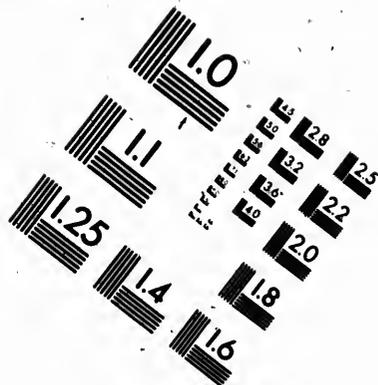
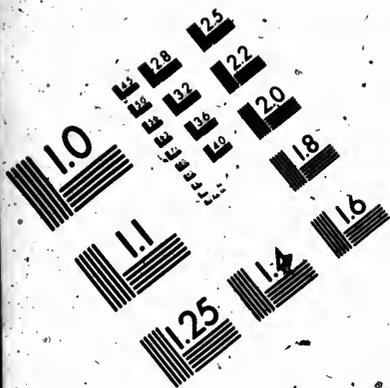




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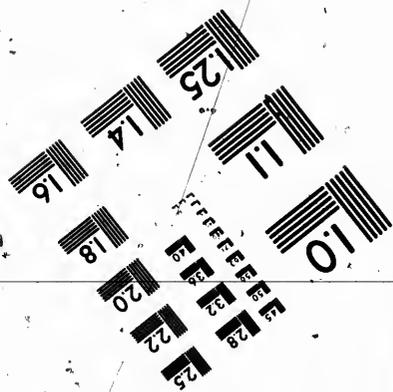
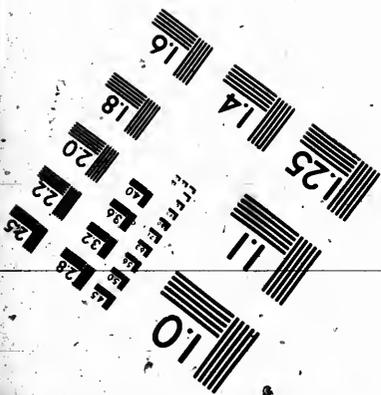
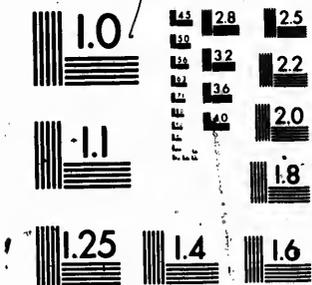
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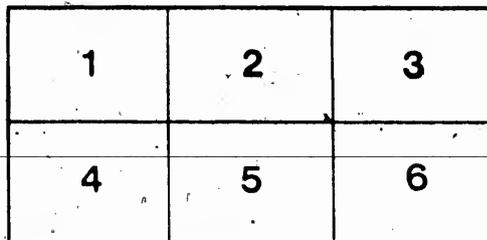
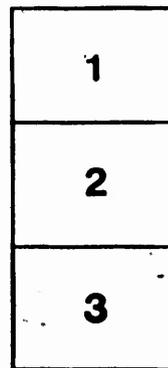
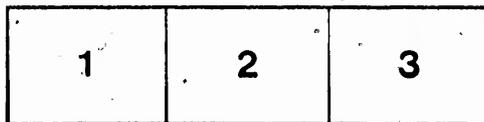
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BY

W. E. HAMILTON,

B. A. F. O. B. O. S.

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• Peeps at My Life.



A squealing but healthy baby, embryo of the present writer, blinked its sore eyes for the first time in the north-east upper bedroom of the Dunsink Astronomical Observatory of Trinity College, Dublin, on the 10th of May, 1834.

My father, the late Sir William Rowan Hamilton, was Professor of Astronomy in the University of Dublin, to which office, involving the title of Royal Astronomer of Ireland, he was appointed while yet in his student's gown. His father, Archibald, hid Hamilton Rowan in the cellar of his house in Dominick street while the soldiers were searching for him, and till the rebel could escape by a fishing smack to the Continent, with a head still joined to his shoulders.

My father's mother's family, the Huttons, were from Yorkshire. The Baylys, my mother's people, came over with the Marquis of Ormonde, and were granted a large and rich tract of land in the south of Ireland. My grandfather by that branch, Rev. Henry Bayly, was Rector of Nenagh, and father of 23 children, of whom two, Henry and Peter, were in the battle of Trafalgar, and died Captains in the Royal Navy.

As speedily as might be, I was christened "William Edwin," my father and Lord Dunraven, (father of the present Earl), being godfathers.

Having had the usual doses of mumps, measles, Algebra, Chicken Pock, Latin and Greek, I went to Clapham Grammar School, William Edgeworth, nephew of the great authoress, being my chief chum. We were allowed a half-holiday on Saturday, and having plenty of pocket money, used to slip into a confectioner's on the common to eat brandy balls, made of sugar, with a few drops of pure French brandy in each. Liking these so well, the confectioner went one better, giving us the straight brandy in a private room, together with cigars, and being caught, we had for a penance to smoke dried cow-dung and drink ink and water, sitting at a barrel, in the playground before the whole school. Another schoolmate was William, eldest son of Sir John Herschel, at whose country seat, Collingwood in Kent, I used to spend the short holidays. Some of us made up a sentence including all the names of the principal masters under Rev. Chas. Pritchard, the Principal. It ran thus, "How (Howe) Wood Clarke use (Hughes) Body," the last being a Church of England minister, whose son was Provost of Trinity College, Toronto. Howe was the writing master. I got a prize for a continuous recitation of the fourth book of Virgil, some 4,200 words, and Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," with only three mistakes allowed. But writing was my weak spot, and almost-invariably, after

giving the work in his own beautiful penmanship in red ink over my scrawl, he would wind up by giving me a smart rap with the lignum vitæ ruler on the side of the head. How I ached for the snail-like years to slip by, till I became a strong man to break him all up. Meanwhile could nothing be done against him? Yes. Every Sunday evening the Principal had the whole school gathered as one Sunday School class. He would take part of a chapter containing one subject, get the ideas of each of us on it, and then give his own. At this class, all masters and ushers, (half-teachers and half-police, to keep the stronger boys in order) were expected to be present, Howe included. It was beyond cavil that Howe used to drop once and awhile into a cosy quiet inn near the common, to have his pot of half-and-half. His naturally red cheeks and blushing nose, made him unjustly suspected of more than the actual indulgence. One Sunday evening, when the lesson was half over, Howe came in heated and flurried. Pritchard coldly remarked, "I think, Mr. Howe, you might contrive to set the boys an example of punctuality." Howe said nothing, but hurrying to his seat, squatted down, jumping up with a yell, which was as heavenly manna to myself and co-conspirators, who had firmly embedded a needle, point upwards in the bench. He was too excited to make any explanation intelligible, and Pritchard, now thoroughly convinced that he had been boozing too long at the tavern, looked up at the ceiling, saying to nobody in particular, that "instructors of youth should show some little respect for the decorum of a religious gathering." We had our own Church of England Chapel with handsome stained glass windows, and some of our choir used to sing occasionally in Westminster Abbey. We had occasional processions through London, marching two abreast, with a master at front and rear. Our special chance was turning a corner in the fashionable west end street. When the two middle boys were opposite the street corner, the master in front could not see the boys in the front half, because his back was turned, neither could the rear master, being obstructed in his view by the houses. A boy in the front half would run up the steps of a mansion like lightning, ring and give a thundering rap, and would have time to repeat the operation on another door and be back in the ranks. The fun was to see the silk-stockinged footmen open the door, and sometimes collar the boy in front of him, the real culprit having moved on thirty or forty feet as they walked.

Severe caning and flogging prevailed. The discipline was stern but the education thorough, and in the term examination papers (printed on our own press) questions were asked outside the text books to test our general knowledge, such as "do stones grow?"

IN LOVE.

Left school for good Home again to the Observatory. Fell in love when thirteen with Henrietta, same age. Used to chase her, along the parapet of the grapery. Was hopelessly, madly smitten. We climbed trees together, but I never could get her higher than the second fork of the "Hornbeam." To me, she had all the possible graces of body and soul. Did ever short frock disclose more shapely ankle? I was in the seventh, nay, the forty-seventh heaven. We were evidently made for each other, though

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of different types of feature. My hair curly, chestnut; hers dark as pall of midnight; my eyes deep blue, hers unfathomable raven black—black as an ink bottle. In the ecstasies of my sublime passion I became humanized.

On Sunday, in the early summer morning, while their fathers and mothers were snugly tucked under the blankets, it was the general custom of a choice club of boys, having previously secured a lusty tomcat, to float him in a huge willow bowl on the still waters which covered a deserted quarry. The cat, hating water, stayed quiet, crouching in the centre, with a faint "meeyou." Then our terriers and lurchers were loosed, and swimming to the attack were soundly scratched. When this became monotonous, I unslipped my Russian terrier from his chain as a matador. Hitting the side of the bowl with his paw he capsized it, and soon finished the drowning mouser.

I resigned my Presidency of the cat club. Nay more—such was the transforming and purifying action of my new affection—I turned missionary and tried to stop Sunday cock-fighting. All our gardeners kept game birds in the hay lofts, of the celebrated "Sooty Dun" breed, and used to fight them under a huge chestnut tree in the paddock, in the violet light of dawn. I used to slip out of the back door in my stocking feet and bet marbles on the winner, but now—

Henrietta and I had been predestined evidently, millions of ages ago, to come together. With the coyness of her sex, she kept me tantalized. I suggested an elopement. She neither encouraged nor wholly discouraged. In vain, I tried to bring her to a decision. With a hooked wire, I worked out a forbidden novel out of the locked wire door of one of my father's libraries. From it, slightly changed, I picked out a beautiful form of proposal. "If Henrietta, the purest and most devoted affection—if the consecrated constancy of a lifetime—if the most assiduous sacrifices." Blushing, with downcast eyelashes, she snatched her forefinger away and leaving me kneeling on a bunch of nettles, chased a butterfly. In a more melting mood, she came back, hinting thus, "affection, however eloquently phrased, require proof." We were in the midst of one of my uncle's ten-acre fields, near the stone wall of the Observatory demesne, which was pierced with an iron wicket gate. "Put me to proof, Henrietta," ran my agonized pleading. "O, that a furious bull might rush up from the river, chasing thee as thou fleest to the iron wicket! O, that he might all but catch thee! Then would I rush in between, giving thee time to escape, and as his cruel horn pierced my kidneys, with my dying breath I would cry, 'Farewell, beloved one.' On the anniversary of my death, would it be asking too much to request you to shed three-sevenths of a drop of tear-juice on my untimely grave?" She said, "we had better go in and get some lunch."

I felt that without her the earth was a foul mess of thistles and misery. With her, a mud floor was paved with rubies. Night of Fear followed Day of Hope, with Doubt for twilight between. What if she should finally reject me? Seneca suicided by opening his veins in a warm bath, but Prussic acid might be just as easy.

After she returned from a Paris boarding school, I was in utter misery. The short skirts were lengthened. Full of formal etiquette, no more would she be chased along the parapet nor climb the hornbeam.

Private tutor, more doses of Greek, Latin, Algebra and Whooping Cough. The University of Dublin. Professor Salmon, afterwards the venerated Provost, was my tutor. The casual reader can skip the next sentence. I discovered some theorems in determinants and Geometry. Among the latter, that in any plane triangle, the centre of the circumscribed circle, the centre of gravity and the meeting of the perpendiculars from vertices on opposite sides, are in a right line, and that the c. of g. trisects the interval between the other two.

I saw an expulsion in ancient form, with the College bell tolling muffled funeral peals, and the sentence read in Latin.

Also, a brisk scrimmage, on the occasion of the public ceremony of laying the corner stone of the new belfry. Students were forbidden to climb the scaffolding. Harris, one of my classmates, did so, and trying to get on the platform was kicked in small of the back by the contractor's son. The students tried to scale the platform to get at him, but the kicker and workmen beat them off. Then from a pile of bricks and paving stones they fired at the kicker. The stones so thrown, hit the students on the other side who thought them thrown by the workmen. At last the boys retired into Botany Bay Square, but only for a blind, and one of them peeping, reported that the kicker had come down. At him they rushed, and his face was soon like a raw beefsteak. Here Galbraith, of Home Rule fame, then junior deacon, came to the rescue, linking the victim under his arm and taking him in safety through the Fellows' garden. One of the students gave him a long range shot with a rotten egg, which, missing its mark struck the Dean in the whisker. I have not space to write up the charge of the horse police with swords, against the students, during Lord Eglinton's State entry as Lord Lieutenant.

Two of my classmates were the present Sir Richard Cartwright, then a fresh hearty youth, full of fun and energy, and Kirkpatrick, now over the Surveys Department of the Ontario Government.

The College was full of odd old customs. Whenever the Provost visited within four miles of Dublin, the College sweep, a well-paid official (whose house was in French street, where all the others were tenanted by females), followed him and swept the chimneys.

Outside the College railings, which enclosed a semicircular plot in front of the grand entrance, were stands where day and night, women more than 70 years old and who might be 200, for time had no effect on their faces, sat day and night, selling apples. At night they used dip't candles in oiled paper lanterns, licking the apples when nobody was looking, to freshen them up. The city authorities tried to remove them. The police scowled at them. Furious letters were written against them in the Dublin Evening Mail. They were on College ground and the University Board would not let a hair of their heads be touched.

Castleknock, which included the Observatory, was a very aristocratic and tory parish. When the Lord Lieutenant was at the Viceregal Lodge, he was a parishioner, and the church had a Viceregal or Royal pew, larger than the rest, opposite the pulpit. A still larger square pew was that of James Hans Hamilton, M. P., the chief landlord, whose father Hans sat for Dublin in the Grattan Parliament, and spoke and voted against the

Union. His son, Right Hon. Ion Trant Hamilton, who, I believe, married a granddaughter of the great Duke of Wellington, held the same seat after him. James Hans was colleague with Col. Taylor, D'Israeli's whip, and one of the then unbroken Dublin six, all Conservatives, and including George Alexander Hamilton, M. P., for the College. Needless to say, that all went Tory. So strong was the Tory feeling in the old days, that Rev. Mr. Reid, Rector, voting for Dan. O'Connell, knew, as a matter of course, that he must leave forthwith, and the congregation had it arranged that they were to fill up the church, and, just as he began his farewell sermon, to leave in a body. My father persuaded them to give up the scheme. James Hans was mild, amiable and popular, and respected by high and low. To show the deference paid to landlords by their tenants in old times. When I was a boy I was sitting with him in his country mansion, Abbotstown, when a footman came in to say that some tenants from his Carlow estate were at the door to see him. The hall door was open. It was raining briskly, but no sooner had they caught sight of him than every hat was off. He told them to keep them on, but it seemed as if that was impossible for the chief spokesman. He listened patiently to their grievances, gave them a letter of instructions to the agent to remedy, then sent them round for dinner, and they left, invoking multiplex blessings on his head. Ion Trant Hamilton has made some pregnant and pithy speeches in the Conservative interest. Another highly respected parishioner was Alexander Kirkpatrick, of Coolmine House, uncle of the present Lieut.-Governor of Ontario. He was Senior Magistrate and indefatigable in his attendance at Petty Sessions involving much loss of time and worry for the best part of a lifetime, without outward fee or reward other than the high esteem of the community.

THE INQUEST

"Ye maun na gang across," bawled the dark and sinister-looking Highlander, gateman at the Ashtown level crossing of the Midland Railway, near Dublin, a crossing which combined all conceivable elements of danger, being on a steep grade and a sharp curve, in the concavity of which tall willows were planted to blind the outlook of the engine driver.

Senior, relative and namesake of the celebrated Professor and a great Government official, being Secretary to the poor-law Commissioners, was walking home to this country villa. The large gate barred the roadway, but he passed through the turnstile.

"D—n it ye maun na pass," shouted Sandy, roughly collaring him.

The roar of the Express shook the willows. The earth trembled. Black clouds of sulphurous smoke heralded the unseen demon.

Enraged at his presumption, Senior angrily shook him off, thinking he had time to clear the train, but the delay of two seconds was fatal. Had he been completely let alone or completely held prisoner, he would have been alive to-day.

Fragments of hair and bloody bones strewed the track. My father terribly shocked, sent me with a letter of condolence to the widow next morning. Taking a short cut through my uncle's fields to the private drive of my cousin, John Rathborne, J. P., I saw him standing in the middle of the road, talking to a big burly City Police In-

spector. I instantly guessed what was up. They were hunting jurors for the inquest. I bolted to jump a low thorn hedge and dodge the nuisance. "Too late, Willie," says he, "we've got to have you." I was served with a summons. The enquiry was held in the upper parlor of a neighboring tavern to the great delight of the landlady, who saw the carriages of the neighboring gentry drawing up, including that of the M. P. from Abbots-town. The bar would be well patronized by the servants.

Had they been a laborer's remains, half an hour would have covered the ground; but he had been a great official, and the family solicitor was there to watch proceedings, as a rumor was afloat that it was a suicide, which might affect the insurance to say nothing of his posthumous character. The railway company retained a leading Q. C. (Murphy, I think), and he from the outset, fearing an action of damages, stuck to the suicide theory.

The room was intensely stuffy and penetrated with an odor of stale beer through chinks in the floor. Murphy threatened to break a pane for ventilation, as the sash wouldn't lift. "Burglary" says the Solicitor. "No, a burglary's entrance from without." Here the Rector of the parish, who assumed an authority which would not be submitted to for a moment in Canada, offered the use of a room in Morgan's school. Thither we all migrated. It was an endowed school, the funds of which, left by bequest, had been nearly exhausted in stone and mortar. We had a fine lofty chamber. The jury were sworn and I was chosen foreman. Shortly afterwards Alexander Kirkpatrick came in and I ceded my foremanship to him.

The coroner was green, and this his first case. The evidence had been given at considerable length when Kirkpatrick quietly said, "Mr. Coroner, all that we have done already goes for nothing." "Why?" "We have not viewed the body." Headed by the crestfallen coroner, we looked through a glass door in Senior's house, at the remnants picked up—a finger with signet ring here, and there a broken eye. The butler identified the corpse by the ring.

Back again to the school-room. The inquest dragged on for five days, days, the railway counsel still struggling strongly for the suicide theory, though more by indirect suggestion, and the family solicitor rather hinting at spite on the part of the gateman.

The sharp whistle of a special train behind the school, which was to convey Murphy to Galway on a fat Chancery suit, smote his ear. Instantly he changed his tactics. He had extracted all the wealth he could out of the tragedy and getting up to address the coroner and jury, he made a complete somersault, eating up all his five days' contentions and expressing his belief that nobody was to blame for the unfortunate accident, and that all idea of suicide must be wholly dismissed.

Away spread the legal acrobat to Galway. The verdict was given accordingly and each jurymen got one shilling.

On another occasion I was at a sort of private informal indignation meeting of the country gentry, after one who did not belong to the "upper ten," had been appointed magistrate through Lord Howth's influence.

7
Some of them were for snubbing and boycotting the new-comer on the bench, but Kirkpatrick's strong common-sense came in. He told them "he has just as much power, as a magistrate, as any of us, and if we snub him, we insult the law and government."

My father had some house property in Dublin, in Mountjoy Square and Castle street, and Paul Askin, his agent, some of whose relatives were prominent in the western part of Canada, is now a magistrate and leading man in Dublin, not only in business but in literary circles, having delivered some admirable lectures, showing much research on Oliver Cromwell and other subjects, and being an active leader in temperance work.

After I graduated, 1857, I became a pupil of a Civil Engineer, Hermann, son of the great Felicia who wrote "Cassabianca." The parliamentary surveys were the only instances of rushing work in the American style, which I ever saw in the old land. The plans, sections, &c., had to be deposited with the proper official of the House of Commons by a certain day, sharp, or the bill was liable to be thrown out for breach of standing orders. Once on a railway survey I was under the orders of one Heffernan, hired for the nonce. He used, when ranging out lines, to use signs when the distance was too great for the voice, and a nod of his head meant "stick the stake down." He had done so much of this work that he got into the habit of nodding even out of season. We were driving home on an outside jaunting car when Lord ——— passed us in an open carriage with postillions and outriders. Heffernan was nodding as usual. Lord ——— courteously returned the salute, and the carman reporting this at the tavern, they thought they had one of His Lordship's friends, and nothing was too good for us. On a survey from Omagh to Dungannon, a son of Sir Percy Nugent was my chief. We had no legal authority to enter any private grounds. Nugent had his level on top of a hill near Omagh, and ran down to range a side-line. A madman, who owned the ground, scowling frightfully and showing huge yellow canine teeth worthy of a gorilla, rushed up to smash the level. I was young and strong but my common sense told me I was no match for the giant, so David-like, I picked up stones to throw at him. Just then Nugent appeared, and taking in the situation at a glance used his personal magnetism, backed by the gift of cigars, to such good purpose that the madman became our best friend, and helped us. One day sighting across a bog, Nugent saw a hare-legged boy capering near the telescope, and the bog shook so, even with this, that he could not get an observation. "Will nobody shoot that boy," said the wrathful engineer, as he tried to catch him. In vain, he had knew every inch of the bog and all the pitfalls. No one could catch him. Reader, if you ever travel over a bog in any part of the world, a word in your ear which may save your life, don't go near any spot where you see rushes growing high. Our 24 hours' walk involved 20 miles walking, fording ice-cold rivers, up to our middles, driving home with a cake of ice on our clothes, and after supper, sitting up half the night, plotting the survey. I did not like it. A man will go through this and more when deer-stalking, but this was work. True, we were, well paid, even pupils getting five pounds a week or more.

In the parliamentary office work in London I had to make a tracing of an old railway plan, being locked up in one of the vaults of the House of Commons, facing the Thames. While so engaged, a man suicided a few

feet off, hanging himself outside to a lamp-post. One of my fellow pupils was David, a nephew of Miss Edgeworth, and another, Boyd from Monahan, almost a woman-hater, and I made a bet with him in '57, of twenty pounds, that he would be married in twenty years,

Trips to Paris, Belgium, Cologne, the West Indies, and parts of South and Central America, must keep for another edition.

One of my experiences was lecturing on Immigration and teaching school one winter in Marbleton, 24 miles from Sherbrooke. I preserve one little incident, because it may be a warning to teachers against hasty judgment. I had a volunteer dictation class after the regular school had been dismissed. In the middle of it, bang came a snow ball at the outside door. I ran out and collared Brazeland another boy at the gate. They held their ground, denying the throwing. There were no tracks on the snow leading to the side of the school house, and no one in sight on the road. I felt that one of them must have done it. However they solemnly denied it and I never encouraged them in peaching. A year afterwards, Katie Healey, one of the scholars, on her death-bed sent for me, and confessed that she had thrown the snowball and hidden under the school house, which was not banked, and where I never dreamed of looking.

Rev. T. S. Chapman did more to develop that section of the country than any ordinary dozen men, acting as agent for the Liverpool sales of the hop growers, and being the chief promoter of the railway from Sherbrooke: I spent several hours once with Hon. John Henry Pope, Minister of Agriculture. He foresaw the absolute necessity of the C. P. R., from and before the dawn of Confederation. We wound up on an argument on Northern vs. Southern races. I closed up "Ancient Rome was held by a Southern race." "Yes, but the Goths conquered it," was his parting shot.

In 1869, appeared my national song, written in Marbleton, and called the "Maple Leaf," published first in the Belfast Newsletter, then in the Sherbrooke Gazette and Montreal papers, and which was set to music and sung at concerts in the eastern townships. A phrase in another of my Dominion songs, "For this is our Natal Day," has been quoted by Davin and other patriotic orators. I got a very cordial letter from Sir George Cartier, approving of the "Maple Leaf."

The people were very primitive and unsophisticated in their ways. Many of them had never seen anything larger than Sherbrooke, then a poky little town as compared with the fine city of to-day. They had lived and intermarried, as a sort of hermit community, and if a man was not "Bishop" he was pretty sure to be "Lothrop." Everyone was a cousin to everyone else. The school-teacher boarded round. The scholars' fathers' oxen hauled the logs, chopped and split by the bigger boys, while the girls took turns at scrubbing the floor. There was a loom and spinning wheel in every house, and all the petticoats for the women and shirts for the men of the family, were made of the same pattern, so that if you saw in the distance the skirts, dark grey and red squares, of a girl, crossing a log in the bush, you knew she was a "Bishop," probably Sarah, while the black and light red shirt following must be a "Lothrop." A girl who had the assurance to buy a dress piece for herself at Morkhill's, in Sherbrooke, was looked at as of evil example, and something to be remembered against her, for she was

putting on airs. On the other hand it would be said in praise of such and such another one, "She won't waste her man's money in boughten stuff. She's wove the makings of twelve pairs of blankets, six sets of underclothing, four webs of cloth, and she is working all the time. Any man ought to be proud to get her."

After my winter's school-teaching was over, I got a comfortable legacy from across the herring pond, and took things easy while it lasted, making excursions to Ottawa, Halifax and elsewhere.

While quietly resting at Marbleton, I wrote critiques on Thackeray and Dickens, and a 3,000 line poem called "Whispers of the Angels," a supposed instruction by the angel Gabriel to Adam, in Paradise, giving him a full explanation of how the planets and stars were condensed from clouds. The metre ran—

"To thy enquiry,
Adam, I tell to thee." &c., &c.

I got so practised that I could reel it off by the yard as fast as I could write, and if it had the same effect on Adam that it had on the Rev. T. S. C., who after heroically suppressed yawns, fell asleep, our first father must have had a soothing time. However, I consoled myself, remembering that the cleric had been up all the night previous, in his hop-house, and was drowsy anyway.

Every week regularly I sent a poem to the Sherbrooke Gazette, all of which were regularly published till the long-suffering editor kicked at a verse history of a caged moose.

Now, to the simple rustics, knowing nothing of my legacy, I became a mystery of the first water. The Sherbrooke Gazette must give an enormous price for poetry, when I could live so comfortably and afford to spend two hundred dollars on a fortnight's trip to Halifax. Was I to have the monopoly of these fat things? No. Accordingly, the Gazette became flooded with manuscript from other local poets, which, fattening the waste basket, led to enquiries, whence it leaked out that I got no pay for my poems. I was more than ever a mystery. How did I live? I toiled not, neither did I spin. I became known locally as "the man who writes poetry for nothing in the papers" and "the man who lives without working." Thus when the "Mail Coach" or "Queen's" road to Sherbrooke was blocked with snowdrifts, a tamarack ship-knee hunter said, "the post-master at Ascot told me that he met **THE MAN WHO WRITES POETRY FOR NOTHING IN THE PAPERS** crossing the crust on snowshoes to Sherbrooke and got him to carry the mail. Again, a teamster for Pope's Lumber Company, returning from Weldon, said much to my detriment—in Marbleton "I watch him when he comes back. I saw **THE MAN WHO LIVES WITHOUT WORKING**" buy a beautiful red neck-tie in Bury for 15 cents. I could have got it for a shilling in Marbleton. That's "a nice way to support his own village."

The hardships of the first settlers, Irish and Yankee, are past belief. S. Gavin, senior, told me that but for the disgrace of it, he would have had a much easier twenty-five years in the penitentiary. After his stout Irish brogues gave out, he had bark and smoked cowhide, when his milker providentially died, for makeshifts. Late in the fall he crossed a small lake

in his canoe. The frost came on so suddenly that the scum of ice hardened so that in beating a passage with his paddle it broke. He could not get back or forwards. The ice-crust was not strong enough for walking, but held the canoe, badly leaking, hard and fast, with wolves howling along the shore.

By the time of my arrival, however, things were better, and they had the rough main comforts of life. Clear lumber of the finest could be got for \$10 to \$12, and so frame houses were springing up. Massive pine square posts, 14 inches square and upwards, were in sheds

Here is a winter scene—open fireplace, vast logs under the mud-plastered chimney. Light of blazing embers quite sufficient for the daughter, who has been in at forty annual deaths of Christmas gobblers, and her fellow. In the adjoining bedroom, 6x8 feet, lie the old couple, he 84, she frisky and 76, on a vast feather bed, and under another equally voluminous. She commences to "over" his day's misdoings—how he mixed the seed potatoes with the others in the bin; and missed a sale of buckwheat, and didn't get her that paper of pins. He snores, but she has a way of awakening him. He yells, "I wish the d— had your sharp toe-claw." Then to make a diversion, he shouts at the quietly whispering couple in the kitchen, "You'd better make more noise. If that man of yours is going to stop all night, get him to yoke the oxen and haul in some more wood." The old lady, "shut up, let them alone, you were young yourself once. As I was saying, you're neglecting that runt pig." He snores.

I used to write occasionally, for the Richmond Guardian, owned by Jones, a man of marked editorial ability recognized by the leading magazines. In this journal I was the first to advocate prohibition for the Northwest on the special grounds of safeguarding the aborigines. Jones ran for the local House, doing his canvassing on foot. One of his agents, Charley Gavin, told me that another 50 cent treat to some Highland Scotch voters who were holding back near the polling booth, through conscientious doubts, would have turned the scale, but money ran short.

My seventh and last trip (from Glasgow to Quebec, in spring of '72,) across the Atlantic was a very delightful one, in spite of our passing through thirty miles of an ice-field, and after getting into blue water, meeting a second field of St. Lawrence ice. Except one Pepper, a drummer, my only fellow-passengers were the wife and family of Dr. Cowan, who is settled, I believe, in Portage La Prairie. Mrs. Cowan was a charming and highly accomplished lady, with whom I played chess when the steamer condescended to behave itself and stop rolling. Miss Cowan and Miss Hattie, her younger sister, were beautiful girls and full of animation, who with their brother, a smart, intelligent young fellow, made up the party. I felt sorry when I heard the stevedores swearing on the wharf and knew that we must part.

I rather pride myself on a scheme which I invented to avoid the need and nuisance of identification at Montreal, when I came to draw my fifteen hundred dollars which I had lodged in Allan's office in Glasgow. I wrote on an irregular piece of paper the word "ostrich." This I tore in two, keeping one half and telling them to mail the other to the Montreal office. When I got to Montreal, I presented the check. The cashier asked me the pass-

word. I told him, and handed him my half of the paper, which he pieced with his own and I got my money, some of it in very greasy bills. I lodged it in the Bank of Montreal. "Beware the awful avalanche" ought to be painted on the street corners in the spring, for a ton from the high roofs, of solidly frozen snow, would smash a man into jelly. One day I wanted to draw some money and being almost too late to get to the bank before closing time, I had to run so fast that the perspiration rolled off my head in streams in spite of the sharp frost. I had the cheque ready drawn and presented it at the counter. Bank clerks are prim and dudish models of propriety in business hours, and eminently so, those of this great bank. Judge of my surprise when the paying teller began to snicker, and his hand shook so with suppressed laughter that he could hardly count out the money. Eye-language passed from clerk to clerk and all looked at me and faintly tittered. I was getting mad at their rudeness and seeing the Manager (Christie, I think,) passing I asked him in an angry and harsh voice, whether his clerks were paid to insult depositors. Instead of reprimanding them, he gave a little laugh, and thus encouraged, the whole office burst into a roar. I was fairly raging by this time and shouted at them that I would expose them in the newspaper. The laughing burst out worse than ever till some actually cried—an irresistible crack of cackling. I was speechless with fury. The paying teller handed me a pocket mirror. O, horror! No wonder they laughed. I myself joined them, till I shook again. In my fast running the perspiration streams had dissolved the green dye out of the lining of my felt hat. The beautiful emerald green sweat had frozen as it fell, and from the points of whisker tufts over my ears, were two huge bright green icicles, while small green lines were down my forehead. I was worse than Tittlebat Titmouse with his purple hair in Warren's story.

After various wanderings to Toronto and along the Intercolonial, I settled in Fredericton, a slow, dull town, in the middle of June, from when till the first week in September, the heat, day and night, was suffocating. I nearly drove my landlady to the lunatics with an Indian skull which I bought and put under the bed, and of which she was in mortal terror, being a superstitious New Englander. I left for Minneapolis in the fall, trying to get to Winnipeg but the stage horses were laid up with the epizootic and a seat in an Indian dog team would cost a hundred dollars. After residence in Toronto and Meaford, I migrated to Parry Sound, took up a free grant, got sick of it and settled in Bracebridge. Here I met George Eddington, son of Col. Eddington of Argylshire, who was drowned with Mrs. Shackleton of Chatham when crossing the Atlantic in the Florida.

I published a sketch of the Free Grant districts, which was embodied in an official volume, and wrote the descriptive matter of the Muskoka Atlas. My history in these districts has already appeared in the "Muskoka Sketch." When in Bracebridge, through the influence of E. F. Stephenson, of whose journal the Free Grant Gazette, I was local editor, and backed by a large petition from the leaders of both political parties, I was appointed Government Immigration Agent. One summer's day, we had worked the edition off on the Washington. The form was still on the bed and the ink on the types. In came a group of well-to-do immigrants—John Bull, Mrs. John and a bevy of buxom Misses Bull, with the Sussex bloom on their cheeks and of various ages, tapering down to a toddling tot.

I was telling them about the "good times" in Muskoka. As an impressive gesture, being in very white linen shirt sleeves, I rested my left arm on the types, and then varied the attitude by facing the visitors with my chin resting pensively on my left hand while the elbow pressed the form. They had been listening with wrapt attention, but now, snickered while the approving murmur was followed by tittering among the girls. John Bull himself roared till his sides shook. Nettled, I tasked them with their rudeness. The chorus of laughs got louder the more I showed my anger. At last, Bull says, "Thee tells us there be good times in Muskoka." "Certainly." "Thee shurt dont say so." Turning it up I found that while leaning on the types, I had printed in "6-line Pica Grotesque," on my shirt the words "Hard Times," which was a catch-heading for a three-column advertisement.

CHATHAM

This reminds me of two immigrant experiences in Chatham. When E. W. Scane was Mayor. I was appointed Immigration Agent. My office seemed a sinecure, though I had applications on my books from farmers for a hundred hired men and lads. One fine day in Wallaceburg, a village some 16 miles off, I got an urgent telegram from the Mayor, "Come back at once forty immigrants arrived." Tearing back as fast as horse flesh could fly, I found forty leisurely individuals, men, women and children, including two fine girls, with the blush of the spray-kissed heather on their cheeks, all squatted with their legs dangling over the edge of the station platform of the Grand Trunk railway, which had dumped them down on us, consigned by heaven knows what charitable Immigration agency, without any authority from us as representing the town—not slum-birds be it remembered—none of Barnardo's offscourings, but honest fisher-folk from Donegal, accustomed to breast the billows in their frail coracles, while the women and children wrung a meagre bite from the churlish soil of the hills. They were perfectly passive, willing to work if they could get it, but as helpless as a panting fish on a marble slab, so far as hunting work went. This was a matter, with which, in their view, they had nothing to do. It devolved on the Mayor and myself. They had doubtless been told that all they had to do simply to get to Chatham. All the rest would follow. Some officious busybody had gone from family to family, deeply sympathizing and telling them that they must not take one cent less than two dollars a day. We could not let them starve. Billeting them at the Magnolia, by vigorous exertions we got them all placed in the country except two young women, who found situations in town. The County Council were too stingy to bear any portion of the cost of their keep, some \$225, though, outside of the two housemaids, they reaped the entire benefit of our work, and of the town's expenditure. From enquiries made subsequently by ex-Mayor Scane, and by myself, we find that not of these immigrants became a burden on charity.

Another immigrant item: this was a group of English and Scotch, well fixed financially, and bound for friends in Harwich. Grand Trunk Station Agent McLerie asked me to show them a livery stable. I walked down Queen street followed by an Englishman and Scotchman, mopping up the hot stream of July sweat from their foreheads. The ice-man's tongue

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

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

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

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

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

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

chewing, snuffing. (12) Designing diagrams and models for students in Collegiate Institute. (13) Advocacy of Macaulay Club (14) Introduction of the Morey Incandescent Gas Burner. (15) Of the Edgemont Stone Co.'s grinding stone. (16) Of the Dudswell Flag Stone, which is tough, free from warp and can be laid down in Chatham at 18 cents per square foot, lasting for 100 years against imitation mixture at 16 cents, lasting for ??? years. (17) Writing this Pamphlet. (14) The Morey Burner, according to the U. S. official tests, burns 11 cubic feet of gas per hour and gives 80 candle power. A common so-called 5 ft. lava tip burns 8 feet per hour and only gives 19 candle power. If it only gave as much light as 3 common tips, it would save 13 cubic feet per hour. One reason why it saves gas, is because the gas comes through it in 75 small holes instead of one big one. Hence the gas is perfectly consumed. With the common jet, at least one-fourth of the gas goes into the air unburnt and worse than wasted because we are breathing poison—witness top galleries of theatres and churches. The color of the light is another great point. It is the nearest approach to sunlight and free from that faint melancholy blueish tinge of some other burners, or from the painful glare of the electric light, which gains such a rich harvest for the eye doctor. This burner with its mild, powerful diffused light has no easily breakable attachments and no imperfectly annealed chimneys to crack. A modified Morey, quite lately invented and which is preferred for some special uses, has just arrived in Chatham. It burns $5\frac{1}{2}$ cubic feet per hour per burner, with a magnificent light. (15) The Edgemont (South Dakota) Grinding Stone, like many other useful novelties, was accidentally discovered. Mr. Francis C. Grable of that place, owning a quarry of remarkably fine and beautifully tinted sand stone, shipped it extensively for high-class building and ornamental dressings. The stone, which hardens with exposure, was much admired but strong complaints came from the stone-cutters that their chisels were worn away so rapidly. Mr. Grable, with his usual keen eye to business, figuratively "smelt a rat" and an agreeable one, and sending a sample to noted a New York expert, received the report, after repeated and exhaustive trials, that Edgemont stone would equal the finest Bavarian imported grinding stone, being perfectly uniform in texture and wholly free from hard or soft spots. Accordingly, though the quarrying of this material for building stone was not abandoned, yet the sawing of it for grinding stones became the dominant industry at Edgemont. Finally the Edgemont Stone Co. was incorporated, with a capital of \$1,000,000 to quarry and market the stone, Messrs. Francis C. Grable, Pres.; Dr. Wintrop, V.P.; M. Tuttle, Sec.-Treas.; M. L. Parotte, Assistant Sec.; principal offices, Omaha, Neb., New York office 22 William St. First carload of Edgemont grinding stones reached New York, July 4, 1895. I have specimens here in Chatham and a sample grinding stone 20 inches in diameter. It is acknowledged to be the finest grind-stone ever introduced into this section, and experts specially note its power of "shedding the grit." If it were only for their delivery from the nuisance of the heating and spoiling of the temper of themselves and their tools, and the glazing of the latter by the emery wheel, mechanics would hold up both hands to bless President Grable. The quarry is 6 miles long and 70 ft. deep, so that it will hold out for a few generations.

To atone for this burst of self-conceit, I ruthlessly chop out twelve pages of manuscript; crisp as I count crispness. After all, autobiography,

unless by some king or noted showman, is the misbegotten child of morbid vanity and mothered by faith in a patient public—producing nothing but personal pronouns—I, I, I, in capitals. The Frenchman has a better chance, with his modest little “je” and lower case egotism.

However, here are 15 years in 15 lines, of 15 words to the line. average, without an eye. Struck Chatham, Oct. '80. Eighteen months local editor Tribune; 18 months Planet and stumping in Henry Smyth's first campaign, 9 months editor Dresden Times. Balance in Chatham, except 5 days' trip to Toledo and Detroit, when we fished information about Tighe & Stringer's bean cars spoiled in flood, and I was pelted with beans by 40 Italian picker girls, and except five days visit to Toronto and a month in Windsor. Lectured in Kent and Essex. Spoke to 2,000 people in Dresden. Spoke in French and English in Clancey's campaign. Published “Muskoka sketch,” in Dresden. Stumped Dawn with Sheriff Mackellar and MacNabb, P. M., for E & H. bonus. “Roaring Jim,” beat us. Spoke for same bonus in Dresden—big success. Never got my ears frozen. Never got LaGrippe, nor Diphtheria, nor Typhoid. Never a day sick in bed. Never got Appendicitis through having eaten 36,506 grape seeds. Hardest job in the whole 15 years, was, by request, to rehash my speech at the Skating Rink picnic, at a moment's notice, and remodel it with precisely the same ideas reclothed, as if I were giving new points, in order to hold crowd till Collector could come round with the hat. Represented Mayor Carpenter at laying corner stone of St. Joseph's Hospital. Wrote reams of poetry, good, bad and indifferent, mainly the last sort. Am candidate for British Post-Lauresteship.

CHATHAM GENERALLY

Founded, 1795; incorporated village, 1852; town, 1855; separated from County Council, 1880; \$100,000 spent by citizens, '95. Railway connections through five lines, and with great lakes via Thames. Contains confluence of Thames and MacGregor's creek, and intersection of four Townships of Kent, of which it is County town and exact geometrical centre. Also commercial centre of large portions of adjoining counties of Elgin, Essex, Lambton and part of Middlesex. Kent, agriculturally, garden of Ontario, as Ontario is garden of Canada. Very mild, healthy climate—proof, rugged tough old Chathamites. Well supplied with churches, their affiliated societies, charitable institutions, and fraternal and benevolent societies. Education from a, b, c, and Kindergarten to Collegiate Institute, where University work is handled by University specialists. Great sporting city. Population 10,000. Will grow.

CLIMATE AND HEALTH

The climate is very mild for Canada. We are in the latitude of the south of France, almost at the extreme south of Canada, and the winter is tempered by the influence of the great lakes which surround the Peninsula. Hence we are in the limited pear-raising, and still more restricted peach-growing region of Canada, while sweet potatoes and other semi-tropical products can be cultivated. The ground is bare and brown here, while 50 miles east or north all is white. Indeed, some winters here we have practically no snow. Such was my first winter, when, I don't believe we had 24

hours of consecutive frost all through. The fall, or autumn, is delightful. I am now writing in my shirt sleeves without a fire, (Nov. 7th,) before an open outside door, and overcoats have been discarded for over a week. Indeed we rarely have any serious cold before Christmas. The summers—I speak from fifteen years' experience—are long and delightful, the air balmy, and the heat not oppressive, nor the nights sultry. There is nearly always a fresh breeze. Thermometer, Fahr. 52, midnight Nov. 7th, '95.

I have also found the climate healthy, indeed, I cannot remember spending one day among these 5,520, in a sick, though much exposed to weather and overwork. Before leaving Hamilton, they told me to bring lots of quinine, as a past generation used to suffer from fever and ague, before the country was drained. I had this ailment seven times, and bilious fever twice in the West Indies and Central America, and should surely have caught it here if there were any to catch.

WATERWORKS.

The City wisely empowered to do so by popular vote, purchased the machinery and plant of the Waterworks Co., of which it is now sole owner. The number of applicants for water service, however since then, has increased so much that additional filtering capacity is absolutely necessary.

In this connection, it may be added that a system of filtration and purification, known as the "Polarite," new in Canada, but adopted successfully in Europe and elsewhere, has been introduced with the best results by Mr. John MacDougall, S. E. The water coming from this apparatus is not only clear but sparkling, owing to the presence of carbonic acid gas, which has been formed during the process of purification and which is the enlivening principle of effervescent drinks.

The best talent of hygienists and sanitary engineers has been spent in the effort to invent some practical method of purification of public waters. Spongy iron, clear sand and gravel, charcoal, lime and electrolysis have been tried with varying success, after working for a time, more or less satisfactorily. The best purifier and destroyer of disease germs in water, is spongy platinum, but its enormous expense puts it out of count. Polarite, however, a much cheaper substance, enjoys, like the spongy platinum, the power of what the chemists call "occlusion," that is of drawing gases from water and condensing them within its own particles, which are porous. It kills poisonous bacteria (very minute germs, which multiply so quickly in water that in Brantford, during a typhoid epidemic, 400,000 colonies of them were found by the Provincial Board of Health, a few weeks ago, in one cubic centimetre, which is about the bulk of the nail joint of a child's little finger), by drawing the oxygen from them, for they, small as they are, die as a man would, if deprived of the life-giving oxygen.

The Polarite apparatus, introduced by Mr. Thos. MacDougall, S. E., has been also adapted for house service and farmers should avail themselves of it, since most serious and sometimes fatal cases of typhoid, diphtheria, etc., are caused by drinking water from wells, which are full of impurities.

It was very amusing to watch the puzzled looks of spectators at the waterworks, as they saw the comminuted drops of water, which fell from the outlet faucet of the Polarite, on the cement floor and rolled along sparkling—a novel sight. I trust it may solve the water problem.

LIVING AND PRICES.

Rents, unfurnished, per month, and board per week:—Houses, \$3. to \$20, rooms, \$1 to \$4; shop rent, \$6 to \$100. Board, hotels, \$3 to \$6; private, \$2.50 to \$3.50. Hotels, per day, \$1 to \$2. J. W. Knight, land agent, tells me that lots generally run 50—66 ft. x 100—132 ft., and within 15 minutes' walk of Postoffice, can be bought for \$150—\$200. An 8-roomed cottage, frame, can be built from \$800—\$1,000 and would rent for \$8—\$9 per month. Lots, including value of buildings, in best business blocks, \$250 per foot lineal. William Sommerville, baker and confectioner of seven years' standing in Otham, gives the price of bread on a smooth average of 5 cents for the 2 lb. loaf, though the staff of life was 6 cents last spring, and I have known it 7 on a spurt. He tells me that rapid strides have been made in the last few years in the way of lunch parlors, restaurants, &c., with refreshments of all kinds and tea and coffee at all hours. Oysters here are consumed in immense quantity when the month has an "r" in it.

Fruits, grapes. Kent grapes, large and luscious, mostly purple, 1st Sept. to 15th Nov., 3c. per lb., '95; Cattawbas, from south shores of Lakes Erie and Ontario, 15th Nov. to Xmas., this year, 8c. per lb. Malagas, November and all winter, 15 to 20 cts. Apples, all the year round, 50c. to \$1 per bushel. Peaches, Southern, June, native, July, \$1 to \$3 per bushel. Pears, native, (except a few Californias at \$3), \$1.20 per bushel; common, Sept. Plums, Sept., \$2 per bushel. Cherries, \$2 per bushel. Strawberries, June, 6 cents quart. Raspberries, blackberries, July and Aug., 10c. per quart basket. Quinces Kent, Oct., \$1 per bushel. Walnut and hickory nuts, Nov \$1 per bus. Chestnuts, Oct 20c. per quart. Watermelons, Southern, July, 25—30c. each. Muskmelons, Kent, shortly after, 10c. Cranberries, Oct., 12½c. per quart. Oranges, Jamaica, Oct., 30c. per doz.; Florida, Nov. 30, 50c; Valencias, Dec. 20c.; California, Jan., 30c. Lemons, Malaga, Oct., 20c.; Messina, Nov., 20c. Bananas, all year round, 20c. per doz. Cocoa nuts, new in Nov., 10c. apiece. Pine apples, June, \$2 per doz. Figs, Nov., 15c. per lb. Dates, Dec., 8c. Sweet potatoes, Sept., 3c. per lb., higher later on. Bermuda onions, 10c. per lb. Peaches in market, Nov. 20th, 1895. Of course it is understood that all fruits and vegetables cost more when they first come in. Nov. 2nd I bought a lovely cabbage, white and firm inside, without suspicion of a worm, 10 inches in diameter, 8 inches high, weighed 7½ lb., sound as a bell, for 5 cents.

Milk—Huff sells 250 quarts a day; 1,130 altogether sold daily. Prices, 5 cents per quart, 1st May to 1st Sept.; balance of year, 6c.

Meat and Poultry—Robert Hallinan, 18 years' butchering, contributes this: Beef, 6—10c.; mutton, 7—10c.; veal, 5—9c.; lamb, 5—8c.; pork, 4—8c.; sausages, 10—12½c. per lb. Fowls, 20c. to 30c. each; ducks, 25—35c.; geese, 40—60c.; turkeys, 50c. to \$1.50 each. The high priced meat in spring, wild ducks, come in Oct., 75c. to \$1 per pair.

Wildgen ladles out 10 gallons oysters weekly for 4 months; 2,400

gallons used in Chatham yearly. Price, 40 cents per quart average, varying as to quality and season.

In Chatham, as elsewhere, large reductions have been made in the cost of living, owing to the drop in prices. Hoig & Son, long established merchant tailors, tells me that in their line prices have fallen fully 20 per cent. within the last ten years. I. Davis, five years in partnership, followed by eleven of sole ownership in drug business, says that while there has not been much change with the wholesaler, quite a cut has marked retail quotations. Theodore Wildgen, the oldest fruit merchant in the city, and from whom we quote prices elsewhere, looking back 18 years, finds a cut of fifty per cent. F. F. Quinn, 13 years in hardware business here, and now affiliated since last March with G. Stephens, for whom he has been so long manager, in the firm of G. Stephens & Co., states that on the average during the term of his experience, prices have dropped in the general average of various hardware lines, 50 per cent. G. Stephens has been established 20 years. There are some larger stores, counting floor space, but travellers say none in Canada and few in the States carrying so complete and varied a stock of general hardware in all lines, so that Quinn ought to know what he talking about. Hugh Macdonald, our most extensive furniture dealer, eight years in Chatham, reports 25 per cent. fall in selling values, adding that Oak still holds its own in spite of fashion's whims, and that travellers find Chathamites requiring a better class of furniture than other similar-sized cities or towns. Thos. Stone, orientally speaking, is the father of all our drygoods men, having been 40 years in business here. He is voucher for the fact that the decrease in money received for Canadian general goods and even in imported stuffs and staple lines of dress goods, quality for quality, has been fully 20 per cent. since 10 years ago; 30 per cent. in ladies' and gents' underclothing, straw hats 50 per cent. The quality of goods bought will compare favorably with that in other similar-sized towns and a slow but steady advance has been made towards shortening credits. Dr. Ed. Radley, whose father, Dr. S. Radley, started in the drug line in Chatham 40 years ago, and died, lamented by rich and poor, April, '73, bequeathing his business to a worthy successor—finds a rise in last 10 years in certain classes of proprietary medicines, which are based on alcohol, owing to the latter having popped up from \$1.50 per gal. to \$4.80. Otherwise not much change in staples, except quinine, which had dropped from \$5 to 50c. an ounce. In the old days they watched the scale to a hair's breath quiver. Now they give generous heaping measure. Eighteen years ago his father used to put up fever and ague medicine by the gross. Now he does not sell one bottle for a hundred then disposed of. Where a bottle is called for, it is for the "Fever" and not the "Ague" end of the combination. Our informant attributes this falling off to the drainage of Kent. He was driving out the other day in Dover (one of the Townships adjoining Chatham) with Ed Snook and Dosithee Martin, the last named being a hotel-keeper here of the old blood of France, descendant of Abraham Martin, owner of the historic plains of Abraham Martin (D. M., by the way received a legacy of one million francs from France the other day), as they came along the Winter Line, where now superb land is formed, recalled his memory of the time when it was all under water, and his father could have got thousands of acres there for nothing, or at least for paying the taxes due. I should have put this last witness'

evidence under the heading "Climate and Health," however let it slide. The Central Drug Store dates from "away back." Anyhow, Pilkey & Co have been there for nearly 20 years, and enlarged it to double the size, 6 years ago. They deal in general drugs, proprietary medicines and fancy goods. One of the firm, being interviewed by me, spoke of an advance in some patent medicines, not much change in fancy goods. They sell a good deal more quinine than in old days, partly from increase in population, but chiefly from its very much greater cheapness which leads people to use it freely for dyspepsia and as a general tonic. They fully confirm Dr. Radley's evidence, as to decrease pushed almost to the point of cessation, in sales of Fever-and-Ague medicines. At this point Asher Hinds, a Dover farmer, chipped in his oar, acceptably. "12 years ago I shook with fever and ague. If I drank water on an empty stomach, or got wet, I shook all day. The causes of fever and ague were beginning to wear out of the County, through drainage, but remember I had the dregs of it, of fifteen years still further back, in my system. Since 12 years ago I gained 20 lbs. of flesh." I next tackled Alex. VonGunten of VonGunten Bros., watchmaker and manufacturing jeweller. He finds a large demand for high-class diamonds, and keeps a large stock of loose and set stones. To him also comes the sheepish-eyed seeker after marriage licenses, of which he sold 223, a fair average, in '93; wedding rings to 7 out of every ten of these. Business established in Chatham in 1847. He finds 20 per cent. drop in articles of sterling silver; 30 per cent. cut in watches. In spectacles he imports his frames from the States and glasses from England in better grades. Finds trade increasing. Employs from 4 to 5 hands. American lever watches are all the rage with screw cases. To illustrate drop, he showed me a gold Cronograph Swiss Repeater, retailing at \$150, of which the wholesale price 5 years ago would be from \$225 to \$275. G Sulman, 8 years in Chatham, was next interviewed. He sells 75,000 rolls of wall paper in the year. Ridiculous drop in values. Papers which used to sell for 40—50 cents per roll (36 s. f.) can be bought now for 15—20c. Low grades 3 cents a roll. I was glad to find him saying that his sales of dime blood-curdling novels had dropped off, being replaced by that of the works of Conan Doyle and Hall Caine. James Holmes, 26 years in business in Chatham, as stationer, book seller, etc., finds big drop, 50 per cent. in all lines; wall papers would have fallen more than that were it not for the duty. Dime novels not nearly so much called for. Large increase in sales of newspapers and magazines, at least 10 fold. Always steady sale of Xmas presents. Much greater variety in High School books. Very few slates sold, as they use scribblers. Don't sell 1 for 30 in old times. Used always to order 10 cases of slates at once —now 1.



MANUFACTURES AND EXPORTS AND TRAFFIC.

Statistics as to the exports to the United States, U. S. Consulate established June 17th, 1879, Edwin C. Bishop present Consul, 4th incumbent. About 1,200 invoices given annually, to value of \$600,000, mainly Kent agricultural produce. Beans from \$200,000 to \$300,000. Chatham Consulate, for business and fees, 3rd in Ontario, only capped by Ottawa and Toronto.

Last quarter '94 exports:—Apples, \$2,451.78; Barley, \$14,671.32; Beans, \$70,768.76; Eggs, \$3,343.00; Emigrants' effects, \$2,475.00; Grain \$9,276.15; Hides and Skins, \$4,105.08; Logs and Timber, \$4,752.50; Lumber, \$3,912.50; Returned U. S. products, \$124.61; Sheep and lambs, \$1,314.60; Hoops, staves, headings and bolts, \$32,562.19; Wool, \$1,906.38; Other articles, \$2,274.61; total, \$164,967.88; same quarter '93, \$105,381.07; increase, \$59,526.81. In every item here, the last two figures mean cents.

This, however, gives the reader but a meagre idea of Chatham's total exports, which, in some lines, go more largely to England. Let us take the fruit of the humble hen. Chatham is the great gathering-in centre for eggs, not only of Kent County, but of Essex, part of Lambton, part of Elgin, and a small part of Middlesex. Mr. Thomas C. McNabb, manager and agent for the firm of McNaughton, Walker & Co., whose head office is in Detroit, reports that in the gathering season of '95, 1st of April to middle of October, during which they have three teams constantly on the road buying from country stores, they took in 400,000 dozen, valued at \$48,000. On Nov. 20th, '95, they had shipped 40,000 doz. to New York and 10,000 to Liverpool. Efforts were made at St. Mary's and Seaforth districts to buy by weight instead of by the dozen, but were given up, the good effect, however, being produced of encouraging a larger class of eggs.

Among lumber merchants we have John Piggott, prominent in fraternal societies, ex-member of City Council, member Board of Trade, and President of Agricultural Society. His Chatham business has been established 26 years. He bought the Windsor mills April 28th, 1844, and operates both, with Chatham as headquarters. Total floor space: Windsor, 13,000 s. f.; Chatham, 7,000; in both, 20,000. In both he handles annually 3 to 4 millions feet pine from Georgian Bay, coming mainly by water; 3 millions British Columbia shingles, of which he is a large importer; 1 million laths; 20,000 cedar posts; 250,000 ft. hardwood, mainly of Kent growth, and of which some beautiful specimens, in quartered oak and sycamore, are worked into the woodwork of his dwelling house. Two large planing mills. Owns his own wharves and docks. Employs 50 to 60 men.

The S. Hadley & Sons' wholesale and retail lumber business was founded by the late S. Hadley, the pioneer lumber merchant of Chatham, 50 years ago, and very extensively continued by his sons, Charles, Sylvester and William A., who handle all kinds of lumber for bridges and railway work. They handle three million feet annually, and never keep less than

two millions in stock, in their three yards and planing mill. They sell wholesale and retail, shipping by both railways from London to Windsor, and employ 20 to 30 men, according to season. Of the hardwood of Kent—elm, oak, black ash, beech, sycamore, maple, a little hickory, walnut, cherry, chestnut, they report the last three getting scarce.

The T. H. Taylor Co. (Limited), formed 1893, are successors to the business established by the late T. H. Taylor, who operated the Dawn Mills in 1846, moved to Chatham, ran the old City Flour Mills. Built the woolen factory in 1869; flour mill in '73-'74, and died in '92. Flour mills capacity 500 barrels in 24 hours in the two mills. Wheat mainly ground, some corn. Good railroad facilities—switch runs into mill. Ship via G. T. R., C. P. R. and Mich. Central, the great bulk of the export going to the Maritime Provinces and Newfoundland. They buy 500,000 bushels of wheat in the year. Also deal in oats, corn, cornmeal, oatmeal, barley and beans. 25 hands in flour mills. In the woolen mills they use Canadian, American and other foreign wools, and buy 100,000 lbs. from Essex Kent and Lambton. They manufacture blankets, fine and coarse tweeds, flannels, dress goods, yarns, &c.

Scott's Elevator, built in May, June and July of '95; has a capacity of 25,000 bushels: He handles all kinds of grain, produce and seeds, also, dressed hogs—14,000 to 15,000 this year so far. He advises farmers to raise Tamworths and long breeds.

The Chatham Manufacturing Co., Ltd, established '82, has for its President the veteran pioneer, D. R. VanAllen, W. Ball, V. P., W. S. Ireland, Sec.-Treas., A. C. Stephenson, Ass't Sec.-Treas. They manufacture annually 2,006 wagons and 500 sleighs, besides carts, &c. Company owns and operates 2 mills, manufacturing 1,000,000 feet of ship timber mainly for Boston and Boston points; also, 2,000,000 feet short logs per annum. Pays out for labor, &c., in Chatham, \$50,000; and to the farmers for logs, timber—elm, ash, white and red oak, &c., \$25,000. Gold medal and diploma, Chicago World's Fair

W. Milner & Co's Wagon Works is a new but thriving industry in Chatham. They have just completed their first year's run of their wagon, which has so encouraged them that they feel that their plant is barely equal to the output needed for the local trade, and in view of rapidly accumulating orders from outside points, they have decided on enlarging it without delay. They manufacture wagons, carts and lorries. Their factory is at the corner of Thames and Head streets. Mr. W. Milner is a practical wagon builder of 43 year's experience and another principal partner, Mr. J. Cleeve, owner of a large estate and coal mines in Australia, is well posted in the requirements of the world, which he has circumnavigated more than once. James Moore, foreman of the works, is an old experienced wagon builder. What he doesn't know about it, you can write on your thumb nail.

The Chatham Fanning Mill, with its special bagging attachment, is sold from one end of Canada to the other, and even to some extent in the States in spite of the \$5 duty. It has also got quite a hold on the English market, and 50 were shipped there November, 1895. The business is owned by Manson Campbell, our present Mayor. His father established it in



1867, died in '79, and Manson succeeded in '80, in which he sold 600 mills. The number sold from '84 to '94, inclusive, are successively: 1000, 1300, 2000, 2500, 2800, 4000, 4500, 5000, to Nov. 20, 1895. The output in this last year was seriously reduced by the crippling effect of a fire June 24th, which gutted the entire premises, office excepted. Which characteristic energy, he commenced at once rebuilding in brick, and by Aug. 15, had started up again in a three-story building, 50x176, with two power elevators and all the latest appliances. Up to No. 20th, he had sold 2000 since the fire. Forty thousand Chatham Mills are now in use. He employs forty hands, and uses a million feet of Kent wood; pays out \$12,000 for material and \$9000 for wages.

W. H. Tighe in business in Chatham, either sole or in partnership with N. Stringer, since 1870, deals in grains, seeds, hogs, furs, hides, wool, hay and general produce. He has two hay presses, and has made that branch an extensive specialty. He has bean picking and receiving warehouses at the Grand Trunk and office in west King street, nearly opposite Post Office. He handles annually 70,000 bushels of beans; 30,000 of wheat; 40,000 of oats; 20,000 of corn; 40 to 50,000 lbs. wool; 3,000 hides; 2,000 to 3,000 tons pressed hay, having made large shipments to England two years ago; 10 to 20,000 barrels apples; in furs, 60,000 Muskrat, 1,000 Coon, 50 Fox, 300 Skunk, 5,000 hogs.

Alderman Taylor runs a large business, \$50,000 to \$60,000 annually, in Pelts, horse hides, lamb skins, etc. He made a heavy shipment to Michigan for a Chicago house. This year, '95, from April to August, the shipments were light but prices good. Kent hides are good for uppers or grain leather, not so good for sole or harness leather—superior to most in U. S., especially in Western States, where the wounds caused by barbed wire fences, though covered with a growth of hair, show when the hide is haired.

McKeough & Trotter's foundry is known as the "Erie & Huron Iron Works." It has been established 13 years in Chatham, under the title of "J. F. McKeough & Co." for the first year. Both partners are good practical men, and Mr. McKeough comes of a family which has made its mark in Chatham, not only in business circles but in the medical and legal profession. The firm manufactures marine and stationary engines and boilers, builds saw mills, hoop and stave machinery, dredges for the Chatham Dredging Co.; electric light engines, hand barrel tresses. They are interested in several important machinery patents. They employ 25 hands and pay out \$10,000 annually. Main trade in Kent, but extends beyond.

This pamphlet, treating as it does, of the interests of the City of Chatham, would not be complete without reference to a firm that is perhaps better known than any other firm doing business in the City of Chatham or the County of Kent. The firm I refer to is known throughout the district as Atkinson & Rispin and the members of the firm are George K. Atkinson, who has resided in Chatham for over 35 years carrying on a large insurance and real estate business, and W. E. Rispin, who holds the City Agency for the Grand Trunk Ry. and who has resided in the Town of Chatham for over 19 years, being continuously in the employ of the Railway Company. The firm carries on a large business of a general character. They buy and sell property on commission, loan money on real estate at most favorable

terms to borrowers, do a large fire, marine and life insurance business with the strongest English and Canadian Companies and issue railway and steamship tickets via the shortest and most popular routes to all points in Canada, United States and Europe, and have the reputation of doing the largest business of this character in the Western district and this business is continually increasing, which is a tribute to the respect in which they are held by the community.

W. H. Harper, a native of Quebec, but here since infancy, was appointed local Manager of Dominion Telegraph Co. in '71. He is now agent for Caledonian Fire Insurance Co of Edinburgh; Commercial Union Assurance Co. of London, Eng.; Guardian Fire and Life Association of London, Eng.; Liverpool and London and Globe Insurance Co., Liverpool, Eng.; Manchester Fire Assurance Co., Manchester, Eng.; Phenix Fire Ins. Co., of Brooklyn, U. S.; Quebec Fire Assurance Co.; Scottish Union and National Ins. Co., Edinburgh; Union Assurance Society, London, Eng.; Western Assurance Co., Toronto; Canada Life; Travellers' (Accident); also agent for the White Star, Dominion, Allan and State lines, selling tickets to all parts of the world. He is ticket agent for C. P. R. R., and agent for C. P. R. Telegraph and for the Dominion Express Co. Aggregate capital of the Insurance Co's, for which he acts, \$185,000,000.

S. Glenn and Son, a highly respected produce firm of 24 years' standing, buys seed grains and produce of all kinds, but make a specialty of beans and seeds, the former of which they have shipped to England this year. Having enlarged their premises near the C. P. R. depot, one-third They have now storage capacity for 40,000 bushels. Last year they bought and shipped 50,000 bushels of beans and 9,000 bushels of seeds, and also dealt largely in seed grains, receiving and retailing several carloads from the east. This business will run from \$80,000 to \$100,000. Mr. James Glenn, brother of the senior partner of the firm, came out recently from Belfast, Ireland, and is shipping horses on a large scale to England. He blames the farmers for not raising a better class of horses, which their own carelessness and want of attention alone prevents them from doing, and not any fault in climate or soil. They have been repeatedly told that none but the very best will do for the English market. But they don't heed. However, he finds favorable exceptions. His son Alfred, went home recently with several carloads of horses, and sold one carriage horse for £46 (forty-six pounds.) The buyer shortly afterwards was offered £90 for the same horse.

Malcolmson's Canning and Pickling Factory ("Kent Canning & Pickling Works") is owned and operated by Hugh Malcolmson, ex-Mayor, by whom it has been recently and greatly enlarged. Peeping into that human hive, I saw a big crowd of all ages and colors and of both sexes, hard at work, under the vigilant eye of Sir Hugh, who has painted in large letters some excellent moral precepts for their guidance. The buildings have received additions, doubling their capacity. \$400 were paid out in wages on the day of my visit, and 85 to 90 hands are kept at work. The main building is 100x80 ft., with another 38x40 ft. fire-proof storehouse crammed full of cans ready for market. The corn, tomatoes, &c., are raised within a radius of a mile to one mile and a half from Chatham, and between pickers and

pay for vegetables and corn, over \$8,000 goes to farmers and laborers round town, together with 6 to \$7,000 for material, tin, etc., used in the manufacture; \$5,000 for help in the factory.

WM. GRAY & SONS.

The Carriage Works, originally established by the late William Gray, 1855, carried on from 1882 till his death in '84, in partnership with his sons, Robert and James S., has been continued by them on a greatly enlarged scale under the same title of the WILLIAM GRAY & SONS CARRIAGE WORKS. The building, three-storey brick, with massive walls and stone dressing, L shaped, with frontage of 136 and 163 feet, and floor space of 60,000 square feet. In designing the exterior elevation, the Grays have shown that a factory need not necessarily be an unsightly eyesore, but may, as in this instance, present an elegant and castellated structure. The most modern appliances and machinery are used and a C. P. R. switch runs into the yard. The greatest pains are taken with the seasoning of the wood and painting; the English upholstering cloth and the iron and hardware are directly imported and all artistic work is by specialists, working from the latest and most fashionable designs. The firm have depots in Toronto, Montreal and elsewhere, manufacture very nearly 100 different styles, many of which are original, and ship to United Kingdom, United States, West Indies, Cape Colony and Australia, the local output being 5,000 vehicles annually. We all feel very proud of the continued progress of this factory.

THE SUTHERLAND, INNES CO., LTD.

Chatham is singularly fortunate in having been selected as the headquarters of THE SUTHERLAND, INNES CO., LTD., manufacturing and dealing in general cooperage and lumber. The immense and complicated business of the firm, with correspondence reaching 200 letters per diem, keeps the partners more hard-worked than any of their numerous clerks. They manage, however, to find time to take an active interest in the Board of Trade, and are liberal contributors to old and new enterprises, secular and religious, for the benefit of Chatham. Mr. Samuel J. Sutherland started the business in Liverpool, 1876. Mr. James Innes, Sr., was taken into partnership not long afterwards and the firm became "Sutherland, Innes & Co." The Chatham head office was established 14 years ago, Mr. James Innes, Jr., being in partnership, and two years ago the limited liability joint stock company, called THE SUTHERLAND, INNES CO., LTD., was formed, with branch offices in Liverpool, England, Bourdeaux, France, Bremen, Germany, New York, New Orleans and Minneapolis. In our locality they own large mills "Erie & Huron," Dawn, (2), Bismark, "Harwich," "Stewardsville." They are also erecting three very large mills at Munising, Alger Co., Michigan. They hold altogether a controlling interest in 17 mills in Canada. They are also very large land owners in Canada and U. S., and the largest tax-payers in Kent. After the timber, suitable for their use, has been cut, they sell the land. They operate in white oak in seven of the Southern States and own three yards in New Orleans for storing white oak stock. The timber used by the firm, including basswood, pine, hemlock,

black birch, a large quantity of cedar posts and hemlock bark for tanneries. They handle 65 to 75 millions feet per year, and ship largely to England, to France largely of staves for the wine trade; staves to Australia and the Cape; also to San Francisco. They pay out in Chatham, to the country immediately tributary, \$600,000 to \$700,000, and altogether \$1,500,000 per year. It is quite a common thing for them to get an order for a million of packing cases for England. In this line of general cooperage and lumber, they are the largest concern in Canada or the United States.

THE STEVENS. CAMPBELL CO., LIMITED.

This Company operates the Kent Mills at Chatham, grinds 150,000 bushels corn and 700,000 bushels wheat per annum. The firm also handles 200,000 bushels oats; 50,000 bushels Canadian corn; 40,000 bushels beans; 20,000 bushels barley; 20,000 barrels salt and large quantity of millet, clover and timothy seed. All the barrels used by the firm for Flour, Meal and Beans, are made by machinery on their premises. One hundred hands are employed at their Chatham business, and another hundred at their other mills. Directoraté: N. H. Stevens, President; John Campbell, Secretary Treasurer and General Manager; James Rutherford, 1st Vice-President; H. J. Stevens, 2nd; F. B. Stevens, Director.

THE PLANET BOOKMAKING HOUSE.

S. Stephenson, proprietor binds everything, from the tiniest memorandum book to the heaviest 1,000 page ledger. I don't know any firm in America which can make a better ledger, boasting the cardinal virtue of lying perfectly flat when opened, and thus invoking benediction instead of inward profanity from the solemn bank clerk. The spring back in that position forms an arch on which, owing to a special mode of attaching the pages, there is no strain. The paper and leather are imported direct for cash from England, Scotland and U. S. Ten hands are employed in the Bindery and Ruling rooms, under the experienced foremanship of a talented German, with the jaw-twisting name of Standewitz, formerly with Rich. Backus, of Detroit, and other noted Bindery owners. It would have been quite a curiosity and object lesson if the proprietor of this Chatham institution had drawn a map at the close of each successive year, showing the sphere of sales. The first map perhaps Chatham, then Kent, with the adjoining counties of Essex, Lambton and Elgin, then Oxford county, with those of Simcoe, Bruce, Brant and Lincoln, and lastly Toronto and Montreal. Anything which makes Chatham a centre tickles us, and the more so when it eats into the trade and takes some of the conceit out of Toronto.

THE BOARD OF TRADE.

The Board of Trade, as now constituted, is neither the shouting ground for warring wind-bags, nor an arena of academic discussion. Rival quibblers do not pop up to right and left, puppet-like, to propose and oppose, reckless of rules of order. Practical business discussion of projects, measurably within reach, is the order of the day. Tied by the harmonious loup of this society, dyed-in-the-wool Tories and clear grits, pull together to drag the city chariot up the hill of progress, however fiercely they may fight outside the walls of the chamber, about Laurier and the N. P.

The President, Archie Lamont, Scotch of the Scotch, prominent society man, United Workmen, etc., is an extensive pork-packer and manufacturer of lard and vegetine. In addition to his official and routine duties, he is ever seeking to put new blood into the veins of the Board and to garner new subjects for its consideration. He, supported by Mayor Campbell, visited Ottawa as a deputation from the B. of T., and obtained from the Government the promise that the bar at the mouth of the Thames would be dredged, the work to start next spring at the earliest possible date—a promise which they cannot neglect without the grossest breach of faith. Vice-President Waddell is a prominent produce merchant. Sec.-Treas. Scullard is a talented barrister, well in touch with all classes of the community. Now for the B. of T. Council: Peter MacKellar, Registrar, of commanding personal appearance, which one of his lady clerks, now a leading Toronto society journalist, compared to that of a dignified Jewish Rabbi—deserves special mention, both as ex-president and as champion for punctuality and frequency of attendance. J. Piggott, chairman of Navigation Co., and C. Hadley are leading lumber merchants. John A. Morton is one of our chief hardware merchants. G. P. Scholfield, J. E. Thomas and D. Glass are Chatham managers of the Standard Bank, Bank of Commerce and Bank of Montreal. R. Martin is the well known manufacturer of pumps and wind-mills. Hugh Malcolmson is ex-Mayer, runs a very extensive Pickling and Canning factory, and very large grocery establishment. J. P. Dunn occupies the very responsible post of depot agent at Chatham of the C. P. R. Manson Campbell, whose long established fanning mill factory is elsewhere described, is our first City Mayor. Last, but not least, comes N. H. Stevens, one whose progress has been steady and continuous, not only in financial prosperity arising from his great milling business, but in the affections and respect of the community. He has always devoted a liberal share of his time to the public, having filled the positions of Justice of the Peace, and Public School trustee in Blenheim; Chatham Town Council, chairman of Finance '84, '94; trustee Chatham High School 9 years; 2 years President B. of T.; Tavern License Commissioner for Kent 2 years; President Chatham City Band, on Committee for building Collegiate Institute, Director of Chatham Saving and Loan Co., Vice-President of Chatham Steamboat Co. After he became sole owner of the Kent Mills, he very generously forewent the balance of the bonus which was his by right, and thus virtually donated some \$650 to the town chest. The November meeting (95) was a good sample brick. Several very important matters, some urgent, came up; among the rest, the dredging of the mouth of the river, the abolition of the Ward system, and the introduction of natural gas into Chatham. These projects were very intelligently and exhaustively handled—J. Piggott chipping in his dryly humorous way, N. H. Stevens massive and judicial, MacKellar clear and suggestive, while Sutherland, of Sutherland, Innes Co., whose annual \$1,500,000 business we mention elsewhere, showed his usual business briskness and mercurial liveliness to nip extraneous digressions in the bud. Among the new members elected were Burrows, marble and granite monument manufacturer, a recent and welcome arrival in Chatham; myself, you ought to know a good deal about me by this time; Durrant, new manager of the Merchants Bank, and J. A. Hadley, of the noted lumber firm.

WEST KENT AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

Has 20 acres ground, race track, grand stand, cattle sheds and buildings equal to those of any other county, which were built and opened by the Lieut. Governor during Henry Smyth's presidency. The present President, John A. Walker, is a prominent barrister in Chatham and takes a deep interest in farming, more especially raising Jersey cows. From a strictly agricultural and object-lesson standpoint this year's Fair was a great success, both in stock and produce. Not so from a money point of view. Gate receipts talk. They talked small. Time was when every farmer's boy calculated to spend \$5 to \$10 at the fair as the holiday of the year. The directors may say to the public, "We have piped unto you and ye have not danced. We have mourned and ye have not lamented. We have given you a fair with horse racing. Ye said no; give us a purely agricultural show. We do so and ye leave us to suck our thumbs over meagre gate-money, with a small Government grant, a generous one of \$200 from Chatham and a penurious \$50 from one of the wealthiest County Councils in Ontario." However, Elgin is worse off, having given up its fair this year. Young farmers and some old ones say, "We don't want to drive in ten or fifteen miles to see a big squash or a big pig; give us horse racing, give us female baloonists." If the strict sort object, let them put their hands in their pockets to cover the Society's loss, or else the fair must go. Something might be done by consolidating minor fairs with W. K. A. S., following example of Strathroy.

CITY COUNCIL, 1895.

Mayor, Manson Campbell; Ward No. 1, Henry Smyth, Hy. Weaver; Ward No. 2, F. Stone, R. Cucksey; Ward No. 3, P. Rutherford, F. Marx; Ward No. 4, John Carpenter, G. G. Taylor; Ward No. 4, James Dillon, T. A. Smity. City Clerk, John Tissiman; Treasurer, R. G. Fleming; Collector, Wm. Rannie; Chief of Police, W. Young; Police Magistrate, M. Houston; Chief of Fire Dep't., A. Jacques. The rare name in this country of Tissiman, is well-known in Yorkshire. Mr. Tissiman has been 57 years in Chatham, 31 years Town Clerk. Like his prototype of Ephesus, he counsels to do nothing rashly, and saves his employers from many a pitfall. Mayor and Councillors come and go, but he abides. He has been justly called "almost infallible" as to municipal law. When in my reporting duties, I ask the best of our many good lawyers, information as to points of obscurity and of some seeming conflict in the municipal code, such a one, though in more courtly phrase will reply, "Don't bother me—ask Tissiman." His transcript of the session is so accurate that he can trip up the best of our reporters. He finds an able assistant in Pro. Clerk Weir. Tissiman's last work has been boiling by-laws into a compact shape after pruning and weeding them. The pamphlet embodying this, as finally approved by the Council. H. Smyth, Mayor, represents a herculean task, which nobody else could have accomplished, and which debarred him from many holidays in '94. Tissiman's hobby is "pets." His eagle having died, he has adopted two gaunt herons, tyrannized over by a plump sea gull. He is negotiating to import storks from Holland. 20 years ago he could do the work of the office easily single-handed; now fully occupied, though having Pro. Clerk.

RELIGION AND MORALITY.

If the eleven or twelve columns of sermons and church announcements published in the dailies every week, the interest taken in revivals, the well-filled churches and their brisk affiliated societies and the ever-increasing number of their church monthlies be any criterion, the religious thermometer must be away up. As to morality, the streets are monotonous in the extreme, so far as enlivening fights go. A big concourse is a good test. Last first of July we had 17,000, including visitors, in our city, and W. Young, the chief of police, told me not without a tinge of professional melancholy in his voice, that it brought no grist to the justice mill—not even a solitary plain drunk, much less a D D. He says that the vast majority of the police court cases, are either simple drunks or dog-tax and poll-tax laggards and other offenders against bylegal ordinances.

MARKET SQUARE,

This large open is paved, and divided east and west into two streets by the old Town Hall, and its continuation into the Market Shed. This shed on Saturdays, contains over 200 farmers wives and daughters, each with her dressed poultry, eggs, butter and honey. It was formerly an open shed, but after long and persistent agitation in the columns of my paper, the Market Guide, I got the Council to board it in—a great boon to these ladies who sell there, especially in the cold of winter. The Council will probably yield to the arguments of that journal, and find some way of heating the shed in cold weather when they build the new market house. Outside the shed is a long row of seats, also occupied by women selling all kinds of vegetables, fruit and produce. On both sides of the west division of the market from King street to Wellington street, the next parallel street, are farmers' wagons backed to the sidewalks, and as close to each other as possible. If a farmer wants a good place, or indeed the certainty of any place to squeeze in, he must be on the ground bright and early, and I have seen the stands pretty well filled by 7 a. m. On the east side of the shed are two rows again of wagons, that next the shed being reserved generally for wood, hay and straw, though it is not only invaded sometimes by the throng of produce wagons, but Wellington street near the market is also, used. The Market Guide always advocated abolition of market tolls, which has been for some time accomplished. The advent of a thousand farmers on Saturday causes no surprise, and double that number have visited the city. Our Wednesday market would be thought quite large in many towns elsewhere. King street is too thronged for trotting, and the milkmen belated through lagging to gossip with women, spurs his jaded steed through side streets. The sight of the variety and early arrival of fruit and vegetables, together with the immense quantities of dairy produce marketed, gives the stranger an object lesson on the resources of Kent. The rich alluvial soil of which raises 1,154,815 bushels of fall wheat, out of 16,512,106 of the Provincial total, 448,813 bushels of beans out of a Provincial total of 664,310, and is in the front rank for corn, which is also in the restricted pear-growing and the still more limited peach-growing district of the province—Kent, where even sweet potatoes and other Southern products have been grown successively. Return tickets at a very low special rate are given by rail, on Saturdays, and thus and by road, such a throng comes in that it is almost impossible to serve them all in the stores,

in spite of the large staff of clerks, and King street is one solid mass of vehicles. Chatham is quite a centre for shipping poultry, &c., and quite a bit of cross-trading and swapping, and general business is done between farmers.

A cherub, cooling himself on a hot summer's day, squatted on the cross of the spire of Christ Church, facing the square would see a dense swarm of human emmets beneath him, with the inevitable baby carriage still further blocking progress. A babel of tongues—English, Irish, Scotch, Welsh, Cornish, Colored, Swedish, German, Belgian, American, French Canadian, Indian and Chinese. Dominating the din, three loud-bawling auctioneers, sneering at each others' wares, or praising the high-stepping action of some ancient horse. Broadcloth and silk jostling against moleskin and cotton. Herb-men, medicine-peddlers, insurance pests, coppery Indians, basket-laden squaws, market-women stealing a moment to peep at the latest news in the Market Guide. Noon-bell. Feed the animals. Exit cherub. The

AVENUES

of Chatham, especially that facing the Ursuline Academy, are beautiful, this one in particular being planted by ancient trees, forming a lofty and perfect arch, a place of exquisite shade in summer. Indeed the planting of shade trees is so general, that from the Fire Tower in summer much of the city looks like a grove. The

RESIDENCES

are often very large, costly and tasteful in architecture, surrounded by brilliant and extensive flower gardens, and rare shade trees, while no expense is spared on the interiors, which enjoy the most modern systems of heating and ventilation. The

ROADWAYS AND SIDEWALKS

have shared in the march of improvements. Queen street, running south from the Post Office to the Grand Trunk depot, has been paved and topped with Komoka gravel, and a granolithic (artificial stone), sidewalks have been laid on both sides. The approaches to the Third street bridge have been very substantially fixed, and other improvements to cemetery, &c., total cost \$43,000. Improvements, such as these sidewalks, done under Local Improvement Act, money being borrowed at a very low rate on municipal security by the owners interested.

EDUCATION.

Five Public Schools: McKeough, Central, Queen St., Payne, King St. Number of teachers in the order named: 6, 2, 10, 7, 2. Principals of first three, and one teacher in Central, male; all other teachers, including the last two principals, female. 23 female, 4 male, total 27. School Board: R. Cooper, chairman; Rev. A. McColl, Inspector; T. C. MacNabb, Sec.-Treas. 1st Ward, R. Riddell, R. A. Hughes; 2nd, J. A. Wilson, W. L. G. Snell; 3rd, R. Cooper, Dr. McKeough; 4th, Chas. W. Baxter, James J. Couzens; 5th, Jas. Holmes, Dr. Fleming. Trustees hold office two years, half their number re-elected annually; meet first Tuesday of each month. Annual cost of teaching staff \$10,000; total school expenditure \$16,000;

value of school buildings, \$60,000. Board is well fixed financially, having interest arising from sale of lands, \$40,000, outside grant from council. Public school portion of general city tax, 3 to 3½ mills. Kindergarten, one female principal with pupil-teachers qualifying for certificate to go to Normal, Toronto. Age of admission, 4—7. Night school, one male teacher, term from 1st October to 1st of March; held every Monday, Wednesday and Friday of each week. Model school, attendance 56, working for certificate to go to Normal. Board must find substitute for teacher going to Normal till return. Teachers' Institutes, Public schools, (age of admission 5—21); free to residents; non-residents, 50 cents per month. The Chief of Police, in addition to his multiplied duties as such, and those of harbor master, regulating the berthing of vessels and the cutting of ice, is also truant officer, and from his experience is satisfied that a special Truant Officer should be appointed, with his time free to supervise this important trust. New school will probably be built on south side of river to cost \$35,000.

Separate (Roman Catholic) School. Principal, Joseph P. Finn, four female teachers, of whom 3 are Sisters from Ursuline Academy. Average attendance, 300. Board meet monthly: James Dillon, chairman; Jas. Taff, James Flynn, Jacob Finnister, O. J. O'Neill, James King, W. Delahunty, Ed. Reardon, Frank Stamelin, D. J. O'Keefe, Sec.-Treas.

In the Ursuline Academy, a beautiful three story building, (cost \$30,000,) called the "Pines", standing in extensive grounds, an excellent education, both primary and advanced and finishing, is given to young ladies in practical and ornamental branches, by the Ursuline Religious. This Academy was founded 34 years ago by the Ursuline Religious from Paris. Academic, Commercial or Teachers' course can be selected. Music, painting and the ceramic art are here pursued, and I have seen some china painted by the pupils and baked in their ceramic oven, in the highest style of that difficult art. Before the pupils leave for their summer holidays, a public exhibition is given under the patronage of His Lordship the Bishop of London. Special attention to deportment. Scores of young ladies enter as pupils from Maine to California and even South America.

Yet another, and a most important educational factor, is the Chatham Business College, founded by the proprietor, D. McLachlan, 19 years ago. He has recently co-opted his brother, M. McLachlan, (3 years teacher in the College, and afterwards associate proprietor of the International Business College, Bay City, Mich.), as partner, and the style of the firm runs, D. McLachlan & Co. Thorough practical instruction is given in all branches of Commercial, arithmetic, penmanship, business epistolary composition, and actual office work, including calculation of debentures, so that the faithful pupil can at once take his place in any office however large. The best proofs of the success of the College are given by the number of pupils who pass by other similar institutions in larger cities to come here, and by warm certificates from our Mayor, Manson Campbell, large fanning mill manufacturer; Sutherland, Innes & Co., of Chatham, Minneapolis, Liverpool and New York; American National Bank of Pueblo, Cal; H. H. Hadley, of New York, and from a host of others. There is hardly an important city in the States, where successful graduates are not to be found in posts of commercial trust. The Principal or his partner will answer further queries.

The Stevens, Campbell Co., Limited

N. H. STEVENS,	President
JOHN CAMPBELL,	Sec'y-Treas. and General Manager
JAMES RUTHERFORD,	1st Vice President
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WELLINGTON & WILLIAM STREETS

The Wilberforce Institute, called after the great philanthropist, is of long standing in Chatham, and operated in a handsome brick structure on E. King St. Though open to all creeds, colors and nationalities, it is mainly devoted to the interests of the colored people, and is warmly fostered by Alderman Weaver.

The Macaulay Club, founded some 14 years ago, may justly be called a teaching body, training its members, as it does by debates and subsequent criticism, in the art of public speaking. Several excellent and prominent political and legal debaters have graduated from its walls and those young men, especially destined for the practice of law, who neglected its advantages to save the nominal fee of a dollar a year for 26 weekly sessions, will bitterly regret their mistake, too late, when uncouth gestures and mumbling mannerisms have become stereotyped.

The Scientific and Literary Society, founded some two years later by R. C. Burt, Ed. Jones, A. M. Lafferty, M. A., myself and others, but in no sense a rival of the Macaulay, took up different lines and did some good work. Its much regretted and zealous Secretary, W. Kerr, is now a distinguished physician in Michigan.

Lastly, comes the adjunct of a Free Library. The By-law establishing it was voted on at the municipal election, Jan., 1890, and was carried. The same month the municipal Council selected their trustees, as also did the Public and separate School Boards. The meeting held for organization was on March 21st, '90, when I. L. Davis was elected Chairman; J. B. Flint, Secretary, with a Board composed of Mayor Malcolmson, Dr. Holmes, Messrs Riddell, J. B. Rankin, Andrew Heyward, Killackey and J. W. Thibadeau. Arrangements were begun and subsequently concluded, whereby the Free Library Board assumed the assets and liabilities of the Chatham Mechanics' Institute. Free Library rooms opened Oct. 11, '90. Present average daily attendance at Library, 300; volumes issued, 1894, 17,632; vols. in Library, 4,186; daily newspapers, 7; weekly, 11; Magazines, 29; total value of books, &c, \$3,673.49. Mr. I. Davis has given much satisfaction in his office of Secretary, and Mrs. E. Robinson, relict of the late Ed. Robinson, M. P. P., in hers as Librarian.

CHATHAM DOTS.

Chatham contains more good looking girls to the acre than any other city in Canada—a fact which the young newspaper snips ungallantly ignore in writing up the town.

\$40,000 to \$50,000 paid yearly for fire insurance; 4 chartered banks, 5 musical bands, 36 lawyers, 14 doctors, 15 ministers, 10 newspaper men, 61 printers, 4 architects, 4 surveyors, 16 hotel-keepers, 7 talking machines, no pawnbrokers, 2 undertakers, 100 retired farmers, 2 mules; 400 game chickens, of which I. J. & Co. have 151; 1 white coon, 1 beaver, 1 rattlesnake, all alive; 1 tame poet in Market Guide cellar; very few lady riders on horseback, used to be 30 in village of Bury, Prov. Quebec, 25 years ago. Charitable Chathamites, among the rest, gave liberally to Patriotic Crimean fund and to Irish famine. City lucky as to fires. Chatham advertisers easily yield to outside fakirs and bogus ad-men. Black silk hats worn by

5 ; wigs by 3 ; we have 351 widows, 14 nationalities ; McKeough school house cost \$16,000. The "old reliable," the people's paper, not pap-fed—the Market Guide. Most cold-blooded and aggravating chess player—Farmer Smith. Heaviest citizen, Rev. Fr. Paul, 325 lbs ; oldest inhabitant by residence, Israel Evans ; oldest, counting from entrance into Council, His Honor Judge Woods ; oldest by birth—can any Chathamite top the record of Benjamin Loucks, Talbot Road, Orford, lot 76, Pennsylvania Dutch, from "old log chain, aged 92 ; oldest by iniquity, 111 ; quickest-speaking alderman, Henry Smyth ; heaviest, Ald. Rutherford ; tallest, Ald. Dillon ; most determined, Ald. John Carpenter ; strongest citizen, Frank Ryall ; tallest, Icy Clements ; shortest, Wm. Hackett ; heaviest individual taxpayer, E. W. Scane ; corporate do., O. P. R. ; stiffest beard, W. E. Hamilton ; longest English ivy, 100 ft. long, inland revenue office, trained to brass screen ; longest nose, we know but shun personalities ; aggregate seating capacity of churches and religious halls, 10,050, room for every man, woman, cat and child at one service ; 1,800 municipal voters ; assessment 95, \$3,635,415 ; rate '95, 18 4/5 mills ; municipal acreage, 1,750 ; the largest beard, Frank Lapp, 5 ft. 3 in. ; 57 miles sidewalk ; handsome dog-horse-man drinking fountain, Market Square, given by W. C. T. U. First regular annalist of Chatham and Kent, most abused and stolen from by other writers —Bob Suitar. One of the leading preachers, living image of dead Czar.

THIS THING AND THAT.

Will any editor who notices this pamphlet, in friendship or hostility, kindly send me a marked copy of the critique and oblige, his truly, the author ?

Any editor, lacking time or ability to write an unfavorable notice of these "Peeps," can be furnished with same by me ; 4 cents per word, cash —strictly sub sigillo.

The Englishman sending for a copy of the pamphlet, (terms on title page), or writing to me, (Canadian or U. S. stamps enclosed for reply), is particularly requested to direct Chatham, ONT., as there is a Chatham in New Brunswick, and goodness knows how many across the border in U. S.

One of the main objects of the pamphlet, is to provoke enquiries about Chatham, which I shall be only too glad to answer, and my limited space has barred out lots of good stuff."

I wish somebody would tell me how to cure myself of the bad habit of writing notes on loose scraps.

Dan. Colby's father, Creek Road, 95 years old ; McGarvin, Sr., 86 ; Mrs. Marsh, near Ridgetown, in Howard, died 104 ; Chambers, Waterloo veteran, died near Dresden, 108. Curious that oldest man in Kent, England, beating Chatham by 2 years, also a was Waterloo veteran. Judge Woods, road reformer.

The Board of Health has a nose for smells, equal to a reporter's for news, and ferrets out causes vigorously, having fortunately secured the able services of Dr. Hall, as Medial Health Officer. His ambition, and a successful one, is to leave no stone unturned, to abate nuisances and give us a healthy city.

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J. S. McCONNELL, AGENT.

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GEORGE B. DOUGLAS, B. A.
Barrister, Solicitor and Notary Public. Office—over Ridley & Co's King street, Chatham.

JOHN A. WALKER,
Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public etc. Office—Over the Chatham Loan and Savings Company, Chatham, Ont.

LEWIS & RICHARDS,
Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries Public, etc. Office—Fifth street, third door south of King at ground floor. Money to loan on mortgages at lowest rates.

SCANE, HOUSTON, STONE & SCANE,
Barristers, Solicitors, Conveyancers, Notaries Public, etc. Private funds to loan at lowest current rates. Scane's block, King street.

WILSON, RANKIN, McKEOUGH, KERB & PIKE, Barristers, Solicitors of the Supreme Court, Proctors in the Maritime Court, Notaries Public, etc. Office—Fifth street, Chatham, Ont. Money to loan on mortgages at lowest rates.

EDWIN RADLEY,
Veterinary Surgeon. Office—Opposite Scane's Block. Telephone No. 165 store; No. 166 house.

AS TO Real Estate, Loans, mortgages, etc., I consulted MR J. W. WHITE, Barrister, in his new and handsome offices over Cooper's Bookstore, opposite the Grand Opera House. As he does a large business in loaning on mortgages and other securities his experience is valuable. He finds a great drop in the rates paid, as compared with 20 years ago, or even later, and many are availing themselves of this, to discharge the old mortgage and re-borrow at a lower rate.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.
James Holmes, Issuer for the County of Kent. Office—Royal Exchange Bookstore.

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RUBBER STAMPS made in all styles or repaired, Frank Baxter, Printing office, Chatham Ont., or W. E. Hamilton, Chatham, Ont. Order by mail promptly attended to;

CHATHAM COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE.



The Chatham Collegiate Institute, erected in 1885 at a cost of \$21,000, has few superiors in the Province, is midway between Victoria and Tecumseh Parks, secluded from the noise of King St. and yet within a few minutes' walk of the Postoffice. It contains eight class-rooms, fitted up with modern sin gle desks, together with an electrically-lighted Collegiate Hall, with seating capacity for 750, which is used for College entertainments/and practice n calisthenics as well as for examinations.

The Library has \$500 worth of standard works of reference, mineralogical and geological cabinets and costly chronological chart, donated by S. Barfoot, also valuable curio cabinet, gift of His Honor Judge Bell, Chairman of Board ; science apparatus, charts, globes, models, etc., value \$1,000 ; gymnasium, 51x37, cost \$400. The old High School building, quite a large structure and looked upon as a masterpiece in its day, has been wisely preserved as a dwelling house for the Principal, and the visitor, seeing it and its successor by which it is completely dwarfed, together, gets a silent but effective reminder of the march of educational progress. The grounds contain shade trees, lawns, flower beds, play-ground and lawn tennis courts.

Teaching staff, 1896 : D. S. Patterson, Principal ; W. J. J. Twohey, A. A. Knox, W. Taylor, C. Platt, all honor graduates of Toronto University and specialists in their different branches, with J. F. Cairns, with honors from Victoria University, and J. S. Black, English and commercial specialists, respectively.

Board of Trustees : His Honor, A. Bell, Senior County Judge, chairman ; Thos. Rutherford, M. D., J. W. White, for County ; E. W. Scane, J. E. Thomas, Thomas Scullard, for City ; Edwin Bell, LL. B., for Public Schools ; J. P. Dunn, for Separate Schools ; Sec. Treas, Thos. R. Harris ; High School Inspectors, J. I. Hodgson, M. A., John Seath, B. A. ; D. S. Patterson, B. A., Principal ; Richard Sellers, janitor and gardener, having half an acre of floor space to look after, and claiming that his flower beds beat the Principal's garden all to pieces, which statement the former guineys as a libel. The trustees (8, including the chairman), consist of 1 Judge, 4 lawyers, 1 physician, 1 railway station agent, 1 Bank manager—all leading citizens, including in their ranks 2 ex Mayors and 1 ex-councillor. Board meets 1st Monday of each month at 4 p. m.

The teachers are paid liberal salaries. 300 scholars, taking the seating capacity so that chairs have to be brought into requisition. The girls predominate numerically, and in round numbers, 180 scholars come from city, 120 from County. Fee trifling, considering equivalent conferred ; 60 cents per month for city pupils, \$1 for County pupils for the 10 teaching months, or \$6 and \$10 respectively for the school year. Free admission of city pupils into junior rooms.

Programme of studies, designed to give English and Commercial education and to prepare for all grades of teachers' certificates, University matriculation and the preliminary examinations in the learned professions. Agricultural College, School of Practical Science, Toronto, etc.

Departments of study : English, Mathematical, Ancient and Modern languages, Science and Commercial. The Laboratory is fitted up with sand-baths, condensers and other appliances for individual or conjoint study.

Written examinations last three days of every month of school year ; 50,000 pages of manuscript thus read and valued by teachers annually, in addition to annual examinations held by the Education Department.

Valuable medals and prizes given by the Chairman, the Board, M. Wilson, Q. C., (interest on gift of \$500), James Holmes, Wm. Gray & Sons, J. W. White and Edwin Bell, LL, B., valued in all at \$140 annually.

Public entertainments of a classic and elevating character given in Coll. hall in addition to commencement exercises.

Four C. O. I. literary societies meet fortnightly, hold joint meetings monthly and compete with each other for prizes annually. Also well kept-up Natural History association

Baseball, Football, Lacrosse, Lawn Tennis and other athletic sports are vigorously practised by the scholars and, once a year, prizes of value, for racing, jumping, etc, are publicly competed for, in Tecumseh Park, before the rank and fashion, largely feminine of City and County.

CONCLUSION.

I have not pretended to give a complete history of Chatham. If you want any further information, write to me, enclosing stamps for reply, and you will get your answer promptly. I have dealt little with the past, much with the present, slightly with the future, which is full of hope. If Chatham gets the electric railway, it will be 15,000 in 7 years, in any case 20,000 in 20 years. And now gentle reader good-bye. Come on Mr. Critic and cut me up like a pig, as Tennyson used to say: Sharpen your knife. My hide is thickened by thirty years of journalism.



W. E. HAMILTON, B. A., T. C. D., C. E.

Born May 10, 1834.

★

HEIGHT IN STOCKING FEET, 5 FT. 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ INCHES.

FIGHTING WEIGHT, 145 POUNDS.

CHEST MEASUREMENT, 37 INCHES.

EXPANSION, 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ INCHES.

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buy good goods—saves time, saves worry, saves money.
In buying our Groceries we are particular about quality
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Prices we make as low as possible by buying for cash.
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