

## *A Short History of Tillsonburg—Continued*

minge with it for some distance. The road itself winds up through the thick evergreens, past a quaint old-fashioned stone mill, just back of which is a famous trout pond. The trees' heavy branches almost touch the water, and up along the hill-sides bright patches of dark orange and snowy-white, intermingled with flaming yellow, tell us where tiger lilies and marguerites love to blossom. From the lofty water-tower a magnificent sweep of country is viewed, and the course of the Big Otter may be traced for miles—the hillsides dark green with pine and spruce and the adjacent country patched with the fresh green of grain fields. The decidedly New England cast of country was, no doubt, one reason why George Tillson, as he shaded his eyes long ago and first looked out on that beautiful valley, decided to stay because it reminded him of his distant Massachusetts birth-place. Certain it is that his Puritan thrift and enterprise, together with the continued activity of his descendants, have been of incalculable benefit to that section, which might well be denominated "Ontario's New England."

The Tillson farm was originally covered by towering pines, and the soil was jocularly called "blow-sand." The homestead comprises 500 acres, and it is as worthy of a visit as the model farms at Guelph and Ottawa. The fences are in perfect order; the lakes

are shaded by avenues of stately maples; each field is supplied with pure spring water. A perfect network of drainage and water pipes underlies the whole, this work having been done under the supervision of skilled engineers. The orchard and gardens are models worthy of imitation



CHAS. BROWNELL, DETROIT.

and a fine trout pond adds to the attractions. It is at the barns, however, where the ambitious farmer can find inspiration. Two large silos indicate the method of feeding the fine herds of Durham-Holstein cows. These cattle are beauties, and the system of

Dr. and Cr. is so perfect, that each bovine must show in milk and butter her value. The creamery is neatness and coolness personified. Churning operations are conducted every day. Supplies are sent to some of the leading educational and public institutions throughout the country, and everything is A1 in quality. The herd of cows answers the query why the fields yield 40 bushels of wheat to the acre; the corn grows to an Illinois height, and all growth is rich and productive.

Tillsonburg experienced what many other towns in Canada have, in reference to the value of having a supply of fine timber, and mills to manufacture lumber, and here again the Tillson enterprise found a fitting scope. Not so very many years ago there was standing there 6,000,000 feet of lumber. Now it is nearly all gone into the construction of homes. The ordinary experience of a "timber" town is, that when the saw mills close, everything around shows signs of decay. But in this case this did not follow. New industries took the place of the old one, and by the aid of bright and enterprising men, such as can be found in Tillsonburg by the score, the crisis was passed, and a new era of prosperity was inaugurated.

Tillsonburg was incorporated as a town in '72, but in '65 it was elevated to the dignity of a "police village."