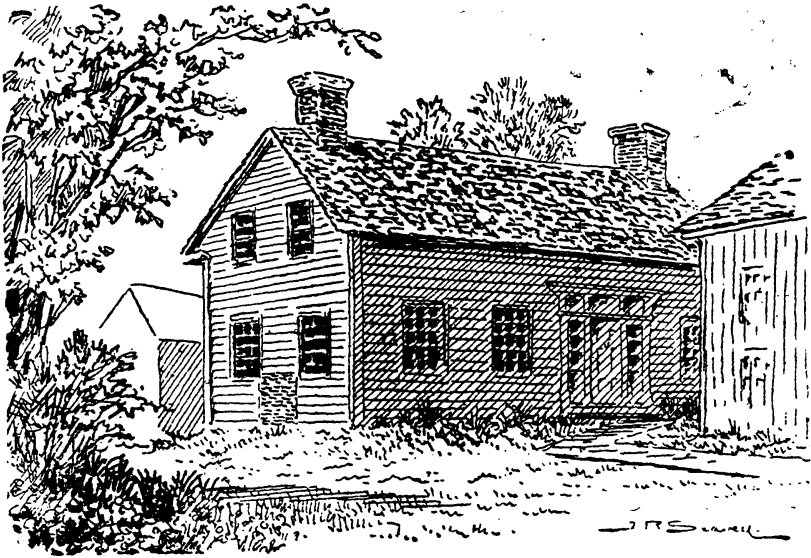


sibly have made a better selection. It is not, at this era, very progressive, but its claim to general prettiness has never been disputed.

It would appear also that there has always been an unusual percentage of good, looks amongst the Ancastrians in days gone by, as well as to-day. Perhaps unknowingly they acted on the advice of a famous doctor who, when he lay a-dying said to his as-

So here we have a living exemplar of the fame of Ancaster in one respect at least.

Some people have an erroneous idea that there is a jail at Ancaster. It is true that there were prisoners in real sad earnest here once upon a time, abiding for a space in an old log building down street, near the grist mill, and tradition farther whispers that they were deserters from our own forces in the war of 1812, and that



THE TISDALE HOUSE, THE OLDEST RESIDENCE IN ANCASTER.

sembled confreres round the bed, "I am going, but I leave three fine doctors behind me," (the confreres bridled consciously), "air," said he, "and exercise and gruel." (Collapse of confreres!) While on the subject perhaps it would be allowable to recall the fact that Ancaster claims the privilege of being the birthplace of the handsomest judge in Ontario (Judge Robertson), who was born in the red brick house (recently shown, incidentally, in one of the views of Ancaster given in the Spectator), formerly occupied by Dr. Cragie, of old-time renown, which stands on an eminence at the entrance to the village on the left, beautiful for situation, and still sheltered by a few of the grand old firs.

they were taken back to headquarters at Burlington and shot.

The little octagon building called the lockup, and which couldn't really lock up anything tight enough to prevent its getting out if it wished, started out in life gaily as a toll-gate house when the stone road was first constructed, somewhere in the latter part of the 30's; upon the removal of the toll-gate to another part of the road in 1834, it reverted to type for a time, though memory, who has just stepped in, recalls a little crined-up old woman who sojourned therein for a time, and who used to hide her food in the oven when a visitor called and