
William Hodgson Ellis

when he found that we absolutely believed it he explained that it was only a sort of fairy tale. He enjoyed charades, and was very fond of writing little plays, of which we often had amateur performances. Indeed he excelled in games of all kinds, though he did not care for Bridge. As for puzzles and riddles he was untiring in solving them and invariably successful.

His sketching was a great pleasure to himself and his friends. When he was younger he used water colours, later on he took to crayons, and when he was sixty-eight and recovering from a serious illness he took lessons at the Ontario College of Art and enjoyed them very much. He made some charming sketches in pastel the week before he died.

He was also a most artistic photographer. He inherited this, I fancy, from his grandfather, William Ellis, who was one of the earliest photographers, and who when he ran out of acetic acid in Madagascar experimented in developing with vinegar, but did not find it very successful. My father developed his own photographs for a good many years, and owing to his combined qualities of chemist and artist he made some very beautiful pictures.

And then, of course, there was his fishing. He was a prince among fishermen, and an ideal camper. He and some friends discovered Muskoka long before the stream of tourists set that way, and he loved it to the end. Nearly every year for about forty years he went on a camping trip to some of the northern lakes, and in camp, as everywhere else, his infinite capacity for taking pains made him excel in the woodsman's arts and lore. He was very fond of the Indian guides and they loved him, and gave him and his friends Indian names. One of them, John Peters, who went with him many times, told him the legend of Nanabozhoo, and how often he delighted a happy party with it round the evening camp fire!

He was about forty-five when golf was introduced in Toronto, and he took it up with great delight, and played it