

The Politicians of Early London

A Paper Read Before the London Historical Association by Dr. Cl. T. Campbell.

When Upper Canada was made a separate province in 1792 it was divided for electoral purposes into 16 ridings—each returning one member in the Legislative Assembly. In 1808 the number of representatives was increased to 25—there being 22 districts, 2 of which returned two members. The franchise was confined to British subjects—owning property to the value of forty shillings.

By an act passed March 7th, 1821 (Chap. 11, Geo. III.), the parliamentary representation was still further increased. A county with a population of 1,000 was given one member; with 4,000 and upward it was to have two; a town with a population of 1,000 was also given one member. In the first Parliament after this act there were 35 members.

London was founded in 1826; and in 1835, nine years after, it had attained a population of over 1,000. It was not a town, however; being then only a part of the Township of London. But the Governor, Sir Francis B. Head, was seeking more support in the Assembly; London was thought to be safer; so London, having complied with the spirit of the law, received the privilege of sending a member to Parliament, and exercised its rights for the first time at the election of 1836.

The political condition of the province at this time was very unsettled. Political parties, in the modern sense, there were none. The terms Tory, Whig, Reformer and Radical were frequently used; but they had not the same meanings as in our days. Strictly speaking, there were two parties only—the supporters of the Government, and the Opposition. And the Government meant the Governor. Responsible Government had not come into existence. Legislative powers were supposed to be vested in the Governor's Council—appointed by him—and an assembly elected by the people. But in reality the power was in the hands of the Governor and his friends.

The Family Compact.

This official recognized responsibility to no one except the British Government, from whom he received his authority. On arriving in the province

once upon a session of Parliament; and the Governor and his friends had everything their own way. But this did not continue. With the increase of population, and the settlement of the land the evil attendant upon a system of personal government for the benefit of a few began to attract attention. Many things were needed for the improvement of the country, which those in authority refused to allow. When agitators like Goulay called attention to existing evils, they were prosecuted and persecuted—the only result being to make the agitation greater and the opposition stronger; until at last the latter controlled the Assembly.

The London Representative.

At the opening of Parliament in 1835, the opposition had a majority in the popular house. The vote for speaker stood 31 to 27 against the Government. The only London man in the body was Thos. Parke, who, with Elias Moore represented the County of Middlesex. He came to London from Toronto in 1828, having charge of the building of the court house, and became a prominent citizen; though his real estate was principally in the country. Not a very brilliant man, and not an extremist; a Reformer, and yet not very objectionable to the ruling clique. He was for a short time surveyor-general in the Executive Council of Governor Sydenham in 1841.

Sir Francis Bond Head reached Upper Canada in 1835. He was welcomed by the Reformers, who, for some reason, thought he would be favorable to their views. But they soon found they were mistaken. The new Governor fell in with the oligarchy and was absorbed by it. He knew nothing of provincial affairs; and the opposition in his Assembly was composed of rebels and annexationists. He had a very poor opinion of himself; and a very poor opinion of all who did not agree with him.

Doubtless incited thereto by his advisors, he dissolved Parliament and became the standard-bearer of a vigorous electoral campaign. His duty was to wave the flag and appeal to the loyalty of the people; and the Family Compact exercised its influence

the remainder of his life, becoming warden of the county, and member of Parliament.

The contest, as I have said, was a close one. Freeman Talbot told me the result was a tie; but I have never been able to substantiate this statement, as all early official records have been lost. However, Col. Burwell got the seat, and held it till 1840. He never attained any prominence in Parliament, and disappeared from public life when the union of the two provinces was consummated.

The suppression of the rebellion in Upper and Lower Canada was followed by Lord Durham's visit to the province; his memorable report on political conditions; and the Act of Union passed by the British Parliament on July 23rd, 1840, to join together the two provinces under a system of responsible government. This Act came into force in Canada Feb. 10th, 1841. The candidates for London at that election that year were: Hamilton H. Killaly and John Douglas. Killaly was an Irish gentleman, who came out with the 100th, but while the latter settled in Adelaide, he located in London Township on the fourth concession, northeast of London, near what is now known as Fanshawe Postoffice.

"Dandy" in his Youth. He was a well known man in his time. He was not a strong politician; for a while rather inclined to Toryism, but he was a place as Commissioner of Public Works, as well as a member of the cabinet. In his younger days he was known as the first Baldwin-Lafontaine cabinet. In his younger days he was known as a dandy; but afterwards he would seem to have combined the dandy and the hobo in about equal proportions. He was a warm-hearted, free-handed Irishman; a great sportsman; a bon vivant; and scattering his money lavishly when in office he came a poor man when he left.

A Mr. Adamson, who was chaplain to Lord Sydenham, wrote a book on "Salmon Fishing in Canada," in which he describes the fishing expedition of a small party including Mr. Killaly. He thus pictures the Commissioner of Public Works: "The most expensive and worst-dressed man on the continent. I have seen him at one time promenading a popular display of a dirty, powder-smeared and blood-stained shooting coat; while his netherman was encased in black dress trousers, all looking as if he had slept in them for weeks. He had a button on them, which caused his brawny and hairy chest to be exposed to view; while a fringe of ravelled threads from the wrists usually hung dangling over his dirty, freckled and dirty hands. His head was white, and his face purple—a red cabbage in snow. His step was brisk and vigorous, while his laugh was defiant and his voice was like the blast of a clarion. The probabilities are that the reverend fisherman had a fisherman's tendency to exaggeration; and painted his picture in colors more striking than true.

Mr. Killaly's opponent was John Douglas, of the firm of Douglas & Watt—general merchants. He claimed to be a Reformer. Very little is known of him except that he was a man of very moderate abilities, who subsequently became a bankrupt, and left London suddenly for the United States, to escape imprisonment for debt.

Marked by Violence.

The election was vigorously contested; and marked by the violence characteristic of those days, as well as the trickery characteristic of later days. While there was a property qualification for elections, there was a loophole of which the Government took advantage. A man squatted on Government land, built a house on it, and lived there; he was entitled to a vote. With the connivance of the officers of the Garrisonian, several little shacks were erected during the election week on some crown lands, and occupied

by soldiers who slept there one night; and the next morning presented themselves at the polls and voted for Killaly.

Of course, the friends of Douglas were indignant; and showed their feelings by pelting Col. Wedderburn's house with stones, and smashing his windows. The same treatment was accorded Mr. Givens—Killaly's legal adviser. Shortly after, the magistrates offered a reward of £40 for the discovery of the rioters; but, as usual with political offenders, they were not found.

Killaly was elected by a small majority; and as previously intimated, was called to the Executive Council by Lord Sydenham, and made Commissioner of Public Works. In this capacity he rendered good service to the province. He secured an appropriation of \$400,000 for work in the London district. The Hamilton road, the Port Stanley road, Longwoods road and the Sarnia road were all graded, and also plank roads for a considerable distance. Mr. C. Gzowski, a Pole, who had to fly from his country for rebelling against the Russian Government, had charge of this work, and lived in London most of the time.

In 1841, Mr. G. J. Goodhue, a prominent businessman of London, was appointed to the Legislative Council. He was nominally a Reformer; but not an active one. He was brother in St. Thomas; and his social relations were largely with Tories. Though not a very lovable man, he had a great influence in the community, as many of the settlers are indebted to him by note or mortgage. A vacancy occurring in the council, the Governor expressed himself as willing to appoint whoever might be the choice of the people. Mr. Goodhue had influence; but he had more. He was known to be very indifferent in religious matters, and no church-goer; nor was he noted for his piety. But at a Methodist tea meeting he surprised everyone by a contribution of \$50. This would be a large sum in those days from anyone; but coming from the Methodist community, it was startling. The Methodists concluded that he had been converted; and great things were expected from him. Their influence thrown into the scale, doubtless helped him to his appointment. Whereupon he became an adherent of the Church of England and a supporter of the Family Compact. He remained in the council until Confederation; but appears to have taken no prominent part in public affairs.

Two in Administration.

Lord Sydenham's administration, as it may be called, contained two London men—Killaly, Commissioner of Public Works, and Parke, of Middlesex, Surveyor-General. The Governor died the following year; and was succeeded by Sir Charles Bagot. He was a Tory in British politics; but he understood that he was to take for his advisors the men who had the confidence of the people; and so the Lafontaine-Baldwin ministry came into power. In 1843 he was succeeded by Sir Charles Metcalfe. This gentleman had no sympathy with the ideas of responsible government; and it is supposed that his instructions from the colonial secretary were in accord with his own views. As he at once commenced appointing appointments without consulting his ministry, they promptly resigned—all except Mr. Dominick Daly, who never had any opinion at variance with those of his Governor. Sir Charles could not find anyone to take the responsibility of Government; and so with the aid of Mr. Denner, a member of the Legislative Council, he undertook to run the province. Parliament was dissolved, and an election ordered in November. The Governor appealed to the loyalty of the people, assuring them that the policy of his late advisors was successful. A majority of the appeal was successful. A majority was returned ready to support the Governor; and among them came, as representative from London, Lawrence Lawson.

(To Be Continued Next Week.)

John Masfield, a Poet Who Has Made a Sensation

[Alfred Turner in T. P.'s Weekly.]

The beacon light of the popular press has been shining on the pathway of Mr. John Masfield these last few weeks. He has even achieved the rare distinction for a poet, or runner of the pen, of being within a few months, and with a work which breaks with all the established traditions of poetry and stands to be judged in a class by itself, as a terrible and tragic revelation of human destiny. It may be that it is this arresting quality in a poem, more than its superb imaginative power, that accounts for such a wide circulation. People nowadays do not read the best poetry because it is the best, nor, it may be added, do they read poetry at all at the bidding of the critics.

Three Weeks' Work.

"The Everlasting Mercy," with its rough blend of coarse and vivid portraiture and high-spirited ecstasy, touches the depths of the human soul, and has all the simplicity and directness of the great primitive stories of the world. In such case there is no pre-occupation with literary and aesthetic forms; these take their right and inevitable place in the complete work of the unconscious offering of a rich creative faculty. There is no concern as to whether here and there a rhyme may not be exactly perfect, or a word too sharp or too soft, or a line too long or too short, with those who would put the Muse in leading strings. "The Everlasting Mercy" was written in one of those full tides of emotional fervor and exaltation which comes to a poet at rare moments, and at such a moment, one conceives, as enabled to scribble the immortal "Ode to a Nightingale" whilst sitting in a Hampstead garden. The whole poem occupied Mr. Masfield only three weeks, and it is the more remarkable seeing that he usually works at a slow and laborious pace. What, however, has most interested me about "The Everlasting Mercy" is the proof it furnishes that we have a new poet, a poet who can take the common material of life and weave out of it a poem that is as fine as a sublime and spiritual offering of the conventional verse-breathings in an artificial sort of way of the long summer nights and the impatient breathings of sorrowing lovers. This is a plea for vitality. To many its realism may shock, and certainly "Tan o' Shawsheen" no more ruffianly muse has tramped up the ways of Parnassus, roaring out his strange oaths and curses. But the whole thing is permeated with a strange compelling beauty that belongs to the stuff of great poetry.

For Navy and Others.

Saul, the preacher, is alive and breathing; you do not think of him as a pale phantom of the poet's shadowland, and that is why "The Everlasting Mercy" is a book to be read like the navy in the wayside tavern and the cultured man in the study. The many readers who have just made acquaintance with Masfield through his latest work may care to know that "The Everlasting Mercy" and the poem written previous to this, though published later, "The Yellow in the Eye Street," are the fruit of much earnest and sincere work, extending over a dozen years. My

of letters. It is, I think, the first time that any considerable attempt has been made to present in the terse and direct spectacle of a grown man overmastered by the conviction of sin and in that monotonous but exalting which is common enough to the old-fashioned revival meeting produced innumerable examples of the land. I can take passage after passage in this wonderful poem, and out of my own experience I can find a revival of the penitent form confessions of woe, untold men who have been touched to the quick by the awful exhortations of a preacher of the old evangelical school. The theme is the same; the sudden glow of a spiritual vision that reveals, as in a flash, the horror of sin and the beauty of holiness. Only the vision is transferred to us in the book through the transcending genius of the poet. I will take six lines as an example of what I mean:

The water's going out to sea
And there's a great moon calling me;
But there's a green to my new eyes,
And all God's bells will ring soon,
For joy and glory and delight
Of someone coming home tonight.

The Gates of Heaven.

The text is familiar enough in the mouth of the preacher of the Salvation Army and the mission room: "Joy in Heaven over one sinner that repenteth." At the old-fashioned camp meetings in the North of England I have heard the testimonies of men who told how suddenly there came the realization of sin and after that the gates of heaven were opened to them and they counted the years that the locusts had eaten. Says Masfield:

O glory of the lighted mind
How dead I'd been, how dumb, how blind,
The station brook to my new eyes,
Was bubbling out of Paradise.
The waters rushing from the rain
Were singing Christ has risen again.

Masfield is a poet, and therefore a visionary, and he holds in his own words to the creed that "the heart of life can only be laid bare in the agony of exaltation, or spiritual contest, pushed beyond the limits of the dying personality is exalting and cleansing." This is the lesson of "The Everlasting Mercy."

Earlier Work.

The many readers who have just made acquaintance with Masfield through his latest work may care to know that "The Everlasting Mercy" and the poem written previous to this, though published later, "The Yellow in the Eye Street," are the fruit of much earnest and sincere work, extending over a dozen years. My

copy of the ballade is dated 1890, and a second volume of finer and surer quality appeared two years later. My favorite among these earlier and simpler pieces is the beautiful "Christmas Eve at Sea," which touches a note of imaginative fervor only too rarely reached by the man who has lived in close communion with the sea, and learned to know it and love it in all his varying moods. Masfield, like Tennyson, sailed before the mast, and those experiences have strengthened and vivified his writings and given to them the real and authentic note. Most poets can write of the sea, but they must write of it as they feel it. Davies, for example, the tramp poet, who journeyed from the States in a cattle boat, has given us an unforgettable picture of the accumulated horrors of such a journey. So the poet who drifts round the Horn wearily day after day, beating against the wind and enduring the buffeting of the never-ceasing storm, can enable us to realize the primitive savagery of the sea as no one else can. Masfield has rounded the Horn more than once, and so keen as his faculties of observation and description that the other day a seafaring man who had been reading "The Yellow in the Eye Street" recognized the author for a sailor at once. This, by the way, on the strength of that magnificent and glowing description of the last man on a sinking ship, who

Hearing aloft the slapping topsail rip,
Ripping to rage among the topmasts' wreck.

I think Masfield writes more convincingly about the sea in all its moods than any of his contemporaries, and one of the passages I marked years ago occurs to me now:

Tonight beneath the dripping boughs,
There flashing bubbles burst and throng
The low wash murmurs and sighs and sighs
A message from the angler's song.

Best Work to Come. For a man who has been writing over twelve years, Masfield has not, in the matter of bulk, achieved a great deal. But all his work is of the highest quality, and with rare exceptions he has found like most of the masters of prose, that perfect and wholly satisfying writing can only be accomplished slowly, and often with great labor. One other thing that is worth recording in our age of advertisement: Masfield has a horror of the kind of publicity that comes to the man who wins fame and praise. He will not talk of his own methods of work, or of his own achievements. Interviewers may flatter him, but in vain. I feel convinced that his greatest work is yet to come; he is on the sunny side of forty, and the man who could write "The Yellow in the Eye Street" and "The Tragedy of Pompey the Great" will yet produce a great play. He is busy at present on a new book, and after his last two poems it is certain of a great welcome.

EDUCATING THE NEGRO.

With the demonstration farm work for men and boys on the land, the home gardens and domestic instruction for the girls and the women in their homes, and the industrial training of the children in the schools, the foundations are being laid for a better standard of living among the negroes. Because our educational machinery has failed in the past to fit the negro for rural life, where he has his greatest opportunity for happiness and gain to himself and the state, is no reason why we should change the character of that education in order that he may know how to produce more, live better and add to the common wealth of the state.

Demonstration farms have proven that agricultural poverty in Virginia is a preventable disease, but this condition wherever it exists, will never be remedied so long as we are satisfied to leave untrained and unaided the negro on this soil according to obsolete methods inherited from the past. To allow the negro to grow up untrained is to fasten on a great mass of the state a low level of civilization, and it would lay upon the white element, trying to lift itself out of poverty, ignorance and superstition, a man either adds to the wealth, intelligence and character of his environment, or he adds to its poverty, ignorance and crime. If he is above the average he is a gain and a benefit to all his neighbors; if he is below it he is a hindrance to their advancement—Southern Workman.

HARD METALS.

The diamond has ever been regarded as possessing one quality that placed it beyond rivalry—namely, that of hardness. There are several gems that compete with it in beauty, and at least one—ruby—when of rare size outranks it in costliness, but none in the whole list equals it in hardness.

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The hardest steel cannot equal the diamond in that respect. But there are at least two products of chemical experiment that have proved, according to French chemists, to be as hard as diamonds. These are produced from the rare metal titanium. One experimenter, it is claimed, succeeded in preparing titanium in the electric furnace. In the pure form it is much harder than steel or quartz, and when combined with silicon or carbon so as to form a silicide or boronide of titanium it matches the diamond itself in hardness.

Dr. George E. Kunz, the gem expert, has been informed that the Emperor of Japan had conferred on him the decoration of the Order of the Rising Sun, officers' class, for work in minerals, jade, and assistance to the Japanese mining industry.

Titanium resembles tin in its chemical properties, and it is the character-

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES GARGET IN COWS.



DR. CL. T. CAMPBELL.

once a perfect stranger, he would find a class of people socially and politically prominent, who claimed to be the especial upholders of British connection, and the special exponents of British loyalty. This class was composed of officeholders—all appointed by the British Government, together with the leading men of the U. E. Loyalists, spoken of in later years as "The Family Compact." The relationship between them was really one of mutual interests, more than of family ties. They controlled all important offices; appropriated to their own profit large tracts of land; and usually manipulated the Governor. From this class the Governor naturally appointed the Legislative Council. There was no Cabinet as we understand it. The Governor usually selected a few of these as his Executive Council; but even though these were all his friends and supporters, he only consulted them when he saw it was under no obligation to accept their advice when given. The Legislative Assembly was allowed to pass laws; and when these were of a purely local character, the Council would generally indorse them, and the Governor sign them. If they touched on questions of public policy, or trench on the interests of the provincial aristocracy, they were quietly buried in the Upper Chamber.

It is not surprising that in this condition of affairs no one but a supporter of the Government would care for a seat in the Assembly. In fact, in these early days the pioneers of the province were too busy clearing the forest and looking after their own affairs to be anxious to spend either the time or money involved in attending

Death Follows the Surgeon's Knife

Surgery is the fad in medical treatment, and many doctors still recommend a surgical operation for piles. Too often the results are fatal to the patient and even when the operation is a success there is not always a cure.

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It is worth while to try Dr. Chase's Ointment, even if you have been told that an operation is necessary. Many have escaped the knife by using this ointment, others have been cured by its use after operations had failed. Relief from the itching, stinging sensations which make it so hard to bear is almost as soon as Dr. Chase's Ointment is applied.

by ways that were dark, and tricks that were not in vain. The combined forces were successful. There can be no question that they were helped very much by the indifference of the leading Reformers who threatened to desert if their demands were not complied with. The people of the province wanted reform, but they were not disloyal, and they said so emphatically. They gave the Governor a majority in the Assembly; and he took all the credit to himself for it. The result of the campaign did not make him any wiser—nothing was to wave the flag and appeal to the loyalty of the people; and the Family Compact exercised its influence

Col. Burwell's Character. It was in the campaign of 1836 that London obtained representation. The election here was very close. The Government candidate was Col. Burwell. A surveyor by profession, he had been a protégé of Col. Talbot, and had done a great deal of work in surveying the southwestern part of the province; and had acquired considerable property. He had been chosen one of the members for Middlesex in 1831; but was defeated the next year. He had considerable influence in London, and should have made a strong amiable disposition, nor of a very amiable manner. In religion his views were of a very negative character, and he did not hesitate to express them. At the same time he was a strong supporter of the Church of England as an institution bound up with the interests of the state; and he showed the sincerity of this rather paradoxical belief in large legacies to the church. He was, of course, an outsider, as he did not reside in the village.

His opponent, John Scatcherd, was a more popular man. A leading merchant, held in the highest respect by his neighbors; a burly, good-natured English gentleman; sensible and energetic. He came to Canada in 1831; and after a brief stay in Toronto, he became so discouraged that he decided to take the first vessel home. But walking through the streets of Toronto he met a friend who strongly advised him to remain in the province. The result was that he purchased a farm in a Toronto man a farm in the Township of Nissouri, without seeing it, and started on foot for his new estate. Fortunately the farm was a good one; and he found the investment safe. Shortly after, however, he started a general store in London, and died here a few years; then returned to Nissouri, where he passed