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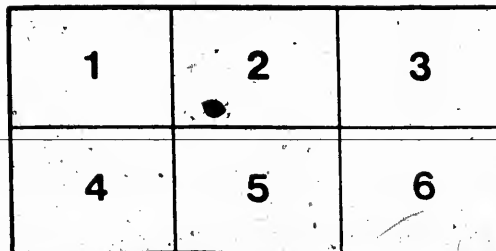
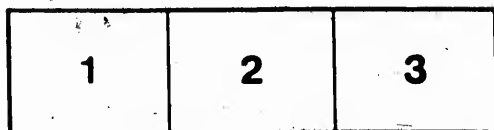
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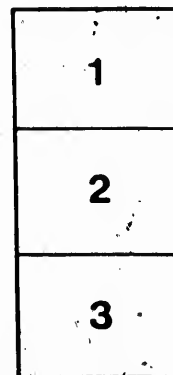
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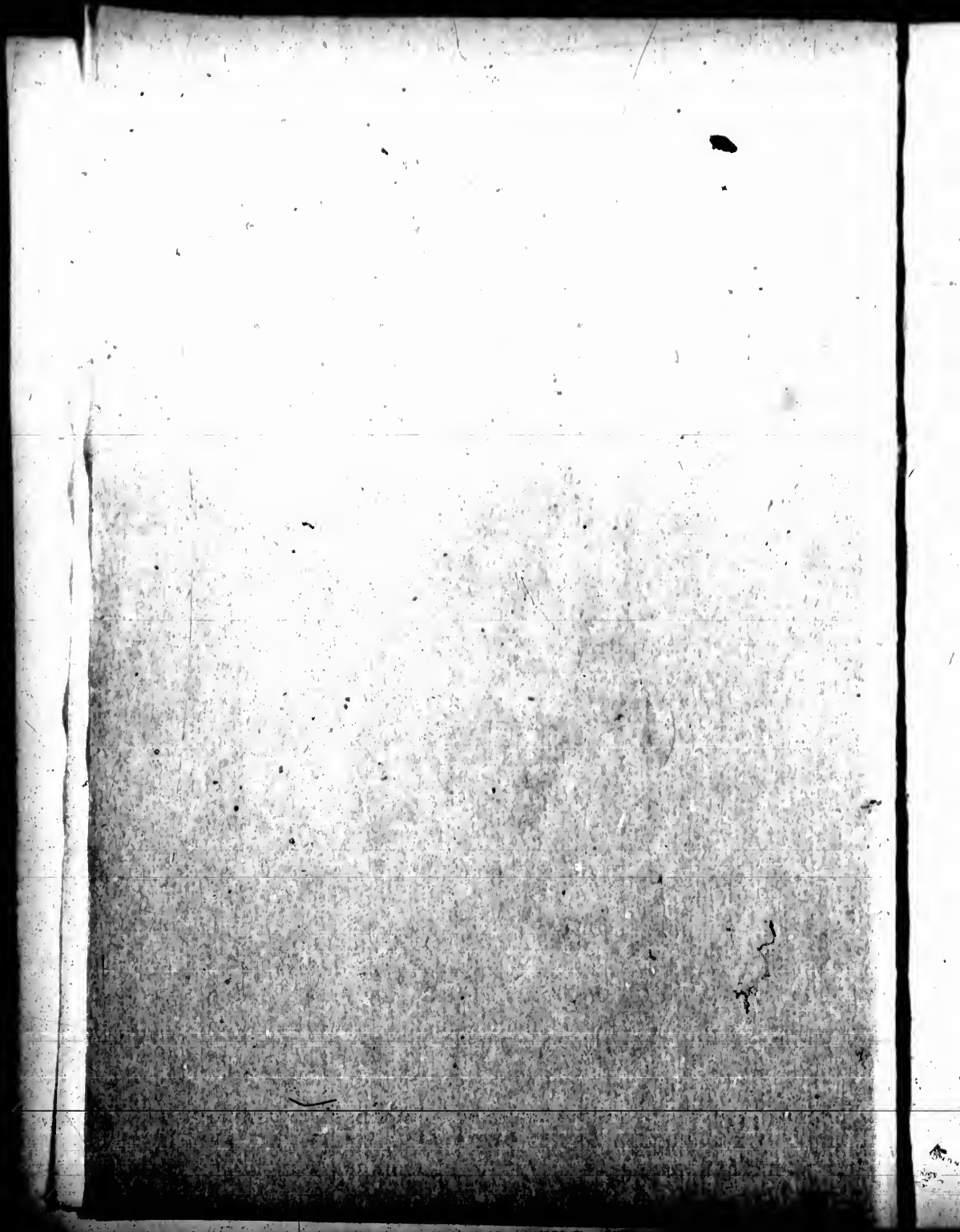
Poems AND Pen-Pictures
 By
 Pat. Prodpen,



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POEMS & PEN PICTURES,

By PAT PRODPEN.

WITHIN a comparatively brief period of time, from his first (recent) venture this way, poor Pat Prodpfen seeks to launch his little birch bark canoe for a third trip on the wide, winding river of literature, on whose broad, surging bosom so many barks are sailing—so many boats of various sizes, shapes and substances are voyaging, some to enter the fair haven of their hopes, and others to be engulfed in the eddying currents, and swirling whirlpools of this treacherous, tempting river. That the latter has not been the fate of Pat Prodpfen's little craft in any of the short shore-hugging trips he has yet taken, has been owing to the encouragement he has received from a host of friends, to whom Pat takes this opportunity of tendering his most grateful and heartfelt thanks. A goodly number of their names will be found recorded in the pages he is now engaged in writing with one of the pens and a penholder he received as a gift—an expression of good will and a token of encouragement to his undertaking, from N. G. Wallace, Esq., of Woodbridge, member of the Dominion Parliament for the west riding of the County of York; and Pat feels proud of it, grateful for this mark of approbation from such a distinguished individual. He will try hard to show himself deserving of the encouragement he has received, not from hundreds only but from thousands of the best and most generous-hearted of the inhabitants of the places he has visited. The moral countenance and material support he has received from lawyers, from doctors, from ministers, from members of Parliament, from editors, from the best people in all classes of society, has been most gratifying, and greatly aids in dispelling the doubts he has sometimes entertained as to the propriety of his engaging in his present enterprise.

Tho' Pat is yet a new "beginner,"
A novice in such uphill ways,

He yet may prove a tough old "sinner,"
Who by his pen himself shall raise,

Not to a "gallows," certain, surely,
Tho' cynics sneer, and critics frown,
But to a place where he securely
May hope to win a laurel crown.

And now a few words respecting the name of the little vessel Pat is preparing to launch for another "trial trip." Mr. Edward Henry Black, the accomplished school teacher of the village of McKellar, proposed that its "title" should be "Advices to very fine Young Canadian Ladies and Gentlemen, teaching them how to avoid the difficulties of Life from the hour of their birth until marriage, containing stars even to wave over the sad and solemn hours of Death;" but Pat thinks that such a magnificent "title" would be altogether too big for his little canoe, and would cause it to become so top heavy and tottleish that it would be in danger of capsizing, so he is obliged to decline the proffered honor, but feels obliged to him "all the same." Mr. Black is such a modest man that he told Pat not to tell any body that he had "got the title" from him, and here you see what a real mean fellow Pat is, he goes around and "blabs" about it to every body.

CHAPTER I.

PAT'S EXPERIENCE IN MCKELLAR.

The afternoon of the day preceding Pat's departure from McKellar for Parry Sound, on his way to Toronto to engage in this present undertaking, he conceived the idea of trying the experiment of canvassing for a few subscribers in advance for this book, cash in advance—just to see how this "little game" (as his friend Frank Foley, formerly of Parry Sound, would call it) would "work." His first application was to Samuel Armstrong, Esq., Reeve of McKellar, who has occupied that position foreight or nine consecutive years, ever since the township was incorporated. Mr. Armstrong responded promptly with fifty cents for five "books." Similar applications were made with like success to Mr. Henry Watkins, who keeps a wagon and blacksmith's shop and an excellent

general store, in the village of McKellar—to Mr. Henry Moffat, who also keeps an excellent general store—to Mr. John Clark, who keeps one of the best and most comfortable licensed hotels in the district—to Mr. William Taylor, jr., who keeps an excellent temperance hotel and boarding house—to Mr. William Moore, who runs an excellent boot and shoe shop—and to Messrs. Peter and Maurice Marsden, who also carry on an excellent boot and shoe business in the village. Single subscriptions were received from Messrs. E. H. Black, C. Douglass, H. Armstrong, E. O. Taylor, and also from Pat's own neighbors, Messrs. John Fletcher, Andrew Moore, David Patterson, James McKeown, Charles McNamee, and William McKeown. The result of Pat's efforts for about one-half of the short afternoon of this short day, (19th Nov. '83), was between \$4 and \$5 in hard cash. Pat left home at an early hour the next morning for Parry Sound, and on the way turned out of his road several miles to visit Mr. William Little's lumber camp in the Township of Ferguson, where three of his boys were working, as he wished to see them, and also get a glimpse of life at a lumber camp before going "outside." There were between thirty and forty old and young men at the camp, all well and hearty, and mostly well shod and clad. It would be hard to find a finer-looking or a better behaved lot of men and boys at any other camp in the district. Pat has known Mr. Little for several years, and he is glad to have an opportunity of bearing testimony to his worth. He is a true man and a gentleman—he is a king among the lumber camp and river drive bosses of Parry Sound, thoroughly posted up in every branch of his business, to its most minute detail; with tact and talent of the highest order, he is kind and considerate towards his men, caring for their comfort and welfare, and he is greatly liked by them in return, so that they work for him with such a will and alacrity that he is almost always ahead of other bosses with his camp work in the winter, and his river drives in the spring.

Mr. James Hargreaves, one of Pat's old time friends is head cook at Mr. Little's camp, and his thorough and experienced knowledge of all the varied and various mysteries of the culinary art would qualify him for occupying the position of head cook on as fine a transatlantic steamer

as has ever laid its huge head with a fond caress on the broad, throbbing, billowy bosom of the great Atlantic Ocean.

The camp is a long, low, wide log building, well plastered so as to make it weather tight, with a steep roof of good boards; it is divided into two parts by a partition running across it with a door in the middle, the larger part of the camp building serving as a kitchen and dining room and the smaller "half" serving as a dormitory, sitting-room, reading-room, and wash-room, with a large box stove occupying the centre of the room. The camp stands not in but on the edge of a big pine forest, in which these hardy camp boys are as busy as bees from dawn till dark during the short winter days.

Pat's oldest son, Forbes (not Forbes Proden, but Forbes Elliott), so called after his paternal grandfather, who came to Canada from "old Ireland" nearly sixty years ago and bought lots and put up houses about the centre of what is now the splendid City of Toronto, but what was then a muddy little town. A few years afterwards he sold or exchanged his property in the town for a wild farm in the adjoining Township of York, where he disputed possession of the soil with deers and bears, and wolves and wild cats.

How round Pat's heart, the memories twine,
Of deeds and days of "Auld Lang Syne,"
When with strong will and sinewy hand
His father cleared his fertile land,
And made the giant forest yield,
Its place for space for rich wheat field.

He has now for more than a quarter of a century been sleeping the sleep of the righteous in the quiet graveyard attached to the Canada Methodist Chapel, in the pretty village of Weston, where also peacefully slumbers the form of Pat's youngest sister, Elizabeth, who died about sixteen years ago leaving him a legacy of \$800. Monday of last week (Nov. 26th), Pat Proden took his thirteen year old daughter Elizabeth to see her aunt's and her grandfather's graves, but he failed to find them on the white marble monumental obelisk that marked them — what has become of it? is a question that (all well) he may have to answer in his next "book," if those who are

concerned in this matter and whose business it is to attend to it, fail to do their duty.

But to return to where he left off at the beginning of this long digression, Pat's oldest boy, Forbes, has been with Mr. Little at the camps and on the river drives for about or more than four years, and Mr. Little shows how he appreciates him by having appointed him his "road boss" last fall ('83) before he was eighteen. Pat feels greatly pleased with this expression of Mr. Little's good opinion of his son's character and conduct, as Mr. Little is a strictly honorable business man, and would not be likely to confer such an honor upon an undeserving person over the heads of older boys and grown up, and even grizzly-headed men, for any consideration.

CHAPTER II.

PAT IN PARRY SOUND, WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF TOM TIT.

Parry Sound, which is a large village or rather a small town, ought in Pat's opinion to be called Millersville or Beattysburg that there might be no danger of confounding it with the district or its beautiful harbor. Pat likes the place very much and its people well. It is somewhat noted for the number of good-looking, finely developed men, above the medium size, to be found among its leading citizens, as witness, Messrs. V. Switzer, J. M. Ansley, John McClelland, J. R. Beatty; and, if poor Pat Prodden had his hearing, he might almost fancy he heard that presumptuous individual, poor old Tom Tit, crying out "and me too." But no, Tom—mentally, morally, and physically he considers you several sizes too small to be classed among the leading men of Parry Sound, he must assign you to a seat on one of the "back benches," where he sits himself, and in a place where he can have his eye on you, as he is "keeping a rod in pickle" for you. The two principal and leading stores in Parry Sound are Mr. Wm. Beatty's, and the Parry Sound Lumber Company's store, both large and well-stocked stores, wholesale and retail, full from cellar to attic ceiling with everything in the

way of groceries, dry-goods, clothing, boots and shoes, paints, oils, glassware, crockery, provisions and cordage, that the settlers can possibly want. Mr. Beatty has also a large hardware and tinware store, and stove depot. Pat would like to give a business directory of the whole place, but then it might be necessary for persons who might wish, to advertise their trade, or calling, or business, or profession in this way, to take or subscribe for at least five of Pat's little books, in which their advertising notice would appear. Pat might hope that this would prove a satisfactory arrangement. In the present instance Mr. Beatty took five of Pat's books, and from Mr. Miller, the head of the Parry Sound Lumber Company, he has never received anything but the most generous, kind, courteous, and gentlemanly treatment. Before leaving Parry Sound for Toronto, to write and publish the little book he wrote in Oct., '83, Mr. Miller gave him a gift of \$5, to help him with the cost of getting it out, and as an expression of encouragement and good will; and would he not show himself a mean, ungrateful wretch if he were to have any other feelings or feel any other emotions than those of gratitude towards a gentleman who has always treated him well and kindly, and considerately. If old Tom Tit had treated him only one hundredth part as well as Mr. Miller has done, he would not have "weltd" him with such a will as he has done in his last book, and then hang the rod up to season and have handy for another "thorough good welting" in this one. He is sure that Tom has winced under the infliction, but he was afraid to show or resent it, for fear Pat might change his rod for an ox "gad." On the eve of his departure from Parry Sound this last time, Pat called on an old acquaintance, Mr. E. J. Taylor; he happened to ask him if there was any one he would like to have him put in his book. He said, "yes, Wichelo, he is a mean little bugger, I brought him a load of lumber from McKellar, and he would not pay me," but he hopes Mr. Wichelo will think better of it and pay Mr. Taylor, or at least "rise and explain" his reasons for refusing. On this visit Pat greatly missed the presence in Parry Sound of his valued friend, Mr. Robert Taylor. Some five or six years ago Mr. Taylor was a store boy in a small store in

McKellar, and then in the same position in the Parry Sound Lumber Company's store in Parry Sound, from which he was soon raised to the position of a bookkeeper in their office, and then shortly afterwards selected to occupy the still more important and responsible one of Manager of the company's large store in Parry Sound, thus proving by his rapid promotion that he possessed business talents of a high order, and a mental capacity far above the average. To Mr. Taylor's influence and efforts in his behalf, Pat, in great part, attributes the great success he met with in the sale of his last book. In this enterprising town, if Pat is not mistaken, Mr. Taylor now fills a position of great trust and responsibility in the service of the Canada Pacific Railway Company, a far more gigantic concern certainly than the Parry Sound Lumber Company—that God may prosper and protect him is the sincere wish of Pat Proden.

Another cause to which he also attributes the great popularity of his last little volume in Parry Sound was the welting or cat-o'-nine tails castigation he gave in its pages to a furiously fiery old fellow, a lucifer match sort of a man, whom Pat has dubbed "Tom Tit," his pretensions are so large and his merits so small, and who tacks the letters M. D. to one end of his name. According to the testimony of the Rev. Robt. Mosley, rector of Parry Sound, and one of Pat's old Aurora friends of more than 30 years' standing, this poor man "is always in trouble," to the truth of which very trite observation Pat promptly assented, adding, "Yes, always in hot water, always fretting and fuming and fussing and fidgetting, if not actually fighting, about some real or imaginary grievance. At one time it is that the people of Parry Sound could not see their way clear to granting his poor half-starved "bag of bones" old horse the freedom of their town and the range of its common; at another time it is that two of his sons have been deservedly punished for disturbing the quiet of a religious meeting by their disorderly, discreditable, and disgraceful conduct; at another time that a report had got into circulation that he had run away with the wife of the village schoolmaster, and so on through a sad, sorrowful catalogue of woes as long, if not longer, than the row of lamp chimneys that he

once had strung heads and tails together on a string stretched across the little window of his little, dirty, dingy, bad-smelling shop or store, with the stunningly attractive notice "Only 5c. each," written in a masterly hand on a piece of paper, attached to the middle of the string to catch the eye of some simple villager or stray settler who might happen to straggle around that way, and impress their minds with the idea that he kept the cheapest store in the town. Did this old man Tom suppose that the people of Parry Sound are born idiots, and



first cousins of the man in the moon, that they could be deceived by such a flimsy device, and take it for a fact as fixed as the rock mountains around Parry harbor that, because he sold a few cheap lamp chimneys for a few cents less than they were selling for elsewhere, he had a perfect right to be considered as the greatest benefactor

to the village, and the greatest friend to the settlers to be found in the district. Pat knows better; he can tell a simple little story, and yet a very true one, of his own experience with this "old man of the sea." Once on a time Pat was very desirous of getting some peas for seed, and, as they were very scarce around where he lived, he came to Parry Sound. He found Tom had peas to sell, but they had so many worm-eaten and maggotty ones among them, and they were so dirty from the large percentage of oats and weed seeds mixed up with them, and withal they were such a mongrel variety of so many different nationalities, good, bad, and indifferent, that Pat did not think them worth taking for his pigs at half the price Tom demanded for them, \$1.25 per bushel, and he did not think them worth buying for seed at any price, so Pat let Tom keep his peas to feed his chuckies or his children, and left him and "took" himself off and went to Collingwood, where he got extra good, clean, crown and golden vine peas from Mr. Long and Mr. Stephens for 68c. and 70c. per bushel.

Another time Pat was anxious to get some good fall wheat for seed. He went to Parry Sound, but there was none at the mill when he applied for it. So he went to Tom's; there was none there either, but Tom said he could get it for him, and quoted it at Toronto prices, adding cost of carriage and commission, bringing the total cost up to \$1.60 per bushel. Crafty old Tom! What he meant by putting this thing in such a shape it would be hard to say, unless he was trying to "kill two birds with one stone," trying to hoodwink Pat—trying to make him think that he was putting himself out of his way and to a great deal of trouble to oblige him, and thus inoculate him with a notion that he was a boss friend to the poor settlers, while at the same time he was slyly trying to slip his hand into Pat's pocket and help himself to a larger profit than he was honestly entitled to; and his talk about getting it in Toronto was all make believe, as he knew there was plenty to be had in Collingwood, less than half the distance from Parry Sound, and at a lower price per bushel. But he missed his mark at this time, and, instead of "killing two birds with one stone," he did not hit either

of them, as Pat, rather than agree to give the price Tom asked, resolved to give up his purpose of getting any wheat at all; but shortly afterwards he saw a load of wheat being taken from the wharf to the mill, and finding that it was a splendid sample of extra clean fall wheat, he went to Mr. Beatty and got some from him at the rate of \$1.25 per bushel. These are strictly truthful statements of Pat's experience of this "old man of the sea," and if the experience of other settlers who have had dealings with him, are of a similar character, his claims to be considered the "settlers' friend" are of such little value that Pat would not give a brass copper for the biggest bundle of them that Tom could manage to tie together. Pat designs the foregoing as a dose of epsom salts for Tom, and if it has the effect of purging his blubbery body and his bullfrog brains of even a small part of the pride, self conceit, egotism, insolence, arrogance and intolerance with which they are charged, he will not regret the time he has spent in mixing up the dose, and Tom will owe him a debt of gratitude. But, if, on the contrary, he should look upon things in a different light, and feel inclined to look upon Pat's officiousness as a nuisance, he must not forget that it was himself who began this "little game," and that he was also very inconsiderate in forgetting at the time he started to play at it, that it is one at which two can play, and that very likely some one might "turn up" who could play at it as well, if not even better than himself. Pat gives this hint as a challenge to Tom to take his pen, and run a tilt against him.

Pat will meet Tom any time
 On the broad field of prose or rhyme;
 Always ready any day,
 Eager, anxious for the fray,
 Then Tom be manly, if not true,
 And let us see what you can do,
 To take Pat "up" and "put him down,"
 Altho' it cost you half a crown.

But if Tom declines to accept this challenge, it will show that he is either afraid to try conclusions with a poor settler, or that he considers him beneath his notice;

and in either case he would deserve but little, if any sympathy from any one, not even from his own wife, who, if he shows any reluctance to come out and fight with Pat with a dozen steel pens for weapons, and a quart bottle of ink for ammunition, ought to belabor his back with a broomstick to try if she could not make him act like a man, and not like a whimpering school-boy. In this matter Tom has no right to consider himself a badly used man; he has no right to complain, he has himself to blame, for as a man sows so must he be content to reap. It was Tom who began this "little game,"—himself who began to play these "little jokes" and to try these "little tricks." He must not forget that some years ago he wrote and got printed, and scattered broadcast among the settlers of Parry Sound, a false and libellous little "10 commandment" fly sheet, grossly slandering and trying to injure the character and standing of one of his neighbors, a most worthy gentleman, who (Mr. Wm. Beatty excepted) has done more for the people of Parry Sound and the settlers of the district than any 10 men in it, and the paring of whose little finger nail is in this respect of more weight than Tom's whole body, puffed up by pride and presumption, and a year's provision for it thrown into the bargain. And now let Tom try his hand on Pat. He "dares" him to do it; he will sit down on his "hunkers" and wait patiently to see if he wout "try," but while sitting on his hunkers, Pat feels a strong temptation to break out into a low, wailing, mournful Banshee song, "Walton's woes and Walton's wails." But his space is limited, and he has only room in this book for one Parry Sound ballad:

THE SWEARING BOY.

Have you heard of poor Jack Lutes,

A very bad and wicked boy,

Viler than the vilest brutes,

Made to damage and destroy,—

Made to injure and annoy.

His mouth, a filthy stinking hole,

One of the foul vents of hell,

Telling sadly of a soul

Rotting with a sickening smell,
Like a bad egg with fractured shell.

Horrid oaths and language vile
Fall so easy from his tongue
That older devils grimly smile,
Aped so well by one so young,
And his praises may he sung

By demons dancing round a grave
That enshrouds a murderer's form,
While ghost-lights wax and wane and wave,
Like moor lights in a midnight storm,
Bespeaking him a welcome warm:

Down in a place where ever burn,
Hot sulphurous fires with ghastly glare,
And poor lost souls forever mourn
The sins, the crimes that brought them there
To hopeless misery and despair.

Poor Pat is very sorry to have occasion to offer such a pill as this to little Johnny, it is not "sugar-coated," but he hopes it will do him good, he hopes that through the good providence of God he may be led to give up this vile habit of belching forth red hot vollies of oaths, and obscene profanity almost every other time he opens his mouth to "speak." Surely the memories of his dead mother ought to have some influence in restraining him from making his mouth a sink hole, and a spit pot for the filthiest garbage of the English language. It will give Pat real pleasure to be able to record in his "next book" that Johnny has entirely abandoned and given up this most disgusting, degrading, and demoralizing habit, for in other respects he likes him well, and would, were it not for this detestable vice, give him credit for being a quiet, well-behaved boy. He likes the boys of Parry Sound "splendidly," he has always found them respectful, courteous, and obliging, and it would not please him to have any busy body trying to berate or belittle them. Pat would suggest that they form an anti-swearing league, or society, or association among themselves, with an anniversary day, and a society banner. He is sure

some of the good ladies of Parry Sound would give them moral and material countenance and support; good habits will elevate individuals, male or female, young or old, in the scale of social existence, and increase their chances of success in his life, and of a happy life hereafter, just as certainly as bad habits will debase, and degrade and very often utterly ruin them,—always will if they are not finally forsaken and abandoned. Years ago John Bunyan, a poor tinsmith, or tinker, in England, was noted for his awful proficiency in the wicked art of profanity, but after it pleased God to lead him to see the error of his ways, and give him a changed heart, and will, and mind—he became a bright and shining light among the good and great men of his native land, and the author of one of the most popular and widely circulated books ever written in the English language, the *Pilgrim's Progress*, a book that has brought comfort and consolation, and hope to the hearts of hundreds of thousands of sinners. And what think you would have been the fate of this man, if he had not turned from his evil ways and abandoned his wicked habits—his name and personality would now be as entirely unknown as if they never had an existence, and his soul would be waiting to receive a sentence at the last judgment day, that all the wealth of this world, all its gold—its diamonds and gems would be utterly powerless to revoke. It is not in the power of every one to attain to the eminence this man reached by forsaking his wicked ways and abandoning his evil habits, and clinging to the cross of Christ, yet thank God it is in the power of every living human being so to live and act and conduct himself on his journey through this world that when he has nearly reached its end, and the days of the years of his life are being figured up, and their sum totalized by the grim hand of death, he may find himself in possession of a sure and certain hope of a better life beyond the grave, where sin, and sickness, and sorrow, and suffering can never come; and this glorious prospect secured to him through the suffering and merits of a great Redeemer, the greatest and grandest and most perfect of beings that has ever walked on earth in human form, who offered himself as an expiatory sacrifice for the sins of human nature, suffered

himself to be fastened by fiends in the forms of men to a tree, nailed up to it by rough, jagged, corroding nails of iron, that pierced and tore the tender flesh of his hands and feet—suffering agonizing tortures, and dying a slow and lingering death, that any one and every one of the great family of mankind could claim and secure the inconceivably glorious privilege of everlasting life, simply by most gratefully and lovingly acknowledging him as their Saviour, having implicit faith in his promises, an appreciative love and reverence for his person, and yielding an unswerving obedience to the laws that his own and our Heavenly Father has made for our guidance and government. Then how base, and mean, and wicked are those natures, that, instead of feeling emotions of gratitude to God and their Saviour for all the blessings they enjoy, and the glorious privileges of which by their own free wills they may be the heirs and inheritors, insult and make a mockery of the sufferings of the Saviour, who died that they might live, and blaspheme the name of their maker, by whose wise ordinances they enjoy the blessing of health and the pleasures the full possession of their senses give them—cursing, and swearing, and blasphemy, and obscenity, are not the vices of true gentlemen, but the vices of bullies and blackguards. Find one of these swearing, blustering cowards on board a rolling steamer, out on the wild waters of the Georgian Bay, or Lake Huron, while an equinoctial gale is blowing, and mark his cheeks pallid with fright, his eyes staring wild with fear, and his limbs shivering like a poplar leaf in a September breeze—holding on with both hands to anything that offers him a firm hold, while with quivering lips, and chattering teeth, and a tongue paralyzed with terror, he keeps ejaculating, “help, save me, O God! O merciful God! help save me.” It is very little of bullying, or bragging, or profanity that could be squeezed out of the biggest bully or braggard among them at such a time. When the skies are clear, and the winds are calm, and the waters smooth, there is seemingly no braver man than a swearing bully. But when the sky darkens over, and the wild winds are raving, and the dark waters rise and roar, and rush and roll in racing billows of snowy foam, then you will see him creep

and crouch, and cower, and crawl like a kicked cur with his tail between his legs.

Pat has enlarged thus on the sin, the mad folly and wickedness of grossly indulging in the unmanly and cowardly vice of swearing and profanity, in the earnest hope that with the blessing of God it may be made the means of inducing at least one boy among the many whom he hopes may read this little book to abandon this vile habit.

CHAPTER III.

Containing the names of a few of Pat's friends in Parry Sound. First, the names of those gentlemen who took 5 books, of those who took 3, of those who took 2, and lastly the names of single subscription subscribers:

5 BOOKS.

William Beatty
Robert Taylor
V. Switzer
Captain Stewart

3 BOOKS.

William Ireland
Francis Strain
Thomas McGowan
William Howard

2 BOOKS.

J. Farrar
Dr. Petta, J. P.
James Marcus Ansley
Francis Dowell
Robert Adams

1 BOOK.

John Murray
J. R. Vantassel
John McLelland
Robert Sprung
Frank Wing
J. R. Leggett
John Moffat
James Moffat
W. R. Toot
A. G. Holmes
Harry Jukes

Henry Stacy
T. W. Huff
J. Johnson
J. S. McKinley
G. B. Miller
R. H. Beveridge
Thos. Kneeshaw
T. Ryder
W. S. McKinley
Henry Jukes
F. J. Sylvester
John Lutoys
John George
John Brown
J. J. Clarkson
Thomas Collins
George Seale
S. B. Purvis
John Wilson
W. R. Beatty
C. Clarke
Wm. Taylor
Wm. Bird
J. W. Gatty
T. R. Caton
John Purvis
R. Cooper
J. S. Rogerson
Wm Meikle

C. L. White
 Mrs. Mellor
 Miss Kirkman
 Miss Annie Everingham
 A. J. Collett
 Rev. R. Mosley
 James Wallace
 James Fisher
 Wm. Wallace
 Patrick Beegan

J. S. Hawes
 E. J. Taylor
 John Davey
 John Quinn
 W. F. Thompson
 H. Cascon
 Frank Kitchin
 V. F. Williams
 Captain A. Richmond
 W. A. Hyde

And a number of others whose names Pat could not decipher. Pat is very sorry to have occasion to notice the death of Mr. C. E. Miller, in whose memory he has written the following. Mr. Miller was a very promising young man, who had only been in Parry Sound for a few months when he fell ill, and died at the residence of his uncle, J. C. Miller, Esq., in Parry Sound.

**LINES IN MEMORY OF COLONEL ELLSWORTH MILLER,
 WHO DIED AT PARRY SOUND, DEC. 1882.**

How darkly falls the twilight hour,
 While o'er our hearts dark shadows lower,
 Chill as a cold December sky,
 When wintry winds wail loud and high.
 Grief is the lot of man on earth,
 And sorrow haunts us from our birth;
 A life of joy unshared with care,
 Where will we find it all to share?
 For on this earth our fate unknown,
 Since Adam cast this World his own,
 When driven forth from Paradise—
 He turned his thoughts towards the skies.
 Now grief lies heavy at our heart,
 The hour has come when we must part
 With an esteemed and valued friend,
 Whose earthly life is at an end.
 And soon within the Earth's cold breast,
 His youthful form will lie at rest.
 How hard to bear this heavy cross,
 His gain, we hope, but ours the loss.

But Pat must now bid good-bye to Parry Sound and hasten.

CHAPTER IV.

ON BOARD THE MAGNETTAWAN.

Which lay at the wharf with its decks washed and steam up ready for a start for Collingwood as soon as there would be a lull in the violence of the wind, which, according to the observations of the Rev. Robert Moeley, of the Meteorological Observatory at Parry Sound, was, at six o'clock of that morning (the 2nd of Nov. 1883) tearing along and whirling around at a speed of 50 miles an hour, singing snatches of wild northern saga songs and screaming to the flying clouds to keep ahead of her—it was not until the afternoon the winds had calmed sufficiently to permit the Magnettawan to leave for Collingwood and notwithstanding the wintry, windy aspect of the weather on this particular day (the 2nd of Nov. '83, the fourth anniversary of the loss of the Waabuno), Pat had a very pleasant voyage in the warm, comfortable cabin of the Magnettawan, which is in proportion to its size, one of the staunchest, strongest, and steadiest steamers that has ever glided gracefully over the calm surface, or boldly breasted the boisterous billows, of the Georgian Bay; and it would be difficult, if not impossible, to find more kind, courteous and obliging nautical officers and gentlemen than its chief officers, Captain O'Donnel and Mr. David McQuade, two of the most experienced, careful and skilful navigators that traverse these wild northern inland seas during the seasons of navigation. At one time during this trip, and when about half-way between Parry Sound and Collingwood, the winds and waves appeared to be in combination as to the propriety or possibility of their playing the same game on the Magnettawan that they had played with such fearfully fatal results that day, four years ago on the Waabuno, which, as a "wrestler" with wild winds and warring waters, would have made but a poor show beside the Magnettawan. On the present occasion, while Pat was sitting at the head of the long cabin table holding on by one of its legs to keep his chair from sliding alternately from one side of the cabin to the other, in sympathy with the motions of the vessel,

Mr. McQuade came and sat down beside him. He told Pat he "should have been with us a week ago (the 13th Nov.) in one of those big storms, we were 10 hours in a tremendous sea, and knowing so that you could not see the length of the boat." Running "from Byng Inlet to Midland we had about 40 passengers with us, and they thought they would never see land." Pat asked Mr. McQuade if many among them showed the "white feather," and he answered, "Very nearly all but two or three; they were running to me every few minutes, wanting to know if I thought it would be all right. I told them to keep a stiff upper lip and it would be all right." There is a deal of meaning and sagacious counsel in Mr. McQuade's advice about keeping "a stiff upper lip"; in other words, they were to keep as quiet and as cool as possible, and not let their fright so far deprive them of their wits as to cause them to rush in a body all at once to a particular part of the vessel, and thus greatly increase the chances of its capsizing. At the risk of being thought presumptuous, Pat would venture to suggest that on such emergencies the passengers should be requested to occupy positions as near the hull and the hold of the vessel as possible. The Indians do not put heavy packages or parcels, such as half a barrel of flour, or the dead body of a deer, on a board resting on the upper edges of their canoe; they know better. Pat was a passenger on the ill-fated Waubuno on one of the last trips she made before capsizing and sinking. There was in use on the deck of this dangerous vessel a contrivance for preserving her equilibrium that he does not remember to have ever seen on any other except, if he is not mistaken, on a little steamboat plying between Chippawa and Buffalo more than thirty years ago. This arrangement consisted in having several large, blue coal oil barrels filled with sand and strongly and tightly headed in and placed on the hurricane deck of the steamer ready to be shifted from side to side, as occasion might require, by one or more of the crew deputed to attend to this especial business. On Pat's last trip on the Waubuno there were about twice as many of these blue barrels on her deck than he had ever seen on any previous trip; and in addition several heavy barrels of salt, part of the cargo (Pat

thinks) were pressed into service, making in all a complement of eight or ten heavy balancing barrels. Pat had a shadowy presentiment that this large increase in the number of these "make weights" was ominous of evil. As Pat was a rough farmer man, and not a city dandy showing off his cockney airs and his fine clothes, he has sometimes voluntarily assisted some poor weary mariner when he was struggling hard to roll one of those clumsy contrivances up a steep grade while engaged in the wearisome drudgery of shifting and rolling the barrels from one side of the deck to the other, backwards and forwards, as the motions of the unsteady vessel might require. As to entertaining the idea or expectation of any equivalent remuneration for such small services it was simply preposterous, there was not the ghost of a chance of receiving the slightest acknowledgment from the greedy, grasping people who kept this marine hears moving around seeking whom it might carry to their graves, regardless of anything or everything except what would put money in their pockets. God has laid a heavy hand on them sometimes, and He has not done with them yet. Pat, with that inquisitive curiosity for which he is not a little remarkable, noticed some of the sailors pumping a large quantity of water over the left side of the steamer look-towards her head, to the best of Pat's recollection, they were at this work for several hours, if not during the entire trip. The water they were pumping over the side of the steamer looked as black as bilge water, as if it had come from the bowels of the boat. The weather on the day of Pat's last trip on the Waubuno was very cold, and he had a pair of warm woollen mitts on his hands that attracted the notice of the poor sailor who was engaged in shifting and rolling the blue balancing barrels about on the deck of this decrepid old steamer, and whose hands were encased in a pair of cold buckskin mitts and he offered to trade with Pat, with which proposition, impelled by a feeling of pity for the poor fellow, he instantly complied, and taking off his own mitts he threw them to him, and on receiving the buckskin mitts in return, he discovered a big hole in one of the thumbs that the sailor had dishonestly hidden when he made the

offer of a trade, but Pat would not make a fuss over such a trifling matter, and did not seek to "go back" on his bargain, simply remarking that it did not matter much, as the leaky old tub might go down at any time. Apart from its pecuniary aspect, this was a foolish thing for Pat to do, the poor fellow's hands might have been afflicted with the itch or some kindred disease, but then Pat has very often made a fool of himself in business transactions, but not always, as he considers he made a very good bargain with Mr. Grip for the printing of this little book. But to return to the Waubuno, Mr. Andrew Teneyck, one of Pat's McKellar friends, and one of the best and most thriving settlers in it, was also a passenger on the boat on this trip, and saw the man's trade and heard Pat's prophecy, for which he deserves very little credit in the way of second sight, as the event foretold was only a natural consequence of the state the steamer was in at that time. Pat would also relate another incident that happened on this trip.

Pat had to wait several days in Collingwood, waiting for the Waubuno to come in as it kept very irregular time, showing as little regard for its advertised timetable as the people of France show for their Sundays, but then this is the practice with a great majority of inland lake steamers late in the season of navigation; it depends on the state of the weather. Board and lodging cost money, and while waiting for the boat to come in Pat's little stock of money grew gradually less and less until when the boat did come in, he found himself about 50 or 60 cts. too short of the amount required to pay his fare on the boat. When he got on board the Waubuno on its arrival at Collingwood to take passage for Parry Sound, he had a pair of new long boots dangling from one arm. Pat saw that the captain noticed them at the time he went on the boat with them. In due time, on the trip to Parry Sound, the purser came around for the fares, and poor unfortunate Pat offered him every cent he had, explaining how it came about that he had not the full amount required. The little man flew into a big rage and went and told the captain, who came and demanded in an insolent manner, "where is them boots you had when you came on board?" Pat

went and brought the boots and gave them to him and all the money he had (which fell about 50 or 60 cents short). Pat felt sorry he had let the captain see the boots at all, when he saw him marching off in triumph with the boots in his hand, and caught the malignant look in the purser's eye, as it seemed to say, "Ah, old fellow, your 'little game' has failed this time." Here Pat might say no more about "these boots," and by so doing leave the impression on the reader's mind that he never got them again, but this would be real mean on Pat's side, as it would leave a reflection on the memory of the unfortunate dead man. He did get them again, for, after the captain's gust of passion had calmed down, he told Pat in a civil manner that he would leave the boots with the wharfinger at Parry Sound, and he could pay the balance of his fare to him and get the boots back. It was the captain's duty to see that the passengers paid their fares all right. Pat does not blame him in the least for doing his duty, but only for his harsh and insolent manner of doing it, and the fuss that he and his pigmy purser made about such a small matter. There was only one person on the Waubano at this time, outside of the passengers, for whom Pat had any real feeling of respect and that was Mr. McQuade, the engineer, whom Pat had already known for some years, as if he is not mistaken he had been engineer on the boat before Mr. Beatty parted with her and when Captain Campbell commanded her. During Pat's last trip on the boat he spoke to Mr. McQuade several times, and he noticed a peculiar look or expression on his face as if he had a prophetic foreboding, a presentiment, a sort of second sight of the awful calamity that was to soon overwhelm them, but he was too brave and intrepid a man to forsake his comrades and leave the "floating coffin" through dread of death, trusting to the promises and mercy of God, whose will was a law to him. He remained at his post to the last. There was not one of the Waubano's crew who was more generally liked or whose loss was more universally regretted. Pat would like to give more of his experience during his trips on the Waubano, with sketches of the treatment he received from Mr. Beatty, Captain Campbell, purser McDougall, and a

"mean little" bald-headed "Begger" called Baxter, but he must defer it to a "more convenient season," as his space is cruelly crowded. Pat is such an inveterate scribbler that when he starts to write on any subject his only trouble is to confine himself within reasonable bounds and limits. But now he must hurry back to the cosy, comfortable cabin of the Magnetawan where he left Mr. McQuade when he got into a little birch-bark canoe with half a barrel of flour and a dead deer in the bottom of it and from thence succeeded in scrambling, at the risk of his life on board a crazy old steambout where he has stood prating for "ever so long." Pat confided to Mr. McQuade his intention of writing "another book," and asked him to whom he would inscribe it, assuring him that he would certainly inscribe it to any person he might suggest. Mr. McQuade told him to "inscribe it to Mr. Miller; he has gone from this community perhaps never to return, and he has done a great deal for Parry Sound and its people." With this eloquent tribute of respect to Mr. Miller's merits Pat entirely agrees; he most sincerely hopes that Mr. Miller's health may be completely restored, and that, if it is his good pleasure, he may return not only to claim but to win his rights and wear his honors for many a year to come. On another occasion Mr. McQuade told Pat that although he was a Conservative, yet if he had a vote in Parry Sound he would give it to Mr. Miller, as he considers him as deserving of the support of all parties on account of the benefits he has conferred upon the people of Parry Sound, and Pat sees things in exactly the same light himself. In good time the Magnetawan got to Collingwood, and Pat found comfortable quarters for the night in the boarding-house of his old Collingwood friend, Mrs. Patch, and about 5 a.m., the next morning took the N. E. R. train for Toronto and he is now finishing the pages of this little book where he wrote his last one in Mrs. Flower's boarding-house on the corner of Richmond and Victoria streets in the City of Toronto. This is one of the most respectable boarding-houses in the city, the rooms are kept clean, cosy and comfortable, the bed-linen is white and clean as a new sheet of foolscap paper, the bedsteads are provided with coiled steel spring bottoms and two thick mat-

traces ticks each, and these appliances, with plenty of clean, warm bed-clothing, make them exceedingly comfortable places for a poor fellow to take refuge in on a bitterly cold winter night, as Pat knows by experience. The dining-room is a large and well-lighted apartment with four long tables that can easily seat 50 persons, and they are well and abundantly supplied with good, wholesome, well-cooked, and at times, luxurious food, and the "little dining-room girl, well, she is a real darling" though she is not a "little girl" at all, but a fine, tall, handsome, fair-featured, well-favored, bright-faced girl, remarkably clean and smart, and, even under the light of the chandeliers attending to her duties at the supper tables, she looks like a stray beam of sunlight that had forgotten to leave the earth when the sun did. It must not be inferred from this, that Pat has "fallen in love" with her; he has done nothing of the kind, he has a dear, good sweet wife in his far-away northern home, his "own darling," whom he would not exchange for all the girls on earth (if such a thing were possible). He never has been, and he prays God he never may be, false and faithless to her. But Pat in common with a good many people, has strong personal prejudices and partialities; there are some people whom he could never like, and others whom he would like at first sight. There are several if not many kinds of love or affection; the love we feel for a mother, for a sister, for a daughter, for a wife, and for a female friend, are all of a somewhat different kind and complexion, and of these different kinds the last is the one most likely to inspire a poet's songs, unless, perhaps, the poet's wife is a most bewitchingly beautiful woman, an inspiration in herself. It is the refined, ethereal, spiritual affection that a poet feels for a valued female friend that is the very essence of his art. Let it degenerate into a gross, carnal, sensual feeling, and all its mysterious, its magnetic, spirit-stirring and song-inspiring influence fades away as the rosy tints of a summer sunset from the faces of the clouds in the western sky. Miss O'Connell was so kind and considerate towards Pat from the first, considering that he was a total stranger to her, and her conduct, in this respect presented such a marked contrast to the treatment he has received

from persons in similar situations in other places he has visited, that he could not help but feel grateful to her. He is going away from Mrs. Flowers' as soon as he finishes writing this book which perhaps will only take him a few hours, and then it is not likely that he will ever see her again, as she expects to get married soon, and does not expect to remain here long; but whatever she goes, or whatever her lot in life may be, Pat sincerely hopes that God may protect and keep her from all harm, and that she may get a good husband and live a happy life. It is by way of thanks and as an acknowledgment of the good treatment he has received from her, that he has written the following "song":

TO MISS MAGGIE O'CONNELL.

O, maiden, fair as the morning dawn
 In the pleasant spring or summer time,
 When the cloud curtains apart are drawn,
 And the air is scented with clover and thyme,
 And the lark soars upward to the clouds,
 Sweetly singing his morning hymn;
 Higher and higher, till distance shrouds
 His gay form in the ether dim.
 The kindness you have shown to me
 Deserves some favor at my hand,
 And I would weave a song for thee,
 With all the skill I may command.
 It is not love, for it were wrong,
 That I should yield to love's blind sway,
 But friendship's feelings, warm and strong,
 That move my mind, inspire my lay.
 Thine eye is blue as blue bells, fann'd
 By the warm breath of the summer breeze,
 Bearing sweet incense o'er the land,
 To the drowsy land song of the roving bee.
 Thy glossy hair a crown of gold,
 Well set upon thy handsome head,
 A treasure, that from days of old,
 Has been admired and coveted.

Pat's notice of Mrs. Flower's boarding-house would be incomplete were he to omit to mention a great convenience it possesses in the shape of a nice bath-room. The bath is large and long enough to immerse the whole body from the neck downwards, and is provided at the foot end with warm and cold water "taps" or faucets—plenty of soap and clean towels, all free of charge to the boarders. Pat has almost spent one short and pleasant week here while engaged in writing this little book; circumstances will not permit him to remain longer this time, and he takes this opportunity of offering his best thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Flower for the kindness and courtesy he has received from them, and to the boarders also, whom Pat has found a real, nice, gentlemanly lot of men, one person only excepted. Miss O'Connell, "the little dining-room girl," told Pat, "The man that sits next to you at the table said something to me that hurt my feelings, and sent a thrill through my heart, last night. I did not expect it from any person in the house, so I cried and went to bed." Now really, Pat does not like to see his best and dearest friends insulted and abused, as you will see in this little book in the case of Walton v. Miller; Pat is a very quiet man when let alone, but he is exceedingly savage when wantonly provoked. He will let the fellow off this time, as Pat is not a Don Quixote; but if the cowardly cur should repeat the offence and it should happen to be in Miss O'Connell's power to inform Pat of it, he will see if he cannot hold him up by the "hind leg" to the scorn and ridicule of men who claim to have a small particle of what constitutes a true gentleman about them. Pat hopes there may be no occasion for this; he sincerely hopes his fair young friend may soon have a husband who will see that she is not insulted by any drunken brute.

A STORE FORM WRITTEN BY REQUEST OF MR. THOMAS WOODROUSE.

As cheap as the cheapest as good as the best,
 Is a saying the sense of which you can easily test
 By paying a visit to Woodhouse's store,
 His large stock of goods and his prices look o'er.

"He deals "above-board," shuns falsehood and guile,
 His goods are all new and just in the style ;
 At the top as to quality, at "rock-bottom" the price,
 To prove this is truth please take my advice,
 And hasten to see for yourselves—well aware
 Your pocket will surely the benefit share
 Of the advice I have given in a confident tone—
 All doubts and misgivings as to results quite unknown.
 I hope this advice no one will condemn,
 (It is for their good that I give it to them).
 Then visit this store and purchase from him
 Who gives you such bargains, your chances are slim
 Of finding another place equally cheap,
 That will help you, assist you, and aid you to keep
 The coin in your purse, while you clothe yourself well,
 It is only the truth that I honestly tell.
 From the old Fatherland far over the sea
 He has got a large stock of broadcloths that he
 Will sell very cheap, quite certain of this
 If you neglect such a chance such a bargain you'll miss
 As will make you regret you did not go there,
 When at more fortunate folk with envy you stare.
 His splendid Canadian and new English tweeds
 No praise from Pat's pen most certainly needs
 They speak for themselves, just hear what they say :
 No better or cheaper can be found any day.
 Six dollars you save on an excellent suit
 And look a new man from your head to your foot.
 He tells you the truth, he means what he says,
 He treads a straight road, not crooked bye-ways.
 Please see for yourselves, you will own that poor Pat
 Has not sought to deceive you, as certain as that
 The sun and the moon will rise in the skies
 Bringing joy to your heart and light to your eyes.

Pat will write "Store Poems" for anyone for from 5c. to 10c. per line, according to quality.

In conclusion, Pat is very sorry that he cannot possibly put half of what he has "got to say" within the limits of a little 15c. book, but he expects and hopes to be able to write another book before this winter is over, and when he does he will give a whole buck basket full

of gossip about people and things he has seen or may see in Bracebridge, Berrie, Bradford, Brampton, Gravenhurst, Orillia, Newmarket, Aurora, Weston, Woodbridge, Cooksville, Streetsville, Georgetown. This is a big promise for poor Pat, and he wishes that his means and abilities were in some degree commensurate with his aspirations.

Pat would not like to close this little volume without availing himself of the opportunity offered for bearing testimony to, and tendering his best thanks for the uniformly just, generous, and gentlemanly treatment he has received from Mr. GRIP and his executive officers. Pat would strongly advise his readers to subscribe for *Grip*, Canada's great comic paper. It is a credit to the Dominion, and it will, in a large number of cases, save its readers its subscription price several times over in the way of lessening the doctor's and butcher's and grocer's bills. "Laugh and grow fat" is an old saying, and to this old saying Pat would tackle a new one, "Laugh and grow healthy," as assuredly you will if you take *Grip*; but if you cannot take *Grip*, you can at least get a copy of *Grip's* Almanac for 1884, one of the most killingly funny books, both as regards matter and illustrations, that Pat has yet seen. As a humorist, a caricaturist, and a poet, J. W. Bengough, the talented editor of *Grip*, has not his equal in the Dominion, if on the North American Continent. Some of the most beautifully classical poetry Pat has ever read has been from Mr. Bengough's gifted pen.

THE END.

