outlined Doctor Locke's theories, described his technique and recited the testimony of some of his patients, I left it for others better qualified by knowledge, study and training than I to determine how sound, how significant and how important medically his revolutionary orthopedic theories may be.

Briefly, he maintains that there are two causes for the disease he treats: the predisposing cause, which is trauma, or injury, and the exciting cause. According to this theory, and injury (trauma) prepares in the human body lodging places or points of attack for sundry diseases, for unless there is some injury, strain, misplacement, or natural weakness, Nature possesses the curative powers, as a rule, to check the exciting factors and to maintain the human organism in a healthy condition. At least, this is the picture I carried away after talking with him, and it is one, I believe, with which medical authorities do not seriously quarrel. The purpose of his manipulative measures is to remove or corrected the predisposing cause, thus allowing Nature to handle the exciting cause.

The doctor, I may say here, speaks with the weight of professional authority, for he is a graduate of medicine and received his degree from Queen's University in Kingston, Canada. Later, he took a postgraduate course at Edinburgh University, where he laid the foundation for his present specialty – manipulative surgery. He has been engaged in general practice for twenty years; therefore no one can question his technical training and experience.

As a result of study, observation and clinical experience, he concluded that many ailments such as rheumatism, arthritis and sciatica are the indirect result of faulty foot posture – often fallen arches – which causes pressure on the posterior tibial nerve, which in turn starts a vicious chain of symptoms in other parts of the body. He convinced himself that by correcting the fault, thereby relieving strains and stresses, he could clear the way for Nature to effect her own cure in a majority of cases.

All this was covered in my previous article.

Having the Williamsburg spectacle fresh in mind, I ventured at that time to suggest that if diseases as obscure of origin, as stubbornly persistent and as difficult to cure as synovitis, neuritis and arthritis would indeed yield to treatment through the feet, it was important to know more about it, and that it might be well to adopt the process Doctor Locke employs; also that if one man with his bare hands can indeed rob those maladies of their terrors and make the lame to walk, it is puzzling that the

medical profession does not recognize the fact and thereby perform an outstanding service to humanity at large.

A number of the letters evoked by that article, some of them from doctors, voiced outright denial that any such benefits as claimed were possible. The writers implied that the smart city feller – that is, myself – had been victimized by a country slicker; that I had lent myself to a hoax. The whole thing was a psychological phenomenon. The cures, so called, were imaginary and they were effected through faith, excitement, emotional ecstasy or what have you. I was a layman, they said, and I had written on a subject about which I knew nothing; it was an outrage for me to arouse false hopes in the hearts of incurables and encourage sick people to go to the discomfort and expense of a trip to a quack. For two years now, I have bristled like an enraged porcupine at mocking references to my Canadian “miracle man” and the “Williamsburg racket.”

Certain persons, unacquainted with journalistic ethics, construed the article as bald advertising and assumed that I had been handsomely paid for writing it. I even heard one medical man, proprietor of a sanitarium, who inquired discreetly of my friends how much I’d “charge to plug his game the way I had the boosted Doctor Locke’s.”

Gee! Did my neck swell!

Well, two years is time enough for any quack to prove himself a faker. Time enough, also, for those scientifically interested, if such there be, to investigate the Locke theories and either credit or discredit both them and him. In order to determine just how much or how little in this direction had been accomplished during the interim, how great was the injustice done, and also to learn if the good doctor’s practice is still holding up, I returned to Williamsburg to observe and for to see.

Williamsburg, two years ago, was an ordinary little Canadian country village about the size of a strawberry mark; resident population three hundred. It lacked a hotel worthy of the name, and it afforded extremely poor accommodations to travelers. Sanitary arrangements in the town itself were primitive and there were piteous complaints from invalid visitors.

The town has changed agreeably. Inns and hotels have been built – one of the latter with a hundred and twenty-five rooms, another with fifty; there are groups of cottages and bungalows, arranged like tourist camps, which afford housekeeping facilities; boarding houses have been enlarged and multiplied; deep wells have been driven, sanitary precautions have been taken and bathrooms are no longer a curiosity.

The village is fairly overrun with eating places, all moderately priced, and it now supports a newspaper. Its streets are paved, and in order to provide for the traffic which Doctor Locke has brought to it, the Provincial Government has built a splendid concrete road into the town over which a coach line operates, connecting Williamsburg with all the principal points in Canada and the U.S.A. All these improvements have been made within the past two years, and now the town and its environs offer adequate living quarters at reasonable rates to something like three thousand visitors. This didn’t look as though the doctor’s practice was diminishing.

Aside from marks of progress such as these, Williamsburg is the same rustic, maple-shaded country town. Every morning it fills with cars, as if at Old Home Week; they park on sidewalks, in alleyways and on lawns. The sidewalks are crowded with people on canes and crutches; in the roads wheel chairs and rolling stretchers dispute the right of way with automobiles. Twice daily those patients limp, hobble or shuffle to and from the fountain of healing.

Doctor Locke's house and his office are still as unpretentious as ever. The only changes that have been made are designed for the comfort of his patients. The yard, worn bare of grass by thousands of aching feet, has been floored with cement and is shaded by a canopy – but the crowd is the same, only larger.

Yes, the sight is familiar. There in the center of the throng stands the same swivel chair, and in it sits the same silent, capable man in shirt sleeves, probably the most widely discussed medical figure on the continent. He is working swiftly, tirelessly, and to me he is the personification of drama. One man fighting barehanded against a score of creeping diseases! One man upon whom rests the last hope of an army of crippled people.

If you notice solely the light in these faces roundabout, you won't pause to debate whether the relief he brings is real or imaginary.

In the crowd are a number of children: frail, misshapen, sober little people with aged faces. They wear heavy metal braces, or shuffle on twisted feet and on legs that bend like rope. A few lie on litters, and their shrunken limbs are tied into pitiful knots. One little seven-year-old is riding a velocipede, and I am told that he arrived only a few days before with swollen knees that were as stiff as steel.

One would expect a sort of hospital hush to brood over such a place, but it is noisy with conversation and laughter; there is the hum of a lively chattering. Everybody is joyful. And why not? This patient who arrived so bent that he could see nothing except the earth between his toes can lift his head and look at the stars; that twisted, wasted woman in a wheel chair has just been talking to another, who says, "I was worse than you are when I came. Now look at me!"

A man walking without the aid of a cane stops to glance down at a rigid figure and tell him, "Be patient. They brought me here on a stretcher, too. You'll soon be up and around."

There is brotherhood and sympathy here, but no revival spirit, no religious fervor. These pilgrims of health laugh when you suggest that Doctor Locke's success may be due to faith or stimulated by mob psychology. Why talk about faith, they ask, when they came here believing in the verdicts of other doctors and resigned to a lingering death? Imagination, indeed! Why, on all sides is proof, as real and as solid as the concrete underfoot, that this Canadian country doctor has cured and is curing cases like his own. Besides, this is no mere laying-on of hands; there are no instantaneous cures, no miracles. He has a peculiar knowledge and an uncanny skill; improvement is gradual but sure.

In my previous article the doctor's technique was described – a quick, effortless series of twists, ridiculously simple to watch, but difficult to imitate. He is ambidextrous; his patients speak of his "X-ray hands."

The description isn't so far-fetched as it sounds, for he does seem to see through his fingers, and his powerful, sensitive hands appear to possess an intelligence of their own. While treating a foot, his eyes are frequently fixed upon the owner's face. It seems incredible that any manipulation so brief, so boiled down to its bare essentials, can have genuine therapeutic value, and it is no wonder that those who observe it for the first time put it down as hocus-pocus.

And it does little good to quiz him about it, for he is a reticent man. He talks in monosyllables, and a question must be sharply pointed or he is likely to leave it unanswered. Feet! Feet! Feet! With two thousand or more crippled feet crying for aid and calling for two treatments a day, he has little time for talk.

Not often will he waste the words he used when a certain patient came to him with arthritic pains in her shoulder. Instead of examining the affected part, he treated her arches. Whereupon she protested:

"But doctor, it isn't my foot that hurts; it's my shoulder."

With a twinkle in his fine, steady eyes, he replied, "I know. But if you step on a dog's tail, which end of him yelps?"

An hour spent in talking with strangers convinced me that Locke's so-called magic is as potent as it was when I first wrote about it, and that the "imaginary" cures were going on as usual. He was treating about twelve hundred persons a day.

In order to arrive at more definite evidence than the testimony of those actually attending the clinic, in the hope of hearing something in the past tense, I looked up Mr. James Macdonald, editor of the Williamsburg Times, which has published many stories gathered from patients. What I desired was a record of past performances, a history of cures completed.

The editor himself has a story well worth spreading on the record, and it accounts for his presence in Williamsburg. He came from Saskatchewan in 1932, bringing with him his son "Jock," who was hopelessly afflicted with arthritis. The boy was treated and is practically well. The father stayed on and started his little newspaper to sing of his joy and to spread the news of the wonders worked by manipulative surgery. There is a fervor and a singleness of purpose to his efforts which any parent can doubtless understand after reading the account of his son's healing.

Jock, a healthy, outdoor lad of eighteen, was attacked by "inflammatory rheumatism" and received the usual treatment, but grew worse until he became bedridden. He was moved to Banff, where baths, medicines and serums failed to check the progress of the disease. He grew steadily weaker; he became so stiff that he could not turn over in bed; his weight dropped to ninety-one pounds, and he was finally returned to a hospital in his home town.

Here his condition grew so desperate that his parents lost hope. They were told that the boy could live only a few weeks. By that time one arm was rigid, the other swollen and deformed. His right foot was drawn up close to his hip and locked there; his left leg was stiff; he could open his mouth only slightly.

Macdonald, unable to afford a medical attendant or a Pullman compartment, set out for Williamsburg with his son on a cot in the baggage car. In his heart he clung to the frantic hope that Doctor Locke could help the boy.

It must have been a hideous trip; it exhausted the sick lad so completely that he slept for two days and two nights after his arrival. Then he was taken to the Circle.

I quote now from the father's account:

"The doctor glanced at him, asked no questions, and twisted his feet. This was done three times that day. After the first treatment Jock felt a tingling and glowing in his toes.

"For ten days there appeared to be little change. Then came reaction . . . The lad was extremely sick with much vomiting. This sick spell lasted ten days and when it was over . . . general improvement could be seen. Only once in the early treatment did Doctor Locke touch his hands. All the benefits . . . came through the foot adjustments."

Rapidly the boy improved: his stiffened limbs began to move; his swollen joints began to bend; his chalky pallor disappeared, and he gained in weight.

A month, and he was sitting up; his back was nearly straight. Three months later, he hobbled to the Circle on crutches. Now he can swim and row a boat.

No wonder James Macdonald has dedicated his paper and in a manner consecrated his life to spreading the Williamsburg gospel, for he has beheld a miracle. He can supply the names and addresses of many other people who have had healings apparently as miraculous as Jock's, and he has written a book about Doctor Locke and his methods.

At the time of my previous visit to the Locke clinic, I met an orchestra leader who as there taking treatments. Arthritis of ten years' standing had bent him double; he was still twisted and terribly deformed but claimed to be improving. I asked Mr. Macdonald what had become of him and was astonished to learn that he had met his death recently by diving from a high bank while swimming. He had made a complete recovery and had gone back to work, although when I talked with him only two summers ago, his head was locked at his waist level – his spine was ankylosed.

I inquired about other cases I had observed on my previous visit and received the same report. All were cured or had returned home well enough to resume their normal lives.

Glancing through the past issues of the Williamsburg Times one sees such headlines as these:

CHURCH AND CANE DISCARDED AFTER FOUR DAYS . . . INFANTILE PARALYSIS VICTIM, CONFINED TO WHEEL CHAIR FOR YEARS, AKES FIRST STEPS AFTER TWO WEEKS' TREATMENT . . . ABSOLUTELY HELPLESS ON ARRIVAL, WALKED AFTER HER SECOND VISIT . . . FORTY-FIVE YEARS OF PAIN ENDED IN FIVE DAYS . . . NOW ABLE TO SEE AFTER FOUR YEARS OF TOTAL BLINDNESS . . .

Many such headlines have appeared in the Williamsburg Times, and the stories under them were related voluntarily or actually written by people who give

their names and addresses. It is the closest approach to a record that has been kept, and while woefully incomplete, it is growing weekly.

All that day I interviewed people and made notes – the stories they told were monotonously similar; that evening I sat with the doctor and discussed his work.

I began by saying, “Physicians have asserted that the psychological effect of these surroundings has more to do with your so-called cures than the actual treatments. Is there anything to it?”

“Nothing whatever. I wish there were. It would make my work easier.”

“Then faith plays no part?”

“None at all. I don’t care a rap whether a patient has faith in me or not. As a matter of fact, most of them come here convinced that I can’t help them. A great many have been to the foremost specialists and the best hospitals both here and abroad and have been pronounced incurable. Why should they put blind faith in a Canadian village doctor?”

“I’ve heard it said that arthritis comes from a focal infection such as diseased teeth, tonsils or appendix and can’t possibly result from mere fallen arches.”

The doctor smiled as he said, “At least a third of my patients have had their teeth, tonsils, appendices and other organs removed long before I see them. Still the disease persists. I’ve never denied that arthritis may come from focal infections, but I’ve never examined a case where the arches did not need attention.”

“Then can people with perfect feet have it?” I demanded quickly.

“In the twenty years I’ve been practicing I’ve never found such a case. As a matter of fact, we haven’t a single instance of arthritis among the natives in this vicinity. I keep their arches in place and they don’t contract it. It’s unknown in Williamsburg Township.”

I was a little ashamed of my next question. “Are some patients too old to receive benefit from your treatment?”

He shook his head. “Age isn’t the determining factor. If I can’t help a person, whatever may be his trouble, I tell him so. Any form of arthritis is amenable to my treatment except when the joints have become solidly ankylosed.”

“How do you explain the apparent reluctance of the medical profession as a whole to accept your theories – at least sufficiently to test them out?”

He did not answer directly. “I’ve never made any secret of my work. I’ve never held anything back. I’ve welcomed investigation; my clinic is open to any physician and many have visited it. I’ve explained everything as best I could. I’ve demonstrated my methods. I’ve even let them take motion pictures of my work.”

“Has anyone succeeded in copying your technique?”

“Not to my knowledge. Several have gone away and tried . . . I don’t know that I’m capable of teaching what I’ve acquired. I may not have the ability to do so, and so far I’m too busy to try. Unskilled practitioners can do serious damage, and I’ve had to undo certain mistakes they’ve made. You see, I seldom do any breaking down of adhesions until the arches are replaced and the circulation is improved.”

“Is there any reason why others can’t learn from you and translate their knowledge into practice for the good of sufferers?”

“None. If my son Parker takes up medicine I shall try to teach him all I’ve learned. This manipulative surgery has achieved results and it should be continued, if possible.”

“What are your views about diet for arthritis?”

“Most of my patients are dieted to death when they get here. I tell them to eat anything they can get hold of.”

Feet! Feet! Feet! Williamsburg thinks and talks of little else. Having come here as an investigator, I interviewed many patients, and from most of them I heard the same statement: “He treated nothing but my feet.”

My notebook is full of stories, freshly gathered, which to the average man would sound extraordinary, incredible. Most of them were told me by people of high intelligence, men and women who were as deeply impressed as I by the Williamsburg phenomenon.

One was a prominent Ohian whose wife had been so helpless that she could turn herself in bed only with the aid of straps. She had, of course, received the very best and highest-priced medical attention, but her case was pronounced incurable. After reading the *Cosmopolitan* article, the husband came to Williamsburg to investigate; he watched the clinic, talked with patients, then drove around through the country and interviewed the farmers and their families, whom Doctor Locke had attended for years. He discovered to his astonishment that none of these country people had arthritis, and that the doctor had always given them foot manipulations as a part of his regular attention. These good people were surprised to learn that doctors elsewhere didn’t do the same.

After a thorough investigation, this gentleman wired his wife that the half had not been told in that magazine story. He returned home, brought her to Williamsburg in a wheel chair, and she began immediately to improve. Progress has been slow but steady. She is walking. This is her third visit, and she assured me that she was confident of a complete recovery.

I was talking to a heroic stretcher patient when he called to a woman on a nearby porch and made me known to her. She rose and came running down the steps across the lawn to say:

“Look what you did for me! I was a hopeless cripple. I had been to two of the most famous hospitals in the United States and they gave me no hope whatever. I was beyond relief. When I read your article and said I was coming to see Doctor Locke, my physician pooh-poohed the suggestion. But I came. After sixteen treatments I walked. Hundreds of people came to see me after I returned to Virginia but my doctor predicted that I’d be as bad as ever in six months. Well, I disappointed him. I grew better and better. They call me “The Miracle Woman.”

“Why are you back here?”

“Vanity! I wore Doctor Locke’s shoes for two years, then I changed to a more stylish [model] last [month]. I began to have twinges, so back I came. I’m all right again and I’m through experimenting with my feet.”

Feet! Feet! Feet! A Baltimore man dragged me to an unoccupied lawn swing and told me his experience. He had suffered with arthritis of the spine for ten years

and had spent a fortune for relief. Treatments, serums, baths both here and abroad, accomplished nothing. He came to Williamsburg last summer, unable to raise himself out of his chair. Two weeks, and he was walking. Soon he was walking several miles. This was his third visit and he has become a sort of encyclopedia of other cures.

He recited amazing benefits which he had observed among rich and poor, high and low. He told of a man who had come from Johannesburg, South Africa, and gone home well; of a merchant prince of Bombay and his wife who arrived with their own private physician; of millionaires coming in private railroad cars and of a red-headed cowboy with a crippled ankle who beat his way across Canada in wintertime, riding the brake beams and dodging policemen. He ended the trip with twelve cents in his pocket.

On the very day we were talking, a scout for some wealthy American was examining the oat fields just outside the village to find a landing place for his employer's airplane. Arthritic patients of means will soon be flown to Williamsburg.

One of the most amazing personal experiences was told me by a charming, cultured woman, a relative of Admiral Byrd and herself a flyer. She is also a traveler, a business woman and a writer – altogether, a person to command implicit belief.

"I really think I'm one of the outstanding cases in all of Doctor Locke's experience," she declared. "I came here from California in September, 1922, with arthritis in every joint of my body, particularly in my neck, and with a bad case of fallen arches – in fact, my feet were perfectly flat. I also suffered from a well-defined case of angioneuroedema."

"Of – *what?*"

"It means a spasmodic swelling under the skin caused by a sick nervous system. Mind you, I'm repeating the diagnosis given me by some of the best specialists and leading clinics in the United States and Canada. I had fifty-two X-rays and many examinations, one less than a week before Doctor Locke saw me. For five years I had suffered intensely; I hadn't slept more than an hour at a time. I was getting worse, and the angioneuroedema complication was about as serious as anything could be.

"Three days after my first treatment I slept well. In seven days Doctor Locke had practically cured me. My arches were raised, all pain and swelling had disappeared, and I was normal. Last winter in Florida I fell and broke my wrist, and that's why I'm here now. I'm rapidly regaining movement in it.

"Miraculous? Yes. It's miraculous that one man has the scientific knowledge of bloodless surgery to restore life and happiness to people like me."

I could run on indefinitely quoting from the notes before me, and the most amazing thing is that Doctor Locke's foot manipulations appear to bring relief in many diseases other than arthritis – diseases which are commonly called incurable. He told me he had met with marked success in treating phlebitis, and I heard the same from other sources. One sees many cases of infantile paralysis which have been bettered.

In many instances patients undergoing foot treatments have had to change glasses as their sight improved. Many others, sentenced by the highest medical

authority to undergo amputations, have been saved and have recovered use of the affected limbs or members.

Spend a few days in Williamsburg, and I guarantee that your head will be whirling and your heart will ache. You must either accept the stories you hear or put everybody down as a liar, and that I cannot do.

Why is it that Doctor Locke works alone? Why is he the medical Mystery Man? Why must people travel across a continent or around the world to a little village in Ontario in order to experience the benefits of manipulative foot surgery? It is a question you hear on every side, and it's one that only the medical profession can answer.

At least one famous European specialist has acknowledged Doctor Locke's work. When a wealthy American couple journeyed to Vienna to consult him, he told them, "You have turned your backs on the only man we know of who can cure arthritis. He's a Canadian named Locke."

That couple immediately procured passage back to America, cabled their chauffeur to meet them at Quebec, and were driven to Williamsburg.

What about the man himself? How does he carry the load of gratitude that rests upon him; the fame he has acquired among the thousands he has cured? Simply. Modestly. Humbly.

He linked his arm in mine and said with true Canadian hospitality, "Come in and have lunch with us. It's ready."

We ate in the kitchen with his lovely wife and children. The Locke dining room – like the Locke parlor and office and front porch, you must understand – is overrun with people at all hours. Only in the kitchen and the upstairs rooms is there any privacy in his home.

Outside, his patients – some twelve hundred of them – were assembling in the pavilion for their afternoon treatments, and while they waited for him to take an hour's needed rest, they sang and laughed out loud.

While the doctor relaxed briefly, he talked of feet. Then I asked him if he liked to fish and hunt. He nodded.

"But I never have time," said he. "You see, I've never done anything for twenty years except work. I don't know how to play."

He told me how he fell on the ice one night last winter and broke a bone in his lower leg; how he feared for a while that he would freeze to death within a hundred yards of his own home and how he later set the fracture with his own hands and bandaged it.

"I hobbled on one foot for a while but I didn't miss a day at the clinic. I managed to carry on."

I looked at the man, marveling. I watched him go to the kitchen sink, put drops in his tired eyes, then go out to minister with healing touch to those twenty-four hundred ailing feet, and I asked myself, "What in heaven's name would those people do if anything happened to this man?"

As I was leaving Williamsburg, I was told that a patient wished to speak to me. He lay on his back under a sheet; dark glasses covered his eyes. I could not offer to shake hands with him, for his hands were frozen stiffly to his sides.

“Are you improving?” I asked him.

“Oh, yes!” he told me in a weak but cheerful voice. “I feel a tingle in my feet already. I – I wish I could see your face.”

Inquiringly I looked up at his wife.

“He’s also blind,” she said simply.

“The doctor tells me I’m going to be well again,” the man announced. “And I will. Last night I saw the lightning!”

“The amazing work of Doctor Locke”²⁸ (October, 1934)

Automobiles! Miles of them, filling both sides of the streets, and stretching out into the country. Every vacant lot a parking place. Automobiles from all over North America. Nowhere else had so many motor cars ever come together from so many widely separated parts of the continent.

I could not examine the license plates of more than a quarter of them; yet in looking cursorily over such as came under my eye I identified cars from California, Alabama, Tennessee, Wisconsin, Nebraska, Michigan, Iowa, Pennsylvania, New York, Ohio, Massachusetts, Washington, Illinois, Connecticut, Virginia, District of Columbia, Delaware, Ontario and Quebec. There were at least fifty from New York State and half as many from Pennsylvania. American cars outnumbered the Canadian by perhaps ten to one.

These were not the only vehicles. There were scores and scores of wheel chairs. Put end to end, they would extend over half a mile, possibly a full mile. If all the wheel chairs I had seen during a long life could have been assembled, the total would not equal the number I now saw; and each chair carried a man, a woman, a girl or a boy. These were the helpless, who, like the paralytic at Bethsaida, needed some one to put them in the pool when the waters moved.

I could not count this multitude of human beings; yet, accustomed as I have been all my life to crowds, I should say it numbered at least two thousand. These people, sick and well, were not moving about, nor being moved aimlessly. They had a common objective point, and that point was a large tent, without sides. Upon this centre the streams of limping, crutch-supported, chair-borne, suffering humanity converged; and in the middle of this simple tent sat a fair-haired man, silent but busy.

This was Williamsburg, 43 miles south of Ottawa, at three o’clock on the afternoon on the afternoon of Thanksgiving Day: and this was the clinic of the famous Dr. M. W. Locke – a clinic without parallel in the wide world.

Nothing could be simpler than the central setting. A mere canopy of canvas. Yet tens of thousands regard it as a temple of healing, a shrine, and speak of the

²⁸ From Payne, J. L. (1934, October 13). The Amazing Work of Doctor Locke. *Ottawa Journal*, p. 4. Written by John Lambert Payne (1859 – 1939).

healer as the Miracle Man. I say without hesitation that only those who have witnessed this amazing spectacle could believe in it as a reality.

Yet that was not Williamsburg on that particular day alone. In degree, it was Williamsburg day in and day out for 313 days in the year. Up to a year or so ago Sunday had been the busiest day of the week; but the need for a day of rest became imperative. Moreover, it is literally true that each day sees an increasing number of pilgrims in Williamsburg.

As a spectator, I could do but one thing. I gave to this strange scene the tribute of my tears. The pathos of it overwhelmed me. I had never in my whole life, at one time or in one place, had so many stricken and suffering fellow-mortals under my eye. Yet there was nothing otherwise depressing. In even the palest and most pain-scored face hope seemed to me to radiate.

There was a long line of invalid chairs moving slowly, a mother, a father, a sister, a brother or a nurse impelling each; yet as each chair approached nearer and nearer to the centre of ministry, a stimulating expectancy, and – unless I misread the signs – confidence shone in every eye. It gave me a choking sensation in the throat. Here faith in the man seemed to blaze into hope – the hope that this doctor with the deft hands would give back vitality and activity to deformed and palsied limbs.

This was not my first visit to the Williamsburg Mecca. I had been there many times. In fact, it fell to my lot, three or four years ago, to be the first writer to tell the story of Doctor Locke and his clinic. This I did in the *Ottawa Journal*. A year or so later came Rex Beach, the eminent author, and his infinitely better account of “The Pain Killer,” in a leading American magazine, gave world-wide publicity to Williamsburg and the work of its distinguished doctor. In a second and recent article²⁹, Mr. Beach says that the first story brought him thousands of letters from all parts of the globe.

In the intervening two years or more, Williamsburg has undergone a vast change due to the fact that Dr. Locke’s clinic has taken on enormously increased proportions. It was then a typical country village, with a population of perhaps three hundred. Today it has housing accommodation for three thousand. I was particularly struck by one of the new buildings, quite close to Dr. Locke’s hotel, bearing the sign: “Dancing”. It seemed an anachronism; yet there it was.

Scattered all over the village, now approaching the status of a town, are neat and cozy nursing homes, their verandahs in some instances sheltering bedridden patients on this particular afternoon. Eating houses are numerous, and new business establishments have sprung up at many points.

As I explained in that first article of several years ago, Dr. Locke cannot be classified as a charlatan. He was born near Williamsburg, graduated in medicine at Queen’s University, Kingston, and then went abroad for a special course in orthopedics at Edinburgh. He began practicing as a physician in the house he still occupies; but as time proceeded he took on the character of a specialist in diseases of the feet and limbs.

²⁹ I have not been able to locate this article.

He seems to have been the first doctor to raise the neglected fallen arch to a prime place in diagnostics; for from that cause he traced a considerable variety of more or less grave human ills. His clinic is meant to demonstrate the truth that much trouble and suffering may be removed by correcting defective articulation in the pedal structure. His treatment is wholly by manipulation – a gripping of the foot, pressure here and a twist there – which explains why he is able to treat from 300 to 3,000 patients daily. Except in special cases, it does not take more than a few seconds. The exceptional cases are dealt with apart from this general clinic.

Fortunately, Dr. Locke is a man of more than ordinary physical vigor. On one of my earlier visits, when he was giving treatment to a friend whom I had driven down to Williamsburg, I asked him: “How many will you treat today?” He looked around appraisingly – it was three in the afternoon – and replied: “About 700.” I wondered then how he could possibly stand the strain. Meanwhile his work has far more than doubled; yet when I saw him the other day, under conditions of extraordinary pressure, he seemed to be as fresh and fit as if he had just returned from a holiday. He is himself one of the miracles of Williamsburg.

Quite naturally, there are some who shake their heads at the alleged wonders of healing about which one hears on every hand at Williamsburg; but no one may say that Dr. Locke is a mercenary. It is conceivable that he would have as many patients though his fee were raised materially. Nevertheless, he keeps it at one dollar. The poor are treated without charge. To the people whose physician he has been for 20 years or more, and still is, he is little less than a god; and this should not occasion surprise. He has given to their village a continental reputation. He may yet do more than that.

Like many others, I am apt to form first impressions of men; so I can say that from our first contact he seemed to me “to look like a healer.” I could not say why, except it be that he conveyed the suggestion of being intelligent and capable. That is always a strong combination and comprehends a great deal.

I have often said that the late Dr. H. P. Wright, of Ottawa, brought healing and assurance into a sick room by his very poise and appearance. Few of Dr. Locke’s patients, however, hear the sound of his voice; for he works silently. As often as I have been in touch with him, I have not heard him utter 20 words all told. He asks no questions; he makes no promises. He may listen; but seldom replies. He has a kindly and smiling face – a face that suggests he might, when away from suffering, be a jolly member of a congenial group.

“Does Dr. Locke cure everybody?” is the question I am often asked. He himself would be the last to make such a claim. Many have come to him who had passed beyond the power of human skill. On the other hand, I have talked with men and women who have told me amazing stories of his healing wizardry. In Rex Beach’s articles cases are cited which challenge belief. I cannot from personal experience, however, vouch for anything in that regard.

My own thoughts in the matter have followed another slant. I have wondered whether or not he has elevated orthopedics to a new and much broader status than it has held in the field of surgery. Is he in [the] process of founding a new school along

that line, in accordance with his own conception of the motive mechanism to the body as a whole?

My amazement is constant that in a little country village a doctor is carrying on the largest medical practice in the world; that his patients come to him from all over this continent; that their number is rising rather than diminishing; that multitudes of reputable men and women testify to definite and astounding cures.

Obviously, the capacity of any man to keep up a work of that magnitude is limited. If a new healing art is being developed at Williamsburg, why should not the medical profession see to it that it is extended to other points? Dr. Locke told Rex Beach that this was a matter which gave him some concern. A suffering world demands constructive action.

When I talk about Dr. Locke to acquaintances, I often catch a flicker of scepticism. I don't blame them. Imagination cannot visualize what is going on at Williamsburg. One must go there to have that indescribable spectacle made a reality. It is richer in human interest than my poor pen can work into a credible picture.

“He came to ‘scoff’ at Dr. Locke”³⁰ (November, 1934)

WILLIAMSBURG, Ont., Nov. 13 – To Dr. Leonard Keene Hirshberg, graduate of Johns Hopkins University, world authority on nervous diseases and psychiatry, Dr. M. W. Locke is a marvel.

Not just in private interview, but also publicly, at a lecture to the assembled patients in the dining room of the Locketon Lodge Hotel, Dr. Hirshberg stated his verdict as a self-imposed explanation.

“I'll make a confession to you,” he said, “I came here several days ago to scoff. I was full of disdain.”

“You meant to debunk him, eh?”

“Exactly. That was what I was going to do. The Rex Beach second article had got under my skin. It was so at variance with the articles of the American Medical Association in Hygeia, which are now on every doctor's table, [that] I came down to see with my own eyes. I've seen unbelievable things. There was a six-year-old girl here called Edna Sheppard³¹. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Sheppard, of Noranda, Que., and she never walked before in her life until she came to Dr. Locke's clinic.”

³⁰ From He Came to “Scoff” at Dr. Locke But Remains to Praise His Work. (1934, November 13). *Ottawa Journal*, p. 1.

³¹ Possibly Edna Mae Sheppard (1928 – 1990).

“Dr. Locke explains his theory”³² (November, 1934)

Any weekday morning or afternoon the casual motorist who crosses the St. Lawrence by ferry from Waddington, N.Y. to Morrisburg and drives six miles along the highway that leads from the boundary point to Ottawa will find himself witness of a remarkable scene that attracts more American visitors for a longer time than any other in Canada.

What to the casual motorist at first sight appears only a pleasant, bustling village is a crossroads in the world of the ailing, a peculiar Mecca of the victims of arthritis and of kindred ailments which twist and torture the body of man. The village is Williamsburg, home and clinic of Dr. Mahlon William Locke, whom the world has come to know as a manipulative surgeon with a theory that arthritis can be cured by adjusting the feet, and a long and striking practice of it at \$1 per day per patient.

Despite his triple Edinburgh degree, the bulk of his Canadian fellow-physicians, according to his own confessions, distrust and deride Dr. Locke. But famous persons of Canada and other lands have come to him for treatment. Former Premier MacKenzie King of Canada and Andrew Mellon, former Secretary of the Treasury of the United States, have been among his patients.

THE TOWN EXPANDS

What is today to be seen in Williamsburg has been visible on the same large scale for three or four years past and had been going on in essence for an earlier thirteen. It was in 1908 that Dr. Locke came to Williamsburg and took over the patients, office, horse and buggy of its then practitioner, who wanted to move to Vancouver and a larger practice. Dr. Locke has lived in Williamsburg from that day to this and has acquired probably the largest individual practice in the world. As it grew Williamsburg grew with it, tripled its population, flowered out into banks, shops, hotels and eating houses, all for the accommodation of its daily floating population of 2,000 patients.

To handle effectively the traffic that flowed toward Williamsburg, the Ontario Government built last year a new concrete highway from Morrisburg to replace the road that had been worn out by the tires of thousands of motor cars, and it also contributed a large sum toward the cost of Williamsburg's well-paved streets.

Our casual motorist, on entering Williamsburg, finds the two streets lined with automobiles and alive with other automobiles, with hundreds of wheel chairs, wheeled stretchers and pedestrians proceeding under their own power, but for the most part with help from crutch or cane. The cars are of high and low degree. There are license plates from nearly every State in the Union.

THRONG OF AILING

The visitor's attention is quickly captured by the stream of pale and twisted humanity that pursues a slow, sometimes painful but hopefully persistent way from

³² From MacCormack, J. L. (1934, November 18). DR. LOCKE EXPLAINS HIS THEORY. *The New York Times*, p. 22. Written by John Lorn MacCormack (1892 – 1969).

the shops, hotels and cafes of the village toward some obvious common centre. That was the writer's experience on a recent cold morning.

The patients proceeded toward a white frame house some fifty yards from the village crossroads beside which stood a large marquee with roof but no sides. In the centre of the marquee was a wooden platform. Grouped in a circle on the platform were fifteen chairs, and in the centre of the circle was an old-fashioned revolving armchair. Radiating from the platform outward were narrow gangways formed by iron railings. All were crowded and newcomers added themselves to queues which stretched for a considerable distance down the street.

"But where is Dr. Locke, and where is his clinic?"

"Dr. Locke has gone to his office for a time, and this is his clinic."

"But – in this weather?"

"Dr. Locke thinks that sick people can't get too much air."

During half an hour's wait there was opportunity to consider what manner of patients come to Dr. Locke and to perceive the visible evidence of their ailments. Arthritis, synovitis, neuritis, goitre, sciatica, lumbago, sometimes infantile paralysis and occasionally progressive muscular atrophy are the diseases he treats. The majority of his clients are sufferers from arthritis, that disease of mysterious rheumatic origin which racks helpless figures into caricatures of normality or stiffens them into enduring rigidity. There were present altogether some 1,000 persons.

To the normal spectator the sight would be one for shuddering or tears were it not for the strange cheerfulness of all these sorely stricken people. On the part of some 10 per cent it could be explained only on the principle that misery loves company, since arthritis had obviously had them too long in its dread clasp (and this was afterward confirmed from a source close to Dr. Locke) for any man to sunder it. But what lighted the faces of most of these cheery, chatting figures who reclined in armchairs, leaned on crutches or limped on canes was obviously the dawn of a new hope.

THE DOCTOR APPEARS

And then a door opened and Dr. Locke walked briskly from his office to the empty swing chair in the circle. No white-tiled room here, no white-clad nurses, and this is not the masked and robed surgeon of hospital and motion-picture tradition that strides toward us, giving monosyllabic replies to those who try to interrupt his course. He is a man of middle height, not fat but broad and strong and bulky, and florid of face. His eyes are keen, but there is something remote in the half smile that hovers over his face as he proceeds without ceremony to administer his simple treatment.

A crippled figure has been wheeled in by one of the village youths who earn their living in that fashion. This is his first treatment. He casts an eager, helpless, hopeful look into the doctor's face. In his hand, folded, he holds a dollar bill. He extends his right foot. The doctor grasps it around the ankle with his right hand, bends the toes downward with his left hand, gives a sideways twist, repeats all this with the other foot and stuffs the dollar bill which the patient extends to him into his already bulging pockets. Then he swings his swivel chair toward the next case.

MANIPULATION OF HANDS

Frequently his girl assistant manipulates the hands of the patients, and occasionally, if the case is a gravely crippled one, Dr. Locke himself does it. But generally the whole treatment consists of those lightning manipulations of the feet, the grip and method of handling varying with different cases. So swift and precise were the movements that the writer was not surprised to hear that in one day during the preceding week Dr. Locke, working from early morning until after dark, had treated 2,000 patients, a record.

Generally, not a word was exchanged between doctor and patient. New patients with arthritis told him which joints were affected, but case histories were obviously discouraged. Sometimes patients inquired about shoes and were informed that their own would do with or without alteration, or that they should purchase one of the two types which Dr. Locke himself originated and whose rights to manufacture he sold to an American firm.

EXERCISING MUSCLES

After treatment in the circle they were encouraged to enter what was formerly the doctor's stables, now an indoor clinic, where other assistants put them through a series of leg twists and body bends to bring unused muscles back into service.

But the essence of Dr. Locke's treatment is that swift pedal manipulation designed to put displaced arches back into position. When numbers permit, each patient receives it twice a day for his one dollar. Just a twist of the feet.

"Yes," Dr. Locke told the writer, "my treatment is simple, so simple that people cannot believe it can cure such serious diseases as synovitis and neuritis. I am asked whether I seriously contend that arthritis is caused only by displaced arches. I do nothing of the kind. But in twenty years' practice I have never seen one case of arthritis where the feet were perfect.

"I began to notice the connection between the disease and foot imperfections early in my medical career. I had learned something of the technique of correcting foot troubles at Edinburgh, of course, and I began to practice it extensively. For four years I was literally feeling my way, gaining the experience that I would place, perhaps, first among my qualifications for this work. I seem to be gifted with strong and sensitive hands.

DOCTOR'S FINDINGS

"I found that my local patients whose arches were perfect, or could be corrected by me before any damage had been done, had never contracted arthritis. I discovered that those who already had arthritis were almost invariably benefited when I adjusted their feet.

"Fallen or improperly placed arches, of course, cause pressure on the posterior tibial nerve which ends in the foot. The pressure sets up a complicated series of nerve irritations, interference with blood circulation and eventually affects the muscles, tendons and joints. My manipulations gradually rebuild the arch. When pressure on the nerve is removed nature herself goes to work to regenerate the nerves and restore health. The length of treatment varies with the condition of the arches, but probably averages two or three weeks.

“I find that some 80 per cent of arthritis cases have some form of goitre, but whether the arthritis causes the goitre or the goitre the arthritis, I don’t know. For the goitre I prescribe pills of my own compounding.

“I make no secret of my methods. I have allowed slow-motion pictures to be made of them and I have explained them to doctors who have come here. The time is soon coming when manipulative surgery will be taught in the medical schools. For my own part I do not wish to teach for money, but if my son Parker becomes a doctor and shows sign of being a good one, I will show him all I know. I will never instruct any but qualified doctors, for, simple as the practice may seem, it requires all the groundwork.”

Giving two daily treatments to each patient for a dollar, Dr. Locke probably makes \$200,000 a year. But he lives on in Williamsburg in his unpretentious clapboarded house, and his wife, when her kitchen is not too overrun with overflow from the doctor’s clinic, may sometimes be seen peeling her own potatoes there.

“I like Williamsburg and I don’t intend to leave my home and my farm,” said Dr. Locke.

“In their usual prosperous way”³³ (December, 1934)

WILLIAMSBURG, Dec. 17 – This town tasted the bitterness of depression last week, but it all came to an end this morning when business activities were resumed in their usual prosperous way. The reason for this lull, which continued for seven days, was that Dr. Mahlon W. Locke, whose relief for the sick and maimed brought Williamsburg fame, was laid up with influenza. Confined to his bed, and unable to attend the many who were here for consultations, the town’s business dropped 100 percent.

The two hotels and many rooming houses became empty; patients departed for their respective homes upon being told they could not see the famous doctor; nurses, usually very busy, went home for a rest, and even store owners, finding there were no customers in sight, closed their shops and decided to take a holiday.

To the town’s delight, Dr. Locke made a rapid recovery. He was back at work this morning, a bit weakened as a result of his short illness, but still ready to attend the patients. With Dr. Locke’s recovery, business was, as usual, excellent this morning.

“Back at work Monday”³⁴ (January, 1935)

WILLIAMSBURG, Jan. 11 – Dr. M. W. Locke, noted Williamsburg physician, it is said, will be back at work again Monday, when he expects to have fully recovered from a fall on the ice in front of his home. It was stated here that Dr. Locke did not break, but only wrenched his wrist and suffered no other injury.

³³ From Business Again Normal Dr. Locke Back on Job. (1934, December 17). *Ottawa Journal*, p. 10.

³⁴ From Expected Back at Work Monday. (1935, January 11). *Ottawa Journal*, p. 1.

“Why it gets the American tourists”³⁵ (May, 1936)

Sir – Will you please allow me some space in your most valuable paper, as I read with a great deal of interest your editorial in Thursday morning’s paper, “Take our Quintuplets from Ontario!” and that part where you emphasized the value of the quintuplets to Ontario as a tourist attraction.

We well remember an item in your paper last Fall which told of the large increase in 1935 of American tourists to Ottawa and of how the City of Ottawa was patting itself on the back for having done such a good job in drawing tourists to its fine city.

We wondered then, and we still wonder, just when Ottawa will wake up and find out the reason why it gets the American tourists. It may be of course that the officials in Ottawa have not heard of Williamsburg and Dr. Locke, and this might easily apply to the Province of Ontario, too.

Dr. M. W. Locke, of Williamsburg, has drawn thousands, yes, millions, of American tourists to Canada to see his open air clinic, and to watch him work. We know whereof we speak, for we have lived here for almost four years and we have been taken by many of the patients to Ottawa at various times, and we know just how much money they spent while in Ottawa, and it was a lot more than the average citizen of Ottawa would spend in six months.

We have not noticed either Ottawa or the Ontario Government spend a cent to encourage Dr. Locke to stay in Ontario. Quite the contrary. And we firmly believe that the worst piece of the highway in the whole Province is between Williamsburg and Ottawa. . . .

The American people are good spenders, but it is not Ottawa’s fault if it gets a large share of their money, for it has done nothing to deserve it. Dr. Locke brings more people into Williamsburg in one week than the quintuplets could in a whole year.

“Dr. Locke in hospital”³⁶ (March, 1938)

MORRISBURG, March 30 – Dr. M. W. Locke of Williamsburg was removed to St. Vincent de Paul hospital at Brockville this morning. His condition was described as serious, but not critical. Dr. Locke, who has been practicing in Williamsburg for many years, has not been in the best of health for some months.

³⁵ From C. M. (1936, May 19). DR. LOCKE. *Ottawa Journal*, p. 6.

³⁶ From Dr. Locke in Hospital. (1938, March 30). *Ottawa Citizen*, p. 4.

“Honored by admiring patients”³⁷ (July, 1938)

A pair of hands – those of Dr. M. W. Locke of the tiny hamlet of Williamsburg – modeled in bronze, were presented to their owner last night before an audience of 150 admiring patients at the Chateau Laurier.

In the past five years Dr. Locke has treated almost a million patients, who have come to Williamsburg from every province, state and country on the globe.

Grateful for the cures he has effected, a group of his former patients formed a “friends of Dr. Locke committee.”

Last night they presented him with a concrete expression of their regard when they gave him a bronze casting of his hands, sculptured by the Italian, Deno Buralli, and a large testimonial book containing several thousand letters of appreciation.

Serving as toastmaster at the dinner was A. C. Casselman, K.C., M.P., opposition whip in the House of Commons, and a member of Parliament from Dr. Locke’s home district. He credited Dr. Locke with having been solely responsible for the growth of the town in which he lives, and told the audience how every person in Williamsburg, either directly or indirectly, is dependent on the doctor for his or her livelihood, a situation which exists nowhere else in the world. Even the concrete road which runs six miles from the main highway terminates at Dr. Locke’s door.

Mrs. William D. Sporborg of New York, legislative chairman of the American Federation of Women’s Clubs, made the presentation to Dr. Locke.

“The friendship of a Canadian”³⁸ (June, 1940)

M. W. Locke, M.D., of the border town of Williamsburg, has long been friend and physician to residents of the United States, thousands of whom cross the line yearly to avail themselves of the unique medical services he has to offer. Besides being a physician, Dr. Locke might be classed as a connoisseur of Americanism, for his has been the opportunity to study the foibles of the American tourist more closely than any other Canadian physician. While a man in pain may not be the world’s best subject for study, there are still plenty of American residents long since deprived of their pains and aches through the wizardry of this man, who return to him for the sole purpose of continuing a lasting friendship – the friendship of a Canadian for an American, as well as the natural admiration of the sick for the healer. It is this over-the-border hand clasping, this mutual effort for the good of citizens of the two countries as a whole, that has cemented the bonds of friendship between the United States and the Dominion.

Americans have been visiting the busy clinic of Dr. Locke ever since his fame as a specialist became whispered throughout the United States, and many such patients, having visited the renowned Doctor and seen perhaps for the first time,

³⁷ From Dr. M. Locke Honored By Admiring Patients. (1938, July 21). *Ottawa Citizen*, p. 14.

³⁸ From Williamsburg Doctor Has Caused Many U.S. People To Come to This Region. (1940, June 20). *Ottawa Citizen*, p. 11.

something of this Canada of ours, have returned again and again, always to receive the friendly welcome that awaits all citizens of the great Republic.

Dr. Locke was born in Williamsburg and has known Americans ever since he was old enough to lift an eyelid and see perhaps an American citizen waggling a friendly finger at him. After finishing high school at Kemptville, he studied at Queen's University, Toronto, London, England, and at Edinburgh and Glasgow, Scotland. His medical education completed, he returned to Williamsburg to set up a typical country doctor's practice with all its attendant hardships. There were times when all the best qualities he has since become noted for were called forth as he carried on this type of work. And it was during those times that the spirit of friendly kindness for which he is noted best showed itself.

But it was not only the bedside manner of the physician that brought him patients. His skill soon became a watchword not only in his own community but for many miles around. Now his reputation as a physician has become world-wide, and he now is as well known as an individual doctor as some of the larger medical centers are recognized for their multiple facilities. He can now claim patients from as far away as Alaska, India, South Africa and other distant places who are only too glad to reach the door of his not too pretentious surgery in the small Canadian village, no matter how long the voyage.

There is probably no Canadian, with the possible exception of Dr. Dafoe, famed guardian of Canada's quintuplets, with whom a comparison may be made as a drawing card for the American tourist who stands and will always stand as one of Canada's greatest assets. Just as they go North to Callander to see Dr. Dafoe, or perhaps more particularly the five little people he escorted into an amazed world, so do these friendly Americans, many of them, make it a point to drop off at Williamsburg to visit Dr. Locke.

And having seen him they are able to return to their homes not only better in bodily health but also in spirits, for there is something about this unassuming physician that builds up friendship and engenders the spirit of goodwill among mankind.

Dr. Locke has never deliberately gone in search of honors or fame. But both of these have, in the natural course of events, come to him. It could not be otherwise with such a man – such a healer. He assiduously avoids the spectacular, and preaches simple things, despite the fact that world-wide fame has become his. The lame, the halt and the blind have constructed a pathway to his door and none, rich or poor, are ever turned away. All receive the same courteous consideration and tender care which the Doctor and his skilled staff are able to provide. Such care is reciprocated and Williamsburg residents stand constantly aware of the mysterious hold this healer has on his pain wracked patients. They smile when they should be grimacing with the agony of their sufferings at the mere sight of Dr. Locke, for they know that all that can be done for them will be done.

They come on crutches and in stretchers, in wheel chairs and on the arms of relatives and friends. They enter the modest home perhaps bent under the load of their physical misfortunes, but inevitably they come away cheered by the kindly

treatment and encouragement they receive from this world famed doctor. In summer they are greeted under a canopy in the grounds at the Doctor's home and there they receive treatment in a surgery created by nature, with the healing sun shining down to dapple the enclosure with cool life shadows.

Dr. Locke makes no secret of his methods of healing. It is done where all may see and wonder at the strange power of his hands and the discernment of his keen physician's mind. His hands are as deft as those of Stokowski the famed musician, and the work they perform has the same magic quality, although diverted along a widely different channel.

While his work consists of the treatment of bones and muscles of the feet, which are the most complicated piece of muscular machinery of the body, Dr. Locke has also used his skill and knowledge in the designing of a shoe which is worn by thousands of people in all parts of the world and which, they say, has for its consummate comfort made life worth living for them.

That this famous medico is perhaps one of Canada's greatest attractions for the American tourist has been amply borne out many times and in fact evidence is to be seen daily in the hundreds of cars bearing American license plates that are to be found parked near his home in Williamsburg. In each of these perhaps one or more pain-wracked patient has been brought some thousands of miles in order to find relief under the skilled hands of the healer. And these people return again and again, each time they visit Canada, to once more talk with the man who has renewed interest in life for them. It was borne out convincingly, too, some years ago when although his simple nature reviled, he submitted to a testimonial dinner at the Chateau Laurier which was attended by hundreds of people from all over the United States and Canada. They say now as they said then that this man is unique among Canadian physicians, and holds a foremost place in the annals of Canadian medicine.

“Died early this morning”³⁹ (February, 1942)

Dr. Mahlon W. Locke, the famed foot physician, has died early this morning at his Williamsburg home.

A blood clot on the brain struck him down Friday morning just beyond the town limits of Williamsburg. He slumped into unconsciousness in his car on the roadside and remained in a coma until shortly after midnight Friday.

SUFFERS STROKE

Dr. Locke had left his house yesterday morning to go to one of his several Williamsburg district farms, and it was believed he suffered the stroke while at the wheel of his car.

The machine ran off the highway and into the snow-filled ditch.

The stricken doctor managed to get out and was attempting to get the auto back on the roadway when he collapsed.

³⁹ From Foot Specialist Suffers Stroke At Wheel of Car. (1942, February 7). *Ottawa Journal*, p. 1.

NEIGHBORS WITH HIM

Three neighbors, J. Casselman, Wilbert Garlough, and Robert Whittacker were with him at the time. They had seen him shoveling a path for the car from the ditch to the highway, and while he sat behind the wheel, they pushed the machine back to the road.

When the car was pushed from the ditch they found him slumped unconscious over the wheel. They rushed him to his home and summoned Dr. A. Shennett, of Morrisburg. Later, specialists from Kingston and Brockville arrived, and X-rays taken late Friday showed a blood clot on Dr. Locke's brain.

He died without regaining consciousness.

“From all corners of the world”⁴⁰ (February, 1942)

Williamsburg – a sleepy cross-roads village 55 miles south of Ottawa – sprang into mushroom growth through the skill of the late Dr. M. W. Locke. Graduate of Queen's and Edinburgh, Dr. Locke had lived and practiced in his own district since 1908.

Through his open-air foot clinic, he brought patients from every state in the United States, every province in Canada, and such far-away places as Mexico, South America, Belgium, Hawaii and Alaska – all to sit in an open-air circle for perhaps hours on end until their turn to get their feet quickly twisted.

MENDER OF DEPRESSION

There was no denying that Dr. Locke's modest M.D. stood for Mender of Depression, so far as Williamsburg was concerned. On all sides were concrete witnesses in the forms of flourishing industries. The little village was one of Canada's thriving communities. It sprang into mushroom growth as rapidly as a Klondike gold rush village. In the Klondike, however, men lost health to gain wealth; in Williamsburg men gained both health and wealth.

Dr. Locke was known to treat 1,800 patients in one day, at the rate of three a minute, representing 14 hours of work. And those 1,800 did not come and go immediately. Some of them were with their families, some of them were taking daily treatments over a period of weeks, even months and years. The little village had to find means to accommodate, feed, and transport them, and arrange for the material, practical, and social comfort of its onrush of guests.

Peter Becksted, the blacksmith, reckoned that Williamsburg no longer knew what the word depression meant, in the heyday of Dr. Locke's practice:

“Work was looking for the man here. Everyone could get something to do, building houses, renting rooms, serving meals. Seventy people in town served between them about 2,000 meals a day. And it was not only the town that benefited. Every farmer for miles around had boarders. They said there [were] 550 of Dr. Locke's

⁴⁰ From Patients Flocked to Dr. Locke From All Corners of World. (1942, February 7). *Ottawa Journal*, p. 1.

patients staying in Morrisburg. They even stayed in Ottawa, 55 miles away, and came here by bus or motor car every day. It was not easy to get a room in this vicinity.”

The only bank was a branch of the Bank of Montreal. It stayed open until six and often its clerks were still inundated by the flood of entries until after eight.

Once the village was a one gas pump village. Then it had dozens of gas pumps catering to an amazing concourse of motor cars from all over the United States and Canada. Tourist lodgings, boarding houses, [and] hotels all along the St. Lawrence were benefiting by the doctor’s practice, and the ferry boat service from Morrisburg was a five-minute one.

NO UNEMPLOYMENT

There seemed to be no unemployment or relief problem. Anyone could get work pushing wheel chairs, retailing sandwiches, running soft drink and ice cream stands, selling camp chairs, postcards, curios, making beds, serving meals, repairing and fitting shoes, building houses, and filling gas tanks.

Merchants sprang up as quickly as the patients. But business there cost money, too. Every merchant had to pay \$100 in license fees. But that only seemed a stiff fee. Take the veteran newsboy, for instance. He had no premises, but went to and fro between the doctor’s verandah and his charmed “circle” on the lawn – which then resembled a baseball diamond – passing back and forth with newspapers, a special book on arches and sets of local photographs. In one day he estimated his take was \$150, which included 325 specially-flown American newspapers, 400 copies of the book, and 165 sets of photographs.

Williamsburg even had its own newspaper, the “Times,” with a circulation of 1,000 copies a day. The social column, one may imagine, was one of its liveliest features, for the doctor numbered among his patients the late Sir Robert Borden, Miss Buckingham, a Chicago multi-millionairess, and Rex Beach. Mr. Beach, the author, was brought to the physician by an Ottawa friend, Dr. S. H. McCoy, and so impressed was he with the treatment, which within two weeks enabled him to resume active golf, that he wrote two articles for Cosmopolitan magazine and produced a two-reel film, all of which were widely circulated and kept the ball rolling, or the feet traveling, to the Ontario town. Within 10 days of the first article, indeed, a man had arrived all the way from Miami, eager to receive treatment.

Wheel chairs were another thriving local industry. The 200-odd chairs in town cost each from \$30 to \$45, but the proprietors wheeled patients twice-a-day from their homes to the circle for one dollar. Small folding chairs for those who still had use of their limbs, but who were sensibly preparing for the long waits, retailed from 50 cents to \$1.50, and one merchant had sold 150 in a day.

Big business in the sandwich trade also arrived. Patients didn’t dare to leave the line, even for meals, or their places would be lost. A sandwich man served them on the spot with sandwiches from large pails. It was no unusual feat for him to bring in \$60 a day.

“Not carrying on Dr. Locke clinic”⁴¹ (February, 1942)

WILLIAMSBURG, Feb. 10 – Denial was made today by Parker Locke, son of the late Dr. M. W. Locke, that the clinical work of his father would be carried on.

“I hereby contradict,” declared Parker Locke, in a prepared statement, “any claims that have been made precipitately regarding the continuance of the Dr. Locke clinic at Williamsburg. Such work will not be carried on at Williamsburg or elsewhere in the name of my father, the late Dr. M. W. Locke. But whatever treatments are given or prescribed following his methods, must stand on their own merit.”

“Without Dr. Locke”⁴² (August, 1942)

Williamsburg, a small, unpretentious Ontario village, found fame and phenomenal growth through a country doctor. [...] Now that Dr. Locke is no longer there [...] the streets are almost deserted; vacant houses are many, and some of the smaller buildings have even been sold and converted into woodsheds and chicken coops. The Ontario village could still claim some little attention while gasoline and rubber made it possible for sightseers who were curious enough to drive through. But now the residents forlornly compare it with the old village days, and look upon the place as dead.

Appendix: Dr. Grimshaw and Peace River

“Newly elected reeve of the village”⁴³ (1916)

On January 31, there are to be thrown open to entry at the Dominion land office here, twenty-nine townships of land, surveyed during the year of 1914, and they lie in about every direction from Peace River, extending from Round Lake on the south to Fort Vermillion on the north, and to the British Columbia line on the west. A large part of this land as reported on by the surveyors is first class farming land and will doubtless be heavily filed on in the near future, as there are several parties here now who have been waiting for choice quarters. This will allow a much desired extension of certain sections which settlers have avoided because the land was not open to entry. There were fifty-two filings at the Peace River land office during the month of December.

As no coal has yet been developed in close proximity to Peace River the village is compelled to depend entirely on wood fuel. During the cold snap that has prevailed since the first of the year it is calculated that at least twenty-five cords per day have been used. It is a curious sight on a cold quiet morning to see 200 or more chimneys

⁴¹ From Not Carrying on Dr. Locke Clinic. (1942, February 10). *Ottawa Journal*, p. 14.

⁴² From Without Dr. Locke. (1942, August 18). *Ottawa Citizen*, p. 20.

⁴³ From Peace River. (1916, January 13). *Edmonton Journal*, p. 8.

sending straight into the air their white columns of smoke. A carload of coal is expected to arrive by the next freight and is quoted at \$8 per ton. Wood sells at \$4.50 per cord.

Dr. M. E. Grimshaw, newly elected reeve of the village, has just returned from a week's trip to Edmonton, where he completed arrangements for the final transfer of the village debentures for approximately \$11,000 at 90c. It is expected the money will be available for use within a short time. The largest portion of these funds have already been expended on board sidewalk construction and the purchasing of fire apparatus by the former administration.

“Justice in the north”⁴⁴ (1926)

Between the various districts of Peace River and Grande Prairie country there is a wide divergence of opinion on some questions, but the whole northland is in indignant agreement over the action of the U. F. A. Government at the close of the recent session in hand-carving two small ridings in the southeastern part of the province and refusing to divide the vast area of Peace River into two constituencies, as has been urged by the people of the north.

Dr. M. E. Grimshaw voices the opinion of this section of the north when he suggests that the Government should reconsider the case of redistribution in Peace River and when the legislature is called together May 5, should then provide for justice in the north.

“There is yet time for the North to receive its just dues before the coming provincial election,” he declares. “The North expects this redistribution, and defies any member of the legislature in the face of what has taken place in the carving of new ridings, to say we have not been discriminated against. The North has been patient and enduring, but this is the limit, and from now on we are ready and prepared to put up an united effort to achieve what we consider to be our indisputable rights.”

NORTH INSISTS ON RIGHTS

“In 1921, when ex-Premier Greenfield was looking for a seat, the North received him with open arms out of sympathy for the new government, trusting that the change would be for the best. After giving the seat on a silver platter, what has been the appreciation shown by the government? We are now insisting on our rights. The reasons upon which we urge an electoral division are:

“1. The present Peace River riding is perhaps the largest of any provincial constituency in the Dominion;

“2. It is a new country and rapidly growing in population;

“3. It is so extensive that it is difficult to cover;

“4. It is a new country that in opening and development is presenting many varied problems;

⁴⁴ From FARMERS ASKED TO GIVE PEACE TWO RIDINGS. (1926, April 19). *Edmonton Bulletin*, p. 2.

TWO SEATS IMPERATIVE

“5. One-half the constituency is at present confronted with problems conflicting and divergent with the other half, making it impossible for one member to represent both and do justice;

“6. The riding has from 6,000 to 10,000 electors, or several times as many as the new ridings recently carved out by the government.”

“The passing away of Dr. M. E. Grimshaw”⁴⁵ (1929)

The ranks of the old-timers of the Peace River country were again thinned by the passing away of Dr. M. E. Grimshaw at Fairview on Friday last. The late Dr. Grimshaw came to Peace River in the early spring of 1913. He served for two years as mayor⁴⁶ of the town. Interment took place at the old Waterhole cemetery on Sunday last.

Never in the history of the Peace River country has such a gathering of people assembled to pay their respects to the departed. Seldom have such numbers of cars gathered together. A ribbon of motor cars stretched for two miles or more as they wended their solemn way from Fairview to Waterhole cemetery, four miles away.

There was not enough room in the church to hold the crowd that attended the funeral service. The Masonic order, of which he was a member, attended in large numbers. They were there from Hythe and in-between points and they were there from High Prairie and all points westward. Hythe is 150 miles south and west, while High Prairie is about 140 miles east. Every town, hamlet and district had its representation.

MOURNED BY MANY

The deceased is mourned by a large number of friends and acquaintances. He was one of the best-know citizens of the north and had recently returned from Hythe, where he assisted in forming a Masonic lodge.

As a speaker Dr. Grimshaw was well known, for he had a splendid command of the English language, and in his flowery, mild-toned voice he has on a great many occasions made addresses of welcome to various bodies and groups on their pilgrimages through this country.

It was he who welcomed the Canadian Chamber of Commerce delegates on their arrival on the north side of the Peace at the historic landmark, Dunvegan, on September 7, 1929, on which occasion he undoubtedly made one of his finest addresses⁴⁷. All who attended that gathering listened in rapt attention as he

⁴⁵ From Peace River Loses Pioneer As Dr. M.E. Grimshaw Passes. (1929, November 14). *Edmonton Journal*, p. 2.

⁴⁶ “PEACE RIVER, Alta., Dec. 14 – Dr. M. E. Grimshaw was elected mayor by a three to two majority over C. W. Fredericks. He served successfully as reeve in 1916.” Dr. Grimshaw Elected. (1920, December 14). *Edmonton Journal*, p. 10.

⁴⁷ A fragment survives as a quote in a news report: “We who have been here for a decade or two, myself for 15 years, have always known what this vast country is destined to mean to the whole of Canada. You are seeing but a fraction of it. We ourselves know only a part of it. But I know I can speak for all

described the early history of Dunvegan and the country as he knew it since he made it his home.

Development and more development of the Peace River country was his chief line of argument, and his one big aim was to do his part in carrying the propaganda for a coast outlet.

OUTLET ADVOCATED

His heart and soul were for this much-needed outlet and he never lost the opportunity of bringing his pet subject before all listeners.

He could see that internal extensions were a great benefit, but he visioned a vast empire with much room for growth once the outlet was provided. He could vision an immense wealth that would be added to the farming lands automatically as the westward line of steel extended to the Pacific.

“One of the great pioneer doctors”⁴⁸ (1929)

Word of the sudden death of Matthew Edward Grimshaw, M.D.C.M., L.R.C.P., L.R.C.S. (Edinburgh), L.R.F.P. & S. (Glasgow), early Friday morning, November 8th, at his late residence, Fairview, Alberta, came to the community as a great shock. The doctor had not been in the best of health during the last few days preceding his death, but his condition was not considered serious, and he continued his practice almost till the last hour.

Dr. Grimshaw was born at Kingston, February the 20th, 1882, where he took his High School work, and then graduated from the School of Medicine at Queen’s University in the year 1906. In 1907 and 1908 he took post-graduate work at the Medical Schools of Edinburgh and Glasgow, Scotland, and also at London, Eng. After returning from the Mother Country, his first regular practice was begun at Fort William in 1911, and while there he took a special medical course at Rochester with the world famous Mayo Brothers. The year 1912 was spent in medical practice at Innisfall, Alberta. Before going to Medicine Hat the following year he was united in marriage with Miss Doris Fraser of Winnipeg, a graduate nurse of that city. On August the 4th, 1914, at the outbreak of the Great War, accompanied by Mrs. Grimshaw, he started for the Great Peace River Country, where he began a medical practice that continued till the early spring of 1928, and which reached immense proportions at the Peace River town and for miles throughout the surrounding country. But on account of ill-health he was persuaded to seek a change and accepted a position with the Canadian Pacific Railway Company on the Pacific as Ship’s Surgeon on the Flag Ship, the Empress of Canada. But the call of the Last Great North West was too insistent, and in February, 1929, he returned again to the Peace

of us when I tell you that uppermost in the minds of all of us is the need for an outlet to the coast. I know and we all know that we can never come into our own until we get a shorter haul to tidewater”. Dr. Grimshaw, quoted in LEGISLATURE URGED TO VISIT PEACE DISTRICT. (1929, September 9). *Vancouver Sun*, p. 9.

⁴⁸ From Death Dr. Grimshaw, Native of Kingston. (1929, November 21). *Kingston Whig-Standard*, p. 11.

River country, accompanied by Mrs. Grimshaw, and opened a medical practice at Fairview, Alberta, among many old friends; a practice which continued with ever increasing proportions till his death, which came all too soon at the comparatively early age of forty-seven years and eight months.

Dr. Grimshaw was most thoroughly equipped for his profession both through natural ability and training, and proved to be one of the great pioneer doctors of the Great Peace River country, and won the respect, esteem and confidence of a great host of friends. First of all he was a physician and surgeon, a profession which he followed with intense zeal. He was, too, a citizen of rare ability. Among few men of the North could be found a mind so splendidly trained and evenly balanced. He was a citizen of Peace River, and recently of Fairview, it is true, where he filled prominent offices in the Boards of Trade, Town Councils, the Masonic Lodge and the Church; but his citizenship was not confined to the towns where he practiced; his influence was felt throughout this North Land. He took a sane interest in politics, and was one of the most fluent and sound platform speakers that this part of the Province could boast. He was a worthy delegate to Ottawa on two different special commissions to represent the needs and claims of the North.

Appendix: Griffiths v. Locke

“Restraining order on Dr. Locke”⁴⁹ (March, 1934)

Dr. Mahlon W. Locke, Williamsburg, and John L. Counsell, K.C., Hamilton solicitor, were restrained by an order of Mr. Justice Patrick Kerwin today from interfering with contracts between Miss Elora Griffiths, proprietress of the “Nurses’ Home” at Williamsburg, and patrons of her establishment.

This order will remain in operation until disposition of an action by which Miss Griffiths seeks to obtain a permanent injunction.

Counsel for Miss Griffith alleged that Dr. Locke had told patrons of the “Nurses’ Home” they would have to leave if they wished to receive treatment from him.

“Change of venue plead is denied”⁵⁰ (May, 1934)

TORONTO, May 6 – Irwin Hilliard, K.C., Master of the Ontario Supreme Court at Osgoode Hall yesterday declined to grant Flora Griffiths, of Williamsburg, an order for removal from Cornwall to Ottawa the venue of a trial of an action brought by her against Dr. M. W. Locke, of Williamsburg, and J. L. Counsell, K.C.

Miss Griffiths is suing for damages from alleged interference by Dr. Locke with arrangements made by persons staying at her nursing home, and asks for an injunction to restrain Dr. Locke and Counsell from further interference.

⁴⁹ From Issues Restraining Order on Dr. Locke. (1934, March 23). *Ottawa Journal*, p. 17.

⁵⁰ From Change of Venue Plea is Denied. (1934, May 7). *Ottawa Journal*, p. 13.

The Master granted R. S. Mills, counsel for plaintiff, an order for examination of certain witnesses before the local registrar of the Supreme Court in Cornwall.

“Asks \$50,000”⁵¹ (September, 1934)

CORNWALL, Ont., Sept. 26 – Dr. Mahlon W. Locke, Williamsburg, who is estimated to have treated almost 100,000 patients at his famous clinic during the past five years, will be in the limelight at the fall assizes of the Supreme Court here tomorrow as co-defendant in a \$50,000 damage action.

Mrs. Flora Griffith, proprietress of a Williamsburg nursing home, alleges that Dr. Locke refused to treat patients at his clinic who boarded at Mrs. Griffith’s nursing home, and that this and other acts on the part of Dr. Locke and J. W. Counsell, K.C., of Williamsburg, former prominent Hamilton, Ont., lawyer, caused her considerable loss of business. She is also applying for an order to make permanent an interim injunction restraining the defendants from interfering with her business.

“Threw out the \$50,000 damage action”⁵² (September, 1934)

CORNWALL, Ont., Sept. 28 – Granting a non-suit motion entered by defence counsel when evidence for the plaintiff had been completed. Mr. Justice Makins today threw out the \$50,000 damage action brought by Mrs. Flora Griffith, Williamsburg nursing home proprietress, against Dr. Mahlon W. Locke, Williamsburg, and J. W. Counsell, K.C., former prominent Hamilton, Ontario, lawyer. The defendants agreed to pay the costs of the action.

DOZEN WITNESSES CALLED

Trial of the case opened yesterday afternoon and continued until noon today. A dozen witnesses were called by Ralph S. Mills, of Toronto, counsel for the plaintiff, in an effort to prove that Mrs. Griffith suffered heavy financial loss as the result of an alleged edict by the noted foot specialist that he would no longer treat patients at his clinic who were boarders at Mrs. Griffith’s home. Mrs. Griffith declared that she had invested \$14,000 in her business and that her income in 1932 and 1933 was approximately \$10,000 per year. In March, 1934, she alleged guests left her house as a result of Dr. Locke’s ruling, and she has had but three paying visitors since March 13.

Upon completion of the plaintiff’s case, J. G. Harkness, K.C., Cornwall, acting with Mr. Counsell, for the defendants, moved for non-suit. Justice Makins deliberated at length and heard much argument before deciding that he would dismiss the case without hearing defence testimony.

⁵¹ From Asks \$50,000 in Damage Action. (1934, September 26). *Ottawa Journal*, p. 18.

⁵² From \$50,000 Action Against Dr. Locke Is Thrown Out. (1934, September 28). *Ottawa Journal*, p. 20.

“The doctor should have known that the inevitable result would be to injure Mrs. Griffith’s business when he announced that he would not treat any patient residing at Mrs. Griffith’s home,” Mr. Mills declared, in argument against the motion. “This action was not to protect his business, but simply to injure Mrs. Griffith’s business.”

Justice Makin: “I cannot see, from the evidence, that Dr. Locke was entirely responsible for the lack of patronage at the Griffith residence.”

The case was the last on the dock for trial at the fall assizes of the Supreme Court here.

“Appeals Locke suit decision”⁵³ (October, 1934)

TORONTO, Oct. 18 – Flora Griffiths, Williamsburg, Ont., has filed notice at Osgoode Hall of an appeal against a judgment of Justice J. C. Makins, granting a non-suit in her action against Dr. Mahlon W. Locke of Williamsburg, and John L. Counsell.

Miss Griffiths asked that Justice Makins’ decision be reversed and a new trial of her suit be ordered.

Miss Griffiths, who conducted a lodging house at Williamsburg, contends that the trial judge erred in not attributing legal damages to alleged acts of the defendants in publishing to three of Dr. Locke’s patients the statement that the doctor would not treat at his clinic anyone who continued to live at the plaintiff’s premises.

The trial judge, says Miss Griffiths, “should have found the natural and probable result of the admitted acts of the defendants in a small village such as Williamsburg was to produce a boycott of the plaintiff’s business and premises.”

“Unsuccessful in appeal”⁵⁴ (January, 1935)

TORONTO, Jan. 7 – Miss Flora Griffiths, of Williamsburg, was unsuccessful today in her appeal against a judgment of Mr. Justice J. C. Makins dismissing her action against Dr. Mahlon W. Locke, Williamsburg, and John L. Counsell, K.C., for damages and for an injunction restraining Dr. Locke and Mr. Counsell from interfering with her business as proprietress of a lodging house in Williamsburg known as the nurses’ home.

⁵³ From Appeals Locke Suit Decision. (1934, October 18). *Border Cities Star*, p. 17.

⁵⁴ From Nurse Is Unsuccessful In Appeal at Toronto. (1935, January 7). *Ottawa Journal*, p. 11.