

the sort of place he wanted. There was one thing he was bound to have on his premises, and that was a living spring. With this idea in his head he carefully examined the shore of the bay till he came to a place where a swift running, business-like little stream of cold spring water made its way into and was lost in the larger body. That was what he was after, and at the source of that stream he determined to pitch his tent, wherever that source might be.

\* \* \*

Like an African explorer striking into the jungle, he started along the banks of the stream. It was no easy task he had set himself, for there was an abundance of wild growth and underbrush along its edge, and he eventually found himself up against the side of the mountain, looking up many feet at the place where the water came tumbling joyously over the rocks. Up the side he clambered, and once on the table land followed the water course again. Three days through the dense woods he followed the stream. East and west, but ever southerly, it led him, until at last he found what he started out to discover—the place where it bubbled up out of the rocks. There he stopped, built him a log hut and took up land. We know the spring now as the Hess spring. It tumbles its waters over Chedoke falls, and it isn't so very many years ago that some interested persons tried to get the city aldermen to buy the water course as a feeder for a high level reservoir. It still flows, though the man who discovered its source has long since been gathered to his fathers, and a new owner is master of its destiny. Water flows and time goes on forever.

\* \* \*

Jacob Hess was one of the interesting old men of his time. He was one of the pioneers who found it necessary to use the old Indian trail to Niagara Falls when he wanted to get his grist ground, and before his death he often told how he shouldered his first bag of wheat and tramped along the trail all the way to the Falls, there getting it ground and tramping back, again with the bag of flour. When he first built his log house he and his family had to sit up at night fearful lest wolves or other wild animals would in some way get in at them. But the

scene quickly changed. The timbered land was cleared away and a frame house took the place of the log shanty. Then one of the boys built a hotel on the Caledonia road (everyone seemed to have a hotel in those days). The Hess tavern was a curious old place and still stands, an old frame wreck on the main road. It has long since been deserted as a hotel and to-day its only occupant is Jim Jones, the central market pickle prince. He may be found there on any day but a market day and Sunday, making pickles in what used to be the bar-room.

\* \* \*

Just where the town line crosses the stone road, making a four-corners, there is a section known as Ryckman's Corners. It received that name many years ago, when Samuel Ryckman came along and received in payment for his services to the government large tracts of land. In all he owned about 700 acres of soil, at that time heavily timbered. He was one of the earliest settlers in that locality, having come from Pennsylvania, where his parents lived. He was a good Hollander and a land surveyor. There was plenty of land around this part of the country at that time in need of survey, and he was appointed crown land surveyor for a large district. Thus he acquired his large property. Building a log house and barn on the northeast corner of the cross roads, he lived an honest life, raised a family of worthy children, and ultimately, at the age of 70, and in the year 1846, died. One of his sons was Major Ryckman, another one Ward Ryckman and another Hamilton Ryckman. The major received a piece of his father's estate a short distance down the town line, there living out his life, following in his father's footsteps as to raising a family of worthy sons, among them being S. S. Ryckman, ex-M.P., and W. H. Ryckman. Ward Ryckman became famous in early history as the owner of the noted Victoria mills, which supplied the lumber from which many a Hamilton house still standing has been built. Hamilton, the other son, stuck to the old homestead, and he also aided in perpetuating the family name by his sons George, Edward, John and some more. Hamilton did not make farming his hobby by any means. He branched out as a railway