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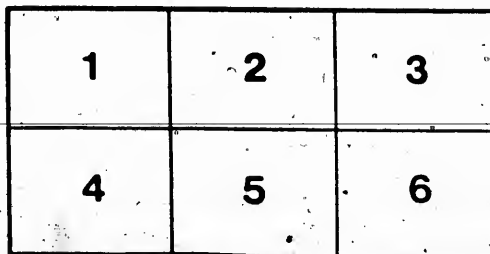
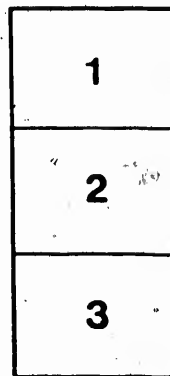
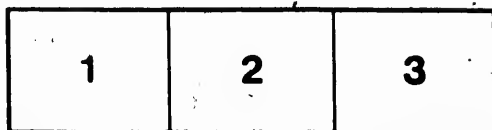
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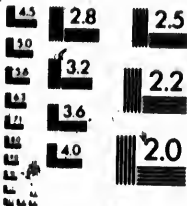
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Poems

AND

Pen-Pictures

VOL. II.



RICHMOND.
AP 9
84

BY PAT PRODFEN



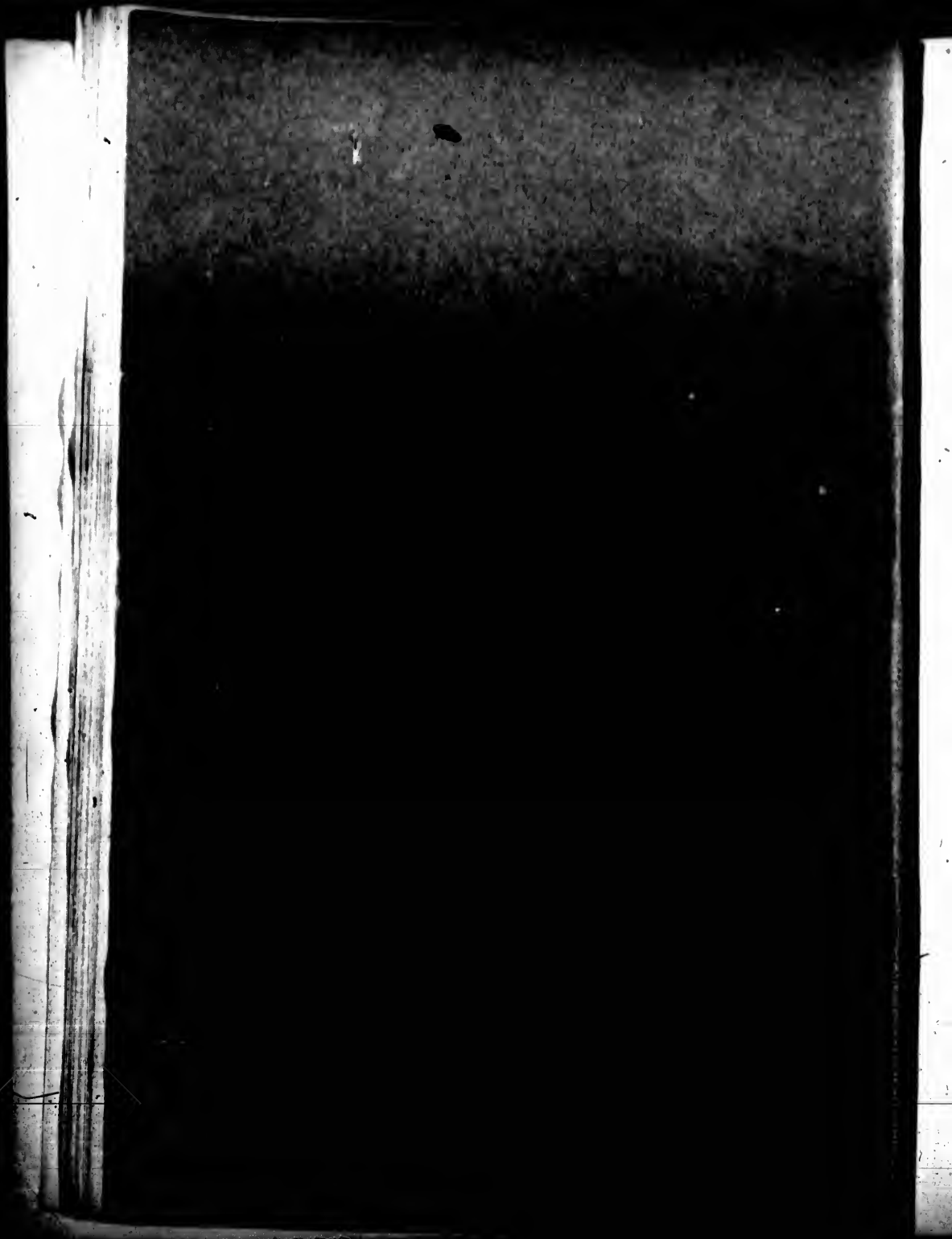
Respectfully Inscribed to

RICHARD WELLS, ESQ.

Queen's Hotel

AURORA, ONT.





POEMS AND PEN PICTURES

BY PAT PRODPEN.

POOR PAT PRODPEN, in accordance with the promise given towards the conclusion of his last little volume of Poems and Pen Pictures, written and printed in December, 1883, now proceeds, without preface or apology (for which he has no room), to write another little book of poems and pen pictures, availing himself, in the beginning of the opportunity offered, of tendering his most grateful and heartfelt thanks to the many kind friends and patrons he has found in every place he has

visited.

As the Hon. Oliver Mowat is one of the most prominent gentlemen of Ontario, and one whose name most frequently appears in the various newspapers of our Province, Pat Prodpén resolutely resolved to pay a visit to the Parliament Buildings for the express purpose of obtaining an interview with one of the most distinguished and deservedly popular men in our Dominion, to learn from experience what manner of a man he is, to see for himself whether he could like him or not like him. Accordingly on the 2nd of January, 1884, Pat visited the Parliament Buildings on Front street, and on entering by the principal entrance in the long plain-looking structure of red brick, he accosted a good-looking, well-dressed and gentlemanly man, inquiring where he could see Mr. Mowat. This gentleman took him into a narrow hall branching off at a right angle from the main entrance hall, and showing him a door on the north side of this hall, he told him it was the door of Mr. Mowat's room, and for him to remain near it, and when Mr. Mowat came out he could speak to him. Poor Pat waited patiently for an hour or more, and as he did not then know Mr. Mowat personally, and did not watch the door narrowly, as his attention was attracted by other things,

his watching and waiting might perhaps have been in vain, for that time at least, had not an obliging and gentlemanly young man, the door-keeper of Mr. Mowat's outer room, kindly and considerately pointed the latter out to him as he stood conversing with another gentleman in the hall a few yards from the door of his room. Pat waited a minute or two until the conversation was over and Mr. Mowat was moving away, when Pat hurried after him and spoke to him. Mr. Mowat, with a quiet, amused smile on his face (perhaps at Pat's boorish manner), asked him "to wait for a few minutes." He wrote this request in Pat's note-book, when a door-keeper or messenger took him back to the main entrance hall, where a small crowd were clustered around the gentleman to whom Pat had first spoken on entering the hall, and who was keeping watch and ward over a side door close to the main entrance. Pat's escort spoke to this gentleman in reference to him, and then left him with the crowd, while he went back to attend to other duties. After waiting for eight or ten minutes the side door was opened, and the crowd, and Pat with it, crushed up a short winding flight of steps, when he found himself in a low gallery with bench seats running north and south. It occupies part of the west end of the Legislative Assembly room, and is bounded on the north by the western entrance passage leading from the main entrance hall into the Legislative Assembly rooms. This gallery is called the Gentlemen's Gallery, and is provided with long tiers of seats. Each long seat occupies a slightly higher elevation than the one in front, so that a good, unobstructed view can be obtained by each row of spectators of what is transpiring in the Legislative Assembly. The first person whom Pat recognized among the assembled legislators, after he had taken a seat in this gallery, was his friend Dr. Widdifield, of Newmarket, the talented member for the North Riding of York. Pat had been seated about 30 or 40 minutes, when a messenger came to summon him to Mr. Mowat's presence. The messenger took him through an outer room or antechamber, and showed him into Mr. Mowat's private room, a simply and plainly furnished apartment, with a large open fireplace at the south side; a large plain table occupied

the centre of the room. In the room there were half a dozen or more large arm-chairs with high backs, plainly cushioned with some stuff resembling common white cotton. Altogether this room and its furniture gave Pat the impression that Mr. Mowat must be a man of quiet, simple and unostentatious habits, arguing solid and intrinsic worth of character. Mr. Mowat was alone when Pat was shown into his room, and he occupied one of the large arm chairs at the side of the table farthest from the fire-place. Mr. Mowat took the book Pat offered him with the request that he would please to buy it and write his name in Pat's note book. He looked through the little book carefully, and then, taking the short piece of pencil Pat offered him, he was proceeding to write his name in Pat's note-book, when it occurred to Pat's rather obtuse mind that it would be greatly better to have Mr. Mowat write his name with pen and ink, and he accordingly made this request, when Mr. Mowat, handing Pat his pencil back again, rose from his seat and reached for a pen and ink bottle that were near the middle of the table. After he had written his name in a free, bold, open hand, he asked Pat, "How much will I give you for the book?" to which question Pat answered, "Please, 10 or 25 cents, just as you like;" whereupon Mr. Mowat took 50 cents out of his pocket, and putting it down on the table, he again took up his pen and wrote, "One copy, 50 cents," after his name in Pat's note book. Pat left Mr. Mowat's presence with the impression firmly fixed upon his mind that he is one of the kindest, most courteous and affable gentlemen he has met with in Toronto. Pat most sincerely and earnestly hopes that Mr. Mowat may long be spared to govern the councils, and guide and influence the destinies of Ontario. Poor Pat feels deeply grateful for, and more than gratified with, the kind and considerate treatment he has received from the Premier of the finest Province in our Canadian Dominion. What a contrast does it not offer to the treatment poor Pat has sometimes received from some of the meanest and most miserable specimens of humanity in existence—notably a misanthropical individual, a bandy-legged, bulge-bellied, broad-breasted, black-visaged, beetle-browed, bullet-headed busybody

in the thriving town of Aurora, who wrote a short article in that ably conducted and excellent paper, the *Aurora Banner*, about Pat's "trash of a book" and "the terrors of his book;" poor old rabid, ranting, raving



RICHARDSON.

What a world-wide difference there is between such a contemptible creature and the Hon. Oliver Mowat! what a great gap between the positions they severally occupy. But it is one of the inscrutable laws of human existence that men should occupy the levels their natures, dispositions, their talents and attributes qualify and fit them for. There is almost as much difference between this man and Mr. Mowat as there is between this man and a big baboon!



CHAPTER II.

REMINISCENCES OF THE HON. GEORGE BROWN AND THE
HON. JOHN SANDFIELD MACDONALD.

Writing about the Hon. Oliver Mowat, leads Pat Proden to write about two other distinguished Canadian statesmen—the Hon. George Brown and the Hon. John Sandfield Macdonald,—with both of whom Pat had the honor of a slight acquaintance in the days of other years, when Pat was a younger if not a, better man than he is now. Pat must confess that he did not like George



Brown very well; he thought him too insolent and overbearing, having too much regard for what he considered his own rights and prerogatives, with too little respect for the rights and the feelings, and too little charity for the failings, of others. The presence in a greater or a lesser degree of these essential elements in the composition of the character of a politician will proportionately advance his success in life as certainly as their absence will hinder and retard it—though their absence may in some degree be compensated for (as in the case of the Hon. George Brown) by great natural gifts and abilities and mental endowments; yet it was almost entirely, if not altogether, owing to the want of a proper respect or regard for the feelings of others, and the absence of a spirit of Christian charity for the failings of a fellow-mortal, that George

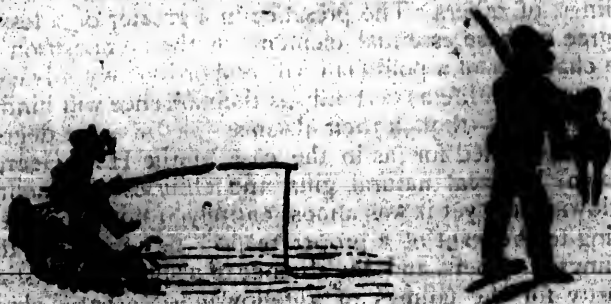
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Brown met with such a tragic death. Had he shown a little more forbearance, a little more of the "do to others as we would have them do to us"-sort of feeling, he might be living now and a power in our land. What Mr. Brown greatly lacked, Pat thinks, Mr. Mowat possesses in an eminent degree, and perhaps it may be due to this circumstance, as much if not more than anything else, that he is one of the most popular men in the Dominion of Canada.

Poor Pat Prodpen had also the great honor of a slight acquaintance with the Hon. John Sandfield Macdonald, which happened in this wise. During one of Pat's many trips on the *Waubesa*, and when she was making her return trip from Parry Sound to Collingwood, Mr. Macdonald and suite also happened to be passengers. There was also on board a rough, rugged, but not rude or ragged specimen of the *genus homo*, in the person of an old

Scotchman, one Edward Almond, a pioneer settler from the township of McKellar, who, with his brother James, kept bachelor's hall in a little log-walled, clapboard-



roofed, mud-plastered shanty. They were then—and they are now, for ought Pat knows to the contrary—great originals in their habits, their manners, conversation, and style of living, serving to illustrate one of the peculiar phases of human existence. This old Scotchman was seated on the promenade deck of the *Waubuno*, with several of Pat's companions clustered around him listening to a story he was telling them, when a quiet, unobtrusive gentleman who was pacing the deck stopped to listen to the old Scotchman's story, and became so interested in it that when another individual appeared upon the scene and requested his presence elsewhere, he refused to go, but remained a quiet and attentive listener until the story was concluded. This happened some twelve or thirteen years ago, and if Pat is not mistaken, he was not aware at the time that this quiet gentleman with the pale face, quietly observant blue eyes and intellectual-looking countenance—who was as free from all traces of pride and arrogance as it is possible for a man to be—was no other than the Hon. John Sandfield Macdonald, the then Premier of Ontario. This was on a Saturday, and the *Waubuno* did not get to Collingwood until some time after the afternoon train for Toronto had left. Pat stopped at Riley's Hotel, near the Northern Railway station, at which hotel Mr. Macdonald and the persons who were with him also remained, at least until Sunday afternoon. Pat had the honor of taking dinner at the same table at which sat Mr. Macdonald; Mr. John Donaldson, emigration agent; and the Very Reverend Styleman Herring, of London, England, both of whom belonged to Mr. Macdonald's party. Pat sat next to Mr. Donaldson, at the same side of the table. Large empty glasses or tumblers were standing beside each person's plate, and in a short time the landlord himself or a waiter brought several large and long glass bottles filled with a clear, reddish, amber-colored fluid, and placed one beside each of the empty tumblers of several of the gentlemen present. After Mr. Donaldson had poured himself out a large tumblerful to the brim, what do you think poor Pat did? You cannot guess! Well then, he will tell you: With the untutored manners of a Dutch Boer just arrived from Caffreland, or a Kansas cowboy fresh from the monotonous

plains of the Far West, he held out his empty tumbler for Mr. Donaldson to fill from the bottle beside him. The only notice Mr. Donaldson took of this piece of unmannerly impertinence was to quietly remark, "It's not for you." Pat was very green at that time; he is a deal more seasoned now; but even at this distant date he can never think of the inconsiderately mean and unmannerly thing he did then, without "blushing," not simply "to the roots of his hair," but to the ends of the longest hairs on his head. He will not go so far as to say that the "blush" would extend to the extreme end of every hair on his head, supposing they were as long as the hair on the peculiarly-shaped head of the Rev. Dr. Wild, the Bond street (city of Toronto) popular pulpit spouter. Pat saw Dr. Wild for the first time on Sunday, Jan. 24th, 1884. At first Pat thought him a very quiet, undemonstrative speaker, but he soon had reason to change his mind as far as this matter was concerned, for it was not long before the reverend Doctor's motions became so queer, his postures so funny, his gestures so abrupt, and his gesticulations so violent, that Pat almost expected to see him spring from the pulpit with a whip of scorpions in his hand, and, vaulting over the heads of the congregation, here and there go curvetting, careering, sky-larking



and skimming along on the back of the seats, to lay his whip with an unsparing hand over the shoulders of the worst sinners in that vast audience, not sparing Pat himself. God forbid that Pat should seek to throw ridicule on anything having even a shadow or a semblance of sacredness about it, but "is it Christ he preaches?" Pat would like to become better acquainted with Dr. Wild and the work he is doing, that he might inquire into this matter and report accordingly, and he might hope that

his report might be a good, an excellent one; but for the present Pat must leave Dr. Wild to prepare his next Sunday's sermon, while he returns to Riley's Hotel at Collingwood. After dinner, Pat got into conversation with Mr. Macdonald, and found him such a real nice, communicative gentleman, that he almost reveres his memory, and he felt greatly startled and most sincerely sorry when the news of his death reached him. Mr. Macdonald took poor little Pat Proppen into his confidence. He told him of the troubles, the trials and the thwartings, he received from George Brown and his clique, from the *Globe* and the Grits, in his efforts to reconcile party differences, to allay partisan strife, and get all to work together harmoniously in furthering the best interests and promoting the common good of their common country. Pat had also the honor of receiving an invitation from Mr. Macdonald to call and see him at his office in Toronto. Pat, with the manners of a bear or a boor, or



a bull-baiter, instead of thanking him for this favor, told him he did not think himself worthy of such an honor. If Mr. Macdonald were living now Pat would certainly have taken the first opportunity that offered of calling upon him. But Pat has a deal more "brass in his face" now than he had then, but if this extra quantity of brass in his face will assist him in putting silver, and plenty of it, in his pocket, he will be satisfied, more than satisfied—he will be pleased, more than pleased—he will be delighted, more than delighted—he will be in ecstasies. Poor Pat would court the acquaintance of Goldwin Smith, and he intends to seek an interview with him before long. If Pat finds him a proud, insolent, self-

conceited man, he will "go for him" like a wild Buffalo



bull with his horns lowered and his tail stuck at an angle of $135\frac{1}{2}$ degrees!

CHAPTER III.

AURORA.

In this chapter Pat will give some account of his experience with persons who once lived in Aurora, but who are not living there now. One of these persons was a long-faced, dark-featured, melancholy-eyed man, called Matthews, who looked as if he thought the world owed him a living and that it was for ever trying to repudiate the debt. He was originally a school teacher, but not succeeding very well in that profession, he threw his birch rod into the fire, and started a little book and stationery store in Aurora. It was one of the pleasures of Pat's life, at one period of his residence on his farm in the township of King, to visit his little book store of a Saturday evening or night to purchase the current numbers of the illustrated Old Country magazines—the "Leisure Hour," "Sunday at Home," and Dr. Norman McLeod's excellent magazine, "Good Words," and Pat remembers how once, being out of funds for this purpose, his friend, E. J. Stephenson, at present the talented editor of the *Free Grant Gazette*, Bracebridge, Muskoka, but who was at the time referred to a stripling occupying some position with Matthews, very obligingly loaned Pat the wherewithal to purchase a supply of his mental pabulum. Matthews did not stay very long in Aurora, but, selling out his interest to Mr. Stephenson, took up his quarters elsewhere. He now, in connection with his brother, keeps a picture and picture-frame shop in Toronto. Pat does not expect that he will pay him for this advertising notice; he knows him better than

that He lately paid him a visit, expecting that he would buy one of his little books, if only for old acquaintance sake, but he refused, and Pat left his shop under the impression that Matthews and his brother are two of the meanest men he has met with in his native city of Toronto. He thinks Matthews would mate well with old Mother Maxwell, of Aurora; his dark features



would so admirably contrast with and set off the fine, fresh, florid face of this fascinating female—all its bewildering and bewitching charms shown to the best advantage by its upper bordering of exquisitely beautiful curls and twirls, and twists and twigabands, of artificial hairs. Pat hopes to have the opportunity of recurring to this subject, and explaining matters more fully, in a future volume of Poems and Pen Pictures, but now he must turn his attention to another individual—Tomeuel Todd—whom Pat knew years and years ago, when Tomeuel, in partnership with his father, carried on a waggon-making and blacksmith shop in Aurora. He remembers how Tom tried to get him to buy a waggon from him for \$100, assuring him that no living thing of the size and shape of a man should ever become the happy and to be envied possessor of such an extraordinarily beautiful, exceedingly valuable, and profoundly perfect piece of personal property for "one cent less than \$200." The notable feature of this affair was that Tom asked Pat to buy this rare waggon on credit, and give him a mortgage on his farm in King as security for the pay, but Pat declined to agree to his proposal. Pat could have got a first-class patent-axle, handsomely-painted new "Gatham waggon," with box-spring seats, whitewheels and all, for \$60 cash last summer.



Poor Tom now keeps a little flour store in Parkdale. Pat paid him a visit lately, and asked him to buy a book (price only 10c.), but he refused, telling Pat that "ten cents thrown away is ten cents lost." Now Pat, knowing Tom's character, knew well enough that it was vain to ask him, but he wished to have a bit of fun with this old skinsint. Still Pat would hardly have written so much about him had he not been so free with his critical comments on Pat's production, and summarily decided that it is not worth anything, after the Hon. Oliver Mowat had virtually acknowledged that one copy was worth 50c., whose opinion is most worthy of respect; and if Tom had only forbore making his harsh comments on Pat's book, he would most likely have spared Pat the trouble of making any remarks about him, as Pat felt inclined to pity him on account of his poverty, as he confessed in substance, and almost with tears trickling down his nose, that the times were so hard that he had little else to live upon but potatoes and salt, varied by an occasional meal of frozen turnips, and in proof of the truth of this assertion he exhibited one of the aforesaid frozen turnips to Pat's astonished stare. Pat expects that after this Tomcat Todd will, as far as Pat Proppen is concerned, "save his breath to cool his porridge" or his frozen turnips after they are cooked.

There are persons now living and some who have once lived in Aurora to whom Pat would like to pay his tribute of respect upon a similar fashion—Sam Kram (braughman (?)), you will find him in the Kattaly chapter, old Richard Marshall, John Field, Richard Field, Alfred Love, Henry Marshall, George Ross—his space was not so limited and he had no other place to stand to.

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He can only spare space for the names of a number of kind friends and patrons whom he has found in this beautiful town:

J. W. Floyd, Books and Stationery, 10.	Geo. Button, Station Hotel, 10.
Dr. R. W. Hillary, 10	M. Love, Flour and Feed Store, 10.
Jno. Tracy, Merchant Tailor, 10.	James Waite, Wellington Hotel, 10.
E. W. Stephenson, Dry Goods & Groceries, 10.	C. H. Doan, 10
J. M. Robertson, Banker, 10.	D. W. Doan, Post master, 35.
J. Smith, Station Master, 10	

Mr. Doan has shown great taste and a just appreciation of the beautiful in the way he has got his office fitted up, and it is now one of the handsomest post offices Pat has yet seen outside of Toronto. Mr. Doan is also town treasurer for the Aurora Cemetery Company, and treasurer to the Mechanics' Institute, and also agent for the Great Western Telegraph Company. He is also one of the firm of the Aurora Carriage Company, who manufacture all the latest styles of American carriages, buggies, village carts, cutters, sleighs, etc., also carriage parts, such as bodies, either ironed or unironed gears, taps, and cushions. Send for catalogue.

R. Newberry, Photograph Studio, 10.	G. Moore, Sewing Machine Repairer, 10.
C. Butcher, Groceries, Millinery & Fancy Goods, 10.	James Tinline.
E. Braund, Hardware, 10.	J. D. Hamill, Surgeon Dentist, 10.
H. Griffith & Co., Flour & Feed & General Produce, 10.	Dr. Rutherford.
James G. Tinline, Barber and Hairdresser, 10.	D. Cane, Confectionery.
W. G. Lloyd, Farmer, Whitechurch, 10.	Band Brothers & Co., General Merchants.
R. Barling, Furniture Ware-rooms, Funerals furnished, 10.	Mrs. Frank Daville.
	Wm. Magill, Farmer, King.
	J. J. Hunt, Boot and Shoemaker, 10.
	J. R. Hughes, General Merchant, 10.
	Mrs. H. Machell, 10.

- A. Proctor, Livery Stables, 10.
 H. G. Hartman, Druggist, 10.
 Graham Bro., Grain Buyers, grain warehouse and chopping mill, 10.
 A. G. H. Elliott, Books & Stationery, Telegraph and Ticket Agent, 10.
 G. L. Stevenson, Pioneer Saddle & Harness Shop, 10.
 Edward Coltham, Champion Sharpshooter, 10.
 J. E. McNally, Notary Public, Issuer of Marriage Licenses, Steamboat Loan and Insurance Agent, 10.
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 John McDonald, Blacksmith, 10.
 Wm. Ough, Stoves, Hardware and Tinware, 10.
 J. J. Hartman, 10.
 M. B. Faughner, Boots and Shoes, Dry Goods, Clothing and Hardware, wholesale and retail, 10.
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 G. Lemon, Royal Hotel, 10.
 William Proud, Farmer, Whitechurch, 10.
 Rev. J. Sandon, 10.
 Robert Crawford, 10.
 R. W. Wilson, 10.
- Mrs. James Holladay, 10.
 Mrs. George Bishop, 10.
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 J. L. Sheppard, Saddler, 10.
 R. J. Evans, Cheap Groceries, Fruit and Confectionery, 10.
 W. G. Elder, 10.
 T. Telfer, 10.
 J. Johnson, 10.
 Danford Evans, Hamilton, the great Ploughman, 10.
 Mrs. Connor, 10.
 James Mosley, 10.
 Wm. Wells, 10.
 W. B. Richardson, Produce Dealer and Grain Buyer, 10.
 Miss Emma Pilkington, 10.
 G. Webb, Billiard Parlor, 10.
 James Karr, Farmer, King, 10.
 J. L. Graham, Commercial Traveller, 10.
 J. M. Steel, Student of Divinity, 10.
 L. L. Hartman, Farmer, Whitechurch, 10.
 E. Stevenson, Boots and Shoes, Crockery and Glassware, 10.
 Willie Wilkinson.
 Miss Wilkinson.
 Charles Hainstock, 10.
 G. S. Baldwin, Merchant Miller, 10.
 N. E. Scott, 10.
 George Russell, 10.
 C. C. Robinson, Solicitor.

- A. Campbell, Rope Walk,
10.
F. A. Townly, Merchant
Tailor, 10.
James Edwards, King, 10.
E. Maher, 10.
Seth Ashton, Miller, White-
rose, Whitechurch, 10.
Henry Danbrouka, 10.
Robert Connor, 10.
Wm. Willis, Saddler, 10.
Samuel Joyce, General
Merchant, 10.
G. S. Patterson, Druggist,
Aurora Pharmacy.
The Misses Jameson, Mil-
linery, Dress and Mantle
Making, 10.
Mrs. Querrie, 10.
John C. Querrie, Novelty
Carriage Works, 10.
F. Harris, Cabinet Maker,
wholesale manufacturer
of extension tables; this
admirable table is a spe-
cial feature of Mr. Harris'
cabinet manufactory, 10.
- H. Moore, 10.
A. Robinson, Surgeon Den-
tist, 10.
George McConnell, Engin-
eer, 10.
J. M. Wells, Surgeon Den-
tist, 10.
James Rogers, J. P., a self-
made man, and one of
the best, most skillful and
enterprising farmers in
the Township of King.
W. M. Mosley, Carpenter.
W. J. Knowles, wholesale
and retail Butcher.
W. Scott, Jun.
J. W. Crossley, Insurance
Agent and Bailiff.
Wm. Cairns, 10.
Amos Lloyd, 10.
Miss Martha Band.
J. W. Phillips, Builder, 10.
Mrs. Cummer.
Mr. Jaffray, 10.
G. Harrison, 10.
A. G. Daville, 10.
Charles Doan.

Pat would not like to leave Aurora without offering his special thanks to Mrs. Frank Daville, Mrs. George Bishop, Mrs. Charles Doan and Mrs. Henry Machell for the courteous and considerate treatment he received from them, contrasting as it did with the proud, insolent bearing of the widow of Joe Fleury. Kindness does not cost much, but it goes far in softening hard, harsh human natures, and smoothing the rough asperities of everyday life. Pat felt so cross at the remembrance of the scurvy treatment he received from Mrs. Fleury, that he feels strongly inclined to narrate some of his experience with Joe in bygone days, but his space is so limited that he must put this business off until some future opportunity.

CHAPTER IV:

NEWMARKET.

Here Pat will give a short narration
 Of his experience in Newmarket ;
 He has pleasant recollections
 Of this bright burgh and its people,
 Of the reception he received
 From its good, kind-hearted people,
 Liberal-minded, open-handed ;
 Many friends he found among them,
 Friends to whom he feels most grateful
 For the encouragement they gave him,
 For the assistance they have rendered
 To Pat Prodpen's undertaking,
 For the countenance and assistance
 They have freely given and granted,
 He will record their names and business
 In the pages he is writing,
 With the desire to please his patrons,
 First on this list, as you will notice,
 Stands noble North York's local member,
 Good Dr. Widdifield—you know him—
 A gentleman endowed by nature
 With gifts of eloquence and wisdom
 Above the common run of mortals.
 Next, a liberal-minded merchant,
 Pat's worthy friend, good Walter Playter,
 Who has a stock—large and extensive—
 Of dry goods, groceries and clothing,
 He is wholesaling and retailing
 At low prices to cash buyers.
 Next on Pat's list, a worthy doctor,
 Good Dr. Rogers, of Newmarket,
 A man of learning and of science,
 A thorough knowledge and experience
 Of the mysteries of his calling,
 Of all the parts of his profession,
 Open-handed, liberal-hearted,
 In this good and kind physician,
 May God's favor hover o'er him,
 'Twas fifty cents he gave Pat Prodpen

For one single little volume,
Please, who will follow his example,
And help poor Prodden on life's journey,
Poor Tomeuel Todd will please take notice,



And that old muck-worm miser, Matthews,
Crabbed, cross-grained, crusty creaturea.
Another gentleman most worthy
Of more than a passing notice,
Of more than a casual mention,
A man esteemed by all who know him,
Is good and worthy Mr. Pearson,
Who so ably fills an office
As the Registrar of North York,
Very just and kind and courteous,
To all with whom he may have dealings,
While engaged in the performance
Of the duties of his office,
Of his official position.

But here poor Pat must take to plain, unvarnished
prose again, for to write on after this manner, and at
such length, for each and every friend he has found in
this busy and prosperous town, would extend this chapter
to a most unreasonable length; so he will start to give
the names and business notices of his friends and

patrons, with a special notice here and there, as occasion calls for it:

- Dr. Widdifield, M. P. P., 20.
 Walter Playter, Dry Goods and Groceries, 20.
 Dr. Rogers, 50.
 J. Nash, M. D., 10.
 J. J. Pearson, Registrar of North York, 25.
 James Harman, 10.
 W. Bogart, Photographic Artist, 20.
 N. Johnson, Domestic Sewing Machine Dealer, 10.
 A. & E. Forsythe, Millinery and Dressmaking, 10.
 Thomas Gain, Merchant Tailor, 10.
 James Kelman, Chemist and Druggist, 10.
 J. Bastedo, Postmaster, 10.
 A. Simpson, Dry Goods and Clothing, 10.
 — Gofurne, Stationer, 10.
 W. ———, Saddler, 10.
 J. ———, 10.
 J. Cassidy, Marble Dealer, 10.
 John McNaughton, 10.
 Mrs. E. D. Beckett, Millinery, Dress and Mantle-making, Knitted and Fancy Goods, 10.
 W. Keitch, General Merchant, 10.
 Atkinson, the Jeweller, 10.
 Misses Wilkin, Dressmaking, 10.
 George Willis, Barber and Hair-Dresser, Razors ground, 15.
 A. Smith, China Hall, china, crockery, glass-ware and groceries, 10.
 J. C. Cain, Woodenware Work, Lumber, etc.; this factory is one of the institutions of Newmarket, and is a great boon, as well as a credit, to the town, 25.
 John Hood, Carriage Trimmer; carriage tops a specialty, 10.
 P. J. O'Mally, Grocer, Wine and Liquor Merchant, 20.
 P. J. Flanagan, Union Hotel, 10.
 Charles Dunne, 10.
 Miss M. E. Eagle, Milliner.
 Mrs. Martin Robinson.
 "Happy Tom" (Thomas Townsend), Salvation Army, "Saved through the blood of the Lamb."
 Robert Fulton, Carriage Builder, 10.
 L. B. Pearson, 10.
 John Graham, 10.
 Robert Newburn, who has a brother in Parry Sound, 10.
 Robert B. Grier, Station Master, 10.
 Capt. Thos. J. C. Mitchell, Salvation Army.
 Lieut. Mitchell, "Saved through the blood of Jesus."

R. Moore, 10.
 Mrs. C. M. Simpson, Fancy
 Goods and Patent Medi-
 cines.
 David Floyd, Division Court
 Clerk, 10.
 Archd. Campbell, Stoves,
 Hardware and Tinware,
 10.
 M. L. Jones, Photographer,
 Pictures and Photo-
 graphs (all sizes) from
 locket to life size, 10.
 Mrs. Walker Calhoun, 10.
 H. E. Noylan, Esq., Livery
 Stables, office nearly op-
 posite the Royal Hotel,
 25.

Callet Louie Cowan, "Wash-
 ed in the blood of the
 Lamb."

M. L. Hogaboom, 10.

James Allen, 10.

Rev. J. H. Starr, C. M., 10.
 John Manning & Son, Car-
 riage Builders and Gen-
 eral Blacksmiths, 10.

Mrs. Quatt, 10.

A. A. Ramsay, Solicitor,
 10.

John Bell Nash.

B. F. Reesor (Reesor &
 Bros., Merchant Millers),
 75.

John Brumson, Carriage
 Builder, 10.

Reesor & Bros. own the finest flour mill in New-
 market, the finest grist mills Pat has seen anywhere. On
 the — of January, 1884, an intensely cold and exceed-
 ingly stormy day, Pat Prodpen entered this mill, where
 he found several persons seated around a large box
 stove. One of them, a good-looking, intelligent and pre-
 possessing gentleman, gave Pat a friendly welcome, and
 Pat, taking a comfortable seat by the stove, soon found
 himself at home in the company of this affable gentleman,
 with whom he got into a somewhat entertaining if not
 an edifying conversation. Among other things Pat told
 him about his having on the preceding day come across a
 queer kind of a girl, the "beloved" daughter of an old
 deaf man called Manning, who lives on Main street, at
 the north side of Newmarket, who, when he showed her
 a pencil sketch he had made of old Tim Bogart, a



close-fisted saddler, who encumbers one of the best business sites in Newmarket with one of the smallest and meanest buildings in the town, held up her hands in holy horror at Pat's inconceivable wickedness, his utter depravity, and entire want of Christian charity. Pat asked one of the men sitting around the stove (the miller, he thinks,) to give him the name of the person who had the reputation of being the meanest man in Newmarket. He said, "Old Joe Bogart." Pat Prodden's esteemed young friend, John Bell Nash, bore like testimony, adding thereto that "Joe drives an old blind



horse, and he is all the time "wipping and a wissling." He is always grumbling, and he is a disgrace to the town." But Pat must leave this "disgrace to the town" and his "old blind horse" for more agreeable company, and a comfortable seat (on one of the coldest and stormiest days of this exceptionally cold and stormy winter) beside a big box stove in this splendid mill. Besides this mill Messrs. B. F. Reesor and J. A. Reesor own another mill at Cedar Grove, in the township of Markham, 25 miles from Newmarket. These mills have a combined capacity of from 250 to 300 barrels of flour per day of extra good quality for local and foreign consumption. During the past week and pleasant week that Pat has spent in Newmarket this winter, he found a comfortable and quiet home, an excellent bed and a good table, at Mrs. Nash's boarding house.

That excellent institution, the Salvation Army, had taken possession of Newmarket several weeks before Pat visited the town. He went to see it twice the Sunday he was in Newmarket. At first his impressions were not favorable, but it was not long before his impressions and opinions underwent a complete change, and he now knows it to be a thing blessed by God for the saving and salvation of many souls that would otherwise perish. The leading members of this army in Newmarket were five in number. Capt. Mitchell, an open-browed, fair-featured, well-favored man, rather under than over the medium size and height, with large, keen, dark, rather restless yet quiet eyes. He was neatly dressed in a dark blue uniform, with braid on shoulders and wrist-bands; a neat, trim, quiet, self-possessed, gentlemanly man. His wife, Lieutenant Mitchell, is a remarkably handsome lady, with a full, fair, fresh face, fair hair slightly gold-tinted, a pleasant smile, and a sweetly mobile mouth; dark-brown eyes, with a cross in one of them that rather added to than detracted from the attraction her presence possessed. She is a most graceful speaker, and her playing on the tambourine seemed the very essence of the poetry of motion, and her singing like the music of a dream of Paradise falling on the ears of a saint whose eyes are about to close on earth forever, with the hallowed light of a glorious golden vision irradiating his fastly fixing features. She was neatly dressed in a plain, unadorned, tight-fitting boddice and gown of some dark blue, warm-looking woollen material, that set off her graceful form to the very best advantage. Her fair companion, Cadet Louise Cowan, was dressed in a similar manner. She is also a very fair-faced, fresh-complexioned young lady, with dark eyes and a graceful figure, rather under the medium size. She is a fluent speaker, inspired by a desire to save human souls to adorn her as with a necklace of sparkling gems, in the heavenly kingdom of her dear Redeemer. Another member of this group of five is a tall, slim, slightly-built, low-browed, dark-faced young man, with full features, not remarkable for intelligence or intellectuality; nevertheless, he appeared to pray and plead well. Next comes "Happy Tom" (Mr. Thomas Townsend), with a fair, florid, rather flushed

face (not remarkable, considering how earnestly he prayed); he has a broad, expansive forehead, an oval face downwards; an aquiline nose, regular features, and a pleasant, good-humoured countenance. Writing of Happy Tom in Pat's note-book, Captain Mitchell eloquently says: "Happy Tom is earnest in everything he does or says. He is a thorough Christian in every sense of the word. He has been a very hard drinker and swearer, but through the instrumentality of the Salvation Army he has become a reformed man. There are thousands of such cases every day in the ranks of the Salvation Army. They have, with the instruments in God's hands of doing a great work in Newmarket. God grant it may continue."—CAPT. MITCHELL. To which Pat Prodden most fervently responds, Amen; so be it, O God! The Salvation Army is doing a grand and a glorious work in converting and saving the worst of sinners. Some people may, and undoubtedly do, think their ways are peculiar, but what does this signify so long as they yield good and precious fruit? Pat will give another Salvation Army paragraph as Captain Mitchell or Mrs. Mitchell wrote it in his note-book: "We have been greatly assisted by members of every denomination, with the exception of the English Church, and the ministers helped us at all times when they could possibly do so."—CAPT. MITCHELL, LIEUT. MITCHELL, CADET COWAN. On Pat's remarking that he thought the Church of England ministers must be very bigoted not to countenance and assist such a good cause, Miss Cowan told him they "make it a rule never to speak against a minister," and he thinks this a good and a wise rule as far as the Salvation Army is concerned, but he does not implicitly believe in its infallibility in every case and under all circumstances. The paragraphs Pat has given will serve to show that Captain Mitchell is not only an educated but an eloquent man. Crowded as Pat's space is, he will give Happy Tom's testimony or experience as he himself wrote it in Pat's note-book, and just as he wrote it, spelling and all: "Mr. Thomas Townsend, I was one of the uttermost sinners ever lived, but the Lord broke my horns here and brought me to a fold, and I am living in Christ and for Christ's health; I have draughts

the Devel off, and By the grant of God I mean to meate my heavenly father; that is all I have living for, is to bring prebush souls that is going downe to hell. But by the grace of God I have going to fight for Justice as long as he gives me Breath, and I have prepared to meate my God. Amen."

Testimony or experience of Cadet Louie Cowan, just as this young lady wrote it herself in Pat's note-book: "I have been saved through the Salvation Army in Toronto." It is doing a wonderful work—men that have drunk, and all that is bad, have been converted through the Salvation Army. The secret of it is the Lord's will with us, and so it matters not who are against us." (Here, dear young friend, Pat takes the liberty of expressing a different opinion. Certainly the help and favor of God is a matter of the most vital importance, yet the favor and assistance of men is also a matter of great consequence. But to continue Miss Cowan's paragraph.) "Except ye likewise repent, ye shall perish. Turn to your God from idols, and serve the true and living God. How shall ye escape if ye neglect so great salvation."—**CADET LOUIE COWAN.**

Pat has given this subject a large portion of his space from a sense of its importance. He does not consider that he has given it more prominence than it deserves, as the everlasting salvation of perishing yet never-dying souls is the most serious and important thing that can engage the attention, or enlist the sympathies and services of man.

Life is short, and time is fleeting,

Fleeting, fading, flying fast;

Day after day from us retreating,

We know not which may be our last.

Then help us, aid us, God Almighty,

To love, obey Thee and Thy laws;

His dreams are vain, his schemes are flighty,

Who owns Thee not as a First Cause.

A risky reckoning on to-morrow,

We slight, neglect the present day;

Fill to the brim a cup of sorrow,

To drink when death calls us away.

O, let us turn our thoughts to Jesus,
 The present that is only ours,
 When sorrows cease and sickness ceases,
 His love can brighten life's dark hours.

CHAPTER V.

RAGVILLE AND RICHMOND HILL.

Pat left Newmarket on Friday morning, the 29th of January, 1884, an intensely cold but exceedingly beautiful day. The sun, a blazing disk of burnished gold, hung in a clear, unclouded field of azure blue, while over the silver-crowned walls landscape floated a gauzy veil of silvery mist. The scene presented to the eye looked like a dream of fairyland—a bright vision of the emerald azure fields of heaven.

On his way down Yonge street Pat stopped at the pleasant home of a worthy couple, where he had a good



dinner. After dinner he visited the home of a worthy widow Lady, Mrs. McLeod, a few rods across the street, whose fair daughter, Miss Louie McLeod, bought a book as soon as Pat showed it to her, making the second one she bought from him this winter. Altogether, she treated Pat so kindly and courteously, that he considers her the nicest young lady on Yonge street from end to end outside of his own relations. Her conduct was in marked contrast to that of a giggling girl in Aurora, who threatened to broomstick Pat because, "Just for fun," he asked her how old she was. Pat will not tell her name this time. Pat had a very cold tramp down Yonge street that Friday afternoon from Aurora to his cousin's, Robert Elliott, at Oak Ridges, as he had on a pair of

No. 9 boots and only one pair of socks. He got his feet frost-bitten so badly that he suffers yet, and when at Brampton a few weeks ago they felt so sore at times, and caused him to walk with such an unsteady gait, that he would not be surprised to learn that some one thought he was "in liquor," which he never was in his life. Pat got "them boots" on credit from Mr. M. B. Faugher, merchant of Aurora, in December, and only paid for them the week before last (Thursday, Feb. 21st.) Pat merely mentions this circumstance to have an opportunity of offering his best thanks to Mr. Faugher for the kind and generous treatment he has always received from him. Pat would also take this opportunity of tendering his best thanks to his fair daughter, Miss Leila Faugher, for her kindness and courtesy.

On reaching Robert Elliott's he got Robert to accompany him after supper to his cousin's, Mrs. Rutherford, as his time was limited, and he wished to see her and her family before leaving the neighborhood. She gave Pat a kind welcome and most hospitable entertainment. Mrs. Rutherford is a most worthy and amiable lady. She was one of Pat's playmates in the happy days of childhood, when he lived "in the old house at home." Mrs. Rutherford has a fine family of gifted sons and graceful daughters. Her third son, W. J. Campbell Rutherford, in particular, has natural gifts and talents of such a high order, that if sedulously cultivated, they cannot fail of securing him success and distinction. Pat remained at his cousin's well-furnished and comfortable home that Friday night, and had an excellent dinner the



next day at a good hostelry in the little village of Elgin's Corners. This appeared to be one of the most wretchedly poor places Pat has yet visited, to judge from the ragged condition of the clothing of that portion of its population that came under his observation during his

very short stay in it. It was rags and tatters and tears and rents, and rents and tears and tatters and rags, repeated over and over and over again. If Pat is not mistaken, Mr. Joyce, the hosiery weaver, was the only person in the place who had managed to clothe himself in a whole suit of clothes. Before Pat left Ragville, a cutter with a young man and woman in it drove into the village and stopped in front of the little blacksmith shop when a woman came out of an adjoining house to greet the young lady in the cutter. Pat looked at this woman when, behold! he saw that she was also in rags; he then made his way to the little grocery store in this hamlet,

to see if its proprietor was not also clothed in the characteristic habiliments of the place, when, sure enough, Pat found his coat had several rents and tears in it, and one sleeve at least was out at the elbow, and his waistcoat was greatly the worse for the hard usage it had received at the hands of time. The seat of his trousers also greatly resembled the seat of the trousers once worn by "Paddy, from Cork."

Paddy raised his voice and said: Calling at a house about half a mile down the street, the door was opened by a pleasant-faced young woman. Asking her whether the hamlet was in the limits of Richmond Hill or Elgin, Corners, he found it belonged to Ragville. Pat glanced at her when he saw that her jacket had several rents in it, and one or more buttons gone, and one sleeve out at the elbow.

Pat mournfully grabbed his valise again. And "made tracks" for Young Street, at his heart a dull

Depressed in spirits, and "down in the mouth," As sadly he turned his face to the south.

Since the times must be hard in such places as these,
 Where the people's rage flutters like leaves in a breeze;
 And poor Paddy thinks this such a hard case,
 That he will try to create a breeze in this place.

On reaching Richmond Hill he received a different reception from the one he met with in Ragville. This beautiful village occupies an elevated position on Yonge street, one of the finest macadamised roads in Ontario, and it commands an extensive and beautiful bird's-eye view of the wealthy farming country around it, and a long vista view of Yonge street north and south. Its size and population considered, it is greatly distinguished for the number and size, and the beauty and costliness, of its different churches, and for the efficiency of its grammar and high schools and other educational institutions; and it is also noted for the number of large and well-stocked stores it contains, and the magnitude of the business transacted by their enterprising proprietors, who deserve all the patronage they receive. Pat does not remember having seen a ragged person in the town during his short sojourn in it, with one exception, whom he will notice presently; and whereas Pat only made 10c. in Ragville, he made nearly \$3 in Richmond Hill in less than two hours. It gives Pat real pleasure to record the names of some of those kind friends who patronised him during his recent flying visit to this prosperous town:

M. H. Keefer, Editor *Ex-
 alt*, 10.

M. Teefy, Postmaster, 10.
 Isaac Crosby, Dry Goods,
 Crockery, Groceries, etc,
 10.

John Coulter, Merchant
 Tailor, 10.

H. Sanderson & Son,
 Chemists & Druggists, 10.

W. H. Pugsby, Butcher
 and Cattle Dealer, 10.

Robert Sivers, Boot and
 Shoemaker.

Robert Sivers, the miserable old scallawag, with holes in the backside of his breeches and his shirt-tail protruding through them, wrote his name and his advertising notice in Pat's book, and then refused to pay Pat the necessary 10c, expecting Pat to give him an advertising notice and a book free of charge, as if printing and paper

were as cheap as snow or rain-water. This old man was about the only mean person Pat found in Richmond Hill on his recent visit, but he is sure there must be at least one more very mean person in the town, if the individual who slandered Mr. Lawler lives in it.

A. L. Steele, Watchmaker
and Jeweller, 10.

C. Mason, Stoves & Hard-
ware, 10.

Jacob Eyer, Lot 23, Con.
5, Markham, 10.

J. Lusk, Sewing Machine
and Organ Agent, 10.

Alender Moodie, Dry Goods
and Groceries, 10.

Charles Lawler, Painter,
35.

Mr. Lawler showed Pat a notice in the local paper contradicting a report that some malicious person had put into circulation to the effect that he has a wife living in Barrie, and he asked Pat to notice this false and cowardly slander in his next book. Of all mean and cowardly things, one of the vilest, and most cowardly is to strike a man in the dark, and is of itself a proof that the person who acts thus is not entitled to the smallest consideration, and is only deserving of contempt and repro-
bation.

F. M. Canaghy, Boots and
Shoes, 10.

Bart McConnell, 10.

Pugsley & Glass, Butchers,
10.

Mr. Atkinson, Dry Goods,
Groceries, Crockery and
Glassware, 20.

Speath & Gorman, Cheap
Cash Store, 10.

John Brown, Groceries and
Provisions, Boots and
Shoes, 10.

Wm. Harrison, Harnes
Maker, 10.

Mrs. Harrison, Li-quer Tea
Store, 10.

CHAPTER VI.

WESTON.

The first place Pat visited after the book he wrote and got printed in December, 1883, was ready for him, was Weston, a pleasant and pretty village on the river Humber, about 8 miles west from the western limits of Toronto, and he feels truly grateful to the many kind friends he found in this favored place, which he hopes may in a few years be the western suburb of Toronto.

Pat thinks Toronto is making a very small spoon of herself for the mean way she is treating the enterprising town of Parkdale in the matter of the subway or roadway now in process of construction to permit travellers to pass under instead of having to cross over the Grand Trunk, the Grey & Bruce, the Credit Valley and the Northern Railways, all of which railways cross Dufferin street (the boundary line between Toronto and Parkdale) diagonally in parallel lines within a few yards of each other. Surely Toronto ought to show herself manly (or rather womanly) enough to be willing to bear the cost of constructing that portion of the subway that will be within her limits. The construction of this road to permit travellers to have a safe passage under, instead of a risky crossing over, the various lines of railway, is absolutely necessary if human lives, to say nothing of human souls, are of any value in the sight of God or man. And is it not a mean thing for such a large and wealthy and prosperous city—and her 50 years old yesterday (March 6th, 1884)—to repudiate every cent of the cost of constructing that part of this most necessary work that will be in her own limits, leaving the whole expense of this undertaking to be borne by a little town not yet in its teens. Perhaps some querulous querist will ask Pat, "What business is this of yours? meddle with what concerns you?" but this matter does concern him, or at least it did very nearly concern him at one time, when, as he was looking at a piece of writing he held in his hand, and was in the very act of stepping on a railway track, an engine and tender came rushing past. It was a "close shave" for Pat Proppen, but he had a still closer one at another time when a train of gravel cars stood on the line of the Northern Railway, extending over the road and sidewalk, with an opening in the train just over the sidewalk, barely sufficient to allow a person to pass through. And Pat did pass through once, and had scarcely passed between the bulkheads of the cars standing each side of the sidewalk, when they came together with a concussion that would have most effectually put a period to Pat Proppen's pilgrimage, if he had happened to be between them. It was only a matter of two or three seconds between Pat's time and eternity.

But Pat must return to Mr. John Eagle's hotel at Weston to offer his best thanks to Mr. Eagle for the very kind and gentlemanly usage he has received from him, and this will apply to his brother Mr. Edward Eagle, one of the finest-looking gentlemen Pat knows in Weston, almost a perfect model for a Hercules in shape, and size and substance, about or over 6 feet in height, and weighing about 275 pounds. There is also another good friend of Pat's, Proppan, living across the street from Mr. Eagle's place of business, Mr. John Linton, a remarkably fine-looking gentleman, not so tall as Mr. Eagle, but about 10 or 15 pounds heavier. Weston appears to be prospering (notwithstanding the periodical recurrence of the chronic evil, hard times), to judge from the number of fine buildings recently put up in it, including a fine and spacious brick store and commodious residence recently erected, and opened and occupied, by those enterprising gentlemen, Messrs. Rowntree & Padget. Pat has received very generous treatment from the good people of Weston, as his readers can easily see when they scan the list of prices paid him by his kind patrons for his little book, as he now proceeds to put them down in the order received, except when special notices are given, which he will put in the beginning or reserve for the end of the list.

Sidney Barnes, Dry Goods,
Groceries & Crockery, 15.

James O'Donnell, 10.

John Brown, Carriage, Wag-
gon and Sleigh maker,
15.

Miss E. Coulter, 10.

Mrs. F. Rowntree, 10.

Mrs. May, 10.

Mrs. James McLane, Bags,
Groceries and Fancy

Goods. A most respect-
able and deserving wid-
ow lady, whose store Pat

Proppan hopes his friends
will patronize, 15.

Charles Forsythe, 10.

George Lane, Boots and
Shoes, Sewing Machine
Agent, 17.

Robert Wood, Stoves and
Tinware, and Coal Oil
Lamps, 15.

Mr. Theo. Cowan, 10.

Henry Smith, Barber and
Hair Dresser, 15.

Rowntree & Padget, Cloth-
ing, Dry Goods, Crock-
ery and Glassware, 15.

A. M. White, 10.

J. Noble, 10.

Robert Flynn, Franklin
Bee and Shoe maker,
15.

- | | |
|--|----------------------------|
| D. Maguire, Premium Boot and Shoe maker, 25. | Wm. Beamish, 10. |
| W. Fitzpatrick, 10. | C. E. Dode, Station Agent |
| Owls, Holley, 10. | G. T. Ry., 10. |
| Mrs. Smith, 10. | Mrs. Moore, 10. |
| Mrs. Adelaide E. Thom- | W. J. Chariton, M.D., 10. |
| son, 10. | James Ryan, 10. |
| H. J. Conran, 10. | Joseph Hill, Section Fore- |
| Miss Nellie Conran, 10. | man, T.G. & B. Ry., 20. |
| A. Coulter, 10. | Mary Anne Howard, 10. |
| M. A. Scott, Provisions, | William Tyrrell, Esq., 25. |
| Crochery and Glassware, | Mrs. Cruickshank, 25. |
| 15. | D. Sloas, 10. |
| J. W. Banks, Medical Hall, | Mrs. Watson, 10. |
| 15. | Miss S. Foster, 10. |
| Edward Aiken, M.D., 10. | John Graham, House Car- |
| John Barber, Florist, 25. | penter County Conestable |
| Mrs. Thomas Ryan, Board- | and Village Assessor, |
| ing house, 10. | an old friend in our boy- |
| Mr. B. Flurman, Foundry | ish days, the days o' auld |
| and Machine Shop, 15. | lang syne. |
| J. Linton, Bee Hive Store, | Robert Moody, 10. |
| Dry Goods, Boots and | Jas. Flanning, Miller, 10. |
| Shoes and Clothing, 25. | Samuel Jefferson, 10. |
| Edward Eagle, Pork Pack- | William Lented, 10. |
| er, and General Dealer; | James Madden, Butcher, |
| Ice Cream Parlor in its | 10. |
| season, 25. | R. & W. Longstaff, Pumps, |
| | 25. |

The splendid pump factory of the Messrs. R. & W. Longstaff is one of the principal industries of Weston, and is a strong contrast to the pigmy-pump shop in Aurora, which is a "disgrace to the town," and Pat is almost tempted to say that its owner, George Bice, is a "disgrace" to humanity, he is so mean and stingy. He promised to buy one of Pat's little books, and then when Pat went to see him about it and offered him his "ill-gest" little book with his own picture on it, and a notice of his pump business in his next book, Pat failed to pump a single cent out of him, for the old alunkum-dodger went back on Pat and his promise, but he said he would take one of Pat's next book with his advertisement in it. But Pat is too old and experienced to be

caught with such chaff. How would he know but that when he went to Bice with his next book, and Bice's advertising notice in it, that he might not go back on him again, and tell him to take that notice out of his book, he was not satisfied with it, and he would not give him a cent for it. No, "Georgy Porgy," you won't get a chance to play that "little trick" on Pat Proppen. Pat does not expect George will ever rise above the level of a well-digger and well-cleaner, with such a disposition as he has got. Perhaps his wife is as much to blame as he is. You don't catch the gentlemanly pump manufacturers of Weston strolling about the country with picks on their shoulders and spades in their hands, begging people to let them clean their old wells out or dig new ones for them. No, sir; they leave this mean work to Georgy Porgy, while themselves and their servants are adjusting scores of pumps every day in the season in wells already dug. One of the brothers took Pat through the factory, and he was astonished at the amount of work shown, as well as the superior quality of the work itself. If Pat is not mistaken, the Messrs. Longstaff & Brothers sold 1,000 of their pumps the last season.

Another leading industry of Weston is the large wagon and carriage factory of Messrs. James Cruickshank & Sons. These gentlemen are the patentees and sole manufacturers of the justly celebrated detachable spring wagon for farmers, teamsters, and market gardeners, universally admitted by all competent judges to be the best, most efficient, as well as the cheapest article of the kind to be found. About two years ago they leased the old McDougall mill for a term of years, and having introduced the best and most improved machinery to be obtained, and their motive power being supplied by the Humber river, they feel quite certain of being able to turn out superior work at as low if not lower rates than can be purchased for elsewhere. Mr. Cruickshank, Sr., is also undertaker and funeral furnisher for the village, and every article required in his line can be had from him on the shortest notice and at the most reasonable rates.

To Mr. John Eagle Pat also owes his best thanks. His hotel is one of the best west of Toronto. Its

[The text in this block is extremely faint and mostly illegible. It appears to be a dense block of text, possibly a commentary or a translation of a biblical passage. Some faint words and phrases can be discerned, such as "the Lord", "the Holy Spirit", "the church", and "the apostle".]

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might have done if he had been placed in some similar
 situation. He thought, however, that he would do
 his duty to the best of his ability. The conduct of his
 superiors was, he thought, very different from
 what he had seen in his own country. He was
 surprised to find that the officers were not only
 well dressed, but that they were also very
 polite. He was particularly struck by the
 cleanliness of the barracks, and the order
 which prevailed in every part of the camp.
 He was also struck by the civility of the
 officers, and the attention which they paid
 to the comfort of the soldiers. He was
 particularly struck by the attention which
 they paid to the cleanliness of the barracks,
 and the order which prevailed in every
 part of the camp. He was also struck by
 the civility of the officers, and the
 attention which they paid to the
 comfort of the soldiers. He was
 particularly struck by the attention
 which they paid to the cleanliness of
 the barracks, and the order which
 prevailed in every part of the camp.

The old fellow exhibited an expressed
 about as much intelligence as the face
 of a greenhorn. He was looking at
 the old fellow with a look of surprise
 and indignation. He had had
 position and dignity. He was
 to day, while it was still
 instincts and disposition.
 from what he had seen in
 equal force and once for
 let may have occurred
 narrative. But
 man,
 bridge.

The account in this...
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plant, energy, enterprise and business talents displayed by many of the leading citizens, notably Mr. John Abell and the Wallace Brothers, who are made fine examples of what the possession of some business genius will enable their possessions to accomplish in the way of building up and carrying on large, successful and remunerative business concerns, far so far from anything outside of the agricultural interest in making a country prosperous and progressive. For Pat Frodpen feels most sincerely grateful for the encouragement given to his undertaking by these estimable gentlemen. They have shown the spirit of true patriots in condemning and encouraging a home production. Pat will not go so far as to say "and native talent," the amount of talent, or the possession of any talent, is in his case not a question for himself but for others to decide. Pat would also tender his most grateful thanks to Dr. Grant and his estimable lady, to Mr. McNellis and a number of other friends and patrons in Woodbridge, most of whose names he has proceeds to write down, stopping to make remarks in special cases as circumstances may require.

- Anthony Taylor, Jr.
- John E. Harris, Jr.
- John Watt, Jr.
- Dr. Grant, Jr.
- R. T. Wallace, Jr.
- J. E. Bennett, Clerk Farm and College, Woodbridge, Va.
- Alexander P. Smith, Jr.
- Thomas Howard, Editor News Herald, Woodbridge, Va.

- Wm. Martin General Merchandise, and well assorted stock of all goods, groceries, clothing, hardware, and iron and steel, &c.
- H. Oswald, Photographer.
- Wallace Brothers, General Store, &c.
- T. R. McNellis, Co.

To Mr. McNellis Pat owes his special thanks. When in Woodbridge he was able to receive about ten names for his book through Mr. McNellis's influence in his firm. That firm makes their name a part of Mr. McNellis's in every thing they do. The Wallace Brothers have large general stores own a splendid stock of goods and a large amount of other property. They are all doing exceedingly well and are very generous when God has prospered them, with their good will, they prosper people, and

Harper who keeps a little shop by the foot store, or some
 other name. What was the first thing that was
 made, and ornamented, is the suit which the
 upper part, representing Punch and Judy, and
 and lower, and kindred creations, of Jenny's wonderful
 fancy and remarkable inventive genius. These garments,
 looking like creatures, were about three inches in length
 and were suspended gallow-fashion by pieces of thread
 from the horizontal cross bars of the high-backed seats
 in the shops. "we were the first of the Lilliputians."
 What could these poor little things have done or
 being kept by the works like the others. The second
 another lined-couled, close-fitted, fellow in the
 James Wright—but Pat thinks the name is unknown.
 James is an under-sized, thin-featured, pink-skinned,
 monkey-mouthed man, who if his body were as
 proper to the size of his snout, would be a sort of Wood-
 henge Goliath. His knees looked very much as if they
 had had a war had quarrel in their early days, and had
 kept "their own" ever since. But so common is the
 name, that Brother. They bought five of Pat's
 books, and Mr. N. C. Wallace, M.P., subscribed for five
 copies of the new book. He paid him 30c. in advance.
 J. ... David Todd, JP.
 ... E. S. Armstrong, JP.
 ... Wm. Armstrong, JP.
 ... J. B. ...
 ... J. R. ...
 ... Thomas ...
 ... Wm. ...
 ... Mrs. ...
 ... Richard ...
 ... Wm. ...
 ... Henry ...
 ... ware and Tinware, 20 ...
 ... The ...
 ... John ...
 ... of other ...
 ... with

he kept three in hand, is a daughter of Mr. Daniel
 Wall's son, who used to live on the hill in the north of
 Toronto, between the mud and god consecrated York
 township. So you will see, from this historical view
 that cannot give all the Fine Grove manuscript account.

Pat's friend, Thomas Galt, who is a doctor, and
 perhaps is willing him to be one without being so yet
 old Mickey Leeson in his "man book". He told how
 Mickey was "killed" and that he had seen all
 "something" John Low and threatening to "murder"
 him "with a stone" and he showed the goods that he
 took down into a stall behind the bar in St. Andrew's
 man's set in this canvassing in St. Andrew's
 tax. He talked in a boat with some friends when he
 found a proposition of a woman with whom he had
 some bookkeeping with out. She told him she did
 not think of that book. On Pat's asking her why
 she did not like him and if he had known her
 relations. She answered, "Yes, he had known her
 relations." Pat, on hearing of his friend Mr. Galt's
 house, thought that he would like to see her. This
 did not work as he had expected. This
 there was a woman who was in a state of indignation
 and was not willing to be seen by him. He
 found out that she was a woman who was in a
 state of indignation and was not willing to be
 seen by him. He had a casual visit with her in
 other places and she was not willing to be seen by
 him. He was asked by Pat for
 paper and he said that he had not book for him to
 write in. He said that he had not time to write in it.

CHAPTER VII

[The text in this section is extremely faint and illegible due to the quality of the scan. It appears to be a continuation of the narrative.]

went to California and made a bundle of bank bills, and then came back to enjoy the comforts of a quiet home in his native town of Drumpton. On Pat's recent visit to Hampton, his present home, (1883-1884,) he did not go back to the Graham House for the reason that experience taught him that he could not there enjoy the conveniences of a quiet place to write in unless he went in his bed-room, and in the winter season a room with one a fire-burner in it together you could see Pat feel "at home" in it. Certainly the Graham House has several nice warm sitting-rooms, but they are public not private property, and last winter Pat has often attracted a crowd of rustic pupils the table at which he was writing in one of these rooms, beside a comfortable coal stove, the glass with open-sloshed, wide-eyed window at Sam Prosper's son rapidly rolling the vapor-puffs of his smoking pipe with spider tracks, and by Mitchell Sam on the occasion of his last visit received to seek out a suitable boarding-house, and this he found in the clean, comfortable, pleasant home of Mrs. Ewart, a young widow lady, a most respectable and delightful woman, whose husband was one of the many Cornishmen who have fallen victims to the Manitoba fever. He died a few days in December last in Manitoba, and Mrs. Ewart returned to Drumpton, a weeping widow with her fatherless children. Mrs. Ewart keeps one of the best and cleanest, and cheapest boarding-houses of which Pat has as yet had any experience. Not only had Pat a very pleasant home in Mrs. Ewart's, but pleasant company as well, as there were there young ladies, school teachers, and some young gentlemen. Mr. James Malbone, a well-known writer in his village office, and two bright boys came to it, attending school in Drumpton from a distance, boarding at Mrs. Ewart's. Pat only knew the name of one of the young ladies, namely, Miss Emily Gandy, sister of David. The boys' names were Herbert Hall and Ernest Middleton. Besides the young ladies mentioned there was a fourth, the oldest daughter of Pat's landlady, a very bright young lady of about 20 and the Miss Alice Ewart, and these four young ladies formed a bright group of beautiful girls that could be had elsewhere in any other boarding-house in the town.

had been a married lady and poor Pat a married man, he would infallibly have fallen in love with her at first sight, as his heart is as soft and susceptible in such matters as a moist mud pie. She told Pat that her husband's name was _____, well, Pat will not tell what it was, as the lady told Pat he might say anything he liked about her, only not to tell her name, as her husband might not like it. She told Pat that her husband had last season been mate of a sailing vessel called the _____, traversing lakes Erie, Ontario, Huron, the Georgian Bay, river St. Clair and the Welland Canal, but that his headquarters were at Port Colborne on Lake Erie, which she said Pat was her home. She was acquainted with several individuals (whom Pat knows in Parry Sound), including Mrs. Tebeyee, of McKellar, and her family; Mrs. Barney and her poor (unfortunate blind son Peter Head, who used to live at Lorimer lake, township of Kegonsas, Parry Sound. Old John Barney, who this lady told Pat was a minister—but she must have been wrongly informed by some interested person, as old John Barney is only a cooper in McKellar, and never was out for a minister, only something resembling the shape of a shadowy shape of one. He does not live with his wife, and that Pat asked Mr. Fernis at Lorimer lake, one of their neighbors, why they did not live together, as which he ironically replied, "Incompatibility of temper." Now, while poor, forsaken, despised, half-brother-hearted John Barney drags off a miserable existence in McKellar, his wife holds high carnival in a boarding house which she keeps in Toronto. Poor Pat, quite recently paid her place a visit with the object of selling a book to her, in the meanwhile Mr. Head might hear Pat's narrative of the ways and weas and wailings of his old Parry Sound acquaintance, Tommie Wabton, Master-mechanic, Medicinotou. Pat's readers will notice how graciously he tries to accommodate his narrative to Wabton's capacity and especially sublime pretensions—and indeed, dear Pat, for the present Pat will leave him to take care of himself, while he returns to Mrs. Barney's boarding house in Toronto. Mrs. Barney refused poor blank to purchase one of Pat's periodicals, telling him in substance that she had a hard work to scratch along

My thoughts when torn to the dust ones at home.
 For though I may roam the wide world around,
 It is only at home my heart's treasures are found.
 My loved treasures are found,
 'Tis only at home my heart's treasures are found.

Four Fat Frodden is so presumptuous as to think he
 could saish and fix his place up into a real nice song,
 but he really has the time to attend to it now. He has
 only space to spare for a tiny thing advertisement for Thos.
 Woodhouse—the justly celebrated King of cheap King
 street clothing and dry goods merchants, No. 123-
 127 King street east, opposite the Cathedral—and one
 Frodden himself.

For Thomas Woodhouse once again
 Pat Frodden strikes a singing strain,
 And swags his Jew's head loud and long
 To sound his praises—'tis not wrong
 To give just praise where praise is due,
 As Fat is now about to do.
 The king of clothes on King street,
 His stock is large, new and complete
 For latest patterns, new designs
 In all the regions leading lines
 Of dry goods, clothing ready-made,
 He has no equal in the trade,
 His stock of carpets, rugs and flax
 Of rich materials, all the best
 Three by, all the way, all the way
 Are (you know) a treat to see.

His all other things the best of all
 Come to your mind, call around
 His stock of business will be found
 To suit the place you cannot find
 This is the place where you can find
 all the things you need, give him a call
 He will be glad to see you all
 and as a result, the whole
 business center and the clock work
 would be perfect to express in satisfaction at the event

MRS. GLASS AND MRS. HUMBLE

A PROVERB BALLAD

Once on a time it came to pass
Pat Trooper met with Mrs. Glass

A stately woman, he is sure,

Or else it may be she is poor.

She lives next Stable village, Vanchar,

Where her husband's name is John,

It may be John or John or John,

Pat does not care, he must not say

But hints to notice Mrs. Humble,

Whose conduct made poor Paddy grumble.

It was so mean, unmannered too,

Perhaps he'll rather say to you

If dead, and that's the best of all,

She had a husband's name that's tall,

Her feet are small in the extreme,

Her face is only as a cream,

Her cheeks are hollow, thin and pale,

Her eyes are hollow, like a hole,

She lives at Stable village, Vanchar,

Now Pat suggests the name of John,

But what about her husband's name,

His name is John, and that's the end,

A husband for a name that's grand,

As you will say, and that's the plan,

(As Pat may say, and that's the plan)

This ballad tells of a man and a woman,

Who live at Stable village, Vanchar,

In conclusion, it is to be said,

And heartily thank you for the ballad,

Which you have written for me to read,

And heartily thank you for the ballad,

Which you have written for me to read,

And heartily thank you for the ballad,

Which you have written for me to read,

And heartily thank you for the ballad,

Which you have written for me to read,

And heartily thank you for the ballad,

Which you have written for me to read,

And heartily thank you for the ballad,

Which you have written for me to read,

way the intelligent and skilful type-setter deciphered his miserably-written manuscript. In connection with this subject, Fat cannot help thinking of the great difference, the wide distance, between the brains and business abilities of different individuals. While some are a little lower than the angels, others are only a little higher than the apes. Fat hopes he does not belong to the latter class, though at times he has had serious doubts and misgivings on this subject. Yet the favor, the countenance, and encouragement he has received from the best, the most prominent and distinguished persons in the places he has visited, goes far to dispel this illusion, even as the grand luminary of day dispels the foggy damps and misty vapours of an early summer morning, as he rises higher and higher in the blue heavens. A word about the *Mail Office* building. It is the highest, the grandest, the most complete and best arranged structure of its kind in the Dominion. It is a monument of human ingenuity, and of the inventive genius of man.

Why the intellect and skill of the artist depicted
 his master, written manuscript. In connection with
 the subject I cannot help thinking of the great differ-
 ence the wide distance between the plains and business
 activities of different individuals. While some are a little
 lower than the angels others are only a little higher than
 the apes. I at times he does not belong to the latter
 class, though at times he has had a few doubts and
 misgivings on this subject. Yet the favor, the constant
 care and encouragement he has received from the best
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 places he has visited, goes far to dispel this illusion even
 as the grand luminosity of day dispels the foggy damps
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 rises higher and higher in the pine heavens. A word
 about the New office building. It is the highest, the
 grandest, the most complete and best arranged structure
 of its kind in the Dominion. It is a monument of
 human ingenuity and of the inventive genius of man.

Har ever seen a picture of a man
 who has been so long in the world
 that he has become a part of it
 and has lost all sense of its
 boundaries and its limits.



