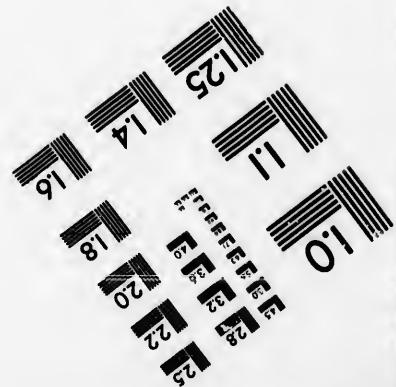
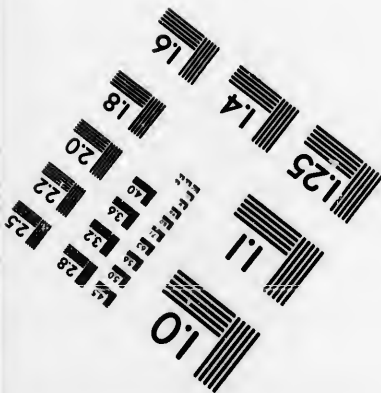
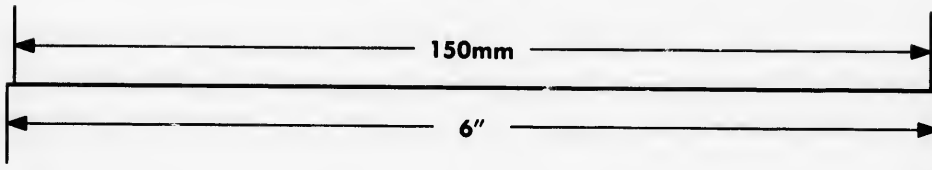
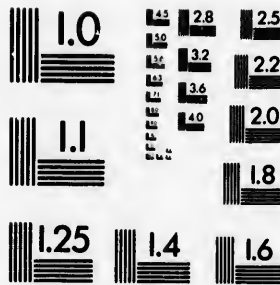
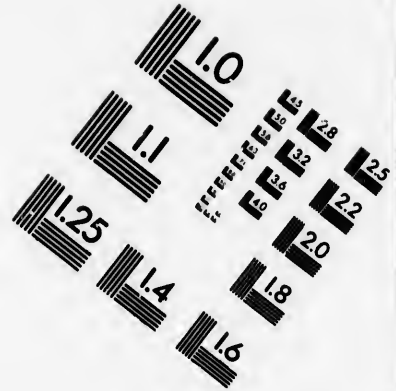
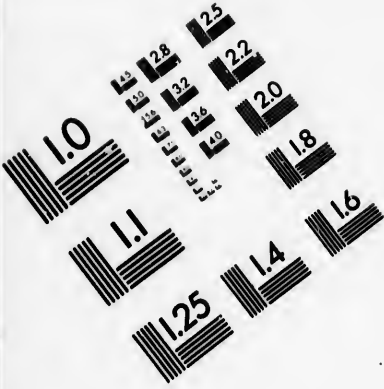


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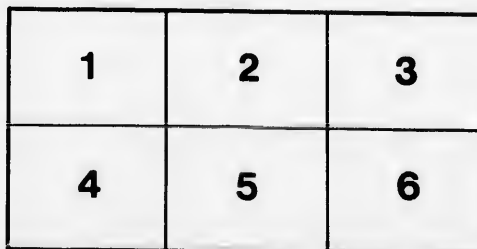
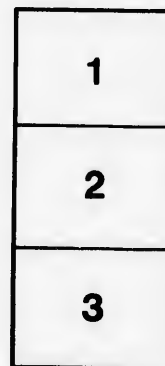
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Vol. X.

WHOLE No. 18,000.

**PENCIL SKETCHES AND PEN PICTURES**

—BY—

**PAT PRODPEN**

Most respectfully inscribed as a slight token of esteem to



**SIR OLIVER MOWAT**

**FOR OVER TWENTY YEARS PREMIER OF ONTARIO.**

To the many kind friends whom I have found in the various towns and villages I have visited in the picturesque regions of northern Canada, I owe an apology for my delay in getting out this little volume, which will be my tenth venture in this line of business. However I will not care to trouble my readers with a wearisome explanation, but I will proceed to the business I have on hand in undertaking to get out this modest little candidate for public favor. First tendering my most grateful thanks to my many kind and considerate patrons, whom I have always found in every place I have ever visited with the single exception of the wretched little village of Lloydtown, in the prosperous and beautifully ruralistically landscaped Township of King, the third in the tier of townships north of Toronto; which city has grown from what it was when I first saw the light of the full orb'd moon in it—(a small sized town) to be one of the largest, most wonderfully prosperous and marvellously rapidly growing cities in Canada's long and wide Dominion. Grown also to be, but only so far as the governing body of its Board of Trade Corporation was concerned, a greedy, grasping, gluttonous, grunting, gourmandising old "Hog" in unjustly seeking to prevent aid being given to a railway intended to benefit the Town of Parry Sound, in Northern Canada. When the proposed line of railway would connect the town with a city in the east, instead of turning south, when it was finished, to a certain point, but then it would be manifestly unjust to ban the whole population of a large city for the fault of a comparatively small number of its citizens. But it is clearly the destiny of Parry Sound "City" that its interests shall not be controlled by any body of legalized bandits, it has too many and too important advantages to be seriously effected after such a brigand fashion, and for one I feel certain that the good common sense, strong

sense of justice, and sound business policy of the Premier of Ontario, Sir Oliver Mowat, will not permit him to become a party to any line of action having for its object the benefitting of any man or any body of men, to the prejudice of the vital interests of any town or city in Ontario, and there will not be a single one among the constantly increasing numbers of the population of the District and Town of Parry Sound who will be more greatly pleased to see the day when this road will be completed as intended than I would be, and truly it will be a "red letter day" in the history of the Town and District of Parry Sound when the last rail shall be laid and the last spike driven home on this long and arduously struggled for, greatly to be desired and thoroughly well deserved line of road, and the good people of Parry Sound owe a profoundly deep debt of gratitude to its persevering and persistent promoters, more especially to Patrick McCurry, Stipendary Magistrate of the District; to William Beatty, Esq., founder of the Town and to William Ireland, editor and proprietor of the ably conducted weekly newspaper, the *North Star*, ever watchful and vigilant for the best interests of the Town and District. I hope they may all be spared to reap and to long enjoy the benefits of a bounteous harvest resulting from their labors.

In one respect at least the Town of Parry Sound may be considered as more greatly favored than any other town or village in the Districts of Muskoka or Parry Sound. A loaded vessel from any sailing port of the old lands across the briny sea, if not beyond a certain tonnage can reach the Port of Parry Sound and discharge its cargo at its docks without breaking bulk, as also can the largest steamers traversing the waters of Lakes Huron, Michigan and Superior. And the town lies in the direct line of travel between the great grain and corn producing States of the west and the ports on the Atlantic sea-board nearest by several hundred miles to the landing docks of

Liverpool, Belfast and Glasgow. Under these circumstances it would be a very obtuse mental organization that could not comprehend the important part that a railway to Parry Sound would play in adding to the population and prosperity of the town and giving it all the great and manifold advantages of a shipping and manufacturing centre. Besides greatly increasing its accessibility and attractions as a summer resort, and in this last respect it has already attained a reputation that very few other places in Canada can claim on the score of a bracing and exhilarating atmosphere, pure water, and sublimely beautiful scenery, hunting, fishing, and sail-boating and steam-yachting, not forgetting that it is also a place where a numerously attended camp-meeting is annually held in the months of each recurring August, in a singularly wild and romantically beautiful green coppiced dell on the eastern shores of the beautiful island studded Bay of Parry Sound.

The many advantages and peculiar attractions that Parry Sound possesses for persons seeking health, recreation and a rural home during the hot days of summer time, has been an incentive for several of the most prominent citizens of the town, with Mr. William Beatty at their head, to form a joint stock company, to erect a large and commodious summer hotel on the summit of one of the mountain heights that rampart like surround the harbour and the town at almost all points of the compass, where pleasure seeking pilgrims from many lands have oft times found a convenient and a comfortable home.

It was in the month of September of the year 1870, that I saw for the first time the town site of Parry Sound from the deck of the ill-fated steamer Waubuno of melancholy memory. There was only a small hamlet there at that time, consisting of about a dozen or perhaps a score of timber tenements and tenant houses, one of which was a Temperance hotel kept by Mr. Robert Blair and his excellent wife, but owned by Mr. Beatty, who



also owned a water power saw-mill and a water power grist-mill, (on the outskirts of the Town site), besides a large and well stocked general store, part of the store building being occupied by the Post Office and Crown Lands Agency office, the honorable and responsible position of Crown Lands agent for the western part of the large district of Parry Sound was at that time most ably and efficiently filled by my very kind and considerate friend John Beatty, now one of the most prominent, most useful and highly esteemed citizens of the beautiful Town of Sarnia, on the eastern bank of the Saint Clair River, that forms a small part of the boundary line between Canada and the great confederacy of States; south of its long dividing line stretching from a wide world of waters on the east to a wide world of waters on the west, among the other pioneer settlers of the town were Messrs. John McClelland, D. L. McDonald, Francis Strain, Francis Dowell, Arthur Starkey, Judge McCurry and Jack ? no not "Jack the Jiant Killer," but "Jack Truck," who with that restless and roving disposition for which persons of weak and wavering minds are sometimes noted, soon removed from the embryo town to a place he hoped to find more congenial for the exercise of his peculiar talents, and in a short time he made himself quite



conspicuous as the vampire bat of one of the most fertile townships in the district. It was indeed a

very cold and gloomy day for the township of McKellar when this wrynecked, lopp shouldered, squintey eyed, vulture clawed, old harpy, settled down and made itself a roosting place within its limits, and you can well believe me my kind friends when I assure with one hand upon my heart and the other and my remaining eye raised upwards toward the blue vault of heaven, that I do feel most heartily sorry to have occasion to write in such a bitter mood about anything wearing the guise and garb of humanity—but when I think of the utterly mean, greedy, grasping, avaricious, and unscrupulously dishonest and dishonorable line of conduct and plan of action, this crafty, cunning, covetous creature followed and persistently carried out towards me during about a dozen years of the darkest days of my sublunary existence, when circumstances compelled me to have business dealings with it and take payment out of its old truck store in McKellar Village. I feel incited by the feelings of resentment that a sense of wrong and suffering and injustice inspires to give it a few prods from a sharply pointed pencil, and after all, where is the harm in calling things by their right names? Where is the harm in describing things exactly as they are, in painting pictures in their true colours? Shall a man be denied the right to discriminate between the good and the bad, between the just and the unjust, shall a man be prohibited from portraying crimes and photographing criminals in all their dark deformity, or has a man just cause of complaint at being called to a strict account for the wicked deeds that his evil instincts have incited him to commit, and should this ravenously, greedy, property grabbing, old gripe gut, this miserable canting hypocrite, who seeks to make professions of religion a mask to hide his true character, feel aggrieved by the remarks I have made, he is heartily welcome as far as I am concerned to seek redress in any way or manner that he may think will give him the best chance to secure it, as the first attempt on his part to do so,

would be the signal for me to enter upon the task of giving a full account, a minute detail of the various business transactions I have had with him during about three-fourths of the time I lived in the township of McKellar, and in all our business dealings it was his invariable custom to attempt in every possible way to take an unjust, a discreditable and dishonorable advantage of me. He took it as his, not to be questioned, much less to be disputed right, that he was entitled to the "butt end" of every bargain, and too often incited by his insatiable craving for money, he cunningly plotted to obtain not only the "butt end" but both ends of a bargain, and now not doubting, but that my friends have got quite enough of old Jack Truck to serve them for one "full meal," I will resume my account of people from whom I have received quite different treatment—I will resume my description of a place that shows up quite differently from a place that has suffered for years under the galling yoke of that grim old tyrant beelzebub Truck, with a hang dog looking son of his called Jack to act as his first Lieutenant—but for one I thank God that the dark pall of leaden coloured clouds that so long hung over and shut in the horizon of the township and village of McKellar, have begun to part and break up so as to allow their people glimpses of a blue sky beyond and the roseate dawn of better times. As at the recent municipal elections for the township, one of its pioneer settlers, my worthy and esteemed friend John Thomson, almost literally flung this slippery handed, slimy fingered Jack Truck, one of the numerous sons of old Beelzebub Truck, out of the office of reeve of the township, by an overwhelming majority of the votes of the good and true people of McKellar, and I do hope that for the sake of their own credit and with a wise regard for their own interests, they will never disgrace themselves by putting such a sorry apology for a man with a decent character into such a responsible position, that they will never again so

degrade themselves as to tolerate or permit a ghoulishly, greedy speculator, a twice broken down old bankrupt, an apple of sodom sort of a thing, to have any authority over them or any influence in their affairs. That they will, with a proper respect for themselves and the opinion that other people may entertain of their sanity, and with a wise regard for their prosperity and welfare mental, moral and physical, graciously grant this plausible old hypocrite unconditional permission and unrestricted liberty to stay at home and help his wife to wash the dishes—wash the dishes!—no his hands are too dirty for that, well then let him go to the shed and split wood and clean out the cow's stable, and do chores about the house or anything else that may have the effect of diverting his attention from watching for an opportunity to snatch a slice from every loaf of bread that the industrious wives of the hardy and hard working settlers may bake for their own families. And with this parting kick in the rump I will bid you good bye for a while, for a while Jack Truck, while I resume my description of the fair Town of Parry Sound, which under the prophetic, foresight, watchful, oversight and skillful management of William Beatty, Esq., the proprietor of the town site, (who was formely a member of the Provincial Parliament for the County of Welland). This place has rapidly grown from the size of a small hamlet to the fair proportions of a large sized town, a miniature city. If I am rightly informed Mr. Beatty purchased this site from my old time friend Peter Gibson, Esq., P. L. S., of Willowdale, near Toronto, son of the first owner, (next to the Aborigines and the Queen of England). David Gibson, P. L. S., who was quite a prominent figure in the Canadian Rebellion of 1837 and 1838, and whose remains have long been peacefully reposing in the quiet burial ground attached to the Methodist Church in the Village or Townland of Willowdale, on Yonge street, about 6 or 7 miles from the northren limits of Toronto.

One of the most noticeable buildings in Parry Sound is the large summer hotel I have already mentioned, this fine building forms a glorious crown and a crowning glory to the grand head of the noble hill on which it is so appropriately placed, and as seen afar by the passengers of an incoming steamer, it looks like the watch tower of the town, its many western windows transformed into blazing beacon fires by the level rays of a setting summer sun, perhaps one of the most extensive, most comprehensive and captivatingly beautiful views of the town, and its various and varied environments can be obtained from one of the most elevated of the many rock crowned heads of its eastern range of mountainous hills and from this vantage ground of observation, the panorama presented to the delighted eye of a poet or painter as seen under the softened radiance of the golden sunlight, and through the gauzey veil of silvery mist of a glittering, glancing, dew gem'd July morning is almost entrancingly sublime. Nor is the landscape with its strong contrasts of light and shadow much less absorbingly beautiful when seen in the more softened light of a clear calm summer eventide when the golden beams of the setting sun transform a wide belt of the smooth waters of the bay into a broad band of burnished gold, a dazzling pathway of scintillating light as if leading to some heavenly land.

Parry Sound has five places of religious worship, one neat Methodist church with a tastefully ornamented spire or steeple, one Church of England, (Trinity Church), with a handsome square tower that greatly adds to its appearance, one neat Baptist church recently erected, a modest looking Presbyterian chapel and a well appointed Catholic church or chapel in the east ward of the town, also a Town and Temperance Hall and three or four first-class School buildings. Among the many tastefully built and pleasantly located residences those of Wm. Beatty, J. B. Miller, David Beatty, Geo. G. Gladman, J. C. Fitzgerald, John McClel-

land, Sheriff Armstrong, Wm. Ireland, D. L. McDonald and Judge McCurry, are specially worthy of notice. I do not know the exact number of stores in the town but it must be close onto a score or more. Mr. A. Logan, has a first-class, well furnished, furniture and funeral furnishing store, and Mr. Pratt, another well furnished furniture store, and Mrs. Pratt, a first-class photograph gallery, Mr. T. W. Huff, has a watch and jewellery store, and two enterprising young gentlemen from the Southern States, Messrs. Breadner & Casson, have another well stocked watch and jewellery store, there is also two well stocked drug stores, one kept by Mr. W. R. Foote and the other by Dr. Appelbe. J. F. Mosley, has a first-class restaurant and confectionery store, and nearly opposite Mr. Mosley's on the other side of the street another esteemed young friend, Miss Maud Legitt, has a similar establishment. I do not know how many baker shops there are in the town, but my old time friend Francis Donell has done well in that line, and he is now as he has always been for over a quarter of a century at the head of this business in Parry Sound. There are two first-class merchant tailor shops, Messrs. H. Meggitt and F. C. King. Messrs. Richard Johnston and Thomas A. Clarke, have each an excellent harness and saddlery shop. Messrs. Thomas Ryder and John Lawrence, are deservedly at the head of the butcher business of the burgh. At the head of the list of large general stores I must place Mr. Wm. Beatty's, as it is not only the first store started in the town, but the pioneer store of the whole district. Among the other leading stores are the Parry Sound Lumber Company's, Messrs. D. W. Ross & Company's, Milton Pearces and A. A. Richmond's, the three last mentioned all in the east ward of the town. And the last but not least the general dry goods and ready-made clothing emporium kept by my very kind friends Thomas and John M. Begg. There is three large saw-mills in the town, two driven by steam and one by the waters of the

river Seguin, near where it empties itself into Parry Sound harbor, and Mr. Beatty owns another steam power saw and shingle mill on the northeast shore of one of the northern debouching arms of the harbour about one mile from the town. The Midland and North Shore Lumber Company, with Mr. J. C. Fitzgerald at its head, own and operate one of the steam power saw-mills, the Conger Lumber Company, with Mr. Pratt at its head and Mr. W. R. Beatty as an efficient manager, owns and operates the other, while the Parry Sound Lumber Company own the water power mill. And were it not that my old time and much esteemed friend John McClelland who was Parry Sounds' first mayor and twice elected to that honorable and responsible office is one of the principles in the Parry Sound Lumber Company, I would hardly care to write one line about it, as I owe so little thanks to old Solomon Shallowman, puff ball purvis, (who holds some responsible position in this company), for the mean and ungentlemanly treatment I received from him when I went to see him, expecting him to act like a gentleman, and that he would contribute at least 25 cents to aid me with the extra cost of giving an extra long and an especially good account of the town in which he resides, and that he would in this matter allow himself to be influenced by the example of Wm. Beatty, Judge McCurry, Captain Stewart, D. M. Whyte, Wm. Ireland, D. L. McDonald, A. A. Lawson, John McClelland, Mrs. J. C. Miller, Mrs. John Galua, and a large number of other kind and considerate friends who have so willingly contributed towards this subject. But no, instead of acting in this very reasonable, rational, and I will venture to say, patriotic manner, he began to growl and snarl like a carnivorous quadruped, a shaggy, short tailed, savage cur, accusing me of having tried to injure the interests of the town by "abusing Bill Taylor." Just as if the interests of the poorest little village in the whole Province of Ontario could be injured or affected by telling the

strict truth about a puerily, penurious and parsimonious prevaricator, whose untruthful and avaricious instincts prompted him to dishonor his own signature in the small matter of 25 cents, to the the best of my recollection, during my recent canvas of the town. Not a single person showed the slightest sympathy for Bill Taylor or said one word in extenuation of his miserably mean and unmanly conduct, save only and except poor old Solomon Shallowman puff-ball purvis, and the queer way this crotchety old crank howled about my "abuse of Bill Taylor" and another miserable old scallawag who used to live in Richmond Hill, (on Yonge street, near Toronto), whom he had never seen or heard of except through the medium of one of my little books, was enough to make a large elephant "feel tired" let alone a poor old man like "me," so I civilly bade him good bye and I might have added thereto the solemn words "may the blissin ave God follow yees all the days ave your loife and never overtake yees," and I here will just add that if it had not been for S. S. P. P. simulating sympathy for "Bill Taylor" I would not have even thought of mentioning him again in this book, as he has done nothing whatever to provoke a renewal of hostilities on my part, so it looks very much like as if he too owes old Solomon Shallowman puff-ball purvis little thanks for provoking old pat prodpen porkupine to throw another quill at him, for if every one treated me as meanly as B. T.



and S. S. P. P., and Jack Truck, the good Lord only knows what would become of me unless heshould be pleased to treat me with as much kind consideration as he did the Isrealites of old; and send



down manna from the skies to keep the breath of life in my poor old body at least long enough to allow me to give persons like "Bill Taylor," and Solomon Shallowman puff-ball purvis, and Jack Truck of McKellar a few good thumps, long enough also to give me time to offer my most grateful thanks to the very many kind friends who have so kindly and considerably given me countenance and encouragement.

After this long digression I resume my description of the town. A fine large brick Court house and Town hall. A large three story brick clad hotel and a very neat and convenient Baptist church are among the most noticeable buildings recently erected. And I hope these are only the precursors of still more beautiful and larger buildings of public utility that will rise with the advent of the railway, with the advent I hope of more than one railway. Mr. Edward Taylor, an old time McKellar friend conducts the new hotel. He also runs in connection therewith a first-class triweekly mail stage from Parry Sound to McKellar 16 miles, and from McKellar through to Dunchurch 12 miles, the same day connecting at Dunchurch with the mail stage for Ahmic harbor, and returning to Parry Sound on alternate days with clock work regularity all the year round, this proves that Mr. Taylor is a noticably progressive man, as there is quite a distinctive difference between the large hotel he now runs and the little log built flea haunted boarding house he managed in the interests and under the control of Jack Truck in the Village of McKellar, some 15 or 16 years ago. It does not look as if he cared to have anything to do in the way of business dealings with Jack Truck now, as he utterly refused to accept an order for \$2 I held on Jack Trucks store in McKellar. Poor Jack, your sooty hue'd elder brother Nichols with the horny hoofs, the grizzled horns, and the long sinuous tail with the barbed spear head on the end of it ought to take pity on you, but here lest a wrong impression should be



OLD NICK AND JACK TRUCK.

left on the mind of the minds of those who may read these pages I must not forget to mention that the store in McKellar does not exactly belong to Jack Truck now, as if I am not greatly mistaken it is under the supervision of my esteemed young friend Charles Armstrong, eldest son of the sheriff of Parry Sound District, in the interests of William Beatty, Esq., merchant of Parry Sound, as Jack Truck is a broken down bankrupt, is he not? Having twice failed in business within the lapse of a few years between each failure. The first time paying 50c on the dollar and the second time paying 40c. on the dollar, and should he again start in business and fail a third time, as considering his antecedents he would be quite likely to do, I have an idea that he would only pay 30c. on the dollar. Now I will give Jack Truck "a rest" while I return again to Parry Sound and proceed to devote my attention to and make remarks concerning one of the most important and far reaching industrial enterprises of the town, which takes the form of a well regulated and well furnished Weekly Newspaper and Job Printing office, with my old time friend William Ireland as owner, editor and business manager. In whose behalf I would appeal to the many kind friends I have among the most intelligent settlers of the District of Parry Sound,

to patronize their own paper, it is their peculiar privilege, their special duty to do so, as it is the champion of their rights, the exponent of their needs and necessities, and the advertiser and advocate of their wants and their wishes, and for these several advantages, the small pittance they would individually have to pay once in each recurring year would be a very small item in comparison with the substantial and permanent benefits they would receive in return. The mind needs exercise and nourishment as well as the body for the full development of all its latent powers, and in the way of a "clubbing" connection with his own paper Mr. Ireland offers a large amount of valuable, interesting, and instructive reading for a small amount of money. My kind friend Mr. Thomas Stewart, who lives near the beautiful Village of Magnettawan, and whose fine farm, large clearing, well cultivated fields, model barns and out-buildings, and fine large brick dwelling house, bears testimony to his untiring and intelligent industry, is a subscriber for and an appreciative reader of the North Star Newspaper of Parry Sound. And I have little doubt but that a large number of the best and most intelligent farmers in the District imitate his wise example.

And now I must turn my attention to the medical gentlemen of the town, in the order of seniority and length of residence Dr. Walton claims first mention, in the earlier years of his residence in Parry Sound I did not like him very well, not so much on my own account as from the extremely bad feelings he exhibited towards my very kind and generous friend the late lamented J. C. Miller, Esq., (the first member of the provincial Parliament for the Districts of Muskoka and Parry Sound,) on the score of political partisanship, but now I have reason to think that length of time has greatly modified and ameliorated Dr. Walton's extreme opinions of himself and others. I have reason to think that the lessons of experience, the awakening voice of conscience and the sobering

influence of the revolving years have taught Thomas Walton wisdom, and that he is very far from being now as he was then the presumptuously proud, arrogant, insolent, egotistical, self assuming, fussy old fiddlstick, who appeared to fondly, foolishly and futilely imagine that he was the only person in the whole district for whom the sun rose in the morning and the twinkling stars kept their silent watch in the sky at night. Another medical gentleman Dr. John R. Stone, has given evidence of the remarkable skill and scientific knowledge to which he has attained for so young a practitioner, by a most skillful surgical operation performed on a little boy in McKellar, for a bad case of hare lip, and so successfully that a stranger would never suspect from present appearances that anything particularly wrong had ever effected his features. And last, but not least, comes Dr. Applebe, who in addition to attending most dilligently to his professional duties, keeps a first-class drug store and apothecaries shop. And now having particularized quite a number of my kind friends among the best people of Parry Sound, it only remains for me to mention quite a number of other kind friends among the most prominent citizens of the town, in the way of a business directory, to bring this present notice to an end as my space is extremely limited.

John Galna, 25c., Thomas Kennedy, 25c., M. M. Olmstead, 25c., Rev. G. H. Gaviller, Incumbent Trinity Church, 25c., Rev. J. B. Duncan, 25c., Robert Spring, 25c., Peter Leushner, McKellar P.O., 25c., John Moffatt, 25c., Fred Collins, 25c., Thos. Fisher, 25c., John Purvis, flour and feed store, 25c., J. Calder, general blacksmith, 25c., T. R. Davis, 25c., Ellis Lipscombe, barber, 25c., Ellis Lipscombe, sen., store keeper, 25c., H. G. Richards, house and sign painter, 25c., M. M. Ryder, waggon maker, 25c., R. Moulton, grocer, 25c., T. J. McGowan, 25c., Adam Burnside, boarding house, 25c., Mrs. McCoy, boarding house, 25c., T. W. Quin, 25c., Joseph Calverley, livery stable, 25c.

J. R. Hogg, 25c., P. Dwyer, 25c., W. Adair, 25c., G. G. Gladman, 25c., James Ellis, 25c., James Moffatt, 25c., Thomas Ryder, jun., 25c., J. C. Whichelo, C.P.R. agent, 25c., Miss M. R. Campbell, dress maker, 25c., W. S. McKinley, 25c., James Johnson, 25c., Joseph Farrar, police magistrate, 25c.

#### MUSKOKA.

Now for Gravenhurst, the gateway town of the Free Grant District of Muskoka. Gravenhurst, Brace Bridge, Huntsville, Burk's Falls, Sundridge and Powassin, on the Northern Division of the Grand Trunk Railway are splendid monuments. Wonderful examples of what can be accomplished by the push, pluck, and persistent perseverance of the hardy pioneers of a new and a rough country, and the foremost man among the foremost men of this wild land, is my very kind and generous friend, A. P. Cockburn, Esq., of Gravenhurst, to whom more than to any other man in it the District of Muskoka owes its phenomenal progress in the way of a rapid development of its resources, and a steady and healthy increase of its population and consequent material improvement and prosperity. Outside of the District its greatest and most helpful friend and benefactor has been Sir Oliver Mowat himself, under whose wise and paternal administration this part of Canada has received most important, most valuable, and altogether indispensable pecuniary aid in the shape of liberal grants to construct and repair colonization roads and bridges, to build locks, to dredge rivers, to build court houses, school houses, and "lock-ups," and for educational purposes, and the older parts of the Province more favored by nature ought not to look with a jealous eye upon the aid thus given to the Districts of Muskoka and Parry Sound, as they are not only most justly entitled to this fostering assistance but to liberal and judiciously bestowed bonuses for railway construction purposes as well—for surely it would be rather too hard on a new country to deprive it of one of its most

valuable possessions and give it nothing in the shape of an equivalent in return and it was indeed a most senselessly selfish—a most disgustingly impudent and impertinent thing for a small corporate body of men in Toronto to scream like a tree'd catamount, to howl like a pack of famished wolves, to squeal like a lassoed land pike pig at the bare mention of aid being given to a project having for its object the benefitting of one of the most worthy and deserving classes of men in society, the hardy, steady, sober, and industrious pioneer settlers of a new land, the foundation, the corner stone of the social superstructure.

Among the many distinguished men who have been led by their innate love for the attraction of grandly sublime and beautiful scenery or by their natural penchant for the pleasures and excitement of hunting and fishing to visit the picturesquely wild regions of Muskoka one of the most distinguished of them all is that remarkable man, that Americanised Canadian, Erastus Wiman, the history of whose life if minutely written out would read like a romance, and who has written one of the most interesting character sketches I have ever read, the beautifully written and sadly pathetic story of "Minnie Grey, the butter maker of Muskoka," a grandly noble little Heroine, it is a credit to Mr. Wiman's literary talents and attainments and does honor to his head and heart, no one after reading this sympathy evoking story could by any course of abtruse reasoning come to the conclusion that such a noble hearted, liberal minded gentleman could have much, if any, feeling in common with the shrieking, screeching, if not dancing dervishes of the Toronto Board of Trade. And now for Gravenhurst, a beautiful town where trains north and south make connection with the Steamers on Lakes Muskoka, Rosseau and Joseph, having daily communication with the various pleasure resorts on the beautiful shelving, if not rock-bound shores and wooded Islands of these romantically beautiful Lakes, were it not that this time of the

year is near the end of the tourist season I could give a more detailed and extended account of this matter than I feel warranted in doing now as I am so cramped for space. It is to the superior business abilities and ever watchful care of A. P. Cockburn, Esq., and his unremitting attention to his various and arduous duties as manager and secretary of the Steamboat service on the Muskoka Lakes and the Magnetawan River that it is so admirably well appointed and so commendably efficient, and now for the names of kind friends in Gravenhurst who will please accept my most grateful thanks. John J. McNeil, Mayor of the town, a very kind and courteous gentleman, 35; J. P. Cockburn, P. M., Rev. George Brown, 25, Rev. L. Bethune, 25, J. V. Link, 25, Fred Hasbridge, 25, Dr. Cornell, T. Johnson, 25, N. R. Duchops, merchant, 25, H. R. King, cattle dealer, 25, John Sharp, Caledonia Hotel, Gravenhurst, 25, Daniel Spry, post office Inspector, Barrie, a real nice gentleman whom I met in Gravenhurst, 25, J. F. Young, Hardware, 25, H. J. Harrow, Photographer, 25, Windsor Hotel, D. B. Lafranier, prop. 25, J. Baker, lumber dealer, 25, John Bulmer, Merchant, 25, P. Moody, Dry Goods, 25, F. J. Owen, Trunks and Valises, 25, B. R. Mourey & Co., Machine Shops, 25, Mickle Dymont & Son, lumber merchants, 25, George Camper, 10, E. A. Sanders, 10, W. Fennell, carpenter and contractor, 25.

#### BRACEBRIDGE.

Bracebridge, the home of my old time Aurora friend, Elijah F. Stephenson, the liberal minded and intelligent Editor of the "Free Grant Gazette," is, I might say the capital town of the District of Muskoka, and a capital town it is, and well deserving of a visit from travelers and tourists, it is easy of access by railroad and steamboat. Want of space will not permit me to enter into a minute description in detail of all its various attractions, I must reserve this for some other time and proceed at once to record the names of kind friends

whom I have found in this prosperous and progressive place, to the kind generous hearted clerical gentlemen of Bracebridge I owe special thanks, especially to the Rev. Father P. J. McGuire, a large bodied, large hearted, liberal minded, generous, genial, whole-souled gentleman. He is deservedly one of the most popular men in the town, and throughout the District. Rev. George M. Brown, 25, Rev. Wm. Clark, D.D., 25, Rev. J. Mydell, 25, Rev. Wm. Armitage, 25, J. W. Dill, 25, James Dollar, 25, R. A. Topp, M.D., 25, J. Foster, M.D., 25, G. H. Fuller, Merchant, 25, J. W. B. Topp, Dentist, 25, James W. Bettes, 25, J. Pratt, 25, J. H. Thomas, 25, Geo. W. Morris, 25, James Whitten, manager "Muskoka Leather Co." 25, John Lieshman, British Lion Hotel, 25, R. J. McEwan, Merchant Tailor, 25, J. C. Nelson, Carpenter, 25, Thos. M. Bowerman, Mllr Mrchnt Dv. Cr. Clrk. Mrrg Lssns 25, T. J. Anderson, 25, J. R. Simmons, Gen. Store, 25, R. W. Ryan, Photographer, 25, Ball Bros., Jewelers, 25, J. P. Humphries, General Store, 25, H. J. Bird, Woollen Mills, 25, J. O. Phillips, Groceries and Provisions, 25, Mrs. Wm. Hewitt, 25, Geo. Carr, Baker, 13.

#### HUNTSVILLE.

Now for the beautiful backwoods forest town of Huntsville, where I made \$4 in the short space of one winter afternoon, (Dec. 31, 1890). Huntsville like Gravenhurst, Bracebridge and Burk's Falls on the line of the Northern Division of the Grand Trunk R. R., is a port for steamboats traversing the various beautiful lakes and winding rivers of the Districts of Muskoka and Parry Sound, there is one first-class weekly newspaper published in the town, the "Huntsville Forester," with my kind, clever, clear-headed friend, F. W. Clearwater, as Editor and proprietor. Rev. J. F. Severight, 25c., Rev. A. E. Rowe, 25c., C. A. Walton, Druggist, 25c., Ceo. Ewalt, P. M., 25c., J. R. Reece, 25c., C. A. Wattson, Druggist, 25c., Thomas A. Birtch, Toronto and Nipising Hotel, a first-class livery in



connection. I feel grateful to this kind gentleman for the very liberal treatment I received from him, and this reminds me that I also owe my best thanks to J. W. Carey, proprietor of the Dunchurch Hotel in the thrifty village of Dunchurch, for his kind, generous and gentlemanly conduct towards me, and for a like reasonable public acknowledgments are also due to his excellent and model managing wife. This debt paid I resume my Directory of Huntsville. M. Murphy, Dominion Hotel, 25c., James Middleton, Boot & Shoe maker, 25c., J. D. Thomas, Barber, Boats kept for hire, Edwin Flaxman, Merchant Tailor, 25c., Sargeant & Co., 25c., Miss G. Hunt, Dress-maker, 20c., A. Sieveright, Druggist & Stationer, 30c., F. Slater, cheap cash store, 25c., Gilchrist's Hotel, A. Gilchrist, prop. 50c. James Montgomery, General Merchant, 25c., Thos. Willis, Butcher, 25c., J. W. Gledhill, Watch & Clock-maker, 25c., Goldie & Foster, 25c., the Misses Chaffey, millinery, 25c., Chas. S. Gray, Barber & Fur dealer, 25c., J. Matthews, 25c., Tait, the Tailor, late of Edinburgh, Scotland, 25c., A. Ganon, Merchant Tailor, 15c., J. C. Parliament, Agt. for J. W. Hart, prop. Huntsville Hospital, 25c., P. Williams, Watch maker, 10c., Geo. Montgomery, 10c., Charley Birtch, 10c., James Pells, 10c., Chas. Ford, 10c., Geo. Hubertson & Son, 25c., Doctor Howland, 25c., M. B. Strachan, 10c., J. Bishop, 15c.

#### EMSDALE.

Emsdale a very pleasant and prosperous village on the Northern Division of the G.T.R., a few miles north from where the Parry Sound Colonization R.R. connects with it. Emsdale is, for its size, one of the most liberal and enlightened places I have ever visited. In Emsdale I had the pleasure of meeting with a very kind and generous friend of many years' standing, Mr. Robert Taylor, who was at the time of my visit a contractor on the P.S.C. R.R., but who is now a highly esteemed citizen of Winnipeg, Manitoba.

J. W. McDonald, general merchant, 50c., A. R. Munn, general store and saw mill, 50c., J. P. Shaw, general merchant, 50c., W. M. Drew, 25c., T. F. Berlsand, 25c., Wm. Thos. Wheatley, Barber, 25c., C. G. Chappin, Watch-maker & Jeweler, 25c., M. Brooks, Mail Contractor, 25c., J. A. Brooks, Agt. G.T.R., 25c., T. T. Birchard, Contractor, P.S.C.R., Scotia, 25c., Andrew Little, R.R. Contractor, 25c., John McDonald, Shoemaker, 25c., Geo. Thomas, Blacksmith, 25c., David Thomas, 25c., J. W. Gilpin, Queen's Hotel, 25c., M. D. Mitchell, 25c., H. Pilch, prop. Grand Central Hotel, 25c., Alfred N. H. Chowne, 25c.

#### BURK'S FALLS.

To my very kind and generous friends Messrs. James Sharpe, M.P.P., for the District of Parry Sound, E. O. Taylor, merchant, J. D. Reid, the able and intelligent Editor of the "Burk's Falls Arrow," M. C. Drew, hardware merchant, Herman Hall, G. T.R. agent, J. D. Burk, Proprietor of Burk's Hotel, and Frederick Brasher of the Clifton House Hotel, and other kind and considerate friends of the romantically beautiful and exceedingly picturesque Town of Burk's Falls, I tender my best thanks and most grateful acknowledgments. This enterprising town has communication through one of Mr. Cockburn's line of steamers on the beautiful Magnettawan River, with Magnettawan and Ahmic Harbor Villages during the season of navigation, and by mail stage when this avenue of communication is closed by Jack Frost. Rev. P. J. Robinson, Incumbent of All Saints' Church, 30c., Rev. J. V. Plunkett, 25c., Captain W. M. Kennedy, Magnettawan, 25c., C. Caughell, M.D., 25c., G. C. Church, dry goods and groceries, 25c., J. C. Mitchell, variety store, 25c., Joseph Prior, Tel. Operator, 25c., J. Menzies & Co., general merchants, 25c., R. & J. Lamb, meat market and livery stable, 25c., J. W. Templeman, merchant, 25c., Peter Sollmann, 25c., Robert Staff, barber, 25c., Wm. Wilson, undertaker, 25c., J. W. Dodds, manu-

facturer and dealer in hoots and shoes, 25c., Knight Bros., sash and door factory, 25c., E. Basset, Dep. L. Surgeon, 25c., R. Appleby, postmaster, Katrine. 25c., A. P. Coolege, tel. operator, 25c., John Holbert, saw and shingle mill, 25c., J. B. Smith, 25c., Moses Robinson, 25c.

#### SUNDRIDGE.

Sundridge is in one respect the very opposite of Burk's Falls, the site on which it stands is about as level as a table top and instead of a rushing mill race running through it, it fronts the low-lying shore of a lovely lake. It is a very prosperous and pleasant town for such a new country, with three large hotels and a first-class weekly newspaper, the "Sundridge Echo," with my kind friend R. Hewat, as its Editor and prop. Rev. J. T. Morris (a rising young minister), 45c., J. C. Faulkner, photographer, 25c., J. E. Black, Jewelry & Fancy goods, A. Carmichael, M.D., 25c., H. Carter, Druggist, 25c., W. Carter, Reeve, 25c., John Carter, postmaster, 25c., John Jackson, Queen's Hotel, 25c., John McGowan, Revere House, 25c., George Thomson, Grand Central Hotel, Wm. Dobson, General Store, 25c., Jas. Durie, Furniture & Undertaker, 25c., David Matchett, Shoemaker, 25c., Wm. Houston, Merchant Tailor, 25c., A. E. Peters, Hardware & Stoves, 25c.

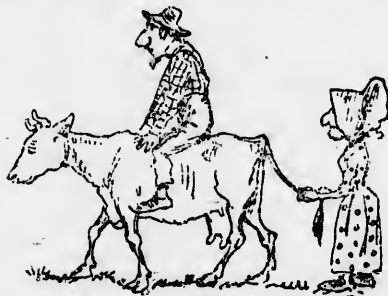
#### POWASSAN.

The town site of Powassan is a sort of compromise between the flat faced surface of the town site of Sundridge and the picturesquely steep-sloping and slanting site of Burk's Falls, the Quebec in miniature of the District of Muskoka with the Magnosteman River for its St. Lawrence. The Porters of Powassan appeared to be a peculiar if not a powerful people in that particular place, but this remark refers more especially to the old man the original progenitor and prop. of the Porters of Powassan when I first saw him he was sitting at the stove in his store dilligently engaged in the perusal of an "old Mother Hubbard" went

to the cupboard" or a "bold Robin Hood" or a Babes in the wood" sort of a loudly illustrated child's book and so absorbed was he in this pursuit of amusement and eddification that myself and my Book and my business were at least "20,000 leagues beneath" his notice and when I again visited his store in the afternoon of the same day I found him sedulously engaged in the delectable occupation of snapping a toy pistol and playing on a mouth organ; but then as some excuse for the dotagy doings of this old man, I must state that it was in the "Merry Christmas time" when I paid a visit to Powassan, yet he was quite a contrast to another fine old gentleman, Mr. W. F. Clarke, a model sample of an industrious pioneer settler whose cosy comfortable well furnished low roofed cottage home was on the outskirts of the village. From a remark let fall by little Willie Wagtail, tipsy tongue Gibson, I inferred that Mr. Clark was the first proprietor of the town plot of Powassan as wee Willie Wagtail said something about Mr. Clarke having given him a free lot to build a house on to "start the town," to startle the town would, (one would quite naturally suppose from the queer way he carried on part of the time I was there) be a more expressive and suitable remark, it was also a rather amuseing thing to see some of the good natured merry hearted shanty boys bring a plump quiet tempered little horse into the bar-room and up to the bar of one of the two hotels of the town and the very gentlemanly way the little horse acknowledged the honor by politely raising—not his hat, for he had none—but his tail and in the most quiet matter of fact manner deposit a good sized pile of dung on the floor behind him—had it been the big bossy bovine, that John Tait of McKellar is represented as riding home on the manner and matter would have been different.

But now for the names of kind friends in Powassan. Rev. A. Jamieson, 25c., Rev. M. J. Ellis, 25c., W. F. Clark, 25c., Thos. Irvine, 25c., J. A. Porter, M.D., 25c., Mrs. S. S. Grasley, Millin-

ery & Dressmaking, 25c., M. Carr, V.S., 25c., Mitchell & McRae, saw mill, shingle mill and planing factory, 25c., J. J. O. Shaughnessey, saddler, 25c., W. A. Inglis, tinsmith & taxidermist, 25c., Thos. Inglis, general blacksmith, 25c., H. A. Richardson, G. T. R. Station agent, 25c., Cunningham Bros., butchers, 25c., J. C. Frederick, merchant tailor, 25c., J. Lucas, prop. Queen's Hotel, 25c.



John Tait, the cowboy on his cow  
 here see him "heading" homeward now  
 perhaps—to make this matter plain,  
 you'll see him in my book again  
 as some have seen him once before  
 (yes some alas who are no more  
 amongst them, good grand William Beane  
 who loved the good, and scorned the mean)  
 unless John Tait should "look alive"  
 and pay to me those dollars five  
 of which he seeks to swindle me  
 and yet I yield not passively  
 to gross attempts at fraud and wrong  
 without a protest loud and strong.

#### CALLANDER.

Callander, the next station of importance on the line of the Northern Division of the G.T.R. has also the advantage of being a shipping port, as it is pleasantly located on the eastern shore of a bay-like extension of Lake Nippissing, making it quite convenient as a hunting and fishing resort. It has two first-class hotels with every convenience for the

accommodation and comfort of guests, and to Mr. Brown and Mr. White, the courteous and gentlemanly proprietors, I must acknowledge my indebtedness for the very kind and generous treatment I received from them. H. T. Gervis, lumber dealer, 25c., J. B. Brown, Prop. Pacific Hotel, 50c., Joseph White, Prop. White House, 50c., George Morrison, general merchant, 25c., Joseph Hicks, general store, 25c., M. F. Ellis, postmaster and fancy store, 25c., Alfred Guidal, lumber culler, 25c., send book to 198 Dunn ave., Parkdale, Francis Bell Ferris, land surveyor, Lorimer Lake, McKellar P. O. 25c., John B. Moore, 25c., Thomas Kingston, 25c., Robert Graham, Y. H. Swale, 10c.

#### WISAWARA.

While in Callender I paid a flying visit to a small Hamlet with the odd, wild, wierd name of Wisawara, located in a wierdly wild sort of a place with a meeting house, school-house, store and post-office, and for the place a really magnificent wool-carding and cloth weaving mill driven by water power, where the wool comes from to keep this mill going was a mystery to me. F. G. Watts, store and post office, 25c., Cronkhite Bros, Wisawara Woollen Mills, 25c.

#### NORTH BAY.

It was to me not simply a matter of pleasurable surprise but of delighted astonishment to find such a large, prosperous and populous town in this far northern district of Canada, the joint result as we might say of a large and beautiful inland lake, the handiwork of God, and one of the most gigantic enterprises of modern times, a grand highway of glittering steel for Antipodean Nations to travel over in their intercourse with each other. The creation as it were of the large expansive and comprehensive mind. The wonderfully magnetic, not to say mesmeric personality, the far extending, and high reaching influence. The almost kingly power of one man. The late, greatly missed and much la-

mented Sir John A. Macdonald, one of the grandest and greatest men whose feet have ever trod the soil of Canada, and whose honoured name will ever live written in letters of gold in the annals of his adopted country's long and wide Dominion, and if no other monument should be erected to his memory, the Canadian Pacific Railway would be a lasting monument of his remarkably useful life. Of his wonderful influence over men, and his grand supremacy as a man and a statesman. In the earlier years of Canadian Parliamentary History the Hon. Robert Baldwin, and later on the Hon. George Brown, and still later on Sir John Abbot were remarkably and deservedly popular men. But Sir John Macdonald was as much above and beyond them as the brilliant light of the evening star outshines the lesser lights that sparkle round it and here I will advance the theory as a conclusive proof of the wonderful providence, the all-seeing wisdom of God. That Sir John Macdonald would not have been the grand man he was or have occupied the exalted position he did but for his associations with a greatly good and noble woman, his most excellent and rarely gifted wife, and this remark will apply with equal force to that grand old English Statesman Gladstone. But what I would ask are the greatest men that now live or have ever lived on earth in comparison with the Almighty and everlasting God who created and sustains it? but as a grain of sand on the shores of its largest ocean. But as a handful of dust in one of the scales of a balance large enough to weigh two worlds. Want of space will not permit me to enter into a full description of everything worthy of notice in this beautiful Town 'I must confine myself to giving the names of kind friends and patrons in the way of a business directory with no comparative or special notice of any person in particular.

North Bay is most noticeably well favoured as far as ample hotel accommodation is concerned as it has nearly half a dozen hotels of almost metropolitan dimensions and appointments for the comfort and

convenience of its patrons, at the head of this imposing array I must place the Pacific Hotel, tho' Mr. Lynch of the Queen's Hotel claims that his Hotel is the finest in the town.

Wm. Murray & Co, proprietors of Pacific Hotel, Thos. Meagher manager, a first class hotel in all respects, beside this hotel Mr. Murray & Co., keep a large general store and also owns and operates a large sawmill and a door and sash factory ; a special feature of their business is the furnishing of railway supplies, they also pay the highest price for raw furs, \$1.00, Queen's Hotel, E. Lynch, 50c., Rev. A. C. Miles, "Church of England Clergyman," 25c., Rev. J. Webster, 25c., N. P. Phelps, Editor "Times," 25c., Rev. Wm. Johnston, 25c., D. Perrins, hardware merchant, 25c., O. Gauthier, groceries and provisions, 25c., John Ferguson, real estate dealer and lumber merchant, 25c., A. B. Lanning, stationery and fancy goods, 25c., John Blanchet, steam soda water factory, fruit fish and game, 25c., Francis Brill, carpenter, 25c., Mr. D. McIntyre, groceries, 25c., J. A. Kinsella & Co., groceries and teas, 25c., Wm. McKenzie, groceries, provisions and restaurant, 25c., Graham & Co., hardware merchants, 25c., W. A. Simpson, butcher and sausage maker, 25c., W. D. Thompson, C. P. R. engineer, 25c., A. H. Chamberlain, 25c., Wm. Doran, stipendary magistrate and Registrar, 25c., E. H. Ross & Co., watchmakers and jewelers, 25c., Winnipeg Hotel, A. J. Doyle, prop., 25c., Jas. P. Ball, watchmaker and repairer, 25c., J. B. Carruthers, M.D., 25c., R. McKnight, surgeon dentist, 25c., Wm. Maurhiney, insurance, loan and real estate agent, 25c., Halfpenny & Co., Boot & Shoes & Gent's Furnishings, 25c., Mr. D. McDonald, asst. postmaster, 25c., Mrs. D. McKenzie, boarding house, 25c., Miss Pelletier, dressmaker, 25c., McLeod Bros., dairymen, 25c., D. H. Darr, merchant tailor, 25c., S. Dunlap & Co., star shoe store, 25c., Tookey Gregson, groceries and provisions, 25c., W.G. Farmer, baker and confectioner, 25c., M. C. Caverhill, gen'l merchant, 25c., Burgess & Co., dry goods and gro-



ceries, 25c., Mrs. George Bently, Ottawa Boarding House, 25c., Mr. Brennan, staple and fancy dry goods, 25c., Windsor Hotel, J. Crawford, prop., 25c., Grand Union Hotel, Daniel McKenzie, prop., 25c., J. F. Surner, butcher, 25c., W. J. Parsons, dry goods, groceries, crockery and glassware, 25c., J. W. Deegan, choice stock of boots and shoes, 25c., Richardson & Co., stoves and tinware, 25c., G. G. Cormack, book and drug store, 25c., Thomas Diney, conductor C. P. R., 25c., George Magil, hair cutting and shaving parlor, 25c., D. St. Pierre, barber, Front St., 25c., John Connelly, general blacksmith, 25c., T. Cuthbert, harnessmaker, 25c., W. J. Beamish, M. Missionary, 25c., R. K. Booth, 25c., Wm. McDonald, postmaster, 25c., Miss Bella McDonald, 25c., Miss Annie Edwards, millinery and fancy goods, 25c.

#### TORONTO.

Among the kindest, the best and the most generous friends I have found anywhere, I have the honor of numbering one of the most popular, most sagacious and most rarely gifted Statesman, who has ever been placed by a propitious Providence at the head of any Ontario Government, who has thrice written his name at three different times, O. Mowat, in my subscription books. And I also have the honor of numbering among my best, kindest and most generous friends, one of the most popular, most talented and learned ministers, not in Toronto alone but in all Canada, who has thrice signed his name in my canvassing books, Joseph Wild.

Sir Oliver Mowat, Premier of Ontario, \$1, Rev. Joseph Wild, \$1, Rev. Doctor Withrow, 50c., Rev. Samuel Tucker, magnetic appliances, 33 Richmond Street West. 50c., Rev. John Potts, 25c., Rev. John Shaw, 25c., Frederick Mowat, Sheriff of Toronto, 50c., W. Taylor, Manager of Globe Printing Company, 50c., W. Mulock, Esq., of North York, M.P., 50c., The Late Hon. T. B. Pardee, Commissioner of Crown Lands,

50c., F. L. Wilson, Merchants' Exchange, Front Street, \$1, J. W. Bengough, Poet and Artist, \$1, Hon. W. H. Howland, twice elected Mayor of Toronto, \$1, Dr. Cochrane, 50c., Aubrey White, Esq., Assistant Commissioner of Crown Lands, 50c.

#### TORONTO JUNCTION.

Toronto Junction.—W. R. Gillespie, M.D., 25c., G. W. Glendenan, 25c., Mayor, 25c., Rev. M. J. Barkwell, 25c., Dr. Mavety, 25c., Robert J. Leigh, Town Clerk, 25c., A. B. Pipher, Architect, 25c., Dr. Reid, 25c.

#### YORK MILLS.

York Mills, Yonge st.—D. B. Birrell, proprietor York Mills Hotel, about half a mile north of the present terminus of the Yonge St. Electric Railway, but I earnestly hope that it will reach Thornhill and Richmond Hill before the lapse of many years, and this most desirable consumation would have the effect of doubling their population and quadrupling their attractions, and would virtually make these fine villages part of the northern suburbs of Toronto, inside of 10 years from the day the railway would reach Richmond Hill. It would not be a very difficult or hasardous undertaking for a good strong company to take this enterprise in hand, and then Mr. Thompson could buy a farm and use his stage horses to plow his stubble fields, and everyone concerned could travel this route in one-half the time and at one-half the cost than is possible now. And it would be quite possible to utilize this railway and its rolling stock, (if circumstances required it and it should be found expedient) for freight as well as passenger traffic.

#### WILLOWDALE.

Willowdale, Yonge st.—Peter S. Gibson, P.L.S., 25c., W. S. Gibson, P.L.S., 25c., J. R. Sanderson, 10c., Wm. Stevenson, merchant and post master, 25c., Mrs. C. Murphy, 15c., Mrs. E. Pickering, 25c., Mrs. Smith, 15c., J. McKenzie, 10c., Dan Stong, 10c., Sam H. Keppler, 10c.

### NEWTONBROOK.

Newtonbrook, Yonge st.—John C. Steele, Popular House, 50c., William Porter, groceries and provisions, 25c., George R. Goulding, general store and post office, 25c.

### AURORA.

Aurora a fine thriving town about 28 miles up Yonge street, one of the finest macadamised roads in the Province of Ontario, constructed nearly three-quarters of a century ago under the paternal rule and patriotic Government of Governor Simcoe, after whom that extensive and beautiful lake near its northern end was named. Aurora has a population of between 2,000 and 3,000 and has quite a city like appearance, as seen by a traveller coming up Yonge street from the south, and the number, size and imposing appearance of its public buildings, testifies to the generosity and patriotic spirit of a large majority of its inhabitants, it has ample accommodation for any possible number of travellers, as it has four good hotels, the largest and best being the Queen's hotel, owned and managed by my kind and generous friend Richard Wells, Esq., as Mr. Well's hotel is not only the finest hotel in Aurora but one of the finest and largest hotels north of Toronto, so he is himself a model hotel-keeper, quiet, unassuming and self possessed. Another very kind and generous old time friend of mine in the hotel keeping line is Mr. John Steele, of the "Popular house," in the pleasant townland of Newton Brook, on Yonge street, somewhere about midway between Toronto and Aurora, this hotel is very appropriately named as it is one of the most popular and best patronized hotels on Yonge street from end to end. As Mr. Steele is himself one of the most genial and popular landlords in the whole County of York, in this connection a feeling of gratitude prompts me to mention another gentleman who was a very kind and considerate friend to me in the earlier years of my literary career, Mr. William Wilson,

who some 12 or 13 years ago kept a hotel at Fairbank, on the 3rd concession of West York. Nor will I forget to acknowledge the very kind and courteous treatment I received from the noticeably, handsome, bright eyed, pleasant mannered, lady-like young landlady of the Queen's hotel, Thornhill, Mrs. Scott, on the occasion of my recent visit to that pleasant if not progressive village. To return to Aurora, this favored town is located in the heart of a fine farming country, and one of the finest and best cultivated farms in its immediate neighborhood is owned and cultivated by my esteemed friends John and Hugh Scott, whom I have known since they were little boys in petticoats, who are wisely following the prudent, industrious and exemplary example of their lamented father the late Walker Scott, Esq. And now having paid a slight tribute of respect to a few kind and generous friends I will take the liberty of paying my worst respects to a couple of men who have shown quite an opposite tendency. I was telling a bright young gentleman in Mr. Ferguson's store, about my having found old Ned Stevenson one of the meanest and most close-fisted old men in Aurora, at which he laughed heartily, and on my telling him that old Henry Machell was something



OLD HENRY OR HANK MACHELL AND OLD NED STEVENSON.

like old Ned Stevenson, he laughed still more heartily and shook hands with me telling me he

was his father—good gracious is that so? This young gentleman must have inherited his good looks, his bright cheery spirits and pleasant manners, from his mother one of the nicest ladies I know in Aurora, and a remarkably good looking, fine, large, and well developed woman as well, so that if Henry felt inclined to give her any sauce she could give him such a slap on the lug with the palm of her open hand as would send him reeling round like a top near the end of a spin, or a poor rooster flapping blindly around for a few brief moments after having its head chopped off. I am sorry I did not draw the portraits of these two remarkable men before I left Aurora, but my friends will see that I have endeavoured to supply this omission from memory. I noticed that Henry wore his hair quite long as if he belonged to some peculiar religious sect, the shakers or quakers, the hunkers or tunkers, and my friends will see that I have put this especial feature of his face or rather of his head into the picture I have got engraved for his special benefit. And now for the names of the kind friends whom I found in Aurora on my recent visit. I had but a very limited number of books with me and the last one I sold to a kind friend Mr. J. R. Ross, formerly of Spring Hill or "King City," but now doing business as a machinist in Wilkinsons old stand.

Richard Wells, Queen's Hotel, 50c., Dr. Stevenson, 25c., Rev. Mr. Musson, 25c., S. L. Lundy, Esq., proprietor and editor of the old reliable "Aurora Banner," 25c., D. Hebner, Port Huron, Michigan, Mrs. Charles Doan, 10c., J. E. McNally, 10c., C. Butcher, 10c., James Andrews, 10c., John Tracy, merchant tailor, 10c., John McDonald, R. Newberry, artist, 10c., Towns & Co., groceries and fruit, 10c., Wm. Hastings, merchant tailor, 10c., A. York, druggist, 10c., R. J. Scanlan, baker and confectioner, 10c., George Lemon, Royal Hotel, 10c., E. Braund, hardware, 10c., C. D. Ferguson, general store, 10c., S. Holland, insurance agent, 10c., P. T. Bond, tailor and furnisher, 10c., R. J.

Evans, bakery and confectionery, 10c., Wm. Ough, stoves and hardware, 10c., G. D. Patterson, druggist, 10c., John W. Lloyd, book and stationery, 10c., M. Forsyth, music and book store, 10c., L. A. Willson, V.S., 10c., James G. Tinline, barber, 10c., W. W. Royce, Singer sewing machines, 10c., James Bond, carriage trimmer, 10c., W. J. Bassett, butcher, 10c., Wm. Willis, harness and saddles, 10c., Joseph Bond, groceries and provisions, 10c., R. Watkins, barber, 10c.

### WOODBIDGE.

Woodbridge is in some parts and in some respects an exceedingly pretty and picturesque village, with a fine farming country surrounding it—the energy enterprise and business tact and talent of the Wallace Brothers, with old John Abel as an able coadjutor, was among the most important factors in the early development and building up of the town, in my humble opinion old John Abel did not do the right thing in deserting a place where he laid the foundation of his fortune. If the Wallace Brothers had followed his example it would have left the town in a rather unpleasant predicament. If hoary headed old Johnnie had been far sighted and foresighted enough to obtain a site near the railway, and put up improved buildings, with a switch to the railway, instead of deserving as he does now to



"OLD HARRY" ABEL AND DOCTOR TOM.

have a switch well laid across his brawny back, he would richly merit a crown of bay leaves bound around his patriot brow and the honor of a seat in the great council room of his adopted land. And the buildings he has put up instead of being a

smoky blur are unsightly blot, an ugly wart on the fair face of the beautiful city they disfigure, would be a noble monument for many years to come of his transcendant business abilities. And not—as they are now occupying the place they do—and put up as they were in his old age—an unsightly monument of short-sighted folly, of an insatiably, greedy, grasping, avaricious ambition. Verily it is not good to be too greedy, don't you think so Johnnie? And now for the names of the kind friends who have befriended me in the good old Town of Woodbridge, to whom I tender my most heartfelt thanks for the favor they have shown me.

Rev. F. L. Brown, 25c., Rev. W. F. Swallows, 25c., T. F. Wallace, 10c., C. T. Chauncey, 10c., John McClure, 10c., George Mason, 10c., Mrs. R. T. Wallace, 10c., Dr. P. D. McLean, 10c., Mrs. Wilson, 10c., Amos Maynard, 10c., C. Hollingshead, 10c., John McIntosh, 10c., Alexander Prentiss, 10c., Harris & Horsley, 20c., Ben Harris, 10c., Milton Rogers, 10c., John Elliott, 10c., Mrs. J. Keedwell, 10c., J. G. Hallett, 10c., John Nattrass, 10c., J. Fox, 10c., George Simmonds, 10c., Wm. Baxter, 10c., Levi Elliott, 10c., E. W. Lawrence, 10c., Mrs. E. D. Haslam, 10c., J. E. Harris, 10c., Miss Olive McMullen, 10c., James Clark, 110 Dovercourt Road, Toronto, 10c., J. M. Franks, 10c., W. W. Smith, 10c., George Elliston, 10c., R. E. Prentiss, 10c., G. E. McClure, 10c., W. McClure, 10c., Wm. Osborne, 10c., S. Dunn, 20c., station master C.P.R. 20c. And now a few words about one of the most insolently mean old men I have yet come across anywhere, who calls himself Dr. Thom, but whom some people call Tom and others Thorn, a more red eyed dilapated, not to say dissipated and disreputable looking thing in the shape of a doctor, I have never yet met with any where, he was a marvelous contrast to those noble looking men Doctors Howell and Wilson, of the beautiful City of Flint, Michigan, and to my kind friends Dr. Nellis, of Thornhill, Doctors Langstaff and

Wilson, of Richmond Hill, and Dr. Rogers of Newmarket, and scores of other kind friends among the medical profession whose names I have not space to mention here, to judge from the appearance old "Doctor Tom" presented when I saw him, no decent woman who had the least respect for herself or the slightest regard for what other people might think about her, would tolerate his presence in her house longer than it would take her to help him out of it with the valuable assistance of a good strong, old fashioned, blue beech broom stick. In my humble opinion this old fellow and old John Abel's "nasty" old brother "Hennerre," who played the "old Harry" with the wife of a decent citizen of Woodbridge some years ago, would make an admirably well matched team of short ear'd asses. There are two first-class brick hotels in Woodbridge, the Inkerman hotel, Mr. Alfred Haystead, and the Woodbridge house, Mr. John Emler.

#### AHMIC HARBOR.

This very pretty and picturesque village at the western terminus of steamboat navigation on the Magnettawan River owes its origin to the energy and enterprise of Mr. John Crosswell, a rather grizzled and grim looking old gentleman. Tho' whether Mr. Crosswell does well to look cross is a question that at present I have no inclination to investigate but will proceed at once to give the names of those kind friends I found in this pleasant and salubrious summer resort. John Kyle, hotel keeper, \$1.00, John Crosswell, 50c., S. L. Ritter, 30c., Samuel Young, 25c., Less Cliff, 25c., Malcolm Geddes, 25c., Fred Somers, Dunchurch P.O., 20c., Miss D. Kyle, 20c., Miss K. Gibson, 10c.

#### MAGNETTAWAN.

I have very pleasant recollections of the beautiful village of Magnettawan near the falls of the Magnettawan river it is situated in one of the fairest and most fertile sections of the free Grant Districts with communication with the outside world by steamboats during nearly two-thirds of the year



and by mail stages the balance of the revolving seasons. (The winter time of the year), as navigation on the Magnettawan river is kept going as long as Mr. Frost may be pleased to grant permission. I should like to give a more extended account of this enterprising and prosperous town, but limited space forbids. Just room to give the names of friends with heartiest and most heartfelt thanks. Thomas Stewart, 50c., S. G. Best, crown land agent and telegraph office, 50c., H. Irwin, 50c., Rev. Arthur John Young, 50c., Rev. W. D. Farrar, 25c., S. Walton, groceries, 25c., T. J. Carscadden, tinware, hardware and stoves, 25c., James Matchett, shoemaker, 25c., George M. Knight, general merchant, 25c., F. W. Blekner, merchant tailor, 25c., D. McMillan, post master and drug store, 25c., A. Fitszer, Magnettawan hotel, 25c., John Arthurs, general store, 25c., Mrs. Almira Avery, 25c., Mrs. J. Hollaad, laundry, 10c., Mrs. George, Pletzer, 15c.

And here I must bring this book to an end as I have extended it by the favour of the accommodating and gentlemanly young printer who has printed it to twelve pages more than was originally contemplated. I would like very much to give a good write up of the fine town of Weston perhaps designed at no very distant day to form part of the western suburbs of Toronto. Should the proposed Toronto and Georgian Bay Canal become an established fact in the history of the first part of the 20th century but I must defer this and a description of the beautiful and prosperous towns of Newmarket, Georgetown, Brampton and other places and a business directory of Thorn Hill and Richmond Hill to some other time and so I conclude this little volume by a well deserved honorary notice of two estimable young gentlemen Messrs. Moore & Alexander, 16 Adelaide St. West, whose professional and artistic skill in reproducing marvelously true and most wonderfully accurate copies of photographs and artistic designs and drawings is truly most remarkable and worthy of all commendation.

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# BILL McDOODLE,

## A Big, Brave Ballad of a Bold, Bad Boy

~~~~~  
"Ye u aut to rite a histiny  
of youre own life," thus said to me



a yowling yelping two-legged pup

with self conceit all swollen up  
puffed up and bloated like a frog  
that sings at sundown in a Bog  
as if he wished to serenade  
with all his might some kindred maid  
but no—McDoodle—Doodle—Doo



you little frisky Jackass you—  
you are the one whose "histry"  
I mean to "rite" "now wait and see"  
how I can push you right along  
through a wild Ballad or a song



your picture here your Friends will see



with a bold girl upon your knee  
and I will say; because its true,  
you love such women—yes you do—  
for you were this way from your Birth  
one of the tainted ones of Earth  
indeed you are (to say the least)  
a dirty, filthy, stinking Beast  
the filthy words that you have said  
the filthy pictures you have made  
I wont forget while memories last  
of things and days in years gone past  
but to your birthmark staunchly true  
such things come natural to you  
sad the disgrace and great the shame  
that you bring on an honored name  
some men love women and some love wine  
and some love both—the Libertine—  
has this instinct—from age to age  
it is man's evil heritage  
yes—ever since the world began  
this sin has been the Bane of man  
tis to this vile unhallowed sin  
that you Bill owe your origin

its taint descends from sire to son  
as I will show ere I am done  
with you my little Bantam man  
at least I'll try as best I can  
and yet wee Willy for this shame  
I will not say you are to blame  
the blame rests on your evil sire  
who trifled with forbidden fire  
who is your sire?—I hardly know  
and doubt if you—yourself can show  
the man that for your sire you claim  
so different from yourself—the shame  
rests dubiously upon his head  
if natures signs are rightly read  
a fine big man—with every trace  
of noble instincts in his face  
I ask myself quote doubtingly  
if it is true that he can be  
the sire of such a brainless Brat  
oh “Bosh?”—wee Bill move out of that.  
move out—move in—move on my song  
stand up for right against the wrong  
stand up for truth against deceit  
and trample falsehood neath the feet  
the feet significant in rhyme  
that sonorous march to measured time  
oh yes—wee Bill—just trust to me,  
to show you up—“now wait and see”  
(to use the words that you have used)  
the minds of men all disabused  
the mask of truth stript from your face  
and sin's vile stamp put in its place.  
neath colors false as false can be  
you are afloat on life's rough sea  
a pirate hulk all guise and guile  
your heart so hollow and your smile  
like that which glints from oceans waves  
when artic suns shines o'er its caves  
where down in depths unfathomed  
strange horrid things are nursed and fed

[TO BE CONTINUED IN NEXT BOOK.]

