



THE ANCIENT HESS HOSTLERY.

going and mill hands at work all over his property. Being a good business man, and not given to wasting where he could by any means save, he conceived the idea of building a big hotel, where his mill hands could board and where the traveling public could get all the accommodation they liked, liquid and other sorts. So he sought him out a builder—John Dickenson by name, and father of John, the present M.L.A. for South Wentworth. To him he gave his orders, and in a short time 100,000 bricks were put in place, and the big hotel became an accomplished fact, as the picture will show. In its day that hotel did a great business, but with the decline of the lumber trade and the loss of stage traffic, it ceased to pay and was shut up. It is a curious thing, too, that the man who built the place—Mr. Dickenson—happened to be a license commissioner for the riding when the license was cut off and the place closed up.

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In the earlier days the postoffice of the township was in the Terryberry place, too. It was stationed right in the bar, so 'tis said, and it was this fact that led to its removal. There came a growth in the religious and temperance sentiment of the community, and it was thought unwise that the preacher and his flock should have to walk into a bar-room to get letters.

It may even be surmised that such a condition of affairs might have led to some very wicked deception on the part of some of the good appearing people, who may have been glad enough of the postoffice excuse to get into the bar-room and leave their thirsts behind them. Whatever was thought an agitation was begun, led by Rev. Canon Bull, who is so intimately identified with the early history of a large part of Wentworth county, for the removal of the postoffice to some more congenial, heaven-blessed spot. No one could think of any place better than Mr. Dickenson's and he was finally persuaded to become postmaster. He has held this position ever since, all through the long regime of the wicked Tory government, and will likely continue to hold it till he dies, unless his own party turns him out of office. The position brings him in \$18 a year, which is quite an item.

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It was over sixty years ago that Jacob Hess, at that time not a very young man, sailed into Hamilton bay in a boat, bound for the city of Dundas. Hamilton was a mighty small place at that time, but its prospects looked well, and as Mr. Hess looked from the boat to the shore his eye was pleased with the scene. He was looking for a place to settle, and he had peculiar ideas of his own about