

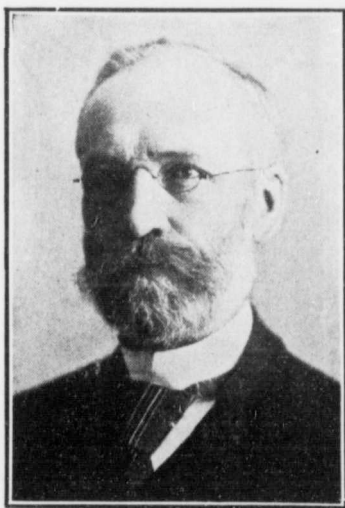
Skits and Sketches

about

“When You Wuz a Boy”

BY

WILLIAM H. ORR,  
TORONTO.



(From Photograph taken at age of 70.)

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SKITS and SKETCHES  
*ABOUT*  
"WHEN YOU WUZ A BOY"

*By William H. Orr, Toronto*

Foreword:—(1) It happens to be my lot to have quite a number of grandchildren. Time and again certain of them reached the inquiring age when it was convenient for them to be on a visit to the "old folks." After tea, tired of the day's romping, they would gather around with an appeal: "Grandpa; tell us about when you wuz a boy." They are now nearly all well grown up, mostly living "away down south in Dixieland," and some of them have little inquirers of their own, to whom possibly, certain of the Skits here set down may prove interesting. Nor is it well to forget that "there are others" growing up in many homes, who may, possibly, be interested in these sketches from a boy's farm life of the long ago, in the Canadian Wild Woods, within four miles of the now thriving Town of Bowmanville. (2) In some few cases, it will be noticed, useless letters are omitted, in accordance with the "Rules for Simplified Spelling."

NUMBER ONE.

Three sturdy yung Irishmen, brought up at the little village of Fintona, in Tyrone county, in the north of Ireland, took it into their heads to seek their fortune in the western wilds of New Brunswick, B. N. A. Their names were William, John and Henry Orr, and they were brothers. They might have been cousins, of course, but they were not. All of them were unmarried at that time. John remained a bachelor to the end of his days, and they were many and serene, for he was "a fowler of that which is good."

Learning to Build Big Ships.

The father and mother of the boys mourned their departure many days. As might be supposed, the house was almost as lonely as death when the bulk of the life of the family had thus departed, probably never more to return, nor did either of the three again see the "Green Isle." Neither parents nor children had enough shekels ahead to very much more than cover the cost of the three fares to St. John, N. B. Arrived there, the two yunger boys, William and Henry, soon found plenty of hard work in the ship yards of that

romantic village and harbor. Both had enjoyed the benefit, before coming, of some knowledge of the use of saws, hammers and other ruf carpenter's tools. The bilding of wooden ships for the ocean, and seaoneers and scop, and other small craft for service on the Bay of Fundy, and for inland traffic up the magnificent St. John River, was at that time very active. Hence to ein something with which to penetrate farther into the new world, all three applied themselves most diligently, at what would now seem very small wages.

#### Postage Costly—Pennies Scarce.

Coming from so quiet a little north of Ireland country hamlet as Fintona, where kitchen fires were dependent upon turf cut from the neighboring bog, by every family, and just as they needed it, the hills, the forests, the great river, but most of all, the wonderful forty-foot tide of the great Bay of Fundy, wecy to them all a comending charm. They all had a good Irish-schoolmaster education, and many were the grateful letters sent across the sea, even tho postage was half a shilling for a half ounce of paper, payable on receipt.

Not at all strange was the habit of some people in the old land in those days, in refusing to accept and pay the postage on letters which had come so far. The old people at home, raising enough potatoes to keep them alive, and spinning their own yarn, and weaving garments sufficient for home use, had few pennies to spare. Therefore, they often were content to get a glance at the handwriting on the folded-up and waxed missive, for envelops were then largely of the future. It was the wandering boy's writing, sure enuf, and therefore he was alive. In the absence of the half shilling, that was some comfort, and away went the discarded letter to the ded letter office. So often was this repeated that the British Government finally decided it were better not to undertake the expens of carrying letters for anybody, unless the postage were paid in advans. But it was a long time thereafter before the unemany expens of printing and selling postage stamps was resorted to. Reform idas moved slowly in those days. Lloyd George was a long d'stans in the di future, and even Cyrus Field, who laid the first cable under the Atlantic, had not been heard of.

#### The Charming St. John River.

Well, tho the Bay of Fundy had its charms for the yung Irishmen, and the tide running up the river and down again made a beautiful falls, sometimes on the one side and sometimes on the other of the rocky ledge that has always blockt the mouth of the rushing St. John River, they were determined to see more of this attractiv promisid land. And so John saved up his wages, and started for friends in Upper Canada. The other two, William and Henry, contented themselves with exploring the crooked but most charming St. John River.

They halted at the mouth of the euphonious Oromocto, a river joining the other from the east, not far below Fredericton, now the Capitol of the Province. At this point there was a ship-bilding industry, where their services were in much demand, since they knew how to bild even ocean-going



vessels. The sturdy oak timbers for the hulls of such, were here to be found in abundans, ready for the broad-ax and whip-saw. Very soon they each settled down to homes of their own. William and his sturdy family of twelve children remaind in that Province, and to this day what is left of the family, form landmarks there, either above or below the ground.

#### Emigrated to Upper Canada.

The elder brother, John, the bachelor, pusht on, as I have said, over hill and dale, until he reached Upper Canada, whence some of his boyhood companions had preceded him into the wild woods, a few miles north of Bowmanville, some fifty miles east of Toronto, on what was known as the Scugog and the Manvers roads. The one road runs northward to Hampton, and the other to Tyrone, tho neither place had either existans, or name, at that early date. For naborers, awy thru the dens woods, he found old Irish friends in the Weldons, and the brothers McFeeters, and the Grays, and the McClungs and the McLellans, the Prestons, and Patons, the Jordans and John Rutledge, all very early settlers in the centre of Darlington Township. Later on came John Williams, an old British soldier, from the West Indies; and Samuel Pipe, who was a lame Englishman from Norfolk, England; David Johnston, the Pollards, the Caldecotts, the Gibbards, Porters, McConkeys, Laughlins, Hughes, Wilkinsons, Gilberts, etc.

Into this somewhat prepared Irish naborhood, thru wild woods, over an abominable corduroy swamp road, came my father and mother in the year 1835, with their then four small children, a boy and three girls. Six more were subsequently added (I being the first of such) to those four blue-noses, (as the people of the Provinces down by the sea were then commonly called.) All of the ten children have now, from one cause or another, gone to their silent home, except myself. Why I have been spared to nearly eighty years of age, other than thru God's kind providence, I know not. I was not so robust in early life as any one of them. This led me, perhaps, to study ordinary rules of helpful living more than most people, and especialy to avoid tea, coffee, tobacco and alcohol—all of them well known to be hard on the nervous system.

#### NUMBER TWO.

The backwoods community of the Weldons, Grays, McClungs, Pollards, Caldecotts, etc., into the midst of whom I came as a wee babe in October, 1836, was a model one. For education, for morality, for Sabbath-keeping, and for church-going, for industry, for brawny muscle, and for abstinens from intoxicating beverages, it could not well be exceld.

"The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,  
The moss-covered bucket, it hung in the well,"

at every farm house, the whole country around, so far as my early acquaintans extended. And it was quite exclusivly patronizd by thirsty souls. A sprinkling of oatmeal was usually added for a good harvest, or logging-bee, or barn-raising freshener.

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Early Clearings in the Woods.

My uncle, the bachelor, had made a clearing on his 60 acres, and bilt a comfortable log house, by the time my father and his little family came along, and took up the adjoining forty acres of woods. They came from N. B., by way of New York, being drawn on a "canawl boat," as it was then called, to Albany, thence to Oswego by tow-path horse-power; thence across Lake Ontario by steamer to Port Hope, and up to Port Darlington, stopping over a night at Preston's, opposit the Mann farm. First a log shanty, then a comfortable two story frame house, took the place of some of the big maple and beech trees.

Trees were an encumbrans. They were chopt into ten or twelve-foot lengths, hauld to log heaps, covered with brush, and burnd. In some rare-cases, before being fired, the thick brush was also again covered with about six inches of hard clay. Then the grown-up boys of the naborhood camped out all night near them, to shovel on fresh erth, should the flames break thru. After about a week's time, if good care was taken, there would be found some wagon loads of charcoal. But mostly, when the chopping of each five-acre plot was completed (as a winter's work for three or four stout ax-men) there would come a whole day's "logging bee." That meant an assembling of six or eight yokes of oxen from all naboring clearings, to haul the logs into piles for quick cremation, leaving nothing but ashes. In some cases the ashes were then hauld to tall leech trofs, bilt along the road-side, where plenty of water could be had from a stream. The water was pourd on top, and came thru in the form of redish lye. This was put into immens boilers bilt into stone-work holders, with plenty of room for a big fire underneath, and in due time, by evaporation, it became potash. This was saleable for cash in town, but for what ultimate purpose no one knew.

Fifty years later I saw similar, but much more immens leech trofs, in the Old Mamoth Cave, Kentucky, with pump-logs leading to the tops of them, from a stream far outside the cave's mouth. They were, at that time, near-

ly a hundred years out of use. The guide told us the Quakers used them to produce nitre, and make powder for use in the war of 1812; but they would not, themselves, join the army to turn Canada from its alegians to the British Crown. That was only one of the many entertaining stories with which the guides cheer the visitors, as they explore that most wonderfully gloomy and extensive grotto. At one place stands a big stone elephant, minus his trunk. He looks as if his trunk had been somehow broken off, but it is nowhere to be seen. The visitor naturally asks, "What has become of his trunk?" The answer is: "Oh, that has been checkt." Then "Ha, ha," all around.

Then the Logging Bees.

The trees chopt down, and the brush piled up, logging day comes next. The nabors who come with their oxen need to have a luncheon and a good

dinner. So the wives usually all came over to help prepare these, and also to bring cool drinking water from the spring, or well, hour after hour, for both men and oxen. The men, like the oxen, drank the pure Adam's Ale, mixt only with a little oatmeal. No intoxicating liquor was ever known to be used in that community, at logging bees, or barn raisings. There was plenty of excitement tho, when some of the unruly oxen found themselves free of a log, and ran away to the farthest corner of the field, folowed by a yelling, swearing owner, with a handspike. His only way of teaching the rebellious dumb brutes not to do it again, was to almost disable them with the knoty weapon, vigorously aplied on the way back. Some of such brutal men were desirus of selling those almost worthless cattle, and to "break in" a yunger pair. That was nabor David Johnston's oportunity! He would buy up the old ones at a low figure, and take them home. They would never again hear a cross word. They would folo him about like lambs, when yokt up for duty. And the way they would walk off with the biggest log (without more than a whispard word from Johnston) was a powerful humanizing lesson to the region round about. Johnston did not attend meeting so regularly as others at my father's big living room, on Sunday afternoons, but I am very sure that such as he will find a place among "the merciful" in the Father's "many mansions." He was merciful to the beasts of the field. It was most interesting to see the speed with which his large flock of sheep would leave their rich pasture at his call, of "nan, nan, nan," as evening shades fell. There were wolves, and bears, and foxes, and deer aplenty, in the woods, but he never carried a gun for ofens or defens. And he "got along" just as well as those who did.

#### Abundans of Wild Game.

On one ocasion the women of our houshold were much alarmed to see a stag, which was frightend out of the woods, jump over the fence into our front yard. But he was out again on the other side in three winks, heding for the north woods, where setlers and dogs and guns were more scarce. I never herd of his being brought down by rifle shot, and am glad of it. But brave hunters from Bowmanville and Oshawa, and Toronto, have had abundans of sport ever since, I feel sure, in hunting and shooting down, and bringing home from the north, many scores of his descendents, year after year, from that day to this.

#### Unfortunate Skunk Hunters.

One morning my eldest brother, John strayd into the sugar bush and discovered a beautiful black and white animal looking very much like a black squirrel, but much pretier in action. And he was surprizd that it did not run up a tree. Instead, it leisurely found shelter from pursuit in a hollow log. Thereupon he fastened up the hole till he could get an ax. Mounting the fence, he yeld to the house for an ax or a hatchet. But the distans was so great that it was a long time before we could make out what was the matter with the boy.

Finaly, it was decided to send the ax and the gun, and I being the only boy, I had to carry them. He soon cut a hole in the side of the log, graspd

the animal by the tail, pulled him out, and together we brought him home in triumph. Arriving there, we were not permitted to come near the house. A spade was thrown at us, and with great sorrow we separately buried both our outer garments and the dead wild animal. They told us the perfume was unbearable, but we did not notice any. However, we obeyed orders, and then used up a great quantity of soap and water, out in the shed, before we were allowed to have any fresh clothing to put on. The old clothes, after a week's burial, may have been subsequently worked into rag carpets, &c., but it is doubtful.

#### The Telegraph and the Wild Beast Show.

In due time a big canvas was erected in town, and big elephants and camels, leopards and fine horses, and brass bands paraded the streets. At about the same time, men were busy stringing up wires on poles, to carry messages from Toronto to Montreal, and beyond. The country people arrived long before the parade was due, crowding the streets, and wondering at the men up on the poles. What puzzled the people was, as to how the letters between Montreal and Toronto were going to get past the poles, and, would a certain number of them get knocked off, and go flying thru the air the rest of the journey, like white-pigeons?

Anyhow, the day was swelteringly hot, and William and Robert became very thirsty, after trudging four miles thru the dust from the farm. Then they decided that the lemonade in the refreshment booth was just what they needed. So they indulged in a glass apiece. But they found they had only ten cents left, and that would only take one of them into the show. So they were in great trouble for an hour or so. But presently their elder brother was "espied far off upon the ground." So we fastened on to him, and he was as kind to us as the Nightingale to the Glow-worm, and we all feasted our eyes together, for the first time, upon the wonderful sights beneath the big canvas.

#### Potatoes Plenty—Cash Scarce.

When the big trees of the woods were cut away, forests of stumps were left. It would be some years before the roots of those great stumps, especially of the monster pines and hemlocks, would be sufficiently decayed to permit of their being pulled out by ox-power. Hence immense crops of corn and potatoes were raised on this rich new land—rich with the fallen leaves of a thousand years, and with the ashes from the burnt log-heaps. So abundant were the potato crops of the settlement, that it became almost impossible to sell potatoes at any price. They were first gathered into pits, until the fall work was over. When the white frosts came the pits were opened, and as many as the family needed were safely housed in cellars and "root-houses."

Then there was a scramble to sell potatoes and very few people to buy. Nobody, as a rule, had much cash to buy anything with. My father had some acquaintances with the captains of the Montreal steamboats calling at Port Darlington, and I remember teaming many one-horse loads of potatoes four

or five miles to Lake Ontario, and getting only a York shilling a bushel for them. And my father deemed that a God-send, for many other bushels went a-begging all over the country, at even less than ten cents. There were neither potato-rot nor Colorado potato-bugs those days, and almost no cash circulating. Somewhere about that time, the Canadian L. s. d., with twenty-twenty-cent shillings to the pound, were discarded, and dollars and cents substituted, as a method of reckoning money. It was really wonderful how quickly and easily this great improvement came about.

#### Then Came the Indian Corn.

And then the lashings of Indian corn that grew on that new rich land among those stumps! And the husking bees, and the rich yellow meal for a hearty family of twelve, cooked in one large iron pot, often before daylight, by my early-rising mother. When I say "lashings" I call to mind the way the finest, longest yellow ears, were tied together by silken husks, and hung up to dry underneath the whole ceiling of our living room, and dining room, and kitchen (for they were all three in one large room.) When a batch of corn-meal was needed, my father would bring in an empty barrel in the evening, with a slit in two sides, into which his steel "square" from the carpenter shop, was inserted. Then, by some sleight-of-hand trick, known only to himself, and never coveted by any of his sons, he deftly scraped the kernels off the cobs, until he had the barrel half full of the golden grain.

Then there would, next day, be a trip to the "grist mill," out at Tyrone, where it would be turned into yellow Indian meal, and without cash. The miller always took his toll in kind, and gave us two large bags of meal. Few of our Irish or Scotch nabors used any sort of breakfast cereal other than oatmeal. The Scotch took the oatmeal porridge in a somewhat thin condition, called "sippawn," last thing before going to bed, also. To get the oats ground, they had to hie them to Robert Squair's exclusive oat-meal mill, in West Bowmanville, situated south of the Kingston Road, on the west creek, on which David Burk's flour mill was also then and is still usefully operated. In that same down-creek locality, there was then a "full-cloth mill" and a tannery. But all three of them are now only a memory of the old-st inhabitants. An energetic new rubber factory now stands a little lower down stream, connected with a switch from the railroad.

#### NUMBER THREE.

Across the Manvers Road, and over a little bridge, beyond a creek that always ran dry in summer, but whose pools were the happy home of many polywogs, lived old Samuel Pipe and family. He was a Yorkshireman, a great tobacco user, and somewhat of an invalid. For many years he got around his fifty-acre farm by the aid of a crutch and a cane. During the corn and potato-hoeing time, however, the hoe took the place of both sticks, and good and proud was he of the "hoe-crop" he skilfully raised. When my father had finished building our own comfortable home, he took pity on Mrs. Pipe, because she had to do her sewing and knitting in winter days by the dim light that came down the

immense slat and plastered chimney, occupying nearly the whole west end of the log shanty. So he brought a pane of window-glass from town, cut out a small length of log, and added greatly to her comfort, for the rest of that shanty's rather long lifetime.

#### Samuel Pipe's Family.

Mr. Pipe had a family of three sons, called Aldridge, Henry and Johnny. They had characters exclusively their own, individually. The eldest was an imbecile, mentally, but of powerful physique, chiefly displayed in wood-chopping. He often merely grunted like an Indian, when spoken to. He always came over to our meeting, and enjoyed the Bible-reading and the prayers, but never was known to open his mouth in meeting other than for a brief answer "yes" or "no." Indeed, he lived quite to himself at all times, except when some circumstance occurred causing him to get really angry about something.

Then the way Aldridge could use profane language for about ten minutes, usually out in a field, with a voice that could be heard to the remotest bounds of surrounding farms, was a perfect demonstration of natural trumpet power. At the same time he would jump the limit, up and down, until his great physical machine was about run down. Twitted with using such abominable oaths, so disturbing to the atmosphere, and so contrary to his Christian profession, he had only to say "The old debil got powerful hold of me that time!" He never learned to read a word, or to drive a horse, or to dress himself properly; but he was most obedient to every good suggestion in the heaviest farm work, all his days. He lived to a good old age, as a helper to his father and mother, and later, to his youngest brother John, and his family.

#### Henry was a Bold Hunter.

Henry, the second son, was a natural hunter. Like Aldridge, he never went to school, and was "not quite all there," as the saying is. He early took to hunting. He was fond of the woods, and of his gun. After earning enough by a winter's chopping of cordwood to buy a heavy rifle, accompanied by molds with which to cast lead bullets, he began to wander far from home. Many a mess of pottage and comfortable bit of fur did he bring back to the household, from his wild wood trips. When the wild pigeons came in clouds that almost turned day into night, his shot-gun cleaned out many a limb of a whole pot-ful at one shot. His good mother usually sent Aldridge over with a share to the neighbors, when the game was too abundant for her small family.

On a visit to the Pipe farm, one afternoon when I had nothing else to do, I found Henry in the barn mixing the seed wheat with plaster-of-paris to kill the "weevil." That almost invisible insect threatened to wholly destroy the fall wheat, as a valuable product of good farming. Presently Henry's father came hobbling in, and after noticing the way Henry was mingling the materials, he disapproved of the method, for some reason, and broke out with: "Why! Heen'y boy, you've got a long way a-wrong wi' y'r we-at." "Why! Heen'y boy, you've got a-wrong way along wi' y'r we-at." And he repeated it a half-dozen times or so, sometimes one way and sometimes the other. But the

weevil got its dismissal, pretty thoroly, by that simple plaster-of-paris process, all over the country, and many a farmer raised heavy crops afterwards, of forty bushels to the acre. Then the price went down for wheat as well as for potatoes. It was a common remark "We'll vote for the man that will make a law giving not less than \$1.00 a bushel for our wheat." But, with the coming of the Grand Trunk Railway, and reciprocity with the United States, especially during and after the civil war, wheat went up to more than two dollars, and other farm products in proportion. It was a cold day for Canada when reciprocity was abolished after ten years' existence, by the United States Government, apparently to force us to consider annexation. It had exactly the contrary effect, as might well have been foreseen.

#### Johnny Lost a Leg.

Henry Pipe lengthend out his hunting trips, time and time again, until finally he did not return, nor was any trace of what became of him ever leard. His younger brother, John, went to school a winter or two; and, upon his father's death, and my father's giving up farming, in 1852, he bought our farm, got married to an industrious girl, and moved across the road into our much better house. For twenty years or so, he managed both farms, I believe, and then sold the whole estate and moved to near Norwich, Ont. He still lives there with his wife and children and grandchildren, and has retired from farming. But, there is not as much of him now as there was a few years ago. Going into his stable, one evening in his old age, in the dusk, with a basket in his hand, his faithful mare mistook him for a stranger, and by a powerful kick, knocked off one of his legs. At least that was the final result, in spite of protracted hopes by his doctor. The surgical skill, and the wooden leg from Toronto, were expensiv; but, fisicaly and financ'aly, my boy-hood friend Johnny Pipe, was able to stand it. He was a life-long patron of the "Old Oaken Bucket," and of the Methodist Church. Such people are apt to be blest with bot' long life and financial success, whether on or off the farm. The promises are in their favor, anyway.

#### Threshing Wheat by Hand Power.

In the erly days of my farm life there were no threshing machines, mowing machines, reapers or cultivators, but plenty of cheap farm labor to be had from emigrants. As for cheapness, we got our threshing done by the flail, one winter, as a whole winter's lucky job, by an old Scotchman named John Wilson, for 50 cents a day, and board housed. He had to come and return three miles in the dark, bringing his noon-day lunch with him. He generally woke us up at day-light, or before, with the sound of his flail on the barn floor. The wheat and oats were all reaped and bound by hand, those days, us boys and girls, and two or three hired men and their wives, wielding the old-fashioned sickle. The crop was ripe, the sun was shining, and the yellow grain had to be cut and housed quickly, lest a deluge of rain should come, which sometimes causd it to sprout in the sheaf. In that event, the sheaves had to be opened out again, to dry, and the sprouted portions given to the pigs.



## The First Grain Cradle.

One evening, we all straitend up our weary backs, helpers and all, on seeing a big strapping yung man come across our fields, near dark, carrying a wonderful structure of a scythe, with long wooden fingers like a huge table fork, which he called a "cradle." We marvelled at the new contraption, but marvelled more when he told us he had, that day, "cut down an eight-acre field of oats." It did not seem possible to the old-country reapers, who never saw oats cut in Ireland but by the old-fashioned sickle.

Soon afterward, the late millionaire, H. A. Massey, of Toronto, started building a queer sort of hay-saw, or mower, at Newcastle, five miles east of Bowmanville. This proving a winner, he soon brought out a reaper, which did wonders in downing the wheat and oats, into bundles. If it was good, standing grain, it required quite a little army of men as binders to keep up with it, in case the crop was heavy. Next came the four-horse-power threshing machine, cleaning out a whole barn-ful of sheaves, and a stack besides, sometimes, in a single day. The man who stood in the middle of the circus, out in the barnyard, wielding a long whip, and the man who stood over the great whirling steel teeth, and fed the roaring beast with shake-down sheaves, were the heroes of the day. The latter gentleman was very soon covered with dust, and a great dust-smoke, or rust-smoke, often poured out of the barn, fore and aft, all day long. In that case he kept his mouth shut tight, and wore a sponge over his nose.

Then by moonlight, or candle-light, the box of steel teeth and the horse-driven merry-go-round were hoisted on two stout wagons, and hauled away, to be unloaded at daylight, perhaps ten miles distant, for the next day's set-to. Shortly afterward, the fanning-mills would begin to rattle and blow. The one day's threshing kept the people busy nearly all winter, in separating the wheat from the chaf, bagging it and teaming it over the abundant snow, to the market at Simpson's store, or David Burk's mill, in Bowmanville.

It was a long time after that period when the self-binder and the present thrasher and cleaner and straw-carrier first made their appearance, to lighten the wheat-grower's greatest burden, and enable him to dream of some day owning an automobile, himself. No, not an automobile, but a nice g'g, or Gladstone, or other sort of horse-drawn carriage.

## NUMBER FOUR.

When the first half dozen clearings were made in the woods, corn-planting began to attract the attention of the crows. So soon as the tender green shoots appeared above ground, they pounced upon the fields, and pulled up the growing corn, to feast upon the succulent kernals. This wholesale daylight destruction had to be stopt, somehow. First, scare-crows were erected here and there, but old clothes were too scarce to afford many, and the crafty crows



very soon got on to the racket. And they came down in flocks at all times of the day, but especially at daylight, threatening ruin to the entire crop.

#### The Black Crows, and the Black Squirrels.

This led to a shot-gun for our farm being purchased in town, at a cost of six dollars. And as I was somewhat of a delicate youth, being troubled every spring with rheumatism in my feet, the gun was handed over to me, with which to frighten the crows. There was no possibility, as I soon found out, of getting near enough to the wily birds, to hit one of them. Therefore, I was instructed to save the expense of buying shot, but to blaze away at them with pebbles and peas, or anything that would help the powder make a noise. And so, like Rizpah, who kept the vultures from tearing the hung-up bodies of the seven sons of King Saul, "until the rain came," so I often kept those flocks of crows from lighting down on our corn field.

That saved the corn for another black thief—the black squirrel. Ours was a beech tree country. Hence there was an abundance of squirrel life, to feast upon the beech-nuts; and the big black squirrels became exceedingly numerous, when the beech-nuts were supplemented by the ripening corn. There were plenty of red squirrels too, but no gray ones. The racoons were also very fond of carrying off whole ears of ripe corn to their little peaninies; but they operated by night, and roosted high during the day, and were not of conspicuous color.

The black squirrels were always "on the go," and seldom out of sight in the day time. They loved to travel home on the top of the snake fens, with an ear of corn in their mouths, nearly as big as their bodies. It was good fun for us boys to get a long slim pole, and hide in a corner of the fens, when we knew a number of the marauders were among the corn, busy picking out their favorite supper. When they would come along with their burden, we expected to knock them cold with the rod. But that trick failed nearly every time, so far as related to killing the squirrel. It was only fun for him to skip over our pole, though he generally had to go without his supper, that night.

#### The Brave Bowmanville Black Squirrel Hunters.

The black fellows were so destructively to the corn crops that the farmers appealed to the townspeople, who had shot-guns, to come to their relief. And so, one half of Bowmanville stumped the other half to go out hunting for black squirrel tails. On a certain day the losing half would pay for a supper for every brave hunter who sallied forth, whether he brought in a tail or not. And so there was music in the woods all that day. Every farmer heard guns on all sides of him. His corn crop was saved for that year, and for so long as corn-raising among the new stumps continued.

Then the corn, like the potatoes, became so plentiful there was almost no market for it. And as the stumps were now decaying at the root, a great stump-pulling and fall-wheat sowing, etc., set in, upon the new land, yielding forty or more, bushels to the acre, of the finest fall wheat. But corn enough

was still planted to give the racoons a good nightly feast, and to afford, sometimes, long tramps for Henry Pipe and myself to try and kill or cripple them on a moonlight night, before they could climb a tree. No use going for them on a dark night, when they could not be seen. The fur was a peach for winter use, but the meat rather too oily for most people.

#### NUMBER FIVE.

My father was very regular in his habit of "asking a blessing" at the table, before anyone should proceed to eat. On one occasion he was ill, lying on a lounge. Old Dr. Bird, from near Bowmanville, had been called. It was dinner time, and the Dr. had sat down with us, and my mother indicated to him that the food needed a blessing. But he did not think so, if it depended on him. So there was an awkward pause. "But we ought not to eat," my father always thought, "without first giving God thanks." And so the good man arose from the lounge, came to the table, performed the needful, and returned to the sofa. In a few minutes he was feeling worse for the exercise, whereupon the unsympathetic Dr. took occasion to doubt if the benefit to the food, or to the family, was worth the danger incurred by the sick man. He thought the blessing was too costly. But who knows?

#### Time to Read the Scripture, and Pray.

After every meal the head of the house, unless very ill, which was seldom, opened his Bible, and read a chapter, verse about with the youngest child who could read, followed by a short prayer. By this good habit every child quickly learned to read the easy verses, and also the whole family became well versed in the good book's stories and precepts. In fact there was little other literature available, in those early backwoods days, in any of the farmers' homes, except perhaps "Fox's Book of Martyrs," and "Bunyan's Pilgrims Progress." But the farmers or their families had little time or inclination for reading. It was work, work, work, from before daylight to long after dark. So much there was to do, and so little money with which to hire any help that could be done without, that only in the winter time could the larger children be spared to go to school. But my hunger for knowledge was so great, that I went without my dinner fully once a week, to devour a few chapters of Bunyan or the Bible, or any other book or paper or story, that came along.

#### Log-Schools and School Masters.

Then this brings me to a skit or two about our school life on the Mowbray Road, mostly in the Salem Chapel neighborhood; but also, one winter, at Jordan's Corners. At the cross roads in the woods, between the Rutledge and the Pollard farms, Mr. John Rutledge gave a little piece of land, big enough for a one-roomed school-house. Because my father had the needful tools and knowledge, it always went, when built, by the name of "Orr's school-house," tho we lived nearly a mile away from it to the north, beyond the cedar swamp by which it was partly surrounded.

Our first school-master—they were never called teachers, but masters—was named Pennington. He was small, and his wife was large and good looking. They were English. He had a withered-up right arm, but he was an expert in sharpening our goose-quills on that withered hand, and also in setting excellent copies, with his left hand. He and his wife lived in the school-house, cooking on the big box-stove, and climbing a ladder to sleep on a few loose boards under the rafters, as the sun went down. They were liked by the children, he teaching the girls, and his wife the boys. They stayed only one winter.

Next came a dressy Irishman, named Smith, for a year's service. He was suspected of patronizing a whisky bottle, and one Saturday holiday was found lying in front of the school-house in contact with a stump, over which he had fallen, his head bleeding, and he unconscious. He was soon afterward paid off and allowed to go. Most of his scholars left before him, not relishing his fits of temper.

Then tried a Scotch Master.

Next, the trustees tried a mild and manerly-looking Scotchman. He seemed to care little for teaching, but was determined to show that he was a real master of unruly boys. And he had some big boys to manage, who had not previously had a school training, because unable to leave the farm-chores until the younger boys grew up to help; or, until their parents made enough to hire farm help in their stead. The Scotchman's plan of getting his educational ideas into the boys' noddles, was by letting fly with his birchen switch, straight down over their heads, with force enough to leave something to remember it by. Sometimes this drastic treatment would cover an unruly boy's face with blood.

As might well have been expected, the whole school was horrified at such conduct, repeated day after day. Presently the parents had to listen to gruesome complaints almost every evening; and they often found confirmatory evidences of the brutality, in the welts over the heads of their own devil-may-care boys. Not once or twice, but many times did this occur. Pretty soon the mothers interfered, and refused to let their children go to school, to be ill used in that manner. Then the other children found the school dull and dreary, with so much of its lively life driven out, and they did not want to meet that master any more. But he had been engaged for a year as master, and had held his own in the battle. Little did he seem to care whether the school prospered or not. It did not prosper. Bench after bench became empty. The smaller children could not be allowed to go thru the woods in the face of its many dangers, unless their big brothers were with them.

Just a Peep Inside.

But the Scotchman held the fort. Day after day he unlocked the door before nine o'clock, built a fire in the stove if one were needed, and enjoyed reading a book or going to sleep on a "form." That is what the long seats without backs were called. One day, as an errand took me to the cross-roads, I

quietly opened the door and saw him lying on a bench near the stove, with a pile of discarded school-books under his head for a pillow, and sound asleep. After a brief survey of the scene, I quietly withdrew, not caring to run any risk of a sudden awakening.

#### Quite a Different Style of Teaching.

On account of these two failures to find a successful teacher, the trustees gave it up for a season. But, as our home was nearly half way between Orr's and Jordan's Corners, I was sent for a year northward a mile and a half, to the log school-house at Jordan's. The teacher there was a Scotchman too, named Campbell; but he was of a very different spirit. At intermission, he would come out and play ball with the boys; and all the children going his way, delighted to walk and chat with him, on the way homeward. In school, instead of trying to keep silence, he encouraged all the children to study aloud, all the time, in a low voice; and, when in class, to speak out distinctly, above the din. He was the soul of good nature and kindness; and the children made great headway in their studies. From getting many a severe punishment, as a more than average bad boy during previous years, I only, that year, got one little rod merely dropt on my hand, by its own weight. But the hush in the school, while that little stick fell on my hand, made it a most lasting correction. I have forgotten all about the other painful floggings I received at school, and at home; but, I can never forget that lone one from the kindly school-master at Jordan's.

#### A Rat-Killing Campaign.

When school was out for the day, the rats took possession, and gathered up the crumbs left from the children's noon lunches. But not finding enough of that food to suit them, they sometimes mutilated the books. While school was in, they occasionally were seen to emerge from under the school-house, and forage around the lot. To reduce the number, the teacher got the larger boys to cut down switches from the neighboring woods, and stack them at the door for special service. Then all the outside holes but one, in the foundation of the school-house, were closed with clods. That one was underneath an open window, beside which Mr. Campbell placed an old broom. Pretty soon the rats came out at that hole, the teacher placed his broom over the exit, and holding tight, said: "Now boys!" Thereupon a dozen big boys ran out, and the puzzled rats were soon all disposed of by the switches, and troubled the school no more.

A more regretful use was then made of the long switches, in hunting the innocent chipmunks in the adjoining woods. When chased, those pretty stripe-backed ground-squirrels, if their holes were too far away, would run up the nearest rubber-tree. But not having, like the red and black squirrels, their homes up the trees, they could barely climb about ten or fifteen feet, and many were therefore destroyed by the boys, just for the fun of the chase. The teacher soon interposed for the innocents, and that style of amusement was cheerfully abandoned at his request.

## School-Teacher Moorcroft Held the Fort.

The next winter we had a school-teacher at "Orr's school-house" who *was* a teacher, tho also pretty stern. We had lots of ball games on Rutledge's pasture field, behind the log bilding, and on the street; but William Moorecroft was never known to unbend his somewhat strait-up-and-down shape, to either pitch a ball, or to let us see how far he could knock it. His school was a large one for two reasons. A lot of little tots were now two years older than when the school was broken up by the birch rods of the Irishman and Scotchman, applied strait over the hed, not waiting for a "hold-out-your-hand." And quite a number of real yung men came long distances because, at least, the school was worth coming to. Some of these yung men were rotied to have for their lunch, very excelent nicely-brownd potato-and-meat "pasties," as they were callid, which they themselves bakd, (after getting their chores and home lessons done,) and brought in their pockets. For drink with a noon lunch, tho a drink was seldom needed, some of the boys cut a hole in the ice, on the creek, close by, put a holow elder reed into it, and bilt a good snow platform around it, to hold it in place. The idea is similar to the cupless drinking fountains we now have in Toronto, only that the water would not come up without pulling; but that was no trouble to the school-boys.

## The Welcome Speling Match.

One of the delights of our school days, in Moorecroft's time, was the weekly speling-match, in which the best spelers were told to "go up." Among the large boys there was one who was the tallest in the school, and probably something more than a boy. His name was Joseph Clemens. He had not been privileged with going to school very much in his yunger days. The speling class was a large one. Its hed and its tail came so close together, around the big box-stove, that it was difficult to discover the diferens between them. Joseph Clemens, the tall yung man, (on whose farm the Bowmanville Station of the Canadian Northern Railway now stands) misd a word, and half a dozen others also misd, but I speld it, and was told to "go up." I did, and felt proud at the acomplishment in geting ahead of such a big fellow. Then they all began to laugh. Thereupon I discoverd that, tho I had got ahead of the biggest boy, I hed raly bnded very near the foot, and far away from the hed of the class to which I had aspired.

The method was ocasionally varied by "speling each other down." Every time this plan was adopted the teacher found 't difficult to pick out hard enuf words to down a tall girl who sometimes did, and sometimes didn't, spell me down. She was my next oldest sister, and she afterwards taught school herself. Mr. Moorecroft held the school for several years. He boarded at the McClellan farm, half way to town, and married one of the yung ladies of that name, and for many years afterward was Harbor-Master at Port Darlington.

## Was Sorry to Leave School.

My happy school-boy days ended when I was about sixteen years of age. During my last winter's schocling, much of my time was taken up in helping the

other boys get the right answers to their "sums." After I left school, I studied harder than before, in my determination to acquire French and shorthand. I failed on the French, because the shorthand was more attractiv. I succeeded to good purpose in acquiring a knowledge of Pitman's Fonography; but, more of this some other time.

#### NUMBER SIX.

There is surely no boy who enjoys "going-a-fishing" half so well as the farmer's son. After he has worked hard all sumer, Saturdays as well as other days, school days come around, and they bring a Saturday-all-day-school-holiday. So he gets up early and gets thru with all the needful chores by noon, including a nicely-prepared pile of well-split wood to do over Sunday. Then comes the request for a half-day's fishing for two or three boys. The petition is generally granted, if the wether is fine; and, the bait having been dug up beforehand, off they go with marvelously light steps, strait thru the fields and woods to the mill-pond or the "big creek." The pond was about a mile to the east and the creek was the same to the west; but, the pond was preferd for results, even tho it was a somewhat dangerous place. The fishing-rod was selected from the woods, on the way.

#### A Narrow Escape from Drowning.

Only that I had on a rather long full-cloth coat, I might have sunk to my death, as I slid into the drink, bare-footed, down a sloping slippery log, with one of its ends in the deep water. My thick coat prevented my sinking, until I caught hold of a welcome stretch-out lim, which enabled me to reach solid ground. There was no bigger fish pulled out of that pond that day, nor any others that lived to tell the story.

#### A Sad Double Drowning in that Same Pond.

The pond was calld Werry's mill-pond, and afterwards Steven's saw-mill. A sad drowning of two fine yung men occurd in it, very shortly after their father, Mr. Peter Werry, had bought the mill and began to cut lumber in it. The large pine trees of the naborhood had been cut into logs during the winter, and brought on sleighs over the unfailling deep snow, to the ice-covered pond. They were to be cut up, when the spring floods should come, into saleable pine lumber. To bring the particular logs wanted, to the big up-and-down saw, the two yung men ran out upon the floating logs, one evening, as they lay in the water, many hundreds of them, side by side. With pike-poles they would push these logs away which were not wanted, and coax the needed ones where the end of a long chain from the mill could be attached, so as to draw them up the incline sluice-way to the saw.

The two yung men had not had much experiens with floating logs, and pretty soon the elder of the two slipt off into the water. As the logs were bobbing around, they floated together at the place where he had slipt down between them. Thereupon the brother ran over quickly, to help his brother out; but he too, by some mishap, slipt in, and the logs came together over both of them. Nothing was then to be seen but logs and water. They were soon

missed, but nobody could do anything for them. Their father went to the dam and started the abundant spring-freshet running away; but it took several days before the muddy land appeared, and nearly all of it even then, was covered with the pine logs. Word was quickly conveyed to hundreds of waiting people that the bodies were found. Then there was a very large double funeral, and much sympathy was expressed. The father soon afterwards sold that property, and with the rest of the family, turned his back upon our part of Ontario.

#### What Whisky Does to a Full-Grown Man.

One of the regretful recollections of my boyhood, is of a drunken farmer from the country still farther north, named Woodley. Ever and anon he aroused the interest of the whole country-side, by driving his fine team homeward past our farm, at break-neck speed, while yelling at them like a wild Indian. Otherwise, if the team was on a walk, he was in a drunken roll, as his wagon went over the corduroy road, coming from town, generally towards evening. The interest of the neighborhood was then excited lest he should roll out and be killed, but he never did. His life was a short one in that vicinity, but whether he died early or moved away, is unknown. His conduct was a drunken scandal to the Manvers Road settlers while it lasted. The farmers of our part of the township, as I have already indicated, were men and women of the very best character, from a temperance and religious point of view. None of the young men for many miles around, ever were known to use liquor in any form. It was never found on the side-boards of the early settlers. But some brief Scotch tenants of my uncle's farm, before the Pollards bought it, were known to have a jug in the house. A few years later the whole county carried the Scott Act, and, later, adopted local option prohibition instead, except in one or two non-progressive towns—Newcastle, for instance.

#### Signing the Temperance Pledge.

Once a year we had a visit from an agent of the Montreal Temperance Society. He always held a meeting at "early candle-light," in the log school-house, and gave an excellent address upon the evils of intemperance. It was all moral suasion. Nobody seemed to think of "prohibition" at that early time. At the close, there was an opportunity for all present to "sign the pledge," if they had not previously done so. My elder brother John hoisted me on his shoulder to call out my name, to have it written down as a pledged member of the society. Also, the Agent received subscriptions to a little paper called the "Canada Temperance Advocate," published by J. C. Becket, Great St. James Street, Montreal. When I became a man and moved from Toronto to Montreal in the year 1866, Mr. Becket was still living and was still carrying on a printing and book business, but the Advocate was *non est*.

#### A Congressional Gathering of Crows.

When the stumps had decayed for a few years, and most of them had been pulled out by two or three yokes of oxen, hitched to them by a strong chain, it

was possible to start the plow. I was soon big enuf to hold a plow, drawn by our faithful old white horse "Charlie." Once, when plowing in a back field alone, a great gathering of crows—a crow convention—was held on our farm. They came during the course of a quarter of an hour or so, from all points, and settled down for a half hour's confab, in the middle of the next field. They talkt in low tones, in crow language; but, whatever they talkt about was a mystery to me, tho they seemed to understand the language perfectly. Whatever the trouble was, a satisfactory solution seemed soon to have been found. As the western sun grew low in the sky, they all flap their wings, and silently and leisurely, in ones and twos, flew away in all directions, without the usual "caw, caw, caw." Some people say the yung crows assemble in this manner every fall to choose their mates for the coming year. Other wise heds claim it is also to determin whether the winter is going to be mild enuf to warant their remaining in the north land, or whether they should trip it southward, until calld back by the melting of the snow from their tree-top nests. There is no doubt we would have a very much larger number of song-birds, such as robins, canaries, larks, finches, w'i-poor-wills, bobolinks, etc., if the ugly old crows would go south for good, and leave our birds' nests alone.

#### The Brave, Battling, King Bird.

It was always a joy to me to see the brave battling, King-Bird (he deserves a capital letter to his name) worry the crow, and drive him away, perhaps, from some marauding cruelty to yunger bird life. I then often wisht there was some way of cultivating King-Birds as we cultivate tame pigeons, until they would drive all the crows out of Canada, and then tackle the equally guilty chicken-hawks, and barn-owls. But the owls are now classed among the farmers' best friends.

#### NUMBER SEVEN.

It would not do to omit the story of "my little hatchet," and here is a good place for it. My bachelor uncle John was very fond of the gizzard of a fowl. Consequently I was always dispatcht, on a Christmas morning, to invite him to come over to our house to carve the turkey, and partake of his choice morsel. No one else cared for it. And as he had no little boy of his own, he took quite a fancy to me.

#### That Unfortunate Little Hatchet.

My uncle's quiet log house was distant only a field north of ours, and that field was our new orchard, with many yung trees. Perhaps, therefore, it was fortunate that I posest that hatchet only for a few days. And this is the way it disaperead. My uncle had grown a lot of fine yellow pumpkins among his corn, as was the usual caper, and had them piled up beside his log house, scarcely knowing, as I thought, what to do with them. I believd I



knew what to do with them, when I was the owner of a hatchet. Plant them like potatoes, and have a still bigger crop next year. And so, one bright morning, after breakfast, I went over the division fence to the pumpkin pile, and began cutting them into quarters and eights, as I had seen people do with the seed potatoes, using my little hatchet instead of a knife. As I got a big pumpkin cut down to pieces about the size of a cucumber, I slung the prepared portion down the hill, over the soft plowed ground, and found my hatchet a very convenient chopper. I was getting on fine, and took great interest in the benevolent work. But presently my uncle came out of his door, and seeing the terrible destruction I was making of his beautiful pumpkins, roared out at me: "What-what's this you are doing?" The tone he used was enough. I did not stop to answer or explain, but dropt the hatchet and ran for home by a round-about way, scarce knowing or caring how I got over the fences, so long as I put them rapidly between me and the pumpkin-strewn field. I never more saw the nice little hatchet, nor dared even to mention it to my uncle, or anyone else. I was willing to say nothing about it. What became of it is still a mystery unsolved.

#### A Beautiful Tamarac Tree.

One early spring day, my father needed a two-inch augur, with which to bore holes for the stakes, in a pair of bob-sleighs he was making for the following winter's use. I was sent up the road about two miles, to borrow one from Alex. Gibbard, near Tyrone. The afternoon sun was hot, and my boots became burdensome. So I took them off, hid them behind the road-side fence, and soon finished the enjoyable out-trip. On the way back, I was attracted by some beautiful young tamarac trees, growing green and fresh in a swamp. In I went, tho the swampy water was icy cold, and soon had a tree on one shoulder, and the big augur on the other. Replacing my boots, I strode home in triumph, and the young tree was duly planted just inside the orchard gate. It grew to be a very large tree of the kind. When I last saw it, the forty years, or so, of a tamarac's life, had left it a mere dead stub. And here I might mention that on a recent trip to New Ontario, and going eastward on the new G. T. Pacific Railway, seventy-five miles from Cochrane Junction, to Lake Abitibi and the steel's end, every tamarac was found to be dead. Some undiscovered insect had started making a living off them, and kild every one along the line, all the way from Winnipeg to Lake Abitibi.

#### A Spruce and Moss Swamp.

But the spruce! Oh, the spruce! I never saw any forest tree grow like the way it grows, all along that great new trans-continental railway, so far as I went. No tree was more than about six or ten inches thru, but all grew so close together, in the moss of the swamps, as to suggest a field of wheat. It lookt as if it would be very difficult for a full-grown buck or deer, or an elk, to get thru them, or find anything but moss to eat if he did. And yet the Toronto, Hamilton and Buffalo brave hunters seem to all succeed in getting a few successful shots, along the banks of the very numerous lakes, rivers and marshes, where the spruce is somewhat intersperst with birch, poplar, and scrub

pine. But I saw no beech, or maple, or hemlock, such as formed the woods where I grew up—these trees yielding great enjoyment to us young people, in beech-nuts and maple syrup, and chewing-gum!

#### Maple-Sugar Making, in the Woods.

During the winter, besides other chores, a big stock of cut-up firewood was always prepared, and a lot of it consumed in keeping the house warm. And sap-troughs were chopt out of bass-wood, or any sort of soft wood, to be ready for the first spring-day sunshine, even many days ahead of the almanac, and before the snow had gone. Then a hole was bored in each good-sized maple, and a cedar or pine "spile" inserted to bring the sap, drop by drop, out to the trough. Then a fire was lit between two big logs, and a big black kettle suspended over them by a chain, and the sap gathered in and boiled down, for about a week, night and day, until fairly thick. Then it was transported to the kitchen for a sugaring-off process, over a slow fire. Thus the household's supply of sugar for the whole season was created. Of course, the younger children took a lively interest in that latter stage of the process, and got many a big spoonful of the stuff, to see if it would make good maple-candy, when poured out on the solid snow or ice. Well, of course, you would like to have been there, about that time, too. The nabor's children never came over to enjoy the fun, because they were having the same sort of fun at home. But keeping the big fires going all night, in the woods, was a happy visiting time for the larger boys and girls, the naboring sugar-bushes being



SOCIAL SIDE OF SUGAR MAKING.

but a little distance apart. It seems rather odd that the maple tree is the only tree whose sap will make syrup and sugar, and not all maples at that. The soft maples, those whose leaves turn scarlet early in the fall, are never tapped.

"It's pleasant to list to a robin's sweet song,  
 Or the ladylike lilt of a pretty pee-wee,  
 Or hark to a cherry-bird sounding his song,  
 Or list to a blue-bird a-warbling with glee;  
 But the merriest tune that is dear to my ear—  
 I'm sure that you all with me will agree—  
 It's pleasant to hear, at this time of the year,  
 A farmer boy tapping a sugar-bowl tree."—The Khan.

#### Beech-nuts and Butter-nuts.

Another delight of the farm woods was the plentiful supply of beech-nuts and butter-nuts. If the snow was late in falling, the hogs also had a good feast on the beech-nuts, but too much of them was not good for the pork, rendering it too oily. In almost every household, a good supply of beech-nuts was stord up for winter evening gatherings of the yung people. The butter-nuts were not so plentiful. And then the husking-bees; oh, the husking bees! It would not do to husk corn in a lonely-work way. It had to be done by wholesale, somehow, finished off before midnight with home-made candy in sparing quantities, and sometimes with hot doughnuts galore. And then the good nights, and a brisk walk home across the fields, over the crisp snow, and it sometimes higher than the fences.

#### NUMBER EIGHT.

Having told about the squirrels, the pigeons, the chipmunks, the crows, the coons, and the deers—the wild life in the woods—something should be said about the barn-yard company. These latter—the horses, the cows, the pigs and sheep, the chickens, geese, ducks and turkeys—are far more useful than the kind you hunt with guns and traps.

There were five girls in our family, and a good deal of butter was made, and marketed in Bowmanville, but bringing very little cash. Still, it produced some cash, and cash was worth more then, than now, in purchasing power. Of horses, we had only one—a white one named Charlie. And he was a most faithful worker, all his days, and fairly speedy on the road to and from town. Once he was loaned to a nabor to pull one quarter of a threshing machine. My father went over in the afternoon to see how they were getting along. He found that the driver was touching up old Charlie, so that he was carrying the whole load, and the other three horses were having nothing to do. Thereupon he called a halt, stepped in and took the abused horse away. The other three then had to pull the whole machinery for the rest of the day. Whether kind and true horses, or, the wild heathen tribes of humans who live only to fight, and burn, and hate and hunt, and destroy each other, are the better entitled to another life, somewhere beyond the grave, sometimes trubl'd my yung mind. As growth continued, multitudes of other problems, great and small, kept bobbing up so rapidly as to call for only wide-eyed wonder. To drop them overboard, one by one, as they came floating along out of the vasty deep, seem'd the

only way to keep out of the insane asylum. For instance: "In the beginning." Where and when was "the beginning?"

#### Killing Tame Animals for Food.

It was always a most painful time for me when any pet animal, enjoying its life, especially a lamb, had to have its throat cut, to provide meat for the table. It was difficult to see why the various fruits and grains, and nuts and vegetables, might not furnish all the food we need to keep us in good health, and to promote a long and happy life. At all events, for me, I early struck out on that line, and have been what is called a "vegetarian" during several long periods of the lengthened life the good Lord has given me. Most people would enjoy life better, and live longer, if they strictly abstained from greasy fried meats, and accustomed their system to a more free use of cereals, with apples, pears, peaches, oranges, apricots, cherries, plums, tomatoes, strawberries, blueberries, raspberries, bananas, pineapples, grapes, etc., and the abundant varieties of nut foods. All medical men agree, all the world over, that in connection with a fleshy diet, "Fierce diseases wait around to hurry mortals home."

#### Troublesome Sheep and Fowls.

The sheep, the geese, the ducks, and the turkeys, all gave trouble on the farm, and we finally concluded to dispense with their company. There was a pine tree of great size and height, that fell along where a fence separating the farm from the highway would, later, have been built. And so its friendly aid was availed of, in place of a snake fence, or a root fence. A few rails placed along its top side kept the cows and pigs at home, all right. But the sheep, when the pasture got cropt pretty low, and when there was an inviting growth of green grass on the road-side, found no difficulty in jumping up on that fallen pine tree, and jumping down again on the road-side. And so, after a tiresome day's work, we were obliged to go hunting in the dusk for the straying sheep. And we must make sure we had the whole of them. There were hungry wolves in the woods.

The cows, also, had to be rounded up at milking time, each evening. But one of them always carried a tinkling bell, and the others were never far away. In foraging thru the open fields and woods, they sometimes got a feast of leeks, a sort of onion, and the milk and the butter were thereby made unpleasant to the taste. Then, as for the geese and ducks, they early found a way thru the cracks in the fence, to Pipe's creek, across the public road. The consequence was it consumed too much time to hunt for their eggs, compared with the abundances provided by the hens, right to hand, in their barn-yard nests. The long-legged young turkeys scratched out the seeds in the garden and the fields, at such a rate, that they soon became a nuisance, and went into the oven for keeps.

## Sauer-Kraut Thrown into the Drink!

Once upon a time, Mrs. Thomas Weldon, whose motherly care of a dozen children—the eldest Susanna, and the rest all boys,—was located on a fine two-hundred-acre farm, fully a mile away to the west of us, bethought her to send some sort of a nice tid-bit over to my mother. So Andy, the second boy—who afterwards grew up to be a pretty intelligent joker, the life of any party of boys—was sent over thru the dens woods, and across the Pipe farm, with the delicacy in a nice new tin pail. I do not now remember what the pail contained. It may have been a cream cheese, or a sample of her home-made bread; or, it may have been nice large plums or grapes. Anyhow, here was a boy and an empty pail to make a return trip thru the woods. He might as well carry something in that pail from Mrs. Orr to Mrs. Weldon, that the family would appreciate—something that was not made every day. And, having got a nice dishpan of sauer-kraut into a most appetizing condition of perfection, a liberal share of the whole supply was carefully deposited in the nice clean pail; and Andy (as he was called for short) was told it was something very nice for his mother. He was charged not to let the pail fall, or to remove the lid, until his mother would open it herself.

But the day was hot, and there was a nice little stream in the woods, and he bathed his tired feet therein, and sat down to rest awhile. Then his boyish curiosity overcame his marching orders of a half hour in the rear, and he concluded to have a little peep beneath the cover. What was his horror to find a smel of something very like vinegar. Thereupon, to investigate more thoroly, off came the cover, and with the aid of a switch, he stirred up the contents, and concluded they were nothing but decayed cabbage. Of cabbage, he decided, they always had more out-doors at home, than the cows would eat. And so, not to carry such rotten stuff any farther, he upset it into the stream, and washed out the pail in the clean running water, being careful to thoroly rinse it free of the vinegary smell, cloves and all. Arriving home, his mother, as a matter of course, inquired how Mrs. Orr liked the nice present he had taken to her, and was assurd it was received with many thanks.

## "Murder Will Out!"

It may have been the next Sunday, or it may probably have been some weeks later, when Mrs. Orr met Mrs. Weldon, perhaps after meeting was out, at the log school-house; but some where, on the quiet. Then it developept that the tin pail was not sent back empty. All the same, it came home empty, said Mrs. Weldon, and some accident must have happend to that nice sauer-kraut; and it was many a long day since she had tasted any, and she was very fond of it. And so, with wondering steps, Mrs. Weldon hurried home to see what kind of a joke that yung incorigible had been playing this time. "Andy," she is suposed to have said, "come here. Did not Mrs. Orr put something in the tin pail for you to bring home to your mother?" "Eh, oh, yes, I forgot to tell you; but it was only a lot of rotten cabbage, and I would'nt insult my mother by bringing her such bad-smelling stuff." "And what ever did you do with it?" "Oh, I threw it into the creek; but I am sure,

mother, it would even poison the little fish!" And then the whole household had a merry laugh, except Andy and his mother.

#### The Weldons Move Away West.

After the large Weldon farm had been well cleared up, and one or two more adjacent farms bought, and after our family and Jas. L. Hughes' father's family, and my uncle John, had all gravitated from the hard farm drudgery, to places where educational opportunities were better for the young people, Mr. Thomas Weldon and his whole large family moved to the West, as far as Middlesex County, to the south of London, Ontario. All except James Weldon, who married an English girl and remained for some years at Bowmanville, as a builder. The other boys, and finally he too, having moved West, soon nearly all owned fine large well-tilled, improved farms of their own, between London and St. Thomas. The cheery old Irish gentleman would return for a visit, about every other year, to his old Darlington friends, collect the rent from his three separate farms, and then take a trip back to old Ireland. He probably crossed the Atlantic, mostly all alone, fully a score of times, his wife preferring her comfortable home. He and his wife both attained a good old age. Their children were well brought up, mostly Methodists, and also raised large families for themselves, of the best sort. Many of the connection still reside in or south of London, and some in Toronto. During a very enjoyable visit to the old people, a few years before their death, they both assured me that they had never had a personal quarrel, or serious disagreement, even, during their long life-time.

"Oh, Burn it Dick!"

Again, once upon a time, apart from Skelton, Isaac and Irvine Weldon, I had a playmate who lived with his uncle near Barrett's corners, a half-mile west from Orr's school-house. That was near Salem Chapel, at the opening of which chapel by the Bible Christians, this writer was present. It is now a Methodist church. This play-mate (named Dick) and I, were having a rollicking time, one holiday afternoon, in the burly old Englishman's barn. I do not know what we were doing; but, whatever it was, the old gent heard the racket and suddenly came in, to see what all the noise was about. He found things not as they should be, and broke out with: "Oh, burn it, Dick, this work'll never do! Oh, burn it, Dick, this work'll never do!" This he kept on repeating, louder and louder, stamping with his cane, as Dick and I got farther and farther away, lest he might fling his "big stick" at us. I left Dick to explain matters his own way, and scooted across lots for the Orr farm. In doing so, I past thru my uncle's orchard, found some nice red apples, not quite ripe, and munched them all the way home. Next day, had an awfully sick time, as a result of greediness.

This orchard was oposite Salem chapel, my uncle having sold his first farm, near ours, to John Pollard, and bought this one, a mile nearer Bowmanville, to which town he soon afterwards moved, to be nearer our family. He spent his declining years in our house and lived to a very old age. Both

he and my father were great Bible-readers, and spent many evenings in religious conversation. They believed we were all now living in the "time of the end," when "many shall run to and fro and knowledge shall be increased," as professed by Daniel, Chapter 12. Some people ignorantly called them "Millerites;" but they took no stock whatever, in Miller's crazy prediction that on a certain day which he named, a few months in the future, "the second coming of Christ" would take place, and "the earth, and the works that are therein, shall be burned up," as 2nd Peter does positively state.

#### NUMBER NINE.

The "End of the World" was to come on the 14th day of the second month, in the year 1844, if memory of that long past date serves me rightly. Thomas Conant, of Oshawa, in his fine book entitled "Upper Canada Sketches," says it was February 14th, 1843. A certain preacher named Miller, living somewhere in New England, felt called upon to re-enact the warning to mankind in his day, that Jonah gave to Ninevah. He used the figures found in Daniel, to fix the above as the very day when "this same Jesus shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven." He and other impressive people, constructed wonderful historical charts, a yard wide, and reaching all the way around a lecture hall. They traveled the continent over, gathering in much coin, towards the somewhat expensive campaign. The charts were very interesting, in their brilliant coloring, and taught much useful ancient history as foreshadowed in the prophet Daniel's great image with its head of fine gold, shoulders of silver, thighs of brass, and legs of iron and clay.

#### The Surprising Millerite Scare!

However, the date indicated brought nothing remarkable (except some sun-dogs) in the heavens above, or the earth beneath, but did cause a great many people to quit work for the day, and assemble in halls and churches to sing and pray. They did not know what might happen. Then afterward came wonderful stories, that many could only half believe, as to people having done lots of foolish things, such as fasting forty days, or giving away their property, or picking out choice farms to occupy in the new earth, when "all things became new," as was promised.

My old friend Thomas Conant, of Oshawa, in his handsome volume published by Wm. Briggs, Toronto, has this incident, among many others:—Mr. John Henry, of Port Oshawa, on that 14th day of February, was driving northward, alone, and met a man on horseback coming at the top of his speed. Addressing Mr. Henry, he said: "Say, stranger; do you see that sign in the sky?" Mr. Henry looked up and saw only a sun-dog, and replied: "Yes, what of it?" "Well, that's the Lord coming tomorrow to burn the world up." Mr. Henry replied: "Get out! that's only a sun-dog." His answer was: "Oh, you are an unbeliever," as he dug his spurs into his horse's sides, as if to ride away from the fire he felt so near.



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 The Clockmaker's Grim Experience.
 

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Mr. A. S. Whiting, who traveled all over North America, when a young man-selling his "grandfather's clocks," (of which we had one, run by two heavy iron weights) and who afterwards became a famous hoe-and-fork, and scythe maker, at Oshawa, and at South Oshawa, and later at St. Catharines, Ontario, tells a story in this connection. I give it in brief, as found in Conant's book. On the afternoon of that distinguished, and gloriously bright sunshiny 14th of February, he was driving a sleigh-load of clocks northward, out from Port Hope. There was not a cloud in the sky. Arriving late at a road-side tavern, he hitched his horse and went in to ask for supper, but found no one until he reached the kitchen. Here was a forlorn woman, sobbing and shedding tears. Asked where all the people were, she replied that they had "all gone to meeting." "Well," he said, "I want to put up my horse, and have supper."

## All to be Burnt Up, She Said.

"Oh, there is no use of eating, for we shall all be burnt up before morning," the weeping woman managed to get out between her sobs. "Well, never mind," he said, "I'll go and put my horse up, while you get me some supper." After supper, he found a bed in the deserted house, and slept well. Next morning he had some trouble waking anybody of the haggard sleeping lot to get him some breakfast. After breakfast, as about to start out on the two feet of fresh snow that had fallen, he asked "if they wanted any pay, seeing they were all going to die so soon." This broke the spell, he says, and "brought them back to mundane things." But all that day he could do no business, "because the people had not gotten over the surprise of finding themselves alive!"

## Young Lady Flying Heavenward!

Another Conant quotation as to a circumstance well known to all elderly Oshawa people. "Sarah Terwilegar, whose father lived in a broad-front brick house, a little east of Oshawa Center, on the south side of the Kingston Road, made for herself wings of silk. On the evening of 14th February, she jumped off the porch of her home, (in the presence of quite a crowd) expecting to fly heaven-ward. Falling to the ground, some fifteen feet, she was shaken up severely, and rendered wholly unable to attend to the home fires, such as were needed at that time of the year. It was said that one of her legs was broken. At all events, the laws of gravitation were not broken. They brought her "back to mundane things."

## Plowing up a Field Mouse.

My father seems to have owned, or borrowed, a copy of Burns' Poems in his younger days, and to have read them most devotedly. He never had the book in the house since I arrived there. Indeed he seemed to have repented of devoting so much time to that interesting author. Many a time he told visitors that he wished he had devoted as much time to reading God's Word, in



his youth, as he had given to reading Burns' poetic effusions. And this leads me to an incident out in the field, which caused him to stop the plow and, for once only, to recite Burns.

It was a frosty day, and the plow's coulter had cut right thru a mouse's nest. This revived old memories, and tho I was the only audience, here is what came from the plow-handles:—

Wee, sleekit, cowrin' tim'rous beastie,  
 Oh, what a panic's in thy breastie.  
 Thou needna start away so hasty,  
 Wi' b'ckering brattle. (hurry)  
 I wad be luith to rin and chase thee,  
 Wi' murdering pattle. (stick)  
 Thy wee b't housie, too, in ruin!  
 Its s'illy wa's the win's are strewin'!  
 And naething now to build a new one  
 O' foggage green:  
 And black December winds ensuin',  
 Baith snell and keen.  
 But, mousie, thou art no thy lane,  
 In proving fores'ght may be vain:—  
 'The best laid schemes o' m'ice an' men  
 Gang aft a-gley,  
 And leave us naught but grief and pain  
 For promised joy.

#### A Keen Lover of Music.

The head of the house was not only a lover of poetry, tho his opportunity of gratifying it had been practicaly confined to that of Bobbie Burns, but he was also quite a songster. The hard fysical work a farmer has to do, leaves little energy for engaging in song. But when an all-day rain or storm came along, and shut off outside work, then tools and song were hapily combined, while making something of utility, on the carpenter's work bench, in the out-house. Of the diferent sacred songs indulged in, on these ocasions, memory preserves only the folowing two verses; but where they came from, or what the others were, I have been unable to find out:—

Ye Daughters of Jewry, declare have you seen  
 The Star that on Israel shone,  
 Say if in your tents my Beloved has been,  
 Or where with his flocks he has gone.  
 Oh, Thou in whose Presenc e my Soul takes Delight,  
 On whom in Affliction I call;  
 My Comfort by day, and my Song in the Night,  
 My Hope, my Salvation, my All.

## Teaching Singing-School under Difficulties.

All the families, east, west, north and south, united in having a Singing-School started, one winter, in the log school-house. A rather dandy-looking, well-drest gentleman named Jas. F. Pierce, was engaged to come out from Bowmanville, one or two nights a week, and with a piece of chalk, make notes on a blackboard, and then tell us what they meant. Pretty much all the grown-up boys and girls, and a good number of the parents, were enrold as students. In due time the Do-ra-me's were conqurd, on the ordinary scale; but, when it came to flats and sharps, things began to look serious for most of us. But we stuck to it, and had about conqurd the "one sharp, key of G," and also "one flat, key of E," when other things began to happen, that the committee had neither arangd for, nor provided against. Certain of the big boys of the rougher sort, whose delight in fun was very much greater than in music, concluded to be herd from. They did not relish the starchd "diekie," and silk neck-tie, and stand-up collar, of the dandy-looking Professor. So they studied how they could teach him a back-woods lesson, as to dressng more modestly, and at the same time to produce a trifle of consternation among the students.

## Baptising the Professor of Music.

One dark stormy evening, when everything was going on nicely, inside, pretty near the end of the proceedings, down comes about a pail-ful of water, partly striking upon Mr. Pierce's head and good clothes. Looking up, we could see the water trickling down between the loose rough boards, of which the ceiling of the room was composd. When the larger students had got their "thinking caps" on, they climb up on the big side-desk, pushed up some of the boards, and finally brought down a sap-trough! There was a stick nailed to it, and a string atatcht to the stick. The other end of the string had reached out, thru the logs, to the field behind the school, so that pulling the string had up-set the water. When it was made clear that there were no disembodied spirits engagd in an effort to break up the school, and when the Professor had wiped his face and hed with his red handkerchief, the school resumed where it so suddenly left off. For some weeks afterward, there was patient persevering study, and flats and sharps were getting to be well understood, and much harmony was being produced.

## "Oh, Stop dat Knocking."

But the harmony produced by the well-trained rural singing class was destined to get rougher disturbans before the final doxology was reached, in the old school-house. Here's how it happened; but who caused it to happen, deponeth saith not. In the north side of the bilding there was a large opening left in the logs, midway between the east and west sides of the structure, wide enough to hold a nice cupboard, or set of book-shelves. Those book-shelves had two wide, inside doors, which were not very strongly fastened to a central staple. Up against these two cupboard doors, Prof. Pierce's blackboard leand loosely, at a slight angle, when in use. Nobody, on the front side of it, had any idea of the earth-quake power that was developing in the rear of those Do-ra-

me's, ever since the infant singing school received its sprinkl-baptism, as above related. Suddenly, when we were nearing the tip-top of an admirable crescendo passage, in one of the most popular hymns, both those book-cases came bursting in, carrying to the floor the black-board with all its chalk-talk flats and sharps. Prof. Pierce first put his hand up to hold back the board, not knowing what was behind it. But when the two doors flew wide open, and the blackboard came down to the floor, he was really frightend, as we all were, lest some wild beast with horns, was coming right in thru those battered-down doors. To make matters worse, the extra candles planted at each side of the black-board, to throw light on the chalk-talk notes, were also knockt down and out. Therefore it was not easy to discover, in the semi-darkness, the exact nature of this new visitation from the spirit world.

#### Everybody was Lockt In!

However, pretty soon two or three of the braver boys resolvd to go out the front door and investigate, perilous as this promis'd to be, on such a dark night. But they found the door barrd so tightly, on the outside, that it could not be shaken the leest little bit. Then, not knowing what next to do, a rush was made for the windows, only to find that they, too, were tightly naild down. By this time the dethron'd candles had all been re-lit, whereupon it was found that a large auger-hole had been bored thru the back of the book-case. This had en-b'led the disturber of the harmony to thrust a hand-spike against the doors, and create the consternation so delitful to him. And there being no windows on that side, no one could have seen him, even if there had been moonlight. Therefore, he had plenty of time to retreat to the shelter of the near-by dens forest, before any of us could get out thru a window, and then get the door unfastend.

There was no more truble. The d'sturbur had been most succesful in both of his schemes, and concluded to be satisfied therewith, lest he might be caught at it if he atempted another one. Of course, everybody had a good private guess as to who among the few grown-up yung men not attending the school, would be likely to engage in such deviltry. But nobody cared to use names abov a whisper, lest more truble might come, thru personal retaliation. And so, the few remain'ng lesons were carried on in peace, and blessed harmony prevaild, both at school and at home. There was thereafter a music-book and in some cases a tune-fork, or a flute, or a melodeon, in every considerable household.

#### NUMBER TEN.

My father was a great advocate of peace, except when it came to the matter of giving one of the three big boys a too frequent flogging for some improper conduct. Then, there was no peace until the trouncing was finisht, and until we promis'd to behave better. Very soon afterward, of course, we forgot to do so. He was fond of quoting the scripture, which reads: "As much as lieth in you, live at peace with all men." But, of course, we were only boys, not men. "Spare the rod and spoil the child," was another favorite quotation.

#### Too much Plain Speaking.

In pursuance of his peace policy, my father, owing to his "Second Advent" views, ceased from preaching any more to the Bible Christian congregations in the old school-house; but, instead, he established a Sunday afternoon meeting in his own house, for his family and his neighbors. These meetings were sometimes addressed by traveling preachers of the Advent, the Disciple, and the Christian denominations, all of which were quite active in those early days, as separate bodies. The spirit of union took hold of them, however, (as well as, later, of the Methodists and Presbyterians,) so that in this Province, all three of the small bodies are now practically one, some of them joining the Baptists. Soon afterward the Bible Christians, the New Connection Methodists, the Primitive Methodists, and the Episcopal Methodists, joined with the Wesleyan Methodists, forming the present Methodist Church of Canada. Also, the Old Kirk and the United Presbyterians came together, in Canada, if not elsewhere, and are now one church body. And a further union is now on the way between the Methodists, the Presbyterians, and the Congregationalists.

#### Sunday-School in the Log School-House.

Tho' my father went no more to the Bible Christian meetings, the family continued to go, and especially to the Sunday School. The latter amounted to very little in the way of teaching, tho' mostly each class had a teacher. But the teacher had very little time left, after hearing the deluge of scripture verses recited by the children. Red and yellow tickets were the prizes given, and finally a handsome book, to those who could commit to memory the longest list of consecutive scripture verses of their own choosing. My own weekly contribution was usually forty verses or more, leaving little time for the rest of the class to be heard from, but giving them a chance to "brush up" while awaiting their "turn."

#### Our Home Meetings Sometimes Postponed.

But both my attendances at Sunday School and my father's household meetings, were occasionally omitted by reason of calls for him to preach at a school-house in the Hogarth neighborhood, later called Pilchertown, and now Solina. On those occasions, old Charley was hitched up, and I went along as driver, while my father studied up his sermon on the way. That school-house was sometimes called Tooley's Corners, or else there was another of that name about a couple of miles northwest of Hampton. To reach there we turned westward at Jordan's school-house and passed Farley's Corners, and next, the "Big Blue Spring." We always took along a jug to bring home a supply of that no-bottom blue-spring-water, which was said to have cured old Mrs. Farley of her chronic rheumatism. It was situated a rod or two south of the bridge across the creek. A stream of the purest water, from a basin six or eight feet in diameter, ran into the creek, which passed southward at about a rod away, on the west side of the spring. It never froze over, and there appeared to be no bottom to it. Except that it was pure soft water, and in that respect different from the hard

lime water of the wells, it probably had little special healing power. But of course, the faith of the patient had as much or more to do with its good effects as in the partaking of Seltzer, or Poland, or Congress, or Apolinaris, or any other so-called medicinal water. Much also depends upon the amount drank, steadily, in every twenty-four hours, for a month or more on the stretch.

#### Camp-Meetings in the Woods.

I have a somewhat hazy recollection of attending several different camp-meetings, one of which was held on the west side of a stream northwest of Tyrone, probably where Charlesville, now called Hayden, afterwards grew up. Trees had been cut away, and planks laid on the stumps, as seating for the audients; and an elevated platform with a roof of boards over it, was built for the speakers. Around the outside would be tents or sheds opening upon the central space. These were usually occupied by whole families for two or three weeks, for cooking, eating and sleeping. Of course there was a stand for the sale of bread, sugar, milk, tea, coffee, home-made ginger-beer, and lemonade. To these temporary structures would be brought fresh supplies from the owners' farms, so that if heavy and prolonged rain should not come down, in the day time, those dwellings and meetings in the woods, among congenial companions, afforded rather enjoyable Christian holidays. Also, a good chance for people to become acquainted with each other. The preaching, and the "psalms and hymns and spiritual songs," were almost continuous, one or the other, from daylight to sometimes very late at night. Many young people from the surrounding country were attracted by the novelty, and heard words of counsel from the gifted preachers, and joined in the lively songs. Nearly every evening, some of them were led to accept the gospel offer, and to determine from that time onward, to "abhor that which is evil" and to "cleave to that which is good." Only eternity can reckon up the good done by the devoted men and women who thus preached, and helped to bring salvation to those leafy temples. It is said that Moody had a sign put in front of his Chicago tabernacle reading: "Work Done Here for Eternity." He passed away, but his work will endure to the end of time, and will affect eternity as well.

#### A Line-Fence Dispute with Brother Minns.

No doubt 't was difficult to define the exact boundaries of the several farms, when first hewed out of the solid wild woods. Hence there arose a mild dispute between John and Henry Orr of the one part, and David Johnson and Wm. Minns, owning the two farms to the east of them, of the second parties to whether or not my father and uncle had not fenced in more land, or less land, along their eastern borders, than belonged to them. Therefore, an expert land surveyor was hired to come out and measure up, and fix the boundaries. To the general surprise, it was found that Johnson and Minns had each about an acre more than belonged to them, and the Orr farms were that much short of their proper size. The surveyor having driven his stakes, all four parties proceeded to pull down and rebuild their shares of the line fence, on the right lines. This was done with all cheerfulness by Mr. Johnson—the man who could so quickly make friends with the most ugly yoke of oxen—but with Brother Minns, a vociferous leader in the Bible Christian Chapel, it was different.

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 Brother Minns Sore-Headed.

It came to my father's ears that Minns had made some sore-headed remarks to his neighbors concerning the fact that my father had been the first to advocate the getting of a surveyor, and that the survey had resulted in robbing him of that valuable strip of land, that he had cleared up and otherwise improved. In consequence of these unjust complaints, my father never put a plow or a hoe into that strip of land, but left it barren, so long as Brother Minns owned the farm on the eastern side of the fence. He wanted his former good friend to see, every time he plowed his own contiguous field, that it was from no such selfish motive that he had acted, in endeavoring to have the boundaries of each farm correctly fixed and determined, once and for all. In other words, that he had plenty and to spare.

## Diseases and Accidents of Childhood.

Our large family acquired the usual children's diseases—measles, scarlet fever, etc. One little brother died at less than two years of age, and I was sent away thru the woods, across Pipe's farm, to ask Mr. Weldon's eldest son John, who was somewhat of a rough or barn carpenter to come over and make the little coffin. I remember that my father shewed him how to saw the side boards nearly thru with three or four cuts close to each other, at the place, near the head of the coffin, where the sides should turn inward, thus making it different in appearance from a plain black box. The funeral was private, and until the farm was sold, there was a fenced-off God's acre, on a small scale, in the corner of a back field. When we moved to Bowmanville, in 1852, it was moved also.

## Rhumatism and Water-Cure.

Several of us had more than measles, and I had various happenings, some of which may now be alluded to. One was that when that pretty little tamarac bush was pulled up out of the icy-cold swamp, north of Jordan's school-house, rheumatism of the feet and ankles came along with it, and kept company with the "little boy in the bunk" for a month or more. I could not touch my feet to the floor, so painful and swelled-up were they. But when the hot summer time came, with its abundant perspiration, the trouble disappeared. Strange to say, it came back again the following spring, at about the same time, as painful as ever, and without any apparent cause. And, for a third spring, it came again. There was then fear that it was going to remain with me, every spring for life, and the cost of the liniments and hot stuff that were rubbed in, was counting up. But about that time some friends in town, gave my father a copy of the "Water-Cure Journal," published in N. Y. Confined in the bunk, the youngster with the swelled feet was glad to get anything to read. He soon discovered from that paper, that a painful hot swelling could sometimes be cooled off, and reduced by applying a cool wet cloth. This was tried, somewhat doubtfully at first, but with excellent results. In a very few days, all pain and swelling were gone, and the exposure of the following spring weather, never brought any return of the trouble.

## NUMBER ELEVEN.

This Number Eleven will be a sort of "chapter of accidents," for I have met with a good many, one time and another, and have had some very narrow escapes from sudden death. Such, no doubt, is the common lot of everybody who has stayed in this world a considerable time. There's a hymn that, in speaking of God's providence, says:—

Thru hidden dangers, toils and deaths,  
It gettily cleared my way;  
And thru the pleasing snares of vice,  
More to be feared than they.

And still another that warn'd all mankind that:—

Dangers stand thick thru all the ground  
To push us to the tomb;  
And fierce diseases wait around  
To hurry mortals home.

No doubt the writers of these stanzas—Addison and Watts—had met with their full share of accidents and ill-health, and therefore wrote feelingly, having lived to tell the story, just as I now do.

## Two Barn-Floor Accidents.

When the threshing of the wheat was over, and the mows were cleaned out, the waiting hay-stack was leisurely pulld down, loaded on the wagon, and transferd to the nearly empty barn. Then for a time, the boys slept, during the hot nights, on top of the soft fresh, fragrant hay; and, strange to say, never caught any other sort of hay-fever. The odor of the fresh hay attracted them erly to roost; and, as they retired only half undrest, they were up at daylight, and the chores had erly and cheerful attention.

One afternoon we were having a lot of fun, sliding from where the hay was pact up pretty high, down to where it was much lower. We were calld to dinner, and the others left the barn; but I climd up for "one more slide." In the glee of enjoyment I strecht out my arms, and one of them came in contact with the sharp steel prong of an up-turnd hay-fork. It caught on just inside of my left elbow; and there I was, impaled and hung up, and nobody near to help me down. However, the prong did not go clear thru my arm, because it was stopt by the bone, and therefore did not hurt me much at any time. So I wiggled around for awhile, until the wooden handle kindly sank into the soft hay, so I was able, finaly, to unhitch my arm from the sharp point. Strange to say, the wound did not bleed. No artery was pierced, and it very soon heald up, leaving only a small life scar.

On another afternoon, when alone in the barn, I climd up over the sheavs of wheat to see the yung swallows, in their mud nests, which were attached



to the rafters. Every farmer had holes left in the gable ends of his barn for the swallows; and a few provided inside boxes for pigeons. The pigeons were not so welcome, however, because they had great capacity for consumption of grain. The swallows, on the other hand, lived entirely upon insects "caught on the fly," such as would, probably, be injurious to the crops. The end of my climbing came suddenly, in a fall from a slippery sheaf above a high beam, down ker-whack upon the hard barn floor. My mother was in a field not far away, and heard the fall, and came running in. I do not remember whether, like the boy in the scripture story, I said "Oh, my head, my head," or whether I said "Oh, my arm, my arm," when this little boy's mother arrived so hastily at the barn. Anyway, she soon found that a wrist was out of joint, and gave the hand such a sudden pull, that the wrist-bones immediately resumed their former condition. In a few hours no one would think I was any the worse for the dangerous occurans.

#### Some Other Narrow Escapes.

When I look back and consider all the close calls met with, it seems a wonder that I am yet alive. My father bought a grindstone, with the result that we boys had a lot of back-breaking work turning the crank, while he benevolently sharpened the axes, the hatchets, the chisels, and the knives, for ourselves and for all the near nabors. But before the grindstone came, the ax had become quite dull, and therefore it was taken to town to be sharpened. When breakfast was called, next morning, the ax with the new sharp edge, was standing at the door. To see how quickly it would now go thru a stick of wood, I pckd it up and ran toward the wood-pile. A stumble, a fall on my left side, and a sharp gash into my left wrist from the sharpened implement, ended my chopping powers for many a long day. When the blood streamd out copiously, I fainted away, and had to be carried to bed. And then when the cut healed, the cords of my left hand were drawn up so tightly, that I was afraid the fingers would be of no more service. Gradually however, I trained them to use, and in a year's time could use an ax, or a rake, or plow-handle nearly as well as ever. But they have never returned to normal shape. And so I have occasion to sympathize with the poet who sings of the bird with the broken wing, or pinion, that will never be able to soar so high as before, or something to that effect.

#### NUMBER TWELVE.

Another close call came later in life when a street car, runing at an unlawful rate across Jarvis Street, Toronto, knocked my bicycle from under me, and carried me on the fender for some distans. Had to lay up for two or three weeks. Many more bicycle mis-haps occurd, chiefly with damage to the wheel insted of the rider. But the delight of bicycle-riding every sumer, upon asfalted streets, far outweighs the danger, in the case of a rider who is blest with good eye-sight and a level head, and who avoids the more congested streets.



## Early Experience with Tobacco.

The manager of our culinary department always seemed to me to be all that a good mother to a large family could be expected to be, except as to one thing. That was the habit of an occasional pull at an old tobacco pipe, caused, so she said, by endeavor to cure an aching tooth. To save appearances, the cure was taken before any one else in the house was stirring, as a rule, the

smoke carefully directed up the chimney, and the old pipe was kept out of sight. One evening, when the old people had gone for a sleigh-ride visit, I found the old pipe, dropt a small live coal into it, and took a few pulls. Pretty soon I was strecht out on the floor, rolling in pain, such as I never knew before or since. That settled me, as to ever again smoking tobacco. But somewhere, I once got a little bit of the black stuff, and tried how small a piece of it would answer as a perpetual taster in my mouth. In a few days, I found it not so terribly disagreeable to keep a larger and then still larger piece, in my cheek.

This led me to conclude that keeping on a while longer, one would finally become a slave to a filthy and costly habit, as were many of the poor laboring men who worked in our fields for a mere pittance, and spent part of that on tobacco. They had been heard to say they were sorry they ever began the bad habit, for they could not now break it off. On my way to school, one morning, I thought of this, and said to myself; "I will not become a slave to this or any other regretful habit. I can stop **right** now, and I will." With that, out went the tobacco into the dirty ditch at the roadside; and in my mind, and in my practice, it has been there ever since. The money saved, compared with the smoking habit of many business men, has enabled me to help many hundreds of good causes, with donations of larger or smaller sums, as opportunity arose. If a man spends fifteen cents a day on cigars he will, in the course of fifty years, at six per cent. interest, throw away no less than \$15,000; and that does not include Sunday, the day on which some social smokers smoke the more.

## Let it Alone, and it Won't Hurt You.

Never did Old Nick father a more diabolical falsehood than this one respecting alcoholic drink. No one in my father's family ever "took to drink," or ever drank a single glass of grog, so far as I know. But we did not escape its murderous effects. A splendidly built young man came from another neighborhood to visit, and in due time, to marry my eldest sister. In his father's house they were accustomed to take wine or leave it alone; and not often was any visitor urged to partake. The familiarity with it remained, however, as a sleeping giant, in the veins and nerves of the new-comer, for years. It gradually awoke, little by little, fastened its deceptive fangs firmly into his system, and brought ruin to the new family life, and early death to him. It left my sister a widow for more than forty years afterward, with two small children to care for, and to educate as best she could. Little wonder, therefore, that my best energies have been given to every temperance movement—the Cadets, the Sons of Temperance, the Good Templars, the W. C. T. U., the Dominion Alliance, &c. Also helping to start those useful papers, the Pioneer, the

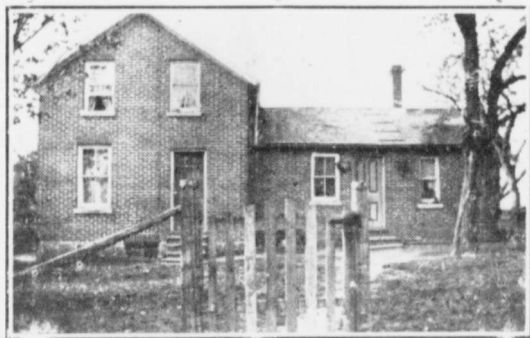
Templar, and the "Sons of Temperance Record;" and to assist a dozen or more clubs, leagues, missions and schools, wherein others of like mind have united, one time and another, to do battle at the polls, and everywhere, against the greatest foe of mankind. Result:—Ontario and Quebec more than half dry. Praise God for the rapid modern progress in the prohibition of the liquor traffic.

#### Farming Days Done and Gone.

Well, all things have an end, and so must these rambling "Skits and Sketches" soon come to a close. After trying the cabinet-making business for a couple of months, (being deemed too delicate for successful farm life) an opening in the type-setting department of the *Bourmanville Messenger* proved exactly to my liking, for a three years' apprenticeship. One day, a wonderful little phonographic magazine from Cincinnati came in, whereupon the journeyman printer said there was a book in his house that taught something like that. Pretty soon I was devouring it, morning, noon, and night; and before long was corresponding in shorthand with Isaac Pitman, of Bath, England, and with his brother, Ben Pitman, at Cincinnati. For more practice I then went to New York, and soon got a situation at writing a temperance book from dictation, studying shorthand, and earning \$8.00 per week. After doing some reporting on Horace Greeley's *New York Tribune*, I spent a summer traveling about thru New York State, improving my health and weight, and getting subscriptions for the book I had written up—"The History and Results of the Maine Law, by Henry S. Clubb." Collecting no money for months, I subsisted for food upon about 15 or 20 cents worth of plain biscuits and fruit, per day, gained twenty pounds in weight, and was surprisingly told by O. S. Fowler, the phrenologist: "You appear to be in a state of perfect health." It was the case of Daniel, and of the three Hebrew children, over again. My disheartening fear of an early death from consumption was gone.

#### Back Again to Upper Canada.

In January 1856, I was invited, tho' only 20 years of age, to become Editor of the *Oshawa Vindicator*, and part proprietor of that paper, and of the *Christian Offering* and the *Phonetic Pioneer*. During the next ten years in Oshawa, I was in demand at Quebec as a shorthand reporter in Parliament, for about two months each, in the winters of 1863, and of 1864, getting first \$18, and the next time \$30 per week. A third time I went to old Quebec, earning \$100 per week, for five weeks, (at \$4.00 for each 1400 words) reporting the great Confederation Conference, where the Canadian Dominion was born. (This shows the advisability of every young person, boy or girl, endeavoring to acquire the ability to write shorthand. Thousands of young ladies are making a good living by it, in Toronto. It has been a great help to me, all thru life.) Sold my share in the *Vindicator* to John S. Larke, in the fall of 1865, and after a few months as Assistant Editor with Hon. George Brown on the *Toronto Daily Globe*, moved to Montreal for twelve years, and engaged permanently in promoting Life Insurance, and have now been connected with it, chiefly at Toronto, for nearly fifty years.



THE OLD FARM HOUSE, REBUILT.

[This is a photo of the brick house which now occupies the site of the original frame house, taken from outside the gate on the south side. It is almost a duplicate of the first, but with a larger kitchen. The Orr and Pipe farms of 90 acres are now owned by John Somers, of Bowmanville, and have been occupied by J. G. Plunkett, for about seven years past.]

#### Blood-Letting in Medical Practice.

Progress in the medical profession during the past fifty years is shown by the change in the treatment of persons severely injured. Old Dr. Bird was a faithful practitioner of the healing art, as it was quite universally carried on previously to 1850. My second eldest sister—the heroine of the spelling match—was offered a ride home from Bowmanville on horseback, on one occasion, and a side-saddle was placed on a very quiet animal for her use, and a young man would call for the horse the next day. All went well for a few miles homeward, but a herd of cattle was met, occupying the whole road. Thereupon the horse wheeled, to run home, and unhorsed the rider, all except one foot which remained in the stirrup for some distance, causing bruises to shoulders and head. She was brought home limp, and Dr. Bird soon arrived. Thereupon a large bowl full of what he called the bad blood was taken from her arm. Also, a few doses given of some stimulant. A couple of weeks rest completed the cure, all right. Besides blood-letting—now quite obsolete—and spring medicine, another staple resort, in the country, was an ugly emetic, or else a dose of Epsom salts. My mother was sub-doctor for the whole community.

#### “Have Some More Pie.”

One memorable occasion, during school holidays, about Christmas time, in the long ago, when we were living in Toronto, after being down east in Montreal for twelve years, my two only sons, Cyrus Pitman and George Henry,

were on a visit to their numerous cousins in Oshawa, surnamed Dingle. With the two eldest boys, Frank and Charley, all were of about equal age, and the four agreed upon a slea ride, next day, to the old Orr farm, then occupied by my boyhood playmate, Johnny Pipe. The wether was very cold, on the chosen day—somewhere between ten and fifteen below zero—but the sun shone out most encouragingly. So after brekfast the cutter was at the door, full of furs, and merrily the slea bells jingled as they started off for a fifteen mile drive, first to Bowmanville, where they calld on grandma Orr, then northward four miles to Johnny Pipe's. Mrs. Pipe gave the youngsters a most cordial welcome. She assurd them that they must be hungry after such a long cold drive in such zero wether, and promisd to hav brekfast ready pretty soon. So Mr. Pipe took care of their smoking horse, and the boys visited the barn, and made the fanning mill rattle and the slea and cow bells jingle, and cut up a lot of turnips for the stock. Then brekfast was calld, but they must all wash up first after romping in the barn. Therefore to the pump they bravely went, taking turn about at the handle, while the icy water sizzd over hands and face. So cold was the wether that Mr. Pipe's hair and whiskers turnd white with frost, greatly to the amusement of the boys. Mrs. Pipe apologized profusely that she had nothing in the house fit to set before city boys. If they had only let her know of their coming she would hav had food they would like.

(On visiting the same farm, since comencing these sketches, I found myself able to talk with old friends for many miles around, over the telephone wires running into all their houses. Some diferens!)

What the boys saw was a heap of hot fried chicken, several of which they were sure they had seen running around the yard when they first arived. However, the visitors soon discovered that they had come from Oshawa in such a hurry that they had not eaten half a brekfast before starting, and so had room for a lot of chicken, including some that was cooking while they were eating. Then after returning from a two hours ramble thru the woods and fields of several naboring farms, dinner was announced and they were quite ready for it—soup and boiled beef, and fresh pork, and a heap of apple pies piled on top of each other. When their appetite seemed failing towards the end, Mrs. Pipe urged them to "hav some more pie."

Presently the boys concluded that they had only visited two of the naboring farms, and ought to see another woods, and perhaps capture a squirel or a ground-hog. But tho they did hav a merry chase or two, the result was nil, because they did not hav the right sort of gun for the game. Hitchking up after the horse had had a four hours rest, Mrs. Pipe insisted that they should hav supper before starting on so long a journey home, for it was turning colder toward evening. They were reluctant to impose on her good nature, but she assured them that she had greatly enjoyd their visit, and her good man had been handsomely treated at Montreal, and she had baked some more apple pies, and they must not start home without having a piece or two more, while they were hot. So they sat down for a third time, and boiled chicken and fresh pies and hot coffee found a glad welcome, for had not Mrs. Pipe urged them not to start home in such fearful wether without a good filling of something to keep the cold out.

On many an occasion afterward when there was apple pie on the table, the boys egged each other on to "have some more pie," in memory of the three meals in four hours on their first and only visit to the old homestead, and of their kindly warm treatment on that very cold trip.

#### "The World Growing Smaller."

In one of the foregoing sketches, some account was given of the building of the first telegraph line between Montreal and Toronto by the Montreal Telegraph Company. The men who put their money into that risky enterprise must have been young men who had, as predicted in God's word, "seen visions." What wonderful things have happened since then, in this matter of useful and profitable inventions. Before that, the world was very large, so large that scarcely any one ever thought of such a thing as making a journey all the way around it, during his short life-time. But now it is a matter only of a few weeks. Before long no one will deem himself properly educated until he has visited every country under the sun. Many, also, will desire to postpone their departure to another world until they have seen more of the glories of this world, such as we read about on the pictured page. When I was a boy we traveled painfully, on foot, at four miles an hour, or on or behind a horse at eight or ten miles. We never so much as thought of getting ahead of those two ways, except by steamboat. Stephenson's invention of a locomotive and Hudson's building of a steamboat were such great advances, that everybody seemed content with the wonderful way the world was progressing. Then came steamships that dared to try to cross the ocean. But several of these were never more heard from. Consequently, many people desiring to move to Canada preferred the long six weeks on board the sailing ship, to a quick passage at such a risk. But steam has conquered, and no active business man now travels by the slow sail route, on any ocean, or by horse, ox or camel team, over any considerable land stretch.

#### Other Inventions Galore.

It took some time after the great wars were over in Europe and America, for people to settle down to farming and trading and village and city building. Until they had, in this way, succeeded in making a living both the boys and girls had to work hard at whatever they could find to do, and any sort of education above "reading, writing and arithmetic" was seldom thought of. A five or seven years' apprenticeship for them in becoming master of a trade, and a shorter period for the girl in learning to sew in a dressmaker's shop, were the usual thing, after a few winters at the common school. Hence considerable time elapsed before the world got over being content with the uses to which steam could be put by the ordinary mechanic. But colleges, academies, and

universities gradually got in their attractions, and ladies' seminaries grew up and the means and ambition to invent new forms of industry began to take its development. First came the sewing machine in various shapes, then the bicycle in a rude form, stretching the young man's legs to nearly twenty feet at a step. Then the telephones, knocking out the small boy and permitting him to remain at school. Then the rotary printing press, doing away with the jerking of a lever back and forth, or pushing an ink roller over the flat form, as was part of my occupation for several years, until 25 years of age. Then came the discovery that shorthand could be easily acquired by the girls, and that there was an immense industrial and intellectual field open for the fair sex, through assisting business men in their correspondences. In that connection, also, came the type-writing machines. The girls, in course of time, took to them as dexterly as to playing the piano, and without losing their good standing in society.

#### What I did as a Pioneer.

Living in those early times, it happened that I had something to do with pushing forward the world's progress in connection with several useful inventions. After the sewing machine had been introduced in the United States under the Wheeler & Wilson and the Singer patents, a factory was established at Hamilton and another at Guelph, and I purchased one of the first that came on the market. It was run by hand-power and cost twenty dollars. Then when the type-writer came into use in the U.S., a letter came to my Montreal office in printed characters. Finding our Albany office had one for sale, I purchased it for, I think, forty dollars. It was more than twice the size of the present machines, and used only capital letters. So far as I know, it was the first to come into Canada, and it proved to be a great help in showing what was possible in that line. After I had practised on it for about an hour, Dr. Alexander came in and viewed the new contraption with contempt. He said he could beat it with a pen. "Well then" I said, "I'll run you a race." So we agreed to write "Our Father which art in Heaven" ten times over, on separate lines. I made very awkward work of finishing even with him, but anybody could read every letter of the machine's work, while no one could have read a word of his writing after the first few lines.

#### Young Ladies as Typists.

Having satisfied myself that the type-writer had come to stay, I determined to have the professional use of it taken hold of by young ladies. Therefore, when moving to Toronto in March 1878—35 years ago—I advertised for a young lady who could write fonography, and use a type-writer. Only one reply came, and it was from a teacher of short-hand in Belleville. She was employed at once, but resigned after a few weeks, because she did not like being in an office with young men. I then advertised again, but it was some years before it was possible to find more than one or two young ladies who could take

down letters from dictation, and turn them out on a type-writer. But after the first few had proved a success, others speedily followed, so that in ten years an entirely new occupation was fully open to the girls as they came from the common school through the commercial college, and became skilful with pencil and machine. About that time I was induced to take the presidency of a strong company, with F. S. Spence as Secretary, with the benevolent object of manufacturing the Oliver Visible type-writer, to be sold at \$25.00 each, and thus made to find its way into the home, as well as into nearly every office. Before we could get a machinist to commence making them, Rev. Mr. Oliver patented some improvements upon it, and a more wealthy company was formed in Chicago. Then a factory was built, with John Dougall of the *Witness*, as president, in Montreal, but the business was soon afterward wound up, as not proving a success in Canada, tho that machine is doing well in the States. The competition of "best ever" is now very great, and the "visible" principle seems to have fairly "won out" and the "silent stroke" appears to be the great improvement now needed.

#### Telephones and Gramophones.

At about the same time as the introduction of the young ladies to the offices as amanuensis, (adding beauty and refinement and a better moral atmosphere to many offices) came the telephone as an aid to business. I was a pioneer in seeing its utility, and determined to be one of its first patrons. I was furnished with an indicator that would ring a small bell nine times to reach the last office on that wire. If it rang only six times, that meant me. Then I would use the present style of ear tube both to listen with, and to talk thru, the present box receiver, and call for "Central," not having been then invented. The tube had to be moved swiftly from ear to mouth. When the present style was introduced, I was given "Main 3" and have had that No. ever since, having been the first occupant of an office in Toronto, to patronize the new fangled and doubtful concern. The telephone office itself was No. 1, and the police office was No. 2. At present the police station has three numbers 2, its call being "Main 222."

#### NUMBER THIRTEEN.

Then as to the Gramophone, as it is now called. I remember that, when on the *Daily Globe*, I spent an hour at the Rossin House, where Mr. Alexander Graham Bell, then a young man from Brantford, gave an exhibition of a talking machine. He claimed that it would, some day, be found of great use in the world. After that single demonstration, the invention was not again heard from for some years, because the development of the telephone seemed to absorb Mr. Bell's entire time.



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Other Wonderful Inventions.

Solely because of the spread of education and of Christian civilization, other useful inventions have crowded themselves rapidly into the industrial and amusement field. One of the greatest tho least known to the public was the linotype machine. It operated like a type-writer manuel or letter-board, to bring moulds into shape for casting a metal letter at every stroke of the finger, and as each line is completed by those moulds, or matrices, hot metal is poured in, and a whole line of type is instantly produced, to be later formed into pages for the printing press. Then came most complex machinery for printing books, newspapers and magazines. And so rapid has been the inventions there-about, that no printing press has ever been half worn out before it had to be thrown away. Nobody could afford to longer use it. Electric light and power, X rays and the cinemetagraf are also worth mentioning in this connection. When the bicycle was perfected, it seemed that we had come pretty near to flying thru the air; but the electric street car, the automobile, and the auto-cycle had yet to come into the ring before the balloon could be relegated to the scrap heap, and the aeroplane win its way to favor. It was a great step when wires were laid for 3000 miles under the ocean, and again when the "wireless" appeared. It will be a greater accomplishment still when we can travel *above* the waves, and make the trip inside of two days with comparative safety, as will surely soon be the common caper. In view of what has been done during the past fifty years, who can set limits to the inventions of the near future. I envy the yung men of to-day who take good care of their helth, and live to see the wonders that the middle of this century will bring to view.

How I Lost Three Hundred Dollars.

An aparently well-educated man of thirty or forty years, came to my Montreal office a few times, and profesd to be an expert life insurance solicitor, especially in the art of asisting ordinary agents to close busines on which they had been spending much time without succes. He knew, and profesd to hav worked for some persons in Hartford from whom he brought letters speaking of his good abilities. Finaly, I fitted him out, and sent him to Ottawa to see what service he could be to a rather slow-going agent we had there. The agent appreciated the help of the glib talker, and they did a little canvasing together for a few days. Then, one morning, he shewd the agent a telegram from me to both of them, to draw on me thru the Ontario Bank, for Three Hundred Dollars, and take first train to a little place half way down the southward line, where there was no telegraf office, to settle some urgent case, that would otherwise be sued. Being a stranger, the bank would not hav advaned the money to him, but the local man thought it was all right, and signed with him for the money. And so, as directed by the fake telegram, the two were to go in company to hand the money over to the poor widow. They alighted at the country station together; but, when the train had got fairly started southward,

the hopeful stranger swung himself on to the tail end of it, as conductors sometimes do, and was seen no more. Before the time for a return train to Ottawa to come along, he was over the border out of reach. The agent was deceived, and so was I. He was put to much trouble for nothing, and I had to settle the draft in full with the bank, and credit myself with some valuable experience for future use.

#### He Tried to Commit Suicide.

Not me, but another man, living at a French village, named Rigaud, on the Ottawa River. He was a bailif, and was in debt to the sheriff of the county, who obtained a \$5,000 policy on his life thru deceiving an agent of mine, who was canvasing that part of the country. The agent, Rev. F. C. Ireland by name, was new at the business or he would surely have made more careful enquiry as to the bailif's habit of getting drunk every little while, and would not have allowed him to sign a statement that his habits were "sober and temperate," as was done. The Dr's report was favorable, who must have known better, but gave no warning. The policy was duly issued, and the sheriff paid the first year's premium. A little time before the next premium came due, it came to my knowledge, in some way, that in a drunken fit, the insured had cut his throat, in his own bath-room, and bled nearly to death. Thereupon an inspector from the company visited the village and obtained the names of several parties who could testify, if called upon, that the bailif was anything but a sober and temperate man. Hence no receipt for continuance of that fraud was sent me for collection, when the second premium came due. When the money was placed on the counter by the Sheriff, I shoved it off on his side, so he picked it up and went away, uttering dire threats. His lawyer brought suit and the witnesses were heard in court, the bailif himself being one. The judge decided that the company did right to take no further part in such a palpable fraud, and that the Sheriff had no claim to get any of the first year's premium handed back.

#### A Successful Life Insurance Fraud.

In the City of Quebec, a wealthy carriage maker desired to have a policy issued for \$1,000 on a man who owed him some money, but the doctor's report to my company shewed him to be well on in consumption. So he was declined. Not to be beaten, application was made to a British company, and a cousin of the man, whose name was the same as his, was examined by a different doctor, and a policy was issued and paid for. Before a year had past, claim was made on that company for the \$1,000, the first Jean Baptiste having died from consumption. The company was sued, but tho it brought forward evidences shewing that there was this gross deception, the jury thought there might be some doubt about that, and the company had to pay, with costs of court. Such cases hapening here and there thruout the land, resulted in life

insurance companies taking much greater care than at first, so that tho the business is now vastly more extensive, it is next to impossible that either of such cases could again occur.

Here ends Number Thirteen of these "Skits and Sketches." That is my favorite number. The great N. Y. show man, P. T. Barnum, when traveling, always called for room 13. He always found that room empty and well ventilated, tho all others were occupied. He and I always agreed with Horace Greely and Henry Ward Beecher, that in this civilized country, the foolish superstition concerning starting any new enterprise on the 13th, or on Friday, should be stamped out. Hence all thru life we have started everything we could on Friday, or on the 13th of the month, and have met with no mishaps on either account. If we now (my wife and I) live a little more than three years longer there will be a Sixty Years wedding celebration on the 13th of November, as an encouragement to all our young friends to "go and do likewise."

THE END.

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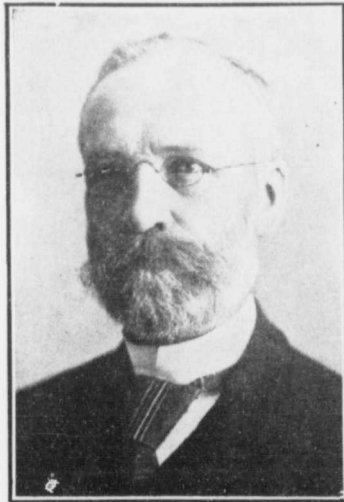
Skits and Sketches

about

“When You Wuz a Boy”

BY

WILLIAM H. ORR,  
TORONTO.



(From Photograph taken at age of 70.)

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