

Robert Ball-McKellar House

At one time Bob Ball owned the McKellar Hotel some of the activities that went on at the hotel were not always above board. Big Aron Teneycke would sometimes patronize the bar for a drink, one time he was at the bar and some of the younger fellows were going to fight and give him a beating. They went into the bar and started to try to aggravate him, he said 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 of you there ain't enough of you yet so they wheeled around and out the door and never raised a fist, they knew better than to fool with him. Most of the Teneycke boys were big and strong as a horse. Jack Campbell was building a sawmill someplace and they had the upright timbers all up and they had to get a 8x6 timber on top of the posts for a plate. Jack wondered how to get it up on top. Leonard ^{Teneycke} suggested make a good strong ladder and put the timber on the back of my neck and I'll get her up on top. Jack went with his idea and that is how the top plate was put on the sawmill. The Teneycke boys seemed to have poor eyesight. My Grandpa said Aron was a pretty good fiddle player. My Dad said Aron's funeral was held at the house and they couldn't get the coffin in the door it was too small so they took the handles off the coffin and took it in and out a window, any pictures I saw of him he was an extra big man. Another story was Aron was in Parry Sound and some town Cop was going to arrest him. He put his hands behind his back up against a store wall and said now arrest me. The cop decided he best get going before Aron's big hands made mincemeat out of him, the end of that story. The old folks said Aron was a quiet man and never looked for trouble but if someone wanted to cause trouble he could accomodate them. The old folks say when Aron was training in army he hit a man a hard blow and killed him after that he was more careful.

The old McKellar House hotel burnt in 1937 in the early hours of the morning. Dads hired man Justin Mays had been to the McKellar Fair dance and came home to bed. They lived in the old house where my present house is on the same rock. At about 2:30 Justin saw a reflection of fire in the window of the old house, and yelled the barn is on fire. Grandpa & Grandma and Dad & Justin all up & out only to see it was the Old Hotel burning and they saw someone going up the shoreline, they always believed it was very likely the person who set the hotel on fire. That remains a mystery as no lightning or storm and the building had been vacant for years. It looks like a case of arson. I heard the old fellows talking about Bob Ball and they claimed you couldn't tie his hands he would always get untied. Bob's wife is buried in Fairholme cemetery and Bob in Lakeview McKellar. His wife's family was "Linn" some relation of the Whitmells around Dunblair. I do remember the old foundation of the Hotel still being there until 1950-50. From the most of stories from the old fellows Bob Ball was very hard to get along with Bob's way on the roadway. There are different stories as how she died but listening to the old fellows I think I know and she had help. I remember Bob Ball he was an old man he live with his daughter Fannie Benton he died in 1953 or 4 in the summer time around early July