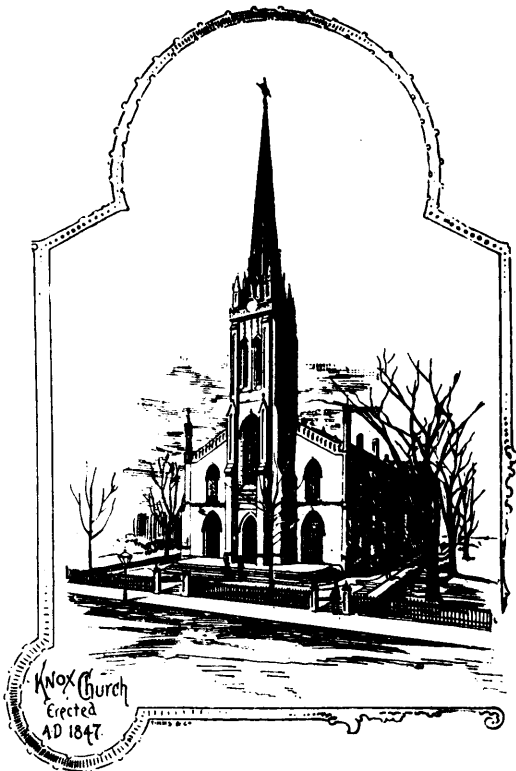


there were pine trees standing near the old church which stood on the site of the present one. In 1827 the Kirk of Scotland people commenced to build a church on the corner of Church and Adelaide streets, not finished until near 1830. Mr. Harris came from the North of Ireland and was connected with the Irish Presbyterian church. Now this little brick church was the nucleus of all the present churches of that at present numerous and most useful Christian denomination in our city. Branches spread from this root until this body of Christians is one of the most powerful in Toronto. Mr. Harris preached in the church and in a new one built on its site for about twenty years and until his place was taken by the late Rev. Dr. Burns. I called upon Mr. Harris in April 1837, living on this plot of ground, and at his residence, near the church, to attend at the house of the late Mrs. Sarah Bostwick, and celebrate my marriage with her daughter, in the presence of some of the old residents of Toronto, among them the Hon. Marshall S. Bidwell and old Mr. Ross of the firm of Ross & Mitchell, merchants. In 1828 Mr. Harris became the secretary of the York Auxiliary Bible Society, which Mr. Ketchum patronized and assisted, and from it great blessings have issued to Christianity in this city. Mr. Ketchum owned the whole square of land now comprising that from the south corner of Yonge and Queen to the corner of Bay on the south side, thence to Adelaide street opposite the lot owned



by the late Mr. John Doel, sr., where his brewery was, and his old homestead still stands, near seventy years old. In the deeds given for land on Temperance street named by him as such he caused to be inserted a covenant that no licensed inn or place where spirituous liquors might be sold should ever be allowed to exist, and none have ever been so built.

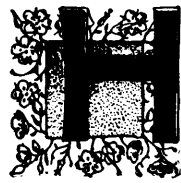
HIS GREAT GIFTS TO THE CITY OF BUFFALO.

He pursued the same course of life in Buffalo that he did in Toronto, for over twenty years, and died there on the 7th September 1867, having caught a severe cold whilst visiting the schools, the fondest object of his life. The Common Council of Buffalo attended his funeral in a body, as did the principals of the public schools and the children of the Westminster Sunday School, the public schools being closed on that day. His gifts to this city consisted of a lot on Delaware street, presented to Westminster Presbyterian Church with a money gift of \$5,000; a tract of land worth then \$30,000, was given for a Normal School site. Also in 1871 his executors, according to the will, founded by deed what is there called "The Jesse Ketchum Memorial Fund," conveying to Buffalo \$10,000 as a perpetual memorial for purposes of education and morals, and the distribution of medals and prizes among children and teachers in the schools. He used, in Buffalo, for twenty years to visit annually all the public schools as he did in Toronto, and carry with him books as gifts to the children and teachers.

From these facts in the history of the life of Mr. Ketchum we can justly draw the conclusion that he was a truly Christian and benevolent as well as a patriotic man, an example to be imitated by all men who have the means of usefully distributing their wealth in order to benefit their posterity, to please that great Almighty Spirit whom we all ought to love and adore, Almighty God. In the language of the Book of Revelations I may justly add:—"I heard a voice from Heaven saying unto me, 'write.' 'Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth.'" "Yea, saith the Spirit that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them."

Toronto, 1891.

Travelling Scraps.



AS anyone ever come across a travelling strap which wouldn't fit just that particular package or wrap you wish to carry? Because if you have not, and are under the delusion that you are an amiable, even-tempered person, you are groping in the dark, and have still to learn that even the sweetest temper (like the writer's) can be effectually soured and turned upside down on occasion.

My special package on this morning was just a light wrap, a soft pair of boots and two pounds of biscuits. Now, if this wasn't a guileless parcel—what is guile? My parcel was food, raiment and generosity combined—generosity, because I was taking the biscuits to a dear friend. The frankness of my minute description shows my confiding disposition—but alas! that demon strap has spoiled all. To begin—I said to myself, "I've plenty of time—nothing to pack—just put up those things in the strap, etc., etc." So I dressed leisurely and then began the fray. It seems to me that of all the awkward things to fit into anything biscuits hold the floor. You see, one doesn't want to crunch them into shapeless grotesqueness (like the animal biscuits one sees at the grocer's), nor does one wish to grind them into a semblance of thickening for gravies or oyster soup. You would not desire to say to your own dear friend, "Here, dear, are some nice biscuits I've brought you—there are two kinds"—and then open your bag and behold your "two kinds" mixed up into a whitey-brown jumble which might pass for anything, from specimens of mining product to a handful of roadside gravel. So you see, we must use no undue pressure on our biscuits. To proceed—I had these biscuits in a good stout paper bag, and I laid my nice soft boots beside it and then tried to wind them up neatly in my wrap (a short jacket.) Here was the first set-back. To make a neat looking parcel was impossible, but—never mind—the strap would make that all right. Not so—at least, not this strap. I got one end nicely fixed at last—but what about the other? Why, there was simply no end, nor anything to take hold of. Biscuits and boots and jacket all seemed to be rolled in a hard knob at one end, and the other end comprised a sleeve and a few buttons. I tried again, and spread things out a little to make the ends more even. Strap too large to go round once—too small for twice; and, remember, my biscuits must not be crushed. At last I achieved some semblance of a shawl-strap travelling parcel—something at least to take hold of, but in the time-consuming struggle I nearly lost my train. Arrived on the car, and now comfortably seated and ready to enjoy myself, I glanced at my refractory companion and discovered that it had become ominously loosened. Certainly it would stand no more carrying without another overhauling. This time I really could take my leisure—and I required both that and my temper. I got so warm that I shed my cape and then my cuffs. That strap was the slipperiest customer I ever met; (no, by the way, I discarded another one, thinking this one so much better.) I reasoned with it, as it were. Mentally I appealed to its sense of fitness. It was a nice, tidy strap and one would think it would be ashamed to be seen looking like an inebriated clothes line, vainly trying to hold together a parcel which looked equally disreputable. That strap was thick-skinned in more senses than one. The saying is, "There's nothing like leather." I endorse that cordially. After patient squeezing, patting and stretching, I got my unruly baggage into some shape again, and then came to the conclusion which I handed to you, dear readers, at the beginning of this sketch, viz.: That if anyone labors under the impression that his or her temper is sweet and unruffleable, let them try the "Shawl Strap Remedy," with biscuits, boots, etc., and test themselves. It's only right and serves to take down people's high notions of their own

dignity, and shows up how very good people can be who have no temptations to be naughty, and how very otherwise these same people can be when faced by difficulties of an exasperating nature.

Can anybody tell me why travelling brings on, with some people (generally women), a sudden and unaccountable appetite? No matter that the journey be short and that they have—as is usually the case—had a good square meal before starting, they must eat. One can understand children's wish for a biscuit, a candy, an apple or a drink of water. Travelling is a bore to them after the first half hour or so is passed. The very knowledge that they are not close to their own water tap at home and a nice, clean glass or cup to drink from makes these contradictory specimens of humanity long for a drink as soon as they get aboard. What is their own clean home mug compared to that delightful and unaccustomed tin cup, which has been between the teeth of the travelling public for, well, we won't try to think how long. So we'll let the youngsters alone. Travelling lately from Toronto to a western city, I observed a group of people who sat near me. About half an hour after we started, signs of fussiness with accompanying nods and smiles commenced, a basket was produced, and then they began business, and they simply never stopped munching until we got to Stratford, a run of about three hours. After the debris was cleared away, one of the younger women every now and then accepted a piece of candy from a young man as if to support exhausted nature. An hour afterwards as I left the car I glanced at her profile in passing, and there were her jaws working away, and I pondered upon how much longer they meant to work.

Anyone who thinks cannot fail to observe this curious habit, and I am at a loss to account for it, except it be to relieve that *ennui* of travelling which some people feel so much. The people, however, to whom I have alluded were not apparently dull or bored, for they were all chatting away gaily enough until this eating mania fell upon them, then they began to look solemn, and as if life had an object and its name was Food.

American Workmen.

Everyone agrees that the American skilled artisan puts forth more physical effort and produces more work in a given time than the English workman or the workman of any other manufacturing community. This fact struck me and many experienced directors of works most forcibly. Before concluding our tour I had the opportunity of verifying and strengthening this first impression. After watching the American workmen at Pittsburg and elsewhere I arrived at the same conclusion as to their efficiency. Their productive power is greater than that of the English workers in the same time, and their working hours are longer and their remuneration is greater. I met one of my old workmen at Mr. Carnegie's works in Pittsburg, and he indorsed my opinion. Speaking from his own practical experience:

"I am quite a different man here," he said, "to what I was in the old country; I don't know why it is so; whether I live in a stimulating atmosphere or whether it is the example set me; but I know I have got the go in me here. I can do more work; I feel that I have it in me; but I also feel and I know that it won't last. I shall be done in ten years."

No, it won't last. The extreme physical effort put forth results in greater production, but it saps the vital energies and cuts short the career. This continual work at high pressure does not pay in the end. "It won't last"; and the remark applies with equal force to the employers as well as to the workers. Competition between manufacturers is keener than in this country. They work their business at high pressure. There is a terrific struggle between them for possession of the markets. They put forth their utmost energies, and when they succeed their reward is great; but all cannot be leaders in industry. This fierce competition reacts on the men. We were surprised to find in a democratic country like America that the workmen had so little power and were to such a large extent the docile instruments of energetic employers.

The "bosses," as the foremen and managers of factories are called, drive the men to an extent that employers would never dream of attempting in this country. There are trades unions, but they do not seem able to protect the men in this respect. The "bosses" have the faculty of "driving" the men and getting the maximum amount of work out of them, and the men do not seem to have the inclination or power to resist the pressure. American manufacturers thus get the greatest possible service out of their plant.—Sir James Kitson in the *Contemporary Review*.