

I was telling them about the "good times" in Muskoka. As an impressive gesture, being in very white linen shirt sleeves, I rested my left arm on the types, and then varied the attitude by facing the visitors with my chin resting pensively on my left hand while the elbow pressed the form. They had been listening with wrapt attention, but now snickered while the approving murmur was followed by tittering among the girls. John Bull himself roared till his sides shook. Nettled, I tasked them with their rudeness. The chorus of laughs got louder the more I showed my anger. At last, Bull says, "Thee tells us there be good times in Muskoka." "Certainly." "Thee shurt dont say so." Turning it up I found that while leaning on the types, I had printed in "6-line Pica Grotesque," on my shirt the words "Hard Times," which was a catch-heading for a three-column advertisement.

CHATHAM

This reminds me of two immigrant experiences in Chatham. When E. W. Scane was Mayor. I was appointed Immigration Agent. My office seemed a sinecure, though I had applications on my books from farmers for a hundred hired men and lads. One fine day in Wallaceburg, a village some 16 miles off, I got an urgent telegram from the Mayor, "Come back at once forty immigrants arrived." Tearing back as fast as horse flesh could fly, I found forty leisurely individuals, men, women and children, including two fine girls, with the blush of the spray-kissed heather on their cheeks, all squatted with their legs dangling over the edge of the station platform of the Grand Trunk railway, which had dumped them down on us, consigned by heaven knows what charitable Immigration agency, without any authority from us as representing the town—not slum-birds be it remembered—none of Barnardo's offscourings, but honest fisher-folk from Donegal, accustomed to breast the billows in their frail coracles, while the women and children wrung a meagre bite from the churlish soil of the hills. They were perfectly passive, willing to work if they could get it, but as helpless as a panting fish on a marble slab, so far as hunting work went. This was a matter, with which, in their view, they had nothing to do. It devolved on the Mayor and myself. They had doubtless been told that all they had to do simply to get to Chatham. All the rest would follow. Some officious busybody had gone from family to family, deeply sympathizing and telling them that they must not take one cent less than two dollars a day. We could not let them starve. Billeting them at the Magnolia, by vigorous exertions we got them all placed in the country except two young women, who found situations in town. The County Council were too stingy to bear any portion of the cost of their keep, some \$225, though, outside of the two housemaids, they reaped the entire benefit of our work, and of the town's expenditure. From enquiries made subsequently by ex-Mayor Scane, and by myself, we find that not of these immigrants became a burden on charity.

Another immigrant item: this was a group of English and Scotch, well fixed financially, and bound for friends in Harwich. Grand Trunk Station Agent McLerie asked me to show them a livery stable. I walked down Queen street followed by an Englishman and Scotchman, mopping up the hot stream of July sweat from their foreheads. The ice-man's tongs