

*R. Myrick*

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Story

A BRIEF BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH  
BY  
GEORGE HUTCHESON



HUNTSVILLE, ONTARIO  
Published at the Forester Office,  
November, Nineteen Hundred and Nineteen.

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Mr. and Mrs. George Hutcheson

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From a photo taken on February 23rd, 1918, on the occasion of the 83rd birthday of Mrs. Hutcheson.

## CHAPTER I.



IELDING to a wish often expressed by members of my family, and by others outside the family circle, I have herein undertaken to chronicle a brief history of my life.

I was born in the County of Farmanagh, Ireland, in the town-land of Drumcullen and Parish of Derrevullen, on April 15th, 1837. My parents, William Hutcheson and Elizabeth Coulter, were natives of that section of the country, but their ancestors were Scotch.

My oldest sweetheart, the purest of women, with a tender hand and a consecrated heart and mind, taught me the truth and the value of the Law of the Lord, or the old Bible. My father was a consecrated christian, and had the family at the altar regularly during the early years of my acquaintance with him. He also gave me the fullest assurance that the old Book was the best possible guide for youth, for middle age, and for old age. His death will be recorded later.

During the year 1847, it being the time particularly of the blight of the potato crop in Ireland, it became apparent that the yeomen of that country would have to find quarters elsewhere, or suffer hunger from the famine which prevailed. Amongst the other families that then emigrated to Canada and other parts, my father and his family came to the resolve that it was necessary to seek pastures new, and find a country where they would enjoy larger opportunities for the comforts of life. In discussing the question, my eldest brother said he would go alone if the family would not go with him, and my mother in reply said "I shall never leave my children; I will go with them to death, whither that may be." That settled the question. We were then bound for another home—another country. The next question to be solved was: would we go to Australia to my mother's relatives, or would we go

to Canada to my father's relatives, and in that connection, it was decided that we go to Canada to my father's sister who was then living some thirty miles west of Toronto. It was the custom in those days for men who were located on small farms to be permitted to sell their goodwill and tenancy and by so doing make some little money to enable them to find quarters elsewhere. My uncle received for his holding or tenancy, about one-third of the quantity my father possessed,—or sixty pounds. My father was not permitted the privilege, and as a consequence, was that much shorter financially, because of the disposition of the landlord to keep him on the place; he wanted him to remain there. There was a great struggle to hold the tenants, and to hold them at all costs. My father's sister,—who was the wife of John Hilliard,—and my father consulted with each other, and the result was that the Hilliard family as well as the Hutcheson family would go together to Canada. Here, it may be properly stated that the Hutcheson family consisted of Thomas the elder, Margaret, William, John, Elizabeth, James Alexander, and the writer. The family of my Uncle Hilliard consisted of Thomas, Ellen, Jane, John, with our grandmother eighty-four years of age. My uncle and father put their heads together and secured passage on board a ship bound for Quebec. In due course we left our homes in the month of April, 1847, and came on our way through Enniskillen, Pettigo, Estreban, Londonderry—the port from which we sailed. When we came to embark, our little ship, seventy-five to ninety feet long was already attached to a tug. We set sail, the tug taking us out through Lough Foyle, and when we came to touch the old Atlantic, I was very curious in my thought as a child. I thought it was not possible to find water so wide that I could not see the other shore—I was either not clear enough in sight or tall enough in stature, but as we reached the Atlantic, there was a stiff breeze, and the toe line parted. I then found it was not possible to see the other shore, so my delusion vanished.

After four days sailing, a heavy storm broke.

A committee was formed of the passengers to act with the owners of the vessel, in accordance with the law respecting emigrant ships. My father, being one of the said committee, called upon the Captain in the face of the storm, to allow his crew or sailors to reef the sails. The sailors also requested it, seeing that there was no possibility of keeping up canvas under the stress of wind. He absolutely refused to have the sails reefed, and they asked him where he was going or what he was going to do. "I am going to Quebec, to hell or the bottom," he replied. He had partaken so freely of John Barleycorn that he was not sane. In a little while, the hatchways of the vessel, or deck, were secured, nailed down, closed up, shutting all the passengers under the deck. The little vessel tumbled like a cork on the mountainous waves, and in the middle of the night, the main chain connecting the sails snapped. The cooking galley for the passengers' accommodation, being built of brick, was broken from its moorings, and carried the bulwarks entirely off the vessel. The sailors had to hide in the cabin to protect their lives from flying pulleys, broken ropes, and other missiles driven by the storm. The masts were broken from their stand in the deck and tumbled overboard. This storm lasted for three days, and when it was possible to look up through the hatchways, we were in sight of the land we left,—the coast of Ireland. The committee demanded that they should be landed on the coast of Ireland because of the action of the Captain in not bringing sufficient canvas to carry the vessel through the weather. The Captain was determined on going to Scotland where the vessel was owned, in order that he might escape his punishment, as the law made it imperative for him to be properly equipped with canvas and supplies for the ship, which he neglected. He landed the committee on the coast of Ireland and they took their march for Londonderry, the port from which the vessel sailed. The Captain struck out for Ayr, Scotland, the town where the vessel belonged. As the vessel approached the River Foyle, the wind turned and blew him straight into the port he had left,—he had not

canvas enough to carry him through to Scotland. He there met with the committee, and the local authorities, and paid sixty pounds for his conduct, and his license was withdrawn for three months. We remained there getting repairs for three weeks. Boy like, I took advantage of my opportunity and rambled a good deal through the City of Londonderry; walked upon its ancient walls, and returned usually to my ship's lodgings when night came, but in my rambles I contracted what was afterwards termed, the emigrant fever, and after the ship set sail, it developed. Having had a light attack I was soon again upon my feet, but my father was the second to contract the disease.

On our second attempt, it required seven weeks from the time we left port, to the time we landed at Quebec. It is needless to recite the many little incidents that arose. My father had again recovered his health, and we were prepared to take the steamer the Government had furnished at Quebec, that was to take us to our destiny. Upon arrival at Montreal, my brother, Thomas, was stricken with fever, and had to go to the hospital. We were then transferred from our steamer to a tug, barge attached. We had to go down into the hold of the barge, and it became very customary for this barge in tow to collide with the piers or parts of the locks in passing through the river, and it became very unpleasant for those below, as they did not know or see when they would get a sudden shake that would be dangerous. My brother seeing the barge about to strike one of the locks, stooped down to the hatchway of the barge and said that there was danger; but just a moment too late. The barge struck, my mother fell upon her breast, across a beam that was on the bottom of the barge, possibly its keel, and on the third night, almost unconsciously, without making many complaints, she passed away. We were notified of the fact at the time we were going up to Bytown. The necessary preparations for burial must be in advance. We proceeded on our journey and when we reached some nine or eleven miles below Bytown, then a little town, now the City of Ottawa, there my father

buried all that remained of the one whom he loved, without expectation of meeting again, until we meet on the Resurrection Morn, in our Father's House, in the place promised by Jesus Christ to those who would faithfully follow Him.

Upon arrival at Kingston, my other brothers, William and John were also stricken with fever, and had to enter hospital. With a heavy heart, father proceeded on his journey with his motherless children, and with the thoughts of those who were left behind him in the hospitals constantly on his mind. With sad hearts, not knowing what was yet before us, we finally reached Toronto, at midnight, or in the early morning hours, where all our belongings were piled out upon the dock. The next day, my father found a team to take our goods, and the party left to join our friends in Boulton village in Albion Township. By this time, after some delay of a day or so, in Toronto, my brother Thomas came forward. He had recovered from the fever, and rejoined us. We reached our destiny in the middle of the night, with my father's foot badly crushed by getting it in the wheel of the wagon. Let me here say that while we remained in Toronto, the oldest sister was also stricken, and had to go to the hospital there with the emigrant fever. Our family made the home of our friend, John Noble, somewhat crowded. At once they went to work and constructed a cabin for our home, but not before the disease had been contracted by my uncle. While in the new home, my brother James Alexander was also stricken and in a few days passed away. My brothers, John and William, whom we had left at Kingston, had overtaken us, having recovered. In the course of a week or two, my sister Margaret followed us from Toronto, and we were united as a family, minus the mother and the one brother.

My father, considering himself a farmer, after looking about, rented a farm from an old acquaintance of the old country, and with his remaining family commenced the operation of farming. The farm not being sufficiently large,—some forty acres of cleared land,—one or two of the sons got amongst the neighbors, enough to learn the ways of the country.

While on this farm in the Township of Albion, I was made acquainted with the condition of agriculture, and the kind of plough that was then being used. I thought it not any better than what I had discovered in the old land before I left. Let me say that in the old land, the condition of agriculture was primitive. I have seen six men digging in the field, rather than use the plough and the team. Each man had a row of six, seven or eight feet, the six men in a V shape, one leading, the others following and so on until the last man was found there digging. That was the agricultural condition of Ireland in the time of my boyhood. One thing might be said in favor of that course: every inch was made fit for grain, thus better cultivation was possible than could be prepared by the plough. The plough that I refer to in the Township of Albion had no iron in its construction, but a coulter, sole plate, and a plough share. In the course of time, a metal mould board was constructed. It continued for a few years, when they discovered a better in the thin steel plate mould board, which was very much lighter to handle. The cleaves on the end of the beam were attachments; then a metal beam was added, enormously heavy to give it strength. It was out of date in a few years, and replaced by a steel beam. Now we have a plough with a steel mould board, a steel beam, and a steel land-side. We have had many improvements upon the construction of the plough, from that date to the present, which brings us up to modern times very much needed, and very, very useful.

We remained upon that farm until the county of Grey opened its lands for settlement. My father and older brother went to that county, a distance of about sixty miles, and secured fifty acres of land each for the brothers, and for the father, with the privilege of buying an additional fifty at a nominal figure. It then became necessary that we remove to our new possessions. Our landlord was anxious to return to his home, hence an agreeable settlement was effected, and in the Fall of the year 1850, my three brothers and oldest sister removed to the Township of Artemesia, where the

land was located, and commenced operations by erecting a cabin and starting the winter's chopping for the clearing of the timber from the land, leaving my father, my sister, and myself to take care of our stock until the spring of the year, when we would re-unite with the family, bring our stock to our new home, and commence life in earnest as pioneers.

Matters went well until the 13th of March, 1851. On that date, while I was attending a bee with our team, and my sister had gone on a visit to my aunt, my father was engaged in the delivery of potatoes he had sold. A messenger came to me to inquire whether father was subject to anything like fits, to which I replied in the negative. I then turned my team and self homeward as quickly as I could, and on my arrival there, found my father so low that he was utterly unconscious. We suspected apoplexy, or something of that nature, but we never could determine, as our doctor did not arrive in time to see him alive. He passed away before six in the evening thus leaving the two younger members of the family alone in the house. One of our neighbors immediately went the sixty miles to the brothers and sister in the bush, and brought them home, except William, who had cut his foot and had to remain alone. On their arrival, and in due course, father was buried in the Anglican burying ground on the hill above the Humber, in Bolton Village, where some of our friends had been buried.

I, of course, like other boys, with my father and family on the farm that we had rented, necessarily required such outing and companionship as my youth desired.

The farm was comparatively rough. About ten acres of so called log fallow was ready for logging and burning, and made fit for fall wheat. The timber at that date was not at all of the value it is to-day. It was burned, and the ashes scattered over the field. Our farm adjoined a commons which was almost encircled by the river Humber, which enters into Lake Ontario at Toronto. The stream at the farm was exceptionally small, only a few yards wide. There, with other boys, I learned the art of swimming. There, I discovered that there is one thing

that remains ever the same from year to year, from generation to generation. Yes, from Noah's time until now, water has ever wet the individual who has come in contact with it. Like the air we breathe, it is free—free to all who accept or receive it.

In my ramblings I met with a boy who liked tobacco. The price of that weed at that date was twelve and one-half cents per pound, for good smoking tobacco. Of course I was induced to try the flavor. My first touch with chewing tobacco was quite sufficient to satisfy me that, if I did not want a sick stomach, a dirty mouth, a filthy habit, obnoxious to the well-respected boy or girl, then I had better let chewing tobacco alone. Still my longings went out in a degree to try the pleasant odor of smoking tobacco, and finally was able to smoke a pipe so well that even my brothers came to the discovery that I could empty a pipe at a smoke as well as some of the older smokers, and they offered to supply me with tobacco for five years if I would only keep them company in smoking, as boys. Not one of the family continued to smoke after reaching manhood.

Our section of the County of Peel, at that particularly time was exceedingly wild. Not infrequently did we hear the wolves at night, in their cries after deer or rabbits. To me the tone was most unpleasant, and sounded very much like trouble for the pursued. Upon one occasion, early in the morning, our old friend the dog, that was left upon the farm by its former occupant, was seen to pursue a supposed dog across one of the fields, towards a neighbor's farm. This dog had the habit of being very vicious with other dogs; he was of the bull-dog type. My father, seeing the dog, as he supposed, wondered why there had not been a scuffle between the dogs, as it was our dog's habit to handle roughly all the neighbors' dogs. However, later in the morning, the supposed dog went to the neighbor's sheep fold, and his dog gave battle. When the neighbor arose to look into the trouble, he discovered a wolf on the premises, and the dog, encouraged by his master's presence, attacked the

wolf, and the wolf, discovering the presence of the man, fled, the dog following. After two days the dog came home so thoroughly mauled that it took him weeks to recover.

Another wolf story! My father, my brother John, and my sister Margaret, were sugaring-off, as it was the custom then as now, to make maple sugar in the spring of the year. The fire was low to permit the proper handling of the sugar. A wolf came with a great drive from the top of an adjoining hill to the camp. My father, who became very much startled, applied himself forcibly to scattering the fire, while another with a stick started making a noise upon the covering of the sap trough, when the wolf, finding himself in unpleasant company, turned and withdrew to parts unknown. They quietly gathered themselves together and made their way home, this being on Saturday night. They were pleased, after all, that they were driven home from the camp, or they would have been breaking the Sabbath Day. This shows the condition of the country with the wolf. The wolverine was also an animal plentiful in the country at that time. Notwithstanding the fact that that section of the country had very primitive beginnings, it has grown to be one of Ontario's choice locations, and to-day, is perhaps as fine a farming district as Ontario can boast of.

## CHAPTER II.

After my father's death, my sisters, brothers and myself, with the rest of the family, returned to the Township of Artemesia, to the new home, after matters were adjusted and our dead buried. This brought me to a new world comparatively. I had been to the home once during the winter, with a cow that was needed for beef for the family use. I knew where it was, and had some curiosity in looking forward to bush life. The owls hooted very loudly during the night, while a large fire was kept burning to keep the animals from devouring the beef. The six children, without parents, chose to live together, my oldest brother continuing the family altar, and leading in a strictly consecrated life to God. When the older brother was not at home, the family altar was continued by the senior, —whoever that might be,—at home at the time,—it was not allowed to die.

My business at the old home, was to look after the cattle, for we had five cows, two yoke of oxen, some sheep, some hogs, and numerous fowl. While my brothers were chopping in the woods, it was my business to feed the stock, clean and keep in order the stables, work in the woods, and bring home sufficient firewood, and have it properly prepared, to keep the house comfortable, attend to the hogs, sheep, etc., and I found myself quite able for the task, and did it without giving delay or trouble to the brothers.

In the month of March 1850, after my father's death, we returned again to the County of Grey, taking our stock on foot, a distance of sixty miles. My oldest brother and I were deputed to remain behind, after the household goods were started for the new home, and to follow the family with our stock. It took two days to cover the distance to Artemesia Township. After many difficulties on the journey, we landed home with the full herd, in good condition. We had some unpleasant weather for the

season, and no suitable stables erected. The first of May presented itself with a snow storm, with one foot of snow which passed off in twenty-four hours, after which the cattle had abundance of herbage. The woods in that particular section afforded any amount of excellent fodder for the cattle for both summer and winter; the herbage, the cow cabbage, the leek and other varieties of vegetable matter were abundant in the summer time. The beaver meadow and the beaver grass also afforded ample food, with the browse from the tree tops. All this we were collecting to keep the cattle well, to bring them through the winter in good condition. It was my business as a boy to bring the cows for milking, regularly night and morning to their home. Their range was for miles, going at their pleasure and at their leisure, anywhere through the woods, over thousands of acres. My brothers and sisters pursued the ordinary work of the home and the land; I was the boy deputed to bring the cows home night and morning with a regularity such as could not be surpassed upon any farm or pasture land. Sometimes in the range of my search for the cows, I have found myself benighted, even after the frosts had appeared, but when it was possible for me to hear the cow bell, I knew it was within my power to reach the animals, and once I reached the herd, all I had to do was to summon them to return to the home, and many times I have followed when I could not see the cow before me in the darkness. I have followed the cow by taking hold of her tail, thus bringing them home with the help of two collie dogs who were my constant companions and faithful servants. My first summer in the Township of Artemesia was thus put in. I frequently found in the streams an excellent supply of speckled trout; many times have I got down on my breast upon a pole with the water running under it and picked the speckled trout out with my hands. Of course, in these early days the waters had not been depleted by the fish poachers.

The roads at that time were new and rough. It required something better than slippers; it required shoes, and those of a very heavy and strong make.

The only leading road between Toronto and Owen Sound was a Government road called the Toronto and Sydenham road. Railroads in those days were scarce. The first road put through was a narrow gauge from Toronto to Owen Sound, (three feet, six inches) called the "wheelbarrow" road, and for many years it served, and served well in its little narrow, hustling way. Many times during the extreme snows of Grey County, that road was blocked up with snow from ten to fifteen feet, which was not unusual in the cuts after snow storms, but ultimately, it was found necessary that a wider gauge be placed and better accommodation given to the public. Hence the present C. P. R. which connects Owen Sound and its exceedingly fine waterway with Toronto.

In the course of the year, the late George Snyder had been appointed by the Government as acting land agent at the time spoken of, in the county of Grey, and in the Township of Proton within two miles of where our home was. In that new world we were without church or schoolhouse in its first settlement. The settlers banded together and erected their schoolhouses and their churches, the latter being supplied with ministers by the Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society. The best of fellowship prevailed amongst the settlers. They came together with one accord; they held their social gatherings; their ministers delivered to them their messages with warm hearts and willing minds, going readily wherever the sound of the axe was heard, and to any home which might require them. It was amid those happy conditions, that I first became acquainted with the Methodist Church. I learned from the readings of the man of God, the requirements of the Gospel; the applications that were mine to practice; the teaching of God's Word. Enlightened by the Spirit and the reading of the tenth chapter of Romans, I settled the question with myself and my Creator, while life should last and the cycles of eternity roll. I united with all my brothers and sisters as one family in connection with the church at that time, and never have had occasion to regret it.

It was then that Mr. Snyder, the Government land agent, opened his house to the neighborhood, and it was from Sabbath to Sabbath, and from week to week, a place of gathering together for the people of God. Mr. Snyder, taking some special liking to me, proved a lasting friend.

Later I was invited by the Sheriff of Grey to learn the joiner's trade in Owen Sound, Ont. He had a place where he thought it would serve my interests best, and also serve the man to whom I went. I bundled my belongings in a handkerchief and travelled on foot the forty miles that brought me to Owen Sound, and there, under the direction and care of this christian man, George Snyder, then Sheriff of the county of Grey, I struck out for myself to learn the art of building. I went into indentures for four years with Mr. G. L. Thompson, then of Owen Sound. This was in the year 1854. I remained true to my indentures until the year 1857,—a little more than three years,—when my employer, thought he had not work suitable for my further instruction, and asked me for a settlement, when he would give me my liberty, to which I agreed. The cause of this deficiency in work, was the close of the Crimean War; everything had fallen very flat financially, and difficulties were experienced everywhere in securing labor or money.

Some time previous to this, there was a wedding in my family to which I was cordially invited, and fully purposed to attend. The old family had resolved to change positions, and step into new harness, three of them being married on the one day, on the same floor, in the same house. My employer reluctantly permitted me to go, and presented me with the fabulous sum of one dollar, to cover my expenses. I started from Owen Sound one morning to walk the forty miles to the old home, and after an active day I landed at the old church, just in time for service, within three and a quarter miles of the home. I remained with the congregation until the close of the service, and went home with my family, with somewhat tired limbs and a little sore of foot from the walk. After the ceremony, the handshaking, and the pleasantries and as-

sociations of home had come to a close, I returned to my duties in Owen Sound, and finished my course satisfactorily with my employer. On receiving my liberty, I went to the old home to look after matters, and found waiting for me the job of putting a roof on the barn for one of the old neighbors. This I accomplished, earning one dollar per day and board.

Here, I might bring forward more clearly perhaps, the situation or locality,—the geography if you like,— of the County of Grey in the Province of Ontario. We had no railroads in those days in that section of the country. The first railway in Canada was the one to Allandale and Collingwood from Toronto. It was being built the year 1847. Another road was built through Grey county, called the Toronto and Sydenham. On that road for three days, at different times, I travelled forty miles per day. I have walked all the way from the City of Toronto to the towns of Southampton and Port Elgin on the banks of Lake Huron.

My next movement was the contract of completing a house in the Township of Proton, not far from the old home. It was the adjoining township. When this was completed, I had a call from my brother-in-law in the village of Arkwright in the Township of Arran, for the construction of a dwelling house for himself and family. I removed to that section and commenced my operations on this building, and continued it for some months until I completed my task. My brother-in-law, being a teacher, thought it wise, with myself, that I should attend school with him for a time, so that I might better equip myself for life's activities. At that time my mind was inclined to the ministry; my friends wished me there, and it was necessary that I should have at least a little better acquaintance with the language that I was likely to use, and I saw and felt my need, hence I willingly undertook the pleasurable task of going to school for the most of the winter, to my profit. My early chance of schooling was very limited. Leaving Ireland at ten years of age, having spent some couple of months or three in the Township of Albion at school,

and a little time in Owen Sound at night school,—for my cravings for knowledge were not light—I was anxiously desirous of obtaining a larger knowledge of the world. I continued my schooling until some other circumstances arose that led me into other channels. During my stay in that section of the country I had an invitation to a watch-night meeting by one of the preachers in the Tara circuit. Invited to give a short address, I thereafter made my personal acquaintance one of interest to the family of the Wilsons, who resided there and before leaving that night for my quarters, I had an invitation to the home. In due course I accepted the invitation and found myself amid surroundings very agreeable as a resting place, and a home. The family was composed of a widowed mother, a daughter, the oldest of the family then at home, and six brothers. Very naturally, the daughter was the one to occupy my attentions. To her I paid my addresses, which ripened into conjugal felicity.

Having weighed the suggestion of the ministry, and the question of my activities in life apart from the ministry, I came to the decision to owe no man anything but goodwill; to earn my living and to obtain a comfortable one, and to aid the church of my choice to the best of my ability, as such men were very much needed in the church, and thus decided my destiny to labor with my hands as well as my head, to secure a competency and serve my generation. I then withdrew from my school, made preparations for marriage, continued to contract and build for a number of years, and was married in the year 1859 on the 18th of September, uniting my fortunes with my well-beloved Miss Wilson, who has been my partner and almoner, my helpmeet, spiritually and financially, and to-day, at the ripe age of almost eighty-four, in good health and soundness of mind, joins me most of all in looking forward to the happy release we shall have from earth, and a reunion in Heaven, which is not far in the distance.

In the year of 1864, at the close of the American War, during a barren financial period in Canada, I went over to Brother Jonathan, to pitch my fortune in that land with a view finally to make it my

home. I there connected with the returning soldiers from the Civil War, and had the pleasure of a dinner with a crowd of soldiers on a bridge at Grand Rapids, crossing the Grand River. The American people were somewhat embittered with a certain class of the English aristocracy, in the way in which they had treated them with the Federal Army Organization, and many bitter things were said that day in the addresses delivered in regard to England and her relationship with the northern states of America. A beautiful and very satisfactory disposition I am pleased to say, now occupies the mind of the American Republic and the British Empire; the march of time and the progress of Christianity; the fulfillment of prophecy, as given in the Book of the Lord, has developed a marvelous brotherhood between the British and Brother Jonathan.

### CHAPTER III.

I found, upon arrival at Owen Sound, that the making of acquaintances is one of the things which determines a boy's life. I had been carefully cautioned against bad company, and I had also been carefully cautioned with the thought of the improvement of my mind. My application to books was good; I loved reading; I discovered that through reading, knowledge came which gave power; knowledge came which relieved from difficulty; knowledge came which assisted in society; knowledge came for general efficiency and success in life. I went here and there as boys sometimes do; was invited here and there as boys frequently are invited, but I found no place for spending time in unprofitable exercise. In the third year of my apprenticeship, I went with my employer to complete a good farm dwelling in the Township of Derby, some four miles from Owen Sound. We went out on Monday morning and returned on Saturday night. The owner was a man of extensive means, large holdings, a granary full of grain, some eight hundred bushels which I saw. This was immediately at the close of the Russian War. He had been offered \$2.25 per bushel for the wheat previously, but it had risen and risen until he thought it would hold up, and he kept from selling until it trickled down, down, down until he accepted eighty cents per bushel for the wheat which he could have sold for \$2.25. He wanted a little more. That brought forcibly to my mind a motto given me by one of Owen Sound's successful merchants and wheat buyers, a Mr. McLean. On being questioned as to what he attributed his success, his answer was "the moment I am offered a fair or reasonable profit on goods, I let them go, no matter what the apparent rise may be in the market, and I have followed the principal so closely, that I have lost little or nothing on my purchases from that to the present. I consider it the success of business life to sell on close margins and pass on."

I expressed the thought a little previously, that I had made my way to the village of Tara, and there had formed acquaintance which had ripened into conjugality. At the time of the American Civil War, I had found it necessary in order to exercise my activity, to find a place on the American side. My wife's brother, her pet friend, only remained at home two weeks after our marriage, when he came to live with us, feeling that he could not live without his sister very comfortably. They were greatly attached. He joined me in the building art, and we left Southampton on the first of May, 1865, at the close of the American War, and went by boat and rail to Holly Station, thence to Grand Rapids. There in the bustle and struggle at the close of the American War, when the soldiers were returning in crowds and the people generally upset, we were offered a small contract of putting up a barn. We went there with a view to bettering our position, and applied ourselves to our calling. The next morning after we arrived in Grand Rapids, we were brought by team to the place where the building was to be erected. We got to work, (we were both able and willing) and in a very short time we had the building in the course of erection. The owner was a man who imbibed very freely, and was not dependable because of the habit. I prohibited any liquor being brought on the premises until the building was up. He invited me to go with him to get men to raise the building, as was the custom in that country as well as in Canada, and on our journey through his neighborhood I was certainly surprised with the appearance of the men. I won't say of what nationality, but they were brothers of his in religion, in habits, and in appearance. They all very freely consented to come and help put up the building. The morning came and the collection gathered from all quarters like sparrows on the roofs of the old buildings around the premises, but they seemed very much to dislike to move from their seats. They had nothing to do apparently but look on. A beautiful day was passing, and no direct move was made to do anything, all sat fast on the building, and the timber. I said at noon to my

wife's brother that I would make a move after dinner, and when he found the first man getting displeased with my speech, he was to get his attention directed to the timbers. We could not put the building up until we could get a break in the monotony and a stir amongst the neighbors. It so turned out that in my address, I touched some sore spots in their makeup that provoked one or two of the more energetic, and in a short time I succeeded in getting all hands employed, as was my business. At six o'clock we had our building up, the rafters on, and so far as the neighbors were concerned, completed, when an old nag came in with a bottle swinging at each side, and the toppers had the privilege of imbibing to their hearts' content,—the building was up.

We completed that building and turned our attention to a fine farm dwelling house. The man was not at all unprepared for us, for we found siding which had been dressed and stored away for twenty years, ready in his shed, for use with other timbers, the age of which I had not learned. In due course, and with a very pleasant time with our friends and acquaintances, we completed the building and received our contract price. We were then called across to another building some six miles on the western side of Grand Rapids, also a farm dwelling house, to which we applied ourselves with considerable zest. In the early days of December, we had that also a completed contract and received our full contract price.

Another brother of my wife's who had been closely connected with us for a short time before leaving the home, had come out to that country, and landed in Muskegon, Michigan, some fifteen miles northwest from Grand Haven. He wished us to go to that place; the man he was working for was in need of just such help as we could give, and we were offered the highest that was then going for a couple of weeks. It was my intention to remain for two weeks and assist in the putting up of a large boarding house connected with one of the larger timber mills of that section. I remained for two weeks. In the meantime I had some experiences. Up to

that date I had never known the art of the house dance and its general manoeuvre; I was there privileged with lying in bed and hearing the rounds called off until I became so thoroughly acquainted with it that it was no longer a stranger to me. My time according to agreement, when I arrived there had become fully up, and as ice had become formed across the north shore of Muskegon Bay to the south shore,—some six inches thick,—it was important that I get across in order to go home as arrangements had been made for going back to Canada to my wife and children. I had called upon my boss on a Sabbath to have a little singing with himself and his men, who used to enjoy the music from time to time, and he put the question, "Did I come for a settlement?" I said, "No sir, I don't work on Sunday and I don't take pay on Sunday." He had formerly requested me to work on the Sabbath day. I told him I was his man six days in the week, that only, and he said "Alright, alright." The next morning, a strong ice boat had just come in, for taking the passengers over, and was to leave at a certain hour. I called upon the gentleman for a settlement. He said "When a man won't attend to me when I am ready to attend to him, it is possible I may take my own time to attend to him in the matter of a settlement," and with an inquisitive look I said "what would you do with the Canadians that you have here if you do not treat this one squarely?" "Alright, alright" he said and turned his pocket-book outside in, and upside down, and handed me my money with the request that if I should ever come that way again, that I would go to him first, that he would be doing something and would be glad to have me. I started for the boat for the other shore. A young man who had formerly made arrangements to meet me on our way to Canada, was not to be found. I took a mule train, and came across the country to Grand Haven. I arrived at Grand Haven and took train. When on the way to Grand Rapids, at a station called Berlin, our train became derailed and in our loitering around waiting to get the train on the track again, I found that the young man who was to have

been my companion to Canada was being brought in a freight car in a coffin; he had suddenly died in Muskegon, and his remains were being shipped home. One of the strange experiences of life.

On our way to Detroit by train, nothing of importance occurred, but while there I was procuring a ticket for Toronto by way of Berlin, Canada. In the hurry which frequently occurs on such occasions I slipped the ticket in my pocket, until I secured my seat in the car. I then took out my ticket to examine it for my satisfaction and found it to read thus:

“Good to Toronto from Detroit” in large characters, and lower down “This ticket is by no means transferable, nor will it allow its possessor to stop off at any intermediate station.”

When I had purchased the ticket, I understood that I may stop off at Berlin, Ontario. Thus, I was placed in the position to do the best I could with what I had purchased and honestly paid for. I said to the conductor on the train “What does this ticket mean?” “Well,” he said, “I cannot help anything there. If you stop off you will have to pay for the rest of your ride.” I said, “At what time do you reach Berlin station to-night? He remarked: “At twelve o’clock.” I went back to my seat and at ten o’clock I heard a call, not very audible, “Berlin!” I went to the door of the car and said “Is this Berlin.” “Yes” was the reply and I picked up my two satchels, one in each hand, as quickly as possible, and let the train pass on. I went to a hotel till day-light, and took a stage across to Preston, Ontario, and visited with Thos. Hilliard, a cousin of mine, in a school section adjoining Preston. With him I stayed for a week. This was my purpose in wishing a stop-over ticket. At the close of the week, his arrangement with me was that he would come to my home near Owen Sound if I would but wait with him until he would have his school holidays, so it was agreed that I remain in school for a week, although a pretty old scholar I was. The time came and we started for Toronto.

I had honestly paid for my passage and I was determined to get it if it were at all possible, and I was willing to labor to know how it would not be

possible. I handed him my pocket book which contained a little over four hundred dollars, and I took a corner seat in the car. When the conductor came in,—the car was rather cold for there was a poor fire—I found myself in a very grumbly mood over the condition of the car. I stuck my ticket in the ribbon of my hat, with the large characters "Good from Detroit to Toronto" showing, and in the bustle, the conductor looked at the ticket and passed on. We took our train at Hespler. We came forward and at another station, I was sleeping, or so near sleeping that I did not wake up and the ticket in my hat carried me through till we came to Weston. I was ready at Weston to fight my way through under any condition. Just as I was prepared for the fray,, another man precisely in my position, with whom I had no association, was claiming his rights forcibly. I took the ticket out of the ribbon of my hat, and as he did not interfere with me I passed quietly on and got my right. When I came to Toronto, I passed \$400.00 into the Bank of Toronto, for 68 cents on the dollar, this being the value of American paper money at the close of the Civil War.

I was then on my way to my home in the Township of Arron, in the County of Bruce near Owen Sound. My wife, whom I had left with her mother from the first of May until the present date, drove my own horse and cutter with her baby girl in her arms, to meet me, from Arran to the old home in the Township of Artemesia, where, at my brother's place, we met. On our return home we occupied the home of her brother, who possessed one hundred acres of land in the suburbs of the village of Tara, which I purchased from her brother whom I left behind with the younger brother, in Muskegon, to continue their work until a later date. That brought me in contact with farming for myself, which I had never done before. I had a farm at that time of about thirty-five acres cleared, the balance in bush, excellent soil, but new and rough. I applied myself very vigorously to the task, and blessed with good health, I was very successful. I chopped and cleared twenty acres upon that farm

during the three years I occupied it. I had good success with my crops and was generally satisfied with my success, but my genius led in other channels rather than farming. A sawmill was finally offered me which I bought in the village of Tara. Having sold the farm and purchased the mill, I turned my attention to lumbermaking, and strange to say, notwithstanding the fact that I had never operated a mill for an hour, nor attended to the steam valve of an engine up to that hour, I undertook the task with the assurance that I could make it work. After a struggle, having hired one man who claimed to be a fireman, I had him produce enough steam to cause the engine to run, and I felt my way from the throttle of the engine, until I got steam to experiment with the way by which I could control it. I succeeded very safely in procuring the necessary steam to do the cutting. I took up my first log and cut it all alone. Finding my success growing, I got further help, and in the course of eight days I had my compliment of men in the mill, and was doing fair work, always having it as my motto, that on the first appearance of anything getting out of order, it was my business to stop and put it in order to make it do its work right, which I found to be a very excellent principle laid down. Several of my friends and neighbors thought I was into a somewhat risky undertaking, and one of my good friends, a Doctor Taylor, came to see me operate. It so happened that red paint had been used in the packing of the piston, and some of it had come in contact with the piston. The Doctor had not discovered that it was red paint, and supposed it to be heat from the action of the engine, and went out to report that I had run the whole thing out of the mill and the piston was red hot. However, I had great success with the machinery from beginning to the end.

## CHAPTER IV.

I finally found after some eighteen years that I had gathered the weight of the timber in the immediate vicinity, and thought it advisable to look elsewhere for a better field, when I discovered a water power and mill site offered in Muskoka, on Lake Rosseau, for sale. Another one of my wife's brothers who had returned from the United States, suggested that we go up and look at it; he too was a lumberman. He and I started to Muskoka which was then more of a wilderness, tourist retreat, and place of outing, than anything else, other than lumbering. Windermere was our objective; the outlet of the River Dee was our spot. We reached the point and had a conversation with the owner, and before leaving, I made him an offer to purchase, which he declined. I said "When you get ready, come down to my home; that is my figure," feeling in my own mind that I was not very particular whether he accepted or did not. However, in the course of a week or ten days, the owner of the site came to my house in Tara and offered to accept my terms. I again went with him to Muskoka, made a further examination, and closed the bargain. The following winter or spring, I went to the spot, took one of my sons with me, and made timber for a mill, erected the mill in the early spring, and cut considerable stock that year. The following year I placed my son-in-law, J. R. Boyd, and my oldest son, William E., to purchase logs and get the place in shape so that we could continue properly and purchase a stock. I forwarded the money requisite, and they purchased and cut a considerable stock of logs for the coming summer. In the early part of the coming year, as soon as it was suitable to go to sell my lumber on Lake Rosseau, I had got through cutting what stock I had at the old home. I went up to the new mill to sell the stock that was being cut, and during that time my oldest son said: "Father, I do not

know that this business will exactly suit my life, I prefer to go into the dry goods,—grocery business; I have an opportunity with a friend” and I said “just wait until I get through with this stock and the mill in Tara adjusted, and I will see what I can do with you going to Belleville College; you want a business education.” He did so and at the close of the season, he went to Belleville College, and during the time between his going to college and his coming from it, I had sold the old mill and site to a neighbor in the village to take possession after I would put it in order in the spring, and run it for a certain time, until he was satisfied it was in good working order, when he would say to me that he would take possession and I could leave for my home in Muskoka on Rosseau Lake, which I was anxious to do. After four or five days’ cutting in the old mill, he said that he was perfectly satisfied that I quit; that the mill was doing its work satisfactorily, and our agreement was made. We settled up agreeably; he paid me the money that was coming to me, and I took care for Gravenhurst, having packed my belongings first into a freight car, and bringing it with us. My son had creditably passed through Belleville College and was waiting with us ready to go to Mr. Hanna of Port Carling as arranged. Mr. J. R. Boyd, my son-in-law, continued the business in the mill for me. My family and myself arrived in Gravenhurst on the second of May. I had a house provided for me, in which to put my goods, myself, and family. However, I preferred in every case to build my own home, and occupy it without waste of rent paying. I immediately purchased two lots and put up a house on Bay Street, Gravenhurst. The men were not so successful with the mill as I had hoped; breaks and other difficulties delayed the cut of the season, but I succeeded in getting the stock out and sold. I continued in this business for between three and four years, when I found that my family were not agreeable to the location and the business at Windermere. I sent my son, George H., to the Collegiate Institute, Collingwood. Having passed through that institution, he was bound in articles to Mr. Collhoon, as a solicitor and convey-

ancer. He spent his necessary time and carried on his studies, taking his final degree at Toronto to practice at the bar in the town of Waterloo. My oldest son became elated with the prospects of going into business for himself with my assistance, and after a consultation with the family and their choice being made in that direction, I consented to change my calling in life and take up a mercantile business where I could best find it. In my pursuit for a business, I finally found one in Huntsville which I purchased for \$13,600.00 without the right of claiming the house as my own which I purchased the following spring for \$1,500.00. Here I brought my family, those of them that were available. I might here state that we had five active sons, four active daughters, and two laid in their infancy, in the quiet resting place for time.

In preparation to reach Huntsville, I found a difficulty to decide which road to take. One way was by Gravenhurst wharf to Bracebridge, thence by team to Huntsville, which was a difficult way of handling household goods. The other was by rail on a road which was in course of construction between Gravenhurst and North Bay. Obtaining a car was the most difficult part of that route. Upon enquiry for a car, I found I could get a car on Saturday night—a flat, construction car, which would land me in Huntsville on Sunday, to which I was very much opposed. I went to the railway office with a view to obtaining a car on any other evening in the week. Upon enquiry at their office in Huntsville, I found that it was practically impossible for them to give me the car at the time I wanted it, owing to the fact that in their construction service they only had a certain number of cars which they utilized six days in the week, and on Saturdays they made a specialty of running to Gravenhurst and bringing in supplies and other stuff on the Sabbath day, which I strongly objected to. Their price was \$25.00 for the flat car from Gravenhurst to Huntsville. I made them an offer of doubling the price if they conferred on me the favor of giving me the car any other night except Saturday. They agreed with me to give me the car in

time to load for Saturday night. They also agreed with me not to ask the unloading of the car on the Sabbath day. This was a special agreement; to these terms I had to agree or take the wagon road. The car came according to agreement on Saturday evening at a sufficiently early hour to get my goods upon it before twelve o'clock, when I returned to my friends home in the hope that a little after twelve I would, with my family, get started for Huntsville, but in their difficulty, they were unable to make a start until ten o'clock on Sunday, owing to the breaking of a coupling in the attempt to get out from the station at Gravenhurst, and even then, the station master at Gravenhurst refused them to back up on the Grand Trunk line, so that they might get started before touching the grade that was more than their engine was able to handle. However, with a little persuasion I succeeded in getting the agent of the Grand Trunk at Gravenhurst to comply with a request in this matter, and we got started from Gravenhurst about ten o'clock in the morning. This car contained three of my daughters and three of my sons. Upon arrival at Huntsville, I went to my home over the store, to rest. In a very short time I got a message to get to work and unload that car. I reminded them of my agreement and remained where I was until Monday morning, when, at an early hour, I was on the job and had the car unloaded at seven o'clock according to my agreement with the Company, getting the last of my goods into the home just as rain set in, to my delight and great satisfaction. I accomplished the task of moving, and my goods were in good condition notwithstanding the fact that they were carried upon a flat car. Thus began the task of offering to the public a general line of dry goods and groceries.

My eldest son arranged to be with me; my second son was in Waterloo, still a student at law; my third son, R. J. was with me in business. My other sons, S. A. and T. W., were too young to take part, and they and the younger daughter, Hattie, attended school in Huntsville. My eldest son, W. E. remained with me for three years in the business. My second daughter, Emmie, remained with me un-

til her marriage with Albert R. Raymer, C. E., a short time after coming to Huntsville. My third daughter, Elizabeth M., remained at the store and in time found a lover in one of my general clerks, R. L. Beman, and became his wife. My fourth son, Samuel Albert, chose the legal profession, and went to Collegiate at Toronto. My fifth son, Theodore, at the age of sixteen, commenced the study of drugs, and in the regular course, went through the College of Pharmacy, obtaining his diploma. Samuel Albert, who chose the legal profession, made good progress, and was finally admitted to the bar, and obtained the degree of B.C.L. Robert J. attended and graduated from a business college at Toronto, and William E., also graduated from the Ontario Business College at Belleville.

In April, 1896 my son-in-law, R. L. Beman died. He was a faithful, zealous, God-fearing man, and worthy the place of esteem he held in the family circle. Some years later Mrs. Beman married Alfred C. Bernath, Principal of the Huntsville Continuation School,—a man of outstanding ability and noble character.

In October, 1896, my third son, George H., then a practicing barrister at Waterloo, Ont., with bright prospects of success in his profession, died, leaving a wife and baby boy. The sorrowing widow, formerly Miss Lizzie Killer, has remained true and devoted to her first love, and still resides at Kitchener, Ont., her son the happy husband of an English bride, and the father of a bright little daughter, now residing with her. She has ever been loved and esteemed by the whole family circle.

## CHAPTER V.

Immediately after the construction of the road between Gravenhurst and North Bay, we had a financial depression and the inhabitants of Muskoka were not very wealthy, and it was with considerable difficulty at times that we could manipulate to supply their needs, and carry our finances, for, like other men we found it exceedingly easy to place upon our ledger, account after account, and when the day of payment came, it was frequently difficult to obtain enough to make business pleasant. However we succeeded in accomplishing that task, difficult though it was. One of the difficulties of continuing a business was the credit system, while parties were putting out logs, bark, etc.. One man agreed to give us the money in payment for our goods when he would deliver his bark at the tannery, and when it was time the bark should be at the tannery, an investigation was made and it was found that the bark was at the tannery but the money was somewhere else; he had no money, and he had deliberately taken advantage of our money to pay other debts and let us do without. I at once entered proceedings against him for fraud; he simply ran away from the country; I did not follow him but took what little property he had in payment. I was not at all anxious; I knew that the law is a slow thing to move but it grinds very fine. In due course, a friend called at my place asking if I knew anything about a letter purporting to be sent to this man's wife. My name was mentioned in the letter, and as a consequence he showed me the letter. A five dollar bill was contained in the letter, and stated that if Hutcheson would allow him to come back he would meet the claims against him. I immediately wrote him that I was quite willing that he should come back and adjust affairs properly; all I wanted was what was reasonable and just. In due course he presented himself at my desk and said "What are you going to do with me now?" I said, "Meet the

liabilities and I have no further quarrel with you." We got to work with the lawyer and adjusted matters and in the course of time he paid me in full. This is merely to show the difficulty that arose in doing business in those days. This is only a sample of the many that I had to deal with during my course of business in Huntsville.

My friends considered there was a proper opening for the appointment of a Justice of the Peace, and on application this was conferred upon me, also the position of Issuer of Marriage Licenses, and in the many stirring times and hurry that naturally arises in a business life, I was called to the head of the then village, as Reeve. This was done in a peculiar way. I was looking after the interests of the Sabbath School concert when the late Dr. Howland, who was a very prominent man and Reeve at that time, proposed at the nomination that I should take the place that he was then occupying. He did not withdraw my name before the nomination was closed. As a consequence on Monday morning I was accosted by several friends: "You had better remain where you are; he put you there; it will be only just that you allow the people to put you up or take you down." So it was agreed between the Doctor and myself that we should have a friendly struggle, and let the rate-payer determine who should occupy the chair. The election day came and at the close of the poll I found that I had a majority quite sufficient to place me as Huntsville's chief magistrate for the year.

Still attending to business, I came to the place when I considered my son, who had been with me for three years, would do well in any other place where he would have good prospects, and command a higher salary, as my son, Robert, would be quite capable of taking his place as he had already gone through the commercial college in Toronto and had fitted himself for the proper prosecution of business with me. Hence, I arranged with William E., to find a suitable business in some other quarter and we proceeded without his aid.

In those days, no timber was of any practical value for mercantile purposes but pine. We handled

a large quantity of pine timber for local mills and outside mills. During the time of my general mercantile business, I did not do anything in the wholesale lumber trade. I will refer to that later on. The pine lumber interests began to wane; we had ransacked the country pretty well for it and cleaned it fairly well up. The hemlock had not come upon the market, but now a tannery was offered us, and as one of the members of the Council at that particular juncture, I worked diligently for the plant to be placed with us in Huntsville, which we succeeded in securing and which remains till this day as the largest sole leather tannery in the country, and it is growing every day. After a good deal of see-sawing and wire pulling, we succeeded in getting it located in Huntsville. During those years of depression, the timber was one of the assets, but at that particular period, there was not the demand for it. I might here refer to a fact which became very conspicuous in my life. The result of moving from one place to another, and changing business from one thing to another, this had to be encountered,—the doubt with which you were looked upon as a stranger and as a merchant; the opinion amongst the illiterate class was that all business men were frauds and it required time to settle the question of integrity and character; it requires time to establish character and to leave the indelible impression that a man is as good as his word.

I continued in business until 1894. On the 18th day of April of that year, a fire occurred which produced a general conflagration. One of our merchants had piled out some fifty barrels of coal oil behind his stone store, the only supposed fire proof building at that time in the village. A boy was sent to clean up the yard and on lighting some rubbish, set fire to the barrels. As a consequence we had the conflagration. The coal oil streamed through a culvert and out into the river until the surface of the river was covered. The boat behind my store that I had engaged to come to my rescue in the event of fire, had not yet gone out, but was ready to make her first trip. I had men carry out

goods onto the boat, boots and shoes in particular, when the son of the owner of the boat came along and would not submit to any further delay, not knowing the understanding between his father and myself, about the boat remaining. He took an axe and cut the ropes that held her to the dock and in spite of his efforts, she was carried into the blazing oil, and goods and boat were burned.

Thirty-two buildings were devoured by the flames in two hours and twenty minutes, amongst the rest my store. My goods were carried out of the store to a certain extent, but a large portion were lost, and I sustained at least three thousand dollars loss by fire that day. As Reeve, I appointed eight or nine constables to look after the goods that were scattered around. I then retired, but not for long. The call came that the constables had put a man in the lock-up and it was necessary that he be taken out or there would be trouble; the jail would be torn down. He came with a fire brigade which had been asked to help, and they felt very much insulted because he had been put in the lock-up. Arriving at the jail with difficulty, I got in and let him out, because the offence was not sufficient to cause his arrest. The town afterwards had to pay for his arrest.

For a little time it was a question of what would be wisest and best to do under the circumstances. My building was burned, but during the fire I had secured a store to put in what had been saved of my stock, while the fire was burning. I arranged with a fellow sufferer to put up a fire wall between us. He went on to build and I had the work of calling on the government, who responded to the gratification of the sufferers, and granted them the sum of fifteen hundred dollars to tide them over in their most distressing cases. This gave us as a council, considerable work to adjust, for there were many claimants and the sum when divided was not very large. But we succeeded with all, except in the case of one man.

After the lapse of a few days, I had determined to rebuild upon the old site, and after gathering dry lumber, going to the woods and getting sufficient

timber and having it brought to the sawmill, for the erection of the frame work, I got men to work to put up the store which now stands, 60x63, three storeys, brick clad. I invited my eldest son to come and form a partnership with the other son, and Mr. William Hanna of Port Carling, and continue the business, and I would withdraw and go back again to the lumber business. To this he readily consented, and the firm of Hanna & Hutcheson Bros. was established and continued business for close on twenty years. Thus, I had nine years of general mercantile life. I then devoted my time to the wholesale handling of lumber and the supporting of men who were manufacturing, also to building and contracting, but our country and the timber interests were still at a comparatively low ebb. Prices were not sufficient to warrant any extensive outlook. In due course the sons, connected with the firm of Hanna & Hutcheson Bros. proved to be interested in the lumber line and manufacturing, and after a time established what is now known as The Muskoka Wood Manufacturing Company. During that time, I erected the Methodist Church in Huntsville, a brick building.

## CHAPTER VI.

In my general outlook, I saw one of the things, to my mind, very much needed, a newspaper conveying to the minds of the reader the need of wholesome literature and something uplifting—not a record of every dog fight or misfortune without a cause, and I proposed to purchase the sheet that was then established, known as *The Huntsville Forester*. After some little delay, conscious that the price was too high for its value, I came to the conclusion that it was better even to pay the higher price and occupy the ground without protest or obstruction, and thus I came into possession of the printing plant, though I considered it cost me eight hundred to one thousand dollars more than was the actual value of the articles contained in the office. I proceeded within the year, to erect a building to receive the printing plant, which I did at a cost of \$1800.00 more.

Just at that time, there was a young man who was engaged in Hanna & Hutcheson Bros. store, who gave evidence of ability in the newspaper line, and I had received a very favorable impression of his ability and he had received a favorable impression of my youngest daughter, and it was agreed between us that he should come in with me to give assistance, and finally come to the position of chief editor, which occurred in the years that followed. Sometimes the political world does not move on smoothly, and the whiskey interests were very forcibly assailed by the temperance people, and it certainly produced a conflict in the convictions of many men and women. My journal had but one theme; one viewpoint on the liquor question,—that it was an evil. Being outspoken, it met with forceful enemies. We had passed a few years, when the antagonistic interests undertook to put in a paper, and push us to the wall, and many of the financial magnates lent a hand to the enterprise. In due course, the Huntsville "Standard" was established

as an opposition paper to The Forester. But integrity; a specific purpose to do what was right, an outspoken and independent course of conduct, won the Forester esteem, and we had the people's full support. After a three year's fight of no small dimension, they asked for a bid upon their plant, to which I replied "I have no need of your plant; I am fully satisfied with what I have; it serves my purpose and it would be foolish of me to burden myself to relieve you." However, after some time, I found them a man who was willing to buy and they were very willing to sell. I agreed upon a stipulation, that they should take their plant out of town in one month, which they accepted, and a verbal agreement was entered into. The matter went on for three months, and they had not yet removed the plant, but sold it to a man to use it in the Town of Huntsville. Before he took possession of it he came to consult me with regard to the matter, and when I gave him the history of the case, he said: "Sir, I buy no such plant as that." The same gentleman is now associated with the "Barrie Saturday Morning", and has been since that date. Again the matter went on, and on the fourth of August of that year they sold it again to a man by the name of Smith, who resided at Sault Ste. Marie, and who was to operate it in Huntsville. In November of that year, this gentleman came along with his household effects, his wife and family to locate in Huntsville, to prosecute the work of printing, and after he had looked around the town for a few days, surveying things, he came to see me and we had a conversation with regard to the matter. When he learned the particulars, and surveyed the ground properly, he said to me "I have concluded that I will not touch business in Huntsville; I have another place I could take it to; what will you give me to remove it to the other place." I said I was foolish at one time to make a stipulation for the removal of the plant, but that ended it; they failed to meet their obligation and I was perfectly satisfied to see them either keep it here or take it away, but I said: "When you take it away, let me know what you need." In the course of a couple of

weeks, he and another man came to remove the plant, and meeting with me, said: "I have come to take this plant away, what are you going to give me now?" I said "What do you want?" He said: "I want certain tools, a quantity of old paper to wrap up, and I want assistance to take down my large press, so that I may put it up to advantage; such information as you said you could give me." I immediately complied with his request and helped him to remove the plant. Thus the struggle of the printing plant was ended, and since then, no one has had the temerity to attempt to establish a printing business in opposition. Therefore, the Forester printing establishment has been living and progressing.

In the year 1908, I felt disposed to take a rest and with my wife, went to the Northwest to see the Western world. We left here making our first stop at Fort William, abiding there for a couple of days. Our next stop was in Winnipeg, where my wife's two brothers are located on Maryland Street, having retired some years previously in the enjoyment of sufficient financial means to render life desirable and comfortable for what time they might be spared. After spending a couple of weeks there, we had another point in view; that was Swift Current, where Theo, our youngest son, who had graduated in pharmacy, had found available a business, in which he was engaged, and required some financial aid which was my promise to him if I found him proceeding on satisfactory grounds. We need not say that we stopped in Regina over-night on our way to Swift Current, five hundred and ten miles west of Winnipeg. With greatest difficulty we found a place to sleep after wandering about for quite a time. The party consisted of my wife, myself, my wife's brother and his wife, who came with us from Winnipeg, purposing to go through to Victoria, B.C. We succeeded in getting into a hotel and in due course were shown to our apartments, but when morning came, we found out that we had more than our own company, and realized what a nice thing it was to be in a clean bed. However, no bones were broken on our part, though blood may have been drawn.

We had a pleasant outing with an old friend, Alvin Stephenson, formerly of Huntsville, who took us to see the drill of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, and a view of the scaffold where Riel paid the extreme penalty for the murder of Scott. We were introduced to the drilling of the Mounted Police, and saw a spectacle which impressed itself upon us. Describing the situation: there is a large circle drawn up; the men on horses form the circle, the drill sergeant is in the centre with a lash computed at anywhere from ten to fifteen feet long, and he was putting these men through their exercises on horseback. There was one special man, the last one, who seemed to be either deaf or careless, stupid, or not in his right mind, and every order that the drill sergeant gave seemed to be entirely ignored, when the drill sergeant became somewhat angry and applied the whip pretty freely, until the lash parted from the handle, and there was a general uproar, all because that one man was disobedient. We discovered the fact that the Northwest Mounted Police compared favorably with any of His Majesty's soldiers in obedience, in service, in honor. When they were sent on an errand, it was a pretty certain thing that they accomplished their purpose.

After dinner, we took train for Swift Current, arriving there to meet our son who had a place provided for us in a hotel for the night, and further, he had secured a house for our accommodation while we would stop with him for a couple of weeks, in their young rising town. Into this we entered the next day, and kept house; my wife's brother, his wife, my wife and myself with my son. Having remained there and having had some recreation, we went out into the prairies to see the cattle dipped to cleanse them from a disease called the Mange. The process was continued in this way: a stream of water, after being heated, filled a tank that was connected with a cattle yard through which one after the other, these cattle were caused to pass and plunge into this vat of the prepared liquid and occasionally a large animal would spread considerable of this liquid in different directions, and some of the onlookers would get a dip which pro-

duced considerable laughter and merriment. They would pass through the vat into a lane and out again into the open one by one. They were thus thoroughly cleansed. We saw thousands of cattle that day, around the enclosure and in it, and going away from it.

After a stay in Swift Current, we resumed our journey. The next point was Calgary just in the shade of the Rockies. We passed through the irrigated lands that are so fertile, and have been productive of such large yields of wheat. After a ramble through the city, an examination of the Bow River at that point, and the Elbow, and the meeting of some old friends, we resumed our journey for Banff for the night. Arriving at Banff, we found a cool, clear air. The Bow River passes through Banff, a magnificent stream of the most crystal water. We examined the sulphur springs, passed down through one of the caverns underneath the ground where Lady MacDonald, wife of the late Sir John A. MacDonald, was the first white woman who ever entered. After spending some time there we proceeded. Our next stopping place, after running over hill and dale, climbing the Rockies, coming to the Great Divide, was in Revelstoke on the Columbia River. After a sojourn in Revelstoke, we resumed our journey and touched various points down the Thompson River, reaching Vancouver at eleven o'clock that night. One of the things that made the last portion of that run entertaining was a woman with a very glib tongue. She had been billed to reach a certain point for a lecture or address and if ever the C. P. R. officials came in for a thorough thrashing with the tongue, that woman did it. We reached Vancouver, I said, at eleven o'clock. The question was to find sleeping apartments. There were just four of us: two men with their wives. Traffic had ceased for the night. I said "If you abide with the luggage, I will look for a room." I immediately struck out and on my first inquiry was told that they were too full. They had no place for us, but I was told to go to another place and they might be able to put us up. Two other men were there, I went into the place, and I knew it was better

to be first than last, so I went forward and made enquiry if I could get a sleeping apartment for two men with their wives. The answer was in the affirmative. The other two who were associated with me made enquiry and were told "No; we have no further room." We found that \$5.00 a day was the current cost of living in that beautiful city. I returned to the station and conveyed my friends to our apartment, and we had a good night's rest, and a good breakfast the next morning and sought other quarters as it was a little too expensive for our view of things. We remained there for eight or ten days, when we were decidedly in possession of a little more knowledge and a little less money. We boarded the steamer "Victoria" for Victoria, seventy-two miles down the Pacific coast where we were landed in some two hours and twenty minutes. We found our home in the Queen's Hotel.

We spent two weeks' sight-seeing in Victoria, two attractions engaging our special attention:—the magnificent Parliament Buildings, with their splendid collection of animal and vegetable life, found on the Island, and Esquimalt Harbour, with its dry dock, large enough to accommodate the greatest man-of-war that floats on the Pacific.

Our thoughts are now turned homeward. We board one of the Company's steamers, and reach Vancouver, where we spend a few enjoyable days with our friends, Captain and Mrs. Sacred. On July 24th, we take train for Revelstoke, where a branch line runs to Arrow Head. From here we go by boat down the Columbia River, with its picturesque mountain sides, and arrive finally at Slocan City and Junction, thence via Nelson City, on Kootney Lake, and by the Crow's Nest Pass Railway to Dunsmore Junction, connecting here with the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, which soon conveyed us to Swift Current, Sask., where we remained with our son, T. W. for a few days. We finally arrived home and recall the whole trip as one fraught with deepest interest, pleasure and instruction.

I continued with *The Forester* until April, 1913, when I retired with a competency into private life,

leaving the paper in the hands of my son-in-law, Mr. H. E. Rice, who had been associated with me from the beginning.

Mrs. Hutcheson and I made another visit to Swift Current, Sask., in 1913, our two sons being residents there at that time. Since then Mrs. Hutcheson and I have enjoyed association with different members of our family, and have been doing what we could to help our fellow man to higher and holier living. The bursting of the war clouds in 1914, plunging the whole world into desolation and sorrow, has had its depressing effects upon us all.

Finally on April 3rd, 1919, the partner of my joys and sorrows; the protector of my resources; my tower of strength in christian living, was summoned by the Great Disposer of events. She bid adieu to loved ones and earth's toils and tears, and went to the Paradise of God.

I still remain on the shores of time, having lived for both worlds, and I declare that not one of the good promises of God has ever failed me.

In closing this narrative I wish to say that it has not been undertaken to display any literary merit, the great object being to show that obedience to the Divine command, will, without doubt result in the fulfilment of the Divine promise: "Seek first the Kingdom of God, and his righteousness, and all other things will be added unto you."

I trust that my family, far and near, and all others will follow me as far as I have followed Christ. "So Let It Be."

**GEORGE HUTCHESON.**