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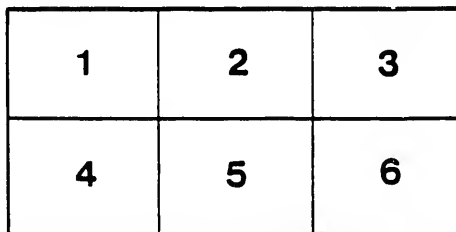
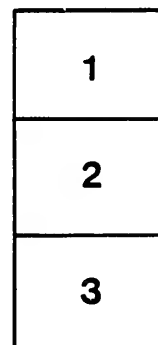
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Vol. 7

Whole No.
11,000.

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DEAF TRAVELLER

By JAMES ELLIOTT
OF PARRY SOUND

To
the



Hon. Oliver Mowat, Attorney-General of Ontario

One of the best friends he has yet found in the City of Toronto, this little volume is most respectfully inscribed by its Author

TORONTO, MARCH 11th, 1886

“ OLD YELLOW JACK ”

AND

ANOTHER OLD ROGUE.



Attention, kind friends, while a picture I draw
Of an odd little man, one "Mister John Shaw,"
Who sometimes sojourns in McKellar's good borough
In one place to-day, in another to-morrow.
As if life were a bubble—existence a dream
And himself an old cork afloat on life's stream,
Driven hither and thither by wind and by wave,
And carried at random to a whirlpool—the grave.
This queer little creature some call "Yellow Jack,"
With a crack in his brain and a crook in his back.
A small yellow midget, or mite of a man,

Whom winter's frosts chill and summer suns tan.
 Does his poor father know what his boy is about?
 Does his poor mother know little Johnny is out?



And if she should not, then pity her son,
 With no one to show him what things he should
 shun.

Cheer up, little sonny, I'll try, if I can,
 To keep you in sight, you mischievous wee man.
 "Paddy Whack may go trudge it with Murtoch
 O'Blany,"

But I will look out for this poor little zany.
 This poor little fellow, this "Mr. John Shaw,"
 Whose picture or portrait I've promised to draw.
 Without it my ballad would not be complete,
 And I will try hard to accomplish this feat.
 With a pen for a pencil endeavour to sketch
 This "Mr. John Shaw" (not Mr. Jack Ketch)

A gaping wide mouth and grayish green eyes,
 A nose rather large for a man of his size.
 A grizzly moustache and lean lantern jaws,
 Are features peculiarly " Mr. John Shaw's."
 His tongue is too long for a man of his weight,
 But then Yellow Jack, like a parrot, can prate.
 A grinning old monkey or chattering ape,
 While some people grin and some people gape
 And stare at the man as if lost in amaze,
 At the wonderful wit little Johnnie displays.
 A watch-dog can bark and a tom-cat can mew,
 A nightingale sing and a ring dove can coo,
 A buffalo bellow with " might and with main,"
 As he roams at his will o'er the wide grassy plain ;
 A bald eagle scream as he soars in the sky,
 Till he seems a dim speck then is lost to the eye ;
 The frogs sing in chorus in a marsh at midnight,
 And savage wolves howl timid hunters to fright ;
 A raven can croak and a black crow can caw,
 But for talking and prate give me Mr. John Shaw,
 For sure he can chatter whole hours gliding by,
 With the garrulous tongue of a noisy magpie.
 This prim little, grim little, old blatherskite,
 Who stands in his socks about five feet in height ;
 Perhaps an inch more, perhaps an inch less,
 This matter so small we can go by a guess.
 But with heels to his boots three inches in length,
 To add to his height if not to his strength,
 He looks half a man as he stands among men
 Like a pert little bantam beside a large hen.
 His bent figure shaped something like a baboon,
 With its feet on the earth and its eyes on the moon,
 His shoulders too broad for the size of his frame,
 His chest is too shallow, but who is to blame
 For these faults in his structure, I really don't know
 Unless both his parents the reasons could show,
 If both are alive, but if they are dead
 Why let the poor creatures just rest in their bed,
 And leave their poor pigmy to dig and to delve,
 Till life's weary burden he also shall shelve,
 To hard work bound by fate with strong iron bands,
 If you doubt it, just look at his big horny hands,

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That to long arms appended hang down on each
side,

And with pendulum swing, keep time with his
stride

As he slouches and shuffles, and stumbles along,
For his short shaky shanks are not very strong.

This crotchety cute caricature on men

With flat feet encased in boots number ten,

But should it turn out, as it might after all,

That the size I have named is rather too small.

Pick out for him please a strong pair number twelve,

And start him in them on "our railroad" to delve;

Tho' this kind of labour be not to his mind,

Far less honest work more strongly inclined,

For which I have got little reason to thank

This cunning old coon and covetous crank.

And this is one reason, deny it who can,

Why Yellow Jack is a contemptible man.

Our Bible is true and its precepts are right,

Tho' a million Bob Ingersols splutter with spite.

Bob's name should be angersoul surely enough,

So prone to destroy with his infidel stuff

The souls of the people whom Jesus would save.

He leaves them with beasts a resurrectionless
grave.

But this subject so large, while mine is so small,

I can but give it a glance, one glance that is all,

And turn me again to old Yellow Jack,

Determined to give him another good whack.

That he richly deserves it I am sure you will own,

When cause and occasion to you are made known.

Then keep your mind free from surmising me
wrong,

Until you have read to the end of my song.

And the facts in this case I can clearly explain,

When perhaps you will tell me to hit him again.

This old man is married and has for his wife,

A nice little woman, his magnet in life,

Who so tidily keeps his little log cot,

That my friend, Billy Beard, might envy his lot.

For he has long lived a lone bachelor life;

His neat and trim home, uncheer'd by a wife;



No baby to dandle or nurse on his knee,



Only Tommy and Tim for companions has he.
 How sad, and how lonely must time pass with him,
 His only companions poor Tommy and Tim.
 When cow-bells are tinkling on the road-side afar,
 And "Andy's" lamp shining a bright little star,
 How lonely his own little lamp he will light,
 To make his own bed to retire for the night.
 But o'er this sad scene a curtain I draw :

Such a case seems at variance with a wonderful
 law,
 At creation ordained as a rule and a guide,
 By the wisdom of God for a world wild and wide.
 I know from experience, a good and true wife



Is a boon, is a balm, is a blessing in life.
 Such a loving companion, and affectionate friend,
 So prompt needed help in life's struggles to lend.
 In the troubles of life and its trials severe,
 So hopeful, so helpful, trustworthy, sincere.
 For one I can pity my friend Billy Beard,
 Who such a companionship never has shared ;
 And such a dear partnership never has known ;
 He lives for himself, with himself all alone.
 His chance for true happiness surely is slim,
 With none to care for him but Tommy and Tim.
 But as o'er his sad lot it were useless to mourn ;
 To old Jack again my attention I turn,
 Who hardly deserves such an excellent wife ;
 He hardly deserves such good luck in life ;
 For does it not stand in reason and law,

Such a gift is too good for " Mr. John Shaw."
 So prompt the bad will of a bad master to serve ;
 So prone from the path of duty to swerve,
 That I verily think a tawny old squaw
 Would make a good matè for " Mr. John Shaw " ;
 Or that an old Negress, an ebony black,
 Would make a nice wife for " Old Yellow Jack."
 With elbow to elbow, they could show themselves
 round

Like a couple of geese just free'd from a pound.
 And now for my reasons for writing this song,
 I am sure you will own they are valid and strong ;
 For I am not writing from malice or spite,
 But to punish gross wrong, and uphold truth and
 right ;

To expose fraud and falsehood as against good and
 true,

Is the aim and the end I now have in view.
 An old rascal who hoped his neighbor to rob,
 Sought Yellow Jack's aid to help with the job
 Who readily joined in the heathenish plot ;
 But very poor pay for his trouble he got ;
 And such luck attend all in a business like this ;
 May their schemes ever fail, and their aims ever
 miss,

Who, contrary to reason, religion and right,
 The commandments of God most wickedly slight.
 Urged on by vile greed, and covetous lust
 Eating into their hearts, like mildew and rust ;
 With Communistic creed, against common sense,
 Endeavor to live at another's expense.
 To all sense of shame and decency lost,
 Endeavor to live at another one's cost ;
 And directly transgressing the just laws of God,



Seek mammon to get by falsehood and fraud.
'Tis such kind of people, we oftentimes see



Standing in the dark shadow of a black gallows
tree ;
And well-informed men most certainly know
'Tis from such kind of seed that gallows-trees
grow.

But the meanest of all mean people are they
Who try such vile tricks on their neighbors to play,
A black reptile is he who can cunningly plan
To plunder and pillage a poor laboring man
Of the little he owns, of his cottage or land,
With greed gloating eye and felonious hand,
More manly, straightforward the highwayman's
act,

Asking money or life as a matter of fact ;
Less mean the mean thief, who shunning daylight
Seeks a henroost to rob in the silence of night,
Than this fox with two legs, or weasel or skunk,
Who in excuse for his deed could not even plead
" drunk,"

Though he surely could plead a strong love of
self,

And a consuming desire for lucre and pelf,
All other instincts almost dead, if not quite,
But those of a wolf or a ravenous kite.
You may apply these "remarks" to " Mr. John
Shaw,"



On to "another old rogue" with a vulturine claw,
 Whose doings and deeds I may sometime rehearse
 In full flowing prose or smooth running verse.
 A close visaged, dark featured, undersized man,
 Whom I will describe as well as I can,
 A presumptuous, assertive, self-satisfied elf
 Who, if all thought of him, as he thinks of himself
 Would stand very high among the men of our land
 Fill an office of honour, or a place of command,
 This cynical boor, and ignorant clown,
 Whose head a fool's cap would fittingly crown.
 As full of conceit as a bloated old frog
 Who fancies itself the king of the bog,
 And with a log for a throne—the summer night
 long,
 Tires even the stars, with egotist song.
 As vain as a gobbler, strutting proudly around,
 His tail a spread fan—wings tracking the ground,
 As proud as a peacock, while lacking its train
 He looks on his betters, with an eye of disdain.
 But to tell the plain truth, quite candid and frank
 In the brigade of fools, he will head the front rank.
 Should he further provoke Pat Prodden to write
 To expose his mean deeds, and dark ways to the
 light
 Why can he not let his neighbours alone
 Nor act like a cur snarling over a bone?
 If his heart was not soak'd in asp venom and gall

And all shrivell'd up like a wither'd puff ball
 This little soul'd creature, narrow minded, ob-
 scure,

Whom the vengeance of God will follow for sure.
 A just God will certainly shorten his days,
 Unless he abandons his bad crooked ways.
 But let us all hope this wicked old man,
 May forsake his mean ways as soon as he can,
 Get a changed heart, and lead a new life,
 With religion and reason no longer at strife,
 A life thus amended if this person shall live,
 Pat Proden will freely forget and forgive,
 Forgive and forget, as if wholly unknown,
 The deeds he has done, and the will he has shown,
 Not for his own, but for the sake of his wife,
 A good worthy woman—an example in life.
 These toasts I propose to your health Mrs. —
 Let all honor good women in but as in hall,
 May good mothers and wives—strong props of our
 land,

Ever firm for God's laws, and pure principles
 stand—

Good God-fearing women and matrons for whom,
 When earth's roses fade, Heaven's roses will bloom,
 Who will find a safe haven in Heaven at last,
 When this life with its scenes and its sorrows is
 past,

They are always prepared for the grave's silent
 night,

By keeping their God and Redeemer in sight,
 Whose praise they will sing with their latest drawn
 breath

As they enter the "valley of the shadow of death."
 That mysterious vale, illumined afar
 By the clear and bright light of the luminous star
 That sheds light e'er the graves where God's peo-
 ple repose,

Under India's hot sands—under Labrador snows.
 I have written this ballad with ink that a friend
 With other materials most kindly did send,—
 Good pens, ink and paper, and all in a trice.
 To have found such a friend was certainly nice,

Who also has promised—(oh, estatic bliss!)
 To grant me a still greater favour than this.
 His name in this ballad I will not disclose,
 But let it in peace and in silence repose;
 Not anxious to have it mix'd up in my brogue,
 With "old Yellow Jack" and "another old rogue."
 Here "brogue" does not mean a batter'd old boot,
 That a poor man like me oft wears on his foot,
 But an odd manner in accent or style
 Peculiar to people from Erin's green isle.
 Peculiar to some, perhaps I should say.
 For all Erin's children don't talk in this way.
 And now, my dear friends, my song I conclude
 By wishing you all and each one every good.
 Very likely, with me, you may before long
 Take another trip to the dreamland of song;
 If plenty of time I had at command,
 I could show you scenes in that wonderful land.

March, 1885.

McKELLAR.

Before proceeding to explain my reasons for not having written this book sooner, as well as my reasons for writing it at all, I would most gratefully tender my best thanks to the many kind friends and patrons who have so kindly and generously given me a helping hand on my rough journey of life, and which, but for their great kindness and consideration, I would find a deal more rough and rugged, and I feel proud to be able to rank among them the wealthiest, the most respectable, most intelligent, most popular and prosperous people in every place I have yet visited. Should any cavilling critic feel disposed to question the truth of this assertion, I would refer him to the list of names which I have taken the liberty of publishing as a slight expression of my gratitude. This little book will make the seventh I have written and published. My first was (except a short preface) altogether in rhyme, and was printed at the *Christian Guardian* office more than 30 years ago. I will give one short specimen of its contents to show

that the satirical vein was as strongly developed in my composition then as it is now :

“ WHAT FANNY IS.

“ Fanny is old—would be thought young ;
 Fanny is bold—loose at the tongue ;
 Fanny is proud ; Fanny is vain ;
 Fanny is loud—prone to complain ;
 Fanny is tall ; Fanny is slim ;
 Fanny is all frigid and prim.”

But my father did not approve of my writing such a love-sick doggeral ditty sort of a book, as he was a good man and a Methodist class leader, so out of deference to him I gave up this business, and threw the best years of my life away playing the ragged *role* of a bush farmer in the township of King and then that of a pioneer settler in the free grant district of Parry Sound, a rough, rugged, rocky region, the centre of which is about 200 miles north of Toronto. After a long lapse of time I again resumed the book business. The second book I got printed was not my own composition, but the product of the brain of my eldest son, only about 14 when he wrote it. Morton & Co., of Adelaide-st., were the printers. The success of this venture was such as to encourage me to try my hand again, and as Morton & Co. had given me so little satisfaction in the way they performed the job for me, I sought for another printer for my third venture. Messrs. Moore & Bengough, the *Grip* Publishing Company, printed three consecutive books for me, and to these gentlemen, and to their (then) excellent foreman or manager of their Job Printing Department, I owe my sincere thanks, not only for the kind, considerate treatment I received from them, but for the entire satisfaction they gave me in the performance of the jobs I gave them. In my humble opinion Messrs. Moore and J. W. Bengough are among the most gifted and talented men in our Dominion, and as a consequence they have met with almost phenomenal success. My sixth book I got printed in the *Mail* building, one of the

finest structures of its kind on the North American continent. It is a credit to the noble and beautiful city of which it is so conspicuous an ornament, and of which city I am very much pleased to have the honor of being a native, and all the more so as it has so recently shown itself so much self-respect and done itself so much credit by electing by an overwhelming majority as its chief magistrate one of the noblest men it could find within its limits, the Hon W. H. Howland. I never felt so much interest in the result of any election as I felt in the result of this one, and I was jubilantly glad at Mr. Howland's most triumphant victory. I saw his opponent, Manning, a few days after the election, entering a grog hole or a drunken dive on the north side of King Street, a few yards west of Toronto Street, and feeling quite curious for a closer acquaintance with this egotistical old man, I followed him into the bar-room and asked him if he would please buy one of my little books, "only ten cents." The only answer I received was a stupid stare from a pair of dull, heavy, listless-looking eyes; my manner was very respectful, and he could not have had the least idea but that I sympathised with him to the very echo, and even to the shedding of tears in his quite recent and most thorough and humiliating defeat; yet, notwithstanding this, a big pot-bellied, bloated-faced, blubbery-eyed, spindle-shanked old fellow told me to go out, and I went out from the sickening atmosphere of this whiskey den, into the pure air of heaven, when I found standing on the door-step of this half-way house to the sulphur and brimstone regions "down south," a rather dilapidated-looking individual dressed in a seedy suit of clothes, his face as round as the face of the full moon—"comparisons are odious," and here I hardly think the moon will feel pleased with the reflection this one might cast upon her own fair countenance, as the poor unfortunate fellow's face was covered with blotches and pustules, as if he was suffering from the itch, or some kindred dis-

ease. I told him he was one of Manning's sign-posts. I saw Mr. Howland a day or two afterwards, and he treated me as a large-hearted, liberal-minded gentleman always treats me; he very kindly shook hands with me, and wrote his name in my canvassing-book for my new book, giving me 25c. Mr. Howland is not only a remarkably handsome and prepossessing-looking gentleman, but he is also a man of remarkably fine and well-developed physical proportions. I would avail myself of the opportunity of tendering my most heartfelt thanks to the good lady voters of my native city for the cordial and enthusiastic support they so unanimously gave Mr. Howland (God bless them), as some slight acknowledgment I will pay them the compliment of observing that nothing has given me such a strong, clear and well-defined idea of the transcendent beauty of the bright inhabitants of heaven as the exceedingly beautiful female faces I have sometimes met with in the streets of Toronto. I do not grudge this long digression, as I sincerely desired to contribute my "Widow's mite" towards the cause of truth and good government and the upward heavenward progress of the good people of Toronto. And now I must proceed to explain the reason why I did not write this little book in the Fall of '84, as I proposed, instead of writing it, as I am doing now, early in the year 1886, but the lives of the children of this fluctuating world, and their outgoings and incomings are in the hands of an inconceivably Almighty God, to whom the stars are but a ruby-gemmed and bediamonded stairway to His home in the highest heaven of heavens, of whose power the greatest and most enlarged mind that ever existed upon earth could only grasp the faintest resemblance of an idea. But I leave such a theme for one beyond all comparison more within the range of my extremely limited powers. To proceed with my "narrative": Early in the month of September, 1884, my wife fell ill with one of the most danger-

ous and protracted spells of sickness she has ever experienced; and as no earthly consideration could have induced me to leave her in such a critical condition even for one day, or at the worst for one hour, all thoughts of going outside to "write another book," were for that time entirely abandoned; her life was dearer to me than my own life; and I did feel strong emotions of gratitude to God when, after weary weeks of weakness and suffering, it pleased Him to gradually restore her to her usual good health. But this earth is not the abiding home of unmixed happiness and unalloyed delight; this is the peculiar prerogative of a brighter and better world than this, for scarcely had I reason to congratulate myself upon my wife's recovery when I met with an accident that confined me indoors for the balance of that winter (1884-'85), for while chopping on an underbrushed fallow during a bright, sunshiny, but intensely cold spell of weather in January, 1885, a small particle of flying frozen wood struck me in the right eye, causing me some pain and inconvenience, but had the weather not been so intensely cold, the sun so bright and unclouded and its reflection on the snow so strong and dazzling, this hurt to my eye might perhaps have not turned out so seriously as it did, as for several days after receiving the blow on my eye I very foolishly exposed myself to these several evil influences against its recovery from a strong desire to keep at my work, grudging, as I did, the loss of time the quitting it would cause me; but I soon found that I was as weak as a rotten reed in the iron grasp of fate, as the pain and inflammation in the eye grew so great from the intense cold and the dazzling glare of the unclouded sun on the white surface of the snow and affected the uninjured eye so much in the way of weakening its power to keep open and on the alert, to enable me to properly attend to my work, that I was reluctantly obliged to give up the unequal contest with my hard fate, and retire for sympathy and shelter to a seat by my good wife's

kitchen stove. But this change of scene was productive of slight benefit, as the inflammation of the eye had got such a strong hold upon it, and I suffered in consequence such prolonged and intense pain in the eye and the right side of my head, that had it not been for my love for my wife and our little ones, I could have wished for a respite from my sufferings in the quiet shelter of the grave; yet notwithstanding the pain I suffered, I took advantage of the leisure time this period of enforced idleness gave me to write the "pome" of "Old Yellow Jack" and another old rogue, these two mean, covetous creatures taking advantage of the great trouble I was in through the long and dangerous sickness of my wife, and knowing also that I would be so preoccupied in attending on and taking care of her, that I would not have time to look after anything else, wickedly went and perjured themselves, with the object of depriving me of property to which they could not truthfully pretend to have a more valid claim than a highwayman has to the money he forces his victim to surrender at the muzzle of a revolver, or that a burglar has to the property he obtains by blowing open a safe. I had no idea that anyone in the District of Parry Sound could be so exceedingly mean, so wickedly untruthful and so utterly dishonest, until I called at the Crown Land Department in Toronto, this winter, and saw how shamelessly and wickedly they had perjured themselves in the utterly false and wickedly lying affidavits they had sent in. It would be a cruel wrong to the hardy and industrious settlers of the District of Parry Sound for my readers "outside" to take it for truth that these two men are samples of the kind of people who live within its limits, and it would be cruelly wrong in me not to explain that such an assumption would be an exceedingly unfair and a harshly unjust one, and very far from the truth. It was not owing to want of efforts on the part of these wickedly dishonest men that their nefarious designs did not succeed, but God, who looks at the hearts of men, and who

takes the will for the deed, will assuredly punish them; they carry the seeds of a heavy harvest of punishment in their own hearts and principles.

I hope my readers will excuse the most just—yes righteous indignation I feel against these wretched rascals. I abominate meanness, and oppression, and rascality, and falsehood in every form—and the result of this attempt on the part these wicked men to pillage and plunder me has served to give me a very high opinion of the justice and impartiality with which the business of the Crown Land Department in Toronto is conducted, and of the noble character of the talented gentleman who stands at its head, the Hon. T. B. Pardee. I had the honor of a personal interview with this gentleman this winter, not however, with the slightest reference to the question I have just been explaining, but solely and only with the object of obtaining his name as a subscriber for this book I am writing, and I found him a natural born gentleman—“one of Nature’s Noblemen.” There is not the ghost of a chance of Mr. Pardee ever permitting himself to be made a pliant tool in the hands of any designing knave for the commission of any act of oppression and wrong. To resume the main “thread” of my narrative. After many days of suffering and long nights of unquiet rest the inflammation in my eye had grown so bad that on the night of Friday, the 18th day of March, ’85, after I had fallen into a restless slumber—I suddenly sprang up on my knees and elbows in bed feeling an agonizing pain in my eye and the right side of my head as if the eye had been torn out of its socket or had burst open, (the eye had really burst open like a grain of roasting popcorn), and a warm stream of what I then thought was water came out in gushes from the ruined eye-ball, each pulsation being attended by most excruciating pain. My wife afterwards told me that what I had taken for water was blood, and she innocently asked me, “Where did all that blood come from?” the loss of blood was so great; and I was floated so

far into the dark valley of the shadow of death on the sanguinary stream that gushed from my eye that it was with the greatest difficulty my dear wife succeeded in seizing me and slowly drawing me back from its gloomy shades. I feel quite certain that had it not been for her great presence of mind, and prompt application of such remedies as were in her power, I would not be living now.

To tell this story of my woes
 With big tears trickling down my nose,
 (But this "in fun" it may not be,
 That pain should wring one tear from me.)

Our little daughter Elizabeth, our eldest one at home, weeping bitterly over her poor father's misfortunes and avering that she could not live four days if he died, hurried out into the cold winter night to rouse our good neighbor John Fletcher out of his warm bed to go to McKellar Village for Dr. Caughell. This worthy doctor was a real boon to the people of McKellar and adjoining townships, during the trying winter of 1884 and 1885. He is now a resident of Burke's Falls, on the line of the Pacific Junction Railway. The agonizing pain I suffered that night, and which made one minute seem as long as a summer day, served to give me a good idea of what lost souls must suffer, broiling in the blazing brimstone billows of the unfathomable ocean of perdition. God grant, kind reader, that you, and myself as well, may escape such a fearful doom—but to escape it we must leave good lives and live in accordance with the just laws of a righteous God.

After this night and the next day, the pain grew gradually less acute and agonizing, while the eyeball itself grew smaller until it had diminished to about one-half its original size, but I am thankful that it is not altogether gone and that I do not suffer so badly in this respect as some other unfortunate people suffer, the ball of whose eyes have

been totally destroyed. But still they are very fortunate in comparison with me, for with the total loss of the sight of one eye, and the almost total loss of my hearing since I was 12 or 13 years of age, I consider myself one of the most unfortunate individuals in existence.

It is a sense of my grievous misfortune and a feeling of a dreary isolation, that makes me all the more grateful to those who treat me not only with common Christian courtesy, but with kindness and consideration. It is those people with good kind hearts to whom, as a consequence, God graciously grants the largest measure of intelligence—of prosperity—of social and domestic happiness and comfort in this world, with the best chance of a happy life in the world to come—from whom I receive the most favour.

Please, kind reader, to look over my list of friends as I have published them, and if you find the names of any skinflints or scrub oaks among them, please send a post card with the important intelligence to the address "Pat Proden, Toronto, P.O."

But though my earthly existence has not been an enviable one, it does not follow from this that I am to be debarred from the hope of a better life beyond the confines of the tomb in a happier and a brighter world than this, where loss of sight and loss of hearing and the other sad and sorrowful calamities of earth are utterly unknown. Having thus, kind considerate reader, sufficiently explained, or rather too sufficiently explained, the reasons why I have not written this little book at a much earlier date, I will now proceed to explain with equal if not greater protracted prolixity of periods my reasons for writing it at all; and why I have to leave my distant home in a wild northern land for such a purpose, for home is to me one of the happiest places I have ever found, and the necessity for leaving it for lengthened periods of time is one of the greatest and most disquieting troubles I have to encounter in connection with the business in which I have been engaged during the winter

months of the past few years of my life (with the exception of the winter of '84-'85), but my home is so distant from my most profitable and productive fields of labour that I cannot afford the luxury of visiting it every alternate Saturday, as my limited means would not admit of the expenditure of time and money such an indulgence would entail. And here my "feelings" have found vent in song:

THOUGHTS OF HOME.

As lonely through the world I ramble,
By my business called to roam;
Struggling up life's hill to scramble;
My thoughts will oft revert to home.

To home, the dearest of all places;
To those whose hearts and minds are right,
And free from sin's dark taints and traces,
That blur, and blacken, blot and blight.

With love of wife and home to guard us,
More safe we tread life's thorny way;
More safe to find heaven not debarr'd us
Upon the last great reckoning day.

A hallowed heaven-born institution
Is that of home and family;
A good God plan'd its constitution,
Pronounced good by His decree.

And since I am so much happier at home in the society of my wife and children than when I am away far from it and them, very likely some of my readers might wish to know why I cannot be content to stay there and give up all thoughts of writing books. But this would be a hard question for me to answer and explain in a full and satisfactory manner without encroaching too much on the space I desire to reserve for an account of my experience in the different places I visit. Under the peculiar conditions of life existing in the country

in which I have found a home, and always incident to a new and partially settled land, and in the circumstances in which I found myself placed, I felt myself impelled, almost compelled, to engage in my present line of life, for at least a limited portion of my time, as I am only engaged in the occupation of writing and selling books in the late fall and winter seasons of each year; at other times I am at home, busily engaged in the rough work of a bush farmer in one of the wildest and most picturesque regions of my native land. As far as bodily comfort and luxurious living is concerned, I have found, especially during the present winter of 1885 and '86, the conditions greatly in favour of a life "outside;" but this consideration carries very little weight with me in comparison with others of much greater importance. Yet, considered even in this light, it is not without its peculiar advantages, as the relaxation it gives me from the rough labours of a pioneer backwoodsman, serves to keep in repair, and in a more normal condition, a constitution that unremitting and incessant hard work would otherwise undermine and lead to premature decay, and a greatly shortened life, just as a poor toil-worn broken-down lumber-shanty horse does not live out half the term of his natural life. But I must confess that, as far as mental happiness is concerned, the odds are greatly in favour of a life at home. And again, my inquisitive friend, you must consider that all men are not constituted alike, nor are they all endowed with exactly the same amount of brain, and the same form and fashion of ideas, and that a greatly wider difference exists between men in these respects than exists between the forms and features and even the colour of their persons and faces; and that while some men have scarcely a thought or an inclination beyond the narrow routine of their merely animal existence, there are others of such a restless and adventurous spirit that it prompts them to make their home on the heaving bosom of the billowy ocean, while it incites others of a still braver and

more ambitious turn of mind, to brave the dangers and endure the hardships of a life in the Arctic regions, while engaged in pursuit of the mighty monarchs of the sea, while the possession of a still larger, a superlatively large share of this restless spirit of adventure and reckless daring has inspired and incited a Sir John Franklin, a Dr. Kane, and a Commander Cheyne, to encounter the perils, and suffer the rigors of a winter in the Hyperborean regions of our globe, in the hope of being the first to reach and plant their country's standard on the summit of the north pole, and have the honour of having this coveted achievement recorded to their credit in the golden annals of all time. I had the honour of becoming intimately acquainted with this latter gentleman during the two pleasant weeks I spent in the thriving town of Uxbridge, and considering his various visits to every quarter of our globe—his acquaintance with the topography and peculiar features of the polar regions; his numerous and exciting adventures by sea and land—by shipwreck, siege and battle, and on the floating ice floes of the frigid zone—I look upon Commander Cheyne as one of the most remarkable men in our Dominion. He has a favourite theory that it is quite practicable and possible to reach the North Pole by means of balloons; and if he were a younger man by twenty-five or thirty years, who knows but that he might be able to show to a wondering and admiring world the perfect truth of his theory, not by precept only, but as a realised fact; and considering the gigantic strides that inventive science and scientific inventions have made since the beginning of the present century, it would not be absurd to suppose that in the not far distant years of coming time a method or methods may be found of navigating the air with as much certainty and with as little danger as man now travels over and navigates the more solid elements of land and water. But I must return to the more immediate object of my narrative and ask my indulgent reader to take it for granted that

it was the possession of at least some portion of this same restless and adventurous spirit that incited me to leave my home in the township of King one bright sunny morning, in the month of September, in the year 1870, and hurry to the Aurora station of the Northern railway, about two miles distant—there to take the train for the tall, thriving, stripling town of Collingwood, and from that post the steamer Wanbuno for the little bouncing boy baby hamlet of Parry Sound, in the hope and expectation of winning comfortable homes for myself and wife and the different members of our increasing family as they should severally arrive at an age to require them. And I remember as if it was only yesterday, my first full view of the ill-fated steamer as she lay at the wharf at Collingwood—her brave and hardy crew busily engaged in loading her decks with freight, preparatory to a start for Parry Sound, a trip of about 70 miles over the broad billowy bosom of the Georgian Bay, under the command of the skillful and intrepid Captain, P. M. Campbell, who, on more than one occasion, has nobly saved a human life at the risk of losing his own. And I have also a vivid recollection of my first night on my new farm in the Township of McKellar, all alone in the wild wood wilderness on the surfy-sounding, rock-bound shores of the beautiful Manitowaba Lake, miles away from any human habitation, for that now thriving and well-settled township was very sparsely settled then. The preceding day had been a dark and gloomy one, near the middle of October, 1870, and the melancholy autumn winds were sadly sighing and sorrowfully singing a sad funeral requiem over the grave of the dead Indian summer, while busily engaged in the sorrowful task of covering her lonely tomb with her torn garland of many-coloured leaves the tear-stained face of the of sad-eyed sky closely shrouded in a mourning veil of dark leaden-colored clouds, as my worthy and esteemed friend, Mr. John Fisher, one of McKellar's stout-hearted, strong-handed, stalwart young pioneer settlers

(and now one of its best and most prosperous farmers, with a most prepossessing and estimable young wife, and a fine family of growing sons and daughters), brought me several miles up the noble Seguin river in a log canoe, then into, and across the large and at her best lovely—and then very lonely Manitomaba Lake, over whose ruffled bosom the white-capped waves were racing with each other, looking as if they were watching for a chance to bury us beneath them, but my friend was too well used to their wild ways to give them such a chance. Reaching my own location on the northern shore of this lake my kind friend bade me good-bye, telling me at parting that the first thing I had to do was to make some kind of a shelter before the fast approaching night would meet me with a ghostly frown upon its face, and then left me—

All alone in those wild woods ;

Alone with nature, and with God ;

Alone in those sad solitudes,

Where feet of man had seldom trod.

I had as my stock, effects wherewith to start my Robinson Crusoe existence, a double-barrelled gun, a good axe, a bag of bed-clothing ; in another bag a quantity of bread and cakes I brought from home, and about eight or ten pounds of first-class mess pork I bought in Mr. Beatty's store, in Parry Sound, then the only store in the (at that time) embryo village of Parry Sound. I also had about a bushel of potatoes ; as for tea I did not trouble myself about it. For cooking utensils I had one solitary frying-pan, and in the way of a stock of table cutlery, I had one knife and fork and a tablespoon ; and with this limited stock I was as happy and contented as if I had owned the entire stock of the largest cutlery stores in Sheffield or Birmingham. Here circumstances make it imperatively necessary that I should close this little volume with the fixed resolve of writing another with as little delay as possible, wherein I will do full justice to all my kind friends and patrons.

