

such times as when for some conduct on my part, not approved of by my older brothers, they would take after me pell-mell, bent on punishment; I could run though as fast as they and I knew where to run to. My grandfather hearing my screams would sure, with his stout cane in defensive attitude, be holding the door of his apartment, in our home, wide open for me to enter into safety. The boys may, however, have trumped up a case against me to see the fun resulting.

Boy sorrows are soon forgotten. It is memories of happenings of a ludicrous nature that are the stayers and will, in old age, bring the laugh again.

I loved my grandfather dearly. This Thomson purchase has been a home for me and mine for seventy-two years now, and also made it possible for me to devote time and money advocating rural mail delivery for Canada.

My school days were put in in this vicinity, except a short term at Woodstock College when about eighteen years of age. A lot of students there, however, got more for their money than I did. I am very sure that I was not a brilliant student, but if any of my fellow college boys accomplished more in the way of bringing about a great reform in any department of public service than I did, I have never heard of it. I make this statement, not in boastful spirit, but for the encouragement of farmers' boys who cannot keep the pace with faster young class-mates.

At the age of twenty-two I became the husband of a member of the Harris Street Harris family, Oxford Co.; at the age of fifty-five I, too, as did my grandfather years and years before, became interested in a land-purchasing proposition.

In the fall of 1900 one Ira Bently, an old acquaintance of mine, had a letter in a local newspaper stating that where he was living in Bay County, Michigan, good farm land requiring but little labor in clearing could be bought for about five dollars an acre. Although having a farm of 150 acres here, we considered that more land would, perhaps, be good business. I packed my grip and started for Michigan and found the land situation as Mr. Bently had stated. He, however, was too advanced in years to make a success of his pioneer venture. One of the regrets of my life is that I was never financially able to, in some measure, repay him and others for their constant friendship and concern for our welfare during our stay in Michigan. I made a deal for 120 acres, but my son Walter, for whom I intended the farm, did not take the stock in it that I had hoped for. A farm in Michigan was not what he was after. However, I determined to try my hand at making log-heaps in Uncle Sam's country and clearing up some land for him.