

which trading was carried on, however he managed to get the mill going. It was running in full blast in '40. Mr. Williams was a good neighbor and a good-living man. He married into the Burce family. The manufacture of home made clothing was a necessity of the times. Silks satins and other fine and expensive goods were largely an unknown quantity. Every farmer's wife laid in a stock of yarn and woollen blankets socks and stockings and coarse woollen wear were made in the home. The spinning weaving and knitting involved gave ample employment to the household in the long winter evenings. It would be a great mistake however, to suppose that their lives were spent devoid of ordinary pleasures. In many a log house before the blazing fire on the capacious hearth there was as much fun and amusement as would be found in the mansions of modern times. I am convinced of one thing the people have better health than now. The introduction of stoves, while a greater convenience did away with the best of all modes of ventilating—an open chimney.

When a lad at school I occasionally went with some of the boys to spend the night in the country, and I then saw something of what I am writing about. To show how old fashioned things were I will mention one item. I pinned up the bundles of wool and yarn (Mr. Williams) used the needles of the thorn and he gave us youngsters so much a pound to gather them. There were plenty of bushes in the woods from which to pick. I was not a coward at it and did not retire a millionaire. I wonder if any of my fellow workers in this novel branch of industry are living and can remember it?

When we had our Centennial celebration the public meeting was addressed by the Governor of Ontario, Sir George Kirkpatrick. In the course of his remarks he referred facetiously to the kind of books that were to use in the schools in the early part of the century, quoting a couplet from Moore the Irish poet, "The only books were women's looks." He was followed by the Hon. Edward Blake M. P. who, when on the same topic, said, "His Honor she should have completed the quotation—And among other things that the present editions were more daintily gotten up, more elegantly bound and more attract-

ive to the students, or something to that effect. The reference was brimful of humour and created great amusement. I am inclined to think though that the girls who went to our place of instruction when dressed in a natty calico, a muslin or a homemade woollen dress, were as neat and attractively bound, and looked as charming as any of the later editions. Many of them with the bloom of health on their cheeks, their bright eyes full of mirthful glee, were just as bewitching and useful as any modern fashionable dame, no matter how attractive.

Mr. Williams did his share in helping to fit out both male and female in good solid apparel. Mr. Mark D. Williams is worthily representing in business life the energy of the pioneer.

Next on the stream was a tannery carried on by Garne Gifford. People had to have foot wear then as now and the Indian occasion did not answer as a substitute for either in a wet season. For years he did a thriving trade. I think he came from Cobourg. I cannot say much about him from recollection, but I know at one time he was well to do. He was fond of a good team of horses, and he built a double brick house on Scugog St., which is still standing. It is not much to look at now, but it cost what was then a mint of money. He was of American extraction; quite a number of men were employed about the tannery. The water was obtained by damming the creek. He used to cross the dam to go to the distillery. There were a number of boys in the household but now they are beyond my ken.

When I first saw Cameron Munson, whose golden wedding was recently celebrated with so much éclat, he was engaged in a wrestling match in front of the tannery. Through all the intervening years he has been grappling with many difficult problems, on the whole coming out as he did then on top. He would be a big man even now to tackle in a clinch. Quite a trade was done in those ancient times in tanner's oil. Our boots were constantly wet in the winter time after running in the snow all day. They were literally soaking. To get your boots off was a serious undertaking. Any time I had a fit. After a night's dry before the fire they were as hard as granite, there was no getting them on without the greatest difficulty hence the demand for oil. How the young hopeful ever grew to maturity with anything