

had jerked out three blocks of sawdust-covered crystal, yet further concealed as to shape by brush, opposite Patteson's lumber yard. "Hoot mun," says Sandy to John B., "Thus maun be a verra cauld climate. Look ye at yon winter's ice, no thawed the noo in the dog days."

One evening, when boarding at A. F. Ryall's, Prince Edward House, (Chatham), and being very much amazed at the non-coming of some old-country money from my brother, Rev. A. H. Hamilton, a messenger told me that a parcel was lying for me at the Express Office. There was a dollar and eighty-three cents to pay on it. Running back with the parcel to the hotel, I eagerly opened it, and found a huge thick ugly clumsy piece of Spanish cork—that and nothing more. I threw it at the open fire, but passion marred my aim and Alf. cried, "Stop, I see something shining." I picked up the despised enclosure. It was the heaviest cork on record. Cunningly set into the edge, the parson had thickly stuck in half-sovereigns.

I pass over my adventures with the Bickford deputation to Dresden, and the excitement caused by my publication of the interview with the late Ed Robinson, ex-M. P. P., during Olancey's first campaign. The effect of the latter on the election is well known.

One of my hair-breadth escapes was while distributing my newspaper, the Market Guide, across the creek on Saturday. Tom Collop, a big, burly, broad and deep-chested, strong-voiced John Bull, a Crimean veteran withal, who liked to be called plain Tom and not Mr. Collop, kept the noted Collop House, opposite the Registry Office, across the creek. He was always a great friend and admirer of the Market Guide. I left some copies behind the bar and coming back for them in dusk, did not notice the open cellar, and fell down the steps, missing by a hairsbreadth, so to speak, a sharp iron point which would have spitted my brain. Tom had defied the Russian shell in the trenches, but for once I saw him scared. He thought I was dead. Much to his relief I walked up smiling, with a London Advertiser still squeezed under my armpit, and no bones broken, though badly shaken, and after giving me a cordial, he added a tongue-threshing, and geyed me at intervals, till the novelty wore off, after six months.

To spite the Chatham undertakers for not advertising in my paper, I have willed my body to Burt, for dissection, he paying all my debts. As I have a double spleen, gizzard, and other specialties, he ought to make a good thing out of it.

I claim credit for 17 things in Chatham. (1) Denunciation of the commitment by county magistrates, of lunatics and the honest poor to jail. (2) Origination of the Home for the Friendless, in conjunction with I. Smith. (3) Founding the Market Guide, Sept. 5, 1885. (4) Introducing the Buffalo Express, a clean, newsy, well edited family weekly. (5) Getting the Council to board in the Market Shed for the benefit of shivering saleswomen. (6) Being one of the founders of Literary and Scientific Society. (7) Originating church journals. (8) Advocating the erection of the Joint County and City Buildings, in the teeth of strong opposition. (9) Starting first exclusively Chatham Directory, '82. (10) Inventing and manufacturing "Nubilizing" or Perfume Pads for sick rooms and Chimney-fingers for cleaning lamp chimneys, also the Octopus Puzzle, Jan. (11) Inventing and manufacturing "Antinie," for cure of tobacco habit in all its forms—smoking,